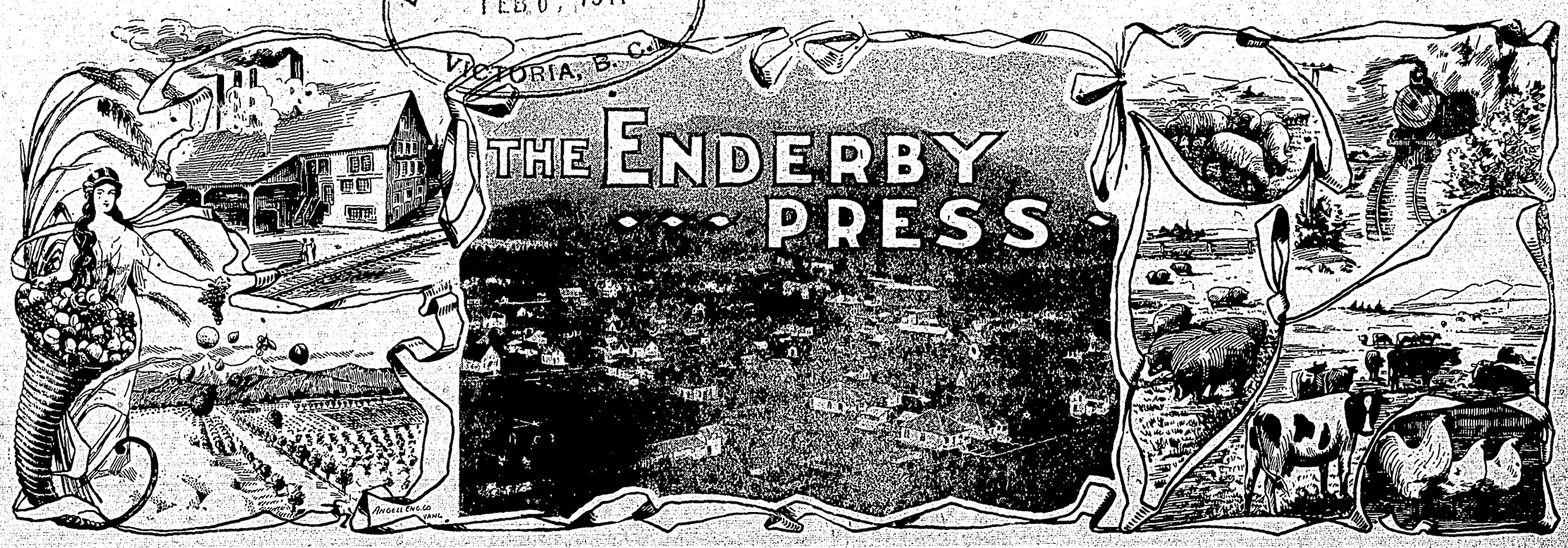
Library Legislative Assembly
FEB 6, 1911
VICTORIA, B. C.



Enderby, B. C., February 2, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 3; No. 49; Whole No. 153

The Town and District and the Moving of the People

Born—At Enderby, Jan. 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. Renwick, a son.

There is said to be more snow in the mountains this year than has been recorded for years.

Do not forget the meeting of the Hospital Auxiliary at the City Hall this (Thursday) afternoon at 3.

Chas. Twigg, formerly of New Denver, is now state entomologist of the Kansas Agricultural Department.

The Presbyterian congregation begin regular morning and evening service in Enderby next Sabbath, Feb. 5th.

Armstrong curlers are getting up a local spiel for Friday, and have asked Enderby and Vernon rinks to participate.

Wise buyers are now picking up the properties of the district which they know can be developed into paying propositions.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bogart are recent arrivals from North Dakota. They are visiting their children, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bogart and family.

Five small debts cases were heard before Magistrate Graham Rosoman, last Saturday, and in each case judgment for plaintiff with costs was given.

The Northern Okanagan Farmers' Institute has decided to erect a powder house at the Grindrod bridge, on the property of the Secretary, C. S. Handcock.

Thos. Pound is exhibiting the handsome shield, cups, etc., won by him in the recent poultry shows, and the whole makes an exhibit that one might be proud of.

H. W. Harvey sold for J. N. Grant, this week, his ten-acre home north of town, to Jas. Scott, a late arrival. The price paid was $200 an acre, including improvements.

The Dutch weather prophet who had seen "tousands an' tousands of Januarys an' never saw a January mitout a January t'aw" died at least one January too soon.

A Valentine Social by the Willing Workers will be held in St. George's Parish Hall, in the evening if Feb.14. Games and other amusements. Admission, 25c; refreshments free.

Mr. and Mrs. H N, Hendrickson returned to Enderby on Saturday, after a visit of many weeks in the middle states. Mrs. Hendrickson has fully recovered her health, and is pleased to return to her Enderby home.

If any reader is still clinging to the belief of the pessimist as regards to the development of the Enderby District, he should put his glasses on and read the advertisement of Chas. W. Little in this issue of the Press.

Mr. A. E. Taylor, local manager of the Bank of Montreal, and Miss L. Nicholson, of Ottawa, were married last Friday at Revelstoke, and are now enjoying a trip to the coast cities. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are expected home this week.

"Miss Duthie has a splendid voice. It is rich and full, and so ductile in its quality that it curls round the notes of Scotch and Irish minstrelsy like a mountain stream round smoothest boulders." — The World, Vancouver.

The new schedule on the Enderby curling rinks is now being played. The standing of the rinks will be given next week. A meeting of the Curling Club will be held this evening at the City Hall, 7:30 sharp, to pass upon bills and order the disposition of the funds of the club.

If the Vernon Curling Club members could hear all the good things said about them for the able management of the bonspiel last week, they would no doubt feel richly repaid for all the hard work put by them into making the affair a success. Every Enderby player and visitor is extravagant in showering upon them bouquets.

Writing from Stewart, B. C., C. W. Lake says: "There is pretty good winter weather up here: lots of snow and clear weather, ranging about zero; sometimes 5 to 8 below. More wind than in the Enderby country. Indications point to a busy summer in mining and railroad work. But for general weather, give me the North Okanagan every time."

The Farmers' Institute meeting at Mara last week, at which the Government fruit experts gave a pruning demonstration at Chas. W. Little's Eldernell orchard, and in the evening speeches on various fruit-growing subjects, was very successful, and the members were complimented on having so many in attendance. Seventy persons attended the afternoon demonstration, and 30 the evening lectures.

The children at school were being drilled in their lesson on literature, and the subject of poets was under discussion. The names of Burns, Byron, Scott, Longfellow and Shakespeare had been mentioned, and the teacher desired to learn how much the boys and girls knew about the present-day poets. "Who can name a poet now living?" she asked. In a moment a bright lad raised his hand. "Name one," said the teacher. All eyes were directed upon the bright lad and, "S. Polson," he ejaculated. The look of assurance that spread o'er his face left no room for doubt as to the correctness of his guess.

The work done by the Enderby Board of Trade since its organization has resulted in very great advantage to Enderby and district, and the returns have already been in excess of what might be expected in view of the little financial assistance which has been given to the Board. The opening spring will witness many more results of the work already done, and if the City appropriates a reasonable amount of money for the use of the Board in working out the publicity campaign planned for 1911, there is good reason to believe that Enderby District will rapidly take a leading place in the rank of Okanagan cities.

The last rink to return from Vernon last week was that of P. Murphy and the last of them returned Saturday evening. F. Prince was the cup-bearer, and placed the handsome Okanagan cup on exhibition at A. Reeves drug store. It is up to the rinks of Mr. Bell and Mr. Murphy to play off the final for this cup. It was the only piece of silverware the boys could get a handle upon, though Murphy's rink was in the finals for every cup. Out of the 18 games played by them they lost only four, and all of these were finals. They made a record in the bonspiel by winning ten straight games. In the semi-finals it looked as if they were going to make a clean sweep of the cups, but they were unfortunate in the draws for the finals, and had to play the fresh bye-rink after they had been steadily on the ice nearly 20 hours. The rink was composed of F. Prince, lead; E. J. Mack, 2nd; E. Evans, 3rd; P. Murphy, skip. Thirty two rinks were entered in the events. The ice was perfect and weather conditions all that could be asked. The whole affair was admirably handled, and there was not a word of complaint from any source. A few of the members of the Vernon rink tendered Mr. Murphy a pleasing token of their recognition of the true sportsmanship displayed by him and his hard-worked rink, in the shape of a valuable stick-pin.

TWO FINE BUYS

Herbert T. Twigg this week purchased the fine Mohr farm, north of Enderby on the Grindrod road, and J. J. C. Twigg, purchased 16½ acres fronting on Mara lake, owned by Norris & Little. Mr. H. T. Twigg is one of the best-known surveyors and draughtmen in the province, and for years was a conspicuous figure in the development of the Slocan. Mr. Twigg desired a first-class fruit and mixed farming proposition for himself and brother, and is very pleased with his purchase. Mr. J. J. C. Twigg has been farming on Lulu Island for 21 years, and came here to look for a pretty place to retire on, and in his Mara lake buy he found what he was looking for.

It would appear that outsiders are beginning to know what we have between Enderby and Mara lake better than many of the people who have lived in the Valley for years.

These are straws which it will pay property seekers to take note of.

LENA DUTHIE TO-NIGHT

This inimitable interpreter of Scottish and Irish folksongs and stories, assisted by Miss Margaret Daniel at the piano, will be heard at K. of P. Hall to-night. This is an entertainment quite unique and altogether enjoyable, bubbling over with quiet fun and with an abundance of the best music of the Scottish and Irish people.

CITY OF ENDERBY

Supply of Cordwood for City Hall.

TENDERS are hereby invited for the supply of twenty cords of wood for the City Hall, fifteen cords of same to be green and five cords dry. All wood must be sound fir, four feet long, and split; round sticks will not be accepted. Must be delivered and piled where directed.

Tenders to be sealed, marked on the outside "Cordwood," and to reach the undersigned not later than 7:30 p. m. on Monday, February 6th, 1911.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

By order of the Council.

GRAHAM ROSOMAN, City Clerk,
City Hall, Jan. 26th, 1911.

For Sale—A few British Columbia homesteads of 160 acres each at $7.50 per acre. One dollar per acre cash, balance over three years. Here is your opportunity—write at once for full particulars to P. O. Box 1756, Vancouver.

Interesting Measures Making into Law at the Provincial Parliament

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 31.—A distinct advance in practical social reform legislation is illustrated in the bill awaiting introduction in the Provincial Legislature by Mr. Frank Mackenzie, the successor of doughty John Oliver in the representation of the Delta District, and which bears the, to a certain extent, self-explanatory title of "an act respecting habit forming drugs." The bill is by nature of its contents a public measure, and it is with the consent of the Government that the Delta's representative has brought it forward—which is an assurance that it will find place on the statute book of 1911

In a word, Mr. Mackenzie proposes, and he has behind him the B. C. Pharmaceutical Association in so doing, to make it an illegal act for any druggist to sell, except on a qualified physician's prescription, cocaine, morphia, or any of their derivitives, either in the original form or as ingredients of any ointment, toothache drop, catarrhal powder or otherwise. The passage of this measure must inevitably cut off a very considerable revenue heretofore enjoyed by a class of druggists in this province as elsewhere, more alive to the opportunities of gain than to the observance of the ethics of the profession or to vigilantly safeguarding the welfare of the community.

That Mr. Mackenzie is himself a druggist and a chemist, and that he is acting in this matter with the full approval of the Association and in their behalf, makes the introduction of this legislation so evidently in the public good, especially significant.

So far as known the legislation offered is in advance of that on the subject—or in the direction of the abatement of habits that are a curse to the community as well as to the unfortunates contracting them—at present appearing on the statute book of any other of the Canadian provinces or any of the states of the Union.

The bill as it will be introduced during the course of the coming week carries penalties in fines of from $10 to $100 for each offence, or in alternative, imprisonment not exceeding three months with hard labor.

The week that has just ended and the week now started will offer striking contrast in the character of the proceedings of the Provincial Parliament—the sessions of the week now ended having been devoted strictly to businesslike advancement of the public measures, with but few spasmodic excursions into the realm of oratorical debate, while the week now commencing promises to be a succession of field days in which all of the prize debaters of the House will find abundant opportunity to bask in the spotlight of publicity.

Of the week's accomplishments, the University Endowment Act amendment bill; the Automobile Traffic Regulation bill; the bill assuring sanitation in railroad construction, logging and similar camps, sawmills, etc.; the Public Service Act amendment bill; the Tramway Act amending legislation; and the bill creating and providing for the systematic development of the Strathcona Provincial Park, have all progressed with very little perfunctory opposition, to their final stages; only one—and the last—in this list of government measures producing what might be dignified with description as a real debate; and that complimentary and facetious rather than controversial.

THE UNPOPULAR VIEW

Discussing the reciprocity agreement a citizen says: "I feel that Canadian producers of foodstuffs cannot complain reasonably of the larger market being opened to them. It is true fruit from the other side will be admitted to the Canadian market free, and thus will come into competition with British Columbia fruit. But the fruit growers of B. C. will have the same privileges in the larger market of the States. And the market there, owing to the older and stronger organizations of the growers, is higher priced than our home market, particularly in the product for which this province is now justly famed—late winter apples. The real question is not so much one of duty for our B. C. growers. It is more a question of quality and supply. If as has been demonstrated, we can beat anything in America in quality, then the matter of market should be easy. It is only a question of supply. The best on the market is always in demand, and the price high. If we had enough of the best on the market, we should control the market, no matter where it be. And the opening of the American markets, in addition to our own, should place our fruit growers on a better basis than they were before.

