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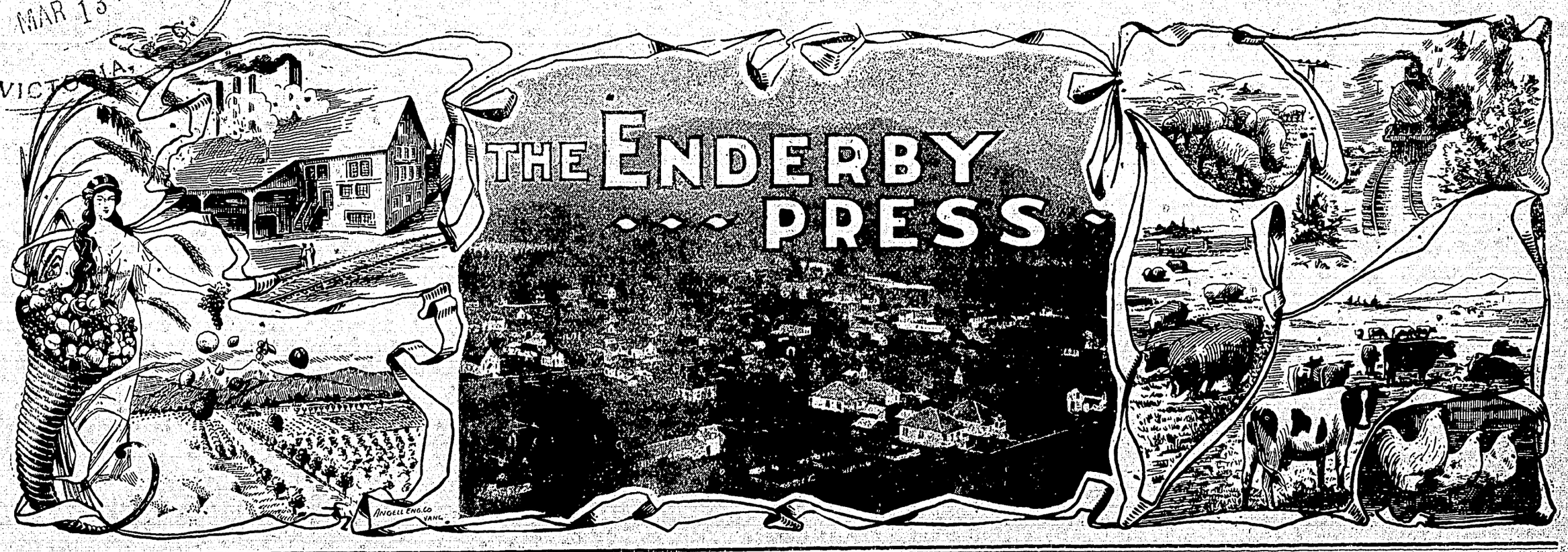


Enderby, B. C., March 9, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 4; No. 2; Whole No. 158

# Instructive Demonstration on Tobacco Culture Starts Tests Here

One of the best, if not the best, meetings held in Enderby under the auspices of the Farmers' Institute, was that of Tuesday evening in K. of P. Hall, to hear Mr. L. Holman, the pioneer tobacco-grower of Kelowna, discuss the possibilities of tobacco-growing in and about Enderby. A very interested audience attended the lecture, numbering more than 50, and in the audience were noticed many of our progressive agriculturists.

Mr. C. S. Handcock occupied the chair, and briefly introduced Mr. Holman and the subject of the discussion. It was apparent throughout the demonstration that there were a number of agriculturists, and owners of small parcels of land in and about Enderby, who were deeply interested in the suject of the discourse.

Mr. Holman has a very blunt, practical, clear delivery. He has grown tobacco in the Okanagan for upwards of 17 years, and speaks as one having a deep, practical knowledge, learned in the school of hard knocks, and one having unlimited faith in the industry, and one having showed his faith by his works.

Mr. Holman had a quantity of the cured plant with him, together with many photos showing the tobacco fields in the various stages of development, the drying sheds, seed beds, and curing rooms. These added to the lecture inestimably.

Mr. Holman said he was certain a splendid industry was opening to the agriculturists of the Enderby District and he hoped to see many of them put in a test crop this season. The demand for Okanagan tobacco seems to be almost as strong as the demand for Okanagan apples, or Okanagan peaches. A standing offer has been made by an English tobacco firm for 350 or 400 thousand tons annually soon as the Okanagan is able to produce this amount. A similar offer is made by a Japanese tobacco house. Indeed, the tobacco houses of Canada alone would take all of the Okanagan output, and will contract for it two or three seasons ahead.

The price paid for the cured weed, taking 6c per pound for the rough leaves, and from 15c to 32c per pound for the better qualities, will average for the entire crop about 22c per pound. An acre of land will produce from 1000 to 2000 pounds of the marketable grades, thus yielding the growers from $200 to $400 per acre. From this amount must be deducted the cost of growing, seeding, planting, care and marketing, amounting to $40 or $45 an acre.

Mr. Holman could not see any reason why tobacco growing could not be made as profitable to the men of the Enderby district as it is proving to the growers of Kelowna and vicinity. In fact, he believed the weather conditions here were even more favorable than those of the dry belt.

The tobacco holdings of Mr. Holman at Kelowna, were recently sold to a company of Vancouver capitalists, and this company has stocked the incorporated company for $2,500,000. It may be judged from this what the new company proposes to do. Every effort is being made by the company to get more tobacco farms established. A ready market is assured at prices that will clear the grower $135 to $150 and $200 an acre.

To start, say one acre, a seed bed is the first requirement. This must be 24 inches by 3 feet, with a frame 14 inches high at the back and 60 inches high in front; the bed always to face the sun. The soil in the seed bed should be prepared as for any other seed; the seed is then placed in a woolen sack (about a thimbleful) and should soak over night. The seed will sprout in about seven days. Have bed ready; mix the seed with sand and sow it. After sowing, cover seed, and use a roller to pack down the soil, then give the bed a good watering. In about 7 days the plants should be showing. Keep beds covered at least two weeks after the plants are up. When plants are 3 inches high, get the ground ready for planting out, plow 5 inches deep; plant at once. As a rule it takes 4 or 5 days before the plants start; start cultivation as soon as plants start; keep cultivating all you can for the first 2 or 3 weeks. The plants by this time will have grown too large to permit of any more cultivating. As soon as the flower comes, cut it off. Fourteen or 15 days after the flower is cut, the plant should be in the curing house. If left longer, it becomes too ripe.

There are no diseases to affect the plants in this country. Two days before planting a mixture of paris green, bran and sugar should be scattered broadcast over the ground; put on in the evening after sundown.

Mr. Holman never saw a tobacco worm in the 17 years he has been engaged in tobacco growing at Kelowna and has never been bothered by a pest of any kind since adopting the plan of broadcasting the bran, sugar and paris green mixture.

Cut the plant when the leaves are free from dew and rain, and be very careful that the direct rays of the sun do not hit the leaves after being cut. Pile plants in small piles and cover from the sun until you can get plants under cover of the drying shed.

The Comstock and Havana are the varieties which do best here. Both have to be grown as both are needed in work together in the manufacture of cigars. The Comstock is much the easiest to care for, and grows a very much larger leaf, and he believes it is advisable for all beginners to plant Comstock the first year or two.

If the price of tobacco is low any one year, the crop can be stored in drying sheds and kept 5 or 6 years, or even longer, and improves with age.

Plant Comstock plants in rows 3 feet apart, with 24 inches between plants; plant Havana the same with 18 inches between plants. Cultivate one way. In putting in 1000 plants as a test let the rows cover the quarter of an acre or thereabouts.

As the result of a test made at Salmon Arm last year, ten acres will be planted there this year.

In order to encourage tests being made at Enderby, Mr. Holman volunteered to supply 7,000 plants free of charge. These may be had, or the tobacco seed may be had, by applying to the secretary of the Institute, Mr. C. S. Handcock.

# The Town and District and the Moving of the People

Work is in progress on the addition to the sawmill burner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Turner have rented the Gardom cottage.

Mr. Burbidge is renovating the interior of the Burbidge block.

Rev. Mr. Freeman has accepted a call to the Baptist church at Calgary

Born.—At Vernon, Mch 1st, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Blurton, a daughter.

Mr. T. E. Rodie has opened a real estate office, having secured desk room with Mr. W. E. Banton.

Mr. W. A. Russell returned from a trip covering several weeks, in New York and Eastern Canadian points.

After a month's delay owing to the extreme cold weather, work will be resumed on the Fulton block next week.

Are you ready for the Seventeenth of Ireland? If not, get some green at the novelty counter at Reeves' drug store.

A. Fulton has secured the Farmers' Exchange building in which to store his machinery stock until his new block is ready.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church, will serve tea at the home of Mrs. Peel, Wednesday, March 29th, from 3 to 5 p. m.

Mrs. Wm. Anderson was called to the coast the past week, to the bedside of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Christopher, who is in a very critical condition.

Chas. S. Strickland has done a big man's work in opening the way in to Enderby by railway. It was but a few years ago when swamp bush land greeted the eye where now he has a vast stretch of clean level hay land and orchards.

Three sleighloads of young people came up from Armstrong one evening last week, and gave a very interesting evening's entertainment in the Methodist church.

At the conclusion of the Old Maid's Convention last week, Mrs. Dr. Keith entertained all the out-of-town folk and the members of the "Convention" to a light coffee luncheon, and sent all home happily warmed.

City Clerk Rosoman has been confined to his room this week, ill with la grippe, and the Clerk's Office has been closed. Water rates may be paid until the 6th of April at par, as no fine will be imposed owing to the exceptional circumstances compelling the Clerk to be off duty.

Enderby Knights of Pythias are in line for big things this season. New robes this week, and three candidates going through with others to follow.

Mr. Murphy is having sand hauled for the foundation of the King Edward annex, to be erected early this summer.

While it is a pleasure to note that Mr. J. W. Evans has joined his son Ernest, in the general merchandise business, still the many friends of Mr. Roy Wheeler will regret to learn of his retirement from business in Enderby. Mr. Wheeler is getting in shape to take in the Coronation, and until he leaves for England will enjoy a long deserved rest.

The Enderby Brick & Tile Co. begta announce that their stock of brick on hand is rapidly diminishing and will probably be all sold shortly. Any one likely to require brick within the next three months is advised to place his order at once to avoid disappointment, as the new brick will not be ready for delivery before the first week in June.

## NEW BUSINESS VENTURE

Mr. J. E. Crane has accepted a position with the Pitrie Manufacturing Co., of Hamilton, Ont., for the introduction of their Magnet Cream Separator. Mr. Crane's experience as a buttermaker is well known in this district and practical demonstrations will be given free on the farms to users of the Magnet Separator, in the use and care of the separator, care of milk and cream, and the manufarturing of butter. If the people in this district will take advantage of this offer, not a pound of bad butter need come to Enderby. It means more butter and better butter, and good prices to the farmers. A complete supply of all the most modern and up-to-date dairy utensils, including separators, churns, butter-workers and everything that goes to furnish a modern and up-to-date dairy will be kept in Enderby. Neglect the cow and you neglect the farm. *

T. E. Rodie, Bell block, wants you to list with him. It will not be a waste of time for he has a good share of prospective settlers on his books. Do it at once. Box 177.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church will hold an Apron Sale at Mrs. Moffet's home on Easter Monday Afternoon tea will be served.

List now with T. E. Rodie, if you have anything to sell, from a town lot to a big land proposition.

WALKER'S WEEKLY

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

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

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

H. M. WALKER

## ONE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

EVERY "deal" is not a sale. Sometimes it is only the payment of a few dollars down to tie the property up to a speculator for a certain number of days, or weeks or months—or as long as the speculator can push the payments over. In this speculative game one man may tie up a whole community and yet pay very little money over.

Enderby is just now at the critical stage of its development. It is moving out of the hands of the "old timers" into the hands of the new—a period and a condition common to all communities, and one through which each must pass in the line of development. In the past, the "old timers" have had the interest of the town at heart; they contributed of their talent and substance to build it in accordance with their belief as to what was best for all. If, in the transfer from one element to the other, the spirit of selfishness and bluff and pinch gets the upper hand, and the effort is made to corral the property in the direction in which the town is inclined to grow, and the property is tied up on small, petty payments and subterfuge, and legitimate buyers thus restricted or shut out altogether, then the last condition of the town is worse than the first. We already have a monument or two erected (or not erected) to this omnivorous Spirit of Grab. Legitimate businesses have been lost to the town, and the erection of blocks and institutions which would have been a credit to the town have been blocked and progress checked by this bubble-in-a-bottle.

Men have been cajoled, bluffed and wheedled and when they have capitulated, this Spirit of Grab has set back and tipped the bubble to the bottom of the bottle. If, perchance, one has been bold enough to refuse to be bluffed into giving this Spirit of Grab the whimsical publicity demanded, then the Spirit of Grab has set to work to drive out the legitimate business in order to advertise his wares unrestricted.

Where the Spirit of Grab cannot control, it kills—if given the opportunity.

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IT would seem from the prompt and clear-cut action of the new Board of Police Commissioners, that Enderby is to experience a new sensation—instead of the Police Commissioners being a Board in name only, as in the past, they are to be a Board in reality, and are to take up the responsibility the law imposes on them. Mayor Ruttan, Alderman Blanchard and Mr. R. R. Gibbs constitute the Board. The Board held its first meeting last week. As a result of that meeting, the Board of School Trustees have been ordered to have proper exits constructed from the second and third stories of the public school as a means of safety for the little children gathered in the second and third-story rooms. The same, or a similar, order was issued to the license holders of the K. of P. Hall, and they are notified that unless the proper precautions are taken as required by law to protect the public gathered in the hall at public entertainments, by the 15th of March the Board will take steps to see that the law is enforced. It is pointed out that a staircase is necessary on the main stairway entering from the street, and an iron stairway is ordered to be erected in the rear of the building to give an exit in this direction from the hall. It is also required that all doors be made to open outward.

