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THE EDENOGRAPH

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Over the Bar

[Under this head we will publish any communication sent to us on questions of interest to the public. Our only conditions are these: First, the writer's name must accompany the pen name; vituperation is not argument and will not be accepted; make your point quickly and then quit.—Ed.]

Editor THE EDENOGRAPH:

Allow me a reference to your editorial of Mar. 22nd, entitled "War and Bar." My purpose is not so much to criticise as to refer to certain aspects of the question. A word of criticism will not hurt. In one paragraph of three sentences the bar is referred to as a "right," an "evil", a "privilege." Privilege, right, evil. Let us get a bill of divorcement. The statements about the church have no bearing on the present question and might better be left for some other connection. "More ready to condemn than to offer the hand of charity." In this THE EDENOGRAPH is pretty close to the condemning business. But we will not discuss the 'mote' and the 'beam.' It is enough to say that I believe no institution gives so much to society in proportion to the support it receives as the church. And no institution gives such poor returns as the bar, and none is better supported. Hank Reklaw might take this to the dark woods as a study in ethics.

Reference is made to "setting up something that would draw men away from the curse." Set up a bar, then set up something else to counteract it, something, for example, of more value than a man's self-respect and immortality; something more interesting than his business, which he bankrupts for sake of indulgence, something more pleasant than a Christian home, which he leaves behind; something more inspiring than the love of mother, wife, children, friends, which he cruelly crushes. If THE EDENOGRAPH will tell us this something [less cold theology and a warmer, Christ-like man-to-man fellowship.—Ed.] we will proceed straightway to set it up. I have been in the setting-up business several times, but never had the money or genius to set it high enough to do the drawing. In towns where there is every good thing imaginable set up the bar still does its work. Yet we believe in setting up good environment.

Something is said about the impossibility of "saving men by might." "Christ would not, man cannot." This is not a question of saving men, but one of responsibility for environment. Christ and all scripture lay on man the duty of good environment: "Lead us not into temptation." And we are all mightily under the influence of environment.

But "The government stands behind, sanctions, endorses." Nothing of the kind. The government gives absolute freedom and responsibility to the people of the town in this matter. It is not a question of a man's responsibility for his habit of drinking. That is not denied. It is not a question of somebody's responsibility for providing a remedy. According to our law the community has a responsibility which it cannot shun, and that is the present point.

Some take the position, and I judge THE EDENOGRAPH amongst them, the bar is an evil, and if it could be abolished everywhere we would throw our hats in the air as well as anybody. But since that is not yet, two are no worse than one. Let us multiply the evil; add the personal interest of more men; bring into it more capital and votes, deepen its roots; spread its branches; it will not increase the harm. The position is on the face of it illogical. What about "vested interests," "compensation"? A short time ago the Anglican church appointed a committee to investigate the drink problem and make recommendations. After careful investigation they gave as their conclusion that the evil in any place was very much in proportion to the number of licensed houses. They advised that the church use its influence to reduce to number of licenses to the minimum. And this was approved. We believe the conclusion about correct, and the recommendation wise. If we continue to petition for the extension to the system, when will reform come? Reform begins in individuals adhering to their conviction even if in a minority of one. Such people may be fanatical or unreasonable, but they have done much for the world.

It is said a house cannot be run without a bar. I believe a bar no more necessary for a hotel than for any other business. Give a license to a grocery man or any other business and he can sell his goods cheaper. In some of the states hotels are not allowed to have a licence. The bar must be by itself. And in these hotel accommodation is as good as elsewhere. If the bar is refused business soon accommodates itself on other lines. The difficulty is that the chance of gain in the bar business is so far out of proportion to that in any other business, that there is no sooner an apparent opening, than someone is eager, merely for the sake of that gain, to push the business. Of course it is purely to accommodate the public; the necessities are great; the needs of business are crying. But in plain language, it is simply lust of gain, no matter at what cost to others. Business does not get a chance to accommodate itself on other lines. If a woman can raise her family by keeping boarders alongside of licensed houses, and at cheaper rates; if restaurants can run without a licence, why not a hotel? Even is B. C. first-class houses are on a paying basis independent of the bar. It might be too much to expect Enderby to take a course different from most places, but it might be worth trying.

I feel that all interested in social reform ought to give their protest whether in a minority or not. It is the only way to save their consistency, and free themselves of responsibility for the evil and keep the cause of temperance alive. I still adhere to the position which to THE EDENOGRAPH is fanatical and unreasonable. No condition of things could make me feel comfortable to see my name, or have any other person, or any four-footed beast or creeping thing see my name on a petition for another barroom in Enderby.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

Armstrong, Mar. 30, 1905.

There is only one paper known as THE EDENOGRAPH throughout the wide world. It is sent to any corner of the globe and will be in the first mail bag to Mars at $2 a year.

ENDERBY BANK OPENS

A. E. Taylor arrived at Enderby last Wednesday morning, and with F. W. Breedon to assist him, preparations were made for opening the local branch of the Bank of Montreal. The work of finishing the handsome bank room in the Wright block was hurried through, and on Saturday morning promptly on time the bank was ready for business, Manager Henderson of Vernon being on hand to see that the opening was attended with the proper eclat. The finishers are still busy in the room, but it is expected to have everything is ship-shape this week, when the Enderby branch will have quarters as commodious and stylish as are to be found in the Valley.