CURLING SCHEDULE

Thursday, Feb. 2—Taylor & Joe Evans, 1 ice; Keith & Murphy, 2 ice.

Friday, Feb. 3—Bell & Jas. Evans, ice 1; Taylor & Graham, ice 2.

Saturday, Feb. 4—Keith & Fulton, ice 1; Jas. Evans & Murphy, ice 2.

Monday, Feb. 6—Bell & Graham, ice 1; Reeves & Joe Evans, ice 2.

Tuesday, 7th—Keith & Hancock, ice 1; Taylor & Jas. Evans, ice 2.

Wednesday, Feb. 8—Murphy & Reeves, 1 ice; Bell & Fulton, 2 ice.

Thursday, 9th—Graham & Fulton, 1 ice; Keith & Joe Evans, 2 ice.

Friday, 10th—Taylor & Hancock, 1 ice.

We wish to call particular attention to the advertisement of A. Fulton, in this issue of the Press. Not because he is advertising separators, or, for that matter hardware, but because of the excellence of the advertisement itself. Like Topsey, we just "growed up" in the printing business and have done some stunts in ad-writing ourselves, at times. But never have we had the pleasure of reading a more convincing advertisement than that written by Mr. Fulton himself. It has been said that Post, the Battle Creek millionaire of Postum fame, owes his great success to his personally written ads. He has had professional ad-writers do work for him, it is true, but none of them have been able to hold a candle to Post himself. You see, the man Post knows his goods, and is absolutely sincere in what he says of them. There is the same ring to the ad written by Mr. Fulton. If you want to know what a real live, selling ad looks like, read it.

For Sale—A new Williams sewing machine, in good order. Will sell cheap for cash. City Bakery, Cliff street.

Distress in the Stomach

Hundreds of Thousands of Bottles of Nerviline Used Every Year for Curing Cramps, Diarrhoea, and Stomach Disorders.

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to contort the countenance and cause him to cry aloud for help.

LETTER No. 4877

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself felt—it cures so quickly, you would think it was made to cure cramps, and cramps only.

"Last summer I was stricken with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me.

"My eyes bulged out, and the veins in my forehead stood out like whipcords.

"My cries attracted a neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water.

"It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline.

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE,
"Williamsburg."

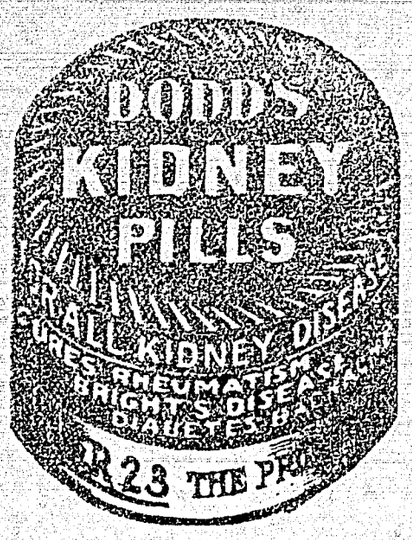
No home is safe or can afford to miss the manifold advantages of having Nerviline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. In two sizes, 50c and 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

MATCHES MADE BY MUSIC

A CHURCH choir is one of Cupid's "most happy hunting grounds," affirms a tenor who sings in a fashionable London church.

"I believe that if statistics were obtainable on the subject it would be found that of single people who join church choirs a larger proportion get married within a year than among an equal number of young people that might be selected anywhere else. Singing, even if about things celestial, sets the deepest of all emotions going, and hearts chord with each other just as voices do.

"If the singer doesn't discover an affinity in a fellow-singer it is pretty apt to be found in the congregation. If a woman has a sweet voice, a face to match, and a figure to go with the other two attractions, she has the best possible opportunity for displaying them as anyone can understand; and the same principle applies to a handsome man."

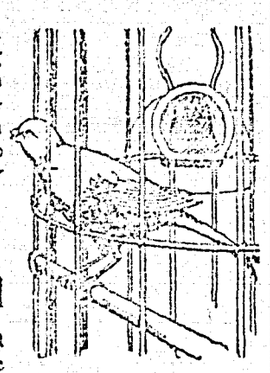


Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The results from their use are quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

Keep "Dick" At His Best



He'll give you his sweetest song only when he's in the pink of condition. Put him there, and keep him there, by feeding him on

BROCK'S Bird Seed

He'll enjoy it more, thrive better on it, look finer and sing sweeter. The seed itself is a scientific mixture—a perfectly balanced food for song-birds in this climate—and the cake of Brock's Bird Treat in every package is a splendid bird tonic.

Give Dick a chance to prove it—at our expense. Mail us the coupon below, filled in, and we will send you, absolutely free, one full size package of Brock's Bird Seed. 33

NICHOLSON & BROCK
9-11 Francis Street, - Toronto.

For this coupon, please send me, free of charge or obligation on my part, one full size package of Brock's Bird Seed, and oblige.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... A1

That Reminds Me

PARKE: You keep a joint bank account with your wife, don't you?

Johnson: Well, yes; I deposit the money and she draws it out.

* * *

WHY are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."

* * *

GREENBAUM: I got a turrible bad coldt.

Greenberg: Vhy don't you take somethings for it?

Greenbaum: How much will you gif me?

* * *

DO you understand this building-loan scheme?"

"Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place it's yours."

* * *

THEM New York folks aren't as smart as they pretend tu be," said Hiram Bush on his return from the city. "I saw a sign over a store door that read, 'Cast Iron Sinks.' Well, any kind of iron will sink, by heck!"

* * *

THE nurse was leaving her little charge and said to her: "Now don't be afraid, dear; I am taking away the candle, but God will stay with you in the dark."

"Nurse," asked the child, "won't you please leave the candle and take God?"

* * *

ONLY his legs were visible from under the automobile when a friend sauntered up. "Anything the matter with the machine?" asked the friend.

"No, indeed!" replied the voice from under the car; "I just crawled under here to get out of the sun."

* * *

THE real-estate agent had sounded his praises of the new property to the prospective buyer; and at the end he said: "The death rate in this suburb is lower than in any other part of the country."

"I believe you," said the prospective buyer; "I wouldn't be found dead here myself."

* * *

THROWN from her luxurious motor-car the fair girl had lain insensible for many hours. Now, however, the operation was over, consciousness had returned, and she spoke faintly in the darkened room.

"Yvonne."

"Yes, mademoiselle." The maid bent over her.

"Yvonne, tell me: did I or did I not have on my new silk stockings?"

* * *

PHYSICAL culture, Father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young girl just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," exclaimed her father; "what won't science discover! If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping!"

* * *

THE case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness.

"Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Well, sir," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

* * *

He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come.

Noiselessly he stole up behind her and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily; "I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You idiot!" she giggled. "I am."

* * *

THE conductor of the Charing Cross 'bus pulled up his 'bus at the curb and waited for the women to come down the stairs from the top. All came down briskly except one very stout lady, who had been sitting on top. She came down the steep and winding stair very slowly. Her skirt flapped around her ankles and at every step she stopped and thrust it carefully down. The conductor waited with a bored expression, his hand on the bell-rope. Finally he lost patience when the fat lady stopped for the fifth or sixth time to thrust down her billowing skirt, and he burst out angrily:

"Now, then, lydy, 'urry up, cahn't yer? Legs ain't no treat to mo!"

* * *

MRS. DALTON had become very tired from shopping, and slipping on her kimono, prepared herself for a period of rest. Her colored maid appeared just at this point and announced a caller.

"No, Anne," said Mrs. Dalton; "I cannot see her. Please tell her to excuse me as I am in negligee." When the message was delivered Mrs. Dalton heard her visitor laugh so heartily that it even penetrated to her bedroom.

Calling Anne she asked the maid the cause of the hilarity.

"I dunno, ma'am, I really dunno," answered Anne.

"What did you tell her?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Why I done tole her to please 'scuse you, as you was naked as a jay."

* * *

MRS. JOHN WOOD appeared with the elder Sothern in the same company for several seasons. On one occasion, while the company was playing in Birmingham, Mrs. Wood met Mr. Sothern in the street. They were near an ironmonger's shop when he shook hands with her and bade her good-morning.

"Would you mind going in here with me? I want to make some small purchases," he said.

She accompanied him.

He went up to the counter and said: "I want 'Macaulay's History of England.'"

The assistant said: "We do not sell books, sir; this is an ironmonger's shop."

"Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf. "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia."

"But this is not a bookseller's!" shouted the assistant.

"All right," said Sothern. "Wrap it up neatly. Want to have it sent down to the hotel. It's a present I wish to make to a relative. Put it up nicely."

"We don't keep it," shouted the assistant getting red in the face, while Mrs. Wood stepped aside and took a chair in another part of the shop, almost overcome with suppressed laughter at the cheerful, frank expression on Sothern's face, and the mad, puzzled look on that of the assistant.

"Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want anything better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the flyleaf."

"Sir!" bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "we do not keep books."

"Very well," said the actor, quite undisturbed at the emotion he was creating, "I will wait for it."

Under the impression that his customer was either stone-deaf or a lunatic, the assistant bounced off to the lower end of the shop and asked his master to come, saying: "I can do nothing with the man. I think he must be off his head." Whereupon the principal marched up to the spot where Sothern was standing and asked very loudly: "What is it, sir? What do you desire?"

"I want to buy a file," returned Sothern quietly—"a plain file about four or five inches in length."

"Certainly," said the principal, with a withering look at his assistant, and producing at once the article which had been asked for.

With the Horses

THE show of draft horses in harness is certainly one of the best fair attractions, and may be made useful and instructive. Exhibits of fours and sixes are not only successful drawing cards at a ticket office and of great interest to boxholders, but are object lessons to breeders and teamsters, showing the result of judicious feeding, fitting and careful handling.

There might be another class added which, while not as interesting to boxholders and casual visitors, would be of great value to breeders and men directly interested and anxious to know which breed possesses the greatest strength, most natural energy and longest endurance at hard work. Four or six horses weighing from 1,600 to 2,000 pounds manipulated by an expert driver and hauling an empty wagon do not demonstrate the full ability of those horses, nor of the breed to which they belong. A demonstration of working capacity would be of intrinsic and practical value to men who wish to invest in the most serviceable horses. The value of any race track horse, either trotter, pacer or runner, depends upon his performance or that of his get. Why should not the drafter demonstrate his value by performance in his line? A severe public test would go farther in settling the question than all the statements and flaming advertisements or partizan communications ever written.

First in such a contest should come pure-bred animals, for the reason that no animal can impart qualities which he does not possess and which do not belong to the breed which he represents. Next to pure-breds should come grades, but with them positive proof of breeding should be required, so that each breed might have due credit. Regulations safeguarding the interests of all should be made and strictly enforced. The test should be severe enough to be conclusive, in order to be of any value to men desiring an honest test.

* * *

Horses on farms are so frequently worked in pairs that it is very necessary that they should be well matched. By this is not meant that the team should be closely alike in color, size and general appearance. It is desirable that they should be so, but this is only one and by no means the most important part of the matching. It requires a good deal of skill and judgment to bring together a pair of horses that resemble each other in all characteristics sufficiently to work in harmony, and action comes first in this connection. Style is required in the action of any class of horse, and a team, each of which stands up to the bit in about the same way, is attractive to buyers, and pleasing to the man who drives it.

A team ill-matched in regard to action, strength and staying powers is a liberal source of irritation, no matter how nearly alike in color the horses may be. Proper action—that is, strong, clean, vigorous movement of feet and legs—is highly desirable, and if it can be combined with general conformation and color, so much the better. Size, to a certain extent, may be sacrificed for strength and conformation, but only within certain limits.

* * *

If a gentle horse be hitched to a tree or other immovable object and commanded to pull, he will at first pull all he can; the second time he will not pull with quite so much confidence as at first; while on the third or fourth attempt he will pull but little, or perhaps not at all. To whip and urge him to pull would only start in him the habit of balking. If a horse is overloaded or so exhausted that he cannot pull the load, and in this condition is whipped and urged to go, he will balk; or if he starts too quickly and if pulled back violently and whipped till confused and excited, the habit of balking is begun. Thus we see that this habit is purely acquired the same as kicking and other habits for which there can hardly be any reasonable excuse.

There are few men sufficiently gifted with the wisdom and patience to judiciously use the whip. The average driver appears to believe that it is the accompaniment of a loud voice and much bluster, while others use it most freely when angry, the result of which is to produce a like irritation in the horse.

* * *

Don't let the colts and young horses run down on short pastures; it don't pay.

Colts should always be kept growing.

Good grooming improves the appearance of a horse and also helps to keep him healthy.

Style in draft and road horses means money every time.

Attend meetings of horsemen, if you can, particularly if good horses are to be on exhibition. Learn all you can about horses and the kind most needed in your part of the country, and then try to do something to supply that need.

Give the horses some carrots or potatoes two or three times a week. Some people call this fussing, but it pays.

Don't let the breeding mare get down to skin and bone. It is bad for her and bad for the colt. Give her extra feed and care.

Heavy draft teams hauling heavy loads keep in good condition when kept at the fast walking gait, and accomplish more than when trotted part of the time.

