Library Legislative assembly

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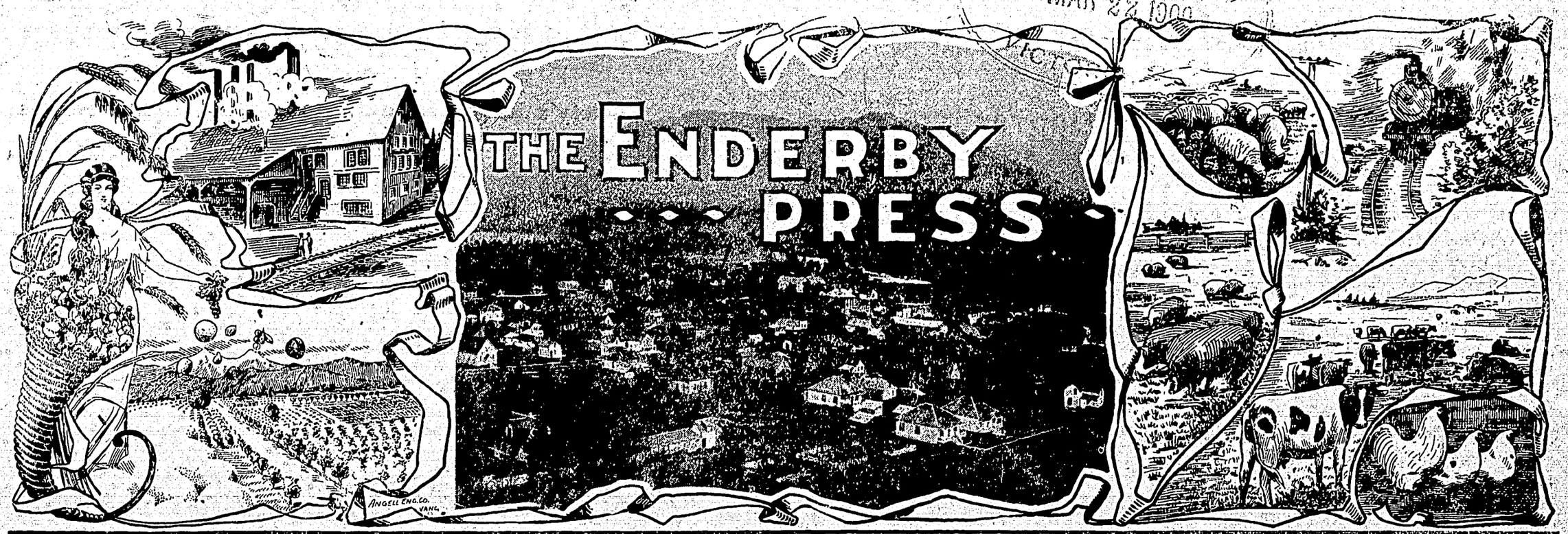
MAR 22 1909
VICTORIA



Enderby, B. C., March 18, 1909 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 2; No. 3; Whole No. 55

Twelve More Street Lights Ordered

CITY business of considerable importance occupied the time of the City Council last Wednesday evening. Mayor Bell was in the chair; Ald. Evans, Lawes, Peel and Forbes present.

Ald. Peel's street improvement by-law came up for its second reading. It was slightly amended and laid over for final consideration.

The matter of street lighting came up again and it was decided to install 12 additional lights to the present system; the majority of the lights to be placed on the Vernon road and the Salmon Arm road to the turn north of Knight street.

The salary of Mr. Rosoman as magistrate was increased from $10 to $15 per month.

The Clerk was instructed to write Mr. Sharp, of the Agassiz experimental farm regarding shade trees; also to order a small supply of diphtheria antitoxin from the Provincial Board of Health.

Herb M'Cormick in Trouble

The Vancouver Province says: "William Herbert McCormick, son of Mrs. Emma McCormick, of Robson street, widow of the late George McCormick, was arrested on the street a few days ago by the city detectives, on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. The charge is laid by C. D. Rand, the well-known real estate broker, who is alleged to have been victimized to the tune of $6000. Behind the arrest is a human interest story, involving the alleged refusal of the mother of the boy to protect him against arrest and the possible consequences of his alleged criminal action. The McCormick estate is valued at anywhere between $400,000 and $500,000, but Mrs. McCormick, it is alleged, after having considered the matter for some time, finally decided that she would not intervene to save her son." The crime young McCormick is charged with was committed in the month of December last. At that time he applied to Mr. Rand for a loan of $4,500, offering as security a certificate of indefeasible title and a deed bearing what purported to be the signature of Mrs. McCormick and conveying to the young man their Robson street home. The money was provided and later McCormick applied for a further loan of $1,500, which was also given him. The signature to the deed is said to have been pronounced a forgery.

David Kinbascot, an Indian, and Peter Quinn, were taken before Magistrate Rosoman on Tuesday, the former charged with having liquor in his possession, and the latter with selling it to him. By a sharp police dodge, Constable Gardom caught them in the act, and both pleaded guilty. The Indian was fined $25 and costs; Quinn, three months at hard labor and $50 and costs.

One South African land warrant for sale for $950.00. A. Fulton, Enderby.

Spring Meeting.

Spallumcheen Farmer's Institute.

Mr. Macrae, who is an expert live stock judge and lecturer, will hold an afternoon practical demonstration in judging, on the agricultural ground, Armstrong, on Friday, March 19, 1909, at 2:30 p.m. He will also deliver a lecture on live stock, in the evening, at 7 o'clock, in the I.O.F. Hall. This is an opportunity you ought not to miss.

W. P. HORSLEY, President
JOHN B. BIRD, Secretary.
March, 8, 1909.

Few entertainments have given such genuine satisfaction as the Drummond Recital last Thursday evening by Rev. Dr. Hatt. Every number was a treat and the whole a feast.

F. H. Barnes and D. T. Forbes have been gazetted license commissioners, and Geo. R. Lawes and A. Fulton, police commissioners.

Business of the Board of Trade

AT the regular meeting of the Board of Trade last Friday evening, the committee's final draft of the by-laws was approved, and they were ordered to be printed.

The committee on immigration and advertising reported progress and the cost of a sign to be placed at the station. It was ordered that a sign 8x32 feet be painted and placed in position on Maud street.

The Civic Improvement committee brought forward a verbal report on the great need of concerted action in the matter of shade-tree planting on the streets of the town. Without going into details, the suggestions were made evidently with the intention of "sounding" the Board. The proposition met with favor until the matter of expense came up. When Chairman Moffet said the committee estimated the cost of the completed work—buying, planting, boxing of a thousand trees—would be $1,500, Mayor Bell whistled and looked as if an earthquake had hit him. Mr. Bell explained that he had not anticipated anything so expensive and was emphatic in his opposition. He believed the time had not come for anything of the kind, and thought the proposition was ridiculous, and said he would vote against it. He enlarged upon the good work the city has done, and demonstrated how important it is to keep the rate of taxation down, contrasting Enderby's present rate of 18 mills with that of 27 mills in the towns to the south of us. Everything the city owned was self-sustaining, and he was of the opinion that we should not diverge from this policy.

F. H. Barnes thought if this were to be the policy pursued, we should make the shade trees grow apples.

Dr. Keith interjected the remark that so far as he could see it was the high-taxed communities that were doing things and attracting capital and people.

It was pointed out that if we were to make Enderby attractive we must expect to have to spend both money and labor in the development of our natural advantages. If we want trees we must plant them, and if, as has been demonstrated in the past, four years, our revenue is not sufficient to put the city in proper shape, then it should be done as all other progressive towns do it, by the issuance of 20-year debentures, thus throwing a fair share of the burden upon those who come later and reap the benefits of the improvements now made.

It was the sense of the meeting that action should be taken along the lines suggested, but as the committee had no definite plan ready to submit, Mr. Barnes moved that the Mayor be requested to declare a civic holiday at at early date to be known as Arbor Day, and that all good citizens be earnestly requested to contribute as many trees as they feel disposed, the same to be planted on the city streets under the supervision of the Civic Improvement committee. The motion carried unanimously.

All who attended the St. Patrick concert given last night by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church, will long remember it for its distinctive Irish air, and its many excellent numbers.

The person who took two water barrels from the C.P.R. stock corral Tuesday evening, will please return them to me. E. T. Smith, Enderby.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. Glenn, of Enderby, March 16th.

Two dozen Orpington pullets for sale. H. Byrnes, Enderby.

WALKER'S WEEKLY

Published every Thursday at Enderby, the Gate-Way of the famous Okanagan, Land of the Big Canadian Red Apple and the California of Canada

Entered in the Post Office at Enderby, B. C., as second-class matter.

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

H. M. WALKER

Advertising rates on application. Subscription, one year, $2; six months, $1

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: "Cut the Grump and Grouch and GET ON TO YOUR JOB.

FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

THE Good Book says, "Be temperate in all things," and to "resist not evil," but our woman suffragists and local optionists think they have a better way.

This week the editor received a fifteen hundred word communication from D. Spencer, superintendent of the Local Option League, accompanied by a letter asking us to publish it. As our space is limited, and we have the local field to fill we are compelled to lay the article on the table. It pretends to express the position and intention of the Local Option League, with reference to the action of the Provincial Government in deciding to submit the question to a vote of the people, but it is for the most part the vituperate cry of a spoiled child who has peevishly demanded more than the parent can give in fairness to the rest of the family. We believe a temperate policy in all things is the best policy. Intemperance never wins. And Mr. Spencer is very intemperate. He objects strenuously to the matter being left to a plebiscite and accuses the Government of showing great weakness in so deciding. He forgets that the 35,000 signatures presented to the Government represent scarcely a seventh of the population of the Province. Surely the Government has a right to consider the rest of the family without being considered weak, or a tool in the hands of the liquor men. After accusing the Government of these things Mr. Spencer goes after it for passing a resolution asking for a Royal Commission to be appointed to enquire into the liquor traffic. This, he says, is another way of shelving the question, and "will arouse the spirit of the temperance people to white heat." Just so. The most intemperate people on earth are the temperance people. Dare to question any attitude they take, or presume to demand of them the same reasonableness as would be demanded in other legislation, and they are "aroused to white heat."

We have little patience with an intemperate man, be he given to liquor or cold water. All men prize sobriety and sanity, and the man who does not realize that we need all the brains we have got in minding our own business and doing our work as it should be done is a back number. Men who are "aroused to white heat" the moment they cannot have what they ask for are not safe men. The conclusion of Mr. Spencer's tirade, is sufficient to show what are the plans and objects of the local optionists. He says:

"The campaign is on. Let every moral reformer work. If the foolish move of the Government, even for liquor support reasons, means their defeat and the placing of the Liberals in power, who is to blame? . . . We must put principle before party and vote for the men who will put the settlement of the liquor question in the hands of the people."

Pray, Mr. Spencer, who are the people? And in what better way can the question be more equitably settled than by submitting it to a plebiscite? The men who do not agree with the local optionists in their arbitrary demands, are property owners and ratepayers, and surely they have some rights. So have the liquor men. Local option is not a new thing, nor has it proved to be a panacea for all intemperance. If a government cannot be permitted to hear both sides of the question without "rousing the ire of the *temperance* people to white heat," they are very intemperate temperance people.

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

Centuries of Balkan Woe.

Long Record of War, Rapine, Oppression, Bloodshed.

The Balkan region may be called above all things the land of confusion. It is the land of war, the land of rapine, of cruelty, of treachery, of tyranny, of almost all that's evil, but above all it is the land of confusion. It has been so for 1,500 years.

The confusion began with that invasion of barbarians which overthrew the Roman Empire. The wild tribes which swept down over the Carpathians or in from the steppes of Russia found it in the enjoyment of the Greek and Roman civilizations. Some of them swept on, some settled down in the region between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. They tangled up the civilization they found with their own barbaric customs. They created a racial confusion which is still at the bottom of all the other confusions that make up the Balkan problem.

In a territory not much bigger than France there are to be found to-day the distinct survivals of three races going back to primitive times. The Albanian, Rumanian and Greek peoples are lineal descendants of peoples who have held the country since immemorial times.

The Albanians are of the old Illyrian stock. Every one knows who the Greeks are. The Rumanians are nobody quite knows who, but most likely the Thracians of old days with a strong Roman modification, not to speak of various subsequent admixtures.

Mixture indeed is the racial law of the Balkans. Only the Illyrian blood is approximately pure. Even the Greeks of to-day have a large percentage of Slavic blood in them.

The original Bulgars were a Finno-Tartar people, akin to the Magyars. But the race has been so nearly asimilated by the Slavic people whom they found in the regions where they settled that the present Bulgarians, despite the name, are far more Slav than Turanian in their characteristics.

Next after the Illyrians, or Albanians, the Serbs are the purest blooded Balkan people. But they are a comparatively recent arrival. They are probably 90 per cent. Slavic. The race has been only slightly modified by the peoples whom they overthrew and intermarried with when they took possession of Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Novibazar and Montenegro, where they now make up a majority of the population.

Tangle of Population.

But the racial confusion is not in the blood alone. It is still more remarkable in the matter of location.

For instance, of the 4,000,000 Bulgars who live in the Balkans only about 2,700,000 live in Bulgaria itself, while the rest inhabit Russia, Rumania, Austria, Hungary and the Turkish provinces, especially Macedonia. On the other hand, the balance of the 4,000,000 population of Bulgaria is made up of Turks, Rumanians, Greeks, Gypsies (52,000 of them), Spanish Jews (27,500), Tartars and samples of all the other nationalities of Europe.

