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AUG 17 1912

Chilliwack Free Press

VOL. 1. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS EACH CHILLIWACK, B. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1912 C. A. BARBER Editor and Proprietor No. 51

Local and General

L.F.Croft, at Mee Studio for photos

For photos at Chapman's—phone 39.

Rubbers—Fresh stock in all sizes at Ashwells.

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

New Fall Dress Goods. See the display in Ashwells window.

Chief J. W. Derby was a visitor to the coast cities on Monday.

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

Men! See the New Fall Styles in Suits at Ashwells. Prices $10 to $22.50

Order preserving peaches now; $1.15 per crate at Lillie's Cash Grocery.

Cordwood for sale at $3.00 per cord, delivered. City Transfer Co., Phone 49.

Lost—Brown Hat between Chilliwack and Sardis. Reward at Free Press office.

Two Ladies Bicycles for sale, as good as new. Apply Miss L. Morden, phone 14.

W. G. Lillie was a business visitor to Vancouver on Wednesday returning to-day.

Chilliwack Township schools will re-open after the mid-summer holidays on Aug. 26.

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

Citizens of Chilliwack must be good with two of the pastors away on their vacation.

Men's Suits; the New Fall Styles are on exhibition at Ashwells. Prices $10 to $22.50.

A considerable number of Chilliwack people are attending Vancouver's Mid-Summer Fair this week.

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

The big sale of Trenholm's bankrupt stock still continues. Large quantities of furniture leave the store every day, at prices that effect a big saving to purchasers.

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

A. M.
Rockwell & Co.
Flour and Feed Merchants

FLOUR SPECIALS

Purity Flour per sack		$1.80
Royal Household	"	1.80
Golden Grain	"	1.80
Five Roses	"	1.80
Robin Hood	"	1.80
Seal of Alberta	"	1.80
Royal Standard	"	1.80
Wild Rose Pastry	"	1.75
Oregon Salem "	"	1.75
Dandy "	"	1.75

We Guarantee Purity Flour. Try it now.

FEED, THE BEST QUALITY AND THE BEST PRICE ALWAYS

B.C.GRANULATED SUGAR Per 100 lbs $6.30

Read Denmark & Burton's stove ad. this week.

Harold Webb has accepted a position with the station agent, F. N. George, of the B. C. Electric.

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

For Sale—on easy terms, what is known as the Bent place, Fairfield Island, in whole or in part. Geo. Leary.

Chas. Hawthorn, E. H. Barton and P. H. Wilson are among the exhibitioners at the Vancouver Fair this week.

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

The Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co., draws your attention to a real potato digger in the Free Press to-day.

Conductor E. Beale has commenced the erection of a modern bungalow on his ten acre property just south of the city.

A. Dalsimer, manager for the I. D. Smith Sales Co., was a business visitor to the coast on Wednesday returning to-day.

Lost—On Saturday afternoon on Wellington street a gold and pearl brooch. Finder will be rewarded by returning to this office.

Rev. T. G. Barlow and Rev. G. B. Ridland will conduct the morning and evening services respectively, in Methodist church on Sunday.

Ashwell & Son's delivery horse created some excitement on Monday afternoon by doing some of the principal streets in the city in record time. No damage was done.

The stone and brick work for the first story of the new post office is completed. Work is delayed by the difficulty experienced by contractor Hunt in getting supplies of building material from the coast.

MENS' UMBRELLAS from 90 cents up at Ashwells.

G. A. Dunlop, a public stenographer and accountant has secured space at the rear of the office of H. T. Goodland and J. Howe Bent, and is prepared to handle work in his line. His card appears in this issue.

For the Vancouver exhibition the B. C. Electric Railway will give a fare and a third rate from all station on the Fraser Valley branch to Vancouver. Tickets are good for return journey until 19th.

The Baptist and Methodist Sunday Schools have planned for the holiday of annual picnics at Cultus Lake and Town's Grove respectively to-day but rain has a postponment of each.

G. H. W. Ashwell was in Vancouver Tuesday placing orders with the makers for a car load of Toys, Fancy Goods, Novelties, China, Cut Glass, Leather Goods, etc. for the Xmas trade of Ashwells Departmental Store.

The Free Press contains ten pages again this week in order to accomodate our advertising patrons. Shrewd advertisers recognize the quality of the publicity afforded through the colums of the Free Press each week.

Baptist Church—Rev. J. T. Marshall, minister. Subject for Sunday evening—"The Last and Hardest Man to Win." You are cordially invited to come and enjoy these Sunday evening messages. A full house last Sunday evening enjoyed the singing by Miss Crittenton and the strong message given by the minister on two of the Church's heroes.

The Free Press acknowledges the kindness of J. K. McLeod on behalf of the Chilliwack Creamery Company, in sending to the office on Saturday a large sized sample of the delicious ice cream now manufactured at the Creamery. Unfortunately the editorial "we" was absent, but the staff nobiely came to the rescue. The verdict of the typos is that the quality left nothing to be desired. Thanks.

Mr. J. Kerr, of Chilliwack, who was seriously injured about a month ago, and who has been under treatment at the Royal Columbian Hospital, is now convalescent, despite the fact that slight hope was held out for his recovery at the time of the accident. He was hurt while doing some electrical work at Chilliwack, his legs and arms being horribly burned. One leg had to be amputated.—Columbian

Advertise in the Free Press.

BIG BANQUET AT CHILLIWACK.

The President of the Board of Trade H. J. Barber is in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of the Vancouver Progressive Association stating that two hundred members of that body will visit Chilliwack on the 28th or 29th of August. Thursday afternoon August 29th will probably be the date chosen. The members of the Chilliwack Board will be the guests of the Vancouver men at a banquet at which the aims and purpose of the Progressive Association will be presented with the object of securing the affiliation of the Chilliwack Board of Trade with this new and enthusiastic organization. The idea in view is that of making the Progressive Association a provincial one. The event as now slated is one of more than passing interest to every citizen of the City and Valley and the opportunity it will afford to create a sound and well balanced optimism in local interests and potentialities should be taken advantage of by every citizen of the place.

Doing A Big Business.

W. R. Nelems, of the firm of M. H. Nelems & Co., reports sales during the past two weeks aggregating over $40,000. D. R. McLennan purchased a 50 foot lot in the wholesale centre of Vancouver and will immediately let a contract for a six story brick warehouse. Chas. Milne purchased a lot on Commercial Drive in Vancouver, from M. H. Nelems. W. G. Edwards purchased P. H. Wilson's farm at Sardis. John M. Brown and Andrew George of Vancouver purchased eight acres on Spadina avenue from Isaac Kipp.

Cowen Drug Co. to Open New Store.

Chilliwack will soon have three drug and stationery stores. The C. H. Cowen Drug Co., has leased the ground floor of the Irwin block including the portion now occupied by Mr. Motes as a barber shop. The store will be thoroughly fitted up with plate glass fronts on Westminster and Young streets, and the newest ideas in fixtures, while the stock will be of the best. The new store will be conducted in addition to the present store in the Knight block which will be continued as heretofore.

Two Terms and a Fine

Chinese, Indians and liquid enthusiasm have been getting mixed up with the law during the week, there being no less than three cases. Fong Sing was up before the Magistrate on Wednesday last charged with supplying liquor to an Indian and drew a penalty of $125. and costs. The fine was paid under protest and the case may be appealed. Henry Yuen. of Popcum, a combination of Chinese and Indian, drew three months hard labor without the option of a fine. Henry brought a supply of booze from New Westminster and proceeded to make merry with his friends on one of the reserves west of the city. The good humor went bad and the police were phoned for to remove the offenders. The sequel was the sentence above noted. J. H. A. Pilkey, a white, also drew three months with toil and without the financial option, for retailing booze to an Indian. The said Pilkey was very much at sea in Court, such a circumstance never having been his lot before, he said. His record covering the past three months at Vancouver and New Westminster does not bear out his contention. He was accompanied by his son, a lad of eleven years, who besides being encumbered with such a misfit father, bears the name of LeRoy Frank Arthur Napier Pilkey, bravely. Local authorities are arranging to have the boy placed in the Children's Home at Vancouver where he will have a chance to travel in a different and better road than that led by his father, who spent the money secured by the boy by whatever method the father demanded, in the purchase of whiskey.

W. H. Kipp and family, of Ashcroft, B. C., are the guests of Mr. Kipp's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kipp, Westminster st. Mr. Kipp has been a resident of Ashcroft for over ten years being postmaster nearly nine years. The residents of Ashcroft presented him with a gold watch when leaving, in appreciation of his services and esteem as a citizen of the town.

Premier May Lay Corner Stone.

Work on the Chilliwack High School is progressing well under an able staff of men. The laying of the corner stone will take place about the first of September and it is very probable that the provincial Premier, Sir Richard McBride will preform the interesting ceremony.

Purchased Clothing Business.

W. C. Barber, formerly in charge of Ashwells Clothing Department, Chilliwack and brother of H. J. Barber, has purchased a gent's furnishing business at Simcoe, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. Barber will make their home in that beautiful Ontario town and their many Chilliwack friends will wish for them a full measure of success in their new place of residence.

Passed Away at Hospital.

William Henry Campbell who has been a patient at the Hospital for some time with tuberculosis of the bone passed away on Saturday. Deceased was in his forty-fifth year and was a brother-in-law of W. R. and W. E. Stevenson of Chilliwack. He leaves a wife and four children for which much sympathy is expressed. The funeral was held on Monday from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Day, Mary street, to the Oddfellows' cemetery.

New Store Opens Tuesday.

G. P. Chamberlain announces in the Free Press to-day the opening of his new furniture and house furnishing store on Tuesday August 20. The store has just been completed and is one of the best furniture stores in the Province. All who visit the store between Aug. 20 and 24 inclusive, will, without any obligation on their part, have the opportunity of testing their "lucky star" and incidently securing one of three fine pieces of furniture. Read Mr. Chamberlain's advt. for particulars.

Improvements at the Empress.

S. Sutor, of the Empress hotel, is having extensive alterations made to the hotel. The rotunda is being enlarged by the partition between it and the pool room being removed. The pool tables will be dispensed with. The stairway is now placed north of the old site, while the location of the toilets on the first floor have been re-arranged and additional accomodation provided for lady guests of the hotel. The alterations will constitute an improvement which will add much to the convience of the patrons of the Empress.

A Drop in Furniture.

A horse attached to a light wagon loaded with furniture in front of Trenholm's store on Tuesday afternoon, suddenly bolted, throwing the furniture onto the road and freeing himself from the driver, a small boy, careered around a few city blocks before being captured. The horse and wagon were unharmed but the furniture was somewhat damaged. A strange feature of the accident was that while the furniture was broken, two mirrors came through the fracas without even being scratched. The horse, wagon and furniture was the property of John Knight.

Selling Chilliwack Property

The Chilliwack office of the F. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., has sold during the week over $23000 worth of Valley property. Twenty acres of the Gardner ranch on Prairie Central road was sold for C. E. Eckert to Chas. Leith of Vancouver. Mr. Leith is a landscape gardner, and will make his home on the property. Ten acres of the Wells Sub-division on the McSween road was purchased by Ezra O'Neill, of Outlook, Sask., who with his family will reside on the property. Sales which bring into the valley new and desirable residents are the kind which will be of greatest benefit to the place as a whole. Fifty acres on the Lickman road were sold for A. G. Langley to Mrs. M. A. White, of Eburne. Forty acres, the property of Chas. Kerr on the Prairie Central road, were sold to a Vancouver syndicate. Hart & Co., report an increasing demand for Chilliwack Valley property and are in receipt of a large number of enquiries especially for five acre plots.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Blanchfield Aug. 7, a daughter.

Born—on Wednesday Aug. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Watson, Gore ave., a son.

Wesley Scouts Return From Camp.

The Wesley Troop of Boy Scouts returned on Monday from camp at Cultus Lake, where eleven days were spent under canvas and amidst the beauties of the lake and woodland for which this popular resort is noted. The Scouts found it difficult to follow the regulation program for Scout work, the preparation of the meals requiring considerable of the time. The daily routine started at 7 a.m., with a plunge in the lake which most of the boys took advantage of. Flag saluting and prayers preceeded preparation of the breakfast. Tracking, treasure hunting or signaling occupied the time until noon hour. The afternoons were spent in swiming, a very peasant exercise, and althletic games of various kinds followed by the camp fire assembly at which stories, jokes etc., whiled away the time until 9 or 9.30 when the Scouts indulged in rest, repose and quit dreams until the morning call awakened them to a realization of the joys of camp life, and thus the days of the annual camp rolled by all too soon for the members and officers of the Troop. There were no accidents, the weather was fair and there was no sickness, except a trace of home sickness now and again. The boys are grateful to Mr. Eckert for conveying them to camp and to Mr. Evans for tranportation home, also for the thoughtfulness of many in sending or bringing supplies for the needs of the camp. The camp was in charge of Scoutmaster W. Abbott and Asst. Scoutmaster C. A. Woodworth, who are highly pleased with the conduct of boys and the success of the camp for 1912.

THE NEW PROVINCIAL GAME LAWS

The Provincial Game regulations as published effect this distric as follows:

Grouse of all Kinds—Richmond, Dewdney, Delta, and Chilliwhack Electorial Districts; that portion of Kent Municipality in the Yale District; the portion of Comox Electorial District situated on the Mainland; all islands adjacent to Mainland, October 15th to Decemder 31. Cranbrook and Fernie Electoral Districts, September 2nd to Oct. 15.

Grouse of all kinds except Prairie Chicken—Throughout remainder of Mainland not above specified, Sep-2nd to December 31st.

Ducks, Geese and Snipe—Throughout the Mainland and islands adjacent thereto, September 2nd to February 28th, 1913.

Columbian or Coast Deer—Throughout the Mainland and islands adjacent thereto, except Queen Charlotte Islands, September 2nd to December 15th.

Cock Pheasants — Richmond, Dewdney, Delta, Chilliwhack, and Yale Electoral Districts, October 15 to December 31st. Note—No person may hunt or kill pheasants if three inches of snow is on the ground. No person may kill more than six birds on any one day.

TO THE LAND-OWNERS OF THE DISTRICT OF CHILLIWACK, B. C.

We have recently opened an office in room 12 in the Hart Block, Chilliwack, and we would be glad to get in touch with any of the land-owners in the district who might be thinking of under-draining their land.

We have one of the celebrated "Buckeye" Traction Ditcher Machines in Chilliwack now. This machine was working here last spring and every one who had any work done by it seemed perfectly well satisfied.

This machine will dig a trench 14½ inches wide and any depth up to 4 feet 9 inches. The machine is capable of digging the trench absolutely to grade, which is first laid out by us with a surveyor's level. The ditch is left absolutely clean and ready for the tile or cedar box-drains to be laid.

We are in a position to contract either for the digging alone or for the under-draining complete. Our prices will be found to be less than the cost of hand-digging besides being done more quickly and leaving a much cleaner trench.

We would be very glad to have you call and talk the matter over with us or drop us a letter to the above address and our representative will call on you.

Yours very truly,
THE VALLEY DRAINAGE & CONTRACTING CO.
R. H. Winslow, Manager.

The annual picnic held under the auspices of the Womans' Institute and which the members of the Farmers' Institute participated, on Thursday last at D. Morden's grove, was a splendid success. There was a large crowd present and the various games and amusements were heartily enjoyed. As would be expected, under such auspices, the picnic menu was a most appetising one, and was partaken of with a relish that would satisfy the most sensitive housewife. Mr. and Mrs. Morden have a delightful spot for such an event and won the plaudits of all in their role as host and hostess. Rain terminated the program rather abruptly and while most of the picnicers got wet before reaching home, they all vote the event one of the most pleasant of its kind this season.

Take a Kodak With You

SEE OUR VEST POCKET KODAK
$7.00.
BROWNIES $1 to $10
FOLDING POCKET KODAKS
$10 TO $20
FILMS, PAPERS, PHOTOGRAPHIC CHEMICALS AND SUNDRIES

Enquire for Catalogue
H.J.BARBER
Druggist and Stationer

OLD AND YOUNG ALIKE

Appreciate the Cheering, Comforting qualities of our superior Teas and Coffees, the best on the market. Their excellent quality makes them the most economical to use, because a small quantity produces as good results as, or better than, the cheaper grades, and yet our goods are not at all high in price. But you will find they are money savers in actual use.

Lillie's Special 3 pounds Ceylon Tea - -	$1.00
Lillie's Special 5 pounds Ceylon Tea - -	$1.75
Lillie's Special 1 pound Ceylon Tea - -	40c.

Order Preserving Peaches now $1.15 per Case.

Lillie's Cash Grocery
Phone 10

THE KEY TO YESTERDAY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

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

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued

"YOU will go to Nice for a while," said Steele, firmly. He had fallen into a position of arranging their affairs. Mrs. Horton, distressed in Duska's distress, found herself helpless to act except upon his direction.

The girl nodded, apathetically.

"It doesn't matter," she said.

Then, she looked up again.

"But I want you to stay. I want you to do everything you can for both of them." She paused, and her next words were spoken with an effort: "And I don't want—I don't want you to speak of me. I don't want you to try to remind him."

"He will question me," demurred Steele.

Duska's head was raised with a little *gesture of pride.*

"I am not afraid," she said, "that he will ask you anything he should not—anything that he has not the right to ask."

CHAPTER XX.

When he turned back, a day later, from the turmoil of the station, from the strenuous labor of weighing trunks, locating the compartment in the train, subsidizing the guards, and, hardest of all, saying good-bye to Duska with a seeming or normal cheerfulness, Steele found himself irritably out of measure with the quick-step of Paris. Mrs. Horton and the girl were on their way to the Riviera. He was left behind to watch results; almost, it seemed to him, to sit by and observe the post-mortem on every hope in the lives of three people. Nice should still be quiet. The tidal wave of "trippers" would not for a little while sweep over its rose-covered slopes and white beaches and dazzling esplanades, and the place would afford the girl at least every soothing influence that nature could offer. That would not be much, *but it would be something.*

As for himself, he felt the isolation of Paris. On a desert, a man may become lonely; in deep forests and on high mountains, he may come to know and hate his own soul in solitude, but the last note of aloofness, of utter exile, is that which comes to him who looks vainly for one face in a sea of other faces, whose small cosmos lies in unwept and unnoticed ruin in the midst of a giant city that moves along its indifferent way to the time of dance-music. In the hotel, there was the chatter of tourists. His own tongue was prattled by men and women whose lives seemed to revolve around the shops of the Rue de la Paix, or whose literature was the information of the guide-books. He felt that everyone was invading his somberness of mood with trivialities, until, in revulsion against the whole stage-setting of things, he had himself and his luggage transported to the Hotel Voltaire, where the life about him was the simpler life of the less pretentious quais of the Seine.

After his dejeuner, he sat for a time *attempting to readjust his ideas.* He had told Saxon that he would never again speak of love to Duska. Now, he realized how barren of hope it would ever be for him to renew his plea. She had bankrupted *his heart.* He had buried his own hopes, and no one except himself had known at what cost to himself. He had taken his place in the niche dedicated to closest friend, just outside the inner shrine reserved for the one who could penetrate that far. Now, he was in a greater distress. Now, he wanted only her happiness, and as he had never wanted it before. Now, he realized that the only source through which this could come was the source that seemed hopelessly clogged. There was no doubt of his sincerity. Even his own intimate questioning acquitted him of self-consideration. Could he at that moment have had one wish fulfilled by some magic agency of miracle, that wish would have been that he might lead Robert Saxon, as Robert Saxon had been, to Duska, with all his memory and love intact, and free from any incumbrance that might divide them. That would have been the gift of all gifts, and the only gift that would drive the look of heart-hunger and despair from her eyes.

