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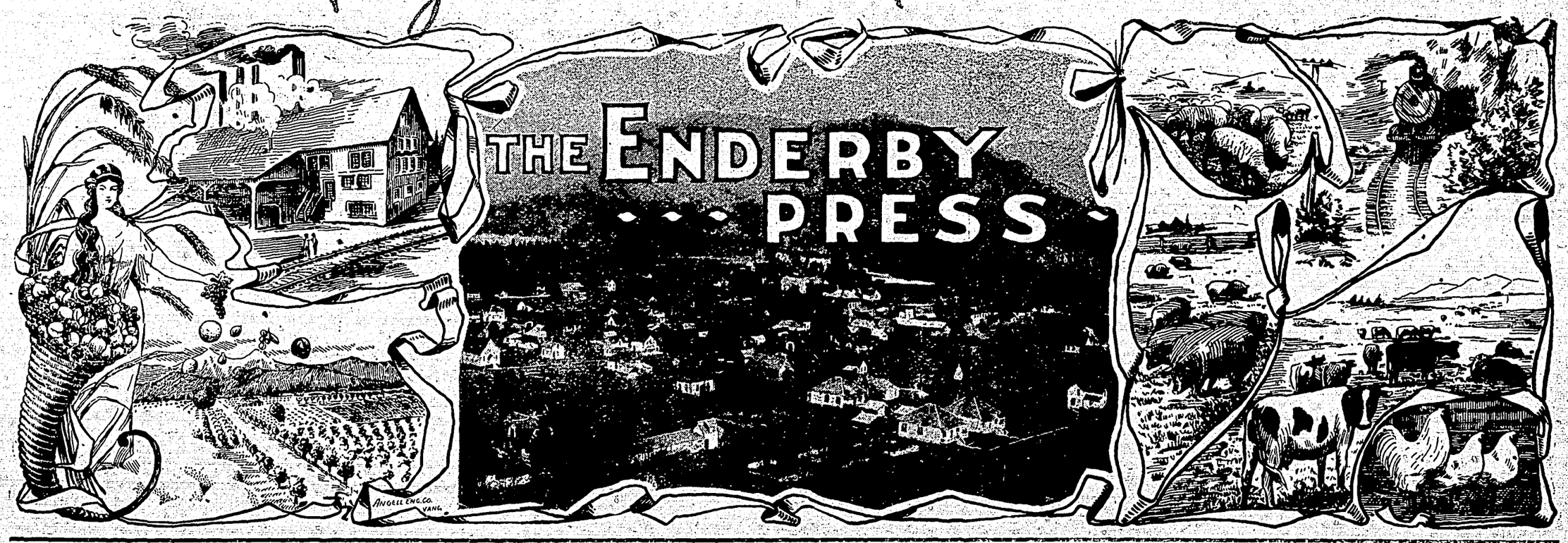

Enderby, B. C., September 23, 1909 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 2; No. 30; Whole No. 82

ENDERBY NEWS BOILED DOWN--WHAT'S DOING ALONG THE SPALLUMCHEEN

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wright left on Monday for the Seattle fair.

S. Polson was called to Winnipeg Monday by the death of his sister.

Enderby promises to turn out big to the Armstrong fair next week.

A. V. Steeple, colporteur for the Canadian Bible Society, is stopping at A. M. Bairds.

The Ladies Aid of Hullcar have postponed the Harvest Festival. Date will be published later.

Mrs. Chas. E. Strickland has returned from Vernon hospital, much improved in general health.

Peter Greyell is erecting a neat cottage on his Knight-street property, just west of Belvedere.

Several settlers came to Enderby Wednesday looking for land. They are looking into the merits of the Mabel Lake district.

After enjoying a week's outing with his brothers and parents of Deep Creek, Jno. W. Gorle returned to Fernie Wednesday.

The Deloys gave a splendid performance in K. P. Hall Saturday evening. They promise to give a return performance next week.

Robt. Waddell reports the heaviest wheat yield in the district. From 18 acres of spring wheat he harvested 58 bushels to the acre.

Rev. Mr. Trafton preached in the Methodist church Sunday evening, and Rev. Mr. Akin in the Presbyterian church Sunday morning.

Found—On the railway track, Sunday, Sept. 13, a pair of spectacles. Call on F. V. Moffet, prove property and pay for this advertisement.

Manager Taylor has greatly beautified the grounds of his home. The season's growth of flowers and vines has added inestimably to the landscape.

Postmaster Harvey is planing a Northern Okanagan show window at the postoffice where he is prepared to place on exhibition samples of the good things the district can produce.

There will be few occupiers of homes in Enderby this winter who will be without the electric light. The service is excellent, the A. R. Rogers Co. sparing no pains to keep the plant in perfect order.

Harry Preston's little boy and baby sister were playing in the yard with an axe last Friday, with the result that the baby is now one finger short. The little one was hurried to Dr. Keith, and the wound dressed.

A London despatch states that the late Sir Arthur Stepney, "formerly of Enderby, B. C.," left $77,000 to his daughter, Catherine. Miss Stepney and her mother, it is reported, will come to Enderby in the near future.

The shooting season has come and with it complaints of many ranchers of the careless shooting by hunters. Too much care cannot be exercised in this matter. Because so little care is shown, many have put out "no shooting" signs on their farms.

Robt. Bailey, after two years of fighting to get the case into court, was granted a divorce by Justice Morrison, of Vancouver, last week. He returned from Seattle and the coast cities yesterday morning, with a smile mellowed by the Seattle spirit.

The reinforced concrete residence under construction by Mr. F.V. Moffet is proceeding slowly. Mr. Moffet is saying all the good things he can in the hope of tickling the weather clerk into prolonging the Indian summer to enable the completion of the building this fall.

A correspondent asked through these columns last week why the Police Commissioners did not see that the city by-laws were enforced. Don't know. These are the gentlemen: G. R. Lawes, A. Fulton and Geo. Bell. Ask them.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Mohawk poet-entertainer, assisted by Miss Lucy Webling and Mr. Walter McRaye, will appear in K. of P. Hall, Friday evening, Oct. 8th. This is the farewell tour of these popular entertainers as they break up the Johnson-McRaye Company soon after, Miss Johnson to retire to take up journalism, and Miss Webling, who was married last week in Vancouver to Mr. McRaye, to join her husband in a vaudeville sketch, which they will produce in Enderby.

Other municipalities have their troubles. The Western Municipal News says: "In most municipalities it is the custom to appoint a local physician as health officer on a paltry salary, as if the position carried no duties or responsibilities, and in some way this officer soon comes to realize that the less he does for his salary the better satisfaction he will give to the community."

Since most of our city by-laws act by antithesis, it has been suggested by the black angel that laws be enacted forbidding the cutting of bull thistles along the streets and on vacant lots; the riding of bicycles any place but on the sidewalk, and making it a criminal offence to work more than ten minutes at a time, for the city, without stopping to rest and talk it over.

Here is a job for the Vernon Board of Trade: A despatch published in a London daily say: "A despatch from *Vernon, Vancouver Island,* B. C., reports a disastrous fire which occurred at a hotel *on the shore of the lake.*" After the Peary-Cook controversy about the pole is settled they might be engaged to locate Vernon.

The Columbia Flouring Mills resumed grinding this week after a prolonged shut-down for the season's repairs. During the shut-down a concrete foundation was put under the entire mill, new blowers and purifiers were installed, and the plant throughout put into first-class condition for a heavy season's operations. Manager Moffet hopes this season will be sufficiently successful as to warrant the company increasing the capacity next season to 500 barrels a day. The product of this mill is heralded throughout B. C. In the Alberni News we notice a local merchant uses half a page to tell the merits of "Moffet's Best" at $1.95 a sack. In Enderby we get it for $1.65. It is a home product, boost it!

Five arc lights have been added about the lumber mill and it is now quite as light as day while the mill is in operation. Manager Stevens is bringing to greater perfection daily his plan of operation, and next season he will run a night and day shift. He has two camps already cutting in the company's berths, and will start two more as he can secure the men. It is the intention to make the season's cut 20 millions instead of 12 millions as it has been in the past. The outlook for next season is very bright and the market for this season's cut will take it all. Cars are now plentiful and lumber is moving as rapidly as they can be filled. Mr. Stevens predicts that we shall have in Enderby the most substantial and progressive town in the Valley.

And the Next Day it Snowed

Isn't this glorious weather? Hunt the world over and it could not be beaten. May it long continue.—Prince Bupert Empire.

It is said that in Canada there are no editors or printers in jail. This is a tribute to their cleverness or morality.

WALKER'S WEEKLY

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

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

H. M. WALKER

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Pa says: "I grow weary with men that proclaim the evil, the wickedness, the perfidy and the unregenerate condition of this splendid world of man."

FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

IN another part of this paper we reproduce an article from the Saturday Sunset setting forth by Bruce's virile pen some views on priestly bumptiousness and inquisitorial zeal. Read it. The reference therein to Walker's Weekly, by the reverend gentleman in question, and to the "imaginings" of its editor, is quite in line with the general policy of that class of God's servants who do not know and are blind to reason. It is not new. We have been up against it before. But in this instance the holy father is either deplorably ignorant of what he is talking about or does not care and prefers to run a priestly bluff on Bruce. After the kind, fatherly talk our friend Bruce has given him, the bumptious holy father will have to conclude that his bluff didn't stick.

We are not seeking a controversy with this Catholic priest. It is his privilege to remain blind to actual conditions if he finds comfort in blindness. But what was stated in this paper with reference to the priestly influence in keeping our Indians in darkness, and which the reverend gentleman of telephony connection objects to, was and is absolutely true. We have an Indian reserve at our front door, and we of Enderby know. One would have to be blinder than the proverbal bat—as blind as a priest—not to see the iniquitous operation of the Indian law. Its educational feature is a farce. The Indians are infinitely worse off today than they were before they were given over to the priest. And is the priest entirely to blame for this? No, but lack of education and elevating influence is. And the responsibility for this rests with the priest, since the law gives him control.

We are told by some who think they know, that the British Columbia Indians are beyond redemption. This is pure nonsense, born of ignorance. Give the Indian a chance before condemning him. Forty years ago the parents of the writer were working for the government among the B. C. Indians. We were not on the ground at the time and cannot speak authoritatively but if half what we have heard is true, the Indian children made apt scholars in school, and the Indians, when the right influences were brought to bear, responded readily to the higher attributes in man. To take from the Indian his natural religion and thrust upon him a religion of penance with dollar-and-cent penalties, is to drive out of him his innate goodness and put into him sloth, cunning, deception. This we have done, and we blame the Indian.

From personal observation on the Lapwai reservation, prior to its being bought by the U. S. government from the Nez Perce Indians, and from a slight knowledge of the Kamaiis, a neighboring tribe, we are convinced of the great possibilities of our Indians under proper conditions. Give them government schools and an open church on the reserves; give them a resident Indian agent on each reserve whose heart has some of the milk of human kindness left; buy from them the land they cannot use, paying them all it is worth; give to the head of each Indian family a sum sufficient to buy for him horses and implements to enable him to work the land he keeps, and place the balance in a reserve fund out of reach of the priestly-imposed penalties, and subject only to the check of the Indian reservation agent endorsed by the head of the Indian Department, and we shall, in a measure at least, have overcome the Indian problem.

We of British Columbia, and especially of the Okanagan, where so much of the land is tied up in these useless reserves, cannot afford to longer submit to this imposition. If the Indians are to be our neighbors, we must, if for no other reason than self-preservation, demand that they shall be given educational and proper administrative facilities on each reserve. It is our duty to see that the Indians get, and are permitted to keep, what rightly belongs to them. His holiness to the contrary, notwithstanding.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Cream of Beet Soup.—Boil till tender five good sized beets; while hot, skin, and chop fine. Simmer in a quart of rich milk till they are pulpy. Strain, season, and thicken like any cream soup. Serve with a spoon of whipped cream in each plate.

Boiled Cucumbers.—Pare and remove seeds from two medium sized cucumbers. Cut in eighths lengthwise. Cook slowly till tender in boiling salted water. Drain and reheat in sauce made of one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, three-fourths cupful chicken stock, four tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt spoon salt, dash of pepper. Serve on toast.

