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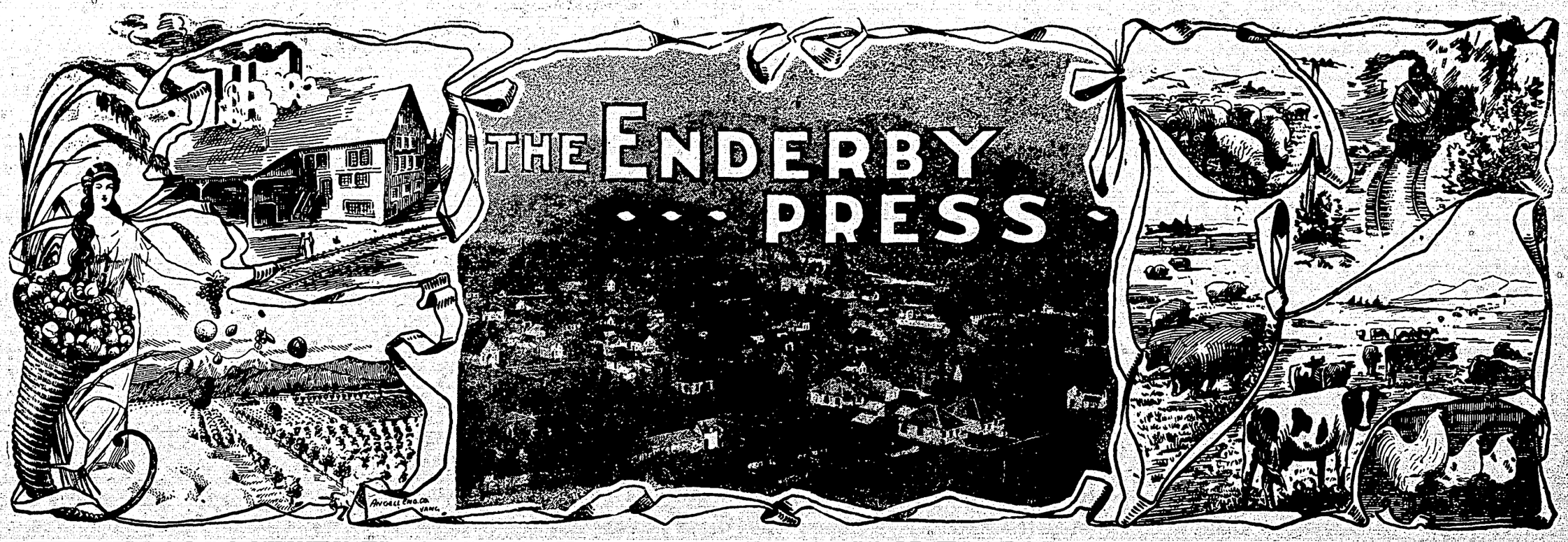

Enderby, B. C., December 23, 1909 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 2; No. 43; Whole No. 95

News in and About Enderby and District

Thos. Woods has put in a pool table in the rear of his butcher shop

Mr. Lemke is erecting a handsome residence near the home of Fred. Stevens.

The A. R. Rogers Lumber Co. is erecting a large warehouse near the office building.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Blanchard, Enderby, last Friday afternoon.

Handsome calendars are being distributed by the merchants—handsomer this year than ever.

L. S. Gray, the Vernon florist, is supplying Christmas flowers for a number of Enderby homes.

Miss Beattie left for her home in Kamloops last Friday, where she will spend the Christmas holidays.

Our merchants report a very good Christmas business thus far and are prepared for something still better if snow comes.

A number of handsome potted plants and cut flowers are coming in this week from M. J. Henry's Vancouver nursery.

Will the person who took a pair of boy's overshoes from P. Greyell's skating rink, Dec. 4th, kindly return to Kenneth Strickland.

Robt. Bailey has been on the "disabled" list this week. He had a tussel with a lime-leak the other day and had his hands badly burned.

At a meeting of the Curling Club in Dr. Keith's office Wednesday evening the following skips were elected: Hancock, Taylor, Bell, Scott, Evans, Murphy, Reeves, Matthews.

The annual Christmas tree and entertainment of the Methodist Sunday School will be held in the K. of P. hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 23rd. The public are invited to use the tree

Miss Smith left for her home near Victoria on Friday last. Miss Smith will not take up the work in the public school after the holidays, it being her intention to take a vacation of six months.

Mayor Bell returned from the meeting of the B. C. Municipalities—the annual meet—on Tuesday. Mr. Bell is raised to the presidency of the Association, which is no less an honor to the city of Enderby than to Mr. Bell. We congratulate Mr. Bell and the City of Enderby.

Mr. John Simpson has resigned the principalship of the Public School, his intention being to go to Washington, D. C., where he formerly resided. He left yesterday for Grand Forks, B. C., where he will remain for several weeks before proceeding to Washington.

Postmaster Harvey reports the biggest rush of Christmas business he has ever known since having the Enderby office. He has had to keep the stamp window open every night thus far this week, and will have it open to-night, from 8 to 9:30, to accommodate those wishing to mail Christmas parcels to friends.

Mr. H. Byrnes left on Saturday last on a pleasure trip to the home of old friends in New York and Ontario. He will be absent three weeks or a month. Mr. Byrnes has well-earned this vacation. He is a man of unbounded industry, and has done his share to make the rose and Big Red Apple grow where the thistle and wildwood flourished in days past, north of Enderby's city limits.

Enderby has enjoyed a three-night engagement of the excellent Roberts-Gillard Company. Small houses have greeted each performance, but the company were "game" to the last and in the face of the discouraging audiences put up performances that were the best of their kind ever seen here. Christmas week with its unlimited counter attractions was responsible for the small houses.

W. Arthur Battye, of Vernon, pianoforte tuner, wishes to convey his thanks to his numerous clients in Enderby and district for their patronage in the past, and to inform them that he has severed his connection with the Mason-Risch Piano Co. believing that his reputation as a tuner will be more assured by this course. He is now entirely free to visit only such territory as he deems advisable. He will pay particular attention to the Okanagan District, and, possessing as he does the confidence of the musical portion of the community, trusts that they will be loyal to him.

NOTICE

Spallumcheen Farmer's Institute.

The General Annual Meeting of the above will be held in the old I.O.F. hall, Armstrong, on Wednesday, the 5th of January, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m., to receive President's report and the financial statement. Election of Officers for 1910, etc.

W. P. HORSLEY, President
JOHN B. BIRD, Secretary.

MEETING OF POULTRYMEN

The Annual Meeting of the Northern Okanagan Poultry Association was held at the conclusion of the poultry judging, Dec. 9th, and the following officers were elected for the new year: President, E. T. Petar; vice-president, Mrs. F. C. Waddell; secretary, Geo. Robinson; assistant-secretary, G. O. Lanaway; superintendent of exhibition, Robt. Waddell; directors, T. Pound, P. Lanaway, W. T. Marshall, H. E. Waby.

Mr. Collier, the poultry judge, gave the Association some excellent advice at the conclusion of the election of officers. He laid special emphasis upon the fact that the Association special prizes should be left open, so as to encourage outsiders to compete and he advised that the show should be held either in November or January, as the birds would be in better condition.

At a subsequent meeting of the Association, held Dec. 18th, the report of the secretaty was read, and the new officers took charge. The report of the secretary showed the finances of the Association to be in a satisfactory condition, although, owing to the increased cost of the show this year, and the small gate receipts, there would be a small deficit when all outstanding accounts and prize money are paid. To wipe out the deficit and start the new year with a clean sheet, H. W. Keith and P. Lanaway moved that the secretary pay all outstanding accounts, and outside exhibitors in full, while the local exhibitors share in the balance in proportion to the prize money awarded. Motion carried.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Spallumcheen Farmer's Institute for the valuable assistance given the Association in the past two years.

Steps were taken to incorporate the Association under the Institute Act.

The following names were added to the list of officers: Hon. Presidents, Robt. Peel and Geo. Bell; hon. vice-president, G. C. Salt.

T. Pound, H. W. Keith and J. C. English were named as a committee to enquire into the matter of getting a suitable building for next year's exhibition.

Strayed—To my place, east of Enderby, one roan steer, 2 year old, ear clipped. Apply, Philip Baptiste, on reservation, Mabel Lake Valley road.

We are handling Mrs. F. Hassard's A1 Dairy butter. Polson Mercantile Company, Enderby.

Enderby Apple Exhibit Highly Satisfactory

Mr. Geo. R. Lawes, who collected, selected and boxed the 30-box exhibit of apples sent from Enderby with the B. C. Exhibit, to be shown in all the big Fairs in England, has received the following letter relating thereto:

Office of the Agent General for British Columbia, Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, E. C., London.
November 23rd, 1909

Geo. R. Lawes, Esq., Enderby, B.C.:

Dear Sir: The fruit which I have received from you for exhibition work in this country has proved very satisfactory, and should prove a very good advertisement for your district. I have reserved some of your fruit for the Royal Horticultural Society's Show which takes place shortly, where I hope to have the same success as we have had in previous years.

I am, Yours faithfully,
WM. E. SCOTT,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Knowing how welcome the news would be to the district if he could learn the exact position held by the Enderby exhibit in the exhibit of the whole, Mr. Lawes wrote the Department of Agriculture, Victoria, asking for information on this point. In reply he was informed by the secretary that the Department had received no report from Mr. Scott, and that the Deputy Minister of Agriculture would be returning from the Old Country about the middle of January when his report would be submitted to the Department, and the desired information would be forthcoming.

CREDITABLE UNDERTAKING

Some months ago, Mrs. S. Polson undertook to furnish a ward in the Vernon Hospital, to be known as the Enderby Ward. She gave a lawn social to begin with, which was so liberally patronized by the good people of Enderby that Mrs. Polson was encouraged to make the purchases for the Ward and have the name-plate put on, the total cost of which has been $128.00. Later, with the assistance of Mrs. W. E. Banton and Mrs. Lawes, a juvenile concert was given by the children of Enderby, and this, too, was liberally patronized, about $40 being realized therefrom. In addition to this there were private contributions given: Mr. Moffet, $10; Mr. Wright, $10, and Mr. Murphy, $10, besides numerous smaller contributions which brought the amount up to sufficient to cover the cost of everything put into the Ward up to this time. One change will be made in the furnishings: the oak-top table will be changed to a glass-top as soon as the glass-top tables arrive. Sufficient funds have been subscribed to meet this additional cost and Mrs. Polson is pleased to report the Enderby Ward furnished and paid for. Following is a list of the furniture placed in the Ward: One Royal Victoria Hospital bed, one Florida Felt mattress, one pair Emmeuch pillows, one Rattan rocker, one oak bed-side chair, one oriental rug, one oak table, one 10-piece toilet set, one oak dresser and stand, one back rest, and the brass Ward plate.

The following letter from the office of the hospital is self-explanatory:

Mrs. S. Polson, Enderby, B.C., on behalf of the donators to the Enderby Ward.

Dear Madam: The Directors of the Vernon Jubilee Hospital beg leave to express their sincere thanks and appreciation of your splendid donation towards the furnishing and equipment of the new Hospital Buildings as to make this worthy institution one of the best of its kind in the Province, having facilities to deal with practically any class of hospital work.

Again thanking you, and hoping that your interest in the good work of the Vernon Jubilee Hospital may continue, I am, on behalf of the Board of Directors,

E. S. BATE, Secretary.

PROVINCIAL BOUNTIES

Many enquiries have been made recently as to the bounties which are paid on outlawed animals and birds, and to satisfy these enquirers, Magistrate Graham Rosoman has received the following letter from Government Agent Norris:

Government Agent's Office, Vernon, B. C., Dec. 17, 1909.

Graham Rosoman, Esq., Enderby:

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the 15th inst., I beg to say that bounties are paid as follows: Big-horned Owls, $2.00; Golden Eagles, $3.00; Coyotes, $3.00; Wolves, $15.00; Panthers, $15.00.

Before the bounty can be paid, the whole skin must be produced to the Justice of the Peace granting the certificate and a hole punched in the left ear not less than one-quarter of an inch in diameter, or the whole pelt destroyed. All Big-horned Owls must be produced entire and the body destroyed. And both legs of all Golden Eagles on which bounty is sought to be collected, must be sent to A. Bryan Williams, Provincial Game Warden, Vancouver, who, after inspection will issue the certificate on which the bounty will be paid.

Obediently yours, L. NORRIS,
Government Agent.