Steele was restless, and, taking up his hat, he strolled out along the quay, and turned at last into the Boulevard St. Michel, stretching off in a broad vista of cafe-lined sidewalks. The life of the "Boule Mich" held no attraction *for him. In his earlier days,* he had known it from the river to the Boulevard Montparnasse. He knew its tributary streets, its lodgings, its schools, and the life which the spirit of the modern *is so rapidly revolutionizing* from Bohemia's shabby capital to a conventionalized district. None of these things held for him the piquant challenge of novelty.

As he passed a certain cafe, which he had once known as the informal club of the Marston cult, he realized that here the hilarity was more pronounced than elsewhere. The boulevard itself was for squares a thread, stringing cafes like beads in a necklace. Each had its crowd of revelers; its boisterous throng of frowsy, velvet-jacketed, long-haired students; its laughing models; its inevitable brooding and despondent absintheurs sitting apart in isolated melancholy. Yet, here at the "Chat Noir," the chorus was noisier. Although the evening was chill, the sidewalk tables were by no means deserted. The Parisian proves his patriotism by his adherence to the out-door table, even if he must turn up his collar, and shiver as he sips his wine.

Listlessly, Steele turned into the place. It was so crowded this evening that for a time it looked as though he would have difficulty in finding a seat. At last, a waiter led him to a corner where, dropping to the seat along the wall, he ordered his wine, and sat gloomily looking on.

The place was unchanged. There were still the habitues quarreling over their warring tenets of the brush; men drawn to the centre of painting as moths are drawn to a candle; men of all nationalities and sorts, alike only in the general quality of their unkempt grotesquerie.

There was music of a sort; a plaintive chord long-drawn from the violin occasionally made its sweet wail heard above the babel and through the reeking smoke of the room. Evidently, it was some occasion beyond the ordinary, and Steele, leaning over to the student nearest him, inquired in French:

"Is there some celebration?"

The stranger was a short man, with hair that fell low on his neck and greased his collar. He had a double-pointed beard and deep-set black eyes, which he kept fixed on his absinthe as it dripped drop by drop from the nickeled device attached to his frappe glass. At the question, he looked up, astonished.

"But is it possible monsieur does not *know?* We are all brothers here—brothers in the worship of the beautiful! Does not monsieur know?"

Steele did not know, and he told the stranger so without persiflage.

"*It is that* the great Marston has returned!" proclaimed the student, in a loud voice. "It is that the master has come back to us—to Paris!"

The sound of his voice had brought *others about the table.* "*Does* monsieur know that the Seine flows?" demanded a pearly pretty model, raising her glass and flashing from her dark eyes a challenging glance of ridicule.

Steele *did not object to the good-*humored baiting, but he looked about him, and was thankful that the girl on her way to Nice could not look in on this enthusiasm over the painter's home-coming; could not see to what Marston was returning; what character of devotees were pledging the promotion of the first disciple to the place of the worshiped master.

Some half-drunken student, his hand upon the shoulder of a model, lifted a tilting glass, and shouted thickly, "Vive l'art! Vive Marston!" The crowd took up the shout, and there was much clinking of glass.

Steele, with a feeling of deep disgust, rose to go. The other quais of the Seine were better after all. But, as he reached for his hat, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and, turning, recognized, with a glow of welcome, the face of M. Herve. Like himself, M. Herve seemed out of his element, or would have seemed so had he also not had, like Steele, that adaptability which makes some men fit into the picture wherever they may find themselves. The two shook hands, and dropped back on the cushions of the wall seat.

"I have heard the story," the Frenchman assured Steele. "Monsieur may spare himself the pain of repeating it. It is a miracle!"

Steele was looking into his glass.

"It is a most unhappy miracle," he replied.

"But, mon dieu!" M. Herve looked across the table, tapping the Kentuckian's *sleeve with his outstretched* fingers. "It makes one think, mon ami—it makes one think!"

His vis-a-vis only nodded, and Herve went on:

"*It brings home to one the indestructibility* of the true genius—the unquenchable fire of it! Destiny plays a strange game. She has here taken a man, and juggled with his life; battered his identity to unrecognizable fragments; set a seal on his past. Yet his genius she could not efface. That burned through to the light—sounded on insistently through the confusion of wreck, even as that violin sounds through this hell of noises and disorder—the great unsilenced chord! The man thinks he copies another. Not so—he is merely groping to find himself. Never have I thought so deeply as since I have heard this story."

For a time, Steele did not reply. To him, the personal element drowned the purely academic interest of the psychological phase in this tragedy.

Suddenly, a new element of surprise struck him, and he leaned across the table, his voice full of questioning.

"But you," he demanded, "you had studied under Marston. You knew him, and yet, when you saw Saxon, you had no recognition."

M. Herve nodded his head with grave *assent.*

"That was my first incredulous thought when I heard of this miracle," he admitted; "yet, only for a moment. After all, that was inevitable. They *were different. Now, bearded,* ill, depleted, I fancy he may once more look the man I knew—that man whose hair was a mane, and whose morbid timidity gave to his eyes a haunted and uncertain fire. *When I saw Saxon,* it is true I saw a man wounded and unconscious; his face covered with blood, and the dirt of the street, yet he was, even so, the man of splendid physique—the new man remade by the immensity of your western prairies—having acquired all that the man I had known lacked. He was transformed. In that, his Destiny was kind—she gave it not only to his body, but to his brush. He was before a demi-god of the palette. Now, he is the god."

"Do you chance to know," asked Steele suddenly, "how his hand was pierced?"

"Have you not heard that story?" the Frenchman asked. "I am regrettably responsible for that. We sought to make him build the physical man. I persuaded him to fence, though he did it badly and without enthusiasm. One evening, we were toying with sharpened foils. Partly by his carelessness and partly by my own, the blade went through his palm. For a long period, he could not paint."

Frederick Marston was not at once removed from the lodgings in the Rue St. Jacques. Absolute rest was what he most required. When he awoke again, unless he awoke refreshed by sufficient rest, Dr. Cornish held out no hope. The strain upon enfeebled body *and brain had been great,* and for days he remained delirious or unconscious. Dr. Cornish was like adamant in his determination that he should be left undisturbed for a week or more.

Meanwhile, the episode had unexpected results. The physician who had come to Paris fleeing from a government he had failed to overturn, who had taken an emergency case because there was no one else at hand, found himself suddenly heralded by the Paris press as "that distinguished specialist, Dr. Cornish, who is effecting a miraculous recovery for the greatest of painters."

During these days, Steele was constantly at the lodgings, and with him, sharing his anxiety, was M. Herve. There were many callers to inquire—painters and students of the neighborhood, and the greater celebrities from the more distinguished schools.

But no one was more constantly in attendance than Alfred St. John. He divided his time between the bedside of his daughter and the lodgings where Marston lay. The talk that filled the Latin Quarter, and furiously excited the studio on the floor below, was studiously kept from the girl confined to her couch upstairs.

One day while St. John was in the Rue St. Jacques, pacing the small cour with Steele and Herve, Jean Hautecoeur came in hurriedly. His manner was that of anxious embarrassment, and for a moment he paused, seeking *words.*

St. John's face turned white with a divination of his tidings.

"Does she need me?" he asked, almost breathlessly.

Hautecoeur nodded, and St. John turned toward the door. Steele went with him, and, as they climbed the steep stairs, the old man leaned heavily on his support.

The Kentuckian waited in St. John's room most of that night. In the next apartment were the girl, her father and the physician. A little before dawn, the old man came out. His step was almost tottering, and he seemed to have aged a decade since he entered the door of the sick-room.

"My daughter is dead," he said very simply, as his guest paused at the threshold. "I am leaving Paris. My people except for me have borne a good name. I wanted to ask you to save that name from exposure. I wanted to bury with my daughter everything that might shadow her memory. For myself, nothing matters."

Steele took the hand the Englishman held tremblingly outstretched.

"Is there anything else I can do?" he asked.

St. John shook his head.

"That will be quite all," he answered.

Such things as had to be done, however, Steele did, and two days later, when Alfred St. John took the train for Calais and the Channel, it was with assurances that, while they could not at this time cheer him, at least fortified him against all fear of need.

It was a week later that Cornish sent for the Kentuckian, who was waiting in the court.

"I think you can see him now," said *the physician briefly, "and I think you* will see a man who has no gaps in his memory."

Steele went with some misgiving to the sickroom. He found Marston looking *at him with eyes as clear and lucid* as his own. As he came up, the other extended a hand with a trembling gesture of extreme weakness. Steele clasped it in silence.

For a time, neither spoke.

While Steele waited, the other's face became drawn. He was evidently struggling with himself in desperate distress. There was something to be said which Marston found it bitterly difficult to say. At last, he spoke slowly, forcing his words and holding his features in masklike rigidity of control.

"I remember it all now, George." He hesitated as his friend nodded; then, with a drawing of his brows and a tremendous effort, he added, huskily:

"And I must go to my wife."

Steele hesitated before answering.

"You can't do that, Bob," he said, gently. "I was near her as long as could be. I think she is entirely happy now."

The man in the bed looked up. His eyes read the eyes of the other. If there was in his pulse a leaping sense of release, he gave it no expression.

"Dead?" he whispered.

Steele nodded.

For a time, Marston gazed up at the ceiling with a fixed stare. Then, his face clouded with black self-reproach.

"If I could blot out that injury from *memory! God knows I meant it as* kindness."

"There is time enough to forget," said Steele.

It was some days later that Marston *went with Steele to the Hotel Voltaire.* There was much to be explained and done. He learned for the first time the details of the expedition Steele had made to South America, and then to Europe; of the matter of the pictures and St. John's connection with them, and of the mystifying circumstances of the name registered at the Eyseel Palace Hotel. That incident they never fathomed.

St. John had buried his daughter in the Cimetier Montmartre. After the first mention of the matter on his recovery to consciousness, Marston had not again alluded to his former wife, until he was able to go to the spot, and place a small tribute on her grave. Standing there, somewhat awestruck, his face became deeply grave, and, looking up at his friend, he spoke with deep agitation:

"There is one part of my life that was a tremendous mistake. I sought to act with regard for a misconceived duty and kindness, and I only inflicted infinite pain. I want you to know, and I tell you here at a spot that is to me very solemn, that I never abandoned her. *When I left for America,* it was at her command. It was with the avowal that I should remain subject to her recall as long as we both lived. I should have kept my word. It's not a thing *that I can talk of again. You know all* that has happened since, but for once I must tell you."

Steele felt that nothing he could say would make the recital easier, and he merely inclined his head.

"I shall have her removed to England, if St. John wishes it," Marston said. "God knows I'd like to have the account show some offsetting of the debit."

As they left the gates for the omnibus, Marston added:

"If St. John will continue to act as my agent, he can manage it from the *other side of the Channel. I shall not* be often in Paris."

Later, he turned suddenly to the Kentuckian, with a half-smile.

"We swindled St. John," he exclaimed. "*We bought back the pictures at* Saxon prices." His voice became unusually soft. "And Frederick Marston can never paint another so good as the portrait. We must set that right. Do you know—" the man laughed sheepishly—"it's rather disconcerting to find that one has spent seven years in self-worship?"

Steele smiled with relief at the change of the subject.

"Is that the sensation of being deified?" he demanded. "Does one simply feel that Olympus is drawn down to sea level?"

Shortly after, Marston sent a brief note to Duska.

"I shall say little," he wrote. "I can't be sure you will give me a hearing, *but also I can not go until I have beg-*ged it. I can not bear that any report shall reach you until I have myself reported. My only comfort is that I concealed nothing that I had the knowledge *to tell you.* There is now no blank in my life, and yet it is all blank, and must remain blank unless I can come to you. I am free to speak, and, if you give it to me, no one else can deny me the right to speak. All that I said on that night when a certain garden was bathed in the moon is more true now than then, and now I speak with full knowledge. Can you forgive everything?"

And the girl reading the letter let it drop in her lap, and looked out through her window across the dazzling whiteness of the Promenade des Anglais to the purple Mediterranean. Once more, her eyes lighted from deep cobalt to violet.

"But there was nothing to forgive," she softly told the sea.

CHAPTER XXI.

When, a month later, Frederick Marston went to the hotel on the Pro*menade des Anglais at Nice,* it was a much improved and rejuvenated man as compared with the wasted creature who had opened the closed door of the "academy" in the Quartier Latin, and had dropped the key on the floor. Although still a trifle gaunt, he was much the same person who, almost a year before, had clung to the pickets of Churchill Downs, and halted in his view of a two-year-old finish. Just as the raw air of the north had given place to the wooing softness of the Riviera, and the wet blankets of haze over the gardens of the Tulleries to the golden sunlight of the flower-decked south, so he had come again out of winter into spring, and the final result of his life's equation was the man that had been Saxon, untouched by the old Marston.

Duska's stay at Nice had been begun in apathy. About her were all the influences of beauty and roses and soft breezes, but it was *not until she had* read this first letter from Marston that these things meant anything to her. Then, suddenly, she had awakened to a sense of its delight. She knew that he *would not come at once, and she felt* that this was best. She wanted him to come back to her when he could come as the man who had been in her life, and, since she knew he was coming, she could wait. Her eyes had become as brightly blue as the Mediterranean mirroring the sky, and her cheeks had again taken on their kinship to the roses of the Riviera. Once more, she was one with the nature of this favored spot, a country that some magical realist seems to have torn bodily from the enchanted Isles of Imagination, and transplanted in the world of Fact.

Now, she became eager to see everything, and so it happened that, when Marston, who had not notified her of the day of his arrival, reached her hotel, it was to find that she and her aunt had motored over to Monte Carlo, by the upper Corniche Road, that show-drive of the world which climbs *along the heights with the sea below* and the sky, it would seem, not far above.

The man turned out again to the Promenade des Anglais. The sun was shining on its whiteness, and it seemed that the city was a huge structure of solid marble, set between the sea and the color-spotted slopes of the villa-clad hills.

Marston was highly buoyant as he made his way to the garage where he could secure a car to give chase. He even paused with boyish and delighted interest to gaze into the glittering shop windows of the Promenade and the Avenue Felix Faure, where were temptingly displayed profound booklets guaranteeing the purchaser a sure system for conquering the chances of roulette "on a capital of £9, playing red or black, manque or passe, pair or impair, and compiled by one with four years of experience."

He had soon negotiated for a car, and had gained the friendship of the chauffeur, who grinned happily and with contentment when he learned that monsieur's object was speed. Ahead of him stretched nine miles of perfect macadam, with enough beauty to fill the eye and heart with joy for every mile, and at the end of the journey—unless he could happily overtake her sooner—was Duska.

The car sped up between the villas, up to the white ribbon of road where the ships, lying at anchor in the purpled water beneath, were white toys no longer than pencils, where towns were only patches of roof tiles, and mountainsides mere rumpled blankets of green and color; where the road-houses were delights of picturesque rusticity and flower-covered walls.

Thanks to a punctured tire, Marston found a large dust-coated car standing at the roadside when he had covered *only half of the journey.* It was drawn up near a road-house that sat back of a rough stone wall, anl was abandoned save for the chauffeur, who labored over his task of repair. But Marston stopped and ran up the stone stairs to the small terrace, where, between rose bushes that crowded the time-stained facade of the modest caravansery, were set two or three small tables under a trellis; and, at one of the tables, he recognized Mrs. Horton.

Mrs. Horton rose with a little gasp of delight to welcome him, and recognized how his eyes were ranging in *search for an even more important* personage while he greeted her. Off beyond the road, with its low guarding wall of stone, the mountainside fell away precipitously to the sea, stretch*ing out below in a limitless expanse of* the bluest blue that our eyes can endure. The slopes were thickly wooded.

"We blew out a tire," explained Mrs. Horton, "and Duska is exploring somewhere over the wall there. I was content to sit here and wait—but you are younger," she added with a smile. "I won't keep you here."

From inside the tavern came the tinkle of guitars, from everywhere in the clear crystalline air hung the perfume of roses. Marston, with quick apologies, hastened across the road, vaulted the wall, and began his search. It was a brief one, for, turning into a clearing, he saw her below him on a ledge. She stood as straight and slim and gracefully erect as the lancelike young trees.

He made his way swiftly down the slope, and she had not turned nor heard his approach. He went straight to her, and took her in his arms.

The girl wheeled with a little cry of recognition and delight; then, after a moment, she held him off at arms' length, and looked at him. Her eyes were deep, and needed no words. About them was all the world and all the beauty of it.

Finally, she laughed with the old, happy laugh.

"Once," she said very slowly, "you quoted poetry to me—a verse about the young queen's crowning. Do you remember?"

He nodded.

"But that doesn't apply now," he assured her. "*You are going to crown* me with an undeserved and unspeakable crown."

"Quote it to me now," she commanded, with reinstated autocracy.

For a moment, the man looked into her face as the sun struck down on its delicate color, under the softness of hat and filmy automobile veil; then, clasping her very close, he whispered *the lines:*

"Beautful, bold and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle,
The young queen rode to be crowned."

"Do you remember some other lines in the same verse?" she questioned, in a voice that made his throbbing pulses bound faster; but, before he could answer, she went on:

"'Then the young queen answered swift,
"We hold it crown of our crowning to take our crown for a gift."'"

They turned together, and started up the slope.

The End.

FUN AND THE POOR FUND

There are in Paris four theatres—the Comedie-Francaise, Odeon, the Opera, and Opera Comique—which receive subventions from the Government, and forty regular theatres, among which are included the Chatelet, Gymnase, Gaite and Palais-Royal, which receive no subvention. There are besides twelve large cinematograph theatres, thirty-eight cafe concerts, eight music halls, ten skating rinks, velodromes and circuses, among which are included the Magic City and Luna Park, both originally American enterprises; six permanent balls or dancing places, including the Bal Tabarin, Bullier, and Moulin Rouge; and finally three classi*cal concerts, viz., the concert Lamour*eaux, Colonne, and the Conservatoire; in all one hundred and twenty-one regular places of amusement.

From the report of the municipal *administration for 1911 it appears that* the total receipts collected during that year by these various groups of theatres, etc., were as follows: The four subventioned theatres, $1,839,438; forty theatres of the Gaite class, $4,538,659; cinematographs, $541,097; museums and expositions, $123,361; cafe concerts, $1,330,752; music halls, $1,366,257; skating rinks, circuses, etc., $840,287; balls, $189,714; artistic concerts, $114,373; various other concerts, $457-221; total $11,341,159.

For the support of the poor—droits des pauvres—the municipality collects a uniform tax of 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of regular theatres and daily concerts, 5 per cent. of the receipts from casual concerts given by artists or musical associations, and 25 per cent. of the receipts of balls, races and certain other amusements.