Cherry Pie.—A delicious pie is made of cherries and stewed pineapple. A can of pineapple, a quart of cherries, one-half cupful of sugar and the juice of a lemon made the filing for two large pies.

Fried Corn.—A good luncheon or supper dish is made from any cold, boiled corn, which has been left over from dinner. Cut the corn off the cob. Heat your spider and add enough butter to fry the corn. Add the corn and season with salt and a little pepper.

Pears—A New Way.—When canning pears in the summer use a rich syrup. Before sealing add five whole cloves and if brandy is not objected to one teaspoonful to each jar. When wanted in the winter open and turn into glass bowl. Add one teaspoonful of best almond extract and stir gently. Set on ice for two hours. Serve with whipped cream.

New Way of Cooking Peas.—A delicious way of cooking peas is to take the outside leaves of lettuce and lay them in the bottom of the sauce pan, then put the peas on top of them and gradually bring them up to a boil. The juice from the lettuce leaves is sufficient to cook them without the aid of water and gives them a delicious flavor. Cook them on a slow fire. Before serving them put a piece of butter on top of the peas about the size of a nutmeg.

Pineapple Shortcake.—Make a rich biscuit dough crust extra short bake in a sheet or round, fully an inch thick. Split while hot and butter generously, spreading the top generously with grated pineapple. Serve without cream.

Dandelion Wine.—To one gallon of dandelion blossoms add one lemon, one orange peeled and chopped fine. Pour one gallon of boiling water over this and allow to drain twenty-four hours; add one cake compressed yeast and two pounds "C" sugar to one gallon of juice. Allow to ferment and then clear with 5 cents' worth of icing; glass to each gallon.

Tomatoes Until Christmas.—Procure perfect green tomatoes, cut fresh from the vines, about an inch from the tomato, leaving a little stem. Wipe dry and wrap each one in paper, separately. Pack in a box and keep in a dark corner of the cellar.

Cherry Salad.—A split banana on a lettuce leaf, half a dozen cherries, sprinkle with blanched peanuts, and served with the above dressing is a refreshing and pretty salad.

CANNING AND PRESERVING.

Fruit Canning Helps.—Wring a cloth out of cold water; set your jars on it and you can fill them with hot fruit without danger of breaking. When your jars are full and ready to seal run a knife blade around the sides and it will let out any air that may be left.

Grape Shrub.—Twelve pounds of grapes, two quarts of water, five ounces tartaric or citron acid, then pour water over grapes and mash them. Add the acid, cover with a plate to keep grapes under water, then let stand forty-eight hours, and strain through a flannel bag. Add one and one-half pints of granulated sugar to each pint of juice; stir till sugar is dissolved, then bottle and cork tight, but do not seal. Keep in a cool place. When serving allow two or three tablespoonfuls of shrub to a glass of ice water. This makes a dainty and refreshing drink.

Spiced Celery.—Fifteen ripe tomatoes, five bunches of celery, two cupfuls of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of celery, and one good sized red pepper. Directions—Chop the celery, peppers, and tomatoes together, then mix all the ingredients and boil slowly one and a half hours. This will be found delicious with any kind of meat and will keep well if sealed up in bottles with paraffin melted over the cork.

Canned Asparagus.—Select the best "grass" in the market. Scrape away the outer woody skin, wash free from dust and grit, and cut to lengths of the jars, cutting from the tips down. Arrange the stalks evenly in each can as compactly as possible, fill with cold water, adjust new rubbers and screw down lightly. Place the filled cans in a boiler. Protect from breaking by heat or by touching each other with wisps of hay. Fill with cold water to within half an inch of cover. Bring slowly to boiling point, then boil without ceasing for three hours, renewing water from time to time as it evaporates. Unscrew the covers and from a boiling tea-kettle fill the cans to overflowing. Seal the cans at once as tightly as possible and pour boiling water over them until the cans are all immersed. Boil for another hour, remove, tighten covers, wipe dry with towel, and invert to test for leakage. When cool place in a dark, dry place. Peas, beans, and corn may be put up in the same way.

THE SEWING ROOM.

Shirtwaists.—One often wants a particularly fresh shirtwaist for an unexpected occasion. I learned from a laundress that I need not wait for it to dry after being washed. It can be rinsed, dipped in thin cold starch, wrapped in a towel, and put through the clothes wringer and ironed at once. The starch will not stick, and the result is entirely satisfactory.—S. B.

When Pressing.—After stitching down a seam press with a hot iron, and if no seam board be at hand it is useful to know that a rolling pin wrapped in a clean cloth, will answer the purpose equally as well. When pressing seams in heavy material do not run iron along the seams as in ordinary ironing. Put the iron down with considerable strength and after holding it there a moment lift it up and put in down again a little farther along. In this way the seam will not be pushed or pulled out of shape.

To Retain Color.—Five cents worth of sugar of lead crystals dissolved in a pailful of water makes a solution which fixes the tones of pinks, blues, and lavenders. The fabrics should remain in the sugar of lead bath about a half an hour or so before going to the suds. Vinegar is good for reviving colors.

Mending Table Linen.—A neat way to mend a hole in table linen is to darn it with linen threads off an old tablecloth. It will look much neater than a patch sewed on. It is advisable to keep a piece of a discarded tablecloth in the mending basket for that purpose.

BERRY RECIPES.

Blackberry Cordial.—Eight boxes of blackberries. Put in porcelain kettle, cover with cold water, and simmer two hours. Strain through colander; add one cup sugar to every quart of juice; put in a small muslin bag with cinnamon bark and whole cloves and a small grated nutmeg. Simmer two more hours and when cold add brandy, cupful at a time, to suit taste.

Gooseberry Catsup.—Five pounds of gooseberries, two and one-half pounds of sugar. Boil down until as thick as apple butter. Add cinnamon and cloves to taste, a pinch of salt, and one pint of vinegar. Strain through a fine sieve and bottle.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS DEADLY TO LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the child may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child, and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. For this reason Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. Mrs. P. Laroche, Les Fonds, Que., says:—"Last summer my baby suffered severely from stomach and bowel troubles, but the prompt administration of Baby's Own Tablets brought him through splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. Squall—"Why do you always go out on the balcony when I begin to sing? Can't you bear to listen to me?" Mr. Squall—"It isn't that; but I don't want the neighbors to take me for a wife beater."

YOUNG FOLKS

A MATCH STORY.

Phil tried two matches before he succeeded in getting one to burn.

"I do wish we had some decent matches!" he exclaimed.

"Decent matches!" laughed grandma, whose lamp Phil was lighting. "I wonder what you would think of the very first matches I can remember, or, better still, of the first your grandmother's mother used. I have heard her tell about them, and I don't believe that lamp would be lighted now if you had had to use one of them. You would still be down on the hearth lighting your match; that is, if there wasn't any fire in the fireplace that you could use."

"If there wasn't any fire I could use?" repeated Phil, in a puzzled tone. "Why should I need any fire to light a match? I'd strike it."

"But the match wouldn't strike if it wasn't made so it could," replied grandma.

Phil put away the broken and burned matches, picked up the big Angora cat, and settled himself in a big chair. "If you'll tell about the matches that wouldn't strike," he said, in his most persuasive tone, "I won't fuss to-morrow night if I have to try three."

Grandma smiled and closed her book.

"You couldn't strike them, Phil, because they were not tipped with anything that would light from scratching it. Think of a match six inches long! That was the way they were made and there was nothing but sulphur put on for the tip."

"What good were they if they wouldn't strike?" asked Phil.

"Oh, a great deal," answered his grandmother. "If you had some fire on hand you could light a 'spank,' as they called them, very quickly, for sulphur blazes in a twingling; and you could carry your match from lamp to lamp, instead of bringing the lamps or candles to the fire. Of course there are other things that light as quickly as sulphur. Paper does; but burnig paper isn't very pleasant to handle. The way in which these matches were most useful was in lighting new fires, I think. People tried to keep fire on hand in those days, when a new fire was so hard to kindle, but if a new one had to be lighted it was a pretty fine thing to be able to use one of these spunks that you think were no good. To get a spark from flint and steel was no little trouble, and then this spark must be caught in a tinder-box—a box full of stuff that would kindle easily, mut not blaze, stuff like—like—rugs," she added, with a meaning smile.

Phil understood. Only that morning he forgot to put up the brass fender, and a spark from the open fire had left a little round hole in grandma's hearth-rug. How sorry he had been!

"Now if you had wanted some new fire," grandma went on to say, "and had put the sulphur tip of a spunk down on that little burning spot, puff! you would have had a blazing match. Soon the wood of the match have caught, and you would have had a new fire started. Think how much easier than to blow and blow to coax the burning tinder to light a piece of wood.

"People thought these matches wonderful helps, even if you couldn't strike them; but they did not have to use them a great while, because somebody thought of something better. I can just remember the next kind. They were tipped with sulphur and something else, but those, too, could not be lighted by scratching them. People lighted them by dipping them in a bottle. Strange way to light a match, wasn't it? That bottle was the most mysterious thing in the whole house to me. It was filled with asbestos. You know what asbestos is, don't you? That queer kind of rock that is so very stringy and will soak up water or oil or any other liquid? This asbestos wos soaked in sulphuric acid, a strong chemical that made the match tip blaze when it touched it. I always wanted to watch when my father lighted a match. Down went the match into the bottle. Just as soon as it touched the wet rock, fizz! we had a light. The first of these matches we had I've heard my mother say cost twenty-five cents for eighty-four."

Phil gasped, as he thought of a time in the year when he wanted lots and lots of matches. "I never could have saved money for a good Fourth if I'd had to buy my own matches," he said, with a sigh.

"You could have pieced out a match or two with a slowmatch of rotten wood," said grandma, comfortingly. Then they both laughed to think how times have changed.

"I was quite a girl," continued grandma, "when we had out first friction-matches, matches that light by scratching on a rough surface, I mean. I am afraid you would not have thought them 'decent matches,' but I thought them very wonderful. They would not strike with a little easy scratching on the bottom of your shoe or the under side of a table; instead it took a very rough surface, and we had to scratch hard. We used sand-paper, folded two rough surfaces together, held the paper tight, and drew the match between the layers. And for all that, we thought these matches so fine that it never occurred to us that our grandchildren could possibly have anything better."

"Well," said Phil, laughing, as the supperbell sounded, "perhaps these new parlor-matches of yours are pretty decent, after all."—Youth's Companion.

MIGRATION OF RATS.

Marches of Rodents Observed in Various Countries.

In nearly all countries a seasonal movement of rats from houses and barns to the open fields occurs in spring, and the return movement takes place as cold weather approaches. The movement is noticeable even in large cities.

More general movements of rats often occur. In 1903 a multitude of migrating rats spread over several counties of western Illinois. For several years prior to this invasion no abnormal numbers were seen, and their coming was remarkably sudden. An eyewitness to the phenomenon informed the writer that as he was returning to his home by moonlight he heard a general rustling in the field near by, and soon a vast army of rats crossed the road in front of him, all going in one direction. The mass stretched away as far as could be seen in the dim light. These animals remained on the farms and in the villages of the surrounding country, and during the winter and summer of 1904 were a veritable plague. A local newspaper stated that between March 20 and April 20, 1904, F. U. Montgomery of Preemption, Mercer county, killed 3,435 rats on his farm. He caught most of them in traps.

In 1877 a similar migration occurred into parts of Saline and Lafayette counties, Mo., and in 1904 another came under the writer's observation in Kansas River Valley. This valley for the most part was flooded by the great freshet of June, 1903, and for about ten days was covered with several feet of water. It is certain that most of the rats in the valley perished in this flood. In the fall of 1903 much of the district was visited by hordes of rats, which remained during the winter, and by the following spring had so increased in numbers that serious losses of grain and poultry resulted.

No doubt the majority of the so-called migrations of rodents are in reality instances of unusual reproduction or of enforced migration owing to lack of food. In England a general movement of rats inland from the coast occurs every October. This is closely connected with the closing of the herring season. During the fishing the rodents swarm to the coast, attracted by the offal left from cleaning the herring, and when this food supply fails they hasten back to the farms and villages.

