

Enderby, B. C., March 25, 1909

AND WALKER'S WEEKLY

Vol. 2; No. 4; Whole No. 56

Are You Planting Any Street Trees?

How many shade trees are you going to plant this Spring on the street in front of your home?

How many will you put out on Enderby's first Arbor Day?

Mayor Bell has assured the Board of Trade that he will declare a civic holiday to be known as Arbor Day and to be devoted to street tree planting. Of course, you do not have to wait for Arbor Day to begin the good work.

It was the intention of the Board of Trade to solicit for trees to be planted under the direction of the civic improvement committee, but this committee, Messrs. Moffet, Harvey and Taylor, do not feel disposed to take the work in hand, believing that the people who are public spirited enough to donate the trees should have them planted in front of their own property. They therefore suggest that each property owner set out his own trees, and thus avoid conflict.

It is the intention of the committee to draft a detailed plan of civic improvements and submit it to the Board for its endorsement, and until this is done they do not favor mixing up in a makeshift proposition that must essentially operate inequitably.

Many citizens, however, have signified their intentions of putting out street trees. Mr. Peel and Mr. Moffet will be the largest planters; the first named having nearly 400 feet frontage, and the latter about 2,400.

There are a number of property owners who intend to set out a few trees in front of their property, and others willing to enter upon any concerted movement that will ensure the proper planting and protection of the trees.

Some time ago when we went into the street-tree matter, we learned from M. J. Henry that the first cost of the trees would be from 50c to 75c each. Tree boxes affording ample protection, would add another 50c each to the cost. Larger trees would bring the cost 50c higher.

As to variety, it is said there is no tree surer of growth and quicker of foliage than the maples, though the beech, elm and horse chestnut are highly recommended.

Advertising Enderby

Merlin C. Dunwoodie, with his camera, has done, and is doing much to make the beauties of Enderby known. He has a very fine collection of views of the many points of interest in and about Enderby. One of his view books is before us. It would be a splendid thing if there were hundreds of these books in circulation. One of them would make a very appropriate gift to a friend, and would be the means of attracting thither the good impression, at least, of a great number of people. The view of Enderby from the northwest is one of the best we have seen; those from the Lawes hill are also good. The views of the Enderby hotel and the King Edward, the school building and the

churches, Cliff street, the mills, and the substantial Enderby homes are all the very best, while those of some of the pretty spots on the river and Mara lake are as fine as anything ever shown. Mr. Dunwoodie should be encouraged to prepare a number of these view books for the market. It is such work as this that will be appreciated by anyone who "wants to know."

Open to Settlement

A few days ago Chas. Garden showed us on the government map two full sections of govern-

ment land, about four miles from Enderby in the direction of Salmon Arm, which is open to settlement. Mr. Garden has a homestead near the Salmon Arm road, and he has cut a good road to his cabin. Back of him, Geo. Skeeles has a place, and beyond Mr. Skeeles there are eight quarter sections waiting for homesteaders to take them up. Mr. Garden has been over most of the unoccupied land, and he declares there is much of it that could be easily cleared and put into trees. He has a number of trees planted on his place without a plow ever being used upon the land, and all are doing well. Last season the government put a couple hundred dollars on the road leading to the Garden cabin.

Enderby and What Season Promises

Ground was broken Tuesday morning for the foundation of the new Bell block to be erected on the corner of Cliff and Belvedere by Geo. Bell. As has been stated before, it will be a single-story brick, with basement under the hardware store to be occupied by A. Fulton.

While the Baptist church and several smaller buildings have already been erected this Spring, this block and that of W. H. Hutchison, now nearly completed, mark the commencement of what promises to be the best season of

building Enderby has ever experienced. The demand for store buildings is not going to stop with the erection of this block, and it would not surprise anyone to see Mr. Bell erect another block on the Kenney corner, recently purchased by him.

The city hall and court house, with vaults, prison cells and basement for hose-reel, etc., a very handsome brick and stone structure, to be erected by the city and province in conjunction, on the city property, is practically assured. This of itself will cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000, and will mean more to Enderby than any building we now have.

In addition to these, it is probable that the Bank of Montreal will build on its corner property. Whatever the Bank of Montreal does in the building line is sure to be of a substantial nature. Plans have already been submitted to the head office for a bank building that would make every citizen with a heart for Enderby carry his chin in and head high.

In the way of residential property, we have the handsome cement-block residence to be erected for A. Sutcliffe, and the A. R. Rogers Lumber Company proposes to start work at an early date on a number of finer buildings for its office men and foremen.

There are many other indications pointing to a very prosperous season, but above them all stands out prominently the deal which culminated this week by which the business property of the Harvey & Dobson estate, together with the stock and fixtures, passed into the hands of a strong financial man. Full details of this deal, when made known, will convince the most skeptical that Enderby is right on top and going to stay there.

Business Personals and Late News

Neighboring towns are talking the summer half-holiday, and the talk has hit Enderby.

P. Murphy was called to Bovie, Minn., Monday, to the bedside of his brother, Jim, who was seriously injured in an accident.

A quadrille dance will be held in the K. P. hall on Friday evening, March 26th. Dancing from 8 to 12. Admission, 50c each.

Schoolmaster McDonald went to the hospital Monday, suffering from an attack of typhoid. Mrs. Geo. Sharpe is weeding the birch in his absence.

Postmaster Harvey has submitted the matter of the removal of the postoffice to this side of the railway track, to the officials at Ottawa. He expects to move into the new Bell block about May 15th.

FOR SALE—Residence, corner Belvedere and Mill Sts., lot 65x120, frame cottage, 24x26 with 18x18 addition; 12x18 summer kitchen; 12x18 chicken house; 12x18 stable with hayloft. Also cottage cor. Regent and Railroad Sts., lot 30x100; cottage 15x30, with woodshed and outhouses. Cash and terms. Robt. Bailey, 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.

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

H. M. WALKER

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: "True words are not fine, fine words are not true."

FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

WATCH ENDERBY GROW! We want to print these words big upon the film of your mind. We want to infuse our very life with the thought. And then we want to make good. The other day a friend asked: "Do you really think that Enderby is going to push ahead?"

Think! Why, bless you, of course we think so,—nay, more: we are positively sure! There isn't the least doubt about it. Of course, there are some who will not realize the strides she is making, and will put every obstacle in the way of progress in the false belief that by so doing they will preserve some private selfish interest, just as they have in other towns the world over. There are some men so afraid of Progress that they can't sleep o' night for fear of being tumbled out of bed. And they do cause much uneasiness at the start by insisting upon hitching their ox-cart ideas to Minerva's benzine buggy, but in a little while, when the underlying purpose of their madness becomes known, they are brushed off and left behind like so many flies trying to carry the carcass of a dead idea in their mouths.

Enderby is ideally situated. It has the advantages of river, rolling wooded hills, meadow lands, bench lands, and wide, well-watered low lands. It has all the beauties that nature can give, and is prolific in resources. If Enderby does not push ahead it should be to our lasting shame. But Enderby is pushing ahead, and will continue more rapidly this year than ever. Of course, our progress will depend in a large measure upon the spirit of our co-operation. If Enderby as an incorporated body stands back of the men who, individually and collectively, are ex-

erting every effort to attract interest and business to the town, it will add much to the harmony of our advance. If, however, petty spite and selfish interest are to be allowed to creep in, in matters of community betterment, then our advance will not be so harmonious.

But, mark you this, Felix; harmonious or not harmonious, we are going to advance! Enderby has outgrown the one-idea policy that has characterized her sidewalk building, street grading and street lighting. Selfish interest has been the predominating influence too long. The community spirit has been aroused, and its demands must be listened to. It has been pushed aside too often to satisfy the whim of some petty personal pique, or to save at the spigot while draining at the bung hole.

Enderby—Enderby—should be our slogan—not "Enderby for what I can get out of it." Co-operation of this type is sure to fail. It reminds us of the little boy who co-operated with another little boy in the purchase of a pup. This little boy perceived that there would shortly arise problems in regard to feeding the pup, so as they were leading it home he addressed his partner thus:

"Say, Pete, which half of Rover would you rather have? Would you rather have the front half with the ears and eyes and nose and mouth, or the other end with just the tail?"

"I'll take the front half," responded Pete promptly.

"All right," replied the youthful diplomat, "then you'll have to feed him."

It will be good news to the people of Enderby to learn of the transfer of the property, buildings, stock and fixtures of the Harvey & Dobson estate to Mr. S. Polson, the prominent merchant investor, who has been operating so extensively and successfully in the Okanagan for the past year or more. It is good news to Enderby. Just what it means to Enderby—the full importance of the transfer—will not be realized at first sight, for to fully appreciate Mr. Polson, you must know the man and his purpose. Watch Enderby grow.

The Weaving of Fate

(Continued From Another Page.)

"Where has she gone? Where has she gone?—to him!—to him!" and then ran into the street, beckoning with his hand.

Old Dan caught up his hat, filled with some dread of impending ill to his darling Daisy, and followed after.

Five minutes passed, Daisy looking around the room and up at her lover's gloomy face with wonder and fear.

Then a footstep was heard upon the stair, and Mr. De Jersey entered.

Daisy shrank back from his gleaming eyes, but Clare took her by the hand, and, throwing back his head, said:

"She is here, sir! Look in her face and tell me if she is unworthy to be your daughter."

Mr. De Jersey uttered a harsh laugh and turned away, but suddenly, as if awed by some unknown influence, turned and looked at the shuddering girl.

As he did so a change came over his face, and with a low cry, he strode a step forward.

At that instant a loud knock was heard at the door, a sound of hurried footsteps came along the hall.

The drawing-room door was wide open, and Mr. Daniel Nickelby and the beggar rushed into the room.

"Daisy, Daisy!" shouted old Dan. "My child, my child!" echoed the beggar. "Oh, heaven, not too late, not too late!"

Mr. De Jersey turned sharply at the sound of the voice, stared with startled eyes at the wan, worn face, which had now no disguising cap or patch, and, uttering a piercing shriek, fell upon the ground.

Clare was on his knees beside him in an instant, but before he could raise the prostrate form it had raised itself on one arm, and pointing to where the young girl lay senseless in the arms of the beggar, gasped:

"Brother! brother!" and fell back dead, with the blood of a ruptured blood-vessel streaming over his breast.

What need is there to tell the reader how Clare, rising, stupefied, to his feet, found that the man who had fallen in the streets twenty years before was Daisy's father, and the beggar who had watched her day by day and year by year, choosing rather to live in poverty and want, unknown and unloved, than risk the hatred of his brother who had wronged him and his child so cruelly?

All this was told him both by old Dan and the weeping father himself, but it was not, perhaps, until weeks after, when he led his cousin, the heiress of the De Jersey wealth—once simple Daisy—to the altar as his bride—that he could understand how noble had been the father's love, and how terrible the brother's crime.

How gloriously old Dan had kept his trust and how joyfully he had taken the little winter Daisy to his honest old heart no man could measure, but all could realize how fearful had been the remorse which had dogged the miserable

man who had been seduced by avarice into depriving his brother of his inheritance.

Failing in his endeavor to confine him in a lunatic asylum under pretence of insanity, by George De Jersey's flight, the younger De Jersey, pursuing him to London, had found him at a hotel, and striving by threats to induce him to give up the little child he had carried with him, for she was the heiress to the immense estates, he had tempted him into the streets, and there, as old Dan had witnessed, giving vent to his passions, he had nearly branded himself as a homicide and a Cain.

When the next year came around, with its frost and snow, a happy group was gathered around the huge fireside of the house in Cornwall, which, no longer bleak and gloomy, was the home of Clare and Daisy De Jersey.

Opposite the beautiful face of the mistress of the mansion sits a pale, thin, old gentleman, reminding one dimly of the weakly, trembling figure which sat there in the dark days years ago, save that this—although the same figure—is a happy, peaceful one, and that, instead of having its proud glance fixed upon a cradle at its feet, it is nursing a blue-eyed babe, already to him a second angel—Daisy.

At the table is another old man—a strong, white-haired old man—who is mixing a bowl of punch and chatting in a cheery voice to the old lady, who, though dressed in silk and satins, is still the sweet-faced old lady who used to cook mutton cutlets so admirably at No. 27 Great Snoram street.

And now, as the mixture is completed, the door swings open, and a tall, handsome-looking gentleman enters.

"Ah, ah!" he cries, looking at them with a smile of love and joy. "All here warm and snug. Well, here is some game," throwing a heavy bag on the table, "and what's better, here's some punch."