MEMORIAL MEETING IN HONOR OF ISIDOR AND IDA STRAUS

Mayor Gaynor, Bishop Thomas F. Gailor of the University of the South, Jacob H. Schiff, Andrew Carnegie, and others participated in the great *memorial meeting* at Carnegie Hall in New York, Sunday, May 12th, in honor of Isidor Straus and his wife, Mrs. Ida Straus. The audience was completely representative of America's best citi*zens and all barriers of race, nation*ality, and religion were swept away. Every profession, the law, medicine, the ministry, journalism, finance, were represented. The children of the two whose death was being mourned were present. They are Jesse, Percy, and Herbert, and Mrs. Hess and Mrs. Weil. Oscar Straus and his family had a box and all the members of the Nathan Straus family who are in this country were present. Miss Julia Richman, an intimate friend of Mrs. Straus, made many weep as she told of innumerable little incidents of that noble woman's active life, how kindness was always her watchword and how she seemed never to have a moment to herself in her exceeding solicitude for the welfare of others. Mayor Gaynor said there was just a tinge of regret that the body of Mr. Straus had been recovered while that of his beloved wife lies in its eternal sleep in the great deep. It was pathetic after her heroic sacrifice, he said, that even this separation had come about, but it had been so ordered by fate, and all would be content. He said that never lived there a *more just man, one* with more good in his heart, one who did more in a common-sense way for the advancement of the human race, an advancement always slow but certain. Mr. *Carnegie said that the memory of these* two heroic figures refusing to be parted in death will remain for future generations as a most precious legacy to make men proud of the human race. Bishop Gailor said: "With his arms about the wife of his youth, faithful to the ideals that made death preferable to dishonor, with high courage and pure manhood, and a clear conscience, Mr. Straus faced God and went calmly down into the deep. Eternal glory to him, imperishable is his renown, epic is the story of his glorious death."

DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED

No, young man, don't do it. Adopt a firm attitude. If you can't afford the theatre, invite her kindly and resolutely to enter the moving-picture show and be ready with two nickels. If she backs or jibes say courageously but with determination "No moving-picture show, no me." That will bring her up with a short turn. She will probably show her fury by a winning smile, but she will think all the more of you *for it. And if she wants an oyster* supper afterwards steer her inexorably but politely toward the fifteen-cent hash counter and pay the check yourself. Never mind what she says or *does. She won't go hungry,* even though a sulky look passes momentarily over the hereditary chaste features of Vere de Vere. Don't let her pay one red cent nor allow her to have anything for which you can not pay. And while you are thinking in your innocence that you have incurred her undying enmity she will be thinking whatever gods there be that at last she has found a man, one of the old domineering kind, which is the only kind a good woman really loves.

GETTING IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE

To the philosopher from New Zealand who has glanced at half a dozen newspapers over the breakfast table, and has then gone outside and from the open space of St. Paul's watched the ribbed steel shaft of the latest sky-scraper forcing its steady way to the clouds, the secret of our architecture will at last be revealed. The spire of the Gothic cathedrals voiced man's aspiration towards union with the Infinite. The tower of fifty-five stories is our unconscious attempt to escape from the sordidness of the market-place of politics. The New Zealander will think of his morning newspapers and then glance upward with longing and envy at the men six hundred feet *above the curb who are engaged in* rearing columns that will carry them still farther away from the crowd. For these happy men there are no mean struggles of mean politicians, no *furious battling over cheap motives,* no flaming moral outbursts from bosses, no muddy torrents of vituperation, no snarling and biting, no shrieking in public places and confabulating in corners. Six hundred feet above the ground these things are reduced to their proper proportions.

THE TRAVELLER IN AFRICA

He must remain to see the blazing torment of the sun relieved only by the torrential rush of the tropical rain, the crashing of the thunder, and the blue and flickering glare of the destructive lightning. He must endure through the long summer months the attacks of the myriads of stinging and biting insects by day, and the even more harassing onslaughts of mosquitoes by night. Snakes and other undesirable creatures of all kinds invade his bungalow; his clothes and his linen are continually in a state of dampness. He is often *down with malarial fever, with no one* but his callous and ignorant native servants to attend to his wants. Racked with headache and with every bone burning with fever, he must himself select and administer his medicines, besides giving the orders for such nutriment as he may judge necessary, and, though he treats it as a matter of course, what he suffers is often far in excess of the recognition which his services receive. However torn by illness he may be, the work of the station must go on; interminable native disputes must be settled, and settled satisfactorily. Defaulters must be given fair trial, and the floods of contradictory and generally false statements which flow from the ready lips of countless witnesses must be sifted and garnered.

IN THE BORDERLAND

When the German emperor threatened Alsace-Lorraine with annexation to Prussia in case she refused to behave herself he not only insulted Alsace-Lorraine, which he intended to do, but also insulted Prussia, which he did not intend to do. Prussia does not consider that annexation to herself is a punishment, but then so much depends upon the point of view. The emperor had to apologize for his indiscretion, not, of course, the kind of apology that lesser mortals make, but one of the diplomatic explanations that are supposed to serve the same end. The French and Germans in the annexed provinces have not yet learned to live in concord like little birds in a nest, and Germany is beginning to realize that she made a profound mistake when she concluded the French war by an arrangement that created an open wound and that kept it open. As illustrating the relations now existing in Alsace-Lorraine there is a story told *of an Alsatian who fell into the Rhine* and was in danger of drowning. Crying out in French for help he was regarded by a policeman on the bank with glassy unconcern. Then he tried German, but with the same result. As a last resort, and just as he was on the point of sinking, he shouted "Vive la France," and the policeman at once jumped into the water and arrested him.

Murphy—So Casey has quit drinking. Did he discover that the booze wasn't good for him? Maloney—No. The bartenders discovered that Casey wasn't good for the booze.

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PILES.
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BURIED CITIES OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE

A curious tale of buried cities has been disclosed by some recent excavations in Paternoster Row, London. It was necessary to take down some old houses that were built about the year 1640 and in the foundation ruins were found many relics of that day, including clay pipes of a rude form such as were smoked by the men of that mediaeval time. But under those foundations the ruins of another house were discovered, and it must have been of some importance, for it had a large courtyard and was apparently regarded as some sort of boundary mark. Antiquarians suggest that it may have belonged to some high official or dignitary of the church, for that whole neighborhood was once a great religious centre and the names of many of the adjacent streets, such as Paternoster Row itself, still have a religious significance. But a still more interesting discovery awaited the excavators. Twenty feet below the street level were found the remains of a Roman house, and the soil was rich with Roman coins, Venetian glass wine vessels, and pieces of Roman pavement. The secretary of the British Archaeological Society has placed all these relics, and many others, on exhibition, and he tells us that the ancient London of the Romans lies everywhere about twenty feet below the surface, with succeeding eras represented by the upper strata.

But in point of antiquity these London discoveries are far surpassed by the interesting finds reported from Laussel, in the Dordogne, France. An explorer has unearthed three statuettes, or bas-reliefs, that must have been the work of men living 3,000 years before Christ. These statuettes represent a man apparently in the act of throwing a lance and some women. The figures of the women are somewhat obscured and the features are obliterated, but the hair is neatly arranged and falls over the neck in long, heavy curls. The figure of the man is a prepossessing one, thin, strong and strongly suggestive of civilization. Close at hand was discovered a frieze supple, and all of these statuettes are of much artistic merit representing animals, including the horse and the bison. If the France of 3,000 years ago was actually inhabited by a people possessing any degree of civilization the fact seems to argue against a good many theories of evolution. If any of these long past ages possessed a civilization approximating to our own, which was subsequently overwhelmed by barbarism and perhaps by natural cataclysms, we may one day discover traces of a civilization surpassing our own, and what a shock that would be to our complacency.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, undoubtedly the most interesting living representative of the family of Emperor Napoleon I., has great claims to distinction as a man of science, and has always been a munificent patron of scientific research. He recently celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday. Prince Roland is noted as a traveller. He is a giant in stature, but is extremely modest. Prince Roland is a Membre de l'Institut, and he is president of the French Geographical and other societies. His library contains over 200,000 volumes, and his botanical collection numbers over 2,000,000 plants from all parts of the world. Perhaps his best-known work is "Les Habitants de Suriname."

Durban has the only municipal telephone system in the Union of South Africa. The number of telephones in use is greater there in proportion to population than in any other town in the Union. Durban is also the only city of the Union of South Africa which uses American telephones.

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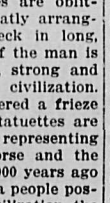

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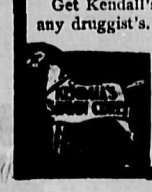
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The Story of A Pioneer

EDWARD Fitzgerald Beale, whose biography is given to us by Mr. Stephen Bonsal, belongs to a type that has disappeared with the need for it. A grandson of Truxton, he was born in the navy and his early years were passed at sea. He fought at San Pasqual and it was he, in company with Kit Carson, who carried to Commodore Stockton at San Diego the news of General Kearny's situation. Beale was in California at the time of the gold discovery and he went east with the news and with the first samples of the precious metal. Bayard Taylor called him "a pioneer in the path of empire," for after his resignation from the navy he devoted himself to the exploration of the desert trails and the mountain passes that led overland to the Pacific, while later on he surveyed the routes and built the wagon roads over which passed the mighty migration which created the new world beyond the Rockies. All this is told by the author with an energy and an accuracy that leave nothing to be desired either for its historical value or its powers of picturesque description.

Beale's first great adventure befell him as a boy. He was deputed by General Kearny, besieged at San Pasqual, to meet the enemy's envoys, and to treat for an exchange of prisoners. The incident was described by Senator Benton, who learned it from Kit Carson himself:

"This lad volunteered to go and hear the propositions of exchange. Great was the alarm at his departure. A six-barreled revolver, in addition to the sword, perfectly charged and capped, was stowed under his coat. Thus equipped, and well-mounted, he set out, protected by a flag and followed by anxious eyes and palpitating hearts. The little river San Bernardo was crossed at a plunging gallop, without a drink, though rabid for water both the horse and his rider, the rider having a policy which the horse could not comprehend. Approaching a picket-guard, a young alfarez (ensign) came out to inquire for what purpose. The mission was made known, for Beale spoke Spanish; and while a sergeant was sent to the general's tent to inform him of the flag, a soldier was despatched to the river for water. 'Hand it to the gentleman,' was the Castilian command. Beale put the cup to his lips, wet them, in token of acknowledging a civility, and passed it back; as much as to say, 'we have water enough on that hill.' The alfarez smiled; and, while waiting the arrival of Don Andres, a courteous dialogue went on. 'How do you like the country?' inquired the alfarez. 'Delighted with it,' responded Beale. 'You occupy a good position to take a wide view.' 'Very good; one can see all round.' 'I don't think your horses find the grass refreshing on the hill.' 'Not very refreshing, but strong.' There was, in fact, no grass on the hill, nor any shrub but the one called wire-wood, from the close approximation of its twigs to that attenuated preparation of iron which is used for making knitting-needles, card-teeth, fishing-hooks, and such small notions; and upon which wood, down to its roots, the famished horses gleaned until compassionate humanity cut the halters, and permitted them to dash to the river and its grassy banks, and become the steeds of the foe."

By this time three horsemen were seen riding up. Arriving within certain distance they halted, said Senator Benton, as only Californians and Mamelukes can halt, the horse, at a pull of the bridle and lever bit, thrown back upon his haunches and "motionless as the equestrian statue of Peter the Great":

"One of the three advanced on foot, unbuckling his sword and flinging it twenty feet to the right. The alfarez had departed. Seeing the action of the gentleman, Beale did the same—unbuckled his sword and flung it twenty feet to his right. The swords were then forty feet apart. But the revolver! there it stuck under his coat—unmistakable symptom of distrust or perfidy—sign of intended or apprehended assasination, and outlawed by every code of honor from the field of parley. A stolen sheep on his back would have been a jewelled star on his breast compared to the fixed fact of that assassin revolver under his midshipman's coat. Confusion filled his bosom; and for a moment his honor and shame contended for the mastery. To try and hide it, or pull it out, expose it, and fling it away, was the question; but with the grandson of Truxton it was a brief question. High honor prevailed. The clean thing was done. Abstracted from its close concealment, the odious tool was bared to the light, and vehemently dashed far away—the generous Californian affecting not to have seen it. Then breathed the boy easier and deeper."

As a result of his bravery, Beale was intrusted by Commodore Stockton with dispatches for Washington and was ordered to proceed there with Kit Carson, a journey of immense labor and danger. After they reached the Gila, they found traces of Indians and Carson's experience foresaw a night attack:

"When he considered that the psychological moment had come, from indications that were anything but enlightening to his companions, Carson met Indian strategy with the trapper's ruse. Carson and Beale and the other riflemen cooked their supper rather early in the evening, and wrapped in their blankets threw themselves on the grass, apparently to sleep, but as soon as it was dark the men were ordered to rise and to march forward for something more than a mile, again to picket their animals and to arrange their pack-saddles so that they might serve as a protection from the arrows of the Indians. At midnight the yell of the savage was heard and a shower of arrows fell around but wide of the mark. The attacking party had not ascertained with accuracy the changed position of the travellers. They dared not approach near enough to see, for in that case they knew the fate that awaited them from the unerring aim of Kit and his companions. After many random shots and many unearthly yells the discomfited savages fled before the approach of dawn. And this was the last serious attempt made by the "horse Indians" to prevent the bearers of dispatches from crossing their territory."

There are many amusing tales told of the early days of American control in California, and many of these relate to the Rev. Walter Colton, who came out as chaplain on the Congress. There was one in particular that Beale delighted to relate in after years:

"When Commodore Stockton instituted civil government over the territory so recently wrested from the Mexicans, the Rev. Colton was appointed alcalde of Monterey, where his duties were both administrative and judicial. Gambling was then the besetting sin of the Mexican Californian, as it soon became that of the American invader. There was also a dearth of milch cows in the community, which was all the more severely felt because in those days condensed milk and the other substitutes were unknown.

"One day two gamblers were brought before the clerical alcalde as was also a magnificent fresh cow. They were charged with having gambled over it, and the ownership of the animal was disputed. The Rev. Colton considered the story as set forth by the interested parties with great interest and then submitted the following decree:

"'You, sir, lost the cow, consequently it does not belong to you.' Then, turning to the other man, he said: 'You, sir, have won it—you have won it by gambling, but this is a form of transfer that the court does not recognize. In my opinion, therefore, the animal eschews to the court.'"

In 1852 Lieutenant Beale was appointed by President Fillmore as general superintendent of Indian affairs for California and Nevada. Beale left Washington on April 20 to undertake his new duties, and his diaries are of remarkable interest as reflecting the prevailing conditions on the great overland route. Under date of May 22 he writes:

"We had already overtaken and passed several large wagon and cattle trains from Texas and Arkansas, mostly bound for California. With them were many women and children; and it was pleasant to stroll into their camps in the evening and witness the perfect air of comfort and being-at-home that they presented. Their wagons drawn up in a circle, gave them at least an appearance of security; and within the inclosure the men either reclined around the campfires, or were busy in repairing their harness or cleaning their arms. The females milked the cows and prepared the supper; and we often enjoyed the hot cakes and fresh milk of which they invited us to partake. Tender infants in their cradles were seen under the shelter of the wagons, thus early inured to hard travel. Carpets and rocking chairs were drawn out, and what would perhaps shock some of our fine ladies, fresh-looking girls, whose rosy lips were certainly never intended to be defiled by the vile weed, sat around the fire, smoking the old-fashioned corn-cob pipe."

Indians were encountered on July 9. Several of them rode into camp and were entertained, and they then insisted that Beale return with them to their own encampment ten miles away. Knowing that it is always best to act boldly with Indians he complied, and apparently had no reason to regret it, for he was welcomed kindly by the chief and told to "sit in peace":

"I brought out my pipe, filled it, and we smoked together. In about fifteen minutes a squaw brought in two large wooden platters, containing some very fat deer meat and some boiled corn, to which I did ample justice. After this followed a dish which one must have been two weeks without bread to have appreciated as I did. Never at the tables of the wealthiest in Washington did I find a dish which appeared to me so perfectly without a parallel. It was some cornmeal boiled in goat's milk, with a little elk fat. I think I certainly ate near half a peck of this delicious atole, and then stopped, not because I had enough, but because I had scraped the dish dry with my fingers, and licked them as long as the smallest particle remained, which is 'manners' among the Indians, and also among Arabs. Eat all they give you, or get somebody to do it for you, is to honor the hospitality you receive. To leave any is a slight. I needed not the rule to make me eat all.

"After this we smoked again, and when about to start I found a large bag of dried meat and a peck of corn put up for me to take to my people."

Subsequent encounters with the Indians were not so friendly. The natives were willing enough to promise their aid to the settlers who would follow, but they wanted presents on the spot, and as the party had none to give them there was some ill-temper which nearly resulted in trouble. Mr. Heap, who belonged to Lieutenant Beale's party, relates the following incident:

"At one time the conduct of a young chief, the son of El Capitan Grande, was near occasioning serious consequences. He charged upon Felipe with a savage yell, every feature apparently distorted with rage; his horse struck Felipe's mule, and very nearly threw them both to the ground. The Indian, then seizing Felipe's rifle, endeavored to wrench it from his hands, but the latter held firmly to his gun, telling us at the same time not to interfere. We and the Indians formed a circle around them, as they sat in their saddles, each holding on to the gun, whose muzzle was pointed full at the Indian's breast. He uttered many imprecations and urged his followers to lend him their assistance. They looked at us inquiringly, and we cocked our rifles; the hint was sufficient—they declined to interfere. For some minutes the Utah and Felipe remained motionless, glaring at each other like two game-cocks, each watching with flashing eyes for an opportunity to assail his rival. Seeing that to trifle longer would be folly, Felipe, who held the butt-end of the rifle, deliberately placed his thumb on the hammer and raising it slowly, gave warning to the young chief, by two ominious clicks, that his life was in danger. For a moment longer the Utah eyed Felipe, and then, with an indescribable grunt, pushed the rifle from him, and lashing his horse furiously, rode away from us at full speed. Felipe gave us a sly wink, and uttered the highly original ejaculation—'Carajo.'"

Beale was a sufficiently strong man to champion the Modoc Indians at a time when it needed some courage to tell the truth concerning the treatment they had received and that led to the uprising. He addressed a letter to the Republican of Chester, Pennsylvania, which contains the following notable appeal:

"Let us pause for a moment before committing ourselves to a policy more savage and remorseless than that of the Modocs whom we propose to smite hip and thigh. Let us ask ourselves if we are not reaping what we have sown, and if the treachery to which the gallant and lamented Canby fell a victim is not a repetition of a lesson which we ourselves have taught these apt scholars, the Indians? Are we to think ourselves blameless when we recall the Chivington massacre? In that affair the Indians were invited to council under flags of truce, and the rites of hospitality, sacred even among the Bedouins of the desert, were violated as well as all military honor, for these poor wretches, while eating the sacred bread and salt, were ruthlessly fallen upon and slaughtered to the last man. The Piegan massacre was another affair in which we industriously taught the uncultivated savages the value of our pledges; and if we are correctly informed the very beginning of the Modoc war was an attempt while in the act of council to which they had been invited to make Captain Jack and two others prisoners. As to the bloody character of Indian warfare, as far as we can see, it is carried on by us with about the same zeal. We read of a sergeant in the service of the United States who in the late attack on the Modocs 'took the scalp of Scar-face Charley, who was found wounded in the lava beds.' And if we desire to feel very good and free from barbarism we have only to read what comes to us side by side with news from the Modocs of the humane and civilized treatment we are meting out to our brothers in Louisiana, who differ from us on political questions; or recall the massacre and robbery and mutilation of unoffending Chinese, which was committed in broad daylight by American citizens in California a year or so ago."

General Beale—for he had now attained high military rank—had sufficient faith in the future of California to purchase large tracts of land making in the aggregate an estate half as large as Rhode Island.

"A witty though absolutely groundless story is told about Lincoln and General Beale, and the latter's great landed possessions. Lincoln is reported as saying that he could not re-appoint Beale as surveyor-general because 'he became monarch of all he surveyed.'

