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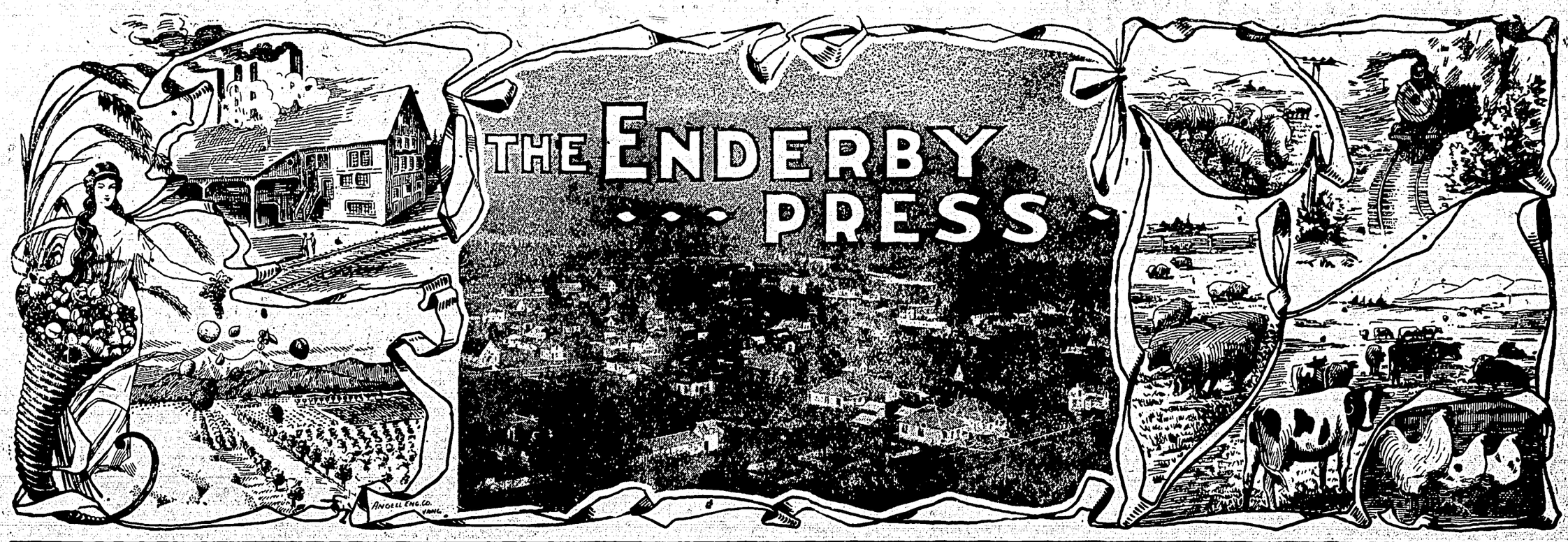

Enderby, B. C., July 22, 1909 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 2; No. 21; Whole No. 73

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

Geo. Bell is visiting the coast cities, to be absent a week.

A. E. Taylor returned from Seattle Wednesday morning.

Don't forget to pay your taxes in time to save the discount.

Thos. Pound returned from the Winnipeg Fair Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Carter, of Cranbrook, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Keith.

Miss Alice Munson, of Seattle, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred. Stevens.

An 8-foot sidewalk is being laid in front of the Bell property on Cliff street.

V. C. Brimacombe leaves on a few week's visit to the coast to-morrow afternoon.

The city just sold the street-improvement 6-per cent. bonds at a premium of 2.29.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fortune returned from their eastern visit on Tuesday morning.

The ladies of the Methodist church are holding a social on Peter Greyell's lawn to-morrow evening.

The Post Office was moved into the new quarters in the Bell block this week; also Hendrickson's barber shop.

Willey Barrows, foreman of the lumber mill, is sojourning at the Hot Springs, trying to boil out the rheumatism.

Mrs. A. Polson, with her son and daughter, of Winnipeg, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. Polson for a few days the past week.

The special sales being conducted for the balance of July by A. Fulton and W. T. Holtby, are attracting buyers from all parts of the District.

All trade licenses expired July 15th. If you have not already renewed, better do so at once, as the penalty for trading without a license is a heavy one. *a*

Mr. Murphy has set out a row of very handsome shade trees in front of the King Edward hotel. They are the Ornamental Plane, or buttonwood variety.

For socials and parties, there isn't anything quite so satisfying as Slater's ice cream. Supplied in any quantity at special prices to societies and church aids. *a*

The A. R. Rogers Co. is short of help. Ten cars of lumber a day could be shipped if the men could be found to load them. The lumber yards are making big demands on the mill, and future market shows no sign of the demand growing less.

Mr. Recardo and Mr. Cordy, officers of the Okanagan Fruit Union, visited Enderby the past week and completed arrangements for the temporary handling of its business at this point. G. R. Lawes will on August 2nd, open for business for the Fruit Union, at his packing house. The Union will deal in all kinds of fruit and produce, paying cash or handling it on commission. As early as possible the Union will erect on the track at Enderby a well-equipped warehouse and cooling plant.

We wonder how much longer the sidewalk improvement committee is going to permit the 2-plank toe-path to disgrace Cliff street, from Belvedere to the Bank of Montreal.

Some uneasiness has been felt by many from fear of a fire being started from the sawmill burner, but we are assured by the company that danger of fire from the burner has been reduced to the minimum. Two men are on watch night and day, and the company's hose-reel is always on hand for immediate use.

When this profound psychological question is metaphysically and empirically settled, and materially and spiritually worn out, or words to that effect, we hope our patient and long-suffering readers will sleep better. In the meantime, if the three subscribers who stopped their paper will call at the office we shall be delighted to give them a copy, and thus make it unnecessary for them to borrow their neighbor's.

The ladies of the town have joined with Mrs. Polson, and will give a social on the lawn of Mr. Polson's home, Thursday, July 29, in aid of the fund being raised to to furnish an Enderby ward in the Vernon hospital.

The pound by-law as amended and passed by the City Council, pays 25c to the person driving an animal to pound, and makes it a punishable offense to tether or pasture horses or cattle on the city streets and public places.

Buy your Fruit Jars at Robinson's. You can save money; quarts, $1.20 per dozen. *a*

Tendered Honorarium

At the meeting of the City Council Monday evening, the following resolution was placed upon the minutes:

Whereas, a fire took place on July 2nd, 1909, at the premises occupied by J. A. Dake, jeweler, in the city of Enderby, under such circumstances as to arouse a strong suspicion of incendiarism; and, whereas, incendiarism is one of the most serious dangers to which the community is exposed, and is a crime which it is frequently difficult to bring home to its perpetrators; and, whereas, Mr. Basil Gardom, acting as Provincial Constable, has investigated this occurrence with untiring perseverance, exhibiting exceptional skill in ferreting out evidence and in handling same at the preliminary hearing in the police court; now, therefore, be it

Resolved: That we, the Corporation of the City of Enderby, in open council assembled, do hereby tender to Mr. Basil Gardom the expression of our high appreciation of the valuable service he has rendered to this community, and through this community to the Province at large; and we ask his acceptance of the hearty and unanimous thanks of the city, together with an honorarium of one hundred dollars.

When the day is hot, stop at Robinson's and have a cool, refreshing dish of Slater's Armstrong creamery ice cream. *a*

Buy your Fruit Jars at Robinson's. You can save money; pints 90c dozen. *a*

Buy your Fruit Jars at Robinson's. You can save money; half-gallons, $1.30 per doz. *a*

Moffet's Best at Robinson's $1.75 per 50-lb sack. *a*

WALKER'S WEEKLY

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

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

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

H. M. WALKER

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

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

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Pa says: "The real evil is not in butting in, but butting in at the unpsychological moment.

FROM ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

IF one were to set out to find God—which is Love—the last place on earth in which he would be likely to find Him would be in a theological seminary. And the man who is likely to know least about God—which is Love—is the man who carries about with him a burden of electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels. If you want to find God go and dig in the sand with the children, or hoe in the garden—then you will forget all about electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels, and God—which is Love—will come to you. In forgetting your electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels, you leave them behind, and become an untrammeled agency of expression for the Divine. The shackles are thrown off, and you are free. A new light comes into the eyes; you are born again; born into a new world. In the men and women about you, you see Gods in the chrysalis. Here and there you see one working like a pismire budging his burden of electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels, along life's weary way, and you call to him to leave his burden and go and dig in the sand with the children, or hoe in the garden and find God—which is Love—but he budges, and budges, and budges his burden of electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels, and---the world moves on.

Somebody has said that "the only education that counts evolves Character. Next comes Competence, which is the ability to be useful. Third, and last come Facts—but these can be secured through a clerk, the others you have to work for." Some men evolve by working their besom up into beautiful things; fruits and flowers about the home, or works of art to be placed within. Others never evolve at all. They work their besom up into bile over electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels. The joy of service is not for them; the pleasure of digging in the sand with the children, or hoeing in the garden, and thus "sweating-in" God---which is Love—they never have tasted. And, as a result, what comes from them is---electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds, old barrels. And these they fight for.

Men of this class do not see God in the chrysalis in the men and women about them in the here and now. The way to God through them is by the burden of electrotypes, old books, old sermons, old creeds and old barrels. Their martyrs, and men and women of heroic service, are all in the dim and musty past, or cavorting in some far-away missionary field. To them the heroism of the mothers in our homes is nothing, and the gallantry of modern business vulgar and sinful.

NEVER have the newspapers throughout America been so unanimous on any question as they have in criticising the policy of the missionary societies in sending white women into the Chinese quarters of our large cities to do evangelistic work. And Helen F. Clark, for 17 years director of the mission named after her in New York, says:

"There are more women missionaries degraded by Chinese men than there are Chinese converted. All about me I have seen the ruined and wrecked homes. It is the attraction of sex that predominates in both cases, not that of religion."

The Saturday Sunset says:

What sort of religion is it that counts the alleged salvation of a lustful or calculating Chink a gain at the cost of a decent girl's ruin. If this is religion it's a mighty long ways from Christianity. But, then, it is argued in some quarters that the church of today is more religious than Christian.

"Bruce" says further:

"A year or so ago this paper shocked and pained the righteous Montreal Witness and other sentimentalists by stating that the system of white women evangelizing Chinamen was productive of more evil than good. This was based upon the writer's personal knowledge of the ruin of two or three young women in Toronto and Montreal. It was argued that it were better to let fifty Chinks go to perdition than that one pure girl should be defiled in their filthy dens.

Another writer makes this suggestion:

The least those Chinese missions can do, in all decency, is to provide chaperons of sufficient plainness of appearance, to look after the young women teachers. It might cut down the attendance of the Celestials and curtail the great and grand work of "conversion"; but it would relieve the public mind and remove one reflection on a so-called "Christian" work.

A CLEAN COAL TOWN.

Cardiff is a World Centre in Fuel Handling, Bnt is Trim and Pretty—Ships of all Nations Seen.

(W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.)

Cardiff, Wales.—The pre-conceived impressions of Cardiff are very far from accurate. People generally suppose it to be a sooty and ugly coal town, with a thick atmosphere and processions of grim miners passing through the streets between the shafts and their slate thatched cottages. On the contrary, it is one of the prettiest cities in the kingdom, with wide, clean streets, lined with shade trees and rows of comfortable villas, with flower gardens, shrubbery, and clinging vines, which at this time of year are ablaze with color.

Although Cardiff handles more coal than any other place in the world, and that is the chief occupation of its citizens, a stranger might live here for a year without suspecting such a thing from appearances. There isn't a mine within nine miles of the place, and the coal is carried directly from the shafts in railway trains to the docks, which lie some distance below the residence portion of the city. They are reached by a long street that is inhabited by people of every clime on earth, chiefly sailor folk, who have been stranded here at the end of voyages or are keeping boarding-houses and shops for the patronage of their fellow-countrymen who come here by the sea.

The coal of Cardiff goes to every port except those of the United States. It can be found at almost every factory in the world outside of our country and furnishes steam to move the fleets of nearly every nation. Hence the shipping that comes to Cardiff represents a corresponding number of countries, and perhaps no other city except be it Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez Canal, or Panama, or Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan, has so many races represented in its population. If you will take a tramcar from the city to the docks you can se signs in almost every language hanging over the doors of shops and restaurants and boarding-houses.

Six miles north of Cardiff a long range of hills, averaging 700 or 800 feet high, runs east and west for fifty-six miles, and they are formed of coal of various grades and values. The slopes of this ridge are covered with coal pits and the villages of miners that work in them. The best quality of coal comes from Rhondda and Aberdare, and it is probably the best fuel used by man. All the coal is brought by railways that pass the mouths of the mines to the docks of Cardiff, where the cars are sorted on different sidings and switched to the quays, where the vessels lie ready for loading. All kinds of vessels and all sizes are awaiting cargoes, and experience has taught the men who manage the business how to handle the coal with the least labor and the least expense. The docks belong to the Marquis of Bute, or at least he is the principal stockholder, holding $27,500,000 of the shares of the $30,000,000 company formed by his grandfather many years ago.

Cardiff is a very ancient town. It dates back to the days of the Roman, who had a strong fortress here, the remains of which have been excavated and thoroughly explored by competent archeologists under the direction and at the expense of the late Marquis of Bute. The Normans followed the Romans, and held sway for several centuries, and other races came in turn with various stirring events and incidents, of which the old castle was the centre. Robert, Duke of Normandy, a weak and dissipated son of William the Conqueror, was kept in prison here nearly all his life and died at Cardiff Castle in 1134 in the eightieth year of his age.

In those days Southern Wales was an agricultural country and it was not until the discovery, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, that iron could be smelted with mineral fuel, that the coal deposits in this neighborhood were recognized as valuable.

Originally the coal was transported on the backs of mules and horses until 1800, when a canal was built by the iron masters and then the importance of Cardiff rapidly increased. According to documentary evidence held here, Robert Thomas, of Waun Dylit, was the first man to use coal for the generation of steam, and it is a coincidence of great interest that his granddaughter became the wife of Sir William Thomas Lewis, general manager of the Cardiff docks and of all the interests of the Marquis of Bute in this vicinity. Sir William Thomas has recently resigned because of his advanced age, having been in his present position for more than fifty years. It was his energy and genius that developed the city of Cardiff to its present importance.

It should be said, however, that the late Marquis of Bute, the grandfather of the present marquis, and the owner of the property, was the inspiring genius and furnished the capital with which the work was done. Born in 1793, he succeeded to the title and vast estates that had been in his family for generations when but 21 years of age. He soon realized the enormous wealth nature had stored upon his property in the range of hills I have mentioned, and undertook to develop it. He determined first to build a series of docks which would enable ocean-going ships to come nearer to the canal which brought the coal down from the mines, and in 1830 obtained an act of Parliament granting that privilege. They were speedily constructed, proved eminently successful and have been extended from time to time until now the docks of Cardiff have an area of 160 acres, and last year handled 17,369,175 tons of coal.

This was high water mark in the history of its traffic, and an increase of more than 100 per cent. from the year 1890. The clearances last year numbered 8,027 steamers and 1,548 sailing vessels, making a total of 9,575 vessels of 5,155,427 tons.

The machinery and appliances used upon the docks for loading and unloading vessels are of the latest and most approved patterns, being invented by Sir William Thomas Lewis, the general manager, and Mr. Hunter, the late engineer in charge. They are capable of lifting and dumping into the hold of a vessel a car of twenty-three tons of coal, and can load a cargo of 10,000 tons in 24 hours. The machinery is similar in some respects to that used at Cleveland, Ashtabula and other coal ports on the great lakes, and I wish I had the records of loading and unloading vessels at those ports to compare with those that have been made here at Cardiff, but experts who are interested in a subject can make their own comparisons.

The best records ever made on the Cardiff docks are as follows:

Steamship Samoa was loaded with 9,234 tons of coal in 28 hours, an average of 330 tons per hour.

Steamship Iran was loaded with 9,213 tons in twenty-six and one-half hours, an average of 347 tons per hour.

Steamship Islam loaded 7,506 tons in twenty hours, an average of 477 tons per hour.

Steamship Lady Lewis loaded 4,733 tons in ten hours, an average of 477 tons per hour.

Steamship Askehall loaded 6,715 tons in eleven working hours, an average of 610 tons per hour.

The manager of the docks here insists that the latter record has never been beaten, but I am confidant that it has been surpassed in Cleveland and Ashtabula and other lake ports many times.

