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VICTORIA, B.C.

THE EDENOGRAPH

VOLUME I. NUMBER 36. ENDERBY, B. C., JANUARY 18, 1905. PRICE, $2 A YEAR

Enderby Doings

H. G. Muller was elected mayor of Vernon last week.

The Oddfellows of Armstrong will hold their annual ball Friday night.

Thirty-three names were added to voters list last week, giving Vernon 274 voters.

Our devil is now in possession of a real live owl. Keep a lock on your chicken coop.

F. Pyman's watch board is piled up with repair work. He is drawing work from all the towns in the Valley.

This morning's Molasses Limited brought in ten freights and a passenger coach crowded to the seat arms.

A nice, new, felt-lined glove was found on the street on Sunday and is now at this office waiting a claimant.

Louie Gould has taken a job print ing plant into Vernon and will open an office in the newspaper burdened town.

J. E. Evans bought the interest of his brother, J. W., in the livery business of Matthews & Evans, this week.

Chas. Shayler, prominently connected with the cigar making business of Kelowna, died at that place on the 7th inst.

Matthews & Evans are shaping things to build a new livery stable on their Cliff street property early in the Spring.

Some choice boxes of apples are being sold locally by Geo. R. Lawes. The Ribston Pippin is one of the favorite varieties.

Josh Blackburn has taken over the horses and rigs of Wm. Woods, and is doing a regular delivery and light draying business.

The farm house of John McClure, near Kelowna, was burned to the ground last week. Most of the furniture was saved.

Skating on the river was excellent the past week, and everyone who could keep the steel on the ice was enjoying the pleasure of it.

Wm. Hutchison has build a lodge room over English's furniture store and has fitted it up for the Masons on a long-term lease.

Wm. Hancock sold his harness, saddle and gun business this week to J. W. Evans, who will continue business at the old stand.

D. Nairn & Co., Enderby's popular drug firm, are putting up a cough balsam and a Menthol linament that are said to be equal to the best that is made.

"I've seen t'ousands and t'ousands of Januaries," said the German, "en' I nivver see a January mitout a January t'aw." The German's thaw is now on.

J. C. Metcalfe is making a great slaughter in prices on winter clothing. His sale continues this week and is attracting the attention of those looking for bargains.

The passenger coaches on the Molasses Limited are crowded every day the train runs. As the weather warms the Molasses runs better. It is nearly on time three days out of seven.

Judging from the number of business changes that took place this week, the town is getting ready for the big rush that is sure to come with the Spring months and the resumption of the daily train service.

It requires push and hustle and a liberal quantity of jovialty and hot air to sell real estate. D. R. Young informs the Vernon News that the real estate sales of his company last week total $17,790.

J. Millar, who has been conducting the Okanagan Herald at Vernon for the Kooteday Mail Company, resigned the position on the first of the month and is now spending some time with his son at Enderby.

A. Todd has sold his barber shop to A. J. Young, and will put in a pool table in the rear of the shop, where the periodicals and papers of the day will be found.

The big Ellis ranch of the lower Okanagan, recently purchased for a Montreal syndicate by L. W. Shatford, M. P. P., will be put on the market this spring, and will no doubt cause considerable stir in that section.

The Ladies' Aid, of the Methodist Church, will give a 10-cent social at the home of Mrs. Geo. Bell tomorrow (Thursday) evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all, and a pleasant evening's entertainment is promised.

The annual meeting of the Spallumcheen Farmers' Institute will be held at Enderby this afternoon at 2 o'clock, for the election of officers. It is earnestly requested that all members and their friends will attend the meeting. In the town hall.

Wm. Elson has placed his Eden House farm on the market. Mr. Elson's place has long been looked upon as one of the choicest in this end of the Valley. Last year it produced the prize winning apples of the province in several varieties.

J. C. English calls the attention of his friends and patrons to the line of linoleums that he carries in stock. You will soon be looking for something in this line. Also get your eye on some of those fine pieces of upholstered goods, and artistic centre-tables.

Kelowna is now experiencing weather that would delight the Nor'wester, says the Clarion. About two inches of snow and the thermometer showing four or five degrees of frost, with sufficient ice to make skating good on the ponds, is what we are having at present.

The report of the treasurer of the Armstrong waterworks shows a total of 90 consumers on the list, bringing in a total of $1,336 per annum. The fixed charges for each year are: interest, $600; sinking fund, $250; leaving a balance of $486 for repairs, etc.

The wave of prosperity that is now passing over British Columbia is nowhere more apparent than in the Okanagan. Important as are the mining, lumbering, and fishing industries of the province, they are in no way comparable with our agricultural resources. —Kelowna Clarion.

The Curling Club had two days of good ice last week. On Sunday some of the over-zealous attempted to improve on the ice they had and flooded the sheet, without consulting the weather clerk. Jack Frost refused to work and the ice has been mushy ever since, spoiling what they did have.

John Huston was elected mayor of Nelson last week, and the newspaper fraternity will now breathe easier. John Huston is nobody's pet—he's not good looking enough—but there's a rugged fearlessness about him that wins the admiration of everyone but tin-horns and boosters, and we all like to see the old war-horse get what he's after, even if it does mean the spoiling of a good newspaperman for him to do it.

Joe McDonald, whose reputation as a contractor and builder has made his name synonymous with good things well done, throughout the Okanagan, has decided to retire from contracting and building, and will in future devote his whole attention to builders' hardware, sash and doors, etc., at Armstrong. He has sold his workshop to G. Moberley, and it is said that J. Symington will take over the contracting.

H. W. Harvey opened his Post-Office block to the public on Saturday. It is excellently fitted up and is equipped with all the latest improvements. One hundred boxes have been added, giving 150 in all. Mr. Harvey is making a further improvement to his store by extending the show room to the extreme north end of the build ing and adding an office in the rear.

Taking Action

The action of the Vancouver Board of Trade in passing a resolution asking the Dominion government to impose a duty on rough lumber is being endorsed by the cities and towns throughout the province. The lumbermen ask that a duty of $2 per thousand be placed on rough lumber coming into Canada from the United States. This is the duty charged by our neighbors on the same material going from Canada across the line. American rough lumber comes into Canada duty free. The mills on the Sound are protected in their home market by a tariff, and can afford to sacrifice their surplus lumber. This they have been doing, and at such low prices that they have shut out the B. C. lumbermen from the Northwest market, and so has caused many of our sawmills on the coast to close down, thereby throwing many men out of employment. Retalliation is asked for, and this the local men have a right to expect. They demand that a tariff equal to that in force against Canadian lumber going into the United States be imposed on American lumber coming into Canada.