"As a matter of fact General Beale, to the amusement of many of his friends, who have since died poor, purchased for cash all the land in California of which he died possessed, and the purchases were made long before he became surveyor-general. While Beale only paid five cents an acre for much of this land, this was five cents an acre more than most people at the time thought it was worth, and it was well known that for years no white man could be paid to live on the place during the general's frequent absences for fear of marauding Indians and white outlaws.

"General Beale enjoyed the 'surveying story,' as he called it, as well as anyone else, but once he said, 'Some day the archives of our country will tell why Lincoln made me surveyor-general. It had nothing to do with rod or chain, but much to do with the metes and bounds of the Union.'"

General Beale's ranch life was usually busy enough, but he found time to use his pen as a cudgel upon some of the Sierra poets who were beginning to write of pioneer days without much regard to accuracy. In the course of a vigorous rejoinder to Joaquin Miller, he pays a tribute to Kit Carson:

"Carson was a man cleanly of mind, body, and speech, and by no manner of means a border ruffian. He had no gift of swearing. The only oath I ever heard him use was that of William the Conqueror, which I had once read him out of a stray volume of 'Tristram Shandy.' On this occasion, he drew a long single-barreled pistol (old Constable's make), which Fremont had given me, and I to Kit, for we had no 'gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years' in those simple-minded days, and with slow, deadly speech, which carried the sense of imminent mischief in it, said to one who was in the act of a cowardly wrong upon a sick man, 'Sergeant, drop that knife, or 'by the Splendor of God,' I'll blow your heart out.'"

Carson, he says, was not only a man of extraordinary courage, but he had a power of loyal friendship remarkable enough even in those days, when comradeship was among the greater virtues.

"Without a thought of ever seeing water again, you poured upon my fevered lips the last drop in camp from your canteen. Oh, Kit, I think again of afterwards, on bloody Gila, where we fought all day and travelled all night, with each man his bit of mule meat and no other food, and when worn from a hurt I could go no further, I begged you to leave me and save yourself. I see you leaning on that long Hawkins gun of yours (mine now) and looking out of those clear blue eyes at me with a surprised reproach as one who takes an insult from a friend. And I remember when we lay side by side on the bloody battlefield all night, when you mourned like a woman and would not be comforted, not for those who had fallen, but for the sad hearts of women at home when the sad tale would be told; and I remember another night when we passed side by side in the midst of an enemy's camp when discovery was death and you would not take a mean advantage of a sleeping foe. Then you were with Fremont and afterward at the solitary desert spring of Archilete, when you all stood around shocked at the horrid spectacle of slaughter which met your eyes. A whole family done to death by Indians. Fremont asked, 'Who will follow these wretches and strike them in their camp?' It was you, old Kit, and Alexis Godey who took the trail; a long and weary hundred and twenty-five miles you followed that bloody band. You two attacked in broad daylight a hundred. Killed many, for which you brought back our grizzly mountain vouchers and recovered every stolen horse, for the sole survivor, a little boy. And this you did in pity for the women who had been slain. Oh! wise of counsel, strong of arm, brave of heart, and gentle of nature, how bitterly you have been maligned."

General Beale died on April 22, 1893, and with him died the era of the pathfinders to which he belonged. Mr. Bonsal has told the story as it should be told and with an eye to national rather than to personal interests. His book will enrich the library of great western achievements.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A PARLIAMENT PERSONALITY

We have heard much in recent years about the use of vituperation and invective by our political orators. A passage occurs in the newly published Parliamentary Reminiscences of Mr. William Jeans (who sat in the Press Gallery of the Commons for over forty years), however, that shows the strength of language used in parliament in the sixties to have far exceeded our present limits of personalities. It was during the fierce debate in 1863, regarding the purchase of the building used for the Exhibition of 1861. Sir Charles Wood, who suffered from a nervous and hesitating method of speech, had spoken for the government, and was followed by Mr. Grant Duff with this choice example of acrid ridicule. "The speech," he said, "which we have just heard—if it could be called a speech—was a sort of concatenation of broken interjectionary remarks, jerked out by a minister to whom Heaven has denied not only the power of lucid statement, but also of articulate speech." An attack of this kind on a minister, adds Mr. Jeans, would certainly be followed now by cries of "Order," and "Withdraw," but in those more robust and less sensitive days nothing happened. The Speaker did not interfere. There was a solitary cry of "Oh," and I remember that Lord Palmerston turned and gave Mr. Grant Duff one of those looks which a prime minister bestows on a mutinous or misbehaving supporter.

Cured Stomach Gas, Stopped Hiccoughs
Pains in the Stomach That Yield to Nothing Else, Pass Away Quickly if Nerviline is Used
Read Mr. Braun's Statement
"A few weeks ago I ate some green vegetables and some fruit that was not quite ripe. It first brought on a fit of indigestion, but unfortunately it developed into hiccoughs, accompanied by nausea and cramps. I was dreadfully ill for two days—my head ached and throbbed; I belched gas continually, and I was unable to sleep at night. A neighbor happened in to see me and urged me to try Nerviline. Well, I wouldn't have believed that any preparation could help so quickly. I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot sweetened water, and my stomach felt better at once. I used Nerviline several times, and was completely restored."
The above is from a letter written by G. E. Braun, a well-known stockman and farmer near Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Braun's favorable opinion of the high merit of Nerviline is shared by thousands of Canadians who have proved Nerviline is simply a marvel for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, nausea, and stomach disorders. Safe to use, guaranteed to cure—you can make no mistake in keeping Nerviline for your family remedy.
Large family size bottle 50c., trial size 25c. All dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

HEAT CITY WITH ELECTRICITY

It is planned to electrically heat the dwellings and business houses of Stavenger, Norway, and the board of directors of the electric light plant at that place has asked permission from the city council to make contracts up to a consumption of 100 horse power. It has been suggested that the price for the current thus used shall be $6.75 per horse power (746 watts) per year. It is also planned to heat the government and city buildings in that manner. The population of Stavenger is 38,000, and the city has water power facilities to furnish 25,000 water power for electrical purposes.

Henry Johnson, one of the largest and wealthiest farmers in Carroll County, Tennessee, is a negro. He began with little, but by saving, shrewd business ability, and gradual accumulation, now has acquired 1,700 acres, which he has divided into seventeen farms, whose tenants make cotton their chief crop. Johnson has his own hay-balers, feed-crushers, and sorghum mills. He is about fifty years old, has little education, and knows little of the country outside the county in which he lives.

When a New Perfection Comes in at the Door Heat and Dirt Fly Out at the Window.
What would it mean to you to have heat and dirt banished from your kitchen this summer—to be free from the blazing range, free from ashes and soot?
New Perfection Oil Cook-stove
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.
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.
THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

GRAIN
Since the first of September, 1911, to the present time we have been entrusted with the largest business we have ever had in handling and disposing of grain shipped by farmers to Fort William, Port Arthur and Duluth. We have to the best of our ability, squarely, conscientiously, and except as prevented by the delays in railway transportation, promptly, executed all business entrusted to our care and we now desire to tender our hearty thanks to all those who have employed us. The many letters we have received (some of which we will publish in our advertisements before long) expressing approval of and satisfaction with the way we have served our clients, have been most encouraging to us, and will stimulate us to use in the future renewed efforts to serve to the best advantage for their interest, all who entrust the disposal of their grain to us. A new season has started over Western Canada with its hard work for the farmer, and we sincerely trust that a favorable growing time and abundant yield, with a favorable harvest time, may follow to amply reward the husbandman for his energy and toil.
THOMPSON, SONS & CO.
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS
700-702Y GRAIN EXCHANGE. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

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.

ABBOTTSFORD TIMBER & TRADING CO.
LIMITED

W. L. MACKEN
MANAGER

Yard Phone 224 — Office Phone 86

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 368 — Phone F 198

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

Vancouver City Market

Main Street, Vancouver

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

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

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

SHARP RETURNS,
QUICK SALES,
PROMPT SETTLEMENTS

JOHN McMILLAN
Manager.

British Columbia Electric Ry.

PASSENGER SERVICE

Westbound---

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

Train	Leave Htgdn.	Arrive Westmin.	Arrive Van.
1.....	6.30 a.m.	3.55	9.45

Eastbound—

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

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

FREIGHT SERVICE

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

AUTO LIVERY

Prompt and carefull attention given to this line of business. Rates Reasonable.

Phone Garage 246
Night Phone 7

A. E. McLANE

PARRY BROS.

Express, Truck and Dray

Phone - - 260

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

W. B. TRENHOLM

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

C. T. McHATTIE,
Assignee.

DR. H. R. HOPE D. O.

Eyesight Specialist of New Westminster

Will attend Chilliwack on Wednesday August 21 at the Empress Hotel from 1 to 5 p. m.

Dr. Hope specializes on examining the eyes and fitting of glasses.

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.

British Columbia, having a population of 392,480, according to the final returns, just published from the fifth census of Canada, the number of members to be granted this province on the decennial re-adjustment of representation is found to be thirteen, or six more than the number of members of the Commons now representing British Columbia. According to the terms of Confederation the representation of Quebec remains at the fixed number of 65. In the case of other provinces the number of members is to bear the same porportions to the number of its population as ascertained at each census as the number sixty-five bears to the number of the population 30,811 obtained by the division of 65 into 2,002,712 the population of Qubec at the census taking year. The number 392480, British Columbia's census enumeration, divided by 30,711 gives 12.73 and as the Act provides that, in the computation of the number of members a fractional part of a number not exceeding one-half of the whole number requisite for entitling the province to a member shall be disregaaded, but a fractional part exceeding one half shall be equivalent to the whole number, then it is manifest that British Columbia's representation on re-adjustment must be 13. On the same basis Alberta's representation will be increased from 7 to 12; Manitoba from 10 to 15; Saskatchewan from 10 to 16. The total representation for the four western provinces will thus be increased from 34 to 56, or an addition of twenty-two members. The total population of Canada is given as 7.204,838.

The mayor of Stubenville, Ohio, has introduced a new treatment for the liquor habit that for prompt results has the "gatling gun" and other remedies "beaten to a fizzle." He compels the drunks in the police court to don boxing gloves and pummel each other until thoroughly sober. None of the patients have suffered a relapse.

Milwaukee milk dealers, charged with selling adulterated milk, pleaded that the undue proportion of water was caused by the cows being exposed in a rain storm. This contention didnt hold water in the eyes of the law and the court imposed a fine and recommended them to provide tarpaulin rain shedders for their herds during the wet season.

According to Government figures there are now 850 rural mail delivery routes in Canada, of which 250 were established during the past year. There are 25,000 delivery boxes.

Advertise in the Free Press.

Jogging Laziness into Activity.

The merchant whose business lags in the summer has himself to thank. To slacken the selling pace in the hot season—to lessen advertising activity — indicates a resignation which has no place in modern business. If we think we cannot keep our business booming in summer time, we surely will not. What a jolt it must have been to the fur trade when the first mid-summer fur advertisement was run in a daily paper! Now many fur stores are following the example of this progressive fur man who dared to believe that fur sales need not go down as the mercury goes up. Energy, linked with advertising has turned the month of January into the biggest selling season for white goods. Advertisements of a high stimulative power, combined with a disregard of "seasons," have opened up automobile selling two months earlier than was once thought possible. Advetising has started Christmas shopping early in October instead of the middle of Decemder. Advertising rises superior to seasons and thermometers. The right kind of advertising strikes a responsive cord in human nature—and human nature is the same in August as in December.

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

Chilliwack Creamery

Ice

The Chilliwack Creamery has ice for sale and can fill all orders from twenty five pounds to twenty five tons. Can turn out eight tons of hard frozen ice per day. Phone your orders, they will have our immediate attention.

Phone 100

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION.
364 University St. Cor. St Catherine St, Montreal.

REG. E. BROADHEAD
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER
WESTMINSTFR STREET
Opposite Barber's Drug store.

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

J. H. BOWES
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR
Offices over Royal Bank of Canada,
CHILLIWACK B. C.

R. A. HENDERSON, C.E. & M.E.
ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS
B. C. LAND SURVEYOR
Rooms 10 & 11, Westminster Trust Block
CHILLIWACK, B. C.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Established 1864

Paid up Capital and Reserve $11,400,000

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

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

THE DOWDEN Potato Digger

Combining Strength, Capacity, Durability.

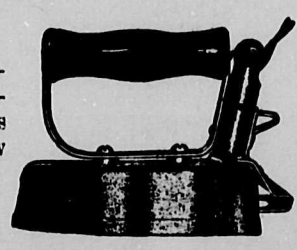
"We have had unqualified success with the Dowden Harvester and have found it to surpass all other makes to such a marked degree that there is no room for comparison,"

The above is an exact quotation from the JOHN DEERE PLOW COMPANY of PORTLAND regarding their experience with Potato Diggers in the Pacific Northwest. We are quite confident these machines are going to prove themselves THE Potato Digger that will really DIG potatoes in the Chilliwack valley. We shall be very glad to explain the machine to you.

Chilliwack Implement & Produce Co.

USEFUL AND ACCEPTABLE Household Articles

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



Toaster
Stove—For all cooking purposes as well as toasting.

El Stovo
The stove which boils your kettle quickly

Hotpoint

El Perco
Makes delicious coffee in at few minues.

Phone 257 — **S. PUGH** — Chilliwack

The Merchant who has goods worth talking about will find it profitable to talk about them in the Free Press

Special

We have enquiries for Chilliwack Farm Lands in exchange for Vancouver Revenue Producing Properties. If you are open for a good proposition of this kind, list with us at once.

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

5 YEARS' THROAT TROUBLE AND INFLUENZA CURED

EMINENT DOCTORS FAILED TO CURE—HAD GIVEN UP HOPE

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

Milford Haven, Da., June 22.—Everyone in this neighborhood knows of the long suffering from influenza and catarrh endured by Mrs. D. Gurney. Today she is well. Her recovery is due entirely to Catarrhozone. This is her own statement: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh in the head, throat and nose, and endured the manifold tortures of influenza for five years. My life was despaired of. Catarrh was undermining my strength very fast. I used treatments from eminent doctors, but all failed to cure me. I had given up hope of ever being well. Then I read of a wonderful cure made by Catarrhozone. Immediately I sent or Catarrhozone, and before I had used one bottle I was greatly relieved. Today I am cured. **We would not be without Catarrhozone in our home—it's so sure in colds, coughs, bronchial and throat trouble. I feel it is my duty to publicly recommend Catarrhozone."**

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

TUBERCULOSIS AND TELEPHONES

An investigation made in England to determine the possibility of the communication of tuberculosis through the use of telephones seems to show that such infection is practically impossible. The experiments were ordered by the postmaster-general, who appointed Dr. H. Spitta, of St. George's Hospital, London, and bacteriologist to the King, to make the experiments.

A *number of telephones*, which had been in use in busy London offices for various periods, and had received no cleansing treatment other than that normally given such phones, were first tested. Washings were prepared from the mouthpieces and tests were made by the inoculation of guinea-pigs to ascertain whether tubercle bacilli were present. The mouthpieces were shown to be free from these bacilli.

A BUST BY DONATELLO

A bust of St. John as a child by Donatello, which was sold recently at Sotheby's, London, has aroused a great deal of interest.

Busts attributed to Donatello are by no means uncommon in salesrooms, but in recent times there is no other example of one having stood the ordeal of critics and dealers. There is, however, little doubt of the genuineness of the lovely little terra cotta piece which was sold for the moderate price of $1,200.

Its history would be almost incredible if it were not for the many previous instances in which masterpieces in English parish churches were allowed to pass into other hands or to fall to pieces through the negligence or ignorance of the church authorities. The bust is said to have been brought to England by Sir Richard Grenville of the Revenge, and it stood over a *tablet above the pew of the Buck family* in Bideford Church until the unhappy restoration of the church in 1863, when it passed into the hands of the builder, and was sold by his creditors ni 1877, since when it has been in the possession of the family of the purchaser.

The bust is of a child with lips parted showing the teeth, the head looking slightly to the right. There is a drapery of red and green and a tunic of camel's hair, and it stands on a gilt base, which bears the inscription: "Joannes est nomen ejus," and at the back "Donatello." The height, including the base, is fourteen inches.

REVOLVING SAFE BURGLAR PROOF

With characteristic thoroughness the Germans have devised a real burglar proof safe, so cleverly designed that it will baffle even the burglars who work with the latest of oxygen and acetyine blowpipes. It is called the carrousel, or "roundabout safe."

It exhibits a polygonal steel structure revolving freely on ball bearings. It is built into a wall and when the outer door is closed a small electromotor is set in motion, whereupon the safe starts revolving ceaselessly and noiselessly on its axis within its stone chamber.

Any tampering with its motions causes an alarm bell to ring. So long as the safe continues to revolve the blowpipe can have no effect upon it, since the same cannot be applied long enough to any particular spot to make an impression.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE MOUSE

Not long ago at the Natural History Museum in London, attention was invited to the remarkable resemblance between a specimen of the huge African elephant and the pigmy shrew mouse.

A distinguished naturalist suggested comparison of the two, and the result was that practically every bone, muscle, blood vessel and nerve of the giant beast was found identically reproduced in the little animal, which is scarcely two inches in length. In the museum in question a stuffed mouse has been placed between the forefeet of its enormous mounted prototype for the purpose of showing the curious likeness.

When Your Eyes Need Care

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Meditations on a Straw Hat

(By Edwin L. Sabin)

The straw hat was perfectly good, *but too small. This was the basis* of our fond structure of hope; it was the fact upon which we banked, and which we reiterated. You probably will come across it again, in the further course of my narrative. Perfectly good—see?—only too small. Any such Panama is worth a dollar and a quarter.

Before bestowing the gem upon the old-clothes man we had considerable discussion, and varied misgivings, did Mary and I, over the advisability, practicability, possibility, liability, and all the other "'bilities" in the case, save a-bility. Of the latter we entertained no doubt—the hat being perfectly good—see?—only too small for our use. However, to keep our "face" (as the Chinese put it) we might nevertheless have given the hat away to some deserving poor person, had not we discovered, after rushing upstairs and down again to buy ten cents' worth of shoe-laces for twenty-five cents from a pathetic aged pedler, that he usually accumulated about five dollars in a morning, and rested all the afternoon.

"We'll just sell that hat, then," declared Mary, indignantly, "and not give it away. We have as much right to make money as anybody."

I cannot wholly connect cause and effect in this case; but a dollar and a quarter is a dollar and a quarter, and money talks, and we had patronized the pathetic aged pedler out of pure compassion, when evidently he was better able to buy shoe-laces than to sell them. Consequently, we felt privileged to foist upon the next pedler the straw hat—a perfectly good hat, only too small.

I had paid $5 for it, as an unbleached Panama; and although at first it had fitted and I had worn it with much relish, the inside circumference of it contracted inexplicably. Mary said that the reason was hair; *I suspected that the real reason was* brain; at any rate, the time came when I was wearing my Panama mostly with two hands, except upon a breezeless day. Thus the second season found me. I never knew the head of anybody save some popular hero to grow so in six months.

A genuine Panama hat, perfectly good, only too small, seemed too ornate for a gift to the Salvation Army or the lawn man. But it surely was worth $1.25 to any old-clothes dealer. Before we had anything to sell, old-clothes pedlers had made life a burden to us; now we waited nine days ere one hove around.

Mary is the bargainer of the family. She frequently has bought 45 cents' worth of goods for 48 cents, and the chase of the odd fraction has long been her characteristic passion. Therefore to her was delegated the disposal of the hat. This being May, the straw hat market should be opening strong.