There are to-day 8,000,000 Serbs, but only 2,500,000 of them live in Servia. The rest are scattered over Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Novibazar, Croatia, Slavonia, South Hungary, Istria and Dalmatio. In Rumania 92 per cent. of the people are Wallachs—that is, Rumanians—but only half of the Rumanian race inhabits that kingdom, the other half being found in Transylvania, which is Austrian; in Bessarabia, now under Russian rule; in Servia and in Bulgaria.

The Albanians, or Arnauts—they call themselves Shkipetars, by the way—have kept their territory pretty free of strangers. They are perhaps the wildest people in the world, and it is said that only Pyrrhus the Great ever conquered them; but besides the 2,000,000 of them inhabiting Albania, the western shore of the Adriatic south of Montenegro, there are 200,000 of them in Greece and 100,000 in southern Italy.

As for Macedonia, to describe the confusion of races is almost impossible. The characteristic fact is the tendency of all the races to flock by themselves. There is mixture in the towns and there are a few villages in which Turks, Bulgars and Greeks live together, but for the most part each of these three peoples has its own settlements.

You will find a Bulgarian village more Bulgarian than any in Prince Ferdinand's dominions, and a few miles from it there will be a Greek village as Greek as any in the Peloponnesus. Making a triangle with the other two, a Turkish village will be found where every man wears a fez and every woman goes veiled.

The Religious War.

The tangle of religions is almost equally remarkable. There are the Mohammedans and there are the Christians, but there are Christians of the Orthodox Greek Church, whom the Roman Catholics call schismatic, and there are Christians of the other Greek Church, whom the Roman Catholics call orthodox and who are allied to Rome through the hierarchy of the Greean Kingdom.

It may fairly be said that the hatred between the two sects of Christians is often more bitter than that between Christian and Turk. It is a leading if not the leading factor in the Macedonian troubles of to-day, and the unspeakable atrocities which make Macedonia the most distressful country in the world are just as frequently perpetrated by Greek Catholics upon Bulgarian orthodox churchmen or by Bulgarians upon Greek Catholics as by the Mohammedans upon either.

The Greek Church is the church of the majority of the people and it is the State church in Bulgaria, Servia and Roumania. In Bosnia those of the Greek orthodox communion are about 43 per cent. of the population, the Mohammedans about 35 and the Roman Catholics 21.

In Albania the great majority of the people are Mohammedans, though fiercely hostile to the Turkish Government. There are, however, about 200,000 Christians equally divided between the two sects who hate each other, the Mohammedans, Albanians and the Turks, with an impartial hatred.

Bulgarian Greatness.

All the multiform hatreds which keep the Balkan peoples seething in disorder and bloodshed are centuries old in their origin.

There were the Bulgarians, for instance, who already in the sixth century were at war with the emperors of Constantinople, who, converted to Christianity in the ninth century, reached such power in the tenth that their ruler, Symeon, assumed the title of Czar of all the Bulgarias—the title just revived by Prince Ferdinand—and ruled over a territory extending from the Black Sea to the Adriatic and almost from the Carpathians south to Adrianople.

This great monarchy was overthrown about the year 1000 A. D., and we find the Byzantine Emperor, Basil II., completing its subjection in 1020, when he stormed the palace of Lychnidus, and found in it a treasure of 10,000 pounds weight of gold, equal in value, perhaps, to $2,000,000. His method of signalizing his conquest was characteristic of the age. He caused 15,000 of his captives to be blinded. But to one out of every 100 men he spared a single eye, in order that they might lead the whole lamentable phalanx to their King, a fugitive in some mountain fastness. It is related that he died of horror on beholding them. Is it wonderful that the Bulgar hates the Greek?

Servia's Heroic Period.

Servia also has its heroic period. In 1050 Michael, its Grand Shupan, was recognized as an independent sovereign by Pope Gregory VII. Its power reached a climax between 1331 and 1335, when Stephen Dushan called himself the Emperor of the Rumelians and ruled over a territory which embraced Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, Thessaly, part of Bulgaria and Greece as far as the Isthmus of Corinth.

Stephen Dushan is the great hero of Servian legend. He lies buried in the Studenitza Monastery in Servia, and when King Peter was called to the throne he made a pilgrimage thither and kissed the dead Emperor's brow.

The remains, wrapped in their ancient winding sheet, are encased in a coffin of black wood and on the breast lies a golden crucifix containing in the centre a particle of the True Cross. There is an outer coffin also which was presented by the ancestors of King Peter, the Karageorgovitches. It is a massive affair of silver with a crimson velvet top and a great silver cross upon it.

When the Obrenovitches were in power in Servia this gorgeous casement was hidden away in the cellar of the monastery and King Alexander and Queen Draga presented a wonderful set of golden vestments to be used in the great ceremonies of the monastery church. Nowadays the vestments are in hiding in the cellar and the silver coffin is in evidence again. The Servians expect the Emperor Stephen to reappear as a sort of a Messiah.

Turkish Conquest.

The overthrow of Servia was finally completed by the Sultan Mohammed II., who, having taken Constantinople in 1453, devoted his attention to the Balkan region. From this time until the beginning of the nineteenth century Servia had practically no history, but an offshoot from its people kept up the fight against the Turks unceasingly and without ever being overcome.

After the battle of Kossovo, in 1389, a band of refugees under one Ivo, the black, took possession of the rugged mountain tract just above Cattaro, on the Adriatic shores. The region was named Tzaranagora, or the Black Mountain, the Montenegro of to-day.

Ivo is another of the heroes whom the Serbs expect to come back some day and help drive the Turks out of Europe. The Montenegrins still wear a badge of mourning in their caps for him. His spirit has certainly been continually alive in the little realm that he founded. Under its Prince Bishops, who succeeded each other for more than three centuries from uncle to nephew, Montenegro has not only resisted Turkish conquest but has frequently sent armies out into Novibazar and Macedonia and inflicted tremendous losses upon the soldiers of the Porte.

The Great Awakening.

It is a singular circumstance that the awakening against the Turkish domination which lasted for nearly 330 years after the conquest showed itself in several regions about the same time. Just at the period when Alexander Ypsilante was putting an end to Turkish misrule in the country which is now Rumania, the Greeks were starting that heroic struggle for independence in which Lord Byron played a picturesque part. The Servians simultaneously began a bitter and determined fight to throw off Turkish rule.

In 1804 Kara George, who was certainly a peasant and perhaps a brigand, finding that he was down on a list of persons to be massacred, took to the mountains and raised the standard of revolt. He defeated the Turkish force and in 1806 he took possession of Belgrade.

The Russians helped him for a while, then deserted him, and he was obliged to take refuge in Hungary. The Turks swept over the country in 1814 with murder and pillage. They crucified 300 Christians at Belgrade. But now one of the lieutenants of Kara George began to loom up with new strength. This as Milosch Obrenovitch, also a peasant, a swineherd who had acted as spy for Kara George in the early part of the struggle. His bands in 1815 made such headway against the Turks that the Sultan was forced to make terms with him.

Kra George came back into the country, but Milosch betrayed him to the Turks, who killed him. Rivalry thus removed, Milosch had himself proclaimed in 1817 hereditary prince of Servia.

In 1830 the autonomy of the principality was recognized by the Porte and then began its turbulent career as a European State. The descendants of Kara George and of Milosch intrigued and conspired for the throne.

The Obrenovitches were deposed in 1842 and the Karagorgovitches seized the title of prince. A few years later a prince of their line was assassinated and the Obrenovitches came back, and thus it was that Prince Milan, an Obrenovitch, found himself on the throne at the era of the Russo-Turkish war.

Another region in which the standard of revolt was raised in the beginning of the nineteenth century was the southern section of Albania, where the famous or infamous Ali Pasha, the lion of Janina, established for a few brief years a sort of independent power. Those who are interested in his career can gain a good view of it on easy terms from Maurus Jokai's novel "The Lion of Janina."

Bulgarian Atrocities.

All these struggles in the early part of the nineteenth century brought freedom in one degree or another to the participating states. Another fierce struggle against the Turks began in 1875.

In these matters there seems to be a sort of contagion. It is certain that an epidemic of unrest ran through the Balkan peninsula in that year. Bulgaria, which had been so enslaved as to be called the peasant state, after centuries of submission, showed signs of awakening. The brutalities of Turkish rule seemed to be brought to a head by the establishment of a Circassion colony in the heart of the country.

The peasantry revolted and the Bashi Bazouks, the Turkish irregular soldiery, maintained especially for purposes of atrocity, were sent in to put down the uprising.

The populations of towns and villages were wiped out. The houses were burned, the women outraged or carried off to Turkish harems, children were slaughtered in their mother's arms, and men were burned alive in the churches, hundreds at a time. When the news of these doings were spread through Europe by Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, the famous correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, there was an uncontrollable outburst of horror, and the rule of the Turk in the devastated regions was doomed.

But simultaneously with the Bulgarian insurrection the Servians under Prince Milan had declared war on Turkey. The troops sent against them also wasted their country with murder and pillage. In Bosnia and Herzegovina was also a revolt and also more atrocities.

Montenegro declared war on the Sultan and an army of brave mountaineers marched into Macedonia. Wherever the Sultan's troops went to oppose them, there also were unspeaable cruelties committed on the Christian population.

It was expected that England would take the lead in ending this domination of murder, lust and robbery; but England, under Gladstone, temporized and negotiated; Russia went to war, and with the Rumanians, Servians and Montenegrins as her allies, drove the Turks back past Plevna and Shipka Pass, over the Balkans into Rumelia and as far south almost as Adrianople, when the Sultan gave way and signed the treaty of San Stefano, by which he surrendered the greater part of his European dominions.

Roumania's Progress.

While all this was going on in Bulgaria, Rumania was in the main prospering greatly and civilizing herself. The national exhibition held two years ago at Bucharest in honor of the fortieth anniversary of King Carlos' accession to the rulership was a great demonstratoin of material and intellectual progress.

Under the genial guidance of Queen Elizabeth, the famous "Carmen Sylva" literature and art have gained new headway; but even Rumania has had her troubles and the revolt of the peasant farmers last year against the great landed nobility and the money lenders showed that a readjustment of conditions is still necessary in this most favored of the Balkan land.

Servia's Dark Story.

The history of Servia since the Treaty of Berlin has been one of material progress. The capital, Belgrade, has been practically rebuilt and modernized in the last thirty years; the trade of the country has been greatly increased; its industries and agriculture are flourishing. Its government, however, has been a troublous affair.

King Milan found the debaucheries of Paris and Vienna more to his taste than ruling over the Servians. He abdicated the throne in 1889, turning it over to Alexander, still so young that a Council of Regency had to be established.

One fine day when he was about 18 Alexander asserted himself. He seized the reins of power and clapped all the regents in prison, and then followed 14 years of capricious rule, such as might be expected of a boy who was half a genius, half an idiot.

The end came in June, 1903. Some say it was an Austrian plot to cause chaos which would have justified the Austro-Hungarian Kaiser in seizing and annexing Servia in his dominions. Others hold that the endurance of Alexander had reached its limit and that it was to prevent savage despotism and masacre that regicide was decided on.

Anyway, the fact is that on the night of June 10th the regiments quartered in the capital surrounded the royal palace and after a long and fevered search, in the course of which some faithful attendants were struck down, a band of officers found Alexander and Draga hiding in their night robes and killed them both.

With Alexander died the last of the Karageorgevitch dynasty, and King Peter, the head of the exiled Obrenovitch house, who had been living almost in poverty in Switzerland, was called to the throne, where he still sits, not over formly, according to Austrian versions of the situation, but firmly enough, according to the accounts of many independent English observers.

What all these new countries need is peace and capital to develop their resources. It is believed that they have enormous mineral wealth which England would be glad to develop were it not for the war risk.

PICTURE PUZZLES A MANIA

ociety's Summer Fad a Rival to Bridge---Wealthy Devotees of the Pastime Who Make Their Own Puzzles.

(N. Y. Sun.)

"You have my 'Rebecca at the Well,' also the Gibson Girl and the Japanese print," wrote the lady, "and I am returning you the two Boston puzzles and the 'Holy Family' that belongs to your friend in Tuxedo. They're all very good. Will you send mine back by the messenger?"

This letter is typical of many others, for nowadays the picture puzzle is borrowed just as looks are, and there has recently come into existence another point of resemblance between the two. In a bank building on upper Fifth avenue a woman has opened a circulating library, where puzzles may be had on payment of a small fee.

In that way it is possible to get hold of as many new puzzles as the most insatiable puzzle fiend might desire without the necessity of buying them outright. Until this woman opened her little shop there was only the possibility of borrowing from friends. The library is an indication of the spread of the mania in the last two years.

There is probably not a country house between New York and Bar Harbor that has not its bridge tables spread in the drawing rooms not for bridge but for the playing of these puzzle games. There are trays manufactured especially to hold the pieces. They are flat wood boards with a railing about an inch high about their four sides.

Their great merit is the protection they afford against the loss of the separate pieces. That is of the utmost importance, for a lifelong friendship has been known to snap under the heinous crime of returning a puzzle with one piece missing. When it is understood that some of these puzzles contain as many as twelve hundred separate pieces it may be seen how easy it is to lose one.

In order to make it possible to spend a little more money on the game there are boards covered with damask or brocade like the fancy bridge tables. In some houses the trays for the puzzles are covered with the same silks that decorate the tops of the bridge tables. One of the most difficult things about these puzzles has been to make them cost money. Their materials are so cheap and their manufacture so simple that it is a sorrow to the shopkeepers that they cannot make them costly.

