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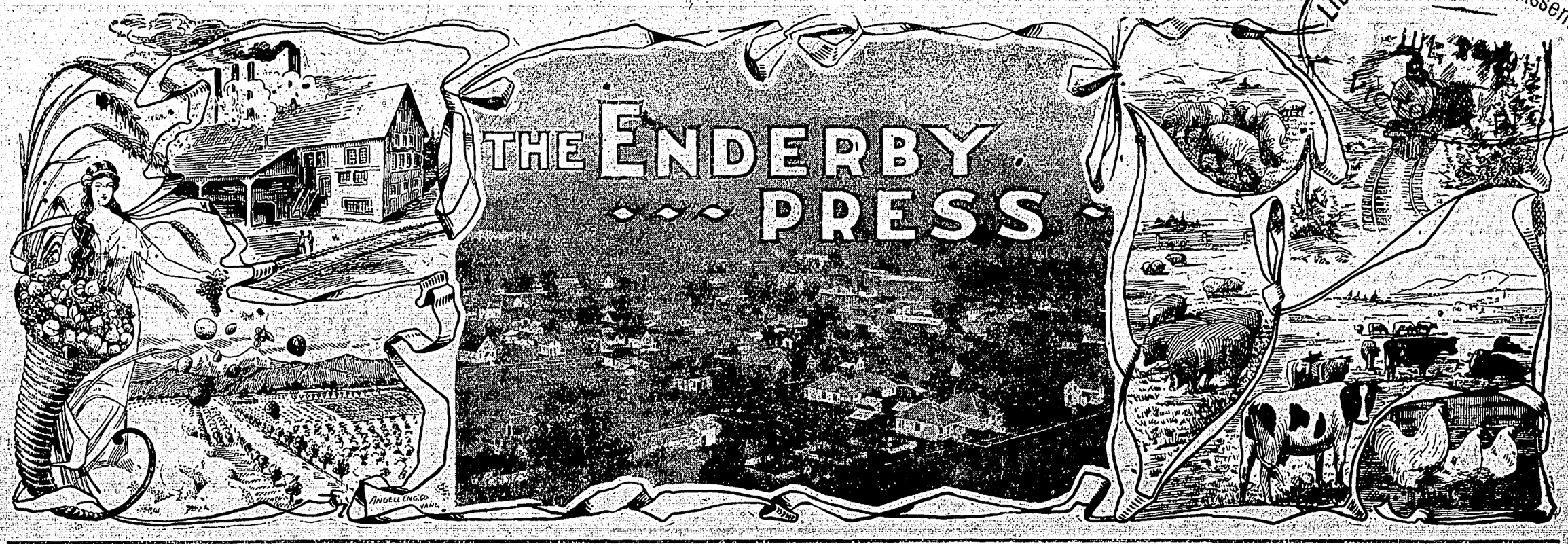
Library Legislative Assembly



Enderby, B. C., July 20, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 4; No. 21; Whole No. 177

Brief Mention of Happenings in and About Enderby and District

Born—On Monday, July 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lucas, a son.

Mr. J. Burnham and children are spending a few weeks at the coast.

Miss Johnson is spending her school holidays at her Enderby home.

Provincial Surveyor Burnyeat is visiting the Enderby district this week.

Kelowna's annual regatta will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 9th and 10th of August.

Mr. Wm. Anderson is completing the erection of a new barn at his farm on the river north of town.

"There is one element that is worth its weight in gold, and that is loyalty" to the town you live in.

A beautiful enlargement of one of Fred Moore's photos is attracting attention to A. Reeves kodak window.

Mrs. A. A. Faulkner and children have returned to their Enderby home since the close of the normal school.

The brickwork on the cottage being erected by Mr. Jones, corner of Russell and George streets, will begin this week.

The residence being built by Mr. Sherwood, east of George street near the home of Mr. Dagg, will soon be ready for occupancy.

Mr. Bruce Olford purchased the Wm. Covey home through Walter Robinson this week, and will make many improvements to the place.

Mr. Lingford writes from Salmon Arm that serious illness in his home makes it impossible for him to open his photo studio in Enderby.

The handsome cottage home of Mr. and Mrs. Birrell, being erected on the Barnes addition, is nearing completion, and will soon be in the painter's hands.

Schoolmaster Barker, now of Peachland, stopped over in Enderby Wednesday to see his many friends. Mr. Barker is going to the coast for the holidays.

Mrs. W. J. Lemke, accompanied by Mrs. Krebs, came home from Banff on Friday. Harry Krebs went as far as Winnipeg to meet his mother, and accompanied her thither.

It was a good thing for the disturbers of the peace Monday night that Officer Bailey was engaged on the water-main installation, but it was a bad thing for the town.

The Misses Frederickson the past week opened a restaurant and hotel in the block originally erected by W. T. Holtby for a furniture house, but recently made over by Mr. Polson.

The Mara hotel, recently opened by Mr. Hines, is prepared to provide accommodation for all who have occasion to visit that growing settlement, either on business or pleasure.

The saw mill under night and day shifts, is making a record cut this season, though the recent break in the city's water system has caused the lessening of the output considerably.

Mr. F. Waby is exhibiting some of the finest garden truck ever grown by him—grown on his home place near town—and Mr. Waby is one of those old English gardeners who knows the meaning of good garden truck.

Wanted—At once; a dining-room girl at the King Edward hotel.

Messrs. Harvey & Rodie sold the small acreage property of Bruce Olford, on the Brash place near the old brick yard, this week to Mr. Bercher Vaischer, a retired farmer from Innesfield, Alt., who will at once take up his residence thereon.

The cement walk has been laid on both sides of Cliff street; on the west side of Belvedere from Cliff to Mill, and will be finished on the west side of Maud this week, from Cliff to Mill. The heavy fill on Maud and Mill streets is retarding the completion of the work somewhat.

Two bona fide business men came to town last week to purchase a lot and erect thereon a first-class opera house. A lot was finally selected, and the deal all but closed. Butinsky got wind of it; slipped in at meal time, tied up the property and stopped the enterprise. That's business! oh, yes, yis.

George Hancock, one of the most popular of Enderby's young men, surprised his friends when, on last Tuesday he was married to Miss Alice Scott. The Press joins the host of friends of the young couple in wishing them all the happiness of the only real voyage of life worth while.

Messrs. R. P. Bradley, L. Cummings and Jas. Allen, came in from Chase on Tuesday by motor boat. They report a very pleasant trip, and Mr. Bradley and Mr. Cummings, old-time Enderbyites, were greatly pleased to note the substantial increase in the advance of Enderby.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, July 12th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Deep Creek, when their eldest daughter, Annie Ellen, was united in marriage to Mr. Stephen E. Graham. The young couple will make their home on the Currie ranch, Deep Creek. Rev. Mr. Campbell officiated.

Mr. Geo. Packham is in Vancouver this week in connection with Deer Park Fruit Lands business. He is placing in the hands of enquirers a handsome booklet descriptive of the district, recently put out by The Walker Press. In Mr. Packham's absence, Mr. Will Polson is looking after the business of the Enderby office of the syndicate.

Have you heard of the couple who had twin boys, and called them Peter and Repe(a)ter respectively. In due course another twin, this time girls, appeared, and the parents called them Kate and Duplicate. Time went on and yet another twin arrived, boys. The father said he'd had enough of it now and called them Max and Climax.

The water main to replace that portion crossing the river affected by the recent break, was installed on Monday night, and Tuesday the water from the intake was turned into the street mains. Tuesday noon a blow-out on the bridge caused the water to be turned off again for a few hours, but the system is now in smooth working order.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Speers, left on Wednesday on an extended trip to eastern Canada and New York. Mr. Speers, as manager of the Polson Mercantile Company, has well earned the rest he is now taking. He has demonstrated what a young man can do against odds which to many an older man would seem unsurmountable.

Fulton's opening sale is doing more to advertise Enderby than anything happening in many moons. It is attracting buyers from districts miles away, and when they get here and see the character of the street work going on, and inspects the stock carried by him in his new showroom, they (many of them) rub their eyes and ask in a dazed fashion, "Is this Enderby?"

The Annual Flower Show held by the ladies of St. George's church auxiliary, on the beautiful grounds of Mr. Moffet's home, Wednesday afternoon and evening, (yesterday) was without exception, the best event of the kind ever held in Enderby. The showing of fruits and flowers, while not as large as might have been looked for, yet withal was very creditable. In the evening a musical program, given from the wide porch of the home, and of the highest quality, was greatly enjoyed, fuller details of which, with the prize list, will be given in our next issue. The grounds were very handsomely decorated and arranged admirably looking to the comfort and entertainment of the large crowd gathered.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hardy, of Armstrong, was the scene of a most happy event on Wednesday, July 19th. The occasion was the marriage of their daughter, Mae Rosetta, to Mr. Alexander B. Hogg, a prominent real estate man of Kamloops, Rev. Mr. Campbell performing the ceremony. The rooms were decorated with exquisite taste, the wedding bower, erected in the parlor being a thing of beauty long to be remembered. The bride was charmingly attired, and was attended by Miss Maud Murray and Miss Gladys Hardy, while two small children, Harold Fletcher and Evaline Murray, acted as flower-bearers. Mr. Wilfrid Hardy performed the duties of best man. After the ceremony a delightful repast was served in the very best of taste. Mr. and Mrs. Hogg take a tour of the east, and will return shortly to their home in Kamloops.

VERY ENJOYABLE OUTING

All who attended the Sunday School picnic at Kelowna on Tuesday from Enderby—nearly 200—came home delighted with the trip, the visit to the Orchard City, and the management of the whole affair. The train service was all that could be asked, the boat service excellent, and the generous hospitality of the people of Kelowna fully appreciated. The train left Enderby at 7 o'clock, and reached Kelowna in about four hours. The weather at Kelowna was delightful, and the day was spent on the lake shore beneath the shade trees so profusely scattered there. At 5 in the evening, the boat whistled for home. Close connection was made at the Landing, and the trip by train was made on fast time. Half an hour from Vernon to Armstrong and 15 minutes from Armstrong to Enderby, arriving at home at 8:45.