Until 1887 Lord Bute personally owned and controlled the docks, the railroads and the coal traffic at Cardiff. But in that year, in order to relieve himself of care and responsibility, he organized a $30,000,000 company and sold $2,500,000 worth of stock to several of his friends and to his principal employees. The corporation is called the Cardiff Railway Company, as it owns the railway lines to the mines as well as the docks; Lord Edmund Talbot is the chairman and Sir William Talbot Lewis has been general manager until his resignation a few days ago. His successor has not been appointed. The company owns about 500 acres of land on both banks of the harbor, so that it can increase its facilities wherever necessary. In addition to the coal docks there is a large cattle yard with slaughter-houses and cold storage warehouses, imported merchandise, two large dry docks for repairing steamers; machine shops and other appurtenances required for handling the enormous traffic which passes through this port. The steamers that come here for coal usually bring cargoes of ore and general merchandise, which is shipped by rail to various parts of the kingdom. Last year the imports amounted to about 6,000,000 tons, comprising timber, iron and provisions and general merchandise for distribution in Wales and other parts of the kingdom, and there were nearly 3,000,000 tons of exports in addition to the 17,000,000 tons of coal.

The revenues of the dock company are about $800,000 a year, most of which goes into the pockets of the Marquis of Bute, who, next to the Duke of Westminster, is the richest man in the British Empire.

The present marquis is a young man of only 26 years of age, who came into the title and estates upon the death of his father in 1900. Four years ago he married Miss Bellingham, daughter of Lord Bellingham, an Irish peer, and they have two children, a boy and a girl.

The late Marquis of Bute was a man of remarkable ability and a distinguished career. He is the hero of Disraeli's novel, "Lothair," the most striking incident in which is his conversion from the Church of England to the Roman Catholic faith by Mgr. Capel, a celebrated scholar, who afterward lived in California. The late marquis distinguished himself by his piety and his benevolence. And upon his death his body was taken to the Holy Land and buried in a shrine he had erected for that purpose on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, just outside of Jerusalem.

The principal residence of the Bute family is Mount Stuart, on the Isle of Bute, at the mouth of the River Clyde, in Scotland, and it is one of the largest and most imposing private houses in the world, having more than a hundred rooms and several magnificent apartments. Cardiff Castle has been in the family for many generations, and the late marquis devoted much thought and large sums of money to the restoration of this noble and deeply interesting architectural monument. It is now in an almost perfect condition, and one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in existence. It consists of two court yards, the first having been occupied by the retainers of the early dukes and the inner yard devoted to the personal life of their families. The inner yard was thus completely protected and could not be entered except after overcoming the guards in the outer court.

Visitors are shown through the state apartments every day except Sunday, and have an opportunity to see a curious series of rooms which the late marquis decorated and furnished with lavish extravagance in the great square tower. As the tower is 119 feet high and some thirty feet square, the rooms are one above the other, occupying five storeys, and are connected by narrow stone stairways. The kitchen is at the top of the tower and under are what is known as the summer smoking-room, the winter smoking-room, a library, a bedroom with a Roman bath in marble, and on the roof is a garden protected by a high balustrade.

There are a number of other fine rooms in the castle, a library, a banqueting hall, drawing-room and a private chapel in which the second Marquis of Bute died suddenly on March 18, 1848. His bust in marble stands upon the exact spot where he died.

There is a handsome statue of this marquis near the railway station, which was erected by the citizens of Cardiff in appreciation of his services to the city.

Besides the castle the only other building of antiquity is St. John's Church, with a beautiful mediaeval tower erected by Lady Anne, daughter of Warwick, the Duke of Warwick, the "king maker," and the Queen of Richard III., Duke of Gloster. The church was carefully restored in 1897, and is one of the finest monuments in England. Within its aisles are buried the ancestors of the Bute family, several of the Earls of Pembroke and other famous men.

Cardiff, has recently provided itself with a handsome city hall and court house, which occupy sightly locations adjoining the old castle in what is known as Cathay's Park. The town hall has a frontage of 265 feet, with a handsome dome and a tower, and the law courts have a frontage of 320 feet and in every way are admirable. A new building for the University of Wales is now under construction in the same par, and it is proposed to add a museum of corresponding architecture, thus completing one of the most stately groups of municipal buildings in Europe.

The university is flourishing, although it was founded only in 1883, as I wrote you the other day, by the Federation of the Colleges at Abersystwyth, Bangor and Cardiff. They are entirely independent of each other, except that they are governed by the central board of control, of which the Prince of Wales is chancellor. There is now a faculty of twenty-eight professors here, and the register bears the names of 717 students.

The Baptists have a college and theological seminary here which dates back to 1807, and is a prosperous, useful institution. There is a technical school, maintained by the municipality with a large number of students, and a public library with about 30,000 volumes, including the largest and most valuable collection of Welsh literature in existence.

Altogether Cardiff is a very attractive place.

ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

Electric Lighted Steamboats Furnish Good Meals.

Four steamers are now running regularly on the Victoria Nyanza. The Winifred and her sister boat the Sybil, of 600 tons each, can spread canvas at need and have cabins and dining rooms lighted and cooled by electricity.

A double awning of canvas protects the passengers from the equatorial sun, but they are advised to wear hats even when under the awning. The firemen and deck hands are half naked negroes and the cook and steward are Hindus or halfbreeds.

The English officers and a few first class passengers are the only white people on board, but Arabs, Eurasian and Hindu traders and money lenders and halfbreed traders, often formerly slavers, with Sikh, Somali and Egyptian soldiers, are likely to be represented among the second class passengers.

The food is well cooked and the variety sufficient for the cost, which is about $1.65 a day without extras. You can have a cup of tea or coffee and a biscuit before breakfast at 8 o'clock, when fish, eggs, bacon, toast, fruit, marmalade, coffee and tea are served.

At 1 o'clock a very substantial lunch of soup, meats, currie with rice and dessert, and a very hearty dinner at 8 o'clock in the evening certainly give the traveller all that he ought to eat in this climate. Nearly all the English travellers keep up the custom of "taking a peg" at or after lunch or dinner.

A "peg" (Anglo-Indian slang) may mean a drink of any kind, but is usually a mixed drink, such as whiskey or brandy and soda water, claret cup, half and half or the like. The lake water, duly cooled, is good enough for a "cold peg," says a writer in the National Magazine, and the tea and coffee are fairly excellent.

The Ultimate Consumer.

"Now here," said the man in authority at the public library, "is a rare old book that cost us $250, and we were glad to get it even at that."

"Shade of John Gutenberg!" exclaimed the frequent visitor. "Does anybody ever want to look at it?"

"No."

"Then what satisfaction is there in having it on hand?"

"O, well, perhaps a hundred years from now some antiquarian will find it here and will be half trekled to death to look it over."

"Isn't it a shame to keep these poor lions caged." "Lady," answered the keeper at the zoo, "they're much happier and safer there than they would be roaming the African jungles."—Washington Star.

Hook—Is Scribbler a writer of fiction Nye—Yes; he's the author of "How to Live on Eight Dollars a Week."

The noble-minded dedicate themselves
To the promotion of the happiness
Of others—even those who injure them.
True happiness consists in making others happy.
—Kiratarjuniva of Bharavi.

Cincinnati despatch: Dr. John Uri Lloyd, a great student of the Hindu philosophers, has adopted Bharavi's motto as his own.

Dr. Lloyd is an author, whose "Stringtown on the Pike" was one of the most charming of the six best sellers of half a dozen years ago. He is also a chemist of high rank. Thirdly he is a manufacturer.

It's easy to carry this idea— giving happiness to others—into literature. It isn't impossible to carry it into a chemical laboratory.

The difference in Dr. Lloyd's case is that he has posted it over his desk in his factory—that he runs his factory by it.

There's a business man in New York State who talks and writes much about the brotherhood of man, and the beauty of co-operation, and the happiness which work brings to all. But he has a time clock in his plant, holds wages to the lowest point the trade will allow and "docks" his fellow workers for being late.

But Dr. Lloyd doesn't do these things. His employees—he calls them assistants—sing as they work. They get their own meals at noon, and the boss eats with them, and talks with them.

Time clock—no. If a girl is late at the Lloyd chemical works—well, there must have been some good reason. No one asks why.

On his sixtieth birthday, recently, John Uri Lloyd ordered a great crate of roses, enough for every worker in his plant. His employees come to him with their troubles. When a girl gets married, they have a banquet for her and presents and flowers. She names her own successor.

"We're just like a big family," said Lloyd as he looked over his plant, which employs close to 100 people, mostly girls.

The Lloyd plant is a prosperous one, and well known among scientific men clear around the world. Its head is called a good business man. But other factory owners would throw up their hands in horror if they took a walk through the Lloyd plant.

"I figured this way," said Dr. Lloyd. "Happiness is the thing we want. Money brings happiness occasionally—oftener not. I can make a lot of other people happy by running my factory as I do. I've got enough money to be comfortable. I want to spend it myself, not leave it for executors to fight over. Long ago I came to the decision that Bharavi's theory was right. After trying it, I am still convinced."

CRUELTY OF THE SPARROWS.

Shown in a Raid Upon the Nest of Robins.

(N. Y. Sun.)

"I have always had a kind word for the English sparrow," said a suburbanite, "but I have had to change my mind. I'm afraid I did not know the English sparrow after all.

"An old fashioned grapevine clambers over the lattice work of a back porch that a window at which I sit a great deal looks out upon. The porch is not more than eight feet wide, and so I was surprised this spring to see a pair of robins pre-empt a nook among the branches of the grapevine and make preparations for building their nest there, almost within reach of where I sat.

"I sat there every day and watched the progress of that nest building, from the wonderful weaving of the outer walls with straw and sticks and bits of string, the fashioning of them into the strong and symmetrical rim of the cuplike interior of the lining of this with softer and warmer material.

From the beginning of the nest building by the robins I noticed that groups of sparrows watched the progress of the work, twittering all the time cheerily and evidently greatly interested in the proceedings, but not once exhibiting any hostility against the robins, which I had always been told were especially attacked by the pugnacious sparrows, and persistently driven away from them. This conduct of the sparrows pleased me.

"'Instead of pitching into the robins and driving them away,' said I, 'the sparrows are actually making them welcome and cheering them on and encouraging them. How easy it is to give a thing a bad name!'

"The robins at last finished their nest and the female began her laying. The time came when the female robin remaining on the nest showed that her eggs were all in the nest and she had begun their incubation.

"Then the utter wickedness of sparrows was revealed to me. This was the time they had been waiting for.

"Nothing could be plainer, for poor Mrs. Robin had settled herself on her eggs but a very short time, when, as if by prearrangement, sparrows came pouncing down upon her from every direction their cheerful chirping changed to vicious shrieks. The robin, taken by surprise by this fierce and sudden assault, made a desperate effort to defend herself and her home, aided by her mate, who came hurriedly to the spot from his perch in an adjacent apple tree.

"Very soon the two birds were routed by the overpowering number of sparrows and were chased away by them. The robins alighted in a tree on the edge of the garden and made frequent and frantic essays at returning to the vine as with the hope of recapturing their home, but were each time met by a horde of sparrows and driven back.

"Meantime another lot of the vicious little maranders were busy at dismantling the robins' nest. They tumbled the pretty eggs out of the nest and smashed them on the porch floor, and then picked and tore at the nest until they had a big hole through the bottom of it and its sides were broken and ragged. The work of ruin complete, the sparrows seemed to exult over their dastardly work.

"With the departure of the sparrows from the vine the robins ventured back to the scene and not a sparrow interfered with their return. The grief of the robins was pitiful to see, and after fluttering about their ruined home a while and inspecting it while the sparrows watched them from all sides, chattering like so many little fiends in enjoyment of the discomfiture of the robins, the despoiled pair flew to the apple tree, sat there a few moment in silent and mournful contemplation of the wreck of their home and hopes, and then flew away and came back no more.

"That the sparrows had daily watched that pair of robins patiently build their nest and waited until the eggs had been deposited in the nest, twittering and chirping cheerily and encouragingly at them as the work progressed, so that the work of destruction they were intending in their wicked little hearts might be the more overwhelming and complete, I had no more doubt than that the nest was built.

"It was a case of premeditated vandalism of the most heartless kind and not only changed my opinion of the English sparrow, but changed it so thoroughly that I am scattering lead among them now with a shot-gun instead of crumbs with my hand."

SCOTCH CRIME.

The Year 1908 Was a Black Year For Scotland.

The year 1908 was rather a black one in Scotland, for crimes of many kinds increased. In the annual report of the Prison Commissioners for Scotland, issued recently as a blue book, it is stated that in 1908 the number of commitments of ordinary prisoners during the year was 62,182, an increase of about 1,000 on the previous year. There was also a rise in the daily average number of ordinary prisoners. This number reached 2,762, a figure which is beyond any of the recorded averages for the last 55 years.

It is fate that makes a champion of one man and a punching bag of another.

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FOREST RESERVES

The Dominion forest reserves occupy an important place in the report for the year 1908 of the Superintendent of Forestry. Mr. R. H. Campbell, which has lately been issued. The Riding Mountain reserve, the largest of these, is the most fully treated. Its topography and condition in regard to lumbering are noted and emphasis is placed on the important place it must occupy in regard to the water supply of the adjacent country, both for domestic and industrial purposes. An evidence of the latter is the granting of permission to the Minnedosa Power Co. of Minnedosa, Man., to erect a dam on Clear Lake, in the reserve, so as to render the water of the Little Saskatchewan available for the production of power. The timber survey of the reserve is practically completed. The fire ranging service on the reserve, and, in addition, on the Duck Lake and Porcupin reserves, was during the year previous (1907), organized with a Chief Ranger in charge and six assistant rangers. The protection of game on the reserve is also being given consideration.

An important aspect of the management of the Moose Mountain reserve results from its use as a summer resort, especially along the shore of Fish Lake. Regulations for granting occupation of camping sites by lease or otherwies are under consideration. The main question in the management of the reserve is its protection from fire. The setting aside of a permanent forest reserve to the north of the Saskatchewan River, opposite Prince Albert, has also been recommended. Notice is also taken of the resolution passed by the Irrigation Convention in 1907, favoring a forest reserve on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

TIMBER REGULATIONS.

The amended timber regulations adopted in December, 1907, are given in full. The main principle of these is that the timber is to be sold by public auction at the office of the timber agent for the district, and that before being offered for sale each berth shall be surveyed and shall be examined by a competent cruiser. The timber cruiser then submits a sworn report as to the quantity and value of the timber and on this report an upset price for the berth is fixed by the Minister of the Interior.

FIRE RANGING.

During the season of 1907 forty-seven fire rangers were employed patrolling the forest reserves and forested districts, distributed as follows: British Columbia railway belt, 21; eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains (from the international boundary to the Saskatchewan River), 7; Edmonton district, 5; Prince Albert district, 7. Rangers were also kept along the C. N. R. from Erwood to The Pas, two along the Athabaska River from Athabaska Landing to Lake Athabaska, and in the Lesser Slave district. Attention is called to the great risk of fire along the G. T. P. construction. Reports of extensive damage by fire to forests in the district west of Edmonton were not, however, officially confirmed.

A strong plea is made for the extension of adequate fire protection to the forest country north of the Saskatchewan, stretching from Hudson Bay to the Rockies.

TREE DISTRIBUTION.

The value of the work of the forestry branch in the free distribution of trees from Indian Head to farmers in the Northwest is noted, and suggestions made for improved facilities at the Nursery station. The report of the chief of the tree planting division, Mr. N. M. Ross, which forms an appendix to the superintendent's report, announces a distribution of over 1,700,000 trees in the spring of 1907. In 1908 trees were sent to 1,424 applicants; of these 464 were in Manitoba, 659 in Saskatchewan, and 301 in Alberta. Planting on the spruce woods forest reserve, the growth of conifers at Indian Head and the permanent plantations at the Nursery station are also discussed.

IRRIGATION.

The subject of irrigation, which also is placed under the superintendent of forestry, constitutes an important part of the report.

The importance of a proper hydrographic survey is dwelt upon. "The determination of the water supply is of the greatest importance, not only to the irrigation interests, but for the municipal supply of the rapidly developing towns of the west, for the operation of railways and for the convenience of the growing population. As the administration of the water resources of this great district is under the control of the Dominion the responsibility for dealing with this subject rests upon the Federal authorities, and the importance of the interests involved would justify the increased expenditure that may be necessary to place the hydrographic survey on an efficient basis."

