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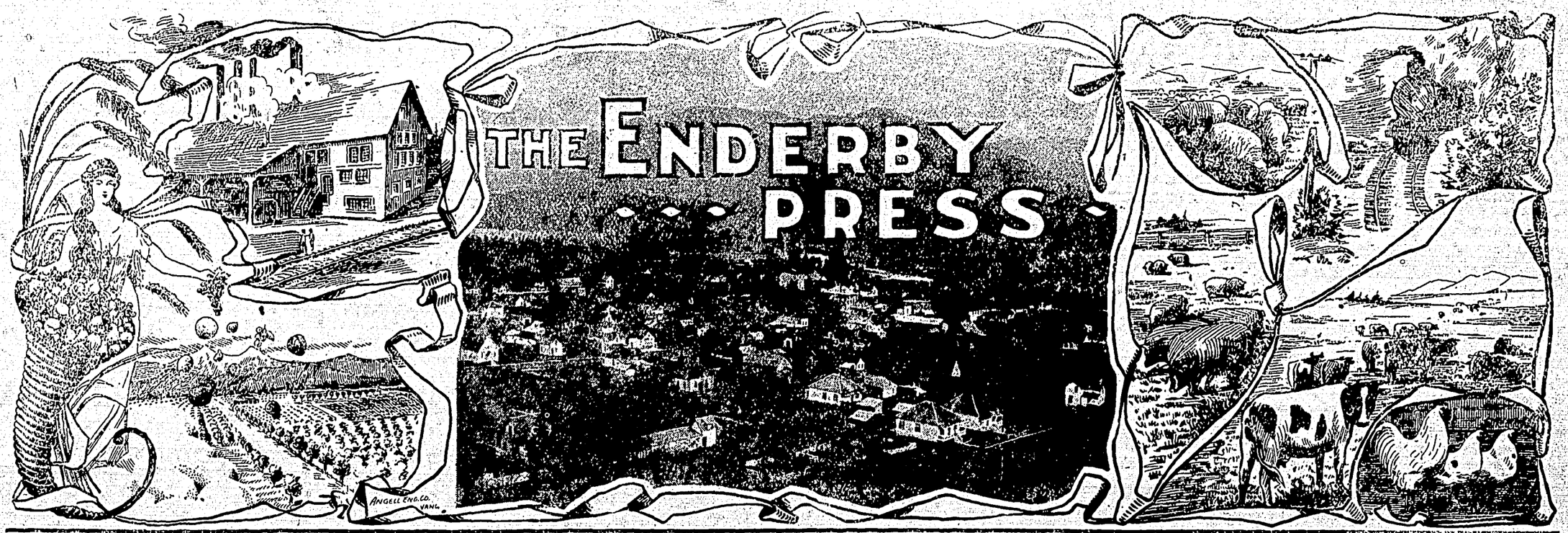

Enderby, B. C., April 15, 1909 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 2; No. 7; Whole No. 59

NEWS IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN AND DISTRICT BOILED DOWN FOR LOCAL READERS

The hills are carpeted with spring beauties, buttercups, lilies, etc.

H. W. Harvey sold 25 lots at Grindrod the first day he opened his office.

Wm. Hancock is doing the work that counts on the Mabel Lake road.

Band concert Friday evening, from the band stand, weather permitting.

The City Band will give a vocal and instrumental concert in K.P. Hall, April 28th.

The first rifle shoot of the season was held yesterday afternoon at the rifle range.

Mr. James Goodyear, of Salmon Arm, is spending the week with his cousin, Mr. Thos. Pound.

Miss T. S. Walker left Tuesday on a month's visit to Winnipeg, prior to her return to California.

Orders have been received by the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co., for two carloads a day since the 1st of April.

The Polson Mercantile Co. is highly pleased with the splendid response that has come to their opening-week sale.

Mrs. Chas. E. Strickland is still in the Vernon hospital undergoing treatment for a complicated bone trouble in her ankles.

Mr F. H. Hale disposed of his handsome home property some days ago and contemplates moving from Enderby about June 1st.

The postponed meeting of the Board of Trade will be held tomorrow, (Friday) night at 8, in the Board of Trade rooms.

Last week the lumber company purchased through Thos. Pound the lot adjoining the company boarding house on Russell street.

Manager Moffet of the Columbia Flouring Mills, had three hundred trees planted about his residential and mill property this week.

The City Council spent Tuesday afternoon looking over the recreation grounds and planing for the work it is intended to do this season.

R. P. Bradley returned to Enderby Tuesday from Vancouver. His many friends are glad to welcome him back even if his stay is to be short.

Word is received from Vernon that Schoolmaster McDonald is recovering slowly from the attack of typhoid which took him to Vernon several weeks ago.

Mr. A. E. Taylor, Mr. Hyslop, and party, climbed Cliff mountain, on Good Friday, and on Easter Monday a large party of young people made the trip.

Allan & Jarrett have the contract for the new Bell block. Mr. Jarrett worked on the Bell block erected four years ago. He recently returned from Kelowna.

Three packages of Nabob Jelly Powder for 25 cents is the way the Enderby Trading Co. is assitting in the spring house work.

W. T. Holtby placed another carload of furniture in stock this week. Mr. Holtby is building up a splendid business in his line, and is placing in stock a fine class of goods.

Dake the Jeweler is now nicely situated in the block formerly occupied by F. Pyman. Mr. Dake is reaching far for business, having a man on the road most of the time, and his style of handling the goods gives a city air to his place.

Our baseball players and lacross boys are going to make the Wednesday half-holiday popular. They had a game on yesterday with the Indian team, and won.

The Minister of Public Works is expected to visit Enderby shortly in connection with the City Hall and Court house which the provincial government and the city will erect this season.

It is the intention of the Northern Okanagan Poultry Association to hold a meeting in the afternoon of the third Saturday in each month, the first to be held next Saturday, April 17th, at 2:30, in the Bell block.

Mr. Arthur Buchuart and family of ten came in from Revelstoke Wednesday morning. Mr. Buchuart has contracted to run the lathing machine for the A. R. Rogers Co. They have rented the Bell house, cor. George and Mill sts. This is an improvement on the old way of increasing our population.

Mrs. C. F. Sharpe of Mission City, and her neice, Miss Pain, are visiting the home of Mr. A. E. Sharpe, station agents; also his uncle, Maj. H. L. Crossman, of India.

Mrs. A. Foulds will have the management of the lumber company's boarding house this season. It is as neat and comfortable as any home, and rules have been adopted that will keep it so.

Frank Franklin spent a few days in Enderby this week on his way to Vancouver from Dauphin, Man., where he was called some weeks ago by the serious illness of his brother. The brother has since recovered and Frank is returning to the coast to begin anew the studies made necessary by the loss of his right arm more than a year ago.

It means much to the future beauty of Enderby to see so many of our citizens placing in and about their grounds the number of trees and bushes that have been planted the past week. With the city's splendid water system and an abundance of water for irrigation purposes there is no reason why this should not be the ideal city of homes of of the Okanagan.

At the regular meeting of the City Council last Wednesday, it was decided to write to M. J. Henry for prices of shade trees, it being the intention of the City to get a shipment of trees for Arbor Day planting. The street improvement by-law was discussed, and a committee of the aldermen and mayor was appointed to go over the ground leading to the Lawes addition to which it is proposed to build approaches, said committee to report at a special meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, the 14th.

WALKER'S WEEKLY

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

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

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

H. M. WALKER

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

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Pa says: "If you can't boost, don't knock."

FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

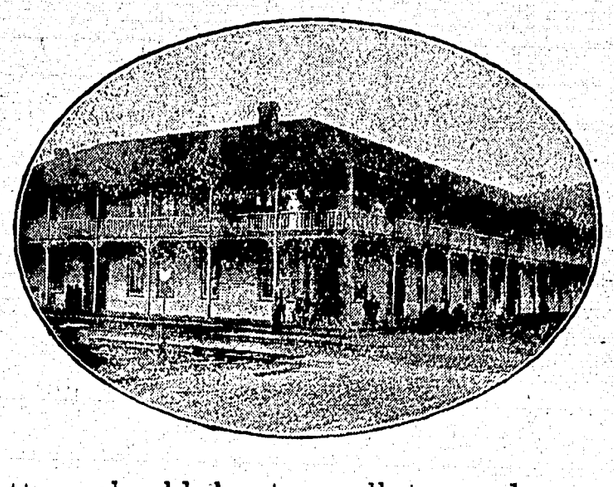
ALFRED SLATER is an unassuming young man who makes butter. He has leased the Armstrong creamery and is advertising to give the farmers of the Spallumcheen a square deal in the cream and butter business. This is not a puff for Alfred Slater. In this department we don't write puffs for anybody. If you were to pay us $5 a line you couldn't *buy* a puff in Walker's Weekly. If you can *show the goods—produce results*—you do not need to be puffed, and do not care a tinker's dash whether you ever get a puff or not—and when you evolve to this, you are sure to be picked out and have the puffs thrust upon you.

Alfred Slater is a young man. He is *all* man, though. He isn't of the jelly-fish class—is not a spineless cactus. He doesn't run around the block to hear what others think before he has a think of his own. He respects the opinion of others, but he also respects his own. When he knows his business he knows he knows it. You have only to meet the man to respect him, and to have confidence in his ability---or you don't---according to your own state of development.

The business men of Armstrong see in Alfred Slater the right man for the place, and are supporting him to a man. It is a matter of business to them, as all matters should be to us all. Too long the producers of Armstrong District have been victimized by either dishonest or inexperienced men, and now that they have a man to handle their creamery who is both honest and experienced, they are giving him their unqualified support. The business men and dairymen throughout the Valley should do likewise. The Okanagan Creamery should supply every town in the Valley with butter. It is to the credit of the Valley to have it operating successfully.

The spirit animating Mr. Slater may be judged from his public statement. He says: "Build up our Valley by helping along men who are giving you a square deal, and remember that success in anything depends on men standing together."

MONDAY, May 3d, will be a civic holiday, to be known as Arbor Day. It will be given over to the work of beautifying our homes and the town generally. How much this will mean to Enderby will depend entirely upon the spirit in which the day is observed. It may mean much or little. If the day is observed in the spirit in which the holiday has been set apart, we shall in a very few years have a beautiful Enderby. If, on the other hand, it is indifferently observed by the many, the work will devolve upon the few, and the time required will be longer. One tree set out by every school child, how many would it mean? How broad may be the influence! for trees are like thoughts: once planted they take root and spread their branches far beyond the ken of the planter, and to every eye they tell a different story.



THIS is the latest photo of the Enderby, the pioneer hotel of the Northern Okanagan. In this house for the past 20 years H. W. Wright has been "Webb" to the travelling public.

It is up to us as individuals to encourage in every way possible the object of Arbor Day. The day is not new, so we need not be afraid of it on this score. It was first observed 37 years ago, and has been observed annually ever since in most of the progressive cities of Canada and the U. S.

ARBOR DAY

At the request of a number of our citizens, I hereby proclaim Monday, May 3d, a civic holiday to be known as Arbor or Children's Day.

The wisdom of making a town as beautiful as possible is conceded by all, and the most effective way of accomplishing this is by planting trees and flowers.

I suggest that the forenoon of this, our first Arbor Day be spent in improving our gardens and lawns and in the afternoon, with the help of the boys and girls, we will plant trees on the recreation grounds. We hope all the children will come and bring their shovels and we will probably have some amusement after we complete our work.

GEO. BELL, Mayor.

CITIZENS' MEETING

A public meeting is called for Monday night, April 19th, at 8 o'clock, in the city office, to appoint committees and prepare plans for the 24th of May celebration. Let us have a full attendance. GEO. BELL, Mayor.

The song of the mill saws will be heard next week.

NEW YORK SURGEON'S STORY OF LINCOLN'S DYING HOURS.

(New York Herald.)

Of that historic group of grief-stricken watchers who stood silently waiting about the death-bed of Abraham Lincoln when the spirit of the great emancipator took its flight in the morning of April 15, 1865, only two are living today to take part in the exercises commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the martyr president.

In that sad faced group, made familiar by the painter's and the engraver's art, were a score or more of persons—members of the dying president's personal and official families, army officers and medical men. The sole survivors now, after the lapse of more than forty years, are Robert T. Lincoln, son of the war president, and since then himself a distinguished Secretary of War in a later Cabinet, and Dr. Charles A. Leale, a physician of this city, living at 604 Madison avenue. The late John Hay was a member of that group, too. He was then the private secretary of the president. Later he became one of his biographers, and later still the gifted Cabinet Premier whose name has been affixed to some of the most important treaties and State documents in his country's history. The death of John Hay reduced the number of survivors to the two named.

On that fateful night in Ford's Theatre, when comedy ceased its mimicry on the stage while tragedy wrought out its treacherous crime in the flag draped presidential box, it was the hand of Dr. Leale that first brought to the aid of the stricken president the touch of surgery. It was due largely to Dr. Leale's prompt attention that Abraham Lincoln did not expire immediately and that the prolongation of the president's life for a period of nine hours permitted him to die surrounded by family and friends and enabled the national Government to adjust itself somewhat to the situation caused by the tragedy.

Dr. Leale, when he made his first examination, said to those others who had crowded in to hear tidings of the chieftain whom they loved: "The hurt is mortal. He cannot recover." The grim diagnosis, destined to be verified before the next noontide, was telegraphed and cabled wherever existing facilities would permit. There was no Atlantic cable in those days.