Golden Drip Molasses

The people of the Okanagan have had so much molasses handed out to them by the C. P. R. that the mere smell of it causes nausea. The Okanagan Molasses Limited has spread it so thick that this weak effort of the Okanagan Herald falls flat:

"We have been at some pains to ascertain from the C. P. R. their views on the Okanagan service, the prospects of a daily train this winter, and improvements in traffic arrangements. We have given full expression to the views of the Valley, and it is only fair to both sides that the C. P. R. view should also be known. The company recognize the service is not what it ought to be, or what they would like it to be, but they point out that the S. & O. branch does not belong to them and is being operated under contract with the Provincial Government, who control it. The road was poorly built in the first place and will not stand heavy traffic. It was enormously over-capitalized, and has to pay interest on a sum much larger than its actual cost of construction. The company has no title to or interest in the roadbed beyond that of temporary lessees. If they owned the road, or had a title to it for sufficient length of time to warrant it, they would rebuild the road, lay heavier steel, put in improved shipping facilities, such as slips at Okanagan Landing to enable them to handle freight better between the train and steamer, and would put a better engine and equipment on the road. As to a daily service in winter, a careful tally of the traffic, the company contend, does not warrant it from a business point of view, though its advantage to the district is admitted, especially as regards the mail service.

"The company contend the S. & O. is not a paying line to them. They get 60 per cent. of the receipts and this is no more than the cost of operation over their system, without allowing any profit. The line is given full credit for its passenger revenue and freight mileage.

"On these statements it is hopeless to expect the company to concede the popular demand for a daily service under present conditions, and the only way to get it is to get after the provincial government to amend the agreement for the operation of the branch, and to urge the dominion government to help with their mail allowance."

This sounds like the real old Golden Drip at so much per. If, as the Herald says, "the company recognize that the service is not what it ought to be," why doesn't the government compel the company to make it what it ought to be or give up the lease? The contract under which the C. P. R. is operating the road says that the company shall provide *"duly equipped trains for the carriage of passengers and freight as frequently as shall be necessary for the traffic of the country."*

All the company's promises of what it would do "if" it had a title to the road are light as wind, and will not settle on the people of the Valley. The assertion that the road is poorly built and will not stand heavy traffic is not supported by fact. When a wheezy old engine can pull such trains as are drawn over the S. & O. it does not look as if the roadbed were in such a deplorable condition. It will take more than the statement of the C P. R. to convince any sane man that the S. & O. is not a profit-producing branch. The talk of a further subsidy is ridiculous. Already the road is costing the provincial government $30,000 a year—several thousand more than the annual cost of operating the road.

Children's Gift

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." To experience the truth of this quotation, one must put it to the test. The children of Enderby did so last Christmas. The annual Christmas Tree service was turned into a gift service, a big box being provided and the children depositing therein some gift for another less fortunate than they. This box was sent to an Indian Mission at Duncan, Vancouver Island.

This week Rev. Mr. Roberts received this graceful acknowledgment:

"Your welcome letter came about a week ago, and the box arrived yesterday. I am sure it was very thoughtful of you to remember us away off here, and I can assure you and your people that your kindness is most opportune.

"We opened the box last evening, and the first thing that I got hold of was a sack of rolled oats, which was immediately designated to a poor sick man, who asked me for something to make porridge of, when I last visited him. Then, next came some Santa Claus stockings, and some toys---just what we wanted for some of our children who had no Christmas. But, perhaps the best of all were the warm mittens and stockings, and the comfortable garments for this cold winter weather.

"We have 700 Indians here, and some of them are not very well clad, so it is a blessing to them when we have something warm to give the needy ones.

"We will long remember the Christmas box from Enderby and pray God to bless the kind friends who thought of the Indians in their need.

"C. M. TATE."

SALMON ARM ITEMS.

W. E. Pratt, the V. S., has got the best looking horse in this District.

Messrs. Fulton and Orchard, of Enderby, paid the Arm a visit last week.

The Orangemen are preparing to build a large hall with a store-room in the lower floor.

Everyone is taking advantage of the good roads and fine weather, and is getting out logs, fencing and wood and prepairing generally for the spring work.

The Delightful Okanagan

In the Oregon Agriculturist and Rural Northwest, a correspondent writes: "Beautiful Okanagan, located just north of the boundary line, and on a line north of Umatilla, is approximately 160 miles long, north and south, by five to twenty-five or more miles wide east and west, and a most picturesque and delightful part of British Columbia. From Sicamous lake on the north to the "midway" (boundary line) on the south it exhibits a diversification of soil, water courses and bodies, timber, landscape, hills, mountains and valleys not exceeded in any portion of this Pacific Northwest. From this beautiful, placid body of Okanagan lake to the snow-capped giants towering five or more thousands of feet above it, the scenery is entrancing. The climate is as variable in quantity and quality as the innumerable little valleys that are tributary to the main one. Half tropical through the long, delightful spring, summer and fall season, and mildly temperate during the short winter. A few weeks sleighing, with light freezing, coupled with some skating, on the uplands, and snappy, sunshiny weather, with an occasional touch of zero temperature in the lower valleys constitute a general sectional climate that makes this region soon-to-be widely known as one of ideal homes. This is not a section for the "poor man," but rather for the man of moderate or ample means who wants to live for all there is in a delightful country life.

SAFE ON THE WAY

The Bank of Montreal is to Canada what the Bank of England is to Great Britain. Its word is like its bond—good the world over. When Manager Henderson decided that a branch would be opened in Enderby some time ago, and so stated, that was sufficient guarantee that it would come. There has been some delay in the matter, but we learn that the safe for the Enderby office is on the way, and as soon as it arrives arrangements will be made for opening. Manager Henderson will be in Enderby this week to arrange for fittings for the new office, which, for the time being, will be in the corner store room of the Wright hotel block.

Jerk-Water Railroading

This is the way the C. P. R. provides "duly equipped trains" and complies with the contract with the government respecting prompt service on the S. & O. We quote from the Advertiser: "On Wednesday of last week the train left two carloads of wood at the station. By Friday it had increased to four, and on Monday to five carloads. About that time the C. P. R. thought it would make up a special to clear the sidetracks here and at Enderby, the engine leaving this place with 12 cars. But she came back! A flying start was made. Still she returned! After dropping a car she took another run at the grade. This time she succeeded in getting through." Delightful service! And yet it costs the people of British Columbia more than $30,000 a year; and the government has the power, but won't exercise it, to make the C.P.R. "run duly equipped trains as frequently as shall be necessary" to accommodate the traffic of the road.

