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THE EDENOGRAPH

VOLUME I. NUMBER 38. ENDERBY, B. C., FEBRUARY 1, 1905. PRICE, $2 A YEAR

Enderby Doings

The river is again frozen over.

A new and attractive sign has been hung at the Bradley block.

Frank Franklin left for Summerland this morning on a short visit.

J. C. Metcalfe is making many people's feet warm for very little money this week.

The Rossland Lacrosse team went to Vernon this morning to play the boys of the Okanagan metropolis.

W. T. Broderick returned from Farron, B. C., last Wednesday, and will confine himself to the drug business with D. Nairn.

Did you notice that beg display of fancy biscuits in the Enderby Trading Company's biscuit show case? They are a treat to look at a joy to sample.

John A. Taylor, a practical shoemaker of long experience, has opened a shoemaking and repairing shop in the old butcher shop, next to the Bell block.

The large safe for the Bank of Montreal was placed in position in the Wright block last Thursday. Counters and interior fixtures are now being made.

There will be a public meeting in the school house Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, to elect a trustee to fill the vacancy long standing, caused by the resignation of Mr. McQuarrie.

It is a poor grade of loyalty to local institutions and enterprise to send out of town for anything that is manufactured in the town and can be bought as cheap as the article from the East. Stand up for Enderby and Enderby institutions!

The Hedley Gazette is the latest addition to the newspaper family of B. C. A. Megraw is father to the prodigy and it looks as if the Similikameen Valley will have a loyal and able exponent in the Gazette. We trust the payshoot of the Nickle Plate will never peter out.

Mrs. Holland gave a delightful evening's entertainment in the Town Hall, Monday evening, to the public of Enderby. A number of friends kindly assisted in an excellent program of vocal and instrumental music, and this was followed by a few hours pleasantly spent in dancing.

Rev. Mr. Osterhout talked to the children in the Methodist church last Friday evening on missionary work among the Indians. The lecture was intensely interesting, being illustrated with many curios brought from the Indians by the speaker. The lecture was repeated at Armstrong Monday evening.

F. Pyman has on exhibition a number of interesting relics of the days of long ago; a brass idol worshipped by a Burmese tribe, a pair of old English made spectacles that would burn your eyes out, a pocket scale that looks like a policeman's bracelet, and some other things that are so old and valueless that they are worth money.

Manager Harvey states that the incorporation papers of the Enderby Coal & Development Company are now passing between the company's solicitor and the department at Victoria, and that letters of incorporation will be issued in regular order. The Company will start development work at the mine as soon as it is possible to get an expert over the ground to settle upon the best place to open the property.

This is the style of letters a friend writes us: "Wishing yourself and paper all success—it's free and open—keep on at the good work. Stand up for progress; drive the nail in deep and then clinch it; so here's to you, old man." There's not anything stereotyped about that letter—it is like the writer of it—straight from the shoulder; clean, energetic and as full of business as a honeymoon of bliss.

A Night with Tennison

At the Literary last Wednesday evening every seat in Orange hall was taken. The program arranged by Rev. A. E. Roberts, an evening with Tennison, was well balanced and the various numbers nicely given. The Brook, sung by Mrs. Bell to Mrs. Crane's accompaniment, was captivatingly given.

Tonight the program following will be given:

Song, - - -	Miss McLeod
Instrumental solo, -	Miss Paul
Song, -	Rev. Mr. Venables
Instrumental Solo, -	Mrs. Holland
Song, - - -	Mrs. Bell
Instrumental Solo, -	Mrs. Crane
Song, - - -	Mr. Heggie

Debate: Resolved that fame is a better object in life than wealth. For the affirmative: Mr. Hyslop and Mrs. Kenny; negative: Mr. Boyer and Mrs. Dunwoodie.

Masonic Lodge Instituted

Enderby Lodge A. F. & A. M., was instituted by John Highman, P. D. D. G. M., in the hall over J. C. English's furniture store, Saturday night, and the following officers were appointed: Robt. McQuarrie, W. M.; F. H. Barnes, S. W.; W. H. Kenny, J. W.; Graham Rosoman, Treas.; W. E. Truesdale, sec.; Rev. F. V. Venables, chaplain; F. Pyman, S. D.; Jas. F. Dala, J. D; R. D. L. Long, I. G.; Geo. R. Sharpe, S. S.; Frank Franklin, J. S.; Percy Rosoman, Tyler.

A large number of the craft from Armstrong and Vernon, as well as from other parts took part in the ceremony. After institution, all present adjourned to the dining room of the Union Restaurant where a jolly time was spent.

