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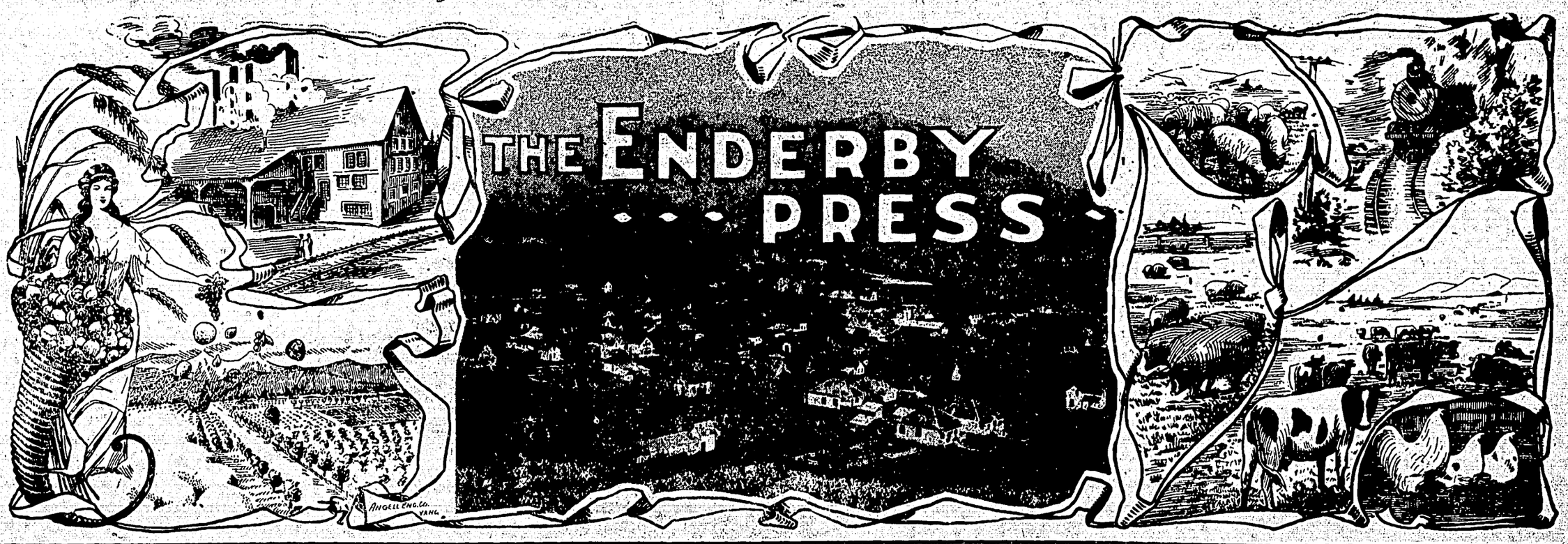

Enderby, B. C., May 13, 1909 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 2; No. 11; Whole No. 63

WHAT IS TO BE SEEN IN THE WAKE OF THE FIRE BETWEEN ENDERBY AND MARA

Did you ever ride thirty miles over a district browned, charred and blackened by the cruel hand of fire?

Did you ever see miles of the brightest green birch and poplar thicket, forests of pine, and spruce, hemlock and cedar transformed into gaunt, black poles, with not a branch left upon them to mark the species?

Did you ever see miles of white-red ashes winding snake-like along the sides of the highway and across the fields, marking the trail of the old rail fence?

Did you ever see cedar swamp land, so thick with the growth of bush and shrub, brakes and climbing vines as to be impenetrable by men, swept clean of vegetation and the trees uprooted, their smoking trunks lying naked of branch across the shallow marsh pools; the only vestige of green to be seen anywhere in the path of the fire being the hooded spathe of the skunk cabbage, and even these scorched, crimpled and blackened to the surface of the bog out of which they grow?

Did you ever see the whole mountainside, heretofore a mass of variegated green; swept clean from base to summit, with here and there only a charred tree-trunk standing, and these burned to the very top?

If you never have and wish to, take a saddle-horse and travel to Mara on one side of the river and back the other.

You will see things that will make you heart-sick, and then again, you will see things that will make you glad.

You will see smouldering logs buried in pits strewn with bed springs, battered stoves and cooking pans, all that is left of many a farmer's home.

You will see where the barn stood, and beside it the twisted tires of farm wagons, sleighs, cutters, and a mass of iron scrap, out of which farm implements were made.

You will see where the chicken house stood, the pig sty, the horse corral and hay shed.

You will see an old sow, having lost her young, making, or endeavoring to make, a baby out of the calf.

You will see the horses and cattle, in most instances saved, but you will not see a chicken on the place. The fire came and caught them alive on the roost.

You will see where heros fought, on the way to Mara.

It was an awful fire that swept the district last week. The early reports, while bad enough, told but half the story. The individual losses, as near as they can be computed are given below. The loss to the country at large is great, but this is offset, in a measure, at least, for the fire opened up the country as it never could have been opened up in any other way, at least for years. In some ways the fire has been beneficial. It has placed thousands of acres in a position to be cleared for $25 an acre that would otherwise require the expenditure of $100 an acre. It has shown where thousands of acres of the best land lies.

The country between Enderby and Mara is the finest to look at out of doors. The hills, the river banks, the low lands and plateaus, are a mass of brilliant green at this season of the year. Spring-time in this section of the Okanagan, is as near the common conception of the Garden of Eden as can be found anywhere. The birches appear in their prettiest tints of green, the alders are scarlet with budding life, the wild thorn and wild cherry blossoming white, and the syringas putting forth their beauty of leaf and bud, all intermixed with the deeper greens of the firs and cedars and pines. The meadows are succulent green, the roadways and byways and hillsides flower-bedecked with spring beauties.

In the midst of this, the pathway of the fire looks all the more severe. It has cleaned up every vestige of herbage in its path, and left behind blackened poles and parched lands. At the bluff point on the road to Mara, even the moss on the barren rocks was burned and the rocks themselves look as if they were blasted by the heat. At this point, all the force of the wind and fury of the flames must have beat against the bluff for an hour or more.

At the home of A. H. Duncan the destruction was complete. He was surrounded by fire, against which no human being could stand. The Indians he had helping him, and Hezekiah Elliot, did all that could be done to save the buildings, but left until it was too late the releasing of the horse in the stable. They had to run for safety, leaving the animal, the chickens, etc., to be roasted alive.

But the fire had not reached its greatest fury yet. Not until the McManus home is reached are there signs of any terrific heat. Here the timber was larger and more dense, and the force of the gale must have been awful. Mr. McManus was at work at the Hazelmere Farm when he realized the danger that his home was in. He immediately hitched his team to his wagon and started by the back road at a break-neck speed for home. By the time he reached the heavy bush to the north of his clearing it was ablaze on both sides of the road. He managed to plunge his team through the worst of it before they could slacken their speed, and they sped on to the clearing. He found Mrs. McManus fighting the flames alone. All she had was a wet blanket. The spring from which they take their water is 100 yards or more from the house, and all about it the fire had caught and was burning. About every fruit tree on the hillside, the straw manure was burning. His barn and implement shed were ablaze, and all the other outbuildings soon caught. He stationed himself behind a fir tree along side the house, and from this point fought the sparks and flames as they reached from the other buildings to lick up his home. It is one of those miracles born of heroism and hard work that his house was saved.

From this point the fire swept the valley and hillside in the direction of C. S. Handcock's, W. Monck's, Geo. McEwin's, J. Lambert's, and Gerald Nave's. The place of C. S. Handcock was saved by Ed. Mack, who happened to be driving along the road and saw Mrs. Handcock fighting off the sparks, which were burning within ten feet of the hay shed. He tied his team and set to work. Mr. Handcock was away fighting the fire in the direction of the Monk and McEwin residences. The handsome new home of Gerald Neve escaped by the flames being driven over it to the bush beyond. From the slashing on the McEwin place the fire jumped half a mile to the bush about the Lambert home. Then to his barn and outbuildings. The fire on the porch of the dwelling was fought out, but the outbuildings with contents disappeared.

In the Lambert home, Mrs. Neve had gathered a number of the school children of the vicinity for safety. When the building caught fire they hurried to the big meadow. Mrs. Neve rushed back to the home for some valuable papers, and on emerging from the house found that she had been cut off from the children by the fire. Wetting a bath towel, she threw it about her head and rushed through. About this time Mr. Lambert had returned from fighting the fire elsewhere. The children were piled into a wagon, and all were rushed to the home of Robt. Waddell. This was a rendezvous of safety for many. Mr. Neve staid behind to save the residence.

It was now a case of every man for himself. The concerted fighting was given up. Men rushed to save what little they could from their own homes. The worst of the blaze about Mr. Monk's buildings had by this time been checked, and his only loss is a stretch of fence and a bridge or two. Mr. McEwin lost cabin and contents, fences, rails, cord-wood, etc.

At the Hazelmere Farm, Mr. Waddell and his workmen were fighting the flames which followed the fences or swooped down upon an isolated brush-pile or outbuilding. At the same time Mrs. Waddell was taking care of the children and refugees that came for shelter. When the worst of the danger was passed, it was near midnight, and the problem of housing so many, and providing beds for them, was considered. Mr. Waddell had just had built a long line of poultry houses. They were divided off into innumerable little compartments just large enough for two or three little ones to cuddle upon the floor. Blankets were provided, and a shake-down of clean fresh hay was laid in every compartment, and there the dozens who could not be provided accommodation in the house, spent the night.

From the Waddell farm to Mara, the fire must have travelled with frightful speed and awful fury, for the nature of the burning, and the vast leaps it made indicate that it had tremendous speed and volume or would have died out this side of many of the clearings. The eastern hill, the river lowlands and plateaus and the greater bluffs on the western side of the river, all are scorched black and brown. The trees standing on the steep hillside are burned to the very tops, and the underbrush, and rich thickly-grown herbage is cleaned up from the low swamp lands to the peaks of the hills.

At the home of Mrs. Zettagreen the nature of the burning indicates that the fire was at its worst, and yet the Zettagreen home stands unscathed, the fence all about it burned to the ground. How anyone could have lived through the fire here is a mystery, and yet unaided and alone, Mrs. Zettagreen and two little children came through it untouched. Word was sent to neighbors that the mother and little ones needed assistance, but the neighbors were by this time risking their lives to save their own homes, and the word was sent back for the mother and children to fly for the meadow.

George Little was fighting fire at the Massey place when the fire was noticed travelling in the direction of his home. He grabbed his bucket and ran. By this time Mrs. Little had gathered together a clothes-basket full of little things, and was removing the furniture out of the house. The fire soon became so hot that she had to flee for the home of Chas. W. Little, half a mile away. Mr. Little followed after finding it impossible to check the burning of the buildings. He lost everything but the clothes-basket full of little things. He estimated that he has one apple tree on the place that is not dead, killed by the heat.

The one thing to make one feel glad, is the indomitable spirit shown by the Little boys. And there are others, too.

Mrs. Rosoman, the aged postmistress, 76 years old and an invalid, lost everything in the world held dear. Papers, books, manuscripts—keepsakes of a life well spent—all piled in a heap of ashes on the hillside, where sixteen years ago she and her boys began to make their home. And yet, to-day, Mrs. Rosoman meets one with a smile and a God bless you, as if she were just coming into the glory of a world we have not touched. And perhaps she is; who knows.

As we pass the place that marks the home of J. Knapp, there comes to the heart a shock of pity and pain—a feeling that you must experience to understand. You round a point, coming from the north, and you wonder how anyone could get out of the thicket alive, with the flames about. There is a marsh to the left of the road, and all about a dense forest of timber, now burned black, the trees bent to the ground or burned out at the roots. On the hillside to the right there are two little fir trees, still green. Beneath them a sewing machine stands. From tree to tree a pole is hung, and over it the skin of a calf is flung. A little teepee-like covering marks where Mr. and Mrs. Knapp sought refuge while endeavoring to save their home. They were caught like rats in a trap, and their only escape was to wade through the slough to the green bush beyond, not then burned over but now as black as the rest of the forest about them. The sewing machine, and the calf, burned so that

(Continued on last page)

WALKER'S WEEKLY

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H. M. WALKER

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Pa says: "Cut the grump and grouch and get onto your job—DO THE THING."

FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

FOR a period covering many months, official Enderby has been endeavoring in a half-hearted way to cause Mill street to be opened for traffic. The railway crossed the street, rail-high above the street level, in direct violation of the railway law and all civic law governing chartered streets. The city council appealed to the railway company, then demanded, but somebody winked on the side and the railway company smiled blandly as railway companies do, and did nothing. The city council laid down.

A few weeks ago the case was submitted to the railway commission, not by the city whose business it is to keep its streets open to traffic, but by a ratepayer whose property was injured by the street being unlawfully closed. It was a very simple case. The railway claimed that Mill street is not a street. The commissioner said, "the onus is upon you to prove that it is not a street. I will give you two weeks." Of course the railway company could not prove black was white, and the crossing was put in as required by law. And the city has a street opened and the making of a very popular thoroughfare.

In referring to this case, I do so simply to show how quickly things can be righted when the right course is pursued. British law and British character are the same. There is a clean-cut frankness,—bluntness, if you will,—which appeals to the fearless heart, and it does not ask to hear your prayers or see your piccadilly before granting you your rights. The railway commissioner did not ask to see the petitioner's church papers, or the color of his hair. He did not stop to enquire if there wasn't some other way. There was the right way, and the right way was good enough.

COLONEL LOWERY proposes "in order to make Greenwood a lively town, to shortly commence the publication of the names of all the men in the Boundary who have been in the habit of hugging their cooks, chambermaids, typewriters, and other ladies they have no right to." Colonel Lowery does not state whether he or Jim will head the list.

IF you want a piece of advice that is worth a lot but does not cost anything, here it is. It is from the "Old Man" of the Cranbrook Herald: "You cannot make a successful board of trade by attending a few meetings during the year. Work between meetings. Talk up the country and your town. Tell the truth. That is enough, but for goodness sake tell it. Get your friends to become members. Get them to talk. Get them to write to their friends in the east, in the old country and in the states. In other words, do what you can for the District."