Collars should not be changed from one horse to another any more than you should change shoes with your neighbor.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness, and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

STOMACH TORTURE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" BROUGHT RELIEF

DANIEL SAUNDERS

Shoal Lake, Man., June 11th, 1910

"For years I was bothered with persistent Dyspepsia and Indigestion, having severe pains after meals and I tried everything that I could get but the pain in my stomach became no better.

A druggist recommended "Fruit-a-tives." I did not give up any foods I was in the habit of eating nor stop smoking—yet "Fruit-a-tives" has done wonders for me and I strongly advise all my friends to use it." (Signed), DANIEL SAUNDERS

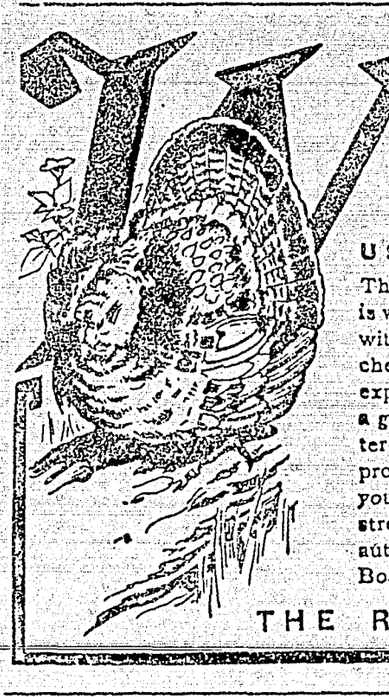
"Fruit-a-tives" is sold at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50 trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

A fine saddle horse was running down. His teeth were floated, made even, and in just one month he was plump and round and sleek.

JOINING LEATHER TO IRON

TO glue leather to iron, paint the iron with some kind of lead color—say white lead and lampblack. When dry, cover with a cement made as follows: Take the best glue procurable; soak it in cold water till soft; then dissolve in vinegar with a moderate heat, and add one-third of its bulk of white pine turpentine. Thoroughly mix, and by means of vinegar make it the proper consistency to be spread with a brush. Apply the cement while hot; draw the leather on or around quickly, and press into place. In case of a pulley, draw the leather around tightly as possible; lay and clamp.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.



WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns

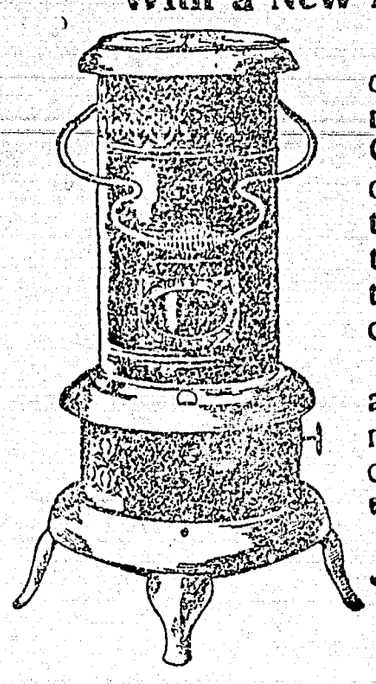
USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.

The U. S. Army authorities *know* a gun; that is why, when they decided to equip some troops with repeating shotguns, they selected the Winchester in preference to all other makes. The experts of the U. S. Ordnance Board also *know* a gun; that's why, after submitting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun to all sorts of tests, they pronounced it *safe, sure, strong* and *simple*. If you want a shotgun—buy the one whose strength and reliability led the U. S. Army authorities to select it and the U. S. Ordnance Board to endorse it—that's the Winchester.

THE RELIABLE REPEATERS

Dry Your Clothes on a Wet Washday

With a New Perfection Oil Heater



When clothes can't be hung outside, and must be dried in a room or cellar, the New Perfection Oil Heater quickly does the work of sun and air. You can hang up the wet clothes, light your Perfection Oil Heater, open the damper top, and the heat rises and quickly dries the clothes.

Do not put off washing to await a sunny day in order to avoid mildew. Dry your washing any day with hot air from a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

It gives just as much heat as you desire. It is safe, odorless and smokeless.

It has an **automatic-locking flame spreader,** which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. Burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for rewicking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in japan or nickel, strong and durable, well-made, built for service and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

We guarantee the perfect quality and absolute purity of the tobaccos used in the manufacture of

SWEET CAPORAL Cigarettes.

Catching a Tiger Shark on the South Carolina Coast

HE was called Spotted Jack, from the numerous splotches of dark color that adorned his huge body from head to tail. His size, too, had increased from the moderate length of sixteen feet to that of forty, as yarn after yarn would be spun by the excited fishermen concerning the depredations committed by his lordship among the fishing tackle on the reef and also among the set lines put for his capture.

I saw him once, while fishing for red bass on the shallows. It was only a glimpse of two huge fins protruding some two feet out of the water and the porpeller-like motion of the big tail as it worked—forcing the long, dark body swiftly across the treacherous shoals into the deep and safer waters of the channels.

There was no denying it. He was a nuisance and a menace to the fishing interests of the season, and, unless some means were adopted to rid the beach of his presence, our favorite pastime would be at an end, for this summer at least. Several attempts had been made to catch him—big set lines being used, baited with full-grown mullets. But the fishermen never seemed to consider his great size and strength, or the rigs put out may have been old and rotten. Some reason was always advanced by way of explanation by those whose repeated attempts had always resulted in complete failure, and still he lived and spread havoc along the fishing grounds. He invariably came off victorious—each time leaving three or four expensive rigs smashed at the end of the fight. It was useless to attempt to land him with the ordinary line. Something stronger must be used—a strong quarter-inch line and two hundred feet in length. Steel hooks, too, with chain leaders to match. This would be my outfit. And I lost no time in getting it up. Big lines they were and beauties, but I needed just such a rig. Fourteen or perhaps fifteen feet in length, he would prove an ugly customer, even with the aid of steel and hemp, backed by three strong men and a big stake or log conveniently near at hand, to take a turn around when the strain proved too great.

Thus I figured out the cost of battle, as we went into camp that night. It was late—too late on the tide to put out the big lines then. So we contented ourselves, my man and I, with discussing our plans for the following day, while we carefully examined our fishing gear.

The streaks of early dawn found us up and on the move. Assigning to Dave the task of putting out and staking the big lines, I pushed on to the slough that separated the fishing grounds from the main beach, and, crossing waist-deep, found myself on the big reef known as Southest Breaker—a long, low sand-bar that reached far out to sea and which was covered only by the highest tides. Gazing at the endless white fringe of pounding breakers, I selected the calmest spot, and, whirling my heavy sinker three or four times around my head, I hurled it far out into the creamy white waters of the shoal—there to stay until lifted by some of the scaly inhabitants of the reef.

Dave, having now finished his task of putting out the shark lines, arrived upon the scene. He was very much concerned at having seen the big spotted fish, he said, some distance down the beach and heading our way. He was sure of trouble, for his right ear had been ringing all the morning, "and dat shore am an onfailing sign." Accordingly, as is the custom of the superstitious blacks, he made a cross upon the sands, spat upon his line, and heaved it far out—intent upon getting the first bite and landing the first bass.

I now searched every inch of the white sweeping waste before me for the big fins and mottled body of Spotted Jack; but, as it was still dark, I saw nothing to alarm me; so hopefully surmised that he had taken some other route—leaving us to enjoy our fishing without interruption.

The flood tide flowed in sluggishly, taking a long time to cover the tail of the reef and fill the slight depression thereon, in which we expected to have the best sport and catch the most fish. Consequently we had a long time to wait—patiently standing in the chilly water at four o'clock in the morning, with a raw breeze blowing from the south-east which penetrated the innermost recesses of the body and caused one to sigh for the sheltered seclusion of the ever warm myrtle thicket and protected sand dunes of the Point. This was a job for which we had no liking, and Dave showed signs of weariness as he rolled up his line and yawned, while walking to his fishing-box for the purpose of replacing the bait stolen by the annoying crabs and small fish. Another hour passed, and still our lines rode straight out in front of us. This was discouraging. As for me, my legs gave out and I was tired and disgusted with the monotonous routine of throwing out and winding up again, without a single bite to encourage me. Where the fish had gone to I knew not.

However, the water on the bar was not yet deep enough for bass, and, after all, we had the whole day ahead of us and the best of the tide to fish out. So, with these cheering reflections, I retreated to higher ground, and, being somewhat exhausted, sat on my box and dozed—lulled by the soothing sound of rippling water that unceasingly swept in and as unceasingly retreated, carrying with it the annoying little minnows that viciously nibbled at my white toes as they lay half-submerged in the soft sand and shallow water of the reef. Fifty yards away, like a statue cut out of ebony, stood Dave, my faithful friend and servant, with drooping head and closed eyelids—himself a victim to the seductive influence of the hour and the narcotic effects of the salt sea air.

Away out, somewhere in the mysterious depths of that great heaving mass of waters, lay our lines. Armed with six big steel hooks, each baited with a mullet and anchored with great sinkers of some two pounds each, and so constructed as to withstand the undertow and thus keep the rig in position. Fearing that I might lose my line by having it jerked out of my hand during one of my cat naps, I made a noose, through which I inserted my hand; then, tightening it somewhat around my wrist, I once more gave way to the drowsiness that for the last two hours had taken complete possession of me. Turning up the collar of my coat to protect my neck and throat, I endeavored to keep awake awhile—heartily wishing myself ensconced amongst the blankets of my tent, nestling snugly amid the distant sand dunes of the Point. The crash and roar of the breakers grew fainter and more remote. My senses grew confused, and soon I was dozing soundly—only to be ruthlessly awakened by a jerk that almost dislocated my arm. The next moment I found myself pulled from my seat into the shallow water and being rapidly towed to sea at a rate that almost took away my breath. At first I attempted to make a stand—digging my toes into the sand and bracing for dear life. But I might just as well have pitted my puny strength against that of a tugboat as to attempt to turn the big fish at the end of my line.

It did not take me a second to realize what had happened. I had hooked many a shark, clam-cracker and other heavy and hard-pulling fish frequenting this coast-line, but nothing whose strength could approach that of this rampant monster that was surely and swiftly taking me out beyond my depth. Shark or devil fish—judging from his towing powers—one was as bad as the other. It all happened in a second. Yelling for Dave, and vigorously contesting every inch of my seaward journey took up all my spare time. My fish was fighting to gain deep water while I strained every nerve in my body to turn his head and coax him shoreward. The line cut into my wrist fearfully, and I made several fruitless attempts to loosen up the slip-knot, but never succeeding in accomplishing anything, gave it up and exerted all my strength in trying to part it. In this I likewise failed. Things were now taking a serious turn. Unless I could detach myself from the line, I would surely be carried beyond my depth and drowned. Even now, I was half strangled by the ducking I got every few minutes; for the short rollers, racing shoreward, would hit me a slap that would completely submerge my entire body from head to foot. Then I would pop up on the other side, only to see a straight bar of white line cutting deeply through the next wave—a line, too, made of our famous long stapled Sea Island cotton, strong and tough as a bar of steel wire. I groaned in spirit, for I well knew that it would cut through my wrist, even to the bone, before there would part one fibre of the tough and closely spun cotton cord. No—there was no earthly chance of its parting. This I knew, and my heart almost stopped beating as I thought of what the very next few minutes might bring about. Die? Heavens? I could not die with just a small line, a mere cord, between me and freedom. Break it I would, even if the blood flowed and the flesh tore apart. Thoroughly excited, I continued to yell at the top of my voice for Dave, hoping he would come to my rescue. Deeper and deeper grew the water, as the great fish slowly forced me out into the great swash of big, choppy seas, each of which lifted me clear of the beloved bottom and so deprived me of foothold—my only means of retarding his seaward progress.

Turning my head to one side, to avoid the fearful slap and buffet of an incoming wave, I caught sight of an object struggling amid the flying spray and yelling as only an excited black can yell. Ah! the sweet music of those yells! Oh! the love that welled up in my heart when I heard David's cheery voice shouting words of encouragement as he flourished aloft a big sheath knife and breasted the short waves of the bank, on his way to the swash beyond. "Hold um, Boss!" he yelled, between gasps. "Try for turn um, Marse Cecil! Dah big spotted debil! He shore done got you dis time! I'm comin' all I kin!" These words came to me across a vast field of whirling white foam and broken water, but oh! the music of it all!

Still I tugged and fought—now strangling, now gasping, as each giant wave would deluge me on its way to the distant beach. A minute more, and I see David's black hands grasping the stout cord and feel his big shoulder as it jostles against mine in a frantic effort to stay the outward rush of the now thoroughly frightened fish.

"The first chance you get, Dave, for God's sake give me the knife!"

"Yes, Boss. I ready, sah. Shore, fust chance!" he replied, as we doggedly fought and tugged, while the cross-seas of the bank buffeted us about ad libitum. Giddy from the whirl and swish of the onrushing breakers, our heads swam and we felt weak and faint from the strain of the heavy pull. Up and down the big reef we raced. Out to the surf line; then in again we worked panting. Now almost drowned by an avalanche of spray from some unperceived wave; anon gasping for breath, as the salt spray would be forced into our heaving lungs. All the while losing ground, foot by foot we advanced further into the great stretch of moving, swaying green water of the channel, with never the ghost of a chance to check his outward run and make a stand for even a moment. Oh! for the knife in the darkie's hand! I had not time to reach for it and he less to let it go and hand it to me. My left hand was always employed in easing the strain on my right wrist; otherwise the line would have soon cut clear through to the bone.