So far the maximum price is $15. The price always depends on the number of pieces in the puzzle.

The pictures which are cut up may be bought for little, the thin boards on which they are pasted cost a few cents only, and the jig saw which serves to make hundreds of them is not an expensive investment in itself. The most skilful players of the game are no longer content to buy puzzles. They find their principal pleasure in making their own.

One of the most successful amateurs in this field is a Westchester millionaire whose health ha snot been good for the last year. He has presented his friends with many of these puzzles sawed and finished by his own hands.

Another successful amateur manufacturer is a physician who had for a long time been in poor health and found nothing to afford him the same diversion as the use of the jigsaw. He is a man of too much taste to be satisfied with the ordinary colored pictures that suit the average manufacturer and he uses photographs of paintings from the galleries of Europe.

As he makes the pictures from brown photographs, they are very difficult to put together, the difference between the varied shades being slight.

His friends prize very much the puzzle he gives them as they are not only more artistic than the ordinary puzzles but even more costly.

Equally difficult to do because they are so much the same in color are the puzzles made of white and black drawings. They are used altogether by a New York woman who two years ago lost suddenly one of the members of her family. It was thought for a while that she would go into a state of melancholy, but she received from a friend one of the picture puzzles just as they had begun to grow popular. They absorbed her thoughts until she decided it would be still more interesting to manufacture them herself. During the last summer at Newport she made more than 100, which she gave to friends and sent to hospitals, orphan asylums and other charitable retreats for children.

All the expert amateur manufacturers of the puzzles soon take one line of picture as their specialty, and that serves as a species of trade mark. One woman does only Japanese prints.

The find that the most important detail in the making of the puzzles is to put the pictures smoothly on the board, and for this the ordinary photgraph paste is considered best. The picture must be laid without the faintest suggestion of a wrinkle.

After it has dried on the wood and the jigsaw has cut it into pieces the rough edges must be carefully smoothed with sandpaper until there is little difference between the surface of the picture and the edges of the separate pieces in point of smoothness.

The outside edges are straight, as they are cut in the first instance at the saw mill. The oval puzzle is not yet in much demand, since it is very difficult to put together. The straight edges of the pieces of the rectangular puzzle serve as a guide. The first thing that the average puzzle fiend does is to find the outside edges of the picture, which he is of course able to tell by the straight edge.

Another trick of the expert puzzle player is to put together several pieces that form a part of the picture. Then he combines the parts. This method has been found much easier than attempting to begin at once on the whole picture.

Naturally the small outlay of capital necessary and the essential suitability of the work to feminine qualities have led many women who are self-supporting to take up the manufacture of the picture puzzles. The most successful of the women is in Boston. With the assistance of two helpers she is said to have earned $250 a week for years.

One New York woman supplies all the puzzles sold by a stationer on Fifth avenue and is thus spared the expense of advertising and delivering her work, although she does not of course get all the profits she would if she distributed them herself.

The Woman's Exchange receives puzzles from various consigners and some of the pictures sold there are among the most beautiful to be bought in town.

Far up on the west side is the home of a woman who has averaged for the last eight months a profit of $1,000 a month. Her puzzles, which are very well known to the fiends, are too simple for the expert, and for that reason especially recommended to beginners.

There is not a puzzle fiend worthy of the name who does not know the peculiarities of every maker of the toys. They can tell you just which woman makes the most difficult, which manages to saw out the largest number of separate pieces, which uses the prettiest combinations of color and which charges the cheapest prices.

The demand for the puzzles is too great to be supplied by the amateur workers alone, and the toy factories have turned them out in large numbers. One of the fashionable hotels near the city has used a puzzle to advertise its advantages.

A young woman who had made money by conducting a hotel on the plan of a country house recently made an addition to it, and in order to make this known to her patrons she sent them and other possible guests a picture puzzle which formed a view of the hotel as it is at present. While it was not especially difficult to put together, the guests who worked it out are not likely to forget the name or appearance of the hotel.

In spite of the essentially unintellectual character of the puzzle pictures they have been known to make victims of intelligent people, and there are some who have found it enough pleasure to work out these things to give up bridge in their favor. Yet nobody believes that it will ever prove a substitute for the game or even rival it in popularity.

The picture puzzles have found their greatest popularity from the fact that they can be left at any moment and returned to. The more elaborate kind with many pieces may supply entertainment for the empty minutes of a whole week. Enthusiastic players of course will not leave the table until the pieces are fitted together, even if it keeps them at work all night. Less zealous players, however, are willing to come and go.

It was this quality of the picture puzzles that made them successful as a summer diversion. In winter, when there is less idle time and one sits down to a game of bridge that is to be finished then and there, the time for the puzzles will not be so abundant and they will have less chance than ever to rival bridge.

Economies.

Tea leaves for sweeping.

Newspaper for window polishing.

Gas lighters from strips of newspaper.

Hair combings saved for hirsute accessories.

Twine and wrapping paper folded for future use.

Small bits of soap saved and boiled up for remolding.

New soap made from scraps of fat, rendered and mixed with lye.

All sorts of table left-overs converted into culinary triumphs, which lang syne would have been called hash.

Lesson in Deportment.

Mother—Frankie, are you teaching that parrot to swear?

Frankie—No, mother; I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.—Exchange.

The Weaving of Fate

"I have dined, Simmons,' replied Clare; and after ascertaining that his father had been served in his own room, he left the house again.

With no settled purpose he walked through the square lost in thought, and after a few minutes' abstraction, recovered to find himself in the crowded thoroughfare in which he had met the girl he had heard the old man call "Daisy."

To turn and walk in the direction of the little chandeler's shop seemed a natural consequence, and with his heart beating even faster than it had done in the accountant's offices, he found himself before the humble abode of the golden-haired girl.

Another young man, longing as he did to pass the portals of the sacred dovecote, would have hit upon the device of purchasing some trifling article and entering into conversation with the old man, her father

But this was Clare's first love passage and the soul of honor, he could not bring himself to perpetrate even such a mild and ordinary piece of deceit.

After looking at the window for a moment, he walked boldly in very much as he had entered the accountant's office the day before, and, advancing to the counter, wished the white-haired old man behind it "Good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir,' replied Mr. Nickelboy, for that was the name over the shop door. "I hope Iee you well sir. I—I think I have seen your face—oh, bless my forgetful heart, yet, you're the young gentleman who carried our Daisy's basket home, ain't you, sir?"

Clare nodded.

"I was passing —this evening," he said, "and—and—I thought I would stop to ask if she had recovered from the alarm my awkwardness had caused her."

"Oh, dearie me, yes," replied the old man, with a good-natured smile. "She wasn't afraid, I thank you, sir. Daisy is a good, brave girl—a good, brave girl, sir—and don't mind going to and from her work alone. Not as such a gentle flower should go through the crowded streets alone, but you see, sir, I am an old man and I've this business (the air of simple pride with which the old man looked around his shop would have befitted a merchant prince looking around his palatial office), "and there's this business to be attended to. Not as I do it all myself, because I don't. There's the missus always ready to give a helping hand, always no matter whether its firewood or needles, though her sight is not suited to them last as it was once, added Mr. Nickelboy, with another smile and a sigh.

"And your daughter, does she not help you?" asked Clare, looking around upon the cheese, butter, candles and soap.

"Bless you, sir, no!" exclaimed Mr. Nickelboy, with a strange earnestness. "Daisy is a perfect lady. She does nothing except larn the millinery, which, I am told, she is wonderfully clever at, bless her. Mrs. Nickelboy do say that she will be a wonderful good hand at making bonnets and all them kind of things."

Clare was silent, picturing the golden head bent over a mass of ribbons, the tiny fingers plying the rapid needle.

The old man dispelled the vision by saying:

"I expect her here directly, sir: its close upon her time, and Daisy is never a minute late. Ah, here she is," exclaimed Mr. Nickelboy, looking through the window and lighting his good-natured old face with a loving smile.

The next instant the light figure of the girl tripped into the shop, and, not seeing Clare, who stood in the shadow, she took the old man's face between her hands, and with a coo of greeting, kissed him.

The old man, chuckling, looked over at Clare, and the girl, following the direction of his glance, turned and saw him.

"Father," she said, "you did not tell me——"

"You didn't give me time," chuckled the old man. "Did she, sir?"

Clare shook his head, with a smile.

"It was my fault, though I did not mean to hide. I seem fated to frighten you," he added, in a regretful manner.

"You have not frightened me now, neither did you the other night," the girl replied, lifting her trusting blue eyes to his dark ones.

"There, I told you so," echoed the old man. "You did not frighten her, and she is very much obliged to you,—ain't you, Daisy?"

"It was very kind," murmured the girl.

"I am very glad to hear that you were not frightened," said Clare, too much under the gaze of the blue eyes to know what h was saying. "And now I think I will go. Do you walk home every night alone?" he broke off suddenly to ask, with a bright flush.

"Yes," she said, with a look of wonder at his question.

"Always alone? Might I"—turning to the old man—"would you let me bring her home every night? She"—he hurried on, seeing a look of uncertainty and doubt, almost suspicion, upon the old man's simple face—"she might be hurt. Some rude fellow or other might knock against her, as I did the other night; crossing the road, the cabs and carriages—trust me, sir, and let me escort your daughter through the crowded streets to your door. Believe me, I mean no ill, on my honor, sir."

Here he stopped. So hurried had been the flow of strange words with which he had pressed his strange request that Mr. Nickelboy had not a chance to put in a word, but now he turned to Daisy and, drawing him to her, said:

"You make a kind offer, good sir, and looking at your face, I think you mean Daisy and me—for what hurts Daisy hurts me—no harm. But far be it from ms to speak for her; she shall speak for herself. Daisy," he continued, addressing the girl, who stood with downcast eyes and trembling lips, at his side—"Daisy, the young gentleman has offered to see you safe home nights—what do you say, my birdie, yes or no?"

For a moment she was silent, then, lifting her eyes with the same trusting look to the eager ones of Clare, she said, in a low voice:

"Father, I do not know what to say. It would be ungrateful to refuse."

"You say yes!" exclaimed Clare, fervently. "You hear, she says yes."

"She do, so she do," said Mr. Nickelboy; "and now, sir, perhaps you will be so kind as to step into the little parlor and have a warm before you go on your walk. We are very humble, sir, very humble."

Clare followed them into the little parlor, where an old lady, who was introduced by Mr. Nickelboy as his "good missus," and who possessed a face as sweet natured and simple as her husband, was sitting by the fire.

She made room for Clare to warm himself, the old man standing opposite and regarding the youthhful face with a air troubled, half kindly air.

Suddenly Clare looked up and said

"I am afraid, sir, by the way in which you address me, you think me a ——"

Here he paused.

The old man started at the strange speech, but finished for him.

"A gentleman."

Clare nodded.

"I hope I am," he said, with a smile; "but it is scarcely the word I wanted. Perhaps you think me rich, and of good position. You have confided to my care the greatest treasure you have. I must—nay, I do willingly confide in you. I am neither rich nor of station. I am an accountant's clerk, at so small a salary per week that I am seeking for an humbler lodging than I now possess.'

As he finished, the old man's face cleared, and with a crow of delight he held out his hand.

"Now, old Dan's satisfied!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Do you know, young sir, I was fearful, yes, very fearful. I thought—you'll forgive me—that you might be one of those who prowl around seeking whom they might devour—you understand me, sir?"

But Clare's puzzled glance convinced him that he did not, and, with a slight look of wonder at such innocence, the old man went on:

"And when you asked, so strange like, to be allowed to see our Daisy home, I thought—forgive me again—I was right for certain; but I knew if I said 'no,' you'd follow her o' nights, for all an old man like me said 'no.' Ah, I was fearful. And I meant to warn my birdie. But now"—and his voice cleared as he wiped the tears from his eyes—"there's a load off my heart to find you're what you are—honest, hard-working, like herself."

Clare arose and seized the hand held out to him.

"You trust me, then?" he asked.

"I do," said Mr. Nickelboy. "And if I am wrong, may his vengeance, the vengeance he swore nigh upon twenty years ago fall upon your head, not mine," he added, in an inaudible and tremulous murmur.

In a few minutes Daisy, who had left the room to remove her warm shawl and hat, entered, and going to a drawer, drew from it a snowy tablecloth.

At the warning of supper, Clare arose, but Mr. Nickelboy pressed him so eagerly to remain and take "a bit of sup" with them, and his entreaties were so warmly echoed by the old lady, that Clare sank into his chair again, stealing a glance every now and then at the gentle girl, who set about her wonted task with a quiet, earnest air, and made him more in love with her than ever.

The tablecloth being crowned by a double Gloucester, a plate of shining butter and a crusty loaf, Clare was invited to draw near and partake of it.

By chance his chair was placed opposite Daisy's, and fascinated by the deep blue eyes, he ate little, but supped well of love glances.

Mr. Nickelboy had to leave his crust several times to attend on the customers, and then Daisy always waited, taking up her piece of bread and butter again as he entered; in this and other little things, such as replenishing his glass with the sparkling ale directly it was emptied, and putting aside the lamp when its light fell too much in the old man's eyes, she showed her love for him.

All this Clare noted, and something else besides, and that was that, although the old man and girl evidently entertained for each other the deepest affection, their manner lacked something of that usual between father and daughter.