These are regulations which we have ignored in the past, though the matter of better precautions at the public school has long been pushed forward by parents who were sufficiently interested on their children's welfare. And the public hall requirements have been discussed until the question is threadbare.

The prompt action of the Board in dealing with these matters will meet with the hearty approval of all citizens who realize the importance of the requirements, and it is to be hoped that the Board will "stand pat" on the order issued. The loss of life in case of fire or panic in either of the buildings referred to would surely be awful under present arrangements, and the enforcement of the regulations is imperative if the safety of the public and school children is to be looked after.

# The Innocent Murderers

## A MYSTERY STORY

(By WILLIAM JOHNSTON and PAUL WEST)

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CHAPTER IX.—(continued)

### The Bank Episode

"FIVE thousand dollars!"

Mrs. Hopkins wailed the words, as she realized it all. Not satisfied with abandoning her and her children, the scoundrel had taken their savings of years, their all, leaving her to face poverty. She turned upon the cashier.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "He drew it, and you let him draw it! You had no right to do it! Why did you? It was my money! My money, saved by pinching and denying! You had no right!"

"Excuse me," said the old man; "the money was in your husband's name, and under the laws he had a right to draw it whenever he pleased."

"But you must have known——"

Mrs. Hopkins could go no further. She realized that she would be showing her hand. This she resolved not to do under any circumstances. She must have the money with which to pay Sullivan. She turned to the cashier again, endeavoring to be calm.

"I did not know," she said, "that Professor Hopkins contemplated drawing quite so much money. He—he was unexpectedly called away. I—I must have a hundred dollars today—at once. Is there not a way it could be arranged?"

"I wonder what she needs the money for?" thought Mr. Fox; but, seeing her troubled face, he decided not to ask her.

"If you really must have it," he said, "I guess we can arrange it. The professor's salary is always paid on the twentieth. If you will promise to deposit that promptly I guess we can let you have this hundred dollars."

Mrs. Hopkins promised blindly. She must pay the detective now. The necessity was more urgent than ever. So she took the bills Mr. Fox handed to her, thrust them into her purse, and hurried home.

She had scarcely closed the door of her house behind her when she heard a ring at the bell. It must be the detective. She ran to open the door, but through the side lights in the hall she saw that it was not Sullivan, but a student. What could he want? Her curiosity almost impelled her to let him in, but she hesitated. He might, of course, have some word from her husband; but it could be nothing of importance. Her vanished spouse surely would not send her any clue to his whereabouts. Besides, she feared that she could not maintain composure before a stranger, and she did not wish to betray her feelings again, as she had at the bank. No; he could ring. So, in response to the student's repeated pulls at the bell, she kept silence, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing him go away.

Detective Sullivan, in the meantime, was busy. He rose early, and, acting on the clue furnished by Gordon's late visit to the railroad station, set about discovering what other means of getting out of Graydon there might be, other than the railroad. This had been his intention from the beginning, as he realized that so prominent a person as Professor Hopkins would not, if he wished to cover his tracks, try to leave town from so public a place as the railroad station, if there were any other way of disappearing.

New England is a network of trolley lines. Sullivan found that while no street car line ran directly through Graydon, a main line was only two miles distant. By walking that far anyone could take the trolley to one of half a dozen towns where railroad connection could be made for Boston and other cities. If, therefore, Ernesta Frost and Hopkins were in Graydon so late the preceding day as to make Gordon suspect that they had not gone by the last train, it was most likely that they had walked to the trolley line, under cover of darkness, and thus had thrown suspicion off their movements.

As to the freshly written note which the detective had discovered on the laboratory door the night before, if it were not written by Hopkins, somebody must have known that he was going. To find out who wrote the note was, then, the first work for him to do.

When he reached the college building he noted, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the wheelbarrow and spade were just where he had seen the four men leave them. He would have another look at the wheelbarrow, and he went toward it. He stood bending carelessly over it, when a shadow fell across his shoulder. Looking up suddenly, he saw the face of Dr. Fischer, for a second, peering out of a classroom window just overhead. The face was frightened, thought Sullivan, and he remembered it as one of those that he had seen, the night previous, at the moment the match was lighted.

"There's something mighty funny about this business," said the detective to himself. "If it wasn't a sure enough elopement I might be inclined to think—anything!"

He noted that the wheelbarrow bore a mark, "Graydon College," branded on the side. On the spade there was no mark.

"I'll remember that," he said to himself. "In fact, I guess it'll pay to remember anything I see or hear around here!"

It was after nine o'clock; the Dean had dispersed the crowd about the laboratory door and sent messengers to Mrs. Hopkins and Ernesta Frost's house. The college offered an appearance of its usual calm, no matter what might be going on beneath the surface. Detective Sullivan encountered nobody but a few students as he went into the building and up the stairs to the laboratory. Before the door stood a short, oldish man, critically examining the note which was still pinned to the door. Sullivan stepped up behind him and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but are you Professor Hopkins?"

Sullivan knew that the man was not Hopkins, and accosted him in this way merely to make an excuse for his presence near the laboratory. Then ensued his conversation with the Dean, and the latter's gracious effort to direct him to Professor Snyder's room. This was the moment for action. Sullivan slyly took the note from the door, thanked the Dean for his kindness, and hurried out of the building.

He made his way directly to Mrs. Hopkins' house and was soon seated beside her in the parlor.

"Have you caught them?" she demanded of him.

"Not quite," said he; "but I am on their track. They cannot escape. I have strong clues. Now, before I go any further, have you——"

"I have," said Mrs. Hopkins, thrusting the money which she had drawn from the bank into his hand, "and what do you think?"

Whereupon she poured into the detective's astonished ears the story of Professor Hopkins' withdrawal of the family funds from the Graydon Bank.

"The scoundrel" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, for speaking of your husband that way; but he is! Any man that would do that would—and you say that this hundred dollars is your last cent?"

"Worse than that," sobbed Mrs. Hopkins. "It is drawn against his monthly salary, not yet received, and that is only $150."

"Here, ma'am," said Sullivan, putting the money on the parlor table. "Take this. You pay me when the case is done, an' I've caught him and made him give you back the money he's stolen. Yes, stolen!"

He would not listen to the woman's protestations that she must pay, to keep her word. Closing the incident, he continued, suddenly confronting her with the note which he had plucked from the laboratory door:

"Look at this now, and tell me, do you know whose writing it is?"

Mrs. Hopkins brushed the tears away from her eyes and looked at the note. As she read it she was almost overcome. She did not for the moment notice that the handwriting was not that of her husband, and took it to be a word from him. Not a word to her, but a word—it was a solace, no matter what she might think of him. The detective continued:

"Don't get excited, ma'am. It isn't from your husband, is it?"

"No," said Mrs. Hopkins, "it is not his writing. It is——"

"Whose?"

"I don't——"

"Think. Think of all the college professors. Is it Gordon's?"

"Wait a moment," said Mrs. Hopkins.

She went to a table, from a drawer in which she took out an autograph album. In it were the names of the faculty, with expressions of sentiment from most of them. She handed it to the detective, who turned the pages rapidly. When he came to the page on which Snyder had written he gave a start.

"That's the one," he said. "Look for yourself."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Hopkins. "What does that mean?"

"Simply that Professor Snyder was asked by your husband to put this note on his laboratory door, which he did as late as half past nine last night."

"Then Professor Snyder——"

"Can put us right. And leave that to me, ma'am—he's got to."

CHAPTER X.

### Professor Snyder's Falsehood

Tuesday proved a day of unspeakable torture for Messrs. Rice, Snyder, Fischer and Gordon. They crept to the college guiltily. Snyder was the first to arrive, and as he entered the building he noticed a general excitement. Instinct told him it had to do with the event of the previous night, and curiosity—the curiosity that draws the murderer back to the scene of his crime—forced him to mount the stairs to the second story. He saw the crowd around the laboratory and his heart sank. Learning, however, that they knew nothing further than they could read in the note which he had pinned to the door, he was relieved, and started down to his class room, when the Dean asked him if he knew where Professor Hopkins had gone. Snyder's reply was a denial.

Fischer and Rice met in the hall. They, too, became aware of the air of unrest and mystery, and stopped at the laboratory to see what it was. When the Dean made his inquiry of them they shook their heads and looked at each other. Then they went to their rooms.

As Fischer, deeply troubled, prepared for the day's work, he happened to glance out of the window. They had left the wheelbarrow directly beneath it. To his dismay he saw a man, a stranger, looking critically into the barrow as though he suspected something. The man raised his head and saw Fischer. The latter turned crimson and drew back from the window. What did this all mean? He hurried to Rice's room to tell him of the occurrence, and transferred part of his awful burden of fear to that gentleman.

Gordon arrived in a daze. When the Dean asked him if he could explain Hopkins' note he blushed, stammered, and became inextricably confused. He realized what a botch of it he had made by suggesting that the Dean should ask Rice or Fischer about it. But it was too late to retract.

The students' gossip concerning both Hopkins and Ernesta drove him nearly distracted during the day. He could hardly resist the temptation, when he heard their names coupled, to cry out: "It's a lie! A miserable lie! They have not eloped!"

But he realized that he must say nothing.

For the Dean, also, the day was proving interesting. He questioned the messenger who brought him the startling news of Ernesta Frost's disappearance over and over again, but could learn nothing more. Cautioning him to keep the knowledge of the girl's sudden disappearance from the students as long as possible, the Dean sent him away and began to think. He was not such a blind old fool as they thought. He had noticed the students' comments at the laboratory door. He had long been aware of the evenings that Hopkins was spending in his laboratory with Ernesta as his assistant, and had mentally questioned the expediency of allowing such a thing to continue. Not that he had any suspicions—merely that the college could not afford the slightest possibility of a scandal.

Was this simultaneous disappearance of Hopkins and the senior the climax of these evenings? Certainly it looked mysterious.

"Moreover," soliloquized the Dean, "if there's no mystery about it, why did Snyder write that note and tell me nothing about it? Why did Rice and Fischer deny that they knew anything about Hopkins, and why did Gordon say that he thought they did? And, what became of the note, anyway?"

As if in answer to this question, there was a knock at his door, and the Dean called "Come in!"

There entered Detective Sullivan, or, as the Dean knew him, the book agent.

"Dean Quimby, I believe?" was his greeting.

"Yes," said the Dean brusquely, for he was not pleasantly inclined towards this smooth, quiet stranger, who, he believed, had stolen the bit of evidence from the door of the laboratory. "My name is Quimby. Who are you?"

"My name is Sullivan," said the detective, "and I have come to see you about Professor Hopkins."

"Oh, you have!" said the Dean. "Well, Mr. Sullivan, I do not know what Professor Hopkins is to you, and before I have any conversation concerning him, I would like to ask you what you did with the note—Oh!"

For with a smile, Detective Sullivan was holding the bit of paper out to the Dean, who took it.

"Professor Hopkins' note!" he exclaimed.

Sullivan corrected him, saying:

"Professor Snyder's note, I guess you mean, sir."

"How did you know that?" asked the Dean, scowling.

"It's my business to find out," said Sullivan. "I am a detective, and now, if you can assure me that we are absolutely alone, I would like to ask you a few questions and tell you a few things."

"You may go ahead," said the Dean. "But, first of all, may I ask if you have any—suspicions regarding the mysterious disappearance of Professor Hopkins?"

"I'm glad, sir," said Sullivan, "that you are willing to admit that there is something mysterious about it. As to my knowing or suspecting anything about him, well, I do suspect a few things. However, I didn't want to say or do anything impulsive. I'd much rather hear what you think about it, first."

The Dean started to speak, then stopped, hesitatingly. Should he confide in this stranger? Sullivan seemed to read his doubt, and said:

"You don't need to tell me anything unless you want to. But I may tell you that I'm on this case in the service of Mrs. Hopkins, and intend pushing it to the end. So, any help you can give me will be better for all concerned, I believe."

"You say that Mrs. Hopkins has engaged you to trace her husband?" asked the Dean, greatly surprised. "When did she do this, may I ask?"

"Yesterday, by telegraph," said Sullivan.

"Yesterday? Why, Professor Hopkins——"

"Did not disappear until last night? That is right, sir. But Mrs. Hopkins evidently knew that he was going. In fact, she has suspected that he was going for some time. And with the very person he has gone with."

"You think, then, that he has actually gone with— with——"

The Dean could not bring himself to mention Ernesta's name. Sullivan saved him the embarrassment by finishing the sentence.

"With Miss Frost," said he. "For there seems no doubt of it. In the first place, Professor Hopkins knew that he was going on considerable of a trip, and drew all the money he had in the bank, yesterday."

"You don't tell me that——"

"Five thousand dollars, sir, leaving his wife absolutely with no means of support."

"But he showed no indications in any way up to yesterday afternoon."

(To be continued)

### THE POPULARITY OF THE PIPE

THE pipe is not a modern creation. Some years ago Lieut.-Col. Dahm of the Prussian army, while excavating within the walls of the old Roman fort of Ailso, near Haltern, found fragments of earthen pipes that had been used by smokers. Some had been artistically made and decorated, and all showed the marks of expert coloring, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. The pipes could not have been used for tobacco smoking, for the tobacco plant was not known in Europe when they were fashioned. Possibly the barbarians of that epoch smoked hemp leaves and the heads of poppies.

The origin of the pipe is thus very ancient, but the tobacco pipe is of modern use. Tobacco did not make its way into general favor until well into the eighteenth century. People of elegant taste, people of the higher social classes, took snuff from handsome snuff boxes, but no one smoked. At the beginning of the nineteenth century no one dared to confess to pipe-smoking, although the habit was secretly indulged in by many. At that period, as at present, the cafes frequented by the aristocracy proscribed the pipe.