THE JACK POT, $465,000

And "Lucky" Baldwin Won It.

A Poker Story From the Coast.

The death in California a few days ago of E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin, a famous turfman and plunger, recalls to old Californians a poker game in which Baldwin sat some years ago and during the course of which he won a pot containing $465,000, the largest, it is said, in the history of the game in the Golden State. Baldwin was a thorough sport, cool, calm and dispassionate, and as a big poker player he probably never had his equal in this or any other country.

The old Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, owned for many years by the late Senator Sharon, of Sarah Althea Hill fame, was the scene of the most remarkable poker games ever played in that city, and that is saying a great deal. The old California pioneers were, as a rule, inveterate gamblers, and among the devotees of the game whe were wont to gather in the private card room of the Palace at the invitation of Senator Sharon were men high in the professions—eminent lawyers, prominent politicians and wealthy men who forgot the cares of business in the excitement of the game.

PLAYED FOR HIGH STAKES.

It was not an infrequent spectacle to see Senator Sharon and "Lucky" Baldwin stand at the Palace Hotel bar and shake dice by the hour for the drinks, while a side bet of anywhere from $1,000 to $10,000. Senator Sharon wasn't what is known in poker language as a "hard loser," although he was known to be worth at least $20,000,000. Baldwin, on the other hand, smiled blandly when he lost small fortunes, and his smile was no more pronounced when he raked in his winnings, which at times reached enormous figures.

There was a gathering of the elect at the Palace Hotel one night. Six men had gathered at Senator Sharon's request to indulge in a quiet game of draw. Aside from Sharon and Baldwin, there were wealthy Nevada men whom we will call Smith and Brown, a Texas cattle man of great wealth, known as Scott, and one of the most prominent members of the San Francisco Bar, now deceased, whose love for poker was unbounded, but whose propensity to bluff against Baldwin on short hands kept him constantly in a state of financial depression. This lawyer, for the purpose of explaining the game definitely, will be known as Mac.

Sharon sat at the head of the table, with Baldwin to his right and Mac to his left. Next to Mac sat Scott, then Smith and Brown. Each player bought chips to the amount of $10,000, the whites being $100, the blues $500 and the reds $1,000. The ante was a white chip, and every pot was a jackpot in accordance with a rule previously adopted by the players.

The play was desultory for an hour or more, few bets in excess of $1,000 being made. Mac was caught bluffing several times by Baldwin, and the other players were resting upon their oars, waiting for the cinch hand in which every poker player has implicit faith and which is confidently looked for at some stage of the proceeding when the big pot finally came around he had less than $1,000 in his stack. Smith and Brown were a few thausand ahead, while Sharon, Scott and Baldwin stacked up about even.

It was a characteristic of Sharon that whenever he had a poor hand he was extremely jovial, while when he sat facing three aces up or three of a kind he became as cold and clammy as an oyster. Baldwin knew this failing, and, like the true poker player, did not fail to take advantage of it. Suddenly, when Mac had dealt and Baldwin found three kings looking him in the eye he smiled. A glance at Sharon assured him that the Senator, too, was well heeled, for he became icy.

"Got a good hand, Senator?" inquired Baldwin lightly as he skimmed his own.

"Nothing much," growled Sharon, with an impatient toss of his grey curls. "Have seen better in my time."

By a coincidence every man in the game sat up and looked wise. Smith and Brown appeared to be eager for some one to start something. It was Smith's edge, and he casually opened the pot for a white chip—$100.

"I'll have to hoist that $200," said Smith, as he passed three white chips into the pot.

"See it," said Brown, and he deposited three white chips in the centre of the table.

"Looks to a man up a tree as if there was something doing," remarked Baldwin, glancing slyly at Sharon. "There's not enough in the pot, gentlemen, so I'll raise it $1,000." He tossed a red and blue check into the pot and took back two white checks.

RAISE AFTER RAISE.

The pot contained $2,500 when it was Sharon's turn to see Baldwin's raise or throw his hand into the discard. The Senator looked sour as he mentally calculated the chances against the three aces he held.

"I'll see that $1,000 and go it $2,000 better," said he, after a pause. Three blues and three whites were thrown into the pot, making the total $5,800.

"I'll see it," said Mac, recklessly, hoping to fill a flush. He found his checks were insufficient, and he asked permission to see Sharon's raise on his I. O. U., which was granted.

Scott hesitated for a moment, then declared himself out of the pot. Smith tossed his hand into the discard, and Brown said wittily that "a hog knew when he had enough," and followed Smith's example. This left Baldwin with Sharon, Mac and Scott behind him to meet any raise that might be made.

"People may disagree as to me being a hog," remarked Baldwin, "but in a smart poker game like this I seldom know when I get enough. So to make it interesting, Senator, I'll raise you $5,000."

Sharon drew two cards to his three aces and he growled deeply when he realized that he had drawn a pair of fives. Mac drew one card to a heart flush and drew the four of hearts. The three players were heeled for bear and the fur was about to fly. After the draw Baldwin had the first bet and he quietly bet $10,000, writing the figures and affixing his initials to an I. O. U. for that sum. The amount in the pot that this time was $36,100.

HOISTED IT $60,000.

"I call that $10,000 and raise it $10,000," said Sharon, as he threw his I. O. U. for the sum into the pot. "Guess that'll make you go some, Lucky."

It was Mac's turn to wonder what sort of hands he had dealt. He figured that his flush was worth at least a call, if not a raise, and, morally sure that the money was his, he merely called the bet. He was given a severe jolt when Baldwin, in his cool manner, not only called Sharon's $10,000, but raised him $20,000. Sharon promptly raised Baldwin $30,000, increasing the pot to $156,100 in cheques and I. O. U's. that were worth their face value at any bank in California.

"Seems to me you are getting to be a high flyer," remarked Baldwin, coolly, as he wrote another I. O. U. Suppose we make it another $50,000 more, Senator?"

The pot now represented $256,000 in value, and still Sharon was not satisfied. He felt that his ace full was the winning hand, and he made the highest bet of the night when he promptly raised Baldwin $60,000. This, with the calling of Baldwin's raise of $50,000, fattened the pot to $346,000.

"You're nervy, Senator," laughed Baldwin, "but I'd never look a card in the face again were I to call this hand. So I'm forced to call that $60,000 raise and tilt the pot another $60,000."

Sharon showed the hand, and without more ado Baldwin raked in the pot, which contained $465,000. He then showed four kings, and Sharon flattered himself that his superior wisdom had enabled him to save $60,000 at a critical moment.

A Straight Tip.

Customer—Quick shave, please.
Barber—Close, sir?
Customer—See here; what business is it of yours whether I'm close or not? I'll tell you one thing, young man, I don't tip, if that's what you want to know.

LINCOLN'S FIRST PRIZE STORY.

After Lincoln became President he was besieged by office-seekers. One day he told a rather unpromising man this story:

"Once upon a time there was a king who was fond of hunting, and always before starting would send for his magician for a report on the weather. One day when the magician promised fine weather, they started off.

"Soon they met a peasant driving a donkey. The peasant said: 'My great king, turn back, a storm is brewing.' The king replied: 'No; my magician says the weather will be fine.' Said the peasant: 'When my donkey turns his ears forward it is going to storm.' The king went on, and was caught in a terrific storm. When he returned he removed the magician from office and secured a donkey."

Lincoln added: "And since that time all the jackasses in the country have been seeking office."

No Reason to Complain.

Indignant Customer—Say, these buckwheat cakes are sour!

Waiter Girl (at lunch counter)—"Yes, sir; if you will look at your check you'll find I've charged you only half price for 'em.

Leaves That to Others.

"You have invented an airship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ridden in it?"

'Sir, I am an inventor, not a chauffeur."—Cleveland Leader.

HERE IS THE LATEST THING IN HATS.

This is a type of the cabriolet, a Paris creation which deals largely with vegetables and fruits, and which, it is said, is going to be very popular during the coming season.

A Trick That Puzzled Royalty.

I remember Queen Alexandra was greatly mystfied by some of the tricks which I have had the honor of performing before Her Majesty on various occasions. When I was giving a performance, at which both the King and Queen were present, much interest was aroused by a trick which is one of the most difficult feats in my repertoire. It is performed with a piece of ribbon, a pack of cards, and a double-cased gold watch. Here is the trick. I ask one of the audience to select a card from the pack (which is a new one) and to put the card in his pocket without looking at it. I should add here that while the card is being chosen my eyes are bandaged. Then I give him one end of the ribbon to hold and hand the other to somebody in the audience, whom I also ask to hold the gold watch. I ask the person in whose pocket is the unknown card to concentrate all his attention on the card, and then I turn to the person holding the other end of the ribbon and ask him to open and look at the polished case of the gold watch, in which he at first sees a reflection of his own image; but this gradually fades away, and he sees instead the reflection of a playing card. I then ask the person who has the card in his pocket to produce it, when it is seen to be the same as the one reflected in the case of the gold watch.

When I performed this trick at Marlborough House the Queen held one end of the ribbon and the gold watch, whilst the Prince of Wales held the other end of the ribbon and selected the card, which on that occasion was the three of clubs.—From "The Experiences of a Conjurer," by Horace Goldin, in the February Strand Magazine.

His Observation.

They were looking at the paintings in the art gallery.

"Alfred," said the young bride, "do you think angels really have wings?"

"No, Elfleda," answered the young husband. "The sweetest angel I know isn't disfigured with a pair of wings, I am happy to say."

In ecstatic silence they continued to look at the paintings.

THE LACKAWANNA CUTOFF.

Takes Eleven Miles of Kinks Out of Forty Miles of Road.

Among railroad stories the popular pet is probably that oft quoted legend which relates how the Czar of Russia, laying a ruler on the map of his empire, drew a straight line from St. Petersburg to Moscow, then bade his Ministers build a railroad according to that plan.

This traditional feat may have merited the favor it has so long enjoyed; yet it seems commonplace, says the Technical World, compared with the cut off now being built by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad between Delaware Water Gap and Lake Hopatcong.

Although but 28.45 miles long this cut off establishes several new world's records in railroad construction. The present road is so crooked that the curves compressed into its thirty-nine and a half miles would if placed end to end in a consecutive spiral make five complete circles and a half. In other words, every train that passes over the road winds through a tortuous course which is equivalent to traversing a complete circle every seven miles. No wonder the natives are firmly convinced that the engineers are able to find their way over the road only by following the telegraph poles.

The chief engineer ultimately found a route that is only three miles longer than an air line. It shortens the distance from 39.57 miles to 28.45 miles, the saving of 11.12 miles, being two and a half per cent. of the distance between New York and Buffalo. The maximum grade is cut down from 60.2 feet to the mile to 29.04 feet to the mile, and the total rise and fall from 248 feet to 11 feet, while the total curvature is reduced from 1,999 degrees to 430 degrees, which is equivalent to eliminating four complete circles and a third.

The estimated cost of the cut off was $9,500,000. When the engineers had finished their calculations it was found that the saving effected by the reduction in distance, grades and curves on annual traffic equal to that in 1905 would pay the interest on an investment of $10,500,000, or $1,000,000 more than the cost.

HAPPY MAN.

He—I got square with my wife all right.
She—In what way?
He—Had a shirt made with sixty-five buttons down the back.

AMONG THE JEWS

It is not generally known that the new Chief Rabbi of Turkey, Rabbi Nahum, is a native of Magnesia, and that he is only 36 years of age. He is probably the youngest man ever elected to such responsible office. Chief Rabbis generally begin office when grey and venerable with age.

The movement in favor of the return of the Jews to Spain seems to be growing in favor in that country.

An orthodox Jewish charitable society in Philadelphia has established a restaurant where needy persons of Jewish faith may obtain a meal for six cents. The meals are three courses, including meats. Those back of the movement explained that while the meals are to be served only to the poor of their people, they insist on a small payment in order that those who get the six-cent meal will not feel that they are accepting alms.

Herman Jadlowker, a tenor of the court opera of Karlsruhe, is a new star in German opera. Jadlowker, who is a native of Riga, came as a young man to Vienna, sang in the choir of the synagogue, and was, with the assistance of some kind people, trained for the opera.

There is a Jewish congregation at Yokohama, but otherwise the Jews have not penetrated Japan—except as tourists.

Dr. Soshana Buchim, a prominent Zionist worker in Palestine, arrived in New York on a unique mission. She is a representative of a committee organized in Palestine, known as the Selah. The committee has determined to organize an appeal to the Jewish people, asking them to petition the Jewish Colonization Association to divert its capital to Palestine, where it should take up industries and colonization on a large scale.

The Turkish Chamber of Deputies has under consideration a bill presented by the Minister for Wara, which aims at admitting non-Mussulmans into the army. From next May, all male Jews of the age of twenty-one will be called upon to serve.

King Edward has just issued orders that all soldiers of the Jewish religion were in future to be allowed a leave of absence for Passover, Pentecost, New Year and Tabernacles, in addition to the Day of Atonement. It is stated that King Edward has also in view an arrangement whereby Hebrew soldiers should have their meals separately cooked.

Jews resident of Spring Valley, N. Y., have named a committee to see Governor Hughes and Secretary of State Koenig to request to co-religionists should be called to serve on juries. They claim that at present they are discriminated against.

Rabbi Morris Rosenberg has resigned as Rabbi of the Beth Abraham Congregation, Bayonne, N. J., and accepted a call to Barrie, Ont.

A bill has been proposed in the New York State Legislature regulating dance halls and dancing schools, particularly on the East Side. The bill has the support of many Jewish social workers.

Emilie Richlilsa, of Hoboken, N. J., a Roman Catholic, has embraced Judaism in order to marry David Klein, of the same city. She has assumed the name of Ruth.

A Hebrew Protective Association, at Hoboken, N. J., has been organized with 150 charter members. It is expected that 500 will be enrolled at the next meeting, which takes place on March 5.

The Finnish Senate has published an official statement denying the accusation tht the Government of the province consists of anti-Semites. "The Senate," added the note, "is only fulfilling the law, from which it can never depart. The 70 Jewish families and the 48 Jewish individuals, who were expelled from Finland, have never had a right to live in the principality."

ABE LEE AT LEADVILLE.

Led the First Successful Party in California Gulch.