Specials in Men's made-to-measure clothes for July only: You can't afford to miss it—Reg. $19, now $16; reg. $25, now $21; reg. $35, now $28; reg. $23, now $19; reg. $29, now $24; reg. $40, now $33. J. W. Evans & Son.

For Sale—A driving or riding 5-year-old mare; will foal in March. Apply, T., Walker Press office.

Leave us your orders for cherries and raspberries. J. W. Evans &Son.

Enderby Will Make a District Exhibit at the Vancouver Exhibition

Enderby will have a District Exhibit at the next Vancouver Exhibition.

The date of the Exhibition will be August 28th to September 4th, 1911.

A prize of $200 is to be given for the best district display, and $150 for 2nd best, and $100 for 3rd.

Mr. Robinson, as secretary of the Enderby Board of Trade, has already applied for a space 40x15 feet, and is going to work actively to get the right kind of an exhibit ready. He states that he will take full charge of the collecting, assembling and shipping of the exhibit, and earnestly is asking the hearty co-operation of the growers of the District.

Mr. Robinson is also prepared to take full charge of the exhibit at the fair, and find the necessary banners, etc., to advertise the town and district, not only with the real produce from the ground, but also by the use of photos and other literature.

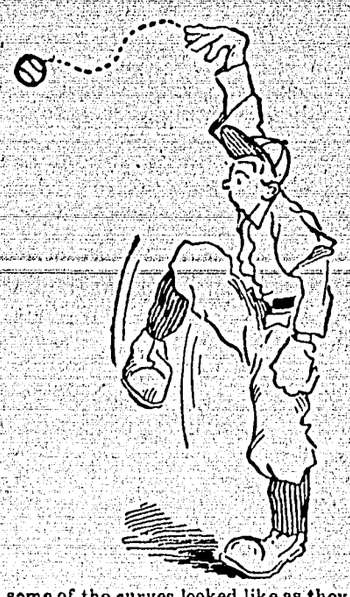
Produce for exhibition will be required to be in Enderby, ready for shipment not later than August 25th.

This is the opportunity to get the district before the Vancouver public. Mr. Robinson deserves the hearty support and requires the unselfish assistance of every citizen in the work he has undertaken in behalf of the city in general.

Further details will be given from week to week: in the meantime get ready to give all the help you can to make the exhibit a prize winner.

BASEBALL AS IS PLAYED

The hottest baseball game played this season, was that pulled off last Friday evening at the recreation park between the Town team and the Mill team. It was a rooter's game from start to finish. Sometimes one ball was in play and sometimes three. Anybody in the game that needed a ball badly at a critical moment to catch a base runner, generally was able to fish one out from under a



What some of the curves looked like as they were delivered by Evans and Calder

bag or from his pistol pocket. And if a ball went far out into the field, and another was needed to make the game short and snappy, somebody unearthed it—and the game went on.

Noise! Just ask the umpire?

Ernest Evans pitched against the Mill team, and Calder, Enderby's regular pitcher, played against the Town team. Serber caught for the Townand and Ed. Forrester for the Mills.

The line up:

Mill	Pos.	Town
E. Mack	3 b.	C. Fravel
Dill	2 b	Prince
Glenn	1 b	Moffet
Serber	c	Forrester
Reeves	s. s.	D Rravel
Barber	c. f.	Schmidt
Burnham	r. f.	Krebs
Evans	p	Calder
Johnson	l. f.	Bouch

Umpire, Harvey, Bank of Montreal.

Official scorer and medical adviser, Keith.

Score: Town, 11; Mill, 3.

Earned runs: 16 to 1.

Put outs: nil.

Assists: nillifino.

Struck out: Evans, 62; Calder, 62½.

Stolen bases: 3 times 7.

Roots: 99999.96½.

Throat lozenges: 1 barrel.

Wild throws: 1 bunch.

Hit by ball: Everybody.

Scraps with umpire: 99 a minute.

Time of game: Until dark.

Errors: nil.

EMBARRASSING

In a letter to the Liberals of the Comox-Atlin district, Hon. Mr. Templeman makes known the fact that he will not stand for re-election from that constituency. In so doing he fairly bubbles over with molasses, most of which he applies to himself, and most graciously thanks the people for the confidence reposed in him. To this part of the letter the Alberni Pioneer-News replies: "Really, Mr. Templeman, you overwhelm us with thanks. We are a deserving people, we admit, but in the matter of accepting unearned kindness our limitations are only normal. To have you thank us for having had confidence in you was embarrassing, but when you hand it to us again we are sorely abashed. Now, had you thanked us a dozen times for having had toleration of you we might have brought ourselves to an accepting point, but to take your thanks for having had confidence in you would cause us to feel uneasy in the presence of the first policeman we happened to meet."

AT REST

It was a long and hard fight that Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Emeny put up to save their boy, Arthur, and one in which the sympathy of the community centered, but the odds were too great, and on the 14th inst, the boy, esteemed by all who knew him, passed to his long rest. The funeral service was held in St. George's church Sunday afternoon, Mr. Graham Rosoman reading the impressive service of that church. The church was crowded, and in the shade of the birch grove at the door were gathered crowds of friends wishing to pay homage to the boy they loved so well and to the brave fight of the parents whose friendship they esteemed so highly.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

Province of British Columbia

NOTICE is hereby given that all Public Highways in unorganized districts, and all Main Trunk Roads in organized districts, are sixty-six feet wide, and have a width of thirty-three feet on each side of the mean straight centre line of the travelled road.

THOMAS TAYLOR,
Minister of Public Works

Department of Public Works, Victoria, B. C., July 7th, 1911. oc21

HAPPY HAWKINS

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

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CHAPTER I.

The Diamond Dot

I WASN'T really a Westerner an' that's why I'm so different from most of 'em. Take your regular tonic fide Westerner an' when he dies he don't turn to dust, he turns to alkali; but when it comes my turn to settle, I'll jest natchely become the good rich soil o' the Indiana cornbelt.

I was born in Indiana and I never left it till after I was ten years old. That's about the time boys generally start out to hunt Injuns; but I kept on goin' till I found mine—but I didn't kill him—nor him me neither, as far as that goes.

I allus did have the misfortune o' gettin' hungry at the most inconvenient times, an' after I'd been gone about two weeks I got quite powerful hungry, so I natchely got a job waitin' on a lunch counter back in Omaha. The third day I was there I was all alone in the front room when in walked an Injun. He was about eight feet high, I reckon; and the fiercest Injun I ever see. I took one look at him an' then I dropped behind the counter and wiggled back to the kitchen where the boss was. I gasped out that the Injuns was upon us an' then I flew for my firearms.

When the boss discovered that the Injun and fourteen doughnuts, almost new, had vanished, he was some put out, and after we had discussed the matter, I acted on his advice and came farther West. That business experience lasted me a good long while. I don't like business an' I don't blame any one who has to follow it for a livin' for wanting to have a vacation so he can get out where the air is fit to breathe.

Just imagine bein' hived up day after day with nothing to see but walls an' nothin' to do but customers. You first get to be friendly with your visitors to make 'em feel at home, an' then you got to get as much of their money as you can in order to keep on bein' friendly with 'em in order to keep on gettin' as much of their money as you can.

Now out in the open a feller don't have to be a hypocrite; once I worked a whole year for a man who hated me so he wouldn't speak to me; but I didn't care, I liked the work and I did it an' he raised my wages twice an' gave me a pony when I quit.

He was the sourest tempered man I ever see; but it was good trainin' to live with him a spell. Lots of men has streaks of bein' unbearable; but this man was the only one I ever met up with who was solid that way, and didn't have one single streak of bein' likeable. He was the only man I ever see who wouldn't talk to me. I was a noticing sort of a kid an' I saw mighty early that what wins the hearts o' ninety-nine men out of a hundred is listenin' to 'em talk. That's why I don't talk much myself. But you couldn't listen to old Spike Williams, 'cause there wasn't no opportunity—he didn't even cuss.

We was snowed up for two weeks one time an' I took a vow 'at I'd make him talk. I tried every subject I'd ever heard of; but he didn't even grunt. Just when things was clearin' off, I sez to him, usin' my biggest trump: "Spike," sez I, "do you know what they say about you?" "No," sez he, "but you know what I say about them," an' he went on with his packin'.

I thought for a while 'at the year I'd spent with Spike Williams was a total loss; but jest the contrary. It had kept me studyin' an' schemin' an' analysin' until, after that year had been stored away to season, I discovered it was the best year I'd ever put in, an' while I hadn't got overly well acquainted with Spike, I had become mighty friendly with myself and was surprised to find out how much the' was to me.

Did you ever think of that? You start out an' a feller comes along an' throws an opinion around your off fore foot an' you go down in a heap an' that opinion holds you fast for some time. When you start on again another feller ropes you with a new opinion, an' the first thing you know you are all cluttered up an' loaded down with other fellers' opinions, an' the' ain't enough o' your own self left to tell what you're like; but after that winter with Spike I was pretty well able to dodge an opinion until I had time to learn what it meant.

But the main good I got out of Spike was learnin' how to take old Cast Steel Judson. It was some years after this before I met up with him; but the good effect hadn't worn off and me an' Cast Steel just merged together like butter an' a hot penny. I wasn't much more 'an a kid even then, but law! I wish I knew just half as much now as I thought I did then. My self respect was certainly a bulky article those days an' I wasn't in the habit of undervaluin' my own judgment—not to any great extent; but that habit o' study I'd formed with Spike was my balance wheel, an' I generally managed to keep my conceit from shuttin' out the entire landscape.

The' wasn't a great deal escaped my eye, 'cause I begun to notice purty tol'able young that experience is consid'rable like a bank account: takes a heap o' sweat to get her started, but she's comfortable to draw on in a pinch.