Anticipation and Realization

The attendance at the Literary meeting last week was larger than usual, and the program of the evening was an interesting one. The result of the debate was a decision in favor of the sword, and contrary to what the copybooks tell us about the pen, but it will be borne in mind that the copybooks were written some years ago before the society came upon the scene.

Tonight the following program will be given:

Song,	Mr. Heggie
Reading,	Mr. Truesdale
Song,	Mr. Gardom
Reading,	Mr. Sutcliffe
Song,	Rev. Mr. Venables
Song,	Mrs. Gilmore
Song,	Mr. Bell

The debate is: "Resolved that anticipation is greater than realization;" affirmative, Messrs. Truesdale and Venables; negative, Messrs. Boyer and Jones. Everybody welcome.

STRAYED.

To my place on Deep Creek: one red cow, white strip over hips and white under belly; also one red steer. Marked by V-shaped piece out of end of right ear. Owner will please call and take away. H. NAYLOR.

Deep Creek, Dec. 22, 1904.

Buy B. C. grown nursery stock if you do not want the delay, expense, and damage of inspection and fumigation. Henry's catalogue tells you all about it.

For Sale—Row boat, in good condition, cheap. Apply: EDENOGRAPH.

Send THE EDENOGRAPH as a letter to the folks at home.

THE EDENOGRAPH
H. M. WALKER

Published each Wednesday at Enderby, B.C., the Eden of Canada.

Subscription: $2 a year; $1 six months; 50c three months; 5c a copy.

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Dear Friend: You can take THE EDENOGRAPH by paying $2 a year and believe everything the editor says, (if you want to) but if you do not occasionally express your thoughts through its columns, you will not get out of it the good you might, nor will your neighbor, the editor. Wishing to encourage perfect freedom and candor between THE EDENOGRAPH and its readers, we have thrown down all barriers and want you to feel free to walk into the sanctum sanctorum with your best thoughts in your hand and demand a hearing. If you have an idea, have it printed. Don't wait for a better one. Address—

THE EDENOGRAPH.
Enderby, B. C.

The Okanagan will ever be the Garden of Canada; Plant you a posie bed.

THEY DO INVESTIGATE

General Superintendent of the C. P. R., Mr. Whyte, accompanied by Mr. Marpole, Mr. Coyle and others, came in on the molasses limited last Wednesday. It was unfortunate that they were not two days sooner. Had they been on Monday's train they would have enjoyed a novel experience in molasses railroading. When the train pulled out of Armstrong the load was more than the engine could pull up the slight grade. To get a better start it backed down the grade and made another run at it. This time it got nearly over but not over. Down it came again, this time to the creamery. Then away it went, after dropping a car at the siding. This time it must have got through, because it did not come back. The passenger coaches were well crowded with land-seeker who must have enjoyed the jerk-water novelty.

The newspaper men were not permitted to ride on the car that carried the officials and so they could not learn the mission of the officials, but it is more than likely that the visit was in connection with the tri-week service.

The Vernon News suggests that a written statement of our grievances be laid before the Railway Commission, but it seems to us that quicker returns might be obtained if the matter were forced upon the provincial government. The road is costing the government more than $30,000 per year, not counting the 60 per cent. of the gross proceeds, which the C. P. R. takes for operating. The cost of operating the road is $27,000 a year. To the $30,000 a year that the government pays, add $20,000, the amount of the 60 per cent. of the proceeds, and we have what the road really costs the people. Fifty thousand dollars a year is a big sum to pay for the service we are getting. The government is negligent in its duty if it fails to compel the C. P. R. to carry out the spirit and letter of the contract, forcing the company to provide *"duly equipped trains for the carriage of passengers and freight as frequently as shall be necessary for the traffic of the country."*

CRAZY LEGISLATION

An Ottawa despatch under date of Jan. 9th, says: "An attempt is about to be made to drive all United States currency out of Canada. To attain this end it is proposed to introduce legislation at the coming session of the Dominion parliament, either as a government measure or private bill. Robert Bickerdike, M. P., of Montreal a prominent representative of business and banking interests in parliament, proposes to make the circulation of American silver money in Canada a criminal offence. He will introduce a tentative measure in the form of an amendment to the Canadian criminal code, providing that anyone uttering or offering in payment any copper or silver coin other than Canadian, shall become liable to a penalty of double the nominal value thereof."

We in Canada have learned to not take our legislators seriously. We are accustomed to these spasmodic outbursts of—what shall we say? The legislation foreshadowed, if actually proposed, would place Canada in a ridiculous plight before the other nations of the world. What is the cause of so much American silver circulating in Canada? In the West we find at least twenty times as much American silver as Canadian silver in circulation. Is there not a good reason for this? It is plain to any man who is not looking at the question through a bank bill. The Canadian banks have induced the government so to reduce the coin circulation, in order to increase the demand for bank bills, that the use of American silver is an absolute necessity. Let our "statesman",—Mr. Bickerdike—devote his time to removing the cause of the foreign money circulating in Canada, and he will not find it necessary to bring forward fool legislation. When Canada makes it a criminal offence for citizens within her border to spend money, it is time she shut up shop.

For purposes of illustration, the per capita of gold and silver money in a number of countries is given here:

	Gold	Silver
France	$24.36	$10.79
Netherlands	4.02	10.68
Spain	4.08	9.34
United States	15.64	8.44
Mexico	.63	7.98
Belgium	2.89	3.82
Germany	13.64	3.68
Switzerland	9.06	3.24
Great Britain	13.18	2.80
India	.21	1.75
China		1.80
Canada	6.26	1.24

Let any reasonable man study these figures, and he will not have to ask why there is so much American silver used in Canada. Our people rank below the Indian ryot in the amount per capita allowed for their intelligent use. The way to overcome the evil, if it is an evil, is to provide Canadian silver to take the place of the American coin. It has not been to the advantage of the United States that we have been using that country's silver. Canada has needed it, and it has been an accommodation to us that we have been allowed to use it. The people of the United States have not anywhere near a sufficient supply, and in response to their insistent demand for more, at each session of Congress the treasury and mint officials make urgent appeals for authority to coin more subsidiary silver. And yet the idea conveyed by such thoughtless men as Mr. Bickerdike is that the use of American silver in Canada is a favor to the United States, whereas it is a most serious loss to the Union.