"When the history of Leadville is written," said Max Boehmer, of Denver in talking of the early mining development of the district to-day, "there should be no mistake as to who actually made the first discovery of gold in California Gulch. The man was Abe Lee, who died in Park county a few years ago. He was one of the best known characters in this section. He was the first recorder of Lake county.

"The first prospecting party that entered the gulch was under the leadership of Abe and they had not been very successful. They worked all the way up the gulch from below Granite without finding any values, and all of them were nearly blinded by the snow. They were about ready to quit when Lee suggested that they try another pan. He dug down until he struck a layer of cement, and below this the gravel was softer. Lee, although suffering terribly from snow blindness, managed to pan the gravel, and the result was such that they at once recovered confidence. He worked the gulch for a long time and made plenty of money.

"The question has also been asked," continued Mr. Boehmer, "where did the millions of dollars taken out of the California gulch placers in early days go?

"If I remember rightly, no one made a very large pile, but there were scores of men who left the gulch with $25,000 or $30,000 and went back east to establish themselves in business or to buy farms. As a rule they were sober, industrious men, and the fortunes they made in the gulch gave them a competence which enabled them to prosper in their undertakings in other parts of the country."—From the Denver Republican.

The Late Dowager Empress of China

(Fortnightly Review.)

Truth becomes stranger than fiction, history more fascinating than romance, when the late Dowager Empress of China is the biographer's theme. For Tsu Hsi was one of those massive world-figures—demiurges of Fate one might perhaps term them—whom the ancients were wont to worship and the moderns are willing to immortalize. As a Hibernian admirer of hers once remarked, "We have to go back to very ancient times for a parallel to Tsu Hsi, and even then we do not find one." A sketch of the main episodes of her living and striving, her reverses and triumphs, painted in colors sufficiently deep yet faithful to the tones of history, would stir the souls of impressible readers with strong emotions. For despite many serious defects of mind and soul, Tsu Hsi was not only a commanding personality in her age and country, but she was also endowed with some of the sterling qualities of absolute greatness. Like the green leaf of the lotus that sprouts up from the slime, she raised herself aloft by innate worth, tact and will-power from nothingness to a dizzy height, where she maintained herself for forty years in spite of the rigorous prohibition of her country's laws and the stern disapproval of her country's enemies. Alone she fought the battle of individuality against a nation of 400 millions of living men and myriads of the dead, whose spirits are still quick and influential there. And by dint of energy, resourcefulness and perseverance she scored a signal victory over them all.

Seventy-four years ago one of the busiest, wealthiest and most populous haunts of men was Hankow, on the Hankiang. Even at present it is one of the most prosperous marts in China, but in those halcyon days its inhabitants, counting the population of the two adjacent towns, numbered several millions, with not a white-skin among them. That, however, was before the rebel Taepings destroyed it, before foreign consuls were admitted, when only sailing ships and houseboats plied on the river. One sultry evening in August, 1834, a quaint Chinese houseboat, bearing a widow with her two daughters, and a coffin, was moored to the left bank of the Hankaing. The lady's husband had been serving the Crown in the province of Szechuan, but as he was a native of Peking, his body had to be buried in the latter place. They had halted there on their way to Peking. Their stores were exhausted, they lacked the wherewithal to replenish them, and, bereft of funds, had but slender hopes of pushing on to the capital. And the widow's only chance of saving her little family from starvation seemingly depended on her reaching Peking. For there she intended to petition the authorities to admit her little daughter to the palace as a candidate for the imperial harem. The girl's qualifications were her Mandchu extraction, her rank as daughter of a third class official—of him whose body was now being conveyed to its native soil—her comeliness, aptitudes, and grace. Presentation at court under such conditions is more than a mere privilege—it may be the starting-point of a brilliant career. From among the numerous girls upon whom this honor is conferred, the Empress Mother selects for the future Emperor his first lawful wife, two other spouses, nine concubines, and a goodly number of handmaids. Hence hundreds of families that possess the requisite qualifications strive after the honor for their daughters.

Next day about noon another boat lay to alongside that of the widow. On board was a functionary from the province of Hupeh, who had just been appointed to the post of Tao Tai or Governor, and was on his way to the capital to do homage for this mark of favor. A new Governor is a monarch in miniature, and many officials of his province make an early bid for his favor. First in the field here was a city judge, Wu Tang by name, who despatched his servants with refreshments and a present of about £30 in money. The messengers, boarding the wrong boat, presented the widow with the edibles, the coin, and the good wishes of their master. Pleasantly surprised, the lady mentally set down the offerings as tokens of the gratitude of some friend of her deceased husband. She accordingly charged Wu Tang's messenger to express her indebtedness to their master, and to say that she would be much pleased if he could do her the favor to come and receive the expressions of her gratitude.

The servants returning delivered the widow's message to Wu Tang. Wu's anger knew no bounds. He cudgelled them and threatened the chief one with death. But his wrath subsiding, he consulted a certain councillor of the tribunal, who advised him to look upon the money as lost, and to call on the widow. Boarding the houseboat next morning, the judge performed the traditional ceremonies before the coffin. Meanwhile the lady came out of her apartment, fell on her face before him, and offered her heartfelt thanks for the kindness which had prompted him—the friend of her deceased husband—to help her in her hour of need. The presents he had sent would enable her—she said—to reach Peking, where she hoped to arrange her affairs. She could not thank him adequately in words but "as a token of my gratitude and devotion, I hereby give you my eldest child as your adopted daughter." Now in China to give one's child to be adopted is a mark of gratitude for a favor too great to be ever repaid. Thereupon the lady made a sign to her eldest daughter—

A GIRL FULL OF LIFE AND CHARM AND GRACE—

who, glancing with wistful awe upon the strange benefactor, prostrated herself before him and called him father. Wu returned the greetings, recognized the child as his daughter by adoption, and soon after took his leave. The same day the houseboat sailed down the Yangtse, bearing the girl, whose name was Yehonala, (At her birth, a Chinese girl receives a temporary name, which is generally suggested by an object just seen by one of the parents—as, for instance, a flower. Six or seven years later another name—containing a flattering allusion—is substituted for this, but nobody may utter it excepting her grandparents, parents, and professors. Her brothers are not excepted), on to the high seas of life, where, under the name of Tsu Hsi, she was to grapple successfully with circumstance.

Twenty years later the curtain was raised on the second scene of this little drama. Meanwhile a deep dent had been left on the history of the Celestial Empire, deeper than any the preceding hundred years had made. Hankow had been destroyed in the Taeping rebellion, which cost the nation twenty million lives. China, theretofore an embalmed corpse, enfolded in silk cerements, covered with ancient inscriptions, was being slowly shaken out of the lethargy of ages. Monarchs had come and vanished, the dynasty had been endangered, the throne shaken, the empire itself had well-nigh gone to pieces. But Wu Tang had survived all changes, plodding tamely on with the flawless serenity of spirit which so many of his countrymen seem to hold ever at *command*. Dogged perseverance and length of service at last won recognition. Wu Tang was promoted and transferred to the province of Kan si. Joyful he set out on a visit to his new chief. But the Marquess Tseng—a polished man of the world and moderate reformer—was disgusted with the denseness of his new subordinate. Tseng, who was striving just then to gather around him a band of enlightened workers, had no use for Wu Tang as subprefect, and deemed it his duty to get the appointment quashed. The Viceroy accordingly dismissed his visitor curtly, and despatched a damaging report about him to Peking.

In the fullness of time there came a strange reply. Tseng was informed that the Empress-Regent had been pleased to raise Wu Tang from the post of sub-prefect to that of Prefect. At this the Viceroy marvelled. The Empress, he concluded, could not have received his report. He therefore wrote again. Quicker than before came the answer. It was another edict of promotion. It now pleased her Majesty to appoint Wu Tang to the post of Tao Tai, or Governor. The mystified Viceroy sent for Wu Tang. "Who are your influential friends at court?" he asked. "I possess no friends, no influence, no acquaintances there," was the answer, and its accents carried conviction. "Then it is a mistake after all," the Viceroy argued, as he turned the matter over in his mind, "and it must be set right. So he despatched another letter to the Empress, this time asking that her Majesty would vouchsafe to honor Wu Tang with an audience.

Shortly afterwards the new Tao Tai was summoned to Peking. On the morning fixed for the audience he entered the palace in trepidation, his eyes downcast. In front of the imperial throne, congruously with custom, he fell upon his knees. The Empress commanded her awestruck subject to rise up and draw near. Startled at the voice, which caused a dim memory to flit before his eyes, the new Tao Tai did as he was told, his gaze riveted to the floor. "Look into my eyes," was the next behest A hasty glance brought back Wu Tang's thoughts to years gone by, and he recognized in the all-powerful monarch the girl who had once prostrated herself before him as his adopted daughter on the site of old Hankow. The helpless little Yehonala had become the mighty Tsu Hsi. And he trembled with tumultuous emotions. But the Empress, in caressing accents, told him how glad she was to meet again the benefactor whose friendly hand was once stretched out to help her from among the weird shadows of the grey world, at sight of which her child's heart was swelling. She then dismissed him to his post, promising to turn a deaf ear to all calumnious denunciations of him.

But to return to her early career. Soon after her father was laid to rest in his native soil, Yehonala was presented at court. The maiden's good looks, blithe temperament, grace of gait and bearing, and those winsome ways that elude analysis and are connoted by the word charm, induced the palace authorities to receive her. Accordingly she entered the "sacred precincts," which no girl candidate, once admitted, can ever quit alive. Like the Roman vestals, they are cut off from the world whose pleasures they have renounced. During several months of probation under the eye of the Empress Mother, their aptitudes are noted, their defects corrected, their manners polished. They are [illegible] are initiated into the ceremonies and rites of ancestral worship, and trained to conduct themselves as behooves future companions of the mightiest mortal on the globe. The names of those whose shortcomings appear glaring or incurable, or whose positive qualifications seem inadequate, are gradually struck off the list of candidates, and even of the many who are allowed to compete, relatively few are ultimately chosen. Yehonala's name, however, remained on the books to the last, rising in relative position as time went on.

On the decisive day the lists of the lucky were issued. One girl was gazetted Empress, two became lawful spouses, and the little orphan with the magnetic eyes, soft feline ways, royal felicity of utterance, and imperial voice

WAS MADE A CONCUBINE

of fifth rank. A splendid success for the little maiden who had had such a narrow escape from starvation, this might well seem but a poor start for one whom Fate destined to raise to the throne of China. For concubines enjoy few privileges. They are cloistered in a pavilion, where they fill in their day with sewing, embroidery, breeding silkworms, sauntering about the spacious grounds, or boating on the garden lakes. They rarely receive their parents, and never anyone else. If, however, one among them becomes the mother of male offspring, she has established her right to a high-sounding title during the remainder of her life, a tablet over her grave, and household worship after her death. And that seemed the dizziest height attainable by Hsien feng's fifth concubine, who was then a winsome girl of sixteen.

Five more years rolled over the Empire of China and the harem of Hsien feng, and the fifth concubine had become a favorite. The Son of Heaven, yielding himself more and more to the soothing spell of the daughter of earth, made her his boon companion, his solace in trouble, his counsellor at all times. Within the harem she began to discharge certain of the functions which belonged of right to the chief spouse, yet without arousing the envy of her rival—a meek, loving, devoted wife, who felt remorseful regret that she had not yet borne her lord and master a male heir. At last the fifth concubine presented the Emperor with a boy, and rose at a bound to the highest position in the Empire. Festivities were organized at court, wild rejoicings followed in the capital, and an amnesty was granted to criminals. The Dowager Empress assigned a separate palace to the mother of her grandson, who was thereupon promoted to the rank of a "western consort"—the first spouse being termed the eastern. On the happy mother the Court also bestowed the name of Tsu Hsi, or "clement benefactress."

At this period of her career, Tsu Hsi, native chroniclers tell us, was a girl with the budding charms of an ideal woman. Prepossessing in person, she was so kindly in manner and suave of disposition that she won every heart, persuaded every hearer, disarmed envy and hatred. All who came in contact with her describe her as a fascinating talker. Her language abounded in witty sallies, quaint notions clothed in racy words, embellished with poetic images, bright with bursts of musical laughter. People loved to listen to her, were proud of her notice, and captivated by her smile. While she spoke an intense fire lighted her eyes, kindled her mobile tongue, and as one of her countrymen puts it, "made her lips drop honey." People of character were drawn towards her despite their will, and clever statesmen were swayed by her despite their intelligence. A magnetic force seemed to go out from her, hypnotising her environment, and making instruments of all who came wihtin the radius of its operation. It was thus that while supplanting the chief spouse in the affections of the Emperor, she contrived to win her friendship and to keep it. And it is worth noting, as a proof that she eschewed foul means when fair methods were obviously adequate, that that same lady, with whom she lived and worked in amity for many years, died a natural death in 1881. The eunuchs, who are an all-present, all-powerful, and permanent element at court, were the next to yield to Tsu Hsi's fascination. Their obedience was prompt, thorough, cheerful, their co-operation precious, and their attachment partook of the nature of religious worship. And in this boundless devotion of the powerful body which carried out all the palace revolutions, lies a clue to much of what seemed mysterious about her marvellous success. The Empress remained their staunch friend until her death. Last year, when reforming or abolishing other antiquated institutions, she refused to meddle with the eunuchs.

Another five years passed into history and well-nigh dragged the Mandchu dynasty with them. The Taeping rebellion, which stirred the nation to its foundations, made upon the mind of Tsu Hsi a deep and lasting impress. Its victims are computed at twenty millions. The foreign invasion of China administered another painful shock. For the first time in history, it was borne in upon the rulers of the Empire that their naive faith in their superiority to the rest of

MANKIND WAS A DELUSION.

The Anglo-French campaign against China culminated in the capture of Peking, the humiliation of the imperial family, and the insertion of the thin edge of the wedge of western civilization in the massive realm of the far east. But in the midst of the wild confusion at court there was one person who remained cool. When the Emperor was making ready to flee his capital, and his panic-stricken courtiers were urging him to lose no time, Tsu Hsi strove to dissuade him. She would have had him hold his ground and make a fight for the rights of his house and his empire. But her advice was disregarded, and Hsien feng repaired to Jehol in Mongolia. Tsu Hsi, ever a model spouse, followed her lord and consort, zealously guarding her priceless treasure, the five-year-old son, through whom she had won title, dignity and power, and bereft of whom she would again become the merest cipher—secluded for the remainder of her life in a palatial prison.

