

Enderby, B. C., March 11, 1909

AND WALKER'S WEEKLY

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Petitioning the Government to Help

THE Provincial Government has spent large sums of money to advertise the fruit possibilities of the province. Our great resources have been made known wherever it has been apparent an attentive ear was listening. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent here in developing the fruit industry, and the output of our orchards has assumed large proportions.

The Government cannot now afford to neglect the industry; it cannot afford to withhold its aid at the one point where it is most needed—it must assist in the establishment of permanent market facilities, even if for a few years it has to pay an agent to superintend the handling of the produce by the Exchanges. The Government cannot afford now to leave our farmers and fruit raisers at the tender mercy of corporate greed on one hand, and the grasping commission men on the other. Some system must be adopted to stop the cut-throat business and to enable the producers to cut loose from the joint stock companies, which simply bleed the underdog for the man on top.

The co-operative system is the system that undoubtedly could be made to give the best results. It has been tried the past year or two with not very satisfactory results, but it should be remembered that the strongest combination the private dealers could bring against them was invoked, and the producers themselves fought one against the other, and kept up a continual grouch against the management. The system, therefore, has not had a fair trial; the co-operators themselves were the system's worst enemies.

What the outcome will be is yet to be seen. Petitions are in circulation in the producing sections of the province, asking the government to take the supervision of the Exchanges, and it is not unlikely that next season will see the business under government supervision, and the markets brought nearer the man who has something to sell.

Investigating Indian Affairs

Rev. John McDougald, 49 years a missionary working amongst the Indians and in frontier communities, spent a few days in Enderby this week, investigating for the Dominion government the condition of the reservation Indians, and more particularly the amount of land held by the Indians. It apparently is the pur-

pose of the Government to formulate some plan looking to the readjustment of the land conditions. Chief Edward appeared before the commissioner and, on behalf of his people, asked for an Indian school to be established on the Indian reserve. Mr. McDougald will visit all of the Indian reservations in the Valley.

Hotel Improvements at Sicamous

L. E. Congreve is making extensive improvements to the Bellevue Hotel, at Sicamous. He is installing a 13.5 kilowatt direct current dynamo, and a 4-horsepower gasoline engine, and has

given to F. V. Moffet the contract to install 40 lights. An eleven-room addition is to be added to the hotel this spring to accommodate the increasing traffic.

Word was received on Wednesday that the Department at Victoria had decided to use only B. C. flour in the provincial asylums, the Vancouver mill to supply Westminster and the Enderby mill to supply Vernon. As the Westminster institution uses 600 barrels to Vernon's 50 barrels, it looks like discrimination. The Board of Trade at once wired Hon. Price Ellison to this effect, and asked for an equitable division of orders between all the mills of the Province, or that the whole be thrown open to tender.

Flour from Enderby to Liverpool

SHIPPING flour from Enderby to Liverpool by way of Vancouver, is now an assured thing.

On November 5th a shipload of flour from the Enderby mill sailed from Vancouver booked for Liverpool. It was the first shipment of flour to leave the Pacific Coast of Canada for a U. K. port, and much interest was felt in the outcome. A few days ago a letter was received by the Columbia Flouring Mills Co. from the Liverpool house, stating that the shipment had arrived in very satisfactory condition, and establishing a permanent trade for flour of this grade.

In the manufacture of flour there are two grades obtained

from the same wheat as it is passing through the mill, No. 1 and No. 2. The No. 1 product of our B. C. mills finds a market at home, while the No. 2 goes to the Orient or U. K. ports to be blended with a native flour or used as it is shipped. There is an unlimited demand for the No. 2 grade, but the market for the No. 1 is restricted to the local or provincial field, and, as the mills are not inclined to run ahead of their home market, preferring to keep the No. 1 fresh and of high quality, their supply of the No. 2 is curtailed. Thus it is difficult to build up a large foreign trade, simply because the requirements of the home market are so much smaller than the requirements of the foreign field.

Business Personals and Late News

Miss Worthington left for Vancouver this week.

For \$27.00 you can buy. A ten-year guaranteed sewing machine, at Fulton's Hardware.

F. W. Stevens has taken in hand the selling end of the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co.

The A. R. Rogers Lumber Co. shipped 50 cars of lumber during February, in all 1,250,000 feet, principally to Saskatchewan.

The Armstrong Millinery Co. wishes to announce to the ladies of Enderby and district that their spring hats are now ready for inspection.

Regular monthly meeting of the Enderby Board of Trade will be held in the Bell block to-morrow (Friday) evening. Important business; full attendance requested.

If the City Council wants to do something that would be appreciated by everybody they will spend a few dollars in shovelling the filth, the accumulation of winter, off of the Enderby bridge.

A SNAP—A business stand, 55x120ft., with frame building 37x60ft.; shed 14x22ft. Rented now for \$40 per month. Only \$2,600. This is the best buy in Enderby. Call or write at once. A. Fulton, Enderby, B. C.

Genuine "Victor" Gramophone for sale. 55 Victor and Clarion 10 and 12-inch records. All in new condition and guaranteed perfect. Cost over \$100.00. Price \$65.00 for quick cash sale. W. A. Dobson, Enderby, B. C.

Notice

In the matter of the Land Registry Act, and in the matter of the Certificate of Title to the S. E. 1-4 of Section 21, Township 38 and Lot 159, Group I, (except 6-18/100 acres) and Lots 1, 8, 9, 10, subdivision of part of Lot 226, Group I (Map 151) Osoyoos Division of Yale District (excepting portions sold).

WHEREAS, the Certificate of Title of Bertha Strickland, being Certificate of Title No. 9292A, to the above hereditaments, has been lost or destroyed, and application has been made to me for a duplicate thereof;

Notice is hereby given that a duplicate Certificate of Title to the above hereditaments will be issued at the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication hereof, unless in the meantime valid objection is made to me in writing.

W. H. EDMONDS,
District Registrar.
Land Registry Office, Kamloops, B. C.,
Mar. 9th, 1909. 3-11-4

WALKER'S WEEKLY

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"In order to be poor in the Okanagan, you have to waste an awful lot of Time and Money."

H. M. WALKER

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A blue pencil mark here indicates that your subscription is past due, and the editor would like to retain your name on the roll of honor.

Address all communications to—THE WALKER PRESS, Enderby, B. C.

Pa says: "Without work you get the grumps; then the grouch, then the pooh-poohs, and then Death gets you."

FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

SOMEBODY has said that in order to recognize a big man, you must be one. I believe this is absolutely true. When Bliss-Carmen wrote his ode on the coronation of King Edward,—one of marvelous beauty and strength, there wasn't a Canadian editor to whom the poem was submitted big enough to grasp the beauty of it, and the writer had to peddle his wares in the United States. It was snapped up by the Saturday Evening Post, if my memory serves me right, and published as its leader. So lavish were the critics in their praise of the poem, that our Canadian publishers wakened up to the fact that they had lost a good thing, and some of them went so far as to reproduce a few of the verses that seemed to have the most jingle, leaving out, of course, the heart of it. When Gilbert Parker was in Canada, he was thought to be a very ordinary individual and we doubt not that even today in and about his Camden home there are those who wisely shake their heads and ask: "Parker, Parker: why isn't he the carpenter's son? Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

We Canadians are a stupid lot. We permit our good things to go from us, or die for the want of nourishment. We are strong on following, but short on leading. We lack the initiative; and we knock anyone of the initiative spirit. There is our old friend, R. T. Lowery; a humorist of the rarest quality, and yet, because he has or hasn't religious views untrammelled by the priest, we taboo him and keep his literature out of our mail sacks. The fact that the

Colonel can give most of our high priests axes and spades and beat them to glory in innate goodness, has nothing to do with it. We damn him because he doesn't think as we do, and that's the end o' it. He won't let us put a plumb-bob on his nose, and we get mad.

In political life we see the same narrow spirit prevailing against Joe Martin. He is the most abused man in Canada, and yet he has done most for her. He, like many another big soul, is leaving the colonial atmosphere to take up life where big men live. Of his going, "Bruce" says: "Neither Vancouver, where he has lived for eleven years, nor British Columbia in whose interests he has fought against graft and Asiatic immigration, nor Manitoba to which he rendered his greatest public service by freeing it from a railroad monopoly and by fighting against the curse of a dual language and separate schools; nor the Liberal party, once his own, which has for nearly 13 years enjoyed the sweets of office secured upon an issue raised by him—neither city, provinces, country, nor party have the slightest claim upon the gratitude nor sense of public duty of Joseph Martin. It is a bitter commentary upon the political morality of Canada. By one and all his services have been forgotten, his efforts spurned and the man treated with contumely.

"Joseph Martin has fought for principle, not merely an abstract or popular ideal, but for the practical application of what he believed to be right. Therein he demonstrated to all who will read, as plainly as a pikestaff, his inherent honesty. He could no more frame a phrase which did not express his actual opinion and intentions than he could support a principle he believed to be wrong. That is perhaps one of the reasons why he was 'impossible' as a factor in party politics. He could not temporise, he would not compromise on a vital principle, he could not be 'got at' by any extraneous influence. He went straight to the goal and was blind to all other considerations than those involved in establishing the principles he fought for."

A higher tribute was never paid to the man than this by the Saturday Sunset.

Millions Without Owners.

PROPERTY FOR WHICH NO HEIRS CAN BE FOUND.

"Did you ever realize that millions of dollars are in the hands of the Chamberlain of New York city and the State Treasurer awaiting owners, and that lawyers are working on the task of searching for heirs of these funds all the time, succeeding or failing in the most unusual ways?"

"There is \$8,000,000 in the hands of the City Chamberlain alone, which would be given over to the heirs of the people who died and left the money if those heirs would only appear."

"Another odd thing, do you realize that some of the most valuable property in New York city is not improved and remains occupied by ramshackle buildings because the owners have disappeared and that large rents are collected by people who have no right whatever to them?"

The speaker was a lawyer who makes a specialty of finding lost heirs to estates and owners of bank accounts who have disappeared.

"I often think that no man gets so strong an impression of the twisting paths of life, of the obscure eddies into which people drift, and of the mysterious ways in which they can be murdered or die in lonely places or just sink out of the current of life and disappear as a lawyer engaged in such work as this," he went on. "Dozens of men have disappeared in this way in cases which I have investigated."

"Who knows whether they have been knocked on the head or have taken to the river or have changed their names, although without apparent motive to do so, and are quietly living in some retired hamlet?"

"If you came into contact with such cases as I have before me day in and day out you would wonder, too, what becomes of all these people that were well known and prominent one day and the next day have disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up."

"An odd case I remember—not the oddest, but still rather out of the ordinary—was that of a Belgian artist named Jean van der Stock. He landed in this country in 1888, when he was about 30."

"He was a portrait painter and soon after arriving here received numerous lucrative commissions, and, in short, was on the high tide of success in no time. He had a studio and living rooms in a Waverley place fixed up in bizarre fashion, and it was a favorite stunt of his friends to have tea there every afternoon and rabbit suppers in the evening, and that sort of thing."

"In 1892 he hired a safe deposit box from a Broadway company and put in it between \$5,000 and \$10,000 worth of securities. The next day he disappeared."

"We have hunted for him ever since, but in vain. We have found his old mother, who had not heard from him for three years before his death."

"The trust company would like to hand the securities over to her, and she is in poor circumstances, but it cannot do so as things are."

"What was his fate? Did he voluntarily disappear and simply forget the money? Or was he knocked on the head in some brawl along the water front as the end-up of a crazy spree? Or was he suddenly stricken with aphasia and is he lying in some interior city or perhaps right here in New York?"

"Who knows? No one has ever been able to find any trace of his whereabouts or any proof of his death."

"About the largest fortune I know to have been tied up by lost heirs is that of William A. Kinley, a wealthy wholesale grocer of this city, who died in 1863. Kinley had a brother, Edward, with whom he had a violent quarrel about some trifling personal matter."

"Both men were violent tempered and Edward ended the quarrel by telling his brother that he hoped he would never see him again, and getting out of town the same night. Kinley didn't care at the time, but on his deathbed he had a fit of repentance quite as violent as his anger. He wrote a will leaving his entire fortune of close on to a quarter of a million dollars to his brother, disinheriting all his other relatives."

"Edward was traced to Michigan and there the trail stopped. We have never been able to get any further. The State Treasurer took over the entire estate under the law and still has it."

"Did Edward resolve not to touch a cent of his brother's money on account of their quarrel? It must have been the advertisements we published if he was still alive. It would be quite in keeping with his nature to ignore them and refuse to touch the money."

"Another odd case was that of James J. Pomeroy, of Joplin, Mo., and Missoula, Mont. In his case we found the heir, but can't get the money on account of a quirk in the Montana law."

"Pomeroy was another strongheaded man, as many of the actors in these queer dramas seem to have been. He was a prosperous business man of Joplin, back twenty years ago, married and had one son."

"He apparently got tired of his wife, for one day he up and left her and the boy and all they ever heard of him was a letter received a week later from San Francisco. It told them never to expect to see him again, as he was going to the Sandwich Islands not to return, and would change his name and his identity so as to baffle all attempts to find him. Later he had messages sent from the islands that he had died."

"Well, he went to Missoula, Mont., in

stead. He changed his first name, but that was all."