Now a jerk throws us forward on our faces, far beneath the surface of the tide. Dave is the first to regain his feet and I see him fumbling for the weapon I am so anxious to possess. I muster up enough breath to shout out, "Quick! The knift!" Then down again we go together. A moment of fearful ear-ringing and again we are up, frantically coughing the water from throat and lungs. I feel that this cannot last long. "Try for turn um, Boss! Try for turn um! We gwine ter drown!" comes in gasps from my dusky companion, and I know that he, too, is failing. Even now I am on the point of giving up and quietly drowning, just as a puppy or kitten would if repeatedly pushed beneath the surface by the hand. I feel weak and dazed. But, even as I give up, my fish seems to weaken for the first time since hooked. The great strain of a moment ago suddenly relaxes and the white streak of line falls and disappears in the whirl and sweep of white water that rushes across the great bank; my fish, to all appearances, has escaped; but, experienced as I am, I know the contrary. No such good luck! He is merely running in with the line and in all probability will be amongst us in a jiffy. Apprehending being torn to pieces by his sharp teeth, we beat a hasty retreat shoreward — straining waist - deep against the undertow and making a fearful outcry, to intimidate him if possible. Our progress, of course, is slow and tedious, while his would be as swift as a swallow's.

Now, too, was my chance for cutting my wrist clear. Calling for the knife (which was handed me before the words were out of my lips), I quickly slashed the stout cord and was once more free. I had had enough fishing for one day; so I fought my way steadily through the surf for the beach, some seventy five yards away and glistening in the noonday sun.

Being now free, I direct my attention to lengthening our lines, thereby adding a hundred and fifty feet to my already long rig and proportionately increasing our chances of landing him safely ashore without the former risk of being obliged to follow him into deep water. My arm being also released, I could let go when the strain grew too great for my hands. Yes; I was now safe and bent on revenge! With two long lines—some 350 feet—and my hand free, I felt sure that he was mine. Now, catch him I would. So, letting the coil drop in the tide, I grasped the end firmly and awaited the outward rush that I knew would come, sooner or later, as he shoaled. But the swash still separated us from the mainland and I felt I was crowing too soon. Waist-deep still, with plenty of water to float a big fish all around us and with my skin creeping and momentarily expecting the grip of his powerful jaws, we struggled on. Suddenly there arose close by a great whirlpool of white water and a cloud of spray, out of which popped two enormous dorsal fins. A piercing yell from Dave and a freezing of my heart's blood! But just then, thank heaven! something alarmed him, and he was off again—taking the slack as he goes out. Out seaward he darts, while we tug and strain at the long line that burns and gnaws at our hands like heated wire.

"Let go, Boss! for Gora'mighty's sake, let go! He too much for me!" pleads Dave, disheartened at this new reverse.

But I refuse to quit; my blood is up and I am determined to fight it out to a finish. For a second I get a glimpse of his ugly body as he glides through a great, glassy roller—only to be lost the next moment in a seething smother of foam as the big sea breaks. What a beast he is! and so hideously mottled! Ugh! the sight of his baleful goggle eyes, and shovelling snout! Out, out to the end of 350 feet of good stout line he swims, churning the sea into foam as he feels the check. Ah! now he starts shoreward again and we pull him in quickly, doing our best to get him shoaled. This time I feel sure he's ours—but again he stops, working the dead-weight tactics on us and refusing to budge a single inch. Ere long he heads shoreward once more and I am pulling him in through a big wave, when up goes his tail and down goes his head. There is a whirl of white water and a great volume of spray shoots skyward. The whole sea seems full of sharks, so quick is he in his movements. He must have struck the sand in his downward plunge and thus become frightened into a renewed effort to escape. Back to sea he goes with remarkable rapidity, in spite of our united efforts—taking the skin off our hands with the slack as he flies.

"Dave," I cried, "haul in with all your might! This is his last spurt. Don't quit me now," I pleaded, as my companion grumblingly berated the hot cord which had burned into his tough palm.

Once more, waist-deep in the heaving water, shoulder to shoulder we jostle and bump each other. Now jerked almost on our faces; now buffeted about by the angry cross-seas that came in threes and fours, until I felt beaten and ready to throw up the sponge in despair, while Spotted Jack sailed serenely through the green seas, apparently as fresh as when first hooked. The entire length of two long lines had been paid out; the water was getting deeper; and it was now simply a matter of the strength of the harness. Stop we must—and stop we did. Stretch, stretch, stretch! while we hung on and dug our toes into the soft sand of the bottom. Would he never stop? Minutes seemed like hours. I could not stand it much longer, and still the line stretched and grew taut as a harpstring.

Our feet fairly plough the bottom, as we are ruthlessly dragged seaward. Now we come in contact with some huge slippery obstacle, deeply imbedded in the ever-changing quicksand of the slue. To this I cling with a deathlike grip and call upon Dave to do the same. A quick turn around one of its projections and the job is complete.

"Dat stop um!" cries Dave, between gasps, as the mammoth shark swings side on and makes a mighty dive—to soon vault high above the horizon line. Up! up! into the blue air he flies. Then down again into his native element, amidst a cloud of feathery spray, he sinks from sight. Once more we start landward, across the vast expanse of seething water—waist-deep and putting forth the best we have in us. Taking in the slack as we hustled; again getting miserably entangled in the heavy line that wound itself around our feet; staggering against each other in our mad haste, and all the time fearful of seeing two big fins and goggle eyes pop up again from the tumbling foam around us. Now we've only a few yards; then the deep swash. Ugh! that deep water! What might not be waiting therein for us? Where was the shark?

Ah! a jerk answers the question. The line again runs out. Feebly this time—giving us no trouble to check it. Yes; there he is, slowly swimming in—worn out or drowned, as the fishermen style it. Now, for the first time, we note his huge proportions, as he shoals in three feet of good green water and rolls sluggishly about in the shallow sweep of the surf line. How the water flies, as he raises his big tail and brings it down again.

"Wait on de tide, Boss. We can't move um, sah," pants Dave, as he sits at rest, while little rills of perspiration chase each other down his ebony cheeks and fall into the shallow sweep of sea around his feet. As for me, I am harmless. The reaction has set in, and I am glad to drop flat on the hard sand beach and gasp for the breath that was so badly needed in my exhausted lungs. The question now arises, How to despatch him? We dare not approach the fish; he is cross and still very much alive, and I would not venture within ten feet of him, shoaled as he is, for all the money in the country. Ever and again he makes feeble efforts to turn seaward, but his day has come and we are masters of the situation. Dave proposes going to camp for the Winchester. A wise suggestion, to which I readily agree, and after a few minutes he is back again and anxious to shoot the big fish, for he is fearful of its getting away and equally desirous of getting the liver to use as a charm against evil spirits. So, taking a careful aim, he sends a bullet ploughing through the big head and another into the body. A few convulsive shivers, and thrashings of the huge tail, attest Dave's true eye and steady hand. I now decide to leave the carcass where it is until the receding tide should leave it high and dry. Then, after refreshing the inner man at camp, we are to return and measure our prize, and, if possible, remove the lower jaw, to take home as a trophy of war.

In two hours we are back, to find our fish some twenty feet on dry land. He is a monster all right, and curiously mottled, being different from any specimen I have ever seen. His jaw I hacked away, and succeeded in laying open my hand in two places while doing so. He had evidently strayed afar from his native waters—probably the Carribean sea or Gulf of Mexico—and had taken up his abode around our fishing grounds. I should have liked to weigh the body, as he appeared to have the girth of a small pony, and, upon measuring, proved to be sixteen feet five inches—a length twice as great as any usually met with around our coast. There are no doubts of his having been able to drown us both, within ten minutes of our hooking him, had the hooks not entered high up in his upper jaw, very close to the shovel-shaped part of the head—a place known to every fisherman as a tender spot in a shark's head. This chance hooking, I believe, saved my life, as he was not able to put forth a half of the prodigious strength at his command and thus got worn out by his own exertions.

Since then, I have never attached my line to any part of my person. One such experience is certainly enough for me, and I have learned wisdom at the cost of a nerve-racking adventure.

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable; for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable header. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

BLOOD-POISONING FROM CUT FINGER

Serious Condition Relieved by Zam-Buk

Mr. Jas. Davey, 786 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, says: "A few months since I was cured of a poisoned finger through the timely use of Zam-Buk. I cut a deep gash across the knckkle of the right hand, in opening a lobster can one evening. I suffered at the time with the soreness and pain ,but had no idea it would become a serious wound. However, in about two days I was greatly alarmed, as my whole hand and arm to the elbow became inflamed, and the finger was much discolored, showing signs of blood-poisoning. The pain was dreadful, and I was forced to leave off my work and go home.

"The wound on the knuckle had been poisoned through the dust and dirt about the furnaces and boilers. I then decided to start the Zam-Buk treatment and, having first bather the cut, I applied the healing balm. It soothed the pain almost immediately, and the next day there was a great improvement. In a week's time, through perseverance with Zam-Buk, a complete cure was brought about."

Scores of similar cases could be quoted, and the wisest precaution is to keep a box of Zam-Buk handy and apply it immediately a cut, or burn, or bruise is sustained.

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ring-worm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse imitations and substitutes.

A PHILADELPHIA man was in great distress one morning not long since by reason of the delay in serving his breakfast.

"I wish you'd go to the kitchen," said he to his wife, "and see what the trouble is. I've an appointment at nine."

The wife complied with this request. When she returned to the dining-room the husband observed a strangely melancholy expression on her face.

"Well," asked he, impatiently, "did you tell the cook that I wanted my breakfast immediately?"

"I did."

"And what did she say?"

"She said," responded the wife, "that 'we all have our disappointments.'"

IT IS NEWS WORTH GIVING TO THE WORLD

HOW RAVAGES OF KIDNEY DISEASE ARE CHECKED IN QUEBEC.

Mrs. Julien Painchaud, for seven years a suffered, finds quick relief and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Whitworth, Temiscouata Co., Que., Nov. 28 (Special)—With the coming of winter the ravages of Kidney Disease are again felt in this province, and the fact that a sure cure is vouched for in this village is news worth giving to the world. Mrs. Julien Painchaud is the person cured, and she states without hesitation that she found her cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For seven years my heart and Kidneys bothered me," Mrs. Painchaud states. "I was always tired and nervous. I could not sleep. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. My eyes had dark cricles under them and were puffed and swollen. I was so ill I could hardly drag myself around to do my housework.

"A neighbor advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I found relief in the first box. Six boxes made me perfectly well."

If you have any two of Mrs. Painchaud's symptoms your Kidneys are diseased. Cure them and guard against serious, if not fatal results by using **Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

ENDERBY PRESS

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Reading Notices and Locals: 10c a line.

FEBRUARY 2, 1911

RECIPROCITY TREATY

While a great deal has been said against the reciprocity agreement, particularly by manufacturers and public men, we find it impossible to share that alarm which so many have succeeded in working up within themselves. Of course, we may be wrong, but in view of Canada being the producer of most of the foodstuffs placed on the free list by the two countries, and in larger quantities than can be consumed by the home market, we fail to see how it is going to work an injury to the Canadian producer to have the markets of the United States opened free of duty to the Canadian farmer.

British Columbia fruit growers may complain of the duty being taken off fresh fruits, and the vegetable grower of the duty being taken off of vegetables, and the stockmen of the duty being taken off of horses and cattle and sheep; but as a purely business proposition, for Canada as a whole, the reciprocity agreement cannot but work out to the advantage of this country.

If we were to consider the agreement briefly, we would see that reciprocity on leading food products such as wheat and other grains, is proposed. Also on dairy products; fresh fruits and vegetables; fish of all kinds; eggs and poultry; cattle, sheep and other live animals. Also certain commodities now free in one country are to be made free, such as cottonseed oil by Canada and rough lumber by the United States. Tin and tinplate, now dutiable, are made free; Barbed wire fencing, now exempt from duty by Canada, is also made exempt by the United States. Printing paper is to become free on removal by the provinces of the restrictions on exportation of pulpwood. There are to be mutually reduced identical rates on secondary food products such as fresh meats, canned meats, bacon and hams, lard and lard compounds, canned vegetables, flour, cereal preparations and other foodstuffs, partly manufactured. Agricultural implements, such as plows, harvesters, threshing machines and drills are reduced by Canada to the United States rates. A small list of articles is made special by each country. Canada reduces coal to 45 cents a ton and cement to 11 cents a hundred pounds. The U.S. reduces iron ore to 10 cents a ton and lowers the rate on aluminum products and on dressed lumber.

The total amount of duties to be remitted by the United States will be $4,850,000. The total amount of duties to be remitted by Canada will be $2,560,000f

The value of articles now dutiable which the United States proposes to make free is $39,811,000—equal to 77.4 per cent. The value of dutiable articles on which the United States proposes to reduce duties is $7,521,000—equal to 14.4 per cent.

The value of articles now dutiable which Canada proposes to make free is $21,958,000—equal to 16.5 per cent. The value of dutiable articles on which Canada proposes to reduce duties is $25,870,000—equal to 19.5 per cent.