Such was the political debut of the charming woman who, as a pretty maiden, had a few years before so narrowly eluded the grip of misery on the banks of the Hankiang River. Within that brief span she had raised herself to a loftier eminence than that once occupied by Semiramis or Cleopatra, Catherine II, or Maria Theresa. She now held the destinies of a fourth of the human race in the hollow of her hand. And she bore good fortune splendidly. In the new as in the old role, she was simple, ready, resourceful. That she retained her modesty is proof that it was deep-rooted, for her advisers did their utmost to cure her of it. Fitness for great opportunities and a capacity to create lesser ones were among her main characteristics. Success never seems to have intoxicated, nor failure to have demoralised her. In politics, which may be described as the art of the possible, Tsu Hsi, like the world's great statesmen, was an opportunist. She made the most of changing circumstance, and when unable to alter conditions to suit her plans, she modified her plans and adjusted them to the conditions. Hence she has been charged by the Conservatives with excessive readiness to humor the white men, and by reformers with harboring rancorous hatred of everything that was neither

CHINESE NOR MANDCHU.

In truth, she merely utilized the foreign element for the good of her empire, her dynasty, her personal weal. It was ever her way to use mankind as a bridge over which to pass to her goal, and having reached it she generally tried to draw her people after her.

During her first regency Tsu Hsi, then in the flower of her age, indulged, it is said, in the passions of a Messaline and the cruelty of a Bluebeard, putting several of her obscure favorites to death. A priori the story may be true. It is safe to assume, however, that many acts of the regent, which Europeans would condemn and Chinese condone, have been magnified by enemies into heinous crimes. As a western critic once cautiously put it, "half the calumnies spread about the lady are in all probability untrue." Doubtless Tsu Hsi perpetrated crimes enough to kindle raptures of moral indignation in the West. But it would be well to remember that she had not only no scruples of any sort, but no indwelling source of any. A conscience formed no part of her equipment. She dwelt beyond the domain of right and wrong.

Thus Tsu Hsi, who was the first Empress, was also the last autocrat of China, an autocrat by nature as well as by law. In a country where centuries of peaceful toil and military quiescence had contributed to the decay of energetic passions, she was an epitome of much that was great in healthy human kingship. And her death was worthy of her life. Such was Tsu Hsi's zeal for the public service that during her last agony she insisted on being present at a state council, and, lying dressed on her couch she took such part in its deliberations as the rapid advance of her malady permitted. For the freshness of her soul was unimpaired in a body that years had enfeebled and disease undermined. "I can bear no more," were the last articulate sounds that passed her lips. A few minutes later the columnar figure that had dominated China for over forty years had faded to a memory and a shadow. And the Dalai Lama bent down over her pale, rigid face in silent prayer.

E. J. Dillon.

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Gravel Easily and Naturally Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Joseph Pelrine Who Suffered the Tortures of this Terrible Complaint for Nine Months Tells How the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Cured Him.

Port Felix East, Guysboro county, N. S., March 22.—(Special.)—That you need no longer fear the knife if troubled with gravel or other urinary troubles is the glad news that Joseph Pelrine, a well-known young fisherman here, is telling his friends.

"I suffered intense pain from gravel and other urinary troubles for nine months," Mr. Pelrine says. "But seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely. I heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who is suffering from gravel or urinary troubles."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure gravel by curing the kidneys. The urinary organs are entirely dependent on the kidneys. If the kidneys are not in good working order they cannot filter out the uric acid and it combines [illegible] other products of the body and [illegible] gravel. Healthy kidneys dis[illegible] and [illegible] pass off in [illegible] Kidney P[illegible]

NEGLECTED SCALD CAUSED MONTHS OF AGONY.

Spent Dollars in Vain but Zam-Buk Cured Her.

Following we give the testimony of a lady who if she had known of Zam-Buk earlier would have been saved nine weeks' agony:

Mrs. Frederick Bryant, of 169 Railway Avenue, Stratford, Ont., says:—"I scalded my foot while preparing supper. Next day the skin came off and my foot was in a serious condition. I could not wear my shoe and had to lay up for nine weeks. During this time I used dozens of salves but none did any good, in fact the wound developed into a running sore. I got no rest day or night from the pain. At this point a supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and a few applications had immediate effect in soothing the pain and irritation. A small supply proved sufficient to heal the scald, although I had spent dollars in other remedies. New skin was now formed nicely over the open sore.

Zam-Buk is the most wonderful and effective remedy I have used, and I advise others to use it."

Zam-Buk is equally effective in curing burns. Mr. Geo. Gilmore, caretaker of the E. Clements Block, Winnipeg, testifies as follows:—"I sustained a series of bad burns while attending to the large furnace which heats the buildings. One burn on my wrist was particularly bad and gave me great pain. I applied some Zam-Buk, and in forty-eight hours all that remained of the burn was a slight scar. Zam-Buk seemed to take the pain away like magic. It is a splendid balm to keep handy, its healing powers being simply marvellous."

There is nothing to equal Zam-Buk as a family balm. Its uses are so wide. It has been proved a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, piles, bad leg, suppurating wounds, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, cold cracks, and all skin injuries and diseases. Rubbed well into the part affected it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price.

MONKEY THIEF

Concealed in Master's Pocket He Managed Many Thefts.

Following a shabbily dressed man, whose visits to various establishments were always associated with theft, the Paris police have stumbled on the extraordinary fact of a monkey being employed for shoplifting purposes.

On Tuesday afternoon the man entered a large emporium, and was soon inquiring the price of different trinkets. As the salesman was answering his questions a queer-looking head was seen to peep out of a pocket of his overcoat, and soon a paw followed, with the result that several rings left that particular stand, entering into the selfsame pocket with the paw, and then the head.

Presently the visitor, after thanking the salesman for his information, moved on to a counter where lace was laid out in tempting array. The employee was requested to show some of the most valuable samples, and once more the head and paw emerged from the pocket, and one of the finest pieces promptly disappeared into that recess.

The detectives walked up to the visitor, and at once arrested him. They also captured the monkey, for such it was, which he had trained to grab at goods while he was keeping the vendors engrossed by his questions as to prices and quality.

The man, who is an acrobatic performer at fairs, perceiving that the game was up, submitted mildly, but his companion did not take his own arrest so philosophically, and resisted fiercely.

The man was taken to the depot of the Prefecture of Police, and the larcenous monkey to the pound.

USING PURGATIVES INJURES THE HEALTH

In the Spring a Tonic is Needed—But Not Harsh, Drastic Medicines.

A spring medicine is an actual necessity to most people. Nature demands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in the blood during the indoor life of winter months. But unfortunately thousands of people who recognize the necessity for a spring medicine do not know what is best to take, and dose themselves with harsh, griping purgatives. This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicine weakens the system but does ont cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives cannot do this; they weaken you still more. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—no purgative can do this. What is needed in the spring is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve, and every part of the body. This is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why men and women who take Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring try this great reviving tonic, and see the new life, new health and new strength it will put into you. 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.

The pen is mightier than the sword only when it is aided and abetted by the inkwell

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Agent for the Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline engine

ENDERBY PRESS

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MAY 13, 1909

Comment and Affirmation

Young Men in Business

ENDERBY has every reason to feel proud of her merchants, and the size and quality of the stocks they carry. Not only this, but, as a town, we are to be congratulated on the thoroughness of their business policy, and the aggressive spirit they are showing. The man who can't say a good word for the town he lives in and the institutions that make and attract attention to the town, ought to move—get out — skedaddle — vamose; and he of the goggle eye and hammer tongue, who cannot see any good arising out of the aggressiveness of our business people, is seriously an old paper. Our merchants are young men; alive to the possibilities of Enderby, and ambitious to make the most of those possibilities, and to bring the business of this end of the valley to Enderby. They realize that we have been sleeping upon these possibilities too long. Walk into the stores next Saturday evening and see if we are not right. The young men of the Polson Mercantile Co. are showing great business tact and thoroughness, in the quality of their selections and the shelving and display of the goods; the Enderby Trading Co., is using its preeminent position to bring to its business the best that can be sold and utilized; Arthur Reeves is bringing his drug and stationery business up to the highest standard. Andrew Fulton is daily proving what nerve, ambition and a square deal will do in building up a hardware business. He is gathering about him a stock and men second to none in the Valley and when he gets into his larger quarters in the new postoffice block, he will give Enderby a hardware and plumbing establishment of metropolitan proportions. In the jewelry business J. A. Dake is showing what can be done by the young man of perseverance and business training. He is rapidly bringing to him business from the Kootenays and all the country touched by the G. T. P. One would scarcely believe that a furniture business of the proportions of W. T. Holtby's could be built up in the nine months he has been established. Walter Robinson is proving the merits of a cash grocery business, and Wheeler & Evans are showing what can be done by young men aiming always to oblige. Even in the butcher business Enderby is well provided. In addition to the splendid establishment of Geo. R. Sharpe, R. Blackburn has established a shop, and in putting a butcher wagon on the road, is enabled to cover the tributary district weekly. All of these things point to a rapidly developing town and district and the business facilities to provide for the needs of all.

Don't Knock

IF there is any institution in Enderby, public or private, that deserves our commendation and unanimous support, it is the Enderby City Band. The childish antagonism that seems to prevail in certain quarters, is born of selfishness, bred from a spirit of hatred for anything successful, and should be stamped out before a confiagration is started. It is surprising that men will so far forget the band as an institution to quibble about the personal inclinations of its members as individuals. If you don't like the band's way of doing business, suggest a better way; if you don't want to dance, stay at home; if the home band isn't entitled to as much as we'd have to pay an outside band, cut it down; if it isn't worth a dish of ice cream and cake to have the band furnish the music gratis at our lawn parties, church socials and church concerts, sell the ice cream and cake, but don't knock the band. The band is the pride of Enderby; the boys deserve great credit for the way they have stood together and advanced. If at times they adopt a mistaken policy it should be their privilege to rectify it.

THE people of the Okanagan have a tremendous liking for Mr. Leonard Norris, the government agent at Vernon. And they have great faith in Mr. Price Ellison our representative, and the McBride government. When word came to Mara last week from the Hon. Richard McBride that he had instructed Mr. Norris to enquire into the needs of the farmers caught in the fire, a feeling of relief spread over the community. Now that the government has taken the matter in hand, it is morally certain that the sufferers will be given the assistance necessary to put them in a position where they can help themselves.

IF the Victoria Day celebration is to be a success this year, every committeeman must work. The recreation grounds are in good shape; Enderby gardens will look their prettiest, and if the city will get busy and finish sidewalking Cliff street at the point where it is most seen, and at the same time clean it up, the town will present a very attractive appearance. It but remains for the sports to be good and the weather fine, and we'll have a day that all will enjoy.

ONE cannot ride over the burned district without becoming convinced that the old snake fence is the greatest communicator of fire that the bush farmer has to contend with, and it is a blessing in disguise that so many of them were burned before the district became more thickly settled. The replacing of the rail with wire is a good thing, and wire should be the fence material in future.

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Sunshine Furnace is the triumph of sixty-one years' experience—growth from a small tinshop to 16½ acres of floor space, from a half dozen artisans to 1,500, from an annual wage sheet of $4,000 to one of $670,000, from a capital of energy to one of $3,000,000, from obscurity to recognition as Largest Makers of Furnaces in the British Empire.

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We are showing a choice line of New Goods in Ties for the Men, Wash Skirts and Shirt Waists for the Ladies: all first-class quality and the latest styles and patterns

Warm-weather Wash Goods

Ladies: You will find in our Dress Goods Department a splendid assortment to choose from in the finest Light-Dress Fabrics as well as the cheaper grades of Muslins, Lawns and Prints. Come in and let us show you the goods. If we cannot please you, it will cost you nothing and you will have seen and learned much about the various materials. If we can suit you in material, we can suit you in price. It will please us to please you. We can assure you the goods have quality

Don't overlook our Grocery Department; and remember our SHOES

ENDERBY TRADING CO., Ltd.

IN THE CHURCHES

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

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

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.

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W. ALLAN DOBSON

Auctioneer
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Intermediary

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
Enderby

WM. ELSON

Merchant Tailor Enderby, B.C.

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

F. T. TURNER

Plumbing and Steam Fitting

All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repared

Rear Evans Blk Enderby

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.

AN INDIAN FEUD.

News Leaks Out of Warfare In Depths of British Columbia.

In the remote sections of the interior of British Columbia life is still held pretty cheap, and although the white man is generally safe from molestation the Indians themselves are wont to settle their little troubles in time-honored fashion, without calling upon the courts or representatives of the Government to assist them.

The latest of these little affrays is mentioned in a report just received by the Attorney-General's Department from the headquarters of the Northwest Mounted Police, which speaks of two tribes having gone on the warpath, with the result that some ten men were killed and others injured. The report goes on to say that further trouble is expected.

The scene of the fight is situated in the northeast corner of British Columbia, and it is an object lesson of the immensity of the distances in this province and how little is known of the vast interior spaces,, that this foray occurred in the spring of last year and yet the news has only just leaked out. The belligerent Indians were the Dog Ribs and the Sikannis, who are understood to be old-time enemies, and the authorities are not always able to prevent spasmodic outbreaks from time to time.

A more serious report coming from the same source is that a Roman Catholic missionary who was traveling on the Laird river, alone in a canoe is thought to have been killed also. The Indian who brought the news stated that while his effects had been found, he himself was nowhere to be seen.

These events are supposed to have taken place near the confluence of the Nelson and the Laird rivers and such meagre details as are known here are to be found in the report referred to, the essential portions of which are reproduced below:

"On June 4 last B. G. Clarke of the Hudson Bay Co. at Vermillion reported to me having met an Indian (Dog Rib) at Hay river post, 100 miles north of Vermillion, on the Hay river, who had come on a hunting trip from the Laird river leaving there in the summer of 1907, and this Indian told him that the Sikanni and Dog Rib Indians had been fighting during the early spring of 1907. Ten men were killed and several wounded and he believed that more trouble would follow. The fight occurred near where the Laird and Nelson rivers join and on the Nelson river.