Dr. Leale directed the removal of the wounded president, when he was carried across the street and laid upon a bed on the second floor of a stranger's house. The young surgeon stood to his post throughout the nine hours of suspense by the deathbed and when the fatal hour had come held gently in his grasp the limp right hand of the dying president, his forefinger pressed to the flickering pulse until at last it ceased to beat.

On meeting Dr. Leale for the first time a stranger's first sensation is one of surprise at his apparent youthfulness. When a Herald reporter expressed that feeling of surprise after having visited Dr. Leale at his home, the doctor laughed. "Yes," he said, "most persons do not know me personally, but who have only heard that it was I who held the hand of the dying Lincoln, expect when they first meet me to see a sort of Methuselah."

The fact is that Dr. Leale is only 66 years old and looks younger. When he sat in Ford's Theatre watching the performance of "Our American Cousin" on the night of April 14, 1865, and heard the crack of John Wilkes Booth's pistol, the doctor was an athletic young man of 23. But young as he was, he had been detailed in charge of the commissioned officers of the Army Hospital in Washington, D. C., a post which he had filled until the end of the war, after having served his term as a medical cadet and earned his commission as a surgeon-in-the-United-States-army.

On the night of the assassination, Dr. Leale had gone to the theatre less for the purpose of seeing the play than in the hope of obtaining a close view of President Lincoln. Dr. Leale had laid aside his uniform and attired himself in citizen's garb for the occasion. Prompted by the wish to watch the president at close range, he had bought a ticket for a seat close enough to the presidential box to permit him to command a view of its distinguished occupants.

HEARD CRACK OF PISTOL.

At the moment when Booth levelled his weapon and fired at the back of the President's head it chanced that Dr. Leale's eyes were turned toward the stage and he did not see the stricken man fall forward from the rocking chair in which he was seated. But he had heard the shot, and a moment later he heard the agonized cry of Mrs. Lincoln for help.

Realizing that the President had been injured, if not killed, Dr. Leale forced his way through the excited throng and into the flag-draped box, out of which Booth only a moment before had leaped to the stage, flourishing a dagger and pausing only for his melodramatic cry of "Sic semper tyrannis!"

When the surgeon reached the side of Mrs. Lincoln he found her supporting the head of the dying man. He relieved her of that task and at once took charge of the situation, at Mrs. Lincoln's request. Placing his patient prone upon his back on the floor of the box, the surgeon made a careful examination and then removed the clot from the bullet wound in the back of Mr. Lincoln's head, relieving thus the pressure on the brain.

One of the first to reach the Presidential box from the stage was Laura Keene, the actress, who had been playing a star part in the comedy, "Our American Cousin." She begged that she might be permitted to pillow the head of the wounded President upon her lap. The surgeon demurred at first lest the slightest movement might hasten death, but, after having made a more thorough examination of the wound, he assisted Miss Keene, and, as she sat upon the floor, the President's head was gently lifted in such a way as to cause no shock and was rested on her lap. There it remained until tender hands carried the patient across Tenth street to the house opposite the theatre, which by the merest chance was destined to become the setting for the final scene in a great career.

"My first thought," said Dr. Leale, recalling the memories of that night, "was to get the President to some place of safety. All of us thought there was a plot to blow up the theatre, and we felt that the mine might be fired at any moment. One of the first things I said after having made a superficial examination was, 'His wound is mortal; he cannot recover.' Two other physicians, Dr. Taft and Dr. H. E. A. King, had come to my assistance, and the President was carried across the street. Several army officers and soldiers with drawn swords went in advance of us and cleared the way. The President was carried up to the second floor and placed on a bed. On account of his great stature, for he was six feet four inches tall, Mr. Lincoln was laid on the bed diagonally.

"On our way over I was twice obliged to relieve the pressure on the patient's brain by again removing the clot. Mr. Lincoln was shot at half-past ten o'clock and lived until twenty minutes past seven o'clock the next morning. Before his death the Cabinet officers had time to assemble, and he died with his family at his bedside. As his spirit passed away I was holding his right hand.'

As Dr. Leale said this he took the hand of the writer in a firm but gentle grasp and illustrated how he had held his index finger on the pulse of the radial artery until it had ceased to beat.

Much that had occurred during these nine hours while the President's life was slowly ebbing Dr. Leale holds of too sacred memory to repeat even now for publication. Much that he himself did during those crucial hours he is too modest to repeat lest he be thought by some who do not know him to be indulging in personal exploitation. It was only at the urgent request of his colleagues of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion that he finally consented to read a paper at a recent memorial dinner of that organization at Delmonico's, embodying at some length his recollection of the nation's tragedy.

Others have told, however, of the presence of mind, skill and efficiency with which Dr. Leale stood to his post from the first moment to the last throughout the ordeal. Amid the confusion of the emptying theatre and the ever present dread of some further calamity he coolly examined his illustrious patient and made his prognosis; he arranged for the removal to a private house without unnecessary delay; he despatched the messengers that soon brought hurrying to the deathbed the son, Robert, then a captain in the army, and Mr. Lincoln's favorite clergyman also.

As one of the surgeons who had been in attendance, Dr. Leale had a prominent place during the funeral services in the White House and at the Capitol, standing close to the head of the casket while the body of the President lay in state. In the funeral procession he rode in the carriage immediately preceding the catafalque, attired, of course, in his uniform as a surgeon of the army. He has never worn that particular uniform since.

The sword which formed part of his equipment, its hilt knotted with a bow of black crepe, was laid away and has never been donned since that day.

Dr. Leale keeps it in a cabinet in his home in Madison avenue among the relics of a busy life. Tenderly, almost reverently, he took it from its resting place and showed it to the writer, its scabbard somewhat tarnished by the years and its shrunken, crumpled bow of mourning crepe yet drooping from the hilt where he bound it on the morning when he had followed his chieftain to the tomb.

PLASTER CAST OF LINCOLN'S HAND

From another cabinet Dr. Leale took a plaster cast of the hand of Lincoln, made during the President's life. It showed a remarkable hand. Strength was written there in every line of those corded sinews and firmly clenched digits. "The same hand," was Dr. Leale's comment, "that split the rails in his rugged pioneer days and that inscribed later in the years of his fulness that strong, but delicate chirography in which he penned his famous public documents; the hand that wrote the Emancipation Proclamation freeing the slaves."

Laying the plaster replica carefully back in its case, the surgeon pointed out the framed picture hanging on the wall of his library—a copy of one of the well known paintings depicting the deathbed scene, historically accurate and made from photographic studies of those who were present. It showed the young surgeon as he had stood during that last hour of the fateful nine, close by the head of the old-fashioned bedstead on which Lincoln died.

Though of English ancestry, Dr. Charles A. Leale is a native of New York. At the age of fourteen years he began the medical studies which in 1865 yielded him from the Bellevue Medical College the degree of M. D., with the highest commendation as a specialist in heart and lung diseases by Professor F. H. Hamilton, under whose instruction he had been, and also as a specialist in gunshot wounds and surgery, under the instruction of Dr. Austin Flint, Sen. In January, 1866, he was honorably mustered out of the army while suffering from an attack of typho-malaria fever contracted in the service. He then received the brevet rank of captain of United States Volunteers.

On leaving the army Dr. Leale threw himself into the work of his profession. In March, 1886, the outbreak of Asiatic cholera took him abroad to make a special study of that scourge. From 1866 to 1877 Dr. Leale was physician in charge of the children's class at the Northwestern Dispensary of New York City, and for two years was specialist in heart and lung diseases at the Central Dispensary, also of New York.

In 1891 he was made president of St. John's Guild, and in 1892 was re-elected for a second term. He has spent much of his time during his busy life in ameliorating the condition of the poor, especially the children, and has performed many notable operations, records of which are to be found in the medical journals of his time. He has been consulting physician at Bellevue Hospital for the last twelve years, and is one of the Board of Managers of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

Their Own Medicine.

(New York Journal of Commerce.)

The less obstruction and hindrance there may be to the trade between any two countries the more will it be mutually beneficial, but the policy has become quite general in recent times, outside of Great Britain, of obstructing trade in general by high duties and then lessening the obstruction with particular countries by lowering the duties for them in return for corresponding concessions. A dam is built across the stream of imports at all ports and then openings are made below its crest for restricted sluices from certain countries which make corresponding holes in their tariff dams. This is the policy of France, and it has given the United States the same opportunity as other countries for having the flashboard of maximum rates removed from its channel for a proper consideration. A reciprocity treaty was negotiated which was quite as favorable to the United States as to France, but the Senate would not give its sanction. Our tariff dam remains at the full height all along the line and we have no reason to expect any lowering or perforation of other barriers on our account.

Not the Same One.

The old gentleman had returned to the home of his boyhood for the first time in ten years or more, and, on the last occasion, he had written "and wife" after his name in the hotel visitors' book. Of course the landlord was glad to see him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Ain't grown a day older than when you was here last," he said.

"No?" said the old gentleman, half inquiringly.

"Not a day," returned the other emphatically. "Your wife seems to have changed mor'n you."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes; leastways she does to me. Looks thinner than when you were here last."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, she ain't near so fleshy as she was accordin' to my recollection. Seems like as if she's taller, too, an' her hair don't look just the same to me, an'—an'—"

"And," put in the old gentleman softly, "she's not the same wife, you know."

Dene-Holes.

These curious well-like excavations, found in Kent and Sussex, are popularly supposed to belong to the time of the Danish rule in England. They are invariably about three feet in diameter and seldom less than sixty feet deep. Ingress and egress were provided for by means of rude ladders or hide ropes. Various explanations have been offered to account for their existence—some supposing them to have been places of refuge, others that they were connected with secret forms of worship, still others that they were dug for the extraction of chalk and flint. A. J. Philip, is a recent study of the subject, advocates the view that the holes were made to serve as silos, or granaries. They are found close together in groups, corresponding with the habit of various tribes of clustering in restricted areas.—Youth's Companion.

Was Time for Action.

Two neighbors in a Missouri village were arrested for fighting and brought to court. The judge asked the assailant to tell his story.

"Jedge," he said, "we was a-playin' of seven-up, seven pints t' th' game, two bits on the corner. I had been losin' all day, jedge, an' I had up my last two bits.

"I dole de kyards. He war two an' I war six. He begged an' I gin him one. He flang his queen an' I played my tray fer low. He flang his king an' I played my ten. He flang his ace an' I played my jack; and then, jedge, then he flang his deuce, an' I hit him."—Saturday Evening Post.

In Search of Information.

Pete de Pickpocket—Wot ye lookin' at that paper fur?

Watty de Winder Smasher—I want to find out whuther them di'monds I lifted out o' that plate glass front las' night is wuth $5 or $5,000.

NO CHANGE.

Jack—Who are you workin' for now, Bill?
Old Salt—Same people—missus and seven kids.

QUAINT INDIAN NEW YEAR

CUSTOMS UNCHANGED FOR 300 YEARS

Gowanda, Erie County, N. Y.—The new year has commenced with the Iroquois Indians of western New York. The first sun of the moon, Nis-ko-wuk-ni, arose on the 26th day of January, and to the Indians meant that the 459th year of the Iroquois Confederacy had dawned, and that a week of thanksgiving and festivity was at hand. It was new year's day, to be sure, but not a single religious Indian had a thought of turning over a new leaf—instead they preferred to "walk the chalk line," which is their way of expressing the same sentiment. The religious leader marks out a straight line over the snowy trail and the resolution forming warriors and their better halves walk foot before foot down the line for half a mile, at each step resolving to walk straight for the ensuing year. To lose one's balance in the straight walk is bad medicine, for it is an omen of inherent crookedness.

With the rising of the sun a company of "Buffalo Heads" break up into four pairs and march to their assigned districts to notify ceremoniously the people that the old year is gone and the new is come. With heavy striped corn pounders they smite the door posts and sing the Buffalo song: "Yey-hey, yey-hey. Gwa-a-won-dey. Gwa-a-won-dey! Hail, nephews! Hail!" With their ash paddles they sprinkle the corners of the house as they enter it in token of its purification from past evils and then light the fire of the new year. If they delay in their coming the whole family shivers in the cold without breakfast until the Buffalo announcers arrive.

The fee for the Buffaloes is a handful of Indian tobacco, the host explaining as he gives it: "It clears the mind and sobers the thoughts." The reporter begged a pipeful and found that while the thoughts were made sober indeed, not to say grave, the mind was fogged rather than cleared, for a while at least. The Buffalo Heads in order to be sure that every one understands their mission visit each house three times and each time increase their store of the sacred weed. Every one then prepares to be happy.

The next day the whole nation enters into the game of peach stone dice. Each brotherhood of clans gambles against the other, gambles religiously and furiously. Their particular brand of betting, however, is in conformity to religious custom, and the result of the game determines clan precedence and supremacy for the year. It oftentimes determines that Big Chief will have no shirt and that Little Joe will have six.

The third morning of the new year is devoted to the burning of the white dog. The white dog of the Indians is extinct, but the ceremony continues, for, as Chief Crow says: "Our religion is greater than any of its incidentals or ceremonies. They are not essentials, the thankful heart is." In the present ceremony tobacco is offered to the Great Spirit as a thank-offering and is thrown in the sacred fire by handfuls during the white dog chant. The basket which held the tobacco, the Indian's sacred plant, is beautifully woven and artistically colored. When the ceremony is over the basket also is sacrificed, for it has been sanctified to the Creator and no man's hand must thereafter touch it, save the preacher's. The white dog ceremony is a recital of man's obligations to the Maker of all things for the things of this creation. Thanks is given for every force in nature and every plant and animal useful to mankind.