Mrs. F. C. Waddell's entries in the Winter Poultry Show numbered 31—not 40 as reported last week. On these she won 10 first prizes, 8 second prizes, and ten special prizes—four of them cups.

Don't forget the Odd Fellows ball New Years eve, in K. of P. hall.

CHRISTMAS is with us again and if we think about it at all its significance is the great theme. We cannot think of Christmas without thinking of its meaning, or trying to fathom its meaning. Other times and seasons may come and go without calling forth from the many any thought as to the real significance involved, but not so with Christmas. It means something special to everybody, and it creates in nearly every mind a desire to enter more deeply into the soul of that which it means to him. We must not dwell, however, on what Christmas may mean to this or that individual, or to this or that creed. There are so many interpretations of the Christ and his mission that we should enter into hopeless controversy were we to enumerate intricate definitions. And controversy is not the spirit of this joyous season. I like what Christian D. Larson, that master mind, has to say of it. "The spirit of Christmas,' he says, "seeks not to find wherein we disagree, but wherein we can all unite. It is a power that draws together, that binds, cements—that makes of the many one. Our purpose therefore, is not to find what Christmas means to the various forms of beliefs, but what it means to all, regardless of beliefs. And the very moment we begin to seek, we shall find that it is nothing less than kindness. Just be kind. That is what Christmas means to everybody. The holiday season is a symbol of unending kindness, and it is a prophecy of that great day—that wonderful day which all awakened souls declare must finally come—when kindness shall rule the world. The spirit of Christmas is steadily and surely making way for the gentle Prince of love and good will, and it is our privilege to hasten the coming of this Prince by entering so earnestly into the spirit of Christmas that its spiritualizing power may thrill the life of every soul throughout the year. When every day is as sweet and gentle as the spirit of Christmas Day, then we shall soon witness the coming of the great day—the unending reign of kindness in all the world.

"Millions are asking, What am I going to give? And the answer must be, Give what you can of material things; there are many that gain happiness only from things that are bought and sold, and you wish to give happiness to all; but remember, there are other gifts besides those that can be weighed and measured. He who gives friendship to the heart-sick, strength to the weak, encouragement to the faltering, anh inspiration to those who are made for greater things, gives infinitely more than they who give jewels of fabulous price. Give in every manner possible; every gift is a good gift; every day is intended to be a Christmas day; but give principally from the riches of heart and soul. It is such gifts that add most truly to the welfare and happiness of the world; and it is such a purpose that the Christmas spirit has come to create in the life of the human race."

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OUR Creed for 1910 and all time "Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

"If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

"Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way."

WHY HELMORE PLEADED GUILTY

"I should like to know exactly what he did tell you," said Tom Helmore.

"Certainly, you've a right to know that," granted Mr. Barton. "Dr. Clyde stated that while your father was at Bournemouth with your mother, whom he had taken there in a practically dying condition, you were arrested for stealing large sums of money from your employers and falsifying the books. He also said that you pleaded guilty to the charges, and were sentenced to two years' imprisonment."

The speaker fixed his keen eyes on the face of the young man before him, and anxiously awaited a reply. At last it came—five tensely sjoken words.

"He told you the truth."

Mr. Barton drew himself erect with a jerk. He had expected that Helmore would meet the accusation with a point-blank denial — that his informant had made some error in identity which could be readily explained away.

"True!" he cried, bringing his fist heavily down on the arm of his chair. "And yet you dared to make love to my daughter? You —a man so dead to honor that you could rob your employers while your mother was dying and your father was heart-broken with grief!"

"I ought to have informed Nora of all this before I asked her to become my wife," admitted Helmore. "But I did not speak because I could not tell all. You only know part of the story."

"To know you are guilty is enough," was the sharp retort.

"I'm as innocent as you are! I——"

He checked himself.

Shame burned in his brown cheeks at his humiliation. His whole nature flamed into revolt at the contempt poured upon him. His nettle was stinging him savagely, and he had been on the point of dropping it. The impulse, however, was of short duration. He had chosen his course and must keep it, despite the scorn of his fellows.

"If you were innocent, why did you plead guilty before the judge?"

"I cannot tell you," answered Helmore. "I was the victim of circumstances. A different plea would have resulted in consequences far more painful than what actually followed."

"You expect me to believe that?" Mr. Barton sarcastically laughed. "Why, it's the tale every criminal tells."

"No, I don't think I expected you to believe it," the young man replied, recoiling sensitively from the taunt flung at him, "but it's the truth, and the time may come when you will deeply regret your present harshness."

"Are you threatening me?" The speaker leaned forward defiantly as he put the question.

"You know very well I'm not," Helmore curtly returned. "You seem determined to misunderstand me, so the sooner our interview comes to an end the better. I'll go——"

"Not till we've arrived at some arrangement about the future," interposed Mr. Barton. "Your conduct has placed you outside the pale of honorable society, therefore you and my daughter must henceforth be strangers."

"And if I refuse?" queried Helmore, stiffening perceptibly, while his mouth set with a firmness which foreshadowed opposition.

"If you refuse I shall place all my information in the hands of your present employers," was the quick retort, "and give to the world at large the story you have so carefully concealed. Refusal would be rather suicidal, wouldn't it?"

Helmore rapidly reviewed the situation. He was undoubtedly in the hollow ofthis man's hand. Should the secret of his past leak out he would be ruined. His employers would unhesitatingly dismiss him from the position he had won by six years of faithful, honest work. Once again he would be an outcast among men. Fate was dead against him—he must bow before her.

"What does Nora say about it?" he asked, after a lengthy pause.

"Unless she is prepared to see you exposed and disgraced, she will do as I wish," declared Mr. Barton. "Don't entertain any wild idea of persuading her to marry you in defiance of my wishes. Let me tell you that would be the most disastrous step you could take, for I would disown her, and do to you all I have said and more."

"And how do we stand if I agree to your terms?" inquired Helmore, realizing from these fiercely earnest words that the speaker could be merciless when thwarted.

"Exactly as we did before we knew each other."

"Then I may take it that you will respect my secret?"

"Just as long as you respect my wishes."

"Thank you," said Helmore. Then with a quiet "Good day" he left the room.

Mr. Barton sat on for several minutes, gazing absently at the door through which his visitor had disappeared, and thinking deeply.

"The blackguard!" he muttered, his hands gripping the arms of his chair. "The heartless blackguard."

* * * * *

On leaving the house Helmore walked slowly down the drive. Coming to a side path which led to some meadows he turned along it, the silence and seclusion of the fields being more in keeping with his despondent mood than the noise of the dusty road.

Fate, which had been so unkind to him, seemed to have relented, for the girl he most loved, yet least expected to see, was standing at the gate through which he had to pass.

He was wondering how she would greet him, when she stepped forward with a faint smile and extended hand.

"I thought you might come this way," she said, coloring slightly.

"And you came to bid me farewell?" he asked.

"Is it to be that, Tom—farewell?"

Her voice was not quite so steady as at first.

"I'm afraid so. Your father has the whip-hand. I am absolutely in his power. You know what he has been told?"

"I don't understand. How has dad got you in his power?" she asked, leaving his question unanswerde. "It sounds like a bit out of a book."

"He says that we are to have nothing more to do with each other—that the engagement must be broken off."

"And you have agreed?"

"What could I do? He threatened to expose me to my employers if I did not comply with his demands."

"Expose you? But, Tommy, it isn't—true? You haven't—been to——" Instead of completing the jerky sentence, she looked up at him with something very like fear in her large, dark eyes.

"Yes, I'm a jail-bird; it's quite true," he confessed, with a touch of despair. "Still, you need not be afraid of me, Norrie; I sha'n't hurt you."

"What have I done that you should speak to me like that?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Why, you have wronged me — deemed me capable of a deed to which the meanest scoundrel would blush to sink. Don't deny it!" he passionately commanded. "Your eyes were full of fear and distrust a moment ago."

Then his manner suddenly changed. Taking the girl's face tenderly between his hands, he fixed his eyes unflinchingly upon hers.

"Forgive me," he begged, in low, appealing tones. "I think this business is breaking my heart. A word, or a look even, hurts. I've been through it all once; now I seem to have got back to the beginning again. This is all my own fault; it's a punishment for making love to you under false colors. It was a despicable thing to do, but I was afraid to speak because I couldn't tell you all. But, badly as I wanted you, had marriage with me been any real disgrace, I would never have asked you to become my wife.

"I've never told you a lie, Norrie, dear, and I never will. Wn appearances so dark against me, you will be unable to believe it, but I tell you now that I am absolutely innocent. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed—nothing I would not do again in the same circumstances—nothing you would not have me do."

He bent towards her, then drew himself up as though a new thought had struck him.

"I do believe you, Tommy," said the girl; "I trust you fully."

Helmore's face brightened visibly and he kissed her. Then silence fell between them, for good-byes must now be said, and greetings might never again be spoken.

"I cannot ask you to pledge yourself to me, but if I am ever able to clear my honor, and you are still—free, may I come to you?"

"I shall always be free and waiting for you."

"Ah, don't promise that," he warned. "I may never come; and I don't want you to waste your life in waiting. If you meet someone else you had better forget me."

"Do you think you'll meet someone else?" she tremulously asked, glancing wistfully up at his averted face.

He laughed harshly.

"There never has been—never can be—anyone else for me, dear!" he exclaimed.

"Nor for me, Tommy."

Helmore felt that he was losing his self-control. Delaying the parting was only prolonging the pain, and weakening both for the final break.

"Good-bye, sweetheart. Keep a brave heart," he implored, taking the girl in his arms. "Hope on, hope ever. God may take pity on us yet."

The next moment he was gone. Through the gate and across the fields she watched him, though the tears played strange tricks wit her vision. At a distant bend in the path he turned and waved his hand; then he was out of sight. Yet she still stood there, gazing at the spot where she had last seen him.

* * * * *

"By Jove, Helmore, this is a pleasure!"

"Why, it's Barton!"

The two shook hands heartily, punctuating the performance with ejaculations of delighted surprise, regardless of the crowds of passengers surging round them on the busy platform.

"You are, indeed, a picture from the past! Whatever brings you to this sleepy place?"

"Oh, I've just recovered from a long spell of illness, and my son insisted on my coming here to recuperate. I don't see the young beggar anywhere," complained Mr. Helmore, lightly. "You don't know him, I suppose?"

"Is he cashier for Lovell and Bond?"

"Yes."

"Then I know him very well. I haven't seen him. Here's my daughter; she's been seeing some friends off."

Mr. Helmore viewed the girl with a keenness that she considered almost rude while being introduced.

"Well, your son doesn't appear to have come," pursued Mr. Barton. "You have only a short distance to go, though, and your way lies past my place, so we might walk together."

The suggestion was promptly accepted, and the three left the station. Before they had gone far Mr. Helmore said:—

"Do you know, my boy's engaged to a girl named Barton. Can it be this young lady? She's strikingly like the photo he showed me."

"It was Nora, but the engagement was broken off some months ago."

A regretful "Oh!" followed the announcement. "A lover's quarrel, eh?"

The question was put to the girl. She hesitated over her reply, then, impelled by a desire to get to the bottom of the mystery, threw out the unpalatable truth.

"We were told he had been to prison—he admitted it, and dad said that there could be nothing further between us."

"Is that right? He—never told me!" jerked out Mr. Helmore, gripping his friend's arm as he came to a standstill, his pale face stamped with a pained expression.

"I'm very sorry to have hurt you," apologized Nora. "I thought you knew."

Mr. Barton helped the stricken man into his own house, which they had just reached. A rest and a glass of brandy considerably revived him.

"I'd better send for Tom——"

"Not till we've talked the matter over," protested Mr. Helmore. "Was it solely on account of this prison story that the two young people parted?"

"Yes."

"What did Tom say when you accused him?"

"Only that he was innocent. Beyond that he kept a determined silence."

"He is innocent, Barton. Those books were falsified by—me."

The confession came with something like a sob, and the speaker's head sank upon his breast. The girl beside him drew a short, sharp breath.

"Impossible, Helmore! You are saying this to shield him."

"I took the money—committed the crime, and he paid the penalty," Mr. Helmore resumed. "It happened years ago. My wife was always delicate, and the time came when I had to lose her. The doctor said it might mean an extra week or two of life if I could get her to the South Coast. I'd have given my life to keep her with me a little longer, and I robbed the firm to do it—my savings were exhausted.

"Tom was with me, learing the business, and was the only one beside myself who had access to the books. He detected the alterations and, knowing my position, suspected me. Then the auditor discovered the fraud and demanded explanations. Had investigations been made I should have been dragged from my wife's bedside to the dock. To save me from that Tom pleaded guilty.