Toward the end of the Erapire, Waleck Rosseau was expelled from the Cafe Riche for smoking a pipe in direct defiance of the rules of the place. Rosseau carried the case to court, but the result was not made public. The pipe was ostracized in Berlin as well as in France. The people of Berlin have enjoyed the right to smoke pipes publicly only within the last eighty years. On of Prussia signed a decree permitting the inhaitants of Berlin to smoke pipes in the streets and in the Thiergarten. Until then their use in public was forbidden "out of regard for public propriety," and the delinquent who was caught pipe in mouth, in any place outside his own home or the house of a friend, was punished by a fine of two thalers; if repeated, the offence was expiated by a term in prison.

The old Kaiser Wilhelm, whose cigars were especially made for him in Havana, smoked nothing but a pipe when on his hunting trips. The Emperor's pipe was guarded by an important functionary. It was a fine piece of workmanship, due to the skill of a turner who worked from a pattern sketched by the Kaiser's own hands. In the centre of the meerschaum head of the pipe stood a black grouse of chiseled silver, perched, wings spread, on a bough. On the stem of the pipe was a W formed from brilliant pebbles found in the stomachs of grouse. The Kaiser stuffed his pipe with tobacco mixed with the sweet leaves of certain trees noted for their odors. The pipe gave out great clouds of fragrant smoke.

One pipe that will not figure in any collection is the pipe that used to be smoked by the Shah of Persia, who lost his throne recently. It descended to its present owner from his father, who received it from his brother. This ornamental object is set with diamonds and rubies valued at approximately $600,000. When the Shah was not using it the pipe was guarded by one of the court officials night and day, since a Grand Vizier was caught when he was, as he supposed, alone, making attempts to pick out some of the jewels with the fine point of his poniard.

### ILLITERATE VOTERS

THE Boston Transcript says: A British Government inquiry as to the illiterate vote has brought out some facts and figures that may well afford "food for thought" to American optimists. Out of 5,770,000 votes thrown at the recent general election in England and Wales, but 17,151 were cast by illiterates. The illiterate voters in Scotland were as 2,044 to 660,000; in Ireland 22,000 to 220,000. Unfortunate Ireland is already coming in for lecturing on its educational shortcomings, but these admonitions will be accompanied by bad grace from some quarters. It may, for instance, be doubted if every state in the Union can show a very much better average of educated rating than Ireland exhibits. We often speak of ourselves as the most common schooled people in the world, whereas there were in the United States in 1909, according to the census, 6,180,060 illiterates above ten years of age, of whom 3,200,746 were whites. Of the illiterates 5,224,226 could neither read nor write. The native white illiterates numbered 1,468,348. In eleven states adult illiterates aggregated over 100,000 each, Georgia leading with 158,247. The truth is that we are not keeping abreast with some of the countries of the Old World which have made education a national function, like Germany, France and Great Britain. In Germany, outside of the Polish provinces, illiteracy is all but unknown. The British voting figures speak for themselves.

### CANADIAN GAME AS SEEN BY AMERICANS

DOWN in California lacrosse is a most mysterious pastime. The Americans haven't yet been educated to the game. In Los Angeles there are a few Canadians and they are doing their utmost to induce their fellows to see the fascination of the Canadian national game. This year, according to Fred Snider, a young Victorian who went south a couple of months ago, there are but three teams, but next season it is hoped to have five. The recreation is catching on and it may not be long before it is as popular on the other side as a summer sport as rugby football is becoming a winter pastime among the students of the California universities.

Here is what a Los Angeles sporting writer thinks of the game:

"There are twenty-four men paying taxes in this city who think no more of being cracked over the head with a hardwood club than they do of having their nails manicured.

"These gents are the players representing the Los Angeles and University Clubs of the Los Angeles Lacrosse Association. Broken ribs are looked upon as badges of honor. Smashed fingers, gashed cheeks, flattened noses, bruised knees, scraped shins and mashed toes are but mere incidents of the game too trivial to be mentioned.

"Did you ever see a lacrosse game? No? Then you've got something coming to you. Be sure to collect. Football, when compared to lacrosse, looms up as the harmless amusement of a nursery crew. Boxing? Not in the picture at all. When a man gets walloped good and hard in the ring he can sit down and rest while the referee counts ten. In lacrosse, when a player takes a soak on the chin that would knock a cuss word out of a Chinese idol, he is expected to come back for more. He comes back, and usually falls heir to a return kick on the jaw that would bring a Turk to the prayer rug. The rules say nothing about a man being allowed to take the count. So long as there is life enough left in him to wiggle a finger he is supposed to be in the game.

"Here is the way they stack up. There are twelve men on a side at the start. Those who can stand up are in at the finish, the rest can be found lying around on the grass trying to connect with their breath. Twenty-four players lined up for one game, thirteen of them finished. This will give you a fair idea of what a lacrosse player is supposed to shoulder. Strenuous? Swallow the word. It's three sizes too small.

"The twelve players swing into action with the same degree of gentleness that a bunch of pirates would exhibit in scuttling a ship. Each man is armed with a lacrosse net, the same being attached to a nice long lean stick guaranteed to crack a cranium at ten feet. To justify the slaughter an inoffensive looking little ball is tossed into play. The idea is for a player to get the ball in his net and work it along to a point where he can ram it through the goal of his opponents. While doing this he lays himself open to a broadside of assaults that, if committed on Spring Street, would bring out the police reserves.

"One player is not supposed to intentionally amputate the ear or clip a nole in the neck of an opponent, but 'accidents' will happen. When a man is slammed on the back of the head until his teeth rattle does he howl foul and call for a book of rules? Most assuredly he does not. He simply sings out 'You gild-eyed son of a gorilla, wait until I get you.' Does he get him? A cinch; bet every cent you've got on it. That's what makes the game good.

"Seriously speaking, the Los Angeles Lacrosse Association is making the game a popular one in Southern California. There are something like 25,000 Canadians here, and the intention of 'Hoot Mon' Mines, the leading spirit of the lacrosse movement, is to interest every one of these people in the game.

"A third team is now being organized and games are being scheduled in various cities of the southland in the campaign that is to be carried on this winter.

"One thing positive: It takes a game man to play lacrosse. I'm wondering if the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt hasn't overlooked a bet here."

### TEN LITTLE AVIATORS

Ten little aviators standing in a line,
One flapped his wings too hard, and
then there were but nine.

Nine little aviators starting for a fete,
One collided with a church, and then
there were but eight.

Eight little aviators aiming straight
for heaven.
One put on an angel's wings, and then
there were but seven.

Seven little aviators in a cloudy mix,
One slid through the Milky way, and
then there were but six.

Six little aviators very much alive,
One lit on Vesuvius, and then there
were but five.

Five little aviators gliding round the
shore,
One trod on the undertow, and then
there were but four.

Four little aviators circling round a
tree,
One leaned down to pick the fruit, and
then there were but three.

Three little aviators round a chimney
flue,
One had never flue before, and then
there were but two.

Two little aviators on a joyous run,
One took a drop too much, and then
there was but one.

One little aviator left of all the many,
He put on too many airs, and then there
weren't any.

No little aviators left aloft to whizz,
And the rest of humankind settled
down to biz.

GEORGE, if there's a war with Mexico and you go, will you take me?"

"Good gracious, what for?"

"Why I'm just crazy about Mexican drawn work, and, of course, you'll capture lots of it—and then I can take my pick before it's all sorted over!"

DON'T you think a secret ballot promotes honesty in elections?"

"Can't say that it does," replied the painfully practical politician. "The secrecy of it tempts too many men whom you have paid to vote for you to go back on their words."

TRAVELLER: "It seems wonderful that Japanese dentists can take out teeth with their fingers."

Little Jack: "That's nothing. Auntie can take hers out with her fingers—every one of 'em."

Breathless Urchin: "You're—wanted—down—our—court—and bring a hambulance!"—Policeman: "What do you want the ambulance for?"—Urchin: "Muvver's found the lidy wot pinched our doormat!"

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COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS

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# DAME FASHION'S DECREES

WHAT to include in the winter outfit is a serious question in these days when dress plays so important a part in life. No woman cares to invest too extravagantly and rashly in gowns as eccentric as those that fashion has for the moment advocated. At the same time, if a woman is to take a prominent position socially it is most requisite she be

Pink Voile de Soie Gown

well gowned. There can be no denying that to be well gowned gives a quiet assurance and independence that are hard to define.

There are so many different gowns requisite now in a complete outfit that it is best to choose most carefully in order to select only what will be satisfactory. The street costume is all important, and not only one but two and three and four. For the practical, serviceable everyday morning street gown there are several models to select from; the serge and cheviot, zibeline and the new rough weaves of cloth all are best for this purpose, not the too rough shaggy effects, but quite unlike the smooth cloth suitable for the more elaborate afternoon gown. Black, dark blue, dark green, new shades of grey and mole and brown all are in fashion. Then there are extremely smart black gowns with a hair line of white in a warm, heavy cheviot that are very smart and becoming, especially when finished as is the fashion with a narrow edge of white lamb's wool which relieves the black and makes the coat becoming.

Short skirts and short jackets are the rule, but there is quite a marked difference in the newest skirts, which have a decided overskirt, or tunic effect, the straight tube or bolster style not having proved becoming enough to the majority of women, and as it has become more generally popular it has lost its one charm of distinctive originality. One very smart model that shows the fashion to perfection is of the rough dark blue cloth, trimmed around the skirt with band of sealskin; the short coat has also a band of fur down the front, around the neck and sleeves, as well as around the entire coat. Extremely severe in design and only possible for a woman with a good figure, this is one of the smartest street costumes of the season.

* * *

For afternoon, velvet, corduroy and velveteen street costumes are extremely fashionable, but there are also some of cloth of elaborate design, with braiding, embroidery and velvet and satin costumes also are smart and almost without exception are short, the long skirts for the moment being quite unpopular. The length dictated by fashion is so uncomfortable that even the most devoted slaves to rules of dress have found it necessary to modify the original design, which is round and so long that it lies on the floor, back, front and sides. This is certainly in sharp contrast to the skirt so short that it hardly reaches to the ankles.

* * *

There are this season many most charming gowns for luncheon, bridge or reception, intended to be worn with the long all enveloping cloak now so fashionable, and it is marvellous how much variety there is in the different models as well as colors and materials. Black and white are, as always, a favorite combination, and there are any number of attractive gowns of this combination. Chiffon and silk voile, white or pale color, combined with velvet or wide bands of fur, are always effective and this year considered especially smart. These gowns are all long, not with exaggerated length of train, but quite unlike the long, round skirt. Black lace over white, white lace over black, is immensely fashionable for this style of gown, and the lace boxes at last are found of value, for while real lace is conceded to be a most desirable possession, it is not always a practical one, and the more valuable it is the harder is it to deal with, as to cut into it would be rank heresy. It must be conceded that the smartest of these gowns were surely never made from the contents of any lace

Mole Color Voile de Soie Gown

treasure box. While the value may not be in any way comparable, far better effects are obtained from the lace that can be cut as necessary.

Fashion for once is king to the poor, for she has ordered that this year the white yoke be covered with a veiling of black chiffon; only the collar is left white, and even that is guarded by a bit of color or black mousseline de soie around the top.

## HOW ENGLAND RUNS NAVY

IN the good old days of England's wooden walls the King's navy was ruled by a lord high admiral. When Drake and Raleigh swept the Spanish Main this titled dignitary dictated the movements of those cumbersome little cockle shells whose appearance on the sky line never failed to strike terror to the hearts of Philip's sailors. This ancient office is today, however, represented by the Lords of the Admiralty.

As Canada has now launched her own fleet in the shape of the Niobe and the Rainbow—one ship to patrol each ocean—it may be interesting to citizens of the Dominion to know just how the greatest navy in the world is managed. Top of the list comes the first lord, who, by the way, is a civilian and whose anomalous position as supreme head of a titanic organization has been sung many a time and oft in Pinafore's famous couplet:

"Oh, stick to your desk and never go
to sea,
And you will be a ruler in the King's
navee."

This civilian jack tar, who is, of course, a member of the government, impersonates the national control of the navy and is responsible to the King and Parliament for the entire naval machine.

This gentleman's duties are to see that the proper types of ships are built, that the captains appointed to these men-of-war are efficient and that in the regular distribution of honors and rewards the right men are picked out. All this he does in accordance with his party's views.

His chief instruments are the Naval Lords of the Admiralty led by the First Sea Lord, who is his adviser, touching all matters relating to the efficiency of the navy as a fighting machine. He has the right to appoint officers to positions of second in command, and in effect largely influences all other appointments. Should the readiness of the fleet for war on its mobilization ever fail in emergency, his would be the supreme responsibility. His understudy is the Second Sea Lord, who must be ready to step into his shoes if required. His special responsibility is for the manning of the ships and the training of the sailors, and he may make appointments up to the rank of navigating officer. We then come to the Third Sea Lord, whose duty is the control of shipbuilding, the designs of the ships, their progress and completion as well as the provision of guns and machinery. Below these a junior lord is in charge of transport and coaling, a civil lord of contracts and building, while a permanent secretary deals with the staff of the department and a parliamentary secretary with finance.

Recently a new body has been created to look after the navy. It is known as the Naval War Council. And while its functions will be largely analogous to those of the general staff of the army, its constitution will differ materially from that of the latter. Its duties will embrace the preparation and working out of plans for the conduct of war with every possible antagonist, and with the disposition of fleets and squadrons in accordance with the strategical plans decided upon. A highly efficient intelligence department (technical name for spying) will also be among its charges.

So much for the business office end of it. The fighting men have yet to be heard from—the hard, bronzed men whose kind have kept the Union Jack victorious on the seven seas for centuries. For all the years that have rolled by since Nelson and his captains in their picturesque three-deckers crushed the combined fleets of Europe and saved England from slavery, the men who sail the high seas under the white ensign are of the same stuff as in the glorious long ago. The first fighting arm of the Empire, in some ways, the navy is the most conservative institution in the world.