Daisy was more attentive, more tender and loving that most daughters, and, most marked of all, the old man's manner was tinged with a tone of respect.

By no single act of Mr. Nickelboy's did this become impressed upon Clare, but still impressed it was; and it perhaps awoke him to the fact that the gentle, beautiful girl bore about her a certain difference, not only in appearance, but in voice, in manner and in tone, to the good old man and his simple, honest-hearted wife.

When she spoke, which was but seldom, Clare noticed a ring of music entirely at variance with the old man's cheery notes. Her hands were as small and white as an aristocrat's, while her features were distinguished by that clear, clean moulding usually confined to the nobly born.

All this Clare noted in a dreamy sort of way, and when he arose to say good night, which he did with a strange reluctance, and held her tiny hand in his, he was struck by the sudden fancy that he had met her years and years ago, and the fancy remained with him, as he walked home, mingling in his sleep with his dreams of her beautiful face and gentle voice.

* * * * * * *

Had Clare not been so entirely in love's dreamland he would have seen, as he emerged from Mr. Nickelboy's shop door, the ragged figure of a beggar, who, shivering in the cold, stood watching him, and after he moved quickly away, followed him with stealthy feet and threatening eyes.

* * * * * * *

Next day Clare returned to his work again punctually, and sitting down to his desk, worked with the same unremitting diligence.

He worked hard, not only because he considered it his duty, but because he wished to kill the time, which seemed terribly long.

At last the hour of seven struck and he was free.

With a heart throbbing with excitement he hurried toward Oxford street, and ten minutes before Daisy's time stood waiting for her at a little distance from the huge, gayly lit emporium, trying to tempt the dragging minutes into speed by choosing the expensive silk dresses, in fancy, for his gentle love.

Presently he saw the door open and she tripped forth. At the corner he came forward, and held out his hand for the little work basket with a smile.

"I am here, you see," he said; "you have not repented of your kindness and intend sending me away?"

"No," she said in a low voice. "But the kindness is on your part, I think."

"No," he said, fervently, then added: "Have you been working hard to-day?"

"Yes," she replied, with a smile. "I have a great deal to learn."

"What do you do all day?" asked Clare, with an eager interest.

"Work," she replied, with a low ripple of laughter.

"Sewing?" he said, with the puzzled look of male ignorance in such matters.

"Yes," she said, "making bonnets and dresses and all kinds of needlework. I am very slow at any," she added, with a sigh.

"Your impatience makes you think so," he said.

"Do you think so?" turning her eager eyes to his. "I am so anxious to learn," she continued.

"Why?" he asked.

"To help father," she replied, with a look of surprise at his question. "Poor father works hard all day long; he is old, and should rest. To-day, as I came to work, I saw an old lady and gentleman seated in a beautiful easy carriage. I would like my father and my mother to rest and be happy, to have a carriage and plenty of servants to wait upon them."

"And for yourself?" Clare asked, gazing admiringly at her eager eyes and listening reverently to her tender voice.

"Oh, I am young and strong," replied Daisy, with another smile; "I do not want a carriage and a great house with a number of servants. It is for father—for father, who is old and wants rest."

"You do not look strong," said Clare, a sudden pang of anxiety shooting across his heart as he looked down at her face, shining, pale and beautiful, in the garish light of a street lamp. "You work too hard. I have read of crowded workrooms, stifling and poisonous——"

He stopped, his voice low and tremulous.

The girl laughed gently.

"Oh, yes, I am strong," she said, "and the room we work in—there are not many of us—is large and healthy. No one would be made ill by being in it—even all day."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Clare.

"And you—do you work hard?" asked Daisy, looking up at his face innocently, which flushed with a thrill of delight at her question. Could it be that she felt any interest in him already?

"Not so hard as I ought," he replied, smiling.

"Not so hard as father?" she asked.

He hesitated, and before he could reply the girl, with a loud cry, shrank close to his side.

Turning sharply, with the intention of striking, if he could, whoever might have startled her, Clare, to his surprise, saw nothing save the bent form of an old beggar, who was walking away from them.

"What was it?" he asked, eagerly.

"N-nothing," she said, trembling. "At least I think not. I fancied some one—some one was following close to my elbow. It was only my fancy," she said, with a smile, "I am sure it was only my fancy."

"I see no one near," said Clare. "I will run back."

"No, no," she said, eagerly. "I am sure—indeed I am—it was only my fancy. Let us walk on."

"You must take my arm, then," he said, artfully, and she, without thinking, rested her hand, which still trembled, on his strong arm.

"How glad I am that you were not alone," said Clare, speaking softly, and bending over her downcast face.

"I should have been if you had not been with me," she replied, gratefully.

Then they were silent until they reached the house, when Clare held out his hand.

"Will you not come in?" she said, in a surprised tone. "Father will be sorry if you go without wishing him good-evening and giving him an opportunity to thank you."

"Wish him good-evening for me," said Clare, who was sorely tempted, but felt that he would be intruding; "and as for the thanks, I know whose they are to pay—mine."

"Good-night," she said, holding out her hand with a slight flush on her face, "and thank you."

Before he could turn away the door opened and old Dan came out.

"Not going so suddenly, surely?" he said.

"Yes," said Clare, shaking his head. "I have—an—appointment," he stammered.

"Well, if you must go," said the old man; "I will not keep you, except to say how grateful I am." Well, well," as Clare shook his head with a slight frown. "I won't say any more, then. By the bye, didn't you say last night that you weren't as comfortable in your lodgings as you should like?"

Clare nodded.

"Well, now," said old Dan, gleefully, "I told the missus that as well as the rest you told me. I never keep anything from her, bless her heart! and she remembered that there was a room to let opposite. Well, she went over to look at it to-day, and says it is a nice, healthy room, and the people look clean and homely. She asked the rent, too—give me a woman for thoughtfulness, say I—and heard as it were three shillings a week. Now, if that will do, Mr.——"

"Clare," said Clare, flushing as he remembered that he had not told them his name, and felt how much they had trusted him.

"Mr. Clare," continued the old man, "it would be none the less pleasant to him, I said, for being near friends (for we make so bold as to call ourselves by that name), where he can drop in of an evening, and find a homely welcome."

Clare's eyes filled, and he was obliged to turn from the actual picture of the kind-hearted, white-haired old man and the mental picture of the dark, stern being who called him son.

Which of the two would his grateful heart have chosen to have called father?

For a moment he could not speak; then as the lump in his throat grew less he said, grasping the old man's hand with a strong, affectionate clasp:

"Your own true heart must thank you, I cannot. Until I saw the light in this shop window I was alone in the world. Now a new world of honor, friendship—ay, more, love, as opened up to me."

"You'll have the room, then?" said Mr. Dan, not unmoved at the sight of his emotion, though he could not fathom its cause.

"Yes, Heaven bless you! Good night," said Clare, and once more shaking old Dan's hand he turned and walked quickly away.

But not unfollowed, for, as on the previous evening, a ragged figure walked stealthily after him.

On reaching the house in the square, which to him would soon cease to be home, Clare, after refusing the dinner set out in the dining-room, desired Mr. De Jersey's servant, a man who had become gray in his service, to ask his father if he would see him for a few minutes.

The old man, bowing respectfully, went with the message, but returned quickly with the reply that Mr. De Jersey had requested him to tell Mr. Clare that he wished to be alone.

"Is my father ill?" asked Clare.

"No, sir," replied the old man, "but—but——"

"Speak out," said Clare, "why do you hesitate?"

"He is in one of his silent moods, sir," said the servant, reluctantly, "and has been so for days."

Clare took pen and paper and wrote a few lines.

"Father, I wished to ask permission to withdraw from the roof which gives me its shelter so coldly, and seemingly so grudgingly. To-night is the last night I spend within its walls; though still remembering my filial duty, I will come at some hour each day to receive your commands."

Sadly and sorrowfully he bade the old man to deliver the note to his master, and with a heavy heart, notwithstanding the flame of love burned within it, ascended to his room. Over his head, within his inmost soul, and around about him, there seemed to hang the deep shadow of some coming catastrophe.

CHAPTER VI.

A week passed.

Clare had taken possession of his modest little room in Great Suoram street and felt independent.

According to his word to his father, he had left the house in the square, but called there every day to receive any message his father might have for him. But none was ever brought him.

On the second day of his calling the old manservant had brought him a small package directed to him in his father's writing. Clare desired him to remain while he opened it, hoping that it would contain some word of affection he might cling to as a saving straw.

But the contents proved to be a small roll of bank notes, with the various diamonds he had purposely left in his dressing-room, accompanied by a note written in lead pencil, running thus:

"The same amount—in notes—will be at your command each month, as long as your whim continues."

On the back of this note Clare wrote, with a flushed face:

"I asked for a father's love, not his gold, and though still imploring for the former, will not now or ever accept the latter alone.

Repacking it with the bank notes and jewelry, he desired the old man to return them to his father.

By thus refusing his father's coldly offered help, he threw himself upon his own resources, and boldly determined to starve rather than live by such icy charity.

When the end of the week came, Mr. Brown came to him just before the leaving hour struck and handing him a sovereign wrapped in an envelope, said:

"Mr. Clare, your money. I cannot do less than accompany it with a word of approbation and pleasure. Here is a batch of this night's mail—you will see some foreign letters among them—perhaps you can give them your attention early Monday morning. Should you despatch the next week's work as this has been accomplished, I shall have the pleasure of—well—yes, raising your salary by one half, making it thirty shillings."

This stately speech was concluded by an offer of the hand and a kindly good-by, and Clare, as he hurried off to his new home, felt a thrill of honest pride that was as strange as it was delightful to his honest heart.

"Thirty shillings," he muttered, with a flush of secret hope. "I have read in novels of men being married and happy on a hundred pounds a year. Thirty shillings is not a long way off. Courage, Clare, courage, and you may yet wear the flower at your heart."

Still filled with the new and delicious sense of happiness, he started off on his nightly mission of love—the escort of Daisy from her work to her home.

Ten minutes before her time, as usual, he was waiting at the corner of the street at which Daisy's emporium was situated, anxiously watching the door at which he expected her to trip out, when his attention was attracted to a beggar who seemed similarly employed to himself—namely, watching the milliner's shop.

Something in the man's face—a certain air of better days, together with an eager, wistful expression that made his eyes bright and sparkling—set Clare wondering in a curious, listless manner, what could be his object; and thankful for anything that would while away the time of waiting, he withdrew into the shadow of the wall and watched him closely.

A moment afterward, the graceful form of Daisy appeared at the door, and he was surprised and startled to see that the beggar, who had never removed his eyes from the shop, started forward with a strange cry.

Still wondering, Clare determined to remain in the shadow a moment longer, and was rewarded for his patience by seeing the beggar leap forward, and, muttering something, stretch forth his hand to Daisy.

The gentle girl, bending down at his bent form with a pitying look, placed a penny in his hand, and murmuring some soft words of pity, passed on.

The beggar looked after her for some moments with a strange light upon his face, and Clare saw him press the coin to his lips with a fervent gesture such as might move the lips of a devotee kissing the feet of his patron saint.

Then Clare came forward, flushed with delight at the beautiful blush with which the girl met him, and walking on air as her little hand lay on his strong arm.

Still thinking of the beggar—haunted by the strange and the startled emotion he had witnessed—he said, on their way home:

"Daisy," for he had grown to call her that name, unrebuked, "did I not see you give something to a beggar at the corner?"

She blushed as she answered simply:

"Yes, Mr. Clare. I call him my beggar man. Do you know he is there every night, and I always manage to give him something."

"Every night" said Clare; "I do not remember seeing him before."

"Oh, no," she replied, "I forgot. He has been away for the past week or two. I remember now that this is the first night I have seen him since——"

"Since when?" he asked, seeing that she had stopped, with her eyes fixed on the ground and a blush on her cheek.

"Since you were rude enough to knock the basket from my arm."

"Ah, that precious basket," he replied, in a low tone, bending down with a glance of love in his bright eyes. "What I owe that basket, Daisy. Had it not been for that, who knows, I might never have seen you."

"So I think, too," she replied, archly, yet timidly, "for you were standing in the crowd as if you saw no one."

His brows darkened and he sighed.

The night was visible to him now, as was his father, sternly repelling his words of love, and coldly repressing his affection.

Throwing the bitter thoughts aside, he looked down upon the sweet childlike face and murmured:

"You would not have cared, Daisy, would you, if I had not seen you?"

She did not answer, and he repeated the question with a feigned sadness, then she looked up:

"Nor you, if my poor little basket had not fallen?"

"Should I not?" he said, fervently pressing her hand, which rested on his arm, against his side.

"Do you know, Daisy, I love that little basket. If anything happened to it I should grieve as if it were a living thing."

"If you are so fond of the basket——" she said, looking down with a rosy blush.

"Well?" he said, eagerly.

"You had better let me give it you," she said.

"Would you?" he returned. "Would you?"

"Ye—es—no!" she said.

"Why, 'no' so suddenly?" he asked, again pressing her hand and laying his other upon it as she tried to pul it away. "Why so niggardly, Daisy, all at once?"

"Because," she faltered, "I like it myself."

(To be Continued.)

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MARCH 18, 1909

Comment and Affirmation

"Honest Confession is Good for the Soul."

IF this be true, the soul of Mayor Bell has no doubt been flying high since the meeting of the Board of Trade last Friday evening. It was the honestest confession Mayor Bell ever made. And the crudest.