Our first prospective customer was a whiskered little man of the Titian effect, under a derby hat very much worse than the nice straw hat which we were offering. Anxious to obtain pointers upon Mary's methods in particular and upon department store strategy in general, I listened from the head of the stairs and the conversation ran as follows:

"Goot morning, lady. Haf you any clothing you would sell? I gif big *brices.*"

"Well, I don't know," alleged Mary—knowing very well indeed, but temporizing. "I might."

"You haf, den. Vell, what iss it, blease?"

"Um—well, we have a hat."

"Just a hat, lady? Noddings else?"

This was the to-be-expected cold-water dodge, and my Mary met it boldly.

"It is a perfectly good hat, only it is too small for my husband. He made a mistake in buying it. That is the reason why we might sell it. It is too good to give away, you understand. As we cannot use it, we will sell it cheap."

"Ah, a gentleman's hat, den! No lady's hat?"

"It is a Panama hat—a fine Panama," assured Mary, emphatically.

"A straw hat, den. Ach! a straw hat." The infinite disappointment in the tone of voice continued. As for me, already had I decided that we would sell the hat for a dollar — or ninety cents. "Diss iss too early for straw hats."

"Oh, no. This is just the time," assured Mary.

"And haf *you noddings else*?"

"No."

"Vell," said the voice, resignedly, "I vill look at it, den."

And Mary tripped upstairs, with face resolute, for the hat. She bore it down.

"How much you want for it, lady?"

"Vell, you tell me how much you want, den I tell you how much I can gif."

"Two dollars." We were to start at two dollars, and drop.

"Two dollars? You want two dollars, lady? You joke, I guess."

"Well, how much would you give, for this hat—this Panama? It is a Panama, remember, and perfectly good."

"I don't know as I want it, lady. Dere iss no sale for *straw hats.*"

"Of course there is. And now is the very time." Fancy Mary instructing a Hebrew old-clothes man in buying and selling! Fancy trying to sweeten honey with sugar! "Lots of men would be *glad to pay only* three dollars for a real Panama, in perfect condition. But how much will you give me? A dollar seventy-five?"

"A dollar seventy-five, lady? You wass still joking. Dere iss no sale for *straw hats—I do not care* to be boddered mit dem—I haf no room for dem—but I vill gif you ten cents. Maybe I sell him for fifteen cents, und I make carfare. Ten cents, lady—und likely I lose money at dat. But maybe you vill haf somet'ings else for me, sometimes; somet'ings on which we vill both make money. But a straw hat—bah!"

She came up stairs. She was flushed, but not defeated.

"Did you hear?" she asked. "Ten cents! The idea!" And she hung the hat in the linen closet, where it would *be handy but would not lose its lustre.*

"We'll sell it," I comforted. "He was only a junk man."

"Of course we'll sell it," she replied. "Wait till some decent dealer comes along."

The next one seemed really decent. In fact, Mary did not know that he was an old-clothes man until he handed her a printed card, which read:

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car-fare, at least."

"Ach no, lady. Not fife cents cash. I nefer pay cash for such a t'ing. I trade you; I tr-r-rade you, see? Fife cents in trade. I gif you diss fine *pan. It iss wort' ten such hats.* I lose much money, but maybe I get your custom again, later."

Mary accepted the pan, and, thank heaven, the hat went off with our friend the enemy. Mary brought the pan upstairs.

"It's all right," she declared, rallying. "I really did need a pan, and we're rid of the hat. Don't you think it's a pretty good pan, Henry?"

It looked to be. It was a pie-pan, coated with enamel. In handling it carelessly, I poked my finger through the bottom. But, anyway, we had sold the hat!

IN THE COURT OF HUMOR

The judge took his place on the bench, his brow heavy with care. There was a full calendar, and he knew that before night fell harrowing indeed would be the testimony he would have to listen to.

"First case," he said, wearily, glancing at the calendar. "Smith versus Dinkelheim."

It was a case of assault and battery, Dinkelheim standing accused of having wantonly hit Smith in the face with a canvas-covered ham.

'In order to expedite matters," said the judge, after the plaintiff had been sworn, "you may tell your story in your own way, Mr. Smith."

"Well, your honor," said the plaintiff, "it was like this. I had gone into Mr. *Dinkelheim's delicatessen shop to wait* for the up-trolley, and while Mr. Dinkelheim's back was turned a dirty little Italian boy rushed into the shop and grabbed a bunch of bananas. I seized him by the neck, spanked him, and restored the bananas to their place on the counter."

"Does the defendant deny the statement?" asked the judge.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Dinkelheim. "It iss ass he says it vass."

"Mr. Dinkelham was so grateful for the service I had rendered," continued the plaintiff, "that he wished to reward me, but I declined. 'I will take the will for the deed.' I said, but he was not satisfied, and offered me a cigar, pushing out the box, or a pickled cucumber, shoving forward the pickle-jar."

Here the plaintiff paused and flushed slightly.

"And what then," asked the judge.

"And then," said the plaintiff, "well—well, then, *I—I—I took* one of the pickles, and pushed the cigar-box away."

"Saying nothing?" demanded the judge.

"Well, no, your honor," said the *plaintiff. "I—er—I said as I took* the pickle, 'All right, Dink,' said I. 'Instead of taking the will for the deed I will take the dill for the weed—'"

A groan rang through the courtroom, and the judge, with a strong effort at self-control clutched the sides of his desk.

"It vass den," wept the defendant, 'dot I hit him mitt dher ham!"

"The court," said the judge, with a shaking voice, "fines Mr. Dinkelheim fifty dollars, not for hitting the defendant with a ham, but for not hitting him with an axe. The plaintiff is held in $40,000 bail for the grand jury, and his counsel are fined $10,000 for contempt in bringing this case into court. Next."

SHOP HANDS ON A FARM

One day, thirty-odd years ago, a number of German mechanics, artisans and shopmen threw up their jobs in Cincinnati and moved their families out to Kansas. It took nearly every dollar they had to make the move and when they had established themselves on government claims in Ford county they were left almost broke. The colony settled mostly around Windhorst, fourteen miles southeast of Spearville. Those thrifty German factory hands and shopmen freed themselves from the slavery of working for wages and today they are the richest farmers in the Kansas wheat belt.

It was a struggle. It took pluck. But they had the pluck; they had the land that would bring results; and "the settlement," as the country settled by these Cincinnati Teutons is known, is the richest community in the Arkansas valley.

Among these Cincinnati shop hands were Joe Pientner and his kinsmen, Peppercorn and Klinke. In those hard days, when even the slightest crop failure meant real disaster, Pientner and his kinsmen took turn about working the fields while the others went to Dodge City and worked for wages in the Santa Fe shops and roundhouse.

Today Joe Pientner owns eighteen quarter sections in the Windhorst neighborhood, nearly 3,000 acres of land. "And there isn't a quarter worth less than $6,000," declared a Spearville real estate man. Pientner is worth something like $130,000; Peppercorn and Klinke are worth nearly as much. Henry Knobler, another German of the Windhorst settlement, is worth $100,000.

These wheat growers of Ford county are mighty independent folks, says Fred Henney. Last year was generally a "poor" year, and yet they were able to bin their wheat, hold it all winter and are now hauling it to market for $1.04 to $1.05 a bushel.

"Py golly, if they don't want to give me my price, I put him back in the bin," declared one jovial German farmer. And he could well afford to hold his wheat or dump it into the Arkansas river if he desired, for he has $70,000 salted down, besides a farm worth as much more. And only a few years ago he was pounding rivets in the roundhouse at Dodge City for $2.10 a day.

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ROYAL MATCHMAKER BUSY

Royal matchmakers are busy scanning the thrones of Europe for a bride for that exceedingly eligible young bachelor, the Prince of Wales, who is called by courtesy the first gentleman, and heir to the world's most goodly heritage.

When he went to Paris a few weeks ago the Prince was an unassuming and somewhat bashful youth. The general opinion is that he will have developed considerably by the time he returns in the autumn, and perhaps that expectation may account for the activity of the matchmakers.

There is no doubt as to the desirability of the catch, for there is no royal mother on earth who would not gladly see her daughter wedded to the prince, who is heir to the triple crown of England, Scotland and Ireland, the imperial diadem of India, the lordship of one-fifth of the human race and of three-tenths of the habitable portion of the globe.

Even this is not all, for he is the inheritor of the enormous private fortune of the English kings, which means their own personal property absolutely and completely distinct from crown property which is held in trust by the state and which is daily increasing in value. But we are not here making an inventory of the Royal possessions whether in the form of accumulated investments or landed estates or city properties all over the United Kingdom, but discussing the problem of the selection of a consort for the prince which is rendered all the more formidable and puzzling by the fact that the heir-apparent is debarred by the constitution from marrying a Roman Catholic.

This may in part account for the fact that until now two princesses only have been openly mentioned as probable brides—one is the Grand Duchess *Olga of Russia*, eldest daughter of the Czar, and the other is the Princess Victoria Louise of Germany, only daughter of the Kaiser.

Grand Duchess Olga, who is about eighteen, too, is a very pretty girl, *although she does not possess* her mother's almost classical features and exquisitely delicate profile. However, the union would doubtless be vigorously promoted by the Dowager Empress of Russia and by her sister Alexandra, *Dowager Queen of Great Britain and* Ireland, for the latter adores her grandson "David" (Prince Edward's nickname), as she does also her sister, Marie Dagmar.

No doubt also the now existing English *government would be far from* frowning upon this union, since there is so much at stake in the present Anglo-Russian alliance, which would be naturally immensely strengthened thereby. On the other hand, the Conservative Opposition in England might possibly disapprove; and there is also a vague rumor to the effect that King George, as well as Queen Mary, would not regard the connection as desirable.

Princess Victoria Louise of Germany would, in becoming the consort of the English heir apparent, absolutely wipe out the—to be polite in terminology—latent animosity which several years past has made cloud mountains rise in formidable array between the two countries. But the English people are not in the least anxious to Germanize the crown. Besides which, another and yet more potent reason for the non-success of this project is that both the English and the German courts are convinced that the young people are far from being attracted to each other. To begin with, Princess Victoria Louise has been brought up in a purely German manner and among an essentially un-English entourage. Her numerous brothers—she worships them all—are emphatically anti-English, the only member of her large family who is friendly to England being her father, who, though fond of the people, dislikes the form of government.

There certainly are other royal girls in Europe who would be proud and happy to become Princess of Wales. For instance, the pretty fairy princess, Elizabeth of Roumania, would be without the possibility of a doubt a welcome addition to the English royal family were it only for the extraordinary popularity of her mother in the land of her birth. Daughter of the Crown Prince of Roumania, granddaughter of the Duke of Edinburgh (who later on became Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha), and of his consort, Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Elizabeth, like all those who are the issue of different and sympathetic people of different nationalities, is a "charmeuse" of the first order. Moreover, she has been brought up very much "a l'Anglaise" in spite of Queen "Carmen Silva's" mystical and disturbing influence. Then there are the cousins of the Prince, English bred and popular, but these need not be discussed. One may reflect with contentment that the future of the attractive youth is in the eye of the gods.

THE REAL RODIN

Born at Paris in 1840—the natal year of his friends Claude Monet and Emile Zola—and in humble circumstances, not even enjoying a liberal education, the young Rodin had to fight from the beginning, fight for bread as well as for art schooling. He was not sure of his vocation. An *accident determined it.* He became a workman in the atelier of Carrier-Belleuse, the sculptor, but not till he had failed at the Beaux-Arts (a stroke of good luck for his genius), and after he had enjoyed some tentative instruction under the animal sculptor, Barye. He was never a steady pupil of Barye's, nor did he remain with him long. He went to Belgium and "ghosted" for other sculptors; indeed, it was a privilege—or a *misfortune—to have been the "ghost"*—anonymous assistant—for a half-dozen sculptors. He learned his technique by the sweat of his brow before he began to make music upon his own instrument.

How his first work, "The Man With the Broken Nose," was refused by a Salon jury is history. He designed for the Sevres porcelain works; he made portrait busts, caryatides, architectural ornaments for sculptors; all styles that are huddled in the yards and studios he had assayed and conquered. No man knew his trade better, though we are informed that with the chisel of the practicien Rodin was never proficient; he could not or would not work at the marble en bloc. But his compositions today are in the leading museums of the world, and by academicians he is admitted to possess "talent." Rivals he has none, nor will he have successors. His art is too personal. Like Richard Wagner, he has proved a *upas-tree for many lesser men; he has* absorbed them or else has been reflected by them. His closest friend, the late Eugene Carriere, warned young sculptors not to study Rodin too curiously.

A profound student of light and movement, Rodin, by deliberate amplifications of surfaces, avoiding dryness and harshness of outline, achieves a zone of radiancy, a luminosity which creates the illusion of reality. He handles values in clay as does a painter his tones. He secures the design of the outline by movement, which continually modifies the anatomy — the secret, he believes, of the Greeks. He studies his profiles successively in full light, obtaining volume—or planes—at once and together; successive views of one movement. The light plays with more freedom upon his amplified surfaces, intensified in the modeling by enlarging the lines. The edges of certain parts are amplified, falsified, deformed, and we get that light-swept effect, that appearance as if of luminous emanations. This deformation, he declares, was practised by the great sculptors to snare the undulating appearance of life. Sculpture, he asserts, *is the art of the hole and the lump,* not of clear, well-smoothed, unmodelled figures." Finish kills vitality. Yet Rodin can chisel a smooth nymph for you if he so wills; but her flesh will ripple and run in the sunlight. His art is one of accents. He works by profile in depth, not by surfaces. He swears by what he calls "cubic truth, his pattern is a mathematical figure; the pivot of sculpture is balance—i.e., the oppositions of volume produced by movement. Unity haunts him. He is a believer in the correspondence of things, of continuity in nature; a mystic doubled by a geometrician. How-quarrels with any artist who does not see "the latent heroic in every natural movement."

Therefore, he does not force the pose of his model, preferring gestures and attitudes voluntarily adopted. His sketch-books, as copious, as vivid as the drawings of Hokusai—he is very studious of Japanese art—are swift memoranda of the human machine as it dispenses its quotidian muscular motions. Rodin, draftsman, is as surprisingly original as the sculptor Rodin. He will study a human foot for months, not merely to copy it, but to *run down the secret of its rhythms.* His drawings are the swift notations of a sculptor whose eye is never satisfied, whose desire to pin upon paper the most evanescent motions of humanity is almost a mania. This sculptor *avoids studied poses.* The model tumbles down anywhere in any contortion or relaxation he wishes. Practically instantaneous is the method adopted by Rodin to preserve the fleeting attitudes, the first shiver on a surface. He rapidly draws, his eye alone on the model. It is a mere scrawl, a few enveloping lines, a silhouette. But vitality is in it, and is for his purpose a bald notation of a motion. Not a painter, but a sculptor, has made these extraordinary drawings. It is well to observe the distinction. Rodin is the most rhythmic sculptor of them all. And rhythm is the codification of beauty. Because he has observed with a vision quite virginal, he insists that his affiliations are with the Greeks. *But if his vision is Greek, his models* are Parisian, while his forms are more Gothic than the pseudo-Greek of the Academy.

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The spectacle of De Palma and his helper pushing their car around the track and over the tape in the recent great race at Indianapolis was the one touch of "human interest" in the event. Given a proper stage-setting and the necessary heroic speeches, and it would have "gone great." The expression on De Palma's face was one of mingled wrath and grief. Bruce-Brown wept when he had to pull his car out, but that was early in the race. De Palma lost when he must have felt in his heart that it was all over but the shouting. But when he and his helper pushed the car along in front of the grandstand Dawson and the others were *sending their cars at top speed* for the finish. The crowd saw a disabled car instead of a blasted hope.

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ROSEDALE

We notice Rosedale becoming famous as a summer resort, and it must be granted, a lovlier spot can not be found in the whole of the Fraser Valley. Among its visitors at present are, Miss Allen who is staying with her sister Mrs. E. M. Searles, Mrs. F. Jones and son Dick are the guests of Miss Welland and Miss Watson with her little nephew and niece are stopping at the Rosedale Hotel.

Messrs. Digby Welland and Bob Thompson caught a fine basket full of trout in Popcum lake last Tuesday evening. Up to now very poor catches have been made, patience at last has been rewarded.

Building operations are very active in Rosedale just at present. Colin Munro is putting up a very fine house near the hotel, Mr. D. Archibald has also foundations laid for a house. Scraping has also commenced for the foundation of the new vicarage.

The Anglican Church Committee of Rosedale Parish having purchased the Methodist Chapel at Camp river, held their first service in it on Sunday evening July 28. There was a very large congregation, the members made a special effort to attend to show their appreciation of the fact that Camp river at last possesses a church of its own. There was a full choral service and a very impressive sermon was preached by the Incumbent, the Rev. E. M. Searles from the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." As soon as the busy season of harvesting is through, a meeting will be arranged at Camp river to consider various additions and alterations needed to make the church appropriate to the Divine worship of God.

St. Peter's Church, Rosedale is nearing completion and it is expected will be ready for the opening ceremony in a few weeks. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will be present to dedicate it to the service of God. Very many handsome presents have already been received toward furnishing it. The members of the Women's Auxiliary are very active and coming forward in great force. They have sent for a brass altar desk and brass pulpit desk, and are also donating the pulpit and front. Mrs. Borges has very kindly given the use of her organ until the congregation can see their way clear to purchase one.

Anything you get for nothing is usually worth a little less.

The success you envy another, might be yours if you were ready to pay the same price as he has paid. The character you admire has been carved by innumerable decisions in favor of the right and against the wrong. The reputation which is the largest asset of another acquaintance was acquired by consistent uprightness. Anyone can get an education who is willing to make necessary sacrifices. Anyone can have friends, who is willing to do a friend's part. While it is not true that every man has his price, at least in the cynical sense which that statement is generally made—it is a fact that everything has a price. You can have your heart's desire if you are ready to pay what it costs.

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Over 90 per cent of the stoves in use in the Chilliwack Valley to-day are McClary's make. Many have been in continual use for 16 to 20 years, and are still doing business at the old stand.

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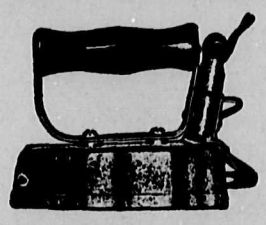

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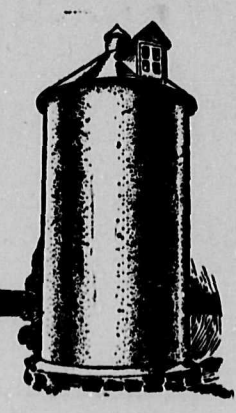
The August Rod and Gun.

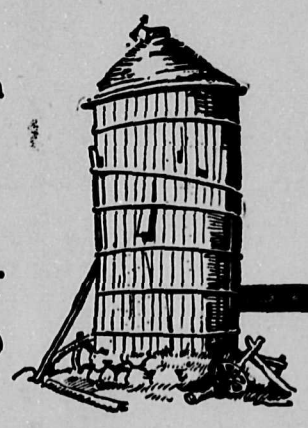
A interesting despription of Gatta Day, Newfoundland's great national summer fete day is coutributed to the August issue of Rod and Gun, published by W. J. Taylor Limited, Woodstock. Ont., by W. Lacey Amy. Following this, one is interested in the reproduction of the pictographs of rude paintings made by the Kootenay Indians on the rocks of their native Province and in their story as told by Chas. D. Ellis. The same author also contributes the story of a trip on the Glacier and up Mt. Gleason, the illustrations accompaning which help to make the reader forget the hot summer weather. Messrs. Croft, authors of the Culture of Black and Silver Foxes, have still another article in the August number which as usual is well illustrated. Many other articles deal with summer vacations in Canadain territory.