In South America periodic plagues of rats have taken place in Parana, Brazil, at intervals of about thirty years, and in Chile at intervals of from fifteen to twenty-five years. These plagues in the cultivated lands follow the ripening and decay of the dominant species of bamboo in each country. The ripening of the seed furnishes for two or more years a favorite food for rats in the forests, where the animals multiply greatly; when this food fails they are forced to the cultivated districts for subsistence. In 1878 almost the entire crops of corn, rice and mandioca in the State of Parana were destroyed by rats, causing a serious famine.

An invasion of black rats in the Bermuda Islands occurred about the year 1615. In a space of two years they had increased so alarmingly that none of the islands was free from them. The rodents devoured everything which came in their way—fruit, plants, and even trees—so that for two years the people were destitute of bread. A law was passed requiring every man in the islands to set twelve traps. In spite of all efforts the animals increased, until they finally disappeared with a suddenness which could have resulted only from a pestilence.

INTO WORLD OF FICTION

THESE MEN ENTERED BY MANY ROUTES.

Writers Who at First Chose Different Careers—Many Were Journalists.

Robert Louis Stevenson was originally a lawyer. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1875.

Sir Walter Besant started life as a professor at the Royal College, Mauritius. He embraced his later profession by a sort of accident in colloboration with the late James Rice.

Grant Allen was at first a public school teacher in England; and then he went to Jamaica to fill a professor's chair in the Government College. This phase of his career reminds one of Sir Walter Besant's start in life.

J. M. Barrie, the famous short-story writer, novelist and playwright, after taking his M.A. degree at Edinburgh, in 1882, became a journalist, and his brilliant articles on Scottish life and manners first brought him into notice.

PORTALS OF JOURNALISM.

Many other novelists entered the world of fiction through the portals of journalism. Among the more prominent of these were William Black, B. L. Farjeon, Rudyard Kipling and David Christie Murray.

William Black became a journalist some three years before he wrote his first novel, which brought him prominently into notice. Previous to entering journalism it is said that his ambition was to become an artist.

B. L. Farjeon started in life as a journalist in New Zealand, editing a paper out there. Charles Dickens is credited with discovering that Farjeon possessed considerable talent as a novelist, and accordingly he came to England, and he has been engaged in turning out novel after novel with more or less success ever since.

KIPLING AS EDITOR.

Rudyard Kipling was also at one time an editor, or rather sub-editor, sub-editing, as he did, one of the most important of India's newspapers.

David Christie Murray had a hard struggle to commence with, but when the Russo-Turkish war broke out, he went to the scene of action as the special war correspondent of the Times and Scotsman. Later on he turned novelist, and the great success which attended his efforts in this direction shows that fiction was his true forte.

G. A. Henty, the famous writer of stories for boys, was also in his time a war correspondent, and smelt powder in several important wars.

Thomas Hardy who excels in his delineations of Wessex life and manners, and whose tragic novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," created such a sensation when it was published, started in life as an architect, and the house in which he lives, at Dorchester, was built from his own designs.

HALL CAINE'S SUCCESS.

Hall Caine was also an architect in early life. Later on he took to journalism. Then he brought out his first novel, which proved a success, and since then he has devoted himself entirely to novelistic work and playwriting, having proved as successful in the one as in the other.

Clark Russell, one of the greatest living writers of the sea, spent most of his youth in a seafaring life, which accounts for his wonderful knowledge of all matters maritime, and shows that he writes about with which he is thoroughly acquainted.

Rider Haggard, who is another of our "tip-top" novelists, began as a barrister, but after his great hit with "King Solomon's Mines" became briefless—from choice, of course.

It will be seen from the foregoing summary that journalism, in the majority of cases, was the royal road to novel writing.

SOME CONSOLATION.

"Madam," shrieked the excited individual, "your husband has been hurt and they are bringing him home in an ambulance now."

'Are his injuries fatal?" asked his wife.

"No. But his leg is broken."

"Well," replied the woman, "that is one night, I suppose, that he will be home to supper on time."

Better a good paying job than a low salaried position.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Glasgow at last term showed a decrease of fittings of about 3,000.

The prime minister has agreed to received the freedom of Glasgow.

There are said to be still several places in Scotland that are not roller skating crazy.

A "runaway" fair was held at Dumfries recently. The attendance was the largest for years.

Stirling school board has purchased a mail cart to enable a cripple girl to attend school.

The new lifting bridge across the Union Canal at Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, was opened recently.

William Metcalf who composed the famous hunting song, "John Peel," is dead in Glasgow, aged 80 years.

Mr. A. Cochran, fishing in Loch Lomond recently, caught a beautiful fresh run salmon weighing 10 pounds.

Paisley folks are pleased with their civic rulers. On the upkeep of the roads this year $450 is to be saved.

Considerable progress has been made in the construction of the new waterworks for Port Glasgow at Harelaw.

Paisley thinks it does fairly well towards the teaching profession, when it expends a sum of $162,500 in salaries.

The proposed internal alterations on the Municipal Buildings at Glasgow, are estimated to cost from £3,000 to £4,200.

The county of Stirling is for the year 1909-1910 to receive $68,440 for local district education funds from the Government.

A monster demonstration of the unemployed took place in Glasgow. The presence of a large body of police kept things quiet.

Hamilton town council propose erecting at Low Waters, a public library, recreation room and public baths at a cost of $30,000.

Moffat Town Council will employ the Glenfield Company, Kilmarnock, to scrape the six-inch water main from Granton to Howslack.

Not very far from Stirling, masons are said to be working for 11 cents an hour, and glad to get it, though 18 cents is the union wage.

A ten-year-old girl in Glasgow was badly burned by her dress catching fire while she was sitting on the fender beside an otherwise unguarded fire.

Kilmalcolm is housing visitors from far distant part of the world. Brazil, Barcelona and Hong Kong have all sent representatives for the mooorland "cure."

A Glasgow man who had the pluck to place a blackmailing letter in the hands of the police had the comfort of knowing that the clever writer got twelve months imprisonment.

Patrick Town Council have abolished a committee to confer with Glasgow Corporation as to the terms in which the two fire brigades should render each other assistance in emergencies.

Daniel Brown, employed at Carrongrove Paper Works, when cleaning near a dynamo, accidently touched a live wire and was electrocuted. Death was instantaneous. He was 64 years of age.

The governors of the West of Scotland Agricultural College have appointed a special committee to consider as to the application of a grant by the Carnegie trustees for research work.

The death is announced of ex-Lieut. Robert Sloan, of the Govan Police Force. He was a native of Kirkoswald, and was connected with the constabulary from 1861 until he retired on pension seven years ago.

During the operation in connection with the refacing of Dumfries Midsteeple the tower has swayed toward Union street. Its condition is so serious that the ringing of the town hall bell has been discontinued.

Someone has started a movement in Edinburgh for the opening on Sunday of the public libraries for the purpose of providing accommodation for those who have not sufficient quiet in their homes for study and meditation.

A pet dog belonging to the caretaker of the Normanton Town Club was the means of saving the caretaker and his family from being burned. The dog's barks attracted a policeman to the scene and the family was rescued.

Dundee School Board discussed a motion providing that in future all teachers engaged by the Board should be total abstainers, but on a division the previous question was carried. A proposal to abolish home lessons also negatived.

Lady Jacoby, of Glasgow, has just conveyed the intelligence to the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, in reply to a letter of condolence, that Sir James Jacoby has bequeathed £100 as the nucleus of a fund out of which those who are attached to the kitchen staff of the House of Commons may be relieved in necessitous circumstances

A lady cyclist had a narrow escape at Kirkintilloch. She was coming down from Townhead, and had reached the canal bridge as it was about to be raised to let a boat past. The bridge is raised in two halves, and the lady had cycled upon one of the halves when the other half was raised. She threw herself from the bicycle, which fell through the gap into the canal, but was afterwards recovered. The cyclist was unable to proceed for some time as the result of shock.

At Barrhead, a man who had been formerly in the employ of a travelling circus, was charged with loitering with intent to commit a crime. He made the following speech:—"If I cannot get work I can only live by begging or stealing. The Preston magistrate told me I was an enemy of society. Well, if society will not give me work, even when I offer to be its humble servant, I can only be its enemy, and I am not prepared to stand its scoffing and become its footstool. A man who is prepared to take up circus work is not lazy anyway."

LOWEST SUIT ON RECORD.

Decision in Dispute Between Mexican Towns After 340 Years.

A final statement has just been made in a lawsuit which has been pending in the courts of Mexico for 340 years.

The dispute arose between the local authorities of the towns of Yodocome and Munn over the question of the legal boundary line between the two villages. Both towns held titles to the same land, the conflicting grants being made by the Colonial Government. The titles held by private parties brought suit against the other for the land claimed to be justly due to it.

The suit dragged along for the first hundred years, one legal step after another being taken by the contending towns. Another century passed and then another, and still the suit was undecided. During all this time the people of the respective towns were arrayed against each other in bitter enmity, and many have been the armed conflicts that have taken place between the opposing factions.

The father of President Porfirio Diaz was a native of Yodocome, and stood high in the little country community because of his mental ability. He took an active interest in the long-pending suit, and during his life time made every effort to get a final decision of the case. He was unsuccessful, and the years dragged by. President Diaz gave the matter his personal attention not long ago, and the ancient records relating to the land grants and the conflicting boundary were carefully examined.

The matter was then laid before the people of the two towns, and after many conferences a settlement of the case was reached and the suit in court was formally dismissed. It is said to have held a place upon the court docket longer than any suit in the world's history.

AN $80,000 MAP.

Great Map of Country of London Now Nearing Completion.

A great map of the county of London, compiled by the County Council surveyors, is on the eve of completion. Fifteen years have been spent upon it. From Stamford Hill on the north to Lower Streatham on the south, and from Plumstead on the east to Putney on the west, it will indicate every house, shop, and piece of property.

When finished and laid out, with its sections in order, the map will be more than thirty feet wide and over twenty feet from top to bottom. But for convenience of handling it will be bounded in books.

When, in 1894, the project was first mooted, it was thought that a sum of from $65,000 to $70,000 would be sufficient to pay for the work. But many minor difficulties have been met with, and by the time the map is finished it will have cost quite $80,000.

If you would keep your friends don't let them permit you to indorse their notes.

LIFE IN A PENITENTIARY

DAILY ROUTINE OF ITS MANY INHABITANTS.

The School Gets a Good Percentage of Pupils Who Neither Read Nor Write.

When a prisoner leaves the dock of a court room, struggling to look brave under the weight of a three year's sentence in the Kingston Penitentiary, few in all the curious crowd realize the kind of life to which the judge's sentence has just compelled him. Entering the doors of the "Pen" at Portsmouth, in the suburbs of Kingston, Ontario, the convict is stripped of every piece of civilian clothing and all possessions, even to the cherished photographs of the relatives at home, and forced to don a suit of coarse prison clothes with a number sewn on the back between the shoulders. Henceforth the name and worldly station of the newcomer are supposed to be blotted out, but in the mafia of criminals, names and records are almost instantly on the tip of every tongue. Even the commonplace stories of the great outside world, float over prison walls with the mysterious certainty of the wireless.

VERY LITTLE LIBERTY.

From the first moment of incarceration, the convict is very seldom given any measure of liberty. Of the 488 men and women occupants, only one or two have been permitted to drive loads of produce to the local market unattended, or to carry on their work in the fields without watching. Generally speaking, the rigorous, denial of a half-a-thousand human creatures' liberty is carried out by Warden and guards from year to year with the precision of a huge machine.

Of the 488 criminals, only twelve are women; 108 are in for 3 years, 90 for 5 years, 26 for 10 years and 30 for life.

The common conception of the part played by drink in swelling the membership of prisons is borne out by the statistics at Kingston, though in some details denied.

Dangerous criminals as a class are temperate in the use of liquor. Success in crime, as in other occupations, requires a clear head and scund body. Prison officials have come to believe that drink is made the scapegoat for criminal instincts. Almost without exception, the intemperate prisoner will assert his innocence of the crime charged blandly chalking it up to "Drink." Canadian penitentiaries as a whole show 17 per cent, abstainers, 48 per cent. temperate, and 34 per cent. intemperate.

A PRISON SCHOOL.

There is a prison school, too, for in the isolated community lying between the four huge walls on Portsmouth harbor, there must be a separate set of institutions, for those of the free world are naturally denied.

A big bright school-room with blackboards, chalk and elementary text books is one of the most interesting points of the penitentiary if one is permitted to see a class at work.