What does Mayor Bell mean by characterizing the proposition submitted by the Civic Improvement Committee as absurd or ridiculous? What does he mean by stating emphatically that he would vote against it? Does he mean that he would vote against it as Mayor, and prevent it getting before the ratepayers in the form of a by-law, or that he would vote against it as a private citizen after it was submitted? The latter is his privilege; the former is not. What to Mr. Bell is "ridiculous," is to the majority of our ratepayers the highest wisdom. They perceive in the working out of the project a beautified Enderby, the home of a contented, progressive, happy people. They foresee as a result of this beautifying increase in population, increase in property values, increase in business; a larger, fuller, more useful community life. On the other hand, Mr. Bell is the owner of renting property that rents best, and will rent for all time, while there is no other business property to be had, and it is only natural from a selfish view that Mr. Bell should see only one thing in the proposition submitted,—another mill or two added to the rate of taxation.

Mayor Bell based his decision to fight the Civic Improvement Committee's suggestion on the ground that it would increase taxation, and he made much of the fact that while Vernon's rate of taxation was 27 mills, and Kelowna's about as high, the rate of Enderby was only 18 mills. But the Mayor forgot to state that our sister towns are getting far more in proportion for their 27 mills than Enderby is getting for its 18 mills. In addition to beautifully lighted streets, cement walks, shade trees, and the many adjuncts that go to make a city,—in addition to all these things, Vernon and Kelowna are getting the people. Does it not seem strange in the face of the Mayor's statement that our low rate of taxation should be an incentive to businessmen and homeseekers to locate here, that they prefer to go to the higher-taxed communities? Would it not be stranger were it otherwise?

The Civic Improvement Committee acted wisely in bringing forward the proposed improvement and we hope to see them draw up a definite scheme to place before the Board. It is not a common thing for companies such as the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co., and the Columbia Flouring Mills, to be in favor of such a proposition, for they are our heaviest taxpayers. In this case, however, they are public spirited enough to not only encourage it, but are earnestly working for it. Mr. Moffet, manager of the flour mills and chairman of the Civic Improvement Committee, is doing more to improve the town's appearance with street trees, than the Corporation has done in the four years of its existence. He is this spring planting 200 shade trees on the streets about his residence. Mr. Moffet is a business man. He recognizes that the most valuable asset the town can have is a lot of shade trees upon the streets—and he doesn't have to pick pennies from the branches to realize wherein and to what extent they pay.

Help Where Help is Needed

THE Provincial Government deserves great credit for the encouragement it has given to the fruit industry. It has spent, and is spending, enormous sums of money in carrying out a broad, liberal policy looking to the upbuilding and protection of this important branch in the development of our natural resources. Just now it is operating through the provincial constables, enforcing more strictly than ever the regulations as to spraying, etc. This is all very well. It is right that the fruit industry should be well advertised; it is right that every precaution should be taken to prevent the spread of disease and the growth of pests in the orchard, even if it works a hardship at times. But is this the limit of the Government's work? Should it not go farther? It is not enough to induce men to put their money into fruit, and then load them down with strict laws regulating the growing and marketing of the same. In common fairness to the producers the Government should go another step, and say to the grower: "Produce the highest quality and we shall see that you are protected in the marketing of same."

Standard Bred S. C. White Leghorns

From CAPT. MITCHELL'S famous laying strain, Santa Barbara, Cal. Selected for great layers by the HOGAN System.

Average clear profit per bird, 1906 ..... $ 2.70
" " " " 1907 ..... 3.20

This year I expect to do better still

All drones severely weeded out. You get eggs from nothing but heavy layers.

EGGS FOR HATCHING

$2 for 15; $6 for 50; $10 for 100
$80 for 1000

Order early; I am getting orders now. I had great difficulty in filling all the orders last year. ERNEST T. HANSON,
Cowichan Station, Vancouver's Island, B.C.

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.

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

PLAYING HAVOC WITH PATENT MEDICINES

An Old-fashioned, Home-Made Mixture which Cures Kidney and Liver Troubles.

A prominent local druggist states that since the celebrated prescription of a distinguished specialist has become more or less known it is interfering with the sale of secret medicines. The prescription, which first appeared in a leading health journal, is reproduced here, just exactly as originally written: Fluid Extract Cascara, ½ oz.; Fluid Extract Carriana Compound, 1 oz.; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, 6 oz. Directions: One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Any good druggist can dispense this, or, even better, a person can buy the items separately and mix them at home by shaking them well together in a bottle. It is stated that the ingredients being vegetable, are harmless and simple. It has a gentle and natural action, and gradually tones up the eliminative tissues, leaving the kidneys in a perfectly healthy condition.

A merchant well known in public affairs states that this recipe cured his rheumatism. Save the prescription.

H. E. WABY

Enderby, B. C.

Breeder of Red Polled Cattle

Winner of 2nd and 3rd in 3-days' Dairy Contest 1907

High-class Poultry; Ringlet Barred Rocks, S. C. Brown Leghorns, Buff Orpingtons.
LAYERS and WINNERS
Egg and Stock For Sale

Birds of Highest Quality

For Exhibition and Breeding

F. Jamieson

219 Kingston St. Victoria, B.C.

Breeder of S. C. Black and White Minorcas, S. C. White and Brown Leghorns, Houdans. Stock for sale at reasonable prices. EGGS: Leghorns, $2.50 per setting; Minorcas and Houdans, $3.00 per setting. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Bred to LAY

WHITE WYANDOTTES!

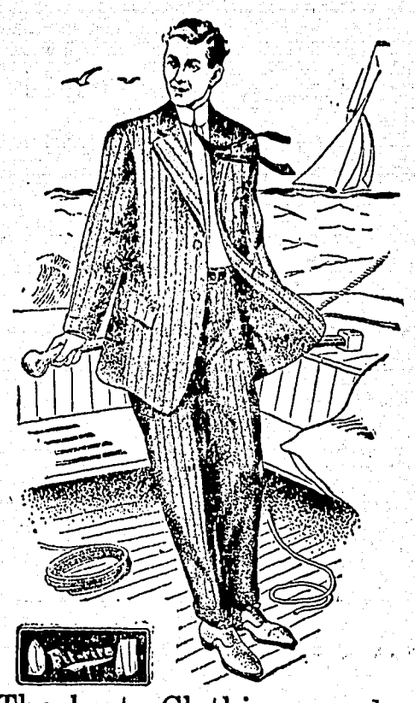
Strength, Vigor, and Productiveness, combined with Standard Breeding. Eggs, $2 per setting; $7 per 100. Fine young stock for sale.

SPENCER PERCIVAL
Synnyside Ranch Pender Island, B. C.

Watch Enderby grow!

HAVE YOU ORDERED YOUR SPRING SUIT?

IF you haven't experienced the pleasure of buying clothes where your satisfaction is more important than your money, you'll learn something when you come to us. We esteem good-will more than profit and handle only such Clothing as speaks for itself. A wizard couldn't keep you from buying once you see styles and qualities we have ready for your inspection this Spring. We are selling the highest quality of really fine clothing at the lowest margin of profit ever attempted hereabouts, and crowding in all we possibly can of value. Give us an opportunity to prove it.



Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

The best Clothing made in Canada

Gi'e Us a G'od Conceit o' Oorsels

WE of Enderby think we have the choicest location in all of the Okanagan for a city of homes,—and well we may. Nestling snugly in the shadow of the hills on level land sloping leisurely to the sleepy, soft-flowing Spallumcheen, with prairie and mountain, valley and plateau, in any direction the eye might wander; in Spring, decked with the gayest greens and brightest colors that Nature can give; in Summer, rich in harvest; in Fall, gorgeously tinted by the richer yellows, the golden golds, the shimmering maroons and fading greens; and in Winter pillowed beneath the snow,—rich, indeed, in all that man needs to make for himself a home. When we study the individual, we study the community. That which goes to build a good man will build a community of the highest and best type. What is essential in one is essential in the other. Let us, therefore, apply to the community what is said below of the individual:

Dr. Madison C. Peters says: 'The old Scotchman's prayer, "Gi'e us a god conceit o' o'orsels," must not be taken in its poular sense that a man should deem himself better than his neighbors, but merely that he should have a dignity and self-respect to make the world conscious of his knowledge and strength when the time comes for him to assert himself and show his individuality.

There is a mighty gap between conceitedness and self-respect. The former is the weakness of a shallow nature, the latter is the strength of a true manhood. Conceit is vain glory, self-respect is wisdom.

Therefore, when we say that a man should have a good conceit of himself, we do not mean that he should be puffed up with empty pride over his own individual merits or attainments, but simply that he should have a due appreciation of his own powers, together with a laudable desire to use them to the best advantage.

The world is critical, censorious and hard to please, yet it recognizes merit when merit is due. It will not tolerate the man who has an overestimation of himself, who thinks that he is better than others, who puts forth claims to knowledge he does not possess, who would build for himself a monument of fame from the whited bones of those crushed by the wayside, who would gain prestige and power for himself at no matter what the cost to his fellow beings in sorrow and suffering.

It will, however, respect the man who is conscious of his own individual worth, who realizes his own power, who appreciates his own talents, and devotes the best that is in him to the good and the uplifting of his kind, who honestly endeavors to use his gifts for the amelioration of human sorrow and suffering, and does all that he can to make the race happier and the world better than he finds it.

He who has no opinion of his own, who cringes and bows down to the will of all with whom he comes in contact, who sinks himself to a lower plane than his fellows, who does not rely on himself, and who so hypnotizes himself as to believe that he can not rise to the height of his neighbors, or attempt to emulate them in their actions, can never do himself or the world any good. He is a soulless thing, a mere automaton, perfunctorily performing the physical actions of existence, as without a mind or soul to progress or development, or the general happiness.

The world, in its modern trend, requires a man of spirit, of lofty aims and earnest ambition, with belief in self to do things better than they have been done. This is the spirit that gives us our great inventors and the men who make the wheels turn around as they have never turned before.

Morse by means of the telegraph flashed thought from continent to continent, Edison then stepped in and girdled the earth with electricity, Marconi went him one better by harnessing the waves of ether to his will and won. Wright has conquered the air with his aeroplane.

Such men are men of conceit, but conceit in the right direction. They who make things go; they keep moving all the time, are never content unless climbing higher and higher to loftier ideals.

Hats off to the daring souls who scorn to walk in the old ruts, who carve out new paths for themselves and leave them broad and open for others to follow in their footsteps. These are the ones who have the right kind of conceit, the conceit which is appreciated and brings its own reward.

Genius develops itself along particular lines and finds a votary at every turning point—a man who strikes out for himself and shows to all the stuff of which he is made. He gives to all his knowledge with conscious pride, he tells of what he has done, what he is doing, and what he is going to do, but he never boasts. He has the conceit which carries him on from one attainment to another, progressing ever up the heights of knowledge and flashing the beacon light for others to follow his footsteps.

How different he is from the man of vanity, the man of shallow conceit, who poses for what he is not and fain would make the world believe that he is a Sir Oracle and epitome of all that's worth knowing.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION FOR RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

CAN BE MADE AT HOME

We are pleased to be able to publish for the benefit of our readers the prescription of a celebrated specialist. This is the result of years of scientific investigation and experience, and is taken from a reliable publication.

This is an exact copy of the original:—

℞ Fluid Extract Cascara 1½ oz
Barriana Compound 1 oz
Syrup Sarsaparilla 6 oz
Directions:
One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime

The ingredients are vegetable and have a gentle and natural action, giving a distinct tonic effect to the entire system.

It is a wonderful mixture in the treatment of Lame Back and Urinary Troubles. It cures Rheumatic Pains in a few hours. The ingredients can be bought separately and mixed at home, or any druggist can fill the prescription.

If not in need of it now we would advise our readers to cut this out and save it

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.

Reliable Non-Board Insurance Companies
I am representing the following reliable non-board Fire Insurance Companies in Enderby: Anglo-American, and Equity, Toronto; and the Winnipeg Fire Assurance Co., Winnipeg. I can save you $2 on the hundred on your insurance premium.
W. T. HOLTBY, Enderby

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CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS
Estimates Cheerfully furnished. MARA, B. C.

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Fresh Meats
of all kinds. Fish and Poultry in season
A share of your patronage is solicited. Metcalfe Block, Cliff St., Enderby. Town delivery.

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Plumbing and Steam Fitting
All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repaired
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HAVING secured the services of R. G. GRIFFIN, a first-class tinsmith and plumber, this branch of our business will be attended to even better than ever before. We aim, always and in everything, to give you the very best in Quality, Workmanship and Price.
Here are a few of the *special* lines of stock which we carry:
Cyphers Incubators and Brooders
Sharple's Tubular Cream Separators
Bicycles and Supplies of every description
Sunset Sewing Machines
A large stock of Barb Wire and Fence Wire due in a few days.
Prices will be given next week.
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.
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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
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Finest in the Country
"Enderby is a charming villiage with city airs. When Paddy Murphy shook the snow of Sandon off his feet he came here, and now owns one of 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 Ledge.)
King Edward Hotel, BELL & MURPHY Proprietors **Enderby**

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.
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Fire, Life, Accident Insurance Agencies
A Life Insurance policy in the Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool, Eng., is a valuable asset. A plain, straightforward contract, leaving no room for doubt as to its value.
The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
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BELL BLOCK, ENDERBY

Carroll & Co. Plumbing and Furnace Work
Eave 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 alterate 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 Meetng, 8:15 p. m. (immediately after the prayer meeting); Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. A. N. MILLER, Pastor.