Full admirals, vice-admirals and rear-admirals, such is the order of rank taken by the heads of the navy. Superior to these are the admirals of the fleet—field marshals of the navy, who are generally officers on the retired list. To the hands of Britain's admirals is committed the safety of the realm. Thus, one admiral commands the Nore at the mouth of the Thames, the east coast and the coast of Scotland; another keeps watch and ward in the Channel, and so on, encircling the entire British Islands.

For all his ability as admiral, such an officer's success depends greatly upon the "captains courageous" who command his ships. A captain's authority, power and responsibility, especially when in charge of a big ship, altogether transcend those of a colonel in the army. In a vessel carrying say 800 men, all confined within a small space, adamantine discipline is indispensible. The captain afloat therefore maintains the state of an almost sacred autocrat—a sort of Dalai Llama of the sea—living and messing alone apart from all his subordinates. Acting through his first lieutenant or commander, he is responsible that the King's regulations or admiralty instructions are observed throughout his ship. His further promotion to admiral is determined by seniority, and he may remain a captain for fifteen or sixteen years.

The commander's life is no bed of roses. He must be in touch with everything that happens on the ship. Not a detail of the huge and complicated man-of-war must escape his notice. His work demands sleepless vigilance, for upon his ability to discharge his duties depends his promotion to the rank of captain after six or eight years. He actually qualifies for captain after two years' service as commander, but he is lucky if he gets the post in five, and he may then have to wait several years longer for his ship.

Last on the list of officers come the lieutenants. Of these there are three grades, the senior, the junior and the sub. These young officers—graduated from their midshipman days—ably support their superiors in keeping up the high order of smartness and efficiency demanded in the navy. On a big ship the sub may become president of the gun room mess and be responsible for its discipline.

**A Remedy for Billious headache.**—To those subject to billious headache Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and so act upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at sometime subject to billiousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

# The Union Bank of Canada

## Its 46th Annual Statement, the Best in Its History

The 46th statement of the Union Bank of Canada, submitted at the annual general meeting of the shareholders, held on Saturday, December 17th, was a most satisfactory one. It shows a very liberal margin of profit over the amount required for dividends. In fact, the bank earned at the rate of 14 per cent. on the average paid-up capital, and as a result of the satisfactory earnings increased their dividend from 7 to 8 per cent. The net profits for the year, after deducting expenses of management, interest due depositors, etc., etc., amounted to $451,620. During the year $800,000 of new stock was issued at a premium of 25 per cent., amounting to $359,810. These two sums, together with the balance at the credit of account on November 30, 1909, amounting to $28,000, made a total of $840,10 available for distribution. This was apportioned as follows:

Three quarterly dividends at the rate of 1¾ per cent. and one at the rate of 2 per cent.; a total of $500,000. transferred to the rest account, this sum being made up of premiums on new stock and $140,000 from the ordinary earnings; the sum of $10.000 transferred to officers' pension fund, leaving a balance of $80,000 to be carried forward. The paid-up capital now amounts to $4,000,000, being increased by $800,000 during the year, and the rest account now stands at $2,400,000, being also largely increased during the same period.

An examination of the statement shows that the deposits not bearing interest amount to almost $15,000,000 having increased by over $3,000,000 during the year. This increase in the deposits not bearing interest indicates an increased capacity for profit earning on the part of the bank. The statement shows the bank to be particularly strong in cash reserves in gold and Dominion notes, which amount to nearly 13 per cent. of the total liabilities, and also that the assets immediately available, including stocks, debentures and call loans, are very nearly $15,000,000, or 37 per cent. of the total liabilities.

The net profits for the year show a gain of $44,000 over the figures of the previous year and the total assets of the bank an increase of $5,000,000 during the same period. The total assets now amount to the large sum of $47,455,000 indicating that the Union Bank has become one of the larger of our financial institutions. That it is serving the needs of the business community is shown by the fact that it has loans to business houses of over $30,000,000. Another indication of its growing importance in the country is the fact that during the year 37 branches or agencies of the bank have been opened. Altogether the showing made by the bank is the best in its history and reflects the highest credit upon the president, board of directors and general manager.

**To Men who Live Inactive Lives.**—Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

Rub ivory knife handles that have become yellow with age or use with No. 00 sandpaper or fine emery.

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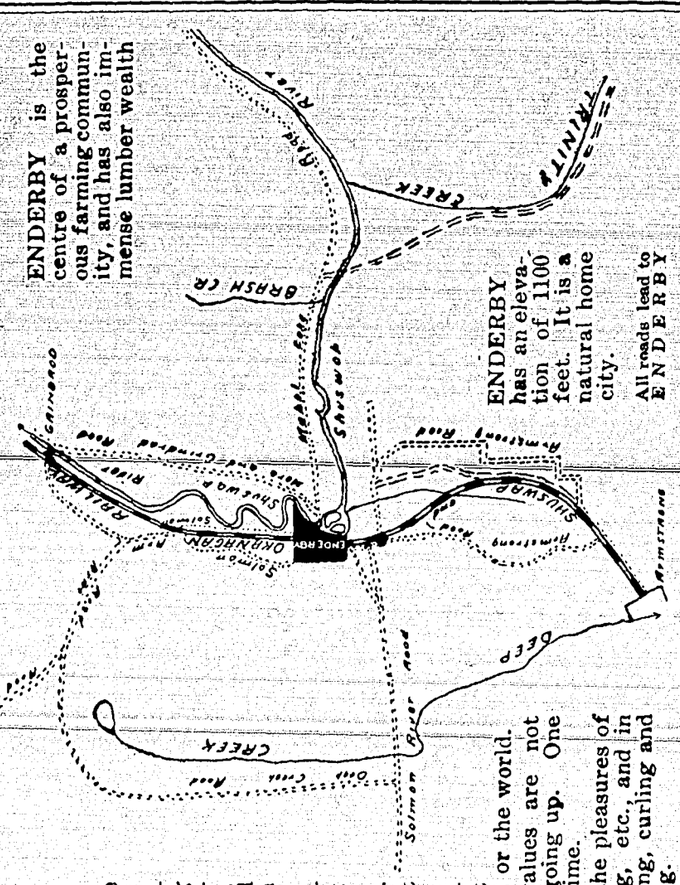


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Legal Notices: 12c a line first insertion; 8c a line each subsequent insertion.

Reading Notices and Locals: 15c a line.

MARCH 9, 1911


In another column a correspondent asks some pertinent questions regarding the annual Berry Show and the organization of a horticultural association at Enderby. It is a pleasure for us to call attention to this letter and at the same time to endorse the view expressed by the writer. While it is no doubt true that Enderby has not the needful to do as much as some of our sister towns have done in this respect, yet there is little reason why we should not do more than we have. A full discussion of the question should lead to some better means of showing our fruits and vegetables.

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We do not know how much Policeman Bailey weighs, but will venture to remark that he is worth his weight in gold to the City. He is big enough to see in the office something more than a name, a gun and a Billy.

---

Of all forms of atheism, loss of faith in man is the deadliest.

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### COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED

The following have been appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor as commissioners for taking affidavits under the provincial Elections Act:

Enderby—Walter Robinson, Thos. Skyrme, Frank Hassard, W. J. Fenton, Frank Hawes and C. S. Handcock.

Mara—Chas. W. Little and L. B. Massey.

Hullcar—Dave Crane.

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### PURITY OF THE MILK

One of the most important movements to which the provincial government is giving particular attention, is that looking to the improvement of our dairies, and that means purer milk. In the tests made last year by the provincial dairy judges, the Glengarrack Dairy, from which nearly all the milk used in Enderby is served, came out second-best in competition with all the dairies in the province. This year Mr. McQuarrie is exerting even greater care, and is hoping to have the top-notch dairy in the province when the next examinations are made by the Department judges.

The great importance of the purity of our milk is being understood better to-day than ever before. This problem, which more particularly concerns the people of the towns and cities, was well handled by Mrs. T. G. Gibson, organizer of the Women's Institutes in this province, in an address delivered some time ago. "If we can get the homes of this country to take up three purities—pure air, pure water and pure milk—I guarantee that we would cut the death rate, not in two, but to a very small fraction of what it is at present," said she. "There are a great many people who are living entirely in the past. They are living on their forefathers, or largely on what they have accomplished. Then there are a great many people living in the future. Why are they not doing it to-day? They are going to do it tomorrow, or next week, or next year. They are always going to do something. The future never comes to those people. The only thing we have to do with at present is the present, and if we do that the future will take care of itself. Whatever good we can do in this matter of purities, let it be done now."

---

### A PREMIER TO BE PROUD OF

In the Hon. Richard McBride the Province of British Columbia has a Premier of whom we may be proud. Few men at his age can boast of as clean a public record as he, and fewer still can boast of holding the people's confidence as he does.

Never, we believe, in the history of Canada, has a premier of any of the provinces seen their respective parliaments prorogued with all present and everyone present a supporter of the government. It is politically axiomic that there is danger usually in large majorities. The opportunities latent in the possession of such undisputed control of the powers of government are apt to invite carelessness in administration if the controling power be not animated by the true spirit of statesmanship and recognition of responsibility. That, happily for British Columbia, Premier McBride is sincerely and conscientiously devoted to the one principle—of ruling wisely and carefully in the interests of the country and its people who have placed their faith in him was demonstrated more clearly than ever before by his consistently maintained course throughout the parliamentary session just closed.

The cleanliness and economy, as well as sagacity and thoroughness, displayed in all the legislation put through this session, fully sustains the high estimate put upon Premier McBride's capacity as a leader, and gives sound reason for the faith held by the people in him and his ministers. Not so much as a breath of scandal or suspicion has been heard against him.

Calmly and sanely, the Premier and his associates in government placed upon the statute book, during the session just ended such legislation as the rights and interests of the individual citizen have long been calling for, and which only a strongly-entrenched administration would dare initiate or could hope to carry through—laws for placing within the reach of the poorest facilities for securing the best technical as well as elementary education—laws for the protection of the lives, the limbs, the health and the property of the workers in factories, in the mine, in the logging or construction camp, and of the servants or users of the railways or tramlines—laws for safeguarding the users of highways against reckless motorists—laws for the diminution of the evils admittedly arising through the misuse of alcoholic liquor and for strict regulation of the sale and use of intoxicants and prescribing a higher standard of Provincial hotel accommodation—laws for the termination of railroad charter-mongering—laws for the prevention of the maladministration of trust funds and insurance moneys—laws for the conservation, for the people's benefit, of the people's heritage—such laws, in fact, as, in their total, constitute the essential policy of the highest truly democratic statesmanship and epitomize the ultimate objective of all true reformers.

Such laws as these could only be enacted with a government in power sincerely devoted to the people's interests and with so substantial a majority behind it as to be proof against all possible machinations, intrigues, or influence of cliques or corporations.


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

(Extract from Lowery's Ledge.)

**King Edward Hotel,** P. H. MURPHY Proprietor **Enderby**



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Applications received for Loans on improved Farming and City property.

Apply to—

G. A. HANKEY & CO., Ltd. VERNON, B.C.

# Our Car of Machinery

Is due to arrive in a few days. We have also a car of

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due very soon. We can supply you the very best goods at the lowest possible price. Call or write for prices

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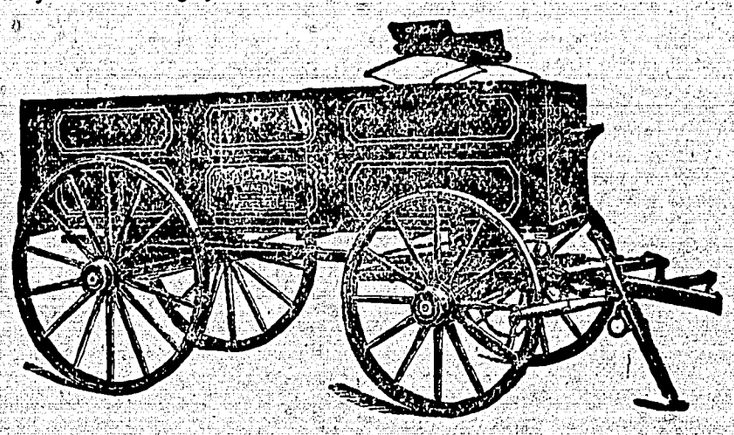
A synonym for thoroughly seasoned timber, skilled workmanship and neat finish



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The Boxes are constructed of the best southern box boards, iron banded and securely braced; extra heavy bottoms reinforced over the bolsters. Heavier than any other bottoms made. Other special features are rivetted wheels, patent end gate and patent truss skeins that add double the carrying capacity without additional weight. Made in all sizes and handled by the

**COCKSHUTT PLOW COMPANY, LTD.**

Also a complete line of lorries, heavy teaming gears, dump carts, stock racks and low wheel trucks. Catalogue and descriptive matter on application. Get full particulars from

**Fulton's Hardware** Enderby B. C.

# REAL ESTATE

List with me at once.

I have enquiries and buyers for all kinds of Land Propositions. Let me list whatever you have at once. This week I want some improved small acreage near town.

Unless where permission has been secured I do not publish items given me to list.

**T. E. RODIE** Bell Block, Enderby Box 177 **Life & Fire Insurance**

Agent for Local Nursery Stock

## Uniform Grades

AND GOOD MILL WORK in lumber will

Reduce the Cost of Building your Home

more than BAD lumber at *cheaper* prices. *First Cost* is by no means the *final cost.* Figure it out and you will buy your lumber of—

**A.R.Rogers Lumber Company, Ltd.**

# Private Sale

I am offering for sale my house and two lots, stable and livery outfit complete. Some cash; terms could be arranged.

**A. L. Matthews**

Cliff Street Enderby

**F. T. TURNER**

**Plumbing and Steam Fitting**

All kinds of Tin and Zinc Articles Repared

Rear Evans Blk Enderby

# Carload Horses

On or about March 15th, I will receive from Saskatchewan a carload of general purpose horses; roadsters and draught. These will be sold without reserve. If interested, let me know and I will notify you when they arrive.