"His familiarity with mining methods gained in Joplin made him a valuable man in the Montana town. Before he died he became one of the wealthy men of the place, the grand master of the Masonic order for the State."

"His first wife died of a broken heart. He married again and his second wife divorced him. When he died, leaving a fortune of nearly \$100,000 and no will, we were able to trace the son through the evidence brought out in the divorce proceedings."

"We went back to Joplin, found the son and started proceedings to get the money, which had been turned over to the State. It will be necessary for the Legislature to pass a special bill to enable the son to come into his own."

"There is a touch of human weakness and passion too in the story of the \$25,000 that is awaiting the grandchildren of Peter Knell, the sexton of the First German Reformed Church, which used to be situated at Delancey and Sheriff streets in the first quarter of the century."

"Peter was a blacksmith and a pleasant, handsome, attractive man. Rhoda Whitehead, daughter of one of the old merchants of New York, fell in love with him at first sight. They stole away one day and were married."

"The Whiteheads were enraged at the match and cut the girl dead. When Rhoda's rich father died she was disinherited. But his son, to whom all the Whitehead wealth descended, became very regretful in his latter days that he had acquiesced in his sister's disinheritance."

his son, to whom all the Whitehead wealth descended, became very regretful in his latter days that he had acquiesced in his sister's disinheritance."

"She was dead then and left grandchildren growing up. On his deathbed he made a will leaving a good share of his fortune in partial restitution to the grandchildren of Peter and Rhoda Whitehead Knell."

"Then came the search. We found that the pair had left at least two children. One, Christina, had married a Dr. Lawrence and there had been no children from that union. The other, George, had married too, and had seven children."

"After living in New York for several years the family had moved to some place on Long Island, we understand. Where, we have not been able to discover. They are the only grandchildren so far as we know, and there you have it—these seven people living in some Long Island village probably hard up, and we eager to find them and give them the money, but just unable to go a single step further in our search."

"Another case of mysterious disappearance is that of a pretty Asiatic widow named Fanny Celler. She came here following the death of her husband in 1860. She was then only 25, I think."

"She taught German and French in Wells College for a year and then disappeared. A legacy of \$10,000 awaits her or her heirs if they ever turn up, but we have little hope of this happening."

"There are some queer cases of property practically ownerless in the best business and residence parts of New York. This arises from the same freak that is doubtless at the bottom of many of the lost heir mysteries."

"The owners suffered a sudden attack of aphasia or just took it into their heads to disappear. The fact remains that these properties are practically ownerless through these disappearances."

"People who collected the rents as agents or others who learned of the disappearance of the owner have succeeded in collecting the rents ever since, and are in many cases pocketing them and posing as the real owners. Oh, I know of several cases of this sort. Some of these properties are situated next to skyscrapers."

"As sites for high, modern buildings they are very valuable, but they are covered with ramshackle edifices which pay a low but steady rent to the pseudo owners."

"The latter can't afford to take the risk of putting money into improving the property for fear the real owner may turn up some day and turn them out. So they remain satisfied with the low rent and let the property remain an eyesore to the neighborhood."

"Another interesting phase of tied up legacies and lost heirs and all that business is the numerous fakes and frauds that are put up. Schemes are constantly being devised to get possession of property in this State."

IT WAS JEAN B'TISTE, AFTER ALL.

Ambition Fails to Avert the Common Name of French-Canadian Children.

"Fader Lajeunesse 'e say 'Wat for dat chile ain't christianed yet?' An' I say 'We ain't got no name yet, we hain't.'"

"An' Fader Lajeunesse, she say 'You call dat chile Jean B'tiste.' An' I say 'No, sir; no, bagosh. Ah don' care we have two, tree, couple dozen childrens—an' we got nice start, me—we don' have no chile Jean B'tiste, no, sir; nevaire, no chile Jean goin' have nice good nevaire. Dat chile goin' have nice good Yankee name an' dat chile goin' be nice good Yankee man, w'en she's beeg; yes, sir.'"

"Ah'm not eggicaled, me, but ma old est beeg, Emile, she jus' lack two day for be our school teacher, an' eets fader she

say 'Emile, you fine us nice Yankee name an' de nextes' tame Ah go on Mon'real Ah brought you nice red tuke from Canada.'"

"Emile, 'e tink an' tink, an' her fader ever'day 'e say 'Wall, Emile, w'at name we goin' call dat leel babee here?' An' Emile ever'day she say 'You wait.'"

"Along bimeby one day Emile w'en 'e come from de work—'e delivair for Freech-ette—Emile, she 'trow hees cap in de hair, an' say 'Urrah! Ah got de nices' Yankee name you hain't nevaire 'eared.'"

"Eets fader say 'Good; I go tell Fader Lajeunesse hall righ', we get dat babee christianed.'"

"An' ma sister an' all its childrens an' its man an' Mis' Dodah an' Mis' La Fave, may neighbor, we go to de church for see de babee christianed."

"An' Fader Lajeunesse 'e tak' de young one in ee's harm an' 'e say 'W'at name?' An' ma man she say 'Syracuse.' Den Fader Lajeunesse 'e get so mad 'e mos' drop de chile."

"W'at kine name dat for chile cat'o-lique?' 'e yell. 'W'a for you don't tak on Cherubuseo, too?'"

"An' so we name her Jean B'tiste, jus' de same, bagosh, an' Emile 'e don' get 'ees nice red tuke from Canada.'"

A STORY OF DUNOTTAR

I had been watching him for more than half an hour before it occurred to me to do anything. But I saw that unless he wakened during the next three minutes, the little waves would reach him and rush over his feet. And that would have been a pity because he was wearing white buckskin boots, and salt water isn't good for buckskin. He didn't seem a bit as though he intended to get up, and that was why it occurred to me that there was only one thing to be done, I must waken him myself.

I was sitting at the top of the cliff and near Dunottar Castle, and he was lying on the shore far below me, with his feet towards the sea and his hands clasped below his head. I had noticed him lying there as I was walking towards the castle, and because I had nothing else to do, and it was such a jolly evening for sitting still. I—well, I sat still, and looked at him and thought silly thoughts to myself.

I couldn't see his face, clearly, of course, but the little I did see looked awfully nice and awfully brown. And then when I had thought of this for about the twentieth time I suddenly noticed that the waves had almost reached him, so I jumped to my feet and scrambled down the bank as fast as I could. I almost ran across the shingle. I hoped that the noise I made might waken him, but he never moved. When I reached his side and saw his face I nearly cried out, for I knew the face, had seen it often and often on a photograph, and now and then, I suppose, in my dreams as well. For a moment I wondered if there could be two such faces in the world, and next, I called myself a little fool. There never was another face like that since the world began.

The waves were coming nearer now—one almost touched his boots—so I coughed, thinking that that would waken him. But he didn't hear. With a desperate effort I said, "Wake up, please," and it sounded so silly that I laughed, and bending over him shook his shoulder a little.

He gave a sort of sigh, stretched out his arms, half opened his eyes, and sat up and gazed at me. "Peggy!" he murmured sleepily, "I'll bet my last rousie that it's Peggy."

I gasped and almost fell through the sand. Peggy is my name, you know. I couldn't think what on earth to do, so I just stared back at him. And at that he rose quickly to his feet and blushed—I'm sure he blushed—only the tan on his face was so deep that I couldn't see very well, and made a sort of jerky bow.

"Excuse me," he said and he smiled. He had lovely white teeth—"I didn't mean to say that. I was—or—I was just talking in my sleep, you know. But?" I knew he was looking at me keenly. "I thought I had seen you before somewhere. I—I knew someone called Peggy who was just like you."

I didn't know what to say, so I said—"If you had lain there much longer you would have been drowned. That's why I woke you. The tide's been coming in fast."

"So it has," he answered, stepping back from a wave, "so it has, by jove. And you rescued me from it?" he glanced up at me and smiled again—"that was awfully good of you, you know." Then he added reflectively—"I must have been asleep a good long time."

"You have," I said. "I've been watching you, then I broke off in a hurry. I mean, yes, you must have." I finished several.

"Hain't we better go and sit on the rocks over there?" he asked easily. "If we stand here we'll be washed away by the tide. Come away, Peg—that is, come away, please."

I started again; he had been going to say Peggy. Then an idea occurred to me, and looking at him innocently—"I'm sure I did it innocently—"I'd like to," I said, "but—but we haven't been introduced, you see. I don't even know your name."

His eyes twinkled at me. "Oh, we've been introduced all right," he returned. "The tide did that. As for my name, well, my name is Kennedy—Owen Kennedy."

"Owen Kennedy!" I cried, feeling that I would like to faint or go into hysterics, or something like that. "You are Owen Kennedy?"

He took a step towards me, and held out his strong, brown hand. "Yes," he said, with a little laugh, "and you are Miss Peggy Harper, aren't you?"

I nodded. "Yes," I murmured, shaking his hand, "yes, I'm Peggy."

"Well," he remarked, contentedly, "that's all right, and we're introduced now. We're not only introduced—we're old friends."

"Yes—yes, I suppose we are." And then I drew my hand out of his, not because I particularly wanted to, but because I thought it was the proper thing to do. So it was.

We walked up the stony shore until we came to a big flat rock under the cliff, and then we sat down. "Fancy meeting you—like this," I said, slowly. I was rather bewildered at it all.

"Yes," he answered, "it's funny, and get it's rather nice, too."

"What's rather nice, please?"

"Oh, meeting you here; in this sort of unexpected, informal way. It's—it's quite romantic."

I said nothing.

"I said it was quite romantic," he repeated, in an injured tone.

I looked out to sea. "I know," I replied. "I heard you. But I don't see that there's much romance about it. Especially after Ceylon. There's such heaps of real romance in the East, they say."

"They," he answered, contemptuously, "don't know anything about it. If there is any romance in Ceylon, it has got there within the last six weeks."

I smiled at him. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. Then, "And how did you know me?" I asked.

He seemed surprised. "How did I know you! Good gracious me! I've known you for ages! You know that your brother Ted and I have been staying in the same 'chummy' in Colombo for the last three years?"

I nodded.

"Well, then, that's how I came to know you. You sent him out some snapshots just after I joined him. The snapshots were so—so nice, that I studied them. And—that's how I came to know you," he repeated.

He paused for a moment and then went on.

"There was one of the photos—the best of the lot—taken of you standing at the front door of your house and holding a kitten in your arms. Do you remember?"

I nodded again and waited.

"I stuck to that one," he said. "I beg your pardon."

"I stuck to that one—kept it for myself, you know. I didn't tell Ted, of course. He thought he had lost the photo, somewhere, so that was all right."

He seemed to be quite pleased with himself, and it struck me that I had better squash him a little. "You had no right to take the photo," I remarked, sternly.

He glanced up at me, and I saw the gleam of his teeth again. "Oh, nonsense," he said. "If it hadn't been for your photographs, and especially that one with the kitten, I'd—I'd never have done it."

I started. "Done what?" I exclaimed. There was silence for a little, and then he said, very softly, "I'd never have fallen in love."

"Perhaps we'd better not say any more about the photos," I murmured. I was going to add, "There'll be plenty of time for that later on," but I didn't. Probably it was just as well.

When I looked at him again I saw that his face had grown grave. "I'm sorry," he said, "if I've annoyed you by saying that. But it's true, you know. I am in love. I've been in love for three years, and I'll be in love for all my life. No matter what happens—or what has happened, perhaps—he finished, gloomily. Then he put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out a pocket book.

"It's here," he said; "I'll show it to you." But I laid my fingers on his arm. "Please don't," I said. "I want to know why you haven't called on us; we were expecting you, you know. Are you staying in Stonehaven?"

"Yes," he answered, "I came yesterday. I called at your place in Edinburgh, but the maid told me that you were all up here—all except your father, and he was at his office when I called."

"Didn't you go to him?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, I—you'll pardon me—but it wasn't your father I wanted to see. It was you. And now—"

"Yes?"

"And now," he continued, moodily, "you're displeased with me."

"I'm not," I returned. "I'm delighted to see you—any friend of Ted's, and you must call on us to-morrow."

There was a long silence, and then he muttered thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself, "I've often envied that kitten."

I didn't speak, and he turned to me sharply. "Is there any other walkah?" he demanded.

"Any other what, please?"

"Any other man, I mean. Because"—he was speaking slowly now—"I don't think I could quite bear that. I've loved you so long, Peg—Miss Harper—and though I have never spoken to you until to-night, I know you so well—from your photograph, and from Ted and from my ideas of what your nature must be, that it doesn't seem a bit strange to be talking to you like this."

"Yes, but," I couldn't resist being flip-sant, "but where exactly do I come in, Mr. Kennedy? You see, perhaps, I don't know you so well as you know me."

That made him think for a bit; it made me think, too. It made me think that I was a horrid, deceitful little cat.

"Imphm," he said, musingly, "there's that, of course."

For a long time after that we sat still, looking about us to the pale evening sky; looking out to where we could see one or two small-sailed fishing boats on the horizon; looking to the rugged, stately old castle near at hand; looking everywhere but at each other. At last he spoke again, but there was something almost sad in his voice.