On Thursday morning the fourth day of the ceremony, the Ha-jast-ta-gy, or high priest, begins a three-day sermon that runs up into the 130thly before it closes. Three entire mornings are consumed by the sermon, which although it has been preached each year for 109 years has never varied even a word. The Indians are strict ritualists. This sermon is the Creator's revelation to Handsome Lake, and each priest must memorize it. The revelation is prefaced by an account of the sins of Handsome Lake before he became a prophet and tells of his sickness brought on by over-indulgence in fire-water and of a fearful and wonderful vision which flashed upon him. For three days the life of the prophet was suspended and his soul transported to the ethereal realms commonly known as the Happy Hunting Grounds, where the Great Spirit revealed His laws.

When Handsome Lake revived his relatives were getting him ready for burial and were anticipating a wake, but his revival prevented the plan. He shortly arose and in a few weeks his emaciated body was rejuvenated. He then set out and became the first great temperance reformer in America. So effective was his preaching among Indians that President Jefferson ordered the Secretary of War, Gen. Dearborn, to issue a letter under the United States Government seal commending the new religion of Handsome Lake and indorsing his preaching. A copy of this document hangs in every pagan Indian council house in New York State to-day.

The preacher goes on to describe, in the words of Handsome Lake, the beauties of heaven and the horrors of the other place. Methodist ministers have been known to take notes during the recital. The three-day series of protracted meetings is truly a time of revival with the Indians, and the story of the prophet's suffering, the account of the marvellous revelation and the recital of the ethical laws ordained for Indians bring tears and heartfelt emotion that prompts a desire to live better and do right always. To secure the favor of the Great Spirit the preacher each morning at sunrise greets the rising sun at the northeast corner of the long house with the sun song of Handsome Lake, gesturing as he sings to high heaven.

The ceremonies of Friday and Saturday close the feast of the new year. For several days the feastmakers have been pounding corn for the great feast days. The milling process is primitive and is done with a wooden mortar and pestle, the head feast woman striking a few blows with the pestle to dedicate the meal. The corn is taken from the braided strings and prepared in various ways for the mill. Some is soaked in a weak wood ash lye to remove the hulls, some is parched and some is merely soaked a little. Whatever method is used eventually yields a tempting dish that even palefaces enjoy.

The Iroquois do not dress as do the Sioux of the plains or like Wild West show Indians. They do not wear large feather bonnets, but jaunty beaded caps with a single feather or a tuft of them fastened upon a swivel at the top. The feathers revolve when the wearer walks or dances. The leggings worn by the men also differ from those shown in most Indian pictures. They open with the flap in front instead of being fringed at the side. War dancers, however, wear the side fringes.

The great interest which is manifested in the little band of Senecas in western New York is due not merely to their strange ceremonies, but to the fact that these ceremonies have been preserved with such remarkable fidelity. It was the curiosity which these Seneca ceremonies evoked seventy years ago in the mind of Louis H. Morgan which led to his critical study of them. His study led to one of the first works on ethnology ever written, and Morgan, through his contact with the Senecas, became the founder of a new science now known as American anthropology. Ever since Morgan's day scientists have studied the Senecas, for they have best preserved the rites passed down from remote ages. The State of New York has a department devoted to the study of the New York Iroquois, and as a result fifteen volumes have already been published and many more are in course of preparation. The York State Museum during the next two years will expend thousands of dollars in illustrating Iroquois culture, $15,000 alone in making ethnological groups planned and designed by Prof. Arthur C. Parker, the State archaeologist, who is himself of Seneca Indian descent.

Prof. Parker had worked night and day during the new year ceremony making photographs and flashlights of secret ceremonies, and for the first time a complete set of photographs ethnologically correct has been secured. Mr. Parker explains that the reasons for the State's interest in the Iroquois was not merely that they are the aborigines of New York, but because they are one of the great "anomalies of history." The Iroquois have now been in contact with the whites for 300 years and every year of the three centuries has been marked by the increasing encroachments of the white invaders.

"Though far inferior in numbers and in scale of culture these Iroquois have succeeded in bringing about influences which have resulted in the preservation of their native territories in the same general region as when first discovered," said Mr. Parker.

"Of course," he continued, "there have been removals for a few miles, but the fact remains that the Iroquois still exist in New York, retain their national identity, their own forms of law and in a large measure their tribal customs. The strongest forces of arms, the strongest moral influences and the most subtle legal proceedings have been successively directed against them to force their removal from their New York lands to the country beyond the Mississippi, and still they remain—remain not as a broken tribe of scattered individuals, but as corporate nations known respectively as the Seneca Nation, the Tonawanda Seneca Nation, the Tuscarora Nation, the St. Regis tribe of Mohawks and the Onondaga Nation—remain as Indians in the Empire State of the Union and in the heart of civilization. No other native people has withstood for so many years the powerful influences which they have and not become absorbed, hopelessly demoralized, scattered to lost identity or altogether exterminated. They are thus known as a people of unsurpassed racial vitality, a people of remarkable resource and wonderful endurance. The Empire State owes much to them and ought to see that they get a fair show in every way."

The ceremonies on Saturday were witnessed by a large number of persons from the various New York reservations and from Canada. Interest in the old ways of long ago seems to have reawakened and every "pagan" Indian is enthusiastic. The mission house in the pagan district is closed, the minister could not improve the native religion, the cross has mysteriously tumbled down from the soap box upon which it was erected, and the religion of Handsome Lake reigns supreme over the Newtown district. During the week every Indian secret society, from the Order of the Mystic Animals to the Great Medicine Company or Little Water Brotherhood has had a special session. Every ancient religious rite has been enacted and the New Year's ceremonies because of their impressive teachings have strengthened more firmly and perpetuated anew the peculiar Iroquoisian culture which in its essence civilization has not been able to alter in any vital point for three centuries.

Lack of ballast has caused many a shipwreck on the sea of matrimony.

24

Lincoln in Pointed Paragraphs

(By W. W. Aulck in New York Herald.)

Don't think because Abraham Lincoln is usually remembered in connection with Illinois that he was a native of that State. He was born in old Kentucky, in a Hardin county cabin, the date being Feb. 12, 1809.

His grandfather, also Abraham Lincoln, entered a tract of four hundred acres and built a log shack near Fort Beargrass. That site is now occupied by the city of Louisville.

Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather, met a violent death, being killed by an Indian from an ambush.

Thomas Lincoln was the father of the President, and was considered the reverse of distinguished. Nancy Hanks was his mother and won the posthumous fame of having a sensationally fast race mare named after her.

There were two other children besides Abraham—Sarah, who died in middle life, and Thomas, who lived only a short time.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln died when Abraham was nine years old, and he was brought up under a kind-hearted stepmother, his father marrying Mrs. Sally Johnston a year following the death of his first wife.

Young Lincoln read everything that came his way—and that wasn't much, for the Indiana frontier where his father had removed wasn't exactly a literary centre.

When he was nineteen he set out to see the world, via the flatboat route, floating eighteen hundred miles down the creeks and rivers to New Orleans.

Before he was twenty-one he was six feet four inches tall and as strong as a grizzly.

He earned six dollars a month as a hired man, and varied his occupation with that of hog slaughterer. At this he was considered an expert, and was paid the flattering wages of thirty-one cents a day.

He was so strong that it was nothing at all for him to rescue hogs from the quagmires into which they had strayed.

The Lincolns went to Illinois in 1830 and set up housekeeping in a log cabin near Decatur, a district where there was an average of one fist and knife fight to the minute.

The Lincoln garb usually consisted of a scant pair of trousers hitched by a single suspender over a cotton shirt, and so short as to expose at the lower end six or seven inches of sharp, blue and narrow shinbone.

He became the champion rail splitter of his district, and turned this skill to much account, as is instanced in an agreement made with Mrs. Nancy Miller to "split 400 rails for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers."

He was a good story teller, though his recitals were seldom of the sort considered appropriate to the parlor.

He could make a good speech, too, and got a lot of early practice among the yokels who made up the society of his home.

In 1834 he achieved an ambition and became a member of the Legislature at the age of 25.

He reversed the usual order of things in many cases. After his election to the Legislature he met a man named Coleman Smoot. "Did you vote for me, Smoot?" he asked, and Smoot replied that he had done so. "Then you must lend me $200," said Lincoln. "I need some clothes, and if I don't get some money I'll have to walk to the capital." Smoot gave him the $200.

His first sweetheart, Ann Rutledge, is described as having been beautiful. Her death threw Lincoln into apparently the deepest of gloom. He got over it and paid court to another within a year.

He and Stephen A. Douglas, who later became his political rival, courted the same girl, Mary Todd, and though at this time Douglas was a brilliant lawyer, Miss Todd refused him, saying she wanted to marry a man who could gratify her ambition to go to the White House, and she thought Lincoln was that man.

The marriage was set for Jan. 1, 1841, but it didn't come off on the scheduled date. The bride was ready, but they couldn't find Abraham Lincoln. When they did find him he was practically out of his mind, and friends took him out of the State to recuperate.

When he came back there was, naturally, a lot of talk. Finally relations were resumed, and the marriage actually took place on Nov. 4, 1842.

There were four children—Robert Todd, born Aug. 1, 1843; Edward Baker, born March 10, 1846, and dying in infancy; William Wallace, born Dec. 21, 1850, and who died during his father's first year in the Presidency, and Thomas, born April 4, 1853, and who died when he was 19 years old.

In 1848, when Stephen A. Douglas' term in the Senate was drawing to a close and Illinois was interesting itself in his successor, he and Lincoln agreed to make a joint canvass of the State. Douglas won, but Lincoln gave him a hard pull, and made many friends by his anti-slavery speeches.

That Lincoln-Douglas campaign was one of the most famous in American political history, and drew out utterances from Lincoln that will always live. For example, on the subject of sectionalism Lincoln said: "Is it the case that it is slavery which is national and freedom which is sectional? Is it a true test of soundness of a doctrine that in some places people wouldn't let you proclaim it?"

Wendell Phillips was among those who sniffed at the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency. Mr. Phillips is on record as remarking: "Who is this huckster in politics? Who is this country court advocate?"

It was a four-handed campaign, that first battle of Lincoln for the Presidency.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

The pro-slavery Democrats nominated John C. Breckenridge, others named Stephen A. Douglas, and John Bell was the Whig candidate. Lincoln got 180 electoral votes; Breckinridge, 72; Douglas, 12; Bell, 39. The popular vote stood Lincoln 1,866,452; Breckinridge, 847,953; Douglas, 1,375,157; Bell, 590,631.

At the outset of his Presidential career he said to a caller: "My course is as plain as a turnpike road. It is marked out by the constitution. I am in no doubt which way to go."

The first inaugural address contained this clear statement of Lincoln's views: "The union of these States is perpetual. No State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union. Resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void."

There was a certain grim humor even in Lincoln's most serious moves. Thus, when the Confederacy sent representatives to Washington to treat with the Government, just as if the Confederacy had been a foreign power, Lincoln refused to see them, but sent them a copy of his inaugural address.

Rigid justice was expressed in this utterance: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess places and property belonging to the Government, and to collect duties and imposts, but beyond what is necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

It was Lincoln's dependence upon religion that caused him to issue on July 15, 1863, a thanksgiving proclamation, calling on the people to assemble on Aug. 6 to "render the homage due to the Divine Majesty for the wonderful things He had done in the nation's behalf, and invoke the influences of His Holy Spirit and to subdue the anger which has produced and so long sustained a needless rebellion." October 3 Lincoln instituted a permanent national festival on the last Thursday in November for the observance of thanks to God for all His mercies.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM

Caused by Uric Acid in Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Not many years ago doctors thought rheumatism was only a local pain caused by exposure to cold and wet. Now they know that rheumatism is caused by the blood becoming tainted with uric acid. This acid contracts the muscles, stiffens the joints, and irritates the nerves. Then the cold and wet make the joints and muscles groan with aching rheumatism. You blame the weather, but the real cause is acid in the blood. If not promptly treated the stiffness spreads and the pain grows worse each year until you are a helpless cripple, tortured day and night. If the disease touches the heart it means sudden death. You can't cure rheumatism with liniments, plasters or hot cloths. You must go to the root of the trouble in the blood. The one sure, scientific way to cure rheumatism is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. They sweep out the poisonous acid, loosen the joints and muscles and bring ease and freedom where before had been pain and misery.

Mrs. Fred Sabeau, Canada Creek, N. S., says: "Three years ago I was taken with a severe pain in my right hip. It grew gradually worse until it finally settled in both my hips and legs. The pain was really almost unbearable. At first I tried foot drafts and liniments, but this gave me only the most temporary relief, and I felt as if I was to go through the rest of my life as a suffering cripple. A neighbor whose daughter had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me to try this medicine, and I purchased three boxes. Before they were all gone I was able to get my foot up on my knee and untie my shoe, something I had not been able to do for two years, and I began to feel I had at last found a medicine to cure the trouble. I kept on taking the Pills until I had used, I think, a dozen boxes, when I was completely cured, and I am as well and strong today as ever I was in my life. I want every sufferer to know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a sure cure for rheumatism, and that if they will give this medicine a fair trial, their pains and aches will disappear as mine did."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Unscientific and Immoral.

(New York Journal of Commerce.)

Commerce is not a warfare, but a peaceful occupation, dependent upon friendly relations. Fighting for trade with duties on what we buy from others is an absurdity. We cannot get into the markets of others on favorable terms by keeping them out of ours. We cannot promote our selling to others by refusing to buy from them or hindering them in selling to us. The tariff policy which assumes that foreign trade consists in selling abroad without buying abroad or trying to sell as much and buy as little as possible, is out of date. It will not work except to restrict the trade, breed disputes and get us into unfriendly relations with other countries. We have no ground of complaint against France.