The Ottawa despatch adds: "Refusal by the United States people to accept Canadian money at par is the prime reason of war of retaliation." This make the whole thing appear even more ridiculous. Because the people, as individuals, refuse to take our money at par, we, as a nation, will make it a criminal offence for anyone to spend any of Uncle Sam's silver in Canada! Oh, Bickerdike, Bickerdike. There isn't a civilized or uncivilized nation in the world that has such a ridiculous measure on its statutes. No civilized nation would think of legislating against the coin money of another nation. Any man can take whatever nation's money he pleases for any commodity he has to sell, and all the powers on earth are not powerful enough to stop him, or impose a penalty for his doing so. The question rests with the buyer and seller. The seller can refuse any foreign coin for what he has to sell.

It is to Canada's advantage that the people of the States do refuse to take our silver at par. It will make the people of Canada keep within the Dominion the money we so badly need. If the Dominion government would hurry the completion of the mint and open it to the coinage of gold and silver to its fullest capacity, there would not be any necessity to borrow our coin money from Uncle Sam. But, until Canada can make enough money to supply a sufficient medium of exchange to carry on the business of the country, it is nonsense to talk of imposing a penalty on people for using what they must have.

With *The* Owl

HANK REALAW IN THE DARK WOODS.

IS DANGEROUS to nurse a wrong—dangerous, because if we allow our minds to dwell on the evil our neighbor has done us, we become like him. We never can rise higher than our thoughts. No man is perfect; all have faults. No man can think so much of another after discovering in him some hidden sin; but true worth is shown when we can draw the curtain on the scene of weakness, and, looking deeper, discover the good that lies beneath,—for as sure as God made man, there is goodness in every one. It is our fault if we fail to find it. And isn't it better to seek to discover what we know ought to be there, though we do not know just where, than to jump at the fault that everyone can see and repeat what everybody knows?

Take a lesson from the life of the prospector. He starts work in a doubtful field. He sees the formation is right; knows the precious metal ought to be there, and starts in to find it. Others have been over the ground, and found nothing. Perhaps they have discovered a piece of float, and after searching for days and maybe weeks and not finding another piece, conclude that the good piece was carried there from some other locality by a glacier or landslide, and give up the search. But the man who knows will not give up. The wash is deep, and the float comes only now and then. For days he cannot find anything to give him encouragement. But he keeps digging. Over and over the ground he goes. It *ought* to be there; the formation is true. For weeks and months and sometimes years he seeks on; then one day he sticks his pick into the heart of an ore body, that has been hidden for ages by only a few inches of surface wash—and he is rich indeed!

I think the heart of every man has a pay shoot of rich ore that would be a blessing to humanity if discovered and developed. The wash may not be so deep as the surface indicates. Perhaps you have missed it; or it may be you will have to go a few inches or feet deeper. Know this: the formation is good—*it ought to be there!*

For Fruit Lands, Farm Lands and Town Property call and see—
WALTER E. TRUESDALE, ENDERBY, B. C.
Agent for — The Colonial Investment and Loan Co.
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The Guardian Assurance Co.
The Confederation Life Association Co., of Toronto.
The Ontario Accident Insurance Co., of Toronto.

Watch 'Fixin's'
If your Time Keeper does not keep time, we can very soon make it.

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Jeweler &
Expert Watch Repairer
Enderby.

ROASTS THAT ARE TENDER AS THEY LOOK CAN BE HAD FOR THE ASKING

Geo. R. Sharpe
ENDERBY.

Is your health Insured?
An accident policy covering sickness as well, will provide for you. Get it of
WALTER E. TRUESDALE
Enderby

For Sale!
Farming Land in lots to suit purchaser. Suitable for fruit growing and dairying. Apply to
J. W. McCALLUM, Salmon Arm.

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GENERAL MERCHANT. ENDERBY, B.C.

The stock in the several departments is large, varied and new

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All lines of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Meats and Fish. Agents for Ram Lals, the best and most popular Tea on the market. Hams, Bacon and Dairy Produce. Flour and Meals.

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Tents, Camp Stoves and Fittings, Picks and Shovels, Stumping Powder, Fuse and Caps, Arms and Ammunition, Rubber Boots, Blacksmith Coal.

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings
Men's and Boy's Clothing, Hosiery, Shirts, Collars, Ties and Underwear. Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes.

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Farm and Garden Requisites
Agricultural Implements, Wagons, Hay and Fence Wire, Harvest Tools, Garden Tools, Garden and Field Seeds.

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SHINGLES, LATHES, DIMENSION TIMBERS, Etc.
Mills at Kamloops, Annis and Enderby. Capacity 25,000,000 feet of Lumber and 30,000,000 Shingles yearly. Terms on application. Address—
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Can't find anything better
That is the opinion of men who are expert fruit growers and have gone over this tract of land. It is right in the town; a few minutes' walk from the Postoffice. Land is continually raising in value. We have sold a number of these blocks, but have a few choice building sites left. You won't find lots of better value. The town will continue to progress; it has only fairly started. Property will continue to increase in value; building lots will never be less valuable than they are today. Your best opportunity is NOW. rice of Lots, $10 to $70
Henry W. Harvey, Agent, Enderby.

Kelowna's Lakeview
JAS. O WES, Proprietor.
This hotel is delightfully situated, on the shore of Okanagan lake and, with "Jim" Bowes to greet you as host, it will make your stay in Kelowna most enjoyable. The accommodations at the Lakeview are complete without being lavish—that is Jim's characteristic.

Receipt Books
Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Shipping Tags, Invoice Envelopes, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Invitations—anything that can be printed—quickly done at this office. Estimates cheerfully furnished on every class of Book and Job Printing.
The Edenograph, Drawer 5 Enderby BELL Brick Block, Cliff St. $2 00 A YEAR

The Methodist Church

SERVICES:

Divine Service every Sunday at 7:30 p.m.
Sunday-School and Bible Class, 2:30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, - - - Tuesday, 8 p.m.

A hearty welcome for all.

A. E. ROBERTS, Pastor.
Residence: Cliff St., next the Church.

HER PINK WRAPPER

By STELLA BELDING

THERE is a place where the leaves grow more profoundly green in summer, redder and more golden in autumn, and where the brilliant eternity of sky is of a deeper sapphire hue. Thus is slumbrous Greenton Valley.

Here a tiny cottage stood, white and rose embowered, idyllic, poetic, and charged with the gentle Virginian grace of ancient Italy. It was set in a garden laid off with academic primness. Yellow dwarf roses reared their idle creamy heads beside such lurid effects of nature as red and white chrysanthemums; a sisterhood of passionate red cahlias flaunted away in the sunshine opposite nunlike lilies; and an infinity of little ox-eyed pansies made for borders. It was a most delectable garden indeed.

Sweet Ernestine Tebbs looked up from her gardening, prettily perplexed as Col. Sam Raphael Bell shut the absurd toy of a white gate with an announcing click. Everything was on a colonial miniature scale.