R. HARTLEY, Enderby, B. C.

**We have**

# Prime Meats

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

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# Provincial Parliament Prorogued and Members off for Home

Victoria, B. C., March 6—With the lusty chorusing of the well-beloved National Anthem by the assembled legislators, the second session of the twelfth parliament of British Columbia ended Wednesday afternoon last, with more than customary suggestiveness of the developing democracy of the times in the exceedingly informal character of the prorogation ceremonies. The galleries held but a few scattering groups of casually interested onlookers; the members were at their appointed desks in strictly work-a-day garb and with the business-like air naturally attaching itself to seven weeks of uninterrupted activity in the consideration of laws and policies for the public good. The list of bills assented, no fewer than 78 in number, in itself further emphasizes the strenuous nature of the expired session, and His Honor's entry and his closing address to parliament were unostentatious, terse and practical—the scene in its entirety offering striking contrast to the brilliantly spectacular formalities incident to the assembling of the legislature on January 12th.

By curious chance, the closing was participated in exclusively by members supporting the government and its policy, this being the first occasion in British Columbia's political history upon which the representative of the Sovereign has taken leave of any parliament displaying no Opposition complexion; most probably, too, an occurrence without parallel in any Canadian province. As for the Socialists, Messrs. Hawthornthwait and Williams, it has long been their practice thus to assert the revolutionary "principles" for which they ostensibly stand, by discourteously withdrawing from the Chamber on all occasions of His Honor's official visits; Mr. Brewster, the respected representative of Liberalism in the councils of parliament, does not in any way concur in or approve of this childish policy of studied impoliteness, but earlier in the day had sailed for California after making his excuses to Mr. Speaker and the Premier for unavoidable absence on the occasion of prorogation.

Mr. Hawthornthwait took the House into at least partial confidence in intimating to the members that he might not again occupy a seat in the Provincial assembly, and it is inferred that his forewarning means that he will, when occasion next presents itself, seek Dominion honors.

Of the very extensive legislative programme forecasted in His Honor's opening speech to Parliament, practically every item has now been incorporated with the statutebook of the Province. The one conspicuous exception is found in the bill which was to have been presented approving the revision and consolidation of the statutes by the Commission in that behalf appointed. This work has proven even heavier than had been expected, and so, in order, too, that the Acts of the present session may also be included, legislative endorsement of the work has been deferred until the House next meets, in January, 1912. By that time the revision and codification will have been completed and reviewed, and the volumes be printed and ready for distribution to the members.

## SAVED FROM SMALLPOX

Ada Muir, writing in the Winnipeg Voice, on the cruelty of the compulsory vaccination law, says:

"The following are the names of a few children who have been saved from smallpox by vaccination. To save space I am not publishing full addresses, but any reader interested may have them:

"October 17—William Kintz, aged 7 years, died from lockjaw caused by vaccination.

"October 22—Edward M. Berry, aged 6 years, died from ceribro-spinal meningitis caused by vaccination.

"October 28—Gwendolyn Brasher, aged 6 years, died from lockjaw, caused by vaccination.

"October 28—Charles Ware, aged 9 years, died from lockjaw caused by vaccination.

"October 31—Archer Ansell, aged 5 years, died from lockjaw, caused by vaccination.

"Nov. 15—Lulu Terwilliger, aged 9 years, died from lockjaw, caused by vaccination.

"Nov. 15—Margaret Graham, aged 4 years, died from lockjaw, caused by varcination.

"Nov. 28—Wilfred McKenna, aged 7 years, died from lockjaw, caused by vaccination.

"Dec. 5—Rose Brogan, aged 6 years died from lockjaw, caused by vaccination.

"On Nov. 29 Grace Lawrence had her left arm taken off because blood poisoning set in as a result of vaccination.

In this connection, it will be good news to many citizens—fully one-half the population of the province—to learn that one of the last acts of the Provincial Legislature before adjournment, was to pass a conscience clause to the Health Act. By this amendment, persons who object to vaccination will be afforded a means of avoiding it. The clause reads as follows:

"Any regulation heretofore made and in force, or hereafter to be made by the provincial board of health, requiring the vaccination or revaccination of all persons resident within the jurisdiction of any health officer shall be deemed not to apply to any person who makes an affidavit or a statutory declaration before a magistrate or any other person authorized to take oaths, to the effect that the person conscientiously believes that vaccination would be prejudicial to his health (or the health of his child, as the case may be) or for conscientious reasons objects to vaccination; and such person shall deliver or transmit by registered mail to the health officer of the district in which he resides a certificate by such magistrate or other official person before whom the oath was taken of such conscientious objection."

## B. C. FRUIT A SURPRISE

Commenting on the B. C. fruit exhibit at the late St. Vincent Square fair, the London Daily News says:

"There is certainly something to be said far "fruitarianism" as the word is interpreted in St. Vincent Square. Here in the Royal Horticultural Society's hall, this afternoon, Sir Edward Grey opened the 14th annual celebration of colonial fruits.

"The hall was an amazing sight. An English apple is good to eat, but as a rule it is content with hues that are quiet and subdued. Dull greens, russet browns, quiet tones of dim yellow, are the favorite livery of our English orchards. But these boxes and crates and mountains of apples from British Columbia blaze in the brightest colors. The reds are flaring reds, the yellows are tropical, the greens are violent.

"The whole end of the hall was taken up by the gigantic exhibit of British Columbia. It was a wonder-sight."

A happy fire-side is better than a fat bank account.


## PROFESSIONAL

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

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

## SECRET SOCIETIES

**A.F.&A.M.**

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

WALTER ROBINSON, W. M. J. C. METCALF, Secretary

**I. O. O. F.**

Eureka Lodge, No. 50
Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. hall, Metcalf block. Visiting brothers always welcome.
R. BLACKBURN, N. G.
R. E. WHEELER, Sec'y.
W. DUNCAN, Treas.

**ENDERBY LODGE**
No. 35, K. of P.
Meets every Monday evening in K. of P. Hall. Visitors cordially invited to attend.
WM. ANDERSON, C.C.
C. E. STRICKLAND, K.R.S.
R. J. COLTART, M.F.

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

# For Sale

FOR SALE FOR SALE

## Some Special Bargains in Real Estate that Should Not Be Missed

FIFTY ACRES of excellent fruit land, about 2½ miles from Grindrod, 7 miles from Salmon Arm; high lands of a sandy loam; price, $22 per acre.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE acres land: 22 acres cleared; five acres in bearing orchard; 4 acres partially cleared. Good 5-room house, stable chicken and out houses: price, $5,000.00, on terms.

BLOCK containing from 40 to 50 acres; soil of a clay loam; 6-room log house, stable, chicken and out-houses; 18 acres cleared and under cultivation; water piped to house. Price, $2,300.00, cash.

NINETY-ONE ACRES of fine level agricultueal land, only a mile-and-a-half from town; 13 acres slashed; good river front; for $75.00 per acre on terms, or 10 per cent. off for cash.

SEVEN & THREE-QUARTER ACRES; only 10 minutes' walk from town; 2½ acres ideal for fruit, balance excellent garden land: price, $1,200.00.

FIVE ACRES: 15 minutes' walk from town: level; 2½ cleared and planted with 110 fruit trees. Price, $1,100.00.

TOWN LOTS AND RESIDENCES: For particulars, apply to—

**H. W. HARVEY**

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Agent for The National Fire Insurance Co., of Hartford; The Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Co., The London Guarantee and Accident Co., Ltd.

ENDERBY GRINDROD

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The London & Lancashire Guarantee & Accident Co., of Canada.

BELL BLOCK, ENDERBY

## Starvation Amid Plenty

**Not Uncommon To-day—The Reason is Explained.**

"For a period last summer the thought of food excited feelings of nausea," writes Mrs. C. A. Dodges, of Bloomsbury. "The heat had made me listless and the distaste for food reduced me to a condition of semi-starvation and brought me to the verge of nervous collapse. Tonics were useless to restore an active desire for food. The doctors told me my liver and kidneys were both at fault, but the medicines they gave me were too severe and reduced my strength so that I had to abandon them. At the suggestion of a friend who had been cured of blood and skin trouble, I began the use of Dr. Hamilton's pills. The difference I first noticed was, that while they cleansed the system, instead of feeling weaker I felt better after taking them. Indeed their activity was so mild it was easy to forget I had taken them at all; they seemed to go right to the liver, and in a very brief time not only did all source of nausea disappear but I began to crave food and I digested it reasonably well. Then I began to put on weight until within three months I was brought to a condition of good health. I urge Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all who are in poor health."

Get this best of all medicines to-day and refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Look for the yellow box. Sold by all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada, at 25c. per box.


### HINTS FOR GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

HANG up a pincushion in the kitchen, One keep-clean is worth a dozen make-cleans.

Apply a drop of oil to the door hinges to keep them from creaking.

Flowerpot stains may be removed from window-sills with fine wood ashes.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipes.

The mica windows of coal stoves can easily be cleaned with a soft cloth dipped in vinegar and water. This should be done when putting the stove up.

"Knives should never be dipped in hot water, as it loosens the handles. The blades may be placed upright in the water in a mug, by which plan the handles will be kept dry.

Steel knives that are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda (one part water to four parts soda). Then wipe dry, roll in flannel, and keep in a dry place.

### WHEN WASHING WOOLLENS

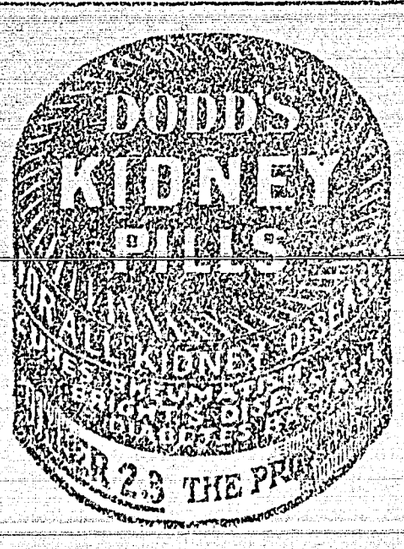
PREPARE soapsuds by boiling a pure white soap in rainwater. While the soap is melting in the water it should be stirred constantly.

First soak the woollen scarf or shawl in warm, clear water. Press with the hands without wringing.

Now give it the bath of soapsuds, and rinse in soft, clear water.

The next step is the dissolving in three quarts and a pint of water two spoonfuls of pulverized gum arabic. Mix well and when a thick liquid is obtained place the article in it and press well with the hands.

Dry the snowy result by fastening the whole length upon a tablecloth or towel and covering it with another cloth.


## Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

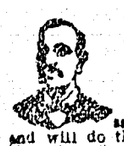
## TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.00.

## LIQUOR HABIT

Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure guaranteed.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge street, Toronto, Canada.



MY VARICOSE VEINS
WERE CURED completely by
ABSORBINE JR.

says WM. PRATT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. and will do the same for you in a pleasant manner; allay the inflammation, kill pain, heal and restore them to a normal condition; reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Synovitis, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Sprains of the muscles or ligaments. Hernia cuts, old sores, wounds, etc. Costs only $1.00-4 oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at your druggists or delivered. Book 2F Free. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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Also furnished by HARTY BOLE & WYNNE CO., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HENDERSON BROS CO., Ltd., Vancouver.


## That Reminds Me

MR. BLINKS (in art museum): "I didn't know you were such an admirer of curios, Mrs. Blunderby."

Mrs. Blunderby: "Oh, yes, indeed. I just delight in iniquities."

* * *

WILLIE: "Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?"

Pa: "A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks Providence for his success, then gets mad every time anybody insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself."

* * *

YOU say you once had a home?"

"Dat's what I had," answered Plodding Pete.

"Why didn't you do something to make your folks comfortable and happy?"

"I did. I left."

* * *

MY wife faints on the slightest provocation."

"What do you use to resuscitate her?"

"The last time it took a sealskin coat."

* * *

MANAGER: "What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?"

Press Agent: "She only got nine bouquets over the footlights tonight."

Manager: "Great Scott! Ain't that enough?"

Press Agent: "Nope—she paid for ten."

* * *

BILLY'S wife is the thinnest woman I ever saw," said little Binks.

"Actually, that woman is so thin she wears her wedding ring around her neck, and when she eats soup you can hear the echo. She sleeps in a fountain-pen, and Billy has to tie her in a knot before he can kiss her. If she ever pulls the plug while in the bath-tub—so long!"

* * *

FIRST CLERK: "Isn't it fine the way the shoppers are coming in? I never knew them to do so much buying so early."

Second Clerk: "It's fine, all right, with one exception."

"What is that?"

"It's Mrs. Jimpson: she did her buying so early that's she's already commenced exchanging things."

* * *

A LADY, who seemed rather vain, entered a bootmaker's shop one day with the usual complaint:

"Why, Mr. Smith, these boots you last made for me are much too big! I really can't understand how you always make that mistake. Can you not make small boots?"

"Oh, aye," responded the man quickly. "I can mak' sma' buits, but I'm sorry I canna mak' sma' feet."

* * *

I CANNOT understand," wrote the college boy, "why you call yourself a kind father. For three weeks I've had no check from you. Pray, what sort of kindness do you call that?"

And the father wrote back: "Unremitting kindness."

* * *

BEFORE we were married," sighed the fond wife, "you used to call me up by long-distance telephone just to hear my voice."

"Well," retorted the rebellious husband, "nowadays you won't let me get far enough from you to use the long-distance."

* * *

THE political boss of a small western city drove his buckboard at top speed down the main street on the morning of election.

"Hey, Johnnie!" he yelled to his son, "git down in the Fourth Ward quick! There's people down there votin' as they blame please!"

* * *

SIR AUGUSTUS LACKCASH, looking more seedy than ever, entered the tailor's shop and was met by the tailor himself, who welcomed him with a beaming smile.

"My son informs me," said Sir Augustus, "that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have come, therefore——"

"Oh, pray, Sir Augustus," interrupted the tailor, bowing with politeness, "there is really not the slightest hurry, I assure you."

"I know that," returned the knight, serenely, "and therefore I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you, too."