"Miss Harper," he said, "forget all that I've said just now, will you? I meant it

—every word—for forget that, too. I shouldn't have told you like this—so soon. But I had waited so long, you know; that's my excuse. Some day when you know me better I will come to you again and tell you. Then perhaps you—perhaps—"

I couldn't have stood it another moment. So I jumped off the rock and stood looking down at him. "Perhaps, perhaps," I echoed, gaily. "But now I must be going home, Mr. Kennedy. Are you coming?"

He nodded gravely, and next minute we were clambering up the side of the cliff. I put my hand on a boulder to steady myself once and my bangle slipped open a little and dropped a little way down the cliff.

I was going back for it, but a voice below me cried, "You go on, I'll get the bangle." So I clambered up by myself, and waited for him at the top of the cliff. I hadn't to wait long.

He came up to where I was standing, and I noticed that his face was all flushed and smiling. "Look!" he said, "and don't blame me. It opened of its own accord."

"Then he held out the bangle to me, and I saw that the little locket on it was open. He had seen the photograph inside; the photograph of himself which I had worn there ever since Ted had sent it home three years before."

"Well?" I quavered, almost tearfully. "I—I suppose there's no use saying anything, is there?"

"Peggy," he cried, "Peggy, you tantalizing little darling?" And then he caught me in his arms—People's Friend.

His Only Escape.

There is a story often told to illustrate the manner in which President Lincoln was besieged by commission-seekers. Hearing that a brigadier-general and his horse had been captured, and the general taken to Richmond, he asked eagerly about the horse.

"The horse!" exclaimed his informant. "You want to know about the horse?"

"Yes," said Lincoln. "I can make a brigadier any day, but the horse was valuable."

To this John Russell Young, in his memoirs, adds a similar tale. He was calling upon Lincoln one day at the White House.

"I met So-and-so on the steps," he remarked.

"Yes," replied the President. "I have just made his son a brigadier." "A general!" exclaimed Mr. Young, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, with a great weariness. "You know I must have some time for something else."

—Youth's Companion.

Foremost European Statesman.

In broad statesmanship and effective diplomatic tact King Edward of England easily excels every other European ruler. In quiet, but none the less potent, ways he is building up British prestige and influence to a greater height than ever before attained. However able may be his ministers the personality of the king is one of the mightiest factors in the successes abroad of the government. The alliance with Japan, the restoration of the entente cordiale with Russia and the good understanding with France, Spain, Portugal and Italy are some of the achievements which add lustre to his reign, to say nothing of the increasing cordiality between the United States and Great Britain.—*Lastie's Weekly*.

IDENTIFIED.

Francis Wilson was speaking at the Players' Club not long ago of the all too prevalent ignorance of dramatic literature in the country to-day.

"Why," said Mr. Wilson, "a company was playing 'She Stoops to Conquer' in a small western town last winter when a man without any money wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box office and said, 'Pass me in, please.'"

"The box office man gave a loud, harsh laugh." "Pass you in? What for?" he asked. The applicant drew himself up and answered, haughtily: "What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the other in a meek voice, as he hurriedly wrote an order for a box.—*The Circle*.

Grade Crossings in Belgium.

The question of abolishing all level crossings on Belgian lines is now being considered by the Ministry of Railways. It is estimated that the entire sum needed to meet the expense that such a measure would entail would be about £12,000,000. At present there are as many as 6,125 level crossings on the Belgian lines, and in most cases where it will not be possible to change the direction of the roadway it will be necessary to arrange to carry it either over or under the railway.

A MULTIPLICITY OF FATHERS.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted, "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sideways, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of 'em?"

Dear! Dear!

The Mother—Kitty, did you get those eggs I sent you after?

The Little Girl (handing back the coin)—No, mamma. The man said I'd have to take a whole one; he wouldn't cut an egg in two for nobody.

Why She Declined.

"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the Zoo, if only to see the wonderful display of rhododendrons." Is it?" replied her friend languidly; "I like to look at the great big clumsy beasts too, but it always smells so unpleasantly round the cages."

—London News.

The Weaving of Fate

"Very well. Try and raise yourself and catch hold of my arm. My shop is only a minute's walk from here, just around the corner, and you can rest there and have a drop of brandy. Come, sir." And he held out his arm.

The stranger shook his head once more.

"I shall be well in a minute. Will you kindly loosen my handkerchief. Thanks."

Mr. Nickelboy uttered an exclamation of horror as he did so—it was full of blood.

The gentleman shuddered.

"Ay, he struck hard and deep."

"Bless me, sir, you must be hurt."

Old Dan gazed upon the handsome, though worn and haggard face, which wore a dreamy expression, making the eyes appear to look miles away. Suddenly they were turned upon Dan's honest face.

"You saw the struggle?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes," replied Dan.

"You heard?"

"Nothing, excepting two cries."

"Heard no words—no threats?"

"Not a word."

"Good!"

And, rising slowly, he placed his hand upon Mr. Nickelboy's shoulder, and with a keen but troubled glance into his face, said:

"You have a kind, compassionate and honest face; your eyes speak your kind, tender heart. Oh, where is there any refuge? Oh, Cain, Cain!"

Mr. Nickelboy's tears started at the agony in the gentleman's voice.

"You seem to be in great trouble; let me help you in my humble way," he pleaded.

"You can. I will trust you. You saw me fight for something dearer than life. You will guess I did not defend a worthless prize so bravely. It is my dearest treasure on earth. I give you it to guard and keep."

Mr. Nickelboy started. Was the man insane?

"I—I—" he stammered, and it flashed over him to call the police—the man must be mad.

But the madman—if mad he really was—with a low cry of pain, pressed the bundle once to his heart and then defiantly held it out to Mr. Nickelboy.

"Take it quickly, or it will be too late," he said, hurriedly. "He may return and find it. Watch over it, guard it as you would your life, and be warned that if harm come to it from him, I will arise from my very grave to avenge it."

"But—but," commenced Mr. Nickelboy, taking the bundle.

"Hush—not a word. You ask for reward? It is here in this purse. Take it—take it, I say!" he repeated, fiercely, as Mr. Nickelboy hesitated. "Use that and more will follow. Spare nothing and remember!"

Uttering these words with a rapid voice, and looking fearfully around, the stranger drew his cloak over his breast and hurried away. Once more he turned back, however, and with a low sob of anguish put forth his hands as if to take the bundle, but as suddenly clasping his hands over his eyes, he muttered:

"No, no, safer there; he will not look for it there!"

Then he was lost in the darkness.

For the space of ten minutes Mr. Nickelboy stood motionless, staring after him like a statue, then with a start he hurried off home. Was it all a dream? Arriving at the shop he found Mrs. Nickelboy, who asked him what he had in the bundle when he laid it on the counter.

"Is it something you picked up?" she asked.

"No, my dear, something I had given me," he said, in a strange, scared whisper.

"What is it?" she asked, curiously.

"I don't know," replied Dan.

"Don't know!" retorted Mrs. Dan.

"Who gave it you?"

"I don't know that, either," replied Mr. Nickelboy, looking half frightened.

"Don't know what it is! Don't know who gave it you! Oh, Daniel!" cried Mrs. Nickelboy, a dreadful suspicion entering her bosom. "You ain't been stealing?"

"Stealing, no!" thundered Dan. "No, but I've been a dreaming—or something. Here, get me a knife, missus. I'm half scared with this. Don't speak—don't say a word. There, the string is cut. There's a treasure inside here."

"A treasure, Dan!"

"Ay, a treasure. He said it fifty times. I—I—hello!"

By this time the shawls and wraps had been removed.

The cry had come from Mr. Nickelboy by the sudden discovery that the treasure for which the mysterious gentleman had fought so fiercely was nothing more or less than a blue-eyed little girl.

CHAPTER IV.

On the corner of one of the most fashionable squares in the modern Babylon stood a large house known as the "De Jersey's." Therein lived Mr. De Jersey and his only son. They had lived there for nearly twenty years, and from the first day of Mr. De Jersey's tenantry—when he arrived in a post-chaise and four, bearing his infant son in his arms—to the time of which our story treats,

the interest of his neighbors in him had never decreased.

For there were several things intensely mysterious and interesting about him. He was a tall, dark gentleman, with a stern, haggard face, and very dark black eyes deeply set in his head; a certain morose bearing about him, and, as a climax, a most peculiar habit of never appearing until dark, when at a regular hour—nine in summer, seven in winter—it was his invariable wont to emerge from the dark portals of the bloomy-looking house and wend his way through the square.

Whether he went and what the object of his evening journey could never be discovered, although his next-door neighbor, a curious man, had spent one summer's night in dogging him down to the water's side, through the city and home again, with the praiseworthy intention of discovering the mystery. Added to this, it was known that the De Jerseys were enormously rich.

Mystery or no mystery, the inhabitants of the square were doomed to remain unsatisfied and discontented with perpetual endeavors to pierce the thick curtains that screened the large plate windows, or peer into the dim hall when the heavy doors were opened to a chance tradesman.

Visitors there were none. Father and son lived solitary and alone, seeing no one, speaking to no one, and as impervious as the Sphinx. We, being privileged, will open the door and peep into the large, handsomely furnished dining-room.

It is near Christmas, and there is a large fire, burning in the old-fashioned stove. On either side of it sit the De Jerseys, father and son.

The father is reclining in an easy chair, his fair face lit up by the flickering fire flame, his hands, clasping his knees and his eyes sadly glancing every now and then at the motionless form of his father, who sits rigid and stern, gazing at the fire, his brows knit and his lips tightly closed, as if guarding the nameless secret which his neighbors fully credited him with possessing.

What was the youth talking of? Perhaps his short past, of which he can remember nothing, save one dreary, monotonous sort of life, spent with a tutor and various grim and factitious masters in the no less grim and gloomy house.

Perhaps, straining far back, he can recall a vision of some far-off place, not one whit more cheerful, even more dismal, perchance.

A bleak old house upon a bleak hill. But this vision comes but faintly, and as he has never heard such a place or such a house spoken of by his father, he doubts their reality, and is fain to think that he never knew another home or birthplace than this dreary house in the square.

A quiet, thoughtful youth is he, made thoughtful and speculative, even beyond his years, by the solitary life he has led.

For what companion has the silent, heavy-browed father been to him?

Not once, since he can remember, has the stern face looked at him lovingly—not once have the dark eyes lit up with a paternal smile.

Ever and always has the grim figure before him been strict guardian, monitor, counsellor, and after a stern, unbending kind, a friend; but that immeasurably sacred thing—a father—never.

For there was always a shadow, dark, dim, yet ever present, that divided Mr. De Jersey from the rest of mankind, and, most of all, from his son.

"Does he love me?" wondered the youth, a spasm of painful doubt crossing his heart as he sat, opposite the stern being that winter night.

"Does he wish me dead? Do I stand in his way, between him and some hope, some wealth, some ambition or gigantic purpose? Oh, powers of heaven! Why is he not like the other fathers whom I have chanced to see—fond, ay, even proud of their sons?" And lost in bitter pensive, his suppressed emotion found vent in a deep sigh.

His father glanced at him for a second, then returned to the glowing caverns in the red-hot coals.

They sat for an hour in the same attitude, silent and lost in thought, then the father looked up suddenly and said in a deep voice:

"What is the time, Clare?"

"It has just struck ten, sir," said the youth.

"You are tired?" said the father.

"No, sir," replied the youth, removing his hand from his face and rising with a sigh.

"You look weary," the elder man said.

"And yet you are young?"

The sigh arose again, but was suppressed as he replied:

"I am not tired, father, but I fear—"

"Not for me—not for me," interrupted the father, slowly. "Fear not for me. I am old; life for me is past, but for you the shadow should not have come."

The young man looked around the room.

"It has never left me, sir," he said, with a shudder.

"It is dull for you," said the father, noting the look and covering his face with his hands. "Clare, would to Heaven that I could make it less dreary."

The youth stared with astonishment at the unusually gentle tone, for the kind words his father had spoken to him since first he lisped his name could be counted on his ten fingers.

"Father," he said, coming boldly forward and timidly resting his hand on the bent shoulder. "Father, you are weary. Tell me what it is that hangs over us—ay, around us on every side—like a black pall, a huge shadow, an ominous cloud. Oh, father, tell me what is the nameless something that has stood between us ever since I was born. Tell me, sir, I entreat you, that I may spend my life in trying to throw off the blackness."

In his excitement and loving energy he fell upon one knee and grasped his father's arm tightly.

Mr. De Jersey, the elder, bowed his face for one moment, and a shudder ran through his frame, so plainly that the son felt the arm within his grasp thrill again, then with a great effort he threw off the unusual emotion, and firmly releasing his arm, said, in the old cold tone, measured and icy:

"Arise, Clare, I bid you. You say there is a dark shadow between us and over us. Lad, if there is, think you that it is to be lifted after twenty years? You are tired—and filled with idle fancies."

"Idle fancies, sir?" replied the youth, reproachfully. "It is an idle fancy that I see you aged and broken, while other fathers, with older sons, are young and strong? Is it idle fancy that this dismal house has a dark mystery that clings to the very walls? Is it an idle fancy that tells me I have a father in name and nothing else? Oh, call me not fanciful, sir, or if you will, help me to dispel the hideous thoughts that flit around my bed at night and fill my waking thoughts with despair."