MISS LENA DUTHIE HERE

All who had the pleasure of hearing Miss Lena Duthie, in her inimitable Scotch-Irish songs and humorous impersonations, some months ago, on her visit to Enderby prior to her trip to the Yukon, will be delighted to learn that she is returning, and will be heard this evening (Thursday) in K. P. Hall. Miss Duthie is one of the richest entertainers that has ever visited Enderby, and all who will attend her high-class concert will be well repaid.

"The women of the Yukon have refined and humanized the rough life of pioneer days in the North, and elevated and purified the social tone of the community," says Miss Duthie, in speaking of her visit to the Yukon where she was the guest of the Administrator and Mrs. Alec Henderson at the Government House. "The children are unusually bright and active, and the mortality among them is extremely low. As might be expected, the majority of the people are omniverous readers, and the handsome Carnegie library at Dawson is well patronized."

Seats for Miss Duthie's entertainment this evening are on sale at A. Reeves' Drug store.

KAMLOOPS STEAM LAUNDRY

Parcels sent Monday, returned Saturday. Apply G. G. Campbell, agent, C. P. R. depot.

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Plastering by contract or day. Address all enquiries to—
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Box 198, Enderby, B. C.

Wanted—Position as schoolboy in small family, in Enderby. Address, George Furuya, box 93, Enderby.

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Rubber-tired Single and Double rigs; stylish drivers; new harness; everything up-to-date and well-kept. When you wish a rig for a Sunday drive, speak for it early, as my finest turn-outs are usually spoken for in advance.

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Plumbing and Steam Fitting
All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repared
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Ladies' Underwear
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$1.50 Corsets marked down to $1.00
$1.50 Ladies' Vests now $1.00
Children's Slippers, were 75c, now 50c
Children's Hosiery at half price
Sweaters at 30 per cent. off regular selling prices

All above lines best bargains ever offered in Enderby

Ladies' Felt Hats at Half-Price

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

Prospects are Good!

The first month of 1911, I have sold $30,000 worth of farm lands between Enderby and Mara Lake. I have more buyers in sight if I can show the land wanted at the right price. If you have any to sell send for my listing form and list it with me NOW for my new booklet, better than ever. My specialty is the district from Mara Lake to Enderby. I am farming and have farmed here for 20 years and know what I am selling.

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The Sharples Tubular Cream Separator

WE WILL LEAVE ONE OF THESE WITH YOU ON A THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL IN COMPETITION WITH ANY SEPARATOR THAT IS MANUFACTURED. YOU ARE UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO BUY AT THE END OF THAT TIME UNLESS YOU ARE SATISFIED THAT THIS SEPARATOR IS THE VERY BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SIGN ANYTHING. WE ONLY ASK YOU TO USE THE MACHINE, AND YOU CAN BE THE JUDGE.

WE SELL YOU THE BEST SEPARATOR AND ONE THAT CAN BE CLEANED IN HALF THE TIME THAT IT TAKES TO CLEAN OTHERS, and THE COST IS FROM 25 to 50 per cent. LESS THAN YOU PAY THE PEDDLER, WHOM YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, and MAY NEVER SEE AGAIN.

WE CANNOT AFFORD TO SELL YOU A POOR SEPARATOR OR TO CHARGE YOU MORE THAN THE MACHINE IS WORTH, BECAUSE WE EXPECT TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU FROM YEAR TO YEAR, and SEPARATORS ARE ONLY ONE OF THE ARTICLES THAT WE SELL.

Here is the Guarantee that goes with each machine:

Guaranteed Forever.—We guarantee Tubular Separator No. — against defects in either material or workmanship, and agree to replace, free of charge, any part or parts of same which may have become unfit for service because of original defects, providing the damaged parts are returned to our factory. The term of this guarantee is unlimited and our agreement will be fulfilled at any time. Repairs necessitated by ordinary wear and tear, accidents, abuse, etc., are not included in this warranty. All claims for gratis repairs must be made by the original purchaser of the machine direct to our factory, and to no one else. Allowances will not be made to selling agents for repairs claimed to have been furnished to customers under this warranty.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
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Prices range from $40 to $110
according to size

And our terms are extended to two years if necessary so that the machine will pay for itself before you pay for it.

WE ALSO GIVE A LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

We have ONE Empire No. 2 second hand Separator, in perfect running order, which we will sell for $20 cash.

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Hardware, Tin & Plumbing Establishment. Enderby

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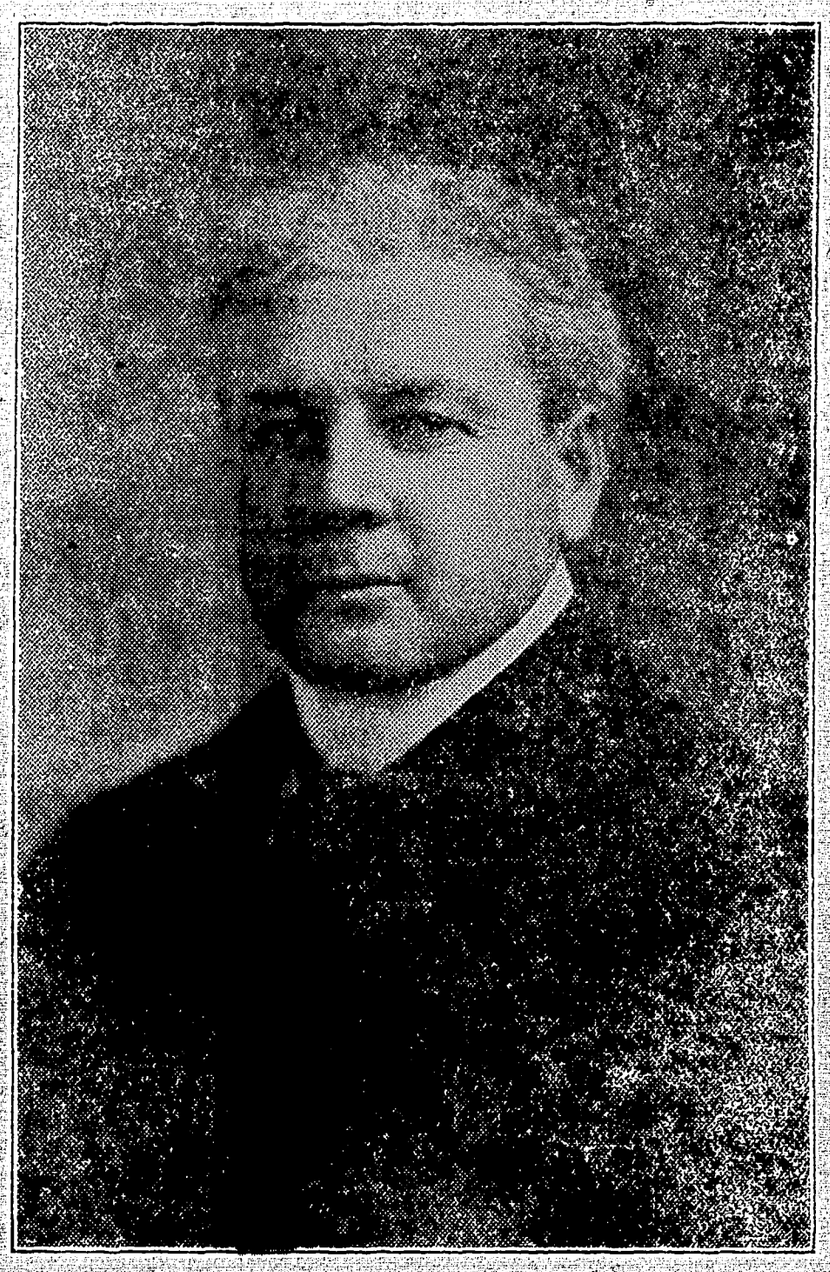
Dealer in Windows, Doors, Turnings and all factory work. Rubberoid Roofing, Screen Doors and Windows. Glass cut to any size.
I represent S. C. Smith Co., of Vernon. Enderby.

Wanted—At the end of January, a good, steady man for general farm and orchard work. Apply to R. T. Skelton, Hullcar.

Premier McBride Sounds Warning Against Reciprocity Agreement

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 28.—Alarm amounting almost to consternation over its inevitable effect on British Columbia industries is expressed with virtual unanimity by the members of the Provincial Legislature in discussing the reciprocity arrangement announced from Ottawa.

"Reciprocity," says one prominent Vancouver member, "in this case is a mis-used word, for the arrangement is altogether one-sided, and means simply the penalizing of western Canada transportation and industrial interests for the advantage of the American competitor."



Hon. Richard McBride cannot see any good for British Columbia in reciprocity.

Lobby discussion of the published details of the agreement is all along the "indignation meeting" lines—only Mr. Brewster urging that "we must wait and see if there is not some misunderstanding of the situation," and on Wednesday the House will undoubtedly pass an emphatically condemnatory resolution, of which Deputy Speaker Hayward has given formal notice.

Especially is it held that the tariff changes announced will sadly cripple the fruit and timber industries of British Columbia, while so reducing the traffic and earnings of the railroads as to threaten curtailment or suspension of their extension programs.

Said Premier McBride when asked his view of the situation as affecting British Columbia's interests, and those of Canada:

"While I do not wish to take an alarmist view of the reciprocity arrangements that have been laid before the House at Ottawa, it is abundantly evident from a perusal of the proposals that if adopted they will inflict very serious injury on this province. As he knows the conditions prevailing here, surely we can look to Mr. Templeman to protect our interests and to bring about some modification of the very drastic changes it is proposed to adopt.

"Take for instance the free entry into Canada of fruit, dairy products, and agricultural produce generally. This means an injury to our agricultural classes that will be most severe. In the first place it will put the markets of the prairie provinces in the hands largely of the Americans, who can, even under existing conditions, successfully compete there with our fruit growers and those of Eastern Canada.

"In British Columbia the fruit industry by great effort is being built up, and it must be remembered that in the states to the south, where the industry is a long-established one, with very large areas of cleared land, it costs very much less to produce fruit than it does here where we are endeavoring to settle our lands, and where the advantage of the tariff enabling us to have a good market in the prairies has in the past operated helpfully.

"To remove this advantage now will most seriously injure our efforts to settle and build up the province. The same applies to other branches of agriculture, and to make our markets free to the United States will not only greatly reduce the prices our farmers are now getting but in those commodities—such as butter and eggs and poultry—of which our output does not yet equal the demand, the result will be that instead of importing from other parts of Canada, these will be shipped to us from Washington, from Oregon and from California, and the trade with Ontario and the other eastern provinces will cease.

"This will not only affect the Canadian farmer, but it will lessen the volume of traffic on our transportation lines, and build up the business of the competing lines of the country to the south.

"The free entry of lumber from the United States will also be a most serious blow to our timber industry, throwing the market of the prairies largely into the hands of the Americans, anh lessening the trade of the Canadian transportation lines.

"Looking over the whole matter as set out in the despatches from Ottawa, I cannot see in what way the proposals can be of any benefit to Canada. The country has been progressing well; times have been prosperous and the country contented; and the advantage to be attained by the present proposals are, to my mind, wholly in favor of the United States. In Canada the effect will be to disorganize trade conditions and to materially injure our industries and our Canadian lines of traffic."

The Glengerrack has added several milkers to its herd, and is now prepared to supply all demands. The splendid service of this dairy to Enderby costomers has won for it the loyalty of a large clientage—so large, in fact, that some difficulty has been experienced this winter in supplying the requirements of all. With the recent additions to the milking herd, Mr. McQuarrie has overcome the difficulty. He is now bending every energy to bring the Glengerrack dairy up to the top notch—winner of the Government silver cup for 1911.

Things to Forget

IF you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, FORGET your neighbor's faults. FORGET all the slanders you have ever heard. FORGET the temptations. FORGET the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. FORGET the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. FORGET all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for Sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and loveable.

Hear Mis Lena Duthie to-night and you will remember her many a long day—with pleasure.

Insurance

Is one of the necessary evils; it may seem a waste of good money—until you get burned out, then the amount of the premium is a good start for your new home.
The agency in Enderby for some of the best Insurance houses that do business in Canada to-day:
The Hudson Bay Company,
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Anchor Fire & Marine Co.
The Equity Fire,
Winnipeg Fire Assurance Co.

Will be pleased to give you the fullest particulars.

List that house of yours that has been vacant for so long, with me and get a permanent tenant.

Walter Robinson

BLANCHARD & ENGLISH
Enderby, B. C.
Contractors & Builders

We have taken over the Undertaking and Picture Framing business of W. T. Holtby, and are prepared to give good service in these lines.
Corner George and Cliff Streets.

CITY OF ENDERBY

Assessment, Year 1911

COURT OF REVISION

NOTICE is hereby given that the first sitting of the Annual Court of Revision of the Municipality of the City of Enderby for the year 1911, will be held at the City Hall on Wednesday, the 1st day of March, at 7:30 p.m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints against the assessment as made by the Assessor, and revising and correcting the assessment roll.

Any person complaining of an error or omission, or as having been under-charged or over-charged in the assessment roll, may come before the court (1) personally, (2) by means of a written communication, (3) by an attorney or (4) by any other person authorized by him in writting to appear in his behalf; and the court may in the exercise of their discretion, either correct or confirm the assessment; but no complaint can be heard unless WRITTEN NOTICE of the ground of such complaint shall have been given to the Assessor at least TEN DAYS before the date of the first sitting of the court.

GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
Clerk of the Municipal Council.
City Hall, Jan. 26th, 1911.

