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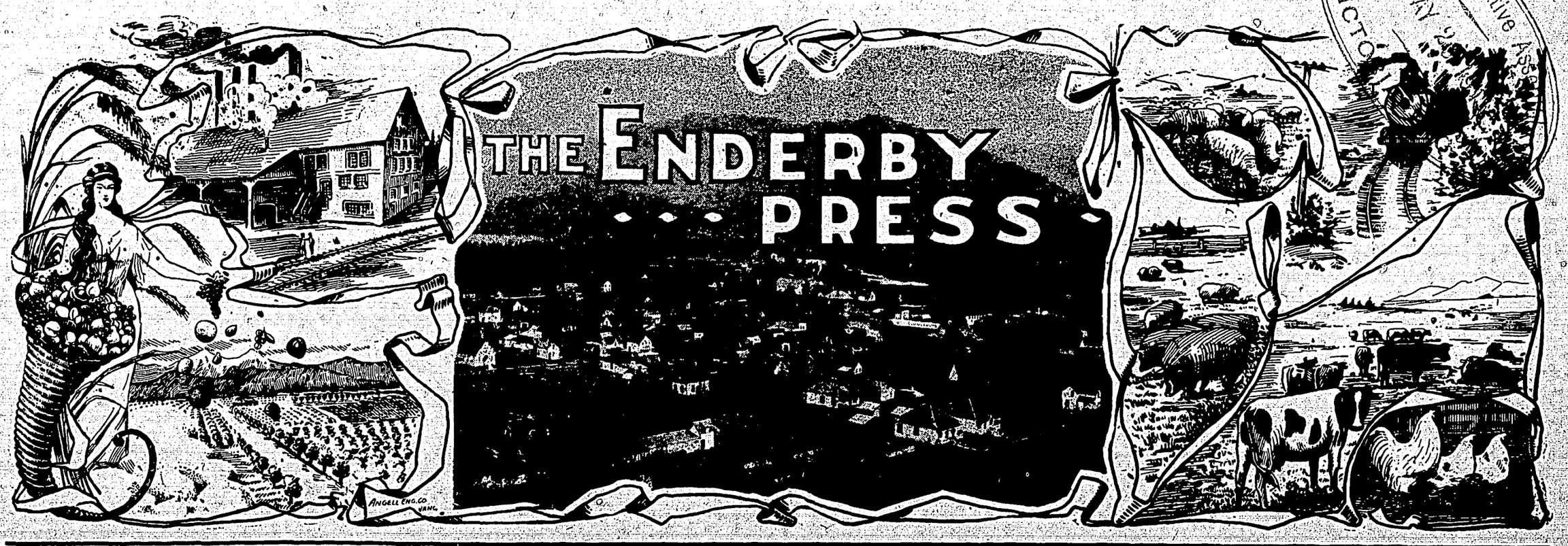


Enderby, B. C., May 25, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 4; No. 13; Whole No. 169

Big Celebration Crowds Participate in Victoria Day Festivities

It was a great day.

And all enjoyed themselves.

The weather clerk was good to us.

The people of the Okanagan were good to us.

Everybody and the children were very good to us.

Enderby was never more prettily decorated, and the arrangements for a successful celebration were never more complete, and the various committeemen were prepared at all times to look after and attend to the needs of the visitors and to bring off the events on time.

The day opened bright and warm, and until nightfall there was not a blaze of sunshine nor yet a shower to mar the celebration or to cause discomfort to anyone. There was a slight haze to check the hot sunshine throughout the day, and toward evening just enough chill to make light wraps comfortable and to make the football game interesting.

From Revelstoke upwards of 100 visitors came, and from Vernon and Armstrong, the four-coach special train was packed to the step-railings. Indeed, if there was one feature of the day that was regrettable because of its inadequacy, it was the lack of accommodations on the special train. This, however, was not entirely the fault of the railway company. The local transportation committee believed four coaches would be sufficient. They were basing their calculations on the needs of previous occasions, and four coaches were provided, whereas, seven coaches would better have served the requirements. Many from Armstrong were compelled to stay at home owing to their inability to get into the cars. Vernon sent a crowd that comfortably filled the four coaches, and the Armstrong people had to be content with toe-room on the platforms and in the isles.

The home band entertained the early morning visitors until the arrival of the bands from Vernon and Armstrong. On the arrival of the train from the south the visiting bands led the procession to the ground. Prior to this time the children's races had been pulled off, and the first baseball game was in progress. The children's races were run off by Committeemen Pyman and Brown, and the baseball committee, Messrs. Prince and Fravel, started the baseball game promptly on time.

In the children's races the following girls and boys carried off the prizes:

Boys' race, under 7: Hal Hassard, Robert Swan.

Girls' race under 7, no entries.

Boys' race, 12 and under: Clifford Marwood, Cecil Dunford, George Jones.

Girls' race, 12 and under: Evelyn Bell, Elsie Campbell, Katie Nichol.

Boys' race, 15 and under: Bert Hassard, Homer Wilson, Henry Simard.

Girls' race, 15 and under: Evelyn Bell, Christina Campbell, Margaret Hoffman.

Boys' obstacle: Homer Wilson, Geo. Jones, Cecil Dunford.

Girls' obstacle: Evelyn Bell, Margaret Hoffman, Elsie Campbell.

Promptly on time the baseball game between Salmon Arm and Enderby was called. It proved to be a game lacking in baseball, but full of fun. Salmon Arm is to be congratulated, however, in this: it was a home team, and, though they do not play swift baseball, they do play a good-natured, clean game. In this they are not alone, of course, but there is something Salmon Armish about it that makes a crowd of rooters feel good even if they are on the down shoot. And the sympathy of the crowd is with them.

The game was not close enough to be interesting as a ball game, but it was just the kind of a game to start the day with. It made the home rooters feel good and didn't make the visitors feel bad—thev didn't expect anything else and were not disappointed.

The Enderby team played rings around the visitors—and didn't play baseball either. Calder and McDonald made a strong battery. Calder does not throw a swift ball, nor yet anything with much of a curve, but he has splendid control, and has the faculty of putting them where the batter cannot handle them to advantage. McDonald behind the bat is quick, active and always has his head on the job. He got under many hard fouls, and lost no opportunity to stop base stealing. In Serber and Webster the Enderby team has gained great strength at the bat. The Fravel boys, Dean and Cecil, have also added strength to the team in base-running, and Allen Marwood and Ernie Evans are this year playing a strong game on 2nd and 3rd. In the morning game Leeson played short somewhat loosely, but tightened up in the game with Revelstoke. Mr. McIntyre umpired the morning game in an impartial manner that made everybody feel good.

The score stood, Salmon Arm 8, Enderby 19, and this is a clear index as to the quality of the game.

Following the baseball the men's running races were called. In the 100 yard dash D. Fravel won 1st, H. Moffet 2nd. In the special event 100 yard, D. Fravel won 1st, and McRae, of Revelstoke 2nd.

In the 440 yard, D. Fravel won 1st; H. Moffet 2nd.

In the 880 yard ditto.

In the relay race, between the Enderby and Revelstoke teams, Revelstoke won in the first 220 yards. The Enderby lead was distanced at the first turn, an, though F. V. Moffet, H. Moffet and D. Fravel reduced the lead, they could not win out.

The only delay in any of the sports was in getting the lacrosse game off. Thirty minutes were lost in providing the umpire with a whistle, and then he had to whistle with a life-sized cow-bell. There was a feint at rough-house at the start of the game but Umpire Speers put the cronic game spoilers on the fence before they had time to square off, and the spectators clamored so loudly for the stick maulers to be put off the field that they evidently concluded they would play the game instead. The balance of the game was played with very little rough checking or stick work. Vernon had the best of it in the combination work, and, though the game was not easy for them, it was their's from the start.

Revelstoke's rooters' chorus was the feature of this game. The boys sang well enough to warrant their carrying home the scalps of the Vernon team—but they didn't.

The baseball game was an hour late in starting owing to the delay in getting off the lacrosse, but it was a fast, and for the most part, close game, and they gained half an hour on the time allowed them.

The Revelstoke team played ball all the time. In one inning only did the battery of the visitors go to pieces.

The score stood 13 to 9 in Enderby's favor at the conclusion of the game, but this is no indication of the character of game it was. Seven of these runs for Enderby were made in one inning, and four were made by Revelstoke in one inning—the last. Leaving out these innings, the game would stand 6-4 in Enderby's favor.

Revelstoke was shut out in the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th innings. Enderby was shut out in the 1st, 3rd, 6th and 8th times to bat. In the 1st Revelstoke scored 1, in the 3rd, 2, and in the 5th, 1. Enderby scored 1 in the 2nd, 3 in the 4th, 2 in the 5th and the balance in the 7th.

In the 7th there was a delightful scramble. Evans, Webster, C.Fravel, Serber, Marwood, Calder and D. Fravel ran the bases while the visitors were fumbling the ball, and, but for the fact that the merry-go-round whistled to change passengers, the fans tell us they would be going yet.

In the 8th inning the home team went off their feet almost as badly. It was looking too easy for them, when all of a sudden they began to realize that the visitors had wakened up. They had a pretty safe lead, however, and stopped the base-running after the visitors had made four.

The football game between Armstrong and Enderby was the last event of the day on the field. It was Armstrong's game from the start though not an easy one. The visitors had the advantage of weight and better team work over the home boys. They worked more like a moving body, and when the ball started their way they followed it up and kept it moving. It was, all in all, perhaps the best football game every played on the local grounds, at least in recent years, and, if Enderby didn't win the medals, they gave a splendid exhibition.

CELEBRATION NOTES

There were 2000 people on the recreation ground yesterday.

All the refreshment booths did a big business throughout the day.

Enderby's police force was the pride of the town in the neat, stylish new uniform.

The special constables kept the grounds well cleared, and made the grand stand seats worth the price.

The Bank of Montreal decorations made everybody pleased, and the decorations at the King Edward and the Polson Mercantile Co's building attracted the admiration of all.

The garden swings placed upon the ground for the free use of the children by Mr. Fulton made many little heart the happier during what are wearisome hours of celebration day.

It is doubtful if anything could have been put upon the ground that would have given as much genuine pleasure to the little folk—and some not so small—as the merry-go-round.

Now while it is fresh on the minds of all wherein there is need of better accommodations at the recreation grounds, is the time to make the improvements. If it is laid over until next year, it will be the same old story, told in the same old way.

Tne crockery and grocery windows of the Enderby Trading Co., were very prettily dressed; also the window of Harvey & Rodie —in fact, all our merchants put up window displays that won the admiration of the visitors from the neighboring towns.

Another inch was taken off the ticket hole at the box office this year. Bye-and-bye we shall have grown big enough to enlarge the hole until it will be possible to see a man behind it, who shall be able to greet ticket buyers with a smile and look the holiday part, instead of having to speak to them from a dark hole in the wall as if it were a shell game or blind pig.

Word has been received that Mr. H. D. Baxter has been appointed road foreman to take charge of the Mabel Lake and tributary roads, and it is understood that the Department will push work on the roads in that district with the object of bringing them into condition for traffic at the earliest possible date. Mr. Baxter's appointment will certainly result in the most good to the district. He has had seven or eight years' experience as road overseer, and is particularly fitted to handle the Mabel Lake and tributary roads. He has been working on the road for the past three years or thereabouts, and has helped to build and keep in repair all of the Mabel Lake road built in that time. He knows every "bad" piece, and, if given the machinery to work with is in a position to quickly remedy the road troubles complained of. Mr. Baxter has been strongly recommended for the appointment by men who have worked with him and know his capacity for handling the work.

We are agents for the Brockville & McLaughlin motor cars. Call or write for full particulars as to price, etc. Fulton's Hardware, Enderby.

If you want absolutely pure milk as the warm weather comes on, the Glengerrack early morning auto delivery will serve you.

Lost—On May 24th, a gold coin brooch. Reward offered for its return to B., Walker Press office.

A few tons of baled hay and seed potatoes for sale. Chas. W. Little, Mara.

The Town and District and the Moving of the People

Mr. J. G. Aschibald left this week from Grindrod to Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bethune, were among the visitors of Enderby Victoria Day, from Revelstoke.

Mr. H. Neill has accepted the position of baokkeeper in the office of the Polson Mercantile Company.

Mayor Ruttan has added an auto for six to the list of motor cars in this end of the Valley. Mr. Ruttan contemplates taking a trip to Fort George in a short time, and will use his auto in making the journey.

Mr. T. Parks has recently been added to the selling force of the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co. Mr. Parks has been in touch with the lumber interests of the province for some time and knows the selling field well.

Dr. H. W. Keith and family returned from Vancouver to spend the 24th in good old Enderby—by the sleepy, soft-flowing Spallumcheen. Dr. VanKleek, of Armstrong, attended to the medical wants of Enderby in Dr. Keith's absence.

Mr. H. D. Baxter has received from the Department of Education a communication stating that a school will be established at Ashton Creek, in accordance with the petition sent in to the Department by the residents of Mabel Lake Valley. A meeting of the parents has been called for Saturday, June 3rd to elect trustees, etc.

At a meeting of the City Council on Monday evening the plan of the Moffet addition was submitted for approval. It was decided that until the matter of road between the Moffet and Teece properties were settled the Council could not approve of the plans submitted. It was deemed that the question involved was not one for the courts, but rather one that should be settled by the Attorney-General, and it was thought advisable to submit the matter to the Attorney-General for his decision.

Mr. and Mrs. Packham and child of Kelowna, stopped in Enderby this week and Mr. Packham was very favorably impressed by the general spirit of progress met with here, and also by what he has seen of the extent and character of the fruit land to be seen here. He is strongly of the opinion that the non-irrigating section of the Okanagan is fast coming into favor, and he predicts that in a few years this end of the Valley will have sprung into the front rank of popularity with fruit growers because of its great fertility and diverse possibilities.

A young man working with the C. P.R. wrecking crew was drowned at Sicamous last Monday. His death was due entirely to his absence of mind. He stepped on the rear platform of a car on the sidetrack to talk to a friend. While they were talking the car was pushed out upon the trestle over the lake to allow the passage of other cars in the shunting. When he finished talking he stepped off the platform without thinking of the car having been moved. There is no guard at this trestle and the unfortunate young fellow stepped off into the lake. He did not come up, and his body was not recovered despite the search made for it by the train crew.