The counters and pannel work were prepared at the Vernon Sash & Door mill, and were put together by Jas. Jarret, the whole being polished and finished by Jas. R. Linton.

This is the third branch the Bank of Montreal has opened in the Valley in less than a year, and makes the fourth in the Okanagan. This speaks volumes for the Vally; it illustrates in a positive way the permanency of our prosperity, for it may be set down as a sure thing that the Bank of Montreal is not establishing banks where they are not needed. It is also a high compliment to the business sagacity of Manager Henderson, whose word has induced the general manager to recommend the branches.

Enderby is particularly fortunate in securing Mr. Taylor as manager, whose tact and energy will be quickly felt in the business life of the town.

The most noteworthy feature of the bank's business is the savings bank department. Accounts may be opened with $1, and deposits of $1 will be received. The whole may be drawn out at a moment's notice. This is a popular department with the average young man and young woman; frequently accounts are opened by boys and girls, and the amounts saved in one year are often surprising.

The Kamloops Lumber Co., continues to send their weekly quota of carloads to the territories. The mill is running in excellent shape, and cuts 45,000 to 50,000 feet a day. The company expects to cut twelve to fifteen million feet this season.

Union of Municipalities

Editor THE EDENOGRAPH:

I note in your recent issues that your ambitious people have had the town of Enderby duly incorporated as a city. Wishing you every success, I beg to offer a suggestion, if you are not already in line with the policy, viz: to place yourselves in touch, affiliation and exchange with the Canadian Municipal Jurnal of Montreal, the official organ of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, an association worthy the attention and support of every public spirited and patriotic Canadaman. To use the words of one of the leading lights in this movement, "the municipality is the base, the backbone and the heart of the people."

The head of the municipality can do more good than any representative at Ottawa or in the local parliament. Municipalization is an educator in local and general government, and its fruits are a progressive and prosperous people.

The provisions in force in British Columbia are crude and costly, and difficult of application.

I have no desire to deprecate the work of our resolute Premier McBride, or to detract from the merits of our politicians of either party, but must say that the prostrate condition of our great and resourceful province and people, gives salient evidence of the grossest incompetency of the majority of our public men, in their purblind legislation, demoralized and handicapped by partizan and prolocal jealousies and animosities, seasoned and spiced by greed for pelf and power.

When the fund for the support of our liberal school system had become restricted and entrenched upon by other reckless expenditure and losses, it was promised that a municipal basis would be introduced. But our new school law is not on a general municipal basis. It places onerous and costly responsibilities on the Boards of Trustees of rural schools without any adequate or corresponding power or compensation, and is no improvement on the old system. It simply shifts part of the burden from the shoulders of the government, with added weight and incumbrances, to the shoulders of the municipalities.

What we do want, and a question to which our political leaders, irrespective of party, should address themselves, is that of a broad and comprehensive system of municipal government on the lines of the advanced eastern provinces, in which, I believe, Ontario leads. Harrison's Municipal Manual fully explains the system in Ontario. British Columbia is 50 years, more or less, behind every other province in the Dominion.

AN OLD TRUSTEE.

Enderby Doings

Dr. Morrison was up from Vernon on Monday.

Two good milch cows for sale. Apply to S. Teece, Enderby.

Mrs. Blackburn returned from a few weeks' visit to Kelowna this week.

Wanted—Chambermaid for hotel. Apply, C. A. C. S., Penticton, B. C.

Work on the foundation of the new Bell block is delayed owing to the lack of lime.

Jas. Haddock, of Ashcroft, the wool and hide buyer of the Valley, is doing Enderby this week.

A meeting for the organization of the Tennis Club will be held in the Drug Store on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Strayed.—A small sorrel horse, 8-year-old; mane roached, and shod all-around. Return to McLeod's camp, Enderby.

Manager Taylor, of the Bank of Montreal expects to occupy the brick residence now being finished by Joe Bradley on George street.

If you have of boy 13 to 16 years of age, reasonably steady and ambitious for a boy, he can find a good opening with THE EDENOGRAPH, to "Larn the editor's trade."

W. J. Armstrong, the popular hardware merchant of Armstrong, is building a large workshop in the rear of his store, to accommodate his ever increasing tinsmith and plumbing business.

In the selection of Graham Rosoman as clerk, Enderby is most fortunate. He is a man in whom all classes have explicit confidence, and has the ability to conduct the business as only a few men could.

H. W. Harvey has fenced the piece of ground next to the postoffice and is putting it into flower beds and grass plots. More of this kind of public spirit would make Enderby the beauty spot of the Valley.

The lumber camps will close in about ten days. It will require the largest number of drivers ever put on the river to get the logs down, owing to the scarcity of water, and the light snowfall in the hills.

Pollard made application for speedy trial on the charge of perjury, and was to have been heard this week at Vernon, but the attorney-general was not ready to allow the case to proceed, and the trial will come in regular order at the May assizes.