Ol' man Judson was a curious affair, had his own way of doin' every blessed thing, an' whenever he hired a man he always went through the same rigamarole. "Now what I am contractin' for," he'd say, "is just only your time an' whatever part o' your thinkin' apparatus as is needed in doin' your share o' my business. If I detail you to sit in the shade an' count clouds, I don't want no argument, I want the clouds counted. When I don't specially express a hungerin' for any of your advice, that's the very time when you don't need to give any. Whenever you think you have a kick comin'—why think again. Then if you still see the kick, make it to the foreman. If that don't work make it to me; but when you make it to me, you want to be mighty sure it will hold water. Above all things I hate a liar, a coward, an' a sneak. Now get busy 'cause life is short an' time is fleetin'."

That was the way he used to talk, cant, an' some had him guessed in as a rough old codger with a soft heart,—an' some used to set him down as a ty- everybody took a guess at him,—but the blood in the turnip was that ol' Jabez Judson was purty tol'able sizey when you came to fence him in. Everybody called him Cast Steel Judson, an' you might work through the langwidge five times without adding much to the description. Hard he was an' stern an' no bend to him; but at the same time you could count on him acting up to his nature. He wa'n't no hypocrite, an' tha's a heap o' comfort jest in that. A feller ain't got no kick comin' when a rattler lands on him; but if a wood love was to poison him he'd have a fair right to be put out.

The only child 'at Cast Steel had was one daughter; but that don't indicate that paternity was one long vacation for Jabez. Barbie—her full name was Barbara—was the sweetest an' gamest an' most surprizeable creature a human being ever met up with, an' ol' Jabez could 'a' got along handier with seven sons than he did with that one girl. Oh, the eyes of her were like the two stars over old Savage, snappin' an' twinklin' an' sparklin' in the clear winter nights, or soft an' shy an' tender when the hazy spring moon cuddles up to them. She wasn't afraid of anything 'at walks the face o' the earth, an' Jabez had a hard time gettin' used to this—'cause he thought she ought to be afraid o' him.

Still, he fair worshipped her, an' if he'd been given full charge o' the earth for jest one day, an' anything would 'a' pestered the girl durin' that day, why the map-maker would sure have had a job on the day follerin'; 'cause from his standpoint, that girl was what the sun shone for an' the rain rained for an' the blossoms blossomed for.

We was allus havin' a lot o' Easterners string along during the summer, an' they generally was easy to entice into makin' a little visit with us. Some of 'em would spend their times cracking stones an' making up tales about their bein' specimens o' the Zelooic age or the Palazoric age or some such a fool thing. They was mostly heathens, an' it didn't do no good to spring the Bible on 'em—in fact after we got able to read their signs we never contraried 'em at all, but just let 'em heave out any tale they could think up an' pretend 'at we believed it; an' hanged if I don't begin to suspicion that the' 's a heap o' truth in some o' their nonsense.

Purty near every one of 'em insisted that at one time all those mountains, even old Savage, had been under water, an' they'd take us out an' show us the signs; but we couldn't stomach that until we found out that this was one o' the Injun traditions too, an' then we give in.

Well, one o' these strays was what they call an astronomer. His specialty was the stars, nothing less; an' he knew 'em by name an' could tell you how far off they are an' what they weigh an' how many moons they had an'—oh, he knew 'em the same as I know the home herd, an' he didn't only know what they done——he knew what they was agoin' to do, and when he called the turn on 'em, why they up and done it. Comets an' eclipses an' sech like miracles were jest the same to this feller as winter an' summer was to me, an' we fed him until he like to founder himself, tryin' to hold him through the winter; but at last he had to go, an' after he'd gone Cast Steel was purty down-hearted for quite a spell.

"It ain't fair, Happy," sez he to me one day after the astronomer had gone.

"No," sez I, "I reckon it will rain before mornin'."

"I mean it ain't a fair shake," sez he. "Jupiter has eight of 'em an' we ain't but one an' the' ain't nobody lives there, while—"

"What do you happen to be talking of?" sez I.

"Why moons," sez he. "It seems too doggone bad for that confounded planet to have eight moons an' no one to enjoy 'em while my little girl jest dotes on 'em an' we only have one—an' it don't work more 'n half the time."

That was Cast Steel: he didn't look on life or death, or wealth or poverty, or anything else except in the way it applied to Barbie—but she was worth it, she was worth it, an' I never blamed him none.

But you needn't get the idea that Jabez was one o' these fond an' lovin' parents what sez: "My child, right if perfectly convenient, but right or wrong, my child." Not on your future prospects! Jabez, he sez: "My child, right from the shoes up, if the Rocky Mountains has to be ground to powder to make her so."

"HAPPY"

I remember the day she was six year old; he hardly ever laid out the details for her conduct, he jest sort o' schemed out a general plan and left her free to adjust herself to it, like a fellar does with a dog or a pony he expects to keep a long time an' don't want to turn into a machine. He had told Barbie he didn't want her to ride nothin' 'at wasn't safe. Well, on the mornin' she became six-year-old he came out o' the side door an' saw her disappearin' in the distance on top a big pinto 'at he had sent over for Bulk Harmon to bust; it havin' already pitched Spider Kelley an' dislorated his shoulder.

"Who roped that pony for her?" yelled Cast Steel.

"I did," sez I. "She said 'at this was her birthday an' she was tired of actin' like a kid an' intended to ride a real ridin' hoss."

"If a hair of her head is injured, hell won't hide ya!" sez Cast Steel, an' his lip trembled an' his eyes fairly smoked.

"She's just as safe as if she was in her bed," sez I, as gentle as I could. "I taught her how to ride, an' I ain't ashamed of the job. She can give Spider Kelley cards an' spades an' beat him to it every time. But as far as that goes—"

I didn't got to finish because here she come, tearin' back on the pinto. Her hair was flyin', her eyes was dancin' an' she was laughin'—laughin' out loud. Light an' easy she pulled the pinto up beside us an' calls out: "Oh, daddy, this is lovely, this is mag-ni-fi-cent"—the little scamp used to pick up big words from the Easterners, an' when she had one to fit she never wasted time on a measly little ranch word—"oh, I'm never goin' to ride old Kate again."

"Git off that pony," sez Jabez, makin' a reach for the bit; but the pony shied, whirled, an' purty nigh kicked his head off. He stood still in a daze while Barbie was circling the pony an' gettin' him quiet again.

"How's she goin' to get off?" asked Jabez, turnin' to me.

"Simply climb down," sez I purty short. I had some temper those days, an' I hadn't got over his insinuations, an' I didn't intend to.

"She'll be killed!" sez Jabez. I never said a word.

"She'll be killed!" he repeated, an' his voice was filled with anguish.

"Get down off the pony, Barbie," sez I, an' she threw her little leg over the saddle an' hit the grass like an antelope. The pony never stirred. Ol' Jabez stood watching her with his eyes poppin' out. "Turn the brute loose!" he shouts. "What for?" sez she. "'Cause I say so!" he fairly roars.

Well, she walks up, pats the pinto on the nose, an' slips the birdle off his head. He just stands still an' watches her as mild as a pint o' cream.

"Rope that pony," sez Cast Steel to me.

"Get one o' your own men to rope it," sez I.

He looked into my eyes a moment an' then he called to George Hendricks to rope the pinto; but when George hove in sight with his rope the pinto took to his heels and made for the horizon. "There goes a ninety-dollar saddle," sez Jabez to me, "an it's all your damned nonsense."

"It ain't either," sez Barbie, as fierce as a wounded bear, "it's all your damned nonsense. Happy has been trainin' that pony nights for my birthday an'—"

"Barbara!" yells Jabez, "what do you mean by usin' such langwidge? I'll line you out for this. You know mighty well—"

"Now you play accordin' to the rule," sez Barbie. "You was teachin' me to play seven up last week an' you said that everybody had to play by the same rule. I reckon that goes in cussin' too."

Well, they looked into each other's eyes for quite some while, an' then Jabez sez: "Go into the house, Barbara, an' we'll both think it over, an' as soon as we get time we'll settle it."

"All right," sez Barbie, an' she turns around an' marches to the house, her little head held like a colonel's. Just before she reached the house she turned an' calls: "You'll get the pinto for me, won't you, Happy?" I sort o' half nodded my head, an' she went on into the house.

"Did you ever see such grit?" sez Cast Steel, "an' her only six. Kids oughtn't to act so grown up at six, had they, Happy?"

"I reckon 'at kids are pretty much like colts an' puppies an' other young things: Give 'em dolls to play with an' they'll play like children, but start 'em out on cards an' ponies, an' range 'em off with nothin' but grown folks, an' they're bound to have ways like grown folks."

Jabez fidgeted around a while, an' then he sez, "Are you going to try to catch the pinto?"

"I am going to catch it," sez I, rollin' a cigarette.

He kind o' nervoused around a few minutes longer an' then he sez, "What did you mean a while ago?"

"Jest whatever I said," sez I. "I don't know what you're a-referrin' to, but if I said it, that's what I meant."

"When I asked you to rope the pinto you told me to get one o' my own men to rope it; what does that mean?"

"It means that when a man tells me ~~that hell can't hide me from his wrath~~, I'm free to consider myself foot loose. A man don't want to slaughter none of his own hands, an' if it should be that anyone feels called upon to go after my hide, I don't want to feel that the time I'm wastin' i tnakin' care o' that hide rightfully belongs to another man who is payin' for it. Therefore I have quit. I'm goin' to rope the pinto for Barbie, but I wouldn't do it for you, an' when I get back I'll call around for what's comin' to me."

"Well, go an' be hanged! You always was the most obstinate, high-headed, bull-intellected thin-skin 'at ever drew top wages for punchin' cows. You're nothin' more than a kid, an' yet you swell around an' expect a man——"

"Well, I don't expect nothin' from I have earned," sez I.