Wanted—To rent: 2 or 3 acres of garden land near town. J. Gardner, Enderby.

Lost—A leather wallet containing papers of value to the owner. Return to C. W. Bovett, Fulton's Hardware.

CITY OF ENDERBY

PROPOSED LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS.

TAKE NOTICE that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Enderby intends to construct works of Local Improvement on certain streets as set forth in the schedule appearing hereunder, and to assess a portion of the final cost thereof upon the property fronting or abutting thereon and to be benefited thereby; and that a statement showing the lands liable, and proposed to be specially assessed for the said proposed works, and the names of the owners thereof, so far as the same can be ascertained from the last-revised assessment roll and otherwise, is now filed at the City Hall, and is open for inspection during office hours.

The subjoined schedule shows the estimated cost of the said proposed works, and the proportion of such cost to be provided out of the general funds of the City.

Persons entitled and desiring to petition the Municipal Council against undertaking the said proposed works must do so on or before the 26th day of May, 1911.

SCHEDULE ABOVE REFERRED TO

No.	Street	Side of Street	Description and Location of Proposed Work	Est'd Total Cost	Est'd City's Proportion
			Six-ft. Concrete Sidewalk		
1	Mill	Booth	From S. & O. Tracks to Belvidere St	$ 918.46	$ 483.54
			Ten-ft. Concrete Sidewalk		
2	Cliff	North	From S. & O. Tracks to George St.	1,425.60	814.00
3	Cliff	South	From Vernon Road to George St.	1,025.20	530.20
			Eight-ft. Concrete Sidewalk		
4	Maud	West	From Mill St. to Cliff St.	505.44	252.72
5	Belvidere	West	From Cliff St. to Mill St.	440.00	239.36
			Macadamized Roads		
6	Mill		From S. & O. Tracks to Belvidere St 38 lt., with 6-in. cement curb	1,230.06	749.20
7	Cliff		From S. & O. Tracks to George St., 40 ft., with 6-in cement curb	2,348.80	1,412.80
8	Maud		From Mill St. to Cliff St., 40 ft. with 6-in, cement curb on W. side	874.80	461.70
9	Belvidere		Mill St. to Cliff St., 34 ft., with 6.in cement curb on W. side	660.96	340.68
			Drain		
10	Mill		From outlet at river bank to George St., 14-in. tile drain	1,824.00	1,040.00
11	Maud & Cliff		From North end of Maud St. to junction Cliff and George Sts., 10-in. tile drain	1,854.00	1,065.00

Dated at the City Hall, Enderby, this 11th day of May, 1911.

GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
City Clerk.

HAVE YOU A PAINFUL CORN?

What any corn needs is the soothing influence of Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor, which in twenty-four hours lifts out every root, branch and stem of corns and warts, no matter of how long standing. No pain, no scar, no sore—just clean wholesome cure—that's the way Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor acts. Get a 25c. bottle.

A KITCHEN TRAGEDY

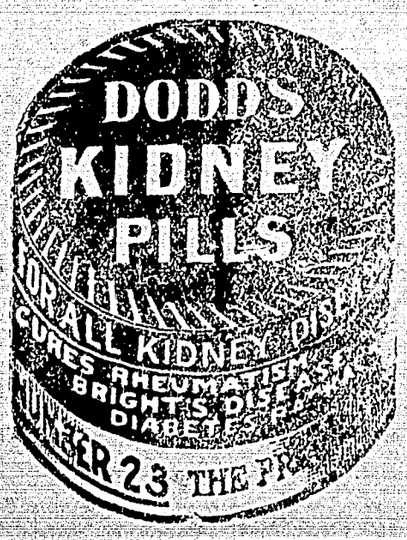
"Really, Jane," remonstrated her mistress, "you must learn to be more careful and test the eggs before you mix them in the pudding! Now, a good way of testing is to take an egg in your hand, swing it round a few times, and then place it to your ear. If it gives out a pleasant, murmuring sound, you may then be quite sure that it is fresh and good."

Like a dutiful cook, Jane promised in future to obey her misstress's instructions, and that same night there was a hot baked custard for dinner.

At least, there was to have been hot baked custard, but at the crucial moment Jane appeared upon the scene with nothing to show but a tear-stained face.

"Well, Jane?" anxiously inquired her mistress.

"Please, mum," gasped the saddened servant, "there's a little something gone wrong. I was a-testin' the egg, as you told me, and a-swingin' of it round, when it slipped out of my hand, and blessed if it didn't biff my policeman in the eye as he was watchin' me through the window. An' please, mum," concluded the cook, breaking down utterly. "I think it was a good egg, too, for I listened, and I heard a murmurin'—oh, quite a loud murmurin' mum!"



DANCING TAUGHT

by mail at home. Waltz, Two-Step, Three-Step and Gavotte $1.00. Send for list. Success guaranteed or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials.

PROF. W. E. NORMAN
98½ Osborne Street, Winnipeg

TOBACCO HABIT

Marvelous 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.

LIQUOR HABIT

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

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.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

CURED HIS LAME BACK

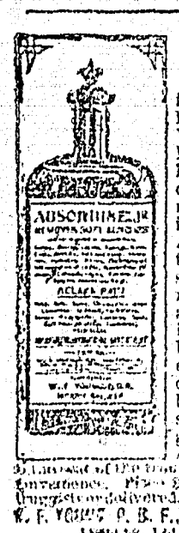
West Fort William, Nov. 7th, 1908.

"I have been troubled with a lame back for the past twenty years and have used plasters and ointments without effect. At last I tried Gin Pills, which proved just the thing, and I would highly recommend them to anyone who has a strained or lame Back."

"H. Harkness."

Gin Pills act directly on the Kidneys, relieve the pain, neutralize Uric Acid which is generally formed when there is Kidney trouble.

Try Gin Pills yourself before buying the regular 50c. boxes. Write National Drug and Chemical Co. (Dept. R.P.), Toronto, for free sample.



ABSORBINE, JR.

is a safe, pleasant, antiseptic liniment for reducing Varicose Veins to a normal condition healing them even after they have broken, stopping the pain quickly, overcoming the soreness, restoring the circulation in a reasonable length of time. Also a successful remedy in treating Varicosities, painful swellings, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, rheumatic or gouty deposits, bunions, corns, bruises, lame back, stiff neck. A good remedy to have in the house in case the children get a bad cut bruise, strain, sore throat, or some painful trouble where a good liniment would be useful. ABSORBINE, JR., penetrates but does not blister nor remove the hair, and is pleasant to use. $1.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1-C free. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

LAMAN & ... Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND LTD., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HENDERSON BROS. Ltd., Vancouver.

PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

Storyettes

SLEEP was knitting the ravelled sleeve of care.

"Why not knit the hobble-skirt? It's smaller," we suggested.

* * *

MRS. BEANS: How rapidly Emerson grows!

Mrs. Cod: Yes; he will be in short specs right away.

* * *

MRS. HOWARD: I wonder who first said "I'll eat my hat."

Miss Coward: Some woman who wanted to avoid paying duty, I fancy.

* * *

MRS. RUBBERTON: After all, one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.

Rubberton: Never mind, dear. That's no fault of yours.

* * *

JOHN: Oh, Henry, when would you like to come up to the club to-morrow and play golf?

Henry: Why—er—I can't say for certain till I—er—consult my wife.

John: All right! Let me know as soon as she makes up your mind.

* * *

TEACHER (to new scholar)—"How does it happen that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?"

Little Lad (after a moment's thought)—"Well, you see, it's this way. She married again and I didn't."

* * *

BRIDGET, I feel so ill I wish you would not go out to-day. Couldn't you get what you are going for just as well to-morrow?"

"Faith, an' oi can—to-morrow or anny day. I was goin' out to get mesilf a new job."

* * *

A FORT DODGE church once gave a charity concert where the best talent volunteered—the city's leading singers, elocutionists, and actors. At the end of the concert the chairman went up to the organ loft and said to the little boy in patched clothes, who had blown the organ: "Well, Freddie, what do we owe you for your work this evening?" The little boy looked at the chairman in genuine astonishment. "Why, sir," he said, "didn't the rest of the talent give their services?"

* * *

ARCHBISHOP RYAN was visiting a small parish in a mining district one day for the purpose of administering confirmation and asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was. "It is a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world," she said. "No, no," remonstrated her rector; "that isn't matrimony; that's the definition of purgatory." "Leave her alone," said the archbishop; "maybe she is right. What do you and I know about it?"

* * *

A SCOTTISH tourist wandering about the streets of Paris some distance from his hotel found himself in a maze from which he could not escape, and, to make things worse, he failed through iguorance of the language to get any light to guide him homeward. Then a happy thought struck him. By dint of signs he concluded a bargain with a fruit hawker for a basket of gooseberries, and then, to the amazement of everybody, he went about shouting, "Fine Scotch grozers, a penny a pun'!" This went on for a while till a fellow-countryman rushed forward, and seizing him roughly by the shoulders, asked: "Man, d'ye think ye're in the streets o' Glesca, that ye gang about crying like a madman?" "Eh!" he replied, with a sense of relief, "Ye're juist the man I wis looking for. D'ye ken the way to my hotel?"

* * *

WERE you sick yesterday, Mr. Robinson?" asked the head of the firm.

"No, sir," replied the chief clerk.

"Well, I didn't notice you at your desk."

"No, sir, I didn't come down town."

"H'm. You know the rule here, do you not? No employee is permitted to be absent without a good excuse—sickness or an accident or something of that sort. I can't permit you to take liberties that are not enjoyed by other people who work in this establishment. I never am absent myself unless there is a very good reason. Did you stay away for pleasure or on some other account?"

"I shall tell you the truth, Mr. Bullong. It was for pleasure."

"Bad, sir—very bad. I cannot permit it."

"But, let me explain. You see, my wife was so hoarse that she couldn't talk, and I thought I'd like to spend the day at home."

"Oh, in that case, my boy, it's all right. Pardon me if I seemed to be arbitrary."

* * *

MAKERS to his Majesty," and "Imported" are words that carry much weight to many minds. It is strange what a glory a foreign label can cast upon a commonplace article. The fact of a commodity having crossed the water, however, is not taken quite so seriously to-day as it was some fifty or sixty years ago. M. C. D. Silsbee gives an instance in her "A Half-Century in Salem."

"Miss Ann M. Rust was one of the two milliners. She had a large collection of finery, shelves full of handsome ribbons, and glass showcases of rich embroideries, besides the inevitable bonnets.

"Once she imported a quantity of exquisite French caps. The strings were somewhat crushed in transit across the ocean. The caps were quickly disposed of. An aunt bought one, and Miss Rust innocently observed that a warm iron would make the creases all right.

"'What!' indignantly exclaimed the aunt. 'Smooth a crease made in Paris? No, indeed, never!'"

* * *

Shiloh's Cure

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

Spent Four Hundred Dollars

"I have been a chronic sufferer from Catarrh in the nose and throat for over eight years. I think I have spent four hundred dollars trying to get relief. I have spent but six dollars on "CATARRHOZONE," and have been completely cured, and in fact have been well for some time. Catarrhozone is the only medicine I have been able to find that would not only give temporary relief, but will always cure permanently. Yours sincerely.

(Signed) William Ragan, Brockville, Ont.

Refuse any substitute for Catarrhozone, 25, 50c and $1.00 sizes, at all dealers.

The Horseman

SINCE the practice of clipping horses was introduced it has grown in favor each year, receiving its strongest endorsement from men who are best qualified to judge as to its relative advantage and worth. That properly employed clipping has been conducive of a great deal of good there can be no doubt. Anything that is of proven benefit to the comfort, health and vigor of the horse, thus adding to his usefulness, beauty and value, is always welcome to horse owners and horse lovers. For a horse to be kept in a high state of health it is necessary that he be properly stabled, fed, exercised, clothed and groomed. The latter is often neglected, and as a consequence the coat becomes rough and coarse and the pores of the skin get clogged with dirt, grease, etc. The animal grows dismal, becomes hide bound, lice thrive and multiply, eczema, mange, "cracked heels" pruritis, grease heels and many other aliments occur directly or indirectly due to neglect or ignorant grooming, such neglect being due usually to difficulty of grooming a long-tailed horse, lack of time, etc.

In these cases, clipping is the remedy. Many of the troubles mentioned above will disappear, or if not, will yield very readily to treatment.

The skin is the great eliminating organ of the body; pure blood depends largely upon a perfectly healthy skin, with open and active pores.

The thickness of the hairy covering of the skin varies with the different types of horse, the better bred horses having the finest coats. By clipping a draft horse may yield five to eight pounds of hair. From this amount down to ten ounces is obtained from the lighter breeds.

The hair of the horse's body is changed twice yearly. The growth of the hair depends principally on environment. Thus horses in a warm barn have shorter coats than those kept in a cold barn, etc. Temperature thus regulates or should regulate, impreper or slighted grooming, a majority of horses do not shed out early nor completely enough. This heavy coat of hair causes considerable sweating when at work. After finishing they come in with wet coats which may not dry for hours. This condition besides being very uncomfortable exposes them to various diseases, especially pulmonary troubles of all kinds.

Clipping will overcome these conditions or nearly so.

Taking it all in all, the benefit of clipping horses even in this cold climate cannot be overrated, provided it it not accompanied by criminal negligence, such as driving hard and then allowing the horse to stand in a cold place without blanketing, as a clipped horse loses animal heat very rapidly, a condition very beneficial while at work, but needing clothing while at rest.

If a little care is taken you will find your horse will do better, look better and feel better clipped than unclipped.

* * *

Raymond Dale, of South Qu'Apelle, Saskatchewan, passed through Winnipeg on his way to England to watch the progress being made by Kel D'Or, his Saskatchewan bred colt, which is entered for the Epsom Derby. Mr. Dale feels assured he has a starter and looks for getting great things from his colt on the English turf.

Several western buyers attended the repository sale at Toronto. H. McLenagen got a load of nineteen and shipped them to Swift Current, Sask. W. S. McGrath, Yorkton, Sask., also brought a load and Charles Mason West. M. B. Bowke, Battleford, Sask., took a load, while I. Sair, Oxbow, Sask., was content with a nice looking lot of ten.