Broom and Stones

The Curling Club is having its innings. The weather tightened up the past few days and put the ice in good condition. Monday night the Curlers played the first rinks in the President and Vice-President competition. On Tuesday other rinks crossed brooms. Following results:

PRESIDENTS	VICE-PRESIDENTS
A Fulton	W E Truesdale
H McCormick	A B Wallace
J W Evans	R Matthews
A Todd—sk 8	A Matthews—sk 6
S Ball	Ira C Jones
A E Roberts	F R Lawes
H W Harvey	J Dale
D Nairn—sk 8	A J Young—sk 7
Jack Regan	T W Broderick
R Peel	F Pyman
C E Strickland	R P Bradley
W Hancock—sk14	Geo Bell—sk 11

The Mutual Life of Canada

This is the leading life insurance company doing business in Canada. It was unusually successful last year. W. J. Twiss, manager of the Vancouver agency, is particularly well pleased at the progress of the company in B. C. His agency stood fourth place for the whole of Canada. Considering the population of this province, compared with that of the older provinces, this is a flattering showing for Manager Twiss and his agents. Manitoba stood first, Nova Scotia second, and Toronto third.

Double Wedding

A double wedding was solemnized in St. George's church, last Wednesday evening, Rev. Mr. Venables joining in marriage W. F. Boyer to Miss Alma Wright, and C. G. Shaw to Miss Cassie Camber, in the presence of a few close friends. The brides arrived a few days previous from their Nova Scotia home. Messrs. Boyer and Shaw have a host of friends in Enderby with whom THE EDENOGRAPH joins in wishing them and their's a long and happy voyage on life's great ocean, and may the calm never be broken but by the rippling laughter of those little streams which flow noisily out of the heart of love's great universe.

Big Lumber Cut this Winter

All the lumbering firms which carry on operations in the woods in the Winnipeg district are this winter taking out the heaviest cuts in the history of the industry. Conditions have been most favorable so far and the work in the woods is proceeding very successfully. The increase in the cut is necessitated by the effort of the Canadian lumbermen to keep pace with the growth in the demand for lumber through the steady addition to the population in the West. In the Fort Francis and Rat Portage districts quite a number of small mills are being erected and will add to the general output of sawn lumber next season.

Gnat and Camel

About the last card the opponents to *incorporation and progress* can play was played last night at a citizens' meeting held in the office of the Kamloops Lumber Co. The meeting was called in response to a request from Victoria that the list of names sent in with the petition applying for incorporation be verified by affidavit.

The law requires that there shall be 100 resident male British subjects within the limits of the proposed incorporation. To make sure, the committee sent a list of considerably more than a hundred. The department at Victoria received word from the opponents of incorporation, that the list was made up of men who were not residents, and the department required the verification of the list.

At last night's meeting the opposition was out in full force and with their war paint on. There were Messrs. Barnes, Kenny, Paul, Johnston and Truesdale. But they were outnumbered two to one. Every business man in town was arrayed against them, as well as the managers of The Columbia Flouring Mills and the Kamloops Lumber Co.; such men as Messrs. Bell, Harvey, McCormick, Moffet, Bradley, Wright, Metcalfe, any one of whom pay about as much in taxes yearly as is paid by the combined opposition.

The first thing to be done was to verify the list of names. Each name was read out and passed upon. In the entire list there were not more than ten names that even the opponents could take exception to, and these were such names as Wm. Hancock, who was visiting the coast a few weeks, J. L. Ruttan, temporarily absent at the Mara mill. The effort to disqualify the list fell flat, and the committee on incorporation will verify it by affidavit. There is absolutely no apparent reason why papers of incorporation should not be issued forthwith.

MARA NEWS.

F. Riches has been confined to the house by a severe attack of rheumatism for the last two weeks.

Rev. A. E. Roberts held service in the Rothesay Lumber Co.'s dining room Thursday evening.

The Rothesay Lumber Co. has finished cutting logs for this season, and is now busy delivering the logs at the mill.

H. Blurton has completed the erection of a new and commodious dwelling on his ranch, and last Thursday evening he "warmed the house" by entertaining about 50 guests. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock and was kept up, with an intermission for supper, until 4 a. m. Rosoman's orchestra furnished excellent music, with E. Bennett as M. C. A number were present from Enderby. The dance concluded with the national anthem and three hearty cheers for the bachelor host.

SALMON ARM ITEMS.

Mrs. J. Fraser is visiting Mrs. J. W. McCallum.

R. J. Hughey is in the Valley looking up a location.

Brayden & Johnson are running their new mill full time trying to catch up with orders.

Messrs. Hady and Clark are in from Manitoba. Mr. Hady purchased Pat Owens farm this week.