ABOUT THE MAGIC FIDDLER, MARIE HALL.

The greatest fiddlers have come to us enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery. Paganini was supposed to be in league with Satan. Tartini confessed that his sonata was inspired by the devil in a dream. And though in these days no one would connect Miss Marie Hall with the Evil One, yet in the girl artist, who sprang almost at a bound from the street performer to absolutely the greatest living violinist, one is struck by this atmosphere of the supernatural that surrounds her. Her personality, playing—all seems infused with the same extraordinary magic.

MISS MARIE HALL.

As she mounts the platform, slim, pallid, waxen-figured, her wide eyes peer into the crowded hall as though she saw nohing there, save, perhaps some invisible ghostly mentor. Her right eyebrow has a fulness at the bend which looks like, a dark, round spot as large as a marble. She is as pale as death.

Miss Hall does not smile at the audience as others do, she is too full of her work. Nervous, anxious, she fingers absently at the strings of the violin held loosly by her side. One is afraid she is not in form—there will be a nervous breakdown. Such a slight transparent creature—a puff of wind would be too much for her—is not fit for the excitement of the concert-room. And she is to play a Paganini Concerto, that few, save Kubelik and herself, dare attempt. Will she get throught it? The orchestra prelude reaches a climax, stops suddenly—there is silence. The violin goes swiftly to the shoulder, the bow raised, descends on a single not that rings clears as a bell. There is a dive into the deep alto of the G string and up again to the top of the instrument, where the notes run like rippling laughter. The Concerto has begun, and with what verve, dash, certainty of attack!

Then the melodies begin to unfold, with a purity and sweetness never heard before. It is Paganini interpreted by youth, with hopes, ideals, unsullied. Ah! but that strain of melancholy—youth has surely not fathomed such depth of utter pathos? When Kubelik plays it, too, it is only a tune; but now it seems like the distant echo of a world's living sorrow. And now the very devil is in the fiddle. Gay mocking laughter thrills from it. There is a scampering of little demons that have not been loosed since Paganini himself first conjured them out of horsehair and catgut. This girl, then, can call up spirits. Yes, but they are harmless: they have put on their best behaviour, and with smug faces gambol about, in great awe of their enchantress who smiles out of the corners of her eyes at them, enjoying the fun.

As the tune changes they go. This twittering in Alt, it is bird-music. To the whistling of harmonics we sail up in the air over so high. Down again to the leaves rustling in the trees, rustling, falling. Another change, moonlight, clouds and pattering rain, lonely churchyards, faint wailings, grisly skeltons. We are nearing the climax. The orchestra swells out, the sound grows, brighter, brighter, brighter—a musical sunrise, heralded by trumpet-calls, and welcomed by a sky full of larks, and all is over.

Miss Hall is shortly to visit America, where she met with great favor two years ago.—London (Eng.) Mail.

FIVE SHORT STORIES

Mrs. Belle De Rivera, whose special knowledge of New York public school life has made her famous, narrated at a recent dinner a number of public school episodes.

One concerned the small boy's winter hatred for cold water.

"His teacher," began Mrs. De Rivera, "said one morning to a little boy:

"'Jimmy, I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go to the hydrant and wash it.'

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed soap over it. Then, rag in hand, he returned to the school room.

"'Which cheek did you say?' he inquired."—Washington Star.

Philander C. Knox, the prospective Secretary of State, talked at a reception at Valley Forge of an impudent politician.

"The impudence with which he demands his favors," said Mr. Knox, "reminds me of the impudence of young John Gaines, a Brownsville boy.

One winter day in Brownsville the skating was good and a game of hockey was proposed.

"John Gaines, his skates over his arm, rang the bell of one of our oldest inhabitants, an 1812 veteran with a wooden leg.

"'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but are you going out to-day?'

"'No, I believe not,' replied the veteran, kindly. 'Why do you ask, my son?'

"'Because, if you are not,' said John Gaines, 'I'd like to borrow your wooden leg to play hockey with.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I reckon you have to watch your pocketbook, an' overcoat, an' watch, an' so on pretty close, don't you?" a western visitor to New York asked a friend, a native of that metropolis, as they were starting out to view the city, and, despite the citizen's assurance that no more than ordinary vigilance was required, the westerner proceeded "to keep his eye skinned," much to his friend's amusement.

Presently they entered a cafe for luncheon. The New Yorker was discoursing gaily upon the greatness of his native city, when he observed that the other had an expression on his face much like that of a cat at a mousehole.

"What are you watching so closely?" he enquired.

"Just keepin' an eye on my overcoat," the other replied.

The New Yorker laughed.

"Oh, the coat's all right. I'm not worrying about mine, you see, and they are hanging together."

"No, they ain't," the westerner drawled. "Mine's still there, but yours is gone—feller walked out with it 'bout ten minutes or so ago."—Exchange.

In one of the large music publishers' establishments on Broadway there is a man whose employment it is to become acquainted with all the music of the day, both classic and "popular." When prospective purchasers are unable to enlighten the other clerks of the place as to what they want to buy, they are referred to him as a court of last appeal.

"I wish to get a piece that has been running through my head ever since I heard it," says the distracted customer, "but the trouble is I don't know the title or the composer's name."

"How does it go?" inquired the specialist, sweetly.

"Something like this: 'Tum-ti-ti, tum-ti-ti.'"

"Ah, yes, you will get it at the second counter to your right. Ask for the Pink Waves waltz, by Straws."

And the remarkable thing about it is that he has seldom, if ever, been known to fail.—New York Evening Post.

"Why don't you go over and play with those other little girls, Ethel?" said the mother to her little girl, whom she found all alone on the street.

"I am palying with 'em, mamma," was the little one's reply. "We're playin' housekeepin' and I'm the girl what's just left!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. J. Shields and daughter Bertha spent Thanksgiving Day at Clinton.

A young daughter arrived at the home of R. Shuter last Monday.

The choir has lost a valuable member. Miss Brown, contralto, who was united in marriage to Mr. D. C. Metcalfe, Walkerton, ex-cheese maker of this place.

A literary society has been formed in this place, and will hold its meetings in the basement of the church every Saturday evening. The first meeting will be held on Saturday night of this week. All are welcome.

A few young ladies have been added to the choir, and will no doubt be a great benefit to it.

THE NEW PLAY.

Low Comedian—Have you seen the notice?
Tragedian—No; is it a good one?
Low Comedian—It's a thirty day.

"Is he stubborn?" "Stubborn! I should say he is. He won't even give in when his wife cries."— Detroit Free Press.

ECZEMA OF THE SCALP

Zam-Buk Cures a Boy Who Suffered For Three Years.

Now and again mothers find that sores or ulcers on the heads of children refuse to heal, despite all ordinary treatment. Then is the time to prove Zam-Buk's healing power. For three long years the son of Mrs. Grummitt, of 114 Morse street, Toronto, had eczema of the scalp. She says:—"It broke out behind his ears, and was so painful he was unable to sleep at night. I used almost every ointment known, and called in the doctor, but all of no avail. A friend recommended me to try Zam-Buk, and I procured a supply. After using three boxes, my little boy was completely cured."

Another case which mothers will read with interest occurred recently in Winnipeg. Mrs. C. Keep, of 592 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, says:—"A year ago my little girl contracted eczema of the scalp, and nothwithstanding all I did the sores spread until the child's scalp was completely covered. I took her to hospital, but none of the lotions and ointments applied had any effect on the disease. By degrees the child's hair came out, until she was quite bald. We were at this stage strongly advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. From first connecting with this wonderful balm the child got relief from the itching and pain. The sores were quickly banished, and in a remarkable short time the child was cured. The hair soon grew again, and is now quite long and in a healthy condition."

All who have care of children should know that Zam-Buk is particularly adapted, because of its purity, to the tender skin of children. It cures with equal dispatch ringworm, blood-poisoning, ulcers, cold-cracks, chapped hands, frost-bite, piles, bad leg, etc. Used as an embrocation it eases the pain of sprains, and cures rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box; or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

To Prevent Burst Pipes.

It is a well known fact, says the London Globe, that a pipe of circular section will hold more than one of eliptical section of the same external measurement. Hence a lead pipe of the latter form will not burst in freezing. The water in solidifying will change the pipe from elliptical to circular, and thus make room for its increased bulk without bursting it. To prevent the bursting of water pipes in frosts it has been suggested that they should be made elliptical in section. The drawback to this is that they would only thus stand one freezing, as this would reduce them to the ordinary circular form. In a recent lecture Professor Vivian B. Lewes has suggested that exposed pipes might be slightly flattened with a mallet before a frost. This would serve the same purpose.

JUST CURED HIM THAT WAS ALL.

What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did for Thomas Moon.

Doctors Could Not Cure His Dropsy but Dodd's Kidney Pills Cleared It Out Completely.

Maidstone, Sask., Feb. 15.—(Special.)—"Cured me completely. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me." Such is the statement made by Thomas Moon, a well-known resident of this place, who for two years suffered with Dropsical Swellings brought on by Diseased Kidneys.

"I had pains in the small of my back," Mr. Moon continues, and across the loins. The swelling commenced first in my legs, and gradually got to my body. I tried different doctors, but kept getting worse every day until I was swollen up to an awful size.

"One doctor sent me to the hospital, where I got a little benefit, but the swelling soon all came back.

"Then I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and as I said before they cured me completely."

Dropsical swellings are caused by diseased kidneys failing to take the surplus water out of the blood. Cure the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and the Dropsy naturally cures itself.

Her Sad Mistake.

The clubwoman closed her book on "Domestic Responsibility," and, with a tinge of remorse, went out on the lawn, where her children were at play.

"Mary," she informed her children's nurse, "I've neglected my young ones for the clubs too much these last few years and I'm going to try and make amends. Now, this afternoon I intend to dress one of them with my own hands and take it for an outing in the park."

It was quite late that afternoon when the reformed clubwoman, after pushing a go-cart containing the youngster she had selected and prepared for its outing about the spacious public park for several hours, started toward home. She had hardly come within sight of it when the nurse rushed up, palpably agitated.

"Oh, mum——"

"The child's all right, Mary," the mother announced, by way of assurance. "I humored it all the afternoon with sweets and fruit."

"But, mum," cried the nurse, endeavoring to regain her breath, "Mrs. Smith next door's been scared into a fit, the perlice has been notified, and—oh, Lawd, mum!"

"Don't act so, Mary! Why should you get so excited over that hysterical Mrs. Smith?"

"You've gone and took her child, mum!"—Tit-Bits.

WHY Pay Rent?

When you can build a home to Suit Yourself

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Seasoned Lumber
Always on Hand

also a full line of building material. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

A. R. Rogers Lumber Co.
Limited
Enderby B. C.

ENDERBY Hotel

The Home of the Old-Timer and the abode of the New-Comer. All will find a warm welcome at the pioneer house and you'll be made to feel at home, no matter when you hang up your hat.

H. W. WRIGHT, Proprietor
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We can still show the Goods

Some prime stall-fed beef on cut at the present time

Our Sausage is still a Leader

Fish and Poultry

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Plain and Ornamental
PLASTERING, LATHING
Brick and Cement work. Hard Wall work a specialty.

ENDERBY PRESS

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

APRIL 15, 1909

Comment and Affirmation

Kind Providence—and Willing Hands.

WHEN Mr. J. C. English was appointed chief of our fire department, if such a title is permissible for so small a proposition, he went to the Council with a proposal that he considered was vitally important if the matter of fire protection were to receive any consideration at all at the hands of the city. He felt that if the little fire-fighting apparatus the city owns were to be preserved and kept in constant readiness for an emergency, the proper drying apparatus should be erected for the handling of the hose, and the fire hall should be electric-lighted so as to enable the men to see what they were doing should they be called upon to answer an alarm at night. He also suggested that accommodation be provided for a man to sleep at the fire hall, and to have a general supervision of the fire apparatus. Mr. English argued that if something were not done along this line it were unreasonable to expect to hold together any kind of a fire brigade, for without some systematic handling of the men and apparatus very little could be expected in the direction of proficiency, and when the apparatus were needed it would be found that nobody knew where anything was, and valuable time would be lost looking for the thing that should be on the spot.

Mr. English's proposition meant the spending of a hundred dollars or so, and the Council turned it down. The thousand-dollar fighting apparatus is piled into a $25 shed; the city has no hose-reel team and no fire-fighting organization whatever. If the fire in the Bell block last week demonstrated anything it was how unprepared we are to fight fires. When the men ran to the hose-reel shed they found everything helter-skelter. There was a place for everything and everything in its place—in a heap on the floor. When they got to the fire they found they had only one nozzle and hose enough to make one connection. Fortunately the men who handled the reel had had previous experience in fire fighting and got it under control before it was well started. To their cleverness and cool-headed work the city owes all it would have lost by the destruction of the Bell block.

It has been said that society is very kind in a small community in that it will forgive everything but truth. Truth has been suppressed and side-stepped so long in some communities and by some people, that they become very doggedly indifferent to its pleadings. But in matters of this nature, where the protection of the city is at issue, does not our common sense tell us that it is false economy to endeavor to save money by neglecting our fire-fighting apparatus? It is part of the program in the erection of the City Hall and Court House to make a proper place for the hose-reel and apparatus, but this will not do away with the need of an organized fire brigade. Kind Providence and willing hands will not always be "on the spot" as was the case last week.