Fifteen adult "scholars" took up Part 1 studies during the past year; eight were in Part 2; the entire roll call number 64. The need for instruction of this simple character even for grown-ups is apparent from the fact that a great many criminals have been denied a single day of schooling, or indeed any other youthful attentions. Fourteen per cent. of the men and women in Canadian penitentiaries can neither read or write.

LEARNED TO READ AND WRITE

As an instance of the capital work of the prison classes, twenty-three out of an enrollment of sixty-four at the Kingston Penitentiary passed out this year capable of reading and writing and with a fair knowledge of the elementary rules of arthmatic. Six retired owing to expiration of sentences.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the institution to the outsider is the library. There are five thousand volumes, arranged in a large room with a convict assistant librarian in charge. To each convict in his cell is supplied a catalogue, and once or twice a week an attendant calls at the cells, takes the number of the book or magazine desired, and furnishes it the next morning. Convicts are allowed to read in their cells after the evening meal.

PUNISHMENT THAT IS FELT.

One of the heaviest punishments for ill-behaviour is to deprive a man or woman of his evening light. In the matter of the choice of books, Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" is the most widely and thoroughly read of all. Three or four copies are in constant use. Fiction, as might be supposed, takes first place, for it seems the prisoner's one chance for even fanciful liberty. "The Count of Monte Cristo" has been passed around the five hundred men a score of times each year.

The most prolific cause of penitentiary sentences is theft. Forty-six of this craft registered at Kingston with thirty-eight burglars. There were six deaths during the year among all classes of criminals.

MASTER OF HIS TRADE.

Never Had Much to say, But Understood His Business.

Sympathy and understanding between an English carter and his horses are delightfully described in a passage from "Memoirs of a Surrey Laborer," and is quoted in "Highways and Byways in Surrey" by Mr. Eric Parker.

"I see a carter once," said Bettesworth, "get three big elm-trees up to a timber-carriage with only hisself and the hosses. He put the runnin' chains on and all hisself."

"And that takes some doing," I said.

"Yes, a man got to understand the way 'tis done. The farmer says to 'n, 'You'll never get they up by yourself.'

"'I dessay I shall,' he says; and so he did, too. Three great elm-trees upon that one carriage!

"Well, he had a four-hoss team, so that'll tell you what 'twas. They was some hosses, too. Ordinary farm hosses wouldn't ha' done it. But he only jest had to speak, and you'd see they watchin' him.

"When he went for'ard, after he'd got the trees up, to see what sort of a road he'd got for gettin' out, they stood there with their heads stretched out and their ears for'ard.

"'Come on,' he says, and away they went, tearin' away. Left great ruts in the road where the wheels set in, that'll show ye they got something to pull.

"No, none o' we helped 'n. We was only gone out to see 'n do it. He never wanted no help. He didn't say much; only 'Git back,' or 'Git up,' to the hosses.

"When it come to gettin' the last tree up, on top of tother two, I never thought he could ha' done it. But he got 'n up. And he was a oldish man, too; sixty, I dessay he was. But he jest spoke to the hosses. Never used no whip.

"Didn't the old farmer go on at his own men, too! 'You fellers, call yerselves carters!' he says. 'A man like that's worth a dozen o' you.'

"Well, they couldn't 'a' done it! Besides, their hosses wouldn't. But this feller, the old farmer says to 'n, 'I never believed you'd ha' done it.'

"'I thought mos' likely I should,' he says. But he never had much to say."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hoping for much in others is helping them to it.

Every shadow in life is evidence of a sun somewhere.

Lifting little loads helps a lot more than describing big ones.

The only powers that know enjoyment are those that find employment.

The only way to move a mountain to-morrow is to take a pickaxe to-day.

Your faith is not measured by your appreciation of the faults of others.

Good intentions in sowing tares will not make them come up as wheat.

Big words in the meeting do not make up for short weight in the market.

The home is never brightened by the roseate hues on the end of a nose.

The straightest road to heaven is that one on which you can do most good.

The more man you put into religion the more religion you will give men.

Too many think they are saints because it makes them sad to see a child happy.

He who does not preach with what he is will never persuade with what he says.

The dead saints are the only good ones according to the canon of negative virtues.

No man ever knows anything about heaven except as he tries to make some one happy.

Some have hard time picking out a car to heaven because the lower berths seem all to be taken.

There is no such a possibility as finding righteousness for yourself while ignoring the rights of others.

You can usually tell where a man's scruples will break out when he carries his conscience in his pocket.

AT FUNERAL OF EMPEROR

GORGEOUS DISPLAY IN THE CITY OF PEKIN.

Spectator Tells of Sight Which Marked Chinese Emperor's Funeral.

Of the Oriental display that marked the funeral of the late Emperor of China in Pekin, a spectator writes: "The procession was headed by a body of troops, cavalry, mounted infantry and infantry. Next came some two dozen camels and a mob of white pack ponies with their burdens concealed beneath cloths of imperial yellow. These were followed by men mounted on the shaggiest of ponies and dressed in the red cloaks to be seen at all Chinese funerals, bearing red banners with devices which I wished I understood.

LAMA PRIESTS.

"Against this was contrasted a great splash of yellow as the body of lama priests moved past us in their yellow coats. Then came bearers dressed in red like the men on the ponies, bearing canopies of purple, yellow, red and white and banners of the same splendid colors, and behind them two large yellow chairs, closely followed by more canopies rivaling those that had preceded them. After these drove Prince Ching in a closed carriage, surrounded by a large bodyguard such as one sees daily in the streets of Pekin. At this point there was a short gap, and then white disks of paper, cut to resemble copper cash and flung high into the air, announced the approach of the hearse. It was born by 128 bearers, whose red dresses contrasted vividly with its brilliant yellow, and after it came another body of troops and then a crowd of carts.

BRILLIANT PROCESSION.

"So the procession ended, and passed, and this bald description of it can give little idea of its brilliance. For, as in the case of the arrival of the dalai lama, so in this, what fascinated and overcome one was the splendor and the blaze of colors, and these the pen cannot produce. But I think I could turn fanatic, in my insistence on their excellence. They moved me like music when wave after wave of sound toss and dash against the soul. I do not exaggerate when I say this. The colors of the procession were magnificent; they were worth going a hundred miles to see.

"Those canopies and flags, those chairs, that hearse, they were wonderful, a rainbow fit indeed to circle an emperor journeying to the darkness of the grave. I deny, too, what hundreds of people would say, that these colors are 'barbaric.' The Chinese are right. They bury the gratest of their dead with the greatest of all earthly splendors, the colors of the sun."

BIRDS' MANY BREAKFASTS.

Electric Lights Cheat Quails Fattening for Market.

Inside the new small bird house at the London Zoo there has just been completed an arrangement of incandescent lamps, the object of the installation being to induce the tiny feathered inmates to take breakfast a couple of hours earlier than they otherwise would do.

It is controlled by a switch outside the building, and each morning at six a keeper turns on the lights. This, of course, arouses the birds, who commence feeding forthwith, under the impression that day has dawned.

The same dodge has been used from time immemorial for faatening quails for the London market. These birds feed only in the early morning, so, after being caught they are kept in underground cellars, fitted with electric lights, which are periodically switched on and off. Every time the lights are raised the quails start eating, going contentedly to roost when they are lowered. In this way a bird can be induced to eat as many as twenty-four breakfasts in one day, the meals being sandwiched in between as many naps.

A PAIR OF TOASTS.

"They were lined up in front of the wetgoods counter—the old bachelor and the benedict.

"Here's to woman," said the benedict, "the morning star of our infancy, the day star of our manhood and the evening star of our old age."

"Here's to our stars," rejoined the bachelor, "and may they always be kept at a telescope distance."

ENDERBY PRESS

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

SEPTEMBER 23, 1909

Enderby Prize Poultry

HERE'S to our poultrymen! The large number of prizes won by Enderby poultry at the Vernon Fair speaks volumes for the general high quality of the fowl in the various breeds. Our poultry raisers richly deserve the success that is theirs. They are bringing the quality of their pens up to a high standard, which is certain to be still further improved as the seasons come and go, and must surely win for Enderby a good name in the prize poultry world.

Prize Fruit

THE people of Mara and North Enderby are coming forward with samples of the finest quality of apples to be seen anywhere. They feel sore to think that a fruit grower, setting himself up as an authority, should show such inexcusable ignorance of the district as to condemn the land of the district for fruit growing when they can, and have for years, produced such a splendid quality of fruit. The soil and climate of this district have not been extensively advertised, but the finest quality of apples produced in the Okanagan have been and are being grown right here, Vernon "experts" to the contrary, notwithstanding. We were shown some Wealthy apples from C. S. Handcock's place this week that we defy the world to beat. Come on with your fruit, you wise ones, and we'll show you. We haven't the *quantity* but we have the *quality*, and we are going to have the quantity, too.

"Bruce" Raps His Holiness

ONE cannot read the sane, manly writings of Bruce in the Saturday Sunset, from week to week, without recognizing in him one of our best and truest newspapermen, and one who has done and is doing a great deal of good for Vancouver, for the Province and for the Dominion. In Bruce Western Canada has a man we could not well get along without. He is a man, too, that, while you do not have to agree with, you make a fool of yourself if you attempt to drive. Anybody but a bigot would recognize this fact. And so it is not strange that Bruce should feel called upon to make these caustic remarks in the last issue of his paper:

"A Reverend Father of the Roman Catholic Church rang up the editor of this paper the other day to complain of the reproduction of an article from Walker's Weekly of Enderby, regarding the relations of the Catholic Church with the Indians of British Columbia and to question my right to republish the article.

"It is not unusual for people to find matter in this paper with which they do not agree, but it was the first occasion on which the editor of this paper has been told that he had no right to publish matter with which his critic did not agree. The Reverend Father took that position notwithstanding the fact that he was plainly told the columns of this paper were at his disposal to reply to anything to which he objected. This apparently was not satisfactory to him for he maintained that as the matter was offensive and untrue and merely the result of the Enderby editor's imaginings, I had no right to give it further circulation

"It was pointed out to him that the editor of Walker's Weekly was doubtless as sincere in his strictures as was his reverence in denouncing them, but he insisted that this paper had no right to re-publish such matter. He refused absolutely to discuss the issue raised by the editor of Walker's Weekly.

"Aside from the merits of the point raised by the editor of the Enderby paper I wish to make a few remarks on the attitude of my priestly critic.

"It is one of intolerant and insufferable impertinence. I trust that is clear. I deny the right of any cleric of any denomination whatever to bridle or rope me as a public writer. When I gave the Reverend Father the opportunity of denying or refuting the charge made against his cloth I went as far as any fair-minded editor could go. That, as I said, was unsatisfactory to him. He denied my right to republish the views of a brother editor and questioned the latter's veracity and motives. It is only a modern revelation of the intolerance, bigotry and inquisitorial zeal which has characterized all religious sects which set themselves in authority over the temporal affairs of men. Queen Mary cut off the heads, or sent to the stake those outside the pale of the church, and Queen Elizabeth performed like services for those inside the church, from exactly the same point of view occupied by the reverend gentleman who claims the right to throttle the press.

"Personally I respect every man's religion—I never ask what it may be. It is the last question I would think of asking any man, and it is the first I would resent from any other man. I consider that a man's religion is his own private business and that of no one else, but if his church or my own attempts to butt in and dictate the policy of this paper it is only courting a castigation which will not be long in forthcoming. It is one of the glories of this Western community that a man's religion is rarely questioned. I could not name the creed of one out of ten men I know in this city. I don't want to know. It's none of my business.

"This criticism is not written because it happened to be a Catholic priest who offended. The same medicine would have been as freely administered to a Presbyterian or Methodist parson who exhibited the same sort of presumption. It is the old, old principle of hands off the press, hands off the state for all clerics. As for this paper, no sect nor creed can dictate to it any more than any party or class or race may. If there is one thing the writer of this page will not stand for it is clerical interference, no matter by what name the creed goes."

Wanted—for cash: Early spring calves; must be from good beef stock. Robert Waddell, Enderby

Just arrived! New samples for

Fall and winter suit

Call and See them

Fresh Groceries and Vegetables always in stock

FRESH BREAD DAILY

Wheeler & Evans

MARA

and

North of Enderby District

Is *par excellence* adapted to Dairying, Vegetables, Hay and Mixed Farming; there is also a large quantity of the very best sandy loam, and light clay loam for non-irrigated apples, pears, plums, etc. Ask for my booklet of photographs of the District.