"At the end his mother was continually asking for him, and I had to invent letters and messages. I told her that he could not return for several days, as the firm had sent him away, and under that impression she died."

Mr. Helmore stopped when his uneven recital had attained this point. He had awakened poignant memories by thus laying bare his long-guarded secret. He had fretted unhealed wounds into a throbbing ache, and his haggard features bore traces of the internal conflict.

"When all was over I went back to my work," he struggled on again. "My employers condoled with me on the loss of my wife, and sympathized with me in the shame of my son—the shame that was mine, but which I lacked the courage to own. All the money I had stolen I paid back with interest. My debt to my son I can never discharge.

"Don't punish the innocent for the guilty, Barton," he begged, rising unsteadily to his feet and making an appalling gesture. "Drop me if you like. I don't expect to be the friend of any honorable man. But the boy—he deserves well of Fate—give him his due. And you," he went on, turning to Nora, "he told me that he loved you better than any other thing on all God's great broad earth. Think of what he has suffered, and be kind to him."

* * * * *

"Dear Tom,—Please come up at once. Urgent.—Sincerely yours, David Barton."

Helmore read this astonishing note again and again. It contained enormous possibilities, but it was too slight a foundation to build great hopes on.

It was months after his interview with Mr. Barton, and, though he had faithfully kept his promise to that gentleman, there had been no indication of relenting.

The note started a succession of unexpected events. On obeying its summons, Helmore was pleasantly welcomed by the man who had sternly insisted on parting him from the girl he loved, and Nora herself greeted him with a bright, bewildering smile.

"The last time you were here, Tom, you warned me that some day I might be sorry for the harshness with which I was then treating you," began Mr. Barton. "You were right. I am sorry for what I then said."

Helmore was staggered. The whole affair was beyond his comprehension. Perhaps this was merely a ruse of Barton's to get to the bottom of his secret. It was impossible that the truth could have leaked out.

"I know all," was the next assertion, "all you did, and why, and I—you're a man in a million, lad."

"You know all?" reiterated Helmore, an ashy hue spreading over his countenance.

"Yes. I know it was your father who falsified the books and stole the money—that it was to save him you——"

"Silence!" thundered the young man, his eyes flaming with anger. "How dare you slander a man to his own son? By Heaven, if you were younger, I'd thrash you! You must be mad—mad to think of such a thing."

"Tommy! Tommy!" cried Nora, stepping fearlessly in his way. "It's the truth. Your——"

"I say it's a wicked——"

Their eyes met, and his denial broke off abruptly.

"Steady there, lad. They're right. I've told all."

The three swung round and saw Mr. Helmore swaying at the door.

"Dad!" burst out the son, reaching his father's side in a couple of strides. "You here?"

"I waited for them to tell you, but, hearing high words, thought I had better interfere," was the smiling answer. "Why didn't you come to meet me, you scamp?"

"Because your letter said 3.10; and you must have come by the 10.3 train."

"Never mind. It was a fortunate mistake, I believe. It's enabled me to clear the ground a bit," commented Mr. Helmore. "Why didn't you tell me of the trouble you were in?"

"It happened at the time of your illness. Besides, to have told you would have been like asking you to confess; and I couldn't do that till you were well, could I?"

"You knew it was heart-trouble, Tommy," said Mr. Helmore, huskily, putting his hands on his son's shoulders, "and I don't think you'd ever have told me for fear of the shock. Luckily, I met Barton at the station—we're old schoolfellows—and your little game was exposed. If you are as good a husband as you've been a son some girl will be wonderfully happy."

"Mr. Barton, I was rude to you a moment ago," admitted Helmore. "I couldn't believe you knew all, and I was bound to—to—play the game."

"I understand—you were quite right. All's well that ends well," he said; then, taking Tom's father by the arm, he led him away.

"I told you when we parted, Norrie, that I had done nothing you would not have me do," said Helmore, directly they were alone. "Have I? Tell me."

"Tommy, any girl would be proud for the man she loved to do what you have done—just that," she answered, looking up at him.

"And are you proud?"

"Don't my eyes tell you?"

"They are full of tears. What does that mean?"

"Only that my heart is too full for words," she returned, indistinctly. She was in his arms then, and kisses are not conducive to clearness of speech.—London Tit-Bits.

WHIPPED FOR BEGGING ALMS

Vagrants With Smallpox Receive a Double Dose.

Until the recent trouble over the case of the aged beggar sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions to be whipped, there were probably not many people, outside the legal profession, who were aware that a man rendered himself liable to a flogging for simply asking alms.

Yet such has always been the law of England ever since the days of Bluff King Hal of monastery-suppressing and much-marrying memory. Even female beggars were whipped, and in public; nor was the practice discontinued until the year 1817, when it was abolished by statute.

Vagrants found, upon apprehension, to be suffering from smallpox —one of the commonest, as it was the most dreaded, of complaints in those pre-vaccination days — received a double dose. And it is noteworthy that all actors, or "strolling players," as they were then termed, were classed as vagrants on account of their profession, and, as such, were liable to be, and frequently were, whipped.

The whippings were mercilessly severe, too, in most instances, except where the sufferer was able to bribe the official whipper, when they frequently degenerated into a mere farce. Fourpence per flogging was the fee usually paid by the authorities to this individual, and for from two to seven shillings, paid in advance by the culprit, he would agree to so withhold his arm as to render its infliction a punishment in name only.

An ordinary cart-whip was at first the instrument of flagellation, then a newly-pulled willow-wand, and, lastly, a bundle of twigs, tied together, whence our birch. It is for this reason that mere beggars cannot be legally flogged with the "cat," as can highway-robbers and other similar violent characters, for this latter more severe form of whipping was only introduced into the civil code of laws at a much later date, and for the specific purpose of putting an end to the crime of garrotting. Of course, however, it had long been in use in the Army, under military law.

NEVER LOST ONE.

They were crossing a ferry, rather dangerous at high tide, and the boat was very rickety.

"Are you quite sure it is safe?" said two nervous ladies.

"Oh, yes, ladies," said the ferryman.

"And are you sure no one has been lost in crossing?"

"Lor', no, ladies. Why, old Mr. Bristow, that was spilled out of the boat a fortnight ago and drowned, was found again the next day. We ain't never what you might call 'lost anyone.'"

RELIGIOUS NOTE.

About the only people who don't quarrel over religion are the people who haven't any.

Isaac (who has just recovered from typhoid)—"Doctor, you have charged me for four weeks' calls; I vill pay for only three weeks!" Doctor—"But I called on you every day for four weeks, Mr. Isaac." Isaac—"Vell, dere was one week I was delirious, and I didn't see you come in!"

An American travelling in the underground of London between Hammersmith and Islington heard the guard call: "'Ammersmith—'Ammersmith!" Whereupon, being of a humorous turn of mind, he said to the guard:—"You have dropped something." "What?" said the guard. "An h," answered the American. "Oh, never mind," retorted th guard. "I'll pick it up at Hislington."

HOME.

MEAT PIES.

Chicken Pot Pie.—Cut up a young fowl into joints, cover with cold water and cook tender, but not until the meat leaves the bone. Arrange the chicken in a bake dish, putting a dark piece first and a white piece on top of it. Lay among the pieces well seasoned forcemeat balls, no larger than marbles, made of bread crumbs and hard boiled eggs bound with a raw egg. Of course fresh mushrooms would really be better, but they are rather expensive. Put in a cupful of cold water, cover with a good crust, half an inch thick, and bake for an hour and a half. Lay a piece of stout paper over the pie to prevent it browning too fast. Remove the paper at the end of an hour, draw the pie to the door of the oven, fit a funnel into a silt left in the center of the crust, and pour in the liquid in which the fowl was cooked. This should be strained, seasoned highly with onion juice, salt and pepper, and flour to thicken it. Pour in this gravy quickly, shut up the oven, and leave the pie until done. If the oven is hot the pie should again be covered with the heavy brown paper, removing it ten minutes before it is ready to be sent to the table.

Chicken Pie with Rice.—This may be made without a crust. If without crust line the dish with slices of boiled ham; cut up the boiled chicken, pour over it the gravy or melted butter, and fill in the interstices with boiled rice. Cover the top thickly with the same. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Giblet Pie with Oysters. — Take giblets of two chickens or a turkey, stew until nearly done, and cut into inch pieces. Line the pie with rich paste, mix the giblets with a quart of oysters, adding enough liquid to make the pie juicy. Add flour or rolled crackers enough to thicken it slightly; also butter, pepper and salt; cover with a crust and bake until the top is browned.

Veal Pie.—Cut three pounds of lean veal into inch squares, put in a saucepan with a cupful of cold water, and heat slowly. Remove the scum as it begins to boil. Add two small onions, sliced; two tablespoonfuls of carrot cubes, and one teasponful of meat in a deep baking dish. Let the liquid boil down one-half, strain it and remove most of the fat. Add one-half a cupful of cream or of rich milk, and pepper to taste. Thicken it with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed in one of butter; cook it five minutes, and strain it over the meat. If you have any cold boiled ham you may add a little of it to the veal, cutting it in tiny bits. Cover with a rich biscuit dough, half an inch thick, and bake one hour, covered with thick paper. Uncover and brown for ten minutes before sending to the table.

Beef and Potato Pie.—Moisten three cupfuls of minced roast beef with a little stock, season to taste, and put in a well greased pudding dish. Into a large cupful of mashed potatoes beat a little milk and spread over the top of the minced beef. Set in the oven and bake, covered, for twenty minutes; uncover, wash over with the beaten white of an egg, and bake for fifteen minutes longer, or until delicately browned.

Rabbit Pie.—Clean, wash and joint, cutting each back into three pieces. Leave in salt water for half an hour, wipe and rub well with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Where the meat is thick make several cuts with the knife that the seasoning may penetrate. Lay in a saucepan, add cold water to cover, then put in a bay leaf, eight pepper corns, a bit of mace, and two sliced onions. Cook slowly until the meat is tender. Have ready a buttered bake dish, and when the meat is cool lay within this, alternately with sliced boiled eggs, a few minced olives, and a dozen tiny young onions which have been parboiled. Thicken with browned flour the liquid in which the rabbit was stewed, and add more salt if needed. Strain it over the meat, using enough to make it quite moist. Cover the dish with rich pastry or a baking powder crust, make a wide cut in the center, and bake, covered, half an hour, and then brown.

Pigeon Pie.—Dress, draw, and singe carefully four young pigeons. Stuff them with chopped livers, hearts, and gizzards and fine crumbs mixed with chopped parsley, a good lump of butter, pepper, and salt. Run a small wooden skewer through the body of each, fastening with wings to the side. Cover the bottom of your bake dish with thin strip of bacon, season with parsley, mushrooms, pepper, salt, and, if liked, sage. Over this lay the pigeons, between every two birds put the yolk of an egg boiled hard and two or three in the centre also. Add to the dish sufficient thick, brown gravy to cover the pigeon, cover with paste, and bake for an hour and a half. Another recipe is as follows: Clean and joint the pigeons and wipe each piece with a damp cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and fry lightly in a shallow dripping dish in which an onion has been fried. Grease a pudding dish and put a layer of the fried pigeon in the bottom; cover this with minced salt pork, sliced hard boiled eggs, and the minced pigeon giblets. Each piece of pigeon should have been rolled in browned flour before going in the dish. Arrange the layers as directed until the dish is full, having the top layer of the minced salt pork. Pour a good cupful of stock over it all, cover the pie with puff paste, cut a slit in this to allow the steam to escape, and bake in a steady oven for an hour.

Squirrel Pie—Clean and joint the squirrels, cutting the backs into three pieces each. Put six slices of fat salt pork into a saucepan, fry three minutes, then put in the squirrels, and fry to a light brown in this fat, adding as the meat begins to yellow, a chopped onion some chopped parsley, and a cupful of mushrooms. Sprinkle over them two tablespoonfuls of flour, add a pint of stock, and simmer slowly until the meat is tender, seasoning at the last with salt and pepper. Boil one minute, pour over the squirrels, and let them cool before putting in a bake dish. Pour in a gravy formed by stewing, add a few more mushrooms, and a couple of hard boiled eggs cut in slices, cover with a good puff paste and serve.