Entry forms are now being distributed for the meeting to be held at North Battleford, Sask., June 26-28. Good purses are offered and the dates have been selected so that the horses can take in the meeting at Saskatoon, July 14.

Joe Carson, a Winnipeg horseman, has purchased Goldie S., a fast matinee pacer, from S. B. Cuthbert, of Portage la Prairie. The price paid was $1,050. Mr. Carson will enter her in the stake events this year when she will be driven by Barney Barnes.

Announcement of a Futurity and Derby to be held at Edmonton, Alberta, in 1914 have been made. A purse of $3,500 is guaranteed for the futurity and $1,000 for the Derby, entries for both closing Dec. 31, 1911. The futurity is open to foals born in Canada, Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana. A payment of $2 must be made at the time of nomination with a further payment of $5 in March 1912, $10 in July, $10 in December, with final payments amounting to $75 and $50, respectively, for pacers and trotters.

The Driving Club of Edmonton, Alta., has completed a series of five ice meetings having had A, B and C class races every afternoon for five weeks in succession. The fastest time in A Class was made by Dalton McCarthy, whose record was 1:10¾, J. H. Pickering being the owner. Dr. Mac, owned by W. G. Robinson, made the fastest time in B class, his time being 1:14¾. Billy Woods, owned by Chas. McLeod, made the best time in C class, his record being 1:11. The results of the series were:

A Class—First, Dalton McCarthy owned by J. H. Pickering; 2nd, Dr Slocum, owned by G. C. Porter; 3rd Fire Bells, owned by Geo. Timney.

B Class—First, Annex Jr. owned by R. O. Jackson; 2nd, Dr. Mac, owned by W. G. Robinson; 3rd, Ollie M. owned by A. E. Simpson.

C Class—First, Bertwood, owned by T. Hill; 2nd, Riley Grand, owned by J. H. Lyons; 3rd, Billy Woods, owned by Charles McLeod.

At the first day's meeting at Calgary, Alberta, an exhibition mile will be made by General H., owned by W. M. Parslow of Calgary, and driven and trained by Geo. Haag of the same city.

EXHIBITION SPEED PROGRAM

The speed programme for the Winnipeg — now Canadian — Industrial Exhibition, has been issued during the week, and its list of events reflects the constant improving tendency of the speed committee from the directorate Messrs. A. C. McRae, C. W. Graham Chas. Little, I. M. Ross, D. R. Sprague Hugh Sutherland, Aldermen Adams Douglas and Potter, H. C. Spurgeon and W. H. Hatch.

This year racing will be held continuously from Thursday, July 13 to Thursday July 20th, thus bringing the meeting under the seven day rule of the Dominion act (Miller Law). Thirty two events are programmed, for which an aggregate purse of $22,900 is hung up. This is three thousand dollars in excess of any former year, and effectually upholds Winnipeg's claim of holding the richest half-mile race meet in America.

The blue ribbon event of the big meeting will be the Merchant's Purse Free-for-All, on the closing day of the meeting, which will divide $2,500 between the winners. The Hotel Keepers' Stake, Monday, 2:20 trot or 2:18 pace, is worth $2,000, as is also the Chamber of Commerce Stake, 2:13 or 2:08, on Citizens' Day. Fifteen hundred dollars is hung up for the Grain Exchange Stake, Friday, 2:10 or 2:08, and there are nine thousand dollar stakes or purses. Notable among these are the Manufacturers' Stake and Red River Purse, opening day; the latter for this season's starters; the Assiniboine Stake and the Commercial Travelers' Stake Saturday; the classic 2:24 trot on Monday, Pioneers' day, which has been named the Kildonan stake; and the Merchants' Purse, Wednesday.

The usual amateur and running events are given due prominence.

The stake races close April 15, harness purses July 1, and the running purses the day before each race.

The race meeting will again be under the active direction of Chas. L. Trimble, than whom no more popular superintendent of speed has ever been seen in the West.

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available today. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.

JUST ONE WOMAN IN THOUSANDS

WHO CAN SAY "DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS MADE ME WELL!"

Mrs. Louis Delorme who was always tired and nervous and suffered from Backache, tells how she found a cure.

St. Rose du Lac, Man., April 3 (Special).—The story of Mrs. Louis Delorme, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place, is identical with that of thousands of other women in Canada. It is all the more interesting on that account. She was tired, nervous and worn out. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

"I suffered for five years from Backache and too frequent urinations, which destroyed my sleep," Mrs. Delorme states. "My head would ache, and I was always tired and nervous. My limbs were heavy, and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. Dodd's Kidney Pills made me well. I used in all ten boxes, but they fixed me up."

Thousands of other Canadian women who have not used Dodd's Kidney Pills are in just the condition Mrs. Delorme was in before she used them. Thousands of others who were in that condition and who used Dodd's Kidney Pills, are now well and strong.

We learn from the experiences of others, and those experiences teach us that the weary and worn women of Canada can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Useful Around the Farm

"Enclosed please find one dollar for which please send me two large 50c. bottles of Nerviline. It is a remedy that I do not care to be without. It is especially good around the farm for man or beast. The worst neuralgia it cures at once. For a cold, sore throat, or chest affection, nothing is better than Nerviline."

(Signed) Richard Hamlyn,
French River, Ont.

Get Nerviline to-day. Sold by all dealers, in 25c. and 50c. bottles.

FACT PARAGRAPHS FROM EVERY CLIME.

Nickel and bismuth both have the peculiar property of expanding as they cool.

Brass is the best reflector of heat of any metal.

Three negroes have received the Victoria Cross.

At the level of the sea 100 cubic inches of air weigh 31 grains.

M. de Vallyer established a penny post in France as eary as 1653.

The dome of the Observatory at Grenwich is made of papier mache.

Chocolate is served to the ladies in the churches of Mexico.

Carrier pigeons fly in calm weather at an average rate of 1,200 yards a minute.

Sweden and Spain have the fewest alien residents.

THE meanest man in town having died and been duly buried, a bunch of his late acquaintances and neighbors were discussing the kind of a party he was.

"We ought to raise a fund to build him a monument," one man suggested.

"Rats!" chorused the crowd in protest. "Who'd give anything to build him a monument?"

"Everybody would," insisted the first speaker. "We'd raise it by unpopular subscription."

THE genuine Yankee peddler passed out of existence with the creation of the "notion store"; but he was a most interesting character, astonishingly sharp and frequently amusing. One such appeared in a general store in a Southern town on one occasion, deposited his pack on the floor and remarked to the merchant:

"I guess I couldn't drive a trade with you, colonel?"

"I reckon you calculate just about right," was the decided reply of the merchant, who had had dealings with Yankee peddlers on previous occasions. "Get out!"

"Oh, well, don't get riled up—no harm done. Now, just look at this dozen genuine razor strops, easy worth $3—let you have 'em for $2, colonel."

"I wouldn't touch any of your trash—you get out!" the merchant declared.

"Well, now, colonel, I always like you what, I'll bet you $5 that if you make an offer for them strops we'll make a trade."

"I'll go you," said the merchant, "and," he added when the stakes had been put up, "I'll give you a quarter for the strops."

"They're yourn, colonel," said the Yankee, pocketing the wager.

Time Has Tested It.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has been on the market upwards of thirty years and in that time it has proved a blessing to thousands. It is in high favor throughout Canada and its excellence has carried its fame beyond the seas. It has no equal in the whole list of liniments. If it were double the price it would be a cheap liniment.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic, Shipping Fever and Catarrhal Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep, and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle; $6 and $11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show it to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

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FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

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Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

Brides for the West

(By E. B. R. Ressor, Collier's)

"White with tucks and lots of lace."

Nearly thirty years have passed since that letter came with instructions for the style of my bridesmaid frock. The prospective bride had been at school not a year before and her first really grown-up dresses were being made for trousseau. Quite an old man was to marry her—twenty-eight or nine—so it was whispered. He used to walk to school with her sometimes, and then she told us he had gone away out West. Often he wrote to her, and once I remember her refusing to go skating because she must write and thank him for a gift she had received. We had never dreamed of a love affair, nor had she until the letter came, telling of the thoughts he was thinking—of her; of the home he was building—for her; of the loneliness of life—without her.

That day she was grown up.

Then, before our wonder had ceased at the thought of her going so far to a land that seemed as Heaven—for the love that was given—the whole Eastern country was filled with brides for the West. If one man could come East and take a wife back with him, what more natural than that a thousand should follow his example, and the West became the recognized destination for the girls who were to marry?

A year or two, and the brides sent back for sisters, cousins, girl friends, to go and spend a season with them.

Many of the girls stayed in the West, not as guests, but—as wives, for, when a great strong man appeals to a young girl in his loneliness and tells her that life will be unbearable without her, whatever is she to do but marry him? A horrible weight upon one's consonscience would be a broad six-footer with a quarter of a section attached, and it is the men biggest in body and mind who appear the veriest weaklings when they beg for the mothering that a wife will give.

When, instead of bidding God-speed to the brides as they left for the West, I was among those who welcomed them as they arrived at Winnipeg, they came not merely by thousands, but by tens of thousands, brides, brides, brides!—of every condition, of every creed, of every nationality; yet each was distinctive in that she was a bride and to her would be given the making of a home.

Those from the British Isles interested us particularly, not the ones who had come to better their conditions, but the many who, stepping from a background of tradition, stood fearlessly alone, gazing upon the rawness of a country that was but at its beginning. There was not even the sense of contrast to them as there was for brides from Eastern Canada; it was utterly unlike any condition they had ever been called upon to face. Few came to live in towns. Theirs were the husbands who had taken up land, and taken it by sections rather than acres, whose one idea of farming was to drive daily about the estate and—then go a-hunting. Their brides accepted the conditions, went to dwell upon the land, and made some of the most exquisite settings for the historical background of Canada's West that mortal could dream of. Few realized the life as their own life. At first they were mere onlookers at their own play, yet when time made an impression and unconsciously, in their children, they acknowledged the realities of living, they did it with a grace that astonished native-born Canadians. To these wonderful women of the Motherland the Empire owes much. They brought with them to Canada not only the customs and manners of the best life of the three islands, but their material treasures also, and, above all, minds that were stored with those possessions that a newer country has often to give up when in its making and then strive for, almost blindly, for centuries after. They gave of these mind possessions to the people with whom they came in contact—they breathed them into their children, and all through Western Canada, today, you will find towns upon which the impress of a cultured woman's mind have been left; ranches—unlike ordinary ranches—because a British bride once dwelt there and lived her life as she felt life should be lived. There is an indescribable charm about these places; no one knows what exactly—but it is there, impressed upon the new country so indelibly that it is said to be a part of the West, and so it is—the gift that British brides have given.

An Irish Girl's Romance

There was the Irish girl, with a grace of carriage that was the marvel of all who saw her, and a charm of manner that won gratitude from the very sod as it was turned over, and she crooned above it, wishing that it might ever look with its face toward the sun. She had followed her Irishman from a castle, and they were wedded in the little church not a hundred miles from the shack to which he took her—their home, two rooms and a lean-to. A few of her treasures she placed about the rooms, but there was no space for her trunks, so they were buried—"to make room for them," she said. The love of this bride! It was like a wave of sunshine about everything. The wit of her! The cheer of her! And, oh! the poverty of them both! The poverty for those things called the necessities of life. They had land, and the Irishman worked it as best he knew how, and a cheerful working it was, for the land could always wait, while a day's shooting, a visit to a hundred-mile-away neighbor, could never be put off. If anything came from the land, it was given away, and Indians camped about them in season and out. A motherly squaw took charge of the house, and for her bits of cleaning treasures would be taken from the unearthed trunks and given as payment. Babies came—such beautiful twins—with no one to attend to their coming but the squaws, and the shack was added to. Hot summer suns beat down, and an awning of grain sacks was put over the roof of the lean-to. This was the great luxury—their gallery, their piazza—laughingly it was called by every grand name. Sods were built into a semblance of steps, and during the long, long evenings the Irishman and his bride would mount to the roof with their bit of supper, forget that there were such things as mosquitos, and revel in remembrance and hope. I verily believe the Indians worshipped those people, and if they gave what they had to the red men the Indians shared also their spoils with them. For the sake of seeing how her gay gowns looked, the Irish woman gave them to supple-limbed Indian girls, and great was the joy of all when they donned them.

The twins were running about barefoot, two babies had followed, when word was sent back that death had come in quick succession to those in the home land, and the Irishman was heir to a great estate. The grief of the Indians when the shack was emptied! It was pitiful. And years after, when the girl twin came, a bride, to the West, her first care was to seek the squaws "who had been kind to my mother when she was a bride."

A Scotch Lassie's Story

I had needed a charwoman, and when I heard the voice of the one who came, I stood astounded. Do you know the soft cadence of the Edinburgh Scotch tongue? The tones of the scholarly class that picks out each word like a note of music? It was beautiful, and the Scotch woman was saying: "But what shall I do first?" I hesitated before saying anything, for she was so much in earnest in her work. But at the end of the day I plucked up courage. "Tell me about it?" I pleaded.

"How did you know?" she asked, and then anxiously: "I hoped I did not show it."

It was such a simple tale to her—the daughter of a university professor married to a Cambridge man. Too much study, and land given in Western Canada upon which to live the outdoor life and regain physical strength for the husband. Not the right kind of knowledge—prairie fires and many losses; finally everything gone, then coming to Winnipeg to look for a position. The wife had learned to work hard—she was strong—and charring by the day meant actual money in hand, and there was no lack of employment. The brave, dainty bit of womankind! It was only upon pretext of work that I could get her to come to me, and it was long before she loved me sufficiently to share with me her quaint humor, her beautiful thoughts; and the day she sang for me I was in glory! There was the little girl—Ellen. Only one Ellen in the world. She was physically beautiful, but there was a greater loveliness. We spoke of it sometimes. "She's far, far too bonnie," the mother would say, and she always shook her head. Ellen was a healthy child and I could not understand.

One day an appointment came for the husband, an appointment that none but the most scholarly man could fill. They went further West. Years later I was awaiting my turn at a Hudson Bay counter. An exquisite piece of womankind was before me. I heard her voice, those notes of Edinburgh Scotch. She and her husband were in town, meeting some distinguished scholars. Their time was much taken up with social matters, but she gave me an hour—a rare, rare hour all to myself.