Fred. H. Barnes
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR
Plans and estimates furnished
Dealer in Windows, Doors, Turnings and all factory work. Rubberoid Roofing, Screen Doors and Windows. Glass cut to any size.
I represent the S. C. Smith Co. of Vernon. Enderby.

Butter-Paper Printing
In 500-lots, $2.25
In 1000-lots, $3.50
THE WALKER PRESS
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Baseball Goods

The 1909 line shows Class, Style, and Snappy, up-to-date features. Masks, Mitts, Gloves, Bats and Balls. The highest standard at popular price.

Enderby Drug & Stationery Co.

WHEAT
LETS
QUICKLY
DISPEL
THAT
"BEFORE-BREAKFAST"
GROUCH
Made at Enderby
Always fresh
Better and cheaper than any imported Breakfast Food
When you use Wheatlets you are patronising a home industry
You are buying an Enderby product
Do you know any reason why you should not use Wheatlets?
The Columbia Flouring Mills Company, Ltd.
Enderby B. C.

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.

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
Agent for the Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline engine

Standard Bred S. C. White Leghorns
From CAPT. MITCHELL'S famous laying strain, Santa Barbara, Cal. Selected for great layers by the HOGAN System.
Average clear profit per bird, 1906.....$ 2.70
" " " " 1907..... 3.20
This year I expect to do better still
All drones severely weeded out. You get eggs from nothing but heavy layers.
EGGS FOR HATCHING
$2 for 15; $6 for 50; $10 for 100
$80 for 1000
Order early; I am getting orders now. I had great difficulty in filling all the orders last year. ERNEST T. HANSON,
Cowichan Station, Vancouver's Island, B.C.

Birds of Highest Quality
For Exhibition and Breeding
F. Jamieson
219 Kingston St. Victoria, B.C.
Breeder of S. C. Black and White Minorcas, S. C. White and Brown Leghorns, Houdans. Stock for sale at reasonable prices. EGGS: Leghorns, $2.50 per setting; Minorcas and Houdans, $3.00 per setting. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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 Hatching. 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.

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.

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.

Quality is what Counts

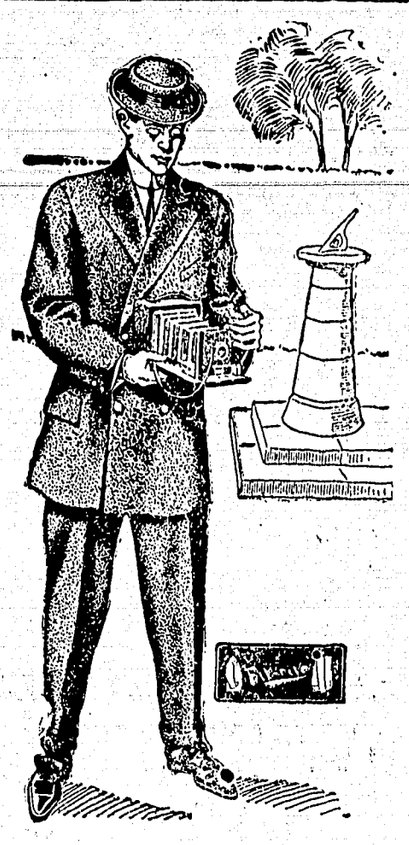
The values in our Clothing Department have long since been recognized, which accounts for the splendid, steady business we have in this department. Whether it is Dress Goods for the ladies, clothing for the Children, Tailor-mades for the men and boys,—in everything you will find *Quality* the attraction.

Seasonable English Prints

The best on the market—choice patterns, big selection; just the thing for Spring and Summer wear—you cannot afford to miss seeing them.

MEN! have you given your order for that Spring Suit?

Samples of material and style of cut on hand—perfect fit guaranteed.



Here is a picture of neatness

ENDERBY TRADING CO., Ltd.

BIG THINGS FOR CANADA

A despatch in the Toronto Globe of April 1st says: "Wealth is pouring over the border into Canada from the United States at the present at the rate of nearly a million per week, according to the estimates of those who are in touch with the immigration movement. The influx is exceptionally large. Trains in two sections are the rule on the Soo line running into MooseJaw, and all the trains are carrying large numbers of Americans from the States of the central west.

"Special settlers' trains, with large numbers of cars loaded with effects, are also being operated. The estimate of the local office is to the effect that 70,000 Americans will come in this season, taking up between 20,000 and 25,000 homesteads, and the number may possibly reach a hundred thousand. At several points in Saskatchewan and Alberta the rush has been so great that the government has arranged to supply large furnished tents. These can be used not only by travellers from the United States, but also by those from Eastern Canada and Europe."

In the Globe of April 3rd another significant item appears, relating to finances. It says: "The ordinary man speaks of a 'return to normal conditions,' and means by that conditions as they existed at the height of the business expansion in 1906. Given this meaning, 'normal conditions' represent a great deal, for it stands for the period of greatest growth in the country's history. There are not wanting indications that we shall reach that position again. The fall in the minimum discount rate of the Bank of England to 2½ per cent. this week signalizes a period of abnormally easy money throughout the world. This is of immediate consequence to our own country, for it means that the British markets will continue to be available to our borrowers, and old country and European funds will continue to press for investment here."

If these things be true, and nobody acquainted with prevailing conditions will question them, then common sense suggests that every man should do his part to make sure of his own share of the prosperity. And what is true of the individual in this respect, is true also of the community.

IN THE CHURCHES

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. St. George's Church, Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a. m. and 1st Sunday in month at 11 a. m. during March, April and May. Same on Friday at 8 p. m. Service North Enderby at 3 p.m. every alternate Sunday; Mara, at 3.00 p.m. every alterate Sunday. All cordially invited. Rev. J. Leech-Porter, B.D., Vicar

METHODIST CHURCH—Young People's meeting, Sunday, 7 p. m.; Preaching every Sunday, 7:30 p. m.; Junior Epworth League, Tuesday, 3:45 p. m.; Prayer Meeting, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.; Class Meeting, 8:15 p. m. (immediately after the prayer meeting); Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. A. N. MILLER, Pastor.

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

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

CITY OF ENDERBY

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

POST OFFICE

HOURS—8 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.; mails close, southbound, 10:00 a.m.; northbound, 4:00 p. m.

SMALL DEBTS COURT

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

SECRET SOCIETIES

A.F.&A.M.

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

J. F. PRINGLE, W. M. — V. C. BRIMACOMBE, Secretary

I. O. O. F.

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

PROFESSIONAL

DR. H. W. KEITH,

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

Office: BELL BLOCK — ENDERBY

W. E. BANTON,

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.

Offices, Bell Block, Enderby, B.C.

W. ALLAN DOBSON,

Auctioneer
Debt Collector
Real Estate & General Agent
Intermediary

Enderby, B.C.

PETER BURNET

Dominion & Provincial Land Surveyor

Enderby, B. C.

An Ideal Land.

A correspondent in the Standard of Empire writes: "As an army officer recently retired and anxious to find some place in which my limited income and personal inclinations could be made to suit each other, I went last summer to British Columbia, having heard glowing accounts of the splendid climate and scenery, unlimited sport, and general attractions to be found there, and perhaps my impressions may be useful to any others of like circumstances and inclinations.

"I may say at once that my expectations were more than realized, and I strongly advise all who are in search of a happy settling ground, where they can live cheaply—a free, unconventional, outdoor life, with plenty of sport and amusements of all kinds and a sufficiency of congenial society—to go there and look for themselves.

"A small capital—say £600—and an income of £200 or £300 a year will provide more in the way of comfort and pleasure than double or treble that sum would do in England, and there are also many fairly easy methods of materially increasing one's income, which would certainly appeal to a large proportion of the class of people I am thinking of. Fruit-growing, poultry and dairy farming—and in some places general farming—are all profitable, and not too laborious industries, requiring no great capital, or even very much previous experience; in fact, for fruit-growing—which is, perhaps, the most profitable and popular of all—I have frequently been told that previous experience in England, or elsewhere is actually undesirable, as Canadian methods are distinctive and best suited to the country.

"The climate is such that almost any one can find what he requires, from the chronic invalid to the hardy sportsman and traveller—in fact, any climate that can be found in the temperate zones of Europe can be found equally in British Columbia. The summers are deliciously warm and bright, and the winters usually fine and clear, with only occasional cold snaps to provide winter amusements. To the sportsman it is a veritable paradise—and especially perhaps to a fisherman, though the shooting is very varied and plentiful—while any one fond of yachting, rowing, or bathing can find endless opportunities of enjoying himself.

"British Columbia is essentially a country for people of limited means and expensive tastes, for many of the amusements confined in England to rich men are out there available to the humblest. It is also a country to which an intending settler should take his women-folk, for the double reason that while they will add largely to his comfort and happiness (as, of course, they do everywhere), they will also find the free, unconventional life there a very pleasant change from the monotony of English country routine. Ladies—and especially perhaps unmarried ones—have splendid times out there, and those I met were only too anxious to remain there as long as they could."

If in life you find you have to strike, strike hard. But never in anger. Keep a cool head and a still tongue.

We sell the

Water-motor washing machine

This is the 20th Century way to wash

**Garden Hose, Cultivators,
Wheel-barrows, Plows & Harrows,
Stumping Powder, Poultry Netting
Syphers' Incubators
Sharple's Cream Separators
Bicycles & Supplies
Stoves & Tinware
Builders' Supplies**

We can supply you anything in Hardware or Farm Machinery at prices that are right

Fulton's Hardware, Tin and Plumbing Works

CLIFF STREET — ENDERBY, B. C

A Dishonest Practice

The Armstrong Advertiser is to be commended for the position it has taken in denouncing the practice of some eastern real estate men, working, either innocently or "with malice afore thought," in conjunction with dishonest property owners in the Okanagan, to rob eastern men who are seeking homes in this favored District. It tells of a case where some unsophisticated Manitoban was induced to trade a $12,000 farm for an uncleared place near Armstrong, said to be worth from $1,200 to $3,000. Of course, the man who will buy a piece of property without seeing it does not deserve a great deal of sympathy, nevertheless, there should be a limit. Real estate men and property owners who will make false representation in connection with property they are selling, should be held accountable. Obtaining money by false pretenses is as bad in business as in handling gold bricks.

Play the game alone. No matter what it is, don't lean upon anyone.

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

King Edward Hotel, BELL & MURPHY Proprietors — **Enderby**

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

HENRY'S SEEDS
For the FARM, GARDEN, LAWN or CONSERVATORY.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees
Grown in the only part of the American continent not infested with the San Jose scale. Our trees do not have to be fumigated and consequently damaged.
140-Page Catalogue FREE
M. J. HENRY, Vancouver, B.C.
NURSERIES

SUTTON'S SEEDS

HIGHEST IN QUALITY — OF PROVED GERMINATING POWER
SEND FOR HANDSOME CATALOGUE
The Brackman-Ker Milling Co. Ltd. 86 Hastings St. West, Vancouver, B.C

Livery AND Feed Stables

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

JAMES MOWAT

Fire, Life, Accident Insurance Agencies

A Life Insurance policy in the Royal Insurance Co. of Liverpool, Eng., is a valuable asset. A plain, straightforward contract, leaving no room for doubt as to its value.

The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
The Phoenix Insurance Co. of London.
British America Assurance Co.
Royal Insurance Coof 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**

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

A Helpful Bulletin Issued by the Dominion Government.

A timely bulletin entitled "Sheep Husbandry in Canada," by Mr. J. B. Spencer, B. S. A., has been issued by the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa. Mr. Spencer has taken up the task from practically all the standpoints that concern the sheep raiser in whatever province he may dwell. After describing the ideal mutton sheep he gives a brief, though comprehensive, history and description of eleven of the popular breeds. Next he covers in a practical way the establishing of a commercial breeding flock. Mutton production as a highly specialized industry, is dealt with by reviewing the methods in vogue in Great Britain. Nor does the treatment of the subject stop when the animal is fattened for it is followed right through the butchering and curing processes until the joint is ready for the cook. Then come sections on handling, dipping, wethering, feeds and feeding, housing, weed destroying, enemies, etc., each subject exhaustively treated according to the practice of the most successful shepherds. As a practical home doctor book for the flockmaster this work will undoubtedly become a helpful standby. A review of the wool industry concludes the text of the work of more than 125 pages of reading matter, illustrated by some sixty beautiful plate illustrations printed in sepia and a number of line drawings. This attractive, comprehensive and practical "Bulletin, No. 12 of the Live Stock Branch" is ready for free distribution to all those interested in the sheep or its products who care to apply for it to J. G. Rutherford, Live Stock Commissioner, Ottawa.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

Mrs. T. Osborn, Norton Mills, Vt., says: "I have no hesitation in saying that Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life and I cannot say enough in praise of this medicine. He was so weak and sickly that he took no notice of anything, and cried so much that I was worn out caring for him. After giving him the Tablets there was a great change, and he is now a bright-eyed, laughing baby, the pride of our home." Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms and keep little ones healthy and happy. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A DISCIPLARIAN.

Miss Hobson was most popular with the two and young unmarried members of Centreville's school board. They did not propropose to have any change of teachers in District Number Three.

"Do you think Miss Hobson pays quite enough attention to discipline?" suggested one of the elderly, married school-committeemen one day.

"Discipline! Why, of course she pays a great deal of attention to it," asserted Ed. Porter, hastily.

"We never had anybody else begin to pay as much," said Henry Lane. "Why, one afternoon I was in there at Number Three, and Miss Hobson spent the whole time—every minute of it—preserving order in that schoolroom."—Youth's Companion.