R. R. Burns is always ready to meet the demands of progress and business. He has ordered a modern soda fountain for his up-to-date drug store at Armstrong, and when the warm days come will be able to pass out the delectable "sweetened wind" in a style that will put lots of them in the shade.

There are doin's in the newspaper field at Armstrong this week. Eugene Rhian, late of Ponoka, Alt., is there to start another paper, and the Advertiser has changed editors. Geo. Armstrong is going to his ranch on Silver Creek to push the plow, and Mr. Fraser will push the quill and handle the lever on the Advertiser. The new paper will be called the Advance.

Herbert Storey of Boissevain, Man., will open a first-class bakery and confectionery store next week, in the Bradley block. Mr. Storey is an experienced baker, and expects to conduct on metropolitan lines. A brick oven, with a 10x10 interior, has been built in the rear of the building, and this is being connected with the main building by a large work shop. Then comes an ice cream parlor and then the store, which has been finished in a light blue with white trimmings.

Major Jas. Sheppard, who will address the Farmer's Institute meeting at Enderby on Saturday, April 8th, is an authority on fruit trees, with long experience in fruit growing and vegetable culture. Mr. Wianks, who accompanies him, is an authority on dairying.

When Ira C. Jones moves, he moves quickly. At 8 o'clock Monday morning he decided to build another cottage on his Knight street property. By 10 o'clock he had enough lumber on the ground to start work, and by noon he had his system in full swing. The house will be ready for a tenant in two weeks.

Tom Pound fell on a live saw at the McLeod mill last Monday about noon and had the back of his left hand cut open from the wrist to the fingers. The wristbone was cut and the hand laid open to the palm. The sufferer was brought to Dr. Bentley's office, where the wound was dressed. There being no hospital accommodation here where the proper attention could be given Mr. Pound was driven to Vernon. The hand will be saved, as the cut was not through the flesh of the palm.

City Council Meeting

The first business meeting of the City Council was held in the government building, last Thursday evening. Promptly at 7:30 Mayor Bell called the meeting to order. Aldermen Evans, Kenney, Bradley, Sharpe and Smith were present. The first order of business was the selection of a clerk. Bids were opened from H. Worthington, W. T. Broderick and Graham Rosoman. That of Mr. Rosoman was accepted and he was duly installed as clerk and collector.

The matter of the purchase of supplies was taken up, and the clerk instructed to write to different supply houses for quotations.

In the matter of tax collections for the present year, the clerk was instructed to write the department at Victoria regarding same.

The matter of by-laws was taken up and discussed until 11 o'clock, when an adjournment was taken. At the next meeting several by-laws will be read the first time.

Directing Him.

Parched Drummer (in Kansas hamlet)—Where can I get a drink in this confounded prohibition town?

Tavern Landlord—Come out on the porch. Now, do you see, half-way up the street, on the right-hand side, a weather-beaten one-story buildin', with a whappy-jawed hitchin'-post in front of it?

"Yes!"

"Well, that's about the only place in town where you can't get a drink, if you've got the price—nobody lives there!"—Puck.

PONY FOR SALE. Broken both to saddle and harness. Gentle—has been handled by ladies and children. Reasonable price. Graham Rosoman, Enderby.

May 24th, *The* day we Celebrate!

IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER, AND WE CAN'T EVEN PLAY BALL YET

THE EDENOGRAPH
H. M. WALKER

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

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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.

When the heart is faint a strong boost from a No. Nine, set firmly against the caudal nerve, is good medicine.

HOUSTON'S SCHEME

John Houston, printer, publisher, politician, mayor and M. P. P., has lately developed a scheme that is putting his name to the front as a wizzard in finance. Some time ago he introduced a resolution providing a novel method of raising a very large amount of money for provincial purposes. Mr. Houston's project is to issue land scrip to the amount of 30,000,000 acres of Provincial crown lands, to be sold to purchasers at the fixed price of $1 per acre.

According to estimates, there are, roughly speaking, some 230,000,000 acres of such lands and it is within the power of the province to dispose of them on any terms which parliament may prescribe. These lands are at present unoccupied and unproductive by any existing means of transportation. Yet it is of great potential value. Much of it is heavily mineralized. There are vast areas of the finest timber lands in the world. There are millions of acres of land which could be reclaimed for agriculture, and which would be highly productive under cultivation, if access to market could be had.

The money to be derived from the sale of this land scrip is to be devoted to paying off the provincial debt; providing a school fund; aiding in the construction of railways; constructing systems of irrigation canals in the semi-arid districts, and building trunk wagon roads.

Commenting on the scheme, the Seattle P.-I. says: The suggestion seems a good one. By parting with one-eighth of the crown lands, the province would secure a vast sum of money which, devoted to internal improvements, would enormously increase the value of the remaining lands. If the land scrip were sold, and there is fair reason to believe that it would sell readily, the purchasers would be very apt to improve the land taken with it, so as to bring quick and large returns upon their capital. There seems fair reason to believe that the scheme of Mr. Houston, if carried into effect, would bring to British Columbia what it needs, capital, population and means of access to the unoccupied portions of the province. As a matter of fact, the lands would be worth infinitely more to the province in the hands of people improving them and developing the resources of the province than they would in the hands of the province itself. The United States profitted enormously by giving away millions of acres of its best lands to settlers who went upon them and reduced them to cultivation."