And, with a ringing laugh, Clare De Jersey catches up a tumbler of the steaming beverage, and, raising it above his head, says:

"Daisy, my darling! Little Daisy, my flower-blossom; father"—for so he calls George De Jersey—"and Dan, and the old lady, here's love to you all—and many years of life to enjoy it."

(The End.)

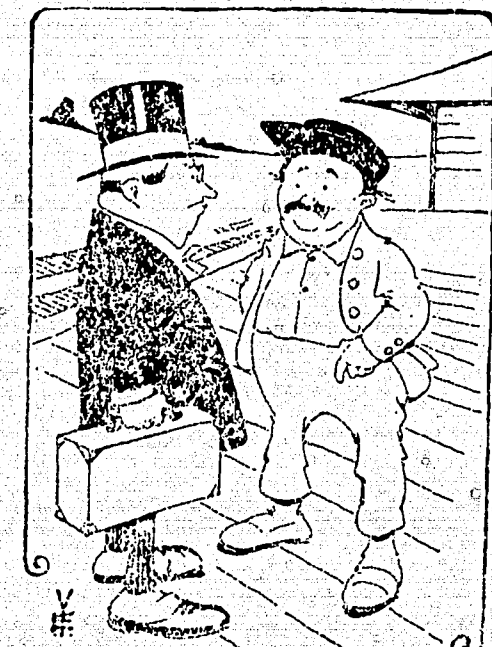
INVASION BY AIRSHIP.

The British people would hardly feel happy if some portion of the population were not enjoying a scare. A favorite form of this indulgence is foreign invasion. Recently, some adventurous aeromancers have succeeded in remaining in the air for a brief time, and actually to some extent directing their airship; and immediately that part of the British people which every morning looks to find an invader at its bedside, enjoys ecstatic thrills at the thought of an invader crossing the Channel by aeroplane or war balloon. The Duke of Argyll delivered a hair-raising speech in London the other day in which he discussed the possible invasion of Britain by an army in balloons. His Grace actually professed to think such an invasion practicable, and declared that "the best thing that could happen to awaken the public in England to a sense of its position is that someone, preferably a Frenchman or a German, should have the goodness to direct a large dirigible balloon to hang over the Bank of England." He seemed to think that that would be a lesson to the people and to the Government that would induce them to "double their military expenditures very quickly. The Bogey held up to the people by His Grace may be effective in inducing them to cry out for increased war expenditures; but to the average reader and to the scientific student his performance resembles very much that of a somewhat juicy after-dinner speech in which the speaker strives to emulate Jules Verne's fantastic efforts. Sir Hiram Maxim is quoted as saying that machines could be built with 100 h.p. engines to carry a load of half a ton and remain in the air five hours at a time. Five thousand such machines, costing about \$49,000,000 would, he said, carry 100,000 soldiers across in one night. He admitted that there were contingencies to be considered. That is significant. One of the contingencies is the chance of half of this army landing in the middle of the Atlantic, or being dashed to pieces by the vagaries of the airships, and the other half being deposited conveniently to British prisons. Indeed, there is also to be taken into account the fact that instead of reaching England, a good many of the 5,000 contingents might make their landing in Greenland or in the Sahara.

The eagerness of the British militarists to embarrass the Government and create a feeling of insecurity among the people has led some of their spokesmen into great absurdities. Even Lord Roberts himself has not been above resorting to clap-trap sensationalism in this connection. But Britain goes on her way, the solid sense of the people rejecting the idea that she is in danger of invasion. Col. Gaedke, a leading German military critic, is far from agreeing with Lord Roberts' idea that Great Britain is open to invasion by Germany. He said

it would be impossible for Germany under modern conditions to steal a march on England, even of twenty-four hours in time, by assembling an army of 200,000 men. To transport such an army across the North Sea a fleet of transports would have to be assembled constantly in German ports, and would have to command uninterrupted passage for a longer time than even the theorists believe. Colonel Gaedke cites Japan's experience in transporting her armies to the mainland. Even when Japan virtually commanded the sea uninterruptedly, it required months for Japan to put her armies down on Manchurian soil.

But even supposing such an unthinkable thing as the landing by stealth of this army in Great Britain to be possible, Col. Gaedke has no idea that the invaders could achieve anything there or extricate themselves from the position in which they would be placed. Of this 200,000 army, about 140,000 would be combatants—perhaps not so many—and the colonel thinks that even if we suppose this force to be landed, the British fleet out of the way, and unbroken communication maintained with its base in Germany, the idea that it could conquer the 40,000,000 people of Great Britain is an absurdity. He thinks the present army of Great Britain would make short work of such a force. If it were in the dog days, the discussion of such a matter might be credited to weather conditions. That it should take place in the winter would appear to indicate that Great Britain suffers from a dearth of existing topics.



NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

Excited Traveler—Can I catch the four o'clock express for Boston? Station Master—(Calmly) That depends on how fast you can run. It started fifteen minutes ago.

A Tactful Crescendo.

"In the Province of Holstein," says a traveller who spends a good deal of his time abroad, "where, of course, nothing is more important than the breeding of superior cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty, but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from a characteristic story current there:

"It appears that one farmer was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

"Why so downcast, friend?" asked the pastor.

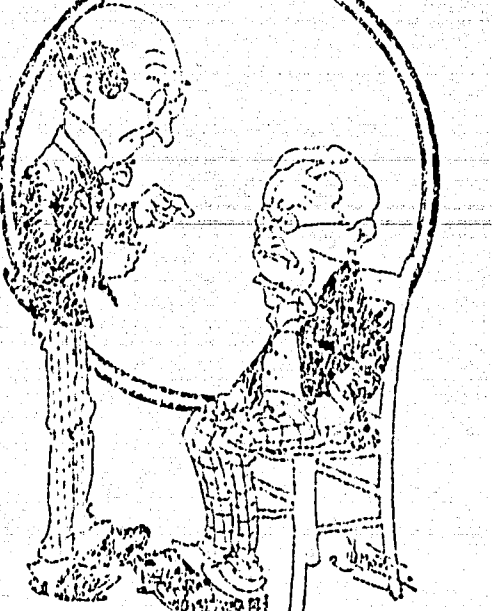
"I have a sad errand, pastor," replied the farmer. "Farmer Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

"A hard task, indeed."

"You may well say so, pastor; but I shall break it to him gently."

"And how will you do that?"

"Oh, I shall tell him first that it is his father who is dead; and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him that it is not his father, but the cow!"—Harper's Weekly.



WANTED TO KNOW.

The professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious of living things. In a month it will eat about six hundred times its own weight.

Deaf Parent—Whose boy did you say he was?

Water Supply of St. Petersburg.

The recent cholera epidemic at St. Petersburg has turned the attention of the municipality to considering the question of supplying the city with water from Lake Ladoga, one of the finest fresh-water lakes in the world. The water is pure and the supply by gravitation, and the plan, if carried out, will prove of great value to the city. This lake is situated about 9 miles from St. Petersburg and is the source of the river Neva.

She Knew.

"Dad, can you tell fairy tales?" Asked my little 4-year man; Lo, his mother standing by,

Answers, as she heaves a sigh: "Yes, my child, your father can."

—Buffalo News.

Is Your Chest Sore, Wheezy?

To delay is dangerous—inflammation must be drawn out at once. Rub throat and chest well with "Nerviline" and put on a Nerviline Porous Plaster. In one hour you'll feel well. The penetrating qualities of Nerviline enable it to soak to the very core of the trouble, and from the Nerviline Plaster comes a feeling of warmth and comfort that proves danger is past.

For weak chest, sore throat, colds, quinsy and bronchitis nothing can be better than Nerviline treatment. No home is safe without "Nerviline."

Kingston, Dec. 14th.

"To Mrs. of Nerviline:

"Eight weeks ago I was exposed to very inclement weather, and during a twenty mile drive caught a severe cold that settled on my chest. I suffered intensely, couldn't draw a long breath without it hurting. My chest was tight, and every time I coughed it rasped and made my throat raw. I went to bed, and still that cold didn't break up. Then I sent to the drug store for the Nerviline treatment. I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot water three times daily, rubbed my throat, chest, and shoulders with Nerviline, and put on a Nerviline porous plaster. In twelve hours I was cured." Cyrus C. Stanhope.

For nearly 50 years Nerviline has been a family standby. Large bottles, 25c, and Nerviline Plasters, 25c—at all dealers.

Nerviline Always Cures Quickly

With a Bump.

The man with the brown derby hat and the suitcase was hurrying northward at the intersection of State and Madison streets when a tall, slender man who wore a long overcoat and a thoughtful, preoccupied expression of countenance, who was hurrying westward, collided violently with him, knocking his hat into the gutter.

"You awkward lumaux!" he angrily exclaimed, picking up his hat, what do you mean by bumping into me in that way!"

"If you are addressing me, sir," answered the other, "I bumped into you that way because that was the only way I could do it."

"You'd better be a little more careful, if you know what's good for you."

"Thanks. If you know what's good for you, sir, you'll be a little more careful how you get in my way."

"Do you own this crossing, you long-legged, goggle-eyed, hump-shouldered slab of—"

"I happened to own the particular spot on this crossing where we met so informally just now, you peak-nosed, French-bearded, ill-natured, sleek-haired specimen of bad manners. Anybody with half the intelligence of an idiot ought to know—"

"I've half a mind to knock your ugly block off, you walking scarecrow, you—"

"You've considerably less than half a mind to do it, my friend. Look here, you thick skulled ignoramus, don't you

know that when two men are approaching each other at right angles the point at which they will inevitably meet—"

"Who are you, anyway, you putty-faced, leather-jawed old—"

"My name is Gwilliams, attorney and counselor at law, if that helps you any, you mutton-headed Algerine. To resume: The point at which two men are approaching each other at right angles are bound to meet belongs by every principle of law and common justice, not to mention common sense, to the man who is nearer to it. You saw that I was going to pass it first, and you tried to head me off by hurrying. You didn't move quite fast enough, and I took a deep, serene pleasure in butting into you. I'd do it again, you—"

"You would, would you? I'll just smash your face for you, you infernal old—"

"Aw, g'wan!" interposed the big policeman on the crossing, elbowing his way into the crowd that had gathered, grabbing each of the two by the shoulder, and giving them a shove in opposite directions. "I'll run yez both in if ayther of ye says another wurrd!"—C. W. T. in Chicago Tribune.

A Business Secret.

"I'm sure," said the interviewer, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success."

"Well, young man," replied the captain of industry, "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."—Catholic Standard and Times.

MAGISTRATE'S ECZEMA CURED

AFTER 20 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Zam-Buk's Healing Power Proved by School Commissioner and Baptist Deacon.

ONE of the most recent converts to the Zam-Buk method of treating and curing disease is Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N.S.

Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed, throughout the County it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Some time back he had occasion to test

Zam-Buk, and here is his opinion of this great balm. He says:—

"I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of eczema on my ankle, which had been there for over twenty years. Sometimes, also, the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had taken solution of arsenic, had applied various ointments, and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but all in vain. I was advised to give Zam-Buk a trial, and as I am a firm believer in Nature's remedies, I did so. From first applying it I saw it was altogether different to the ordinary ointments and embrocations, and it soon began to show signs of clearing away the eczema on my ankle. This was so gratifying, that I persevered for some time with it, and I am glad to say it had the desired result. I am now cured of the disease which defied every other treatment for twenty years."

"This is not the only direction in which I have proved the merits of Zam-Buk. I suffered for a long time from piles, and I found a perfect cure for this painful ailment in Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk soothes the pain, relieves the congested veins, and so restores the elasticity to the tissues that the piles gradually but surely disappear."

Zam-Buk is a positive and certain cure for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, piles, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, scabs, chapped hands, cold cracks, chilblains, ringworm, scalp sores, bad leg, diseased ankles, and all other skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well into the parts affected, it cures neuralgia, rheumatism, and sciatica. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, three for \$1.25, and post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse the harmful imitations sometimes represented to be "just as good."

Zam-Buk



This woman says that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her after everything else had failed.

Mrs. W. Barrett, 602 Moreau St., Montreal, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "For years I was a great sufferer from female weakness, and despite every remedy given me by doctors for this trouble, I grew worse instead of better. I was fast falling in health, and I was completely discouraged."

"One day a friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and am thankful to say that it cured the female weakness, making me strong and well."

"Every woman who suffers from female troubles should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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.

The Weaving of Fate

"Ah, it is an old favorite," he said, with a lover's proverbial blindness or perversity, misunderstanding her.