$11 Washington, D. C. and Return, via Philadelphia.

From Suspension Bridge, Friday, February 19th, via Lehigh Valley R. R. Tickets good ten days. Particulars, 54 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

Robins' Winter Nest.

It is a rare occurrence for robins to be found sitting at the end of December; yet this can now be seen at Vine Kennels, Overton, Hampshire. The robins have chosen for their nesting place a disused railway carriage at the kennels, where the men usually clean their clothes, a process which seems to interest the robins not a little.

One of the windows of the carriage is broken, and through this the birds obtain ingress and egress. Their nest, in which are three eggs, is in a crevice in roof of the carriage.—From the London Standard.

ASTHMA

Mrs. Farndel, of Clementsport, N.S., Suffered All Her Life From Asthma, But Was Permanently Cured by Catarrhozone After All Other Means Failed.

Mr. Farndel gives the following statement of her case for the benefit of others who are suffering from asthma, and hopes that many will follow her example and use Catarrhozone.

"I am now in my eightieth year, and cannot recall the time when I was free from the asthma. I had always a shocking cough, feverishness, spasms, difficulty in breathing, headache and nausea. My druggist advised Catarrhozone one day, and I bought a large outfit. It gave relief in five minutes, and helped me very much in one day.

"I inhaled Catarrhozone ten minutes every hour, and by the time two bottles were used I was entirely cured. I am as free now from asthma as if I never had it. My perfect recovery is due entirely to Catarrhozone. I prize my Catarrhozone inhaler next to life itself."

Catarrhozone

Relieves at Once ---- Prevents and Cures Quickly.

For the nose, throat, lungs and bronchial tubes, Catarrhozone is unrivalled. Try it yourself—both pleasant and safe. Two months' treatment guaranteed to cure; price $1; medium size, 50 cents; small trial size, 25 cents, at all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

GOOD CAUSE.

Kind Man—You look discouraged, my son.

Dear Eye Mike—Aw! certainly. I've thrown ten snowballs at ten hats and only hit eight of them.

FREE GOWGANDA DIAMOND GOLD SHELL RING

for selling only 2 1-2 dozen Gold Point Inkless Pens at 5c. each. These pens write a beautiful color by simply dipping in water. Write to-day and we will send pens and big premium list. In a short time you can win this "Electric Sparkler" and also an elegant chain.

QUEEN CITY SUPPLY CO., Dept. 301 Toronto, Ont.

Color Blindness.

Forty men and four women per thousand are either wholly unable to perceive certain colors, or can recognize them only with difficulty. The defect may be hereditary and cause so little trouble as to pass undetected for seventy years. All attempts to overcome color blindness by educating the color sense have failed. There are three theories of color vision, all of which, based on the workings of the sensitive fibrils of the inner eye, are discussed by John M.

From Trains to Stockings.

From the gigantic task of hauling freight and passenger trains over the electrified branch of the Canadian Pacific the Aroostook Falls, in Maine, performs such little chores as knitting stockings. The falls has recently been harnessed to drive electric generators which supply current to the railroad and to the knitting mills of the vicinity. An electrically operated machine will knit a stocking in less than two minutes.

Too Light a Sentence.

That Beerbohm Tree, the player, has a caustic wit is evidenced by an incident wherein he and an unknown playwright figured.

The writer had obtained permission to read his offering to Tree. The actor evinced no great degree of enthusiasm either during or after the reading; but he did take the manuscript, upon which he scribbled hastily a few suggestions for its betterment.

"See here, Mr. Tree," was the indignant ejaculation of the ambitious playwright, "It's hardly fair of you to dispose of my work in this summary and nonchalant fashion. I'd have you know that this play cost me a year's hard labor."

"So?" queried Tree. "My dear fellow, any impartial judge would give you at least five!"—Harper's Weekly.

English a Hard Language.

"Leesten!" said the perplexed Frenchman. "When you give a sing, you cannot keep 'eem! So?"

"So," said the English instructor.

"But when a hones' man gives 'ees word, 'ee keep 'eem. So?"

"So," said the instructor.

"But when 'ee give 'ees word, 'ow can 'ee keep 'eem? Does 'ee take 'eem back?"

"No," said the instructor.

"But if 'ee keeps 'ees word 'ee does not give 'eem!"

"Oh, yes! If he does not keep his word he is not an honest man."

"Ah, I beegeen to see! 'Aving given 'ees word and not taken 'eem back, 'ee keep 'eem all ze while?"

"That's it!"

"Oh, lo, la, la! What a language eez ze Englishe."—Democratic Telegram.

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.

Twain's Reputation.

Mark Twain was talking about the famous robbery in his beautiful country house, says the Boston Herald.

"Had I been living in Hartford," he said whimsically, "some of my Hartford friends would certainly have accused me of robbing myself. They have a poor opinion of me in that town.

"Marshall Jewett, the ex-Governor, used to take up the collection in our Hartford church. They never asked me to take it up. I fretted a good deal over this matter.

"'See here, Jewett,' I said one day, 'they let you take up the collection every Sunday, but they would never let me do it.'

"'Oh, yes, they would,' said Jewett—'that is, with a bell punch, like the horse car conductors use.'"

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

VIRTUE A NECESSITY.

"There is one thing for which mankind, I think, deserves credit."

"What might that be?"

"When you think of all the liars we have, there has never been one who claimed positively that he had seen the North Pole."

NO DOUBT.

"It is said that King Edward smokes cigars costing two dollars apiece."

"I s'pose even the ones he gets at Christmas are pretty fair."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Katy, aged 5, and a resident of America's seat of culture, ran to her father one morning exclaiming:

"Father, Brother Howard swore."

Jessie—Why are you gazing so earnestly at the dancers in the ball room?" Bertie—I'm wondering if it's in the winter or summer that one gets to see the most of you girls?—Kansas City Journal.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

JUST THINK!

With half the labor, and at half the cost of other soap, Sunlight does the whole washing in half the time, yet without injuring the most delicate fabric.

Trying to Shake Him Off.

Mrs. Grimshaw (while the visitor is removing his wraps)—What did you bring that man out here to dinner for, when the house is all torn up and full of the smell of paint? Besides, you've told me a thousand times that he's a bore and you don't like him!

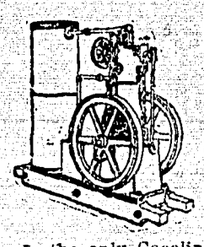
Mr. Grimshaw—I know it, my dear. That's why I brought him.—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Queer Sleeping Places.

One of our large, wild animals that sleep through the winetr is the badger. His burrow extends a considerable distance and winds about as if the occupant meant to make it as difficult as possible for his enemies to storm his fortress. When the winter comes he bars the doors by closing the entrance with soil, which not only makes his dwelling all the more secure, but helps to keep out the cold. Then he retires to the farthest corner and coils himself up on a nice, soft bed of well-dried grass. Sometimes the badger will occupy a "fox earth," which for some reason has been deserted by Reynard. The squirrel also goes to sleep in his cosy nest among the trees, though he wakens occasionally to have a feed of nuts which he has stored in an out-of-the-way corner known only to 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, Dept. "M"

98 Front St. East, Toronto

Origin of Dominoes.

The origin of dominoes has been attributed variously to the Greeks, the Chinese and Jews, but a Paris contemporary has discovered that the ever popular game owes its invention to the Benedictines of Mont Cassin. Two of the order were sent into lengthy retreat, and they hit upon a method of whiling away the spare time without infringing the rules of silence by playing with square stones upon which various dots were marked. While perfecting themselves they perfected or rather evolved the game, and were accustomed to frequently repeat when playing in the evening Psalms from Vespers, especially the first, that is Psalm cix., which begins "Dixit Dominus Domino meo." When the retreat was over the game was soon known in the convent. Then its fame spread to the village and beyond. The verse was reduced to one word, "Domino," hence the name as we have received it.—From the London Globe.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Things That Went Wrong.

A visitor in a suburban printing office had accidentally soiled his hands with printer's ink and has washed them.

"Where is your towel?" he asked.

"Behind that door," answered the editor, in a faint voice.

The visitor looked behind the door and found the towel.

It was perfectly clean.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A Time Limit.

A New England man tells of an elderly citizen in a New Hampshire town who long bore the reputation of being the meanest man in the country. This old chap was proprietor of a hotel, the rules whereof required that everything should be kept under lock and key, the result of which was that no hanger-on could get his hands on a newspaper, a bit of hotel stationery, a free wash, or, in fact, anything free at all. To cap the climax, the old man one day came in and posted the following notice above the only clock in the place:

"This clock for use of hotel guests only."—Harper's Weekly.

Didn't Mean It, Perhaps.

Aunt Ann had come back on a visit.

"Don't you keep any cats now, Bessie?" she asked.

"No, auntie," said her little niece. "We haven't had a cat in the house since you went away."

ISSUE NO. 8, 1909

HELP WANTED.

TRAVELLERS WANTED. I SELL DIRECT to consumers at wholesale rates. Nothing better than a route of regular customers. Alfred Tyler, 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, Coffees, etc. No experience necessary. Work pleasant and remunerative. The Home Specialties Co., Tranby Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

FARMS TO RENT.

STOCK FARM FOR RENT—A FINE STOCK farm of 125 acres, five miles north of London, on Proof Line road; grand opportunity for right party. Enquire Wm. Sifton, Arva P. O., Ont.

FOR SALE.

TIN SHOP FOR SALE—RETIRING ON account of age; best place in all Canada for good plumber and tinner. Vivian Vance, Essex, Ont.

LAND WANTED.

$460.00 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.

Recently Incapacitated.

There was some deficiency in the early education of Mrs. Donahue, but she never mentioned them or admitted their existence. "Will you sign your name here?" said the young lawyer whom Mrs. Donahue had asked to draw up a deed transferring a parcel of land to her daughter.

"You sign it yoursilf an' I'll make me marrk," said the old woman, quickly. "Since me eyes gave out, I'm not able to write a wurrd, young man."

"How do you spell it?" he asked, pen poised above the proper space.

"Spell it whatever way you plaze," said Mrs. Donahue, recklessly. "Since I lost me teeth there's not a wurrd in the wurrld I can spell."—Youth's Companion.

Gold Laid Watch

Guaranteed for 20 years FREE for selling 4 dozen Cobalt Gold Inkless Pens at 5c. 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 130 Toronto, Ont.

He "Thinked" Right.

Prof. George Porter, principal of the Hallsville schools, has continually told the pupils that they should think twice before they speak. One cold morning last week Prof. Porter backed up to the stove after having given expression to his famous adage, when a little boy on the front seat, after having been given permission to talk, said:

"Prof. Porter, I've thinked once."

"Think again," he replied.

"I've thinked twice," said the youngster.

"Then speak."

"Yes, sir. I thinked your coat tail was a scorchin'; now I think it is ablaze," replied the obedient urchin.—Hallsville (Mo.) News.

A Woman's Sympathy

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

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

His Helpmate.

"You are always trying to throw cold water on my literary ambitions," growled the aspiring author. "You say it doesn't pay. Look at Charles Dickens, will you? He left a fortune of $400,000, all earned with his pen."

"I know it, dear," said his wife, caressing him; "but don't you remember that Aladdin could make more than that in five minutes by simply rubbing an old lamp? I'd so much rather you'd do something of that kind, Will!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

COLD WEATHER FABLE.

Once a smart hare met a wise fox.

"B-r-r-r," chattered the hare.

"What's the trouble, my friend?" queried the fox, craftily.

"Why, this weather is terrible. I am almost frozen."

The wise fox winked up at the crow in the tree.

"In that case, my friend," he chuckled, "I think you will find it warmer inside than it is outside.

Without further ceremony he swallowed the hare.

Moral—It is not always a safe policy to complain of the weather.

RAW

FURS and HIDES

Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.

JOHN HALLAM - TORONTO, ONT. 7

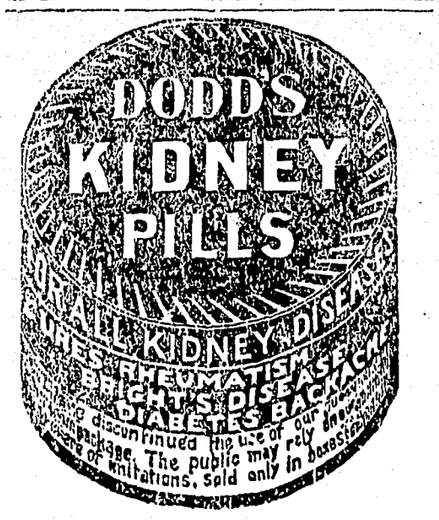
THE FAVORITES

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

"Silent as the Sphinx!"

THE MOST PERFECT MATCHES YOU EVER STRUCK

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



THE GNAGGS OFF TO A SHOW.

MR. GNAGG EXPLAINING HOW TO MAKE HASTE

But at the Same Time Explaining Gently the Wifely Duty of Preparing All Things That the Man May Need Without Halting Her Own Preparation.

Mr. Gnagg, having purchased theatre tickets, lends his aid to Mrs. Gnagg in her efforts to get ready:

Suppose we try to get to this show before the first act is over, eh? We can do it, you know, if you take just one or two tucks in that dawdling habit of yours. Just energize a little, that's all. Get kind of a move on. This thing of getting to the theatre when the curtain's up on the second act and sprawling all over folks that've settled themselves to watch what's going on on the stage may be all right from your angle of vision. I don't dig up two dollars apiece for theatre tickets for that purpose.