* * *

IN a certain camp a battalion was being instructed on "How to take a convoy through open country." One company was told off to represent a convoy, the men being instructed that they were to represent horses, cows, and wagons.

After being halted a short time the advance signal was given, and the convoy moved on, but the major noticed that one man continued to lie down, and, galloping up to him in a rage, said:

"Man, why don't you advance?"

The soldier replied:

"I can't."

Major: "You can't? What do you mean?"

"I'm a wagon," said the soldier, "and I've got a wheel off."

* * *

IT'S this way," explained the client; "the fence runs between Brown's place and mine. He claims that I encroach on his land, and I insist that he is trespassing on mine. Now, what would you do if you were in my place?"

"If I were in your place," replied the lawyer, "I'd go over and give Brown a cigar, take a drink with him, and settle the controversy in ten minutes. But, as things stand, I advise you to sue him by all means. Let no arrogant, domineering, insolent pirate like Brown trample on your sacred rights. Assert your manhood and courage. Five dollars, please."

* * *

A SOFT answer, besides turning away wrath, frequently causes it it.

Teddy Brown, on arriving home after a long business journey, was in no mood to submit to the inevitable catechism of his loquacious spouse.

"Have you thought about me while you've been away?" she asked.

Brown groaned.

"Yes," he said.

"Sure?" persisted Mrs. B.

"Yes, of course," repeated the weary carpet-bagger.

"How have you shown it?" was the next query.

Teddy drew a long breath, then softly replied:

"Well, my love, I lodged at the Nag's Head."

Then the feathers flew.

* * *

DO you believe in making a genuflection before you enter your pew?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Mercy, no!" replied her hostess, as she flecked a bit of dust from off the $2,500 grand piano; "if I have genuflections to make about people, I always do it outside of church."

* * *

WHAT is your name?" inquired the kind-hearted woman, as she handed the intellectual looking tramp a large piece of her best jelly cake.

"Me real name, ma'am," the man replied between his eager bites, "is known only to th' forgotten past, but ever since me girl turned me down, an' her ol' man turned me out, I've went by th' name o' 'Gas.'"

### THE AGE OF THE EARTH

AN estimate based on a comparison of the quantity of salts in sea water with the quantity continuously supplied by the inflow, shows that nearly a hundred million years passed before the oceans attained their present condition. According to this estimate, dating from the time when the waters of the great deep condensed to form oceans, the minimum age of the earth is one hundred million years.

Sir Archibald Geikie calculates the age of the earth by the time occupied in the forming of the stratified or sedimentary layers of the terrestrial crust. Judging the formations of the remote past by relatively recent formations, he declares that a period of between thirty centuries and two hundred centuries must have passed during the formation of every depth of a metre; the time having varied according to the composition of the strata. Admitting that estimate, if the total thickness of all the strata is 30,000 metres, as it is supposed to be, between ninety million and six hundred million years were consumed in the course of the earth's stratification.

But science gives another way to estimate the age of the earth. On the earth's surface there is a very sensible compensation between the heat that the sun sends us and the heat that the terrestrial crust loses by radiation from its surface toward cold and infinite space. While the crust is losing by radiation, the centre of the earth is slowly but incessantly cooling, and, as it cools, gradually contracting. The contraction causes the centre to recede or slip away from the surface of the crust, and the crust, no longer supported by the centre, sinks here and there, forming folds similar to the wrinkles on a withered apple. Those folds or wrinkles are the mountain chains. The total superficies of the mountain chains constitutes about 1½ per cent. of the total surface of the globe. This fact leads to the inference that the radius of the earth has shrunk a little less than one hundredth of its primitive length.

The contraction of the earth's centre corresponds to a cooling of about three hundred degrees.

According to this calculation, at least one hundred millions of years, and at most, two thousand millions of years, must have passed since the water condensed on the surface of the solid crust.

"Queer, isn't it, that lawyer is such a lover of dogs?"—"What is there queer about it?"—"It is more natural like for a lawyer to become attached to something more in the fee-line species."


## THE POSTMASTER JOINS THE ARMY

WHO ARE SHOUTING THE PRAISES OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS IN THE WEST

**A Neighbor Advised Him to Take Them For His Rheumatism and Gravel —They Cured Him**

West Gravelbourg, Sask., Jan. 2.—(Special). — Alexander McCarter, the postmaster here, has joined the great western army that has for its watchword, "When ailing, use Dodd's Kidney Pills." And like all others he has good and sufficient reasons.

"I was laid up with Rheumatism and Gravel," Mr. McCarter states, "and was also troubled with my bladder. I was so bad I could not do much work. A neighbor came along who had been troubled the same way, and advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I did it. I bought two boxes, and, using them according to directions, was soon able to go to work."

Notice one thing: It was a neighbor who had been troubled in the same way who advised the postmaster to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. He also had been cured by them. That's why he recommended them.

If you're troubled with Kidney Disease in any form—Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, or Bright's Disease — ask your neighbors. You'll soon find one who has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.


## The Horseman

UP to within a few years ago there existed a vast difference between the class of trainers and horses that raced down the Grand Circuit, and over the mile tracks generally, and those whose racing was limited to the half-mile tracks and county fair circuits.

With small purses and early closing events, long ships between meetings and poor tracks to race over, the trainer who was forced to make the annual strenuous campaign over the two-lap tracks, was not held in very high regard by his more capable and oftentimes only more fortunate fellow trainer. The latter, with horses of more quality and class, was racing for big purses over good mile tracks, where the general conditions were more conducive toward making his profession not only a more remunerative, but also a more pleasant one.

The mile track owners and trainers, and horsemen generally, were pretty apt to refer to the half-miler as a "bush driver," and in scanning over the entry lists of the Grand Circuit meetings, one rarely reads of a half-mile track trainer or horse.

But all this has been changed. The progress which has marked the breeding and development and training methods of the trotter and pacer during the past ten years, has wrought many radical changes in the formerly despised half-miler.

Enterprising horsemen have organized half-mile track circuits whose itineraries include large cities with direct and easy ships each successive week. Good tracks, first-class stabling, facilities and efficient secretaries are now in evidence, while liberal purses and $500 to $2,500 early closing events are features at scores of half-mile track and county fair meetings.

The up-to-date fair managers have learned that while machinery hall, the agricultural exhibits, the horse and cattle departments, and the noisy midway, are necessary features for a successful fair, the real magnet that draws the money at the gate and makes the rest of the fair grounds a scene of desolation in the afternoon, is the race-track with its spirited trotting and pacing contests. The speed program was long neglected, but as fair dates clashed and competition for entries became keener, better tracks and stables with more attractive purses and stakes became the rule.

All this led up to a better class of trainers and horses being drawn to the half-mile tracks, and a glance over the list of prominent and successful reinsmen and leading money winning horses on the Grand Circuit the past few years, shows a remarkable large percentage as hailing from the half-mile tracks.

Among the leading Grand Circuit trainers of to-day who formerly confined their racing operations almost entirely to the two-lap ring, can be mentioned Tommy Murphy, Walter Cox, Mike McDevitt, Joe Gahagan, Dick McMahon, Charlie Dean, Frank Hedrick, Havis James, Al Pennock, Eddie Sutherlin, and others.

In looking over the list of the best Grand Circuit trotters and pacers of 1910, that raced to records below 2:10, those that received their early education and racing experience over the two-lap tracks, performed so brilliantly and were such formidable contenders all down the line, that it must be acknowledged that the formerly despised "bush driver," and his once ridiculed stable of "half-milers," have certainly come into their own.

Among the best of the 1910 trotters must be counted Startle, 2:05¼, Hallworthy, 2:05¼, Gamar, 2:07¼, Peter Dorsey, 2:07¾, Bervaldo, 2:08¼, and Alice Roosevelt, 2:08¼, all trotters whose early racing experience was acquired over the half-mile tracks. In fact, the sensational four-year-old filly Joan 2:09¾ took her two-year-old record of 2:09¼ over the half-mile track at Rockport, O., and it was there that she attracted the attention and was purchased by her present owner, David Shaw, of Cleveland.


Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.



## Wind On The Stomach

**A Well-Known Westerner Tells of Suffering, Misery and Pain That He Cured With "Nerviline"**

"A few weeks ago I ate some green vegetables and some fruit that was not quite ripe. It first brought on a fit of indigestion, but unfortunately it developed into hiccoughs, accompanied by nausea and cramps. I was dreadfully ill for two days—my head ached and throbbed; I belched gas continually, and I was unable to sleep at night. A neighbor happened in to see me and urged me to try Nerviline. Well, I wouldn't have believed that any preparation could help so quickly. I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot sweetened water, and my stomach felt better at once. I used Nerviline several times, and was completely restored."

NERVILINE STRENGTHENS WEAK STOMACHS

The above is from a letter written by G. E. Braun, a well-known stock-man and farmer near Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Braun's favorable opinion of the high merit of Nerviline is shared by thousands of Canadians who have proved Nerviline is simply a marvel for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, nausea and stomach disorders. Safe to use, guaranteed to cure—you can make no mistake in keeping Nerviline for your family remedy. In two sizes, 50c and 25c. Sold everywhere, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

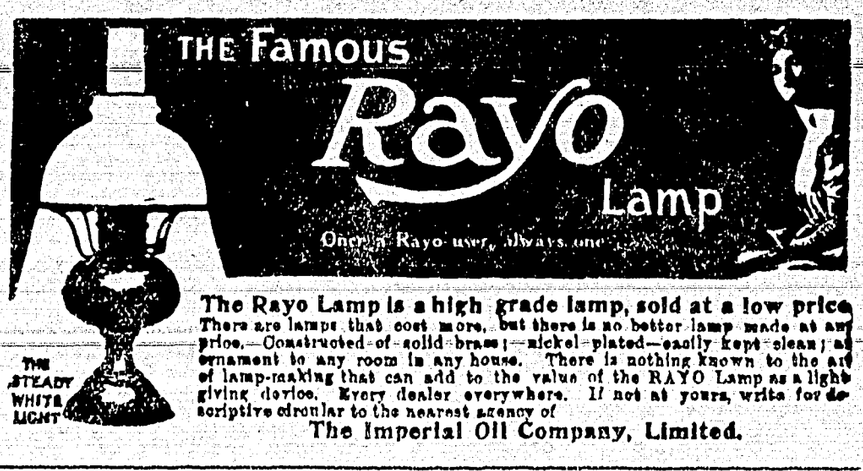

### A TROUT'S TOMBSTONE

IN the garden of a charming little thatched cottage at the entrance to the famous Dovedale, near Blockley, in Worcestershire, by the side of a stream which runs through the garden is a trout's tombstone. The very courteous old gentleman, who lives at Fish Cottage is ever willing to show the visitor the tombstone of the old fish, which from all accounts would appear to have been an extraordinary creature. It used to obey the voice of its indulgent mistress, coming at her call to the brink of the pond where it lived and taking worms from her hand. The inscription on the stone reads:

IN MEMORY OF THE OLD FISH
Under the soil the old fish do lie;
Twenty years he lived and then did die.
He was so tame, you understand,
He would come and eat out of our hand.
Died April 20, 1835, aged 20 years.

The editor of our contemporary approvingly comments: "Worms were his food; now food for worms."


Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors, and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.




**The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price.** There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price.—Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light giving device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of

**The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.**

There's Strength in "CANAWELLA" TEA

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

## Sackett Plaster Board

**The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster**

Manufactured only by

## The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

# A Patagonian Holiday

By Sam Davis

THE idea of the expedition originated with Bobby Richards, and he took no small pride in the fact.

The word had been passed down the line of fashionable society that a society circus was to be pulled off in the winter in New York which would eclipse all previous efforts in that direction.

Bobby Richards and his coterie of friends, having made rather a poor showing at the last society circus, determined to introduce some startling novelty that would cause their successful rivals of the previous year to sit up and become interested, to say the least.

The novelty they fixed upon was nothing less than half a dozen live giants, to be captured in Patagonia and brought bodily to New York, where they were to be exhibited in cages for the edification of admiring New York society.

It was also decided to bring nothing back from the lower end of the continent which measured less than eight feet from head to heel. Any giant who could not qualify to eight feet in his bare soles would not be considered eligible.

The general idea of the giants of Patagonia had been gathered from tales of actual travellers. Some of the parties arranging to make the expedition had frequently conferred with sea-captains on the subject, and Mr. Richards was quite positive that he would be able to bring back a native Patagonian who would measure nine feet or better.

Dick Weed, George Ungar, Charlie Calhoun, and Madison Squires had been approached on the subject, and all had agreed that such a trip should be made without delay, and with a steam-yacht.

Of course, the trip and its objects was to be kept a profound secret, and the clearance from New York must be made in the most mysterious manner possible.

This was easily accomplished. They gave out that they were going to Nevada to investigate a gold mine, and the next day they slipped away in the chartered yacht, and the Great White Way knew them no more for some time.

It was indeed a merry voyage to the southward, past the historic shores of Florida, and down the eastern coast of South America, with a line of empty champagne bottles in the wake that would easily have enabled a pursuing craft to keep their trail, had any craft been so disposed.

Of course there was a great deal of discussion on the way down as to the proper method of securing giants in Patagonia.

Mr. Richards regarded the plan of capturing them in traps, such as used to be employed when catching bears in California, as about the best way; but Mr. Weed, who had been out West himself, insisted that catching them on horseback with a lariat was easier, and by this method you could size up your giant, and not trust to luck, as you might have to do in trapping.

Mr. Squires, however, took a different view.

"Do you fellows ever think for a minute that a lot of undersized and inexperienced young men like ourselves would make much of a fist running about in that country gathering in giants by force?"

He glanced about the group as he said this, and the group looked itself over. Then it suddenly dawned on those men that there was no one in the lot much over five feet high, and they never looked so distressingly diminutive as just at that particular time.

In the general hilarity that physical fact had not impressed particularly upon the adventurers who were ploughing the seas in search of material for that society circus to come off in New York.

"We certainly are pretty close to the dwarf class," remarked Richards; "but, that being the case, our achievement in capturing a collection of giants will be so much more spectacular, you know."