PRES YTERIAN 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, southbound, 10:00 a.m.; northbound, 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 Oddfellows 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, Metcalf 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
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W. E. BANTON,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.
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CONSULTING ENGINEER FOR HEATING AND VENTILATING INSTALLATIONS.
VERNON B. C.

PETER BURNET
Dominion & Provincial Land Surveyor
Enderby, B. C.

VATICAN BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Beauty of Borgia Rooms Revealed by Modern Illumination.

"Have you seen the frescoes in the Borgia apartment by electric light?" is the question of the moment in the Eternal City.

Those who have answered it in the negative, says the Rosary Magazine, hasten to repair the omission and find that the reality surpasses their expectations—which though usual in fiction is rare in fact.

They were always worthy of admiration—these richly decorated, lofty rooms, where the events and episodes of a long buried past clamor for remembrance—but it has been reserved for the finger of modernity to bring to light some of their hitherto unrevealed beauties.

In the daytime, by reason of their aspect, it is somewhat difficult to realize their exquisite coloring, but at night the clear yet subdued radiance of electric lamps shines down upon the matchless tints of Pinturicchio's frescoes, and it is then especially that the Borgia atmosphere becomes a thing to be felt.

The Borgia apartment, adorned by the celebrated Umbrian painter for Alexander VI., is situated on the first floor of the Vatican palace under the stanze of Raphael. Julian II. was their next occupant, but he deserted them, and for 400 years they remained untenanted.

In 1816 they were again taken into use as a picture gallery, but subsequently, owing to the scarcity of light, the paintings placed there were removed and the rooms were converted into a somewhat miscellaneous sort of museum and library. Their restoration was begun by the late pontiff, Leo XIII., in 1891.

One enters first the Hall of Pontiffs, then passes to the Hall of Mysteries, hung with splendid tapestries and richly decorated by Pinturrichio himself. Beyond the Hall of Mysteries is the Hall of Saints, the best preserved and most beautiful room of the series. Here Pinturicchio is at his best, the "Dispute of St. Catharine before Maximian" being considered by many the artist's masterpiece.

Next is the Hall of Science anr Art, with splendid allegorical paintings by Pinturrichio. There are two withdrawing rooms beyond, but these were decorated by later and less able artists. It is in the Hall of Science and Art that the present occupant of the Borgia apartment, Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State to Pius X., receives his visitors. He uses the adjoining Terre Borgia as a study.

A MOTHER'S AID IN THE NURSERY.

Every mither should be able to treat the minor ailments of her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a child's life. A simple remedy always at hand is therefore an absolute necessity, and there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, cure simple fevers, expel worms and make teething easy. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and guaranteed to contain no opiate. Mrs. L. W. Smith, St. Giles, Que., says:

"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and other ills of childhood, and find them the best medicine I have ever given my little ones." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Unimportant.

The captain of a certain yacht had evinced an anxiety touching a mishap to the craft that at once attracted the attention of a fair passenger on board.

"What's the trouble, captain?" asked she.

"The fact is, ma'am," was the response, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under the water nearly all the time, no one will notice that it's gone."—Harper's Weekly.

Fortune is at the door but once. But heaven comes often to the man who lets down the bars.—Manchester Union.

Chapped Hands AND Cold-Sores

Are your hands chapped, cracked, or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night. Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, end the smarting, and will heal quickly.

Read this Lady's Experience.

"Mrs. Yellen, of Portland, says:—"I consider it only my duty to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Zam-Buk. My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them near water. When I did so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them until I tried Zam-Buk and it succeeded when all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave me ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands completely. It is a wonderful healer and should be in every home."

Zam-Buk also cures chafing, rashes, winter eczema, piles, ulcers, festering sores, sore heads and backs, abscesses, pimples, ring-worm, etc., cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, sprains. Used as an embrocation, it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. Of all druggists and stores, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Price 50 c. a box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

THE HINDU IN CANADA.

The number of non-Hindu East-Indians in the Dominion exceeds by far those of the real Hindus.

The term, Hindu, merely appertains to East Indians who profess Hinduism as their religion. Only three-fourths of the population of India is Hindu by religious persuasion.

The Sikh, who professes the religion of protest—Sikhism—and is a soldier by tradition and descent, usually classes himself as a non-Hindu. The Mohammedan is likewise a non-Hindu. Either of these two denominations has more representatives in Canada than the entire Hindu community in the Dominion. In point of members, the Sikhs in Canada come first. The Mohammedans are a close second. The Sikhs and Mohammedans combined are probably three or four times the aggregate of the Hindus in Canada.—Saint Nihal Singh, in Canada West for January.

Errors of History.

Nero explained.

"I was fiddling, all right, when Rome was burning," he said, "but I was doing it from a good motive. I wanted to arouse the inmates of the palace and drive them safely out of doors without their suspecting that anything worse than the music was going on."

But the historians of the day, who had it in for Nero, anyhow, refused to correct the mistaken impression that had gone abroad.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Dull Season.

Two men met on the street. They hadn't seen each other for months. One of them had a wife who occasionally figured in the society columns. After they had exchanged views on things in general, the other man asked him: "Is your wife entertaining this winter?" "Not very," said he.—Everybody's Magazine.

RAW

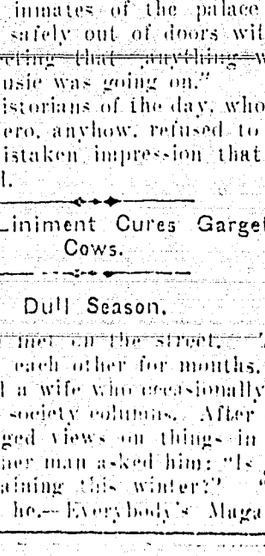
FURS and HIDES

Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.

JOHN HALLAM - TORONTO, ONT. 7

THE FAVORITES

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES



"Silent as the Sphinx!"

THE MOST PERFECT MATCHES YOU EVER STRUCK

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

True Shooting Feats With a Revolver.

What are one's limitations with a six-shooter? Ought one to hit a man across a room, a small room, a very little room, with it? Yes, of course; but in all likelihood one would not. The question of what a gun will do under stress of danger is something not to be answered by any one. Of course, it will do most in the hands of a cool and skilful man. I have seen Jim Nabours, foreman of the Carrizozo ranch in New Mexico, bring in an antelope which he had killed with his six-shooter at a distance of over one hundred yards, although he told me he dismounted and took sight across his saddle. I recently was with Pat Garrett, the well-known New Mexican sheriff, for several weeks on the plains and in the mountains, and Garrett is the best revolver shot I ever saw, admitted to be perhaps the best ever known in the Southwest. In our little impromptu matches, he never sighted with the gun, but fired with his hand in any position, rarely higher than hip or wrist. He said that he was used formerly to killing rabbits in this way, simply throwing down without sighting, as he rode along, perhaps at ten or fifteen yards' distance, or at times more. I never saw him sight a gun carefully, and he barely brought it up to the level of the eye. He could hit a tin can at ten or fifteen steps, or cut close to a two inch bull's-eye at similar distances. We made no records and did not try for any. But what could an expert do if he was at the greatest pains to be accurate, if he tried his best? This I asked of Barrett, because I thought he could answer, and conclusively, a much-mooted question. His answer ought to be held as final, although very possibly it would not be accepted as such, at least by those who believe in shooting out eyes at one hundred paces.

"I am as good a revolver shot as I ever saw," said Garrett. "I do not boast of that, but simply say it is true so far as I know. I have never been beaten in a revolver match, and I have always felt that no man was my master with the six-shooter. (He was never defeated in an encounter with this weapon.) "Now, here is what I call good shooting," he resumed. "Make a black spot just the size of a silver dollar. If you can hit that twice out of five shots, at fifteen to twenty steps—thirty to forty-five feet—with the forty-four or forty-five gun, then you are shooting mighty well. I would call that very good shooting for myself, if I took careful sight and did my best."—From "The American Six-shooter," by Emerson Hough, in The Outing Magazine for January.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Diagnosis.

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a darky complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad."

"How can that be?" continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The darky scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested:

"Den, maybe it had a relapse."—Harper's Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Thoroughly Subdued.

"Your town hall," said the travelling entertainer, "is an excellent one to speak in. There isn't the slightest echo, and my voice could be heard distinctly in the remotest corner of it."

"Yes, sir," said the landlord of the village hotel; "there hasn't been a blamed thing the matter with the acoustics of that hall since Champ Clark made a speech there last summer."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The White Man's Grave.

Sierra Leone—known to fame as "The White Man's Grave"—viewed from the deck of an incoming steamer presents an appearance distinctly attractive.

As to climate, the sobriquet "White Man's Grave" is sufficiently instructive. Suffice it to say that the first of the daily regimental orders ran thus: "Funeral parade at 6.30 a. m. to-morrow," and it was seldom indeed that the parade was dismissed for lack of a victim to the pestiferous climatic conditions. Indeed, so arduous became the duties of sepulchre that whereas it was customary in the beginning for the entire regiment and band to attend only the company of the deceased and the firing party did so later on.

Sierra Leone is infested with snakes, large and small. The former are of the constrictor species; the latter are all extremely venomous. The most deadly of all perhaps is the yellow jack, a beautiful yellow and black reptile, whose bite is reputed to prove fatal within a space of twenty minutes.—Westchester County Magazine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A Success.

"When Brown came to this city ten years ago he didn't have a cent."

"Well, well. How did he make out?"

"Oh, he's still holding his own."—New York American.

This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Frank Emsley, Lindsay, Ontario, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"When I wrote to you some time ago, I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the feminine organs and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do.

"A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman.

"I most heartily recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer with female troubles."

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, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

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

In a Quandary.

All was quiet in the sleeping, save that an occasional snore from some blissfully unconscious tourist, who was slumbering at the rate of forty miles an hour mingled unobtrusively with the rumble of the train. The last passenger had retired to rest.

The porter tiptoed through the car, listened a moment, and extinguished the lights.

On sped the train.

An hour vanished into the past.

Suddenly a loud, querulous voice, seeming to come from a lower berth near the middle of the car, broke the silence.

"Maria," snarled the owner of the voice, "these pajammys don't feel right. How do you put the blamed things on? Do you wear the coat outside or do you tuck it in the pants?"

Take Notice.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

No Great Rush.

A number of weeks after an old man was appointed postmaster of a small village the villagers and their friends began to complain about the mails. An inspector investigating the matter found out that the postmaster had sent out no mail since his entrance into office, and pointing to a hundred or more dusty letters that the postmaster had kept by him, said, sternly:

"Why on earth didn't you let these go?"

"I was waiting till I got the bag full," said the old man, with a gentle smile.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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 CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

Both Away From Temptation.

A story is told of a west country bishop who rebuked the sporting parson for his hunting proclivities. "I hear you go fox hunting a good deal," he observed one day. "You ought not to do this; there is plenty of work to be accomplished in the parish."

"But," protested the vicar, "fox hunting is merely healthy exercise; besides, I hear you were at a ball the other night."

"In a sense that is so," replied the bishop.

"In a sense that is so," replied the bishop; "but, truly speaking, I was three or four rooms away from the ballroom."

The vicar smiled and then retorted, "I am always three or four fields behind the fox, so what's the difference?"—From Tit-Bits.

It is by the face we judge.—Irish.

ISSUE NO. 4, 1909

HELP WANTED.

CANVASSERS WANTED; BEST SAMPLE case, best goods, best terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN TO SELL teas and coffees, also other lines. A. S. Taylor, tea importer, South London, Ont.

MEN WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY to advertise our goods, tack up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary, $83 per month, and expenses, $4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

WANTED—AGENTS; STORES; EVERYwhere; handsome profits; sell our perfect brass, kerosene, mantle, table-lamp; hanging or bracket-lamp; 100 candle-power; ¼ kerosene used; a wonder; sells on sight; retails $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 is well settled; convenient to school; about 13 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, Burk's Falls, Ont.

Bread Like Grandmother Made.

Governor-elect W. R. Stubbs when he started out on his campaign eight months ago was entertained at a Kansas home where salt rising bread was served. It was like the salt rising bread his grandmother used to make. When he came home from a trip he called his daughter, Lenora, into the study and closed the door.

Just what the Governor-elect said to his daughter is not known except that they entered into a little private contract whereby Lenora was to learn to make him salt rising bread and in turn the father was to give her a valuable present.

The result of it all is that Miss Stubbs went to work at her task. At first, of course, she had to throw out several "bakings" to the chickens, but she soon learned the art, and now, when the new Governor takes possession of the executive mansion, he will have good salt rising bread three times a day.—Topeka Journal.

We can meet all your requirements in the way of printed, lithographed, embossed, engraved stationery, legal and commercial forms, etc. We have our own printing plant for the purpose.

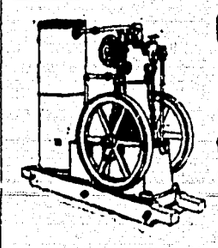
UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LIMITED

7 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO

A Wonderful Wife.

A guileless old Scotch minister one day told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next day the preacher read to his astonished congregation that "when Noah was 120 years old he took upto himself a wife who was (then turning the page) 140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I've read this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully-and-wonderfully-made."