"And Ellen?" I asked as she was leaving. "You have told me nothing of Ellen."

Ellen was riding wild about the prairies. She had a governess, but there were no children to play with. The mother thought of taking her to Scotland and putting her to school with other girls. "I think it all over, but when it comes to the time of leaving her at home my heart fails me; Ellen is far, far too bonnie."

She could no more have gotten back to the little girl before a note came to me:

"Little Ellen has gone home."

But the scrap of writing was on paper bordered with black.

Are these sad tales for brides to read? No, just the incidents of the day that are bits of romance as years go on, and become as threads in the weaving of tradition for our country!

And the matchmaking! How could it be else with thousands of men without wives and some thousands of women who had already been won, but who each knew of some one who had not? And it was delightful, this matchmaking. As a woman of lineage and learning stepped from a train very for West she was noticed by the ranchman for whom, undoubtedly, she had been sent. He had heard much of her, and the little matron upon the ranch adjoining his had had written pages about him; then the girl came out to spend a season. She was tired, she was eager to see her friend who had become a Canadian. She did not take time to look at herself before she left the train, and one lock had fallen out of place—only one, but that ranchman noticed it. He was standing apart; he had not come to meet her, but to look on. When men have been their own housekeepers for a season, tidiness appeals to them as the greatest of charms.

Behind the English guest stepped her maid, a trim, piquant little French girl. She was not tired; she had no one to meet her; she had taken time to look at herself, and—'twas the maid the ranchman married.

Ten times a Scotch woman sent home for house help; not one maid did she keep for more than a month. (And the Government says keep Chinamen out of the country! Does the Government do its own housework? Remember, no man snatches a Chinaman from you before he has washed the dinner dishes.)

With cut-and-dried theories men, too, enter the matchmaking arena. Bring English wives for Englishmen. Let the Irishman hear his home brogue when his wife cheers him. And with laudable intent they set about carrying them out. How is it that Western school registers are filled with such combinations as Giovanne O'Flarity, Mary Jane Kisskumski, and the like? Let the theorists answer.

When the present governing power was ushered in at Ottawa, fourteen years ago, a man from the West who had taken his bride to a prairie town obtained a seat in the Dominion Cabinet. To him is owed the vigorous immigration policy that has populated the West with such amazing rapidity. It was then and through him that the Government took a hand in the matchmaking. Following the Government came the railway builders—they wanted traffic, as the Government had wanted population. Manufacturers not to be out of the game, and craving trade, also made matches, and down the scale on and on it came, until the individuals again entered with zest into the policy of "securing proper brides for our western men."

Has there ever in the world's history been such a great big romancing ground as our Canadian West? And the lovely part of it is that no one calls it by its real name. People speak of commerce, of evangelization—of lots of conditions, but it all means—brides for the West.

Fifty Million Brides

Upon good authority I quote: "Within this present century we will see Western Canada inhabited by one hundred million people!" In my own way of doing sums I divide by two and count that one-half will be men and the other half brides. Fifty million brides for Western Canada before the year twenty hundred. Where are they? All over.

THE LAST CORNER OF CANADA

(By W. D. Eaton)

Not because it was the least or of the least importance has this Northwest corner of Canada been left for the last. Naturally those who were answering the call of the West settled first in the open fields where they could find themselves quickly and easily. Settlement, like traffic follows the line of least resistance. The settlement of the United States was first on the Atlantic seaboard. Before the western outposts of civilization had reached mid-continent it jumped across what was known as the great American desert and begun to pitch tents and build cabins on the Pacific. Across the land that lay between the East and the West, transcontinental railways were built, and beside the iron trails settlement followed.

In the same way Canada is being conquered. The first settlement was on the line of the Canadian Pacific across the prairie provinces, later where the graders were building the Canadian Northern and later still where the pathfinders were setting pegs for the Grand Trunk Pacific. At first the settlement was slow, then it quickened at the touch of transportation and by the time the new transcontinental line was through the rush was on. Even as the pathfinders blazed the trail through the wilds of Central British Columbia, settlers, adventurers, prospectors and land grabbers swarmed in along that trail until a considerable portion of the fertile valleys of British Columbia has changed hands. With only a fraction of the resources of this great province developed, with her mineral regions and gold fields barely prospected, with her timber wealth and fisheries almost untouched, British Columbia added last year, $100,000,000 to the wealth of the world.

Now that the road, or at least the engineers who are laying out the road have reached Prince Rupert, the American financiers are turning their attention to the Athabasca and to that great unexplored empire known as the Mackenzie River basin. Longer and wider than the Mississippi valley country, with more native resources than most sections of this size, this North country is sure to call the capitalists, the explorer and the settler within the near future. Already two railways have been projected in that direction and at least two others are looking that way. Apart from the agricultural resources, vast and valuable of themselves, here is a country capable of creating tonnage for water and rail transportation almost amazing in volume. The potentialities of the Peace, the Athabasca and the Mackenzie River countries are so enormous that a plain description of what is here to be seen, to be had and handled would read like a romance. And, as if to aid in the transportation of these raw materials from this teaming hinter-land, nature has provided a system of waterways, river and lake, of almost inestimable value to the future generations who will people the plains and find homes among the fir-clad hills of this far North West.

Old Hudson's Bay factors know the wealth of these wilds, and they have kept the secret for centuries, hugging it as a miner hugs his horded gold to his hungry breast. Ancient mariners, nosing inland from Behring Sea, have seen, but they are a silent lot and the world is little wiser because of their gossip; but lately husky fur-traders, hardy pioneers and daring adventurers panting for the New as the hart panteth for the water-brook, have penetrated to the heart of this royal region and the secret is out.

And now that the secrets of those "Silent Places" have been found out, money, the one thing essential to the development of a new country, will flow in freely and in a little while the wild geese winging their way to these northern nesting grounds will be startled by the wild cry of the iron horse, skirting the marshy margins of their mating grounds.

And a little later, the placid waters of the great lakes and the mighty rivers of the north shall feel the throb of the screws of freight boats and feel the swift passage of electric lighted excursion steamers, from whose decks tourists will watch romping wild things playing upon the shore and the deer family feeding on the lily pods.

Apart from the opening of a new wonderland for tourists, the building of the first railway line to these great waterways will make possible the development of traffic which shall mean more for Alberta, Edmonton and Calgary, than the Hudson Bay Road will mean to Manitoba and to Winnipeg. Leaving aside for the moment the treasures that time will reveal, there are mountains of rock salt and other mountains so mineralized as to affect the workings of the compass on the waters that thread these wilds. For a century or more natural gas has been escaping along these great waterways. There are miles, acres at least, of asphalt. Also there are coal, copper, silver and gold, agricultural products; and fish sufficient to feed the continent. It is amazing that the railroad, the great pioneer, and civilizer has not reached into this treasure house of the north. This wealth belongs to Alberta and it would be a pity if political exigency should decree that it remain a closed book. But it will not. The call is too strong, too persistent, the need of transportation is too evident to be left to politicians. The secret is out, the path finder has peeped into the wilderness and the railway will follow.

PICTURES OF LOVE

My Bella is a charming maid,
One of the fairest of earth's creatures;
Brown eyes, brown hair, a trifle staid,
Well off, and with attractive features;
She is a thing without a taint;
The one fly in my pot of honey
Is that she thinks that she can paint;
It's very funny.

Truth is an attribute I prize;
But in the processes of wooing,
When she displays to my shocked eyes
Some dreadful daub that she was doing,
I praised it warmly on the spot;
I called it great—but meant to flatter;
It was a lie, but I did not
Think it would matter.

Nor did it then. But ever since
We told our love (with some emotion)
Fate has inspired her to evince
The breadth and depth of her devotion
With gifts—not goods of silver, gold,
And such—not even an umbrella—
But pictures, awful to behold;
O Arabella!

I have a "Spring," which makes one creep,
"Autumn" (the trees alone are muddy),
Some things which I believe are sheep,
And something which she calls a "Study,"
"Dawn on the sands," in fleshly pink,
A pair of blue seas and a green one,
And a weird cow, which makes you think
She's never seen one.

My humble walls were once belight
With works of some artistic merit;
Some bought, because they pleased the sight;
Some, I was unlucky to inherit;
Those well-loved friends have vanished now;
Others with strange and startling faces,
Headed by that infernal cow,
Usurp their places.

It may be, as my friends declare,
I err in being too fastidious.
But can the eye that holds her fair,
See that her work is naught but hideous?
And, tho' I try to bear in mind
The thought that love is blind, or should be,
I am not blind—I can't be blind—
I wish I could be.

And yet, when Bella roams unchecked
About the room where hang those pictures,
And stands admiring the effect,
I clean forget my private strictures;
The simple fact that she is nigh
Seems to improve their aspect vastly;
It's when the artist isn't by
That they're so ghastly.

CARICATURES OF THE ANCIENTS

There is plenty of evidence to show that the ancients were not without a liking for fun. In certain remains of the art of long-gone days are shown examples of artistic humor, and more commonly than might be supposed.

For instance there is a drawing on a tile exhibited in one of our museums that shows a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady or fashion. The figure is seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl, being fanned the while and offered dainties by an abject looking tom-cat with his tail between his legs.

The cat, indeed, figures very largely in the ancient comic pictures. In a papyrus in the British Museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat, and a herd of goats by two wolves, with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe, quite in the fashion of old Pan.

There is shown in the museum of Turin a papyrus roll that displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place, a lion, a crocodile, and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed, and sceptred like a Pharoah. With majestic demeanor he receives the presents presented to him by a cat of high degree, of whom a bull acts as proud conductor.

The lion and a gazelle are playing at checkers, a hippopotamus is perched in a tree, and a hawk has climbed up, too, and is trying to dislodge the river-horse.

Another picture shows a Pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats are provided with battle-axes, shields and bows and arrows.

VACATIONS FOR CATTLE

In western Australia one farmer may be heard to inquire of another whether he has as yet sent his cattle on their vacation, and what is meant is just what is asked. Those farmers who live anywhere near the coast—and in Australia "near" might mean a distance that would startle dwellers in other lands—send their cattle for a month or six weeks' holiday at the seashore each summer. The change of air and food is said to be extremely beneficial. The grass on the coast is impregnated with salt and has the effect of a tonic on the animals.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR KIDNEYS?

Your back aches and fairly groans with the distress of kidney trouble. You're discouraged, but you mustn't give up. The battle can be quickly won when Dr. Hamilton's Pills get to work. These kidney specialists bring new health and vitality to young and old alike. Even one box proves their marvelous power. Continue this great healer, and your kidneys will become as strong, as vigorous, as able to work as new ones.

Remember this Dr. Hamilton's Pills are purely vegetable; they do cure liver, bladder and kidney trouble. They will cure you, or your money back. Price 25c. per box, at all dealers.

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Tuesday night at Stepney Ranch.
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Thursday night till Friday noon at the Belgian Syndicate, Vernon.
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MAY 25, 1911

ROAD PARSIMONY.

ONE would think from the parsimonious way the road work in the Enderby district is handled that the B.C. Government were on the verge of bankruptcy. Last year eighty thousand dollars were spent on roads and bridges in the Okanagan. Of this amount, according to the annual report of the minister of works, the Enderby, Mabel Lake and Mara districts received something over $7,000.

There is not a road in the Okanagan more in need of repair than the road from Enderby to Mabel Lake. Over this road the mail stage carries passengers and mail to Hupel. The A. R. Rogers Lumber camps are also supplied over this road. Hence there is very heavy traffic over it.

Some weeks ago the residents of that district appealed to the department at Victoria. A movement was made to remedy matters. One man was put to work to drain the road and make it passable at its worst points. He is still at work. He is one of the best road men in British Columbia, one having had many years experience at the work. But one man with pick and shovel cannot make much of an impression on a road in the condition of this road.

Of course the editor of this paper doesn't know anything about roadwork. No one knows anything about roadwork except the road builders. This point should be made clear.

But we hate to think of the hole the wage of this one man is going to make in that $150,000 appropriated by the B.C. Government for road work in the Okanagan. It begins to look as if the Enderby, Mabel Lake and Mara districts were not in the Okanagan.

SUGAR BEETS.

Dominion Agriculturalist Grisdale, B. Agr., has just issued Bulletin No. 67, on the subject of the growing and using of sugar beets, and sugar mangels, and it is well worth anyone's time to send for the pamphlet and read its pages. Says he: "Succulence and palatability in the ration are two of the most important factors making for successful live stock feeding and breeding operations on the farm. There are various ways of adding these qualities to a ration, but probably none more effective and acceptable to almost all classes of farm animals than the including of a fair proportion of roots of some description. Of the various kinds of roots grown, or possible of production in Canada, mangels, sugar mangels and forage sugar beets are, for several reasons, among those to be most highly recommended. They are possible of cultivation under a great variety of conditions as to soil and climate. They are suitable for and acceptable to almost all classes of live stock. They are easily preserved through the winter and even well on into the summer months, where conditions are fairly favorable.

"Mangels, sugar mangels and forage sugar beets may be grown successfully in all known districts of Canada from Cape Breton to the Yukon. They will, in almost every instance, be found highly profitable in all parts of the Dominion where milk, beef, pork or poultry are being produced. The labour required to grow them is considerable, but the crop returns under the average soil and weather conditions are large and of high feeding value.

"These roots will grow on almost any kind of soil, provided it is rich in humus or has been recently given a liberal dressing of barnyard manure. The writer has seen excellent crops in the Ottawa Valley growing on sand, sandy loam, clayey loam and black muck land. Probably, the most uniformly good results may be expected from clayey loams, heavy alluvial soils or black muck areas that are well drained, in first class tilth and highly fertile. The roots do well under irrigation and rainy seasons suit them best."

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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.

Slocan Improvements

Dan Brandon is building an addition to his hotel in Silverton. The cement foundation is laid. When completed it will be one of the most modern hotels in the district.

John F. Delaney left Monday morning for Idaho, where he intends to reside. Mr. Delaney has been in business in New Denver for sixteen years, and it is said cleaned up about $10,000.—Slocan Record.

NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that, under the authority contained in section 131 of the "Land Act," a regulation has been approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council fixing the minimum sale prices of first- and second-class lands at $10 and $5 per acre, respectively.

This regulation further provides that the prices fixed therein shall apply to all lands with respect to which the application to purchase is given favourable consideration after this date, notwithstanding the date of such application or any delay that may have occurred in the consideration of the same.

Further notice is hereby given that all persons who have pending applications to purchase lands under the provisions of sections 34 and 36 of the "Land Act," and who are not willing to complete such purchases under the prices fixed by the aforesaid regulation shall be at liberty to withdraw such applications and receive refund of the moneys deposited on account of such applications.

WILLIAM R. ROSS,
Minister of Lands.

Department of Lands, Victoria, B. C., April 3rd, 1911. a13-jn15

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

G. R. Sharpe,
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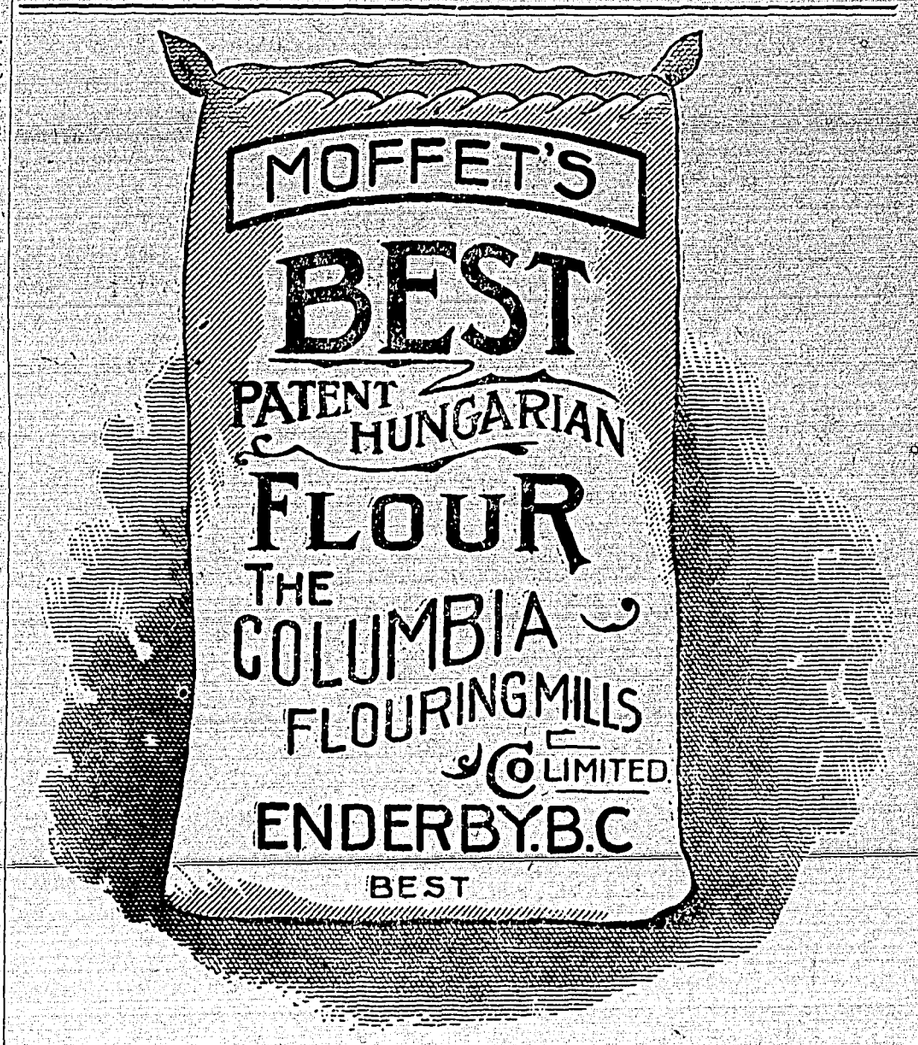

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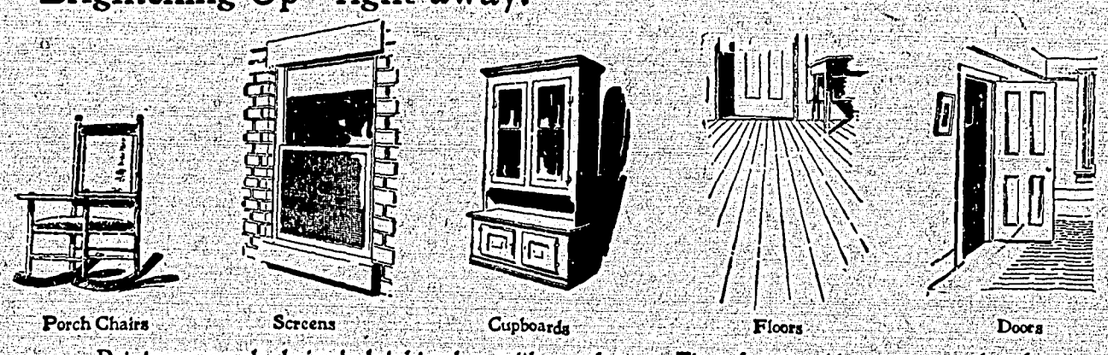
There're a lot of things need fixing

Says the Little Paint Man.

Things around the place will suffer from wear and tear. And after a while they get so shabby that we feel obliged to chuck 'em away and get something new in their place. But it's a mistake and if we only all had the "Brighten Up" habit we'd keep things spick and span all the time by having a pot of paint, a tin of varnish and a brush handy. Just read this and do some "Brightening Up" right away.



Paint your porch chairs in bright colors with S-W Porch and Lawn Furniture Enamel or S-W Buggy Paint. (S-W means Sherwin-Williams — the name that stands for good quality in Paints and Varnishes.)

The screen doors and window screens will look bright and new after a coat of S-W Screen Enamel. Makes them wear longer, keeps the screen from rusting.

Cupboards inside and out made fresh and sanitary with S-W Family Paint—21 attractive colors. Fine for touching up woodwork.

Old, worn floors made clean and attractive with a coat of S-W Inside Floor Paint. Or a stained and varnished finish at one operation with S-W Floorlac.

Revarnish the front door with S-W Kopal. It stands the weather. Repaint the doors inside with S-W Family Paint.

No matter what you have to fix up, we have a Sherwin-Williams Finish that will do the job well.

XY776

There're a hundred other things that need touching up. Make a list of the dingy things and come to us and we'll tell you what to do.

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Canada's Best Range

McClary Kootenay

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New Town Every Day.

By the end of the coming summer there will be at least one hundred and seventy new towns in Canada, not counting those which come into existence gradually and in the natural course of evolution from clusters of houses, into hamlets and then into towns. The one hundred and seventy will all be in the West—the great, the glorious West. Not for them the humdrum processes of conventional development; they will spring, full panoplied, into being with hotels, courthouses, jails and all the modern improvements, on paper, and a small railroad station a mile, or so of siding and unbounded hope and confidence in the future as actual assets. The Canadian Pacific will be responsible for fifty of them, tho Grand Trunk Pacific for twenty-four, and the Canadian Northern for ninety-six. It is a fair supposition that all of them will live because of the fostering care of their railroad, and that most of them will prosper because the time has come for towns to succeed farms at selected locations on the praries, and the railroads are in a better position to do the selecting than any other instrumentality except land companies. Nor will these railroad towns be the only communities to come into being in the West in the next three or four months, but from their number it is possible to draw some kind of an impression of the method and the speed of Western development.

No More Insanity.

Insanity as a defense in murder trials which has become so common of late years may eventually be eliminated as the result of a novel movement just started in Montreal. Figures have been gathered which show that in that city alone there are 2,000 feeble-minded children, many of whom will inevitably become members of the criminal class. Statistics show that crime and insanity are on the increase, and that fully half the criminals are criminals because of mental or nervous conditions which obtained during childhood. Accordingly it is now proposed to catch the potential criminals suffering from some mental or nervous disorder while they are young, and cure them before it becomes too late. To this end it is planned to establish here an institution where feeble-minded children shall be examined and registered, since if the condition is recognized soon enough, the child can generally be cured. Under the present system the procedure is to send mentally deficient children to a reformatory from which they are released in a few months often worse than they were before entering. Under the new plan they will not be released until they are cured. If this proposal does succeed in eliminating the overworked defense of insanity in criminal cases, it is not improbable that a long suffering public will be willing to erect a momument to its sponsor.

Building Activity.

Although we do not claim that Salmon Arm is having a boom, the amount of building at present under way shows that the people of the district have ample faith in its future. The foundation is now laid for the office building of the Salmon Arm Realty Co. Ltd., which will comprise two stores on the gronnd floor, one being used by this firm for its own business, the same being provided with a large fireproof vault for the safekeeping of business papers, etc. J. E. Lacey's new residence is now ready for the plasterer's, and work has been commenced on the residence for A. J. Marlowe, manager for the Bank of Commerce. These together with the residences being erected by A. H. F. Martin and Frank Lester, create a favorable impression with the visitor, and show present residents that "we are still growin' some."—S. A. Observer.

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SECRET SOCIETIES

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Enderby Lodge No. 40 Regular meetings first Thursday on or after the full moon at 8 p. m. in Oddfellows Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
WALTER ROBINSON W. M. S. H. SPEERS, 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

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Black Mountain School.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tenders for Black Mountain School" will be received by the Hon. the Minister of Public Works up to noon of Wednesday, the 31st day of May, 1911 for the erection and completion of a large one-room school building at Black Mountain, in the Okanagan Electoral District.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 6th of May, 1911, at the offices of S. Sproul, Esq., Secretary of the School Board, Rutland, B. C.; the Government Agent, Vernon; and the Department of Public Works, Victoria.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $150, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposits of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer
Public Works Department, Victoria, B. C., 2nd May, 1911. jn1

AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS THEATRE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier (as the Prosperous Farmer) in the Great Extravaganza comedy "Reciprocity"
—From the Toronto News

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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.

The City of the Death Drum

(From the Narrative of Sergeant J. Flynn, Late Rifle Brigade.)

"The most horrible war I ever took part in," is Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley's description of the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-4, of which this is the story, told by Sergeant Flynn. The Ashantis, a race of warlike negroes of West Africa, took offence at the British occupation of a place called Elmina, and in April, 1873, attacked our allies, the Fantis. Sir Garnet Wolseley commanded an expedition to punish the Ashantis, whose sovereign was King Koffee Cacalli. After forced marching and five days' fighting, the troops reached Coomassie, the Ashanti capital, notorious for its dreadful human sacrifices. Amongst the ghastly trophies of the place was the famous "death-drum," which signalised the celebration of wholesale butcheries. Sir Garnet, as a punishment, burnt Coomassie, demanded 50,000 ounces of gold, the abolition of human sacrifices, and perpetual peace. He received promotion, was thanked by Parliament, and was granted $125,000. King Koffee sent his golden axe to Queen Victoria, who received it at Windsor Castle. The expedition cost $5,000,000.

WHEN we were wallowing in the swamp, and slime, and gloom of the Gold Coast, on our way to Coomassie, I used to listen to some of the young soldiers grumbling and growling, and telling all about things they did not understand.

"The trenches aren't in with this," they said.

Well, I had been in the trenches before Sebastopol, and they hadn't. I had seen what Russian guns, slushy snow, bitter frost, cholera, rags, and starvation could do, while they were babies in cradles, and I told them they didn't know what they were talking about. But although the swamp and jungle weren't quite so bad as the war was—still Ashanti was bad enough, and in some ways it was worse even than Sebastopol.

I will admit now that Ashanti, while it lasted, was worse than the trenches. In bitter cold you can often enough keep warm, but in such a deadly climate as that of the Ashanti swamps you could not by any possibility keep cool.

We went straight away from an English winter, and yet in a few days we were toiling, sweating, and suffering in an awful deadly climate, in a swampy bush as gloomy as night, full of pestilential smells, and with all sorts of nasty, dangerous animals and insects about. The animals did not trouble us, though, for by day our numbers scared them, and by night our watch fires kept them at a distance.

But it was not the wild beasts or the snakes we cared about so much as the Ashantis themselves. They were the hardest nuts to crack, for they had a stealthy way of hanging about in the dense vegetation, and firing at us and potting us or suddenly falling on stragglers, and braining or knifing them before they could defend themselves or call for help.

A sergeant I knew went into the bush, and that was the last I ever saw of him. He vanished, and I should think some prowling Ashantis clubbed him before he knew what was happening. Just imagine yourself in a region where you had to cut your way through dense vegetation, in a steamy heat, struggling in inky slime, and expecting every moment that a club would crack your head, or a slug or a charge of buckshot hit, or riddle you, and you will understand what our marching through Ashanti to Coomassie meant.

There were native troops with us—Fantis and Haussas; and some of them were not much good, though others did splendidly.

From the thunderous surf of the Gold Coast we forged ahead through the dismal jungle—the 23rd, the 42nd—the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and the Black Watch to give the good old numbered regiments the names they have now—and the Rifle Brigade. We had guns, light, handy field-pieces, which could be man-handled by natives from one place to another, and rockets. We had our own Snider rifles, too, and we had Sir Garnet and two other officers who became very famous, one as Sir Redvers Buller and the other as Sir Evelyn Wood.

With such a leader as Sir Garnet, you could not go wrong, even in such a forsaken place as Ashanti. Like him, I was an old Crimean soldier; so was Colonel Wood, as he was then, and Captain Macdonald, who was one of the staff of Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. Lord Raglan was an old Waterloo officer, so we almost had a sort of link with Wellington and Napoleon with us in the Gold Coast swamp.

Of course, you know that the Rifle Brigade—the old 95th—has more battle-honors than any other regiment in the Army, except the King's Royal Rifle Corps—the 60th Rifles—and that is saying a good deal. I am always proud to know that I helped to win the honor of "Ashanti" for the Rifle Brigade.

There were three companies of us, and mine was D. Company, commanded by Captain Macdonald. We had our own company bugle-calls, and each company would respond only to its special call. We fitted words to each, our own being: "Dirty, Dirty Number Four." But the same word "dirty" would have applied to A., B., or C. Company just as well as to D., for in that pestilential swamp and jungle everybody, officer and man, was as dirty as dirty could be.