Chas. W. Little
Eldernell Orchard Mara, 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.

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

HENRY'S
For Fall Planting
Bulbs from best European and Japan growers.
HOME-GROWN FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
Garden, Field and Flower Seed
Wire Fencing and Gates.
154-Page Catalogue FREE
M. J. HENRY, Vancouver, B.C.
NURSERIES

Special

These are the prices to-day

Owing to market fluctuations, prices are subject to change without notice:

Moffet's Best Flour, $1.75 49-lbs
Three Star Flour, $1.65 per "
Drifted Snow Pastry, $1.60 "
Whole Wheat Flour, $1.55 "
Graham Flour, - $1.50 "
Four Star Chop, $1.50 per 80 lbs
Three Star Chop, $1.45 per 80 lbs
Bran: $1.40 per 100 lbs.
Shorts, $1.30 per 90 lbs.
Middlings, $1.35 per 90 lbs.
Wheat, $2.05 per 125-lbs
Oats, $1.40 per 90 lbs.
Oat Chop, $1.15 per 60 lbs.
Barley Chop, $1.35 per 70 lbs.
Whole Corn, $2.15 per 100 lbs.
Cracked Corn, $2.25 per 100 lbs.
Also a full line of Cereals and Wheatlets at Right Prices. Free delivery to any part of the city.

Prices previously published of no effect

Terms: Net Cash

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

MARA-ENDERBY STAGE LINE, Leaves Mara every Friday at 8 a.m., returning leaves Enderby at 3 p. m. Round trip, 75c., one way, 50c; parcels, 25c. S. D. HINE, Mara.

We have a pair of Shoes for every Voter in the Okanagan and then some

4 thousand pairs to select from

Shoes to fit every foot

for the Ladies and Children

School Shoes for the Boys and Girls; Dainty Shoes for the Ladies; Light Shoes for the office; heavy shoes for all

Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.
Leaders in General Merchandise and Supplies

For Linoleums Carpets and Matting go to the furniture store

All kinds of Furniture at the Lowest Prices in the West

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

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

Buy and Boost Home Products. It pays—BIG.

Fred. H. Barnes
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR

Plans and estimates furnished

Dealer in Windows, Doors, Turnings and all factory work. Rubberoid Roofing, Screen Doors and Windows. Glass cut to any size.
I represent the S. C. Smith Co. of Vernon. Enderby.

City Meat Market
THOS. E. WOODS, Proprietor

Having purchased the butcher business of R. Blackburn, I solicit a share of your business and guarantee good service. I will continue the Mara service every Wednesday. Fresh Fish every Tuesday and Thursday.

Orders by Mail receive our prompt attention.

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.

The Vernon Fair

Vernon's 18th fall exhibit, held in that city last week, was a disappointment in point of attendance, but in some things the exhibit was infinitely superior to those of previous years. This was particularly so with regard to the exhibits of poultry and horses.

"The poultry exhibit," says The Okanagan, "was beyond all doubt the best which has ever graced a fall fair in Vernon, and it was remarkable for quantity as well as quality. Enderby had a good exhibit and so had Peachland, and their example, now that the ice is broken, will have a stimulating effect on local exhibitors and exhibitors from other towns."

In the neighborhood of 75 birds were exhibited by Enderby poultrymen. T. & W. Pound won the greatest number of prizes—14 in all. They carried off 1st on Buff Orpington cock, 1st and 2nd on cockerel, 1st on hen, 2nd on pullet, 1st on pen; in Black Orpingtons, 2nd on cock, 2nd on hen, 2nd on pullet, 2nd on pen; in R. C. Rhode Island Reds, 1st on cockerel and 1st and 2nd on pullet; in Light Brahmas, 1st on pullet.

Dr. H. W. Keith carried off 1st on his Black Orpington cock, 1st on hen and 2nd on cockerel.

G. H. Smedley won 1st on his S. C. Black Minorca cock, 1st and 2nd on cockerel, 2nd on hen, 1st on pullet, 1st on pen; in R. C. Black Minorcas, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet.

H. E. Waby won 2nd on Barred Rock cockerel, 1st and 2nd on hen, 2nd on pullet, 1st on pen; in S. C. Brown Leghorns, 1st on hen.

A. M. Baird won 1st on his White Plymouth Rock cockerel, 1st on pullet, 2nd on pen.

B. Brundish had it all his own way in Silver Spangled Hamburgs, winning 1st on cock, cockerel, hen and pullet; in White Orpingtons, 1st and 2nd on cockerel and 1st and 2nd on pullet.

In all, 42 prizes came to Enderby poultrymen.

Peary and the Pole

The most charitable construction that can be put upon Peary is that the loneliness and dangers he encounterad at the pole had affected his ego. For downright boorishness and bumptuous egotism his equal has not before been in evidence on this continent. Why could he not have let all the facts in connection with Dr. Cook's discovery have been properly presented and weighed by competent authorities before he began to hurl epithets and give the lie? As it now stands Dr. Cook has the sympathy of the under dog. If he can establish his claims that he reached the pole a year before Peary did, the latter will only have enhanced Cook's achievement by the bitterness with which he has assailed him.

If Cook did not reach the pole his claims will be his own condemnation. Cook's claims, if untrue, would only have enhanced Peary's achievement, while Peary has succeeded only in making a cheap brawler of himself at best. His voiciferousness leads to the belief that he himself is afraid of Cook's success. It is probable that both have reached the pole. If that is demonstrated the luster of Peary's achievement will have been dimmed for all time by his unseemly attitude and language, both of which were unnecessary whether Cook is telling the truth or not.

It is deplorable that such an exploit as the discovery of the North Pole should have been marked by such impetuous and foolish denunciation as has been given to the world by Commander Peary.—Saturday Sunset.

The Two Evils

The total prohibitionist of the present day and the unscrupulous and law-breaking liquor vendor may seem to be as far apart in their ideas and practices as the newly discovered north pole is from the undiscovered south, but such is not the case. They are agencies which contribute, in turn, to the strength of the other, and neither has much influence for good on the morals of the times. While they bear a decided enmity towards each other they are a combined enemy of rational law and sobriety.

The Liquor Traffic regulations in British Columbia today would, if enforced, result in the removal of many shocking abuses and bring about a moral condition acceptable, for the time being, to the great majority of people, and, with an exercise of wisdom, could be added to until the liquor traffic was brought satisfactorily under such control as the welfare of humanity demands. These regulations are despised by the prohibitionist, who contends that nothing short of a complete and immediate acceptance of his extreme views will meet the desired end. He ignores history and experience, and keeps on shouting.—Alberni News.

Water Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Kamloops Division of Yale District.

The name, address and occupation of the applicant, Fred Folkard, farmer, Enderby, B.C.

The description of the lake, stream or source is: a small stream rising south of N. E. quarter section and flowing north.

The point of diversion is near its commencement.

The quantity of water applied for is 3 cubic feet per sec.

The character of proposed works: pipe for dwelling house, stable and outbuildings.

The purposes for which water is to be used are: irrigation, domestic and agricultural.

The land intended to be irrigated is approximately 160 acres, comprising Fraction of N. E. ¼ of Section 18, township 19, range 8, west of sixth meridian.

Area of Crown land intended to be occupied by the proposed works, none.

This notice was posted on the 20th day of September, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 20th day of October, 1909.

No riparian proprietors or licencees are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet.

(Signed) FRED FOLKARD,
Enderby, B. C.

Water Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Osoyoos Division of Yale District.

(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicant: John Moses, Mara, B. C., Rancher.

(b) The description of the lake, stream or source is: a small creek called Moser's Creek.

(c) The point of diversion is 200 feet above wagon road.

[d] The quantity of water applied for is 10 sq. inches per second.

[e] The character of the proposed works is: a small dam at head-gate, ditch, flumes or pipes.

[f] The description of the premises on which the water is to be used is: Township 20, Sec. 22, Range 8, west of 6th Meridian.

[g] The purposes for which the water is to be used are domestic.

[h] If for irrigation describe the land intended to be irrigated, giving acreage: 50 acres.

(j) Area of Crown land to be occupied by proposed works: none.

[k] This notice was posted on the 29th day of April, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 29th day of May, 1909.

(l) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected dy the proposed works, either above or below the outlet: C. E. Davidson, Esq., Mara, B. C.

JOHN MOSER,
Mara, B. C.

Water Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Kamloops Division of Yale District.

The name, address and occupation of the applicant is Wm. Owen, Mara, B.C. Farmer.

The description of the lake, stream or source is: a small creek flowing into the Shuswap River in Section 32, Township 19, Range 8, west of the 6th meridian.

The point of diversion is approximately 1 mile up the stream from the river.

The quantity of water applied for is 3 cubic feet per second.

The description of the premises on which the water is to be used is: dwelling house, stable and outbuildings.

The purposes for which the water is to be used are: irrigation, domestic and agricultural.

The description and acreage of the land intended to be irrigated is approximately 196 acres comprising fraction of S.W. 1-4 and W. 1-2 of S.E. 1-4 of Section 32, Township 19, Range 8, W. of 6th meridian.

This notice was posted on the 16th day of August, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 16th day of September, 1909.

The lands that are likely to be affected by the proposed works either above or below the outlet are Dominion Government Lands.

WM. OWEN.
Mara, B. C.

Water Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Kamloops Division of Yale District. The name, address and occupation of the applicant is Henry J. Knapp, Mara P. O., B. C., farmer.

The description of stream: A small stream flowing S. E. through centre of Sec. 36, Tp. 19, R. 9, W. of 6 M.

The point of division is about 500 yds up stream, west of public highway.

The quantity of water applied for is one (1) cubic foot per second.

The description of premises on which water is to be used: Dwelling house and other buildings. The purpose for which water is to be used is irrigation, domestic and agricultural.

The land intended to be irrigated is 80 acres; the south one-half of S. E. one-fourth of Sec. 36, Tp.19, R.9, W. of 6 M.

This notice was posted on the 20th day of August, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 20th day of September, 1909.

No riparian proprietors or licences are likely to be affected either above or below the outlet. H. J. KNAPP.

Mara, B. C., Aug. 20, 1909.

Nails, $3.75 Per Keg

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For perfect baking and simplicity of working parts, they have no equal, and will last a life time.

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See the Pion clothes dryer; the best clothes dryers in the world.

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Finest in the Country

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(Extract from Lowery's Ledge.)

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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.

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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.

ENDERBY LODGE

No. 35, K. of P.

Meets every Monday evening in K. of P. Hall. Visitors cordially invited to attend.

JAS. MARTIN, C.C.
C. E. STRICKLAND, K.R.S.
R. J. COLTART, M.F.

K. of P. Hall is the only hall in Enderby suitable for public entertainments. For rates, etc., apply to— R. F. JOHNSTONE, M. E., Enderby

Water Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the "Water Act, 1909" to obtain a licence in the Kamloops Division of Yale District.

(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicant is Frederick Dean, Mara, B. C., farmer.

(b) The description of the stream or source is: A large creek, tributary to the Shuswap river, situated in Township 20, Range 8, west of 6th Meridian, Sec. 15.

(c) The point of diversion is approximately one mile up the creek from the river.

(d) The quantity of water applied for is 3 cubic feet per second.

(f) The description of premises on which the water is to be used is: one 4-roomed house and outbuildings.

(g) The purposes for which water is to be used are domestic and irrigation.

[h] The land intended to be irrigated is approximately 80 acres, comprising north ½ of S. W. ¼, Sec. 15, Tp. 20, R. 8, west of 6th Meridian.

[k] This notice was posted on the 19th day of August, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 19th day of September, 1909.

[l] No riparian proprietors or licensees are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet.

FREDERICK DEAN.
Mara, B. C., August 19th, 1909.