Ernestine's fingers were buried in the rich, cream loam. By her side a huge pair of shears lay, the only thing of inconsequential size about the place. She raised her hand and pushed back her hair from her forehead, and rotted the flapping proportions of her garden hat on the crown of her head. The colonel thought gardening such a pretty, pretty pastime.

"I see you've had your shutters painted," remarked the colonel, with originality.

"Um-um, yes," faltered Ernestine with a streak of the same element. Then she added, softly: "I did it."

The colonel laughed his hearty, regimental laugh and flushed rather under the healthy tan of his skin.

"I must confess you made a striking success of it," he said, letting his eyes wander over the six gingerbread windows of this doll house. Everything was so delightfully, ridiculously, absurdly neat and tidy and clean and prim. And the girl before him was remarkably pretty, with her fresh morning face, her silky fawn-brown hair, and her long, flowerlike hands that now lay loosely clasped over her dimpled knees.

The morning wrapper she wore was worthy of being called an invention and it was a product of her own imagination. It was crisp and very pink and clean, with an infinity of loops and bows and ruffles, and last, but not least, a honeycomb yoke and peekaboo sleeves. Ernestine was also the author of her hat.

This delicious precision and tidiness about the doll house was balm upon the cleanly, order-loving soul of Col. Bell.

"I'm really just curious enough to want to know how you managed, Miss Ernestine," he said, expanding his military chest with the clean, fresh air of Greenton Valley, as he seated himself beside Ernestine.

She bit in her under lip. There was an almost dangerous sweetness lurking about the corners of her round mouth.

Suddenly she laughed outright, and crooped her head, burying her charming, dimpling face in her rosy hands.

"Oh! I'm almost ashamed to tell you," she said, hardly audible. "It's so ridiculous, but then it seems to me that everything that happens during these summers here is ridiculous."

"Miss Ernestine," said the colonel, with unction, "I promise to keep perfectly sober."

"Well, then, I'll tell you."

She sighed a delectable little dirling sigh that thrilled straight through the colonel and finally lodged in his heart.

The yellow, impalpable sunshine beat down upon them, and over them brooded the eternity of lustrous sapphire sky.

"You see it's just this way," began Ernestine, "there are only two of us, of course, and my sister, being past mistress of expedients and strategy, suggested that we make a stepladder of our household goods. So we piled chairs and tables up from the ground and down from the windows, and I stood on these and held to the frame while I painted."

The colonel glanced up at the trim, muslin curtained, gingerbread windows that looked out of the wall like three staring eyes slightly askew.

"But why didn't you take the shutters off to paint them, Miss Ernestine?" exclaimed the colonel, inspirationally.

Ernestine extended her pretty hands in a tender little movement of appeal to the colonel. She pressed her glowing morning face down among the cool leaves and blossoms of the chrysanthemums.

"Oh, don't tell me, at this late day, dear colonel, that shutters come off!"

She was very tempting as she sat there in her trim little garden, her bright head catching and holding the sunlight like a jewel. She herself was like a rare gem, on which one discovered new and beautiful facets at every turn. Her charms were very penetrating, very many, very appealing.

The colonel took counsel with himself. He intended telling a falsehood, he also intended giving it away with the great white light of truth.

"No, Miss Ernestine," he said, "I think you were quite right. It has always been my theory that shutters look better afterward when painted on the house. I do not know why; but that has always been my experience."

She looked up at him gratefully, and he felt repaid.

Presently the colonel left, followed by his Irish setter Lodusky. For quite a few minutes after on the homeward walk he could see nothing very distinctly but sweet Ernestine's graceful figure, the peculiar poise of her head, the charming gestures of her hands, the creamy, Germanic sweetness of her face. And this delightful picture was framed in a border of dancing light and shadow, chrysanthemums, dwarf roses, and delectable, inspiring cleanliness and order.

The colonel had attained a certain age. He had often seen his sisters in the matutinal hours display themselves in, well, perhaps picturesque disarray one might call it, if one were disposed to be lenient. The colonel wished to commit himself not swiftly. He desired his future wife to be his most dainty, his most beautiful, plaything and idol. There was, perhaps a dash of Harlequin and the far east in the make-up of Col. Bell. He would call on Miss Ernestine very early to-morrow morning; and then, perhaps—if—

"Is it eight o'clock yet?" yawned Ernestine, turning over in bed and presenting a white rampart of back to her sister's sleepy face.

"Yes," came the muffled answer.

Ernestine rose, yawned again, pressed her hands to her frowsy head and stretched herself luxuriously, blinking hard to open her eyes. She sent out one small foot to feel about on the floor for the badly down-trodden slippers that lay hidden under the pile of ruffled bedclothes that had slipped to the floor during the night.

Ernestine groaned audibly, the room was so intolerably, deplorably untidy.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Ernestine crossly, then stopped suddenly as a rather sick looking wrapper came down over her head and shut off utterance. "Do get up, Anne, everything is in such a nasty mess."

She kicked a roll of soiled towels into a corner, and threw a bunch of withered roses into the brimming slop basin. When the shutters were flung open she stepped for a moment before the mirror. In it she saw a most dowdy little figure. She nearly laughed out loud. Her beautiful hair was tumbled about her shoulders and standing absurdly at sixes and sevens. Traces of yesterday morning's chocolate adorned her wrapper front.

"I certainly am a little—fright!" she laughed.

She thought languidly of the transformation that would take place when she donned the fresh pink wrapper now lying across the back of a chair in the next room, and of the effect of a knot of young rosebuds at the belt.

The beat of footsteps sounded in the hall. The girls stopped short, and their eyes met. They came unsettlingly near then ceased. The sisters still stood transfixed, looking at each other.

An inquiring, long, brown nose was softly protuded within the crack of the door.

"Lodusky!" screamed Ernestine Tebbs, running to him and beginning to pat his head vigorously.

"Col. Bell!" ejaculated her sister.

Ernestine had long since raised quick costuming to the level of a science.

Very shortly she emerged distractingly pretty, captivating, immaculate as the morning, and in time to gather a few blossoms for her throat as she tripped down the gravel walk to meet the unregenerate colonel. She was as fresh and sweet as one of her own favorite blush roses that bloomed at her feet, as she faced the colonel in that most delectable of pink morning wrappers. She looked up at him, archly, coyly, from out the shadow of her great garden hat.

"Good morning," he said, abruptly. "Miss Ernestine, pray pardon such an early morning call, but—"

She put out her soft, white hand quickly and laid it on his, pressing it gently.