Beefsteak Pie.—Cut two pounds of round steak into small squares. Barely cover with cold water and cook tender slowly. Cut two veal kidneys in cubes. Drain the liquid from the beef and let both get almost cold. Make a good gravy by thickening this liquid with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in browned flour, seasoning well with onions, salt, and pepper. Let it simmer two minutes. Arrange the beef and kidneys in layers in a dish. A dozen small oysters may be added if liked. Pour in the gravy, cover with a good crust half an inch thick, and cook covered one hour, then brown.

Mutton Chop Pie.—Trim two pounds of tender chops by cutting away skin, fat, and two inches of the rib bone. With the refuse trimmings make a gravy by cooking them slowly three hours in just enough water to cover them. Let cool, skim off the fat, season highly, thicken well with browned flour, boil up once and again let cool. Arrange the chops on the inside of a bake dish, overlapping one another, fill the central space with chopped mushrooms, a chopped tomato, six small button onions, and a pint of green peas. Pour in the gravy, cover with a good crust, make a slit in the middle, and bake covered half an hour, then brown.

FOREIGN RECIPES.

Rice a la Creole.—Chop one large onion and a small slice of cooked ham fine; put in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter; add one cup of cooked rice, also one small can of tomatoes or a dozen fresh ones, one teaspoonful of salt and a little paprika. Mix well together and heat thoroughly. Then put in baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and put in the over for fifteen minutes. The tomatoes should be stewed until thick before serving.

India Recipe.—This was given by a Hindoo priest and as a hot weather dish has proved a godsend, since it contains sufficient nutrition without meat or additional vegetables. For four persons use three good sized potatoes, three good sized carrots, one medium sized onion. Cut in dice shaped pieces and fry three minutes in a tablespoonful of butter seasoned with pepper and salt. Then cover with boiling water and simmer one-half hour. Before taking from fire add a teaspoonful of curry powder. Eat with whole wheat bread and butter.

Hungarian Goulash. — Wash thoroughly lamb kidneys cut in thin pieces. Put two tablespoons of butter into a saucepan and when hot add pieces of kidneys. Shake and cook fast for ten minutes. Add four tablespoons of stock or gravy, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste. Cover and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Mix together the yolks of two eggs and three-fourths of a cupful of milk; add to the contents of the saucepan and stir until sauce begins to thicken. Then take up and serve at once. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley over it.

Swiss Steak.—Take a round steak about two to two and a half inches thick, and pound into it as much flour as it will take. When the flour has been pounded into it on both sides put the meat into an iron skillet and cook as you would any steak. Then cover it with water, set on the back of the stove, cover skillet tightly, and cook for one hour, adding water when necessary and flour to make a thick gravy.

MILK HELPS.

To Clean Bottles.—The quickest and most satisfactory way to clean milk bottles is to put a little washing soda in bottle, half fill with warm water, and put in your iron dish cloth, and with a moment's shaking you have a bottle perfectly clean inside.

Pasteurizing Milk.—Place a pan of cold water on the stove and put a vessel containing the milk in the pan. As soon as the water begins to boil, take it off. Add a small teaspoonful of soda to each quart of hot milk. Put the milk in a bottle and put in a cork. Milk treated in this way will keep sweet in hot weather for twenty-four hours.

WHEN TO USE DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were originally a perscription used in the doctor's private practice and their benefit to mankind has been increased many thousand fold by their being placed on general sale throughout the world with the doctor's own directions for use. They are entirely safe and contain no opiate or habit-forming drugs.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a remedy to use when the blood is thin as in anaemia; or impure, as in rheumatism, or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia; or lifeless in paralysis; or when the body as a whole is ill nourished, as in general debility. They build up the blood, strengthen the nerves and cure the troubles of women and growing girls, and many forms of weakness. That thousands of people have tried this treatment with good results is shown by the constantly increasing number of cures reported.

Mr. Paul Charbonneau, a young man well-known in the town of St. Jerome, Que., is one of the host who bear testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says:—"When I left school I became a bookkeeper in an important office. Probably due to the confinement I began to suffer from indigestion and loss of strength. I became pale and seemingly bloodless and was often seized with palpitation of the heart and violent headaches. I tried several remedies, but they did not do me a bit of good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so, and the use of eight boxes brought me back to perfect health and strength. I have since enjoyed the best of health and cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FLOATING POST OFFICES.

They Consist of a Raft, a Tin Box, a Flag and a Fee.

Vessels at sea have their way of posting letters in old Neptune's care. A description of one of these floating post offices is given in the Strand by the chief officer of the steamship Kaipara:

"A watertight tin contains the bag of letters all stamped with English stamps and sealed up, to which is attached a note with a donation for a finder. The tin is secured to a raft and dropped overboard, care being taken to drop the raft flat on the water so as to keep the flag flying in order to attract attention.

"I have posted letters in this way several times when passing Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and have met with success each time. There were ninety letters posted to various parts of the world in our last floating post office."

CURED OF LAME BACK WHEN 64.

Mr. Samuel Martin, of Strathroy, Ont., passed twenty years of his life in misery, suffering tortures from Lame Back. He tried nearly all the 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 he had taken 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.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, at all dealers. Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co., (Dept. W. L.) Toronto, Ont.

Why not take a cup of

BOVRIL

every morning through the fall and winter?

BOVRIL IS ALL BEEF

It contains all the nutriment of the beef in a concentrated and tasty form.

It will renew your blood and give you strength of nerve and muscle.

It will tone up the whole system.

Bovril Gives Health and Strength

A STAR OF BLOOD.

The Evil Influence of Halley's Comet.

Halley's great comet, which will be seen in the spring of next year with the naked eye, and is already making its mark on sensitized photograph plates in the observatories of the world, has in the past been held responsible for many strange, interesting and terrifying world events.

History records the return of Halley's comet twenty-eight times during the past 2,000 years. The following events occurred during, or closely followed, the apparition of the comet:

B. C.

240.—Defeat of the Carthaginians by Rome. End of the first Punic war.

163.—Judas Maccabaeus occupied Jerusalem.

87.—Civil war in Rome, the city taken and retaken.

12.—Germany invaded by Drusus.

A. D.

66.—Vespasian began the war which ended in the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

296.—Britain recovered by Constantius.

375.—Italy invaded by the Huns.

452.—Gaul and Italy invaded by Attila.

531.—Fifty years of plague began in Persia.

610.—Mahomet began to preach in Mecca.

1066.—Norman invasion of England.

1146.—Second crusade.

1221.—Conquest of Khorassan and Persia by Jenghiz Khan.

1378.—Clement VII., anti-Pope at Avingon; forty years' schism in the Church of Rome begun.

1456.—Turks, having taken Constantinople, threatened Europe. Mahommed II., defeated at Belgrade by John Hunniades.

1531.—Inundation of Holland. Earthquake at Lisbon.

1607.—Spanish fleet destroyed by the Dutch at Gibraltar.

1758.—Prussia overrun by Russians.—Birth of Nelson.

1835.—Political crisis in England.

IN AN AUSTRALIAN TORNADO.

A Writer Gives a Graphic Picture of Its Terrors.

The Tornado of Australia is related pretty nearly to the same phenomenon in this country. It is on the land what the typhoon is in Eastern waters. The storm of wind and rain is preceded by an unnatural stillness and silence of the elements. Sensitive persons and animals are aware of the approaching storm. The author of "Parts of the Pacific," who calls himself "a peripatic parson," experienced one such gale when he was at the house of a friend in the northern part of Australia, very near the equator. His account is humorous as well as instructive.

By and by there came across the night air a distant roaring noise. The stillness of the slumbering hours was broken. Something terrible was at hand, as had been foretold by the clerk of the weather. The wind began to moan, then to whistle, then to bellow; the roof rattled, the trees shrieked, rain rushed and hissed, lightning blazed and thunder crashed and boomed.

All the household was busy holding on to goods and catching things as they were hurled off by the violence of the storm. The roof was ripped up and carried away. Shutters and doors, walls and furniture—off they went, and people raced after them to the rescue. All were at work, myself included.

I had a bad leg coming on, and considering the bed to be the most valuable article in any part of the house, I right manfully lay in it, and so held it down. From the comfortable bed I watched the roof go off, piece by piece. From it I saw the slabs and boards go—I saw everything go until there was nothing left at my side of the house but me and my noble bed.

Together we weathered the storm bravely; together we remained in the torrents of rain and in the blinding lightning, littered with broken timber, hornets' nests, oranges, bits of furniture from the next room, pomeloes and guavas, boughs of trees and sundry other things.

I had never before witnessed a tornado, and the kind bed generously afforded me a front seat on the brow of the hill, from which the whole show was seen splendidly. Moreover, as you do not always require a roof over your head in that country, it was a mere trifle being without one on a night like that.

When the storm ceased and daylight forced itself in a measure through the still inclement weather, it was strange to see the river a long way up the lawn, and spreading its turbid waters over the plain which we had traversed only the day before, right up to the foot of the mountain. Two trees out of every three were blown down and no leaves were left on any. Water was running everywhere; and the bright, peaceful scene of yesterday was now an expanse of dull gray and wholesale desolation.

ADVICE FROM A MOTHER TO ALL OTHER MOTHERS

The young mother—the inexperienced mother—is always glad to get the advice of the more experienced in the care of her little one. Thousands of mothers have emphatically said that there is no medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets for keeping little ones well, or restoring health if illness comes suddenly. The young mother can safely follow the lead of these others. Mrs. John Shortill, Georgetown, Ont., says:—"I would not be a day without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. I believe they saved my youngest child's life. At the age of three months she cried all the time with indigestion. Our doctor did all he could for her, but did not seem to help her. Then I got Baby's Own Tablets and they worked a wonderful change. They seemed to tone the stomach, moved the bowels regularly, and she has ever since been a healthy child." Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT CAUSED IT.

"Were you ever treated for the drink habit, my poor man?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I couldn't afford always to be buying 'em."

"What do you mean by making me a pair of trousers with only one leg in 'em?"—Life.

WHY Pay Rent?

When you can build a home to Suit Yourself

??

Seasoned Lumber

Always on Hand

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

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

Don't Buy Land

Until you have seen the District from Mara to Enderby.

It will surprise you, and please me to show you 16,000 acres of the choicest Okanagan land, and some of it is for sale at prices which are not inflated

Come here first or last, it does not matter which, but come.

Chas. W. Little
Eldernell Orchard Mara, B. C

Greeting Cards

To send to friends as a Xmas token—nice selection—all new and up-to-date.

Leave your order. We will print them and have them ready for you when you want them.

The Walker Press, Enderby

Good Values in all kinds of Winter Goods

RUBBERS BRACES
UNDERWEAR TIES
SWEATERS TUQUES
COAT SWEATERS
SHIRTS MITTS and GLOVES

Full Line of Confectionery for Christmas Trade

Fresh Groceries always on hand.

Wheeler & Evans

Horsemen's Supplies

You furnish the horse flesh and I will do the rest. In addition to my buggies, cutters and sleighs, my blacksmith shop and wagon works, I have placed in stock a complete outfit of single and double harness, lap robes, blankets, brushes, curry combs and horsemen's supplies. Everything new, and the best. Call and inspect. I believe I can save money for you.

Wm. H. Hutchison
ENDERBY

ENDERBY PRESS

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DECEMBER 23, 1909

PREMIER M'BRIDE'S LOYALTY

In the stress of campaign, men say many things which they do not believe, and they are excused. But when the campaign is over, and the people have spoken by their ballots, it is simple folly and pig-headed foolishness for a man or newspaper to keep harping upon a dead cause.

In the last issue of the Sunset Bruce still attempts to discredit the Premier of British Columbia. He has made this awful discovery:

"Every newspaper, big and little, which boosted the Government party in the recent elections received from Premier McBride a 300 word telegram expressing his gratitude to the electors and the newspapers for electing and supporting him. Who paid for that telegram."

Bruce didn't. But there is one comforting thing about it: it is evident now that Bruce knows the election is over.

How different this spirit shown by Bruce and that displayed by the Premier assailed by him. At the Conservative convention held recently at Kamloops Premier McBride showed the character of man he is when he uttered these words:

"Although the chapter has been closed I wish to say I still believe I hold the confidence of both Mr. Tatlow and Mr. Fulton, and that relation is reciprocated, for to-day I hold them both in as great esteem as ever.

"We all love British Columbia and we are willing to take off our coats and work for her. If to-morrow the government of the day should deviate from the right path, I am sure the check-up from the people would come swiftly and suddenly and effectively. Unless a man is prepared to deal honestly by British Columbia he will not remain in office long. Despite the fact that we have a large majority it behooves all the Conservative members to see that there is no neglect of the interests of the people, and that their work shall be strong and effective, so that the government shall not only be the pride of British Columbia, but the pride of Canada."