THE London Directory
[Published annually]

Enables traders throughout the world to communicate direct with English Manufacturers and Dealers in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs the Directory contains lists of Export Merchants with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; steamship lines arranged under the ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings; Provincial Trade Notices of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

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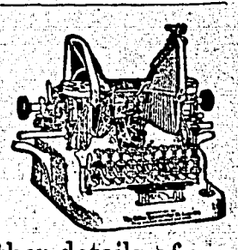

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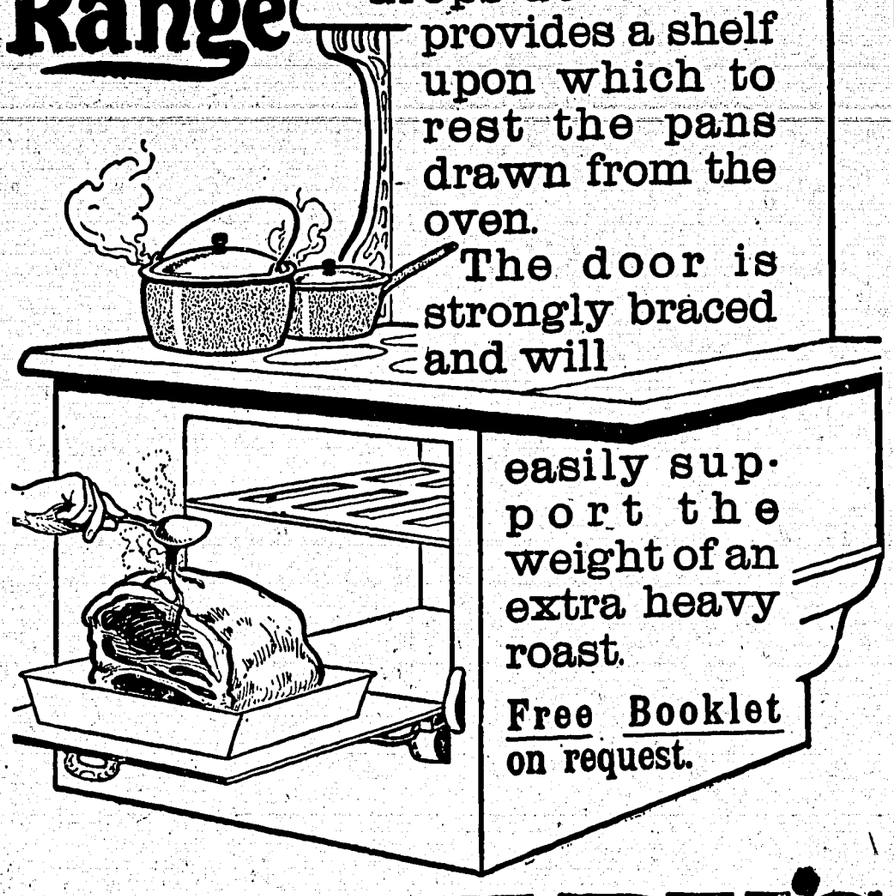


McCLARY'S

For sale by A. FULTON, Enderby

Fighting the Flames

March, 1903, will be remembered for a long time in Australia. Its events even merited notice in the London newspapers; for that month was the culmination of the long drought which for ten years had been creeping over the land.

A succession of dry seasons, each a little dryer than the last; a few more sheep and cattle dying, a slightly higher price for wool every year, and to counterbalance that, a larger percentage of loss allowed the drover who is taking your stock down to the markets or the railway.

Then the big squatter finds that he cannot afford to send his family to England for a trip, and the small farmer doesn't see his way to giving his family a fortnight in Sydney or Melbourne.

Then one realizes that the drought has made good progress, and that certain loss and possible ruin must be faced with resignation.

* * * * *

It was upon an evening in the same March, 1903, that Reynell leaned over his homestead fence with some satisfaction. Things were bad, but he had been lucky. He could see spreading before him his eighty acres of wheat, almost ripe. That would fetch a lot with wheat at eight shillings.

The tinkle of a cow-bell on the ridge behind reminded him of the sixty head of cattle he possessed, and besides that he had four hundred sheep picking up a somewhat precarious livelihood among the adjacent gorges.

Altogether prospects were bright. He had only left England two years ago, and he had taken up land in the Blue Mountains.

Most people scorned the mountains, because half the surveyed acreage was liable to be a precipice. But Reynell had arrived during the drought, and on the advice of an old farmer he had chosen the hills.

"If rain's going," said the old hand, "it'll hit you there."

And it had hit him there. If rain had fallen, "Wallaroo" (as Reynell called his place) had got most of it. He had shown good sense in choosing his estate.

The S. E. wind brought rain, and on the N. W. of Wallaroo was a high barrier of mountains that caught the clouds, and so the rain fell upon Reynell's flocks and herds. The little pockets among the ranges all around were delighting in the prospect of high prices for their produce.

"Still," thought Reynell, "it's terrible dry."

Suddenly there was a sound of galloping hoofs. In the still, warm air Reynell could hear the slide and scuffle of a horse being taken full speed down the steep track from the ridge, and then the muffled drumming as it raced along the even gully towards the homestead.

Reynell wondered. "That," he thought, "is an unshod horse, or I'd have heard the click on the stones. But there's no one round here uses unshod horses for riding. It must have got frightened and run away. But there must be someone on it, or it'd have gone straight down the gully and wouldn't have turned up here at a right angle. I wonder what's the matter!"

He soon knew. A big grey suddenly appeared in the arc of light from the window, and was pulled up sharp on his haunches.

"Hullo!" said Reynell.

"Is that you, Mr. Reynell, I'm Jim Dwyer. There's a big bush fire coming on father's place, and he wondered if you'd come and lend a hand."

"A fire!" said Reynell.

"Yes. It's been comin' up all day. It's all around us now. We can't get a horse through."

"Then how did you get here?"

"Me? I came on old Carpenter. I couldn't get the others to face the fire. Can you help us, Mr. Reynell?"

"I'll go readily," said Reynell, "but if there's a fire between us, you must stay here and let me know if there's any danger to Wallaroo. I can't afford to lose what I've got."

"Right oh!" said the lad, and he swung off, a lithe, lean-featured boy of thirteen. "You get away quick and lively as long as you can—since you're goin'. And thanks very much."

So Reynell set out. Little Princess sprang away at a gallop. She was named after someone who was coming out some day to marry her owner, and that implies that she was a good friend.

At the foot of the rise she hunched her shoulders and scrambled up like a cat. Reynell sat far forward in the stirrups, and it was not long before they were up. Then the little head kept turning round. He remembered that at the top of the pull there was always a lump of sugar as a reward. He felt in his pocket, and there was still some there. Then they pounded along the gradual down-grade towards Dwyer's, fourteen miles away.

He let the Princess have her head. If Reynell had been in the habit of boasting, his boast would have been that he never wore spurs, nor carried a whip, and yet he always arrived soon enough.

And the little mare galloped on, and on, until suddenly Reynell, half-asleep on her back, noticed that the moon and stars were no longer visible, while a pungent reek of burning eucalyptus made him cough. He was getting near the fire.

He looked round. On either hand the fringe of the mountains was outlined red and glaring. Then suddenly a red haze glowed before him, and he was in the middle of the fire.

The next twenty minutes were a nightmare. He dimly remembered racing along the narrow bush track—a tunnel through the midst of the blaze of flames.

He remembered great burning limbs of trees crashing behind him as he sped through. And then all at once he remembered bursting out of the belt of flame, and cantering slowly down the slope towards Dwyer's homestead. He had got through.

He reined up at the door. No one was there, except Mrs. Dwyer and Pattie, aged fourteen. Mrs. Dwyer was very Irish, and very stout, and very courageous. As she heard the hoofs she came out.

"Is ut you, Mister Reynell?" she said. "It's good av ye to come. You'll be wantin' a drink. I'm makin' tea for the bhoys."

She disappeared, and returned with a pint pot of scalding, milkless tea.

"Drink that," she said.

By degrees, Reynell absorbed it, and gradually his parched tongue and cracked lips gave him back his voice.

"Where are they?" he said.

"Out at the idge of the fire. You can see them against the flame. Pattie 'll see to the mare."

Already Pattie had given her half a bucketful of luke-warm water and was taking off the bridle. Reynell slipped down, and went across the paddock to where several moving black figures were silhouetted against a red background. They were trying to save the big wheat paddock.

He made his way up to old Dwyer. The latter, stripped almost to the waist, and armed with a gum-tree bough was occupied with the rest in beating down the approaching flames.

At the edge of the wheat a "fire breach" had been made—that is to say, the timber had been cleared away for a distance of ten yards. But the undergrowth was still there and the fire licked it up like dry shavings.

To keep this back was their task. When it was subdued in one place, it broke out in another, and then in the old spot, and they were kept moving up and down the line. It was a despairing chance, but all the same they fought for it.

Dwyer nodded to Reynell.

"It's real neighborly av ye to come," he gasped. "Dennis and Jim's getting the cattle into the creek, and if we can save the wheat, we're right."

Reynell tore off a branch and, taking his place, beat at the flames.

Every few minutes old Dwyer looked round to see if his two eldest sons had managed to save the cattle. Every few minutes Pattie came up staggering under the weight of buckets of tea which was poured down the burning throats of the fire-fighters.

But at last the gum branches began to catch alight as soon as they touched the fire. The fierce heat in front had dried them before even the flame came. Then old Dwyer, wise in such matters, told his daughter to bring blankets and buckets of water.

Now the fight really started. At the edge of the wheat paddock, eight men against a bush-fire. Eight men and two women, for both Pattie and her mother played their part well, going to and fro with heavy buckets of water.

Suddenly on the left rose a lowing and tinkling.

"That's the cattle," shouted Dwyer, and he beat with renewed energy.

Reynell worked on for years, it seemed. Then, as in a dream he heard a yelping and an occasional bleat.

"That," he thought vaguely, "must be the dogs bringing the sheep. I'm glad for old Dwyer's sake."

All at once he found before him Mrs. Dwyer and Pattie and a lad on a huge grey horse.

"You've got to leave," the boy shouted. "The fire's close on to your place. It's not a mile away. I managed to get through to tell you. You asked me to watch out."

Reynell at first didn't quite grasp the situation. He went on beating in a mechanical way.

Mrs. Dwyer took up the tale.

"Go on, me bhoy, and save your own—if you can. You've done a lot for us. I'm only hoping it hasn't cost you dear. You'd best go before it's too late."

Reynell understood at last. He dropped the blanket and looked round to where the cattle were gradually coming round to the shelter of the creek, and the sheep still more gradually edging in.

They were nearly safe, but not quite. And the wheat still far from safe. The wheat was Dwyer's all in all. Old Dwyer had a large family into the bargain. Even if Wallaroo were lost it wouldn't matter so much. A young man can always knock out a livelihood somehow.

"It's all right, Mrs. Dwyer," he said. "I can wait," and he started once more to beat the flames.

Mrs. Dwyer looked at him. At last she replied:

"Ye're a fine man, an' a good neighbor, and may we never be the cause of your repenting. But I'm afraid we will."

Then she went off to get more tea and more water.

It might have been years later (as a matter of fact it was not an hour) that old Dwyer went round the paddock, dropped his blanket, and remarked:

"I think she'll do now, you chaps. I thank you."

Then the fire-fighters straightened themselves and looked round.

Dawn had not yet broken, but in the grey light that precedes it, the creek showed a curious appearance. The left-hand bank and most of the right had been burnt bare.

In the deeper parts, driven there to escape the fire, lowed Dwyer's cattle up to their necks in water. In the shallower, bleated the sheep.

Patrick Dwyer had much reason to be pleased. The country round had been swept by the fire as clean as a sponge cleans a slate, and he had saved his stock and his wheat. But Reynell had less reason to be pleased. While he had been fighting for another, his own had been destroyed probably. It was not much, perhaps, but it was his all.

Most of the fire-fighters dropped where they stood. Reynell staggered back to the homestead and asked Pattie to saddle the mare.

As Dwyer shook Reynell's hand, he shook his own head.

"Ye've done a lot for me," he said, "and I'm fearing that ye've lost a lot."

Then appeared young Jim, leading a large, unshod grey.

"Dad," he asked, "mayn't I go?"

"Go," said Dwyer.

Mrs. Dwyer came out to see them off.

"Th' ould horse," she said, "brought the doctor when Jim was born, but he's not too ould to take him with the man that helped us."

They set out, Jim in the lead, Reynell half-asleep behind. On they cantered up the range, and along the track where Reynell had burst through hours before. All was black now and smouldering, and they went over fine, grey ashes. In the east a red dawn began to glow.