"Dear colonel," she said, "I find the early, early morning the most beautiful part of the day. Why apologize?"

She let her hand drop. His own still tingled, he felt her little fingertips resting in his palm. The colonel's face was overspread with a not conventional beatitude, for had she not stood the supreme test, and come out with not only flying, but scrupulously clean colors. He twined his arm about her drawing her into the shadow of a tree near by, and whispered a few hurried words in her ear. Lodusky lay on the gravel and stared at them with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

It was very quiet, not a leaf stirred in slumberous Greenton valley.—National Magazine.

Are your horses' feet tender?

We have the newest thing out—a cushion for the feet. It is called the

Air Cushion Pad

and it is exactly what its name implies—a horse-shoe of rubber to cushion the tender hoofs. If you will step into the shop next time you're in town, we will show how it works.

Wm. Hutchison, Enderby

C. O. F. No 1058

Meets every second and fourth Thursday in each month. Visiting Brethren cordially invited.

A.W. Sharp, C.R. H. H. Worthington, Sec.

L.O.L. No. 446

Meets the 1st and 3rd Friday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

Visiting brethren welcome.

W.M., A. E. Roberts. Sec., H. J. Blurton

FOR SALE

No. 2 Empire Cream Separator

GEORGE R. LAWES, Enderby

Under The Olive Tree

WITH HANK BEKLAW

Bob Burdette, they used to call him. Now it is Rev. R. J. Burdette, and he preaches in one of large churches at Los Angeles. But time and title have not materially changed the big little man. He says great things with the same simplicity as of old, and always with a sparkle of humor. To some of his friends, Mr. Burdette sent a booklet entitled "A Minute of Time," as a New Year's greeting. In it, he goes with the Jester, one cold morning of January 1st, to "the oldest House in the world, the old established, ever reliable monopoly of Time."

"I am thinking of turning over a new leaf this year," said the Jester.

"Time laughed till the fragile little hour-glass shook in the strong hands. "Are you, indeed, my son?" he said. "I know that; small need for you to come here with that information. I know more than that—I know you are going to turn over a new leaf whether you are thinking about it or not. I can tell you more than that, too; the New Leaf is going to be turned over for you anyhow, without the slightest regard to your intentions, wishes or will; that is a thing we will settle for you right here, my son, without troubling you in any manner concerning the transactions. You have come to the right shop; we will turn new pages for you every day this year, whether you will or no; what you write upon them is your own concern. Here is your Diary for 1905—write a good record in it and God bless you—and now run along; other customers are crowding in, and there is no loafing allowed about this place."

The Jester passed out slowly and listened to the busy old Chronologer as he welcomed and sped the coming and going customers who thronged the establishment and kept the Hours and Minutes and other attendants moving all the time to attend the wants of humanity.

"A young man elbowed past the Jester, and as he spoke to the Maker of Calendars the Old Man called out: 'Here, Mr. Twenty-one! Have this young gentleman's birthday ready at once—stick half a dozen more hairs in the upper lip—eye-brow size—there you are, sir; call again in a few years and have your voice deepened.' 'Good morning, sir, a Happy New Ye—Eh? You left a Yesterday with us about twenty-four hours ago? Yes, that's right; we gave you a receipt, stamped on your memory. 'And you would like it back again?' Sorry, my dear sir, very sorry, but it's against all the rules of the house. Never returned a man a Minute but once since the House was opened, and that was to a king named Hezekiah, more than 2,000 years ago; didn't do him a bit of good, either; was as great a fool after as he was before; a little more of a fool, if anything. Your Yesterday is in the Cold Storage Warehouse, under bond; can show you some excellent views of it, if you'd like. There he goes; usually the case; when they want it back they don't want to look at it.'

"'What's here. A chubby-faced school-boy, going home for the holidays; wants to know 'if I can't bring Tomorrow along this Afternoon?' Not yet, little Man; call around forty years from now, and I'll rain Tomorrows down on you so fast they'll take your breath away every time you open your mouth to shout 'Stop!'

"And now—Ah, good afternoon, Grandpa; and what can we do for you this quiet winter day? Come over here where the sun shines through the south window. 'You would like to look at Yesterday a little while?' Certainly, Grandpa, certainly. Memory, dear, bring Grandpa the stereopticon; sit down by his side and turn the slides for him. Come hither, Wisdom, my quiet daughter; bring the powder box with you—sift it over him as he bends his head above the picture your sister is showing him—gently, gently—a little more right here at his temples; don't let any of it get into his eyes; sprinkle it thickly on the top of his head—snow it down gently—gently—that's right; now on his beard; silver it; there is no snow falls so white and warm as that; that's the way—so softly that he doesn't notice it; there, there, that will do; there is a crown of glory and honor for you, Grandpa; and here is a nice stout stick with a crooked handle that will just fit your old hand; lean hard upon it as you have leaned upon the Promises all the days of your life; just one moment before you go—this way, Mr. Strongman, put the tremolo stop on Grandpa's knees, and bring that seventy-year-old stoop for his shoulders—now you may go, Grandpa. Ah, it makes the Day sweet and writes the date in letters of gold upon the Calendar when we finish a piece of work like that."

Patronise the Industries that patronise Your Town---IT PAYS

We manufacture eleven brands of Flour: Best, Hungarian, and Premier, Three Star, Drifted Snow, Alpina, Strong Baker's or XX, Wheat Sheaf, Superfine, Graham, Whole Wheat. These are all good grades; Moffett's BEST is unsurpassable. WHEATLETS, the ideal breakfast food, is also our manufacture. Try it. All kinds of FEED in wholesale or retail quantities.

The Columbia Flouring Mills Co., Ltd. Enderby.

The Enderby Hotel. . . . .

Furnace Heated: Electric Lighted

This pioneer house is experiencing the greatest rush of business in its history. It is the result of its popularity. The service and accommodations are the best. Ninety-foot annex now ready to accommodate the trade. The cream of the land on bar and table. Rates: $1 and $2 per day

H. W. Wright, Prop.

At Cost

We have just finished stock-taking, and find we have too large a stock of Lumbermen's Supplies to carry over. We are therefore offering AT COST Lumbermen's Rubbers, German Socks, Mackinaws, Etc. This is your opportunity to lay in a supply of those warm things for the hills, for less money than you ever paid for the same quality of goods. Also winter underwear and heavy socks, and many other seasonable articles. This is your chance! Take it.

J. C. Metcalfe Enderby

Painter J. E. Orchard
Enderby, B. C.

HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING
GRAINING, STAINING and DECORATING

Imitators of native and foreign woods. PAPER HANGING, ALL WORK FIRST CLASS.