It hadn't ought to take you any two hours and a half at this stage of the game to get ready for the theatre, you know. That sort of thing may be all right for—er—well, for young women, women that've still got their market to make and all that kind of business, but there's no special reason that I know of why you should spend all of these hours primping and preening and fixing like these roaring, raging, ramping, alleged beauties that we see the pictures of in the newspapers. You've made your catch, you know, such as it is. I am fully aware, of course, that you don't regard it as much of a catch, and that you cling to the fond conviction that you could have done about eighteen thousand per cent. better, but we let that pass. The point is that we want to reach this show to-night in time to see some of it.

The way to get ready is to get ready. You don't have to go gyrating and cavorting around to get ready. Take it easy, but be on the job of getting ready steadily and persistently and you can do it all right. Don't let anything else interfere with your business of getting ready. That's my system, perhaps you have perceived. I can, maybe you've noticed, go along coolly and resolutely getting ready for any sort of an occasion and extract keen, contemplative pleasure from the smoking of a cigar at the same time. It's all a matter of poise. It's all a matter of——

By the way, before depositing that mujik crown of fictitious hemp called a "rat" on your head you might stick the buttons in a dress shirt for me. That's one job I hate, sticking buttons in a dress shirt. By the way, why couldn't you have done that to-day? You knew we were going to the theatre this evening. Couldn't you have taken about two minutes of the hours and hours of the day that you customarily devote to sitting with your hands in your lap studying the wall paper pattern—couldn't you have helped me a little bit, of only out of a sense of duty, by putting the buttons in a dress shirt for me to-day? Oh, well, that's a vain question I know. All of my questions bearing on such topics are vain. They must be because they never do a particle of good.

What shall you wear? Well, that's a great question. How do I know? And if I did know, and advised you is there one chance in nine million that you'd take my advice? Nary chance! I'm all through with that sort of advising. You just ask me a question like that so that when you get my answer you can copper it. Coppering it means doing exactly the opposite thing. Wear any old thing. It doesn't make any difference. You're not going to the theatre, as I understand it, to make a hit and to compete with the gilded butterflies of fashion that you'll see there, but to witness a show. Isn't that it? Very well. Wear the first thing that you put your hands on. It's all the same. I'm not a costumer, anyhow. You hadn't ought to expect me to keep this plant a-going and to serve as toilette adviser and lady's maid and social secretary and all that sort of thing, too.

By the way, here you are asking me what you should wear, when only a couple of days ago you were telling me that you didn't have a rag to your back. How about that? If you haven't a rag to your back, how the dickens is it that you're all in a stew and a flutter to find out what you'd better put on to go to a show? If you don't call that a dead giveaway I'd like to know what you do call it. Just goes to prove the contention that I've been making right along, that you've got so blamed many duds that you don't know where to put 'em.

Well, well, please don't stand there rubbing your chin about it. Have you forgotten, by the way, that I requested you a few moments ago to put the buttons in a shirt for me? Very well. Then why not get at that before worrying yourself to death about what you're going to wear out of your immense assortment of wearables? Be good enough to remember, however, hereafter that you won't have any chance whatever to get away with it in the future when you try to spring that old plaint of yours about not having a rag to your back. I think I'll just jot down a memorandum in my note book to the effect that on such and such a date—this date, that is—you owned up to it that you had so many clothes that you didn't know what to do with 'em all.

By the way, I believe there is a sort of an understanding between us, isn't there, that we're going to the theatre to-night? Then why the deuce don't you get ready? D'ye call standing there with your hair flying all over your shoulders getting ready? D'ye think—How's that? Oh, you're looking for a dress shirt for me, are you? Oh, very well. Looking for one, eh? Do you have to get out a search warrant and a writ of replevin in order to find a dress shirt for me? Don't you know where they're kept? Maybe they're up on the roof. Perhaps the janitor has 'em down in his store room. Perhaps—— Oh, you have the shirt, but it's the buttons you're looking for, eh? Well, the buttons can't be more than ten thousand miles away, you know. I haven't made any trips to the east coast of Zanzibar wearing a dress shirt that I know of, and so—— Oh, you've found 'em, have you? Great! You're the wonderful little finder all right! Now suppose you get a kind of a wiggle on and make a start, anyhow, toward getting ready for the theatre.

Don't get so flustrated about it either. Take it coolly. The trouble with you is that when you're going anywhere you proceed to get yourself all worked up about it and then your fingers become all thumbs and——

Look a-here, where's my patent leathers? Huh? No, they're not under the bed. No, they're not in the closet either. They're nowhere, that's where they are. If they're anywhere in this room then I'll eat 'em, that's all. I guess the ashman has got 'em by this time. Probably you sent 'em down in the dumbwaiter under the impression that they were empty milk bottles. Perhaps you donated 'em to Peary to go to the North Pole in. Whatever you did with 'em, they're—— What's that? They're right here where I'm standing, beneath the couch? Then why the dickens didn't you say so in the first place? D'ye call this getting ready? D'ye——

Well, it's a kind of a wonder that you wouldn't have sent these shoes out to be polished, that's all I've got to say. Of course I know that it's an outrage and a crime for a man to expect his wife to do anything so menial and degrading as to ask the elevator boy to take a pair of shoes down to the shoe polishing stand, but still a man that has to slave and grind all day ought to have a few little allowances, to my way of——

Now, see here, is that as far along as you've got—just beginning to put on your shoes? What time d'ye suppose this show begins, anyhow? Midnight? You might just as well understand here and now, because I say it flatly, that if we don't reach the theatre to-night in time to see the beginning of this show, why, the present occasion'll be about all of the show attending this family'll indulge in during the remainder of the season of 1909. I've made an earnest and laborious effort to get you keyed up to the notion that the only way to see a play understandingly is to see it from the beginning, and if I've fallen down in that attempt, why——

Huh! Look at these trousers! They look as if they hadn't been pressed since the battle of New Orleans. What have you been doing to 'em, anyhow?—Using 'em for a bath mat or a dust rag? I'll be a nice looking countryman going out in a pair of dress trousers like these, won't I? Oh, well, there's no use. Same old thing year in and year out. I've been trying to intimate gently to you, for more years than I care to think about, that on the day after a man takes off his evening clothes it's a pretty good thing to send the evening clothes out to be pressed so's they'll be in shape for him to wear the next time, but I've got a swell chance to get away with anything like that, haven't I?

Look here, when are you going to begin to get some clothes on, anyhow? D'ye know what time it is? Or maybe you're——Oh, now I have it: You're purposely delaying so that at the last minute you think I'll conclude that the only way we can reach the show in time is to take a taxicab. Well, if that's your idea, be good enough to forget it right away quick.

Where's my white ties? Huh? No, they're not in this drawer. If they were in this drawer d'ye think I'd stand here and——Oh, they're under all the rest of the riot of ties in the drawer, hey? Sure! Certainly! Everything that I want to put my hands on when I'm getting ready to go anywhere is intentionally put under something. It's a wonder you didn't put my dress ties under the dresser itself. It's a wonder you——

How do I think your hair looks? Why, just about like all other hair, doesn't it? Hair's hair, isn't it? You can't expect me to enthuse and turn handsprings and somersaults and things over that mass of kidney looking things that you've got welded onto the back of your head, can you? Anyhow, what the deuce difference does it make what I think of your hair? I did my thinking about your hair long years ago, and I can't be expected to melt into poesy or to burst into tears every time that you pile about fourteen pounds of——

Huh! Just as I thought! This dress vest looks as if it had been worn by a hired man in Kansas during the threshing season. What a fool I am to go on bleating about these things. My bleats do a fine lot of good, I guess not.

Oh, say, who put all these wrinkles in this evening coat of mine, anyhow? What've you been doing with it? What the——

Oh, now you want me to button you down the back, do you? Sure. It's just like you to wear some crazy thing that's got to be buttoned down the back when you've fizgiggedaround until there's only about a two minute margain left for us to reach the theatre in time!

Now stand still for about a billionth of a second, won't you? How'm I going to get those dinged buttons— By the way, why don't you use smaller buttons on the back of your clothes, anyhow? These are too big. They're fully as large as the head of a pin, and I'm dead sure that is bad form. You ought to have 'em so that they could only be seen with the aid of a microscope. Now, here, wait a minute. Are you going to stand still or aren't you? Stop that wrigglingand twisting and turning around.

Gosh, how I love this job o' buttoning people down the back anyhow. How do women make out that haven't got anybody around to button 'em down the back? They have to button themselves, don't they? They don't call up police headquarters or the fire department and ask that somebody be sent up right away on a dead gallop to button 'em down the back, do they?

Oh, no, of course I don't mind it. I'm crazy over it. I'm a perfect bug on the subject of buttoning you down the back, particularly when I know that the orchestra is just about tuning up for the overture at the show I'm going to. Say what d'ye do with this bottom hewgag? Oh, that's a hook and eye, is it? Well, where's the eye? I can binocular a hook all right, but where in the confounded blazes is the eye?

Oh, here it is. Humph! That's the hardest job I've done for a month o' Sundays, and if you want to please me you'll just toss away all those infernal clothes that have to be buttoned down the back.

Well, are you ready? Huh! I said, are you ready? Come on, then! I said, Come on! Never mind putting on your gloves. You can put 'em on in the street. Put 'em on any old place. Just come on, that's all. Here I've spent my whole time, ever since I started in to get ready myself, dressing you, and still you're not ready. Now, look-a-here, are you going to come on or aren't you?—New York Sun.

When you see the other fellow trying to do you it's human nature to do as you expect to be done by.

Trivial details need not be mentioned in an advertisement. Put your emphasis on the dominant points.

THE HORRID THING.

He—I celebrate my twenty-first birthday to-morrow.
She—How singular! So do I.
He—Ah! but I celebrate it for the first time.

DYSPEPTIC

Food Does You No Good

Half the time you're afraid to eat; your tongue is coated, mouth tastes bad, stomach is bloated. If you want to get well, stop using dyspepsia tablets, and go to the source of the trouble before it is too late. Strengthen your stomach, cast out the bile, regulate the bowels—do this, and dyspepsia will be no more.

For your condition the best prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are made specially for the stomach, kidneys and liver. No better remedy will be devised, for Dr. Hamilton's Pills are perfect.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS A SURE CURE

"No one could realize my sufferings from stomach trouble and indigestion. For five years I have not been well. My food did me no good, because I couldn't digest or assimilate. My doctor said constipation was at the root of my trouble, so I got Dr. Hamiltos's Pills. My appetite improved, pain after eating ceased, and my food digested quickly. I am delighted with the thorough cure I derived from Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"(Signed) MARTIN E. WALKER,
"Bridgewater."

Quick results attend the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; this medicine cures all trouble in the stomach and digestive organs by removing the cause.

SCOTCH CORNER

(Glasgow News.)

ERCHIE AND CARRIE.

The lady came down the street, with her eyes on the sign-boards; she looked rather in a hurry, and the head of a quiet business-like hatchet was protruding from her muff.

Erchie stepped off the pavement to give her room, and was much impressed by the hatchet.

"It's a wonderfu' thing the fashions," he said to himself. "Jist the ither day, as ye micht say, it was wee hairy dogs they were cairryin', and noo it seems to be the beginnin' o' a tool-chest. She's either a suffragete gaun to a meetin', or she's startin' to hack her way into high society. A business-like body! I'll bate her name's Sarah."

The lady stopped in front of him, sniffed suspiciously, and surveyed him with a searching eye.

"Say!" she remarked, with an American intonation, "do you drink?"

"I have nae great grudge against a drink in its ain place," he replied, "but I never touch it, thank ye, through the day. If ye tak my advice, ma'am, ye would be faur better wi' a nice hot cup o' tea."

"I'm looking for a saloon," said the lady, apparently heedless of this disinterested advice; "are there any round about here?"

"Saloons," repeated Erchie, thoughtfully. "Lots! There's Quadragaheni's ice cream saloon—the Rale Oreeginal—five doors doon, on the richt hand; there's Cam'ell's hairdressin' saloon at the fit of the street; and a shootin' saloon along the Garscube road—"

"What I am looking for," said the lady, "are the hell-shops," and she fondled the handle of the little hatchet.

"Beg pardon!" said Erchie, with some astonishment. "I see ye're foreign. That's no' whit we ca' them in Gleska; we ca' them kirks. They're a' shut up except on Sunday, but I can recommend St. Kentigern's; it's the best-heated and the cleanest kirk in Gleska, and I should ken for I'm the beadle. But ye wouldna need—ye wouldna need the hatchet to break your way in; it's hardly ever done here.

SEARCHING FOR SALOONS.

"Are you sure you haven't been drinking?" asked the lady, dubiously. "I understand that all you Scotchmen start drinking early in the morning."

"I daursay," agreed Erchie. "It's the best way; if ye tak' it in the mornin' ye get the guid o't a' day. But I'm a kind of oddity; I havena the heid for't at ony time. Man! that's a nate wee hatchet."

"Right here I want to know where I can find refreshment saloons," said the lady, impatiently.

"Oh, them!" said Erchie; "noo I understand. Ye're a lang way aff them; they're on the steamers. Tak' a skoosh caur doon to the fit o' Jamaica street; then the first turn to the richt, past a piper that's tryin' to play the 'Cock o' the North'; round the end o' a red shippin'box, and there ye are! Mind your feet on the gangway. It's a penny cheaper in the steerage end than it is in the first-class cabin, but they tell me the stuff's the same."

"You don't know who I am?" remarked the lady, with apparent disappointment.