Then the sun shot up, and another day broke over a devastated land.

Reynell sat thinking of his losses. But fatigue is a great anodyne, and he dozed off into a semi-slumber. Suddenly he awakened—cold. It had been day when he slept, now all was dark and lowering. Heavy clouds hung barely above his head as it seemed; mutterings of thunder forecast a storm. Ahead lightning flashed, and already a few beg drops began to fall.

Jim pulled the old grey back.

"I say," he said, "there's a big fall somewhere. It's comin' from your way—I don't know—dad says these storms are very local, and if they strike a pocket in the mountains they stay there. There's no sayin', but——"

"I'm afraid it's too late to save Wallaroo."

"I don't know. Dad says the '92 drought broke up this way. A big fire, and then it rained as you might pour out of a bucket."

That was the last word said. The rain struck them "as you might pour out of a bucket" to quote Jim.

At first it was not unpleasant. The horses galloped faster in their relief, while all around the smouldering bush hissed and spluttered.

But soon the riders closed their eyes and pulled their hats over do to keep the horses' heads against their faces. It was all they could the storm. And all the time Reynell wondered if by any chance the rain had hit the gully soon enough to save Wallaroo.

At last he peered out through the corner of his eye. Here at any rate the bush fire was a thing of the past. The ash had become mud, and the burning logs were now sodden. Was it in time? The rain compelled him to close his eyes again.

Suddenly Jim, on ahead, gave a shout of triumph.

"Look!" he cried.

Reynell looked, but he could see nothing to justify Jim's exaltation. Then, following the outstretched hand, he noticed on top of the tallest trees were tufts of feathery leaves—still green.

His heart leapt within him. Here, at any rate, the fire had begun to lose its force. Was it possible after all that the rain had come in time to save Wallaroo!

They galloped on, and as they went, the leaves that the fire had not reached grew lower and lower. At the bend in the gully the undergrowth was still all gone, and the trees scorched and blackened to a height of ten feet.

When they turned the corner, Reynell's heart almost stood still. Now he would know the worst. He stood up in his stirrups to see if his homestead and wheat still remained. Then he sank back in the saddle with a sob of relief. The diminished fire had been checked long enough by the creek for the torrents of rain to put it out. On the one side he saw black desolation, and on the other a smiling field of green. In the water stood his sheep and cattle.

"Having the sense they were born with," commented Jim, "they knew enough not to come out of the wet."

For some moments he sat there silent. He could have met disaster with fortitude, but the unexpected good luck was almost too much for him. He was roused by a voice at his elbow.

"You're done up, Mister Reynell. You go and get a bit of sleep, and I'll draught out the stock. I guess they won't want much driving."

In five minutes time Little Princess was putting herself around an enormous feed of oats, her master, still booted and spurred, slept as one dead; while stock-whip cracks and shrill objurgations showed that Jim and Carpenter were busy among the cattle. — Pearson's Weekly.

STATE OWNED RAILWAYS.

Record of Annual Deficits and Surplus Complaints.

Government railways are having rather a hard time of it in Europe. The experiment of ownership and operation by the State, as far as it has been attempted, not only in Europe but elsewhere, seems to have failed, and time and trial more and more demonstrate its inevitable and inherent inefficiency.

Everywhere State operation is criticized, and every year proves it increasingly unsatisfactory to everybody, except the politicians and the functionaries. Thus in Belgium the financial situation has grown so bad that the railway administration is now contemplating what is practically impossible—a substantial increase both in freight and passenger rates. It is that or bankruptcy for the scheme.

In Switzerland Government exploitation regularly works an annual deficit. With less than 3,000 miles of lines the budget for 1906 showed a deficit of about $925,000, and in 1908, of about $1,200,000, without taking account of the interest on the bonded debt amounting to $240,000,000. Government operation in that compact little country, with only about 3,000,000 of inhabitants and an area only about twice that of the State of Massachusetts, has given such unfavorable results that the public are crying out against it, and it promises to be a leading issue in the coming electoral campaign.

In Japan State ownership has proved so disastrous to the finances of the country that the Government is now looking to a syndicate of foreign capitalists to help it out. The statement is made that Government ownership there has imperiled the national finances, prevented railway improvements and checked efficiency of the service.

In Italy the results of the State operation are thus far notoriously bad. The operation results, of course, in an annual deficit, and although the traffic constantly increases, the receipts constantly diminish. During a recent month's operation, out of 1,000 passenger trains 486 were an hour or more late, and there is constant and bitter complaint both from shippers and passengers as to the unsatisfactory character of the service.

In France the least satisfactory operation is that of the State, and in Germany things go from bad to worse, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Imperial Government, with an exceptionally competent and accomplished general staff of superior railway officials to get around the increasing difficulties and to make a good appearance.

WILD WHITES.

Descendants of Runaway Convicts in Australia.

The wild white men of the vast "Never Never Land" of Northern Australia, to whom the Rev. T. Major is conducting a mission, are known as "white blackfellows," an expression that, while involving a certain contradiction in terms, nevertheless fits them to a nicety.

Some of these voluntary outcasts from their kind are present-day fugitives from justice. Others are the descendants of runaway convicts who "took to the bush" in the bad old days of transportation. They live amongst the aborigines, aping their manners and customs and subsisting on the same always scanty and frequently loathsome food. According to Mr. Major, they are exceedingly shy and difficult of approach, fleeing at the first sign of a "tame" white man.

The mere idea of indivduals of our race and color sinking to this low level is revolting. Yet the Australian white blackfellow has his counterpart in other quarters of the globe, notably in the Guiana hinterland, where whole colonies of white savages are known to be interspersed amongst the bush negroes than whom no more degraded race exists anywhere on earth. Like the wild whites of the Never Never Land, too, these unhappy people descended from runaway convicts, mostly French.

Then, again, there are the small isolated communities of white Indians, so called, which recent research has revealed living at various points near the head-waters of the Amazon. Ethnologists have been completely puzzled as to their origin. They possess the Caucasian features, and in the dialects they speak can be traced many more or less archaic Spanish words and phrases.

This has led to the theory being broached that they are the descendants of some of the followers of Orellana, the discoverer of the Amazon, some hundreds of whom are known to have deserted their leader and wandered aside into the pathless forests during the first stage of his arduous and ever-memorable journey.

WHAT THE TONGUE CAN TELL

More to Eyes Than to Ears, When the Eyes are a Doctor's.

It is a fact that in every disease there are a whole lot of things that cannot be read from the patient's tongue. The classic wail "No tongue can tell the agony of my suffering" is of wider application than the patient uttering it is aware.

It is equally patent, according to American Medicine, that in every disease the tongue has a valuable story to tell and that the practician who ignores this story is in no sense modern, scientific or practical. In the light of day we do not curiously examine the tongue; we keep an eye upon it. Not merely its aspect at the outset of treatment but its variations are of prime significance.

The tongue findings are directly and vitally connected with diagnosis, treatment and prognosis. The mere presence of a coat on part of the tongue may signify nothing. A heavy coat that promptly fades on proper treatment and shows no tendency to reappear is of less significance than the lightest coat that sticks firmly or promptly returns.

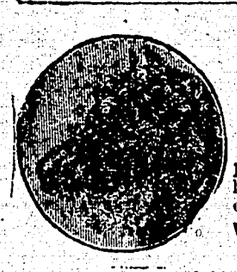
In a disease like tuberculosis, in which results of treatment hinge upon the perfect intactness of the gastro-intestinal functions, it is of vastly higher importance to scrutinize the tongue from day to day than the affected lung. In practice we are too prone to disregard this most obvious fact. Either to amuse the patient or to satisfy a personal curiosity we thump the chest when we had better thump the office floor.

In recent years through the light shed upon the alimentary tract by bacteriology we have come to recognize local disturbances as expressive of loss of floral balance. In ordinary parlance the tract has become overgrown with weeds. This is shown by rude but plain evidence in the condition of the tongue.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Say, pa," Johnny asked—and it was his thirty-seventh query—"is there two sides to every question?"

"There is," replied the long-suffering parent, as he suddenly yanked the youngster across his knee and began to apply his slipper, "and this is the other side."



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Ontario Veterinary College

TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO, CAN.

Established 1862, taken over by the Provincial Government of Ontario, 1908.

Affiliated with the University of Toronto, under the control of the Dept. of Agriculture of Ontario. College opens 1st October, 1909. Course of study extends through 3 college years. FEES PER SESSION $75.00. Calendar on application.

E. A. A. GRANGE, V.S., M.S., Principal. Dept. H.

ADVICE FOR INVESTORS.

Opportunities to be Had in Canadian Securities.

In the year 1904 there were issued in Canada $34,249,247 of bonds, by the Dominion and Provincial Governments, Municipalities and by our Public, Utility and larger industrial Corporations. Our continued expansion has made the yearly requirements of enormous proportions. The Canadian Bond issues for various purposes in 1908 amounted to $196,357,411, while authentic records show the value of bonds put upon the market during the current year to date, approximately $170,000,000.

That Canada's growth and development depend largely on foreign capital is shown by an analysis of the distribution of the 1908 Bond issuees ($196,354,441). There remained in this country 12½ p.c., while the United States absorbed 3¼ p.c. and Great Britain 84¼ p.c. It is noteworthy that Canadian institutions and individuals of means are participating to a larger extent than formerly in the financing of our National undertakings.

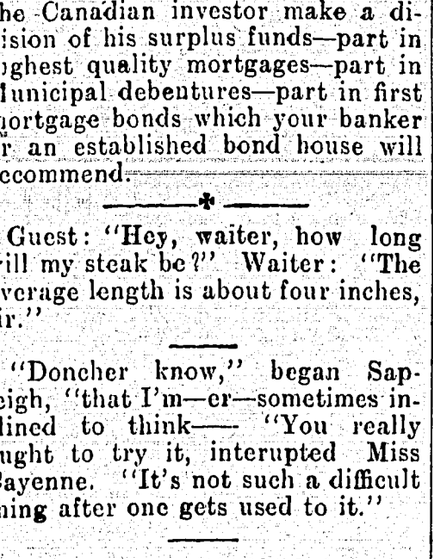
Great Britain and the Continent of Europe have long been the chief market-places of the worlds' securities. Bonds—or as they might be termed fractional mortgages—are found among the assets of all prosperous continental peoples, no matter of what class. Years of prosperity have made the people of the United States extensive bond buyers of internal issues; and their entry into the Canadian market is, and will be, of no little assistance in our development.

It is a safe and wise policy that the Canadian investor make a division of his surplus funds—part in highest quality mortgages—part in Municipal debentures—part in first mortgage bonds which your banker or an established bond house will recommend.

Guest: "Hey, waiter, how long will my steak be?" Waiter: "The average length is about four inches, sir."

"Doncher know," began Sapleigh, "that I'm—er—sometimes inclined to think—— "You really ought to try it, interupted Miss Cayenne. "It's not such a difficult thing after one gets used to it."

The softer a man's head the more he is inclined to butt in.



PLAGUE OF FLIES IN EGYPT.

Pests Reported to be Making Life Not Worth Living.

Advices from Cairo recall the eighth chapter of Exodus, for a correspondent writes that Egypt is at present in the throes of a plague of flies. Never, he says, have they been such nuisances.

In the provinces these pests are making life not worth living. Flies are everywhere; nothing seems to keep them down. Old residents declare that a plague of this description has not descended on Egypt for very many years.

It is pretty serious, as flies are the propagators of many ills, especially ophthalmia, from which the natives are suffering terribly. The Government occulists will have their hands more than full during the duration of the fly plague.

Do Not Delay.—Do not let a cold or cough fasten upon you as it will if neglected. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will break up a cold and cure a cough, and should be resorted to at at once when the first symptoms appear. It can be disguised so that any unpleasant taste it may have will be imperceptible to the delicate. Try it and be convinced.

THE EXPLANATION.

Edyth—"Why did Clara insist on having a quiet wedding?"

Mayme—"Oh, I suppose she thought it would make talk."

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs, too.

NOTHING TO SPEAK OF.

He wasn't the best behaved of boys, and so, before he started out for the party, his mother gave him elaborate instructions as to the way he should carry himself.

"Well, Willie, how did you get on?" she asked on his return.

"Oh, all right, ma."

"You are quite sure you didn't do anything impolite?"