TREES For Spring Delivery

I am now taking orders for Fruit Tree from the big Nurseries of Stone & Wellington, Toronto. The quality of the trees sent out by these nurseries is as near perfection as scientific growers can make it.

E. A. CHAPPELL, Endeby

Enderby Brick Yard

Orders taken for any quantity. Plastering, chimney building, and brick & stone masonry work contracted

Baird & Gibbs Enderby

Job Printing

That touches the artistic and keeps house for Economy, will be done at this office—quickly, neatly and cheaply. You do not have to send your printing out of town. Anything that can be done in Toronto (in ordinary commercial printing) can be done right here.

The Edenograph
Enderby, B. C.

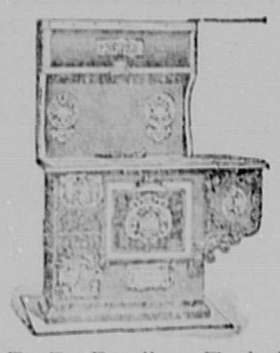
Isn't there something you would like to have in the printing line? We can give satisfaction at this office.

Enderby Trading Co.

Underwear

For Men, Women and Children—Babies, too,—that will keep the wearer comfortable, no matter what the weather. The best makes, all sizes and all grades. Ladies' skirts for the snow season; and some new dress goods that are very fashionable.

Enderby Trading Co.,
Cliff St. Enderby.



If your Stove is not satisfactory it will pay you to get a new one. If the pipes are old, you run great risk from fire. All our stove pipes are rivetted, and will not telescope. Always stand firm.

R. P. Bradley, Enderby Hardware Merchant

TINSMITH and PLUMBER. In connection with the Hardware establishment of R. P. Bradley, I have opened a Tinsmith and Plumbing department. Am an experienced copper, tin, or sheet iron worker. Special attention to furnace work, piping and roofing. **A. Fulton,** Plumber & Fitter

Logger's Remarkable Escape

A man employed by the Big Bend Lumber Co., had a very narrow escape with death Thursday morning, says the Trout Lake Review. He was at work on the top of a 50-foot pile of heavy timber, when without warning the mass began to slide down a 45-deg. slope. The young man managed to keep a footing on the tumbling logs while they travelled as far as 100 feet, then to the horror of the observers he disappeared from view. The logs continued to career along for another 50 feet, and it was thought the poor fellow had gone to certain death. Shortly after the logs had settled a cry for help was heard, and the man was found in a hole with comparatively slight injuries.

A Hole that Wasn't Darned

The throat specialist exhibited his laryngoscope to a nervous woman patient and remarked: "You would be surprised to know how far down we can see with this instrument." And, then, as he was about to place the laryngoscope in her throat, she apologetically said, in that sweet feminine way: "I have a hole in my stocking."

To Let—One 4-roomed house and one 6-roomed house. Apply: THE EDENOGRAPH.

Buy Direct
& save agent's Commission

Thousands of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Rhododendrons, Roses, Greenhouse and Hardy Plants.

For Spring Planting

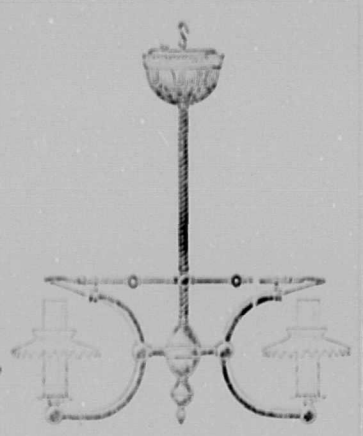
All acclimated stock. Dug and shipped direct to the planter without being transported thousands of miles and then fumigated (and consequently damaged) before delivery. Home-Grown and Imported Garden, Field & Flower Seeds, always in stock in season, and tested as to vitality. Eastern prices or less. White Labor. Fertilizers, Bee Hives and supplies. Floral Designs.

Catalogue Free. M. J. HENRY,
3010 Westminster Road Vancouver B. C.

Jas. Jarrett
Carpenter & Builder

Has opened a carpenter shop in the rear of the Hancock block. All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

The BEST Light Co., of Canton, Ohio.



Manufacture a Gasoline lamp known as the BEST LIGHT that is used all over the world. Recently these lamps have been taking hold of Canada, and are being imported by the carloads by agents in various parts of the Dominion. J. W. McCALLUM, of Salmon Arm, has taken a sub-agency, working through the B. C. agent at Vancouver, and can supply all demands.

Persons wishing a good Gas Light for one-quarter the cost of coal oil, without any chimneys to clean and break, should order one of the BEST lamps. They are Top Generators, will light with a match; no alcohol used in lighting them. These lamps cost less than one cent an hour to burn, for 80 to 100 candle-power. The same light with coal oil would cost four cents per hour or more. Every lamp guaranteed to be as represented. Every lamp tested before leaving factory. Call at R. P. BRADLEY'S Hardware Store. He will take your order and tell you all about it.

J. W. McCALLUM, Salmon Arm, B. C. MATTHEWS & EVANS ENDERBY

In the Pulpits

What the Local Pastors Talked About Sunday

"I would rather be a door keeper in the house of God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." Taking these words of the psalmist for his text, Rev. Mr. Campbell gave a sermon in the Presbyterian church, Sunday morning, that was rich in thought and rang loud the charm of a life devoted sincerely to the service of God. The words of David express the feeling of every Christian who lives to earnestly serve God and his fellowman. It is more blessed to act in the meanest position that one can take in God's service, than to occupy the loftiest position the world can give, with all its grandeur and luxury and sin. Without God in it, life is empty and unsatisfying; with God in it, the humblest life is nobler far than the greatest the world can bestow.

Men tell us that they can worship God and do His work secretly and alone, and without the aid of the house of God, and to some extent this is true, but, let man take himself away from God's house, let him neglect the assembly, though it be only by twos and threes, and whatever spirituality he may have will soon die. No man is so strong or so wise that he can do without the influence of the house of God.

And yet we see men ready to sacrifice more for a life of sin than for a life of good; more for the things that are empty and vain than for the church of God. Right in our own Valley we find less sacrifice being made for the support of the church than for the demands of fashion and of folly.

The two parables found in the 13th chapter of Matthew, verses 44-46 formed the subject of Rev. Mr. Roberts' discourse in the Methodist church Sunday night. The supreme value of the gospel of Jesus was the topic, and it was illustrated from the parables of the hidden treasure and the pearl of great price. This is an age when men seek for treasure. All over the world there have been men willing to risk life and limb that they might find that which they consider treasure. Our Lord would teach us that there are higher things to be sought than mere money gain. The Kingdom of God is of more value than all else.