THE "CHAMPION"



GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

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

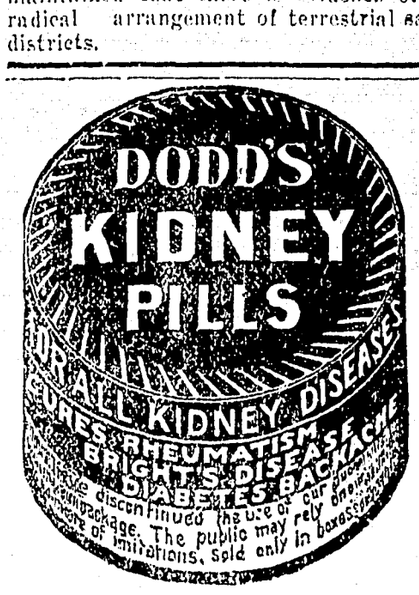
SOLD ON TRIAL

Is the only Gasoline Engine that you can try before you buy. I know what the "Champion" will do, and I 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

Salt on the Moon?

At a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society in London, H. G. Tomkins offered a new explanation of the long-standing mystery of the bright rays emanating from some of the so-called lunar craters. He thinks that they may be caused by salt efflorescence. To support his theory he showed photographs of saline regions in India and elsewhere, and maintained that there is evidence of a radical arrangement of terrestrial salt districts.



FOR THE LADIES

Fashions for young girls have seldom, if ever, been prettier or more picturesque than they are this season, whether we consider the claims of afternoon frocks or evening dresses, and since there are many parties for young people in prospect at the moment suggestions for dainty dance frocks especially designed to meet the requirements of the jeune fille, should not come amiss. Young girls' evening dresses have a disastrous habit of wearing out with astonishing rapidity, and the mother of many daughters often finds herself confronted with serious difficulties when invitations come pouring in and new frocks are needed, sometimes at short notice, when the old dresses seem to grow suddenly shabby and out of condition.

A frock, however, which happily combines a fresh and dainty appearance with a very desirable durability, is carried out in strong ivory-white net, with large woven spots in silk, and made up over a satin foundation. The skirt which is fairly full, is finished at the hem with a wide band of very fine Irish crochet lace, arranged above a closely-gathered satin frill. Higher up on the skirt there is another band of the same Irish lace, divided at intervals by upright insertions.

The Empire Sash.

Very graceful, indeed, is the Empire sash of turquoise-blue satin, which passes once round the waist, and is then crossed at the back and brought down low in front, where the ends are knotted loosely together and finished with tassels formed of silk cords and balls. The bodice is trimmed most becomingly with Irish lace, and the square-cut decolletage is bordered with a full tucker of white net, drawn up on a very narrow turquoise-blue ribbon. The sleeves show the latest arrangement in the way of flat folds of spotted muslin, placed so that they encircle the arm, above a wide band of lace insertion, which in its turn gives place to a gathered frill of net. In the hair a twist of pale blue satin ribbon is worn to match the sash.

The White Sash.

Frocks in soft white satin, made in a perfectly simple Empire style, are good investments where young girls are concerned, as they do not crush easily, and need very little, indeed, in the way of trimming, beyond a band of silver tissue to finish the short-waisted bodice, upon which either lace insertion or silver embroidery will be disposed, as the case may be. A net tucker, threaded with narrow silver ribbon, looks well with a frock of this kind, and the sleeves should be made quite simply in the shape of small puffs, with either silver embroidery or a band of lace insertion to finish them just above the elbow.

White voiles and silk colienne will be found suitable materials for young girls' evening dresses of the simpler sort. Frocks in these useful fabrics are generally arranged with two or three rows of satin ribbon on the skirts and fichu bodices, with handkerchief folds of the voile or colienne drawn down under white satin waist belts. Gathered chemisettes and long sleeves made in esprit net give a pretty finishing touch to bodices of this description.

Hat Sizes.

Tread gently.
There are changes.
Small hats are larger.
Large hats are smaller.
New turbans are really large hats.
New large hats are a bit smaller than they were.

Insouciance of Present Modes.

There is a gay insouciance about the mode of the moment which is not without a distinctive charm of its own, since a constant variety in style and color, combined with a complete disregard of any hard and fast rules or formal obligations, must naturally lead to a result of the most fascinating diversity. "Everything by turns and nothing long," is the motto of Dame Fashion at the moment, so that her votaries are free to worship at almost any shrine they please, provided always that they succeed finally in presenting an agreeable picture.

At the same time they must be very careful to wear their gowns and hats just in the one right way, for the success of the most chic Directoire costumes and the most striking of picture hats may be often seriously imperiled, if not entirely ruined, by the careless way in which they are put on.

So far as the newest and most becoming millinery is concerned, picturesqueness of effect is undoubtedly the keynote of the coming mode, and many charming hats are being copied literally, and with wonderful success, from old portraits and engravings. Two millinery creations may be taken as a case in point, for it would not be difficult to find their exact counterparts in some of the pictures by old masters, and yet they have an irresistible charm and a characteristically modern fascination which proclaim them at once creations which might be worn with success even by the most ultra-chic of the elegantes of to-day.

With High Crown.

The high crown and the downward-curving brim of one are covered on the outer side with rose-pink taffetas mousseline, shot with silvery gray, and around the crown there is a closely gathered band of the same shot silk, bordered above and below with a full piping of pink velvet. The crown is lined underneath with black satin, always most becoming as a background to the coiffure, and high on one side there is a panache of ostrich plumes, shading from the deepest to the palest pink, and starting from the centre of the back, whence they fall gracefully over crown and brim.

The coming of the Busby has affected quite a revolution in the world of millinery, more especially so far as fur toques are concerned, for these large, soft shapes, in many instances, are not mounted on any kind of frame or wire, but are left without interior support, and lined only with silk or satin, so that they can be pinned on to the coiffure in any fashion which may happen to be most becoming.

Pompeiian Red.

It is not red.
It is a mixture.
It is a bit like old rose.
It has more character than pink.
There is a shading of khaki about it.
Indeed, it is soft and rich and very alluring.
It will share honors with prune and purple shades.

A GREAT NOVELTY.

Turban-Hood Combines the Beauty and Warmth of Both.

The velvet turban hood with its fur edge develops an absolutely new idea respecting the stole.

The turban and the stole are allied, and after the turban has been put on the stole ends are taken and wound about the throat, with one terminal left to hang over the shoulders and one in front. The stole thus plays the part of turban strings.

Another variation of the manner in which the fur stole is worn now is twisted in serpentine fashion round the figure, beginning at the throat and ending at the waist.

White Serge for Mornings.

White serge is extremely fashionable for morning wear as well as for dressier occasions. During the last few weeks many of the best dressed women in Paris have been seen shopping wearing white serge costumes, while Redfern, Paquin and Caillot Soeurs have plenty of orders for white serge costumes that will be launched in Monte Carlo and Menton. Long and short costumes both are favored of this practical material. All of these skirts hang plain; the coats sometimes are plain, though some are trimmed with embroideries, narrow silk, and mohair braid.

Though Shantung silk serves a more practical purpose, it is favored as being dressy and stylish. Women who are ordering three or four outdoor costumes make a point to include Shantung silk. The material is shown in basket and transparent weaves. They are woven with great softness, making the mtaerial fall into graceful lines. Many shades are seen, but green, amethyst, heliotrope and prune are specially favored.

Strange and almost paradoxical it is to hear from the makers of fashions that lingerie blouses, especially the beautiful hand embroidered ones, are passe when the leading shops are showing such exquisite hand embroidered effects. The fine handkerchief linen, extremely cobwebby, is sold for afternoon costumes, while those designed for morning wear are heavier.

A decidedly pretty model is made of fine white linen, and the entire front is worked with exquisite French hand embroidery. The embroidered sleeves reach only to the elbow, for there is an undersleeve of tucked tulle trimmed with bands of embroidered dots. The tailor-made linen shirt waists in white and in colored stripes are shown to Americans and to the Parisians, who are extremely fond of American styles. But it is doubtful whether the tailored waists can ever be popular in Paris, because my countrywomen find them a little extreme and harsh.

Empire Style Grows in Favor.

Voluminous cloth wraps are trimmed heavily with wide bands of velvet and fur. The velvet is fashioned into bretelles in the shoulders and for bands on the collar and cuffs.

When it comes to a question of afternoon and evening gowns one thing is sure, that the empire style prevails and is growing more fahsionable each day.

As the house of Redfern says: "The empire gown is here to stay surely a season or more. It is popular because it is pretty and becomes most women; those inclined to be heavy as well as the slender."

Though empire costumes are made in nearly all materials, satin is especially suited for this style of dress. It is heavy enough to keep the lines from breaking and still falls gracefully. A handsome model is developed in taupe satin. The waist of the gown is surplice arranged over a guimpe of all-over lace.

The abbreviated waisted gown has an empire girdle of taupe satin, which is arranged to a point well below the hips. Both the bodice and the edge of the skirt are trimmed with bands of silk embroidery.

The shortwaisted costumes in broadcloth and serge had little vogue some months ago. The best dressed women thought they looked dowdy. But they are so carefully made and well trimmed that they are really as fashionable as the empire costumes made of satin and broadcloth.

A most representative gown of this order is of royal blue serge. The bodice is short and is made with an over-blouse effect, with a high neck guimpe and long tucked sleeves made of net. The skirt is strictly empire, reaching a short train behind, while the edge of the guimpe and the short over sleeve ar etrimmed with bands of silver embroidery.

Many of the cloth costumes are made sheath, but so modified that they little resemble the tight-fitting costume of last season. Most are made with a broad panel extending from the guimpe to the hem.

This style of skirt is less severe, looking like those of last year. The waist line is carried up to the guimpe made of plaited chiffon or tulle. The short bodices are trimmed with fancy braid or silk embroidery, narrower but the same pattern ornamenting the hem of the skirt.

A SMART SURPLICE WAIST.

Box-pleats are introduced in the making up of this pretty blouse waist, shown in a development of blue satin. The surplice front discloses a chemisette topped by a high standing collar of allover lace. The mode will develop well in Brussels lace, embroidered batiste crepe de chine, louisine, organdy and chiffon taffetas.

When you ask a chronic invalid how he is and he says he can't complain, he must be pretty sick.

LACE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

First State in Union in Manufacture of Machine Lace.

It may not be generally known, says the Bulletin of the Pennsylvania Museum, but it is nevertheless a fact that the State of Pennsylvania is the foremost State in the Union in the manufacture of machine lace, and right here in our city is to be found the largest factory in the world for the production of machine lace.

Recently the Textile Department of the School of Industrial Art has been proffered a one-width sample lace loom, valued at $500, with the object of stimulating and possibly improving the character of the design to be found in this class of goods.

Unfortunately no available room exists in our school for such an installation, and it will not be possible to accept the generous offer until the new building at Broad street and Allegheny avenue is erected.

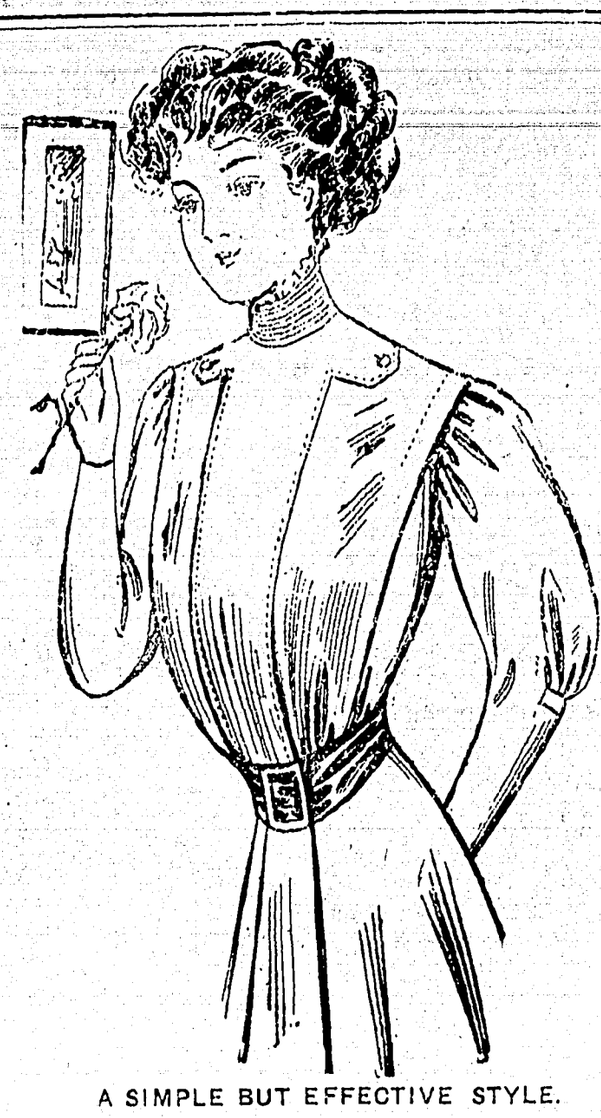
PROPHETIC VIRGIL.

How Long It Took England to Hear of 'Quake of 1693.

A curious coincidence has been pointed out in connection with the earthquake, says the Ladies' Pictorial. Evelyn, in his diary for Feb. 19 and 26, 1693, made an entry: "19th. Hitherto an exceedingly warm winter, such as has seldom been known. * * * The dreadful and astonishing earthquake swallowed up Catania and other famous and ancient cities, with more than 100,000 persons, in Sicily on the 11th of January last, and came now to be reported amongst us."

We heard of the recent earthquake an hour or two after it took place!

A correspondent in a contemporary writes that Virgil, in the third book of the Aeneid, puts into the mouth of the Prophet Helenus a warning to Aeneas to avoid the Straits of Messina on account of their terrible danger, and of the existing beliefs in Sicily that Messina itself would one day be destroyed by some awful catastrophe, such as has now occurred.



A SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE STYLE.

A tailored shirtwaist is always in good taste, whether made of taffeta, linen or cloth. The model here shown has new sleeves and trimmed with a plastron that may be omitted, and the waist made with a shirt closing at the centre front.

Old Si Hubbard.

One day last year, in the month of May,
Old Si Hubbard to me did say:
"I hear a circus is coming to town;
Let us go down and see the clown."
So we sold our barley, oats and corn,
In fact, we most cleaned out the barn,
And when the circus came around,
We were the first ones on the ground.
Says Si to me: "Let's go and get tight
Pull down the tents and have a fight"
"Not much" says I. "We'll raise no feud;"
For I was afraid of that old hay-rube.
So I proposed some red lemonade
And guber beans for which I paid.
There was an old cuss who kept the store,
And when he asked us to have some more,
Says he, "I like you, boys, first-rate,
Dont stand back, I'll stand the treat."
So, Si and I, we pitched right in
And the way we ate and drank was a sin,
But when we turned to go away
We heard the gosh-darned sharper say,
"Four dollars, please! Now, rube, don't wait,
Or for the side show you'll be late."
I paid the money like a darn-fool cuss
And off to the side show we did rush.
When we got there, the sights we seen,
Were enough to turn your whiskers green;
A tatooed man, all covered with ink
And a dog-faced boy, called the missing link;
But a sight that made us fairly quake
Was a great, big, sleepy-looking snake.
Si pulled his jack-knife out, right quick,
And up to the animal he did slip!
He made a stab and jumped away!
I laughed; for the critter was stuffed with hay;
A parrot in a cage close by,
Next caught the gaze of foolish Si.
Now, Si didn't know that the bird could talk,
And when it called him a country gawk
Si got mad and just for spite,
He knocked the bird clean out of sight;
But a monkey, who was in a cage
At Si's conduct got in a rage,
He grabbed Si right by the red goat-tee
And made the crowd all laugh to see
Si pull and pull and pull away,
But that pesky monkey had come to stay.
He pulled Si's whiskers so goll-darned hard
That his chin was as long as the neck of a gourd.
At last I saw Si smile and then
I knew his troubles were at an end,
And sure enough with his knife so keen,
He cut those whiskers close to the chin;
When I saw that face with the goat-tee off
I coughed and laughed and laughed and coughed.
Two girls fainted at the sight
And the rest of the crowd al took fright.
Says Si to me, "What next on the docket,
For I have money in my pocket,"
In answer, there, before our eyes,
Was a big balloon of enormous size,
A man in the basket, with skin tight clothes,
Says, "Cut the rope, and away she goes!"
Says Si to me, "I'll spoil this racket."
So he grabbed the rope that hitched to the basket.
He tried to hold the balloon to the ground,
But the balloon was the stronger, so Si soon found!
When I saw Si I ran to his aid
And a jumping grasp for the rope I made.
By feet got tangled up in a coil
And I like Si left the native soil,
Up in the air like rockets we shot;
I called to the man in the balloon to stop,
But he only laughed and to my face
He asked me how I liked my place
"Not much," says I, "You skinny dude!"
"Then call me down," says he, "you rube!"
Say I to Si, "Pull out your knife
And cut the rope and save our life!"
His hand in his pocket he did slip,
To get his knife, but he lost his grip.
He fell right smack into my face
And then we both shot into space.
"Look out below," I cried out loud.
"Oh, we don't care," come back from the crowd,
But 'stead of lighting on the place we meant,
We came right down on the animal tent.
We crashed right through into the shop
Then every band in the circus stopped.
The showman throw us out in a hurry,
And the bands all struck up "Annie Laurie."

The New Watch.

The young graduate drew forth a fine gold watch.

"Please regulate this," he said.

"A graduation present, eh?" said the watchmaker. "Now listen, and I'll give you some pointers about how to keep this watch in fine condition.

"Winding it in the morning instead of at night.

"At least once a year have it oiled. Remember that its balance swings 18,000 times a year—all on one little drop of oil. A wheelbarrow wouldn't stand such treatment, it would shriek for lubrication; but the small voice of the watch cannot be heard.

"After mending or cleaning, examine your watch's screw heads and frames. If they are scratched, the workman has been careless. He is a man to be avoided. Patronize him no more.

"Don't grumble if your mainspring breaks. This accident is due to some unknown condition of the weather. There are mainspring epidemics, like influenza ones. Just now such an epidemic is afoot. I have taken out 60 fractured mainsprings this week.—Los Angeles Times.

UNADULTERATED SAND—"The late Thomas Beecham," said an advertising agent, "spent over half a million a year on ads. He wrote, up to the age of 75, his best ads himself. He was a witty old gentleman. They tell a story about him and a grocer.

"The grocer was guilty of some rather sharp practice on Mr. Beecham one day and the latter stamped out of the shop roaring:

"'You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your doors again.'

"Next day, though, he came back and bought five pounds of sugar.

"'Dear me,' said the grocer, smiling in a forgiving way, 'I thought you were never going to enter my doors again.'

"'Well, I didn't mean to,' said Mr. Beecham, 'but yours is the only shop in the place where I can get what I want. You see, I am going to pot some bulbs and I need sand.'"—Chicago Chronicle.

"I came to see if I can get some fire insurance." "On your home?" "No; on my job."—Mouston Post.

NEWS IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN AND DISTRICT

Enderby Odd Fellows gave an evening of great enjoyment to a host of friends in their hall on Tuesday evening.

The Enderby Trading Co., is showing Spring signs of prosperity. A new, up-to-date awning has been added to protect the glass front.

Manager Heggie, of the Stepney ranch, says he has never experienced a Spring when the snow has hung on so favorably for a banner-crop year.

As an indication of the satisfactory quality of the flour put out by the Columbia Flouring Mills, of Enderby, a repeat order came from Liverpool this week and is now being filled.

Mrs. F. Pyman left for Princeton by Monday's train. Mr. Pyman has established himself in business there, and writes that Princeton is a beautiful town with immense possibilities on the advent of the railroad, which is coming this year.

A. Sutcliffe left for England last Friday, to be absent two months. Mrs. Sutcliffe will return with him, and upon their return work will proceed on their cement-block home, to be erected by J. S. Johnstone on their hill property in the Lawes addition.

Will somebody tell us why the Bank of Montreal property, the choicest corner in town, is isolated by a dinkey, dilapidated two-plank sidewalk from Belvedere street to Vernon road? It is a very poor advertisement for the town to permit any property on the main business street to be side-tracked in this manner.

E. T. Smith, an old resident of Enderby, returned to make his home here, after two years spent in the Northwest. Mr. Smith came in with a carload of effects, including a team of as handsome draught horses as ever came into the Valley. He has bought back his comfortable Cliff-street home and is moving into it his household effects, preparatory for the arrival of Mrs. Smith and family.

The ratepayers of Armstrong have just voted to spend $2,500 to improve the agricultural grounds, and to build accommodation for stock. There were 20 property owners who evidently thought the proposition was "ridiculous," for they voted against it. The Advertiser says of these 20: "They should be ashamed of themselves. . . We knew there were some narrow-minded gentry in the municipality, but no one ever dreamt that there were 20—that is the limit."

Ira C. Jones is settling up his business affairs in Enderby, and will move to Vancouver in a week or ten days. Mr. and Mrs. Jones spent the past two weeks in the coast metropolis. During his stay there Mr. Jones purchased three lots in the Kitsilano district, and will erect a home as soon as possible after his return. He reports that Mr. Bradley, who went there some months ago, is meeting with splendid success. With the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, we sincerely regret to lose them. Mr. Jones has been identified with the progressive element of Enderby for five years or more, and will be greatly missed in many ways.

Robt. Bailey returned from a month's pleasure trip to the coast cities last Thursday.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid will hold an "At Home" at the home of Mrs. Flewwelling on Wednesday, March, 24th. Tea will be served from 3 to 5 o'clock. An invitation is extended to all. Tea, 10 cents.

Wm. H. Hutchison has purchased the Fraser lot on Belvedere street and is erecting a modern blacksmith and machine shop thereon. Contractor Barnes has the work in hand. The building will be metalic sheeted on all sides.

Attention is called to the notice published in another column signed by Mr. Rosoman as secretary of the Board of Health. It will add inestimably to the good health of the community if the orders given are promptly heeded. Arrangements have been made by the City whereby all rubbish not of a foul nature may be dumped into the abandoned clay pits at the brick yard.

Mr. Bell has completed the purchase of tho two best business corners in town—the property of N. H. Kenney and Wm. H. Hutchison, on Cliff and Belvedere streets. On the Hutchison corner he will at once erect a brick or cement single-story business block. The opposite corner is too valuable a property to remain long without a building upon it, though Mr. Bell has not at this moment any plans laid for one.

Every voter should see that his name is placed on the voter's list without delay. The following names have been gazetted as the official vote takers in this district: L. B. Massey, Mara; Frank Hassard, John Wilson and Chas. Garden, Enderby; Isaac Heard, Lansdowne. In addition to these any postmaster, notary public or magistrate is authorized to take the names of all applicants. To make it convenient for anyone in Enderby, City Clerk Rosoman has been supplied with all the necessary forms and is prepared to take the names of all who apply to have their names registered. He will be found at the City Office every day during business hours.

They Like the Change

It is very encouraging to receive so many evidences from our subscribers demonstrating their pleasure in the change in form of Enderby's newspaper. Many of our readers are showing their appreciation by coming in and giving the editor a pleasant smile and accompanying it with a two-spot. The expressions of kindness of our exchanges seem to voice the sentiment of our readers, and we give a few to show our appreciation of all:

The enlarged Walker's Weekly reached our table this week. The change is very much to the good, and is indicative of the fact that things are going well with the editor.—Semi-Weekly Okanagan.

Walker's Weekly, the bright and enterprising Enderby paper, came out last week in a new dress. It has been enlarged, and has changed its make-up to the regulation newspaper form, also taking to itself the new name of The Enderby Press. Under any title, or in any shape, this newsy and well written weekly is a welcome visitor, and is doing its full share in forwarding the interests of the prosperous and growing district in which it makes its home.—Vernon News.

Walker's Weekly comes out in a new dress. The publisher is to be congratulated upon its fine appearance. The enlargement of the paper is a sign of prosperity, which we hope will continue with our friend Walker.—Armstrong Advertiser.

STRAYED—To my place two months ago; Bay horse, 2 years old; no brand. Owner can have same by paying expenses.
ALEXANDER, Enderby Reserve

WHEAT
LETS
QUICKLY
DISPEL
THAT
"BEFORE-BREAKFAST"
GROUCH

Made at Enderby
Always fresh
Better and cheaper than any imported Breakfast Food
When you use Wheatlets you are patronising a home industry
You are buying an Enderby product
Do you know any reason why you should not use Wheatlets?

The Columbia Flouring Mills Company, Ltd.
Enderby B. C.

NOTICE

School District of Enderby

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of the School District of Enderby, that I require the presence of the said Electors at the City Office, Enderby, B. C., on *Friday*, the *Twenty-sixth Day of March, 1909* at 12 o'clock noon for the purpose of electing a person to represent them as *TRUSTEE* on the Board of School Trustees of Enderby, in the place of Mr. F. Pyman, resigned.

The mode of nomination shall be as follows: The candidate shall be nominated in writing: the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the School District as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of this notice and 2 p.m. of the day of nomination. In the event of a poll being necessary such poll shall be opened on Monday, the *Twenty-ninth Day of March, 1909*, at the City Office, Enderby, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The Qualifications for a person to be nominated and elected as Trustee are: That such person is a householder in the School District, and is a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years, and is otherwise qualified under "The Public Schools Act, 1905," and Amending Acts to vote at an election of School Trustees in the said District.

Given under my hand at Enderby, B.C., this 18th day of March, 1909.
GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
Returning Officer.

Local Board of Health

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons owning, occupying or being in charge of houses or premises within the City of Enderby, are required to keep same in a sanitary condition.

All rubbish likely to become offensive must be cleared away; all drains, privies and cess-pits put into good order, and all nuisances abated.

By order of the Board of Health.
GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
Secretary.
March 18th, 1909 3-18-4

When you feel a pain in the back take a BU-JU pill
Marvelous Medicine for the Kidneys

Enderby Drug & Stationery Co.

Wheeler & Evans
agents for
House of Habberlin
Come and leave your order for new Spring Suit.
The Latest Styles at Lowest Prices

Just received, a Spring shipment of Hats, Boots & Shoes, etc

Try a bottle of our Liquid Veneer for your Spring house-cleaning
Sold in 25c and 50c bottles

Fresh Groceries always on hand

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

Tenders

Tenders wanted for the erection of a brick or cement building, 50x60. For particulars apply to the undersigned—
GEORGE BELL.

I HAVE placed my entire stock of electric lamps and supplies in A. FULTON'S hardware store and am now prepared to devote my entire time to electrical work and installing. Orders, large or small, promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully furnished.
F. V. MOFFET
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.

For Sale—Heavy horses, saddle horses, young pigs, alfalfa seed. Stepney Ranch, Enderby.

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

Estate of Harvey & Dobson

NOTICE!

AS our time is getting short, we purpose closing the store

Monday & Tuesday

March 22 and 23, to take stock and re-mark goods.

The pruning of prices will surprise our many patrons.

If you wish a dollar to go a long way, call around. A dollar saved is a dollar made.

W. J. WILSON, Manager