Frank McIntyre came over from Armstrong Sunday, and is spending a few days with old friends, who are pleased to see him back.

The people of the Arm are having pleasant times this winter with socials and dances and sleighing parties. The splendid roads makes winter a pleasant season for all.

Our druggist and veterinary has a just kick coming, as to the treatment he receives at times from the medicos who are called in. They make use of him in emergencies and pay with jawbone, then send medicines from home, c. o. d. This, all must admit, is a short-sighted policy, as we know there is barely an existence for a veterinary here yet. Every settler should patronize one who is here, ready to serve at all times night or day. Live and let live should be our motto.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that my wife, M. D. McIlvanie, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her in my name. ROBT. MCILVANIE.

Armstrong, B.C., Jan. 27, 1905.

If this paragraph is marked with a cross, you will please take it as a reminder that your subscription has expired and the editor would like to smile on you.

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

The Molasses Limited the Fulfilment of Prophesy

"I must confess," said a reverend gentleman to our reporter the other day, "I am a bit surprised to hear you speak so disparagingly of the Okanagan railway. I was thinking as the train moved along this morning that this may be a more celebrated line of railroad than we realize. May it not be the fulfilment of prophesy?"

The reporter looked puzzled. He was puzzled. He had heard all manner of things said about the Molasses Limited, but this was a new one. Seeing his predicament, the reverend gentlemen continued: "Does not the Good Book tell us that there shall be all manner of creeping things portrayed?"

But whether or not it is the fulfilment of prophesy, it is not the fulfilment of anything else. It is, of course, just possible that that is its only mission, in which case all the hullabaloo we have raised about it in the past month or two has been wasted. But we did not know that was its mission. No doubt we might have known had we studied Ezekiel better, but who would ever have thought that the prophet could see so far ahead?

However, there are other papers as ignorant about prophesy as we are. There is the staid old Colonist of Victoria. It doesn't seem to know, though it knows about everything else. In a recent issue it gives us this information:

"There is a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed throughout the Okanagan Valley at the inadequate service rendered by the Shuswap & Okanagan railway. In fact, the service has become a serious grievance—the only grievance in the district where otherwise everything is lovely, and "the goose hangs high." Representations have been made to the C. P. R. with apparently no satisfaction. The officials of the company have stated that the traffic in and out of the district is not sufficient to maintain a regular daily service, and that they cannot be expected to run trains at a loss. For the alleged inadequacy of the service they are being scored by the interior papers. An effort is being made by the Liberal papers to fasten the responsibility upon the McBride government. As the S. & O. was financed by the Province, it is argued that it lies in the hands of the local administration to enforce a better service. If a tornado should sweep the beautiful land of the Okanagan, or if by chance the moon should cease to shine upon it it would be all on account of the "weak, incompetent and discredited" government we have across the Bay. Premier McBride would be slated for not having a stronger pull with that Providence, which, it is alleged, shines so brightly upon Sir Wilfrid. It happens, however, in the case of the Shuswap & Okanagan Railway that it is entirely in the hands of the Dominion government. Now, we do not say that the Dominion government is to blame for an inadequate service; but we do say that it is the only power that can exercise any supervision over lines of railway that have been declared by that government to be for the benefit of Canada. It is one of the anomalies of our constitution that a Province may assist and practically build a railway, and even own it, and the Dominion government may step in and assume control. The Province guaranteed the bonds of the Shuswap & Okanagan railway, but as the Dominion government assisted, that line has been declared to exist for the general benefit of Canada, and, consequently, is under control of the Dominion authorities. As there cannot be two bodies in authority at once the Province has nothing to say in the matter at all. So that those kind Liberal friends who have been advising the settlers in the Okanagan to "go after" McBride with a sharp stick had better turn their attention to Ottawa.

"However, while the much-maligned McBride government has no authority in the premises, we believe the turn of events before long will show that it has not been unmindful of the interests of the settlers of the Okanagan in relation to transportation facilities provided by the C. P. R., and that if they have patience for a short time they will have a much better service than they have now. It is not, we feel sure, part of the policy of the C. P. R. to cripple the resources of a district in which it is so largely interested, and we look to the near future to see matters in this respect very much improved. Therefore, we should advise our excellent contemporaries, the Vernon News, THE EDENOGRAPH of Enderby, the Armstrong Advertiser, and the Kelowna Clarion to 'hold their horses' for a bit."

While the Colonist does not give any positive information about it, it gives us to understand that if we "be good" something nice will be given us, of which we have no doubt, but that characteristic trait of boyhood lingers with us: we'd like to have something in sight.