"This Indian also reported that a brother of the Roman Catholic mission was traveling on the Laird river in a canoe, alone. His canoe, clothing, and food were found, but that he was missing and could not be found. Some of the Indians believed that he had been killed also.

"The Indian who made his statement to Mr. Clarke left at once to hunt back toward the Laird river and will reach there sometime the next spring."

A CANADIAN SINGER.

Mme. Edvina Has Made a Hit In Covent Garden, London.

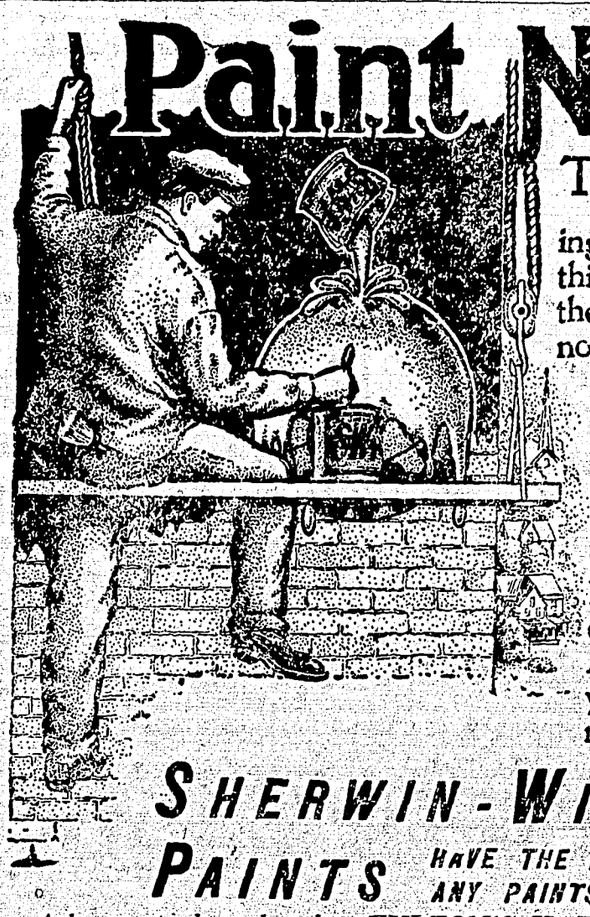
The distinguished amateur does not often find her way to Covent Garden, but such a term might almost be applied to Mme. Edvina, who recently made a successful debut in the part of Marguerite in "Faust." A Canadian by birth, Mme. Edvina is in private life the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwardes, sister-in-law of Lord Kensington, though it is understood that she has now put off her amateur status and proposes to give herself in all seriousness to a career for which she is excellently equipped. It is understood that Mme. Edvina owes her appearance at Covent Garden to the chance hearing of her in Paris, where she has been studying under M. Jean de Reszke, by Mr. Higgins, who forthwith determined to secure an engagement for her in London. In Paris Mme. Edvina has been singing for some time with considerable success in private and in concerts, and for the sake of experience she has also appeared in musical comedy, and sung in opera as a member of the chorus; but it is understood that her recent appearance was actually her first assumption of a leading part in grand opera on any stage.

Indians Fought Fire.

Colin Fraser, one of the best-known fur-traders of the north, has arrived in Edmonton with his annual harvest of peltries.

Mr. Fraser stated that he was present at Fort Chipewyan, which is 600 miles north of this city, at the time of the fire at the Roman Catholic Mission in June. The fire broke out in the night, and when the alarm was given the storehouse was in flames. About sixty Indians turned out with kettles, and managed to put the fire out with water from the lake. A large amount of the stores for next year were burned and several sleigh dogs; but the priests' house and the mission were saved. Great credit is due to George Lontiet, steersman on the H. B. Co.'s boat, and Captain Kelly for their work in checking the flames.

Boost and we'll all boost with you; knock and you'll knock alone



Paint Now!!

TIME to Paint. Make your buildings bright and clean this Spring. We have the best and most economical paint for you to use.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT, PREPARED, the paint that spreads farthest, wears longest, looks best. Made of purest materials. A record of forty years of good paint making behind it.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PAINTS IN THE WORLD

A large stock on hand at FULTON'S HARDWARE STORE

"Good for Enderby"

When you get expert opinion, it usually costs money and you have to go after it, but when expert opinion comes to you unsolicited it means that there must have been something worth while to bring it. The Noble Advertising Agency of Vancouver has the placing of all the big advertising of the coast metropolis. This agency knows what a printer should do with type. And when such an organization of practical type artists stop work to write a letter like this it indicates that they are well pleased:

Vancouver, B.C., May 5, 1909

Gentlemen: We are just writing to congratulate you on your new account form. It is as fine a piece of printing as we have seen in this office for some time. Good for Enderby!

Very truly yours,
NOBLE ADVERTISING AGENCY, LTD.
The Enderby Press, Enderby

We have just added wood-type fonts, and are prepared to turn out something pretty good in the poster line, as well as your business stationery.

The Walker Press **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**

FILLING THE SILO.

Cutting and Packing to Get the Best Results.

The cultivating of silage corn should be as thorough as for any corn crop, and it safe to say the more thorough the cultivation the better the corn. Many mistakes have been made by planting a variety of corn which will not mature. The corn should be cut at the stage of maturity when it contains the largest percentage of digestible nutrients. This is when the kernels are well glazed and beyond the roasting stage, but not dead ripe. Then every portion of the plant is eaten and is not only palatable, but it contains a high coefficient of digestibility. Should the corn get too ripe or beyond this stage it should be well wetted down with water, and you will have good results.

I believe that the next day after the silo is filled the top should be wetted down, using as much as two or three gallons to the square foot of surface, writes J. P. Fletcher in Homestead. This settles the top and prevents it from drying out too much with the heat generated. The corn should be cut, if possible, one-fourth of an inch at the longest. The shorter it is the better and tighter it will pack. When you do not use a pipe down the silo two men should be inside, so as to thoroughly distribute the ensilage, tramping and packing it tight around the edges and keeping the outside higher than the center. Be sure to get the ensilage thoroughly mixed, not letting the light stuff be by itself, as it will settle more than the other and leave air spaces. This should not be overlooked to get the best results. If your corn becomes too dry, be sure to wet it down well with water.

After your silo is filled, no matter how well it has been tramped down and settled in filling, it will settle unevenly, and unless it is leveled off and tramped well three or four times after it begins to settle there will be considerable loss of ensilage on top. By carefully leveling the silage every morning for three or four mornings after filling and tramping it thoroughly around the edges and with the wetting on top this loss will be reduced to a minimum. A stream of water as large as a lead pencil or larger should be constantly run on the blower or carrier. In this way fairly good ensilage can be made of corn that for one reason or other has become dry.

The Way For Two.

Though love, they say, "will find the way,"
There's one thing may delay it—
The lover's mind is taxed to find
The wherewithal to pay it.
—St. Louis Republic.

Outlawry.

"An outlaw ball player," she repeated in a puzzled way. "Why, I didn't suppose they'd let an outlaw play. What did he do?"

"Him? Stole a base."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not as a Horse.

As the auto bumped recklessly by
My friend said, "Of course we'd deny
It is feeling its oats,
But the speeding denotes
That the chauffeur is feeling his rye."
—Pittsburg Post.

Unpardonable!

"They are not smart people, are they?"

"Oh, dear, no," answered Miss Frivelton. "He wears last year's clothes, and she uses last season's slang."—Washington Star.

Charles Darwin.

Charles Darwin was so weak in health that but for the wife and children who saved him from trouble and gave him the leisure of a peaceful home he would probably never have made his great discoveries.

The Caterpillar.

A caterpillar will devour 6,000 times its own weight in food in the course of a month.

A Home for the Summer

It will not cost you much more to be really comfortable for the summer vacation than to "rough it" in a tent.

A small Want Ad. in our classified columns will bring you replies from people who have desirable places to rent.

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COME TO ENDERBY

The 18th Celebration of Victoria Day

will be observed in good form

MAY 24 1909

A Day of Pleasure Promised for All: young and Old; and a field of Sport for all to witness

WATCH FOR BILLS

Program will be published next week. Two bands of Music. Swiss Bell Ringers and Band Dance in the Evening

WHY Pay Rent?

When you can build a home to Suit Yourself ??

Seasoned Lumber Always on Hand

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

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

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.

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

G. R. Sharpe, ENDERBY, B. C.

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

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.

Brundish & Baird

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

Dr. Verner in Trouble

Dr. Thomas Verner of North Vancouver, charged with performing a criminal operation, was committed for trial at the conclusion of the preliminary hearing before Magistrate Williams last week.

The testimony of his accuser, Miss Blanche Choquette, aged 21, was the chief evidence.

Following her statement, Dr. McLeod, who had been called in consultation, was sworn. He said he had been called and Dr. Verner was on the case. The girl was sent to the hospital. She told him she had brought the trouble upon herself.

Mrs. Marie Louise Choquette, the girl's mother, was the last witness. She said the first she knew of what had been done to her daughter was when on a certain Monday her daughter became worse, and Bert Barclay, the man who was said to have been responsible for the girl's condition, sent for Dr. Verner.

He came in the afternoon, but she could not see very well what he did at the time. Dr. Verner later advised calling a physician in consultation, and Dr. McLeod was called. Later she asked Dr. Verner for money and wanted a check. She explained there was no intention to blackmail, but that she desired to secure a payment from the accused physician as she believed it would be a strong acknowledgement of his guilt and she wished to trap him. She said she had been advised to do this by LeBaron, a private detective, who is working for the prosecution.

The defence did not introduce any testimony, and the cross-examination of the prosecution's witnesses was not severe.

Mr. D. G. MacDonnell undertook the cross-examination and disclosed the probable line of defence. He brought out forcibly the fact that the girl had told Dr. McLeod she herself was responsible for her condition. She again stated that she told this at the request of Dr. Verner.

She was then asked if it were not a fact that her mother had gone to Dr. Verner and demanded money, threatening exposure if he did not pay. She said it was a fact, and when Dr. Verner told her about it she approved of his refusal to enter into any negotiations with her mother. She also said she told Barclay of this endeavor to get money from Verner and he also disapproved.

Dr. Verner, following his arrest was released on a $20,000 surety bond signed by Messrs. J. S. Emerson, William Bailey, William J. Irwin and Albert R. Steacey.

Mr. Scultze said that they have not yet made up their minds as to whether their client will elect for a speedy trial before the judge or await the assizes.—Vancouver Province.

Case Collapses

Dr. Verner elected for speedy trial, before Judge McInnes, and of the trial the Province says:

"I have no hesitation whatever in acquitting the accused. It is a case which the crown must establish beyond all reasonable doubt, and it is far from being proved."

His honor Judge McInnes late yesterday thus disposed of the charge against Dr. Verner of having performed a criminal operation upon Blanche Choquette after hearing all the crown's testimony and the accused physician's evidence, which flatly denied the girl's story at every point.

The court declared that it could not accept her story, not even being favorably impressed with the manner in which she gave her evidence, while Mr. D. G. Macdonnell, K. C., again repeated that in this case the defence had to do with blackmailers as the chief crown witnesses. The story of Blanche Choquette was entirely beyond belief. The crown was wrong in its dates, and had hopelessly failed to establish its case. The doctor was emphatic in his denial of the whole story. Thereupon the case collapsed. Mr. S. D. Schultz appeared with Mr. D. G. Macdonnell for the defence, Mr. Charles Wilson, K. C., acting for the crown. The doctor was congratulated by his friends upon his acquittal.

Where We Learn Sidestepping

"Jack, I'm grieved to hear that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This cuts me to the heart, my boy," said a father, with stern pathos. "Always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering to yourself. Will you promise me?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well. Now, go and see who is knocking at the door. If it's about the dog license, say I'm not at home. That's a good boy."

Barbed Wire, $4.25 a hundred

Nails, $4.25 per Keg

We Sell the Canadian Fairbanks Gasoline Engines and Power Pumps. These engines are used exclusively by the C. P. R. and the Canadian Government. You could have no better recommend of their superiority over all other makes. Let us have the highest height you want to raise water and we will tell you the cost.

Hot Weather Goods Refrigerators, Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors and Windows

All the latest and best Washing Machines: The Water Motor, The Past Time, The New Century

Barrel Churns all sizes. We can give you anything in Hardware or Farm Machinery at prices that cannot be beaten.

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

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

A great city is springing into being in British Columbia. It is Prince Rupert—the city of destiny.

Prince Rupert is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific—the emporium of Northern British Columbia, Alaska and the Yukon—the centre of the great fishing industry of the north—and destined to be one of the great commercial and industrial centres of population on the continent.

Between 2,000 and 2,400 lots will be offered for sale by public auction in Vancouver, B. C., May 25th to 29th. Terms: one-quarter cash; balance one, two and three years at 6 per cent. interest.

Titles are absolutely indefeasible, which means that all titles are guaranteed by the Government of British Columbia.

No city in the making ever presented to the world greater possibilities than Prince Rupert. What San Francisco is to California—what Portland is to Oregon—what Seattle is to Washington—and what Vancouver is to Southern B. C., Prince Rupert will be to the great developing region to the North.

For maps and further particulars, write,
C. D. RAND,
Agent for Government and Railway,
Vancouver, B. C.

Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

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

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

FURNITURE

Call and inspect my stock of Furniture, Carpets and Linoleums. Another car of high-class furniture will arrive in a few days

W. T. HOLTBY
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker
BRADLEY BLK. ENDERBY

Buy and Boost Home Products. It pays—BIG.

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**

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

STOMACH INDIGESTION.

Pe-ru-na Strikes at the Root of the Trouble.

MR. S. J. MASSEY.

Mr. S. J. Massey, formerly a resident of Toronto, and a well-known business man, writes from 247 Guy street, Montreal, Quebec:

"I wish to testify to the good results I have derived from the use of Peruna.

"Having been troubled for several years with catarrh of the head, I decided to give Peruna a fair trial and I can truly say I have received great benefit from its use. It evidently strikes at the very root of the trouble and good results are soon noticeable.