They spoke no more until they reached the little shop, where stood old Dan at the door, as usual, to welcome his children, as he called them, home.

Beside the fire that night Clare was thoughtful.

He would not sing, scarcely indeed, would he talk, and Daisy, who watched every fleeting expression on his face, was secretly troubled and perplexed.

When he arose to go he bade Dan and Mrs. Nickelboy good-night in the little parlor, saying that neither they nor Daisy should come to the door in the cold.

But when he had gotten to the door he called to Daisy to come and look at the stars.

As she came softly up to him, he put out his hand, and taking hold of her arm, drew her within the shadow of the door.

"Look at the stars," he said, in a low voice that trembled with love, pointing upward.

"Are they not beautiful?" the girl replied. "Do you know what they are?" she asked, in so gentle a voice that Clare might be pardoned for calling it star music.

"No," he said. "Some say other worlds, some say globes of light, some say angels flitting through the sky."

"I like the last supposition best," she said, dreamily. "If they are angels, perhaps they can see us, and are smiling down with kindly hearts and good wishes. Angels that are beautiful. I shall never look at the stars without thinking of them as such. Look at that one—is not that a bright angel?" she added, pointing to one particular planet glittering like a diamond above the prosaic house-tops.

"That one, do you mean?" said Clare, in a delighted voice. "That is my favorite, Daisy; do you know, I can see it from my bedroom window, and I watch it and watch it sometimes half the night through. And as I gaze at it I fancy it is an angel—an angel with a sweet, child-like face, with deep, trusting blue eyes—an angel with a tender-hearted, smiling face in a setting of gold hall and called—Daisy."

The girl who had been looking up at his eager face, and listening to his soft voice with a rapt attention, perfectly unconscious that he was picturing herself, flushed as he concluded with her name, then, turning pale, drew herself a little away from him.

But Clare caught her, and pressing her to him, bent his lips till they nearly touched her head, and went on more softly, more passionately still:

"And, Daisy, I watch until I almost fancy I can hear my star-angel speak, and striving to catch what it breathes. I often stretch forth my arms toward it, crying: 'Speak and tell me—what, Daisy—oh, what? Speak, my star, speak! I love you, star, I love you.'"

She was silent, but he felt her bosom heaving against his side, and heard the breath coming, quickly and sobbingly. "Do you not know what I want my star to say? Think—think. I tell it that I love it—with all my heart and soul, that unless it comes and lays itself against my heart, it will kill me. I tell it I love it as never man loved before. Oh, Daisy, be the star-angel and answer me."

Still no answer, and the young man, with a sudden thrill of pain, held her a little from him, and, turning aside his head, said:

"Daisy, you do not speak. Is it because you fear to tell me you do not love me, or that you have grown to like me as a brother, as a friend, but not—no—oh, Daisy, speak, or I must go—I know not where."

Still not a word came, and with a groan his arms dropped from her waist and sought the handle of the door.

Then with a long look he stepped out—but before he could close the door a tiny, trembling hand caught him, a sobbing voice breathed, "Clare," and he was back.

Then, straining her to his heart, pillow her beautiful head upon his breast, kissing her sweet face and stroking her golden hair, he murmured:

"Oh, my darling, tell me, what does my Daisy-star say?"

And the girl whispered back:

"Yes."

And the little word rose and rose until it echoed to the star-angel in heaven that wept with joy to hear it.

Of course, Clare could not go without telling old Dan of his good fortune, so still keeping Daisy's arm within his, he returned to the little parlor.

Mr. Nickelboy was just finishing the drain of supper beer he usually reserved for the last few minutes before bedtime, and looking around, surprised to hear Clare's footsteps, stared with comical surprise at the happy couple.

But he read their news in Clare's flashing eyes, and Daisy's blushing cheeks, and with a low cry of delight jumped up and seized Clare's hand.

"Bless your hearts," he cried, his eyes filling with tears. "Bless you, my own sweet birdie, and bless you, my honest boy. I see!—don't speak, my heart's too full."

And overcome by his great joy, the simple old man leaned his head upon his

arm, and wiped away his fast-falling tears.

"Father! father!" cried Daisy, in distress. "Don't cry! Oh, don't cry!"

And she took his white head against her bosom, and looked down upon him with loving eyes, that were not undimmed themselves.

"No, no, I won't, I won't—if I can help it," sobbed old Dan. "My birdie, I'm crying for joy to see you so happy. And what's more, I am crying to think that he ain't here to see how I've— Eh?"

And old Dan stopped suddenly in his happy excitement, reminded by his puzzled look that he was making a slip.

"Oh, don't mind me, Clare, don't neither of you pay any attention to what I say; I'm almost crazy with delight to see my Daisy, my treasure—"

Here he suddenly stopped again, and ruffling his white hair with a puzzled and half-bewildered smile, caught the beautiful girl in his arms, and shaking Clare's hand until it looked like a pump handle, snatched up a candle and turned from the room.

Then came the first loving farewell, their first kiss, and the first thrill of ineffable joy that echoes in the words, "Good night, my darling."

On Monday Clare got through his calculations and correspondence as well as his condition of mind would allow him.

He was in loveland, up in the skies in a world of soft, bright golden hair, inhabited by angels—except Daisy—and it was with a feeling of bewilderment he left the quiet office and sallied into the street.

That night he brought his treasure home with a new and more intense pleasure than he had ever felt before.

He was guarding his own.

"I don't see my beggar to-night," said Daisy, pityingly, as they passed the corner where the ragged figure was usually posted.

"Nor I; he has taken a holiday, perhaps," said Clare.

"I hope he is not ill," returned Daisy. "He looks very delicate and ill always, poor fellow."

"Oh, he'll be here to-morrow night," said Clare, almost jealous even of the old beggar. "If he is not I will try to find him. I dare say the policeman knows where he lives."

"Will you?" said Daisy, gratefully. "How kind you are, Clare," and she pressed his arm.

"Am I? Then reward me," said Clare.

Conversation was impossible after that, and the two happy lovers walked on.

As they came in sight of the house they saw Daisy's beggar putting up the shutters. Clare uttered an exclamation of surprise, and Daisy stopped to ask the man how he chanced to be there.

The beggar, who had a patch over one eye and a low cap that half concealed his forehead, said in a low voice that trembled, perhaps, with gratitude, that Mr. Nickelboy had engaged him to put up the shutters and help about the place in various ways, fixing his uncovered eye on Clare instead of Daisy, with an expression which was half of scrutiny and half of threat.

Clare, who was too intent on Daisy to notice the look, held out a sixpence to the man when he had finished, and saying a few kind words, followed Daisy into the shop.

"Ah! ah! here you are, my children," said Dan.

"All safe, sound and happy," and he gave Daisy his usual kiss. "Did you see my new assistant, Clare?"

"Yes," said Clare. "I know him, so does Daisy. He stands on the corner of Oxford street and is a regular pensioner of hers."

"Oh, is he?" said old Dan. "That's funny, now, isn't it? He came in here this afternoon and asked if he might be allowed to put the shutters up and do other odd jobs. Well, I know I am a trusting old simpleton—not, perhaps, it's over wise to be always suspicious—and I said he might. Salary," added old Dan, "half a crown a week, dinner and tea."

And now go along into the parlor, for the old lady has a treat for you, I think, leastways she's been a-roasting herself in the kitchen and producing a most uncommon savory smell."

Laughing happily, the two lovers made their way into the parlor, where a savory dish of mutton cutlets nicely browned, and, as old Dan said, of a most savory odor, awaited them.

Notwithstanding the entreaties and Daisy's bright laugh, Clare was that night somewhat quiet, and when he said the farewell which always took so long at the shop door, he told Daisy that he had formed a resolution, though of what nature he would not tell her.

The resolution, whatever it might be, seemed to haunt Clare, for it stuck by him all the next day, and even made him quiet in the evening, when, with a certain reluctance, he told Daisy he must go before supper.

"Clare!" said the gentle girl. "Going so soon? What has happened?"

"Happened, Daisy? Well, nothing. I am only thoughtful, to-night, thinking of you and our love, and forcing myself to an effort I know I must make at once."

And he spoke truly, for, watching the fire and her face, he had been asking himself that night where it was all to end.

Still filled with the resolution he had spoken of, he walked hurriedly in the direction of the square, and was so occupied with his own thoughts that it was not until within sight of the dark house that he became conscious that footsteps were following.

Anticipating an attack, he turned suddenly and came face to face with the beggar whom he had met once before that evening.

"Why are you following me?" he asked.

"I am not following you for aught save good," replied the beggar, in a voice extremely unlike the usual mendicant whine.

"For good! what good?" said Clare.

"For—"

The beggar hesitated, fixed his piercing eyes as if he meant to read Clare's soul, and then, without another word, turned swiftly away.

Clare looked after him for a moment, then crossed the square and knocked at the door of his father's house.

The old man, whose duty it seemed to be to guard the seldom opened portals, touched the forehead wrinkled in the De Jersey's service, and was about to pass to his little room in the hall as silently, but Clare stopped him and asked him if his father was within.

"He has not been out, sir, for some nights past," replied the old man, "and is in his own room, I believe, sir."

Clare thanked him, and walking slowly up the broad staircase, knocked at the door of the dark study, which no one dared open when its owner was within.

"Come in," said his father's voice, and Clare entered.

Looking up from a mass of papers over which he was bending, Mr. De Jersey frowned as he saw who had entered, and in a voice harsh and cold, strained so, it seemed to Clare, said:

"Is it you, Clare? What do you want?"

As if he had seen him the night before. Turning pale, Clare De Jersey was about to speak, when his father, who had noticed his sudden pallor, interrupted:

"Not a word of the topic you spoke of when last we talked together! That topic, Clare, must ever be a forbidden one."

"Fear not, sir," replied the other. "I am little likely to distress you with farther offers of a sympathy so plainly repugnant to you. Fear not either, sir, that I shall ever distress you by frequent speech or frequent visits. I come to-night, driven by my sense of honor, which, with my pride, I inherit from my father."

With his head thrown back, and his eyes sparkling, the Clare De Jersey of to-night was a striking contrast to the one who pleaded on his knees some time back.

Mr. De Jersey bowed sternly.

"So be it, Clare," he said, shading his eyes with his habitual reserve. "I am listening. First, perhaps, you will tell me what secret business draws you from your home."

"My home!" repeated the youth, in a sad undertone; then, aloud: "It is of that business I would speak, sir," he said; then, suddenly looking down, his face flushing redly, he said, in a hoarse voice: "Father, be generous, I am in love."

"In love!" repeated Mr. De Jersey, turning his black eyes upon his son's downcast face. "In love, and—Clare, tell me all."

"There is little to tell, sir," he said, calmly. "A month ago I discovered an angel—your smile is like a frown, sir—her sweet face and nature told her. I saw her in the street mingling poor, gentle Daisy, with the crowd, took her to her humble home, found it as good and pure as she is, spoke of my love, won hers in return, and—"

"Silence, sir!" cried the father, in a voice like suppressed thunder. "Say her in the streets! Took her home!—humph! Are you mad, sir, or am I dreaming? Who is this—this girl of whom you rave?"

"I am not mad, sir, nor are you dreaming," replied Clare, viewing the passionate white face before him with anxious eyes. "She is all I have said and more. I love her with all my heart. I am working—"

"I ask for no further raving," hissed Mr. De Jersey. "Mad boy, tell me who she is?"

"She is the daughter of a small tradesman," began Clare, with evident reluctance.

But before he could continue, a sudden change of rage from his father, together with the ashy pallor of his face and the fierce light in his eyes, stopped him.

"Silence!" he cried, in a voice broken and hoarse with passion. "Speak not a word more! Shame on you, sir, to dishonor your name, my name, by such madness."

"Dishonor!" repeated Clare. "Ay, dishonor," snarled Mr. De Jersey, turning on him with the glare of a tiger.

"Think you I have worked and striven for this? Think you I will sit by and see the wealth I have toiled, schemed and sinned—ay, sinned for—mad boy!" he hissed, seeing Clare start incredulously—"sinned, I say again a thousand times—to see the hard gold fill the pockets of a scullery maid, an adventuress, a—"

"Silence!" cried Clare, in his turn, his chest heaving with his indignation. "Silence, sir, in charity to yourself, whom you wrong by every word—not her, for such foul words cannot harm her more than mud can soil an angel. You call her this who never saw her—you—oh, father, father, you shall judge for yourself. To-morrow night I'll bring her here—"

"Dare!" cried Mr. De Jersey.