THE EDENOGRAPH
H. M. WALKER

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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 you 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.

Let it never be said of Enderby that its citizens did not know what they wanted when they voted overwhelmingly to incorporate.

POLITICAL JUGGLERY

The citizens of Enderby are is a state of much uncertainty and great dissatisfaction at the action, or rather non-action, of the government at Victoria in the matter of township incorporation for Enderby. They are beginning to ask what kind of political legerdemain we are having palmed off on us. On the first of January we were informed, through the incorporation's solicitor, that the matter would be taken up on the return of the attorney-general, on January 10th. Since that time we have received no news from Victoria. Everybody is in the dark on the matter. While thus without light, the few opponents of incorporation are accepting as final the government's inactivity, and are telling everyone who will listen how sorry they feel that the petition was not granted, and great crocodile tears trickle down their cheeks into their matted whiskers. "But, then," they add consolingly, "the time is not ripe for it; town too small; taxation would be too high," and with that resigned look they creep off, as if seeking a warm corner for another Rip-Van-Winkle snooze.

But the matter of incorporation is not a dead issue yet. The citizens of Enderby are not to be cheated out of their rights so easily. They have filled every requirement of the law; nearly seven-eights of the property owners signed the petition asking for incorporation, and the majority still want incorporation. And in all justice, their petition should be granted, or they should know why it is refused. The government cannot sidetrack the thing or juggle with it to suit the member from this constituency, through whom the opposition is working.

The citizens of Enderby have not gone to the expense of $300 or $400 in having surveys, etc., made, in order to comply with the law's requirements, to be shunted off by slight-of-hand manœuvres performed at Victoria. The property owners and citizens and business men of Enderby are in a better position to know what they want than men on the outside, and if they have complied with the requirements of the law, they expect to have their wishes in the matter respected. We fail to see wherein the attorney-general has to be appealed to.

THE TAXATION SCARE

Just now, when there is some juggling going on in the matter of incorporation, the sorry ones are indulging in a great deal of speculative talk about the excessive taxation the people of the town have been spared by incorporation falling through. Of course, these wise ones are talking prematurely; incorporation is still very much alive. But if it should fail, what amount of taxation do the ratepayers save? This question nobody can answer since nobody knows what the taxation will be under incorporation. But we do know this: we know that the provincial taxation will be one cent on the dollar, and that Enderby will this year contribute about $2,500 to the provincial treasury, should incorporation be refused. In return for this how much will we get for town improvements? Judging from the past, about $200.

The same taxation on the same valuation, under incorporation would bring $2,500. In addition to this there will be $600 or $700 from hotel and traders' licenses. Let us suppose this will be the limit, though there are numerous other sources of revenue. This will mean say $3,000. How much of this sum will be kept in Enderby? All of it. The cost of the routine work of town government is nominal. A clerk, who can also act as constable, would be the only paid official. The mayor and councilmen always are public spirited enough to give a night or two a month to council meetings. Say the clerk and incidentals, stationery, printing, office rent, etc., would cost $1,300 a year. This would leave $1,700 a year to be spent on public improvements and public needs. This on present valuation and at one cent taxation. With increased improvements valuations will go higher; there will be more building, more work, more progress.

Under present conditions, then, Enderby would pay the provincial government $2,500 and get, perhaps, $200 in return; whereas, under incorporation Enderby would collect the $2,500 and spend it all on improvements in Enderby. Let every citizen decide for himself *which is the better system.*

We have not dealt with the water and light questions, because they must stand alone,—they pay for themselves. The question of drainage is the only serious one to be dealt with at once. Men who have investigated the problem say a system that would answer all present needs could be put in for $800. This would still leave a good balance to carry on other street work out of the first year's taxes. Future needs could be met as they come.

Let there be no cessation in the effort to incorporate. All the legal steps have been taken in good faith by Enderby. Let us not now be beaten by political wire-pulling. Enderby cannot afford to allow its good name to be juggled with, and the stigma to be flung across its path that it was refused incorporation.

With *The* Owl

HANK REKLAW IN THE DARK WOODS.

THINGS that pass as men, because, unfortunately, there isn't a better name for them, are met occasionally, who cannot say fifty words in common conversation without ten of them being words of execration, calling the curse of God upon themselves or another, or words so filty that the user of them puts himself and his fellows on the common plane of a dog and likens the mother that gave him birth to a bitch. When we stop to think of the heinousness of this common practice of cursing and parrot-like babbling of filthy words, we are struck with dumfounderment at the thought to what depths of abandonment a man must allow himself to go who will carelessly pass out upon woman, on man and upon God, the awful expressions of dishonor and shame!