A new town in the state of Washington has the distinction of possessing the shortest name of any in the country. It is called "We" and has a population of 150 people. They can now say "WE are the people."



What kind of a silo will yours be?

Wood—or Concrete?



IF you were to build two silos—one of wood, the other of concrete—side by side, and then could see them as they will look after five years of service, you wouldn't have to think twice to decide which is the best material. In a few years more there wouldn't be much of the original wooden silo left—the repairing you'd have to do would be as troublesome and cost as much as the building of an entirely new one. But the passage of five, ten, fifteen or even twenty years will make no difference to the hard-as-rock wall of the concrete silo.

CONCRETE SILOS LAST FOREVER

WIND, rain, fire and lightning are alike defied by concrete. You need no insurance against its destruction, because it *cannot be destroyed*. Concrete silos are best for another reason. The concrete keeps the ensilage at an even temperature, so that it "cures" better, and therefore contains more food-value for your stock.

YOU CAN BUILD ONE YOURSELF

NO matter whether you have ever used concrete or not, you can build a concrete silo. Our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," gives all the information you will need, not only about silos, but about scores of other uses for concrete on the farm. It isn't a catalogue, nor an advertising circular. A handsome book of 160 pages, well illustrated, and written for farmers. It is free. Just send your name and address on a postcard or in a letter and the book will be sent free by return mail.

Address Publicity Manager

Canada Cement Company Limited

506 Herald Building, Montreal

WHEN you buy Cement be sure that the "Canada" label is on every bag and barrel. Canada's farmers have found it to be the best.

60 MEN WANTED

At Once to Learn Barber Trade

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

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

THE GRAND ARROGANCE OF EDINBURGH

Built over a series of ridges and valleys, it would be impossible to imagine anything more grandly arrogant than Edinburgh. Originally, the place consisted only of a huge fortress on the castle rock, built there by Edwin of Northumbria, and hence known as Edwin's Burgh. But gradually there grew up a long, straggling town, a mile or so in length, that wended along the rocky saddle-backed ridge which was the only approach to the castle entrance. In the twelfth century, Holyrood Palace was built at the foot of this long street, which has been variously known in history as "The Royal Mile" or "The Cockpit of Scotland." In the vernacular of the town during the Middle Ages, though, it was always referred to as "The Causeway." Traditions of Mary, the ill-fated Queen; of Rizzio, whose blood, legend says, still stains the wooden floor of the tiny chamber in Holyrood where he sank beneath the daggers of his assassins; of the stern, proud Douglases, whose ambition led them to hope to usurp the Scottish crown; of Iron John Knox, of Jenny Geddes, who threw her stool at Dean Hanna—one is sure Jenny would be a suffragette today, and a militant, at that; of the great Montrose, of Bonnie Prince Charley, and of all the other principal figures in Scotch history, rise up before the visitor.

Roy J. Meyers, the convict paroled from Florence penitentiary in Arizona by Governor Hunt to enable him to go to Washington to obtain patents on a machine for collecting electricity from the atmosphere, has returned to prison to finish his term, which will expire in ten months. He said: "The patent office experts laughed at me when I reached Washington and laid my drawing before them. They told me I would have to build a model and demonstrate my claims. There was little time to spare, as I had only twenty days left, but in a few days I was able to take a crude model around to the patent office to make a demonstration. The absorber was hoisted on two short poles and made to work. There was no trouble after that. The officials had seen the thing work and were forced to admit that I had something new. I hope to construct my first large machine in Phoenix."

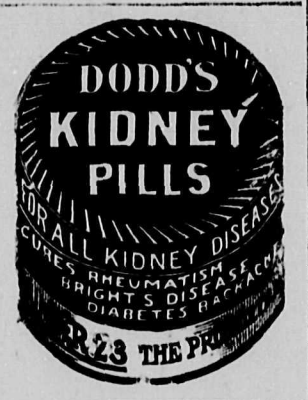
HEROES IN OVERALLS

The work of the Carnegie hero fund commission since its fund became operative April 15, 1904, is briefly told in these figures:

Total number of awards, 583.
Awarded to wage workers, 406.
Awarded to students and schoolboys, 92.
Awarded to business men, 33.
Awarded to professional men, 25.
Awarded to women and girls, 31.

A large number of the awards made to wage workers is admittedly traceable to the fact that they are engaged in perilous occupations, where the opportunities for the manifesation of the heroic spirit are the most numerous.

Still the figures show that when heroism calls the man with the overalls is prompt to respond.



USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Goitre, Weak Joint and Rheumatic Deposits, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the action of ABSORBINE, JR. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic liniment that penetrates to the seat of trouble assisting nature to make permanent recovery. Allays pain and inflammation. Mild and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into tissues. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? ABSORBINE, JR., $1 and $2 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 G free.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F.,
210 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg, The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary, and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

He (moralizing)—After all, man is weak.

She (coyly)—In union there is strength.

* * *

"I once thought seriously of marrying for money."

"Why didn't you, then?"

"The girl in the case was a thinker, too."

* * *

"Don't you think the coal mines ought to be controlled by the Government?"

"I might if I didn't know who controlled the Government."

* * *

"What a to-do! Is he going off to the war?"

"No, worse than that."

"To the Congo?"

"Much worse. He's going to Apache-ridden Paris."

* * *

Mrs. Dashaway—How long had you known your husband before you were married?

Mrs. Gnaggs—I didn't know him at all. I only thought I did.

* * *

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee," said Willie; "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa."

* * *

Customer—I want a ton of coal.

Dealer—Yes, sir. What size?

Customer—Well, if it's not asking too much, I'd like to have a 2000-pound ton.

* * *

Henley—How are you getting on with your writing for the magazines?

Penley—Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them.

* * *

Manager—So you are looking for a job. What can you do?

Applicant—Nothing in particular; but work is not so much an object as good wages.

* * *

Young Wrymer—I tell you marriage takes all the poetry out of a fellow.

Friend—Then it can't be a failure.

* * *

Parvenu—My son wants a magnet, have you one in gold?

* * *

Knicker—Do you use labor-saving devices?

Bocker—Yes, a fishing pole will prevent you from having to take up the carpets.

* * *

"You can't sit up with my daughter after eleven o'clock."

"Would you mind telling her that, sir? I have been trying to get home early for six months."

* * *

Mrs. Youngbride—My husband is very determined; he never gives up.

Mrs. Klosefist (sadly)—Neither does mine.

* * *

The fruit man down at the corner looked rather discouraged.

"What's the trouble, Pietro?" we asked.

"Dissa business no good," he answered gloomily. "De lady she pincha de fruit; maka de badda spot—de lady she pincha de fruit and de cop he pincha de peanut."

* * *

The drummer was dissatisfied with accommodations in Plunkville, and said so plainly.

"This town ain't big enough for two hotels," he asserted to the waiter.

"They're both bum."

"That's just it," explained that functionary.

"People are forever leavin' one or the other, and they've got to have some place to go."

* * *

"Now, what are you feeling bad about?"

"Oh, I am utterly wretched. He doesn't love me as I love him."

"How do you know?"

"Why, we discovered last evening that the day we have set for our wedding day is the day of the opening of the baseball season, and also there's a big bargain sale on at one of the downtown stores."

"And he wanted to change the date of the wedding?"

"We both wanted to change it. He couldn't miss the opening game, and I just couldn't dream of missing those bargains."

"Well, then I——"

"But he wanted to have the wedding a day later while it was me suggested having it a day sooner."

* * *

One must have a genius to be a successful barber. One is reminded of the tonsorial artist who operated in the same village for fifty years and never made a mistake. In his early days a handsome boy got in his chair.

"Shave, sir?" asked the barber.

"You flatter me," laughed the youth. "You flatter me. No, I can only use a haircut."

Years passed. In fact, thirty years did. The same man came to the same barber.

"Hair cut, sir?" asked the barber.

"You flatter me!" sighed the man. "No—only a shave."

* * *

He was a budding author, and his wife, determined that his train of thought should not be trammeled by domestic worries, said to the new maid:

"Now, Jane, if you want anything, always come to me. Never go to Mr. Bookmaker unless I am out."

A few days later there was a knock at Mr. Bookmaker's study door, and in reply to the usual "Come!" the new maid, fresh and pretty, appeared.

"Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. Bookmaker said I was never to disturb you unless she was out."

"Well?" said Mr. Bookmaker inquiringly.

"She's out, sir."

CHICAGO SPELT A DOZEN WAYS

"Few people know that Chicago has been in eight different counties of Illinois," said George C. Greenville. "It was first placed within the limits of Madison county, Illinois then being a Territory, September 14, 1812.

"Subsequently it was included in the following counties seriatim: Edwards in 1814; Crawford, 1816; Clark, after the Territory was admitted as a State, 1819; Pike, 1821; Fulton, 1823; Peoria, 1825, under the jurisdiction of which it remained until the creation of the county of Cook, January 15, 1831.

"The name of the city, too, has been spelled more than a dozen ways. Father Hennepin called it Che-caugou; La Salle, Shecagou; on an old French map of 1682, Chekagou; on another old map (1673) in the Historical Society library at Madison, Wis., it is Chicaugua; Father Gravier (1690) wrote it Chicagoua, and in 1700 St. Sosme wrote it variously Chikagu, Chicagou, Chicaqu and Chicago, he being the first to give the letters the arrangement which finally was settled upon as the authorized spelling. Charlevoix gave the same spelling in 1721. In the Greenville treaty (as revised) it is Chikagu.

In an old deed filed away among the archives of the Chicago Historical Society, as applied to the river or creek (1774), it is plainly written Chicagou. The word was the Indian word for garlic or wild onion and signified to the red men strong, mighty, powerful, courageous.

"In 1725 a chief bore the name Chicago (under some one of its many spellings), who went to Paris and was made much of by kings and princes."

A WISH

I'd like to sneak away today
Off yonder where the willows sway,
And loaf beside a little stream
Where long ago I used to dream.
Barefooted I would like to be,
A pole cut from a hickory tree,
A line of knotted string, and bait
I dug beyond the garden gate
I'd like to take along, the way
I did in golden yesterday.

But that's a wish I'll never get—
It's buried in the past, and yet
Somehow my rod of split bamboo,
My Shakespeare reel and tackle new,
And artificial minnows fine,
The splendid silk and linen line
Set me to wishing I could know
Once more the joys of long ago,
The charms of that old fishing hole,
When I had but a hickory pole.

I'm starting out at break of day
To fish out yonder in the bay
With costly tackle, shining bright,
But I shall miss the old delight:
And I shall wish that I could be
That youngster, underneath the tree,
That bare of head, barefooted lad,
Who only home-made tackle had,
And live my yesterday's again,
Because I used to catch 'em then.

FOR MOUNTAIN ROADS

The vehicle should be equipped with a strong mountain brake, and this should be tested at the very start. The brake will be in constant hard use, and much will depend upon it—not only the easement to the horses and thus the saving of their strength, going down hill, but even the safety of the passengers on down grade and up. The skilful driver drives with the brake almost as much as he does with the lines.

The horses should be docile and steady—prompt to respond to rein and voice. Steadiness is more to be prized than speed. And they should be good foragers, able to live on scant rations, between time, and wise enough to fill up when they can. The majority of mountain livery horses have thus been self-educated.

The carriage should have a top and side and back curtains. A canopy top is the best; this shields from the sun and at the same time admits a view all around. A hood is an abomination. The curtains—like the brake—should be tested before the start, to see if they will fit and stick on. They will be found needful when in mountain vale and upon the passes the sudden storms sweep over; for squalls may always be expected in the hills, no matter how well-regulated are the lower flat places which one has left behind. These mountain storms come up quickly and are as quickly gone; but one may encounter a stinging hail and snow-storm in August. Consequently mackintosh or slicker should be added to one's personal outfit; and as a rule the livery-stable will have on hand a supply of old coats and rugs.

The driver should be as docile and as steady as the team—and a strong admixture of resolution is to be prized. Unless the route ahead has been personally interviewed, before, by some one in the party, a driver who has been over it and knows the country and the people should be employed. Besides, if it is a livery team he knows the horses also. He can push the team, or hold it back; and he can make the stopping-points about on schedule time. There are canon roads where a horse misunderstood, or the swerving or an inch or two, or an error of calculation as to the passing-places, may mean a serious accident.

As to baggage, an overcoat of some nature, which may be rain garment or not—already referred to—should be carried, the vehicle usually will encourage a camera of view size, and a suit-case which is not spoilable by mud, wet or shine or dust, fits nicely.

MEN WHO DON'T EXERCISE

Suffer From Indigestion, Headaches, Poor Appetites, Sleeplessness

Nothing So Sure to "Set Up" a Man, Make Him Feel Brisk and Vigorous as Dr. Hamilton's Pills

Lack of exercise and overwork were the causes that combined to almost kill Samuel S. Stephens, Jr., one of the best known citizens of Woodstock.

In his convincing letter Mr. Stephens says:—

"A year ago I returned home after a

long trip, completely worn out. I was so badly affected by chronic biliousness, so much overcome by constant headaches, dizziness, that I despaired of ever getting well. I was always tired and languid, had no energy and spirit, found it difficult to sleep for more than five hours. My appetite was so fickle that I ate next to nothing, and in consequence lost weight and rings under my eyes that made me look like a shadow.

"It was a blessing that I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In one week I felt like a new man. The feeling of weight and nausea in my stomach disappeared. My eyes looked brighter, color grew better, and, best of all, I began to enjoy my meals. The dizziness, languor and feeling of depression passed away, and I fast regained my old-time vigor and spirits. Today I am well—thanks to Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

For health, strength, comfort and good spirits there is no medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Beware of substitutes, and don't let any dealer palm off some other pill on which he can make more money. 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, by mail from The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

ONE C.P.R. PURCHASE

A Nineteen Million Dollar Order and What it Means

In these days of big things, when people talk of millions where their grandfathers spoke of thousands, the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has ordered 12,500 additional freight cars and 300 more locomotives may not attract more than mere passing attention, except amongst railway men. And yet this order involves an expenditure of the immense sum of $19,000,000—the freight cars costing $14,000,000 and the locomotives $5,000,000. This is a pretty big amount for any railway—even one like the C.P.R.—to spend at one time in additional equipment, especially when costly sleepers and diners or passenger coaches of any description whatever are not included.

If figures are seldom amusing, they are sometimes entertaining, and this latest purchase of the C.P.R. furnishes a few facts that are of more than ordinary interest. Here are some of them:

The length of a freight car from buffer to buffer is 39 feet, its weight 37,000 pounds, and its carrying capacity 80,000 pounds. The length of these locomotives from pilot to buffer of the tender is about 69 feet, and its weight, in working order, 175 tons. Each tender carries 5,000 gallons of water and 13 tons of coal. Each locomotive is of 15,000 horse power, and can haul on the level at least 75 cars, or on an average of 50 cars over the whole system. String these cars in one long line and they would reach a distance of 92 miles—from Montreal more than half-way to Quebec.

The 12,500 freight cars would make up 250 trains, and if they were to start, say from Calgary, at intervals of one hour, running on a regular schedule of 20 miles an hour, nearly ten days and a half would elapse between the dispatching of the first and of the last train. When the last train left Calgary, there would be a grand procession from the Rockies to the Atlantic and 2,000 miles out on its depths—if it were possible to extend the rails on the ocean—and that is two-thirds of the watery way to the Old Country. The 5,000-mile parade would practically reach around one-fifth of the globe. The distance from Calgary to Montreal is 2,251 miles, and the run would occupy four and a quarter days. If the cars were unloaded promptly, the first train could reach Calgary, on the return trip, two days before the last one had been dispatched east.

Each car carrying 40 tons, the total capacity of the new cars would be half a million tons, more than enough cargo for fifty ships of the largest cargo-carrying type in the world, which have a capacity of 10,000 tons.

The motive power of the 300 new locomotives aggregates 450,000 h.p.—enough to run 64 Angus shops, the largest of their kind in Canada, or the machinery of factories that would keep nearly four hundred thousand persons employed.

The trains themselves, with the "runs" averaging, say, 125 miles between divisional points, would require seventeen crews of five men each, between Calgary and Montreal, a total of 85 men, and the 250 trains would need an army of trainmen, 21,250 strong, if each crew were to make only a single "run."

And this is but one purchase of the C.P.R. When one enters upon calculations about this year's entire freight equipment, some 65,000 cars, on a similar basis as that mentioned—a 20-mile-an-hour train hourly—a good deal of arithmetic has to be indulged in. They would make up into 1,300 trains, and it would occupy nearly eight weeks between the departure of the first and the last of them from a given point. They would stretch out 26,000 miles, and encircle the globe at the equator, where Mother Earth swells out to her largest circumference—25,000 miles. They would reach across the continent of North America, from Halifax to Vancouver, over seven times. And they would have a carrying capacity of 2,700,000 tons, on the one trip, and with last year's equipment over twenty-two and a half millions of tons were carried during the year.

All of this shows that the C.P.R.'s equipment is something colossal, and that its $19,000,000 purchase means a great deal more than appears on the face of it.

"NEVER TOUCHED ME"

I first met the old fellow when we were leaving the livery stable for a shoot out in the marshes, when someone jestingly asked us if we were prepared for Indians. The old man evidently thought that the question was intended to be taken seriously because he said, "You don't need to be scared; there are no bad Indians here now, but if you had lived forty years ago you would have had your fill of them. Why, I was once coming in from Fort Ellice when I saw a band of twelve or fifteen Indians racing across the prairie on their ponies, so as to cut me off before I reached Little Saskatchewan river. My horse was fast, and I rode over the bank, which was about one hundred feet at that place, tied my horse to some brushes, and waded out in three or four feet of water, and as the Indians came over the top of the hill, on their ponies, I picked them off one after another until I had emptied my magazine, when I ducked down under water and reloaded, rose again, and kept picking them off until I had about a dozen of them altogether, by which time they had enough of it and withdrew." Somebody said, "By Jove, old man, you must have been pretty badly scared." Bracing his shoulders, he replied, "Not a darned bit of it, I was smoking my pipe all the time."

A Swedish railway has been experimenting with powdered peat as locomotive fuel. Peat is usually burned in little bricklike sods, dried in the sun, making a fair fire, but a great deal of ash. Hitherto it has been attempted to improve it by pressing it. A Lieut. Ekelund contrived to reduce it to powder and a railway engineer has invented an apparatus for feeding this powder into a locomotive firebox. This feeds faster as the steam pressure falls and slower as it rises. Swedish papers say that it works well but when the lowest price for peat is $2.65 per ton it is not economical. Sweden has great peat bogs but it does not have any coal.

Shoe heels are thought to have originated in the East, where they were first they were for both men and blocks, which the people fastened to their sandals in order that the feet might be kept as much above the level of the burning sands as possible. At first they were for both men and women of the same height. Soon, however, the women favored the higher forms, until finally there was evolved the "French heel."

Miss Anna Murphy, who a year ago passed the civil service examination that entitled her to become one of the ward superintendents in Chicago, has in that time cleaned up ten square miles of the worst section of the city. Not only that, but her work has aroused the pride of the residents of the district to maintain the high standard of cleanliness so recently established. Miss Murphy undertook what seemed to be a hopeless task. She set up an office in the stockyards section, where few of the streets and none of the alleys were paved, and all the garbage imaginable, accumulation of years, lay in the alleys. Now the streets are paved, the alleys clean, garbage cans are in use as well as whitewash, and every morning Miss Murphy appears at her office, starting out with her squad of workmen on their rounds. She has been "on the job" in person continually.