The inadequacy of the work so far done and the difficulties of the present situation are dwelt upon and the progress made in this line of work in the neighboring states of the Union referred to.

The Irrigation Act is also touched upon. The general principle of the law is stated as follows: "The principle of the law is that the water is public property and that any rights to the use of it do not convey any property in it, but are granted for beneficial use in connection with a specific location. If any larger right were permitted to exist, a right to water might be held speculatively and not used beneficially. One person or company might get control of the water and have a monopoly which would place the holders of land dependent on the stream at their mercy. The evidence of experience is against the unrestricted transfer of water rights, and the proper policy seems to be to adhere in the main to the principle already established by the Act of making the right to the use of water appurtenant to the land."

The ammendments to the act are noted, and also recommendations made by various bodies for its amendment, with reasons for and against the suggested amendments and their final disposition.

The "duty of water" and its determination is also taken up.

During the year 1907, 139 sales of land, covering a total area of 62,332 acres, for reclamation by irrigation were made. Sales of 470,000 acres to the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Co. and of 380,573 acres to the Southern Alberta Land Co. were also under way. Reference is also made to the first Canadian Irrigation Conference at Calgary in July, 1907.

NATIONAL PARKS.

The taking over the Dominion Parks by the Department and the organizing of their administration is also treated. During the year (1907) Elk Park had been fenced, in order to confine the buffalo, and a new reserve—Buffalo Park—had been set aside.

Reports from Norman M. Ross, chief of the tree planting division, James Leamy, Crown Timber Agent at New Westminster, John Stewart, Commissioner and Chief Engineer of Irrigation, and other officers of the Branch are given as appendices.

The report is illustrated by a dozen fine full-page half-tone cuts. Copies may be obtained on application to the Superintendent of Forestry, R. H. Campbell, Esq., Ottawa.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

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

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Not An Authority.

Jones—Is your wife fond of the society of gentlemen?

Brown—I asked her that question once and she said that without experience she could not say.—Smart Set.

Husband—But, my dear, you women wouldn't vote if you had the right.

Wife—I know it.

Husband—Then why do you want to?

Wife—Because you men won't let us.

"How did you come here, my poor man?" asked the sympathetic visitor.

"Well, mum, in de first place I went into a dental parlor and had a toothe pulled," explained No. 2323.

"Gracious! And did you take anything before you had it extracted?"

"Yes, mum, I took a set of gold teeth en a case of tools en walked out. Dat's how I landed here, mum."—Chicago News.

A tramp giving the name of Robt. Conway, who insisted on forcing himself into a section house near Gleichen, Man., after warning, was shot by the sectionman with a rifle. The bullet struck him in the thigh, passing down into the calf. He will probably lose a leg.

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N.J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering."—Mrs. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

When Love is Young

She was sixteen and he was seventeen and they were engaged. No one knew anything about it but her girl chum and his boy chum, and they had promised never to mention it until permitted to do so.

He was going to college in the autumn and she to boarding school, so it was considered wiser not to mention the engagement, for parents are such hard-hearted mortals sometimes.

So she wore his class pin and he wore her ring on his little finger and they felt very grown-up and happy.

That ring, however, was the only crumpled roseleaf in his content. It was a foolish, girly thing with pearls and a little blue stone, and it went sorely against his manly dignity to wear it for fear the fellows would laugh at it.

But she had given it to him with an air of such sweet seriousness that he had not the heart to say anything, so he wore it loyally and uncomplainingly.

Of course, it would be years before they could marry, but they had promised to wait for each other and to be true to each other, no matter how hard and unfeeling their parents might prove to be.

There was a certain delicious excitement about imagining their every-day, ordinary parents in the light of cruel ogres.

"It may even be," he said, with gloomy determination, "that we will have to elope if they refuse consent."

And she gazed at him in big-eyed admiration and promised to wait for him forever, and never, never, never to look at any other boy.

That night she dreamed on a piece of her cousin's wedding cake, and she dreamed of him, so that was convincing proof that they were intended for each other.

For days the course of still love ran smooth, and then the serpent entered paradise.

A big cousin came to visit at her house and there was no doubt that he was a very taking young man. He was nineteen and he had travelled much and was already in his freshman year at college.

Could you blame her if she was just a wee bit dazzled by such grandeur, especially when the said grandeur showed very plainly that his pretty little cousin found favor in his eyes?

* * * * *

Perhaps she found it just a little bit exciting to show off this handsome cousin, and besides there was the delicious experience of arousing jealousy in the breast of her faithful sweetheart.

And oh, how jealous, how desperately miserably jealous he was!

His jealousy took the shape of extreme rudeness to both the girl and her cousin. Afterwards he would be horribly remorseful, but at the time he could not help it to save his life.

So one day after an unusual exhibition of jealousy he received a box containing his class pin and a tear-stained note telling him that all was over.

That night at dancing school she greeted him with a cool little nod, which he barely acknowledged, but oh, how two traitorous hearts did go pit-a-pat!

He had no intention of asking her to dance, nor she of accepting if he had, but it certainly was not their fault if two chums brought them face to face in a deserted room and then cruelly left them.

She looked at him in a frightened, imploring way. "Oh," she said. "I must go. I didn't know anyone was here. I——"

"No," he said, disagreeably. "Of course you did not know I was here or you would not have come. I suppose you were expecting your cousin, but he does not seem to be here. Where is he?"

"He has gone away," in a very small voice.

He could have shouted with delight, but no, he must not relent too soon, it was too delicious to feel that this feminine, frightened thing could quiver at his harshness. He had no idea that power could be so sweet.

Intuition may have told her how he gloried in his power, for suddenly she turned away, her head once more held high. "I must go now," she said, "good night."

In an instant he was after her.

"No, no, come back. I have something I want to give you. I bought it two weeks ago. Won't you take it?"

Wonderingly she took the little white satin box and opened it.

"For me?" she murmured.

"Yes, why? Do you like it?"

It was just a little gold band set with one tiny pearl, but a circle of brilliants could not have given more ecstasy.

All the troubles were forgotten, the handsome cousin faded from memory.

You know how it is, for you were sixteen or you are sixteen and you know how quickly love's barometer rises and falls.

And when an hour later as he walked home with her from dancing school she turned to him with a happy sigh and murmured, "I think that now we really are engaged, don't you?"

He thought so, and I think they really were, for a time at any rate.

At the Wrong House.

"No, ma'am," said the man with the valise; "I'm not trying to sell you a medicine that will cure all diseases. I'm not a doctor. I sell an elixir that keeps people from ever getting sick."

"I see. You are trying to put the doctors out of business. Well, my husband is a doctor, and you can get out of here!"

No, Maude, dear; the hair-dresser doesn't have to depend on the newspapers for her puffs.

FORTIFIED AT FIFTY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Health and Strength to Women at a Critical Time.

Few women reach the age of fifty without enduring much suffering and anxiety. Between the years of forty-five and fifty health becomes fickle and acute weaknesses arise with rheumatic attacks, pains in the back and sides, frequent headaches, nervous ailments and depression of spirits.

The secret of good health between forty-five and fifty depends upon the blood supply. If it is kept rich, red and pure, good health will be the result, and women will pass the critical stage in safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help women of mature years as no other medicine can, for they make the rich, red blood that means good health, and brings relief from suffering. Mrs. C. Donavon, Newcastle, N. B., says: "About two years ago I was greatly run down and very miserable. I did not know what was wrong with me. I was hardly able to drag myself about, had severe headaches and no appetite. I felt so wretched that I hardly cared whether I lived or not. I had often read of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others and I decided to try them, and I can now truthfully say I found them all they are recommended to be. Under their use my health gradually came back; I could eat better, sleep better and felt stronger in every way, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood. They actually make new blood. That is why they cure such troubles as rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney troubles, headaches, sideaches and backaches, and the ailments of growing girls and women of mature years. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Montenegro's National Dance.

The national dance of Montenegro is the "Kolo," somewhat similar to the "Horo" of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the Prince and his warlike deeds. The "Kolo" is always danced in any great national festival, and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

I never saw any dances in Northern Albania; though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beauteous maidens swaying gracefully after the style of nautch girls. A casual observer, who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegrin markets or to their great weekly gathering in the bazaar of Scutari, could never picture these stern, lean men dancing or at play. They never smile, and they look the life they lead, each clan ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. The Red Indian is not more stoical in his bearing than the Northern Albanian clansman.— May Wide World Magazine.

Keeping Time in Holland.

"Railroad time, as we generally understand the phrase in the United States is a little ahead of the 'town' time, but in The Hague, the quaint old capital of Holland, all private and unofficial clocks and watches are kept twenty minutes fast," said Gerald Wathall.

"When it is noon in the railway station, postoffice and other Government buildings of The Hague the timepieces in the shops and the watches of the sturdy burghers show 12.20 p.m. Just what reason there is for this I don't know, although I asked enlightenment in many quarters. It seems a custom that has been handed down for generations, and the Dutch are too conservative to change the ways of their progenitors tors without some mighty inducement."—From the Baltimore American.

A Trade Tip.

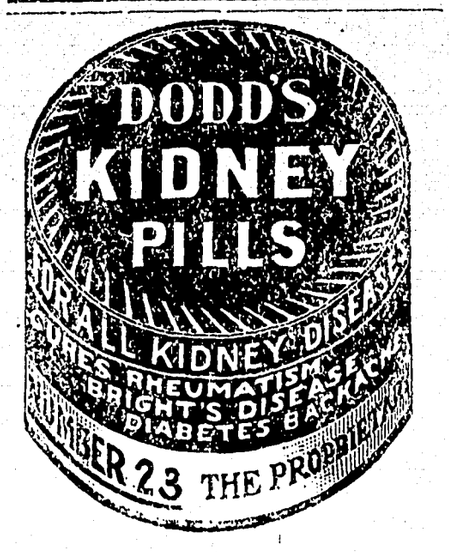
"Your cigars are no good. I'm going to get mine elsewhere."

"Don't do it. The other fellows have worse cigars than these."

"How do you know?"

"They buy them of me."

Wigwag (trying to think of insomnai)—When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week what do you call it? Youngpop—What is it, a boy or a girl?



C. P. R'S. WORK.

Spends Half Million a Year to Advertise Canada.

Publicity Service of the Canadian Pacific in All Parts of World.

(Montreal La Patrie.)

Canada, in spite of what is said by certain few people, who do not like the country because they have never seen it, is a land the progress of which in the twentieth century will be the wonder of the whole world. Our land is no longer unknown and we no longer hear people tell us that Canada is lost in the north of America and thus ignored. It is easy to know Canada when one is travelling, because there is much question of our country outside of America and it is but just to say that the Canadian Pacific has been the most important contributor to the spread of knowledge about it.

In the magnificent Windsor street building there is a small office in which some ten employees are at work under Messrs. W. T. Robson, George H. Ham and Thos. Bell. This office has a budget of half a million dollars. It is there that a literature of most truly Canadian character is sent throughout the whole world, spreading knowledge of our grand and beautiful country, its resources, its advantages, its magnificent distances and its bright future. It is there that pamphlets are drawn up that are read in Yokohama as well as in London, and which go to prove to the Europeans that Canada is one of the finest countries in the world. Millions of these pamphlets are spread broadcast, additional millions are published each year and they are written in this little office.

The publicity bureau of the Canadian Pacific is a marvel of organization as are all the departments of this powerful company.

Let us say at the start that all the expenses of the C. P. R. for publicity as well as for other purposes, are controlled by the president, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. He is all powerful. One of the officers of the company recently compared the organization of the C. P. R. to that of the Catholic hierarchy. The comparison was well taken, because the president occupies in the company a position closely resembling that of his Holiness, Pope Pius the Tenth. Surrounded by his vice-presidents (which we could compare to the cardinals of the Holy College) he directs the company. He asks for their advice, but may in fact take no notice thereof. It is he who controls the expense and the appropriations made for publicity purposes.

Every year de luxe editions are published covering cities interesting to the travelling public. Quebec is known throughout the entire world. Even the Chinese in Hong Kong have the advantage of reading pamphlets about Quebec just as the inhabitants of Quebec can learn all about the capital of China by reading literature concerning that country which the C. P. R. also publishes each year. Montreal also gets its share of the lime light for the company has published a very interesting pamphlet on the metropolis of Canada.

Those $500,000 spent for publicity pay only the expenses of the office of which Mr. Robson is the manager. There are hundreds and thousands of dollars spent by the company in other quarters for the same purpose. Thus there is a publicity bureau at London, Chicago, New York, Boston, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Yokohama, Japan and Hong-Kong, China. The most important of the foreign agencies is certainly the one in London. Moreover the company has a multitude of smaller European agencies all controlled by the London office. An observant traveller may in every city of Europe get in touch with the C. P. R. and so attain to knowledge of Canada.

The principal pamphlets now being prepared by the C. P. R. deal first with those cities of Canada which are apt to attract tourists. Then others expatiate upon the great riches of the Canadian west. It is not too much to say that the C. P. R. has been the first and best advertiser of our popular west.

Canada is prosperous because Canadians labor to make it so, but the chief accelerator of our progress of late years has been the advertising campaign of the C. P. R. One might say that our prosperity is bound up with the prosperity of this powerful company and it is but just to recognize the fact. As grows the Canadian Pacific so grows Canada. "The twentieth century is the century for Canada," is now the cry. That century is the century which will mark our most important progress, but we are obliged to recognize that much of that progress will be due to the C. P. R. We dedicate these few lines to those who are never tired of proclaiming that our country is unknown. Let them go to the four quarters of the globe and everywhere they may learn to know better the extent of our country and that of our great national railroad.

A keen eyesight and an abundance of daylight has heretofore been necessary for the purpose of sorting cigars into the various grades of color in which they are put up. All efforts to perform this operation by artificial light have been unsuccessful in the respect that the results were never satisfactory and the work was slow and severe on the eyes of the sorter. With the introduction of the new tungsten lamp it has been discovered that this work may be done with ease and satisfaction. There is a quality possessed by the illumination of these lamps that enables the sorter to detect the most delicate degrees of difference in the shading of the wrapper.

ENDERBY PRESS

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

JULY 22, 1909

Okanagan Fruit Union

IT is most gratifying to learn that it is the intention of the Okanagan Fruit Union to establish a branch at Enderby, and erect at this point a cold-storage house capable of handling the entire output of the Enderby District. The fruit shipments of the Okanagan Valley must eventually be handled entirely through a central organization, financially able to swing the business. This the Okanagan Fruit Union is well able to do. It has at its back the strongest financial men operating in the Valley and should give confidence to the small shipper, who has met with so many reverses in attempting to profitably dispose of his produce. The Provincial Government is supporting the Union, and lending every assistance possible. The selection of Mr. Lawes to handle the business at Enderby until such time as the cold-storage plant is erected here, will make it possible for the producers to get rid of their product at a profit and without loss.

Beautifying Enderby

TO fully appreciate what the home-makers of Enderby are doing in the way of a beautified Enderby, you should climb the hills in the Lawes-Barnes additions and look down upon the town, nestling snugly in the shadow of the hill, with the river flowing lazily at its feet. The grounds about almost every home show the work of earnest hands. Shade trees, climbing vines, flowerbeds and smooth green lawns all lend attractiveness and beauty to the landscape. The man whose eye for beauty is not enriched thereby is to be pitied. It would add thousands to the value of Enderby as a home city, if a road were built along the hill crest to give a pleasure driveway and at the same time open this property to homes.

Recognizing Ability

WHILE we do not believe as a general principle in voting honorariums to men for doing what they are paid to do, yet in the case of Provincial Constable Gardom and the excellent service he rendered the city in unearthing and bringing to light evidence in the Dake-Belmont affair, the city council paid a deserving tribute to the officer that will, we believe, meet with the approval of the rate-payers generally. As resident Provincial Constable at Enderby, Mr. Gardom has repeatedly rendered valuable service to the city for which no compensation was asked or given, and the honorarium given in recognition of his ability in handling the Dake case, is richly deserved.