They tell us they mean nothing by it, "It's only a habit"! What a sad, sad confession of weakness! A habit to hurl *bitch* at the head of one's mother! A habit to damn one's own soul and curse his God! Call this habit? And at the same time lay claim to manhood! Eah! Better confess thou art a baby!

There is not one atom of manliness, of goodness, of decency in the cursing habit. Young men—fledgelings in the world of business and experience—start out with the flippant, cursing tongue, in the belief that a bit of swagger and a touch of dissoluteness adds impress to their character. They fail to realize that every curse brings its punishment, every word of filthiness leaves its mark upon their life. In business life, where the moral aspect is left out entirely, and sentiment plays small part, men require a clean mouth as well as a clean shirt-front in their office help. The foul-mouthed individual does not stand ace-high in the estimation of manly men. Every curse uttered, every expression that carries with it vicious thoughts, reflects upon the man who utters it. By their mouths we may know them, as well as by their deeds. Foul words do not come from pure hearts.

The Tailor's Argument

In Thrums there lived a merchant tailor who ordered from a friend, a book agent, a complete set of an encyclopedia which was being published in monthly parts. All went well till the delivery of the last volume, which proved to be about one-half larger than any of the others. Delivery was refused on the ground that the volume was not according to sample and broke the uniformity of the set. Mr. Comrie Thompson was then acting sheriff substitute for Forfarshire, and the resulting case came before him. The plaintiff stated his case, and Mr. Thompson then advised the defendant to take delivery, adding:

"Now, Mr. —, don't be so foolish. If the book is larger, they don't propose to charge you anything extra, and you ought to consider you are having a bargain."

"Well," pleaded the defendant, "I'm a tailor, and if your lordship were to order a coat from me, and I quoted a price, and afterwards delivered the coat a half size bigger than you wanted it, you would, I have no doubt, refuse it. And I might then say: 'Don't be foolish, sheriff. The coat, it's true, is much larger than you want, but the cloth is the same, and I won't make any extra charge. You ought to consider you are having a bargain.'"

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Henry W. Harvey, Agent, Enderby.

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JAS. BOWES, Proprietor.

TRY

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SERVICES:

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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.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD
WHAT THE DIAL TOLD

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

THE cargo steamer Amphion was drumming through the fog off Tillamook Head on the Oregon coast. The skipper was tamping back and forth on the bridge, volubly imprecating disenthronement on the weather god. Now and then he put his hand irresolutely on the lever of the engine room telegraph, which pointed, in spite of rules and regulations, to "Full Speed." Once or twice he addressed a question to the third officer. The latter refused to commit himself. Finally his superior glanced at the clock under the hood, listened for an answer in the night to the bellow of the siren, and said: "I guess we'll let her go. If we can keep up the gait we can make Astoria by the morning tide, and there's no shipping to be afraid of to-night. Half speed's all right for the lower coast, but up here there's no need of losing time that way."

From the note of indecision in the captain's voice, the third mate thought that encouragement was wanted. But he stared into the blind haze that hid from view the very wash from the cutwater, and only grunted.

"I don't see why we shouldn't hit her along," the skipper went on, irascibly. "We aren't more than a good [illegible] from the light, and when we get off there we can slow down and crawl in by daylight. I ain't a coward to lay her to when there's no need."

"Shall I keep her at full speed?" the mate asked.

"Well, I wouldn't slow down yet awhile. Maybe if it gets much thicker and I ain't on the bridge you better let her down to half speed. Just tell the engineer to drop her a couple of revolutions."

The watch officer nodded. He had served on several seas, and it was no new thing in his experience for a conscientious captain to put his telegraph at half speed or even dead slow, and warn the engineers not to obey too literally. It can't be done any more, for the new telegraph marks revolutions and must tally with the indicator on the engines. The mate did not like the look of the night, and the perils marked on the chart rose before him distinctly. But he understood quite well a young master's anxiety to get into port on time, and moreover he told himself that if they ran down anything it wasn't his fault. So he nodded again and walked over to the speaking tube.

The chief engineer answered him from the working platform. "Captain says when he rings to slow to half speed, just to drop her a couple," came the drawling voice of the third mate.

The chief looked up at the dial where the indicator pointed steadily at full speed ahead. "All right," he replied.

"The skipper's keeping her going in this fog," suggested the assistant engineer.

"Yes, he wants to get in. It's pretty thick weather to be steaming a good 12."

"Bad coast, too," continued the assistant, flirting his lamp into the champing eccentric well.