"I have also found Peruna a very valuable remedy for stomach trouble and indigestion.

"I have no hesitancy whatever in recommending Peruna as a reliable catarrh remedy."

There are several kinds of indigestion. The trouble may be due to sluggishness of the liver, derangement of the bowels, enlargement of the pancreas, or it may be due to the stomach itself.

In nearly all cases of stomach indigestion catarrh of the stomach is the cause. The only permanent relief is to remove the catarrh.

Peruna has become well-known the world over as a remedy in such cases.

Wild Foxes in Chicago Park.

Two red foxes are roving wild in Washington Park. The animals are living in holes, slinking forth at night to trap their prey. Indiana is believed to be the former home of the invaders of civilization. Unlike other such animals found abroad in Chicago, which have been traced to former owners, these foxes are thought to know nothing of the restraint of man and to have wondered from an unsettled district of Indiana to Washington Park.

In former winters Washington Park was almost colonized by rabbits, but this winter the long eared creatures have been comparatively scarce. It is believed the foxes have made prey of the rabbits and decimated their numbers.—From the Chicago Daily News.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

A Treasure.

At the dinner of the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association Sir Squire Bancroft told a story of a young lady who tendered the fare of a shilling at the end of a journey.

"Half a moment, miss," said the driver. "Are you married?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You makes a bob go further than any gal I know."—From Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

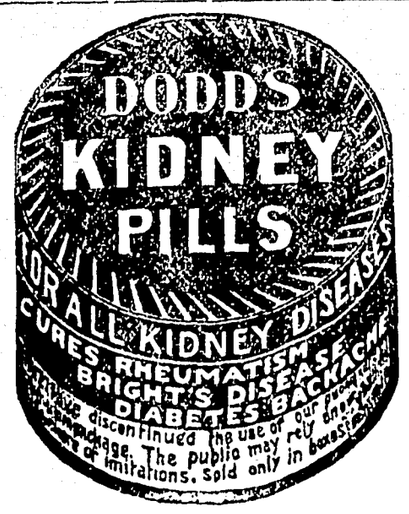
Thrifty.

Hubby—What! Another new dress?

Wifey—Well, don't be cross. I bought it with my own money.

Hubby—Your own? Where did you get it from?

Wifey—I sold your fur coat.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



FARMER'S THRIFT.

Millard Ockerman is a farmer living near Owosso, Mich. Recently he returned from a most profitable and delightful journey to Lansing.

A family which was moving to Lansing offered him $10 to take a load of household goods to the latter city. He loaded the lares and penates on a hay-rack sleigh and started out.

The first day he made over half the distance and stayed with a farmer all night. Came a thaw and the next day Ockerman had to zigzag all over the highway to find snow for his runners. Finally he reached Lansing. There he found that the wrong address had been given him by the mover. He was several hours in discovering where the goods belonged, so the third day rolled around before he started back.

Stopping for a neighborly chat with a man whom he met on the road ten miles this side of Lansing an opportunity to do a little horse trading arose. Ockerman, after two hours' bargaining, sold his sleigh for $25 cash and traded one of his fine horses for another horse and a cow. Driving his live stock before him he continued his journey on foot. When night overtook him he turned into the barnyard of a farm-house, sure of a welcome. At supper he learned that there was to be a dance at the place that night, but that the fiddler had disappointed. Fortunately Mr. Ockerman is a good violinist and offered his services. He did so well at the dance that the next morning the farmer presented him with an old buggy with which to continue his journey.

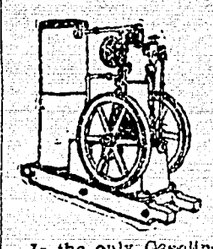
A few miles further on he got a chance to sell the horse, which had belonged to the team, and as the offer was advantageous he promptly closed it.

Ockerman had left Owosso with a team of horses and sleigh. He returned with a horse, a cow, a buggy and $200 in cash.—Detroit News.

Coldest City in the World.

Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia, is said to be the coldest city in the world. It is the great commercial emporium of Eastern Siberia, and the capital of the Province of Yakutsky, which in most of its area of 1,517,063 square miles is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsky consists of about four hundred houses of European structure, standing apart. The intervening spaces are occupied by winter yoorts, or huts of the northern nomads, with earthen roofs. The doors are covered with hairy hides and the windows are of ice.

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

An Awful Accident.

Willie had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation.

"Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now don't bother me."

Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then, reflectively:

"Awful accident in the subway to-day."

Father looked up with interest. "What's that?" he asked. "What was the accident in the subway?"

"Why," replied Willie, edging toward the door, "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

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.

Identified Easily.

"This," remarked Mr. Cane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"

"I think so," said Miss Softe. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

He Was Satisfied.

"A Maine man, notorious for his 'nearness,'" says a New Englander, "one day went into a meat shop in Portland and inquired the price of a certain soup bone.

"The proprietor of the shop, himself a generous fellow, said in answer to a question from the old man, "Oh, I'll give you that.'

"The old man, who is hard of hearing, put a hand to his ear, as though he had but faintly caught the butcher's reply. 'Can't you take something off that?' he asked, querulously.

"The dealer took pity on him.

"'Yes,' said he; 'call it 10 cents.'

"Whereupon the old man went away with the comfortable sense of having driven a good bargain."—Harper's Monthly.

Books to Spanish Students' Taste.

The librarian selected a book entitled "Farming in the Ohio Valley." "Will you give this to that young man waiting at the desk?" she said to an assistant. "He is a Spanish student learning to read English, and I think this will suit him."

"That sounds like a very unpromising subject for a student in English to tackle," a friend remarked.

"It would be uninteresting to anybody but a Spanish student," said the librarian, "but the Spaniards run to farming literature. When training beginners in English of any other nationality something sprightly in the way of fiction or travel usually is recommended; but not to the Spaniard. Nine times out of ten it is a work on agriculture that he will make the best progress in."—From the Baltimore Sun.

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.

Not Kind of Publicity Desired.

William Hanley, a Duluth cruiser and timberman, tells a story of Indians and the importance of personal publicity in a redskin. Hanley was in charge of t big drive on the St. Croix River, and in the vicinity of Taylor's Falls a big jam occurred. Among the drivers were half a dozen Indians. They were good men on the river and held up their end with the white men. One day, while inspecting the jam Hanley pased the six Indians. In a spirit of good nature he hailed the Indians and said:

"Break that jam, boys, and I'll put your names in the paper."

"Ugh!" responded one, after a pause. "Six Indians dead in paper, but we no see it."—Cleveland Leader.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh, and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,

J. B. LIVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P. O., Aug. 18, 1900.

Getting Down to Brass Tacks.

"I love you!"

"I've heard that before."

"I worship you madly."

"Loose talk."

"I cannot live without your love!"

"Get some new stuff."

"Will you marry me?"

"Well, now, there's some class to that."—Cleveland Leader.

All on Account of His Name.

Upguardson—How did Smiley's breach of promise suit against that rich widow come out?

Atom—They laughed him out of court.

C. c N. A new discovery. Has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sufferers from lack of vigor and vital weakness which sap the pleasures of life should take C. N. One box will show wonderful results. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and one dollar. Address, The Nervine Co., Windsor, Ont.

Applying the Principle.

"Penelope!" stormed Mr. Pipes, coming in from his back yard, "somebody stole a lot of my chickens last night!"

"It must have been some earnest soul, Philander," sweetly answered Mrs. Pipes, "who is seeking the truth, and has found it in your little pamphlet, 'The Social Revolution; or, Private Ownership of Property a Crime.'"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Fulfillment of a Prophecy.

Hannibal, the illustrious general, driven to despair by his enemies, had taken poison and had laid himself down to die.

"Anyhow," he said, "my name will live in history."

His foresight was unerring.

Two thousand years later a town in Missouri was named in his honor.

Debts of Big Cities.

The magnitude of New York's present funded indebtedness stands out strikingly when compared with the debts of the ten next largest American cities:

City.	Gross Funded Debt.	Per Capita Gross Funded Debt.
New York	$785,035,128	$177.74
Chicago	25,958,000	10.97
Philadelphia	71,421,720	476.1
St. Louis	19,427,178	25.90
Boston	104,206,706	170.90
Pittsburg	34,884,040	62.29
Baltimore	46,756,283	91.86
Cleveland	30,309,261	60.61
Buffalo	20,727,862	46.06
San Francisco	3,865,600	9.66
Cincinnati	47,143,743	124.06

This startling contrast is somewhat qualified if one considers the comparative wealth of these cities as represented by the assessed valuation of real and personal property subject to their taxation. In 1908 the total assessed valuation of all taxable property, personal and real, in the city of New York, was $7,158,190,400, as against $6,036,185,691 for the other ten cities taken together.—From Henry Bruere's "New York's Nine-Hundred-Million Debt" in the March Century.

SLEEPLESS LITTLE BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES

When babies are restless, sleepless and cross it is the surest possible sign that they are not well. Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. Sleeplessness is generally due to some ailment of the stomach or bowels, or cutting teeth. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will put the little one right, and give it sound, natural sleep. Mrs. Jos. Goneil, St. Evariste, Que., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine for constipation and stomach troubles. I give them to my little girl, and they keep her lively and well." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FAILURE OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.

"Well," observed Old Man Potts, "I've spent a heap of money on my boy Bill's education, mor'n nine hundred dollars jest to see him through Yale. And I ain't through yet. It shorely makes me sore to think of the money I'm wasting on a boy who ain't got as much sense now as he had before he went to college.

"What's the matter, father?" asked Mrs. Potts. "Mebbe you're a little hard on Bill."

"No, I ain't, Mary," answered the old man. "Jest to show you—a little while ago I says to him I thinks it was going to rain to-morrow. What fool answer d'ye suppose he made me?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father."

"He begged my pardon!"—Harper's Weekly.

Why Not Both

Josh Billings, the quaint philosopher whose maxims are full of homely wisdom, once said: "The longer I live the more I believe a good set of bowels are worth more than a good set of brains." Celery King makes good bowels. 25 cents, at dealers or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto. 320

Correct.

Teach—Now, Willie, how many months have 28 days?

Willie Wise—All of them.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Of nervous prostration we hear much nowadays, and it is comforting to know that there are places specially equipped and located for combating this phase of modern life. On the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at Catharines, Ontario, are located the curative Saline Springs known as the "St. Catharines Well." Connected with the Springs is "The Welland," where treatments for nervous prostration, rheumatism, etc., are given by skilled attendants in charge of a resident physician.

St. Catharines is the mildest point in Canada during the winter months.

In the Vilage.

Postmaster—That feller's a mean skunk, an' a liar.

Villager—Gee! What makes you think so?

Postmaster—Sent a card through th' mail, an' writ on it, "That rubberneckin' postmaster 'll read this, so I can't say all I want ter." An' I make it a rule not ter read 'em!—Cleveland Leader.

ISSUE NO. 12, 1909

HELP WANTED.

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

AGENTS WANTED TO WORK UP A TEA route. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

AN AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN to handle our line of specialties; enormous sale among business men; write for particulars; sample, 25 cents. Sterling Specialty Co., 25 Toronto street, Toronto, Can.

MEN AND WOMEN—TO SELL TITUS stocking darner; fits on any sewing machine; a boon to housekeepers; big profit. A. James Chesher, Port Hope, Ont.

FOR SALE.

WOOLLEN MILL FOR SALE—BEST custom and mail order business in State; age compels retirement; don't write unless you mean business. Wm. Lambert, Reed City, Michigan.

PLUMBING—AN AGED PLUMBER WILL sell his old established business and stock, value about $300. McKenstry, 96 Dundas street, Toronto, Ont.

LOTS IN PRINCE RUPERT, THE GRAND Trunk Pacific terminus, will be put on the market in May or June next. Persons intending to invest should write for information and advice to the Prince Rupert Realty-Commercial Co., Limited, 430 Richard street, Vancouver, B. C.

TO RENT.

TO RENT—COMPLETE, ONE SET WOOLlen mill; water power. Apply Sift & Bro., Frankfort, Ont., for further particulars.

LAND WANTED.

BEFORE SELLING YOUR SCRIP, WIRE me quantity and lowest price you will take, subject telegraphic acceptance, you to forward subject sight draft; any bank. Kenning, 354 Main, Winnipeg.

WANTED—SOUTH AFRICAN VETERans' land warrants; spot cash paid. W. P. Rodgers, real estate agent, 608 McIntyre block, Winnipeg, Man.

$$ For You in This Free Booklet $$

"EGGS, BROILERS OR MARKET POULTRY—WHICH?"

Tells why and wherefor. Gives inside facts important to beginners. Send stamp (for protection, to BRANT POULTRY YARDS, Brantford, Ont.

When a Maine Town is Snowed In.

Snowdrifts 15 feet high are not often seen on the main street of a Maine village, but that is the condition that existed in Phillips Friday. There is five feet of snow on the level, where the hurricane of Thursday did not blow it away into the solid drifts that have made travelling by any method well nigh impossible.

The only way to get around with any degree of ease or comfort is on snowshoes, and as many people in Phillips own these articles, so necessary on a day like this, they are in pretty general use by those who are obliged to be out. —From the Bangor Commercial.

IT IMPARTS STRENGTH

Just think of the enormous strengthening power Ferrozone possesses—consider what it did for H. V. Potter, well known in Kingston. "I was subject to spells of dizziness. For eight months I had intense pains in my right side between the shoulders. I was almost incurable with weakness and lack of vigor. Often I scarcely ate any breakfast and felt miserable all day. Nervous, easily excited, troubled with heart weakness, I was in bad shape. Ferrozone restored and nourished me back to health in short order." Whatever your weakness may be, Ferrozone will cure. Price 50c. per box at all dealers.

Lips.

(H. T. Miller.)

Lips are more than signal wire,
Lips aflame with friendly fire,
Lips for drinking the life-stream in,
Singing the purest vestal hymn.
Lips seal up the sacred way,
Heaven is close to the lips that pray.
The double stream from source divine
Blend in one, at the holy shrine;
Double gates to dwelling true,
Double clasp for me, for you.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Plans for the Future.

"I'm going to be a lawyer when I grow up," said Walter.

"I'm not," said Jimmy; "I'm going to keep a candy store, and be rich enough to eat it all up myself."