Tribute to Our Roadmakers

ON returning from his recent Okanagan trip, Premier McBride expressed himself thus, of his trip from Enderby south: "Much of our travellihg in the Okanagan was done by auto, giving Mr. Taylor a chance to see the roads, and I may say that throughout the whole trip we found the roads in excellent shape and the people generally satisfied with the manner in which the money is expended. I consider that the country is getting good value and that the work is being done well and economically. We were greatly impressed with the magnificent progress in evidence all along the Okanagan Valley, a thrifty, well-to-do population, fine residences and every indication of comfort—an ideal spot for settlement."

PRO BONO PUBLICO

(Correspondents will please be brief and avoid personalities. The Editor reserves the right to reject any correspondence or part of correspondence that does not bear on the question at issue, or treats the subject in a personal interest rather than in the interest of the public. Be brief. Words do not make thought. Write over a nom de plume if you wish, but sign your name also.)

From Another Man's View Point

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: In reading your article of recent date, which has caused so much comment I felt that you used some unhappy illustrations, such as that of the camp-meeting, etc.,—very proper as mere illustrations, so long as the reader thinks of them as such, but which, being taken from another point of view, tend to irritate the minds of those who do not confine themselves to the object of the writer in using them.

I take it that your motive in the article was to show that fervor, religious or otherwise, is simply a force which can be used for good or evil according to the direction that it is given. For instance, the Apostle Paul was just as fervent in the earlier part of his life when he persecuted the followers of Christ, as in the latter part of his life when he preached Christ and followed him. The same power; it was only directed differently: just as earnest and conscientious in one case as in the other. And we find it so in our own day. The same fervor that will lead a man on to continuous religious action, and the preaching of—what is so called—the gospel of Christ, will drive him and his devotees to the intolerant extreme of stopping their subscription to the town paper just because the editor—though otherwise above reproach—dares to say something that is not in line with their way of thinking, thus giving vent in action to a spirit of intolerance which is the very opposite of the spirit of Christ, who said, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him", don't stop his paper or means of livelihood; or again, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you and pray for them that despitefully use you." However, if those who take offense do not carry out the Christ's injunction in the first sense, they may be practicing it in the last sense, and may be very fervent in their prayers for you, for it is much easier for some men to be theoretical than practical.

Now, sir, I feel very sorry for these people who have stopped their paper. Their fervency comes to the surface in still another form, namely that of curiosity. They are curious to know what the editor of the town paper is thinking. They are struck with the originality of his thought and the individuality of the man. They see that he is a man that does not make either a priest or pope of his minister, as most men do, but rather that he is a man like the great giant-slayer of the Bible who "Thought upon his ways, not his neighbor's ways." (See Ps. 119—57) Therefore they are curious to hear more of his logic. But now they have stopped their paper and cannot get his views without either buying a paper or borrowing a neighbor's, which thing they do, it being the cheapest and the least apt to reveal the different forms in which this spirit of fervency manifests itself, whether under the garb of religion or of revenge or spite.

And, now, in conclusion. A word on this spirit of intolerance. It is admitted by all broad-minded unprejudiced thinkers, that intolerance is the child of a narrow mind, the half-brother of prejudice. It is the spirit of all who are tied hand and foot to any system, whether religious or otherwise. Among the ancients there was a god or image representing each principle; that representing the principle of Love was angelic in appearance. The image representing Prejudice had neither eyes nor ears; could therefore neither see nor hear. So it is with all who are tied to a system of any kind, whether political or religious. If a man is a hide-bound Liberal he sees no good in his Conservative brother and vice versa. So with religionists. Here in our little town we find this spirit come to the surface in religious fervor manifested in extravagance and unchristly division and dissension

[Continued on page 5]

We handle the best Clothing made in Canada

Because they are made of absolutely pure wool fabrics only.

Because interlinings as well as woolens are double shrunken.

Because they have all the distinctive characteristics of fine custom tailoring.

Because they are cut over individual patterns and are guaranteed to fit.

Because they have more handwork than any other clothing of equal cost.

Never put your money into an inferior article in Foot wear. Get the Best

Swear off paying out good money for inferior shoes. Get the Walk-Over Habit

Come in and let us fit you out in Summer wearing apparel. The Best.

Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

Leaders in General Merchandise and Supplies

BEGINNING JULY 1st

we will give Goods Free for the amount of CASH sales, according to the following schedule:

6 Tea Spoons for $12.50 merchandise and $1.25 jewelry
6 Dessert Spoons for $20.00 merchandise and $2 jewelry
6 Table Spoons for $25 merchandise and $2.50 jewelry
6 Medium Forks for $25.00 merchandise and $2.50 jewelry
6 Medium Knives for $30 merchandise and $3 jewelry
1 Butter Knife for $3.50 merchandise and 35c jewelry
1 Sugar Shell for 3.55 merchandise and 35c jewelry

Call and get a card, which gives full particulars

SEE WINDOW FOR BARGAINS IN CHILDREN'S SHOES

Wheeler & Evans

Bargains in Furniture

You can buy the best in Furniture until the end of July at 20 per ct. off regular price.

W. T. HOLTBY

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

BRADLEY BLK. ENDERBY

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. This list of properties is not complete, as I am always adding to it. If you do not see what you want, write to

Chas. W. Little

Eldernell Orchard Mara, B. C.

PROTECT YOUR TREES

These destroyers cannot live where trees have been treated with

WARNOCK'S TREE PAINT

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

G. R. LAWES, Enderby, B. C.

Agents Wanted. Sole Manufacturer for B.C

F. T. TURNER

Plumbing and Steam Fitting

All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repaired

Rear Evans Blk Enderby

John S. Johnstone

Contractor and Builder, Enderby

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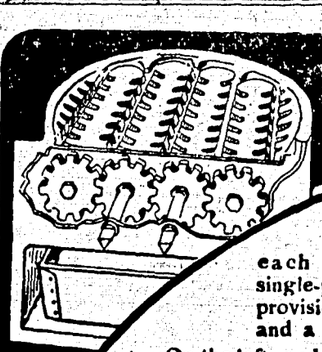

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On the left- and right-hand sides are cotter pins, which when loosened permit the grates to slide out. These four grate bars are made of heavy cast iron, and are finished up with bulldog teeth. The teeth will grind up the toughest clinker; and

SUNSHINE *furnace*

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McClary's

6

For sale by A. FULTON, Enderby

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Enderby, B. C.

PRO BONO PUBLICO

(Correspondents will please be brief and avoid personalities. The Editor reserves the right to reject any correspondence or part of correspondence that does not bear on the question at issue, or treats the subject in a personal interest rather than in the interest of the public. Be brief. Words do not make thought. Write over a nom de plume if you wish, but sign your name also.)

Another

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: I have read with a great deal of interest the letter in your issue of to-day, signed W. A. Gifford. I do not know Mr. Gifford, and I do not think that he knows me from Adam's off ox, but I would like to lock horns with him on the subject of your editorial to which he registers such a perfervid objection. Apparently his chief objection is to your audacity in declaring, or shall I say, suggesting, that even a missionary or pulpit orator may occasionally side-step. Does he really believe this? Surely not! If so his experience of missionaries must have been gained only in the office of the society to which he was attached; certainly not in the big school of experience.

"You knew a missionary." So did I, five of them that I can recall easily; drawing nice, comfortable salaries, too, and making nice, glib monthly reports to their societies that would draw tears from a graven image, and living in a way that would make the Sultan or Turkey blush. Three of them were at school with me, the other two were introduced to me by their fellow sinners, and I have entertained them all at different times. The experiences they have related to me would read like a page from Boccacio's "Decameron," but being related as clubman to clubman, and not as missionary to sceptic (as far as missionary work goes) I have not considered it my business to spoil their little game. If any one of them touches me for a five spot for his own use, he can, and has always been able to get it, but for missionary work! nothing doing.

I cannot help wondering whether your correspondent has had any actual experience of camp meetings. I do not mean the organized religious frenzy represented by a so-called "revival meeting," but a good old-fashioned camp meeting, starting with a barbecue for the crowd, and finishing with a free-for-all. If not, there is still some "life" for him to see, and his remark about camp-meetings leads me to believe that he has either missed or not had the opportunities which his fervor deserves.

Your correspondent's assertion that some of the largest church organizations could affirm that no such disaster as he refers to had ever happened in connection with their work, is surely nothing but a play on words. "In connection with their work," probably not; one would hardly couple anything of the sort with their work, but out of "official hours" I question whether a single society would care to call the recording angel as witness whether some playful missionary showed on his record as a side-stepper.

Mr. Gifford has tried, for some occult reason, to magnify your logical mole-hill into an illogical mountain, and signally failed, but why did he do it? "Let sleeping dogs lie" is still a good idea.

Yours truly, W. A. DOBSON.

[Mr. Dobson presents the missionary from one extreme; Mr. Gifford presents him from another. Between Mr. Gifford's "heroes" and Mr. Dobson's rascals, we find such sturdy samples of men in the missionary field as the Rev. Mr. Crosby, and Rev. Mr. Turner—missionaries who were men among men, whose lives were filled with accomplishment, not in theorizing and writing glowing reports—men we delight to honor.—ED.]

And Another

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir:—I owe you amends for having misunderstood your reference to "brainstorm". I regret the error, for the rest I am quite content still that my letter of last week should stand, as a fair comment on your objectionable editorial of July 1st, and as an adequate sounding of its psychological depths. You neither defend the editorial in question nor apologize for it. You prefer to abuse me, and to hint at your own psychological profundity. This is perhaps astute, for abuse and hints require much less mental capacity than does discussion. But if you prefer to draw attention away from the real question, and to bluff your readers with a cheap show of psychological profundity, let me use a western expression and say "your bluff is called". I have been a student of psychology for some years under men who, until your own brilliant star arose in the psychological firmament, were considered competent teachers. But Wundt and Kirschwann, Kulpe and Royce never taught me anything so extraordinary as this introspection of yours, "corrected by the standard of the scientific average". The only visible connection between your psychology and the mind of man is that, like man and his mind, your psychology is "fearfully and wonderfully made". Perhaps yours is the psychology of the "abnormal individual".

May I submit three fair propositions to you, any or all of which you are free to accept. First, if you will state clearly what your view is as to the nature and method of psychology, I will debate the question with you publicly, when and where you wish. Doubtless a public declaration of your psychological system would be edifying. And I shall make an honest effort to rise to the high "psychological plane" from which you write.

Second, if you will state intelligently your position on the following simple and rudimentary questions that even an infant psychologist must settle, I will send your paper for six months to ten men in the Okanagan Valley. Here is a splendid opportunity to increase your circulation and at the same give ten "superficial thinkers" an opportunity to sit at the feet of a really great psychologist. The questions are these—do you look upon psychology as a metaphysical or an empirical study? If the former, is your psychology spiritualistic or materialistic? If the latter, do you look upon psychology as the science of the inner sense, or the science of immediate experience?

Third, if you will prove to me publicly or privately, that you possess and have read one book on psychology by an acknowledged authority, I will send your paper to five more "superficial thinkers". I shall call upon the book and for some very simple digest of it, that will show that you have read it.

I suspect, from your editorial of last week, that your psychology was derived from an encyclopedia. It seems about as adequate as would be the medical training of a physician who studied medicine from an encyclopaedic dictionary.

Truly, you catch your "thought by the tail"; but the tail comes off. Would it not be wise to get a body-hold on your thought? Then even a "superficial thinker" could follow your reasoning.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. GIFFORD

[Pray, what kind of a man is this W. A. Gifford, with Reverend to his name? Is he a theological dandy looking to escape hard work by seeking cheap notoriety, or is he just an ordinary theological false alarm? A month ago he came to Enderby. Then he subscribed for Enderby's leading excitement (except the daily train), received one copy and on the strength of one article not conforming to his narrow channel of thought, stopped his paper. Then he boiled his bile up into a thousand words and shot the editor with the bilge-water. The editor swam out and now this W.A.G. wants a chance to annihilate him with hot air! It is enough for the good people of Enderby to have to take Mr. Gifford's medicine once a week, and we will not be a party to anything that would thrust more upon them. Besides, the editor is too busy doing useful things, digging in the sand, climbing the hills and making flowers grow, to waste any time chewing psychological bread pills prepared by this student of books, books, books. By-the-by, what does this man want to debate, anyway? What point has he raised? What does he want to settle? He boldly "calls our bluff." He has another brain-storm. We have no bluff. We have stated a simple psychological truth. He damns it, but it is a truth gained in the school of Life and still stands. His guess as to our reference books on psychology is correct. We have the principle laid down by not only the authorities he names, but four times as many more. But in studying psychology, we study man, not books. It is a practical, every-day science; taught in every business course, without which there can be no progress. And there are men who never heard of this musty book worm's psychological teachers, yet they know better than to make the psychological errors that this man has made in this and his former communication. If he would pull off his coat and take more of his psychology and theology out of the garden rake, he would not want to be debatin', and would feel a heap better,—so would his congregation. We would know then that he had really profited by the study—ED.]

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Debt Collection Everywhere on straight commission basis. Bad debts bought for CASH

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LIFE'S BRIGHT AND DARK SIDES SHOWN IN THE BOWERY BREAD LINE.

(N. Y. Herald.)

From far and near, from the slums and from Harlem, from the Bronx and from Brooklyn, a great throng of men assemble every morning at one o'clock at the Bowery Mission. This is the famous bread line. Gathered together in the motley array are men of many races and several colors—veterans and recruits of New York's great army of the unemployed, which drills nightly at the Mission. Among the "liners" recently there was a reporter for the Herald, dressed to fit the part of half-starved raw recruit from the west.

Like living exponents of all the sentiments that move the world—save one, and the greatest, happiness—these men stand there night after night giving vent to their feelings and confiding in each other. To an outsider these tattered derelicts of the streets display only one side of their characters—the forlorn one. To a fellow "liner" many angles are shown. With pathos predominating, discontent, despair, deception and even humor are curiously blended. The men who "work" both bread lines and sometimes complete four and five rounds in the second are perhaps the most conspicuous, but not the most numerous to one who mixes in as of their own kind. Through nothing but laziness these men use this means to an end that spells subsistence without work.

"REPEATER'S" POOR START.

Next to one of these the reporter first fell into line. The man had only hurriedly fled from some "dive" in Chinatown, where he spent his leisure moments—practically all his time. He explained in his own picturesque vernacular how there was a call for the "bread liners" in his own particular habitat at half-past twelve o'clock every morning. He expressed his regret that the call had been late on that particular morning, as a result of which he was toward the after end of the line. He embroidered his pique with all the trimmings of the profanity of the underground. His one solace was that three steps seemed to be within the range of possibility, while his record of five rounds in one night looked to be far out of reach on that occasion considering his poor start.

The man in front was questioned about jobs. In kind he was the mate of the Chinatown habitue. Being easily drawn to conversation, he explained that work and existence in New York were far from being essentially side partners. He related, as he thought to a "green one," that if one were familiar with the ropes one need never worry about being hungry in Manhattan.

"Kid," he rambled on, "this is the ...test town there is, and I'm a hey guy on the hobo circuit. Take it from me—... for Manhattan in the winter. If you got a nickel in yer pocket just sleep in any booze joint along the Bowery.

HOW TO GET JOBS.

In spite of this wizard of the easy life's antipathy for work, the testimony of other more willing men was that it was impossible to secure a job in New York. At that time the only possible employment for these poor, cold, half clad and quarter fed men was shoveling snow. The "liners" almost to a man shied at these positions.

The reporter at this point, as he had reached the mission door, dropped out to look for an imaginary partner further down the line, and his erstwhile companions jeered at his foolhardiness in giving up his place. The next man encountered was a pathetic figure, old and aged and deeply in earnest, with a level look from out his steel blue eyes. He is one of those who make the line worth while in spite of all the parasites who "work" the charity.

"Boy," he said, in a shaky voice, "I've carried the stick (walked the streets) for two months and can't find a job. I haven't been in bed for fifteen nights and only sleep in the arches of bridges and in doorways when there ain't a cop around to tell me to move on. I tried to shovel snow for one day, and when I finished cold and hungry and tired they only told me to come around next week for my pay and took my name and address. I hadn't the strength to work to-day, but I'm goin' to try again to-morrow," and the old man set a square bristled jaw with a snap that showed a fragment was left of a beaten down fighting spirit.

The reporter's next side companion was munching still when he fell in beside. He was a young fellow with an undershot chin and a droopy mouth. He was congratulating himself on his first position of vantage, which gave him such a start in the second division. In a minute he had finished his first instalment of supper, and with great deliberation and curious pomp lit a cigarette.