TAFFY O'FARREL HITS US

P. A. O'Farrel is an Irishman. He has hobnobbed with the Blarneys and —I guess—kissed the Pope's big toe. He is withal one of the brightest newspaper writers that ever pen-pictured the scenery of British Columbia—and in days that are passed he has done a lot of it. Writing in the New York World he has this to say of our glorious province:

"It is another interesting and curious fact that British Columbia has the lowest taxes, the wisest executive and the most progressive parliament of any in the world. Eighty-seven per cent of the revenue of the province is supplied from royalties. Expanding revenues and increasing surpluses is the story told year after year to parliament by its finance minister. The government is suffering from an embarassment of riches. And all this perhaps because its able finance minister happens to be an Irishman, and the prime minister, who has guided with consummate ability the destinies of British Columbia, and who is now shaping its fortunes, bears the good old Irish name of Richard McBride.

"British Columbia is a long way from Broadway, but Irish genius is shaping it for a glorious morrow."

All of which is gospel truth, but it is so freighted with honey that nobody would believe it if we wanted them to.

FOREST RESERVE WORK

One of the important features of the Forest Reserve work, is that of the tree planting division, which is doing a great work in the territories where there is so little natural forest growth. The spring of 1911 will, it is expected, see the introduction of a new feature in the work of tree distribution, namely. the distribution of coniferous trees, those it is proposed to distribute at first being the white spruce, jack pine, Scotch pine and lodgepole pine. To these it is hoped shortly to add the tamarack or native larch. In the past spring's distribution over two and a half million trees were distributed from the Forest Nursery Station at Indian Head, Sask., to 2,010 applicants. New applicants for trees to be delivered in the spring of 1910 number 2,235. The recently established office of the branch at Indian Head now takes direct charge of all applications for trees, which formerly were handled from Ottawa.

STANLEY ON SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche, and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of the Earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.

WANTS HIS NEST EGG

Will the "honest" person who stole the eggs out of my chicken coop kindly return the china nest egg, if he has not already eaten it, and oblige?—Arthur Okell.—Exchange.

Gasoline Saw Outfit for Sale—Four horse-power engine (Fairbanks-Morse) circular and drag saws; complete and in first-class condition. Cheap for cash. Apply, A. Tomkinson, Deep Creek, B. C.

HOOT MON, HOOT!

Tell your frien's

The Bonnie Briar Bush is comin'

This Purest of Scotch Plays by Ian MacLaren (the Rev. John Watson, D. D.) will be played in

K. P. Hall, Enderby, Jan. 7th, 1910.

A complete new production (adapted to any stage), a company of TWENTY, including a Scottish quartette, Scottish dancers, and oh, I almos' forgot, we have SANDY McPHERSON, the Piper

IT APPEARS THAT IAN M'LAREN'S STORY OF THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH AS DRAMATISED BY JAS. MACARTHUR WILL NEVER GROW OLD. ITS SUCCESS HAS BEEN AND IS STILL PHENOMENAL, BUT IT NEVERTHELESS IS NOT A SUCCESS THAT CANNOT BE ACCOUNTED FOR. OF ALL THE GOOD PLAYS THAT HAVE GRACED THE STAGE, THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH IS ONE OF THE BEST AND PUREST. IT IS A STORY OF HUMAN INTEREST UNFOLDING A LIFE'S CHAPTER IN THE SIMPLE SCOTTISH GLEN, SO TRUE TO NATURE AND LIFE AS TO APPEAL WITH IRRESISTIBLE FORCE TO THE AUDIENCE. IT IS A COMEDY-DRAMA WHICH LIKE GOOD WINE IMPROVES WITH AGE. IT IS FRAGRANT WITH THE HEATHER OF "BONNIE SCOTLAND," AND IS ENLIVENED WITH POINTED YET HARMLESS SCOTTISH WIT.

This is one of the sweetest plays ever put upon the stage. It has been procured for Enderby by Mr.C. P. Walker, who has already favored us with the best things ever seen here. Seats are on sale, or will be directly after Christmas, at A. REEVES' Drug Store. Get your seats early, as there is sure to be a big demand.

We wish our friends and patrons all the joys of Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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

ENDERBY Hotel

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

H. W. WRIGHT, Proprietor
Enderby

F. T. TURNER

Plumbing and Steam Fitting

All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repaired
Rear Evans Blk Enderby

The purest milk, served in air-tight, sterilized bottles. Place an order with the Glen Gerrack dairy

FOR SALE—A 5-room brick cottage on Regent street near the river shore; good location; in first-class condition. Mrs. R. H. Binch, Enderby, B. C.

I will cut stovewood any length, with steam saw, at $1.00 per cord. H. Greyell, Enderby.

Big shipment of choice turkeys, just received from the High River country to accommodate the Christmas trade. Order early. Geo. R. Sharpe.

Fred. H. Barnes

BUILDER & CONTRACTOR

Plans and estimates furnished

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

City Meat Market

THOS. E. WOODS, Proprietor

Having purchased the butcher business of R. Blackburn, I solicit a share of your business and guarantee good service.

Orders by Mail receive our prompt attention.

John S. Johnstone

Contractor and Builder, Enderby

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How Santa Claus Made It All Right

Written by Alwyn Cato, Enderby, B. C., for The Enderby Press.

THEY were sitting by the fire, Adie, a very worldly young lady of seven, and her brother, Rupert, aged four and a half. Being the day before Christmas, they had had an extra lot of playing, and as the evening drew near had become tired, and for the last ten minutes silence had reigned supreme, much to the relief of nurse, who was reading a very exciting book, the chief character of which was a real nurse—herself, of course.

Rupert, or Pertie, as he was called, was busy sucking the head of a particularly atrocious looking doll, by name Sally Ann, a member of the doll tribe for which he showed a great weakness. Whether sucking the head gave him inspiration or not, he removed it and said, as though to himself:

"Lubly, lubly; we'll wake up all night and see him."

This remark arousing his sister, she asked with true female curiosity:

"See who, Pertie?"

"Why, Santa C'aus, cou'se."

"Oh," she remarked, in a tone of doubt, far as we have said, being a very worldly-minded young person, she had her own ideas of that interesting gentleman. Nothing, however, suggesting itself, she asked why.

"Silly! To catch him and see what 'ee's like."

"How do you know there is a Santa Claus?"

"Cause I does; didn't my docking get fulled las' Kismas by Santy!"

At this point the nurse interfered and carried them off to bed.

After Pertie had lisped his prayers, (not forgetting one for Santy Caus), and as the nurse was tucking him up, he suddenly asked her,

"Why don't farver and muvver come and put us to bed now, Nursie, same as they used?"

A look of compassion passed over Nursie's face, and she kept silent for a moment, till an imperative pull of her apron string reminded her.

She smiled to herself, and then whispered to him, "Ask Santa Claus, my pet, he will tell you. Good night.'

She left her charges and proceeded down stairs. We will follow her as far as the drawing room.

Standing in front of the fire was the father of the two children, dressed to go out. He was waiting for his wife, and as he thought of her, his mind began to wander. What had come between him and his handsome bride of eight years ago? It seemed but a dream since he had led her to the altar. How quickly the days—nay years—had gone, and then, only a short year back, had begun the coldness. He could think of no other word. It was his fault, of course. He had been foolish; had been too long at the club; spent more than he ought; had aroused jealousy, which had been promptly paid back; but at the bottom of the whole trouble lay pride. Neither would be the first to give way; and that was the reason why the children complained of "not seeing father and mother." Not that the parents were less fond of them, but they knew how sharp children are to see things, and dreaded those childish enquiries.

His wife came down stairs, and as he listened to the rustle of her dress, he thought bitterly that "she" didn't care. They went down to the street together,and as they passed along the hall, they were facing a large photo of each other, taken soon after they were married.

As the husband looked at that of his wife, he thought of the present, and a great wave of feeling swept over him. They were in the street, and he was assisting her into the carriage before he spoke. Then he simply said, "My dear."

Something in the tone of his voice caused his wife to look at him. In another moment they would have been as of yore, but in that moment the demon of pride whispered to her, "No, not yet; make him suffer a bit."

There was a street lamp near at hand, and by the light he saw her eyes harden, and in a cold calm voice she asked, "Well, Herbert?"

Her husband understood and accepted the challenge, and as the carriage was on the move, he leaned near and said lightly, "You are looking very handsome to-night. Young Graves will be more in love than ever." As he spoke he retired into a corner and no further word passed till they arrived at their destination.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Time in the nursery and at the ball passed swiftly, and about one o'clock Adie asked for her husband and carriage. She was informed that the former had left half an hour before, after ordering the latter to await his wife's orders. Annoyed that he had left without her, she started for home, repelling the ardent demands of the young Lord Graves that he should see her home, though he would have given his coronet for the privilege.

Arriving at home, she was informed, in answer to her enquiry, that her husband had arrived some time before.

She went straight to her boudoir, and, putting over her shoulders a white mantle, took up a parcel of toys and started for the nursery, flattering herself she made a very good looking Santa Claus. She had reached the door of her husband's study, when it opened, and to her surprise he came out similarly attired, and also with an armful of toys.

"You," she said.

"Yes, only I. The same errand, I perceive. We had better join company for once, so as not to waken the children."

He stepped aside, and as she walked up, quietly followed.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Adie was fast asleep, dreaming not of dolls, but of a most particular friend of her's who was coming to tea on Christmas Day. She was in the midst of a most enjoyable time, when she suddenly woke up. What was it! She could hear some one coming up! Then she remembered, and dashed over to her brother, who, notwithstanding that he had been the one to think of the idea of keeping awake, had been fast asleep ever since he put his head on the pillow. In a second she had wakened him,and breathlessly informed him that Santy was coming up, and was back in bed in no time.

They waited in breathless anticipation, and very soon the door quietly began to open, and much to Rupert's surprise he saw by the night light, not one figure, but two; a lady and a gentleman.

By the way they were dressed, and the toys they were carrying, he could see they were real Santys, and as he watched them putting the presents in their stockings he wondered why there were two. Then his nimble little brain caught it. Of course: he was a man and Santy was a man, whilst Adie was a lady, therefore Santy had brought his wife to see after her; and he felt quite sure that this must be the case, because he saw Santy go first to his stocking, and afterwards to Adie's, and vise versa.

Neither of the parents had any idea they were being watched, and it came as a great surprise when, after giving all the toys, and they were preparing to leave, a tremulous voice called them back, saying:

"Prese, Mr. Santy Caus, Nursie told me to ask you why farver and muvver never tucks us in bed as they used; she said you would know!"

It was a very breathless Pertie that ended suddenly. The nurse had kept silent for a few seconds, but the parents kept silent for minutes.

Both husband and wife were thinking what could be said. Again Pertie had to wake them up by calling out.

Pulling himself together, Herbert looked at his wife and then answered the boy, altering his voice as much as he could.

"All right, my little man. Just you leave it to Old Santy; he'll put it right; don't you worry," and having reached the door they hurriedly got on the other side of it, leaving one person in a state of great jubilation, and the other in a state of deep thought. Adie was a very worldly-minded young lady.

The husband hurried downstairs. The chance he had longed for had come at last. Forgotten were the past twelve months; forgotten all the snubs and slights; even the one that had occured so shortly back; all were forgotten in the desire to take his wife in his arms and feel that heaven was smiling again. In half a dozen bounds he had cleared the intervening stairs, catching his wife up by the door of the study. He opened the door and looked at her. The longing in her face caused his heart to bound with hope. With his hand he beckoned her to enter, and after a momentary hesitation she did so. Following, he shut the door.

They were alone together at last! Choking down his emotion, he held open his arms and earnestly said, "My wife, you heard what our children said; come let us be as we were"

She buried her face in her hands, and shook her head.

"What!" he cried, unable to believe his eyes, "you do not wish?"

"No! no! Herbert; not that; but you don't know what I have been. I am not worthy," She stopped, and tears trickled through her fingers.

He puzzled for a bit; then remembered Lord Graves. How their names had been banded together and handed round.

"My dear; there are faults on both sides. I am mostly to blame—(an emphatic shake of the head)—but now on Christmas Day, let us start afresh—besides," he added, "don't forget that Santy Caus has promised to make it all right."

* * * * * * * * * * *

The next morning Housemaid informed Cook that Master and Missus were as thick as ever; that they had made it up last night.

When the nurse heard the news she smiled to herself again, and hugged her charges a little closer in the morning kiss than usual.

What a happy Christmas that was! The lovely presents, the beautiful games with father and mother—how quickly the time did go!