According to the Church Family Newspaper, East Anglican parents have but a poor opinion of the Suffragan bishop, whom they refer to as the "suffering bishop," and "only half a bishop." A story is told of Dr. Lloyd, the first Suffragan bishop of Thetford, that he was being driven from a station to a rectory he noted that the flag on the church tower was flying at half-mast. "Who is dead?" he asked the coachman. "No one," was the answer; "that's for you, my Lord. We put up the flag whole-mast for the real bishop, and half-mast for the suffering bishop."

ARE YOUR CORNS TENDER?

Why keep them—why suffer when cure can be had in twenty-four hours by using Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor? Its healing balms and soothing qualities relieve the pain in a few hours, the hard kernel of the corn is dissolved away. Absolute satisfaction in a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

Nasal Discharge Proves Catarrh is Active

THE PURE BALSAMIC ESSENCES OF CATARRHOZONE AFFORD SUREST AND QUICKEST CURE

Catarrhozone is certain to cure because its healing vapor is carried with the breath direct to the seat of the chest, nose or throat trouble. Being composed of the purest balsams and pine essences, it immediately allays irritations, facilitates the ejection of mucus, soothes and stimulates the lungs and bronchial tubes. The marvel of the age in curing winter ills—that's what thousands say about Catarrhozone. There is nothing so sure to cure, and to those in fear of changeable weather—those who easily catch cold—those who work among lung-chilling surroundings, or where dust, impure air, fog, or damp can affect them—let them get Catarrhozone and use it several times daily—it will cure every time.

BAD CASE CURED IN TWO DAYS

"I was unfortunate enough to catch a bad cold from sitting in a draught in my bare head," writes Miss Nora E. Jemieson, well known in Sangre Grande, Td. "An acute condition of catarrh developed in my nostrils, and for three days my eyes and nose ran most copiously. The usual remedies entirely failed to relieve. I read in The Mirror newspaper about Catarrhozone, and sent to Smith Bros.' drug store for a dollar outfit. In two days Catarrhozone cleared out my nostrils, cured the sneezing, coughing, and all traces of catarrh."

Large size Catarrhozone, sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, price $1.00; smaller sizes 25c. and 50c. Beware of imitations and substitutors, and insist on getting "Catarrhozone" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

Granite Harvester Oil

Specially prepared for use on reapers, binders and threshers

A short-cut oil possessing great durability. Admirably adapted for use on all farm machinery. It reduces friction and wear to the minimum and is not affected by moisture or change of climate.

Mica Axle Grease

is the best axle grease you can get for tractors or wagons. Saves wear, saves power, saves fuel. Never rubs off. Never gums.

Capitol Cylinder Oil. The very best oil for steam plants on the farm. Lasts longer and gets more power from the engine, with less wear, than any cheap substitutes; costs less in the end.

Atlantic Red Engine Oil. A medium bodied oil, strongly recommended for slow and medium speed engines and machinery. Eases the bearings and lightens the load.

Standard Gas Engine Oil gives the best lubrication possible, alike in kerosene, gasoline and gas engines. Keeps its body at high temperatures. Equally good for all external bearings.

Silver Star Engine Kerosene Oil

IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY LIMITED

Engine Gasoline

CALL OR WRITE, ANY AGENCY

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.

142

A Gainful Occupation

(By W. Edson Smith)

The fat-visaged, pimply young man with the sore eyelids gazed bitterly down over the shabby roll-top desk. "You'd better swipe the pennies off a dead man's eyes," he growled sulkily.

At this ancient sarcasm the dissipated face of the employment agent underwent a lightning change. It stiffened coldly, and a sneer twisted the good-natured mouth. Wells stared insolently up at his visitor.

"What's the matter with you, Hanson?" he queried sharply. "You registered only two weeks ago. You must think that office positions are as thick as flies."

Hanson shuffled his feet indefinitely. "When a fellow pays you good money, he ought to get some consideration—seems that way to me," he said.

Wells jammed some papers into a pigeonhole. Then he tipped his revolving chair backward at a sharp angle, putting one knee against the edge of the desk.

"You're getting all the consideration that is coming to you," he said with finality. "You paid a fee for the privilege of filing your application with me. It was distinctly understood that there was to be no strings to your measly little old two dollars. I told you at the time, the chances for a man with no experience were far and few, but you were crazy to get aboard—then. I suppose that you've run across a good job driving a dray, or something of that sort, and think you could use two dollars—eh? I don't see it that way. If I hear of any vacancy that you match up to, I'll let you know."

Hanson glowered. "You're a hell of a business man, ain't you?" he remarked heavily with near irony.

"That's what I am," came the curt rejoinder. "Anyhow, I'm not easily worked. Can I do anything more for you today?" he queried in polite conclusion. "My time is quite taken up, but of course——"

After Hanson had shambled out and down the hall, after the door of the descending elevator had slithered open and clashed shut, the intelligence broker still sat motionless, staring at the wall. And the wall was not far away, for Wells had cramped quarters; a mere, three-angled nick in the very corner of a many-storied building. The outer side was set with three windows—in fact, three windwos might be said to form the outer side. Through them floated the traffic grind from one of the busiest streets in town. The broker's desk was close to the door so that he could look over it at whoever entered. This was a convenient arrangement. A lift of the eyebrows and a practiced shake of the head was sufficient to send many of his less insistent clients stolidly down the hall again. In the front angle of the office was a typewriter desk. Whether this was occupied by a stenographer depended not so much on the amount of correspondence as on the condition of the treasury. Employment agents are accustomed to precarious existences.

Wells had a hundred romantic stories filed away behind his eyes, and half forgotten. He did not deal in servant maids, nor yet in railway hoboes. To him came the eager youngsters with their little mockery of knowledge acquired at one of the hundred business colleges, cheerfully pouring their attainments into his cynic ears; modestly requesting secretaryships to heads of corporations. To him came deserted wives, fearfully eager to take up the bitter task of earning their daily bread; pitifully sure that their worldly knowledge—salvage of a day gone by—would stand them in good stead. To him men with hair of silver grey, proud beggars who were stumbling down that long ladder to the stars, taunted and laughed at by climbing youth.

Every one came. A steady stream of something that was once crystal with hope but was now muddied with a tributary despair trickled into the room with its one door. It might have been a confessional. And yet he was young, was Wells. That is, he was young in these things—he was slender and his brown hair had no streaks of gray; and his skin was smooth as a boy's. But his eyes spoke eloquently of the thousands of troubled years that had been left with him by his petitioners—victims—what you will.

Just now he sat tilted back in a rare solitude and gave himself over to those pitiless ones—the blue devils.

"That fellow was right," he groaned, "I'm exactly what he said I was. Tag along, year after year, listening to tales of woe from Tom, Dick and Priscilla, and never lay up the price of a drink. Sit here like a cheerful little cricket, chirp at whoever comes in and change their luck. And then hear them say that I'm nary cricket, but a bloodthirsty spider, merely because I ask them for a frugal slice of their first month's salary. It's 'Oh, Mr. Wells, kind Mr. Wells, dear Mr. Wells, if you will get me that be-yew-ti-ful position I will be eternally in your debt!" And confound it, when I do—they are eternally in my debt."

Arising, he went over to the farthest window and stared mournfully into the street from his second-story vantage place, standing with one foot on the low sill. Wells was distinctly shabby. He never seemed to have time, money, or inclination to attire himself like a 'Heimer model. A trifle down at the heel a trifle baggy at the knee, and a trifle of a leaning toward last season's style, so far as any style at all was distinguishable. That was Wells. Some people said that he had been disappointed in love; some inferred that it was a terrible thirst. Neither supposition was absolutely correct. It was just Wells.

There was a tentative fumbling of the door knob by some one in the hall without. The meditating one straightened up to the limit of his lazily stooped shoulders, yawned once at the September afternoon in general, once at himself in particular, and forthwith took the two steps necessary to steal the base of the chair behind the desk. This action seemed to be automatic. So, too, was the rapid rush of his fountain pen across a sheet of paper. The latter must certainly have been automatic. What he wrote was this:

"I'm a dub. I'm a gyastacutus. It's about time I was being good to myself for a while."

Having written this very important paragraph three times, Mr. Wells blotted it, placed it in a pigeonhole, and then glanced up with the trite, "What can I do for you?"

It was a girl who came doubtfully, hesitatingly, around his desk, and, at his inviting nod, sank wearidly into the chair near him. She was a demure, graceful little thing, nineteen perhaps—fragile and slender. Her silky brown hair showed smoothly combed, and she wore an unworldly frock of simple white stuff with infinitesimal flowers scattered here and there in its pattern—a dress which would have charmed birds or bees, or country lads, maybe, in some old-fashioned garden. But birds and bees, and gardens were hopelessly far away, and the delicate face was tinged with a pallor that should not have been there.

"Mr. Wells?" she inquired faintly.

"Yes."

"—I—" she hesitated. "I would like a position, if you please."

Wells considered soberly. "Will you take it with you?" he queried at last with a twinkle.

The girl surprised him. She smiled straight back into his eyes and nodded as though understanding the bit of humor.

"I don't suppose that was the way to say it," she returned quietly; "but you must make allowance. I'm not used to this—to getting a place."

The listener suppressed a sigh. There were so many girls who resembled her in that one particular. She apparently divined his thoughts.

"I do need a position very, very badly," she added earnestly. "Anything at all—oh, anything at all that I can do!" This last came out with frantic eagerness. And then the cough—a tearing, strangling struggle with disease that tinged her cheeks a flaming red, and left little crimson flecks upon her handkerchief.

Wells steeled himself with an armour of professional apathy. It was one of the pitifully impossible cases.

"Out here for your health, I suppose?" he questioned in perfunctory fashion after she had struggled into a panting silence.

The girl nodded without speaking, her lovely gray eyes fastened upon his. He picked up a steel paper-cutter and made angry jabs with it at the desk blotter. Among other things he thought of a trapped bird.

"Ever do any office work?" he asked helplessly, following the old routine.

"No," she replied softly, "I have never worked—at anything." She stopped, then went on as if a further explanation was necessary. "My home is up north—in a town called Hawthorn. I got this awful cough two years ago. And last winter it was so much worse the doctor said it was my only chance—to come to a climate like this——" She faltered into a momentary, piteous silence. Wells had heard so many variations to the theme that he made no direct comment. Instead he sought to relieve the tension of the narrative.

"Father Irish?" he asked, quizzically.

The girl looked at him, startled for one second, then smiled relievedly at his friendly regard.

"You mean my eyes," she said simply. "Yes, he was Irish. My name is Kathleen Desmond. But my mother is French," she added with quaint frankness. The shadow stole over her face again.

"We didn't have much money," she continued. "Mother and I lived alone in a tiny cottage"—there was a caress in the slow words—"and now, after all, the doctor here says that it's no use, that I must go farther south." Miss Desmond hesitated, regarding the man with gravity. "I cannot ask my mother for money," she resumed; "she has no way of getting more than just enough to pay my board here. And I thought of finding something to do, so that I could save enough to get a place where I can be truly well. I hope that I haven't taken up too much of your time," she concluded with sweet courtesy.

"Oh, no! I suppose you can write legibly?"

"I think so. I might show you." She looked at him doubtfully.

"Better fill out one of these applications—over on the table—there. Answer the printed questions. I can get an idea from that of your penmanship."

Without a word she seated herself at the table she indicated and commenced on one of the lengthy blanks. The man followed the movement of the slim fingers for a second. Then his eyes roved to a box of envelopes on the floor by the typewriter desk. Those five hundred envelopes, had to be addressed before morning. It was one of the odd lots of work Wells hated, but that were often thrust upon him by overburdened chief clerks. They seemed to think that he kept a row of office girls all ready on a long shelf. H'm! This one might as well have the work. Mayer paid 10 cents a hundred. Fifty cents. Perhaps it would discourage her so that she would go away and not bother him any more. Heaven knew she ought to be in bed—somewhere in a hospital. He took the paper which she held timidly out to him and looked at it absently.

"Yes, very good," he said. "Now, Miss—er—Miss Desmond, I happen to have a little work on hand that can be done right here in the office this afternoon. Would you like to try it? It's two o'clock now, and you could work as long as you liked."

"I'd be so glad!" exclaimed the girl assentingly. "I don't suppose you can imagine what it means to me to——"

"Yes, just so," interpolated Wells hastily. "It is some addressing I want you to do. Here is the card index with the address. There are about five hundred—more or less. Take them in turn. "I'll put the envelopes up here in front of you—so. Get the idea?"

"I—I think so," she replied slowly. "This is the way, is it not?" She copied the contents of the first card on an envelope in a dainty, cramped hand.

"Sure! That's it exactly!" said Wells carelessly. "And, say—I'm going to be out on the street for the greater part of the afternoon. If any one drops in to see me, tell them to come again at five. Same for the 'phone."

Miss Desmond propounded a question full of quiet eagerness as he turned to leave the room. "How much—could you tell me much I'll get for this?"

He hesitated, hand upon the open door. After all, such sums were terribly inadequate.

"Why—er—Mayer, the man who is having those done, pays 10 cents. Of course, I understand it isn't much. But I thought it would give you a start in the right direction."

"Oh, I think it's fine!" she exclaimed happily. "I'm thankful to you for giving me the chance."

It was somewhat after five that he came in again and found the girl still bending over the unaccustomed task. He busied himself at the telephone for a time, and then leaned back and looked over at the frail toiler.

"Better not keep at it too long," he advised easily; "if you don't get them all done you can come down in the morning bright and early—nine or so—and finish them up. When you leave tonight pull the door shut, if you will please," he added by way of farewell. "It's a spring lock. Good night!"

It was one morning almost a week afterwards that Miss Desmond came into the office again. Wells was alone. It was early and the procession of applicants had not formed up as yet. He was feeling badly that morning. There were three or four vacant posions in view which would easily net him a hundred dollars in commissions—and no one to fill them. Moreover, Wells had dined the previous evening to long drawn-out fashion, with many strange drinks to punctuate the record of the dining. And he had breakfasted on black coffee and the memory of a Turkish bath. So the effect of an otherwise cordial greeting was somewhat spoiled by the luridness of his eyes.

"I suppose you are cross with me," she began, "for quitting that night before the work was done and not coming back. I felt badly about it, Mr. Wells, I did indeed! You see I——"

"It didn't matter," he interjected; "really it didn't. There were only a dozen or so of the blamed envelopes left and I did them myself next morning. That was all right."

"I simply had to leave them undone," she went on wearily. "I had a bad time with my cough. I—I could scarcely get over to the street car and out to my room. I've been sick ever since."

"Too bad! Too bad!" sympathized Well. "I suppose that kind of work is a bit too strenuous at present—eh?"

"Perhaps," assented the girl; "but I hope to get something easier at Santa Fe. It's there I'm going. And to think—I really owe it to you! If you had not given me the opportunity I can't say what would have become of me. For I couldn't have gone; the fare alone is eighteen dollars. Thanks to you I will have nearly fifty."

Wells stared blankly. The girl coughed for a long, agonizing minute and, when the spasm was over, sat with her face hidden in her hands. The man at the desk stirred uneasily.

"Let me see," he queried; "how much were you to receive for that bunch of addressing?"

"Ten cents, you said," replied the girl simply. "I did four hundred and sixty-three. That would make forty-six dollars and thirty cents. Do you know, Mr. Wells, that is the first—the very first money I ever earned myself. I can hardly belive that it is really true." The girl's eyes shone like misty stars. "And I'm so happy to think that the money will be the means of making me well."

There was an interval of silence, if you misname silence something which was really a medley of morning noises from the clashing street.

"Uh-huh!" vouchsafed Mr. Wells at last, somewhat jerkily. He gulped down a sigh and reached into a corner for his checkbook. "I'd better pay you the amount right now," he said, "before I forget it. And I hope you find the Mexican air as advertised."

A little later he inspected himself carefully in the depths of a certain spacious mirror downstairs.

"I reckon you might mix me a nerve-builder, Jas." This to the white-coated one. "I've had a shock. Also I've had inserted in my understanding the fact that I'm a helluva business man."

THE MAN-EATER OF KARKANKOTE

In November, 1906, I was fortunate enough to be included in one of the Mysore shikar parties which are generally arranged every year. The hospitality of His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore was proverbial in Southern India, and it was entirely due to his kindness that we were allowed to shoot in the "closed" forests, which were, as a rule, exclusively reserved for royalty. These parties were usually made up of the Yuvaraja (the brother of the Maharajah), another native prince, and two or three British officers from Bangalore. The arrangements for one's comfort were made on a most lavish scale as regards tents, living and transport, but when it came to the shikar part of the business one was left almost entirely free to do as one pleased, and make one's own "bandobust" with the assistance of the inspector of game preserves and the forest game watchers. Success or failure was therefore due in a great measure to one's energy, ability, and of course luck.

After a run of about two hours through the beautiful "garden" state of India we arrived at a "dak" bungalow, the name of which I cannot for the moment remember, where we spent the night, and discussed plans for the next ten days. We had already received news of a tiger which had made his home near the small hamlet of Karkankote, and had heard a pitiful tale of its depredations from the villagers. This particular animal had taken an enormous number of cattle during the last few months, and quite recently had killed and eaten a native. Naturally, these poor people were very anxious to be rid of their most unwelcome visitor, and we were very keen to assist them in this respect. Accordingly we decided to tie up donkeys in the vicinity in the hope of getting a "kill" and to depart to the more westerly forests near the boundary of Coorg and Mysore to hunt for bison and sambur, and await developments.

In these happy hunting grounds the time semed to pass away all too quickly and bison hunting had engrossed our chief attentions. There were several herds in the neighborhood but we generally let them alone, as it was almost a hopeless task to get up to them, as the jungle was very thick at this time of the year, and it would only be by the greatest fluke if one happened to drop on a good bull without disturbing the more numerous cows and calves. H. had shot quite a good solitary bull, and one small herd bull had also been bagged. A day never passed without at least one of our party coming across bison, and in such pleasant surroundings we had almost forgotten about the tiger, and had decided to spend the remainder of our short leave at our present camp. However, on the morning of the eighth day news came into camp by runner that the Karkankote tiger had killed during the night. We accordingly moved to that place next day, and tied up three donkeys, hoping that the tiger would kill again that night, as the following day was the last of our leave. H. and I were up at dawn, and, on visiting the place where the donkeys had been tethered, found that two of them had been killed and dragged away. We located the tiger in some thick jungle, and made certain that he had not left, as no fresh tracks could anywhere be found leading away from the place. We then sent word back to the dak bungalow to have all the available men collected as beaters, and for men to come out at once to build our machans. While we were visiting the kills we came across two Indian red dogs. This was the first time I had ever seen one of these animals, and I was much impressed by their build, which was certainly for speed and strength. They were on the high road, and stood for some time looking at us at a distance of from 25 to 30 yards. They offered a very easy shot, and, much as I desired to possess the skin of one, I had to refrain from shooting for fear of disturbing the nobler animal which we felt confident was close at hand.