With his hand still held before his eyes, the father listened to the stream of hurried talk, and shuddered once more.

"They are fancies, I tell you once again, Clare," he said. "Would you anger me with them? If I am cold, silent—ay, gloomy, if you will—say 'tis some sorrow too deep, too dark to melt into the past."

"Sorrow!" repeated the youth, with a flood of sympathy. "Oh, father! let me share it. Unlock those stern lips that have imprisoned your love for me so long. Unbend yourself to me, your only son, and let us mourn and weep together—ay, mourn and weep, suffer and be silent together; or even that were better than I should longer watch the black shadow, and know that it divides us forever and forevermore."

"Enough!" cried the father, rising hastily from his chair, and pushing aside the hand once more laid upon his arm. "I am weary, Clare, and will go to my room," and with head bent down and eyes darkly fixed on the floor, Mr. De Jersey fled from the pleading voice, to which he was afraid to listen.

The son, left alone, walked to and fro, his arms folded tightly across his breast, and his low, agitated lips muttering:

"In vain! in vain! At last I have spoken—at last I have tried to break down and eyes darkly fixed on the floor, me from him. But in vain. The dark secret, if there is one, is a secret still. The veil that hides his heart from me is unripen yet, and I am his son in name only, yet—he is my father, a shadow and a mockery, now and forevermore!"

The thought was almost too bitter to bear, and the outflowing heart, thirsting to pour its filial love upon the sacred altar of his father's bosom, gave utterance to its emotion in a deep groan. Then, as if with an effort, the youth threw off the fit of black and despairing grief, and, hastily traversing the hall, caught up his hat and left the house.

The night was dark, and half blinded by his feelings, Clare De Jersey rushed through the dark squares and dimly lighted streets into the crowded thoroughfares, where the glare of the gaudily decked shops so confused him that, stopping short, with an air of bewilderment, he accidentally pushed a passer-by aside.

Hastily turning to apologize, he saw that the sufferer from his inattention was a young girl, whose beauty was heightened by the flush of modest confusion with which she bent to his prayer for pardon to recover the basket he had knocked from his arm.

"With a quick gesture he had lifted it before her hand could touch it, and uncovering his head, politely begged her to allow him to carry it for her."

She blushed again and looked displeased, but his frank, earnest eyes belied her fears, and murmuring something in a soft, musical voice, she held out her hand for it with a shake of her golden head.

Still uncovered, he pleaded again, and the girl, uncertain how to act, hung her head, and replied that her home was but a little distance, and she could carry her basket as she had often done before.

"Then, if not for your sake, at least for mine, grant my request," said the youth, eagerly. "If you do not, I assure you that I shall not close my eyes to-night for sorrow for my clumsiness."

Seeing her hesitate, he slung the basket on his arm and they proceeded.

Neither spoke again until the crowded street had been left behind, two quiet streets were passed and the girl stopped before a small chandler's shop.

"Your home?" said the youth.

"Yes," she said, holding her hand for the basket; "I thank you very much."

He was about to reply, gazing at her with respectful admiration, when the door opened and an old man, with a mild, gentle face, enshrined in a wreath of white hair, said:

"Daisy! Are you there—who is that?"

The girl blushed again and whispered in his ear.

"Carried your basket, Daisy? It was kind of him," said the old man, and turning to Clare, he said:

"It was kind of you, very kind of you, to carry the basket for our little Daisy, and Daisy thanks you."

"The thanks are on my side," replied the youth, still gazing at the girl's beautiful face as if his eyes were chained

there. "I was careless enough to hurt her as I passed in the street, and she was good enough to show her forgiveness by letting me guard her safely home."

"Kind, very kind," murmured the old man, looking at the speaker's face keenly, and reading nothing but there, but on the contrary, a youthful earnestness and innocence vastly unusual, he continued: "Will you walk in, sir? We are humble folk, as you see—but we know how to be grateful for a kindness, especially if it is done for our Daisy?"

The girl had already glided past them and entered the house; the young man, still looking after her, shook his head absently, and dreamily turned away.

"Dear me! dear me!" muttered the old man, looking after his graceful form. "A good face, a handsome face. I—I—bless me, I must have seen it before!"

Then, humming a tune, he called to the lad to put up the shutters, and singing still in a thin, cheery voice, entered the house.

Meanwhile the youth retraced his steps, walking on air, deaf to the busy world around him, blind to the glitter and the glare of the crowded street—bearing nothing but the girl's sweet voice, seeing nothing but the vision of the gentle face and childlike eyes.

The dark room and the bitter burden, the hot, eager words he had poured forth—ay, even to his father, and the dark shadow that divided him and his son—were forgotten, thrust aside from his memory by the passing vision of a beautiful face.

That night, as he lay turning on his bed, Clare De Jersey, son of the mysterious, gloom and morose father, was in love with the blue-eyed daughter of the keeper of a chandler's shop.

Yet, with the first tide of this new feeling, rushed a noble resolution to his heart.

As he lay there, thinking of his father's coldness and the young girl he felt he already loved, he determined to cast aside his position and appear as her lover in the character of a hard-working, struggling man.

Not only did his love prompt him to this step, but his pride.

How could he longer take the means of subsistence and luxury from the hand which gave it to him so coldly, so haughtily?

No. Unknown to his father he would seek some means of obtaining a livelihood and win a home, or rather a nest, for the beautiful bird he felt certain—so hopeful—is young and true love—or drawing to his breast.

With this resolution, strengthened by the dawn, he arose early, and dressing himself in his plainest clothes, taking care to lay aside the valuable jewelry he usually wore, he left the house, and walked hurriedly in the direction of the city.

So secluded had been his life, and so unused was he to the most ordinary everyday scenes that the noise and bustle of the city confused and startled him, but wisely determining to show no sign of perplexity and hesitation that might lead his brain, he endeavored to look as composed and preoccupied as the new-born faces rushing past him, and pushing his way into a quiet street leading out of Cheapside.

Here he stopped to rest a moment, and looking around, tried to form some plan of action.

His wondering gaze settled upon the windows of the house opposite to where he stood, the wire blinds of which bore this announcement: "James Brown, accountant."

Remembering that he had been praised for his aptness at figures by his tutor, Clare determined to enter and ask for employment as clerk.

Pushing open the green baize door, he found himself in a small office crowded with shelves and desks. Upon the former were placed rows of green-backed ledgers.

As he entered, a short, gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in almost clerical black, arose and came forward.

Clare saw by his manner that he expected a client, and not an applicant for employment, and felt a consequent embarrassment.

In vain striving to still the beating of his heart, he said:

"Can I see Mr. James Brown?"

"My name is Brown, sir," replied the gentleman, reaching forward a chair.

"What may be your business?"

"I have come to ask you," commenced Clare, with a painful flush, "if you require a clerk."

The accountant's manner changed instantly from the polite deferential to the concisely businesslike.

"Ah!" he said, walking back to the desk and resuming his pen, but fixing a keen scrutiny upon Clare instead of writing. "What office were you in last?"

"I have been in no office," said Clare, regarding a little confidence by the reflection that he was doing nothing dishonorable, and had, therefore, nothing for which to tremble.

"Well, what house of business, then? It is the same thing."

"I have never been in a house of business of any kind," replied Clare. "Should you employ me, this would be the first situation I have had."

The accountant raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"How have you been employing yourself, then?" he asked.

"With my tutors," commenced Clare, but, remembering that he had determined to conceal his real station, he added more discreetly, "At home, sir."

"Ah!" said the accountant, upon whom the sudden hesitation was not lost.

"What is your name?"

Now, although Clare had resolved to keep his real name a secret, he had, strangely enough, forgotten to fix upon a new one, and at the sudden question, unused to dissimulation, he replied:

"Clare—"

then stopped, with a crimson flush.

"What is the Christian name?" said the accountant, who had not noticed the rising color.

"Clare," was the reply.

"Oh, Clare Clare, eh?" said the accountant.

"Yes," said Clare, with an inward thankfulness at getting through the difficulty so easily. "Clare Clare."

"And what do you know of this profession?" said the accountant. "Nothing, I suppose."

"I am afraid very little," said Clare, his heart sinking. "I—I am quick at figures."

"Speak any foreign languages?" asked the accountant.

"French, German, Italian and Spanish," said Clare.

The accountant looked up, with an interested air.

"The whole four fluently?" he asked, in a more gracious tone.

"Yes," said Clare, reluctant to speak so favorably of his accomplishments, though really an excellent linguist.

"Ah!" said the accountant. "Well, I do not want a clerk, mind; but—well, perhaps I could make room for one—though not at a high salary, mind; certainly not at a high salary."

"I do not require a high salary—to start with," said Clare.

"Hani! Well, suppose we say a pound a week, eh?"

Clare inclined his head.

"I thank you, sir," he said, at the same moment (thinking how many weeks wages he had flung away with indifference and thoughtlessness).

"That will do, eh?" said the accountant.

"Well, I will trouble you for your address and a reference or two."

Clare started and looked blank.

This was a move on the board for which he was totally unprepared.

For a few moments he was silent, the accountant's eyes fixed keenly upon him; then, in a clear, steady voice, although his heart beat quickly, he said:

"Sir, there are reasons why I cannot give you my address or any references. I am taking this step unknown to everyone. I have but one relation and no friends. From this one relation I am keeping this thing a secret, from motives of pride, not dishonor. If you cannot, or rather, will not, believe me, I must seek elsewhere for what I require."

Having said the last sentence firmly, he turned toward the door; but the accountant, after stroking his chin for an instant with an air of extreme calculation, said:

"Stop a moment, Mr. Clare, please. You must be aware, although, as is evident, you are unused to business forms, that it is quite contrary to ordinary practice to engage a clerk without a character and—I do not wish to hurt your feelings—without a fixed place of residence."

Clare bowed.

"I acknowledge the truth of what you say, sir; but again, I must repeat that it is impossible to give you the information and the guarantee you require."

"May I ask for some definite reason?" asked the accountant.

Clare hesitated.

"Half an explanation would lead to a whole one," he said, firmly but respectfully.

"Well, well!" said the accountant, sighing vexatiously. "I suppose I must be satisfied. You will not blame me if, in engaging you, I refrain from giving you my entire confidence at first?"

Clare smiled, sadly.

"On the contrary, I cannot expect anything but distrust," he said, "and only hope to outlive it."

"That's well said," replied the accountant. "And now we will arrange matters. The hours are from nine to seven. Your duties at first will consist of copying accounts and correcting statements, afterwards the foreign correspondence will be—ahem!—entrusted to your care."

Clare could not help thinking that there were many requisites for the post, but thankfully inclined his head.

"When shall you be ready to commence?" said the accountant.

"To-morrow, if you wish, sir," replied Clare.

"Very good. To-morrow, then, at nine," said the accountant, and, with a "good-morning," he dismissed the new clerk.

Clare drew a deep breath of relief and satisfaction as he made his way into the street again, and on his road to the gloomy square felt his heart more buoyant and free, and held his head more erect than ever before.

Now he was on a fair way to independence, and the possession of the golden-haired girl with whom he had fallen in love at first sight.

CHAPTER V.

On the following morning Clare De Jersey rose early, partook of a light breakfast of bread and milk—for he knew not how soon he should be compelled to fare as frugally—and, without having seen his father, who had kept his room for the last few days, repaired to the accountant's office, pushing the green baize door open as the clock struck nine.

Immediately he was introduced to his desk by a fellow clerk, and found upon it a number of closely written sheets for copying.

At these and similar tasks he was

Exchange Affairs

SMALL pots are quickly hot. Then they boil over and cause trouble.

With all of last season's costly experience, it is doubtful if the farmers and fruit raisers of the Province are going to leave themselves in a position to profit by their mistakes. The coming season will find them as badly disorganized as ever they were, unless the Government takes hold and appoints a competent inspector to direct affairs.

At a meeting of the Enderby Fruit & Produce Association, last Saturday, a letter was read from the President of the Central organization stating that the Government had declined to aid the Central, and, in view of the antagonism that had arisen, it was deemed advisable to close the Revelstoke office to stop expenses. A message from the Secretary of the organization stated that the Central would have to liquidate to protect its members.

In the face of this information, the level-headed of the Enderby organization felt that the local exchange should take the proper steps to collect from the Central the amount due the Enderby members, and continue the organization so as to be able to handle the business of the coming season, and eventually to build up a strong, permanent institution. But there were those present who held rigidly to the demand: "Settle with us for last year's business and then we will talk about next year's business." George Weir insisted on "busting 'er up and starting over again," and said when he left the room he did so to bring suit against the local exchange to recover the amount due him.

In order to protect all the members to whom the local was indebted, as a result of the Central failing to make returns on produce sold—aggregating \$3,000—it was decided to place the local in liquidation, Geo. R. Lawes being named as liquidator.

What position the Government intends to take in the matter has not been made known. It is apparent that the officials at Victoria are not satisfied with the way the Central has been managed, in spite of all the good things said of the management at the recent meeting at Revelstoke. It is apparent, too, that something must be done by the Province to place our marketing facilities on a more permanent footing. It is most disheartening to the men who are striving so hard to bring about co-operation amongst the producers to have these annual failures in the handling of the produce of the Province. There does not appear to have been any dishonesty in connection with the management of the Revelstoke organization, but this fact remains: Returns were not made in full for all the produce sold through that organization, and the confidence of the shippers has been lost.