STILL IN BUSINESS

We are headquarters for Pacific Coast Tested Seeds, also Roses, Shrubs, Chinese, Japanese, French and Holland Bulbs and Ornamentals; also implements, Bee-hives, Spray Pumps, Fertilizers and small fruits of all kinds. Catalogue free.

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BELL BLOCK, ENDERBY

The Innocent Murderers

A MYSTERY STORY

(By WILLIAM JOHNSTON and PAUL WEST)

(Copyright, 1910, by Duffield & Company)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

SUSPECTING some student prank, I decided to investigate. The curtains of the laboratory window were closely drawn, but I could see dim shadows of some person or persons moving about the room. I watched closely, hoping to identify the trespassers if they should come near the window. My hopes were realized. The persons stepped close to the curtains, and stood there, their profiles sharply marked in silhouette. I immediately recognized one of the shadows. The stooping shoulders and long beard could belong to nobody but our colleague, Professor Hopkins. I was about to turn away, satisfied that all was right, when, to my dismay I noticed that the other figure was that of a woman.

"As I watched them, endeavoring to discover who the woman could be, it became plain to me that they were engaged in some earnest transaction. Professor Hopkins held a graduating glass in his hand—or so I judged it to be—and he and the woman watched it with interest. Both appeared to be talking, and Hopkins was gesticulating. The woman finally clapped her hands together, and at the same moment Hopkins put the glass down and threw his arms about his companion. She, on her part, returned the embrace, and, gentlemen, I am of the opinion that they kissed each other!"

The Greek professor stopped, partly to observe the effect of his statement upon his colleagues, and partly in surprise at the intensity of the moan that escaped the lips of the professor of ethics. The deepening dusk prevented the others from seeing the expression of pain on Gordon's face, accompanying the sound that he made. Therefore they misinterpreted the meaning of the moan, and Rice remarked:

"It is, indeed, a shocking matter! Go on."

"There is little more to tell," said Professor Snyder, with a sigh of regret. "The light in the laboratory window was soon extinguished, and although I wished to do so, I dared not leave my room to see who came out of the laboratory, for fear that I should be seen and my motives misconstrued."

"And you did not identify the woman?" asked Rice.

"No," said Snyder; "I did not, but I suspect——"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Dr. Fischer, impatiently; "dere iss no question who ler woman vas. It vas——"

"Be careful!" interrupted both Gordon and Rice, the former excitedly, the latter calmly but decidedly. Fischer, however, defiantly continued:

"Careful!" he said. "Do ve not all know who spends de evenings in der laboratory mit Hopkins? Iss dere any doubt in der minds of you gentlemens dat it iss his assistant, Ernesta Frost? Iss there, yes?"

"Hopkins, so I have understood," said Rice, "has been conducting a series of experiments and has had to be in the laboratory at all hours. If he has required the presence of his assistant——"

"Pooh!" sneered Fischer, "it looks as if der experiments had been in der field of love potions, from vat Snyder says!"

Man of the world and hero of more than one duel of his youth, Fischer would have winced could he have seen the effect of his ironical speech upon Gordon. The young man—he was in his early thirties—gripped the edge of the table as though about to draw himself up and spring at the German. His teeth grated together, his eyes flashed resentment. But he seemed to master himself after a struggle, and sank back in his chair, his actions unnoticed by the others.

"While I consider Dr. Fischer's remark ill-timed," said Rice, slowly, "the facts in our possession certainly lead us to believe that he is right in his impression as to the identity of Hopkins' companion. Furthermore, whether I am right in my conjecture or not, the fact remains that Hopkins has been guilty of an act which, should it become public, would lead to a disgraceful scandal. A college professor, above all men, deserves the harshest censure for such behavior as that which Professor Snyder has related to us. Exposure of a thing like that would result in incalculable harm to the college, especially to Graydon, a co-educational institution. It is fortunate that we have come into possession of the facts in time, so that we may act at once."

"What, then, do you suggest doing?" asked Snyder.

"There must be no public scandal," said Rice. "That, of course, is plain. To inform the Dean would merely be extending knowledge of Hopkins' misconduct to another person. It would, of course, result in his demanding Hopkins' resignation from the faculty."

"Vell," said Fischer, "unless ve wish to see Graydon go to smash and all of us lose our positions, Hopkins must save."

"But why cannot we bring that about ourselves?" said Rice. "It is near the end of the term. Hopkins is in bad health. For him to hand in his resignation now would create little or no comment."

"You mean, then——?" asked Snyder; and Rice continued:

"We must go to him, tell him of what we have learned, and demand, as his colleagues, that for our own protection and the good name of the college, he withdraw from the faculty."

Rice's decision, given in such a way that the others felt that it was final and must be acquiesced in, left them silent. It was a situation unusual in the life of a college professor, and they required thought before they could trust themselves to say anything in reply to Rice. Fischer stood back and hummed a German tune; Gordon leaned far over the table, his hands in his hair, his face tense; he of all the three was not thinking of the problem in hand. His thoughts were of the heart, not the brain; the thoughts of a man whose love and trust in a woman have been misplaced.

Snyder rose and paced the floor. They were still in the dark, having been too intent on the subject under discussion to think of requiring light. It was approaching eight o'clock. Snyder, in his uneasy course about the room, passed the window. He glanced out, unconsciously, and saw something that brought a sharp exclamation from him. The others seemed to divine the meaning of the exclamation, and rose with one accord, tiptoeing to the window, through which Snyder pointed, with a trembling hand, in the direction of the laboratory. The blinds of the laboratory were down, but there was a light in the room.

Conditions seemed to be exactly as they had been the night before, and as though fate were playing into their hands, the watchers could see the shadows of two people distinctly painted on the curtains. One was unmistakably Hopkins, the other just as surely a woman, and, with little doubt, Ernesta Frost. The professor seemed to be talking earnestly. His finger moved in decisive gestures. The girl was giving him close attention. Finally Hopkins went away from the window, and the girl stood alone. She appeared excited and passed her hand across her forehead several times. The shadow of Hopkins again came within the range of vision. He had something in his hand which he proceeded to give the girl. It was undoubtedly money. He passed a bill at a time to her, and when she had received all, she placed the roll in the bosom of her dress. Then further speech by Hopkins, more careful attention on the part of his companion, and finally the watchers saw him throw his arms about the girl, and kiss her hurriedly on the cheek. When they had recovered their composure, the figures moved away from the window, and the show, for the time, was over.

Snyder was the first to speak.

"If we needed more proof," said he, "it is finished!"

"Not quite," objected the mathematical Rice, moving toward the door of the room. "But come, this is the time to secure absolutely convincing evidence. We will go to the laboratory."

"No," said Fischer; "ve do not yet wish them to know vat ve know. Ve must observe midout being seen."

"The skylight!" suggested Gordon, doggedly.

Close in front of the college building was a row of tall elms. These obscured the light from the front windows, and to obviate this trouble without sacrificing the trees, a skylight had been cut into the roof. It opened directly into the middle of the laboratory. The ceilings on the ground floor were low, not more than nine feet intervening between the floor and the skylight. Gordon's suggestion, therefore, was welcomed as entirely practical. Rice leading, the four conspirators tiptoed up the wide staircase to the second floor. They listened a moment to make sure that nobody was loitering about the halls, then softly ascended the narrow stairs to the roof.

It was starlight overhead, but there was no tell-tale moon. They trod carefully over the resounding tin of the flat roof. A fountain of light rose upward through the open skylight. That it was open they noted with relief. On reaching the goal, as if by preconcerted signal, they flung themslves flat on the roof and extended their heads over the opening. Anyone looking upward at that moment would have seen a strange picture. Over the western edge of the skylight protruded the ascetic visage of the youthful Gorden, one long arm extended to hold his glasses on. Beside him was Rice, alert and cool, carefully surveying the room beneath in search of proof. Opposite them the bearded face of Snyder, twitching from nervous excitement, and on his right, both hands firmly clutching the edge of the opening, Fischer, whose dropsied eyes seemed almost ready to fall from his bronzed forehead as he stared into the mysterious room below.

On all the faces might have been observed a look of disappointment. The room into which they gazed was apparently empty. Yet as they looked and listened they heard sounds as if someone were moving about beyond the little partition at the end of the room, which divided the laboratory from the private room in which Hopkins conducted his more important experiments. They listened more closely and exchanged glances. They were sure they were not mistaken. They could hear Hopkins' voice speaking in low but excited whispers, though at that distance the words were indistinguishable.

At length Rice withdrew his head and looked up. He rose to a standing position and the others followed his example, Gordon last. At a signal from Rice they moved to one side to discuss the situation.

"Since we have gone so far," said Rice, "we must see the affair to a finish."

"I distinctly heard Professor Hopkins' voice behind the partition," said Gordon, excitedly.

"And the girl!" questioned Snyder.

"People do not talk to themselves!" said Fischer.

"I have it!" exclaimed Rice.

His eyes had been scouring the roof lying alongside the observatory dome, he espied a small ladder. He pointed to it, then to the skylight, and the others grasped his idea. Snyder brought the ladder; the others lent eager hands, and it was silently lowered down into the room below. It was somebody's turn to go first. The others hesitating, Snyder took it on himself to lead. He descended, stepping so carefully that not a sound could be heard. Rice and Gordon followed him at once. The rotund German professor looked dubiously at the slim ladder and then at himself.

"Vait!" he gasped.

But they did not wait, and his eagerness to be in at the denouement overcame his fears of the descent. Clumsily he essayed the ladder. At almost his first step on the rounds, it began to slide along the floor, but he did not notice this at first. Nor did his companions observe his plight, for they had reached the floor and were creeping stealthily toward the doorway in the partition, from which came earnest whispers. As the ladder slipped entirely from beneath him, Fischer clutched at the edge of the skylight for support, but in vain.

The three professors had time to catch a single fleeting glimpse of the space beyond the partition. As they expected, Professor Hopkins was there; but as they had not expected, he was alone. In one hand he held a tall graduating glass in which there was some chemical solution. At this he gazed in rapt attention, as it gradually changed color. He kept up a running whisper of comment to himself as the experiment progressed.

"So!" they hear him say. "So! At last I have succeeded. I was right. Yes, I was right after all, and I shall be famous. It all rests with Ernesta—my happiness, my hope! My——"

Crash! The noise of a falling ladder and an explosive German oath, as Fischer was forcibly propelled half-way across the laboratory, landing in a heap against the wall.

At the sound, Hopkins turned sharply and for the first time became aware of the presence of the intruders. They could not move, and stood withering under his gaze. His face became contorted with passion. He trembled in an excess of rage. Then, with a screaming imprecation, he rushed toward them still holding in one hand the graduating glass, from which spilled several drops of the liquid. With the other hand he clutched Rice by the throat, forcing the astonished man backward against Rice and Snyder. Hopkins' face was the face of a madman, and his long beard bristled like the mane of a lion. His forehead seemed almost to be bursting with fury, his bent shoulders were straightened by the vigor of his wrath, and he seemed imbued with demoniac strength, so that he held Rice and the others helpless as children.

In the next instant the rage of his expression gave way to fear. He relaxed his hold on Rice's reddened throat, and leaned back against a cupboard, cowering like a beast at bay. And still the four men did not speak. They had expected nothing like this, and were overwhelmed. Then Hopkins spoke, but not in the voice to which they had become accustomed in the long years of their acquaintance. He shrieked:

"You spies! You thieves! So you have been watching me, have you? You have been playing the spy on my life work, and now, when it is about to fructify and bring me results beyond my wildest dreams, you are here to steal it! Oh, you miserable scoundrels; how much do you know? How long have you been keeping watch? Speak! Speak!"

Snyder was the only one who could find words. He said, in a tone that was meant to mollify the infuriated scientist:

"My dear Professor Hopkins, you do not understand us. We don't wish to steal your secret, whatever it is."

"You lie!" screamed Hopkins; "you lie! But you can't do it. No, by God! you can't! It is here. Here!—look at it!"

He held the glass over his head and gazed at it fondly, adoringly, as a miser would look on gold.

"See! You are too late. I have completed it and the world will know that it is mine! You—you are too late! —too late!"

"Wait, for God's sake, wait!" said Rice. "We don't want to do you any harm, Hopkins. You must listen to us."

(To be continued)

NERVE AGONIES

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Nerves that are over-worked or weak quickly indicate their distress by pain. That pain may be neuralgia or inflamed nerves, usually affecting the head, but often the spine and limbs. It may be nervous dyspepsia, easily started by worry, excitement or weakness. It may be St. Vitus dance, a common affliction among children, or neurasthenia, a condition of general nervous exhaustion accompanied by acute melancholy. Worst of all the pain may signal the early stages of paralysis or nervous decay. All these disorders signify that the hungry nerves are clamoring for nourishment in the form of good, rich blood. The numerous cures of the above named nervous diseases and weakness in both sexes by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are accounted for by the fact that these Pills actually make new, rich blood and so supply the starved nerves with the vital elements needed to strengthen them. Mr. Wm. G. Jones Westmead, Man., says: "A few years ago it was my misfortune to suffer from nervous debility, brought about through a severe attack of la grippe or influenza. When the first effects were felt I used to wake up in the middle of sleep trembling like a leaf, and in a bath of cold perspiration. Later the trouble grew so bad that I scarcely got a wink of sleep, and would toss about in bed growing so weak that I feared for my life. A doctor was called in, and then another, but without avail. I became more and more low spirited, and without any apparent reason would have fits of crying. While in this condition, a pamphlet was given me telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others, and I determined to give them a trial. By the time I had finished a few boxes I began to get some sleep, and this greatly encouraged me. Then my strength began to return, my nerves grew steadier and in a few weeks more I was feeling as well as ever I did in my life, and you may be sure I will always gratefully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every one sick or ailing, as they restored me to health and strength after all other medicines had failed."