The arrangements for the beat were not complete until about 2 p.m., but everything had been done very carefully, and our hopes for success ran high. I must here give a brief description of the jungle that we intended to beat. It must be known to the Prince and Princess of Wales, our present king and queen, as it was the scene of the famous khedda operations which many attended in the spring of the same year. Two miles north of Karkankote the road leading to the foot of the Nilgihiri Hills runs almost parallel to the Kubbani river, and distant a few hundred yards from it. The larger timber was mostly teak, with fairly thick undergrowth. The machans were placed in line running at right angles from the road to the river. Stops were put along the river bank and at the edge of the jungle along the road. The former precaution was taken as the natives reported having seen the tiger swimming across the river. The beaters were assembled to the north, and were to work towards Karkankote. Soon after having occupied our machans a faint noise in the distance conveyed to us that the beat had commenced, and a few minutes later an unmistakable roar was heard, and we knew that "Stripes" was at home, and evidently objected to being so rudely awakened from his siesta at such an hour. The next few moments of waiting seemed an age. An almost painful stillness reigned, broken only by the cries of the beaters some hundreds of yards away. From the scrub just in front of me a solitary jackal emerged, and paused for several seconds to listen to the unusual commotion. This little image then came towards me, and squatted under my machan. A few more seconds elapsed, when my attention was attracted by a small bird flitting from a bush to my left front. In ordinary circumstances such a trivial occurrence would doubtless have passed unnoticed but I attribute this fact, insignificant as it may seem, to the bagging of my first tiger, for almost immediately it appeared from behind this same bush, and had not more than a couple of yards to cover before he would be lost to view again if he continued in his present direction.

This was the first tiger I had ever seen outside the bars of a cage. His grandeur impressed me greatly, and I can still picture that beautiful form stealthily creeping through the jungle as vividly as on the day of which I write. I hastily threw my rifle up to my shoulder, as one would do when shooting a rabbit, and fired. To my intense satisfaction I saw that the bullet had found its mark, for the unfortunate animal was lying on its back with its legs kicking in the air. After a second or two it righted itself again, and tried in vain to crawl away. It was unable to raise its hindquarters, and I surmised that its back was broken. It was now facing away from me, with its head resting on its forepaws. A second barrel through the brain and all was over. I blew three blasts on my whistle—a preconcerted signal in case of a kill—and after a short time the beaters came along and gathered round the carcass, there being no other tigers in the beat. My first shot I found was a very lucky one; it was high up and a little far back, but, as I imagined had broken the beast's back. It was an old animal in excellent condition, but its lower teeth were very much worn. It measured 9 feet 2 in. between uprights. We then returned to Karkankote, reaching the bungalow soon after 4 p.m. At 7 p.m. the carcass was brought into the village by quite an army of beaters, some carrying torches heading the procession and shouting with glee, so joyful were they to be rid of this troublesome beast. That night a bonfire was lit in the compound, and we were treated to a native dance by the Korubas, the human inhabitants of the forest. Before the dawn of another day we were well on our homeward journey, not a little sad at having to leave behind us those magnificent forests.—Wanderer in Field.

A Fishing Expedition to Sugar Lake B.C.

(By V. H. in Rod and Gun)

In June of last year I found that I could spare a little time from the strenuous life I had been leading as an Albertan prairie farmer, and at once I began to look about for something that would provide a thorough change. My thoughts naturally turned towards a trip across the Rocky Mountains into beautiful British Columbia. One could scarcely imagine a more pronounced change from the bleak, treeless prairie than the fertile valleys and flowing rivers, thick forests and snow-capped hills of British Columbia. Accordingly, my decision made, I journeyed from Calgary to Vernon, there to pay a long-promised visit to a friend who had a fruit farm in that part of the country. What a gorgeous trip it was across the mountains! No words of mine can express the beauty and grandeur of its scenery. I was compelled to spend a night at Sicamous Junction to take the branch line down the Okanagan Valley. The C. P. R. have built a magnificent hotel on the banks of Shuswap Lake, and had it not been for the mosquitoes I should have liked to have made a longer stay there, as the fishing in the lake was in full swing at the time. I found that my friend at Vernon was as willing as I to take a holiday, so after spending a few days on his farm we decided to put in a fortnight camping out and fishing on Sugar Lake, which sheet of water is about sixty miles east of Vernon.

We collected our equipment and borrowed a tent in Vernon, going on from there to Lumby. Lumby is a small village reached by motor stage and is about twenty miles on the way to the lake. We spent a couple of days there fishing the numerous small creeks surrounding it; the sport was good though the fish were all small. With considerable difficulty we succeeded in hiring a man with a team and rig to take us the balance of the way. The latter part of the trail was bad and only fit for pack horses, we were told. However, we found a man who was willing to try it, and we had the wisdom to charter him for the return journey. It was both hot and dusty, but we made good time the first twenty-five miles. After that it was wretched travelling. Just a rough trail had ben made by the settlers for sleighing in the winter time and some of the trees had been left a foot or two high. In some cases we had to chop these down and had also to chop a couple of windfalls out of the way. The least said about the holes and grades the better. Fortunately the horses were willing and the rig strong, so no harm was done. We arrived at last on the banks of Shuswap river and found our way up to the lake, barred by a swiftly flowing creek, which our driver refused to cross. We bundled out our stuff, and as the rig returned to a stopping house about fifteen miles on the road home, we struck up to the creek to try and find a way across without getting our blankets and provisions wet. Fortunately we found a windfall stretching right across the creek, and following a track for about three-quarters of a mile we came to the lake side. There we found an old Norwegian living in a log shack he had built himself. He was more than seventy years old and had just taken up a homestead there. Fancy going to live alone sixty miles from a railroad, and voluntarily undergoing all the hardships and insecurity of a pioneer's life at that age! Yet the old man was as pleased with his homestead as a child with a new toy, but I trembled to think what would happen to him when some of the ailments one naturally associates with old age, should attack him. He lent us his boat to fetch our baggage up in. It was easy enough to take the boat down, but when it came to pulling her up again heavily laden it was another matter. We each took a turn at it, but the current was too strong, and each time we were washed down stream and had to creep up the side again to hang on to a convenient tree. We could hear the falls roaring about one-quarter of a mile lower down, so carried our stuff over the creek by hand to a convenient site close to the old Norwegian's shack, where we pitched the tent. I had no difficulty in bringing the boat up empty the next day. It was a beautiful spot in which to camp. By the time we had things fixed up the old man had a delicious supper of fried trout and fresh bannocks ready for us, to which we did full justice. After supper we lighted a big fire and lay on our blankets, pipes full on, at peace with the world, watching the flickering flames, listening to the croaking of the frogs and dreaming of the big fish we would catch on the morrow.

The following day, after a hearty breakfast, we got off up the lake in the boat. The lake is about nine miles long by six wide with an island in the middle, and is fed by the upper Shuswap river and numerous creeks, off the mouths of which there is excellent fishing. The weather was perfect and in a little while we both stripped to the waist to enjoy a delicious sun bath. We had two trolls out, a long and a short one. The long one, which was a large spoon bait, which we always found the most successful, caught the first fish, a fine Dolly Varden trout which weighed eight pounds. It was the only big fish we caught that day, but we got numerous smaller ones varying from half a pound to three pounds. Some we caught trolling and some with fly rods. I always think fly fishing is much better sport and more exciting than trolling, and would rather catch a two-pounder with my rod than a six-pounder on the line. We landed at Rainbow Creek and had an enjoyable bath, though we had to light a smudge to keep off the mosquitoes while we were drying. We boiled a couple of the trout we had just caught for dinner. We had no luck in the afternoon, but in the evening we caught a lot of fish with our rods in front of the tent at the mouth of the lake. It was here that we always had our best sport; rowing gently up and down under the bank we never failed to have some luck. We found the best bait was the natural moth or butterfly. The lake was really too high to get the very best fish.

One night we awoke to find ourselves lying in water and our tent pitched on an eminence, an island. The lake had risen nearly two feet during the night, and we had to shift our tent back into the woods. One day we tried fishing below the falls, where, when the water is low, one can catch any quantity. We had no luck, however. Although a terrible place to approach, the Shuswap Falls are a magnificent sight and worth the trouble of getting to. There is a scheme on hand to harness the falls and use the power for an electric railroad.

Our fortnight passed all too quickly. Once our stay was enlivened by a visit from three gold prospectors, whom we photographed, along with our Norwegian friend, standing in front of his shack. We listened to many an interesting tale of the country, with which they were familiar.

Our hunting was a disappointment, for a couple of loons and as many chipmunks and water snakes as we liked was the sum total. There are many deer and bear, a few goats and an occasional grizzly bear to be met with, but unfortunately we never met any. We had some glorious fishing, however, and long shall I remember the taste of the beautiful pink trout fresh caught from the lake.

Our driver came for us as arranged. We should not have been greatly surprised if he had not turned up on the date specified. This time we did not drive the first ten miles; our first experience had been quite enough. We plodded behind the horses, lending a hand when necessary to extricate the rig or assist the horses. Our driver, a French-Canadian, whose language was picturesque, would never have returned to us had we not chartered him for the return trip and refused to pay him anything until he had delivered us safely back at our destination. We broke our journey at Lumby and reached Vernon the next day. I paid a brief visit to Kelowna, returning to the prairies after a thoroughly enjoyable holiday.

A GYPSY VACATION

Devotion to camp life first suggested the idea, and having plenty of horses I got a wagon-making concern to supply a good gear, like that used for a heavy fruit or vegetable wagon. The box built thereon is light, with a canopy top, the upright supports of which are heavy enough to support the additional weight of the beds. Three wire cots were purchased for a trifle and hinged to the uprights. Two of them are outside the wagon and one on the inside, making comfortable beds for three adults. Each is wide enough to accommodate a small child also, although too small for two grown persons. The curtains are so arranged as to swing over the beds when in camp, thus making a storm-proof house on wheels. The beds are folded against the side of the wagon when not in use, thus being entirely out of the way.

The interior is furnished with roomy boxes that serve as seats, inside of which bedding, provisions, and other necessities are stored. It will be seen at a glance that the maximum of convenience is secured with a minimum of weight and bulk. The total cost of building the wagon was about $75.

"CHUBBY" REMINISCENCES

By the beard of Izaak Walton,
Let me cast a line and show
How we anglers used to angle
Forty—fifty years ago.
Name of club? Why, just "Us Fellers";
Name of lake? Why, just "Frog Pond";
Names of members? Skinny, Fatty,
Chubby, Ratty—names most fond.
Where is Skinny? Gone to Heaven;
Where is Fatty? He's in jail;
Ratty was condemned to Congress;
Chubby? He indites this tale.
Tackle? Hardly fin de siecle,
Some might intimate passe.
Why describe it? Poor boy's outfit—
Brought a mess in anyway.
As to bait? Why, jest a east worm
(Makes no diffrunce 'bout the size),
Makes the hornpouts' mouth run water,
Perch and roach also likewise.
Spit on bait before you use it—
Mesmerize 'em from their haunts.
Then ye swing yer line in easy—
Ketch as menny as ye wants.

. . . . . .

Sho! I know I've been a-dreaming,
Skies look bluer than today;
Grass was greener; lilies fairer;
Even age had passed away.

—Wm. S. Holmes, in Outdoor Life

The total amount raised for the five granddaughters of Charles Dickens is $60,000, of which $13,481 has come from America. The trustees of the fund have announced that the sum is sufficient, and that its beneficiaries will receive annuities sufficient to keep them in comfort for their lives. The English committee, acknowledging the American contribution, says: "The result has entirely justified the effort, and the Dickens Centenary Committee are full of gratitude to their colleagues on your side of the Atlantic for the valuable help they have afforded us. We recognize that beyond the immediate object it has shown how well we can work together for a purpose which reflects equal credit on the peoples of both countries and which elicits a common pride and common benevolence." The spectacle of these five ladies in a state of penury would certainly have been an intolerable one, but it may be said that the facts do not help us much to an understanding of the mysteries of heredity. The genius of Dickens was great and his money-earning power was considerable, but the genius was not transmitted at all, and even the money-earning power was extinct in the second generation, so far at least as the five granddaughters were concerned.

Storekeepers are invited. You can buy at lessfromusthan you can from the manutacturers.

In order to accomodate out of town customers store will remain open every evening until 9 p.m.

Tremendous Crowds Blocking the Way to Finish

of Trenholm's Bankrupt Furniture Sale

EVERYBODY IS BUYING---ONLY A SHORT TIME LEFT for you to participate in the greatest merchandise event ever held in Chilliwack. The Assignee gets ready to give up the store. The end is at hand at last.

TO-MORROW IS THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST FEW WEEKS

Not for an hour since the sale began have we allowed it to lag. Whenever a lot sold down, or entirely out it was replaced by another equally attractive. The entire stock from the warehouses is now on the floor. There is something new to amaze the most economical buyers. All our attempts at bargain giving pale into insignificence when compared with our price cutting for the end.

REMEMBER this sale closes in a few weeks. First comers get the cream of the bargains

Everything laid low for quick sale. Don't fail to be on hand early.

The I. D. SMITH CO. of New York and Vancouver, have determined to sell the balance of Trenholm's Bankrupt Stock for what it will Bring.

Trenholm's Furniture House Chilliwack.

C. T. McHattie, Assignee.
The I. D. Smith Sales Co. in charge

BUILDING GOOD ROADS

The following excerpt from the Saturday Sunset has reference to A. A. Cruickshanks of Chilliwack, and the credit and praise given the work done by Mr. Cruickshank in the construction of Government roads in the Fraser Valley is well deserved. Mr. Cruickshank attends strictly to business, which together with a thorough knowledge of the work he has in hand produces a result that is a credit to himself and satisfactory to all concerned. An additional and commendable feature of the work is the absence of petty political favoritism and vote juggling which so often features government expenditure of public money.

"There are some spots in the government road building program which give satisfaction to the tax payer. Hon. Thomas Taylor, in the limitations in which he is circumscribed by the Bowser political machine, is making good progress in parts of the province with his pet scheme, the trans-provincial highway. He is building new roads and improving old ones, and at intervals it may be found that his superntendents do give the major portion of their time to road building rather than fixing up the voter's lists.

One of the real road builders in the employ of the Public Works Department, is A. A. Cruikshank, who is in charge of the Fraser Valley division as it may be called, of that highway. I have watched the progress of the work of Mr. Cruikshank in the district west of Chilliwack and better road building is not to be found in the province. Mr. Cruickshank evidently understands and has at heart the work of road building, and the progress that has been made upon his division should bring satisfaction to everyone who has occasion to use the road.

At Sumas Lake a fine rock crushing and quarrying plant has been installed and its products have been judiciously used both east and west, so that all the complete work will compare favorably with any roadway in the province, or, for that matter, in any province. Mr. Cruickshauk also has widened the roads and reduced the grades to an extent that will give joy to the heart of the motorist or teamster.

These remarks are occasioned because the writer and most of his readers do appreciate faithful service to the public when it is rendered, and I believe that once in a while a word of incouragement is due the men who go about their duties in the expenditure of public money as they would in handling their own.

The work being conducted under the supervision of Mr. Cruickshanks will bring credit to himself and the department of which he is an employee, and it will bring satisfaction to all who may have occasion to use the road. I would like to recommend to Hon. Thomas Taylor the employment of such men throughout the road building operations of of the province."—Sunset.

Strange! When one man has money to burn, another will "freeze" onto it.

Social and Personal

Mr. Grand returned to Saskatoon on Monday.

B. A. Irwin was a visitor to Vancouver Monday.

Fred. Parker spent a few days in Vancouver this week.

Mrs. H. Eckert will not receive on Tuesday or again until fall.

W. J. Galloway was a business visitor to Vancouver on Monday.

Capt. Hamilton Ramsay is spending a few days this week at the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Trethewey left on a visit to Coronation, Alta., on Monday.

Miss E. B. Gilbert is spending a couple of weeks with Vancouver friends.

Miss Irene Knight has returned home after a two weeks holiday in Vancouver.

John Orr and family are spending a few days with relatives in Vancouver.

Miss Lois Johnson is on a two weeks visit with friends at Vancouver and Ladner.

J. W. Taylor of F. J. Hart & Co., is taking in the exhibition at Vancouver this week.

Miss Annis, of Vancouver, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Annis and family of East Chilliwack.

Miss E. B. Ditch who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. A. J. Harding, left for her home at Balcarries, Sask., on Wednesday.

Miss Kennedy, of Virden, Man., spent a couple of days this week at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton Ramsay, Chilliwack Central road.

Miss Marjorie Marshall returned Monday evening from a three weeks visit with Vancouver friends.

Miss Caskey and Miss McKay of Vancouver are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Caskey.

Miss Dorothy Henderson is visiting with friends at New Westminster and Vancouver for a couple of weeks.

Miss Jessie Wright of Vancouver, who has been the guest of Miss Dorothy Henderson returned home on Wednesday.

The manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Chilliwack, K. V. Munro, has returned from a two weeks holiday spent on Vancouver Island.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Nelems, of Vancouver, have again taken up residence in Chilliwack. The family will remain for the summer months at least.

Mrs. F. N. George and daughter, left yesterday on a three months' visit to various points in Ontario. Mr. George accompanied them as far as Harrison Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ceasar and son of Allison, Ont., and Mrs. John Beaton, of Vancouver, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jackman during this week.

Mrs. Walton, of St. Thomas N. D., and Miss Davidson of Elgin, Man., who have been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Childerhose left for their homes yesterday.

Henry Wardell, of Hope, spent the week end with his brother Morey Wardell who is engaged with R. A. Henderson and also visited with other friends in the city.

Miss Della A. Dewar and Mr. Stanley Raitt of Edmonton Alta., who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Walker of East Chilliwack for a short time have left for their home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Broe and two childern have left for a two months' visit to Minnesota, Montana, South Dakota and other states, the rest of the family going as far as Bellingham, Wash.

Miss Ramsay returned from a visit to New Westminster Saturday, and was accompanied by G. R. Mason and Mr. Kendall, of Penticton, who spent the week end at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton Ramsay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Endicott and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Barber went over to Victoria on Friday. Ye editor returned Monday, Mrs. Barber returned Wednesday, while Mr. and Mrs. Endicott will remain in Victoria for a couple of weeks.

N. S. Mackenzie, manager of the Merchants Bank leaves on Friday on a two weeks' vacation to Sidney on Vancouver Island where Mrs. Mackenzie and children are camping. H. C. Stacey, of New Westminster is relieving Mr. Mackenzie.

Miss Daisy Ramsay who has been visiting the coast cities returned home on Sunday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. G. Brymner and Mr. Campbell McSweeny, of New Westminster. The party came up over the auto road in Mr. Brymner's car.

Read the ads. in the Press to-day.

The regular monthly meeting of Chilliwack Woman's Insitute will be held in the Rest Rooms, Hart Block, on Tuesday afternoon next, Aug. 20, at the usual hour. Mrs. (Dr.) Patten will give a paper on the "Careing for and Feeding of Children" and Mrs. H. J. Barber and Mrs. D. H. Day will demonstrate "Cool Deserts."

Miss Crittenton, of Vancouver, is the guest of friends in the city. Though but a girl of eleven years, Miss Crittenton possesses a remarkably good voice which she uses with much effectiveness. On Sunday evening she sang a solo in the Baptist church which was highly pleasing. Miss Crittenton will sing in the Methodist church next Sunday morning.

G. A. DUNLOP
PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER and ACCOUNTANT.
At rear of office of H. T. Goodland and J. Howe Bent.
Wellington st. Chilliwack, B. C.

Splendid Values

IN THE NEW FALL STYLES

Men's Suits

A wide range of Fabrics and and Patterns to choose from.

THE MODELS ARE JUST AS SMART AND DISTINCTIVE AS ANY THAT CUSTOM TAILORS CAN FASHION.

Prices **$10.00 $12.50 $15.00 $19.00 $22.50.**

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ASHWELL & SON