"It's always the way with youngsters," the chief responded, acidly. "They don't like to lose time by rules. Petersen's all right, so he thinks, but he hasn't been on this coast as long as I have, or he wouldn't be driving her in this muck. He's always throwing it up to me that I aint the skipper, so I reckon I'll make no fuss if he is trying to hit the Amphion through contrary to rules."

"Well," said the other, glancing up at the dial, "if anything happens, all we've got to say is: It was orders from the bridge. That telegraph won't lie. Shall I ease her only a couple when he signals half speed?"

The gray-haired engineer put his hand on his subordinate's shoulder. His voice rose above the whirr of the dynamo and the clank of the main pump. "That isn't orders," he said. "Our orders are on that dial there. If that says half speed, by Jimmy Cripps, half speed it is."

"Then no talk from the deck goes, sir?"

"Take your orders from the telegraph, when it's working," the chief responded. "If it isn't working then the speaking-tub will do."

An hour later the Amphion was still beating away through the big, oily seas, the fog streaming away from her bows to swirl back and across the yellow glare of the deck lights before piling up in a murky wall astern. The captain kept watch with his mate on the bridge. The engine-room telegraph stood at full speed. Down below in the engine-room the third engineer went quietly about his work, while his chief stood on the working platform under the huge steam valve, smoking his pipe.

After his rounds, the assistant came across and stood by the old man's side. "It's an awfully dirty night," he said. "In the stoke-room you can see the fog pouring down the ventilators like steam. Strikes me the skipper is running big risks."

"Yes, he's reckless to-night. I'm pretty well used to young chaps with hot-headed notions, but the older I grow the less I like the captain who boasts in port that he never went half speed. Sooner or later he gets a lesson. Sometimes the engine-room pays for it. Mostly, I might say."

The younger resumed his rounds through the machinery, his light had on a bearing, a swift touch on a driving rod, a squirt at an oil cup, a turn on a valve. The swaying bedplates, the thundering cylinders far above, the clacking pumps, the whirring shaft sang about him as he went. Suddenly the steady roar of the huge engines was dulled. The hard-pressed [illegible] blocks ceased their shrill cry. The plunging piston rods slowed up. With a sigh the engine-room took up the lower beat for half-speed. But the assistant had noticed one strange thing. He quietly joined his chief, and looked at the dial of the telegraph. It still pointed as it had for the last hour. The elder man answered his inquisitive glance with a low, "I don't know what the deck means."

Before another word was said, there came a slow, sucking lift; the Amphion rolled over till the lanterns dimmed. She recovered with a surge, and as the chief engineer wrenched the steam valve shut, the plates beneath their feet bulged upward. A moment of tense straining in the stilled machinery, and then, as if freed from some elastic bond, the steamer leaped forward again. There was the sharp clang of a gong, and a stoker pushed his sweaty face above the grating with a cry. But the old engineer threw the steam into the cylinders again, and the engines throbbed in response. "The propeller's still there," he cried, shutting off steam once more.

The third assistant was gazing at the telegraph dial. The indicator had not moved. With an oath he snatched a pair of nippers from the rack and thrust the claws up into the wires behind the face. Then he turned in beaming triumph to his superior. "He shan't put her over at half speed now," he shouted, "and then tell the inspectors that it was us that kept her driving."

Before the words were well out of his mouth, a jolt threw them to the plates, and as they scrambled up again the Amphion seem to crumple up under them. Then with the screeching of riven plates and drawing rivets, the steamer settled on the reef. A breaker flung itself in thunder against the side, and the spray fell like rain through the skylight. The sharp clang of the gong filled the engine-room. "That was the half-speed bell," said the chief, dully in the lull that followed the rattling boom. His assistant, while the awakened engineers of the other watches peered curiously through the darkness with eyes still heavy from sleep, caught up a lantern that was still burning, and threw its beam on the dial of the telegraph. It still pointed to full speed ahead. "I knew he'd try it, and I fooled him!" he cried.

In the turmoil that followed, while stoker and oiler and engineer fled from the water bubbling waist high, the chief gathered up his own log-book, and carefully tore it up. The fragments he cast on the foamy brine that rose about his engines. "I ain't going to fight unfair," he muttered.

On the bridge of the wrecked Amphion the crew huddled cheerlessly. The slow streaming seas that emerged from the fog and night to windward broke heavily on the submerged hull, and the spume ran in rivers from mast and stanchion. "I had the engine-room telegraph at half speed," said the captain, whitefaced, "and I've got it down in the log that we slowed down as soon as we got into the fog. I guess that'll satisfy the inspectors that I've done all right, and we'd not ha' *run out of our course unless the engine-room* had disobeyed orders and kept her full speed."