Donald Matheson, at the Central Farmers' Institute meeting, held in Victoria recently, put through a resolution calling upon the Government to investigate the management of the Central. The Government owes it to the people and the management to do so. We have not any idea that such an enquiry would reveal any irregularities, but it would show what mistakes have been made, and reveal what the farmers and fruit men are up against in the way of rates, competition, commission and rebates, and in this way do much good.

WM. ELSON

Merchant Tailor Enderby, B.C.

Begs to call the attention of his friends and the public to the fact that he has opened for business as above, opposite the new Baptist Church, cor. Mill and George Sts., and solicits the favor of your patronage.

IRA C. JONES

Contractor and Builder

Estimates furnished on all work, and contracts personally attended to.

ENDERBY, B.C.

Electric Lights and Fixtures

F. V. MOFFET

Enderby

Reliable Non-Board Fire Insurance

I am representing the following reliable non-board Fire Insurance Companies in Enderby, Anglo-American, and Equity, Toronto, and the Winnipeg Fire Insurance Co., Winnipeg. I can save you \$2 on the hundred on your insurance premium.

W. T. HOLBY, Enderby

GRAHAM BROS.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Estimates cheerfully furnished. MARA, B.C.

R. BLACKBURN

CITY MEAT MARKET

Fresh Meats

of all kinds. Fish and Poultry in season

A share of your patronage is solicited. Metcalfe Block, Cliff St., Enderby. Town delivery.

HENRY'S

For the

Farm and Garden

Seeds, Trees, Plants and Bulbs. Home-grown and thoroughly tested. 140-Page Catalogue FREE

M. J. HENRY, Vancouver, B.C.

NURSERIES

F. T. TURNER

Plumbing and Steam Fitting

All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repaired

Rear Evans Blk Enderby

Don't Be Foolish!

And throw away that old stove because of parts being worn out. We can supply you with any part you want, for ANY stove, regardless of whose make it is, or when you got it. This is our business. If there is anything you want to know

About Stoves or Heating Plants

Give us a call. It will save you dollars. Our workshop is complete, and all work promptly attended to. Also a large stock of general hardware due to arrive in a few days.

Fulton's Hardware, Tin and Plumbing Works
CLIFF STREET ENDERBY, B.C.

Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

Capital, \$14,400,000 Rest, \$12,000,000
Undivided Profits, \$699,969.88

Honorary President, Rt. Hon. LORD STRATHCONA, MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G.
President, Hon. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G.
Vice-President and General Manager, SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, Bart.

Head Office, Montreal. London Office, 46-47 Threadneedle St. E.C.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT Deposits received from \$1, with interest allowed at current rate

Branches in Okanagan District: Enderby, Armstrong, Vernon, Kelowna and Summerland.
G. A. HENDERSON, Esq., Manager A. E. TAYLOR, Sub-Agent Enderby

Finest in the Country

"Enderby is a charming village with city airs. When Paddy Murphy shook the snow of Sandon off his feet he came here, and now owns one of the finest brick hotels in the country. Although Paddy is an Irishman from Michigan, he calls his hotel the King Edward. In addition to the excellence of the meals, breakfast is served up to 10 o'clock, which is an added attraction for tourists."

(Extract from Lowery's Ledger.)

King Edward Hotel, BELL & MURPHY Enderby
Proprietors

THE BEST CLAY IN THE VALLEY, well-burnt, makes the

Best Bricks in the Valley

A large stock of bricks now on hand. Reasonable prices in large or small quantities. Build of brick, and you'll have all the comforts of home—and a great many more. The cost is about the same as frame-built, and the comforts a great deal more.

The Enderby Brick & Tile Co., Enderby

SUTTON'S SEEDS

HIGHEST IN QUALITY OF PROVED GERMINATING POWER
SEND FOR HANDSOME CATALOGUE

The Brackman-Ker Milling Co. Ltd. 86 Hastings St. West, Vancouver, B.C.

Livery AND Feed Stables

Remember your horse: Feed him well and he'll serve you right. Leave him with us when you come to town.

EVANS & MACK ENDERBY

James Mowat Real Estate & Insurance

ENDERBY, B.C.

Fire Insurance in first-class companies. Accident Insurance
REASONABLE TERMS WRITE FOR LIST

Carroll & Co. Plumbing and Furnace Work

Roof Troughing and all kinds of Sheet Tin and Copper-work. Repairing and Jobbing Work given prompt attention.

Corner Hudson and Alexander Sts. SALMON ARM

Working Harness, Saddles, Repairing

Anything you need, in stock

J. W. Evans, HARNESS MAKER AND REPAIRER Enderby

IN THE CHURCHES

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—St. George's Church. Services every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and 1st Sunday in month at 11 a.m. during March, April and May. Same on Friday at 8 p.m. Service North Enderby at 3 p.m. every alternate Sunday. Mara, at 3:00 p.m. every alternate Sunday. All cordially invited. Rev. J. Leech-Porter, B.D., Vicar

METHODIST CHURCH—Young People's meeting, Sunday, 7 p.m.; Preaching, every Sunday, 7:30 p.m.; Junior Epworth League, Tuesday, 3:45 p.m.; Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, 7:30 p.m.; Class Meeting, 8:15 p.m. (immediately after the prayer meeting); Sunday School, 2:30 p.m. A. N. MILLER, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Sunday School, 9:45 a.m.; Church service, 11 a.m.; Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m. D. CAMPBELL, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Church service, 11 a.m.; Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. B. S. FREEMAN, Pastor

CITY OF ENDERBY

CITY OFFICE—Cliff St., office hours, 10 a.m. to 12:30, 1:30 to 4 p.m.; Saturday, 10 to 12:30 m. City Council regular meeting, every alternate Saturday at 8 p.m. Geo. Bell, mayor; Graham Rosoman, city clerk; Chairman Board of Works, Ira C. Jones; Waterworks Committee, J. W. Evans; Finance Committee, H. H. Worthington; Committee on Health, Geo. R. Lawes; Poundkeeper, Evans & Mack.

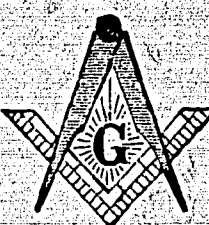
POST OFFICE

HOURS—8 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.; mails close, south-bound, 10:00 a.m.; north-bound, 4:00 p.m.

SMALL DEBTS COURT

SITS, every Saturday, by appointment at 2 p.m. Graham Rosoman, Police and Stipendiary Magistrate.

SECRET SOCIETIES



A.F. & A.M.

Enderby Lodge No. 40 Regular meetings first Thursday on or after the full moon at 8 p.m. in Odd-fellows Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

J. F. PRINGLE W.M.

V. C. BRIMACOMBE Secretary



I.O.O.F.

Eureka Lodge, No. 50 Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in I.O.O.F. hall, Metcalfe block. Visiting brothers always welcome. H. N. Hendrickson, N.G.; A. Reeves, Sec'y; J. B. Gaylord, P.G.; Treas.

PROFESSIONAL

DR. H. W. KEITH,

Office hours: Forenoon, 11 to 12
Afternoon, 4 to 5
Evening, 7 to 8
Sunday, 12 to 1

Office: BELL BLOCK ENDERBY

W. E. BANTON,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.

Offices, Bell Block, Enderby, B.C.

W. ALLAN DOBSON,

Auctioneer
Debt Collector
Real Estate & General Agent
Intermediary

Enderby, B.C.

CLAUDE P. JONES,

ARCHITECT
CONSULTING ENGINEER
FOR HEATING AND VENTILATING
INSTALLATIONS.

VERNON B.C.

PETER BURNET

Dominion & Provincial
Land Surveyor

Enderby, B.C.

CATARRH IN HEAD.

Pe-ru-na--Pe-ru-na.



MR. WM. A. PRESSER.

MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER, 1722 Third Avenue, Moline, Ill., writes: "I have been suffering from catarrh in the head for the past two months and tried innumerable so-called remedies without avail. No one knows how I have suffered, not only from the disease itself, but from mortification when in company of friends or strangers. "I have used two bottles of your medicine for a short time only, and it effected a COMPLETE MEDICAL CURE, and what is better yet, the disease has not returned."

"I can most emphatically recommend Peruna to all sufferers from this disease."

READ THIS EXPERIENCE

Mr. A. Thompson, Box 65, R. R. 1, Martel, Ohio, writes: "When I began your treatment my eyes were inflamed, nose was stopped up half of the time, and was sore and scabby. I could not rest at night on account of continual hawking and spitting. "I had tried several remedies and was about to give up, but thought I would try Peruna. "After I had taken about one-third of a bottle I noticed a difference. I am now completely cured, after suffering with catarrh for eighteen years. "I think if those who are afflicted with catarrh would try Peruna they would never regret it."

Peruna is manufactured by the Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Ask your druggist for a free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

No Morals in Dreamland.

But, if, as many writers have suggested, it is the soul itself that guides the imagery of dreams, how are we to explain the fact that in this chaos of ideas and feelings there is so little distinction between right and wrong that, when dreaming, we commit acts for which we should weep tears of blood were they as real as they seem to be. As Professor Hoffman has said, "The familiar check of waking hours, 'I must not do it because it would be unjust or unkind,' never once seems to arrest us in the satisfaction of any whim which may blow about our wayward fancies." From all of which we must conclude that the dream realm is a world that is entirely oblivious to any moral sense, and that, though it may be true that troubled conscience may produce, or effect our dreams, the dreams themselves are never burdened with a conscience. "From 'The Stuff that Dreams are Made of,' by John R. Meeder, in The Bohemian Magazine for January.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT from time to time for the past twenty years. It was recommended to me by a prominent physician of Montreal, who called it the "great Nova Scotia Liniment." It does the doctor's work; it is particularly good in cases of Rheumatism and Sprains.

Yours truly,

C. G. DUSTAN,

Chartered Accountant,
Halifax, N. S., Sept. 21, 1908.

Too Suggestive.

Wimbleton—Hello, Simpleton! How did you enjoy your visit to the insane asylum the other day?

Simpleton—Oh, so, so. It was all right enough, I guess.

Wimbleton—Well, you don't talk as though you were much impressed with it. Did you give the superintendent any note of introduction?

Simpleton—Yes, I gave it to him.

Wimbleton—Well, what did he say?

Simpleton—Oh, he just looked at me and said, "Make yourself at home."

Lippincott's.

ROSY CHEEKED BABIES.

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and a joy as a healthy, hearty, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. Babies and young children can be kept in perfect health by giving them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets, which will keep the stomach and bowels in perfect order. And when sickness comes, there is no other medicine will cure the minor ills of childhood as speedily and safely as Baby's Own Tablets. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous drug. Mrs. M. Bonard, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for the various ills from which little ones suffer, and find them a marvellous medicine. Thanks to the Tablets my baby now always enjoys the best of health." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TRAMPS AND VAGRANTS.

The State of New York is making a move to deal with the tramp and vagrant problem on a comprehensive scale, and according to a definite plan, the end of which is to make them self-supporting and to make of them industrious and self-respecting members of society. The subject has received much study, and the hopelessness of solving the problem by ordinary charitable or penal methods has been borne in upon those pressing for reform. A measure is about to be laid before the Legislature which will bring the matter into the arena of practical politics. It provides for the establishment of labor colonies, for the detention, reformation and instruction of tramps and vagrants. The general plan is, as soon as the trustees have been appointed and the site for the labor colony selected, to have a building erected, with accommodations for at least 500 inmates, besides the officers, employees and attendants. As soon as the trustees are able to care for the tramps and incorrigibles the Governor will instruct all the courts and Magistrates in the State having jurisdiction over misdemeanors, that they may thereafter commit to the nearest labor colony any man or boy more than sixteen years old who in the judgment of the court is a professional tramp or vagrant.

The labor colonies are not to be houses of rest. Work and discipline are to be watchwords. Those sent thither will not eat unearned bread, and every care will be taken to exert educative and reformatory influences upon them, so that when discharged they will not wish to continue to lead a lazy and useless life.

The adoption of this work cure by New York State may lead more of the sons of rest to seek refuge in Ontario. We already get too many of them. This Province badly needs some institution to which they might be committed, and in which they could be compelled to earn their keep and a little more. It is disgraceful to have to reflect upon the fact that in this intelligent age and country, our criminals and tramps should be allowed to lead comfortable, idle, lazy lives at the expense of the honest workers. When the people determine that a jail sentence shall carry with it regulations that shall assure to the public the earning by the offender of enough to pay all the cost he has caused it, and something with which to compensate those he has wronged, crime will look less inviting to the criminally disposed. When the vagrant must work hard enough to produce a balance of profit to society, vagrancy will quickly decrease.

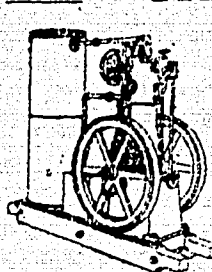
Explained.

Hobo—No, madam, I am neither a socialist nor an anarchist. I am a passive altruist.

Housekeeper—And what in the name of common sense is that?

Hobo—I believed in being helped all I can.—Boston Transcript.