Taking it as a whole, there was a likable side to this fellow. He freely gave the newcomer the benefit of his long experience to help him along, and, becoming reminiscent, he told a rather pathetic

...nce," he began, "I looked for work ...stly. I hated to stand here. I walked the streets, but what was the use? I can't get a job here now except shovellin' snow, and I wouldn't work at ..."

Again the disguised newspaper man dropped out and joined the end of the procession. His neighbor this trip was a poor soul on the down slide of life who had witnessed the establishment of a bread line. A question was put to him about charitable institutions and the free lodging houses in New York. He was content with the topic and fluent in his talk. His opinion ran something like this:

"Charities ain't much good, boy. I was on Ward's Island in the old men's home onc't. They gave us nothing to eat but slop soup on week days and bean soup on Sundays. Well, there was very few beans in the soup, is all I got to say."

NO CHANCE OF WORK.

In conclusion this old veteran—for he bore the burden of years—said with grave dignity and a humanitarian spirit, indicative of a willingness to help his fellow:

"Boy, if I were you I'd get out of this town. There's no work. I've tried every way. And even if you have to sleep on the streets keep outen the municipal lodging house for they treat yer like a dog there and won't let yer out till ten or 'leven o'clock in the mornin', so yer can't look for a job."

From the different men conflicting opinions were gathered. The majority in this great twisting snake which nightly seems to wrap itself around the vitals of the city appeared to want to work and to really be hungry, and yet not a few—in fact, far too many—use it as a means of easy subsistence. There was one young fellow who spoke seven languages and for two months he had searched for work in vain. Two sides were always in evidence to the bread line.

James Paradise was the next "liner" interviewed. He was a versatile gentleman, having been a cow puncher on the O C X X ranch in Texas, a performer in Young Buffalo Bill's shows, an elevator boy and a dishwasher. Yet with this wealth of experience as a foundation Jim and his accomplishments could not seem to fit into the cramped dimensions of any job New York had to offer. He related in his own way a strange experience in his quest for any sort of work—a sort of Wild West clipping inoculated in a Brooklyn vacant lot.

"The other day I was strollin' along near the edge of Brooklyn," he began. "I sees a loose cow. I says to a feller chasin' her, 'Get me a rope and fer a dollar I'll snare her for you right pert.' He said he'd give up fifty cents. So I hurry up and ropes the Jersey. I takes a half turn around a telegraph pole. Down goes that cow on the asphalt and breaks her fool leg. Do I get my fifty No, sir. The feller calls for a cop. If one had been handy before I could make a getaway I'd have been pinched."

After the men had been fed, services were held in the mission. About 1,500 were crowded into the limited space. The exercises were opened by the singing of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' As the singing began, there were cries from the rank and file:

"Douse de sky piece," and every hat in the room came off, as those broken down, weary men stood bareheaded in the Bowery Mission at 2 o'clock in the morning.

When the meeting was over these men slipped like shadows out again onto the cheerless Bowery in the early morning. As they had come to this nightly rendezvous, they left it, some hurrying, some limping, and some of the sick ones, staggering. In droves from all directions these men hurry nightly as fast as physical inabilities will permit to the bread line—many for their only meal of the day. It is a sad sight to see them coming, but then there is a purpose in their actions. It is a pathetic sight to see them trudging aimlessly away into the city of plenty—in most cases homeless and bedless.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Murine doesn't smart; soothes eye pain. Is compounded by experienced physicians; contains no injurious or prohibited drugs. Try Murine for your eye troubles. You will like Murine. Try it in baby's eyes for scaly eyelids. Druggists sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, will send you interesting Eye Books free.

The Burning Question.

A Baltimore teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate."

"Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?"

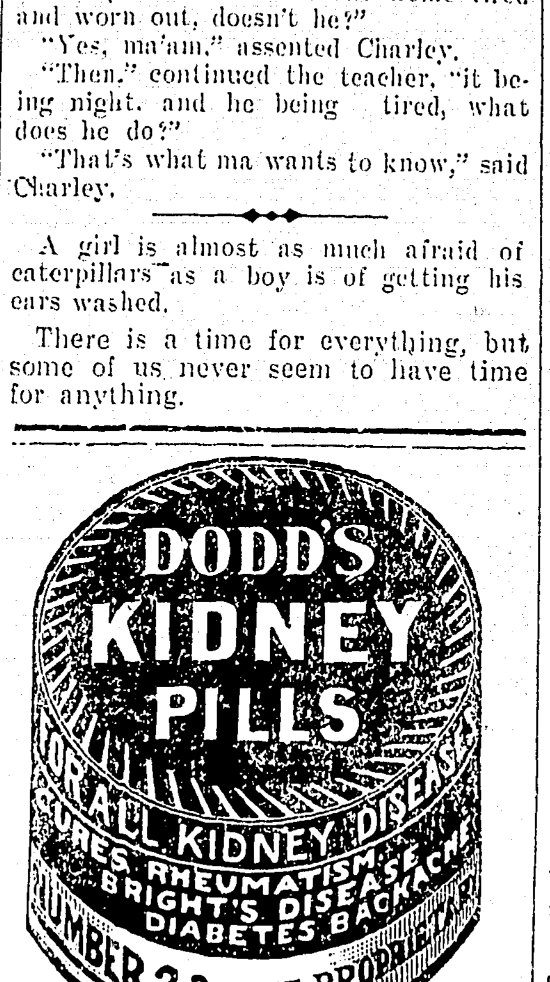
"Yes, ma'am," assented Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.

A girl is almost as much afraid of caterpillars as a boy is of getting his ears washed.

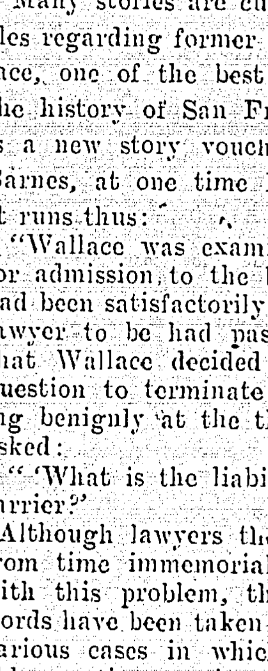
There is a time for everything, but some of us never seem to have time for anything.



DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

A Legal Calamity.

Many stories are current in legal circles regarding former Judge W. T. Wallace, one of the best known jurists in the history of San Francisco, but here is a new story vouched for by Billy Barnes, at one time District Attorney. It runs thus:

"Wallace was examining a candidate for admission to the bar. All questions had been satisfactorily answered and the lawyer to be had passed so brilliantly that Wallace decided to put a simple question to terminate the ordeal. Gazing benignly at the the young man he asked:

"'What is the liability of a common carrier?'

"Although lawyers the world over and from time immemorial have wrestled with this problem, though millions of words have been taken into the record of various cases in which this unanswerable question was involved, the fledging calmly eyed the Judge and at last solemnly replied:

"'Your honor, I must beg you to withdraw the question. I did know the answer, but unfortunately I have forgotten.'

"For a minute Wallace eyed the young man, then turning to the lawers who were grouped around him, remarked:

"'Gentlemen, this is a sad case, in fact a calamity. The only living man who ever knew the liability of a common carrier has forgotten.'"

The Only Kind Left.

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm.

"Oh, well," he decided, finally, "you may bring me a dozen friend oysters."

The colored waiter became all apologies.

"Ah's verry sorry, sah, but we's out ob all shellfish 'ceptin' aigs."—Everybody's Magazine.

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.

Forebodings.

The stork was despondent.

"If I've got to spend all my time," she said, "in looking after the babies of the human race, I shall have to neglect my own little bipeds, and the stork family will become extinct."

Still, she extracted some consolation from the fact that in the exclusive residence districts and in the first class apartment houses she had almost nothing to do.

Reporter Falls Down.

The Gazette had a representaive last week at the closing of Fletcher and Camp Creek schools, but regret the good people of those communities fed him so well that he has as yet been unable to write of the exercises. Perhaps he will be sufficiently recovered to write about them by next week.—Tifton Gazette.

The true spirit of Christianity comes from the individual human heart, not so much from the pulpit, merely.—Florida Times-Union.

PEOPLE MISSING.

THE SECRET OF THOSE WHO WANDER AWAY.

Fight Too Thick for Them—Real Tragedy is Often Found in the Fate of Those Who Are Left Behind.

One can hardly scan through a paper now without reading a notice about some man or woman who has suddenly disappeared

Yet many of these cases do not find their way into the newspapers, which have so many facts of life to chronicle day by day. If the man or woman be well-known, or if he or she has disappeared in a way which suggests foul play or some mysterious romance, the case obtains publicity, and becomes a sensation, which lasts a few days and is then forgotten.

The police know more than the public about the numbers of people who are reported missing by their relatives and friends. And it is no new phase of social life. It is not an epidemic, due to any new form of hysteria or mental disease, caused by the increasing worries of the world. For years people have gone wandering away from their home circles, and most of them have never come back.

What is the secret of these missing people? What are the hidden causes which prompt them to steal away from all that should be dear to them in life, from their own little world of duty and pleasure, family and friends?

The answer is not to be found in the cynical assumption that most of them have excellent reasons for disappearing—that they have falsified their books, and made free use of other people's money, or been too familiar with other people's wives.

The remarkable thing about many of these missing men and women is that they have been, as far as general knowledge goes, entirely respectable, that they have not been deeply embarrassed financially, and that they have been leading quiet, steady lives, outwardly happy, and not burdened with more of those cares than most of us carry in our pack.

It is this which makes their cases so baffling and mysterious. The public and the police demand a motive. "What has he been up to?" they say, and await squalid revelations. They look for a clew, and when they find a hat and coat by a river-side or on the sea beach the clew seems clear enough, though no body is found.

The wife is examined, and she, poor soul, can only say, "My husband had nothing to worry him. He was always good to me and devoted to the children;" or a distracted father says, "My daughter was of the happiest disposition. I am sure she had no sert love affairs. Some terrible accident must have happened to her."

But the truth is that in many of these cases of missing people there is no motive recognized in the philosophy of a policeman. The secret is psychological.

If we do but think a little, we must admit that in all our hearts there is at times a strange restlessness, which we do not understand, and could not explain. We have a longing to "get away," anywhere and anyhow. It is this natural instinct which has made our travelers and explorers. It is this "wander-geist" which makes many men of to-day—sporting men, journalists, fiddling fellows, music-hall "turns," the tramps on the highways of life—go wandering always, from one city to another, or from one country to another unable to settle down, or to stay long in one place. They want to get away from the familiar things of life to the unfamiliar. They want, still more, to escape from themselves.

That is one of the strongest instincts in nature, or at least in human psychology—the desire of escape. It is the secret of much of the fretfulness and restlessness of modern life, for with many of us it is a thwarted instinct. It is so difficult to get away, so difficult to escape from the self of which we are very tired.

To this is due some amount of crime, and more tragedy. The instinct of escape breaks out sometimes in surprising ways, and among people most content, as it seemed, with the hum-drum routine. I know, for instance, of a domestic servant who had lived in model respectability for twenty years with an old maiden lady. Suddenly this prim person, who seemed to be the figure of propriety in cap and apron, rebelled against her narrow life, and escaped with the grocer's young man.

Most people escape from the narrow groove in other and less dangerous ways. Many get away from their own lives by reading about other people's lives in works of fiction or history. Their "wander-geist" has ample room to roam in the world of letters, and if flesh and blood be not too strong they are satisfied with their ghosts and dreams. Others find a way of escape from the small self in religious study and meditation. These people have found the key to the open gate, and though they may be in the back parlor of a mean street they are thrilled with the excitement of great spiritual conflicts, and their soul goes wandering farther and farther upon illimitable seas.

But there are some people, poets, perhaps, though they have never written verse, and philosophers, though they have not read Herbert Spencer, who become too introspective by brooding in the secret chamber of their own heart. Their family and friends do not know of their ceaseless self-communings. Outwardly they live an ordinary life; inwardly they are morbidly excited and profoundly troubled.

They have made a failure of life, perhaps. Their ambitions have been shattered and their dreams dissolved. Religion gives no answer to their questionings. There is nothing new for them or satisfying in literature. The world has been too hard on them, and their life is wearisome, and they are sick of that self with which they have lived too much.

They want to wipe the slate clean, and begin all over again. They want to get away. It becomes a morbid, haunting thought. It grows stronger and more obsessing, but they hide it as a guilty thing from those who sit opposite at table or from their bedfellows. The little things of life are done mechanically. They seem quite sane and level-headed. But all the while there is a voice calling them to come away—somewhere, anyhow. They must escape . . . escape!

And so one day the respectable and respected husband, the good father, the quiet daughter, steal away, without a word, and go wandering. Sometimes they are very cunning, with the cunning of madness. Sometimes they just walk out into the streets, and take a railway ticket or a steamer ticket, not careful to hide their traces, but careless of everything except that one terrible, resistless desire which drives them away.

It is a tragedy for those who have been left behind. There are wives who have been waiting day after day, and year after year, for a knock on the door and the sound of their husband's footsteps and his voice saying, "I have come back again, my dear." There are mothers who have been waiting for the missing son and daughter, who have never been found, though half a lifetime has gone by.

What has happened to those missing people? Some of them have built up new lives in new places, hiding that old life and self like the secret of a crime. Others have escaped through the great gate which is closed after all who enter in. They have taken the easiest and the saddest way.—Philip Gibbs in London Chronicle.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

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

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

INDIGESTION CURED EVIDENCE IN PLENTY

Your Neighbors Can Tell You of Cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every case of indigestion, no matter how bad, can be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Not only cured, but cured for good. That's a sweeping statement and you are quite right in demanding evidence to back it. And it is backed by evidence in plenty—living evidence among your own neighbors, no matter in what part of Canada you live. Ask your neighbors and they will tell you of people in your own district who have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of dizziness, palpitation, sour stomach, sick headaches, and the internal pains of indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they strike straight at the root of all stomach troubles. They make new, rich blood, and new blood is just what the stomach needs to set it right and give it strength for its work. Mrs. Geo. E. Whitenect, Hatfield Point, N. B., says: "I am glad to have an opportunity to speak in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they deserve all the praise that can be given them. I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which was often accompanied by nausea, sick headache and backache. As a result my complexion was very bad and I had black rings under the eyes. I took a great deal of doctor's medicine, but it never did more than give me the most temporary relief. About a year ago I was advised to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Before I had taken a couple of boxes I found relief, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I found myself feeling like a new woman, with a good appetite, good digestion, and a clear complexion. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this trouble and advise similar sufferers to lose no time in taking them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the troubles which have their origin in bad blood. That is why they cure anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, eczema, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the many ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or two boxes for $2.50 by writing. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Optimistic.

"My wife is a very optimistic woman."

"Indeed she is."

"Noticed it, have you?"

"Yes; when I was talking with her yesterday she said that if you ever died she would marry again because she felt sure that she could do better next timme."—From the Houston Post.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

The Antarctic Circle is to be further explored in a search for islands on which to plant the British flag. The airship ought to be sufficiently developed to be serviceable in this quest.

If a man is the architect of his own fortune he shouldn't restrict himself to the building of air castles.

WHY Pay Rent?

When you can build a home to Suit Yourself

??

Seasoned Lumber
Always on Hand

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

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

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.

HENRY'S
Garden Tools
Spraying Materials
Bee Supplies
Fruit and Ornamental Trees
154-Page Catalogue FREE
M. J. HENRY, Vancouver, B.C.
NURSERIES

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

Fred. H. Barnes
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR

Plans and estimates furnished

Dealer in Windows, Doors, Turnings and all factory work. Rubberoid Roofiing, Screen Doors and Windows. Glass cut to any size.

I represent the S. C. Smith Co. of Vernon. Enderby.

Notice

In the matter of the Land Registry Act and in the matter of the title to Lots 11 and 4, Block 7, Maps 211a, City of Enderby.

WHEREAS, the certificate of title of James E. Gray, being certificate No. 12900a to the above hereditaments has been lost or destroyed and application has been made to me for a duplicate thereof.

NOTICE is hereby given that a duplicate certificate of title to the above hereditaments will be issued at the expiration of thirty days from the date of the first publication hereof, unless in the meantime valid objection to the contrary is made to me in writing.