There was damp enough of sorts—slimy, inky, spongy undergrowth, and water of a kind, in the narrow River Prah; but there were no means of keeping clean and fit as we understand these things at home. Our drinking-water was carried with us by natives, and when we took it we drank it through a purifying device—tubes of charcoal which acted as filters. There were pools of water everywhere, but they were foul, stagnant patches, covered with rotting vegetation and the leaves of trees. The only safe thing to do with them was to give them a wide berth and march on.

The chief event of the march was the battle of Amoaful, and I am going to tell you about it, because the affair is, I think, something uncommon in the annals of war, and there are not many left of those of us who fought in it nearly forty years ago.

There was no highway to march on, no ordinary road to use, not even honest ploughed fields or meadows to cross, but just the thick jungle to pierce. We had to make headway as people might force a passage through a dense plantation, with hardly air enough to breathe, in a suffocating atmosphere and constant twilight. There was no chance of even seeing your enemy, and the first sign of his presence was the crack of his old gas-pipes, or the thud of the slugs and buckshot, which he sent into you, or, worse still, his knife or knob-kerrie.

It was a merciful thing for us that the Ashantis had not better arms and proper bullets, instead of slugs and buckshot. If they had had our own guns and rifles, for instance, and had known how to use them, I don't suppose that anyone would have been left to tell the story of the march made through swamp and jungle to Coomassie. Lots of us felt the thud and "winding" of a slug; but it often did no more harm than that. If a rifle bullet had come in place of a slug, it would have done more than just make a bruise, or knock the breath out of a fellow's chest.

The New Year had come in, and the last day of the month of January was with us. We were all in the swampy bush, forging slowly ahead towards Coomassie, and in the morning we heard a shot or two from the bush around us, the cracks being mingled with battle cries and the racket of war drums. We knew that the Ashanti warriors were out to meet us, and that a tough day was in front of us.

I think that fight was one of the queerest and hardest that any British troops have taken part in, because we were constantly peppered and harassed by an enemy that we could not see. We went out in skirmishing order, and made our way ahead as best we could; but our only guide was the flash of fire from the bushes, or the snap of an old firearm.

It was a confused sort of fight—sometimes the skirmishers going ahead and blazing away, then the black men hurrying up with the guns and booming into the bush. These weapons did a lot of mischief, and scattered the Ashantis; but the thing that were most useful and terrifying were the rockets. Nothing has more effect on savages, who believe in all sorts of strange spirits and gods, than an uncanny row, and the rockets gave them all the noise and spectacle they wanted.

They would rush off howling after an explosion, thinking, maybe, some fetish worse than their own was after them. The 23rd and 42nd, and the Rifle Brigade, with the black troops, had a stiff, hot stifling time in that dense jungle, and one of the strangest sounds ever heard in West Africa was the skirl of the pipes as the Highlanders charged into the bush and went for the enemy who could hardly be seen.

Amoaful was a hard, long fight, and cost us dear, for when it was over we had lost nearly two hundred in dead and wounded. The dead were buried where they fell—and quickly, too, and the wounded were put in litters and carried by the bearers. The doctors did all they could, but there was many a wounded man who never got away from the region of the slimy swamp and gloomy jungle.

No soldier can die a nobler death than on the battle-field, and none can have a greater honor than that which was paid by the Commander-in-Chief. A very fine young officer named Eyre was killed by a bullet, and even while the battle was raging Sir Garnet himself helped to bury the body in the shallow grave which was hurriedly dug. It is not often you hear of an incident like that, even in war—of a soldier being buried actually while a fight is going on. After most actions there is always a truce for the burial of the dead; but you cannot make truce with an enemy like the Ashantis, who don't understand the meaning of civilization.

This was only one of the many exciting incidents that occurred during the Ashanti campaign. Soon after we began our march, a Haussa non-commissioned officer was badly wounded.

Now, a British officer is a British officer all the world over, regardless of rank. He may be a peer or a commoner, but that makes no difference to his pluck. If he sees a man in danger he goes to help him, and Major William Sartorious saw the black sergeant in peril. He rushed out and saved him, in spite of a deadly fire, and they gave him the V.C. for it. Not long afterwards Lieutenant Lord Gifford got the cross for doing all sorts of brave things that helped Sir Garnet wonderfully; and another officer, Lieutenant Bell, received the decoration also.

A fourth Cross was won by a lance-sergeant of the 42nd, for bravery at Amoaful, the chief fight on the advance to Coomassie. He was badly wounded, but during the whole of a long and awful day he led his handful of men through the bush. His name was Sam McGaw. He died three or four years later—suddenly, I think, from sunstroke.

Five days of almost incessant fighting, crowned by the victory of Amoaful and other triumphs, and we reached Coomassie, about a hundred and fifty miles from the Gold Coast, just before dark. By that time we were utterly weary; but above all things we were almost mad with thirst and rushed towards the women who came to meet us carrying immense gourds or earthenware pots filled with fresh water. Poor souls! I dare-say they came out of their squalid houses in fear and trembling, expecting to be killed, but they soon found out that that wasn't the reason why the British soldier had been led through the bush to King Koffee's terrible capital.

Coomassie stood on a sort of hill, and was the place where the palace of the king was built, and things were done which were past belief in their barbarity and horror. When that night was over we had a chance of looking round the place, and no words can tell the horrors we saw on every hand. Bad as the swamp had been on the march it seemed to be worse in Coomassie. It surrounded the awful place—a place of human slaughter-houses.

The killing was done wholesale. I believe that at one time as many as two thousand victims were offered up. Great numbers of them were executed on a thing called the sacred stool, a kind of butcher's block, to all sorts of hideous drunken cries and mad music, one of the principal instruments being what they called the death drum, or execution-drum.

When the Ashantis know that we were sure to get to the capital, they offered up, I fancy, some special sacrifices to their gods or fetish, because the sacred stool was sodden with fresh blood, and the death-drum—an immense affair about five feet in diameter—was dreadfully decorated. This drum looked exactly like a large ale cask, or a big tub standing on end. It seemed to me that the way the thing was handled was to leave it standing and then thump on the top and make a horrible commotion while the king's executioner plied his enormous decorated sword and chopped heads off almost as fast as you could count. In the wretched place they called the king's palace there was a fetish-corner, a kind of altar for sacrifices, with all sorts of skins and objects nailed up as charms against evil spirits. The place was almost like a blacksmith's smithy, the pile of heads and bones and oddments taking the place of the fire.

We could not move in that city of dreadful death without coming across signs of human sacrifices and suffering.

I am not dwelling on these things because their remembrance is a pleasure, but to show what wrong things we had to put right. When we went out to Ashanti there were so many kind-hearted folk who had such a lot of unnecessary pity for the poor heathen we were going to fight. Poor heathen, indeed! What about his cruelty towards those poorer than himself and his wholesale massacre of them!

It was a glad sight indeed when the good old Union Jack was run up a long staff, and fluttered out in the death-laden air. There was a symbol of freedom and fair dealing for you—waving over the horrid sacred stool and the awful drum that had beaten so many death knells. The eyes of some of the well-meaning people at home would have opened wide enough if they could have seen what it meant to the slaves and the down-trodden wretches of Ashanti to have British soldiers in the place and the Union Jack floating from the tall pole.

But there was a brighter side to our entrance to Coomassie—where our stay was astonishingly short, for we were so sooner in and had settled our affairs than we were out again, the General fearing for his troops in such a reeking atmosphere.

We had heard wondrous tales about the gold and riches of the capital, and some of the stories were true. It was amazing to see how lavishly gold was used in Coomassie. The Ashantis used it just as we use cheap metal at home. I saw door-knobs of solid gold—fancy putting your hand on a thing like that! And I saw all sorts of common cooking articles made of gold, too—a wonderful rich colored gold with a red tinge in it not like the yellow metal we see in sovereigns.

But the Ashanti gold was the pure thing, just as it was got from the beds of the rivers, and had no alloy to make it harder and wear better. More than once, when we were on the march, crossing rivers, I scooped up the sand and saw yellow particles of gold in it. That was the way, I suppose, the Ashantis got some of theirs; then melted the metal and made it into knobs and pans and such like articles.

It was no good trying to carry any of the gold with us from the river beds because apparatus was needed to extract and purify it—and when you are on the march like that, always having to be ready for a fight, you don't want to be burdened with anything that isn't carriable.

There was, as there always is, a lot of wild talk about the big sums of money made from booty; but, as a matter of fact, the private soldiers got very little. My own share of prize money came to £2 2s. 6d., and in addition to that I got £8 10s. 8½d. as "hard-layin'" money—just over ten guineas in all. Of course, it seemed a fair amount to an ordinary soldier, especially one of the old Crimean school like myself; but it was little enough when you remember the sort of country we were fighting in and the kind of enemy we had to fight.

Oh, yes! Some of us had gold with us when we were marching from Coomassie. There were gold ornaments and rich embroideries piled up in what you would call the chief street of the place, because Sir Garnet was setting fire to the palace and the town generally, as part of the king's punishment.

King Koffee had bolted to a place some miles off, and I think that a good many of his wives—he had more than three thousand of them, they say—had gone with him. A lesson had to be taught him, and this destruction was Sir Garnet's way of teaching it.

The gold and silver ornaments were collected before the buildings were set on fire, and strict orders were given that no soldier was to help himself to loot. It was given out that a strict search would be made. There was to be prize money at the proper time, and so there was, but very little. It needs something more than frail human beings, however, to obey orders at a time like that, and I saw men wrench precious door-knobs off.

I did not go quite so far as that, but I managed to get a few little articles, such as bracelets and rings—beautiful, pure gold—and bring them away with me. I have not one of them left; I parted with them all long ago.

There were other men, though, who came away with good hauls of precious articles, because, after all, no search was made when we were clear of Coomassie. The great thing to do was to get out of the awful, death-dealing, pestilential region and back to the good air of the sea and the open sky.

DRIVING

Judging from what one can glean from casual observation, very little attention is paid in rural districts, to the manner in which horses are driven. In fact, the subject is treated as one upon which no instruction is necessary, or one about which there is little, if anything, to learn.

Young people of the farm just take to it, as they take to many other everyday things that must necessarily be done, with practically no instruction from anybody. That they get along in some sort of a way, there is no doubt, as they manage to do their work and get about.

This would lead one to enquire if there is anything much in driving, or whether it is a subject worth studying and cultivating a knowledge of.

As a matter of fact, there is a good deal to learn about it, and the difference between a slipshod driver and an expert one is immeasurable.

One has only to take an opportunity of observing the difference in the performance of the same horse when driven by an uncultivated driver and then by an expert one, to realize that there is much to learn about driving.

This is pretty generally recognized when the object is to bring out the speed of a horse; but when speed and action are aimed at, the expert driver can cause a perfect transformation of an animal, when compared with a performance given by an unskilled one.

There is undoubtedly such a thing as an aptitude for driving. Some persons could never become really skilful drivers, no matter how much they cultivate it, as they are temperamentally unfitted for high-class work of this kind. They might become fairly good drivers, but never experts. There is something about the nervous organization of some individuals that gives them a delicacy of touch, or what is called "good hands," as applied to drivers, that confer upon them a special aptitude for driving.

It can be explained in the same way that some people are light on their feet, and can readily become easy and graceful dancers. They may be heavily built, and show no evidence from their make-up of the likelihood of their being lightfooted; but they are, and such an attribute can only be explained by referring to the nervous organization of the individual.

Analogies of this sort could still be further given, but we are not so much concerned in explaining the causes of certain aptitudes as we are in endeavoring to point out some of the common faults in driving.

The difference between good and bad driving are not so apparent in the handling of work horses as in those used for faster work, but even in them faulty handling shows itself.

The slipshod driver is very much in evidence behind work horses. You see them driving a pair with one horse ahead of the other; he is simply holding the reins, not driving at all. He makes no attempt to keep the draft of both horses even; he does not feel their mouths, keep them collected and balanced.

Whether a horse is pulling a load or going behind a "foolspace," he should be kept "collected," as he does his work more comfortably, and does not fatigue so easily.

A horse is "collected" when his head is kept in position, and all the muscles of his body are in a state of contraction. When a man is running or walking fast, he closes his hands by contracting the muscles of the arms and hands, in order to keep himself collected. If he did not do so, propulsion would cause him greater effort. So with the horse, if he is exerting himself either in travelling or in pulling a heavy load, light but steady pressure on the bit assists him in keeping collected and balanced.

Loose-rein drivers never improve a carriage of the head and neck, and are apt to spoil his gait by getting him into the habit of "hitching."

By keeping a horse collected and balanced, the fore legs are not so apt to suffer from the ill-effects of concussion and strain.

If the head is kept up and the nose in, in travelling, the fore legs are relieved to some extent, as more weight is then thrown on the hind extremities. Heavy-handed drivers also inflict much injury on a horse, and cause him much discomfort. They are apt to make his mouth sore, get him into bad habits in connection with that organ, such as side-lining, pulling, tongue lolling, etc., and cause him to mix his gaits.

The driver's aim should be to manipulate the reins with a light, but firm and steady hand.

It is usually necessary to exert more force in manipulating the reins in speeding a horse, in order to steady him, but injury to the mouth can usually be avoided by using an easy and comfortable bit.

The skilful driver is always careful to observe if the bit is in the proper position in the mouth of the horse he is driving. If it is too low, he will not force it firmly, and he is apt to get his tongue over it. If it is too high, he will not readily respond to the pressure of it, and consequently he is apt to pull, cross his jaws, open his mouth, and project his tongue.

Placing a bit too high in the mouth is a very fertile cause of getting a horse into bad habits in connection with the mouth, and is apt to spoil the carriage of his head and neck.

The manner of holding the reins and whip, and the posture of the driver, are of much moment in skilful driving.

It has been found out by experience and study of the art of driving that the reins should be held in a certain way in order to contribute to the ease, grace, safety, and dexterity of the driver.

Some drivers who have not been taught this way of driving in their youth, find it hard to adopt it in late life, and scoff at the idea of there being a "best way," "as they get along very well in the way they picked up themselves," but they never make finished drivers. There is a great deal of difference between the manner of holding the reins when driving trotters and ordinary driving, especially when curb bits are used, and style is sought for.