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

HOW THIRD DEGREE GOES.

A System That is Widely Used in United States,

But is Tabooed by the Courts in Canada.

The widespread public interest in the Kinrade murder mystery has served to call attention to the different methods of ferreting out crimes pursued by the police of Europe, the United States and Canada, and particularly in view of the comments made by newspapermen from across the border, in attendance at the coroner's investigation, who have made special allusion to the fact that the police here ignore the "third degree."

The "third degree" is a term one frequently hears applied in big criminal cases in Uncle Sam's domains, but it is doubtful if a majority of people in any city on this side of the frontier know its meaning, for it is not tolerated in Canada. It is frowned down by Canadian jurisprudence. In brief, the "third degree" is a "confession" obtained from a prisoner under duress and by means of force.

The Montreal Herald, commenting on it, points out that foreign writers, unfamiliar with the broad spirit of British institutions which pervades every agency of the government in its relationship to the private citizen, of course cannot understand why an individual against whom there is nothing but suspicion is not placed under duress and "made to tell" what he or she knows.

The Herald publishes the following special article by Maxwell Smith, showing how the "third degree" is worked in United States cities and elsewhere.

Are all the horrible phases of the "third degree" published in the newspapers the truth, or are they only canards aiming at sensationalism?

This question has again been brought into the limelight by the alleged disclosures of the methods used by the police in the case of the murder of Frank Wilhelm, in Newark, N. J. The reports which appeared stated that the murdered man's wife, Mrs. Mary J. Wilhelm, and a man named Nicholas Sicca, who are in custody charged with the crime, were subjected to the most revolting measures in the effort to secure admissions from them.

Referring to the Newark case, one of the foremost criminologists in Canada—where, he said, he knew of no occasion on which coercion was used to make a prisoner speak—remarked that such a loathsome thing as to carry the corpse back to the scene of the crime and make the suspected man stumble over it in the dark, and then, as he lay on top of the body, to switch on a blaze of light; or to take the dead man's wife to the morgue at midnight, without giving her any inkling of where she was going, and to suddenly put her into the room where her husband was laid out in death, was—why, the idea was unspeakably repugnant that it was hard to credit it to even a police officer. Both of these happenings are said to have occurred in the initiation of the two prisoners in the Newark tragedy referred to, but they are emphatically denied by the Chief of Police of that city.

The Newark murder and the process adopted by the police to extract information are so recent and fresh in the public mind that it is hardly worth while recounting all the details. Other instances of the "third degree" are not lacking.

ORIGIN OF THE "THIRD DEGREE."

Before going further, however, the origin of the order known as the "third degree"—or at least the accepted explanation—might be given. To Chicago is ascribed the doubtful honor of coining the phrase, if not the inquisitorial system which it signifies.

Years ago, it is told, when Chicago earned its title of "the toughest city in America," the greater part of its population was of such a motley and scoundrelly nature that, to gain information and suppress crime the most extreme measures were necessary. Crime was then so rampant in the Windy City, and the malefactors so flagrantly scornful of the law that the police were at their wits' end to find means to secure convictions, when they instituted a torture under which the most hardy wilted, and if there was nothing to tell, would make up a story—anything to escape the terrible "third degree."

The apparatus, if it might be so called, which the Chicago police brought into being, consisted of a cell that could be gradually heated to an insufferable temperature. There were three specified "degrees" of heat employed: First, second and third; and no man could possibly endure for long the limit of the "third degree." Anyone who did hold out until the "third degree" was reached was in the position of being literally cooked alive, and—this speaks eloquently of the depth of the torture—there is no record of a single case wherein the person incarcerated in the "oven" failed to "talk."

NOW AIMS AT THE MIND.

Whether this cell is still in existence or not no one appears to know, but it is very unlikely. In the inevitable process of evolution the "third degree" assumed a subtlety greater than the machinations of Torquemada; instead of racking the sensitive nerves with discomfort and pain, it strikes at a higher sense—that of the mind. From a mere ordinary torture it has become a method devilish in its cunning, which, insidiously working upon the brain, saps the very life out of a man, robs him of all volition, and brings him to a state of utter mental collapse. And as this is generally accompanied by failure of the physical functions of the body the result attained is pitiful.

DRIVEN PERMANENTLY INSANE.

There is one case which the writer recalls in which the victim was driven permanently insane. It occurred in a large city in Michigan. A young man was accused of the murder of his employer, but he pleaded innocence. The police were satisfied that he was the slayer, but lacked sufficient evidence to convict him, so, after all other expedients had been tried, resort was made to the 'Third Degree."

Here, however another line was followed from that employed in the Newark murder. In the infliction of the "Third Degree" the corpse generally plays an important part, the accused in most cases being unexpectedly confronted with the victim of the crime at some stage of the operations.

With regard to this youth, the police used only a rigorous method of cross-examination, which, although it was continued until the prisoner was completely off his head, failed to induce a confession. Every four hours, half a dozen officers would enter the imprisoned man's cell, and, grouping themselves around him, would pour in a perfect fusillade of questions.

The prisoner would be engaged by an officer facing him, when one in his rear would suddenly break in. One after the other they threw at him queries in the effort to demoralize him; then all would talk at the same time and overwhelm him with the weight of their interrogation, which required thought if non-committal answer was to be made. Thus for one hour out of every five was the prisoner subjected to this nerve-racking ordeal.

DENIED HIM SLEEP.

Not only in the daytime did they pester him, but at night too. He was practically denied sleep. Hardly would he be off to the land of dreams before an officer awakened him to ask some pointed question. As soon as he was again dozing another would appear with further inquiry. He would go away but as soon as the prisoner was once more asleep he was aroused and questioned again.

Day and night was the unfortunate youth persecuted in this fashion with unceasing examination, but throughout it all he never incriminated himself, or, in fact, displayed any inside knowledge of the murder. The latter is all the more remarkable when it is considered that he was taken unawares so often, especially in the night time. If awakened from slumber and given a pertinent question to answer, the interrogated person, being in a sub-consciousness state, generally unwittingly tells the truth.

The outcome of this horrible period of answering and unsleeplessness was, in the natural order of things, that the man went to pieces. Tired by the denial of the rest which it craved, the man's brain, already over-tuned and supersensitive with trying to anticipate the next examination and have answer ready, became hopelessly involved. The mind, obsessed with the awful inquisition, attained such a degree of cunning that it was the mind of a madman. The body, lacking the necessary period of immobility secured when one sleeps, got into a state of complete collapse.

A VERITABLE IMBECILE.

At the trial the havoc worked by this horror of police zeal showed in terrible manner what could be accomplished by torture of the mind. In the court the prisoner sat a huddled heap, with bent head and glassy eyes; a twitching bundle of nerves; a veritable imbecile. At no part of the proceedings did he show any sign of interest; he was incapable of being interested; what little of his brain was left could not grasp the events that were happening. All the time he was waiting, waiting, waiting, like a caged animal, for the only thing he could expect: waiting for a further volley of questions. Overcome by a torture which surpassed a millionfold anything the old Spanish inquisitors ever attempted, there was only room for one idea in the wretched, enfeebled mind; they would come and ask questions; what would they be? what were the answers?—questions, questions always questions.

Bowed, broken, a wreck; a man but in form, he was committed to the State Prison for life. But his stay there was a short one; he was removed to the proper place within a very few days—the State Asylum for the Criminal Insane. He who at the time of his arrest had been a sane, healthy man, was a cripple in mind and body; an idiot; a bent, sagging heap of nerves—a product of the "Third Degree."

Was he guilty? Did a blood-stained conscience last through that hideous term of mental affliction? Was he a catspaw to save the police the trouble of seeking the real perpetrator of the outrage? He was convicted, to be sure, but he was mad at the time of his trial. Even the "Third Degree" had failed to drag from him a confession.

A CANADIAN CASE.

The foregoing story brings up a case of a similar nature, in so far as it was a preying on the mind without any bodily violence, in Canada—the only one on record. The Canadian case was nothing like so protracted—it lasted but a couple of hours—and while it was the practice of the "third degree," it was in a mild form and unattended by any of the terrible incidents which usually make up the American procedure.

The occurrence, of quite recent date, was in respect to a particularly brutal killing, in which both an axe and a shotgun had been used. The crime took place in a country town, and through clever and quick work on the part of the detectives a man was speedily in custody. He was arrested some distance from the county seat, and as that was the location of the nearest jail, and there was no railway connection, a horse and rig were procured to convey him to the lockup.

As they were getting into the rig one of the officers conceived the idea of placing the axe and gun, which had also been secured, in front of the prisoner to see what effect their presence would have on him. Accordingly, they were stood up against the side of the wagon in full view of the prisoner, and that the scheme might be fully worked out, a circuitous route was taken to the jail. Before they had gone far one of the detectives contrived to rattle the blade of the axe against the gun-barrel. The manoeuvre had an immediate result. When the weapons came into contact with a clear cold rattle the prisoner was observed to shudder and turn his head away.

PRISONER BROKE DOWN.

More convinced than ever that they had the right man, the detectives set about playing the game for all it was worth. Miles and miles they drove, and every few minutes the axe blade and gun barrel clashed against each other. Each time the sound arose the agitation of the prisoner increased. He shuffled his feet, moved his position many times to the minute, and looked everywhere but at the axe and gun. More and more restless he got, and—as with Mathias, who murdered the Jew in "The Bells"—when the metals were now actually rattling, his imagination conjured up the sound. At last, when the detectives were wondering how "much" longer they would have to drive round about their destination, he broke down totally and confessed to the murder.

CONFESSION NOT ADMITTED.

Of course, a confession or information extracted by means of threats, torture or promises of benefit is not permissible by law, but in the case just mentioned no such thing was attempted. The matter was simply one of making a suggestion which, preying on a guilty conscience, bore fruit. It was therefore quite within the letter of the statute, which, regretfully, cannot be said of the methods of the United States police.

Only one case is recollected, south of the line, in which the court declined to allow a confession gained through the "third degree," although the law there regarding threats, etc., is the same as in Canada. That was the murder of a woman in Detroit, of which a young Canadian was accused, about eighteen months ago. Notwithstanding the confession he was acquitted.

There is not a little similarity between some phases of the American third degree process in its later refinements and the French system of detective work known as the "reconstruction" system. In the latter an effort is made to take the suspect through the whole performance of the crime, repeating all the events and circumstances connected with it, and making the suspect himself go through the actions ascribed to the doer of the crime, as far as possible exactly as if the thing were being done over again. The object of all this is partly the psychological effect upon the suspect, but partly also to give the police an accurate notion of the attendant circumstances from which they often derive valuable pointers.

The French and American systems have undoubtedly reacted on one another to a considerable degree. A case in Michigan not long ago was virtually "reconstructed" in full detail, with good results. The case was one arising from a violation of the tenth commandment: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

A man was in love with another's wife and, wishing to have her for his own, he proceeded to remove the stumbling block, that is, the husband. The "love pirate" boarded with the couple, so that the work was infinitely more easy than under ordinary circumstances, and one night when he was alone in the house with his rival, overcome by his all-consuming passion for the woman, he killed him. The murderer had an express wagon, and having stowed the body in a trunk he drove it right across the city and cast it into a swamp, under the impression that it would be immediately swallowed up and the man's disappearance consequently enshrouded in mystery for evermore. He thought wrong.

Within a few hours the body was discovered and identified, and, the murderer's love for the newly-made widow being well known, suspicion at once fastened upon him. People who had seen him driving across the city when he had the body on the trunk as a passenger was found and with these posted at the various points they had occupied at the time he passed, the suspect, under the direction of detectives, was made to recover the route over which he had driven the body, so that he might be identified and the net drawn closer around him.

His nervousness increased as the journey progressed, but had he known what awaited him at the other end of the ride he would probably have refused to go on, for when they ultimately arrived at the swamp, there the police had the corpse stretched out for his benefit. A confession resulted, and, backed as this was by the identification of the horse, the vehicle, and the man, by the people who had been posted along the way, he was sentenced to life imprisonment. In this incident there was nothing especially abhorrent except that the body of the murdered man might have been given its place in the mortuary decently and substituted by a dummy.

The above instances serve to illustrate the working of the "third degree" against which there is always a storm of condemnation when the story leaks out. The practice may be reprehensible in some respects, but in others it has its good points, and while it savors of the barbarous, that some such measure is essential with criminals who are known to be guilty, but against whom proof cannot be found, seems, looked at from an unprejudiced standpoint, right enough. Why should a person whose guilt is beyond question, be allowed to go free on account of lack of evidence—and there are many that way—when he can be persuaded to confess? That is how the police in the United States consider the matter.

The fact that they know they have the right man does not exonerate them if he was to be released. They are called inefficient and many other hard names if they do not make arrests for crimes, but arrests are no good if a conviction cannot be secured. "We are 'inefficient' if we do not get a conviction,' they argue. "Why, therefore, let this man—who we are convinced is guilty—go free because there is not enough known evidence to convict him? If the 'third degree' will extract a confession, why not initiate him?" And there is some sense in that line of reasoning.

Eugene Field on Lynching.

First prize in an anecdote contest conducted by a Chicago magazine was won by Miss Lillian Austin, of Fairfax, with the following: "Eugene Field was at a dinner in London when the conversation turned to the subject of lynching in the United States. It was the general opinion that a large percentage of Americans met death at the end of a rope. Finally the hostess turned to Field and asked: 'You, sir, must have often seen these affairs?' 'Yes,' replied Field, 'hundreds of them.' 'Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself,' broke in half a dozen voices at once. 'Well the night before I sailed for England,' said Field, 'I was giving a dinner at a hotel to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentleman of her party seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air.' 'Horrible,' said the hostess, with a shudder. 'And did you actually see this yourself?' 'Well, no,' admitted Field apologetically. 'Just at that moment I happened to be down stairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange.' "—Exchange.

Civic Improvement.

A vacant lot and a city dump.
A barrel of trash and a pile of trump,
A clothesline stretched at the old back gate,
A drain pipe set on the curb to wait,
A pond of water turning green,
And that's your "approach to the city" scene!

A lumber yard and a whiskey still,
A skating rink and a brickyard kiln,
A cattle pen and a blazing heap,
Where the huts of the old dump-keeper sleep;
Bottles and barrels and battered cans.
No wonder the stranger cries: "My lan's!"