W. H. EDMONDS, District Registrar
Land Registry Office, Kamloops, B.C., June 9th, 1909.

PRO BONO PUBLICO

(Correspondents will please be brief and avoid personalities. The Editor reserves the right to reject any correspondence or part of correspondence that does not bear on the question at issue, or treats the subject in a personal interest rather than in the interest of the public. Be brief. Words do not make thought. Write over a nom de plume if you wish, but sign your name also.)

[Continued from page 4]

sufficient to make sceptics of all the young at least who are not apt to think for themselves. We have in our midst four or five church edifices with four or five fervent preachers who all teach the same truth with the exception of the mere form of baptism which is only a difference in materiality. One of these buildings could accommodate all the church-going people in this town with one exception. Can you, sir, follow the logic of this except through the spirit of intolerance or prejudice, especially when you realize that there are many places and peoples in our own province who have neither houses to worship God in nor preachers to preach in such places. Surely, then, is not our religious fervor more churchanity than Christianity? And, as a churchman, I say that until we provide a proper house in our town to serve the needs of those wanting bed and board—as strangers or otherwise—without having to pay their money over to a cause which they consider the most hurtful to the community, then the more grand church edifices we erect the more dishonoring it will be to God and ourselves. He will say to us as he said to the Jews of old, (see Isa. 1, 13-14) "Away with them, they are an abomination unto me."

But I must conclude. If you see wise, sir, to cull this out some, I will not feel sore, for I know an editor has a great deal to contend with, and feel that he should at least be given fair play. I believe the press is our greatest educator, and if the editor is a man who is not afraid to say what he thinks to be right, I think he should be upheld by every good citizen. And, while I believe this, I also believe that the press should be willing to be checked by the people or the pulpit and the pulpit should be willing to be checked by the press or people. By such a process the people could then expect to get more and better truth.

I therefore as a citizen appeal to the fair-mindedness of our citizens to give every man or woman a chance to express his or her views on an important question, be it religious, political or social, as we are not slaves but a free people.

Sincerely,

A SUBSCRIBER WHO WANTS FAIR PLAY AND WON'T STOP HIS PAPER.

[In this letter we see the true Christian spirit exercised. It is quite a contrast to the ultra-religious vituperation of the reverend gentleman who gave us purgatory last week. This correspondent is correct in his grasp of the editorial in question. But he does not follow the thought far enough. There is a vast difference between the religious passion and Christian fervor. Saul of Tarsus and Peter the Betrayer exemplified the former; Paul the Man and Peter the Rock exemplified the latter. Or, to come down to the present, the Rev. Mr. Gifford's letter is an exemplification of the former, and this layman's letter is an exemplification of the latter. It was our object in the editorial referred to to point out the psychological fact that to permit the religious passion to run away with our reason, as was the case with the Sigel girl, tended to degeneracy, and the sensual passion being the passion most played upon, was lead into excesses by the excess permitted in the religious passion. Excess in any passion is certain to act upon the other passions.—ED.]

Another

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: Having read your editorial of July 5th, and also your comment on Mr. Gifford's letter, I am very sorry that an article of such a nature should have been printed. While it is a psychological truth that a person of such a nature as to go to the extreme in one way is sure to go to the extreme in others, why should this "sensual passion" be chosen to illustrate this truth when other lines could as easily have served the purpose?

Psychology also points out that the outcome of a person's mind is true evidence of the class of thought he is occupied with. It is also significant that religion and its advocates are chosen as illustrations, while I am sure the evidence you bring to support your case shows a lack of careful thought, as we certainly cannot take a large family as conclusive evidence of uurighteousness. If we take a wide view we find there is as much "sensual passion" where there are small or even no families; let us consider how the race suicide problem is being discussed, both in the United States and also in some of the older countries; are the people who take part in this race suicide purer for this? Nay; the actual facts prove the contrary; and while I think it right and wise to set forth a psychological truth whenever discovered, there are other things which are just as necessary to protect as psychological truth; and in your editorial I think you have trampled down a far greater one, that of self-justification, for who can place condemnation on any person: we cannot see the impulses that prompt any action.

In conclusion, I would say that your editorial strikes a heavy blow at two of the most sacred things the world holds, that of religion and the home.

Yours faithfully, S. TEECE.

[Mr. Teece has written a fair, candid letter, and no doubt with a clean purpose; but Mr. Teece has read into the editorial in question, a meaning it does not convey. We reproduce the editorial with these letters, and ask any fair-minded reader if it strikes at either religion or the home. What it does strike at is the extremist, of religion or the home,—the individual who tears the heart out of Christianity in the name of a fool creed, and makes home a hell to the woman who mothers it. Wherein does the editorial say or infer that a large family is an evidence of unrighteousness? What it does point out is this: the bringing of children into the home, with a year and less than a year between them, is evidence of sensual excess, and because a missionary was instanced as an example of the two passions working together, is no reason why men who are not extremists should go to the extreme they have in denouncing a thought they themselves have read into the lines of another. In answer to Mr. Teece's question in the first paragraph of his letter, we will say: The "sensual passion" was used in illustrating this psychological truth, because we were dealing with religious extremists who lost themselves in sensualism—a young woman missionary and her Chinese lover.—ED.]

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.

Store; Cliff St., next to Wheeler & Evans.

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

DON'T FORGET

THE FIRE SALE! Eight thousand dollars worth of General Hardware and Plumbing Goods slaughtered absolutely without reserve *until July 31st, ONLY.* Every article is a *GENUINE BARGAIN.*

FULTON'S HARDWARE, TIN & PLUMBING WORKS, ENDERBY, B.C.

Bank of Montreal
Established 1817
Capital, $14,400,000 Rest, $12,000,000
Undivided Profits, $699,969.88
Honorary President, Rt. Hon. LORD STRATHCONA, MOUNT ROYAL, G. C. M. G.
President, Hon. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K. C. M. G.
Vice-President and General Manager, SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, Bart.
Head Office, Montreal. London Office, 46-47 Threadneedle St. E.C.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT Deposits received from $1, with interest allowed at current rate
Branches in Okanagan District: Enderby, Armstrong, Vernon, Kelowna and Summerland
G. A. HENDERSON, Esq., Manager A. E. TAYLOR, Sub-Agent Enderby

Finest in the Country

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

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

JAMES MOWAT

Fire, Life, Accident Insurance Agencies

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

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

BELL BLOCK, ENDERBY

Carroll & Co. Plumbing and Furnace Work

Eave Troughing and all kinds of Sheet Tin and Copper work. Repairing and Jobbing Work given prompt attention.
Corner Hudson and Alexander Sts. SALMON ARM

Livery AND Feed Stables

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

Enderby Brick

THE BEST BRICK IN THE PROVINCE. Specified in C.P.R contract for facing Revelstoke station. A large stock now on hand Reasonable prices for large or small quantities.

By far the cheapest material for a substantial house. Cool in summer; warm in winter. Saves most of your painting and about half your insurance.

The Enderby Brick & Tile Co., Enderby

WANTED—At Enderby, a resident Dentist. Good town, surrounded by splendid agricultural country and timber lands.

PILES FOR FOUR YEARS

Only those who suffer from Piles can know the agony, the burning, throbbing, shooting, stabbing pains which the ailment causes, and the way it wrecks the sufferer's life.

Zam-Buk is blessed by thousands who used to suffer from piles, but whom it has cured. One such grateful person is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of Greenwood Avenue, Toronto. She says:—"For four long years I suffered acutely from bleeding piles. During that time I spent an immense amount of money on 'remedies' and doctor's prescriptions but *got no ease*. Zam-Buk was different to everything else I had tried, and it cured me. I am grateful for the cure, and as I have never had piles once since, I know the cure is permanent."

Another thankful woman is Mrs. E. A. Gardiner, of Catalina, Trinity Bay. She says:—"In my case Zam-Buk effected a wonderful cure. For twelve years I had been troubled with blind, bleeding, and protruding piles. I had been using various kinds of ointments, etc., but never came across anything to do me good until I tried Zam-Buk, which cured me. That this may be the means of helping some sufferers from piles to try Zam-Buk, is the wish of one who has found great relief."

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal balm and should be in every home. Cures cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, ulcers, blood-poisoning, prairie itch, sunburn, blisters, sore feet, summer sores, and all diseases and injuries of the skin, etc. All druggists and stores at 50c. box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Zam-Buk

The Man Behind the Blast.

At the head of the rock drilling and blasting gangs in the New York Central yards is a little Irishman who knows the science of breaking up granite cliffs from alpha to omega. He knows rock as well as a southern epicure knows 'possum.

It is a rare pleasure to see him go about his task. He picks out unerringly the weak spots in the rocky wall before him, probes them deep with cunningly slanted drills, and then breaks the solid bluff into tiny fragments.

All the time 7,000 workmen are toiling in the yards about him, and the trains are coming and going every four minutes. His position is onerous, yet his responsibility rests but lightly on his shoulders. He is as quiet and unassuming as a boy, and his laugh is as merry and jovial as though he had not a care in the world.—Alcolm.

Took Issue.

Mrs. Highsome—"He preached to an audience of women, did he? And he took for his text, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches?' That must have seemed like a deliberate insult to all of you."

Mrs. Upmore—"Quite the contrary. You ought to have heard how he roasted Paul for writing those words!"

WHAT THEY LOST.

(Toronto Globe.)

The machinists lost $80,000 by a strike which has been regarded as a failure. It is unfortunate that there is no way of testing the state of the labor market except by holding back so perishable a commodity.

GOT TO THE ROOT OF HIS TROUBLE

And Dodd's Kidney Pills cured W. Wright's Backache.

He Had Suffered for Several Years But the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Gave Him Quick Relief.

Kelvington, Sask., May 31.—(Special)—"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Backache, and I have recommended them to others who have also been cured." These are the words of William Wright, a farmer, well known here. "I believe I inherited my trouble," Mr. Wright continues. "At times for several years it was very severe. I also suffered from Lumbago, and in the morning I had a bitter taste in my mouth and was troubled with dizziness and my skin was dry and harsh and there was a sediment in my urine.

"No treatment I could find gave me any permanent relief till finally believing that my kidneys were the root of my trouble, I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills: Four boxes cured me."

Mr. Wright went at his trouble sensibly. He examined his symptoms, and they showed him that Kidney Disease was his trouble. Do as much for yourself, and if your symptoms point to disordered or diseased kidneys the cure is easy. Dodd's Kidney Pills wil do it. They never fail.

NOT KNOWN.

Late Millionaire Burn Not Remembered in Melbourne.

Globe: Millionaire Burn is said to have made his money in Pittsburg, and to have been stricken with a mortal seizure in Melbourne, Australia. Before death came, however, he is said to have made a will leaving these great gifts to Mr. Kidd: [Burn was said to have left an immense sum of money to Mr. David Kidd, of Toronto, to build a mission in that city.] The Globe wired the Pittsburg Dispatch for information regarding the deceased. In due course a reply was received saying that no man of the name, millionaire or otherwise, was known there, and yet he is credited with amassing his great fortune in the place.

Still not entirely satisfied, the Globe continued the search of knowledge of Mr. Burn, and yesterday Mr. E. S. Cunningham, editor of the Melbourne Argus, one of the visiting delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, was questioned on the matter of the millionaire's death in the antipodean city. "I have lived in Melbourne for forty years," said Mr. Cunningham, "and I can run over the names of practically all the millionaires in Melbourne or Australia, but Burn was certainly not one of them. Had a millionaire died in our town, we as newspaper men would certainly have heard of it. But I cannot recall any such case. I'm sorry I cannot help you out in any way, but you can take it for granted that Millionaire Burn did not die in Melbourne or in Australia, either."

The Little Girl's Sweet heart.

Eugene Walter, at a dinner at the Ansonia, was accused of pessimism.

"Well," said Mr. Walter, "I am not a pessimist, but I don't believe that human nature is by any means angelic. We are all much alike. The best we can do is to curb our faults and favor our virtues."

"What faults should I curb?" a pretty young lady asked.

"Well," said Mr. Walter, "I should think you'd have about the same faults to curb as a little girl I talked to yesterday. She's a charming little girl, and as we conversed alone in the drawing room while waiting for her father and mother to come down I said to her:

"'Have you got a sweetheart?'

"She smiled and wriggled. 'Yeth,' she said softly.

"'Well,' said I, 'I'll give you a quarter if you'll tell me who he is.'

"'Tommy,' she answered, in a low voice, and I gave her the quarter.

"A few minutes afterward she said suddenly:

"'Now, if you'll give me another quarter, I'll tell you who my other sweetheart is.'"

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

CONCERNING FISH EGGS.

Simple Means by Which the Hatching of Them May be Expediated.

The Aquarium received lately from the United States Fisheries Bureau 5,000,000 white perch eggs—the eggs of this species are very small—which have been placed in hatching jars in the Aquarium's model fish hatchery.

The period of incubation of fish eggs depends largely on the temperature of the water in which they are spawned or placed. Whitefish eggs in water of a temperature of 58 degrees would hatch out in about three days; in water of a temperature of 53 degrees, that being about the present temperature of the Croton water as it flows into the Aquarium's tanks, whitefish eggs require for hatching a period of from fifteen to twenty days.

The susceptibility of fish eggs to temperature makes it possible to do things with them that could not be done otherwise. If in such a hatchery as the Aquarium, for instance with its limited space, it should be desirable to expediate the hatching of a batch of eggs to make room in jars or troughs for other eggs, this can be done by the simple expedient of raising the temperature of the water.

When the eggs are in the hatchery water is all the time kept running into the jars or troughs and running off, in constant circulation, to give the eggs aeration; but this circulation can be suspended for a comparatively brief time without injury. By shutting off the inflow of new water the temperature of the standing water in which the eggs would then remain would be in an hour or two perceptibly raised by hte warmth of the surrounding air in the building; and by the increase of warmth in the water the hatching of the eggs would be accelerated. When little fishes are about ready to come out a hatching that might have extended through a week can by this means be completed in a day.

The Apple Country of Europe.

Normandy is the apple country of Europe. Germany is its best customer. The apples which could not be sold were turned into 73 million gallons of cider, which is the favorite beverage of the inhabitants of Northern France.

France Making Burglar Proof Glass.

The glass under consideration is manufactured at St. Gobain, in this district, and in reply to a communication from this consulate requesting particulars the manager of the works writes as follows:

"It was on account of an extra audacious robbery committed in a jewelry store at Marseille that a trial was made to utilize our extra strong, polished plate glass as a greater protection against the smashing of the show windows. While an ordinary plate glass, such as is usually put in jeweler's show windows, was smashed to atoms by one single stroke with a metal trimmed mallet, the same attempt to break the 'dalle polie' furnished by our works proved entirely fruitless. They then proceeded to throw a large piece of cast iron with extreme violence at the show window, and all they succeeded in doing was to make a small hole into it measuring only a few centimeters. Thereupon several shots of a revolver with steel cast balls were fired at the show window with no further damage to the window than the entering of the balls into it to the depth of a few millimeters. The plate glass which will stand all such usage is ordinarily made of a thickness of from twenty to twenty-five millimeters (0.787 to 0.984 inch); but, if desired, a heavier plate can be made without in the least diminishing the transparency of the glass."—United States Consular Reports.

OVER 1,400 PUBLICATIONS IN CANADA

According to the 1909 Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, just out, Canada and Newfoundland can boast of 135 daily papers, 1,015 weekly or semi-weekly, 262 monthly or semi-monthly, and 14 published less frequently.

These figures can be relied on, as the Canadian Newspaper Directory is published by the oldest and largest Advertising Agency in the Dominion, A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto. This is the Sixth Edition of their Directory, which fills a very real need in Canada, and deserves a place on the desk of every business man, whether he is an advertiser or not.

In addition to listing and describing Canadian periodicals, the Directory supplies a comprehensive gazetteer giving the population, the chief industries, the railway, telegraph, banking facilities, and other interesting features of every newspaper city, town and village in Canada.

The book contains over 430 pages. It is splendidly bound and is certainly a credit alike to the publishers and to Canadian newspapers generally.

A. McKim, Limited, are particularly well qualified to edit and publish this, the standard book of reference on Canadian publications. They are the pioneers in the Advertising Agency field in the Dominion, the McKim Agency having been founded in Montreal in January, 1889, twenty years ago, by Mr. Anson McKim, who is still at the head of the business.

During all this time they have been the acknowledged leaders in this line in Canada, and the Agency business has been developed from a very small beginning—then performing only the functions of the middleman—to a very large producing enterprise which runs into the millions.