"Ay, dare," replied Clare. "I'll bring her here to-morrow night, so that you may recall your words; I'll marry her the next day and see your face no more."

Almost bursting with passion, he struck the table with his clenched fist. The father looked at the white, set face of his son and was silent for a mo-

ment, then standing up and resting one hand on the table, said:

"So, Clare De Jersey, you defy me. Now, listen. You asked me, some nights back, to give you my confidence. I refused, and wisely. Now, I comply, that you may see what black shadow it is that hangs over your father and yourself—ay, the very house itself. You know nothing of your early history, save that this house has been your home, riches have been at your command since you were born. Listen how those riches came to you. There was once a noble house and two brothers—the elder a weak, simple-minded man, with few ideas beyond his books; the younger a passionate, restless, ambitious being, with a mind grasping everything."

"The noble name, the wealth of the house was held by the elder brother; the younger thirsted for them. The one weak and simple, the other passionate and avaricious—can you guess the rest? Ay, by scheme, boy, by violence, the one drove the elder from the face of the earth, clashing his only child in his arms, to avoid a madman's doom, and reigned in his stead." Thus far the father proceeded in cold, measured tones, the son gazing with a half-incredulous, half-bewildered terror on his set face.

"The elder brother," continued Mr. De Jersey, "was your uncle; the younger, I, your father. I hunted him down one winter night, left him groveling in the snow, clashing his brat in his arms—left him there to die, or to fly in terror from the land that held his brother."

"Oh, horror, horror!" cried the youth.

"Am I mad? Am I dreaming?"

"Ay, to think to reward my toils by such a base return!" hissed the father. "You know all, now go. If you are still mad, think whether I, who stopped at nothing to win the wealth for you, will stop at nothing to avenge myself for your disobedience."

For several minutes he remained silent; his head bowed in his hands, then rising, he said, in a determined voice:

"Notwithstanding all, father, I will keep my word. To-morrow I will bring her, that you may see I marry no such horror as you call her, and then we part forever."

"The peril be your own," he replied.

CHAPTER VII.

As if in a dream, Clare De Jersey lived through the next day. Scarcely possible did it seem that his father's confession could be anything but the revelation of a monomania, but through all the tossings of his bewildered mind the youth determined to bring his love face to face with his stern father, and was resolved to carry out his whole purpose in marrying her and seeing his unnatural father no more.

Slowly as the day seemed to drag on, it passed, and at night he repaired to the humble little chandler's shop, which to him was dearer than his wealthy home.

Even there he was robbed of his consolation, for the necessity of concealing from Daisy his real position prevented his pouring his miserable story into her sympathetic ears, and he sat beside her, at the parlor fireside, holding her hand, a deep cloud on his brow and trouble at his heart.

Old Dan, coming in from serving a customer, found him thus.

"Well, my lads and lassies," he said, "how quiet we are! Why, Clare, boy, you ought to be as merry as a skylark. So near Christmas, too! I'm afeared as your poor brain is worked too hard at them figures. Figures, figures, all day long is enough to wear anybody's brains out. Many a Christmas Eve I have seen 'em sighing though he smiled. 'Deary me, some of them said and some of them say, I can't expect to see many more of them, Clare.'"

"Father, father!" exclaimed the girl, tearfully, rising and throwing her arms around the old man's neck.

"Ay, ay," he said, nodding and stroking her hair with a look of love. "It was a happy day for old Dan when his Daisy was found—born, I mean."

"For, I was going to ask you if I might take Daisy for a walk for a little while. I want to show her something that will interest her, I think."

"Of the theatre, eh, Clare?" said the old man.

"No, not the theatre, Dan," said Clare. "I don't think you can guess, nor you, Daisy."

"Can't I guess, Clare?" she replied, looking up at him trustfully. "Then I will wait until you tell me. Where is it you are going to take me?"

"To my old home," he replied.

"Your old home!" she said, with surprise. "Ah, that will please me, Clare. Your old home—where you have lived! Oh, Clare, I would rather see it than any sight in the world."

"Well, you shall see it," he said, anxiously, returning her eager glance with a grave smile.

"Far from here?" asked old Dan, poking the fire, and thinking he meant the outside of the house where he had told them he first lodged.

"Not very," said Clare. "Go, Daisy, and put on your hat."

In a few minutes she tripped into the room, looking like a fairy in her dainty hat and coat, and, giving her his arm, Clare led her into the street, old Dan watching them as they passed through the shop.

On their way to the gloomy house in the square Clare spoke but once.

"Daisy," he said, "you love me?"

A pressure of the little hand was his only answer.

"You trust in me, too, Daisy, and know that I would not give you pain unnecessarily?"

"Yes, Clare," she whispered.

"Daisy, I am going to try your love and your patience. You will be strong and brave?"

"I will do anything for you, Clare," she replied, breathlessly.

They went on until the house was reached. The young girl looked up at the mansion in wonder.

"Was this—"

"Yes, my darling, this was my home. Let me ring."

The door was opened and they passed in, the girl trembling, but true to her promise, silent and unhesitating.

"Tell your master, I am waiting in the drawing-room," he said, and still holding Daisy's arm in his, he passed into the large salon.

Leaving them for an instant to await the coming of the father, let us return to the chandler's shop.

Scarcely had they gone than old Dan, closing the door, went to the sideboard, and taking from it a desk, set it upon the table. Blowing the fire until a red glow lit up his white hair like a crown of snow, he unlocked the desk, and, taking from it an old-fashioned silken purse, sat down by the fire again, and, turning over the purse in his hand, murmured:

"Twenty years ago, my poor Daisy—she was like to have perished in the snow! Ah, how bad men are when their passions get the better of them! Twenty years ago—and yet it might be but yesterday. I mind me so well the poor thing's face. Mad, maybe, but he loved little Daisy—he loved her, poor, little, wee thing, or he'd never have been so earnest-like, and old Dan has kept his trust, too. No harm has come nigh her; she has been as happy as a bird in the wood her old Dan can lay his hand on his foolish old heart and say he's kept his trust—kept his—what's that?"

For the door was suddenly burst open, and the ragged figure of the beggar rushed into the room, a horrified fear impressed upon his face and a terrified look in his dark, piercing eyes.

Old Dan started to his feet, but before he could utter a word the old man seized him by the hand and whispered in his ear:

(Continued on another page.)

ENGLISH ROYALTY.

Luxurious Furnishings of the New Car Built for King Edward.

The three railway corporations controlling the East Coast route between London and Scotland have just completed a new and luxuriously fitted royal train for the exclusive use of their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, and other members of the British royal family. Hitherto when the royal family have travelled over portions of the East Coast route the train built some years ago at the London and Northwestern Company's works at Wolverton has been utilized; but now the East Coast companies are in possession of their own special train.

The King's saloon is 67 feet in length over the body, 9 feet wide and 12 feet 11 inches high from rail level to top of roof. It is constructed of teak with a steel underframe and is carried on two six-wheeled bogies. Entrance is obtained from double doors opening inward at each end; the mouldings round the panels and windows are of gilt brass and the centre of the bottom panels is ornamented with his Majesty's cipher. On each side of the doors are gilt grip panels extending from the cornice to the floor. The outside panels are of specially selected figured teak and the centre panel bears his Majesty's coat of arms.

Commencing at one end the saloon is divided as follows: Entrance balcony, smoke room, day saloon, bedroom or dining room, dressing room, attendant's compartment.

The bedroom, or dining room, is fourteen feet long and the walls are panelled and enamelled white, the furniture being in mahogany inlaid with kingwood and covered with fine old rose colored silk damask with green silk embroidered cushions. When used for day journeys the bed is taken out and the compartment is converted into a dining room. In order to give uniformity of effect all of these rooms, with the exception of the attendant's compartment, are carpeted alike with a fine plain Saxony pile old rose carpet, and all the curtains and blinds are of soft green silk, with white silk embroidery. In addition to electric radiators the saloon is heated by means of warmed air, which is delivered into the various compartments through ducts from electric blowers situated in the attendant's compartment. Ventilation is also afforded in the same way, and the air from the roof ventilators is extracted by means of electric exhausters.

In addition to the saloon for his Majesty the King two special saloons have been constructed for his Majesty's suite and friends, which are vestibuled on to the royal saloon. These saloons are carried on four wheeled bogies of special design with ten foot wheel base. The vehicles are fifty-eight feet six inches long and are fitted with easy chairs and couches upholstered in green tapetery. The partitions are so arranged that each of the saloons can be made into four bedrooms.—From the Scientific American.

Care of Snowshoes.

Snowshoes need very little care; you don't have to wipe them dry with a chamois for instance—the prescribed treatment for skates. When taking them off merely tap them against the wall or a tree to shake free the clinging snow and stand them up on their heels outside. Never attempt to dry them before a fire. When they are put away for the summer select a dry place where there will be no danger of mice.—From Country Life in America.

Making It Pleasant for Him.

"Gentlemen," said the toastmaster at the banquet, "we have listened to some excellent orations this evening and I am sure we have enjoyed their efforts very much. I have purposely kept one of our best speakers for the last, and after you have heard him I know you will be glad to go home. Gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. Ketchum A. Cummin, who will now address you."

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ENDERBY PRESS

Published every Thursday at Enderby, B.C. at \$2 per year, by the Walker Press.

MARCH 25, 1909

Comment and Affirmation

SALMON ARM is to be congratulated. George Armstrong is giving them a newspaper that aims high and knows how to hit the mark. Already he has succeeded in inducing the business people to organize a Board of Trade, with a paid-up membership of 24 at \$5 per. Here's to you, neighbors; may you bring the good name of your town before thousands and induce hundreds to locate there.

PERHAPS the City Council will send to Beat'ums for prices when they are open to purchase the next dozen 32-c.p. street lights or 10c worth of nails. Better place the light committee on Tim's mailing list so the corporation can be kept supplied with the octopus' prayer book. The way to encourage our local men to keep a stock on hand is to tax them for a trade license, tax them for sidewalks, tax them for streets, and then the first time the city has an order to give over 10c send it to T. Beat'ums. Mighty business!

ISN'T it a grave mistake to place as the highest commendation for a town the lowest rate of taxation! We have heard much now and again about the high rate of taxation in the towns to the south of us, in contrast with the low rate of taxation in Enderby. While we do not wish to disparage the good work done by Enderby, we must say that we believe we should have a higher object in our municipal life than that of keeping down our rate of taxation. We need other things more. We cannot expect to infuse enthusiasm into others in our town if we do not show that we ourselves are enthused. If there is one thing that shows what financial men think of

a town whose people are determined to improve, even if the improvements do cost money, it is the avidity with which they purchase the debentures of the progressive town. Kelowna has recently borrowed \$29,000 to spend upon her streets in improvements, and the last issue of \$7,000 was snapped up at \$1.11. Enderby's issue of \$15,000 went begging at par and finally sold at \$.85.

LAST year our city fathers bought a pair of climbers. Since then the climbers have been dead stock. They don't know what to do with them. Someone has suggested that the mayor take a course in pole climbing and then put the light committee wise. Just think how much the city would save if the city fathers would do the work! They could then order everything from Beat'ums and cut out the Enderby men who pay trade licenses. Then nobody would be making anything, we wouldn't have to pay out anything for street work or sidewalks because we wouldn't need any, and everybody would be happy! Just think how low the rate of taxation would be! My! My!

THIS is the proposition: Mill street is a chartered city street. It is crossed by the railway, and the rails are rail-high above the street level. The city has requested, ordered, coaxed, and demanded that the crossing be made passable. The railway company has had planks at the crossing for a year or more, and in two hours the crossing could be laid. The officials of the railway want the street closed and will not

order the crossing laid. The property of the Columbia Flouring Mills, one of our heaviest taxpayers, is damaged to the extent of being deprived of the use of a chartered city street, and the city, while taking these taxes and using them on other streets, is doing nothing to compel a crossing to be put in or to assist the mill company in its efforts to have the street opened. It looks as though the mill company would have to mandamus the city to get its legal rights.