"You go to Jericho, will you!" snaps Jabez. "You don't need to think that I'd try to argue any man on earth into workin' for me. I can get an army of riders as good or better than you—but the gel likes you, Happy, an'—"

"An' that's why I'm goin' after that pinto," sez I, an' I flopped onto a pony an' sailed out to a little glen in the foothills where I knew I'd find him, an' as soon as I had towed him back to the corral I put my saddle on the beast I had rode there an' set off.

Just as I rode around the edge o' the corral, ol' man Judson stood there grittin' his teeth. "What are you ridin' that old skin for?" sez he.

"'Cause it's the only pony I got," sez I.

"You leave it here an' take your pick out o' the five-year-olds," sez he.

"All I want out o' this ranch is what I havt earned," sez I.

"If you don't get something 'at your pride'll earn some day, I'm the biggest fool this side o' the big ditch. Here's your pay. You've been a fair hand, but don't forget that I never hire a man twice, an' I've hired you once already."

"Now look here, Jabez," sez I, "I ain't so old as I'll get if I live as long as I may, but I'm old enough to know that it's just as easy to find a good boss as it is to find a good man. I've done my work without fussin', an' you've seen me in a pinch or two; an' yet this very mornin' you intimated that I'd risk Barbie on a pony she couldn't ride. The' ain't nothin' I wouldn't do for that child, but you don't understand her, an' if you go on in your high-handed way with her you're in for the sorrow o' your life—mark my words."

"Here's your money. You ain't got sense enough to know your place an' I'm glad to be shut of you." Jabez handed me my pay an' stamped over to the ranch house, while I kept on down the valley trail.

When I reached the turn I twisted about in my saddle an' looked at the cluster o' buildings. They looked soft an' gray with old Mount Savage standin' on guard back of 'em, an' the' was a bigger lump under my necktie than I generally wore. I didn't have much call to go anywhere, an' I sat there on my old pony, wonderin' whether or not it paid to be game.

If my mother had been alive, jest at that point would have been where the West would have lost the benefit of my personal supervision—but then if my mother had lived I shouldn't never 'a' left home. I stood a stepmother six months out o' respect to my dad, but I wouldn't 'a' stood that one a year—well, anyway, not unless I'd been chained an' muzzled.

It's a funny thing to me how a man can drink an' fight an' carry on for a year at a clip an' then all of a sudden feel a hurtin' somewhere inside that nothin' wouldn't help but a little pettin'. He knows doggone well 'at there ain't none comin' to him, so he hides it by cuttin' up a little worse than usual; but it's there, an' Gee! but it does rest heavy when it comes. Why, take me even now, when the' wouldn't nothin' but a grizzly bear have the nerve to coddle me, an' yet week before last I felt so blue an' solitary 'at I couldn't a' told to save me whether I was homesick or whether it was only 'cause the beans was a little sour.

I sat there on the old pony a good long time, an' then I heaved a sigh 'at made me swell out like an accordion, an' headed back to the valley trail. When I turned around there, standin' in the trail before me with a streak down each cheek, stood Barbie.

"Ya ain't goin', are ya?" sez she.

"I got to go, honey," sez I.

"Ain't ya never comin' back?" asked she.

"Oh, I'll come back some day, ridin' a big black hoss with silver trimmed leather—an' what shall I bring little Barbie?" sez I, tryin' to be gay.

"Just bring me yourself, Happy, that's all the present I want. I love you because you're the handsomest man in the world"—yes, it was ~~me she~~ meant, only o' course that was some years ago an' the child was unthinkable young—"an' 'cause you tell me the nicest stories, and train pintos, an'—an' I'm goin' to marry you when I grow up."

"Marry me, kitten?" sez I, laughin' free an' natural this time. "Why bless your heart, where did you ever hear o' marriage?"

"My daddy tells me of my mother, an' what a beautiful lady she was, an' how happy they were together—an' I'm goin' to marry you when you come back."

"Well, Barbie," sez I right soberly, "you be true to me an' I'll be true to you, an' now we'll kiss to bind the promise."

So I lifted her up to my saddle an' kissed her. "How did you get here, child?" sez I.

She didn't answer for a minute. "I rode old Kate," said she at last, "but I didn't want you to know it. She's over behind that rock. And, now, Happy, don't you dare to forget me. Good-bye."

I set her down in the road with her eyes misty an' her white teeth set in her lips, an' my own eyes were so hazy like that I couldn't see her when I looked back, an' then I rode away down the valley trail.

(To be Continued)

While campaigning in Iowa Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak. In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph Speaker Cannon gave vent to a violent sneeze. "But hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster, "a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye not hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" bawled the boy, "that heavy sound breaks in once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

* * *

Admiral "Bob" Evans was visiting the Brooklyn Navy Yard one day when a despatch was handed him. Not having his eyeglasses he held the paper first far, then near, but couldn't read it. Then handing it to an old Irish orderly who was standing by, said: "Read this for me, my man!"

"Oi can't, sir," replied the orderly. "Oi'm as ignorant as yourself, sir."

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The Rocking Chair

WHO would live in southern climes when they can have such glorious golden Manitoba weather as we have enjoyed for the last two weeks. What does it matter that we may have more cold yet and perhaps sleet and snow? It is these sudden changes that make us hardy and able to resist or defy whimsical climates, and that add a piquancy to existence which is lacking in lands of perpetual summer.

A constant source of wonder to visitors visiting Winnipeg is the clearness of the atmosphere and the all pervading sunshine; the whole land is bathed in it like a glaze of yellow lake over an oil painting. Our sunshine, winter and summer, is so constant that we take it all as a matter of course and forget to remark upon it; but no Italian sky can beat our own of Manitoba, either for blueness, depth, or clearness. We talk far too little of the beauties of our prairies and affect a contempt for this magnificent stretch of country because it is flat and level. Who ever objects to the ocean or Lake Superior on account of its flatness.

Other countries have their beauties too, and the usual cry is that the prairies have no beauty because they are not broken up into little nooks and corners of hills, woods and gurgling streams and only the few, those of the elect, have the wit to see that our thousands of miles of prairie country are as grand and beautiful, but in a different way, as the loveliest lakes or the loftiest mountains. One of the great charms of the prairie is its very difference from other landscapes, and the person who has not the perception to feel this is a Philistine in the appreciation of beauty.

To the sympathetic ear the prairie talks in all seasons; even in winter, when fast asleep under its blanket of snow, it still has something to say and sometimes snores rather loudly in the form of a blizzard, which, after all, is nothing more nor less than its nightmare or a little burst of temper; and even the most saintly is allowed a fit of temper now and then.

The two words which always occur to me when travelling over the prairies are "golden" and "fatness." The look of the black earth under the bright sun and the smell of the newly-turned sod seem to literally exhale fatness, and the whole appearance of the country drenched in sunshine can only be described by the word golden; golden in appearance, golden in returns to the settler and golden in opportunities for all.

* * *

Last week while we were basking in summer sunshine the unfortunate people of Ottawa were struggling against wintry winds under leaden, sunless skies and wrapped to the eyes in furs.

The Ottawa visitors to the Earl Grey Dramatic Competition were struck dumb with amazement at our climate, the beauty of our houses and the miles and miles of beautiful asphalted streets. In fact they seemed to doubt that they were in Winnipeg, but suspected that they had been whisked off in a trance to fairyland by a magic carpet or some other unlawful and uncanny means of transport.

They evidently expected to find us living a l'Eskimo in snow igloos, and going about dressed in walrus hide with our faces bedaubed with blubber grease. Winnipeg was the surprise of their lives to all the Eastern visitors, not only in the matter of streets and buildings, but the natives themselves, for they saw more pretty girls and handsome, well-dressed women in their one week's stay than they had ever even dreamed of before in their whole lives, and most of them were generous enough to admit it.

* * *

Some of the private gardens are already gay with flowers—only the tulip so early of course—and although any flowers at all are better than none, a little more taste and care on the part of the gardener could greatly improve the appearance of the tulip beds.

The average gardener has no sense of the proper values of his colors, which accounts for the rather messy, crazy quilt appearance of most of the gardens, where the different colored flowers alternate in the old-fashioned rag carpet hit-and-miss style, first a yellow then a red, then a white, then a yellow and so on around the circle again and again. To get the most out of your flowers, and to obtain the most decorative effects, the colors should be massed. In this way the beauty of each flower is brought out and the whole effect is pleasing, while in the promiscuous mixing of colors the garden lacks character.

In elaborate gardening, delightful color schemes can be carried out, but for the small modest garden, a simple arrangement with the colors massed will be found most satisfactory.

For any one who has the space, a blue corner is one of the most charming spots to plan in any garden. Arrange your blue flowers with the tallest next the fence and graduate them in height down to the lowly lobelia, and in front of all a low edge of white will serve to bring out the richness of the blue. This blue corner will give an appearance of greater space to the garden as well as being a spot of delicious color. A five cent package of Portulacca seeds will cover several yards of ugly clayey soil with lovely bloom, and five or six seeds of wild cucumber will in one season transform a hideous backfence into a thing of beauty.

Aunt Mary sincerely hopes that every man, directly or indirectly concerned in that silly bylaw about doge, will be troubled with the most horrible nightmares all through the hot weather. A more cruel and idiotic law was never made by any presumably sane individuals, and I am quite sure it must have been suggested by some tea-drinking society of old fashioned "Maiden ladies," who feared for their mignonette beds and their pussy cats.

If the poundman had done his duty and gathered in all the homeless and tagless dogs which have always swarmed on the Winnipeg streets, there would be no necessity for the public exposeure of the well-known "inhumane germ" which infests the council chamber and gets in its deadly work on every new member of the city council. Men who under ordinary circumstances have fairly kindly hearts, on being elevated (?) to the city hall become perfectly callous and indifferent to the sufferings of animals.