Years ago McKims recognized that one of the requisites for successful advertising is a thorough knowledge of advertising mediums, and they began the publication of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, which is now recognized as the most complete and accurate work of the kind published.

The price, express or postage prepaid, is $2.00.

Song Birds Die From Cold.

Great numbers of birds migrating north have been caught here by the cold wave and storm and hundreds have died.

There was one flight of estimated fifteen hundred cock robins which alighted on the normal school grounds and have remained here for a couple of days. The next most numerous bird is the hermit thrush and also there are a few bluebirds. Such a visitation of feathered songsters has never been soon in Winona before. Citizens generally have provided them with food as many of them have seemed to be in a starving condition.—Winona correspondence St. Paul Despatch.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Bees and Sparrows Fight for Tree.

A fight between a half dozen English sparrows and a swarm of bees for the possession of an old tree on the lawn of the Serrill house, Main street, was witnessed to-day by a number of interested spectators. The colony of bees swarmed around the tree, and, discovering a hole about forty feet from the ground, flew in. The first of the army, which filled the air like a miniature cloud, had hardly entered the hole before the sparrows came out ruffling their neck feathers and chattering with anger.

There were six sparrows living in the tree, and for five minutes they put up a gallant fight for the possession of their home, but the bees were too much for them, and after a time they slowly flew off, fighting to the last.—Derby correspondence Philadelphia Press.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Lunatic's Thought.

The chaplain of a large private asylum in Yorkshire, England, recently asked a brother clergyman to preach to the inmates on a Sunday morning during his absence. He said to him: "Preach them a good sermon, tor though insane on some points they are very intelligent." The preacher talked to them of Africa and India and of heathen mothers who threw thair babes into the sacred River Ganges as offerings to the gods. Tears streamed down the face of one listener. When asked by the clergyman afterward what part of the sermon had affected him the lunatic replied: "Sir, I was thinking it was a pity your mother didn't throw you into the Ganges."

English Herring Fishing.

The English east coast herring fishing has been brought to a close and the boats are being rapidly made up and the crews paid off. At Yarmouth and Lowestoft the total catch has been in round figures, 77,360 lasts, or 1,011,152,000 fish.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

A BASKET FULL of clean, sweet-smelling linen is obtained with half the toil and half the time if Sunlight Soap is used. Sunlight shortens the day's work, but lengthens the life of your clothes.

Malaria.

Malaria ever has been, and is yet, the great barrier against the invasion of the tropics by the white races, nor has its injurious influence been confined to the deaths that it causes, for these gaps in the fighting line might be filled by fresh levies drawn from the wholesome North. Its fearfully depressing and degenerating effects upon even those who recover from its attacks have been still more injurious. It has been held by careful students of tropical disease and conditions that no small part of that singular apathy and indifference which steal over the mind and body of the white colonist in the tropics, numbing even his moral sense and alternating with furious outbursts of what the French have termed "tropical wrath," characterized by unnatural cruelty and abnormal disregard for the rights of others, is the deadly work of malaria. It is the most powerful cause, not merely of the extinction of the white colonist in the tropics, but of the peculiar degeneracy—physical, mental, and moral—which is apt to steal over even the survivors who succeed in retaining a foothold. Two particularly ingenious investigators have even advanced the theory that the importation of malaria into the islands of Greece and the Italian peninsula by soldiers returning from the African and Southern Asiatic conquests had much to do with accelerating, if not actually promoting, the classic decay of both of these superb civilizations.

To come nearer home, there can be little question that the baneful, persistent influence of malaria has had much to do with both the degeneracy of the Southern "cracker," or "mean white," and those wild outbursts of primitive ferocity in all classes which take the form of White Cap raids and lynching mobs.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in The Outing Magazine for May.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. A. LIVINSTONE.
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOGS.

(Grimsby Independent.)

I have seen a man drive into town from the country, followed by two or three dogs. He would tie up his horse and remain in town, one, two or three hours, and all the while his dogs had nothing to do but run helter skelter through the town, followed by about town dogs. Lawns, flower beds, garden plots, verandahs, back yards or front yards are all the same to them. Fighting and snarling one moment, leaping and playing the next, racing and romping the third and scratching and pawing, ruining and tearing up everything in their path the next.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Prevailing Winds in Antarctic.

In the reports of the recent Antarctic expedition frequent allusion is made to the prevailing southerly winds and blizzards. The fact that these winds continue to within such a short distance of the South Pole throws doubt on the view that a great anticyclonic area lies over that region. If such were the case light variable breezes might rather be expected so near the pole.

The violinirt cannot give the dentist pointers on doing bridge work.

ISSUE NO. 22, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—OTHERS CLEAR $20 weekly—why not you? Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid; send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal, Que.

A DANGEROUS LAW.

(Toronto News.)

According to the Detroit News, Michigan judges complain that the indeterminate sentence law places too much power in the hands of wardens and pardon boards. Nominally, the courts fix the length of sentences, but in practice the wardens do so. A judge may impose the minimum penalty for an offence, but it remains in the hands of the warden to double the term if he sees fit.

It is argued that this is a dangerous authority to leave in the hands of a non-judicial official, who may be governed by personal motives.

HEALTHY LITTLE CHILDREN.

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and Baby's best friend. The action of the Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy, natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Well Paid for Writing Ads.

Kilkenny, Ireland, claims to have the highest salaried advertisement writer in the world. An agency in that town says in plain terms that the salary of one of its advertising writers "at the present time is £500 sterling a week, which is almost $2,435 in American money."

The statement is contained in a letter to White's Class Advertising, which had referred to an English agency which paid one of its writers £400 sterling a week, as having reached the record top notch in salaries for that line of work.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Humanisms.

Some roses are known by the cheeks they decorate.

To make the most of the figure six turn it bottom upward.

The surgeon is ready to slash any old thing except his bill.

It's a wonder that more men don't become round shouldered from stooping to folly.

After having ben so mad he couldn't say things, a man begins to boast of his wonderful self-control.

A woman nearly always shaws up best in an argument when she doesn't know anything about the subject on tap.

Most visits are worth while in order to get back home again.

You can tell a rich man by the way he doesn't have to pretend to be.

When a girl has beautiful teeth it's a sign she will smile at you half a mile away.

What a man likes about the long walks he takes is how he can boast about how much longer they are.

A Woman's Sympathy

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

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

Summoned.

"Come over and see me."

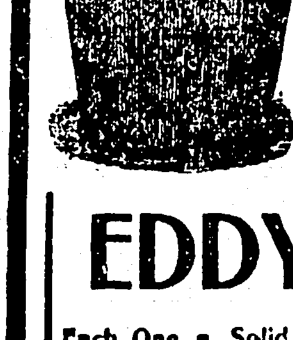
"Sorry, old man, but I have an engagement with my tailor in 20 minutes."

"Gee! but you're getting swell! Couldn't break such an important date, eh?"

"No. The date is in the court room."—Cleveland Leader.

State Saves Waterways.

Efforts to monopolize the waterways of Michigan by private corporations are being headed off by the State authorities.



THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

Can't Help But Lose Its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Each One a Solid, Hardened, Lasting Mass Without a Hoop or Seam Just as Good as Eddy's Matches

The Interruped Author

McWhannel, having laid down his pen, took up a page of the notes that lay on his desk, and read:

"The climax must be unexpected, and an unexpected event or action is much better than the presentment of an unexpected general idea—that is, something unexpected ought to happen. It must be something which will make the reader say, 'How strange! I did not think of that.'

"Exactly," said McWhannel; "that's where I've scored, and, with an hour's peace to finish the writing of my last chapter, I reckon the stuff should be all right. Now for it!"

He lifted his pen, and, with lips compressed and brow knitted, set himself to work out his climax.

"Peter," shouted his wife from beyond in the hall, "could you change a shilling? That's the laundry, and the boy's got no coppers."

McWhannel, fumbling amid keys, knife, and odds and ends in a jacket pocket, found threepence, and, going to the door, proffered the amount.

"Oh, that's not enough, but it doesn't matter; I'll manage. He can get the money next week," and Mrs. McWhannel whisked away from the door, leaving Peter to return to his desk.

"Now," said he, "I'll get ahead——"

"Peter, I'll take that threepence after all. I've found a penny I didn't know I had." Mrs. McWhannel was again waiting at the door.

Peter laid down his pen with a sigh. "My dear," he replied, "you took the threepence."

"Oh, so I did," said Mrs. McWhannel. "It was me not thinking that I wanted it, made me think I hadn't got it. Of course you gave it me. I laid it on the lobby stand. Thanks, Peter."

"Let me see, now, where was I?" cogitated Peter.

The outer door slammed loudly.

"I wish they wouldn't slam the door in that fashion. What was it again. Ah, yes——"

"Pee-ter, Pee-ter, just a minute; can I come in?" It was Mrs. McWhannel's voice once more.

"Yes, yes, come in," growled McWhannel. "What is it?"

"Oh, do go to the window for a minute and see the Torrances' new perambulator."

"'Pon my word, Mary, it's too bad of you. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said she. "I didn't konw you had begun; I thought you were just sorting your papers."

"Well, I have begun, and I don't want to be interrupted, so go away, please."

Mrs. McWhannel's hands being wet, she used her apron to give her a grip of the door handle, and in doing so noticed a smudge on the finger plate. "I never saw the like," she exclaimed; "I did this room myself yesterday, and this door is all finger-marked already." She proceeded to "Huh" a moist breath upon the handle and finger-plate, then started to remove the offending smudges by vigorous rubbing. The rattling of the door-handle got on Peter's nerves."

"Oh, leave the blessed thing alone!" he growled.

"It won't take me a minute," said Mrs. McWhannel; "I hate to see things smeary."

The rattling continued for a space, and McWhannel, shifting uneasily in his chair, chewed the end of his pen.

"There now," said his wife, "I'm sure that's better. Well, I'll leave you to your own devices."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Peter to himself as she closed the door on the outside.

He turned to his notes again, and read: "The climax must tbe unexpected." A grim smile that hinted at consciousness of achievement quivered on the wrinkles care and thought had penciled, and he wrote steadily on, pausing only to correct and refine as he concluded each series of pages. "I think that should fetch them," he exclaimed at the conclusion of a glance over what he had written. "The unexpected event or action is much better than the presentment of an unexpected general idea."

"Pee-ter!!"

"Ministers of grace defend us, what is it now?" he shouted in response to his wife's call.

"Have you got such a thing as a bit of stamp-edging in your desk, Jimmy's cut his finger?"

"No, I have not. Put a rag around it."

"But, Peter——"

"I do wish you wouldn't bother me. I don't suppose he'll bleed to death. Besides, you shouldn't have let him play with a knife."

"May I come in?"

"Oh, by all means, if it's going to do you any good. I tell you I've got no stamp-edging."

"And precious little sympathy for your own child," said Mrs. McWhannel.

He could hear her flouncing away from the door. He rose and turned the key in the lock. The wailing note in Jimmy's voice sounded sharp and clear for a moment. Then someone said "Chocolate," and the wailing ceased. Peter settled to his task once more. He had got as far as his fifth page when someone knocked at the door. He paid no attention. They rattled the handle, and he rose from his seat and pushed his hand through his hair. "What is it, Mary?" he inquired, with vexation accentuated.

"It's not Mary," said a small voice; "it's me."

"Well, go away, Jimmy. Your father's very, very busy. He's no time to speak to you just now," said Peter.

"But I want to show you my sore finger," said Jimmy.

"I'll see it later on," replied Peter.

"Maybe you won't," said Jimmy decisively. "It's fading."

It was Mrs. McWhannel's voice that now sounded. "What about dinner, Peter? When do you want it?"

"Oh, whenever you like," said he.

"Why have you the door locked?"

"Have I locked it?" said Peter. "I must have done it inadvertently" (Mr. McWhannel was a coward at heart.)

"Well, it's locked anyway," said his wife, in tones taht indicated her regarding the inadvertently as a silent reproach.

"It's unlocked now," said Peter, apologetically turning the key.

"No, Jimmy," said the virtuous Mary out; "we are not going in. Your father's busy just now, and must not be interrupted. All I want to know is" (continued she) "what do you want for dinner?"

"Shades of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Shakespeare, Anne Hathaway and flapjacks," muttered Peter, with memories of a passage in the Breakfast Table series, what's a man to say? I'll take anything you've got," he added, addressing his wife.

"There's cold mutton," said Mrs. McWhannel. "Would you like it curried or in shepherd's pie?"

"Please yourself," said Peter.

"Shepherd's pie," said Jimmy, and the matter was settled.

Peter resumed his attitude of concentration at his desk, but found difficulty in attuning his thoughts to the earlier mood of the morning. On reading over what he had written, it seemed less pleasing than he had deemed it. He trimmed it here and there, and was almost into the swing of the narrative when—— the door opened!

"There's not enough cold mutton to make a pie, unless you take an egg," announced Mrs. McWhannel.

"I'll take the egg," said Peter.

"Very well," said his wife; "I'll not interrupt you any more." She left quietly, and Peter closed the door after her. He fingered the key momentarily. Then he decided that perhaps he had better not. It was a happy decision. His wife was outside at the moment listening. Peter had not guessed that. He settled to work, and having written for a time turned up his notes again: "Something unexpected ought to happen. It must be something which will make the reader say, 'How strange! I did not think of that.'"

"That's the rub," said Peter, "and yet, let me see, what can I do to round it off?"

He was chewing the end of his pen, as was his habit, and had not yet caught even a glimmer of the flash of the idea that was to help him to his conclusion. The main purpose he knew, but the fashioning of it was quite another matter. It must be genial. He thought of the morning's interruptions and exclaimed cynically, "Genial!" It must be—— Someone was stirring in the passage outside, someone was coming towards the door, and with them came the desired idea. Peter took his pen and wrote hurriedly.

Mrs. McWhannel entered the room quietly and announced that dinner was almost ready.

"All right," said Peter. "As a matter of fact I am just finishing. You might wait a minute. I want you to listen to this ending. I will not be more than half a jiffy."

Mrs. McWhannel waited, occupying her time dusting the bookshelves with the all-adaptable apron, a clean corner of which served to wipe the face of Jimmy, who had also appeared on the scene.

"Listen!" said Peter, and his wife crossed the room and bent on his desk, "this is the finish:

"'And now that you know all, I fancy there is but little I need add. Yet, perhaps it were scarcely fair did I not say something regarding myself. I am no longer young, but the youth in me is strong. There is one who looks over my should as I write to whom I owe much in the setting down of what has been told in these pages. She it is who bids me lay down my pen, and be of good cheer. It is to her I turn in the fullness of my joy. What her inspiring influence has urged from my soul I alone know, and it is a knowledge I treasure beyond dreams of Eldorado. I ask for no brighter inspiration should I, in the future, bethink me of tellinng more of the history of those whose fortunes have been the burden of the tale now ended.'"

"Peter!" said Mrs. McWhannel, "how prettily put."

But McWhannel merely thought of what the Psalmist had said in his haste, and included himself in the category as a sort of specialist. "We'll go and test the shepherd's pie," he said.

"Not to mention the egg," said Jimmy, who is a marvel for his years.

OPTIMISM IN THE SICK ROOM.

Patient: I feel like I'm going, Doc. I'm weak as a kitten.

Doctor (cheerily): Don't let that worry you. Why, man, a kitten has nine lives.

Why do I sign all my advertising?

I stand back of every word in this advertising, just as I stand back of my goods. That is why I sign them with my personal signature.

Every now and then some well-meaning clever advertising expert says to me, "Pedlar, don't you realize it is out of date to write your advertising in the first person singular. People don't sign their own ads. any more. It's the day of big corporations, not of individuals."

Maybe they are right—they ought to know. But I think I shall go on signing my ads. just as long as I sign my letters. You see I consider this advertisement just as direct and personal a message to you as it would be if I wrote it to you in a letter. I expect you to believe what it says. So I sign it with my own name. Would I do that if it said anything but the exact truth?

I would like you to know that I mean every word in this advertisement—that I stand right back of every statement it makes—that you can hold me personally answerable for every claim it makes—and my business and personal reputatjon amount to something, I think, without conceit.

That is what my advertising means to me, and what my signature means to you. That is why I sign my ads. personally. I think I shall keep right on signing them.

G. A. Pedlar

What does it mean when we say "GUARANTEED"?