"Well, no, ma—at least, nothing to speak of."

The mother's anxiety was aroused.

"Ah, then, there was something wrong. Now, tell me all about it, Willie."

"Oh, it wasn't much. You see, I was trying to cut my meat when it slipped off the plate on to the floor."

"Oh, my dear boy, whatever did you do?"

"I think I made it all right. I just said, sort of carelessly, 'That's always the way with tough meat,' and went on with my dinner!"

HIS CHOICE.

Blobbs—"I don't imagine that Gotrox was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

Slobbs—"No, I dined with him the other evening, and if anything, I think it must have been a silver knife."

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

ETIQUETTE NOTE.

Pretty near time to brush up your table manners. Corn on the cob will soon be here.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excresences as many have testified who have tried it.

Kindly mention the name of this paper in writing to advertisers.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"This man is not insane," said the lawyer, "and never has been. To keep him in an asylum is a blow, sir, directed against human rights, an assault upon the sacred institution of liberty, an—"

"But did you not prove last week, when he was on trial for murder, that he had been from birth a raving lunatic?" interposed the court.

The lawyer smiled in a superior way. "Surely," he said, "your honor would not have it believed that this court is on the intellectual plane of that jury."

A conceited young cleric once said to his bishop: "Do you not think that I may well feel flattered that so great a crowd came to hear me preach?" No," was the answer: "for twice as many would come to see you hanged."

GERMANY'S RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cost Low and Business Needs of the Country Well Served.

Although the German railways, unlike the French system, were not conceived and built as a whole, and perhaps because of their lack of cohesion, which has enabled them to avoid some of the faults of a centralized system and secured to the unimportant towns the benefit of an efficient service, the German system is to-day very complete and responds very well to the business necessities of the regions served.

Thanks to cheap labor, and to the fact that the country for the most part is level, so that it was possible to avoid extraordinary outlay in building, this lack of unity in the construction of German railways has not had the influence it might have had on the cost of the establishment. Between the Hook of Holland and Berlin the railway does not pass through a single tunnel (there is, in fact, not a single railway tunnel in the whole of North Germany), nor does it pass through a single deep cutting, or along a single high embankment. Bridges and viaducts across rivers are the only engineering works of special importance that had to be undertaken.

It 1899 the total cost of all the German lines, now amounting to almost 50,000 kilometres, was stated at 12,403,038,875 marks, or an average cost of no more than 253,615 marks a kilometre.

THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

We beg to draw our readers' attention to the announcement in this issue of the Ontario Veterinary College, which is now one of the colleges under the control of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, and affiliated with the University of Toronto.

The close relation of some of the diseases of the lower animals to the public health has recently aroused a demand for food inspection, which, together with the enactment of Federal laws for the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases, have both had a marked influence in broadening the field of Veterinary Science in this country, and this in its turn has led to the extension of one year to the former College Course, and those who contemplate following Veterinary Science as their life-work will have the benefit of the advances which have recently been made at the College.

Professor E. A. A. Grange, Principal of the College, will be pleased to furnish full particulars on application.

SO LONG AGO.

Jessie—Miss Antique is such a bore. When she started talking I noticed—

Jimmie—Nonsense! You weren't old enough to take notice when she started talking.

THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED GIRLS' SCHOOL.

St. Margaret's College, Toronto, is fully equipped to prepare students for honor matriculation and first year university work, and also for all examinations in Music, Art and Domestic Science. Great attention is given to Physical education, which includes a variety of school games — Tennis, Cricket, Basket-ball, and Hockey. There is also an open-air skating rink, a tobaggan slide and a swimming bath.

ONE OTHER.

She—"I don't believe it is possible for any one to look more uncomfortable than a man in a millinery store."

He—"Oh, I don't know. There's the woman who goes into a barber shop with her little by to get his hair cut."

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

ICY.

Ic is about the only thing that needs a blanket wrapped around in to keep it comfortable in hot weather.

Does Your Back Ache? Don't experiment with imitations but get the genuine, the "D & L" Menthol Plaster. It cures. Davis & Lawrence, Co., makers.

Kindly mention the name of this paper in writing to advertisers.

Many a good reputation has been stabbed by a pointed tongue.

500 BUGGIES

300 SETS HARNESS

To Be Sold at Less Than Manufacturers' Prices.

We have decided to sell direct to the user at prices never before known. Note the following prices:

Top Buggies,	reg.	$ 75	for	$32 00
Rubber Tire Runabouts	"	125	"	90 00
Road Wagons	"	65	"	50 00
Nickle Trimmed Buggy Harness	"	16	"	9 50
Brass Trimmed Buggy Harness	"	20	"	13 50
Rubber Trimmed Buggy Harness	"	23	"	14 50

The above goods are made from the best material we can buy, and are fully guaranteed.

This is the only chance you have ever had to buy a first-class buggy or a set of harness at such low prices. Write now and tell us what you require. We will cheerfully give all information regarding our lines, and ship to any address in Canada.

Money refunded if goods not as represented.

The Toronto Harness and Carriage Supply Company

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

MINNICOGANASHENE.

A hard name to pronounce, called locally "Minnicog." This is a picturesque summer resort on one of the largest islands of the Georgian Bay, only 3½ hours run by the Grand Trunk Railway System from the City of Toronto, Canada, and beautifully situated among the 30,000 islands of that territory. Splendid hotel accommodation, good fishing, fine boating and no hay fever. Bass, trout, pickerel and pike abound. For illustrated descriptivt matter and all information, write to Mr. J. D. McDonald.

THAT WAS SOMETHING.

He had never been to sea before.

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship doctor asked.

"No, sir" he returned feebly, "nothing but my hand."

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach, and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

HIS MISTAKE.

Many a man thinks he is only ...rting with a girl when he is really flirting with trouble.

If allowed to roam over your house those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pads.

FATHER'S MIGHTY TASK.

The Teacher—"All your arithmetic problems are wrong. If this happens again, I'll tell your father." The Pupil—"But pa did 'm for me!"

PERFECTLY HARMLESS and yet effectual. Painkiller may be administered by inexperienced persons without fear of accident. For all bowel complaints it is a sure specific. Avoid substitutes, there is but one "Painkiller"—Perry Davis'—25c. and 50c.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

Mr. Newwed—My dear, I wish you'd tell that cook that we don't like our beefsteak burned, and don't want our roasts raw.

Mrs. Newwed—Tell her! How can I? She never comes into the parlor and she won't let me go into the kitchen.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

DON'T MENTION IT.

Sapphedd—"You saved me from being killed by that auto. I owe my life to you?" Stouten—"Young man, don't let trifling debts like that worry you!"

A Domestic Eye Remedy.

Murine Affords Reliable Relief to Eyes that Need Care. Try Murine Eye Remedy in Your Eyes. It Soothes Eye Pain.

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Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. the best place is

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The "Richmond (Que.) Guardian," in its 53rd Year of Publication.

For very many years the chief organ of the Conservative party of the Eastern Townships. "The Guardian" is an 8-page 6-column paper, and has been conducted by the present editor without interruption for 50 years, who retires in consequence of advancing years.

The plant is in fair order, and consists of a moderate stock of news and job type, 7-horse-power engine and boiler, Peerless Gem cutter, 28-in. Campbell power press, medium Gordon (modern), and Liberty circular and card press, all in perfect order; three very large stones, tables, furniture, tools, addressing machine, stoves, etc., etc.,

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The history of Standard Canadian Bonds has been an unusually satisfactory one. It is imperative that every safeguard should be taken by the bond firm when a new issue is made; subsequently that the Company's record be carefully and regularly observed.

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Some Railroad bonds to yield 4¾ to 5¼ per cent.

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Consult us with regard to your investments.

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Dorer, The Armstrong Jeweler. Armstrong, B. C

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Buggy for Sale—$50 cash; in good condition; easy riding. Robt. Waddell, Enderby.

Wanted— Boys and girls to send for a free sample copy of Western Life and act as agents in country districts. Good commission allowed. Address: The Citizen Printing and Publishing Co., 2122 Granville St., Vancouver

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

City Council Meeting

The regular meeting of the City Council was held Monday evening. The discussion of the city hall plans and specifications was the principle business of the meeting. It was decided to call for tenders for the immediate erection of the building. These tenders are to be opened at a subsequent meeting to be held Saturday evening next. The building will be 36x40, 12-inch brick walls, with cement foundation to a height four feet above ground. The basement will be occupied by the fire apparatus, furnace room, cells and tool room. It will open onto George street. The main floor will have a spacious vestibule, with the clerk's office to the right of the entrance, and safety vault opening off of the clerk's room. To the left of the entrance will be a committee room, to be used for library purposes also, and directly in front of the entrance the large Council chamber. A bell tower is also provided.

A small grist of bills were allowed and a few minor matters laid over for further consideration.

Annual Shoot at the Range

Following is the score of the Rifle Association members shooting at the several ranges last week:

	200l.	200k.	200a.f.	200k.	500	500	600
R. Wheeler,	30	28	27	24	23	27	18
J. Tomkinson	24	12	22	19	18	24	21
G. Sharpe,	30	23	24	23	23	25	19
G. Bell,	31	30	27	27	28	32	29
Dr. Keith,	28	26	27	21	26	30	28
Geo. Little,	24	20	21	20	19	18	14
J. F. Massey,	26	11	18	19	21	18	10
W. C. Graham	27	21	22	20	15	14	11
E. Robertson	25	27	17	23	11	4	2
A. E. Taylor,	26	22	21	23	25	27	23
Ed Mack,	25	22	22	24	20	19	11
A. E. Evans,	26	25	27	25	26	23	21
H. Moffet,	14	7	11	8	10	13	
W. T. Holtby,	26	19	19	15	21	24	27
A. J. Graham,	6	10	3	15	10	9	12

Handicap Tennis Tournament

The seasons-end games of the Tennis Club will commence on Monday, Sept. 27th. It is the annual handicap tournament. Events: Gentlemen's singles, ladies' singles; gentlemen's doubles, ladies' doubles; mixed doubles. Entrance fee, 50c each. The season will be brought to a close by a dance in K. P. hall, Oct. 1st, and the finals will be played on Oct. 2nd.

Deloys to Appear Again

All who enjoyed the Deloys in K. of P. Hall last Saturday evening will be pleased to learn that they are to play a return engagement here next Tuesday evening, Sept. 28th in the K. of P. Hall. The Oriental Occidental Comic Opera, "Li Hung Chang" will be the offering.

This play is one of a very neat and artistic scene, requiring great care and pains in the making of its success.

Tolla Deloy in the part of Kid, is a great feature. Her tact and wit in fooling her father, Governor Bobs, is by no means slow.

Miss Myrtle Deloy, in the part of Phyllis, ably supporting Kid, makes the plot one of good judgment and mirth.

Miss Myrtle Deloy will again render some of her favorite solos.

Eddie Deloy, in the part of Bim and Alvin Beatty in the part of Bom, the comedians in the sketch keep the audience in continuous laughter.

Whatever you do, don't miss "Li Hung Chang." *adv.*

I WILL rent or sell my farm, situated two miles north of Enderby on the trunk road. Other interests occupy my time. Wm. Hancock, Enderby

Prices, Sept. 23rd

and until changed:

Moffet's Best Flour, $1.65 49-lbs
Three Star Flour, $1.55 per "
Drifted Snow Pastry, $1.55 "
Two Star Flour, $1.45 "
Whole Wheat Flour, $1.50 "
Graham Flour, - $1.40 "
Four Star Chop, $1.40 per 80 lbs
Three Star Chop, $1.35 per 80 lbs
Shorts, $1.20 per 90 lbs.
Middlings, $1.30 per 90 lbs.
Wheat, $1.90 per 125-lbs
Oats, $1.40 per 90 lbs.
Oat Chop, $.95 per 60 lbs.
Barley Chop, $1.10 per 70 lbs.
Whole Corn, $2.00 per 100 lbs.
Cracked Corn, $2.10 per 100 lbs.
Bran: $.90 per 70 lbs.

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You must see these goods to fully appreciate their quality

The same may be said of our dress skirts, and fall waists. Inspect these lines. They are sure to please.

Come in and let us show you real quality in Men's light and heavy wool Undergarments. You cannot do better when buying woolens than to buy the best. Cheap woolen underwear is dear at any price.

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