THE "CHAMPION"



GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

It must give satisfaction or you don't pay for it.

SOLD ON TRIAL

Is the only Gasoline Engine that you can try before you buy. I know what the "Champion" will do, and want you to be fully satisfied with it before you pay for it. The price is low. Full particulars free.

Wm. Gillespie, 98 Front St. E., TORONTO

New Express Classification.

A new classification approved by the Railway Commission and governing business within Canada has been issued by the express companies to take effect the first of January, 1909. The old classification has been in effect since August, 1905. It was the same as used by the express companies in the United States and contained many items not applicable to the conditions existing in Canada. The new classification is a modification of the one which was submitted to the board in March, 1907, but to which, owing to press of other business, the board was not able to give its attention until recently.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTear's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A valuable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.00.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain.

Address or consult Dr. McTear, 15 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Kaiser Obeyed the Scene Shifter.

A story is told in Berlin newspapers which places the Kaiser in a somewhat curious light. Recently he visited a theatre, and, standing behind the curtain, became liberal of advice to the manager, actors and even scene shifters, who listened in awed silence. Presently the Emperor lighted a cigar, puffing as he talked. On both sides of him were flimsy draperies and on the floor heaps of paper.

One of the scene shifters stepped forward and pointed politely to a printed notice: "No smoking allowed." For a moment the Kaiser flushed, then, smiling, he put out his cigar, remarking as he did so: "Thank you, friend. It would be bad business if your Emperor taught you to disobey the law." From M. A. P.

A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For proof of this statement read the following letter.

Mrs. Letitia Blair, Cannifton, Ont., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was sick for five years. One doctor told me it was ulceration, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor, and advised an operation. No one knows what I suffered, and the bearing down pains were terrible."

"I wrote to my sister about it, and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"It has cured me of all my troubles, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me to pass safely through Change of Life."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains and backache.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Doubtful Bargain.

"Don't you remember me?" said the thin chap with the sharp goatee and yellow satchel. "Why, I am the corn doctor that removed your corns last summer."

"Yes, I remember you, stranger," mumbled old Bill Spruceby, as he pulled his chair up closer to the red-hot stove in the back of Jason's store.

"Then, how is it you don't seem glad to see me? Didn't I remove them all for a quarter?"

"Yes, but after the corns were gone I had to pay 25 cents for a barometer to see when we were going to have falling weather. Don't see much bargain in that, stranger."—Chicago News.



Why Not Both

Josh Billings, the quaint philosopher whose maxims are full of homely wisdom, once said: "The longer I live the more I believe a good set of bowels are worth more than a good set of brains." Celery King makes good bowels. 25 cents a dealer or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

Nearer Home.

"Brother Hardesty, have you contributed anything for the benefit of the heathen this year?"

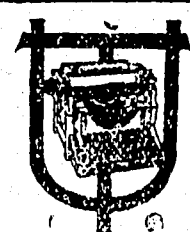
"I certainly have, Dr. Fourthly. My gas bills have averaged \$10 a month."

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

Appreciation.

(John F. Corman.)

Appreciate the school work of your children. When Tom's report comes, and father can't discuss the markings half as intelligently as he could a college pup, it shows the boy that his school work is not appreciated at home.



A recent census of Ontario shows that 75 per cent of the Typewriters used by banks and other financial institutions are Underwoods.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

Common Error Regarding Patents.

There is a very general notion that when the United States Government gives a man a patent for an invention by this very act the patentee is in possession of exclusive and inalienable rights to his invention for a term of years. Now this is the very thing that does not necessarily exist, and the very thing that patentees, investors and the public would like to have established. Most patents are exploited by others than inventors, and the money for the purpose largely supplied by those with little knowledge of the laws. It has happened time and time again that the governmental patent has proved worthless. It used to be that it was little more than prima facie evidence to be used in litigation. Of recent years there has been some improvement in the laws and practice, but at present there is no governmental guarantee behind the paper issued to any inventor.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too, but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRALL, Windsor, Ont.

A New Year's Game.

This game is intended for the New Year season. It is a method of making the resolutions that are called for by that period. The object is to write something that is ridiculously impossible.

Supply paper and pencil to each of the party, and request them all to write five or six resolutions for the New Year. They may write those that some one else ought to make.

Each player then signs his slip and they are all folded and collected. Each player, says the People's Home Journal, then draws a slip and reads it aloud, and he must, if it be possible, illustrate what he reads by action.

For example, A holds a paper signed by B, which reads as follows:

"These are the resolutions that I make for the coming year:

"1. If I can't do as I like, I'll do as I must; so now I read this paper aloud."

"2. I'll hop in a circle before I sit down. (He does so.)"

"3. I must walk with my right foot on my left side. (He must try to do so.)"

"4. I must strike a match on the water in a glass."

"5. I must carry water in a sieve. (A wide-eyed player will do this by using a piece of ice.)"

"6. I must wind the clock on the wall every morning before I awake."

The things that A cannot do will cause a laugh. The game may be made very amusing if everyone writes funny resolutions.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flashes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, H. E. Windsor, Ont.

Production of Bromine.

Bromine, useful in medicine, photography, the manufacture of dyes, and in certain metallurgical operations, is produced commercially in but four States of the United States, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Last year's output was 1,379,496 pounds.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Planning for the Future.

"I compel my daughter to practice four hours a day," said Mr. Cumrox.

"But you will make her hate music so that she will never want to go near a piano."

"That's what I am hoping."—Washington Star.

ISSUE NO. 3, 1909

HELP WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—NO EXPERIENCE necessary: I teach you how to build up a route of regular customers quickly; better than a bank account; write quick. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

WANTED—AGENTS: STORES: EVERYWHERE: handsome profits; sell our perfect brass, kerosene, mantle, table-lamp; hanging or bracket-lamp; 100 candle-power kerosene used; a wonder; sell on sight. Retail \$3.50. Webster Specialty Co., Waterbury, Conn.

FARMS FOR SALE.

320 ACRES GOOD OPEN ROLLING prairie wheat land, situated in Last Mountain District, Sask.; country around it well settled; convenient to school; about 11 miles from railway station; price \$10.00 per acre; \$1,000 cash down, balance spread over four years in payments to suit purchaser. This land will soon be worth \$15.00 per acre. Apply to J. N. Dodds, Hurk's Falls, Ont.

School That Turns Out Heroes.

Wednesday was a high day at Eton; perhaps it might be called a saints' day too. Has ever before one school sent 1,400 of its sons to fight for their country in one war? Has ever school had 129 of them killed in the same war? Eton is unique. There are other great schools, but Eton stands on its own plane. Criticise Eton as you may; show all its faults; it is Eton still. Eton may reflect many of the proverbial shortcomings of Englishmen; certainly it represents peculiarly their traditional virtues.—Saturday Review.

WE WANT A REPRESENTATIVE

In some districts to handle our line of Metallic Building Material, which includes:

"Eastlake" Steel Shingles, Rock and Brick-faced Steel Siding, Fire-proof Glass Windows, Shutters and Doors, Corrugated Iron, Metallic Ceilings and Walls, Hayes' Patent Steel Lath, Etc.

Our goods have been made and sold in Canada for 24 years, and have established a reputation for quality that makes them easy to sell.

Exclusive territory to the right man. For particulars write

THE

Metallic Roofing Co. LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS

TORONTO AND WINNIPEG

Why China Has Few Trees.

Frank N. Meyer, the scientific explorer for the Government, in his recent penetration of China, saw farms that had been under irrigation since before Columbus discovered America. To the credit of the pagan priests, he said, all forms of plant and tree growth were cherished and encouraged around the temples. The priests gave Meyer what information they could. The extent to which forest devastation has gone in China can be inferred from the fact that the Chinese have rooted and grubbed out every vestige of tree growth the size of your finger above the graves of their revered ancestors.—From "People Who Stand for Plus," in the Outlook Magazine for October.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Last Word.

"So your wife always lets you have the last word in an argument?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Meekton. "It is necessary for me to have the last word in order to show that I agree with her perfectly."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Marathon Rewards.

(Guelph Mercury.)

In olden days Marathon winners received laurel wreaths. Nowadays they get \$5,000. The wreaths were doubtless very becoming, but still that pecuniary reward does seem to have an alluring look to it.

RAW

FURS and HIDES

Write for Weekly Price Lists.

JOHN HALLAM

Shipments Solicited.

TORONTO, ONT.

THE FAVORITE

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

"Silent as the Sphinx!"

THE MOST PERFECT MATCHES YOU EVER STRUCK

Always, everywhere in Canada, ask for Eddy's Matches



JAMES J. HILL.

Romantic Story of the Famous Railway King.

(Titbits.)

When James Hill was somewhat obscurely cradled in Ontario just under seventy years ago not even his dotting mother could have foreseen, in her most extravagant imaginings, that the infant whose lot seemed to be cast among the lowly of the earth would one day wield a sceptre more powerful than that of many a king, and would write his name in large and imperishable characters across the face of a continent.

There was good blood in the child's veins, though the fabled silver spoon was very far from his baby mouth. Through his father he inherited a buoyant, adventurous strain from a long line of Irish ancestors, while his mother dowered him with the sterner qualities, the shrewd common sense and the indomitable will of her Scottish forefathers. It was a fine natural equipment for the boy, and we shall see to what excellent use he turned it.

In his early years James was a dreamer. He would wander away, book in hand, into the depths of the forest or the wide solitude of the prairie-land, and give himself up to vague visions of the future, in which he instinctively felt he was destined to play a great part. He revelled in the fascinating stories of Fenimore Cooper, tales of the free, adventurous life of the Indians, who roamed and raided and captured scalps over the vast prairies which stretched far away to the west, and over which the boy cast longing eyes; and even then there came to him a vision of a future in which those leagues of rich and little-trodden lands should blaze into a sea of golden corn to enrich the world's granary; and, oddly enough, he knew that he was to be the magician to work this transformation.

First Seeds of Romance.

"Idle dreams" his mother told the boy when he confided his vision to her; and when, soon after, his father died, leaving his wife and family almost penniless, it seemed that the dreams would be idle indeed. While other more fortunate lads were still at school James Hill had to face the stern battle of life—not only for himself, but for his widowed mother—as best he could. But before he could move a foot in this direction some money, however little, was necessary, and in order to earn and save it young Hill had to toil for three years at a local store. This period of servitude ended, he bade his mother and his brothers and sisters "good-bye," and, with a stout heart, turned his steps to the west, which he still fervently believed to be his land of promise.

Away he fared to the very last fringe of civilization, until he reached St. Paul, Minnesota, then a small village; and here he resolved to begin the slow and laborious process of carving out the fortune which he felt assured would come some day and somehow, though when or how he had not the faintest idea. There was no room for false pride in a boy so full of grit, and when he secured a berth as porter on the St. Paul wharf he bent his back to the task, sordid and heavy as it was, with the determination to be the best "roustabout" in St. Paul. For long months he toiled early and late, carrying timber and other freight on his back to the decks of the Mississippi steamboats, thankful to earn a couple of dollars a day by the sweat of his brow; until one lucky day he found himself promoted to a stool in the office of the Dubuque & St. Paul Packet Company.

Early Responsibility.

But, meanwhile, a new and potent influence had come into the life of the young porter—one which was destined to work a revolution in his life. One day, when he was carrying a heavy load from the wharf to a steamer, he caught a glimpse of a trim figure with a sweet face and merry, mischievous eyes, standing in the doorway of a small hotel which he passed on his laborious journey. There was something in this vision of girlish freshness and sweetness which sent a strange and new thrill to his heart and made his burden unaccountably light. Again and again, as he passed the inn, he caught a glimpse more or less fugitive of the maid whose bright eyes had such a magic for him, until every load was made light by the prospect of seeing her, and heavy as lead it by chance, as too often happened, she was not visible.

The girl who had thus innocently sown the first seeds of romance in the breast of the stalwart young laborer was one Mary Mahagan, known and loved by all who knew her as plain "Mary," the maid-of-all-work at the small riverside hotel—a wise and daughter of Erin with the prettiest face, the neatest figure, and the merriest laugh in St. Paul, and with "a way of her own," too, which played sad havoc with masculine hearts. Is it any wonder, then, that young Hill, into whose life she had come so romantically, should soon become the most abject of her slaves and admirers?

Nay was the "damage" all on one side, for Mary had from the first been attracted by the industrious and good-looking porter who so often passed her door, and was by no means loath to give him an occasional sunny smile to cheer his way. So that when—as was not long, we may be sure, in happening—James Hill screwed up his courage and called at the hotel to make her acquaintance, he quickly found that not one of her many wooers had a better chance

than himself of winning the prize of Mary's heart; and before many weeks had passed she had promised to share his life and hopes.

Then followed halcyon days, in which Minnesota held no happier pair than James Hill, the "roustabout," and Mary, the charming maid of the inn; days of dreaming of a golden future in which Mary's counsel and sweet words of encouragement hardened the resolve of the obscure porter to be a great man some day—a power in the world. But this was all in the dim future, and meanwhile, Mary must be fitted for the position she was to occupy as the wife of a rich and powerful man. Out of his small earnings and savings he sent her away for two long and lonely years to a boarding-school in an eastern State; and there Mary blossomed into the accomplished girl whose hand he held at the altar in St. Paul's one day in the early sixties.