In the former case, the driver assumes an attitude and holds the reins in a manner so that he can exert all his force in controlling and steadying. He braces himself, with legs stretched forward and arms extended, with a rein running over the palm of either fingers, with the straight whip carried in the right hand.

In ordinary driving, especially when a curb-bit is used, the reins should be separated with the first two fingers of the left hand, the ends passing out of the lower part of it. The thumb should be held with the point upwards, not pressing down firmly upon the reins. The wrist should be bent, so that the knuckles are turned towards the waist, and the elbow is bent at the left side. The hand should be held at a height approximately opposite the waist-band.

The right hand holds the whip, at about ten inches from the end, the lash-end of it is directed upwards, forwards, and towards the left. Nothing looks more unworkmanlike than grasping the whip at or near the extreme end.

The left hand should always be kept in the same position; but the right one, besides holding the whip, should be used to assist the left.

The lower part of the right hand may rest upon the off-rein. In front of the left, to assist in steadying the tension of the reins, also in turning or guiding it may be used on either. If the left hand requires aid in exerting traction, the right placed in front, and dividing the reins by the two middle fingers, may assist it; and also, in shortening the reins, the right hand pushes them back between the fingers of the left.

The near rein is always held uppermost, passing over the index finger of the left hand, while the off-rein passes between the second and third fingers.

The position of the driver should be easy and unconstrained, but approximately erect, with arms dropping along the sides, and elbows squared at the waist. The legs, from the knees downwards, should slant slightly backwards, and the driver should not sit too far back in his seat.—Dr. F. C. Grenside, in the O. A. C. Review.

WONDERFUL HENS

An American, spending his holidays in County Roscommon, Ireland, fell into conversation with a native, who was feeding his hens.

"I guess, Pat, you haven't as good hens here as we have in the States."

"Perhaps not," said Pat.

"I'll tell you," said the Yankee, "about a hen my mother had. She went out one day and ate a feed of corn, and returned and laid twelve eggs. She went out the next day and ate a feed of corn and laid twelve more eggs. She went out the third day and returned and laid twelve more eggs. She went out the fourth day and hatched seventy-two chicks out of the thirty-six eggs. Now that is the kind of hen we have in the States."

"Well," said Pat, "I'll tell you about a half-blind hen my mother had. She ate a feed of sawdust, thinking it was oatmeal. She went to her nest and laid a plank twelve feet long. She ate more sawdust the next day, and again laid a plank twelve feet long. Again, on the third day, she ate more sawdust, and laid another twelve-foot plank. She sat on the three planks and hatched three kitchen chairs, a sofa, one table, and a mahogany chest of drawers. Now," said Pat, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is the kind of hen we have in Roscommon."

It is said by anatomists that people hear better with their mouths open.

Pills of Attested Value.—Parmence's Vegetable Pills are the result of careful study of the properties of certain roots and herbs, and the action of such as sedatives and laxatives on the digestive apparatus. The success the compounders have met with attests the value of their work. These pills have been recognized for many years as the best cleansers of the system that can be got. Their excellence was recognized from the first and they grow more popular daily.

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Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

SPRING millinery! Could anything be more fascinating than the display in the milliners' shops at this very moment? The bright ribbons and feathers, the more than natural looking plumes, the original shapes—some, it must be confessed, rather eccentric, others attractively picturesque, and a choice few practical, becoming and smart—present an almost irresistible temptation to the woman who likes to be well costumed.

The same anxious question asked whenever any new hats are exhibited: Will large or small hats be more popular? is answered in the usual way, "Both will be fashionable." One woman whose taste in dress is unquestioned has just returned from Paris with her customary number of hats for spring and summer—incidentally these have to be supplemented at intervals later in the season—and every hat she has brought over is flat and large. Another woman, equally

Gray Crin Hat with Aigrette

fashionable and also distinguished for her taste in dress, has brought over only small high shapes. So what are the rank and file of womankind to do? If they are sensible they will buy most carefully this season, choosing only such shapes and colors as are becoming, and there is such a diversity in style that this can readily be accomplished.

* * *

A lot depends upon how the hair is arranged as to whether or not the hat is becoming. The fashion is universally accepted, for the moment, in which the hair is arranged without the pompadour, or with only a small one. There is a craze—no other word expresses it—for the hair to be worn drawn down over the ears. Not one woman in a hundred looks well in this style of hairdressing, so it is modified tremendously, and the best compromise shows a soft fulness of waved hair, not drawn too tightly back from the face, but leaving the ears free.

Many of the newest hats have been designed for the covered ears and are intended to be worn covering the entire head, but this is too trying a fashion and is modified to a great extent; at the same time the close fitting shapes are attractive, if not too close nor too small. The way trimming is placed is all important in these styles, the high standing uncurled feathers at the back are very smart and the spreading aigrette, apparently growing out of the back of the small turban, is quite distinctive. Both these hats are in turban shape with velvet faced brim.

A charmingly picturesque and almost invariably becoming shape is on the Charlotte Corday, or mab cap, order, which never goes entirely out of fashion, but every season appears in some form or other. Until late in the spring it is made with velvet crown and pleated lace brim, for midsummer in tulle and lace or all lace, and is most of all attractive when the black lace brim has an inner ruffle of white lace. A cluster of soft ostrich plumes at one side makes the hat more elaborate in detail and more expensive, and almost the same effect is obtained with the double bow of ribbon, lace or tulle. At the moment the crown of this shape is unusually large, but then the entire hat is on a large scale.

One of the most practical hats is that made with bows of ribbon or of straw. All straw is now so beautifully woven and so pliable that it can be treated as though it were a material like silk, satin or velvet, and close fitting turbans and toques made of the wide braids that are apparently wrapped around the head and tied at the side or in front in wide bows are most attractive. These hats are in all colors. There is a most becoming shade of red that is extremely attractive softened by an additional bow of black velvet ribbon twisted in with straw, but the same model is effective in blue or black also.

Dark straw hats with bows of fancy ribbon and with brims faced with velvet are fashionable this spring, and there are many variations in the same style. It is only a passing fashion, however, and not so practical as might be thought, for light ribbons deface quickly, but for the woman who can buy what she likes when she likes the purchase is a good one. The forced to be economical purchaser will select the same model, but will have it carried out on more practical lines—in darker colors, for instance—or will have the ribbon bows adjusted in such a manner that they can be replaced by fresh ones when necessary.

* * *

Black and white is an extremely fashionable combination this spring and is seen to great advantage in millinery. Some of the most charming hats are white with black trimming and vice versa. The brim, edged with black velvet or faced with it, and the black velvet bows may not be strikingly novel or original, but are most becoming and smart, while an all black hat that might seem too sombre is transformed by the white wings or feathers. Fancy black straw braid, with just an edge of velvet or binding to the brim and with a full white aigrette or two or three long ostrich plumes, the shape on the old three corner order, is very smart, while the larger shape, with brim turned up at the left, is an old favorite for those who have a fancy for the picturesque styles.

Unless for a stay at some Southern resort, the large hats of straw and lace seem a trifle "previous," but they certainly are fascinating and hard to resist, and, after all, why not buy them now and have the question settled? The smartest are on the old order, large in size, wide of brim and with low crown; the lace on the brim falls over in soft and becoming fashion, while the top of the hat is covered with the most beautiful flowers of every hue. The brim is faced with black velvet, if becoming, or with some color that is becoming. The flowers can be of any description, but it is quite a fad to have two or three different kinds together, and the smaller sized flowers are chosen in preference.

There are not so many flower hats as usual exhibited this spring, and those that are have a veiling of tulle or lace. Pink or white roses veiled in black or white tulle are to be seen on some new shapes in toques and turbans with an edge of black velvet shirring on the small turned-up brim. These hats do not seem to work out well in the new shapes, but a little later will undoubtedly be improved upon and made more becoming.

* * *

The woman with a small income really suffers at this time of the year, if with the small income she has a keen love for dress, for the shops, when every detail of dress seems more attractive than at any other time of year, partly on account of the colorings and materials that seem so suited to the bright sunshine and warm weather.

A spring hat is a necessity. With all the determination possible to economize most strictly, the winter hat not only looks badly but is uncomfortable, so that a change must be made when once a higher record of the thermometer is registered and the wearing of winter clothes becomes impossible. The first hats that are exhibited by those establishments that cater to the Southern resort trade are always high priced—quite too high priced for the majority of women. Then at the department stores are exhibited the expensive models also, but with the addition of a large stock of inexpensive ones and quantities of untrimmed shapes. Here is a dangerous quicksand. The comparatively low cost of the "shape" and also the low price of many of the trimmings appeal irresistibly to the woman who has a taste for millinery and has been credited by admiring friends with great skill in making her own hats. She invests in at least two or three of these bargains with their accompanying trimmings and does not realize at the moment that the sum total she has paid exceeds what the cost of an already made and smarter hat will amount to.

It is a mistake to buy the spring hat too early, when every penny has to be counted. The fashions in hats change so often that before there is a chance to wear it another quite different shape will be far more fashionable. On the other hand, if there is a hat that is becoming and smart at any reasonable price to be found in advance of the season, it is a good investment, and there is nothing more delightful than to be possessed of a smart hat when the weather suddenly turns warm. But not to be led into senseless outlay is the wiser coure to pursue, and the one smart black hat bought now will solve the problem far better than to become possessed of three or four of different colors.

* * *

At this season of the year when all kinds of bargain sales are tempting the women of the country, it is a mistake to overlook the advantages that are offered in the glove sales. There may not be the same radical changes every two or three months that there are in other articles of dress, but, nevertheless, there are changes which make it imperative that the balance of stock on hand be disposed of to make room for the new importations.

Nothing is more foolish than to invest heavily in any eccentric or even unusual style of glove. Black or white for full dress and heavy tan or gray for street wear is by far the safest plan to follow. At the moment there is a demand for tan suede gloves in the light shades for full dress, while the lighter shades of gray are also popular, but these are all on the expensive order.

The prudent woman invests now in the elbow length silk glove and the yellow wash kid in preparation for the summer, as these are the only comfortable glove to wear and can now be bought at half price. She also includes the elbow length white glace kid in her purchase, for these are really "marked down."

FLOWERS FROM PITH

The artificial flower trade, in which thousands of persons are engaged, has within the past few years been completely revolutionized, both here and abroad. For a long time, the petals were made of muslin, silk, satin and even of velvet, colored after nature and successfully manipulated into the semblance of blossoms.

Of late years however, there has been employed a substance that puts the most delicate textile materials ever manufactured in the background. It consists of the thinnest [illegible] from the inner pith of an Oriental palm that grows in Formosa, and can be compared to nothing so well as the almost transparent petal of a white poppy or a delicate tea-rose. A lily petal is robust in comparison with this substance, which has all the sheen and translucence, and even the slightly-frosted appearance, seen in some white flowers.

It can be tinted far better than silk or muslin, and is

Black Crin Hat

practically indestructible. In wet weather it gives and becomes a little limp, just as real flowers do, but when the sun comes out it crisps, re-asserts itself, and takes on a new lease of life and beauty.

The Japanese artificial flower makers, than whom there are no more skilful manipulators, have of recent years been sending to this country extraordinary imitations of such flowers as Occidentals most affect. The particular species that the Japanese are now imitating are the American Beauty the Bridesmaid, and La France. An exquisite white species called the Kaiserin they are now also beginning to imitate.

The Japanese artificial roses are so cleverly made that they almost defy detection. The process followed by the Japanese is as follows:

From the stems of shrubs abounding in Japan they take the pith, which they pass through certain chemicals capable of preserving it for all time. Later it is shaved off in pieces no thicker than a rose's petals, dented carefully into shape, and then colored. In assembling these petals, the greatest care and exactness are shown.

Nor is the scent, which the Japanese regard as the soul of a flower, overlooked. The majority of these imitation roses have quite a delectable perfume, exactly corresponding to that of the real flower. The stems of the roses are admirably made, but it must be acknowledged that with the leaves success has not been fully attained, although they are far above the standard of ordinary imitation flowers.

These roses are used for decorative purposes in the home; they are seen adorning hats or gowns. Many a drawing-room, however, shows them arising from exquisite porcelain or silver vases, while the casual observer never dreams that they are other than real flowers. The cost of such imitations is about one dollar each.

At a slightly higher cost large bunches of imitation violets can also be bought. These, it is said, are made of the pieces of pith too small to be used for the rose petals.

A BURGLARS' CONGRESS

WHEN the Russian secret police arrested two famous burglars of Odessa some years ago, and seized their papers, there was nipped in the bud what would have been the most unique international congress ever projected; nothing less than a representative gathering, to be held in Vienna, of the burglars of the world. Among the documents captured were lists of proposed delegates, draft letters of invitation, and a complete programme of the congress. Among the interesting subjects on which papers were to be read and discussion had were: "The use of explosives as compared with electrical appliances in the new skeleton keyopening of safes," "Methods of concealment in inhabited house," "The new skeleton key," "New forms of locks," "A noiseless file," etc.

This was unquestionably the most elaborate attempt ever made to raise burglary to the status of a profession. Nor was there involved in the plan so much danger as might at first appear; had the congress been convened, it is doubtful if the police could have done more than disperse it as a "disorderly gathering"; in every civilized country prosecution must be for a specific violation of the law, and the mere assembling of the burglars would have constituted no crime. A congress of mechanics or police officers might discuss the matters mentioned in the burglars' programme. Policy and not necessity requires that the gentlemanly burglar keep his identity from the police and the public.

The professional criminals of Berlin publish a monthly paper, which, despite some scores of confiscations by the police, appears regularly, though the editorial and printing offices are changed every few weeks. This periodical usually consists of four closely printed pages, dealing with police measures, brief accounts of exceptional trials, notices of public concerts and other gatherings at which pickpockets might expect to do a thriving trade, and other similar notes. This unique publication sells for about twenty-five cents per copy, and is not especially difficult to come at, as, in itself, it contains nothing illegal. In Austria at least one edition was circulated of a handsomely bound and well-arranged reference-book dealing with the criminals of that country. The principal value of this book was that a criminal, obliged to flee from his own city, could by its aid find congenial friends in a strange town.