This year the city fathers were in a fair way to redeem their reputations by placing several drinking fountains for horses, but now they have sadly backslidden to the standard set by their predecessors, by compelling all dog owners to accompany their dogs every minute the poor animals spend on their constitutionals. It is pitiful to go along the streets these fine days and see all the miserable little dog faces, the pictures of misery, where they sit tied to verandah posts. I suppose some of these city Solons are nervous about their flower gardens during the summer, and can think of no other way of protecting them than depriving other people's dogs of their freedom. Anyone who wants a garden should have a fence; children are as destructive to gardens as dogs, and yet no has suggested taking children out on a lead.

Perhaps they never thought of that, so Aunt Mary offers the idea as a new field for experiment.

It is a pity Winnipeg is becoming a fenceless city, for a fence gives a finish to a lawn and adds dignity to the house and its surroundings by making it more private and less like a boarding house or a charitable institution. A large expensive house on an unfenced lot has a very public appearance, and might be a public school or a private hospital for all the casual passer-by can tell.

Let the dogless man fence his garden and the doggy man pay his license and the poundman collect the unlicensed dogs and the dogs themselves have a little liberty and everybody will be satisfied and no one will be harmed; but as things are at present what are dog owners paying a license for? For the privilege of leading out on a string a rampant dog, half crazed from confinement?

* * *

What a curious thing milk is. We were told all winter that the reason the milk was so aneamic looking was that the cows had only hay and other dry food to eat, but that as soon as the snow went we'd see the difference. Well, we do, but not just the difference we were led to expect. Is it possible that the cows get their feet wet in the little ponds still lying about on the prairies?. There seems to be some mysterious connection between the poorness of the milk and the opening of the ice cream season, and the connection adds nothing to the quality of the milk. Perhaps the cows are on strike, realizing that they are likely to be overworked this summer with the ice cream season in full blast so early in May. I really think the cows should be gently but firmly expostulated with, for only eleven quarts of lactated city water for one dollar does seem rather exhorbitant even in this city of milionaires.

* * *

The city bread gets worse and worse, and judging by the collection of curios I have been able to gather from the loaves in the past two months, such as very hard lumps of old dough, bits of sacking, string and an occasional paring from a finger nail, the yearly house-cleaning of the bakeries must have been most thorough, and the by-products I have mentioned, disposed of to good advantage. We have been promised great things in the way of wrapped bread and clean bakeries and wagons, but the drivers still handle and embrace the loaves and set their baskets on any convenient heap of refuse.

If the housekeepers of the city would stand together and refuse to accept bread of which they had any suspicions, from careless drivers, they could remedy this state of affairs is one week. The cleanliness of the food supply depends entirely on the housekeeper, and as soon as it is realized that women mean to stand as one for clean food, that minute the demand will be met and the time-honored slovenly methods at present in vogue will give way to cleaner and newer arrangements. Don't leave it for your neighbor to start, but do your own share towards the improvement right now. Watch your baker and milkman and see how they handle your food when they think they are unnoticed, and act up to your convictions in the matter. Refuse to take in any food not as cleanly prepared and handled as what you cook in your own home, and we can force the purveyors of foods into cleanly habits in spite of themselves. The caterers of the city ask the highest prices and put us off with the poorest articles they dare; it is now up to the women to be firm and demand the best—both in quality and cleanliness—for their money. The fly season has arrived, and the campaign against dirt should start at once in every household.

* * *

This week, instead of the usual recipes given in the Rocking Chair, Aunt Mary is devoting the space to garden hints, this being the time to start the garden, for according to "House Beautiful," May is the principal planting month for the summer-flowering bulbs. For the sake of convenience four sorts of plants not closely related may be arranged under this heading: they are the tuberose, the dahlia, the gladiolus and the lily, though the latter are not planted so much at this season. The word bulbs as here used must be taken in a very broad sense, for the roots we plant of the tuberose and dahlia are really tubers, and those of the gladiolus are solid corms, the lilies alone being scaly bulbs.

* * *

The dahlia is really an autumn rather than a summer flowering plant. While many sorts are readily brought into blossom in July or August the chief show is likely to be exhibited in September. The plant has been in general cultivation only about a century, although in its original home in Mexico it has been known as a garden flower for a much longer period. Several distinct type of flowers are now grown, the most important being the large double cactus dahlias and the single dahlias. The cactus types are perhaps the most beautiful.

* * *

The African or tall marigold are particularly desirable for border gardens and are so easy to grow fom seed that anyone can have an abundance of them. Seed sown in the open ground early in May will soon develop into vigorous seedlings which readily bear transplanting to their permanent position, where they should be at least a foot apart. The colors range through orange and yellow and are remarkably rich.

An abundance of flowers in the garden border during September and October is greatly to be desired. One of the best ways to have them is to plant an abundance of hardy asters, boltonias and goldenrods. These all have blossoms attractive in themselves as they grow on the plants, attractive when cut and combining together effectively whether outdoors or indoors. The hardy asters or wild asters are more popular for border planting in England than with us. The English call them Michaelmas Daises. They ae so abundant along our roadsides and in our fields and woods that we do not appreciate them for garden culture as fully as our English cousins. They are, however, probably the most desirable plants for flowering late in autumn for the border garden. They are hardier than the chrysanthemums and will thrive with less attention. The flowers stand several degrees of frost without injury, so they are able to make a brave showing through October and even into November. Some species bloom in August, but the larger and more attractive ones come on in September and October. The New England Aster, of which there are several distinct varieties, is one of the best species for garden use.

The boltonias or falso chamoniles are tall aster-like flowers, which are indispensable for late blossoming in the border garden. They are taller than most of the asters and combine finely with them both as to form and color. Two common kinds are now grown, one white, the other, lavender-pink. The latter is the larger and more attractive. It has also a dwarfvariety growing, but two feet high. All three boltonias are hardy and of easy growth. When established the clumps enlarge by means of spreading root-stocks, and produce great masses of attractive flowers.

We are so used to seeing the goldenrods in our fields and along our highways that too few of us appreciate their beauty. Very few perennials can compare with them, however, and in other countries they are highly prized for garden planting. The color harmonies of the asters and goldenrods in American landscapes are most beautiful, and these plants are well worth growing together in border gardens, especially in front of thickets of shrubs or trees. The species found in any locality serve very well for garden planting. They may readily be transplanted late in autumn or early in spring to rich moist soil. With good treatment they improve greatly in the garden.

* * *

Delightful as the garden flowers are, shrubs are still more lovely, and the most beautiful shrub of all, the lilac, does exceptionally well in Manitoba. The lilac has been called one of the Penates of the American home, having bloomed besides the dooryards of the early settlers as far back as the year 1652, and probably before.

There are numerous species besides the usual one, but they are best not planted together. The color, time of bloom and habit of the different species and hybrids are so various that a visit to a nearby nursery, or a watchful eye as one passes along, will be useful later, as the sight of a shrub in flower is worth more than all the catalogue description one could read. They grow on almost any kind of soil, but a rich and moderately moist one is the most suitable. The seed pods should be removed as soon as they have finished flowering, and the necessary pruning done. Suckers are detrimental to the flowers, and should be cut down as soon as they appear. Lilacs are often infested with a scale, mostly the well-known oyster shell, but in some cases the San Jose. The usual spray of lime and sulphur will control the pest, but if already badly affected, cut the shrub to the ground and it will come up from the roots and bloom in three or four years. In case of the hybrid lilacs, which are grafted, be careful not to cut below the graft, or some will have a shrub of the common lilac or privet, whichever the stock happens to be. Lilacs need much feeding, and an annual top dressing of barnyard manure is good.

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THE CONTROVERSY OVER FASTING

The fast is to Upton Sinclair, in his own words, the key to eternal youth, the secret of perfect and permanent health. He would not take anything in all the world for his knowledge of it. It is nature's safety valve, he says, an automatic protection against disease. Mr. Sinclair does not venture to assert that he is proof against virulent diseases, such as smallpox or typhoid. Although he claims to know one ardent physical culturist, a physician, who takes typhoid germs at intervals to prove his immunity, Mr. Sinclair would not care to go that far. It is enough for him to know that he is proof against the common infections which beset man and against all the chronic ills. He expects to continue so just as long as he stands by his present resolve, which is to fast at the slightest hint of any symptom of ill-being, a cold or a headache, a feeling of depression or a coated tongue or a scratch on the finger which does not heal quickly.

Those who have studied the fast as a cure explain its miracles, according to Mr. Sinclair, in the following way: "Superfluous nutriment is taken into the system and ferments, and the body is filled with a greater quantity of poisonous matter than the organs of elimination can handle. The result is the clogging of these organs and of the blood-vessels—such is the meaning of headaches and rheumatism, arteriosclerosis, paralysis, apoplexy, Bright's disease, cirrhosis, etc. And by impairing the blood and lowering the vitality, this same condition prepares the system for infection—for colds, or pneumonia, or tuberculosis, or any of the fevers. As soon as the fast begins, and the first hunger has been withstood, the secretions cease, and the whole assimilative system, which takes so much of the energies of the body, goes out of business. The body then begins a sort of house-cleaning, which must be helped by an enema and a bath daily, and, above all, by copious water-drinking. The tongue becomes coated, the breath and the perspiration offensive; and this continues until the diseased matter has been entirely cast out, when the tongue clears and hunger reasserts itself in unmistakeable form.

"The loss of weight during the fast is generally about a pound a day. The fat is used first, and after that the muscular tissue, true starvation begins only when the body has been reduced to the skeleton and the viscera. Fasts of forty and fifty days are now quite common—I have met several who have taken them.

"Strange as it may seem, the fast is a cure for both emaciation and obesity. After a complete fast the body will come to its ideal weight. People who are very stout will not regain their weight while people who are under weight may gain a pound or more a day for a month. There are two dangers to be feared in fasting. The first is that of fear. I do not say this as a jest. No one should begin to fast until he has read up on the subject and convinced himself that it is the thing to do; if possible he should have with him someone who has already had the experience. He should not have about him terrified aunts and cousins who will tell him that he looks like a corpse, that his pulse is below forty, and that his heart may stop beating in the night. I took a fast of three days out in California on the third day I walked fifteen miles, off and on, and, except that I was restless, I never felt better."