With such a new inspiration in his life James Hill set to work with redoubled determination to win his way to wealth. By 1872 he had become a joint owner, with Norman W. Kitson, of the Hudson Bay Company, a number of river steamers, which added largely to his growing capital, and already he began to see the way into the promised land of his boyish dreams.

The St. Paul and Pacific Railway was in a bad way—waiting for somebody to take it over. If he could only raise the necessary capital to buy it, restore it to a condition of prosperity, and make it the nucleus from which a gigantic railway system should throw its steel network over the Western States, with all their promise of riches, his fortune would be made. Wiseacres scoffed aloud at the Quixotic idea, and declared that the man who would venture on such a hopeless undertaking was only fit for an asylum. But Hill simply smiled at their jeers; he knew himself, and they didn't, which made all the difference; and fortunately he found a few capitalists who shared his confidence, and were willing to advance or raise the necessary capital.

Success in Sight.

Never did an enterprise seem more foredoomed to failure. There were already two great rival railways which were unable to pay expenses, although they had Government support and enormous resources at their backs. How could this cranky, one-man scheme, starting from the brink of bankruptcy, possibly succeed? But it did succeed, in spite of all the wiseacres; the St. Paul and Pacific Railway was rapidly reconstituted and placed on a profitable and flourishing basis; and, as if by magic, the network of steel began to spread itself over the Western States, from the great lakes, through Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Oregon, to the far-distant shores of the Pacific.

Rarely, if ever, in human history has such a stupendous feat been so rapidly and even sensationally performed. Under the controlling brain of Mr. Hill and the busy hands of 8,000 workmen the gigantic task proceeded with a speed that astonished the world; tunnels were bored, rivers were bridged, viaducts spanned mountain gorges, the track was driven across hundreds of leagues of prairie land. Mr. Hill himself was ubiquitous, here to-day and hundreds of miles away on the morrow, until he seemed to be almost everywhere at the same time, driving long distances by sledge over snowy wastes, dodging or fighting predatory Indians, defying danger, hunger and thirst, and everywhere infusing his own enthusiasm into his employees.

So swiftly did the work proceed that, in places, grading was done at the rate of seven miles a day, and every working day saw over three miles of track laid. No wonder "the world marvelled" at such amazing energy, or that the gigantic system of 6,000 miles of line was completed almost before it seemed to have been well started.

Early Dreams Realized.

At last Mr. Hill's youthful dream was near its realization. The rest came, as he had anticipated, naturally and quickly. With such splendid railway facilities the golden treasury of the West was open to the world; thousands of hordes of settlers sprang up; busy villages and thriving towns came into being; thousands of square miles of rich land grew yellow with corn and the long-barren Western States became a veritable land of Goshen. And all this was the work of a few years, of one man's tireless brain and unconquerable will.

Having conquered one world, and created a new and flourishing country to supply the world with wheat, Mr. Hill set to work on new, if kindred, enterprises. He built a fleet of luxurious passenger steamers for the great American lakes, and another fleet of large cargo-ships to carry flour, grain, and lumber. His next ambition was to capture the Pacific trade; and for this purpose he has built a fleet of ocean steamers far eclipsing any others in size and carrying power. Each of these vessels, it is said, is as large as those two leviathans, the "Campania" and "Lucania," put together; it has a measurement of 28,000 tons, and five acres of deck-room; while its cargo requires twenty miles of yard-tracks to accommodate it. And these are but a few of the colossal undertakings which this wonderful man, who fifty

years ago was serving in a country store has carried to a triumphantly successful issue.

Through all these long years of ceaseless and almost superhuman work, Mr. Hill has found time to cultivate his mind and to indulge his love of things artistic. He is a great reader, with an excellent taste in literature and owns one of the finest collections of books in America. His picture galleries are crowded with some of the masterpieces of art, on which he has lavished hundreds of thousands of pounds—his Corots, Millets and Bouguereaus alone representing a large fortune; while his collection of precious stones is one of the most costly and comprehensive in the world.

What is even more interesting is the fact that Mr. Hill remains to-day as unspoiled by fortune as when he dispensed tea and sugar over the store-counter in Wellington county, Ontario, or carried timber at St. Paul. He is far prouder of his triumph over the difficulties that have beset his path than of the millions that triumph has brought him; and he values his riches chiefly because they enable him to do some good service to humanity. In making his own fortune he is proud to remember that he has made, to a greater or lesser extent, that of thousands of others, and has added enormously to the food resources of the world.

But the best day's work he ever did in his strenuous life was that which secured for him the "best wife in the world," whose companionship has brightened his life, and to whose help and encouragement he owes most of his brilliant achievements. Seldom has there been a more ideal union than that of the St. Paul wharf-porter and Mary Mahagan, the lovable maid of the inn. She shared her husband's days of poverty and struggle; now she is chateleine of a palace which cost £140,000 to build, and from whose windows she and her husband, in their old age, often look down, hand in hand, on the roof of the little hotel which was the cradle of their romance, and on the wharf where the multi-millionaire of to-day found the heaviest load light if he could but catch a glimpse of a pair of roguish eyes and the sunshine of a pair of smiling lips.

The Monarchs of the Snow.

The annual death roll of mountaineers and explorers of the higher Alps and other mountain ranges continues every year by year, to lengthen out as new peaks and lofty crests and scarps, hitherto untrod by the foot of man, are from time to time scaled by intrepid mountain climbers. And it is not surprising that they are content to take some risk in surmounting those towering precipices and upreared, beetling escarpments; for perhaps to many there could be no greater mundane pleasure than, alpenstock or ice-axe in hand, to achieve the ascent of some of those mighty monarchs of the snows, and, in the eternal silence of those rock-girt coombs, or on the summit of those jagged wind-swept pinnacles towering so majestically upwards to the skies, to contemplate nature's wondrous handiwork, and from that elevated point, of view to experience that sense of awe, that feeling almost of stupor which is evoked by the sublimity and solemn stateliness of the wondrous scene.

The first stage of the ascent, before the snowfields are reached, too, is replete with wild beauty and interest. At the side of the rough path a mountain torrent swirls and eddies over huge boulders and jutting rocks; now torn into foam and spindrift by a gust of wind, gendored in a deep fissure cleft in the mountain, or now leaping over a precipice into the seething cauldron beneath. Bounding the rapidly ascending path are numerous alpine flowers, spikes of yellow foxglove, clusters of spring gentian, that most beautiful blue in nature, tall turk's lilies, with alpine roses, and many another richly-hued beauty of the floral world.

But now, continuing the ascent, we leave all this fair prospect and are soon in the midst of the everlasting snows, the path crossing a glacier rent by the ever advancing motion of the ice into all manner of varied forms, and cleft by deep crevasses, revealing in all their beauty their wondrous tints of azure and of lustrous emerald. But with a cry, Excelsior, excelsior, we continue the ascent, over great hummocks of frozen snow, up rocky escarpments, and over rugged crags and precipitous steeples and ledges, until at length the summit is attained, and a glorious prospect bursts upon the view; around the peaks and pyramids and snow-capped domes of the mountain ranges; beneath, the winding glaciers curving downwards to the plain, while outstretched far below is the landscape of forest and plain, of lake and shining river, of hamlet and scattered chalet.

And then glancing upward to the azure of the skies the heart bounds with a thought of gratitude to the Almighty Creator of all this beauty, who, laying down His majesty, assumed our form, and on that agonizing cross took upon Himself the punishment due to us for our misdeeds. And that expiation is granted to all who, desiring to escape the wrath to come, will but go to Him for forgiveness and for salvation.—By a Banker.

And Still Increasing.

"What is the matter with the service this afternoon?" asked the angry manager of the telephone exchange, "the town is in a tumult and every subscriber has a complaint."

"It can't be avoided," explained a subordinate calmly. "The papers came out and said that a man by the name of Smith had been injured in a trolley wreck. As a result every Smith is telephoning to every other Smith to learn if the Smith who was struck was his Smith."—Tuck.

The Big Game of East Africa.

A fresh appeal has recently been made for the preservation of the big game of East Africa. Rapidly, as compared with the ages which have been consumed in evolving them, the great animals of the earth are disappearing everywhere. The whale is becoming scarcer year after year. The plains no longer tremble beneath the hoofs of the herds of American bison. To find a white rhinoceros is considered worth months of wandering over the parched, yelds of equatorial Africa. Before the railway and the gun, the great game is retreating to the fastnesses, and there are left few spots on the globe where the sportsman may find big game the giant descendants of the fauna of other eras.

Almost the only space where one may go to find big game in abundance is the equatorial region of Africa. There one may still find the big African elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the crocodile, which have almost disappeared from their historic home, the Nile; the giraffe, the silent-footed lion, the leopard, the slow-moving eland, the zebra and the various members of the antelope family. It is evident, however, that unless measures are taken to protect them they will disappear as their kind already have done in South Africa. Fifty years ago that part of Africa teemed with the same kind of animals.

Unfortunately for the giraffe, his skin was especially suitable for long whip-lashes, such as the Boer needed in urging his trek oxen over the veldt. The African elephant has very fine tusks. The elephant can keep pace with the arrows of the blacks, even though they be poisoned, but with the breech-loading rifle in the hands of the reckless sportsman, of recent years also in those of the irresponsible natives, the elephant falls a ready victim to the struggle for existence. The tiny bullet in its effectiveness may be a triumph of the ingenuity of man when it can bring to his knees the giant among animals, but sometimes one regrets its capacity when one realizes that the life of an animal which has required twenty-five years to mature has been cut off in the twinkling of an eye. The white-tailed eagle, the mountain zebra, the roan antelope, the Cape buffalo, the so-called white rhinoceros, the black rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the ostrich have all disappeared from the Cape region. These animals are also disappearing from their last strong-hold, the equatorial district.

It is said that only a few years ago most of the animals showed no fear of man and wandered about in his vicinity with impunity, living at peace with him. To-day the elephant evades man and is with difficulty found. Travelers in those regions describe the tricks by which the elephants have learned to avoid him in their few years of knowledge of the white man and his gun. Some of them are tricks which would do credit to an even more sagacious animal than man, and one of the sagacity of the American Indian.

The elephant uses his trunk and his olfactory organ to learn of approaching danger. In Eastern Africa he frequents the hills in order to take advantage of the frequent change in the direction of the wind which occurs as the sun changes its latitude. Throwing his trunk into the air from time to time he can detect the approach of man from a considerable distance. Then off he and his fellows go at a speed that will tax the swiftest runner. This he will maintain for hours, making it difficult to keep up with him. When he and his fellows decide it is safe to stop they take shelter beneath a grove of trees, where they will stand in absolute silence for hours—that is, silence so far as it is within their power to control it. Unquestionably there is one clue which they cannot conceal. It is the noise of digestion. The great bulk requires large quantities of food for its maintenance, and the operation of digesting the branches and foliage in his mammoth laboratory can be heard far enough away to serve as a guide to the hunter.

The evidences of destruction of large numbers of elephants may be found in the ivory markets. In the Antwerp market alone it is said that the tusks of 15,500 Congo elephants are needed each year. The African elephants have much larger tusks than the Indian elephants. A pair weighing 450 pounds were once taken in Africa, one of which is now in the British museum. The average weight for a pair, however, is about one hundred pounds, compared with about forty-five pounds for the Indian elephant. The ivory from the female elephant is preferred above that of the male. They are exceptionally well armed with rifles and are accustomed to hunt large elephants in bands of three or more. They hunt them in their customary refuges—in dense jungle—and fire only when quite close. They take flight after a few shots, as the animal often makes a dash toward dense clouds of smoke. Often they follow wounded beasts for several days. Every rifleman marks his own particular shot with a peculiar sign in order that it may be ascertained who gave the death wound.

All of the year 1890, the native "political agent" of the station at Moshi had a monopoly of elephant shooting in Kilimanjaro. His people traversed the whole district in large bands, the practiced and trustworthy people of the country provided the caravans with wild game of all kinds, the best shots devoting themselves to elephants. At some springs I found dozens and dozens of rhinoceroses, murdered by these "Maku." They also succeeded in destroying numbers of giraffes, much sought after on account of their hides. The same reports were heard about other parts of the country at the same time. The rhinoceros also is dependent upon his sense of smell for security. His great hide protects him against the onslaughts of other animals and the arrows of the natives, but against the fleet and penetrating bullet it is of no avail. When his huge bulk rises in the grass against the sky he presents a tempting mark. Unlike the elephant, he has a feathered sentinel to warn him of the approach of man. Usually when at rest a bird alights upon his back for the purpose of feeding upon the vermin which annoys the big animal. His entire back is sometimes covered with the friendly birds. He sleeps in peace, certain that when the sharp cries of the birds detect the approach of an enemy they will fly away, thus warning him. The horns of the rhinoceros make him valuable, for they are not infrequently three feet long and have been known almost five feet in length. Sometimes coast traders receive hundreds of rhinoceros horns of which was at least fifty years old when killed.

The so-called white rhinoceros, which has been almost exterminated, next to the elephant is the largest mammal treading the face of the earth. Half a century ago the species was still so enormous that English sportsmen were able to kill sixty of them in the course of a few months in the neighborhood of the Orange River and Zambesi.