"Of course, we could do it all right, by reason of our superior intelligence," said Ungar; "but I want to put myself on record right here that I will not stand for any violence."

"That's my idea exactly. I am willing to pay these fellows a fair salary to appear, but I will never allow a giant to be torn from the bosom of his family in the dead of night or any other old time. Would such a course be square—would it be honest?" said Mr. Calhoun in a most decisive way.

"My sentiments exactly," remarked several in a breath.

"Whatever we do, we must not reflect on the society in which we move when at home," said Mr. Richards, and all hands echoed the sentiment.

Having agreed on this point, they cracked a few bottles of champagne to emphasize the harmony which prevailed.

One morning the skipper informed them that Patagonia was in sight, and they cracked some more bottles on the strength of this, sang some more songs, and got ready to land.

It was late at night when they got their belongings off the vessel. They were quite astonished to find that the hotel not far from the dock was really a very comfortable hostelry.

At dinner that evening they settled on the plan of gathering in about a dozen giants and offering them a straight salary for their appearance in New York.

There was some question of international difficulties which might arise in case they landed in New York with a lot of paupers, and the contract-labor law and a few other things might come into the game, but these were brushed aside as irrelevant, and occupied little space in the discussion.

Later they had a talk with the landlord, who could speak English, and were delighted to learn that the country about there was literally alive with giants that could be had at reasonable rates for cash; but it took real money to handle such a proposition.

Next morning they found themselves moving about the streets amid a population mostly seven feet high, with here and there men who could claim eight feet and get away with it.

"Just the cheese!" thought the amateur hunters of giants.

There happened to be a county fair or something of that kind in progress, and there was a large crowd of suburbanites in town, all bent on seeing the sights and enjoying themselves.

It now appeared an easy thing to get all the giants they wanted, for it seemed as if the streets of the city in which they found themselves were choked with them.

One man in particular attracted their attention. He was easily eight feet high, and splendidly proportioned. He could not speak English, and they approached him through an interpreter.

This functionary made it plain to him that he was wanted in New York to live in a cage for a week and pose as a curiosity from his native country and astonish the people of Manhattan Island. For this he was to receive a salary, and all he had to do was to name it.

The giant seemed a little puzzled at first, but finally appeared to be quite impressed, and, after a lot of talk exchanged, agreed to consider the matter that evening if they would call with the interpreter at his home to discuss it more at length.

Everything was getting on swimmingly, and the New Yorkers were impatient to go and close the bargain.

At eight o'clock in the evening, with the interpreter, they entered a large, queerly built house, where they were soon talking business with the giant.

He listened to the proposition of the New Yorkers, the price, and the things giants had to do in New York. They talked the matter over about ten minutes, when there was a sudden interruption.

The giant they were about to engage gave a long, peculiar whistle, and in came a lot more giants, who, with little or no ceremony, grabbed the travelling representatives of the Gotham Society Circus, and in a few minutes had them all bound and trussed and were lugging them out into the darkness.

It was useless to make any fuss, but the captives naturally had to make a little noise, and their protests were answered by some heavy thumps on the head. When they recovered their senses all hands found themselves huddled together in large wicker cages with bamboo bars in front.

Before them swarmed a crowd of people, who took the most remarkable interest in their appearance.

There was a placard in front of the cage, and Bobby Richards reached out and dragged it in.

The rest of the boys had recovered their senses by this time, and he held it up and read it.

It was printed in two languages, English and Patagonian. The English part of it read:

COME AND SEE THE MANHATTAN DWARFS!

The only ones ever captured alive, now on exhibition.

Brought to Patagonia at immense expense, and only to be seen during the coming week.

ADMISSION TEN CENTS!

Here they were on exhibition themselves, and regarded as a veritable curiosity. The natives crowded up, and the spieler bawled out to the spectators the information that they were the greatest snaps in the midway. Everyone was invited to come forward and see the human curios—only a dime for the lot.

There was a little gateway not far from the front of the cages, and a native was there taking the admission fee.

There was a regular crush at the gate when it was known that the dwarfs were awake and moving around. The crowd pressed up against the cage, poked them up with sticks, threw peanuts and fruit inside the cage, and cracked jokes.

Presently it occurred to the captives that they had on very little clothes.

Their fashionable Gotham attire had been taken off, and they were practically nude, barring some breech-clouts.

"Say, boys," remarked Richards, "but this is about the limit."

"Ten cents to see the four of us, and kids half-price," growled Dick Weed.

The others were too disgusted to talk at all, and when the crowd saw how they sulked they got long sticks and stirred them up good and plenty. This sent them into a rage. They fought and sputtered, and their antics sent the spectators into convulsions of merriment. The boys especially enjoyed the affair, and threw stale vegetables and nuts and a few stones into the cage.

It was a hot afternoon. The sun beat down on the cage and the inmates soon were begging piteously for water. It was given them by the keeper in a sort of trough, but they were glad enough to drink it, and finally became so hungry that they ate the fruit that was thrown in, and some of the vegetables came in handy also.

At night they were taken out and allowed to sleep in a sort of shed under the eyes of two keepers, after having been fed some abominable food, which they had to accept or go without.

The next day was a repetition of the first, and they had to sit on their haunches and grind their teeth while the heartless crowd came and went and poked them with sticks and threw them nuts and fruit, as if they were monkeys.

The paper published by the management of the street carnival treated them very nicely with the press notices. One read as follows:

"A NOVEL ATTRACTION!"

"During the past week one of the greatest novelties on the Midway has been the collection of Manhattan Dwarfs secured by the live management of the Street Carnival. These little fellows are certainly the genuine article, and afford no end of amusement by their cunning little tricks and diminutive size. They are the smallest specimens of humanity ever brought to these shores. They come from a small island in the United States, near a place called Hell Gate, in New York, in the Province of Tammany. This concession has taken in a deal of money, and draw a great many people in from the country who were loath to believe that such diminutive being really existed, except in the wild imagination of travellers. Next wek they will be taken into the interior."

"So we're booked for a tour in the country, are we?" remarked Ungar.

No one else made any comment. The prospect seemed beyond discussion, and so it turned out.

The miserable prisoners were removed from the street carnival at the close of the exhibition and taken, cage and all, some twenty miles into the country, where they were exhibited at another country fair. They were lugged about to fairs and racing meets and all sorts of public gatherings, and then taken down the coast again.

Everywhere they created the greatest interest and proved a bonanza for their managers. Their hair and beards grew, and they got tremendously dirty and ill-tempered. Although they planned various methods of escape, they were too well guarded to carry them into execution.

"What would Fifth Avenue say if the boys happened to stray in here and see us?" remarked Calhoun one day.

As he spoke Bobby Richards gave a start.

"Look there, quick! If there ain't Joe Farquhar in the crowd."

They all looked in the direction of Bobbie's pointed finger and beheld Farquhar, on whose arm leaned no less a person than Miss Geraldine Fisk.

They were all glad to see Joe, but to think of Miss Fisk strolling up to that cage! The pair sauntered up, nevertheless, and stood looking at the Manhattan Dwarfs as the spieler continued to extol their attractions. They came up close, and while they were standing there, open mouthed and astonished, Bobby Richards put his hand through the bars and sang out:

"Hallo, Joe Farquhar, is that you?"

"Suffering Moses, Bob, how did you get here, and who are these fellows with you?" replied the shocked tourist.

At this all hands put their paws through the bars and greeted both Farquhar and Miss Fisk. The latter nearly fainted, but presently recovered sufficiently to extend a hand of welcome.

"This is our bridal tour," remarked Farquhar, and there were fresh congratulations. Then all had a long chat, and it ended by Farquhar agreeing to get the captives out that night.

He came back in an hour with a fine saw and passed it into the cage. Also a lot of chloroform.

"Dose your keepers to-night and I will wait on the outside," he instructed.

It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when the last bar of the grated window of the sleeping shed was sawed. The two guards had been properly chloroformed, and the rest was easy.

Bursting away from the shed, the quartet made a dash for liberty. Farquhar was waiting, and led the way to the beach, where his launch was ready.

On the way down some shots rang out, but no one was hit. As the New Yorkers scrambled into the launch a lot of natives were close upon their heels, and they fired some more shots with no effect, and the little craft dashed away for the steam-yacht.

"Where in thunder is our yacht?" asked Richards.

"I guess they have confiscated it," remarked Farquhar. "You see, these Patagonians have some law that confiscates vessels bringing freaks into the country without paying a heavy duty."

Once on board, with steam up, the propeller was soon churning the water, and day was coming on as they made for the open sea. Behind was a boat bearing pursuers. They came within range and fired some muskets. Farquhar stepped up to a little howitzer in the stern and trained it on the boat.

"Let 'em have it!" cried everyone.

"Bang!"

The shot lifted the Patagonian boat and its crew out of the water, and the sharks got busy at once. This was the last of the giant country and its wild ways.

Farquhar got out his wardrobe, and the Manhattan Dwarfs got into his clothes. They had to turn up the bottoms of their pants about a foot, and also the sleeves of the coats, but the misfits were a great improvement on the costume of the cages at the Midway.

They had a pleasant voyage, but they did not reach New York in time to see the society circus. They also swore Farquhar and his wife to secrecy, but the story got out some way. Possibly one of the stokers told it.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all, Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Warts will render the prettiest hand unsightly. Clear the excrescenses away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

# Did Not Know Them

RECENTLY now, while the name of Theodore Roosevelt was reverberating over the earth, a man was found who had never heard his name. This phenomenon is Toribbio Cortazzio. He lives in Bushkill Centre, Pennsylvania. Until a few years ago he lived in darkest Italy. Last week he applied for United States naturalization papers, says the New York Times, and in answer to an inquiry made this stupendous confession of ignorance.

Yet he is not unique. He has had predecessors who failed to hear the thunder when it rattled, ignored the lightning when it glared. The story has been told of Napoleon Bonaparte that a year after he became Emperor he determined to find out if there was anybody who had never heard of him. He began with Paris. In less than a fortnight his police had discovered a woodchopper at Montmartre, within the city limits, who knew nothing of the revolution, nor of the execution of Louis XVI., nor of the rise of Napoleon.

* * *

Either Joe Miller or some other early compiler of jests tells the analogous story of an old lady in a retired village in the west of England who, when told that Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was dead, exclaimed:

"Is a', is a'? The King of Prussia! And who may he be?"

* * *

At the time that the octogenarian, William Ewart Gladstone, was electrifying all England by the splendid energy of his Midlothian campaign, he halted one Sunday at a small village and accompanied Mrs. Gladstone to church.

After the services Mrs. Gladstone happened across a rustic laborer who expressed himself as greatly puzzled by the unusual stir in that quiet neighborhood.

"Don't you know who was in church?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Mr. Gladstone was in church."

"Was he, ma'am?"

"You have heard of Mr. Gladstone?"

"No, ma'am."

* * *

Longfellow, though no humorist, could relish a joke even when it told against himself. He has recorded a characteristic dialogue with a strange lady in black garments who accosted him one summer morning at his house door.

"Is this the house where Longfellow was born?"

"No, he was not born here."

"Did he die here?"

"No, he is not dead."

"Are you Longfellow?"

"I am."

"I thought you died two years ago."

* * *

The fame of Tabor's Opera House at Denver is widespread. So, once, was that of the Colorado senator who built it and gave it his name. He was noted for his wealth and notorious for his ignorance. When Mr. Tabor determined to build a theatre in Leadville, he announced that the new structure would make his first one look like a shed. The decorations especially would be unique. He sent to Italy for the decorator and gave him carte blanche. Not until the work was approaching completion did Tabor himself come near it, and then only because the decorator had sent him word that he would like his opinion. The decorator accompanied him all over the building. After careful scrutiny the senator declared himself quite satisfied.

"But tell me one thing," he added, "what man are you making famous by putting his portrait up there?"

"That, sir, is a true presentment of Shakespeare."

"Who is he?" asked the ex-miner.

"Why, the great dramatist, of course—not only the greatest playwright of the world, but the greatest poet also."

"Well, he may have been all that, but I never heard that he did much for Leadville. Paint him out of that and paint me in."

And if you don't believe this story, go to Leadville and you will find Mr. Tabor's portrait overlooks the auditorium.

* * *

When Rudyard Kipling was living in Brattleboro, Vt., he took a trip to Montpelier. At his first meal in the hotel dining-room he overheard this dialogue between two waiters:

"Do you know who that is?"

"No; who is he?"

"That's the celebrated Kipperin."

"What's he done?"

"Hanged if I know. Fish line, ain't it?"

* * *

And here is a dialogue that is said to have been overheard between a fashionable New York girl and her mother, at the time when Tennyson was made a baron:

"Mamma, the papers are making a great fuss over a Mr. Tennyson in England."

"Yes, he has been raised to the dear, delightful peerage."

"He has been made a baron, I see," continued the cultivated daughter.

"Yes, and his wife will be a baroness, I suppose. How exquisitely lovely it must be to be a baroness."

"What has he been doing to be made a baron?"

"What has he been doing?" repeated the mother, "why, he is the sole survivor of the noble six hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava."

* * *

Thomas Hardy has lived many years in Dorsetshire among the very scenes he describes so graphically, but he is of so modest and retiring a disposition that his fame is practically unknown to many of the quiet country folk.

Recently an enthusiastic admirer visited Dorset, and approached an old dame who was sitting outside her cottage door.

"Mr. Hardy lives here, doesn't he?" he inquired.

"Which Mr. Hardy?" asked the old woman.

"Why, Thomas Hardy, the novelist."

"Oh, I know nought about him," said the country woman, "but there is a Hardy near by who rears grand pigs."

In the earlier part of Caruso's career as a singer Arthur a Beckett, one of the editors of London Punch, was having a pleasant chat with a political friend. He turned the conversation to the opera and the chances of Caruso's singing that season in London.

"Did you hear him last year in Covent Garden?" he asked of the politician.

"Well, no," was the reply. "What did you say his name was?"