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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 TRUSTEES on the Board of School Trustees of Enderby, in the place of Mr. F. Payman, 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

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

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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 1, (except 6-18/100 acres) and Lots 1, 8, 9, 10, subdivision of part of Lot 226, Group 1 (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

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NURSERIES

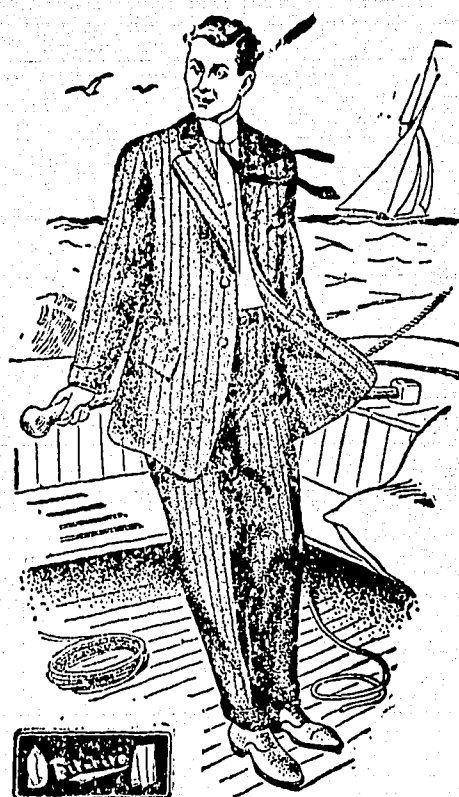
HAVE YOU ORDERED

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

Enderby and Her Home Interests

Enderby's First Show

Dr. Bell, the poultry judge, in the Great-West Poultryman for February, says:

"After leaving Edmonton my next show was in the growing city (they call everything in British Columbia a 'city') of Enderby, the first large place on the main line of the C. P. R. from Sicamous Junction, in the Okanagan district.

"Here the interest was very great in poultry and if the promised assistance from the nearby towns had materialized the first show of this live association would have been a success. As it was, an entry of nearly 200 was obtained.

"As at Edmonton and Calgary the single-combed birds have suffered a great deal this winter, especially in this district where the rigors of the winter are not so severe as in Manitoba, and the houses have not been built to withstand the cold such as prevailed in early January, some of the birds having both wattles and combs almost entirely removed. No doubt a lesson will be learned from the experience of the past severe spell, and houses will be built suitable to withstand any such 'drop in the thermometer again.

"The only two classes in which there was any competition were Buff Orpingtons and Barred Rocks; the former having some real good birds, but the combs had been so disfigured by the frost that they suffered considerably on cuts, (this being a score-card show).

"In Barred Rocks two very promising cockerels from Manitoba were placed first and second, being of good shape and nice colors.

"As expected where H. E. Waby was showing, a large entry of S. C. Brown Leghorns was made, but with one or two exceptions everyone showed the effects of the severe weather.

"A few Minorcas, White Leghorns, Anconas, Houdans, all local birds, made a nice commencement.

"The breeders in this vicinity are very enthusiastic and from the enquiries made relative to the purchase of birds, this will no doubt soon be quite a poultry centre.

"On the last night of the show a banquet was given by the Association and proved a most enjoyable affair. Many complimentary speeches were made, congratulating the officials on the successful issue of the show."

Silver Cups Delivered

The special prize cups awarded by the Northern Okanagan Poultry Association were delivered to the winners, duly inscribed. In receiving his cup, Henry Bristow, of Summerland, writes:

"The silver cup arrived by last boat and I am very much pleased with it. If Enderby continues to donate such prizes they will surely get the people interested and make their show a success."

Home Loyalty

The City Council has a most peculiar penchant—it used to be considered a "penny-wise pound-foolish" penchant, but in these days of grace and Beat'um's grill it may be considered the highest wisdom—we do not know. When

the city had the street lights put up when the system was installed the cost was \$5.50 per light. The city proposes to add 12 lights to the present system, and asked for tenders, not on the job, but per light. F. V. Moffet, our enterprising electrician, doing business in the city and paying a trade license, bid \$5.00 per lamp on the pole, wired and ready for the juice; the Hinton Company bid \$3 for the lamps f.o.b. Vancouver. The city also asked for bids on 32 c.p. lights. Mr. Moffet's price, Enderby, was 35c, and the Hinton Co., Vancouver, 25c. The city gave the order to Vancouver, ignoring the local man in the hope of saving—what? When the Hinton Company had its men here it charged the city \$5.50 for what Mr. Moffet offered to do for \$5. Does the city expect to pay the freight, stand the risk of breakage and get the lights put up at a saving under this figure? Does the city expect to pay the freight and mark off the regular 5 per cent for breakage and save anything worth talking about between the 25c price and 35c price? But let us suppose the city saves 5c a light on say two dozen lights a year—\$1.20—isn't it pretty small business to cut the throat of a young man just started in business, for such a paltry sum? In the name of Enderby, can't we cut out this paltry, eatonized brand of economy, at least in our municipal affairs?

R. BLACKBURN CITY MEAT MARKET

Fresh Meats

of all kinds. Fish and Poultry in season

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

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

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.

F. T. TURNER Plumbing and Steam Fitting

All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repaired
Rear Evans Blk Enderby

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.

GRAHAM BROS. CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Estimates Cheerfully furnished. MARA, B. C.

Barb Wire, \$4.25

Nails, \$4.25, Poultry Netting, 3.50 TO 6.50

Farm Machinery

Having taken the agency of E. G. PRIOR & CO., I can now supply you anything in this line. A stock of Garden Cultivators due in a few days.

Our car of General Hardware has arrived. It is the most complete stock ever shown in Enderby.

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

Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817)

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

Honorary President, Rt. Hon. LORD STRATHCONA, MOUNT ROYAL, G. C. M. G.
President, Hon. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K. C. M. G.
Vice-President and General Manager, SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, Bart.
Head Office, Montreal. London Office, 46-47 Threadneedle St. E. C.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT Deposits received from \$1, with interest allowed at current rate
Branches in Okanagan District: Enderby, Armstrong, Vernon, Kelowna and Summerland
G. A. HENDERSON, Esq., Manager A. E. TAYLOR, Sub-Agent Enderby

Finest in the Country

"Enderby is a charming village with city airs. When Paddy Murphy shook the snow of Sandon off his feet he came here, and now owns one of 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 Lodge.)

King Edward Hotel, BELL & MURPHY 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 A N D Feed Stables

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

JAMES MOWAT

Fire, Life, Accident Insurance Agencies
The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
The Phoenix Insurance Co. of London
British America Assurance Co.
Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool (Life dept)
The London & Lancashire Guarantee & Accident Co. of Canada.
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

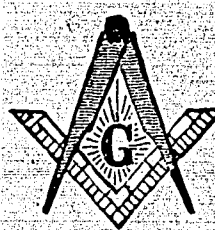
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST TELLS OF PATENT MEDICINES

A graduate in organic chemistry, who has made a study of many of the best-known patent medicines on the market, states that many have virtue, but as a rule people have to pay for a lot of unnecessary expense. The following is the recipe of a well-known secret preparation, and is known by authority to be one of the best stomach and liver tonics. It is prescribed by many of the best physicians.

This mixture cures constipation and biliousness. The recipe: Fluid Extract Cascara, 1/2 oz.; Compound Syrup Rhubarb, 1 oz.; Fluid Extract Carriana Compound, 1 oz.; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, 5 oz. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

An eminent authority, who has made a careful and scientific study of the relative value of drugs having a specific action on the kidneys, bladder and liver, pronounces this an excellent combination. You can buy the ingredients separately and mix at home. Cut this formula out and save it.

SECRET SOCIETIES

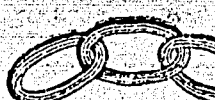


A.F. & A.M.

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

J. F. PRINGLE
W. M.

V. C. BRIMACOMBE
Secretary



I.O.O.F.

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

PROFESSIONAL

D. H. W. KEITH,

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

Office: BELL BLOCK ENDERBY

W. E. BANTON,

Barrister, Solicitor,
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Offices, Bell Block, Enderby, B. C.

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ARCHITECT
CONSULTING ENGINEER
FOR HEATING AND
VENTILATING
INSTALLATIONS.

VERNON B. C.

PETER BURNET

Dominion & Provincial
Land Surveyor
Enderby, B. C.

Weak Lungs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Hawking

Even Though Head and Throat Are
Diseased From Neglected Colds,
Cure is Certain.

Hundreds die of chronic catarrh that could be cured by persevering with a remedy of real merit. Look for these symptoms in your own case—they all mean CATARRH in some form:

"Is your voice rough?"
"Do you cough up phlegm?"
"Is your nose stuffed up?"
"Do you snore at night?"
"Does your nose itch and burn?"
"Have you frontal headaches?"
"Do your eyes pain?"
"Have you droppings in your throat?"
"Do you sneeze, hawk, cough?"
"Have you droppings in your throat?"
"Are you losing sense of taste?"
"Have you stomach nausea?"

Catarrh has been pronounced a disease caused and maintained by germ life, and like other diseases where germs are present, is impossible to be cured by the ordinary constitutional medicines.

Hundreds of different remedies have been tried. Inhalers which produced steam, vapors and sprays were introduced, but turned out useless, as the vapor condensed and the medicaments were left deposited in the large bronchial tubes long before the air reached the smaller cells of the lungs.

Catarrhozone

Is the only germicide ever found volatile enough to impregnate every particle of air breathed, yet leaving it FREE from moisture, thus enabling this powerful germ destroyer to reach every part of the air passages in the head, throat and lungs, where it at once kills the bacilli that cause catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, colds, etc.

It cures by inhalation, and because it cannot fall to reach the seat of the disease, it is guaranteed, and incurs not the slightest danger of inconvenience to the patient.

Begin Treatment Now

Catarrhozone is absolutely certain to reach the source of the disease. It possesses marvelous healing properties, and quickly restores the raw, congested membranes to a normal, healthy condition. In a few breaths it clears away all foul mucous discharges, and quickly allays coughing, headache, pain over the eyes, and the manifold unpleasant symptoms of catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, coughs, sore throat and colds.

Quick Cure is Guaranteed

Now bear in mind, you breathe Catarrhozone. Do you not think this is a rational method of treatment—a reasonable way of reaching the diseased surfaces, which lie so far in the cavity of the body or of the head that they can be reached in no other way? You cannot possibly fail to obtain quick cure if you use Catarrhozone. Two months' treatment, absolutely guaranteed, costs \$1.00, smaller size, 50c., at all dealers in medicines.

Blames Toronto.

(Ottawa Free Press).

An ending to Toronto's fight against the Street Railway Company appears in sight. One of the newspapers has recognized that the fault lies mainly with the City Council, and has had courage enough to say so. It will not take the powers-that-be at the City Hall long to reach an agreement with the company once they make up their minds that abusing it is out of date as a vote-making process.



The
Only
Way

Don't believe rheumatism can be cured by rubbing liniment or oil on the sore spot. The disease cannot be reached in that way. It must be driven out of the system. Only Celery King will do this quickly. 25 cents at all dealers or by mail, S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

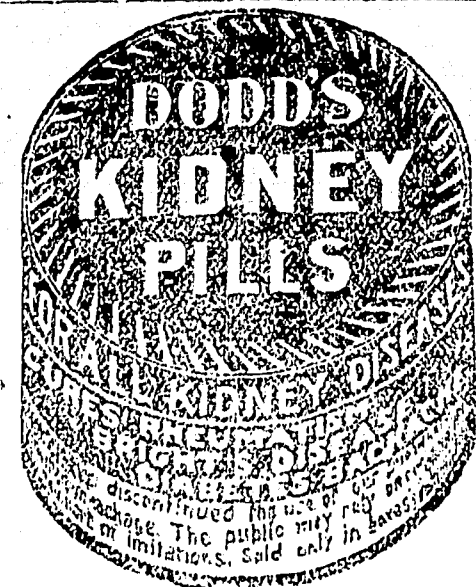
Discriminating.

"Do you believe in the literal ideas of future punishment?"
"Not for myself," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "But I favor it for a lot of people I know."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Following a Bad Precedent.

"What kind of pavement are you going to put along this street?"
"Well, it is our intention—"
"So that's the kind, is it? Great Photo! Why don't you move out of this neighborhood? You don't have to live here, do you?"



MOUNTAIN HOME FOR GAME.

British Columbia's Preserve for Mountain Goats and Sheep, Elk and Deer.

By a proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor and Executive Council of British Columbia, dated Nov. 15, 1909, there was created a sanctuary for the mountain goat, mountain sheep, elk, mule deer and other important wild animals of the East Kootenay district of that province. The initial act takes the form of an order proclaiming an absolute closed season for ten years.