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

Our old friend, the Vancouver World, seems to be enjoying a R. V. snooze. Its ignorance of Enderby is distressing. In reproducing our account of the local love affair that culminated in some pyrotechnics a fortnight ago, it introduces the subject in this awkward fashion:

"It is not often that the peace and calm of Enderby is broken. The little town on the Spallumcheen river, which was given its name by a lover of Jean Ingelow's tragic poem, "The High Tide on the Lincolnshire Coast" generally seems to be dozing to the droning of the machinery of the grist mill, which is the principal reason for its existence."

"The principal reason for its existence"! The nasty thing!

MORE WAR AND BAR

We are pleased to make room for Rev. Mr. Campbell's communication on the bar question, in this issue. Mr. Campbell always commands an attentive hearing, for his remarks, written or spoken, bear the print of sincerity and thoughtful study. But in the question at point, Mr. Campbell has shut out the other side, as if he were debating the question, and it remains for THE EDENOGRAPH to point out wherein it believes Mr. Campbell misses the mark.

Without going extensively into the argument, we would like to ask, if the evil is so shocking, why has it been permitted so long in Enderby? And, if no effort is to be made to cut it out entirely, then why shut one man out of a privilege that another man enjoys? It is very well to say that a bar is no more essential to a hotel than to a grocery store, but experience proves the contrary is true. We do not say that it should be so, we simply state that it is so. Especially in a town like Enderby, if a license is granted to one house, it is absurd to ask anyone but a philanthropist to invest his money in a second hotel building and cut out the bar.

Enderby needs another hotel. We want the best we can get. Our friends who talk the most about the horrors of the bar seem to be the last to suggest a remedy, or to advance the means necessary for the erection of, what they demand another shall build, a temperance house.

The solution as we see it is this: Grant another license; put men on the licensing board who know the law and will not give or ask favors of either, and say to them: "Gentlemen, here's the law; the moment you overstep it, you forfeit your license." In this way Enderby will have two hotels that will be a credit to the Valley.

With *The* Owl

HANK EKLAW IN THE DARK WOODS.

BENEATH the fanaticism of every ardent advocate of plumb-line morality, community or personal, there is just a bit of selfishness. As Macaulay put it of Wildman: "With Wildman's fanaticism was joined a tender care for his own safety." We see men set up a plan to make other men and the community better, which when summed up is simply a mild way of saying to his fellowman and the community, "I judge from what I don't know that it would be better for you if you conducted yourself more in harmony with my views of sobriety and purity, and, for your good, not for mine; I will make it compulsory for you to toe the chalk-line I have drawn for your morals."

It would not be fair to say that these zealous advocates of straight-laced morality have any other purpose than the betterment of the community; the mistake is not in purpose so much as in practice. They shape in their own minds what the community would be if their plan were carried out, forgetting that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and that men whose lives are spent in the logging camps, (which are never visited by them,) are not prepared, when they come into town, to don Fauntleroy clothes and sit up straight. To go to men of this stamp and say, "It is painful to my advanced sense of decency for you to spend your money for intoxicating liquor, and so I have recognise my responsibility for your soul, and have restricted this man's privilege to sell to you what I think you should not have," to go to him and say this, I repeat, may be cold orthodoxy, but it isn't the kind of argument that Christ used: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." The man who is kept from drink by being deprived of the chance to drink, may be better able to conform to man-made rules of morality, but if he has not met his Saviour, and as man to man, pledged his loyalty, his outward show of morality will be as nothing in the sight of God, and he may as well be a common drunk—aye, better, for then his influence would be less. A morality, community and personal, that does not come from within, is no better than a mask. Men who are simply "good" because they have no temptation to be anything else, are only dummies—baby men. The *man* is he who is a man in spite of temptation—and because of it.

The Weather.

Walter E. Truesdale, government observer at Enderby, furnishes the following record of the temperature, and general state of the weather for the month of March:

Date	Maximum Thermometer	Minimum Thermometer	General state of weather	Rain	Snow
1	45	30	cloudy	.02	
2	53	29	"		
3	60	28	sunny		
4	55	29	"		
5	57	35	"		
6	62	31	"		
7	53	25	"		
8	60	25	"		
9	61	26	"		
10	54	28	cloudy		
11			"		
12	40	29	"		
13	52	30	sunny		
14	56	30	cloudy		
15	52	30	"		
16	57	32	"		
17	53	40	"	1.03	
18	63	34	sunny		
19	53	35	"	2	
20	51	35	rainy		
21	54	27	sunny		
22			"	.07	
23	59	35	rainy	.05	
24	51	36	cloudy		
25	50	34	sunny		
26	60	30	"		
27	60	34	"		
28	45	25	cloudy		
29	53	29	sunny		
30	52	32	cloudy		
31	53	33	stormy		

Shoes

and Boots of all kinds made and repaired. Located in old butcher shop.
J. A. Taylor Enderby

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, stable, etc. This is 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.