Things are of value according to their rarity. The diamond has its extreme value because it is rare. As commodities become scarce so they rise in value. Tried by this test the gospel of Jesus stands unequalled. It is the only means of salvation, for there is none other name under heaven by which we may be saved. We look to the one who knows and who is competent to judge to tell us the right ideas of values. A blind man is no judge of scenery and we must ask the ones who have tried the religion of Jesus if we would get a fair idea of its value. We go to the saintly mother or godly father and they, from their rich and ripe experience tell us that the gospel of Jesus is the most precious thing in the world. Then when we are considering values we ask how long will it last? The test of durability is put and here the gospel shines out more and more brilliantly.

YOU ALL KNOW HIM.

He's quite a well-intentioned man—but oh, it is a sin
The way that he's addicted to the vice of butting in.
He makes himself more trouble and plague other folk as well,
The scrapes it's brought him into it would never do to tell.
He never minds his business, has no time to attend
To that and other people's, and he wouldn't slight a friend.
He's proof against a snubbing, it's no earthly use to try
To make him keep his finger from the other fellow's pie.
He's trying to be helpful, you are confident of that
He thinks that his suggestions are invariably pat.
He'll show you how to do things in the way they should be done;
He'll give you his opinions on all things beneath the sun.
Wherever people gather for discussion, though it be
Of strictly private matters, you can never make him see
By voice or tone or manner any earthly reason why
He shouldn't have a finger in their confidential pie.
And interest about it! That's the trouble, don't you know.
Your hints are always wasted, so one hasn't any show.
I've mentioned that he never can quite completed a snub,
A kick would be too brutal and one cannot use a club.
And so we hear his politics and his prying as we run,
Because we know there really is no harm about the man.
But oh, it is a trial! And we're all conspirated to wish
When he comes near us eager for a finger in the pie.

—Chicago Daily News

Very Particular

Little Bill—"Aunt Mary, nurse says it's the Lord scoldin' us."

Aunt Mary—"Perhaps it is, dear."

Little Bill—"Well, I don't see what He's got to be so mad about. I'se done everything today 'cept wash my teef."—Brooklyn Life.

Ira Jones
Contractor & Builder

House to rent.
Agent for the Preston Metallic Co., of Preston, Ont.

All work under personal supervision, and promptly attended to.

8 shaves $ 1

The Leading Tonsorial Artist of the Valley, is located at Enderby. He can handle the razor with the best of them, and he's an artist with the scissors. Schedule of prices: Hair Cut, 25c; shave, 15c; singe, 10c; shampoo, 25c; hair tonic, 10c

Patrons will kindly note that this shop will not open on Sunday.

A. Todd, Hancock Blk, Enderby

For Sale

A black Fur Coat, nearly new. Apply, EDENOGRAPH office

Carpet Weaving All kinds good Carpet Rags wanted.

Also Scroll Sawing, Fancy Work, Medle Making, and all kinds of light Job Work. Can make mostly anything wanted.

A new Knitting Machine For Sale

Prices Reasonable

J. W. Bacon, Enderby, in Hancock block

Skate Sharpening quickly done.

LIVERY RIGS

We recently took charge of the Fashion Livery Stables, Enderby and are now doing an up-to-date livery and feed busin[illegible]

Nairn's

FOR SCHOOL BOOKS & SCHOOL SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS

Readers	Exercise Books	Pens
Scribblers	Dictionaries	Pen Holders
Slates	Blank Drawing Books	Red Ink
Blotters	Copying Pencils	Black Ink
Drawing Pencils	Pencil Boxes	Sett Squares
	Rubber Erasers	

FINE STATIONERY

D. NAIRN & CO., Druggists and Stationers ENDERBY, B. C.

WEBB'S CHOCOLATES PETERSON PIPES

SUNDAY HOURS: 2 to 4 p. m.

Can Our Town Beat This?

President Clowry of the Western Union Telegraph Company holds that laziness, more than anything else, is responsible for the failures that men and women make of their lives.

"Take the tramp," said President Clowry one day. "What is the tramp's dominant trait? Is it not laziness? You may say the tramp is fond of liquor. Well, I answer that he is fonder of laziness. He could swim in liquor if he would work for it. But he will not work.

"All failures are lazy. But the laziest failure is the tramp. A tramp knocked at the back door of my cousin's farm in Vermont one hot afternoon.

"'Lady,' he said to the cook, 'will ye spare a poor feller a drink of water?'

"'Certainly,' she answered. 'Here's a tumbler, and there's the pump.'

"'Thank you, kindly,' said the tramp. 'And now, if you will work the handle we shan't be long.'"

Halcyon

Hot Springs Sanitarium

The Medical Waters of Halcyon are the most curative in the world. A perfect, natural remedy for all Nervous and Muscular Diseases, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Ailments. Its Baths never fail to cure Rheumatism. An absolute guarantee given. For terms and particulars apply to—

Halcyon Hot Springs
Arrow Lake, B. C.

Have Your Cutter Painted? I have just fitted up an up-to-date paint shop over Wm. Hutchison's Blacksmith Shop, and am prepared to do the best carriage painting that can be done. Bring your cutter in and let us make it look like new. J. R. LINTON,
Painter & Decorator, Enderby

WANTED: A gentle driving horse. Apply to H. C. Fraser, Salmon Arm, B. C.

FOR SALE

That very desirable property known as The Eden House, adjoining the town of Enderby, embracing 140 acres; 18 acres under cultivation, with bearing orchard. Has produced the prize winning fruit of British Columbia. Two-story house, with large, stone-walled basement, good well, barn, chicken house, etc. An excellent chance to get an improved place; 15 minutes' walk from the postoffice, on the wagon road. For terms apply on the premises, or address—

WM. ELSON, Enderby, B. C.
Price, $50 an acre.

Silverware

When you are in need of fine silver pieces for the table, for wedding, birthday or other anniversary presentations, you will find the best made at the ARMSTRONG HARDWARE CO.

W. J. Armstrong, Manager, Armstrong, B. C.

A Policy

On your life in a reliable insurance company is the most sensible proposition that a man can consider. You are simply laying up money for old age. Or if you die before you need it then those left behind get the benefit of it. Write to—

The Mutual Life of Canada.
William J. Twiss, Manager Vancouver Branch

Stock Taking

We are busy this week—too busy to spend much time writing an ad. Stock Taking Time is a bad season for ease, but it's a good time to buy things cheap. Anything in the harness line can be had at a reduction—now. Next week may be too late.

Wm. Hancock, Enderby