The southern line of the preserve is 63 miles north of the international boundary, and its eastern boundary, Elk River, is fifteen miles from the western boundary of Alberta, on the summit of the continental divide. The total area of the region which thus becomes an absolute game preserve of about 450 square miles. It includes about three-quarters of the territory between the Elk and Bull Rivers, already known to the public as the proposed Goat Mountain Park, to which elk and deer breeding grounds have been added on the northwest, on the head waters of White River and its tributary creeks.

The region is richly stocked with game. It is undoubtedly the centre of abundance of the white mountain goat, the number of which is estimated by competent sportsmen and guides at about 1,000 head. Of mountain sheep there is also an abundant stock, a conservative estimate placing the total at not less than 200 head.

Grizzly bears are abundant in the higher ranges, and it is safe to estimate the total number at from 40 to 50 individuals. Elk are yet scarce, and so are mule deer, both these species having been shot out almost to the point of extermination before the existing elk protection law was enacted.

It is now quite certain that from this time henceforth all the large game species of the protected area will steadily and rapidly increase. Besides providing for the perpetual preservation of the picturesque goat and the lordly sheep, both of them species that are easily exterminated unless protected, the overflow of wild life from the new reservoir will perpetually stock the surrounding territory.

The creation of the preserve was suggested to the Government of British Columbia in 1906 by two American sportsmen. For two years William T. Hornaday and John N. Phillips carried on by correspondence and in the press an active campaign of education and appeal on behalf of the proposed preserve.

On being convinced that the people of British Columbia really desired the proposed preserve, Premier McBride referred the matter to the provincial game warden, A. Bryan Williams, for examination and a report. In 1908 Mr. Williams made two long and laborious tours of inspection through the East Kootenay region, from Fernie to the White River country, and after a searching examination rendered a report. The executive order published on Nov. 15 defines the boundaries of the now closed area as recommended by Mr. Williams.

Gold Laid Watch

Guaranteed for 20 years FREE for selling 4 dozen Gold Laid Watches at \$5.00 each. These pens write a beautiful color by simply dipping in water. No ink required. Write to-day. We trust you with the pens, sell them and return the money and win this little beauty Gold Finished Watch and also a lovely Tea Set FREE. COBALT GOLD PEN CO. Dept. 120 Toronto, Ont.

New Specimen for the Zoo.

Dressed in the latest and most approved motorcycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motorcyclist gaily toot-tooted his way toward the Zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted and said to a small, grubby urchin:

"I say, boy, am I right for the Zoo?"
The boy gazed at so strange a sight and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens.

"You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd had a far better chance if you'd a tail."—Tit-Bits.



With most typewriters this is a period of transition from the old to the new. The Underwood is the pioneer visible writer. It is long past the experimental stage. It is safe to buy an Underwood.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LIMITED
7 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO

The American Winter.

An American and Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold weather we have in the States," said the American. "I can recall one winter when a sheep jumping from a hillside into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"I know that," replied the tale teller, "but the law of gravity was frozen, too."—Tit-Bits.

The musical conductor should know as much about facts as the policeman.

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peru-na be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that each one of them was of undoubted value in chronic catarrhal diseases and had stood the test of many years' experience in the treatment of such diseases. THERE CAN BE NO DISPUTE ABOUT THIS WHATEVER. Peru-na is composed of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrh. Every ingredient of Peru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh.

Peru-na brings to the home the COMBINED KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE in the treatment of catarrhal diseases; brings to the home the scientific skill and knowledge of the modern pharmacist; and last but not least, brings to the home the vast and varied experience of Dr. Hartman, in the use of catarrh remedies, and in the treatment of catarrhal diseases.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. This doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

BUT THEY ALL FAILED TO BRING ANY RELIEF.

Dr. Hartman's idea is that a catarrh remedy can be made on a large scale, as he is making it; that it can be made honestly, of the purest drugs and of the strictest uniformity. His idea is that this remedy can be supplied directly to the people, and no more be charged for it than is necessary for the handling of it.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peru-na invites the full inspection of the critics.

For a free illustrated book entitled "The Truth About Peru-na," address The Peru-na Co., Columbus, Ohio. Mailed postpaid.

How to Shoot With a Revolver.

To begin sighting along the barrel of a six-shooter, as in target-gallery practice, is a handicap to the man who wants to learn the art at its best. The hand and eye, of course, work together with all weapons and in all combats; but there is a difference between the eye-general and the eye-particular. The best form of boxing or fencing—that is what the use of the six-shooter means. You point your fist or your foot by instinct. You cannot help pointing your finger directly and straight at any object, no matter how hard you try. Yet surely you do not sight down your finger! In the best work with the six-shooter, you point with the barrel just as you point with your finger; or really, you point with your wrist and forearm, and the six-shooter is the finger of your wrist, the lengthening of your arm. That is the theory and creed of the six-shooter.—Emerson Mough in The Outing Magazine for January.

Fairville, Sept. 30, 1902.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Dear Sirs.—We wish to inform you that we consider your MINARD'S LINIMENT a very superior article, and we use it as a relief for sore throat and chest. When I tell you I would not be without it if the price was one dollar a bottle, I mean it.

Yours truly,
CHAS. F. TILTON.

Unfortunate.

"Why, Willie, what are you crying about?"

"Cause I don't get no Saturday holiday from school like the other children does. Boo-hoo!"

"But why don't you get out of school on Saturday?"

"Cause I ain't old enough to go to school yet. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Beyond the Styx.

Philo had introduced Waekford Squeers, late of Dotheboys hall, to Simon Legree, late of Uncle Tom's Cabin. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Squeers," said Legree. "You and I, believe, are two of the most celebrated of the old masters."

But Squeers, who had just been compelled by Philo to take his regular dose of brimstone—without the treacle—was too surly to answer.

THE PERUNA ALMANAC.

The druggists have already been supplied with the Peru-na almanac for 1909. In addition to the regular astronomical matter usually furnished in almanacs, the articles on astrology are very attractive to most people. The mental characteristics of each sign are given with faithful accuracy. A list of lucky and unlucky days will be furnished to those who have our almanacs, free of charge. Address The Peru-na Co., Columbus, O.

RUSSIA BIG ENOUGH.

Kuropatkin Argues Against Further Expansion of the Empire.

"The chief work of our army in the last 200 years," writes General Kuropatkin in McClure's, "has consisted in the enlargement of our boundaries on the northwest and on the South. In the last two centuries but seventy-two years have been peaceful. In the remaining 128 years thirty-three foreign and two internal wars have been waged."

Russia's outlets on the Baltic and Black Seas required the labor of our armed forces for 200 years and cost us great sacrifices in killed and wounded. We reached the Pacific in 1897 without bloodshed. But so easy a victory bore within itself the germ of defeat.

"The enlargement of Russia's boundaries in all directions has brought into her possession diverse peoples alien and even hostile to Russia. The borders of the empire have begun to be surrounded by a population not sufficiently amalgamated with the Russian people."

"Russia, in her frontiers of 11,000 miles contiguous to nine different kingdoms needs in my opinion no alterations in her boundary lines."



DRIVEN TO DRINK.

Artist—My next picture will be entitled "Driven to Drink."

His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose?
Artist—Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a watering-trough.

THE CAST OF A DIE.

Mopper—Marriage is a game of dice, after all. Laura Lusher's husband has left her and is boozing harder than ever.

Sopper—I see your point. He shook her for the drinks.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

Scotland.

"Scotland" is a name so hallowed by heroic and successful struggles against tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, that its sons as a rule are jealous as well as intelligent and sturdy guardians of its existence and active in its preservation. The sword of Wallace and the stool of Jennie Geddes are symbols deeply enshrined in the national heart.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Couldn't Pass.

Lawrence had just cried: "Don't give up the ship!"

"I've got to," answered his subordinate, "I failed in the test walk." Herewith the hero expired.—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

ISSUE NO. 5, 1909

HELP WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—NO SECURITY OR capital required; liberal inducements. Alfred Tyler, wholesale tea importer and spice grinder, London, Ont.

WE WANT RELIABLE WOMEN; All over Canada to work for us during their spare hours, selling our high grade Perfumes, Toilet Requisites, Teas, Coffee, etc. No references necessary. Work pleasant and remunerative. The Home Specialties Co., Trankly Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

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

MEN WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY in advertising our goods, tuck up show-cards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary, \$33 per month, and expenses, \$1 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

FARMS TO RENT.

STOCK FARM TO RENT—A FINE STOCK farm of 125 acres, five miles north of London, on Proof Blue road; grand opportunity for right party. Enquire W. S. Johnson, Arva P. O., Ont.

LAND WANTED.

\$450.00 CASH

PAID FOR
South African Volunteer Land Warrants
If substitute papers properly executed. Make sight draft with papers attached. First National Realty Co. Winnipeg, Man.
Reference—Merchants' Bank.

Tobacco and Hockey.

(Ottawa Journal).
Three big reasons exist to stop smoking at hockey matches:
1. The rink may be set on fire.
2. The smoke dulls the light, and towards the end of matches obscures the game.
3. It is nasty for the ladies.
For smoking, no good reason exists at all.

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 I learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burden. 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.

NAMES OF DOGS.

Spaniels were so called because the original breed of this type came from Spain. The Blenheim spaniel got his name from Blenheim palace, where this dog first gained popularity. In the time of the great Duke of Marlborough. In the same way the King Charles spaniel owes its name to the merry monarch. Fox terriers did not gain their names from a likeness to the fox, but from the fact that formerly they were used in hunting foxes. Many years ago they were sent by their masters down the fox's burrow to draw and kill their quarry. It was in those days a saying that a good fox terrier never came out of a burrow without the fox. He either brought out his prey dead or never came out alive himself.

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

Shocking.
Mary—I wish you'd drop the "Miss" and call me plain "Mary."
Velma—Oh, I couldn't throw your misfortune in your face that way.

RAW
FURS and HIDES
Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.
JOHN HALLAM - TORONTO, ONT.

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

IN A PRISON OF JERUSALEM

An Experience Which Involved No Little Danger.

A page of experiences of a Turkish prison is added to the long record of prison interiors by William O'Brien, M. P., in the Westminster Gazette:

Our excellent dragoman, Alexander, finding that his world of show places in Jerusalem, inexhaustible as it seemed, was panning out and that we were beginning to prefer to revisit the old scenes all by ourselves to muse in the delicious fragrance of the Franciscan's Garden of Gethsemane or in the gloomy depths of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, undisturbed by the chatter to which the best of guides are prone, discovered for himself and us a new world to conquer says his account.

He gave us to understand that by some unheard-of device of diplomacy between the Governor-General and the Consul and himself it might be possible to arrange a visit to the jail in which the most eminent murderers of the age—none of them ranking fewer than twenty years penal servitude, some of them crimson with the blood of half a dozen different victims and some choice spirits actually under sentence of hanging—were immured. In his own experience the privilege had been accorded only once before and that was eighteen years ago. He intimated that for all practical purposes of the tourist world we should be in a position to say with the Ancient Mariner:

We were the first who ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The distinction did not tempt us, but the chance of comparing the interior of a Turkish jail with the interior of Holmway and Kilmainham and Tullamore and many others, Irish and English, did. As a matter of fact, the presentation of my card demolished all difficulties, as it must be gratefully acknowledged, it did everywhere in the land of the genial, if purchasable and unspeakable, Turk.

The penal prison is situated in the heart of the Mohammedan quarter, in a street of crumbling magnificence, and of precious Moorish stalactite arches hiding in mysterious shadows, such as an would almost welcome penal servitude to be incarcerated in, could be only be assured of imbuing his work with its mystical obscurities. The only thing which distinguished the prison from any of the other tumbledown rookeries, or latticed harems, of the street was a group of unwashed soldiers who hovered sleepily about the entrance and whose rifles were the only part that seemed to have enjoyed the care of a paternal Government.

On the Opposite Side

of the street stood the penitentiary, in which some hundreds of the minor fry of the criminal classes purged their peccadilloes; but having the tall poppies of the assassin world to choose from, the prison in which the common or garden criminal wasted his sweetness only interested us because it contained the Governor's house. House, did I say? Our worthy Governor's quarters were confined to one crazy room on the level of the street, his escriptorie, surmounted by a gallery of photos of eminent miscreants of his acquaintance, lying in the only corner where any serious amount of sunlight penetrated, and his bed modestly stowed away in the corner opposite, while his official majesty was bedged around with so little ceremony that a one-eyed thief, a soldier and a beggar woman stepped in friendly line off the street to join in our conversation. The Governor, like every other Turkish official I had the pleasure of meeting, was a model of simple courtesy and good fellowship. He began business by producing his cigarette case and treating us to a thimbleful of luxurious Turkish coffee as gently as an Irish host would produce his decanter. Linguistically we got on amicably, although hazily, by means of an exchange of abominably bad French and bad Arabic, for the Governor had little French and no English.