For Sale!

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

Is your health Insured?

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

Thirty years experience in Outfitting and Packing Goods to go into the camps and the interior.

SILKS

It will interest you, Ladies, to look over our line of the newest and latest shades and patterns of Dress Silks—Waist lengths that are exceedingly pretty and stylish. Also a very large assortment of the finest quality of Ladies' and Gents' Light Underwear, and Hosiery—Extra quality—for Spring and Summer.

Henry W. Harvey

GENERAL MERCHANT, ENDERBY, B.C.

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

Kamloops Lumber Co Ltd

Manufacturers of all kinds of Rough and Finished

Lumber

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—

The KAMLOOPS LUMBER CO., LTD.
Enderby, B. C.

Has it got you?

Don't suffer. La Grippe can be broken up in a few hours if you go after it right. All the recognized grippe preparations in stock. Remember, friends, I conduct the only all-drug business in the Valley: the best of everything, and plenty of it. Watch this space.

R. R. Burns, Masonic building Armstrong
Manufacturer Burns' Toilet Luxuries

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. **Price of Lots, $10 to $70**

Henry W. Harvey, Agent, Enderby.

Kelowna's Lakeview

JAS. BOWES, 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.

TRY

WE have just added several fonts of wood type, and are now prepared to turn out poster work with the best of them. Color work a specialty. If you want to sell anything quickly, a big poster will help you. There is money in it—for all. Dates and Dodgers, Posters and all Big Bill printing promptly and attractively executed. Give it a trial. The returns are quick. Write for prices—

THE EDENOGRAPH, Enderby.

Enderby *The* Homeland

There may be, no doubt there are, features about other parts of the Okanagan that will equal anything we have about Enderby in the way of nature's provisions for home-life, but certainly none can excell us. Climatic conditions are perfect; and for health and beauty, Enderby's location is unsurpassed. No cold, damp weather, or hot sultry days.

The Methodist Church

SERVICES:

Divine Services 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.

A Dream of Gold—And What Came of It

By MARY H. COATES.

"WE MUST get out of here—the sooner the better—that's all there is to it. November in sight; no work, no pay dirt—no, not even a sign of color have I ever found on that claim."

Jim King looked across the gulch to "Prize Bar" claim, which, in the wake of the latest gold stampede he had hastily staked; and to which, in his haste and premature excitement, he had brought his family.

"'Prize Bar!' We ought to have named it 'Prize Humbug,'" he muttered from his seat on a log doing chair duty, and absently tossed bits of twigs and fir cones into the camp-fire as he summed up their situation.

"Don't fret, dear," said his wife, observing his downcast looks as she came from the tent where she had been putting the children to sleep. "Things may not really be as bad as they appear."

"Couldn't be worse; grub nearly gone, money, too, and I've rustled among the boys for a job, but none of them really need a roustabout. No, couldn't be worse."

"O, yes, they could—but finish your pipe, and come to bed. It's dark now, but you know light comes in the morning—who knows? sleep often helps the brain to solve knotty problems."

The flames of the campfire flared up fitfully, giving weird, white highlights to the trunks of the fir in the shadow; and above, their plumed tops were veiled, in haziness by the waning moon.

Under the influence of the balsam-laden fragrance that floated up from the fir boughs spread deep over the tent floor, the remembrance of their harassing situation faded from Mrs. King's mind. The tired body found rest, and the weary brain was soon lulled to sleep; but the dream-mind flitted on, here and there, weaving mountain, forest and campfire into a daedalous net work, which gradually narrowed, through the dream alembic, to fixed distinctness; and the moonlight on the stretching firtops, the hollow blackness beneath and the glowing coals became a sunlit valley, a dark cave and down in its depths glittered crystals—globules—what? The brightness of them pierced her eyes.

With a start she awoke and saw the morning sun shining straight into the tent through a tiny opening in the folds of the fly. "Well! What a dream of gold it was!—and woven of nothing but sunshine. It must certainly portend good luck—but from earth or sky—which, I wonder—that's the point. O, for a dream book! My kingdom for a dream book!" she said under her breath, then louder: "Jim, are you there?"

"Yes, and breakfast is nearly ready. You were all sleeping so soundly I thought I wouldn't disturb you; but it's late enough."

"We'll be there in a few minutes. Come, children, breakfast is ready. Doesn't the coffee smell good?" and the quietness of the tent was at an end—drowned in the children's laughing chatter.

"Breakfast!" called a cheery voice again, and they trooped out. After all had been served, Mrs. King went to the fire and began marking in the cool ashes with a long stick.

"Jim, is there a valley anywhere near that runs along so? High mountains on this side, and scattered fir trees on this ridge, and over here a great spur of rocks that dips into the chaparral below?" She illustrated with the right hand and with the left carefully held her blue calico skirt back from the fire.

"Of course," he answered, carelessly.

"Really? Truly?" She spoke eagerly, yet doubtfully.

"Certainly. You have pictured Bear canyon quite correctly. It is over beyond that peak where you see a broken tree standing alone. Why, what of it?"