It is well known to the police that the skilled cracksmen of Paris are in the habit of meeting from time to time to exchange information and views on new designs in locks, safes, and tools of their trade, and to discuss the best methods of countering new police regulations. In London, when a criminal is, for a period, retired to "the country," his family is usually looked after by his associates, though, so far as is known, no regular societies or organizations of criminals exist. When need arises "humane" and "benevolent" funds are very liberally subscribed, and, in accordance with the ancient adage, honestly administered. The professional criminals of Rome each year publish a Manual for the Outlawed Classes, which contains three hundred pages or more, and deals with famous crimes of the year. The burglars and forgers of St. Petersburg, regarded as the best educated criminals in the world, have a society which meets regularly. There are fixed dues and a paid secretary, and while there is no official publication, an "information office" is maintained, which supplies to members facts as to new mechanical devices, the actions of the police, and the whereabouts of fellow members.

American cracksmen appear to be too individualistic or cautious to form societies or indulge in publications, but it is from time to time asserted that those of New York have a benevolent society which will lend money on burglars' tools, and which supplies a new outfit, on a plan of monthly instalments, to members who have recently returned, impoverished, from "up the river."

X-RAYS FOR OYSTERS

Among the recent achievements of practical science is the development of a plant for radiographing pearl oysters, to ascertain not only the existence, but the stage of development of the pearls without killing the animals or opening their shells.

As many as five hundred oysters have been submitted to examination in one minute, hundreds of shells spread on a tray being exposed at one time. Oysters showing no pearls are returned to their beds; those showing partially developed pearls are sent into "hospital" to be nursed, while those whose pearls are full-grown suffer the fate that attends all things which possess something that man wants. It is alleged that radiography is not injurious to the oysters.

A watch ticks 157,000,000 times in a year, and the wheels travel 3,558½ miles.

Face Sores and Eruptions

Zam-Buk Will Quickly Heal

The approach of Spring finds many people with unsightly face sores, eruptions, boils, etc. In this connection Zam-Buk is invaluable. An illustration of the way in which it cures even the most serious and chronic cases of eruptions, sores and ulcers, is provided by Mr. R. H. Barker, of Glencairn, Ont. He says:

"I never could have believed that any remedy could cure so quickly and at the same time so effectively as Zam-Buk cured me. My face began to be covered with a kind of rash, which itched and irritated. This rash then turned to sores, which discharged freely and began to spread. I first tried one thing and then another, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and the eruption got worse and worse until my face was just covered with running sores.

"Apart from the pain (which was very bad), my face was such a terrible sight that I was not fit to go out. This was my state when some one advised me to try Zam-Buk. I got a supply, and within a week I could see that the sores were rapidly healing. A little longer, and Zam-Buk had healed them completely, and my skin was as clear as if I had never had a sore. We shall never again be without Zam-Buk in the house."

Zam-Buk is unequalled for Spring rashes, eruptions, children's sores, scalp diseases, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, eczema, tetter, piles, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin injuries and diseases generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations. Zam-Buk Soap, which may be had from any druggist at 25c. a tablet, should be used instead of ordinary soap in all cases of eruptions and skin diseases.

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JUST THINK OF IT! With DY-O-LA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membranes of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

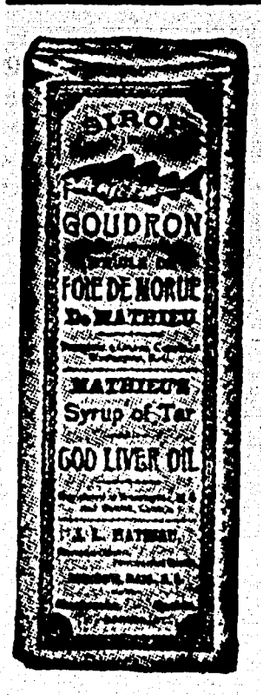
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, taken according to directions, will subdue a cough in a short time. This assertion can be verified by hundreds who have tried it and are pleased to bear testimony to its merits, so that all may know what a splendid medicine it is. It costs you only 25 cents to join the ranks of the many who have been benefited by its use.



Stops the Cough and Builds Up the System

When you are all "run down" you catch cold easily, and your cough "hangs on." By taking

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

you not only cure the local trouble but also permanently strengthen the whole body.

The Beech Tar in the Syrup is soothing and healing while the Cod Liver Oil stimulates the appetite and increases the weight and bodily vigor. Both are united in the pleasant tasting syrup.

Mathieu's Nervine Powders which sell in boxes of 12 for 25c. are the best treatment for any fever or feverish cold, as well as the best cure for headaches.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Prop's. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Western Distributors
FOLEY BROS., LARSON & CO
Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and Saskatoon

BOOKS

To relieve that tired feeling after it is all over.

Smith's Grape Juice makes a refreshing summer drink

A. REEVES
Druggist & Stationer
Cliff St. Enderby

If you have Land to Sell

List it with me now, before my new booklet is printed. If you want to buy land, see me.

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

Hazelmere Poultry Farm

ROBT. WADDELL
MRS. WADDELL, Proprietors

Eggs for Hatching from Prize Stock

Prize Stock For Sale

S. C. W. LEGHORNS—As they run from pens 1, 2, & 3, $2.50 per 15; $4.00 for 30; $6.00 for 50.
If from any one pen, $3.00 per 15; $5.00 for 30; $7.50 for 50.

WHITE WYANDOTTES—As they run from pens 1, 2, 3 and 4, $2.50 for 15; $4.00 for 30; $6.00 for 50.
If from any one pen, $3.00 for 15; $5.00 for 30; $7.50 for 50.

PARTRIDGE WYANDOTTES — As they run from pens 1 and 2; cockerel and pullet matings, or if preferred from one pen, $2.50 per 15; $4.50 per 30.

Please Note: We retired from the past season's shows with our birds undefeated in any class. Season's record: Eighteen silver cups, four silver medals, one gold medal, club ribbons, etc.

Address— Hazelmere Poultry Farm, Enderby

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.

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

Making a Success of Life.

What, after all, is the standard of success? If it is making a pile of money, most of us can't do it. We havn't the gift. Like the poet Heine we might say: "If it rained silver as it once did manna, all I should get would be dents in the head."

If success is achieving power or fame, most of us are counted out at the start. There isn't genius enough to go around. If there were it wouldn't be genius.

We are just common folks, living in our little corners of the world, doing our share of plain, every-day work, voting when election day comes, and of no particular account to any save those who happen to love us.

Still, we are important to ourselves. Every moment of our brief lives is precious to us. The centre of the universe (for us) is right where we stand. And we are as keen to make a success of life as the man with a billion and the man whose name is on every lip.

Well, then, do these three things:

Do your work as well as you can, "right up to the handle." Do it lovingly, like a consecrated man. Make your work a prayer!

Use your vote and your influence to help the world along toward better things. Fight for men! Let money and property look out for themselves. Fight for men—for men, women and children!

Love your folks! Love is the only reality. If you do good work, it will be because you love it. If you vote for human good it will be because you love humanity. But, anyhow, love your folks—the little wife, the babies, the old mother and father—anybody that belongs to you. And love 'em good and hard!

Grand Lodge, K. of P.

At the annual convention of the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, held in Kamloops last week, the following grand officers were elected: Chas. Rawlinson, G. C., Nanaimo; E. S. H. Winn, G. V. C., Rossland; R. McKay, G. P., Kamloops; Emil Pferdner, G. K. of R. and S., Victoria; Thos. Walker, G. M. of E., Victoria; H. E. Reid, G. M. at A., North Vancouver; J. W. Bennett, G. I. G., Fernie; R. J. Steel, G. O. G., Nelson; Jeff Hammar, Grand Representative, Chilliwack. There were twelve past grand chancellors, and nearly a hundred past chancellors at the convention. The next meeting place will be at Nanaimo.

PUBLIC SERVICE ACT

THE qualifying examinations for Third-class Clerks, Junior Clerks and Stenographers will be held at the following places, commencing on Monday the 3rd July next:—Armstrong, Chilliwack, Cumberland, Golden, Grand Forks, Kamloops, Kaslo, Kelowna, Ladysmith, Nanaimo, Peachland, Revelstoke, Rossland, Salmon Arm, Summerland, Vancouver, Vernon, and Victoria.

Candidates must be British subjects between the ages of 21 and 30, if for Third-class Clerks; and between 16 and 21, if for Junior Clerks or Stenographers.

Applications will not be accepted if received later than the 15th June next

Further information, together with application forms, may be obtained from the undersigned.

P. WALKER,
Registrar, Public Service.
Victoria, B. C., 27th April, 1911.

NOTICE

PUPLIC NOTICE is hereby given that, under the authority contained in section 131 of the "Land Act," a regulation was approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council fixing the minimum sale prices of first- and second-class lands at $10 and $5 per acre respectively.

This regulation further provided that the prices fixed therein should apply to all lands with respect to which the applications to purchase were given favourable consideration after the date of said regulation, namely April 3rd, 1911.

Further notice is now given that by virtue of a regulation approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council on the 10th of May, 1911, that the regulation dated the 3rd April, 1911, be held not to apply to applications to purchase vacant Crown lands which were received by the Assistant Commissioners of Lands on or before the said April 3rd, 1911, and with respect to which the required deposit of fifty cents per acre had been received by said Commissioners on or before the said April 3rd, 1911.

ROBT. A. HENWICK,
Deputy Minister of Lands.
Department of Lands,
Victoria, B. C., 16th of May, 1911. my18

PACIFIC COAST TESTED SEEDS

Arriving daily: our new and fresh stock of Seeds grown under contract by the best growers in all parts of the world; Seeds that will give the best results. One trial will convince you. Also a full line of Garden Requisites, Implements of all kinds, Bee Supplies, Sprayers, Spray. Also a full line of Chick Foods and Conkeys Remedies. Press the button, we will do the rest.
Catalogue Free.

The **M. J. Henry Nurseries**
3011 Westminster Road, Vancouver, B. C.
A. R. MACDOUGALL, Mgr.

Do not forget the Local Option Convention at Kelowna, B. C., all day Tuesday, June 27th, 1911. Great subjects will be discussed by prominent ministers and laymen. Local Option Leagues, Temperance Lodges and W. C. T. Unions will be represented. Every one interested in temperance reform requested to be present. Special rates arranged by boat and rail. Get standard certificates.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Established 1865.

Capital paid up	$4,000,000
Reserve fund	2,400,000
Assets over	50,000,000

Over 200 Branches in Canada.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Interest at highest current rates allowed on Deposits.

W. D. CHRISTIE,
Manager Enderby Branch.

Harvey & Rodie

Real Estate, Insurance, Etc. Post Office Block, Enderby

WITH REGARD TO CITY AND RESIDENTIAL BUSINESS—

1. Before concluding any deals in lots or properties of the above class, it may pay you to visit us and consult our list.
2. We are handling the best class of sub-divisions on the market and the prices at which the latter are now listed represent the correct "buying point."
3. Home-sites and residential lots should be bought "for keeps." The terms are easy and it pays to buy the best when this is so. Next year you may be able to buy a better proposition than you are figuring on at present. Will prices have advanced then or fallen? The prices of the best propositions will have advanced—the others will be the same or less.
4. Our price for acre lots in Enderby's best locality varies from $250.00 to about $415.00. People come in every day to ask us about this subdivision.
5. Our list has some fine snaps in improved buys of lots and buildings right in town. See about these also.
6. We are looking just now for $10,000,00 with the right party behind it to handle a business investment paying very big interest and rising in value. Can you get this money?
7. We have propositions for all sizes of wads. Call and hear of them.

Local Agents for Carlin Orchard Lands. Agents for Nursery Stock.

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

ENDERBY GRINDROD

See our Saturday Bargains

Polson Mercantile COMPANY

Watch Our Windows

The Leading Store

Embracing the daintiest of Petticoats, Corset Covers, Combinations, Night Robes and Drawers. It is an excellent time to choose these very essential parts of the warm weather outfit early, when the assortments are biggest and the values best.

Gowns of Fine Cotton and Cambric, Lace and Emb. trimmed, $1.25 to $3.50.

Princess Slips and Combinations, Lace and Emb. finished, $2.50 to $4.50.

Corset Covers, lace and embroidery trimmed, 25c to $1.25.

Undershirts and Drawers, lace and embroidery trimmed, 35c to $3.50.

Children's Cotton Gowns, Skirts and Drawers in all sizes.

Ladies', Misses and Children's Vest and Drawers, in cotton and lisle.

The daintiest showing in town of Muslins, Voiles, Organdies, Prints and Zephers. The newest in Ladies' Dutch and Lace Collars and Jabots.

OUR TRADE WINNERS IN MEN'S WEAR

20th Century Suits and Overcoats, Geo. A. Slater's Invictus Shoes. Pen-Angle and Zimmerknit Underwear,

GOING INTO SUMMER QUARTERS?

You can count on us for help in getting things ready for you. Under canvass or summer cottage, we can fit you out. Tents, Lamps, Beds, Hammocks, in fact anything you need.

No Woman with an eye to making the most of her money can afford to miss our Saturday Bargains:

3 doz. Cushion tops, Saturday 25c. each
26 pair Children's white canvass Oxfords: size 8, 9, 10, regular $1.50; Saturday, 75c.
Ladies' Pat. Leather Vici & Kang. Blucher & Oxfords reg. $3.50 to $4.50, Saturday special $2.50. These are Ames-Holden & McKeen shoes that we are closing out.

Polson Mercantile Co. Enderby B. C.

Gourlay Pianos

The *highest possible* examplification of the art of piano building. For richness of tone and beauty of design, it has no superior and few if any equals.

Highest priced, *but WORTH THE PRICE.*

Special terms on these pianos bring them within the reach of all lovers of music. See and hear the "GOURLAY" at my home before purchasing a piano.

The *Angelus Player* in the GOURLAY piano, is the pioneer of them all.

J. E. CRANE, AGENT, ENDERBY, B. C.

Bargains in Flooring

We have cleaned up our lumber bargains in Ceiling and Siding. We have on hand a limited amount of No. 3 Fir Flooring which we are offering at—

$17.00 per thousand

Come before it is gone.

A. R. ROGERS LUMBER CO., Enderby

Finest in the Country

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

(Extract from Lowery's Ledge.)

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