The duties of hospitality completed we stepped across the street into a crypt, where Alexander and myself surrendered our sticks to the soldiers before an orifice was unlocked for us at the bottom of a heavy iron barred gate, through which we had to stoop to squeeze ourselves as into some subterranean shrine. We found ourselves locked in between the iron gate through which we had been admitted and a second iron gate, a yard in front, which opened into the prison courtyard. Here the misfortunes entailed on poor humanity from the days of Babel down by the confusion of tongues began to overtake us. As we presently discovered the Governor, the dragoman and myself got entangled in a hopeless riddle of misunderstandings in three languages. It never once occurred to me that the visit was to be otherwise than an ordered inspection of ranges of cells and private interviews with meek prisoners, covering under the eye of the Governor—a mere commonplace ceremonial of the Irish or English order, with, of course, an element of Oriental back-sheesh thrown in. There seemed to be some hesitation about unlocking the second gate, and Alexander, with a length of face I did not in the least understand at the moment, asked me if I really desired to go in. "Why, certainly," was the reply. "What on earth else did we come for?"

The Little Wicket

In the inner gate was thereupon unlocked, and the Governor was the first to step into the prison courtyard. I immediately followed. Alexander crawled through it, with a countenance lengthier than ever, but with the expression of resignation with which the Oriental accepts the maddest freaks of "English" eccentricity (for as to expecting the Ori-

ental to master the difference between "English" and "Irish," however humiliating to our national pride may be the confession, you might as well expect him to understand the controversy whether the main street of Dublin ought to be called "O'Connell street" or "Sackville street.") The lock of the little wicket then immediately clicked, and we stood in the open courtyard with the two iron gates to freedom locked behind us. "But," I said, to the best of my two languages, "why should not the lady come in, too?" For my wife had been left in the space between the two iron gates, where they had introduced a chair for her comfort. The Governor shook his head mysteriously, and Alexander turned up his surprised eyes to heaven. I at once came to the conclusion that the difficulty was the universal Oriental one as to the equality of womankind in the assemblies of men.

per day, with water to wash them down (the loaves, I mean, not their faces, for water in Jerusalem is a commodity too precious to be put to such spendthrift uses.) But, in addition, the prisoner can make a tiny peculium by his own prison labor, and is permitted further to receive food or money from his friends outside—a development of Turkish prison barbarity which might be copied with advantage by more sanctimonious professors of prison philanthropy nearer home. We came, therefore, provided with a supply of 50 francs in medjidiehs and "metallics" to distribute in back-sheesh as a humble tribute of sympathy from one who was haud ignarus mali in the matter of the discomforts of prison life. These I proposed to distribute in modest doses at our leisure, as we strolled from cell to cell and heard the individual stories of sorrow.

But the Governor

the dragoman and myself were no sooner landed inside the locked grilles than from all sides there poured in upon us a horde of savages about as undesirable looking as ever glared upon you from a chamber of horrors—with the additional drawback of being hungry flesh and blood instead of wax. We were, in fact, in the midst of 160 of the choicest bandits and assassins of the Turkish Empire, some of them waiting to be hanged, and all of them pretty well deserving to be, and from their throats came the yell which makes one word, at least, of the Arabic language as familiar as the name of Cook to the European traveller—the hoarse, hungry yell of "Backsheesh!"

This unexpected invasion seemed no doubt to leave a good deal to be desired in the direction of Turkish prison discipline, but having been born myself to a sufficient contempt for "law and order," and being, moreover, one of those who, with Lord Mansfield, regard the criminal on his hurdle as no blacker than the Judge who sentenced him, might have been in the same environment, I was not much perturbed by the blazing eyes and wild animal growls of my new acquaintances. I soon also began to distinguish amid the mob two prison warders, each carrying a whip, but in little else, either of dress, or, indeed, physiognomy, distinguishable from their murderous flock. The purse of medjidiehs and "metallics" had been confided to Alexander; but as it was now evident that the distribution of the coin was to be the first and indeed only practical business of our visit in the eyes of the wolves who were leaping in upon us, the purse bearer began to evince a nervousness that soon grew to panic.

A Happy Thought

however, of the Governor saved the situation for the moment. The purse was transferred to my wife, who from her seat on the safe side of the grille was able to make the distribution in small quantities without any danger of a general grab with tooth and claw. A short speech of remonstrance from the Governor, reinforced by an unceremonious application of the warders' whips upon the bare shins of the ringleaders, obtained a temporary success for an arrangement by which the headman of each dormitory of eight or ten convicts came forward to the bars to receive his comrades' allowance, which was thereupon ticked off by the Governor on his notebook.

But this was a slow process; it became more and more evident that nothing short of another miracle of the loaves and fishes would make the 50 francs of any avail to satisfy the multitude. They pressed in more and more aggressively, with eyes like dagger thrusts, and greedy yells, some of them brandishing the tools with which they had been employed on prison labor and others utilizing skilfully the irons with which their legs were chained. The warders' whips, even if there was room to wield them, were no longer of any greater efficacy than a pitchfork to keep out the sea. The Governor's face, I now noticed for the first time, was pale enough for a white man; but my first real suspicion of the situation came through a roar of pain from the unfortunate dragoman, who, with an agonized groan, whispered to me, "They'll murder us!"

So Little Had Either

my wife or myself realized the situation—for, understanding little of what was passing, and taking it for granted that all the passion and fury was simply for Oriental mode of scrambling for coppers, I was on the best of terms with our murderous friends, addressed some excellent observations to them in the English tongue, and was allowed to push them back in a rough and tumble way without resistance—so exaggerated, I say, seemed Friend Alexander's alarm

Constipation Bad Breath Headache

When the bowels are constipated and you have stomach trouble and headache, try Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they are so mild you can scarcely feel their action, yet so effective that the entire secretory apparatus is stimulated to healthy action.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE QUICKLY

Thus writes Mrs. D. P. Fowler from Yarmouth: "I used to feel drowsy and heavy, my color was shallow, and there was usually a bad taste in my mouth. I had vague pains all through my limbs, and an annoying headache as well."

"After one dose of Dr. Hamilton's Pills there was a sudden change. I felt better, my appetite increased, and that exhaustion and depression gradually left me. Life seemed brighter and happier after I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills, so I strongly recommend such a good medicine."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills you certainly need; then why not get them now, and enjoy the abundant good health they are sure to bring you? Price, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00. At all dealers.

that I burst out laughing. But the moment I saw his face, livid with terror, the laugh came to an untimely end. "They're pinching my arm like knives and threatening to kill me," he whispered, and I dare say by way of rebuke to my misplaced merriment, "what will happen to my wife and children?"

The argument was not to be answered. But how to get away? For the two iron gates were locked behind us; the Governor and the two luckless warders were tossing—rattant in gurgito vasto—amidst the black deluge of rascality around us, and if it had once come to a rush, they could have had our money or our lives, or both combined, before there would be the slightest chance of our being able to creep out through the tiny iron wickets between us and liberty. Even in the high tide of his panic a stroke of genius worthy of his illustrious protonym inspired Alexander. "Our supply of money is exhausted. We must go out for change," he shouted with whatever ghastly cheerfulness he could muster to the wolves who had him by the neck and shoulders.

The Promise of a Fresh

prey had an instantaneous effect. The wolves fell surlily back while the iron wickets were being unlocked, and Alexander and myself were creeping through the next moment, the locks clicked comfortably behind us, and we were safe in the guardroom, receiving the congratulations of the soldiers who had been watching the drama through the bars. Like many another who has earned laurels on false pretences, I was amazed to find myself a hero in the eyes of the Turks for the cheerfulness and coolness with which, in utter ignorance of the danger, I confronted and kept at bay mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Turkish enough to deceive them as to my own part in the scene, but honest Alexander was so little in the mood to compete with me for heroic fame he contented himself with silently wiping the sweat from his brow. I expected every moment to see him drop on his knees to thank Heaven for his deliverance. He told me it never occurred to him that I should desire to go further than the iron grille, but that as I was foolish enough to risk my life by venturing into the midst of the assassins, he felt in honor-bound to follow me, but he drew the line firmly at allowing the lady to step into the menagerie after us.

You may naturally ask, why not have avoided the danger by intrusting the backsheesh to the Governor for distribution? Alas! (but let it be whispered not in Gath!) adepts in the Turkish theory of government had warned us that if the backsheesh was intrusted to an official not a tin "metallic" of it would ever reach the hands of a prisoner. If a further shock to European susceptibilities be not one too many, let me confide to you in a whisper which luckily can never reach either Gath or Ascalon, that the visit concluded with a modest handful of backsheesh to the worthy Governor himself, who received his pieces of silver with the dignity of an Oriental ruler raking in his rightful coin of the tribute. One incident more—perhaps the most charming of all. One

LITTLE LIVES LOST HOW TO SAVE THEM.

The annual report of the Registrar-General for Ontario shows that for every thousand children born one hundred and eleven die before they reach the age of one year. Most of these deaths are due to disorders of the stomach and bowels, and most of these little lives could be saved if mothers kept always at hand a safe and simple remedy like Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, but better still an occasional dose will prevent these troubles coming on. Mrs. N. Shaffer, The Brook, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles and always find them satisfactory. I feel that my little ones are safe so long as I have this medicine in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

of the soldiers who had witnessed the scene followed us after we left the prison, and with a face beaming with enthusiastic admiration murmured: "You are a brave man. That you may go to heaven!" and, shaking my hand, disappeared into his barracks. And the really astounding feature of the compliment was that this soldier had been about the only person, gentle or assassin, we had met in the course of our visit who had neither received nor petitioned for backsheesh.

One Way to Cure Hiccoughs.

Did you ever take nine swallows of water to cure the hiccoughs? Do you remember the time when some one scared the hiccoughs away by telling you of a whipping due for some meanness.

Well, science has been studying hiccoughs and caught the hiccoughs by the "nape of the neck." The nine swallows of water had a little science in it, and so did the scare cure. The scientific hiccough cure consists in pressing down to numbness the nerve that connects the stomach, heart, lungs and brain, the pneumogastric nerve. The pressure partially and locally paralyzes this nerve and of necessity the hiccoughing must cease.

Have the hiccoughing patient sit down and be at ease, with the muscles of the neck relaxed as much as possible. Grasp both sides of the neck somewhat toward the back part and press down steadily and as hard as the subject may permit for about one minute, having the patient work the head from side to side. Within about one minute the nerve will be numbed and rested and the spasmodic motion will cease. It may require longer pressure in some cases, but the result is sure, if patience is maintained. —Ohio State Journal.

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION

The Only Sensible Way to Cure Stomach Troubles and Give New Health.

When the stomach is feeble the food lies in it undigested, decays and throws off poisonous gases that distend the walls of the stomach, and cause serious interference with other organs, especially with the action of the heart and lungs. These poisonous gases have other ill effects. They are absorbed by the blood and so weaken and corrupt it as to cause aches in remote parts of the body and the formation of unhealthy tissue everywhere. General bodily weakness and loss of weight is the result. The nerves and the brain are disturbed, and discomforts such as dizziness, hot flashes, sleeplessness, irritability and despondency originate from this source. Experience shows that these troubles vanish just as soon as the stomach is made strong enough to digest the food. In other words, it needs a tonic that will rouse it to do the work of changing the food into nourishment. The tonic ought to be one that will agree with the most delicate stomach, and this is exactly what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. Here is a bit of strong proof:

Miss Lizzie Macdonald, Harbor-Archie, N.S., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me what no other medicine did or apparently could do. For almost three years I suffered untold agony from indigestion. I would rise in the morning feeling tired and worn out. I lost in weight and was almost reduced to a shadow. I was under doctors' treatment almost constantly, but with no benefit. One day I read the testimonial of a lady who had been cured of dyspepsia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. The first two or three boxes I took did not show any apparent relief, and I began to fear the medicine would not help me, but as I had bought a half dozen boxes I decided that I would use them up anyway. To my joy, before they were all used I began to improve, and I got three boxes more. By the time I finished these I was again in the best of health, and had gained 12 pounds in weight. I have not since had a twinge of this terrible trouble, and am more grateful than words can say for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Week's Work.