"Just this: I saw it in my dream last night; and I'm going to ask you to go over there and hunt for a cave and—"

"O, yes, I know," anticipating her recital. "Cave, gold, pocket nuggets in a sand ridge, um—wealthy, healthy, and happy ever after," checking off with his fingers and ending in a half-trilled bar from a popular mining song.

"Well, you'll go," ignoring the thrusts.

"I think not. In fact, no use to go. There's no cave there."

"Yes, my dear, there is," confidently smiling.

"No, Emily, there's no cave in that canyon. Have some more coffee?" as he poured a second cup for himself and set the smoke-blackened coffee boiler on fresh coals.

"But, Jim? If I saw the valley correctly in my dream, why should not I see the cave correctly, too?" she persisted.

"I agreed to the valley; but to the cave—never! Can't explain it. Probably Morpheus took you to his abode last night and while you were there you were cast under some spell that gave the appearance of reality." He presented a wise and profoundly interested countenance.

"Very probably. But you possibly remember, too, that Morpheus is a guardian of dreams, and fashions them as the gods desire them to be given to us. Surely I have favor in their sight."

"Still, Emily, I think your dream [illegible] dreampalace. Have another cup of coffee—do."

"No, thanks. And you needn't try to take my mind from that cave. You are going over to Bear canyon to-day to dig for gold in a cave you will find there. Do, please, give this one day's work to please a whim of mine," coming around the table and giving his cheek a coaxing pat.

"O, pshaw! Well, I suppose I must—there's nothing else when a woman—"

"I'll have your lunch ready by the time you have saddled Mag. Children, run for papa's pick and shovel," she broke in, in cheerful haste.

Jim King saddled the little roan mare and led her up to the camp, tied his dinner pail to the cantle, mounted, and shouldered pick and shovel, with a hang-dog look.

"Now, Jim, look for a big dogwood—that's the mark, and there are wild blackberry vines growing over the mouth of the cave."

"Anyway, what's the good—supposing I should find it—the land's all staked," was his parting shot as he waved a farewell and rode down the slope.

With a happy, confident heart, Mrs. King watched her husband ride away, till he was hidden by the low growing shrubbery along the winding trail. Somewhere in the distance a quail piped a warning note.

"Jim's gone that far already," she said, but she could not see what the quail saw: the pick and shovel cached under a thicket of tall huckleberries, and the rider pass on, without them, taking the fork that led directly away from Bear canon.

How still the morning was—not a touch of wind anywhere! Mrs. King lifted her eyes to the scenic splendor of her surroundings. On every border were the mountains in the quivering haze of sunshine, unfolding in ever changing tints and shadowy lights. Peak beyond peak, as far as the eye could reach, they rose, grand, still, majestic and untamed, expressive of imeprial solitude.

"Stir! Stir! Stir!" said a noisy blue-jay, and she turned to her work. The children were happy when camping and to them the day passed quickly with school books and excursions up and down the mountain side for nuts, mosses and lichens, and in untiring, never-discouraged searches for "Gold." And a family of inquisitive jays must receive instructions in the art of behavior, for which all the table scraps were carefully hoarded in all kinds of secret places, and doled out according to the merits earned at each performance.

Slowly the vivid noon-blue of the mountains changed to blue-gray of even and deepened to purple, making them seem nearer and clearer than in the morning; and as the shadows gathered near, a little bird trilled a timid, sweet vesper hymn.

"Come, mamma, isn't it time to cook supper?" The children brought in dry limbs and cones for the night's fire.

"There he comes! Papa's coming, children—wave your hands!"

The horseman coming up the grade doubled up his palms and sent a shrill whistle echoing along the ridge.

"Here, children, give Mag a good supper. She's tired," he said, after unsaddling the mare. Then he poured water in a basin, picked up a bit of soap and began lathering his hands vigorously.

"Dirty, aren't they?" with provoking coolness.

"Yes, but, Jim—what—?" interrogated his wife.

"Oh, I found the cave just where you said I would; but cave, claim, and all are owned by a man over in Ashland. I went over and found the fellow—runs a little coffee house there and didn't value your cave very highly. Said he didn't propose to risk anything on such a picnic, but I could work it 'halvers.'" King ran on with remarkable glibness.

"Yes, of course; but what else?" she insisted hurriedly.

"Well," he continued with a tantalizing drawl, "it is a vein of quartz that runs down the porphyry and the gold—"

"Pocket gold! Didn't I tell you? I knew it, I knew it! Now you'll believe in dreams!" she almost screamed in her firm belief.

"Don't you want to see a nugget?" and he handed her a yellow Bellefleur.

"Jim King! How could you do such a thing?" and on her face chagrin and perplexity struggled for supremacy.

"Aren't you ashamed to play such a shabby trick?" she managed to say.

"Well, no. You see, you were so bound and determined I should find a nugget that I was afraid to come back without one; and it's the best I could do," an amused light dancing in his eyes.

"I see. And what else?"

"I met Sam Adams on the way. He put me on the track of a job as foreman on a ranch down below. So I went over and met the owner; and decided to abandon Prize Bar for farm life and good pay. My time begins to-morrow, and we'll begin packing the first thing in the morning. So, Emily, even if your wonderful dream didn't bring us the gold you expected, it brought something which I hope will be worth far more to us."—Pacific Monthly.