When the interest roused by Mr. Upton Sinclair's crusade on behalf of the fast was at its height he received something in the nature of a challenge from the distinguished editor of the Critic and Guide, Doctor William J. Robinson, a careful student of therapeutics and a writer on medical topics. The ideas of fasting which Mr. Sinclair now disseminates seem to Doctor Robinson calculated to do much mischief. There is no such accumulation of experience and observation as warrants the positive tone in which Mr. Sinclair announces his results. This seems to Doctor Robinson a very important point. All forms of treatment of disease, he points out, must be carefully studied during long periods—as long as two or three years in some cases. Furthermore, there are symptoms of disease which can be met adequately only by the administration of appropriate drugs, unless the patient is to go from bad to worse. Organic diseases again have a somewhat treacherous series of symptoms in certain stages. It may well be that the patient will feel better after a certain period of abstention from food, but this by no means indicates that he is on the way to permanent recovery. It is possible, indeed, that in breaking his fast a patient will commit some imprudence calculated to render his last condition worse than his first. Nor is there any such novelty in the ideas of Upton Sinclair as he and others imagine. From time to time in the history of therapeutics, says Doctor Robinson, enthusiasts have arisen with these same ideas regarding the efficacy of the fast cure for all bodily ills. The subject has been gone into by competent physicians, who do not hesitate to recommend a fast to a patient when conditions warrant such a course. The true test of what Upton Sinclair claims would be a course of treatment in a hospital or sanitarium under the observation of careful and accurate experts. In the meantime the lay mind must suspend judgment. Fasting is an experiment only.

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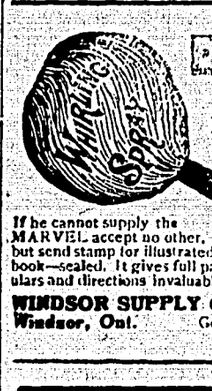

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Published every Thursday at Enderby, B.C. at $2 per year, by the Walker Press.

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Reading Notices and Locals: 15c a line.

JULY 21, 1911

PROTECTING THE PEACE

We would like to know how much longer the citizens of Enderby are to be pestered by, and the peace of the community broken, through this barbarous, rude, uncivilized and altogether idiotic custom of the charivari or "shiveree." It is high time the matter were brought to the attention of the police and an end put to these disgraceful exhibitions of hoodlumism or criminal indecency.

The charivari originated in France. During the Middle Ages, a charivari was generally directed against persons contracting second nuptials, and was got up for the purpose of expressing a general dislike to the persons against whom it was directed.

As early as the Fourteenth Century the custom was suppressed in the country where it originated as being of too low and vulgar a nature to be countenanced by society. Similar customs seem to have existed under different names in all parts of Europe and sometimes they were of such a licentious and violent character as to require police interference. More recently the custom has completely gone out of existence except in some of the rural districts of the United States and Canada. In these communities the idiotic hubub is generally kept up until the groom has purchased the peace of himself and bride by ransom.

The whole idea back of the charivari is indecent, vulgar, vile, and lacking in the first essential looking to good citizenship. It should no more be tolerated in a civilized community than the entering of the home by force and robbing it of its sanctity and the groom of his pocketbook.

It is surprising that in a community such as this, where we are prone to plume ourselves on the number of churches and similar civilizing influences existing that this discard of the Middle Ages should still flourish and be permitted by the police.

Perhaps there is some excuse for the small boy who participates in the charivari. To him the sanctity of the home means nothing. But can you imagine anything more idiotic than for a person grown to manhood standing an hour or more at a time beating a circular saw or a tin can at the window or doorway of a citizen newly married? And can you imagine anything more degrading to a community than for us to permit or submit to this barbarous custom without demanding the interference of the police? Surely, it is somebody's duty to preserve the peace of the citizen. Last Monday night, from 10 o'clock until nearly 12 a party of tin can artists and circular saw pounders raised the usual hubub following the marriage of a friend, at or near the corner of Russell and George streets. For nearly two hours the peace of every resident in that vicinity was disturbed, and no effort was made by the police officer to quell the disturbance. Indeed, the custom of chivaring has become so pronounced that the people engaging in one of these savage demonstrations take pride in the fool's calling. They should be treated as any other body of lawbreakers, and dealt with accordingly.

MR. W. A. DOBSON HEARD FROM

It always is a pleasure to read a letter written by Mr. W. A. Dobson. There is so much personality in it. And it is not always necessary to agree with Mr. Dobson in all his deductions to appreciate the quality of the letter. Mr. Dobson devoted the 4th of July to thinking of the Enderby Press and the people and the beauties of Enderby. In a letter received this week Mr. Dobson says:

"I have been receiving your paper regularly, and hope always to do so, but I had apparently got the idea that I had slipped into the D.H. list as no thought of an overdue subscription has as yet disturbed my slumbers.

"To judge by the Walker Press reports, Enderby and the Northern Okanagan seem to be going ahead very rapidly, and you are at last getting the land split up and sold to a desirable class of settlers. This is a game in which I should very much like to take a hand, and I wish I were in Enderby again. I often wish it, and if some plans now only in embryo, materialize as I hope, I shall inflict my presence upon you at no very distant date.

"I wonder whether Enderby and the Northern Okanagan realise what they owe to Charlie Little's initiative and pluck in booming and pioneering that end of the Valley? I am inclined to doubt it. But few I think know it as well as I do. He always believed in its future, and wrote me somewhere about 1900, I think it was, to see if I could raise the necessary cash to buy the —— and the —— places from the mortgagees. Under $4000 would have done the trick then, which, as the French say, 'gives one to think.' Anyway, I hope he is now getting his reward.

"I am glad also that you have got a man of Mr. Ruttan's type as mayor and that you are getting things done. When I told my wife that Enderby had bought a steam roller and rock crusher, her first thought was that now perhaps a person could walk out to our house in the spring without gum boots. These things, especially Salmon Arm road mud, linger in the mind, probably because they were originally so well rubbed in.

"Things are getting quite intolerable here under this 'Welsher' government. As you have doubtless seen in the papers, all national securities have fallen to below lowwater mark, and nobody with anything to lose feels safe. Taxes and unemployment are the only things on the steady rise. It is, or should be, a solemn warning to any government to know, as nobody can fail to do, of the enormous amount of English securities of apparently the highest class, which are being realized and invested in the Colonies. Why, my cousin, Mr. W. Mantle, of Kelowna, whom I think you have met, was here in the winter and raised $600,000 for investment in the Okanagan, with almost no trouble. This by one firm, for a comparatively small and not very well-known district, must mean something.

"B. C. is booming here just now. The papers mention it almost daily in connection with the flotation of a lumber merger or land deal, and there can be no doubt that just now English capital is flowing as far west as it can get in a steady and increasing stream.

"Good luck to her, let her boom! But it is up to you boys to see that the bottom doesn't fall out. DO IT!

"I have inflicted a long letter on you, with no excuse, except that my pen got away with me.

"With best wishes to all,

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. A. DOBSON."

"Holiday making at Sheringham, Norfolk, Eng.

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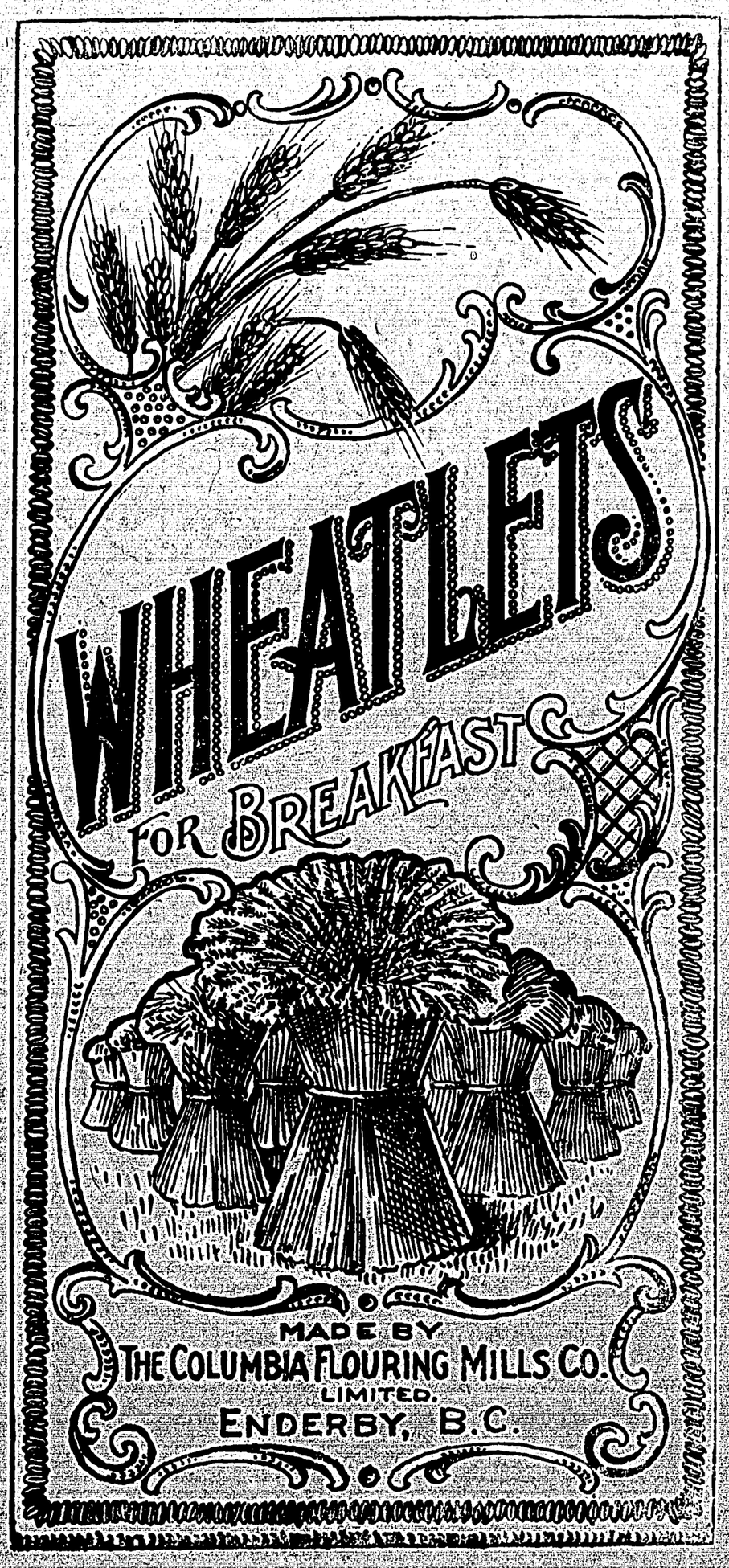

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"I Buy at Home, Because---" GET THE HABIT!