Sunday.
The Sabbath day is Sun.
When work must not be done.
Monday.
Mon.'s far to close to Sun.
For labor. Rest on Mon.
Tuesday.
"Midweek work's best," I muse;
Not quite midweek is Tues.
Wednesday.
My vital force it deadens
Somehow to toil on Wednes.
Thursday.
At breakfast time on Thurs.
"Let's start on Fri," one purrs.
Friday.
The day of fasting's Fri,
From toil a faster I.
Saturday.
Few work, most play on Satur.
Myself, I do the latter.
Sunday.
Once more we come to Sun.,
And my week's work is done!
—Oxford University Isis.

Gleam of Hope.

Orville Ardup—Ah, here comes that infernal bill collector!

Caller (producing folded document with alacrity)—I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Ardup. I have been here nine times without having been a collector, you know.

HE KNOWS FROM HIS EXPERIENCE

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Cure Bright's Disease.

Postmaster Cote Tells How the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Him After Doctors Had Given Him Up.

Le Petit Bois Franc, Temiscouata Co., Que., Jan. 24.—(Special).—Mr. Charles Cote, postmaster here, is firmly convinced that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease or any other disease of the kidneys. He knows it from his own experience. Hear what he says:

"For over four years I was troubled with Backache, Rheumatism and lack of ambition, and my urine was of a dark unnatural color. I was attended by three doctors who did me no good. The last one told me it was only a waste of money to try anything else as I could not live more than a year at the outside."

"At the verge of death I decided to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I used eighteen boxes and to-day my Rheumatism, Backache and Headache are gone. My urine is like that of a child. I feel I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Postmaster Cote had all the symptoms of Bright's Disease. The doctors evidently knew he had Bright's Disease—the most deadly form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. They will cure any form of Kidney disease.

SKYSCRAPER LIMITS.

Have We Reached the Height to Which We May Build.

This question is asked, in a leading editorial, by the Municipal Journal and Engineer, when, after riving the changes upon it, apparently leaves it for the future to answer. Says this paper:

About a decade ago the American Surety building, at 100 Broadway, New York city, twenty stories high, eclipsed anything in the way of high buildings which had yet been erected, and it was popularly believed that it would not be surpassed for years, if ever. Since then many other buildings have cast this into the shade; the Singer building, having forty-one stories, and now the Metropolitan Life building is being rapidly raised to its designated height of forty-eight stories. Besides these there are two 26-story buildings, three 25-story buildings, two 23-story buildings, four 22-story buildings and nine 20-story buildings. Of buildings having between 10 and 20 stories there are now in the city 516. Several questions suggest themselves with reference to this piling up of storey upon storey. Is there a limit to the height which such structures can be carried? What will be the effect upon health, light, noise and many other features of city life should all buildings be raised to a height of even 20 storeys, thus making of every street a canon?

"Possibly even more important is the question as to fire risk involved in such construction. We are told by the advocates of these buildings that they are more nearly fireproof than any others in the city, and they are able to cite instances to back their claims. But should a fire gain any headway in the upper floors of such a building, how is it possible to reach it with any considerable volume of water, more than can be contained in small roof tanks located on the buildings themselves? And in a street lined with such buildings, in which fires are raging practically unrestricted in the top hundred feet or so, would not the falling glass and other debris make it impossible for firemen to remain in the street below to fight the flames even in the lower storeys? Continuous rows of "sky-scrapers" with present conditions which are absent while they are widely scattered."

He Wanted Revenge.

Johnny astonished the family in the country one day by announcing that he wanted to go home.

"What's that?" demanded his father.

"Want to go home?"

"Yep," maintained the boy.

"Well, that's very funny. It wasn't two days ago that you were begging us to stay up on this farm until October. Are you sick?"

"Nope."

"Got the blues?"

"Nope."

"Toothache?"

"Nope."

"Mad because your mother won't let you go swimming?"

"Nope."

"Ah! I think I understand," said his father with a chuckle. "I happened to hear you saying that farmer's boy yesterday out back of the barn, and I also happened to see him flop you on your back. Did it hurt much?"

"N-nope."

"Well, cheer up, my boy. We all have our ups and downs in this world. What good would it do you to go home?"

"If I were only home, pap," replied the boy with a longing sigh. "I could knock the stuff out of Sammy Green, and then I'd feel better."—From the January Bohemian.

The Stern Parent.

Father—Well, sir, what can I do for you?

Suitor—Why—er I called, sir, to see if—er—you would give assent to my marriage to your daughter.

Father (angrily)—Not a cent, sir. Not a cent! Good day.—Tit-Bits.

It doesn't take a strong man to break a promise.

It generally takes a woman to mend a man's ways.

NEWS IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN AND DISTRICT

Two months more and then we celebrate—yes, no?

Sam McGuire is building an addition to his Salmon Arm store as large as the main building.

H. Byrnes is erecting a handsome residence for L. Proctor on his ranch, property north of Enderby.

W. T. Holtby placed a carload of new furniture in stock this week, and A. Fulton a carload of hardware.

Mr. Battey, the well known piano man, has bought a home at Vernon and will move from Vancouver in a few weeks.

The Semi-weekly Okanagan has come back to an 8-page weekly, which is well enough. This gives Vernon two of the best weeklies in the interior.

They are doing some clearing about Salmon Arm. A shipment of powder arrived last week and in one day the farmers brought \$3000 in cash to the powder house and exchanged it for explosives.

Classified Ads

Under this head, 3c. word first insertion; 1c. each subsequent insertion.

WANTED—Team of general purpose mares; weight, about 2400 lbs. Must be well broken. P. Ahier, Mara, B.C.

LOST—Brooch, set with amethysts and pearls. Suitable reward paid if left at The Walker Press, Enderby.

FOR SALE: CHEAP—One-horse tread power complete; almost new. W.H. Hutchison, Enderby.

SEEDS and spraying material ordered by the members of the Enderby Exchange now on hand. Members will please call Saturday afternoon at the Exchange building. C. E. Strickland

Eggs for Hatching

From prize-winning S. C. Brown Leghorns. Cockerel or pullet matings. \$2.50 per 13. First Enderby cockerel and some nice pullets for sale.

HENRY BRISTOW

Summerland B. C.

EGGS for Hatch-

ing. S. C. Black Minorca. The Great WINTER LAYERS. Exhibition Pen, \$3 for 13 eggs: laying strain, \$2 for 13. Call and see our stock.

G. H. SMEDLEY

Enderby. Orders taken NOW.

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.

Arrangements are being made to have Miss Lena Duthie, the celebrated Scottish Soprano, appear at Enderby at an early date. We hope to announce something definite next week.

J. C. Bolander writes from New Denver that he will have a pen of thoroughbreds at our poultry show next winter. Send 'em along, J. C., and here's hoping they carry off the big prize.

Pauline, an Indian woman, was taken before Police Magistrate Rosoman on Tuesday, charged with being intoxicated. She was fined \$25 and costs. Unable to raise the amount of the fine, she was sent to Kamloops goal for a month.

Dr. Keith made a hurry-up call to the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Waby last Friday night, and when he came away they were the happy parents of another boy. Tuesday morning the doctor paid a similar visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Holtby, and Billy thinks a boy is just the nicest little thing that ever happened.

About the most gratifying thing to witness in this life is the work of a man who is onto his job. When W. J. Wilson took hold of the Harvey & Dobson winding up proceedings he had some hard work cut out for him; but the smoothness with which he has done his work, and the splendid results achieved, demonstrate what a mighty power there is behind the knowing how. Mr. Wilson has made many friends during his brief stay, and he has made money for the creditors, too.

Returning to Vancouver

Having disposed of the entire stock, fixtures and property of the Harvey & Dobson estate, I shall return to Vancouver in a few days. The book accounts still unpaid will be taken to Vancouver and placed in our solicitor's hands. Anyone knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate are requested to make settlement before I leave.

W. J. WILSON,
Acting for the Inspectors

Appreciated

While I may not, at this time, be permitted to give the name of the person who has purchased the Harvey & Dobson stock and property, I will say this much: The deal is closed, and it but remains for the details to be worked out. In leaving Enderby, I wish to thank you, one and all, for the kindness and patience you have shown me personally as well as the men and women who have been assisting me.

W. J. WILSON.

In the Westward Ho! for March there appears a write-up of Salmon Arm. The municipality, in recognition of the honor, subscribed for 500 copies of the number and the people of the district subscribed for another half thousand. There's "some quality" to that!

A variety entertainment will be given in the K. P. Hall on Monday, April 12th, by the ladies of St. George's Guild in aid of the fund to erect a Parish Room in connection with the English Church. A short theatrical act, entitled "Sugar and Cream," vocal and instrumental music, concluding with "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks," will be the order of the program.

Watch Enderby grow!

PHYSICIAN GIVES ADVICE

Tells Why So Many Suffer from Catarrh and Rheumatism.

A distinguished physician, famous for his successful treatment of catarrh and rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles, states as follows:—"Our climate being more or less damp and changeable, is bad for catarrh and rheumatism, and care must be taken not to let these troubles gain headway. In addition, he states that a great many Canadians are careless in their habits, and to this as much as climatic conditions is due a great deal of the trouble. Insufficient clothing and improper eating will cause rheumatic and catarrhal troubles in any climate.

This eminent authority gives the following as the simplest and best treatment known to science, and to it he gives credit largely for his success: 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.

The ingredients are all vegetable, and have a direct and specific action on the liver, kidneys and bowels, eliminating all poisonous matter from the system. Any druggist can dispense this, or you can buy the ingredients separately and mix at home by shaking in a bottle.

Many of our readers should benefit by this article. Save the recipe.

T. & W. Pound

Importers and Breeders of Black & Buff Orpingtons. Our breeding pens are now mated up and we have a limited number of eggs for setting purposes. Fertility 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
Sunnyside Ranch Pender Island, B. C.

Easter Cards and Postals

A very handsome line just opened. All the latest novelties, and the choicest in each. Nothing old; nothing but what you would be pleased to receive or send to your friends. Call and see them. All prices.

Enderby Drug & Stationery Co.

Furniture

CARPETS

VELVET BRUSSELS
TAPESTRY WOOL
UNION SQUARES

Linoleum

INLAID PRINTED
FLOOR OILS

Japanese Matting

PARLOR MATS
DOOR MATS

Wall Paper

Window Shades
Window Fixtures

Iron Beds

Springs, Mattresses, Cots, Cribs

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

W. T. HOLTBY

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker
BRADLEY BLK. ENDERBY

Estate of Harvey & Dobson

THIS store will remain closed until opened by the new proprietor. A sale has been made of the entire stock, fixtures and property. Further announcement will be reserved until next week.

W. J. WILSON, Manager

Tenders

Tenders will be received up till Wed., March 31st, for the building of an open hay barn, 78x26ft, at Stepney siding; all material will be supplied on the ground; work to commence immediately. Specifications can be seen at Enderby Press office. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

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

Sealed Tenders

In the matter of the estate of Harvey & Dobson, General Merchants, of Enderby.

I HAVE been instructed to sell by tender the following assets of the above Estate.

Lot 1. Comprising Stock and Fixtures, amounting to about \$17,000.00.

Lot 2. Real Estate and Buildings, situated in the town of Enderby in the property where the business was carried on.

Sealed tenders, (to be superscribed, "Tenders re Harvey & Dobson") for the above will be received up till noon of Thursday, the first day of April, 1909.

Tenders must be accompanied by a marked cheque for \$500.00.

Cheques from unsuccessful bidders will be returned.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For particulars, apply to the undersigned, or to W. J. Wilson, on the premises at Enderby.

J. E. CHAMBERS, Assignee.

347 Pender St., Vancouver, B. C.

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

ALEXANDER, Enderby Reserve

FIRST
QUALITY
ONLY

W. R. MEGAW

Departmental Stores
VERNON, B. C.

AND
PRICES
RIGHT

BOATS and CANOES

There is no reason why you should not have a boat or canoe. We can give you Peterborough canoes, row-boats and skiffs at very low prices. Splendid 1909 models to choose from. Write for particulars.

Handsome Models of Canoes, Skiffs and Row-Boats

Our carload of boats and canoes will arrive soon. Boats of graceful lines and strength of construction and handsome finish will be a feature of this shipment. Get your order in now.

Tell us just what you want and we will give you prices and particulars.

Remember, we deliver at Enderby. You pay no freight.

Painted Canoes, \$35 to \$50 Varnished Canoes, \$45 to \$75
"Canoe Skiffs, \$50-\$70 Varnished Boats, \$60 to \$100

Large Stock of Paddles, Oars and Boat Supplies

Launch Engines and Supplies of all kinds. Write to-day for prices & particulars