As the evening approached, Pertie began to get very restless, and when it was announced that they could stop up extra late, he did not receive the news with the satisfaction he usually did. But everything comes to an end, and when they were finally carried off by the nurse, he still displayed the greatest anxiety.

They were in bed, and he was sitting gazing towards the door, when it opened and in walked mother and father.

"Look! Look!" he cried. "They've come. Santy said they would. Happy Pertie!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

Rupert never forgot Santy's promise and its result, and now when he has reached the mature and serious age of six and three-quarters, (or as he terms it, seven if he were three months older), he still chuckles at the secret he has got, that both mother and father do not know anything about. He never saw Santy again, his parents preferring to keep a happy memory and an illusion unbroken, and, though of course, in time he will know, at the present he really believes that it was Santa Claus and his wife whom he saw that night.

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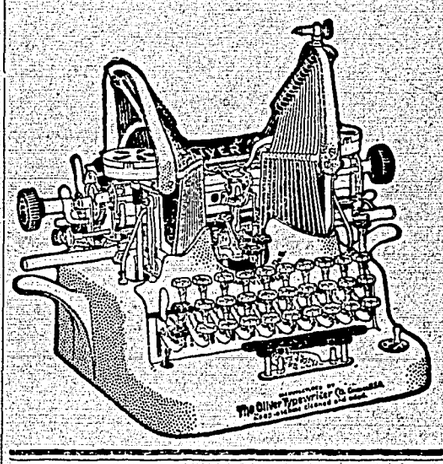

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MUST GET ROYAL CONSENT

"MATCH-MAKING" OF PRINCE AND PRINCESSES.

Queen Victoria Used Her Influence to Further the Cause of Lovers.

The news that negotiations have been completed for the marriage of King Manuel of Portugal to Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and niece of King Edward, may give the average reader the impression that the engagement has been as easily arranged as anordinary one upon which "papa" has been asked to bestow a blessing. This, however, is not the case. Before a Royal marriage can take place Royal consent to that union must be obtained, not as a matter of custom and duty, but to make the ceremony valid. The marriage of an English Princess without the consent of our King would be null and void, even if the "knot" were tied by all the archbishops in the kingdom.

CHOOSING A ROYAL BRIDE.

When a young King wishes to marry he can seldom choose his own bride. Directly an heir is born to Royal parents those parents begin to consider the Royal nurseries of Europe, and mark down suitable Princesses for their boy. So it happens that when the heir to the Throne arrives at a marriageable age a certain number of eligible partners are mentioned to him, and his final choice must not only please his parents but also the Ministers of his country, the Parliament, and the people.

When the engagement of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was hourly expected, Lord Palmerston stated that the bride, in accordance with Royal law, "must be handsome, must be well brought up, and must be a Protestant." Queen Victoria chose a German Princess for the King, but he himself preferred the beautiful daughter of the King of Denmark. His Majesty first met Queen Alexandra at a children's party at Buckingham Palace, when he was only thirteen years of age, but he did not meet her again until six years had passed. His relatives arranged an "accidental" meeting between the Royal couple in the Cathedral of Speier, and shortly afterwards their engagement was publicly announced.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S COURTSHIP.

Almost from his cradle the idea of a union between Prince Albert and Queen Victoria had been a favorite day-dream of his father, the Duke of Coburg; and his wish somehow found an echo in the Royal nursery, where Albert's nurse would amuse him with tales of his bride-to-be across the sea. Queen Victoria first saw Prince Albert in 1836, when he visited England with his father and brother, Prince Ernest, and spent a month at Buckingham Palace. From that day onward the Princess and the Prince were drawn together, but when the latter visited England for the second time in 1839 it was with no thoughts of marriage. He had been informed that the young Queen had made up her mind to remain single for another four years, and he was far too manly to attempt to persuade her to alter her decision. Love, however, found out the way, and in Queen Victoria's own words: "I do feel so guilty . . . . Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. . . . I feel certain that he will make me very happy. I wish I could say that I felt as certain of making him happy; but I shall do my best."

A FAMOUS MATCHMAKER.

Queen Victoria used her influence on several occasions to further the cause of love's young dream. When the engagement was announced between Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron Von Pawel-Rammingen, the King of Hanover's secretary, all the members of the Royal Families of England and Germany opposed the match, and the Queen of Hanover was so cross with her daughter that she practically cast her off. Queen Victoria thereupon stepped in and acted the part of fairy godmother. Our late Queen not only encouraged the match, but gave the bride away, and provided a home for her and her husband at Hampton Court Palace. Again, it was Queen Victoria who encouraged the deep attachment of the Princess Louise for the Marquess of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll, when all her relations were violently opposed to the match.

WHERE WILLIAM MET HIS WIFE.

The German Emperor's marriage on his twenty-second birthday to the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, a niece of Prince Christian, was immensely popular throughout Germany, the reason being the fact that the bride was a native Princess and not one from a foreign clime. It is said that Queen Victoria brought about the union between the Kaiser and the Princess, and we all know that the Emperor made his future wife's acquaintance at Balmoral when he visited his grandmother in 1878. The acquaintance was renewed at Silesia in the autumn of the following year, when the Kaiser was shooting on the estate of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, the father of Princess Victoria. Here an engagement was arranged, and the marriage was solemnized on February 27th, 1881.

Born in 1862, Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, married, on May 24th, 1888, his cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alice. Queen Victoria helped to bring this union about, and it is said that she was partly responsible for the marriage of the Kaiser's sister with the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, G.C.B., on February 18th, 1878.—London Tit-Bits.

WILD FARM LABORERS.

Harvest Hands Doing Endless Mischief in Germany.

Like the farmers of the Canadian west, the agriculturists of Germany are compelled to import harvest hands. These men, a rough-and-ready lot, come over the eastern frontiers from Galicia and Poland.

The Deutsche Tagezitung, the organ of the Agrarians, draws attention to the fact that these foreign laborers constitute a menace to the security of the inhabitants, because they are guilty of all kinds of outrages and acts of violence in country districts.

At Franzburg two houses were burned down, and no doubt exists in the neighborhood that the foreign laborers perpetrated arson. The wife of an innkeeper in the same district was attacked by foreign workmen and wounded. At Grabow a foreign workmen stabbed a young man at an evening dance, and wounded two men who chased him by prodding them with a hay-fork.

At Stavenhagen a young German was beaten to death by foreign laborers. At another village close by a similar outrage was committed, and also ended fatally. At Moelin a farmer was attacked when lying in bed and severely injured by foreign laborers, who robbed his house. The foreign laborers on a farm at Wollin rose up in revolt against their employer, and, after performing various acts of violence, burned all the barns and ricks on the premises.

All these acts of violence took place within one week in Pomerania and Mecklenburg, and complaints of similar acts of violence are coming from other agricultural districts.

HAIR-RAISING.

Traffic in hair is a big business, for it is estimated that well over 1,000 tons of human tresses are dealt with every year. And as the heavy styles of coiffure, ironing, too frequent dressing, the use of wire and leather supports, etc., are tending more than ever to make the fashionable lady's locks insufficient, the price of artificial hair is, naturally, on the up-grade. Italy, Russia, India, and China contribute to the hair market, but far the largest contribution is supplied by the women of Brittany. On the north coast of France the women have always worn quaint little round cloth caps, and this habit, combined with their active out-of-door life, has gone far towards giving the Breton woman long and luxuriant tresses. These they sell to travellers who annually tour the country. Lately, however, Bretons have allowed the cheap Paris hat to displace their picturesque caps. As a result, their hair has diminished both in quantity and quality. Now, therefore, the demand for artificial hair considerably exceeds the supply.

SLOW ART.

"I consider this painting a beautiful piece of work," commented the art dealer contemplating the partrait of the sleeping canine. "It's a dog after Landseer."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Neurich. "Well, the pup doesn't seem to be going after him very industriously."

MILLIONAIRES UNAWARES

CROESUSES WHO HAVE LIVED LIKE CRUSOES.

Rich Men Hide Their Riches by Dressing Shabbily and Living Miserly.

"He dressed simply, but rather shabbily, never took part in any functions, and never, apparently, was prominent in financial or commercial enterprises."

So runs an extract from the obituary of the late Mr. Charles Morrison, who died a few weeks ago at his home, Basildon Park, near Reading, England, says London Answers. So unassuming was his manner, so shabby his dress, in fact, that, it is said, a certain innkeeper indignantly refused to let him have a horse and trap to get home with late one night, when, owing to a mishap, he had returned by a late train.

And yet this quiet, unostentatious gentleman left a fortune of over $50,00.,000; in other words, his income must have been something like $5,000 per day!

THE LUCKY CHANCELLOR.

He would be a rash man indeed who professed to be able to give a list of living millionaires. Your millionaire is not by any means always the public personage which he is generally supposed to be. There have been many men whose enormous wealth has never been suspected until after their death.

No longer ago than November last the Chancellor of the Exchequer received a pleasant surprise in the shape of a sum of $1,430,000 death duties levied upon the estate of the late Mr. John Stefa ovitch Cchilizzi, who died in the previous October. Mr. Schilizzi was a Greek, who came to London at the age of eighteen, and joined his uncle's business in Austin Friars. In the course of years he became head of the firm of Schlizzi Brothers, who were importers of general goods. But he lived so quietly that no one credited him with more than a moderate fortune, and the whole City got a shock when his will was proved, and he was found to have left upwards of $10,000,000.

There are many wealthy Greeks in London, and as a rule they are anything but ostentatious. Although the late Mr. P. A. Vagliano was known to be a rich man, everyone was amazed when his will was proved at $14,440,475!

GOLDEN GREEKS.

Speaking of unknown Greek milionaires, there lived some years ago in Calcutta a Greek with the strange name of Mandratzoglori, whom no one suspected of having more than a few thousand rupees. The man was a miser, and lived in the very quietest way, denying himself even such a necessary luxury as a punkah coolie, and eating the same food as the ordinary native.

He died suddenly, leaving no will. When investigation was made into his affairs, he was found to own property of the estimated value of $4,000,000. The question was, who were the heirs? All that was known of him was that he came from Philippopolis, in Roumalia. The Government of India took up the matter, and sent an agent to Europe, and, after much difficulty, the heirs—who were all poor peasants and farmers—were discovered, and apprised of their good fortune.

Mr. Louis Spitzel, a member of the London firm of the same name, was better known in China than in England. He was a great friend of that famous Chinaman, Li Hu g Chang, and assisted him in the making of the treaty with Japan after the Chino-Japanese War. He was responsible for introducing the first Maxim guns into China. Probably no one except a few business acquaintances credited Mr. Spitzel with one quarter of the fortune which he actually possessed. When he died at Carlsbad in September, 1906, a cheque for over $750,000 was received as duty by the Treasury.

One of the biggest surprises which ever befell a British Chancellor was the huge windfall at the death of Mr. George Smith, of Elgin, Scotland, and of Chicago, U. S. A., who was known in America as "Chicago" Smith.

For nearly forty years Mr. Smith had lived in a London club at a total cost of about $25 per week. He never left the place except for a short walk, and was intensely indignant when the annual spring—or, rather, autumn—cleaning turned him out of his quarters for three or four days. He dressed shabbily, hardly ever spoke to anyone; and, although there were rumors that he was rich, yet no one credited him with $25,000, let alone $250,000 a year. Then, in 1909, he died, and of his estate, that portion invested in England paid duty to the amount of $4,500,000.

In other words, his British property was worth $25,000,000, and at the same time he owned estates in America of at least an equal value. All this vast fortune Mr. Smith had made himself during the first half century of his long life.

It is a curious fact that, as a boy, he told a friend that he was going to America to make a fortune; after which he would return home, build a palace, and live at leisure.

$100,000,000 APIECE.

One of the world's most startling fortunes was left by the late Mr. Marshall Field, the founder and owner of the greatest store in Chicago. Of course, everyone knew that Mr. Field was a millionaire; but when, in January, 1906, his death was announced, there was general amazement and incredulity when his wealth was stated to be $150,000,000.

A week or two later the newspapers corrected their former statement. His fortune was not $150,000,000, but $300,000,000, and Mr. Field was, therefore, next to Mr. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world. The bulk of his wealth was left to three grandchildren.

A herimt frequently obtains the local reputation of being enormously wealthy, but in nine cases out of ten these rumors are quite without foundation. The late Mr. Johnstone, of Lathrisk, in Fifeshire, Scotland, lived as though he had barely enough to purchase the absolute necessaries of life, yet stories of his wealth were current in the neighborhood. He died without making a will, and his heirs got the surprose of their lives when the value of his estate was proved at $15,000 over the $5,000,000 mark.