"Ye have the advantage o' me, ma'am," said Erchie.

"I'm Mrs. Carrie Nation," explained the lady. "I'm startin' out right here to reform your saturated city."

"Carrie Nation!" said our friend, astonished. "And I was batin' mysel' a pound your name was Sarah! Noo I have ye. You're the Champion Barsmasher of the West. I'm proud to see you. Ye'll be finished noo in America? Whit ar the puir publicans there turnin' their haunds to noo that ye've shut up a' their shops?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Carrie, sadly, "they're as bad as ever. What's a broken barrel or two, or the work of one weak, timid, little woman?"

"True!" said Erchie, "true! But I thocht ye were sure to ha'e feenished them aff at hame in America afore ye cam' over here. Let me tell ye this—a hatchet's no' much use in Bonnie Scotland; what ye would needs' a lot o' dynamite. We're an awfu' hard folk to shift."

'It rests with the women to remove this cursed evil," said Mrs. Nation.

"It does that!" agreed Erchie. "If they would jist put sawdust on the kitchen floor, a brass rail alang the dresser to lean on, lay doon a gless case fu' o' pork pies, and a row o' fancy bottles, their men would stay at hame."

"Why will men go to these infernal haunts of Satan?"

"That's the way I put it! Nae moral elevation, nae intellectual uplift, ane money to be made in them. It's deplorable! I says to my frien' Duffy, 'Whit's the good o' gaun aboot the public hooses?' and Duffy says, 'Nae good in the world, Erchie; but they're the only place where I can find my friends.' Ye'll excuse Duffy, Mrs. Nation—hes' jist a coalman. My! that's as smart a wee hatchet as I ever seen!"

AN ANGEL OF RELEASE

"I am the sunshine carrier," said Mrs. Nation. "I have brought hope to a myriad miserable homes. In the Middle West I am known as Birdie. You Scotchmen must strike a blow for freedom, and my axe is the symbol of the revolution."

"They say ye canna mak' a nation sober by act o' Parliament," said Erchie, "but maybe ye'll can dae't wi' a hatchet, though my wife Jinnet has a faur better argument than a hatchet, and that's a hame-made haggis for the supper."

"The Scots are the drunkenest people in Britain," said Mrs. Carrie Nation.

"That's where ye're wrang, ma'am," answered Erchie. "We drink faur less in the year than the English or the Irish, a fact that's awfu' aggravatin' to Mr. Duffy. He thinks it's no' fair horny. We drink less than oor neighbors, but they're mair discreet wi't; they can cairry't better. Ye see we're younger at it; we havena' had the experience o' ither countries. Maybe we'll get better; it's jist a kind o' infantine disease like the hives or whoopin'-cough."

"It is the sin of the century," said the lady with the hatchet.

"Worse than that," said Erchie; "it costs a lot o' money, an' it's unbecomin'. If ye're in a hurry to smash a bar or twa afore your tea, I would recommend the Mull o' Kintyre Vaults to start wi'; except for a gramophone whiles, they havena' any entertainment. Maybe it wad be better if ye sent them word that ye were comin', and they wad put up a bill in the window:

To-night
at
8 p. m.,
Carrie Nation.
Sardines and Cake.

ON THE WARPATH.

"Where are the public-houses?" asked Mrs. Nation, preparing to go.

"A' roon aboot," said Erchie; "ye canna miss them if ye follow the croods. Its' a pity ye havena' a chain and a padlock, and ye could fasten yoursel' to the brass rail. Start wi' the pork pie In Memoriam case, an' then mak' a breenge for the wee gless barrels o' Extra Special, twopence ha'penny. Don't bandy words wi' the barman—he'll be a large, big, red-haired, healthy man, wi' his mind made up, and it's nae use arguin' wi' him; hit him on the heid wi' the hatchet, and that'll coont wan in the game to you. I'll awa' hame and tell the wife I saw ye; her and you's in the same grand movement to keep the men at hame, only she believes in attractin' them there and you're for drivin' them wi' your hatchet. It's a nice wee hatchet, but in Gleska I think it wad need to be a gun."

FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS

All dealers sell Nerviline in large 25c bottles. Get it to-day.

Millions of leaflets are being circulated among the people of the Empire, informing the masses how to guard against Tuberculosis, of which 100,000 Germans die every year. The time is fast approaching when this disease will be treated like diphtheria and smallpox—the patient being isolated and removed from contact with others.

Meantime it is to be hoped the masses will learn the all-important lesson of guarding against coughs and chest colds, from which tuberculosis always springs. When your throat tickles, your chest feels tight and sore, when you sneeze and feel cold shivers up your back—that should be your warning.

Nerviline Will Assist

The following treatment is known to be very efficient: Give the chest and throat a vigorous hand-rubbing with Nerviline, and take twenty drops of Nerviline in hot, sweetened water. If there is any hoarseness or cough, gargle well with Nerviline and put a Nerviline Porous Plaster over the chest. By following this advice you can keep clear of colds, pneumonia, bronchitis, and preserve uniform good health. This is worth cutting out and preserving.

A Man of Experience.

Weary—A dog is one of the few animals that'll follow a man.

Walker—Yes; one was follerin' me yesterday so fast I could hardly keep ahead of it.

One Lives and Learns.

An old captain and his mate went into a restaurant near the docks and ordered dinner. The waiter placed a plate of curious liquid before them.

'I say, you fellow, what's this stuff?"

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup!" shouted the old sea dog.

"Soup? Bill"—turning to his mate—"just think of that! Here you and me have been sailing on soup all our lives, an' never knowed it till now."—Pearson's Weekly.

Local News and Comment

Mr. H. W. Harvey opened a real estate office in the barber-shop block this week, where he is showing the survey maps of the new town of Grindrod.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fortune returned from a visit to the coast on Tuesday morning. Mr. Fortune says he did not see any smallpox in Vancouver, but everybody had real estate badly.

Saturday night entertainments are like Christmas eve entertainments—good for the promoters, but hard on our business people, who have to stand around and knock their heels while seeing their light bills run up.

"Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks," in K. P. hall Monday evening was greeted by a full house. The ladies and friends of the St. George church had charge of the affair and they deserve great credit for the able manner in which it was conducted. There was a pleasant evening for all.

Prince Rupert has a daily newspaper. It is small, but well-edited, and more of a *news*paper that some of the real estate organs published at Vancouver. The editor or publisher has not made his identity known, but there is so much of the Houstonian ring about it that one scarcely has to ask by whom it is published.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Worthington were the recipients of many words and messages of heart-felt sympathy this week, on the death of their infant son, which occurred early Friday morning, as the result of valvular trouble of the heart and lungs from birth. Interment took place Saturday afternoon from the Presbyterian church.

There was standing room only in K. P. Hall last Saturday evening to hear the Jubilee Singers. The colored singers captivated all by the melody and sweetness of their singing, and the good spirit in which they answered the many encores. The sextette from Lucia was the ringer of the evening, though to signalize any one number is hardly fair, for all were good.

Public feeling in Enderby is strongly in favor of keeping the streets clear of cattle, horses, etc. The Council therefore give notice that, in compliance with the desire of the great majority of the people, the Pound By-law will be strictly enforced during the coming season. The city has no poundkeeper at present, but arrangements are being made for the filling of that office, and the public will be notified at at early date of the name of the keeper and location of the pound.

E. H. Barnes is building a system of poultry houses on the Hazelmere farm that will surpass anything of the kind in the Okanagan. Mr. Waddell proposes to make a name for his farm and the District in the fancy and utility classes of fowl. He will be assisted in the management of the poultry yards by Mrs. Waddell, who has had many years experience in the Old Country in fancy breeding.

The alarm of fire last Thursday morning was for a small blaze in the woodbox in the office of W. E. Banton, Bell block. By the time the hose-reel was got upon the spot and a stream of water turned on, the fire had connected with the woodwork about the door and was burning between the plastered walls. The men on the hose did splendid work at short range, and in a few minutes it was all over. The damage was light, probably the most serious to the Enderby Trading Co., from water.

W. Pound has two thoroughbred Black Orpington hens that know just how and when to do the egg trick. Easter morning they presented him with two eggs of the real type, one weighing 3 ozs. and the other 4 ozs.

Classified Ads

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

MISS C. M. DAYKIN, Graduate Nurse of the Vancouver General Hospital, is prepared to make engagements for nursing in medical, surgical and maternity work. For information re. engagements, apply to Miss C. M. Daykin, Armstrong, or care of Mrs. W. T. Holtby, Enderby.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE—40 acres improved; 1 mile from Vernon; choice fruit land. Will exchange for farm or town property at Enderby. Would exchange half of property. H. B. C. Polson, Armstrong, B. C.

FOR SALE—Heavy horses, saddle horses, young pigs, alfalfa seed. Stepney Ranch, Enderby.

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

Shoes for Children Misses and Youths

The Classic

Manufactured by

Getty & Scott
Galt, Ont.

Sole agents for Enderby:

Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

I did not gauge my insurance talk last week to hit the fire, but it did. I want to add just a word: If the fire hit you as unexpectedly, would it find you insured? I represent the Commercial Union Assurance Co., of London, Eng. Let me protect you against loss by fire
W. ALLAN DOBSON, Enderby, B. C.

we want your Cream

Mr. Farmer: I want your cream, and am prepared to pay cash for it on the 15th of each month. I will give you accurate weight and test, and will rectify any error I may make if it is brought to my attention, and will pay the highest price possible for your cream. I pay express on cans shipped to me, and I will take small quantities as well as large.

Build up our valley by helping along men who are giving you a square deal, and remember that success in anything depends on men standing together. My record is open to anyone who wishes to look into it, and my books are open to patrons at all times.

ALFRED SLATER,
Manager Okanagan Creamery

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

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

F. T. TURNER
Plumbing and Steam Fitting
All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repaired
Rear Evans Blk Enderby

Announcement

The surveyor's plans of the new townsite of GRINDROD are now ready for your inspection.

Call at my office on Maud street (barber-shop block) and see them.

As an investment there is nothing better on the market than GRINDROD town lots or GRINDROD 10-acre blocks.

Lots from $35 to $150—nothing higher.

The buyer who gets in early is the man who will win. Choice of location is now yours.

This property is going to move rapidly when our publicity campaign is properly started, and these prices and conditions will not long maintain. You will be sorry *then* if you do not buy *now*.

H. W. HARVEY, Sole Agent.
Enderby, B. C.

A week of friend-making

IN all of our business experience we do not know that we ever spent a more enjoyable week than the one just closing has been. We have been making new friends. The philosopher who said, "the way to *have* friends is to *BE* one," knew from experience—he had lived it—and we believe what was true of old, is as true of today.

In placing before the people of Enderby District the stock recently purchased from the Harvey & Dobson Estate, it has been our aim to give you the advantage of the reduced price at which the stock was purchased. We have a double purpose in this: first, we want to practice the secret of friendship in business; second, we want to move the old stock off the shelves to make room for the large, up-to-date stock ordered.

We are pleased to have you take advantage of the opportunity to get such bargains in real values as we are offering. Not in a few lines only, but in every line. Come and see for yourself.

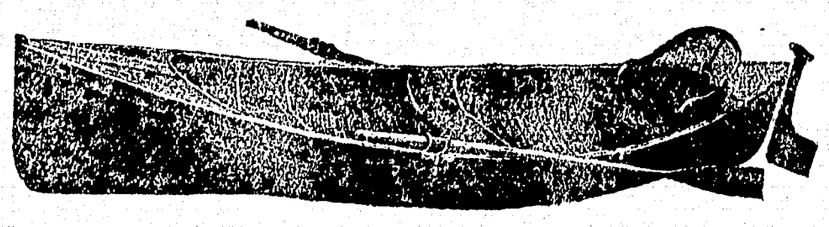
The POLSON MERCANTILE CO.
Limited
Postoffice block Enderby

FIRST QUALITY ONLY

W. R. MEGAW
Departmental Stores
VERNON, B. C.

AND PRICES RIGHT

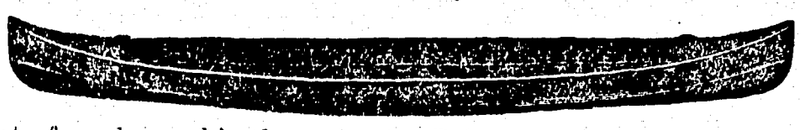
Row Boats and Skiffs



The boating and fishing season will soon be with us. If you do not already own a boat you should order at once. Skiffs and rowboats of different kinds in stock, and more coming.

We have this boat in all sizes. Write for prices.

Basswood and Cedar Canoes of All Kinds



In canoes our stock is very complete, including varnished and painted qualities. These are the reliable Peterboroughs. Steady, easy to handle, and the best of workmanship throughout. Prices on request.

W. R. MEGAW, Vernon, B. C. Departmental Stores

PROTECT YOUR TREES

These destroyers cannot live where trees have been treated with

WARNOCK'S TREE PAINT

Pear Blight, Rabbits, Mice, Borers, Canker Worm, San Jose Scale, Oyster Shell, Bark Louse and Sun Scald. THE COST IS VERY SMALL. It will not wash off. One application protects for two years. Warnock's Tree Paint is not an experiment. It has stood the test for 5 years in all parts of the United States. It is an absolute Preventative and Cure for Pear Blight. We invite investigation. The Arkansas Experimental Station has used this tree paint for three years. November, 1907, they purchased 50 gallons for free distribution among leading orchards. Send for 16-page free booklet to

G. R. LAWES, Enderby, B. C.
Sole Manufacturer for B.C

Agents Wanted.