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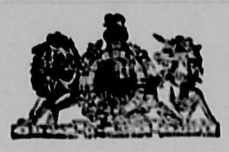

SPALLUMCHEEN FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

THE regular Spring meetings will be held at Enderby, Saturday, April 8; Armstrong, Monday, April 10, and Mara, Tuesday, April 11.

The speakers will be Major James Sheppard, on forage plants, fruit trees, etc., and Mr. Theo. A. Wianks on dairy subjects.

D. MATHESON, Pres.
W. P. HORSLEY, Sec.

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Under The Olive Tree

WITH HANK REKLAW

If you would have friends, be one.

Am I right or wrong? A man better be dead to life than dead to reason and love.

A man or a community might better be full of nonsense than unfinished business.

As well try to legislate people into the kingdom of God, as to legislate sobriety into them.

A man is made out of poor timber who cannot speak a word for the God he acknowledges.

Truth is simplicity itself: because it is so simple ignorant people think it is not to be believed. But wise men stand in awe of it.

Be very careful of your thoughts; they are living things. Let them not be of evil and discord, for they will attract to your life just what they are.

Bless you! Why, beloved; women are as a rule thrice more thrifty than men. If you want a thing well done and can't do it yourself, get a woman to do it.

There is as much of God in our fellowmen as we will find in heaven. Don't misunderstand me: if we can't find Him in our fellows here we will not find Him in our fellows there.

The secret of all success is—"seek first the kingdom of God" (good). We have read all the great men on the question, from Solomon up, and each starts from the same chalk line.

It is every man's duty to spread out. Make the world better by making the most of himself and his opportunities to brighten the life of somebody else; not in selfish love, but just because—because it's right.

It may not be good orthodoxy, but it seems to be good sense, to find the image of God in Honest Bill Elsejeans as much as in the Rt. Rev. Dalcassie de Canterbury, D. D., Ph. D., Ph. B., Bp., or anything else.

We might spend a great while in telling God what we think He ought to do; but I think He is pretty well posted on the affairs of life generally, and it seems to me that He knows better than I can what is best to be done.

Life does not consist of simply eat, sleep, work and have a good time. That is only one side. The other side—the better side—is thought life. In it we can rise above the petty jealousies that pester a man and make life sordid and mean.

Today the individual man exercises a power far greater that at any other stage in the world's history. The world wants men who can and will do things—do them not because he is told, but without being told and because they ought to be done.

Intemperance is only one form of sin. The intemperance of dogmatized religion is quite as bad as any other form. These questions are personal. They begin and end in personal character. A forced millennium is simply a holy form of damnation—making the platter clean, while the inward part is full of ravening and wickedness.

If "Made in Canada" is a good motto for Canada, then "Made in Enderby" should be a good motto for Enderby.

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A full stock of the standard seed gatherer's selection; flowers, vegetables, etc.; all fresh from the growers. Buy early.

Your attention is called to our Grocery Department; Big stock of modern Breakfast Foods. Canned Goods fresh and of the best quality. The best Flours, Teas & Coffees on the market.

J. C. Metcalfe Enderby

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My Spring-delivery orders are all in. When you are preparing for Fall-delivery trees, write me. I represent the 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.

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Enderby, B. C.

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Finest Line of Gents' Furnishings in the Valley. Can't begin to show it all, but what is in sight will give you an idea of what is stacked up. And for the Ladies—just look in and see the stylish line of Shirt Waists, Wrappers, Etc., received this week.

LADIES: Let us show you the latest styles in Easter Hats; and the many pretty styles of Spring Dress Goods. In this connection we would call your attention to our Dress Making Department; always ready to give a stylish cut, a perfect fit, and first-class workmanship.

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"Put a coat of paint on an old house, and you'll come pretty near to having a new house," is an old saying that's proven true every day by the old houses made new with

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S. W. P. protects and beautifies. It's great durability, beauty of finish, and economy, gives satisfaction to the house-owner.

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Fashionable Turn-outs

We are now in our new Stables where everything is spick-and-span. Rigs and Saddle Horses always at your command. Stalls and feed ready for your horses after a long drive. Cliff St.

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Tonsorial Artists, Physiognomical Hair Dressers, Cranium Manipulators, Abridgers, Shaving and Hair Cutting with ambidextrous facility, Shampooing on philological principles.

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Come and repose a la attitude recumbent, artistically, in our Piscatorial Boudoir, and our physiognomical hairdresser will dexterously manipulate your cranium, abridge your capillaries and shampoo you with ambidextrous facility on philological principles satisfactorily.

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Contractor & Builder

Estimates cheerfully furnished on buildings of any dimension; small work quickly attended to.

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Do you need Spectacles?

Drop a card and I will call and thoroughly test your eyes and fit you with a high-grade article cheap. Scientifically ground and focused lenses.

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FOR SALE

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H.C. Fraser, Salmon Arm, B. C.

"Go"

"Son, go work today in my vineyard."—Jesus.