The third assistant pushed forward and stared at the captain with open mouth. Then he shook his fist, wildly. "That aint so," he bawled. "I knew yer tricks! I got witness down below! Ye don't lose me my papers that way! Anybody with two grains of sense 'ull know this old hooker couldn't pile up this high on any half speed. I tell ye, ye don't lose me my papers!" He turned round to his fellows of the engine-room. "What does the telegraph down there read?" he yelled.

The old engineer, rubbing between his palms the omnipresent badge of his authority, a bit of cotton waste, gazed at the pallid master of the wreck, and shared his shame. With a gesture, he silenced his shrieking men, and bullied the third mate with his eyes. "I was on watch to-night with my assistant," he commenced, harshly. "I am *responsible* for this. I've lost my engine-room log, but it was my orders that kept her driving. It was all my doings, and I guess I'm old enough to stand by it. To hell with the rules of the road! Let's play this fair."

"But—" began the third assistant with a cry.

"Shut up!" bellowed his chief.

The yellow lanters on the tilted bridge flickered in the wind, but their unsteady flames were not more wavering than the eyes of the captain. "I put her over to half speed," he said, shrilly, laying his wet hand on the brass, "but it mightn't have registered in the engine-room. You see—"

"We must play fair," interrupted the chief engineer, loudly. The men crowded closer about him, their oilskins rustling in the darkness. "We must play fair," said the old man, glibly. "The Amphion's piled up here, and some one's got to lose his papers. I ain't been friendly with the skipper, and I just naturally kept her driving, boys. It's my fault, my fault, boys, and I guess I'm up against it. That *telegraph says half speed, and I kept* her full speed, contrary to orders."

The young skipper turned away his face and picked up a lantern that swung steaming from the rail. Raising it up he scanned the faces that surrounded him. Slowly the lantern fell with his arm. He threw out his hand and caught the lever of the telegraph. With a jerk he threw it back and then forward to full speed ahead. The clang of the bell came up from the half-drowned engine-room and tinkled a fading echo, in the fog.—San Francisco Argonant.

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What is the use of reading a great man's works if you will not open your hear tc the feelings of his ?

When we tune our heart in harmony with the good we can find in all men, life is not too bad—not too bad!

"Things will always go as they are," we hear somebody say. And then we begin to wonder how long that person has been dead.

'Tis bad enough to learn to pray by rote, but what a travesty on independent manhood it is to have men think and act by rote!

Simplicity of living is conducive to simplicity of thinking—thinking that is void of offensive littlenesses owing to a distorted vision.

Don't be a skimmer. Get into the heart of things; it's the digging and delving that develops the man. Ease has killed more men than effort.

As we move close to Nature we throw off the frills and foibles that man has added as necessities, and become kings of that simple life that the world thinks is greatness.

When men whose minds are tuned alike meet, though they may be three thousand miles apart, there is at once a cementing of feeling and thought that enlarges and ennobles both.

Let us not think so much of the man as the man's object and the power behind him. Men have been "great" in the world's eyes who were in reality very mediocre. And then again, men whom the world of today has passed into the mediocre class, rise tomorrow on the pinions of greatness, and are worshipped by those who, yesterday, condemned.

Men are free to advertise how to get rich, how to attain fame, how to gain knowledge, and how to be beautiful. Each has a system of his own, and no doubt each system has some good teachings, but it seems to me a person cannot be either rich, famous, learned or beautiful who sets his sights on these things. The true secret is to forget all in simply doing your very best in the present duty.

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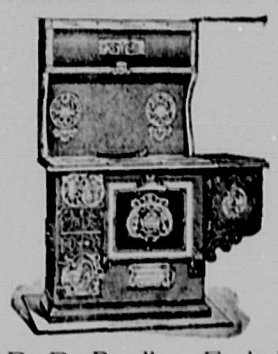

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Between Ourselves

So persistent have been the rumors from Armstrong, and so positive are some of its business people that THE EDENOGRAPH plant is to be moved to that town, we deem a word of explanation necessary. THE EDENOGRAPH has not been sold. THE EDENOGRAPH will not be sold to be moved to Armstrong. THE EDENOGRAPH will not be moved from Enderby.

In this connection we might state that the publisher of an American magazine has submitted to the editor of this paper a proposition that would mean a big advance, a larger field of usefulness and unlimited scope for work in his favorite calling. Nobody can be more persistent than a publisher looking for a man. Two months ago we declined to consider the proposition. But a good American never takes "no" for an answer. Finally we accepted the magazine offer, provided we can find a good man to continue THE EDENOGRAPH.