THIS business was founded in 1861—almost fifty years ago. It has grown till it operates the biggest plant of the kind in the British Empire. That growth has come because Pedlar products have quality. The Pedlar reputation rests upon making that quality good enough to guarantee.

That specially interests the man who roofs with Oshawa Steel Shingles. From the minute that roof is on the responsibility for that roof's goodness rests on us—not on the buyer, but on this company—not on some smooth salesman's say-so, but on a signed and sealed guarantee, backed by this Company's capital and reputation and the personal word of its President.

There is no quibble about the Pedlar guarantee. It isn't full of loopholes and gateways for dodging. It is plain, straightforward, honest. It says, simply, that every Oshawa-shingled roof, properly laid, will be a good roof for twenty-five years, or—that roof will be renewed free of all cost to the owner, and the same kind of a guarantee will go with the renewed roof.

And by "good" the Pedlar guarantee means good in every roof-sense of the word—means a roof free from leaks, free from rust holes, free from the need of paint or repairs—a roof that is just what a good roof ought to be.

Twenty-five years the guarantee covers. The roof that's Oshawa-shingled will be a good roof, though, for four times that long—for a century.

When you consider that no other roofing at all is guaranteed this way, there is scant room for argument about the betterness of Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed).

OSHAWA
GALVANIZED STEEL
SHINGLES
A new roof for nothing if they leak by 1934

Why you should roof with Oshawa Shingles

BECAUSE Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) are made of extra heavy (28-gauge semi-hardened sheet steel, eevnly and heavily galvanized on both sides and all edges. Therefore Oshawa shingled roofs are proof against rust and will need no painting.

Because Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) alone have the Pedlar four-way lock, which makes these Shingles the easiest and simplest roof to lay (no tools but a hammer and a tinner's shears), and yet makes one seamless, unbroken sheet of heavy steel, what is really wet-proof and that is also WIND-proof. Such a roof keeps a building cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and dry always.

Because Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) actually cost less than five cents a year per square—100 square feet—or about a tenth of the cost of common wood shingles, yet an Oshawa shingled roof is fire-proof as well as wet- and wind-proof, also it is perfectly insulated against lightning—these steel shingles keep a building safer against lightning than lightning rods will.

Because Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) relieve your mind and your pocketbook of ALL roof worries there are—and still cost litttle enough to be an ecoonmy for roofing any permanent structure, from a great factory to a hen-house. They cover millions of dollars' worth of property all over Canada, and cover it right—else they wouldn't be there.

Send for the meaty little free book that tells you some roof facts you perhaps don't know, but ought to—tells you the comparative worth and cost of all kinds of roofing—puts the whole roofing question plain before you. Send for the book before you spend another dollar for any roof. Learn that Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) will pay you better, and why.

Pedlar Products include every kind of sheet metal building materials—too many items to even mention here. You can have a catalogue—information—estimate—prices—advice—just for the asking. We'd like especially to interest you in our Art Steel Ceilings and Side Walls—they are a revelation to many people. More than 2,000 designs. May we send you booklet 18, and pictures of some of them?

The Pedlar People of Oshawa Established 1861

Address our Nearest Warehouse:

MONTREAL 321-3 Craig St. W. | OTTAWA 423 Sussex St. | TORONTO 11 Colborne St. | LONDON 86 King St. | CHATHAM 200 West King St. | WINNIPEG 76 Lombard St. | VANCOUVER 821 Powell St. | QUEBEC 127 Rue du Pont

ST. JOHN, N.B., 42-46 Prince William St. | HALIFAX, 16 Prince St.

We want Agents in some sections. Write for details. Mention this paper. 125

SMILE SCHOOL.

(Christian Guardian.)

In Philadelphia there is a lady who advertises a school where she teaches pupils "the art of smiling." A short course in this would be a great benefit to many of us. To be able to smile when things go awry is worth a fortune. Whether the art can be taught is not so certain, but the value of a genuine smile is undoubted. The imitation, however, is a ghastly, poor affair.

Hoax—They say he starves his wife. Joax—Why, he says he treats her like an angel. Hoax—Exactly. Angels don't eat.

PRINCE RUPERT.

First Sale of Lands in New Terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The first sale of lots at the new city of Prince Rupert, British Columbia, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway on the Pacific Ocean, will be held by public auction at Vancouver, B. C., May 25th to May 29th, inclusive, and will be conducted on behalf of the Provincial Government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company by C. D. Rand, agent, 450 Granville street, Vancouver, B. C. About 2,000 lots will be offered at this sale, among which will be many desirable locations. A reasonable reserve price will be placed on all lots. The terms of purchase will be one-quarter cash and the balance payable in three annual instalments of one, two and three years, bearing six per cent. interest. Titles will be absolutely indefeasible and guaranteed by the British Columbia Government. Subsequent sales with the names of the company's agents will be announced as held. Maps can be obtained at the company's office. Chas. E. Morgan, city agent, 11 James street north.

The Return of the Birds.

(Robert Haddow in the Presbyterian.)

When God calls forth the flowers in the spring and decks His garden with their bloom and when He clothes the fields with grass, and the trees with robes of green, He adds to these delights by bringing back the birds. Long, long ago, a poet, uttering his joy in spring's awakening, sang, "The flowers appear in the earth, the times of the singing of birds is come."

The birds have returned, not only to the remoter woods and thickets, but some of them have come to live beside us. They nest in our shrubbery, they flit about our lawns and yards, their songs are heard in the branches that shade the city streets. They are disposed to be neighborly, and if it were not that experience had given them too much reason to suspect the approaches of humankind, our acquaintance might be closer than it is. We welcome the return of these blithe bird-neighbors. How we should miss them if they failed us, and if we were deprived of the sight of their bustling little forms and the sound of their sweet notes!

These gentle neighbors have their lessons, too, for him who walks among them and observes them with a meditative eye. They teach a lesson of industry. The "heavenly Father feedeth them," but they do not eat the bread of idleness. Building their nests, brooding upon their eggs, foraging for themselves and their little ones—the days are all too short for the crowding tasks, and as they have neither storehouse nor barn and none lays up for a successor, each generation and each individual must seek his own fortune, and if any will not work it is certain that he may not eat. It ought to be so, and it will yet be so in the world of men.

The birds teach also a lesson of good cheer. This song sparrow who lifts his head and swells his little throat with ecstatic gurgling, what has the All-Father given him that he should fill the air with songs of praise and gladness? The sun, the sky, the trees, the grass, a nest, a mate, a brood of little ones—for these he is glad and sings. Have such blessings been refused to us that we should go through life so sadly? Surely we forget God's benefits or we too would sing.

But most of all, the birds may teach us to trust in God. They have come to us from the distant south and when the summer passes they will turn again. Far is the land to which they go, and their way lies through the trackless air, they have no chart or compass, but they are not afraid. He who brought them hither will be their guide and will lead them to the place of their desire. For us, too, the summer days of life will end and we shall set out upon an unknown way, seeking a fairer clime. But we have learned our lesson from the girds and we will not fear.

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky their certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

A Disappointing Rooster.

Little six-year-old Jack had never seen much of chickens. Last summer he was visiting in a small place where the family kept a few. One day he was out watching them for quite a long time and came in looking very much disgusted. Stepping up to one of the young men, he said:

"Say, Cousin Ned, your old rooster has been coughing and coughing all the morning, and I was watching him and he hasn't coughed up an egg yet."—The Delineator.

Retain that bouyant feeling

A teaspoonful of Fruit Salts in a glass of water before breakfast will give tone to the system and make the day's sun or shadow all carry smiles for you. Try it. Keep healthy, the rest will come

A. REEVES
Druggist & Stationer
Cliff Street Enderby

Special
These are the prices to-day

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

Moffet's Best Flour, $1.80 49-lbs
Three Star Flour, $1.70 per "
Drifted Snow Pastry, $1.65 "
Whole Wheat Flour, $1.55 "
Graham Flour, - $1.50 "
Four Star Chop, $2.00 per 100 lbs
Three Star Chop, $1.95 per 100 lbs
Bran: $1.70 per 100 lbs.
Shorts, $1.70 per 100 lbs.
Middlings, $1.80 per 100 lbs.
Wheat, No. 1, $2.30 per 100 lbs.
Wheat, No. 2, $2.00 per 100-lbs
Oats, $2.00 per 100 lbs.
Oat Chop, $2.15 per 100 lbs.
Barley Chop, $2.15 per 100 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.

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

BALED HAY FOR SALE—
The Columbia Flouring Mill, Ltd., Enderby

THE OKANAGAN MERCANTILE AGENCY
ENDERBY, B. C.
Debt Collection Everywhere on straight commission basis. Bad debts bought for CASH
W. A. DOBSON, Manager

Will Assist Students

The following letter was received by W. P. Horsley, president Farmers' Institute, from the Department of Agriculture, Victoria:

Victoria, July 3, 1909.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that the Provincial Department of Agriculture is prepared to assist students from British Columbia who desire to attend the agricultural college at Guelph, Ont., or St. Anne de Bellevue, Que. Assistance will be given to the extent of $50 for each term, to be paid through the bursar of the college selected. There are two terms in each college year, and students are expected, if possible, to complete two years courses. The terms begin in September and close in April. The endeavor of the Department is to place young men of the province, desiring to take an agricultural college course, on a footing equal to that which will exist when a provincial agricultural college is established in British Columbia. Persons who desire to take advantage of the assistance offered are requested to communicate with this department, also with the president of the college selected so that necessary arrangements may be made.

R. M. PALMER,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

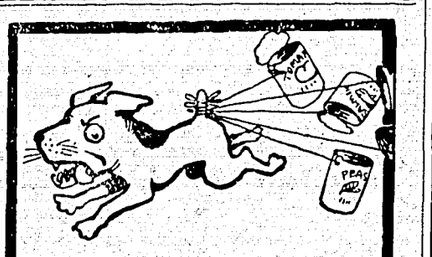
A New Insecticide

Vancouver, May 30, 1909.

John B. Bird, Esq., Secretary Farmers' Institute, Armstrong.

Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Board of Horticulture, held in February last, it was decided that a sample drum of Black Leaf, which is a concentrated form of nicotine, and valuable as a remedy against all forms of aphides, should be sent for experimental purposes to the secretaries of the various Farmers' Institutes throughout the province. It is found that spraying with Black Leaf at a strength of one gallon to 60 or 70 gallons of water heated to a temperature of 130 degrees in the tank, is an excellent remedy against the oyster shell scale when young or hatching out. It is also exceedingly useful as a remedy against the wooly aphis when applied with great force in spraying. A sample drum has been sent to you and you are requested to have it thoroughly tested as soon as possible, keeping a careful record of the effects when used at various strengths of say from 60 to 70 gallons of water to the gallon of Black Leaf. It is only by careful experiment that we can positively determine the value of any insecticide, so that any data that you may be able to collect will be helpful to all concerned. As soon as I shall have tested the value of this new insecticide, I shall have printed instructions published for the guidance of the public.

Your obedient servant.
THOMAS CUNNINGHAM,
Inspector of Fruit Pests.



All Tied Up

For want of help. Our Classified Want Ads. will untie the knots.

We make this a good paper so that intelligent people will read it, and they do.

Isn't that the kind of help you want?

Copyrighted 1907 by H. W. McCready

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

HOUSE for Rent, with or without use of stable; large garden, good well and free wood; suitable for man who wishes to work in town but live in suburbs. C. E. Strickland.

IN ORDER to get land opened up to public view, I will sell first 10-acre block fruit land for $300, providing buyer begins clearing operations at once. C. E. Strickland.

FOR SALE Latest model "Blick" typewriter, with three different kinds of type, in solid leather carrying case. Guaranteed in perfect condition and nearly new. Price, $45 cash. Apply W. A. Dobson, Enderby.

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

Why Swelter over a Hot Stove

When you can do your ironing with comfort even on the hotest day, with a Westinghouse Electrical Sad Iron, with very little cost and in less than half the time required by the hot wood fire. No waiting for the iron to heat; no overheating, no inconvenience. I am getting a dozen of the best Westinghouse irons made, and am going to sell them at 50c less than Vancouver prices. Get your order in early; most of them are spoken for.

F. V. MOFFET
Enderby
Electrical Supplies

LOOK
For Specials on Saturday

Beginning next Saturday, we will offer three specials each week, on which the prices will be put way down. Next Saturday it will be in the Grocery Department. Be on hand to take advantage of these specials.

5 per cent. off in Shoe Department

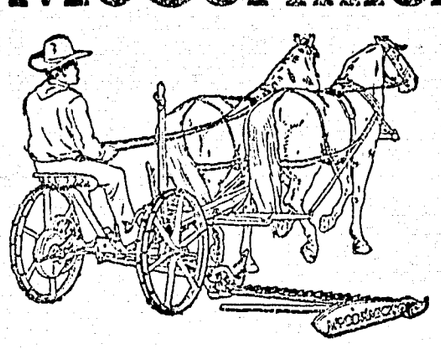
Hay Tedders at Cost Must Go Quickly

Improved Gem Fruit Jars, pints, quarts half-gallons.

The POLSON MERCANTILE CO.
Limited
Postoffice block Enderby

Mowers **W. R. MEGAW** Rakes
Departmental Stores
VERNON, B. C.

McCormick & Deering Mowers and Rakes are THE BEST



Write us for catalog and prices on whatever size you want. These are the mowers and rakes which guarantee value to the buyer, and save him money at every turn of the wheel. Strength, durability and the splendid manner in which they do their work make them favorites with every man who knows good machinery.

We Carry All Kinds of Implements

The largest and best equipped implement warehouse in the Okanagan, and the very best grade in all lines. We save you money on your purchases and make it worth while for you to communicate with us.

McLaughlin Carriages and Automobiles
The very best that money can buy.

W. R. MEGAW *FIRST QUALITY ONLY* **VERNON**

PROFESSIONAL

DR. H. W. KEITH,
Office hours: Forenoon, 11 to 12
Afternoon, 4 to 5
Evening, 7 to 8
Sunday, 12 to 1
Office: BELL BLOCK ENDERBY

W. E. BANTON,
Barrister, Solicitor,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.
Offices, Bell Block, Enderby, B.C.

R. SINGLEFORD,
PHOTOGRAPHER
Studio at Salmon Arm. Will visit Enderby first week in every month. Photos on exhibition at Mrs. Pound's Restaurant.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to the "Creditors Trust Deeds Act 1901" and Amending Acts.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Enderby Fruit & Produce Association Limited, of the City of Enderby, in the Province of British Columbia, Commission Agents, has by deed dated the 22nd day of June, 1909, assigned all its personal estate, credits and effects, which may be seized and sold under execution, and all its real estate, to George Richard Lawes, Esq., of the City of Enderby aforesaid, for the benefit of its creditors. The assignment was executed on the 22nd day of June, 1909.

A meeting of the creditors of the said Enderby Fruit & Produce Association Limited, will be held at the office of W. E. Banton, Solicitor for the said Assignee, in the City of Enderby, B. C., on the 3rd day of July, 1909, at the hour of 2.00 o'clock in the afternoon.

All persons having claims against the said Enderby Fruit & Produce Association Limited, are required to forward particulars of same, duly verified, to the said George Richard Lawes, Enderby, B. C., on or before the said 3rd day of July, 1909.

And notice is hereby given that, after the 24th day of July, 1909, the said assignee will proceed to distribute the proceeds of the estate, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have received notice, and that he will not be responsible for the estate, or any part thereof so distributed, to any person or persons of whose debt or claim he shall not then have received notice.

Dated this 23rd day of June, 1909.
W. E. BANTON,
Solicitor for the Assignee.

CITY OF ENDERBY

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

SMALL DEBTS COURT

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

SECRET SOCIETIES

A.F.&A.M.
Enderby Lodge No. 60. 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.
JNO. FOLKARD, 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

IN THE CHURCHES

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

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

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

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

POST OFFICE

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

Notice

In the matter of the Land Registry Act and in the matter of the title to Lots 11 and 4, Block 7, Maps 211a, City of Enderby.

WHEREAS, the certificate of title of James E. Gray, being certificate No. 12900a to the above hereditaments has been lost or destroyed and application has been made to me for a duplicate thereof.

NOTICE is hereby given that a duplicate certificate of title to the above hereditaments will be issued at the expiration of thirty days from the date of the first publication hereof, unless in the meantime valid objection to the contrary is made to me in writing.

W. H. EDMONDS, District Registrar
Land Registry Office, Kamloops, B.C., June 9th, 1909