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quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . 25 cents

CARE AND FEED IN WINTERING HOGS

UNDOUBTEDLY there are better methods of caring for and wintering hogs than some of us are practicing now, but if we all give our views and methods to the public, we can all derive some benefit from one another; for the practical hog breeder and feeder will always be on the lookout for pointers; he will sift out those good methods that best conform to existing conditions, and use the material he has on hand or that which will be cheapest for good results. None but a selfish breeder will try and keep all the good things to himself. We should all try and help out the beginners in the same business we are in, as there is nothing so detrimental to any business as to have a beginner fall flat. It is the young man that will take our places sooner or later, and if started right he will, before we know it, repay us in some way. It is useless to talk to the Young Know-It-Alls, for they will never ask for advice, but they soon learn by experience at a high cost. I consider the best way to get next to one who wants to learn is to give our views through the press, for then they can take it for what they consider it is worth or let it alone, and follow their same old ruts.

Many successful breeders and feeders are always on the lookout for a better way than the one they have, and if another method looks practical to them they will try it, and for this reason I think it advisable to pass the good methods along so that all get a little benefit from them; and we certainly can all get some good by comparing notes.

One of the principal things in wintering hogs is the housing. It is not necessary to have a high priced house; many of the expensive houses will in the course of a few years turn into a breeding place for most of the contagious hog diseases, unless disinfectants are continuously used.

What I consider the best is the individual hog house—6x8 or 8x6—as they can be placed in line, and all but the front covered with straw until spring; it will make them divide up in bunches of not more than six or eight in a pen. If the doors are so that they open to the south, and a small tight fence placed not far from them, they can be left open most of the time for ventilation; if the funds or time are not available, a well-built straw shed will be better than some hog houses I have seen, but it should be built so that there is enough ventilation. The three Gilts that were in the winning Poland China herd at Winnipeg, where the females were required to be bred in Western Canada, were wintered with four others of like age in a straw shed 8x8. You should by all means see that they have a dry bed. It should be changed at least every two or three days, for the steam produced in cold weather will cause it to get wet and unhealthy much sooner than it would in warm weather.

Next in line I consider exercise. Have their feeding places some distance from their sleeping quarters, even if you have to take off your coat now and then to shovel a path in the snow to it. This is necessary especially with the sows kept for breeding. Exercise will tend to make them stronger, and then they will farrow a strong and large litter if the exercise is had long enough before breeding time.

It may be that the fall pigs will have to be kept inside all the time through the severe cold weather; if so, it will be well to have their quarters close to the cow or horse barn; then they can take a run back of the cows an hour or so every day. It will be time well spent to see that they get this run.

Before winter sets in it is well to feed a ration with a large percentage of oats and other muscle-forming feeds to make them strong. They do not need to be fat enough for market to stand the rigors of a severe winter, but a good supply of meat covering the body will help keep up the animal heat.

As soon as it is cold the feed should have more heating material in it than is contained in oats; the best available in this country is barley chop.

In the corn belt they always feed corn to supply the heat. A little taste of mangolds every day will help to keep the bowels in condition and keep the digestion in good working order. This is as necessary with live stock as oil on any kind of machinery. So always watch that part of your feeding operations.

Pigs of uniform size should be kept together, for if you have small ones among the larger ones the little fellows will have to take the outside, or cold side, or they will pile on top of the others after they have gone to sleep.

Do not make more than eight go to sleep in one place, but make the pens small, and the extra expense of making more room will repay itself in one winter.

I would like to hear of some of the methods followed by other breeders, as we can all help one another by getting closer together and exchanging ideas. We all make mistakes now and then, but should try and profit by some of them, and those made by others.

A man only progresses as he learns from the experience of himself and others following the same line of business. This is true of hog business as well as many other lines of business.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . 25 cents

FREAKISH HARNESS INVENTIONS

IN no other place in the world can one see such evidences of the immense amount of energy wasted over impossible or impracticable schemes as in the Patent Office at Washington. Two of these inventions have reference to the safety of those that ride behind horses.

The first is an expedient to prevent horses from running away. The contrivance consists of a strong chain passed about the forelegs of the animal, and kept supported against his chest by a line secured to the dashboard. If the animal takes fright and runs away, the line is simply loosened, allowing the chain to fall to the horse's knees. This is expected to throw him down and break his legs.

Another still more ingenious expedient aims not only at keeping the horse from running away, but at protecting him from exposure to storms and to the rays of the sun, and at saving the energy wasted in descending hills.

With a bold stroke the inventor left all conventional methods behind. He placed the horse under the wagon instead of before it, arching the vehicle above him. Thus the animal is protected from the weather and he does not obstruct the view.

A strong canvas and leather band encircles the horse's body, the ends of it being passed upward through the bottom of the wagon and attached by chains to a windlass above the flooring. With this device, should the horse attempt to run away, or have to descend a steep hill, the driver calmly turns the crank and lifts the animal off his feet.

SMALL, SWIFT, SURE

THE power pulley is an electrically operated winch recently designed to enable quick coaling of warships. Apart from its original destination it may, however, be used for a multitude of other purposes both on land and on board ship.

This pulley is designed for a load of sixty pounds at a lifting speed of six feet per second. Four seconds are thus required for lifting the whole basket to a height of twenty-three feet—taking into account the acceleration in starting and the slackening in stopping. The motor is sufficiently strong to stand temporary overloads up to one hundreds pounds.

Apart from its simplicity in operation, and high working speed, the power pulley is especially valuable because of its ease of transport, the more so as on the modern ships of the Dreadnought type the deck should be cleared as far as possible for military operations.

The motor is started by a simple switch without a starting box. A simple device allows the hook when empty to be lowered as far as desired, so that packages at any depth may be reached.

ONE BETTER

"WHEN a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaperon.

"But I go one better, auntie!" twittered the pretty girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?"

"Yes. Does it contain perfume?"

"No; it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

There is but one way to make sure of a friend's regard. Be penniless, yet pursuing.

WEAK, SICKLY BABIES MAKE HOME WRETCHED

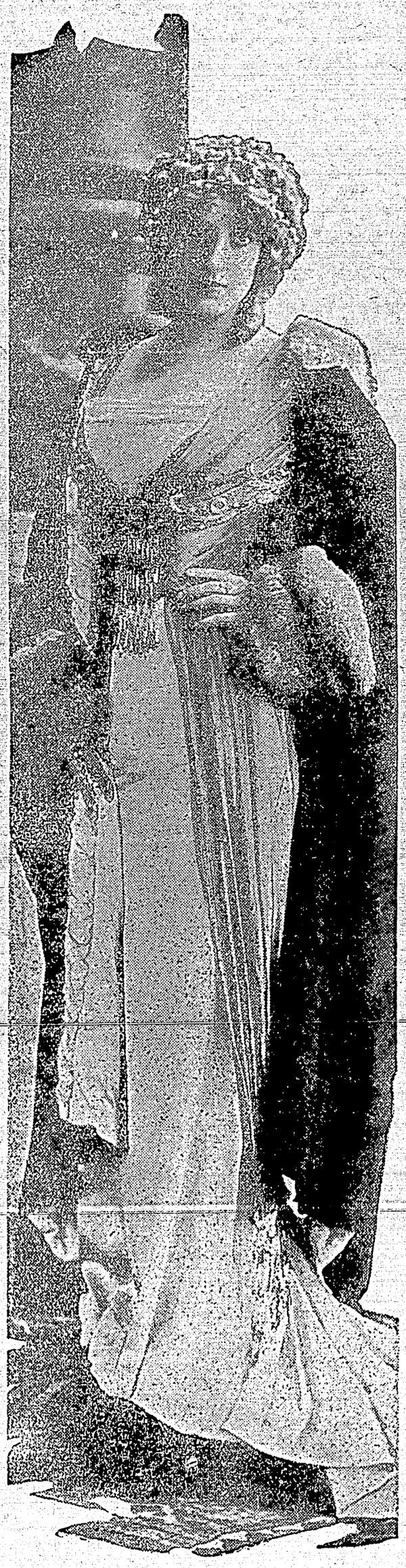
No home is happy where there is a sick baby. The sufferings of the little one makes the whole household wretched, for what mother or father would not rather suffer themselves than to see their little one suffer. But there is no reason for wretched homes because baby is ill. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood; not only that, but an occasional dose of the Tablets will keep baby well. Thousands of mothers have found happiness through the Tablets making their little ones well and happy. Among them is Mrs. C. C. Roe, of Georgetown, Ont., who writes: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a help to the baby during the hot summer season. We have used them and are much pleased with their results." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CONTAINS NO ALUM

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
IS THE FAVORITE
AND COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS
E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

IT is amusing to note the seemingly authoritative statements that are made from time to time, to the effect that the hobble skirt is dead and consigned to the curiosity shop for good and all; then probably the week after we find the same authority hedging on the previous state-



Black Velvet Coat with Chinchilla Collar and Cuffs

ment and asserting that, foolishly enough, fashionable women seem still to wear it. The fact of the matter is that the hobble skirt is not merely an eccentricity; it is a style—the style of the long, straight lines. Exaggerated, of course, it has been by the placing of two obvious extreme bands around the lower part of the skirt, but one must not lose sight of the purpose of it all in condemning the means used.

Now these bands are not used, but the effect they produce is still there, and skirts are as tight as ever they were. There is even less, too, of the gathered fullness of a skirt of light material like mousseline de soie, pinched in by the broad band completing the foot of the skirt, which was introduced some weeks back for the alleged purpose of giving greater ease. This could not be a successful innovation, for it never looked really nice, and the full upper part of the skirt has a tendency to bag and appear still more full when the wearer was walking.

* * *

Thus, while the winter fashions are still undecided, we can be sure of one thing. No matter what varieties of detail may be seen, the general lines of the figure will be slim and straight. Thus apart from the cut of the skirt new tailor-mades will differ very little in appearance from those of last year. At the same time we will have a return of draped and tucked corsages instead of the kimona blouse, which has held sway so long. These will be cut with the sleeve in the piece, a short sleeve without joining at the shoulder.

Before going any further, it may be as well to mention a few of the latest novelties. In the first place, a new and exceedingly smart trimming for tailor-mades is dressed sheepskin. The sheepskin is divested of its wool, and is scraped down with knives in the same manner as kidskin is prepared for gloves. The result is a soft, snow-white leather, something like suede. This shows up with remarkable effect when used as revers and facings upon a jacket of black velvet or as an edging to a tunic.

Again, we have the long, close-fitting mantle of silk or satin in very high favor until the time of furs comes round, and perhaps even after that. These garments, which reach practically to the foot of the skirt, are in the one piece, and are loosely adjusted at the waist. They are plain and flat, without any adornment whatever beyond the big buttons of the same material in front, the fancy collar, and the lining, usually made of black silk or satin, as soft and supple as possible. They are lined with the same material, but in some delicate shade, such as fawn, cerise, pale grey, or white, which may be seen in the revers, or not openly shown at all, but merely disclosed by glimpses as the mantle swings open. The broad sailor collar still appears in these, but the most fashionable style of the moment is to have enormous revers in front, entirely covering the breast and falling in folds and gathers like a huge ruffle.

The latest idea in millinery also is to trim hats with the entire skins of small animals like the muskrat, marmot, or polecat, the pelt being laid on flat over crown and brim, usually without any artificial embellishment, such as a head. Of course, with fur in such demand, it is inevitable that imitations should be largely introduced, and of these the common rabbit provides the most usual basis. They can do up rabbit skins so skilfully now as almost to defy the detection of any but experts. Very much of the sealskin used is made in this way, which no doubt accounts for the fact that this fur will be less fashionable this winter than it was this time last year, when it was all the rage. Rabbit skins, too, may be made to imitate many other kinds of fur, and, when well made up, fetch quite a high price, even among the wholesale dealers.

* * *

Like a sleeveless loose coat of velvet is another popular model, to be worn over a gown of silk net or chiffon. The skirt of the gown has a train, for no tea gown looks well with a short skirt, and the coat is long also—in fact, like a long mantle. As a rule it has no trimming and at most has a narrow edge of gold passementerie. One of the newest fads is the bordering of fur or feathers, but this last idea has not yet been adopted to any extent. However, it is one of this winter's designs, sable, ermine or skung being the favorite furs. A royal blue velvet tea gown, with a border of white ostrich feathers, is a popular design, but this is one of the few models that are shown where the entire gown is of velvet. The front is of lace or net, and the gown is caught together at the bust, but is only fastened with a clasp and is then left to fall loose.

TWO THOUSAND PHOTOGRAPHS A SECOND

WILL the problem of aerial flight be finally solved by the cinematograph? To the average person, perhaps, there seems no possible connection between the two. When it is explained, however, that an apparatus has recently been invented which will enable cinematograph pictures to be taken at the rate of two thousand a second, affording opportunities of fully investigating the flight of insects, and thus arriving at a true understanding of the many problems met with in aviation, the value of the cinematograph to the aviator will be readily understood.