The white man, rather than the black, is responsible for the destruction of the rhinoceros. It is told of a German who went to British East Africa in connection with a "utopian" undertaking, that after his political scheme failed, he, with a companion, applied himself to the reckless slaughter of big game. In the course of two or three

years he killed on hundred and fifty rhinoceroses, being himself finally killed by one. His companion shot one hundred and forty more. Owing to the slow propagation of the rhinoceros, it is estimated that should no more be killed it would require several centuries to repair the loss which has been entailed in East Africa.

In British East Africa sections of the country have been set apart for the preservation of the animals. Licenses, for which a fee is charged, and which permits the destruction of only a certain number of animals, must be secured by the sportsman before he can shoot them. Unfortunately even this form of protection is insufficient, as there are few men employed to guard the reserves and there is much "poaching" by natives and whites.

In an article recently published in the National Review, urging better protection of the big game of the world before it is too late, the following measures were proposed:

"The annual and careful supervision by the officials of the reserves, under the expert advice of the game ranger, of the game to be killed under licenses in the ensuing year, taking account of the abundance or scarcity of each species."

"The provision of an adequate staff, sufficient to render the reserves practically inviolable, and to supervise the whole question of shooting and taking the game."

"The entire prohibition of the sale of 'biltong,' the dried flesh of some of the animals."

"An order, to be strictly enforced, absolutely prohibiting the possession or carrying of fire-arms by natives, other than those in government employ."—New York Tribune.

Song of the Unknown Heroes.

(S. E. Kiser in the Chicago Times-Herald.)

Let me sing a song for the hero
Who fell unnamed, unknown—
The common soldier, lying
Beneath a costly stone—
Who fought where the foe was strongest
And, after the day was done,
Was merely among "the missing"
Nine hundred and sixty-one.

Let me sing a song for the hero
Who knelt at the rail to pray
While the boats with the weeping women
And children were rowed away—
Who, being a man and gifted
With the strength God gives to men,
Was one of the "hundred sailors"
Who will ne'er tread decks again.

Let me sing a song for the hero
Who, weary, wasted, wan,
With disease and the world against
him—
Toiled hopefully, bravely on—
Who, robbed of earth's choicest pleasures—
Could smile as he wrought away,
And lie with the unnamed millions
Awaiting the Judgment Day.

Let me sing the song of the heroes
Who died unknown, unnamed,
And my song shall be of the bravest
That Death and the grave e'er claim-
ed—
And my song shall live the longest
Of all the songs e'er sung,
And still be the song of heroes
When the last sad knell is rung!

Don'ts for the Hostess.

Don't invite more guests than you can seat comfortably at your table. A space of two feet should be allowed for each person.

Don't send your plate away, or appear to have done eating, till your guest have all finished.

Don't discuss politics or religious matters unless you know your guests are all in sympathy with you.

Don't notice if your guests drink water.

They may or may not be teetotalers from principle, but in any case they drink what they like and prefer to do so without attracting attention.

Don't press your guests to take more or to partake of any special kind of food. They all know they are welcome to all they want, and such pressing is embarrassing.

Don't betray anxiety of the servants are awkward or not quite up to their work, and, above all, don't correct them. Their error will probably escape notice, but the correction would attract the attention of your guests. When any little contretemps occurs don't appear aware of it, but by chatting on composedly divert people's attention from it.

Rattler Takes to Water and Fights.

Ex-State Senator and County Chairman M. C. Henninger, just back from a two weeks' fishing expedition to Cont-right's Lake, Pike County, brought with him a big string of fish and a brand new snake story, which must be considered true.

It has always been supposed that a rattlesnake, above all things, dreaded water and there never was an authenticated story of a rattler taking to a stream. But on Sunday last a Philadelphia saw a rattlesnake swimming across the lake. He jumped into a rowboat and made it over.

As soon as he had overtaken the snake he gave it a tap with an oar. He thought he had broken the rattler's back and tossed it into the boat. It was only stunned, however, and on reviving gave battle at once. The Philadelphian succeeded in killing it, but not until he had a narrow escape from being bitten.—Allentown Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Peruvian Sand Dunes.

The crescent-shaped sand dunes which move in thousands across the desert of Islay, near La Jota, Peru, have been investigated by Astronomer S. I. Bailey, who found the points of a crescent to be 160 feet apart, while the convex side measured 477 feet, and the greatest width was more than 100 feet. The estimated weight was 8,000 tons, yet it was carried 125 feet a year by the prevailing south winds.

In Dogville.

"Come," cried the mother of the peevish little bull pup, "you can't mend matters by whining, can you?"
"I'm afraid not," sniffed the pup.
"Then," said the mother, "if not, whine not."—Answers.

NEWS IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN AND DISTRICT

Miss Gibbs returned to her Enderby home from England, on Saturday.

Of course you will not forget the Irish concert to be given in K. of P. Hall on the 17th.

Mrs. J. M. Harlow is visiting Mrs. Flewelling, on her way home to Oyama from Seattle.

W. Arthur Battye, pianoforte tuner, will be in town about the 11th. Orders at King Edward Hotel.

A large number of Knights of Pythias attended service in the Baptist church Sunday morning, in a body. Rev. Mr. Freeman delivered an appropriate sermon.

Mrs. Ella McCormick returned from the Coast last Thursday, and Daddy Wright is all smiles again. Mrs. McCormick will spend the spring and summer at her Enderby home.

One of the tugs to be put into service on Mabel Lake by the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co., arrived at Enderby this week and will be drawn on skids over the Enderby-Mabel Lake road to the lake.

R. G. Griffin, wife and child, arrived in Enderby Monday morning. Mr. Griffin is an experienced plumber and tinsmith, and he comes to Enderby to take charge of the tinsmithing and plumbing shop of A. Fulton. Mr. Fulton is placing in stock a carload of new hardware and supplies. He intends to give Enderby an Al hardware establishment and the acquisition of Mr. Griffin to handle the shop, will give Enderby the best in workmanship that can be had.

Chas. W. Little reports three sales at Mara this week. A Mr. Young, of Calgary, purchased 40 acres of Jas. Bell's ranch, and Mr. Davis and Mr. Beard, from Field, bought 45 acres of Mr. Davey's farm. Mr. Little is publishing a second handsome booklet on Mara, together with property list, and has in readiness several handsome enlarged pictures of Mara Lake, which he is placing to advantage about the country.

A petition is being circulated and signed by everybody asking Postmaster Harvey to consider the moving of the postoffice from its present quarters to a suitable building to be erected by Geo. Bell on the Hutchison corner. Mr. Bell contemplates erecting a brick on this corner, with a store-room for a modern hardware establishment, to be occupied by A. Fulton, a jewelry store to be occupied by A. J. Dake, and, if Postmaster Harvey is agreeable, and it is understood that he is provided the people want it, a suitable room will be provided for the postoffice. Mr. Harvey, as postmaster, assisted so ably by Miss Mowat, is giving the Enderby public splendid service, and, with the objectionable feature of the railway crossing removed, Enderby will have, in the new quarters proposed, an admirable postoffice.

WANTED at Mara, a grocery and general store with boarding house or small hotel accommodations. Address Chas. W. Little, Mara, B. C.

Wm. Hancock is an old sport—that is, he likes to play ball or any old thing, just for the game's sake alone. It was he who made it possible for the Enderby Curling Club to erect such a splendid rink in time to have their winter's sport. It was he who saved the recreation grounds to the city. Mr. Hancock and family spent the winter at the Coast, and did not have a chance to "draw" the interesting stones, and so, when he came home, it was only just and right, and quite the proper thing for him to have the ice. Mayor Bell and his council of curlers challenged him to mortal combat about the tee. The Mayor played Ald. Evans and Jones, and Wm. Hutchison. Mr. Hancock played Geo. Hancock, J. McClure and Anor Matthews. The game was close; the score 7 to 8 against the Council.

Okanagan Creamery

Frank Slater, an experienced creamery operator, has leased the Armstrong Creamery, and he has issued this frank, clear-cut statement of what he proposes to do:

The new lessee of the Creamery desires to make the following announcement, concerning the management of the above institution for the ensuing year:

Having leased the Creamery for the year 1909, I wish to state clearly the methods I shall adopt in dealing with the farmers supplying cream. In the past, five cents per pound from the price of the butter fat, plus the overrun, was charged for manufacturing.

The overrun is the difference between the butter fat and the actual butter made; for example, 'A' receives credit for 85 lbs of butter fat which at 30 cents per lb. amounts to \$25.50. This 85 lbs. of butter fat would make 100 lbs. of butter, which, selling at 35 cts. per lb. wholesale, would realize \$35, or \$9.50 for manufacturing, or 9½ cts. per lb. of butter. In 'A's' case the overrun was 15 per cent.

This system has been con-

demned as unfair by the highest authorities in Canada and of Prof. Dean of the Guelph Agriculture College; all the government creameries in Ontario and Prairie Provinces have discarded it, and have adopted a system of charging a rate per lb. of butter for manufacturing. This does away with any possibility of the manufacturer manipulating the cream weighing or make the butter test work to suit his own pocket; and by the method now in vogue the patron knows exactly what it is costing for manufacture.

The overrun varies from 10 to 20 per cent, or in other words, butter contains from 80 to 90 per cent of butter fat, the cost of manufacture to the patron is thus from 9 to 11 cents per pound; the larger the overrun the greater the profit to the

STATISTICS IN MEDICINE

OLD REMEDIES RETAIN THEIR POPULARITY

Investigations of French Physicians Show that Large Production of Synthetic Medicines is Not Crowding Out the Old Favorites.

A late despatch from Paris says:—Prof. Grimbart presented a notable paper before the Academy of Medicine on therapeutic tendencies in the last ten years. Basing his figures on medicines furnished to 219 large asylums and hospitals by the State Pharmacy, he finds that the old-fashioned medicines retain their popularity.

An expert authority on being interviewed states that the tendencies of the medical profession in Canada are along exactly the same lines. He gives the following old-fashioned vegetable mixture as the safest and best treatment for all stomach and liver troubles, constipation, disorder of the kidneys and bladder, and states that many of the leading physicians use these ingredients in some form, often by some fancy and expensive name: Fluid Extract Cascara, ½ oz.; Compound Syrup of Rhubarb, 1 oz.; Fluid Extract Carriana Compound, 1 oz.; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, 5 oz. Take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

This acts in a pleasant way, and is free from the bad effects of strong purgatives and synthetics.

We advise all our readers to cut this valuable formula out and use it. Any druggist can supply these ingredients at a small expense. You can mix them at home if you prefer.

Put the Stock in condition

Nothing will do it so quickly nor so well.

International Stock & Poultry Food

It works wonders

Enderby Drug & Stationery Co.

Furniture

CARPETS

VELVET BRUSSELS
TAPESTRY WOOL
UNION SQUARES

Linoleum

INLAID PRINTED
FLOOR OILS

Japanese Matting

PARLOR MATS
DOOR MATS

Wall Paper

Window Shades
Window Fixtures

Iron Beds

Springs, Mattresses, Cots, Cribs

Call and see the above lines before you purchase elsewhere. My prices are the lowest possible for first-class goods.

W. T. HOLTBY

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

BRADLEY BLK. ENDERBY

Fred. H. Barnes

BUILDER &
CONTRACTOR

Plans and estimates furnished

Dealer in Sashes, Doors, Turnings and all factory work.

I represent the S. C. Smith Co. of Vernon. Enderby.

John S. Johnstone

Contractor and Builder, Enderby

Cement Blocks and Exshaw Portland Cement on hand—the best on the market. All kinds of cement work and masonry promptly attended to.

Made to Eat

Moffet's Best is made in the largest and most modern mill in British Columbia

It is sold by all enterprising Grocers

Made only from Hard Wheat

The first Canadian Flour ever shipped by the Pacific to U. K. ports

When you buy this flour you not only get the BEST bread flour made, but are contributing your mite to support a local industry.

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SPRING HATS

A splendid Selection. Something to interest and please you. Come in and see them.

WHEELER & EVANS.

Estate of Harvey & Dobson

HELP YOURSELF

The big Sale is in full swing!

Bigger and Better bargains than ever!

LADIES Shoes,	regular, \$3.50	For \$2.95
“ “	up to 3.00	For 1.25
CHILDREN'S Shoes,	up to 2.00	For 1.00
MEN'S Shoes,	regular, 3.50	For 2.00
“ “	regular, 3.00	For 1.50

Space will not permit price quoting. Men and women who make purchases in this store go out with that satisfied smile that does not wear off

W. J. WILSON, Manager

Rev. Dr. Hatt

Will favor Enderby with one of his popular recitals of Dr. Drummond's stirring French-Canadian poems. Of a recent recital at Summerland, the Review says: "Mr. Hatt needs the whole platform when he gets warmed up to his work. Mr. Hatt looks the part, feels the part, acts the part. His magnificent physique; his dark complexion; his masses of black wavy hair; his smooth accents; his tremendous energy and his sympathetic and lively interpretation of the peasant or voyageur of Lower Canada, admirably fit him to present the stirring characters of Dr. Drummond's poems."

TO-NIGHT!

the time: K. of P. Hall the place. Tickets: reserved, 75c; Adults, 50c; Children, 25c. A rare treat; don't miss it!