When we brought THE EDENOGRAPH to Enderby, we did so without bonus or help from any citizen, party or clique. The paper has been run on its merits, and has been loyally supported by the citizens on its merits. The business has not been as large as we would like to have it, but so long as our efforts to give Enderby a readable paper are appreciated, and THE EDENOGRAPH is supported by the people of Enderby District, we shall have no cause to complain.

H. M. WALKER.

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In the Pulpits

What the Local Pastors Talked About Sunday

In his morning discourse in the Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. Campbell took for his text the parable of the marriage supper. Such occasions have always been attended with joy, dignity, invitation, but the kingdom of heaven, which it here typifies, is wider in its invitation, the honor and dignity, the joy and bliss greatly exceeding. We are shown how the chosen people, the Jews, rejected the invitation. The parable illustrates how they, how we, let other interests come in before the kingdom of heaven. It reveals the germ of all that shuts us out of the kingdom.

But because the invitation is rejected, the kingdom is not taken from earth,—the banquet was spread. God's kingdom will be full. His business requires haste. Irrespective of persons all classes are gathered. Why one rejects and another accepts we do not know. Why the wise, the great, the rich may shut the door against the invitation and the beggar goes in free, we know not.

Another important lesson is taught by the parable. There was one at the feast without the proper character. He had not shown proper respect to the invitation. No matter what class may come, the house must be honored. No man can enter into the kingdom of heaven with indifference, saying, "I am as good as another," with a proud toss of the head. He must not lightly esteem the invitation: he must be right with God and man.

Rev. Mr. Osterhout, of Kamloops, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church Sunday evening. His was a missionary sermon. Twelve years were spent by him as missionary to the Indians around Port Simpson, and the work has given him a rich experience of the real, practical working of an ever-present, personal God upon the human heart. The message to Paul, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," was his text. The first great thought was in connection with the personal guidance of the man who seeks diligently to know and do the will of God. If our spiritual senses are tuned to hear the word the call to duty will come to us today as clearly as it came to Paul.

Taking up the work of the Christian churches of all denominations, he spoke eloquently of the work they are doing, and paid a glowing tribute to the men and women whose lives have been spent in carrying the gospel to foreign lands and peoples. The work of the Methodist church of Canada in the mission fields started 40 years ago. The first year the sum of $140 was raised for mission purposes. Last year the sum raised for the same purpose by the same body amounted to $346,363. This seems to be a large sum, but in reality it is very little. All the money that has been raised by the Methodist church of Canada in the past 40 years would not keep the smokers of Canada supplied with tobacco for two month, and would not pay one month's liquor bill.

A CHARMING WOMAN

What is meant by the expression? Answer the question who can. Is it a nameless something, undefinable, yet all powerful? Or is it her exquisite manner, tact, sympathy if you will, that sympathy which springs from fine feeling and fine breeding? Or is it through her knowledge of human nature, innate or acquired, or her natural kindness of heart? The charming woman is never under any circumstances a harping critic, but rather a very kindly one. She is never on the lookout for defects of character or person. If they exist and she sees them, be sure that she does not blazon them abroad; but if, on the other hand, she is the discoverer of some hitherto unknown good qualities, be equally sure that they are not hidden under a bushel. She is not a prude. Yet there is about her a sweet, tender, quiet dignity that is all her own; she is to her friends and acquaintances a sort of father confessor—everything is told her without reserve. They crave her sympathy and advice and they get it. She finds a silver lining in the darkened cloud. She casts no stones, asks no questions. Faithful to her own creed, she is tolerant to all others; but, though kind and indulgent, she is not deaf, dumb and blind, nor soft. She can see more with half an eye than you can see with two. She knows how and when to pour oil upon the troubled waters, can give a turn to an unpleasant conversation or lead up to a pleasant one. Her own griefs and troubles, if she has any, are her own. Never by any chance are they made common property. She keeps her secrets under her own lips' key. She is as wise as a serpent. Her nature never hardens, but mellows and softens with advancing years. She never loses sight of the fact that she is essentially feminine. And it is that very femininity and sweet, tender and strong womanhood of hers that conquer all who approach her. But under, over and above all, her will is law, her influence supreme. She is a striking example of an iron hand in a velvet glove.—The Segnogram.

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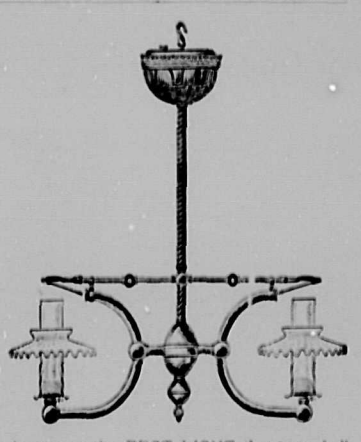

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