This cinematagraph is the outcome of experiments on the part of a French scientist—Lucien Bull, of Paris—who has developed a most ingenious method, which greatly increases the scope of the cinematograph by augmenting its speed. Whereas the ordinary apparatus takes from thirty to fifty pictures during a second, this high speed cinematograph enables as many as two thousand views to be taken during this short interval.

Black Velvet Hat with White Aigrette

The apparatus consists mainly of a pasteboard roll bearing on its circumference a photographic film, which, under the action of an electric motor, rotates with extreme rapidity. No mechanical apparatus, of course, is able to open and close the shutter of a photographic camera 2,000 times a second. Moreover, the ordinary illuminants are far from possessing the intensity required for producing a sufficient impression on the film during so short an interval. The inventor therefore avails himself of the electric spark, which unites two most essential properties, viz., instantaneous irradiating and enormous photographic efficiency. After starting the apparatus the sparks are seen to pass the more rapidly as the speed of rotation of the roller becomes higher and each spark produces a photographic picture on the portion of the film which happens to be in front of the object being operated upon.

SENDING PICTURES THROUGH SPACE

A REMARKABLE development has been accomplished in connection with the telegraphing of pictures. Hitherto such work has been confined to certain newspapers possessed of the requisite financial ability and enterprise to indulge in expensive and deeply scientific devices of a delicate character, necessitating the services of a skilled operator. Now, however, it is possible for anyone to possess a picture telegraphing apparatus and thus secure quickly pictorial illustrations of far-off scenes.

This invention has been perfected by Mr. T. Thorne-Baker, whose telectrograph has superseded the Korn apparatus for the transmission of pictures between London and Paris or Manchester for the "Daily Mirror" of London. It is a simplified modification of the telectrograph, great ingenuity having been displayed in its design and operation so as to render it workable by anyone. It is completely self-contained and occupies no more space, nor weighs more, than a typewriter. Closed, and with a strap, it can be carried over the shoulder as if it were an ordinary camera.

The single apparatus can be used both as a transmitter and receiver. There is the revolving drum over which the style moves, transmitting and receiving the varied tones and shades constituting detail which build up the desired image in a multitude of lines. The apparatus works at high speed and a picture can be transmitted over two or three hundred miles of line in a few minutes.

Moreover, in order to meet special requirements the inventor has adapted it to work in connection with wireless telegraphy. In this case the picture is reproduced in broad outline by means of closely followed dots. In this phase, tone, light and shade are not essential, a bare skeleton sufficing. This application is especially useful for military and naval purposes. A plan can be secured by photography, and within a few minutes by coupling up with the wireless, an outline of the drawing of the position can be in the hands of the general.

The apparatus is similarly within the reach of private residents and commercial houses and should be useful in transmitting diagrams, sketches, and drawings which have hitherto had to be mailed or sent by train. It is only necessary to call up the number required on the telephone line and request the coupling up with the wire of the receiver, and the pictorial message can be quickly transmitted, thereby saving several hours of possibly valuable time.

THE RAVENOUS RAT

A RECENT flood in the Ohio River drove the big, grey river rats from its shores and retaining walls through sewers to the stores and residences of Middleport, Ohio.

The morning after the flood had reached its highest point, a stream of water broke through the ceiling of a meat shop in that town from a residence above. A hurried investigation showed that a rat had gnawed away more than half of a two-inch lead pipe leading to a sink above. The cuttings were left on the ceiling where the rat had firm footing and a good place to work. Evidently the rat was after the grease lining the inside of the pipe. To reach that it was but necessary to cut a small hole in the pipe. Why did the rat go on and cut the pipe more than half in two and for several inches up and down?

A careful examination of the section of damaged pipe shows conclusively that the rat went at the job in a workmanlike way. After cutting a hole through to the cavity, it cut from each side with upward strokes from the lower jaw, each stroke of the sharp teeth leaving distinct marks.

HE WAS A KIND KING

THE late King Edward's good nature was illustrated recently by a London correspondent at the Press Club in New York.

"The King," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Savile, he took a walk over the preserves.

"Suddenly Lord Savile, a big, burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat.

"'Sir,' he said to the King, 'this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching.'

"But the King's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

"'Oh, let him go,' he said. 'If he really were a bad egg, you know he wouldn't poach.'"

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. • • • 25 cents.

"PILLS LIKE A FILE"

So Harsh and Drastic are Many Pills as to Seriously Injure Health

In a letter written from his home in Valencia, Mr. Marsh Selwyn does service to thousands by drawing attention to the injuries inflicted upon delicate people by drastic purgative pills.

"For a long time I suffered from constant use of pills. Like many another, I made the unwise choice of using pills that were like lightning in their activity. I began to be filled with intestinal disturbances, constant rumblings, gas in the bowels and diarrhoea. I grew pale and emaciated. Then the doctor told me drastic irritating pills had caused catarrh of the bowels, an almost incurable disease. Explaining my situation to a friend, he advised a trial of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I speedily experienced the healing and curative effect they exert on the stomach, liver and bowels. The intestines, freed from irritating drugs, rapidly regained natural tone, the bowels acted as if nature and not Dr. Hamilton's Pills were at work. I know it will be of value of thousands to know that a pill as mild and curative as Dr. Hamilton's is available to the ailing."

For bowel disorders, sick headache, constipation, liver and stomach derangement, there is no pill so invariably sure to cure as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Refuse a substitute. Sold in 25c boxes all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co. Kingston, Ont.

Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation

CURED OF LAME BACK WHEN 80

Mr. Samuel Martin, of Strathroy, Ont., passed twenty years of his life in misery, suffering tortures from lame back. He tried nearly all advertised remedies and household recipes, but received no benefit from any of them.

Some months ago, seeing Gin Pills advertised, Mr. Martin purchased a box. The relief, which Mr. Martin experienced after taking one box, was so great that he knew he had found the right remedy at last. He used two more boxes, and is now completely cured.

Fifty cents a box, six for $2.50. At all dealers. Free sample if you write the National Drug & Chemical Co. (Dept. R. P.), Toronto.

ABSORBINE JR

is a safe, pleasant, antiseptic liniment for reducing Varicose Veins to a normal condition, healing them even after they have broken, stopping the pain quickly, overcoming the soreness, restoring the circulation in a reasonable length of time. Also a successful remedy for treating Varicosities, painful swellings, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, rheumatic or gouty deposits, bunions, corns, bruises, lame back, stiff neck. A good remedy to have in the house in case the children get a bad cut, bruise, strain, sore throat, or some painful trouble where a good liniment would be useful. ABSORBINE, JR., penetrates to the seat of the trouble quickly without causing any inconvenience. Price $1.00 a oz., $2.00 12 oz. bottle. At druggists or delivered. Book 3F free. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMAN, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also furnished by MARTIN BOLE & WYNNE CO., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HENDERSON BROS. CO., Ltd., Vancouver.

Home DYEING is the way to Save Money and Dress Well
Try It! Simple as Washing with
DY-O-LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS
JUST THINK OF IT!
Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye—No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors 10 cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet. 76
The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

A New Head In 30 Minutes
Exchange that aching, throbbing, suffering, muddled head for a clear, cool, comfortable one by taking a
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer
25c. a box at your druggists' or by mail from
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 28

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE
Sackett Plaster Board
The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited
WINNIPEG, MAN.

We have

Prime Meats

on cut at all times, and our aim is to give good service.

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ENDERBY, B. C.

E. J. Mack

Livery, Feed & Sale Stables
ENDERBY, B. C.

Good Rigs; Careful Drivers; Draying of all kinds.

Comfortable and Commodious Stabling for teams.

Prompt attention to all customers

Land-seekers and Tourists invited to give us a trial.

Wanted—man to handle small bush proposition on Okanagan Lake. Should have couple of teams, or more, and small outfit. Okanagan Lake Lumber Co., Ltd. Okanagan Landing, B. C.

For the cold that "hangs on" try---

Syrup of Linseed Licorice & Chlorodyne

Most effective where the cold is deep-seated

A. REEVES
Druggist & Stationer
Cliff St. Enderby

Cooking Stoves

Coal and Wood Heaters Ranges, Etc.

I have added a standard line of these goods and am prepared to quote you prices.

Wm. H. Hutchison
ENDERBY

THE FLOUR that gives good STEADY satisfaction. Made only from the choice HARD grains of NORTHWEST hard wheat.

THE COLUMBIA FLOURING MILLS CO. Ltd.

Hazelmere Poultry Ranch

White Holland Turkeys
Toulouse Geese
White and Partridge Wyandottes

Send for my mating list giving all the information of my winnings.
My Partridge Wyandottes are the best on the Pacific Coast.
N. B.—A few S. C. White Leghorns and White Wyandotte cockerels for sale, from same strains as my winners. Prices on application.

MRS. WADDELL, Prop. Enderby, B. C.

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 half the cost of insurance.

The Enderby Brick & Tile Co. Enderby

SIDE-STEPPING REAULATIONS

To the Editor the Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: I take the liberty of requesting you to grant me the use of your valuable columns to direct the attention of all importers of nursery stock to Sec. 4 of the Horticultural Regulations, which provides that certified invoices of all shipments of nursery stock, trees and plants, must be furnished to the Inspector of Fruit Pests, at Vancouver, at the time when such shipments are delivered for inspection.

The reason for this is that when a case of goods arrives, we know by the invoice what it should contain, and are prepared to check the contents over with the invoice. This greatly expedites the business of inspection and enables us to deal promptly with all importations.

It is clearly in the interest of the importers that we should be able to detect any mistake that may have been made in shipping the goods. All this was carefully considered when the Horticultural rules were adopted, but unfortunately many of the importers neglect to comply with this regulation.

I would therefore urge that a general observance of this rule be adopted.

The importations of nursery stock are largely on the increase, and I am just completing additional facilities for inspection.

Our staff will be doubled this year so that whatever delays may have occurred in the past may be avoided in future, if the importers comply with the regulation above referred to.

Thanking you for your assistance, I am, yours faithfully,

THOMAS CUNNINGHAM,
Fruit Inspector.

PROFESSIONAL

G. L. WILLIAMS
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor
BELL BLOCK ENDERBY, B.C.

DR. H. W. KEITH,
Office hours: Forenoon, 11 to 12
Afternoon, 4 to 5
Evening, 7 to 8
Sunday, by appointment
Office: Cor. Cliff and George Sts. ENDERBY

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

SECRET SOCIETIES

A.F.&A.M.

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

WALTER ROBINSON, W. M. J. C. METCALF, 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.
R. BLACKBURN, N. G.
R. E. WHEELER, Sec'y,
W. DUNCAN, Treas.

ENDERBY LODGE
No. 35, K. of P.
Meets every Monday evening in K. of P. Hall. Visitors cordially invited to attend.
WM. ANDERSON, 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, Enderby—Service every Sunday 8 a.m., 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. LATE celebration of Holy Communion 1st Sunday in month at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 10 a.m. N. Enderby Service at 3.15 p. m., 2nd Sunday in month. Hullcar—Service at 3 p.m. 4th Sunday in month. Mara—Service at 3 p. m. 1st and 3rd Sundays in month. Regular meeting of St. George's Guild last Friday in month at 3 p.m. in St: George's Hall. Rev. John Leech-Porter, Vicar.

METHODIST CHURCH---Service, Sunday 7:30 p. m. Junior Epworth League, Tuesday 8 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday 8 p. m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
C. F. CONNOR, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Sunday School, 2:30 p.m.; Church service, 11 a. m.; Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m.
D. CAMPBELL, Pastor.

SMALL DEBTS COURT

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

POST OFFICE

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

Watch our Windows for Special Bargains

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Every Department Offers Great Bargains

Furniture

Carpets Rugs
Upholstered Goods

We handle in our Furniture Department the only stock of furniture in Enderby. Nicely displayed; every piece open to inspection; prices right. When in the market for house furnishings, call and get prices.

Groceries

If you have dealt with us, you will know the high quality of our stock. If you have not tried us you should let us prove to you wherein we can save you money. Good service.

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REAL ESTATE IN THE NORTHERN OKANAGAN

Offers the best bargains to be had in the Province for all purposes of Agriculture. Irrigation unnecessary.

260 Acres Land—4 miles from Enderby; 35 acres have been seeded to alfalfa. Price, $25 per acre; $2,000 down, balance on terms.

160 Acrea Land—With large finished house, good stables and outhouses; 13 acres cleared; 3 seeded in clover; 130 bearing trees, 84 coming on; two good streams of water. An excellent bargain for $ 6,500; half cash, balance with interest in one year. Ideal fruit land.

90 Acres Land—1½ miles from Enderby; level land; excellent for general farm purposes. Will sell in 20-acre blocks. Price, $75 per acre; one third down, balance on terms. A good bargain. Large river front.

50 Acres Land—25 acres bottom land, balance bench land; good 5-roomed house, stable and outhouses; 22 acres cleared and in hay. Price, $4,200; on terms.

CARLIN ORCHARD LANDS—Map and plans, with prices, can be seen at this office. These lands offer splendid inducements to parties desiring small acreage near station.

18 one- and two-acre blocks of City property in residential portion. On good terms.

H. W. HARVEY
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Agent for The National Fire Insurance Co., of Hartford; The Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Co., The London Guarantee and Accident Co., Ltd.
ENDERBY GRINDROD

Finest in the Country

"Enderby is a charming villiage with city airs. When Paddy Murphy shcok 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, P. H. MURPHY Proprietor **Enderby**