PRO BONO PUBLICO

PETTY LAWLESSNESS

Editor Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: I write to protest against the disgraceful riot which I heard going on in town on Monday night. I do not know what the occasion was, but suppose that some unfortunate persons had been married and so were considered by the rougher element of the people to be suitable objects for insult and annoyance.

I think the general question of law enforcement is one which needs attention in Enderby. I have many times noticed bicycles being ridden on the sidewalks, or being used at night without lights, automobiles being driven at an excessive speed, cows and horses roaming about or tethered in the streets, wagons, cordwood and other personal property left on the streets, spitting on the sidewalks, and many other things which are contrary to law—or at least, if not contrary to law here they are everywhere else.

Slackness in regard to law is a sign of backwardness, and is out of place in these progressive days. I think a promising little town like Enderby is hardly doing itself justice when it goes so easy with the petty law-breaker.

Yours truly, READER.

MORE ROAD TROUBLES

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: While the Press is hot (and the people also) with complaints against the public or Government road department, I might as well state my complaint, hoping that the Enderby Board of Trade and the local political organization which at present happens to have most influence will take up my trouble and help me to fine its solution in a gazetted road through the Indian reserve from my south boundary to the Enderby-Mabel Lake road.

Some 12 or 14 years ago the old government trail struck in from the Mara road and went through Mr. Brash's property along Siwash reserve line and through my place and that of Harry Cooke, and then continued its course somewhat on its present site as it proceeded further up the Valley. But as this was considered a roundabout way, the Cooke brothers lined out a piece three miles long which went direct from Enderby bridge straight through the Indian reserve to the south of my place, cutting my place clean out, as it varies from 150 yards south of me at east end of my place to double that at the west end. The Government, as you know, constructed a trail and later a graded wagon road on this new site, but gave me no connection to it through the Indian reserve. Consequently I am cut off from the present Government road, have to trespass through Indian reserve every time I want access to the Government road. Have had to use a wretched, undulating, bad, wet, long, narrow trail through the reserve, and no authority to improve it. Once I went out in the cutter and when I came back found a cord of wood piled across the trail. Another time a large cedar tree dragged and left in the road; and have been told by the Indians that my trail would be shut as it did not belong to me: and "white man" was cutting up the reserve too much by using trails. Well I could tell this tale of woe at length, but your columns would forbid, so I will state the business part of it. I have communicated with Mr. Hamilton Lang about it for three years and been put off one way or another each time. I asked for a trail 30 feet wide and some scraping and filling to make it passable—a very direct and short road about 150 yards in length—through the reserve. I wanted it constructed and gazetted by the Government. It would cost $50 or $60. Trouble with the Indians was the first excuse, and I think, second also. But this year I am informed that "It will be necessary for you to obtain consent of the Indians through Mr. K. C. McDonald, when I shall be pleased to recommend the construction to it." (This as nearly as I can quote from memory as I sent Mr. Lang's letter to Mr. K. C. McDonald, Indian agent, and have not had it returned yet.)

Just why the Government should, through Mr. Lang, shelve the responsibility of obtaining this trail for me when it is their bounden duty to give settlers access—through other lands—to Government roads if they take the settler's taxes, I do not see. I pay my taxes regularly, and will not put up with this much longer; if I have to have a court affair over it, but I do not care to have to resort to these measures.

Mr. McDonald wrote me stating he had no authority to give me the road I desired, but would keep my letters and lay them before Mr. J. R. Brown Dominion Superintendent of Indian Reserves on his next visit to Enderby reservation. How often, I wonder, does this official visit Enderby? And how long is this red tape going to last? There are just two points which are cropping up in my mind at the present time: One is, that individual settlers who pay taxes and need outlets—Government gazetted and constructed (we make our connecting roads ourselves) are very much neglected, while large firms and companies south of us seem to be getting all the attention they call for and this makes it necessary for us to demand a superintendent of roads for Northern Okanagan alone, who will be above any party politics and will look into the claims of individual settlers and promptly act in their behalf. The other point is that the Northern Okanagan is rotten-ripe for a district municipality. I would not mind paying double the taxes if I could spend the money by doing work in the immediate vicinity of my own place—which we can do if we have a municipality. On this latter point I should be glad to see further correspondence through your columns.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space, PERCY ROSOMAN.

WANTED—Room and board in private family, by young man. Address, stating terms, P., Walker Press

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TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Friday, July 21st 1911, for the erection of a Public Hall, at Mara, B. C.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Walker Press office, Enderby, or by applying to the undersigned at Mara Post Office, Mara, B. C. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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Sec.-treas. Mara Musical and Athletic Association.

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District representative,
R. LAWRENCE,
Box 741, Nelson, B.C.

Reasons for Cancellation of all Permits for Land Clearing by Fire

As there appears to be a general feeling of partial discontent throughout the Province in consequence of the cancellation of permits for land-clearing by fire in various sections, more particularly in the Kootenays, a statement in reference to the necessity as it appears to the governmental authorities for such action would seem to be perhaps desirable at the present juncture. The officials of the Forest Protection branch of the Lands Department, it may be said at the outset, are fully in sympathy with the objections of these commonsense and careful settlers who do not see why they should be deprived of the right to utilize fire in the clearing of their lands, and who contend that the bringing of their holdings under cultivation is thereby hampered and retarded. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible to discriminate in the formulation of rules and regulations between those who will exercise due precautions and control their fires and those who will not do so; and the fact that out of forty reports of expensive fires of the present season that are just to hand, land clearing operations are set down as the originating cause in thirteen instances—almost 35 per cent—is evidence in itself that some strict control of such operations has become a paramount necessity.

Of the thirteen fires referred to and chargeable to land-clearing, but two were under requisite permit, and originated through insufficient care in the handling of the settlers' fires. A very common source of destructive forest fires is proven to be smouldering fire from slashing burnings, while the burning of brush without sufficient force to cope with any possible spread of the flames is another established danger to valuable property. In one case recently, sparks from a clearing fire, under permit, in the vicinity of Salme in the Ymir district, occasioned a fire which has cost the country no less than $900.00 in fighting, which, had due care been exercised, would not have been occasioned—the province at the same time retaining a valuable tract of timber now written off as lost.

The clearing of land by fire of course is attended with a minimum of risk during the winter and spring months, and during such seasons it should be arranged for, although the summer appeals to the average settler as the period best suiting his convenience. When fire is invoked during dryer seasons of the year, certain cardinal rules of precautionary procedure are shown to be essential, and their observance would produce a saving of millions of dollars now counted as timber waste.

Primarily, slashings should not be burned, the timber refuse being collected into piles instead and care being taken to leave a sufficient fire guard between the fire and adjacent inflammable material, either standing or fallen wood or dry grass or buildings. Again it is proven to be of great advantage that fires for clearing be lighted at night instead of during the day, the atmosphere being heavier during the hours of night the forestation and vegetation generally being damper, sparks carrying with less facility, and it being considerably easier to locate communicated fire. Constant watchfulness is of course, too, a most important factor of safety; and when the refuse desired to be consumed has been thus disposed of, the settler should look well to the embers, lest these, left smouldering should be borne away by the wind to prove the initiation of a disastrous fire.

General and commonsense observance of these and a few other simple rules which will suggest themselves to the average man of good judgment would certainly result in an immense and gratifying depreciation of the fire loss of British Columbia—a loss that has already run to astounding totals in millions—and incidentally obviate the present necessity of bringing the careful settler under the operation of somewhat drastic rules which the carelessness of his less thoughtful neighbor has made imperative for the time being and under existive conditions.

Water Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Osoyoos Division of Yale-Cariboo District.

(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicant: Albert E. Johnston, Hupel P. O., B. C.

(b) The name of the lake, stream or source (if unnamed, the description is): A small creek running southwest direction through my pre-emption.

(c) The point of diversion: One-half mile from mouth of creek on east boundary of my pre-emption.

(d) The quantity of water applied for (in cubic feet per second): 3 cubic feet.

(e) The character of the proposed works: Irrigation and domestic use.

(f) The premises on which the water is to be used (describe same): 160 acres on the east side of Mabel Lake, about seven miles from outlet of lake.

(g) The purpose for which the water is to be used: Irrigation.

(h) If for irrigation describe the land intended to be irrigated, giving acreage: Sixty-five acre bench land.

(K) This notice was posted on the 28th day of June, 1911, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 1st day of August, 1911.

(l) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet: none.

(Signed) ALBERT G. JOHNSTON
P.O. address, Hupel, B. C.

For Rent—A 3-room flat over the office of The Walker Press.

We have
Prime Meats
on cut at all times, and our aim is to give good service.
G. R. Sharpe,
ENDERBY, B. C.

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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.