WEALTHIEST WOMAN.

"I thowt he looked like 'Old Fly,'" remarked a laborer, when the late Lord Grimthorpe was pointed out to him, "Old Fly" being a disreputable character who spent his life in and out of the workhouse.

Of course, people knew that Lord Grimthorpe was a rich man, for his estates covered seventy square miles of English ground. But to see him sitting under a hedge in a rusty old suit, without collar or tie, and discussing a lunch of bread-and-cheese, he was as little like the popular idea of a millionaire as a man well could be. Yet Lord Grimthorpe's income largely exceeded $5,000,000 a year. In other words, he was a millionaire three times over.

Another enormously wealthy person, who is unknown to the world as a millionaire, is Madame Creel, wife of the Mexican Ambassador to Washington. She owns mines worth over $10,000,000, besides 280,000 acres of farm lands, and 600,000 cattle, and other property. She buys three dresses a year, and pays $15 apiece for them. The will of Madame Creel, who is now a grandmother, will very possibly show her to be the richest woman in the world.

THE APPLE CELLAR.

How to Make and to Keep It Neat and Sweet.

An apple cellar should be the tidiest and sweetest corner of the house. Nothing else should ever be stored in it. Its walls should be at least twenty inches thick and it should have abundant light. In summer it should be open to draughts of air and kept free of any decay.

There should be no mouldy boards nor any smell of mildew; in other words, the air should be fit to breathe. When the apples are stored the draught should be stopped and when steady cold sets in you should shut the cellar tight and let it stay tightly closed until May.

You can place such a cellar as this conveniently under part of your barn or under your carriage house, says Outing, only there should be no stable adjacent. The floor overhead should be covered with autumn leaves spread thickly to prevent any change of atmosphere below. The thermometer all winter should stand at about 33—just above freezing. Put your apples in shallow bins, cement the floor to keep out rats and if barrels are used set them up somewhat from the floor.

Most of the things man wants here below are those he realizes it will be almost impossible for him to get.

"I wish I had a rich uncle." "I have one." "How delightful!" "And he has thirteen children of his own."

ENGINEER WAS ARRESTED

SOLD DIAMONDS FROM GERMAN AFRICA.

Alleged to Have Smuggled Large Quantities and to be Planning Another Coup.

The Lokalan Zeiger, of Berlin, Germany, reports the sensational arrest of a German engineer and the confiscation of his bank books found in his possession.

It is alleged that the engineer a long time ago leased extensive lands in South-west Africa to farm them with four or five comrades. On part of the lands it is said he discovered diamonds of a size varying up to three carats.

Without informing the authorities the party worked diamond deposits for several weeks, and then quitted operations, removing all traces, while the engineer went to Europe to sell the stones. He sold the greater part of the diamonds in the principal European diamond centres, and finally reached Germany to sell the remainder. When the Colonial Office heard of the affair by chance, the engineer had a deposit of 200,000 marks in German banks, the result of the sale of the stones, and about a thousand uncut diamonds, worth 60,000 marks in his possession.

ARRESTED IN BERLIN.

After tracing the engineer from town to town, the German police arrested him in Berlin a few days ago. Large telegraphic and mail correspondence with his partners was seized, from which is appeared that he intended to form a company to exploit his finds. The Government have telegraphed to the Windhoek authorities to locate the deposits in question.

The arrested engineer, says another report, is a young Berliner, named George Heim, who in October, 1908, was engaged as a diamond expert by the "Kolonial Bergbau Gesellschaft," and sent to Leuderitzbucht to act as prospector and valuer of the company's diamond fields. During the eight months that he acted for the company Heim, with the aid of accomplices, is alleged to have smuggled 200,000 marks worth of diamonds to Germany, mixing the stones in soft cement, which was afterwards allowed to harden, thereby deceiving the Customs.

Heim returned to Germany last May, and sold the stones at Dresden, Leipzig, Hamburg and Breslau, where he did such good business that he contracted for future purchasers. When the original supply of stones was exhausted Heim sent his accomplices money for more, which were also smuggled to Germany in cement.

PLANNING ANOTHER COUP

The Morgenpost says that the correspondence seized shows that Heim was planning another big coup. He is said to have discovered large diamond fields in the southern part of South-west Africa, near Cape Colony, which, however, Heim agreed with his accomplices should not be worked until his (Heim's) return from Germany. Heim intended to conduct the operations and erect a secret polishing plant on the fields so as to avoid any possible chance of detection.

By cable orders from the Colonial Office Heim's accomplices in South-west Africa were arrested, but the authorities are much embarrassed, as they do not know the location of these rich new diamond fields. Heim's correspondence reveals nothing regarding their whereabouts, and the prisoner refuses to betray his secret. The colonial authorities are making every effort to trace the spot.

TENSILE STRENGTH OF HAIR.

A human hair of average thickness can support a load of 6¼ ounces and the average number of hairs on the head is about 30,000. A woman's long hair has a total tensile strength of more than five tons, and this strength can be increased one-third by twisting the hair. The ancients made practical use of the strength of human hair. The cords of the Roman catapults were made of the hair of slaves, and it is recorded that the free women of Carthage offered their luxuriant tresses for the same use when their city was besieged by the Romans.

Tess—"Angry with him? Why he wrote a lovely poem to her." Jess—"Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it 'Lines on Mabel's Face.'"

GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE

HAD RHEUMATISM, BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED IT.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 18.—(Special).—That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well-known resident of King Street, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines, but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

AN OLD BATTLESHIP.

Will be Used as a Target for British Guns.

In order thoroughly to test the new 13-5-inch guns which are to form the main armament of the new super-Dreadnoughts, the British Admiralty have decided to sacrifice the obsolete battleship Edinburgh, now in the sale list at Sheerness. Arrangements are being made to carry out, with this ship as the target, the most important series of gunnery experiments ever devised by the British navy.

The experiments will be under the direct supervision of Admiral Sir William H. May, commander-in-chief of the Home Fleet, and the Edinburgh will be attacked by specially selected battleships of that fleet. The new 13-5-inch gun will be specially mounted in one of the attacking battleships.

In this way it is expected to gain invaluable data as to the effectiveness of the new primary armament of the super-Dreadnoughts.

The Edinburgh was built 23 years ago, and cost about three-quarters of a million. She has a displacement of 9,240 tons, and an armored belt varying from 18 inches to 14 inches in thickness. Over the gun positions the steel varies from 16 inches to 13 inches.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

A man may be ambitious to enlighten the world, but his real mission is to pay his bills.

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER—must often act as a family physician. Painkiller for all the little ills, cuts and sprains as well as for bowel complaints, is indispensable. Avoid substitutes, there is but one "Painkiller"—Perry Davis', 25c and 50c.

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

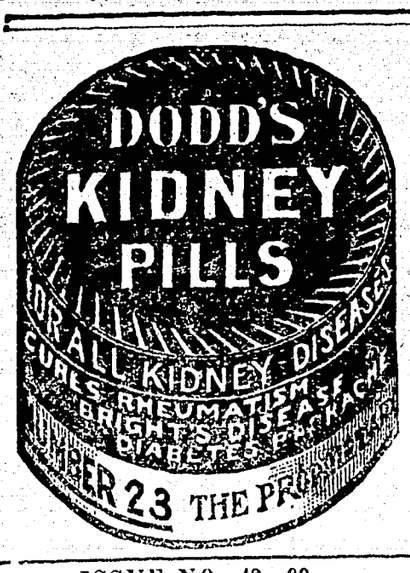
ROOM ON TOP.

"Why have we stopped, captain?"

"On account of the fog, madam."

"Oh, but my dear captain—surely not! Look! It's perfectly clear above!".

"Aye, ma'am; but we're not goin' that way, unless the boiler busts!"



ISSUE NO. 43—09.

MARS DRAWING NEARER.

Closer to the Earth To-day Than for Seventeen Years.

The planet Mars to-day will be nearer the earth than he has been since 1892.

Several conditions are requite to bring about this near approach. Mars must be in the opposite part of the heavens to the sun, he must be near to his minimum distance, and the earth must be near its maximum distance from the sun. These conditions are satisfied to-day, and there is another condition which is necessary to favorable observation—the planet is not too low in the heavens.

For some time past this ruddy orb has been seen in the eastern sky, and as he has been approaching nearer and nearer telescopes all over the world have been fixed upon him in the endeavor to find out something which will shed a fresh light upon the Martian problem—is there life on the planet? One result of observations this year has already been announced—viz., the discovery that there is oxygen, the life-giving principle of air, in his atmosphere. It is known that water-vapor is present. It can hardly be denied that the Polar caps consist of snow, and the existence of canals is admitted.

These conditions of life are therefore present so far as the atmosphere is concerned. Whether the canals are of evident artificial origin is the great point still at issue.

At present the South Polar cap is turned towards the earth, and it is showing signs of a complete breaking up. The summer solstice is now occurring, and the melting snow is, according to those who follow the leading of Professor Lowell, rushing through the canals carrying life-giving streams to the planet's parched surface.

A BOON TO MOTHERS.

When Children are Injured!

Children are always sustaining cuts, bruises, burns, etc., and not infrequently contract ringworm, scalp diseases, and similar skin troubles at school. Mothers will find Zam-Buk without equal for all these accidents and diseases.

Mrs. Thomas Allen, 156, Water Street, St. Mary's (Ont.), says:—"My daughter Mildred, 4 years old, was severely burned by falling on a hot flat iron. She was burned on the heel, instep, and on the thigh very badly. I at once applied some Zam-Buk, which eased the pain, and in the course of a few days the wounds were thoroughly healed."

Mrs. George Aldridge, 12, Louise Street, Stratford, says:—"While playing barefooted about the yard my son Bertram, 6 years old, stepped on a broken glass bottle, which cut very deeply into his big toe. The cut was so deep that I sent for a doctor and had the foot properly dressed, the doctor leaving a lotion to be applied daily. Under this treatment, however, the wound seemed to get no better, but on the contrary inflammation set in. A kindly neighbour then recommended Zam-Buk. We obtained a supply, and after a few applications the child seemed to rest better, and the pain was very much reduced. In a few days, under the Zam-Buk treatment, the wound assumed a better appearance, and from that time healing was very rapid. Inflammation and soreness were finally completely banished, and in ten days from the first application of Zam-Buk, we took the bandages from the foot. I feel sure that but for Zam-Buk the child would have had a very bad time, and might have had to sacrifice the toe."

Not only for cuts, burns, bruises, etc., is Zam-Buk effective, but also for serious skin diseases such as eczema, ringworm, ulcers, etc. It also cures poisoned sores, chronic wounds, bad leg, piles, festering sores, chapped hands, cold sores, frost-bite, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere sell at 50c a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 3 boxes $1.25. You are warned against harmful imitations sometimes represented to be "just as good."

When a farmer begins to call himself an agriculturist it's time for him to sell the farm and move to town.

Used according to directions, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial will afford relief in the most acute form of summer complaint. Whenever the attack manifests itself no time should be lost in seeking the aid of the Cordial. It will act immediately on the stomach and intestines and allay the irritation and pain. A trial of it will convince anyone of the truth of these assertions.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Jean Paul Laurens, the famous French painter, was the son of an honest cart-driver of Toulouse. At one time, when the painter was at the height of his Parisian reputation, it happened that two old women at Toulouse were talking about the Laurens family.

"Let me see," said one, "there were two boys, weren't there?"

"Yes."

"What became of them?"

"Oh, one's a grocer right here in Toulouse. He does a very good business."

"And the other one?"

"The younger one? He went off to Paris and became an artist."

"Dear, dear! And his father such a good, worthy man!"

The other day a benevolent old gentleman was stopped by a tramp, who asked for money to get a night's lodging. "Well, look here, mgy man," the old gentleman said, "what would you say if I offered you work?" "Bless yer life, sir," came the reply, "I wouldn't mind a bit. I can take a joke same as most people!"

It is Known Everywhere.—There is not a city, town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is not known—wherever introduced it made a foothold for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Eclectric Oil, and that is Dr. Thomas'. Take nothing else.

David Slowpay—"I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be reseated, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal." Mr. Snip (tailor)—"All right; and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago, I will be pleased to receipt that also. You know I've stood a good deal."

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

Englishman—"Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from?" Paddy—"From County Cork." Englishman—"Then that accounts for your brogue." Paddy—"May I ask where you come from?" Englishman (proudly)—"From Worcester." Paddy—"Then that accounts for your sauce!"