Go into the vineyard and labor,
Why stand ye idle all day?
Go put in the spade and the ploughshare—
Yea, go without further delay.

Go into the vineyard and scatter
The seed in the Master's own way;
The earth is prepared to receive it,
Go now, in the dawn of the day.

Go into the vineyard and guard it,
For many would fain take away
The fruit of thine own right-hand planting;
Go carefully watch it to-day.

Go into the vineyard and gather
With tenderest nurture and care,
The fruit that is fit for the garner,
But burn up "the chaff and the tare."

Go into the vineyard at dawning,
When night-clouds are passing away,
The sun in his early reflections
Will brighten thy soul through the day.

Go into the vineyard at noon-tide,
Perhaps in the rays of the sun
A tender young vine of thy planting
May sicken and perish full soon.

Go into the vineyard at even,
Now all of thy labors are spent,
And thank Him who crowneth thy efforts,
With joy, and a christian content.

Rev. Jas. Calvert, M.A.L.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in Yale district:

Timber Berth marked "W. A. W." commencing at a post planted one mile N.E. of mouth of Shuswap river on the west bank of Mable Lake, commencing at a post marked "W. A. W." and running north 80 chains, west 80 chains, south 80 chains, and east 80 chains to point of commencement.

W. A. WEBSTER.

Enderby, B. C., Feb. 20, 1905.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in Yale District:

Timber Berth marked B. E. C., commencing at a post planted one-half mile west of Shuswap River, and lying west of Timber Berth No. 3342, commencing at a post marked B. E. C., and running 160 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 160 chains south, thence 40 chains east, to point of commencement.

B. E. COLE.

Enderby, B. C., Feb. 20th, 1905.

In the Pulpits

What the Local Pastors Talked About Sunday

Rev. Mr. Campbell took as a text for his discourse in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning the words of Christ to his disciples: St. Luke 10:20, "Nevertheless in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." This, he considered, was the most noteworthy utterance that ever came from Christ. He did recognize, and would have his disciples recognize, the importance of the work of God in and through them, but above this, He would have them see the real cause for all rejoicing, and to recognize that it was through no work they had done that their names were written there.

Heaven and hell are left out of life's considerations today by the most of people. We speak of our duty to man, to self and to God; we rejoice in that the evil spirits are subject unto us, and we stop there. Few Christians "rejoice that their names are written in heaven," not many have given the question of heaven any serious consideration, and most of us are weak in our assurance that our names are written there.

In speaking as he did to his disciples, Christ recognized in them, as he recognizes in us, the tendency of the human heart to self-praise, and to take their minds from this he directs their thoughts heavenward.

Rev. Mr. Roberts occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church Sunday evening and preached from the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," Ps. 122:1. This was one of the fifteen songs prepared for the use of the people as they journeyed to Jerusalem to keep the feasts. The psalmist wished to prepare the minds of the people for the solemn exercises of the sanctuary and these Songs of Degrees were the means used. We learn the Spirit of true worship. It is a spirit of holy gladness. The Lord requires of us a heart service and we should enter His house with the willing mind and the glad heart. There are many reasons to make us glad of the opportunity of public worship. When we think of those that are prevented by various reasons we should be glad that the privilege is ours. The benefits that come to us from attendance make us glad, benefits both personal and spiritual. But the best reason for gladness is found in the fact that here we meet with the Father Himself. Where is the House of God? Where God is. The eternal hills, the humble cottage, the room of the sufferer, all testify of this. If we worship and love now we shall one day hear the whisper of God, and be glad to hear it, "Come into the Eternal House to be forever with the Lord."

Mistaken in What He Wanted

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman was discussing, at her home in Metuchen, the popular fallacy that woman has no sense of humor.

"Woman," said this powerful writer, "has a keen sense of humor, and of this fact I am continually hearing excellent proofs. Often it is sad and bitter humor. But I do not like it less on that account."

"From a friend in Exeter I heard a good specimen of woman's humor. An old bachelor of Exeter had advertised for a maid of all work. A robust woman of middle age answered his advertisement. The bachelor told her that her appearance, her look of strength, pleased him, and then he proceeded to enumerate the duties that would be required of a maid of all work in his house.

"To suit me," he said, "a maid will have to do the cooking, the washing and ironing, the sweeping, the cleaning and the marketing. She will have to tend to the garden. She will have to look after my clothes, pressing my trousers once a week, sewing on my buttons, mending my shirts, darning my stockings, and so on. She must pay all the bills, and she must keep an account book to show where the money goes. She must—"

But the woman of middle age held up her hand to interrupt the old bachelors, and his flow of talk ceased.

"You," said the woman, "don't want a hired girl. You want a wife."

And with a grim smile—the smile, maybe, of a widow, who knew whereof she spoke—she walked away.

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And get all the latest fiction. Books, 75c exchanged for 25c
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L.O.L. No. 446

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Visiting brethren welcome.
W.M., A. E. ROBERTS. Sec., E. BENNETT

A boy wanted. To learn printing. Must know enough to sweep the floor clean. THE EDENOGRAPH office.

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C.O.F. No 1058

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

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