"Caruso. You know Caruso, the celebrated singer?"

"Ah, to be sure, Caruso! I wonder if he can be any relation to Robinson Caruso?"

* * *

Practical jokers are often fond of assuming ignorance either for the joke's own sake or for the sake of taking down undue self-importance. When Mr. Moody, the once famous revivalist, was at the height of his reputation he entered a drug store in Chicago with a bundle of temperance tracts under his arm. One of these he handed to an elderly gentleman at the back of the store, who glanced first at the tract and then at Mr. Moody.

"Are you a reformed drunkard?" he asked benignantly.

"No, I am not," retorted Mr. Moody hotly.

"Then why in thunder don't you reform?"

## THE GEOLOGY OF CANADA

OVER the geological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Prof. A. P. Coleman presided, and put before his audience the contents of some of the most ancient chapters in the history of Canada as disclosed by recent field work. The geology of Canada is usually admirably displayed as the canoe threads the intricate waterways of sprawling lakes spilling over from one irregular basin into another. As apparently hopeless confusion is methodically arranged, the ground plan of vanished mountains begins to show itself. The typical arrangement is that of rounded or oval batholiths of gneiss or of granite merging at the edges into gneiss with schists, dipping steeply away from them on all sides. "Of what kind," asked the professor, "were the mountains erected on these bubble-like foundations of gneiss set in meshes of schist?" In many places they do not seem to have formed continuous ranges such as those of the Rockies, but rather groups of domes of various sizes. Some curious dynamical problems are involved in the raising of the domed mountains. It is conceivable that fluid lava could be forced by the unequal pressure of shifting mountain blocks through a suitable system of pipes into cisterns, so as to form lacolithic domes, but no such mechanism seems possible with batholiths. The granite of the batholiths was plastic rather than fluid, as shown by its having been dragged into the gneissoid structure. The areas affected covered sometimes a thousand square miles. We know of no system of dykes to serve as pipes or passages, of no solid floor beneath, of no faulted blocks to provide the pressure. It is generally assumed that the protaxial granites and gneisses in great mountain ranges have risen because of the relief from pressure beneath anticlines due to lateral thrust. It is doubtful if these irregularly scattered ovals, sometimes thirty miles across, can be adjusted to any system of anticlines. The author proceeded to discuss a classification which was proposed by the American geologists for the Lake Superior region. This classification did not find complete favor, and a compromise system was proposed, and is now in general use in Canada. This compromise system the author has again modified, and for Canada proposes the following classification: Keweenawan, unconformity; Animikie, great unconformity; Upper and Lower Huronian, great unconformity; Keewatin; Laurentian—Post-Keewatin or Post Huronian granite and gneiss. The president then proceeded to trace the history of the region during the successive periods suggested in this classification.

"So the angels have brought your mamma a new baby from heaven?"—"Yessum, mamma's got a new baby. But I don't fink it came f'm heaven. She gets all her fings f'm Paris."

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

The best medicine in the world for little ones is the medicine that will promptly cure all their little ills and at the same time can be given the very youngest baby with absolute safety. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They never fail to cure the ills of childhood and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they do not contain one particle of injurious drug. Concerning them Mrs. John Robertson, Streetsville, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation with the very best results. They are indeed a valuable medicine for little ones." The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Here is another of the finest "health builders."

**Codliver Oil**

If the child is weakly, pale or winter has left him or her with a cough that will not "go," you should try a bottle or two of Codliver Oil. Its merits are universally recognized, and it needs no introduction.

A chronic weakness of any nature will quickly disappear under a systematic Codliver Oil treatment.

**A. REEVES**
Druggist & Stationer
Cliff St. Enderby

**Cooking Stoves**
**Coal and Wood Heaters**
**Ranges, Etc.**
I have added a standard line of these goods and am prepared to quote you prices.
**Wm. H. Hutchison**
ENDERBY

**E. J. Mack**
Livery, Feed & Sale Stables
ENDERBY, B. C.

Good Rigs; Careful Drivers; Draying of all kinds.

Comfortable and Commodious Stabling for teams.

Prompt attention to all customers

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

**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 S. C. Smith Co,, of Vernon. Enderby.

STILL IN BUSINESS

We are headquarters for Pacific Coast Tested Seeds, also Roses, Shrubs, Chinese, Japanese, French and Holland Bulbs and Ornamentals; also implements, Bee-hives, Spray Pumps, Fertilizers and small fruits of all kinds. Catalogue free.
M. J. HENRY,
3011 Westminster Rd. Vancouver, B.C.

# Provincial Horticulturist Winslow Visits Enderby Re. Packing School

Provincial Horticulturist Winslow was in Enderby on Tuesday, to complete the arrangements for the opening of the fruit packing school, next Monday, March 13th. Mr. Winslow looks carefully into the details of the arrangements, and when he passes upon them we may be sure the arrangements are in shipshape.

Mr. Winslow, in discussing the great good that the schools are doing, said he was pleased to see so much interest being taken by the fruit men of Enderby, and he promised all who were taking the lessons at Enderby that they were getting the services of Mr. Gibbs, a man who has won a national reputation as an apple expert, and upon whose work the Department looks with much favor. It was, he considered, a matter of good fortune that Mr. Gibbs was secured for this school.

Discussing generally the outlook at Enderby for fruit growing, Mr. Winslow said he was greatly encouraged at seeing so much interest taken in the efforts of the Department in this locality; and he was particularly anxious to see all agriculturists and horticulturists become members of the lately organized Northern Okanagan Farmers' Institute.

The Department, Mr. Winslow said, was going to great expense in connection with these packing schools, and he hoped sincerely that each person taking the lessons would go into it in dead earnest, in order to get the most good out of them. Twenty-eight of these schools are being established this year in the province.

Mr. Winslow stated some of the advantages of this Packing School course. Practical and thorough instruction in actual commercial packing will be given. Pupils will have an opportunity to learn the method and equipment used by up-to-date and progressive associations, for the most economical picking, grading, packing, wrapping and handling of the fruit. Incidentally, instruction in exhibition packing will be given.

Packers who are given a score of 75 efficiency in the packing school, and who put up a creditable pack the following year, will be entitled to a diploma certifying the same, from the Department of Agriculture.

Fruit growers in the district may visit the packing school at any time and secure information in this way.

All pupils will be required to be on hand promptly on time at the opening of the school. Hours from 9:30 to 12 and 3:30 to 5, commencing Mch 13th.

## A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF

Up to within the past week or ten days, every time we happened to meet Thomas Pound at the express office, or in the corridor of the postoffice, he was carrying a smile on his visage that would stick and under his arm a piece of silverware, or in his pocket a poultry show check.

Mr. Pound won many prizes the past season, and he has a handsome display of them in the window of the City Restaurant. The last cup to received was the handsomest of them all—the challenge cup won at the Summerland Poultry Show. The following list of his winnings will give some idea of the nature of his display:

At Ashcroft, under Judge Collier of Tacoma, won five specials, besides the regular prizes.

At Enderby, under Judge Woods of Winnipeg, four cups, the Armstrong shield and 14 other specials.

At Revelstoke, under Judge Woods, he won the McKinnon cup on his Light Brahma pullet, scoring 96; and the Waby medal for best pullet and cockerel.

At Summerland, under Judge Coats of Vancouver, he won the challenge cup for best bird in the show, and four other specials.

## PRO BONO PUBLICO

Editor The Enderby Press:

Sir: What about a Berry Show this year? The last two years the ladies have held one in an amateur and tentative way, in the hope that the idea might be taken up and a small horticultural society formed to work the thing on a proper business-like footing. There have been complaints that it was arranged to suit the few, and was intended ta be confined to members of the English church, etc., etc., both of which statements, I need hardly say, were without foundation, as the circulars sent out at the time asking for exhibits from anyone within the postal district of Enderby, will prove.

It is, of course, difficult to fix a date for a berry and vegetable show, except at very short notice, as sometimes, especially with the former, the season promises to be late and then a sudden change of weather will bring things on with amazing rapidity. Therefore the only way to arrange it is to give particulars of a show to be given and then to fix the date definitely as soon as it is possible to do so.

Enderby is, I believe, the only town of its size in the Valley that has no Fall Show. If a Horticultural Society were formed it could arrange for this, which in other places proves an attraction, an advertisement and a source of revenue to the town.

We have now a most flourishing poultry association; why should we not have a flourishing horticultural society.

Yours truly,
CITIZEN.

## CURLING ENDED

The soft weather which started on Sunday and has continued without intermission, has put the curling rink out of business, and left the final result of the schedule games more or less in doubt, though if the matter were to be decided on the real merits of the season's playing, the popular decision would be in favor of the rink skipped by Jas. Evans. Big-hearted Jim won seven straight and then had to go down on Monday night with water on the ice, and the cup and watch fobs in sight. There are four rinks standing 8 down and 10 up,and one rink, that skipped by Mr. Taylor, with two games yet to play.

This would make an interesting finish of a most successful season, if the ice would hold out. This, however, is hardly possible, as the break of the past few days has demoralized both sheets of ice, and weather sufficiently cold to put them in condition again cannot be hoped for.

## ENDERBY-MARA AT CHESS

Mara chess players challenged the Enderby players for a tournament, and they came up in a body one day the past week to capture some Enderby scalps. The scoring was as follows: For Enderby: Rev. J. Leech-Porter, won 3, lost 0; Mr. V. C. Brimacombe, won 2, lost 0; Mr. J.F. Moore, won 2, lost 0; Mr. H. Taylor, won 0, lost 3. For Mara: Mr. Bazeley, won 1, lost 1; Mr. Gildermeister, won 1, lost 2; Mr. Massey, won 0, lost 1; Mr. Hine, won 0, lost 2; Mr. Jas. Massey, won 1, lost 1. Total for Enderby, 7 games, for Mara, 3 games. Rev. J. Leech-Porter is desirous of organizing a chess club in Enderby, and will be glad if any players will communicate with him.

Genius is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.

**ANNUAL SALE OF YOUNG STOCK**

Must be cleared out to make room. Amongst the lot which we offer are birds equal to our winners in every respect.

At all this season's shows we claim an unbeaten record in all our breeds. In White Wyandottes we have for sale 150 pullets and 50 cockerels, mostly bred from our winners. Pullets, $2; Cockerels from $5 up.

In Partridge Wyandottes, only a few to spare. Pullets, $2; Cockerels, $5 upwards.

In S. C. White Leghorns; 175 pullets; 50 cockerels. Pullets, $1.50 and $2; Cockerels, $4.50 upwards.

We offer on all the above breeds a special quotation on lots of one dozen or more. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HAZELMERE POULTRY FARM. ENDERBY, B.C.

**Shoes, Rubbers, Hats & Suits**

Let us order you a suit from the House of Hobberlin.
You can rely on the Quality of our Groceries
**J. W. Evans & Son**

Watch our Windows for Special Bargains

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**It's Buying Time for that Spring Suit**

When you buy a Watch, an Automobile or even a Jack Knife, you want to know the name of the maker, and yon naturally buy the one with the best reputation.

In 20th Century Clothing you will find what you are looking for. Made by the most up-to-date tailors in Canada. Carried in stock or made to your measure

Special Value in the NEW MARINE SILK—27-in. wide. All the new shades in Alice and Sky Blue, Wood, Rose and Pink, Mauve, Brown, Cream and Nile. Price, 50c yard.

**Polson Mercantile COMPANY**
Enderby - - - B. C.

## KAMLOOPS STEAM LAUNDRY

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

## DAIRYMEN, ATTENTION!

At the recent meeting of the B. C. Dairymen's Association, the directors decided to divide the Farm Dairy competition which has already been in progress for one year, into two classes, in order that a number of our smaller dairymen in the Province may have a chance to compete for the cup, medals and honors, and not be compelled to compete against the larger dairies of the Province, thus giving the small man an equal chance with the large one. In this matter the directors are making arrangements for a cup, the name of which will be published later, but one which will be of equal importance to that of the larger trophy given by the Provincial Government. They are also giving three medals corresponding with those of the larger dairies.

This is a critical time in Enderby's advancement. We want more businessmen, not fewer of them; clean, straight, upright, live-and-let-live competition is never to be feared. It is the life of trade. and if we can have a branch of every line of business represented in Enderby, the better it will be for the town and district.

## LUMBER FOR SALE

All kinds of rough and dressed lumber for sale. At the mill.
R. DAVISON, Deep Creek

For Sale—Timothy and oat hay in bales; timothy, $24 per ton at the barn; oat hay, $21. R. Waddell.

When you bury an evil habit, do not visit the grave too often.

## DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, as General Merchants, under the firm name of Wheeler & Evans, at Enderby B. C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be carried on by J. W. Evans & Son, by whom all debts of the old firm will be paid, and to whom all outstanding accounts due the old firm are to be paid.

R. E. WHEELER
J. W. EVANS,
Enderby, B. C., March 1st, 1911.

## IN THE CHURCHES

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. St. George's Church, Enderby—Service every Sunday 8 a.m., 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. LATE celebration of Holy Communion 4th Sunday in month at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. N. Enderby—Service at 3.15 p. m., 2nd Sunday in month. Hullcar—Service at 3 p.m. 4th Sunday in month. Mara—Service at 3:30 p. m. 1st & 3rd Sundays in month. Regular meeting of Women's Auxiliary last Friday in month at 3 p.m. in St. George's Hall. Rev. John Leech-Porter, Vicar.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Sunday School, 2:30 p.m.; Church service, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.
D. CAMPBELL, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Sunday School, 10 a.m.; service, 11 a.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday, 7:30 p. m., conducted by Mr. C. Piper.

## SMALL DEBTS COURT

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

## POST OFFICE

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

**BLANCHARD & ENGLISH**
Enderby, B. C.
**Contractors & Builders**
We have taken over the Undertaking and Picture Framing business of W. T. Holtby, and are prepared to give good service in these lines.
Corner George and Cliff Streets.

There is no christian duty that is not to be seasoned with cheerfulness.