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

Mr. Headstall—"That horse you brought yesterday seeme a vicious-looking animal. Is he affectionate?" Mr. Cropper—"Affectionate? I should think so. Why, when he came out of the stable he stood upon his hind legs and tried to embrace me."

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.

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

It's difficult to settle a case in court while the litigants have any money.

Even the hotheaded man occasionally gets cold feet.

Away With Depression and Melancholy.—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

SOLDIERS OF THE SHAH.

The Persian Army is composed entirely of infantry, and no one beneath commission rank ever gets paid. There is just enough money to go round among the officers, but that is all. There is a uniform; but, as he is never provided with it, the Persian "Tommy" accepts the inevitable—and does the best he can. When he is on the march, there is no limit as to the amount of baggage that the private soldier may take with him. Two or three men generally club together, and buy a donkey, on whose unfortunate back is piled a regular mountain of water-jars, bedding, cooking utensils, and the like. Or, if he is exceptionally well to do, a soldier buys a donkey all for himself, and, stretching himself across the back of the unhappy little beast sleeps peaceably until it is time to get up and feed.

A writer tells of the sister of Lord Houghton who was frequently annoyed at the guests whom her brother brought to the house. "Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X. was hanged or acquitted?" "He must have been hanged," she replied, "or you would have had him here to dinner long ago."

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FARM WANTED.—Ontario farm wanted in exchange for 640 acres Southern Alberta fall wheat land. A bargain for someone.—Pewtress, 84 Don Mills Road, Toronto.

Agents Wanted

Good live canvassers to sell our Remedies. You should make ten to twenty dollars weekly and not work hard. Write to-day.
BELLMAN MEDICAL CO., COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

"And why were you discharged from your former place?" "For being too industrious—and that's the truth." "That's very strange. What did you do?" "I went into the cellar one day and dusted the old wine bottles."

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctors' bills will do well in giving them a trial.

One day, a lady was travelling by a train to Cork. When the train stopped at a certain junction the lady looked out and said to a porter: "Is it raining, porter?" "Oh, no!" said the porter; "it is raining rain."

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

Small Girl—"Give me a bite of your candy, Jimmy." Small Boy—"No fear! but you may kiss me while my mouth's sticky."

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster, recommended by everybody for stiffness, pluriisy, etc. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co.

Parke—"You keep a joint banking account with your wife, don't you?" "Lane—"Well, yes; I deposit the money and she draws it out."

EDUCATIONAL

A. BOYD'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL, 181 Yonge St., Toronto, prepares competent stenographers in 30 days by the BOYD SYL-LA-BIC SYSTEM. Positions secured. Write for catalogue.

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MEN AND WOMEN—DON'T BE IDLE—Show samples of our reliable medicines, superb toilet preparations, pure baking powder, and flavoring extracts to your neighbors and forward their orders to us. You can easily make form ten to twenty-five dollars a week and have permanent position. Goods sell on sight and repeat orders come fast. Book "How to Succeed" and particulars sent free. The Home Supply Co., Dept. 50, Merrill Building, Toronto.

WE WANT NOW IN EVERY UNREPRESENTED district a reliable agent to sell Pelham's Peerless fruit and ornamental trees. Consider this. Good pay weekly. Exclusive territory. Stock guaranteed up to grade and delivered in good condition and all the advantages of selling well-known stock. Write now for agency for Fall and Winter months. Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—LOCAL AND GENERAL Agents—Liberal contracts to good men; apply by letter. Continental Life Insurance Company, Toronto. Correspondence confidential.

FOR SALE.

SONG BOOK—150 FAVORITE SONGS, words, music; Ten cents. Arthur Rice, Granby, Que.

SILVERCLOTH will clean your Silverware and other fine metals like magic. No powder or other aid required, the prepared cloth does all in a quick, clean, handy way. Price 25 cents. Send address for trial sample. Canada Silvercloth Co., Toronto.

CARPET DYEING and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the British American Dyeing Co. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 158, Montreal.

TYPEWRITERS
Bargain prices, $15 to $65, (all makes) taken in exchange for Model 10 and 11 Remingtons. Many of these machines show little use.
Remington Typewriter Company, Limited, 144 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

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81 Erie St., Stratford, Ontario, Canada.

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New System of Treatment. Recently Discovered Remedy that Cures Rapidly and Permanently. Marvellous Results obtained that makes our remedy one of the wonders of Modern Medicine. Patients cured secretly at their own homes against their own will and knowledge. No suffering, no injections, no loss of time, or detention from business, no bad after effects.

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We send by mail, free of charge, our 64 page book, which fully explains our modern system of treatment, of how the Drink, Tobacco and Drug habits can be rapidly overcome and cured. This book is sent in a plain envelope, sealed from observation, so no one can tell what your letter contains. All correspondence absolutely secret and confidential. Address.
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A.F.&A.M.

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

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

I. O. O. F.

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

ENDERBY LODGE
No. 35, K. of P.

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

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

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

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Jas. Evans and E. J. Mack, under the firm name of Evans & Mack, Liverymen, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent, E. J. Mack having taken over the interest of Jas. Evans and will continue the business. All bills owed by the firm of Evans & Mack (if any) will be paid by Jas. Evans, and all accounts owing the firm must be paid to Jas. Evans on or before December 31st, 1909.

JAMES EVANS,
E. J. MACK,
Enderby, B. C., Dec. 9th, 1909.

NICOLA COAL

Orders taken for delivery at Enderby. Superior domestic coal; economical, and gives absolute satisfaction.
JAMES MOWAT, Agent.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEED GRAIN AND POTATOES

By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture a distribution is being made this season of samples of superior sorts of grain and potatoes to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution has been secured mainly from the Experimental Farms at Indian Head, Sask., Brandon, Man., and Ottawa, Ont. The samples consist of oats, spring wheat, barley, peas, Indian corn (for ensilage only), and potatoes. The quantity of oats sent is 4 lbs., and of wheat or barley 5 lbs —sufficient in each to sow one-twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn, peas and potatoes weigh 3 pounds each. Only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley, peas, Indian corn or potatoes Applications on printed cards or sheets, or lists of names from one individual, or applications for more than one sample for one household, cannot be entertained. The samples will be sent free of charge through the mail. Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time from the 1st of December to the 15th of February, after which the lists will be closed, so that the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing.

Applications will be filled in the order in which they are received, so long as the supply lasts. Applicants should mention the variety they prefer, with a second sort as an alternative. Those applying for Indian corn or potatoes should bear in mind that the corn is not usually distributed until April, and that potatoes cannot be mailed until danger from frost in transit is over. No postage is required on mail addressed to the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

CANADIAN WORLD'S FAIR

An Ottawa dispatch of a few days ago stated that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had refused to give aid to the proposed Canadian Exposition to be held at Winnipeg in 1911. He did not think the proposed expenditure was enough to make a successful world's fair, and he thought that in view of the plans announced, the federal government was being asked for too large a contribution.

However, the publicity Department of the Exposition does not feel that Sir Wilfrid's answer to the delegation was in any sense a refusal of aid. The last letter received from the Department says that members of the delegation are returning from day to day and all bring encouraging reports of the conference, despite the somewhat doubtful tone of Sir Wilfrid's reply to the delegates after the Exposition case had been laid before him. The position taken by him is attributed to the natural unfamiliarity of one who, in the press of other affairs, had not given much time to the analysis of the Exposition project, a question that has occupied the close attention of the capable men of affairs who make up the exposition committee for months.

There is no lack of interest shown by members of the Dominion Government in the Exposition, and Sir Wilfrid frankly avowed his own interest in the project and promised to give the matter further and fuller consideration. The truth seems to be that such small differences as exist will be dissolved by further consideration of the case on both sides. Placing the matter before the Government in definite form constitutes a long step forward toward ultimate working out of the Exposition plans, and when Sir Wilfrid and his cabinet shall have decided the points the Government desires changed, there is no fear that these demands will not be met and treated with the consideration due a party to the project upon whom so much depends. So far from feeling cast down by not receiving a favorable answer out of hand, the Exposition delegates feel that their experience with the Dominion Government was exactly such as they had a right to expect and that no more definite answer than that which was received might have been looked for reasonably.

ANNOUNCEMENT

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Basil Gardom will be pleased to list Okanagan Farm Lands. The greatest care will be exercised in recommending Vancouver investments to Okanagan clients.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT

A. McQuarrie, of Lansdown, the dairyman supplying Enderby, Armstrong and other points in the Valley with milk and cream, has received this very high compliment from the Provincial Department of Agriculture —one that is not only creditable to Mr. McQuarrie, but to the Northern end of the Valley:

Department of Agriculture,
Victoria, 27th Nov., 1909.

Mr. A. McQuarrie, Armstrong.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of reports from our Inspector George with reference to the health of your herd and the sanitary conditions of your premises. I wish to thank you on behalf of the Department for the action which you have taken in having your herd tested, and I am very pleased to note that your herd tested out so well, and also that your premises are in Grade A. I feel sure that the step you have taken will be worth a great deal to you in the future. Had there been a tubercular animal in the herd, and you had not known of the same, the disease might have spread until many of the herd were affected, and when you had your cattle tested you would find that you had been doing work for some time without profit, as an unhealthy animal is always a boarder, no matter what the disease.

Again allow me to thank you.

Yours very truly, H. W. HODSON,
Live Stock Commissioner.

Prices, Dec. 23rd

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

Moffet's Best Flour, $1.70 49-lbs
Three Star Flour, $1.60 per "
Drifted Snow Pastry, $1.60 "
Two Star Flour, $1.50 "
Whole Wheat Flour, $1.55 "
Graham Flour, - $1.45 "
Four Star Chop, $1.40 per 80 lbs
Three Star Chop, $1.35 per 80 lbs
Shorts, $1.20 per 90 lbs.
Middlings, $1.30 per 90 lbs.
Wheat, $2.00 per 125-lbs
Oats, $1.30 per 100 lbs.
Oat Chop, $.95 per 60 lbs.
Barley Chop, $1.10 per 70 lbs.
Whole Corn, $2.00 per 100 lbs.
Cracked Corn, $2.10 per 100 lbs.
Bran: $.90 per 70 lbs.

Also a full line of Cereals and Wheatlets at Right Prices. Free delivery to any part of the city.

Terms: Cash

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and
Perfumes

These are comparatively inexpensive gifts, but is there anything nicer, or more appreciated? Come and see our high-class selection—nothing finer.

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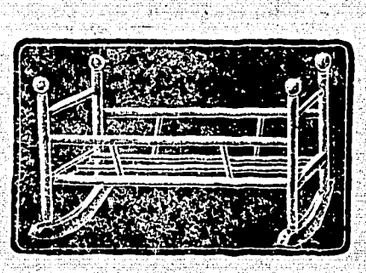
Xmas
Presents



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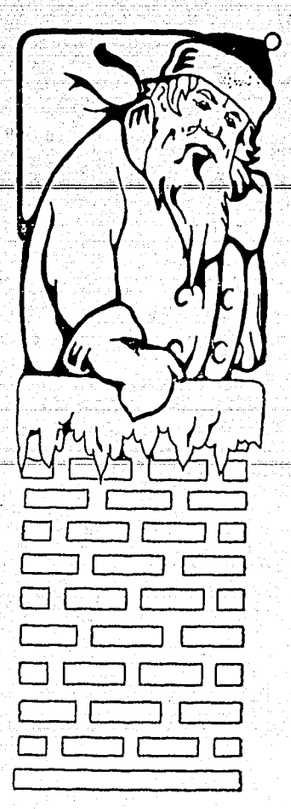
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of all description.
Wedding Rings, Dress Rings, and Gents' Rings.
Silverware, Ebony Goods, Cut Glass, Fine China & Optical Goods always kept in stock.
CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE OKANAGAN
Before buying elsewhere come and inspect.

Dorer, The Armstrong Jeweler. Armstrong, B. C



Just arrived: Big shipment of Patterson's fine Confectionery ---fancy boxes

In wishing you, One and All, A Merry, Merry Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New Year, we wish to sincerely thank you for the very cordial relations that have existed between us since we opened for business in Enderby, and to assure you that our aim in future, as in the past, will be to so serve you that these relations will be continued and augmented.

We believe the year 1910 will be the most prosperous the City of Enderby has ever known. Let us work together to make it so.

We handle Mrs. F. Hassard's A1 Dairy Butter

Old Postoffice Blk., Enderby THE POLSON MERCANTILE COMPANY