A graveyard dotting the hillside white,
A few old trees, unshapen quite,
Gnarled and butchered; and always nigh,
Where the trolleys run and the trains go by,
The city dump, with its household truck,
Its bones and bottles and pond of muck!

—Baltimore Sun.

Blobbs—I don't see why Wigwag is always so hard up. He commands a good salary. Slobbs—Yes, but his wife commands him.

Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds

No doctor attempts to-day to cure a genuine case of catarrh or bronchitis except by the inhalation method. Stomach dosing has been discarded because useless—medicine so taken affects only the stomach—never reaches the seed of catarrh.

The advanced physican recognizes that only air cure can be sent into the lungs and bronchial tubes. Fill this air with healing medicaments and you solve the problem.

No combination of antiseptics is so successful as Catarrhozone, which contains the richest pine, balsams, and the greatest healers known.

One breath of Catarrhozone instantly circulates over the area that is afflicted with Catarrh. Relief is instant—suffering stops at once—germs are destroyed—every taint of disease removed. Think it over seriously. Here is a remedy that clears the throat, relieves hoarseness, coughing and bad breath. Irritating phlegm is cleared out, inflamed bronchial tubes are healed, throat and voice are strengthened. When Catarrhozone is so pleasant and certain, isn't it foolish to hamper with dangerous internal remedies? You breathe Catarrhozone—you don't take it. Large $1.00 size is guaranteed, small size, 50c all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

CATARRHOZONE

Just Breathe It!

"Look Out For That Little Cold"

The wise physician says "cure it before it grows large and dangerous. To-day is the time to commence treatment." The remedy, the best one, which doctors say surpasses all others, is "Nerviline." Rub it on the chest and throat, use it as a gargle and then take 20 drops in hot water—Cold will disappear.

"Last spring I caught a severe cold," writes George V. Smart, of Gibson P. O. "Every cough rasped my throat, which became perfectly raw. When almost in desperation I was advised to try Nerviline. I rubbed it on and used it as a gargle. Immediate relief followed. For breaking up colds it's the great remedy of to-day."

Use "Nerviline" It Cures Colds

Nerviline will surprise you. It's the best household remedy for coughs, colds, sore chest, croup, and internal pains of every kind. Large bottles have been sold by all dealers for nearly fifty years at 25c. Don't forget Nerviline when you go to the druggists.

STEEL CUT BY AIR.

Experiment to Show the Speed With Which the Work Can be Done.

"Diamond cut diamond," but steel is cut with air. The new and ingenious method of rapidly cutting through iron or steel plate is based upon the fact that when iron at a high temperature is acted upon by a fine jet of oxygen the resulting iron ovide is more fusible than the iron itself and passing away exposes a fresh surface of the metal to the attack of the gas so that a cut is produced along the line of action.

In the early attempts to utilize this method in practice the metal was first heated to the required temperature in an oxyhydrogen flame and then subjected to the action of the oxygen jet.

Now, however, the heating and oxidation are done at the same time and the resulting cut is much sharper.

In one form of apparatus used for this process the metal is heated by means of an oxy-acetylene flame from the centre of which issues a jet of oxygen. In illustration of the speed of the new process L. Guillet in ten minutes cut in two an armor plate 6 1-4 inches thick and 3 1-4 feet in length. Manholes were cut in plates 3-4 to 1 1-8 inches deep was cut by the oxygen process in seven minutes, whereas with a pneumatic chisel a groove of about the same length but only a quarter as deep took an hour to cut. The new method has also given satisfactory results in the rapid removal of the heads of rivets where plating has to be separated, only a few seconds' treatment being needed for fusing off the head of a rivet 7-8 inch thick.

With regard to the effect of the oxygen upon the metal adjoining the cut experiments have shown that the depreciation is but slight.—From the Chicago Tribune.

Wives and Mothers Suffer With Backache

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

In the stores, factories and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with torturing backache and bearing-down pains.

Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys.

The dizziness insomnia, deranged menses, and other symptoms of kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which go direct to the seat of the trouble.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE ALL WOMAN'S ILLS

To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known. Recommended for girls and women of all ages, 25 cents per box, at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

A Leftover Snake Story.

George Weikert, of Round Top, near Gettysburg, had an exciting experience with a snake Sunday evening. Mr. Weikert had gone into the haymow at the barn to throw down hay for the horse when he was suddenly confronted by a large reptile ready to strike.

Mr. Weikert dropped the fork and got down to the ground as quickly as possible. He says that the snake was fully five or six feet in length and that it has probably been in the barn since harvest last summer, as the field from which the hay was taken has long been a favorite haunt for snakes.

As Was His Custom.

Pastor (to druggist applicant for church membership)—Brother, do you keep Moses' ten commandments?

Druggist (absentmindedly)—No, sir; but I have something just as good.—The Bohemian Magazine for March.

The Mara Fire

Continued from first page

it had to be killed, are all that they saved out of four years of hard toil together. And yet, note this: the morning after the fire found Mr. Knapp splitting rails to re-fence his property.

The fire did not do any damage, except to timber and fences, from the Knapp place to the farm of A. D. Stroulger. Here, however, the damage was heavy, his new buildings and a large amount of building material, together with $600 worth of hay.

The losses in buildings, etc., are estimated as follows:

A. H. Duncan,	$2,500
D. McManus,	1,200
J. Lambert,	900
Geo. McEwin,	400
Gerald Neve,	400
Geo. Little.	3,000
Chas. Little,	1,200
Mrs. Rosoman,	3,000
Rothsay Lumber Co.	7,000
S. Patula,	1,200
T. Dickie,	300
E. A. Robertson,	450
Thos. Gray,	300
Jas. Bell,	3,500
H. Blurton,	200
E. Bennett,	600
Wm. Cadden,	200
Wm. Witala,	300
	$26,650

These losses do not cover the 30 miles of fences burned; nor the losses of live stock. Neither do they take into account the losses in the orchards and crop fields, or to standing timber. In addition to all this, the C. P. R. lost 16 miles of fencing, and scores of telegraph poles.

The Provincial Government was prompt to recognise the need of assistance. Government Agent Norris came up from Vernon on Saturday, and Sunday was spent in the burnt district. Messrs. Barnes, Gardom, Owens and Little assisted Mr. Norris in getting details of the losses. It is believed the government will provide wire to rebuild the fences to protect the growing crops. In a few instance perhaps some other assistance will be given.

By way of providing for the needy steps have already been taken. The Columbia Flouring Mills Co. has made provision for all who call upon it, and the following ladies have made up or are making up bales of useful articles of apparel and furnishings: Mrs. F. V. Moffet, Mrs. H. W. Harvey. Mrs. A. E. Sharpe, Mrs. J. Leech-Porter, Miss Taylor and Miss Wickwire. The Armstrong municipal council set aside $100 to be used if needed, and offers of assistance have come from Vernon and the other Valley towns.

The Mara people are not advertising their needs. They have the spirit to start anew unaided. Yet they recognize that there are some left in sore straits by the fire, and anything that friends may give to tide them over will be thankfully received.

LATE LOCAL NEWS

Miss Race returned to Enderby last Friday, from Tonbridge, England.

The C. P. R. is advertising the usual fare-and-a-third holiday rate, 21st to 25th.

F. Waby is supplying delicious early vegetables from his Arlington heights gardens.

The Presbyterian ladies gave a tea at the home of Mrs. Wm. Woods, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. A. H. McBride, father of Premier McBride, died at his New Westminster home May 5th.

A meeting of St. George's Guild will be held this (Thursday) afternoon at the vicarage, 3 p.m.

W. Allan Dobson will hold his first big auction sale in the old Presbyterian church on the 15th.

Judge Spinks will retire from the bence, on the usual pension, his resignation to take effect this year.

P. Murphy returned last Thursday from a six-week's visit to his old home. It made him better looking.

The sawmill has not cut a log for ten days, owing to the water in the river being so low as to make it impossible to start the first drive.

The Enderby hose-reel team is practicing hard for the wet test, May 24th. Teams are expected from Vernon, Armstrong and Revelstoke.

We would call the attention of the sidewalk committee to a bad hole in the sidewalk at the alley-crossing between Wheeler & Evans store and the Walker Press

D. Buchholtz this week bought the residence formerly occupied by Wm. Fraser, on Russell street, and is making extensive improvements. The transfer was made by Jas. Mowat.

Three blasts of the mill whistle indicates that the water in the city mains is to be turned off for repairs. When you hear them you will be wise if you draw water enough for immediate needs.

Capt. Wallace is putting in a 4-h.p. pumping plant to supply his handsome home on the Enderby-Armstrong road with water from the Fortune creek. A. Fulton is supplying the engine and doing the work.

Alfred Slater, manager of the Armstrong creamery, is putting in an ice cream plant to supply the Valley. Mr. Slater has had Toronto experience in the wholesale ice cream business, and he should be encouraged.

Wm. Hancock has just finished a splendid piece of road work on the Mabel Lake road, and has a gang of eight men at work on the Enderby-Mara road. He is also running a force of 20 men on the extension of the road to Mabel lake.

We were unable to supply the demand for extra copies of last week's issue with the account of the fire. We are prepared to supply 150 extra copies of this week's issue. About 50 of these are spoken for; the balance go to those who want them.

Two complaints have been made to us this week about the unlawful riding upon the sidewalks by boys and young men on wheels. In both instances three-year-old children narrowly escaped injury. There is absolutely no excuse for this open violation of a city by-law, and in the name of these little ones we call for the enforcement of the law. These young men should have enough self-respect to respect the law, but if they have not, then the penalty should be invoked.

NOTICE

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of the whole of the machinery of the Rothsay Lumber Co. Ltd., as it now lies at the scene of the late fire at Mara, B. C., consisting of boiler, engine, planer, carrier, conveyor, corrugated iron roofing, bolts, chains, etc. Also for the purchase of the following buildings now standing on the company's leasehold: store, shed, boarding house, stables, etc.

Tenders will be received for these singly or for the whole, and same must be removed within 21 days from date of purchase. Ten per cent of the amount of tender should accompany each tender, to be returned should such tender be refused.

Tenders to be opened on Saturday, May 22nd at noon. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. H. W. HARVEY,
Liquidator for the Rothsay Lumber Co. Ltd.
Enderby, B. C.

Protect Your Houses and Buildings from Fire

by using Metal Shingles and Siding. Eastlake Shingles are best on the market; painted or galvanized. S. F. WABY,
Agent for Metallic Roofing Co. of Canada.
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.

PASTURE--Wanted: horses to pasture. Apply, R. Waddell, Hazelmere ranch

Mr. Workingman:

Are you paying rent?
Why not invest in a block of fruit land?
For the price of a good town lot you can secure 10 acres of fruit land, where you can build yourself a home; have all the conveniences of the city life, in the way of mail, school, etc., but have no wood to buy, no water rates to pay and your spare time can be spent improving your property which is adding to your wealth and comfort and placing you in a position of independence of depression of labor and fluctuation of markets. See at once to your future; look over the Arlington Heights blocks and act. Write or call on—
Chas. E. Strickland, Enderby

50 Cross-bred good laying Pullets for sale. From trap-nested stock. H. E. Waby, Enderby

Soluble Water Glass

When eggs are 20-25 cents a dozen, the wise man buys his winter's supply and preserves them by giving them a Water Glass coating. It can't fail. Get your Water Glass now We have it.

Enderby Drug & Stationery Co.

Young Men

We solicit a share of your trade. It is our purpose to always be prepared with the best quality of goods on the market, the latest styles and cut, the nattiest suitings, and the newest checks. We have just received a most complete line of Fancy Summer Vests and Dress Shirts, which you will be very much interested in. Come in and inspect them.

Workman's Shirts

These are the goods of quality. Fast colors, reinforced bands, sleeves and collars. We are also showing a new line of Workman's Socks, close-knit, no seams—the best value ever offered for 30c a pair. Our heavy braces, Overalls, etc., are a new line; thoroughly reliable and something we can guarantee

Summer Underwear---all sizes---New line just in

Bargain Counter In the back end of the store we are conducting a remnant department, where you can buy anything in sight at cost. The goods are first-class, but the boxes shop-worn. There is a splendid selection of Leckie Boots for lumbermen, and a fair selection of Ladies' Light Shoes—at assignee sale COST.

The POLSON MERCANTILE CO.
Limited
ice block Enderby

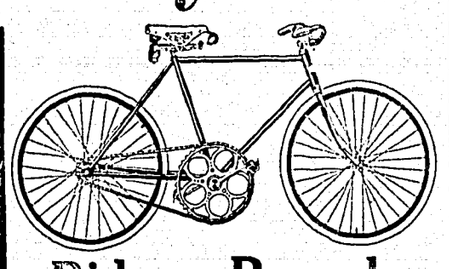
W. R. MEGAW
Bicycles | Rowboats
Departmental Stores
VERNON, B. C.

The World's best Bicycle

Figure It Out

Did you ever stop to consider the *money value* of the energy you waste?
Here's a simple, but mighty convincing, illustration:
Two walking steps are equal to *one* revolution of a bicycle pedal. The ordinary man covers little over five feet of ground in making two steps. The average bicycle rider will cover seventeen feet with one revolution of his pedal. But,

—on a RACYCLE, with its standard gear, a rider will travel *twenty-one* feet per pedal revolution, and with *much greater ease* than either the pedestrian or the other cyclist.
Ride a Racycle and store your power.
FOR SALE BY
W. R. MEGAW
VERNON. B. C.



Ride a Racycle

It's the easiest running high-grade wheel in the world. Built of the very best material throughout. Frame is made from the very best cold-drawn weldless English steel tubing that can be produced. It's the best, safest and most reliable frame construction used by any bicycle manufacturer in the world. Write to-day for prices and particulars.

Enderby Brick

THE BEST BRICK IN THE PROVINCE. Specified in C.P.R contract for facing Revelstoke station. A large stock now on hand Reasonable prices for large or small quantities.
By far the cheapest material for a substantial house. Cool in summer; warm in winter. Saves most of your painting and about half your insurance.
The Enderby Brick & Tile Co., Enderby

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.