Wanted:
A few more Lawns and Gardens to Look After
I charge no fancy price, but I'll do the work. Send for me for any small job. I bring my own implements and tools.
J. GARDNER, Enderby
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Because my interests are here.

Because the community that is good enough for me to live in is good enough to buy in.

Because I believe in transacting business with my friends.

Because I want to see the goods.

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Because every dollar I spend at home stays at home and works for the welfare of Enderby.

Because the man I buy from stands back of the goods.

Because I sell what I produce here at home.

Because the man I buy from pays his part of the town taxes.

Because the man I buy from gives value received always.

Because the man I buy from helps support my school, my church, my lodge, my home.

Because when ill luck, misfortune or bereavement comes, the man I buy from is here with the kindly greeting, his words of cheer, and his pocketbook, if needs be.

Here I live and here I buy.

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Sodas, Candies, Confectionery, Tobaccos, Cigars and Snuff
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Cliff St., next City Hall, Enderby

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

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Enderby Lodge No. 40 degular 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. 60
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.
J. H. CHALMERS, C.C.
C. E. STRICKLAND, K.R.S.
R. J. COLTART, M.F.
K. of P. Hall is the only hall in Enderby suitable for public entertainments. For rates, etc., apply to— R. F. JOHNSTONE, M. E., Enderby

IN THE CHURCHES

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

METHODIST CHURCH---Service, Sunday 11a. m.&7:30p.m. Epworth League, Tuesday 8 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday 8 p. m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
R. DAWSON HALL, Pastor.

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

BAPTIST CHURCH—Sunday School, 10 a. m. service, 7:30 p.m.; prayer meeting, Thursday, 30 p. m. REV. C. R. BLUNDEN, Pastor.

THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS
Full assortment of these popular patterns at—
ENDERBY TRADING CO.
Enderby, B. C.

Do you want to supply your Home, Farm or Camp?

Then visit the Great Opening CASH SALE AT FULTON'S

HARDWARE, ENDERBY, B. C.

SALE ENDS AUG. 12th

CANADA'S BEST RANGE
M'CLARY'S KOOTENAY

MECHANICS and
FARMERS' TOOLS

WAGONS
BUGGIES
CARTS

MOWERS
SELF BINDERS
RAKES

HARROWS
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MOTOR BOAT SUPPLIES

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STOVES
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TINWARE
GRANITEWARE

IRON PIPE

CUTLERY

WE STARTED THIS SALE WITH A $22,000.00 STOCK OF HARNESS, BUGGIES, WAGONS, STOVES AND GENERAL HARDWARE. WE HAVE SOLD THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF IT, BUT WE STILL HAVE AN IMMENSE STOCK LEFT TO CHOOSE FROM. CALL AND SEE US AND EXAMINE THE GOODS AND THE PRICES AND YOU WILL GO AWAY AS HUNDREDS OF OTHERS HAVE, CONVINCED THAT NEVER BEFORE WERE THEY OFFERED SUCH VALUES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

We can save you $100 on every $300 worth you buy. It would pay you to travel 50 miles to do this

Hundreds of others have in the past two weeks; WHY NOT YOU?

Every article is marked in plain figures AND THE GOODS ARE ALL NEW AND THE VERY BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

Here are a few Samples of Prices:

Paroid Roofing,	reg. price,	$3.75 per square,	Sale Price, $2.75
Buggies,	"	110.00	Sale Price, 85.00
"	"	90.00	Sale Price, 69.00
Sherwin-Williams Paints,		3.00 per gallon,	Sale Price, 2.25
Heavy Work Harness,		65.00	Sale Price, 48.75
Tents,		16.00	Sale Price, 10.50
Cabinet Sewing Machines,			Sale Price, 38.00
Hammocks,		6.50	Sale Price, 4.00

FORTY PER CENT. off on all Graniteware and Tinware

Every Single Article a Genuine Bargain

SHARPLES' TUBULAR
CREAM SEPARATORS

KITCHEN CABINETS

HOT AND COLD WATER
SINK AND BATHROOM
FITTINGS

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FENCES AND GATES

ELECTRIC FIXTURES

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LAWN MOWERS

GARDEN HOSE

LAWN SPRINKLERS

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CAMPING OUTFITS

WICKER BASKETS
VALISES
TRUNKS AND SUITCASES
TELESCOPE BASKETS

MOTOR AND HAND
WASHING MACHINES

SCREEN DOORS
SCREEN WINDOWS

SAFETY RAZORS

POULTRY FENCES

COW STANCHIONS

GASOLINE LIGHTING
SYSTEMS

FULTON'S HARDWARE ENDERBY, B. C.

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 today. Sold by all dealers, in 25c and 50c bottles.

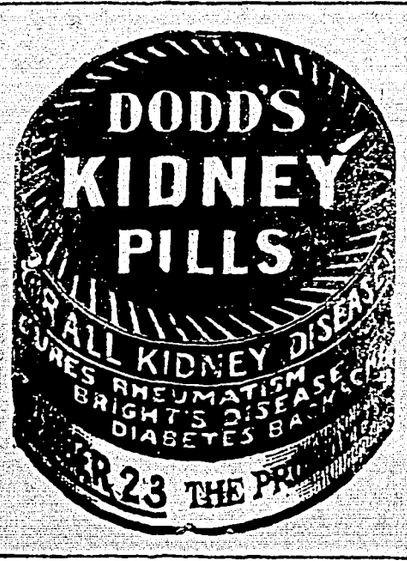
Marmalade pudding is made by taking four ounces of breadcrumbs, suet flour, and marmalade. Add a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a little sugar. Beat an egg well with a little milk, stir into the dry ingredients, making a nice light dough. Put into a greased basin, steam for three hours, and serve.

Little rhubarb pies.—Line some patty pans with short paste, fill them with pink rhubarb, cut small, add sugar, grated lemon rind and ginger to taste. Cover with paste, as for mince pies, and bake. Before sending to table sift caster sugar over.

The office boy (to persistent lady artist, who calls six times a week)—"The editor still engaged."

The Lady Artist—"Tell him it don't matter. I don't want to marry him!"

The office boy—"I 'aven't the 'art to tell 'im miss. He's 'ad several disappointments to-day. Try and look in to-morrow."



A WOMAN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN

TAKE GIN PILLS

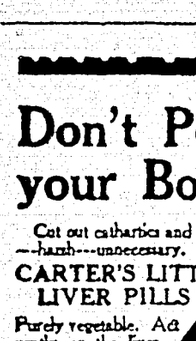
Tyneside P.O., Ont.

I received your sample of GIN PILLS and after using them, I felt so much better that I got a box at my druggist's, and now I am taking the third box.

The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone and I am better than I have been for years. I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism but it has all left me. I strongly advise all women, who suffer from Pain in The Back and Weak Kidneys, to try GIN PILLS. Mrs. T. HARRIS.

Thousands of women, right here in Canada, owe their robust health, their strength and vigor, their bright eyes and rosy cheeks—to GIN PILLS. And they know that GIN PILLS will cure the Kidney and Bladder Troubles with which so many women suffer.

Do just as Mrs. Harris did—first, write for a free sample box of GIN PILLS and try them. Then, if they do you good get the regular 50c. boxes at your dealer's. Your money promptly refunded if GIN PILLS fail to give relief. National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. R. P. Toronto. 56



The original Gin Pills made by National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto, are sold only in this box.

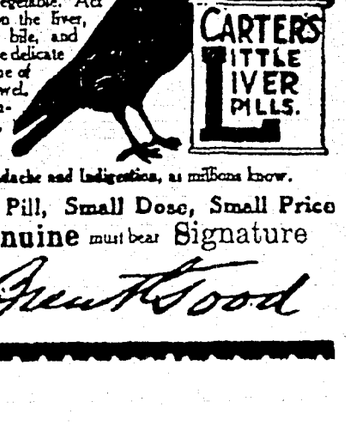
YOU CANNOT FORGET YOUR CORNS

They pain too much. Perhaps you have tried this, that and the other remedy—you still have them. You do not experiment when you use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. In twenty-four hours the soreness is removed. In a day or two you are rid of them, root and branch. Keep the name in sight because it tells the story. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

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 membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Storyettes

MAMMA: "Willie, what do you mean by breaking all those eggs?"

Willie: "I heard papa say that there's money in eggs, and I'm trying to find it."

* * *

"I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house," said a bachelor to a friend who was showing off the first baby.

"Yes," was the semi-sad reply, "we burn twice the gas we used to!"

* * *

It was a small but cute boy who asked for a penn'orth of pills at the local pharmacy.

"Certainly, my boy," said the kindly chemist. "Shall I put them in a box for you?"

"O' course," responded the customer; "do you think I'm going to roll 'em home?"

* * *

Uncle Hiram stroked his throat whiskers and watcher the big touring car as it whizzed past him and up the road, emitting a trail of bluish smoke from its oil-choked engine.

"Huh!" he sniffed. "Them may be swell city fellers, but they certainly was a-smokin' some durn orful seegars."

* * *

The following quaint inscription is taken from a monument in a London churchyard:—

"To the memory of Emma and Mary Littleboy, the twin children of George and Emma Littleboy, who died July 16, 1783.

"Two Littleboys lie here;
Yet strange to say
These Littleboys are girls."

* * *

"You know Jones, who was reputed so rich? Well, he died the other day, and the only thing he left was an old Dutch clock."

"Well, there's one good thing about it; it won't be much trouble to wind up his estate."

* * *

Irate Father (who has been trying to satisfy John's curiosity on every known subject under the sun): "Now, Johnnie, if you ask me another question, I'll whip you on the spot."

Johnnie (whose undying curiosity overcomes even the dread of punishment): "Wh-wh-what spot, papa?"

* * *

He was a cyclist, and called at a farmhouse for a glass of water; but the farmer's pretty daughter offered him a glass of milk instead.

"Won't you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the tumbler.

"You are very good," he said; "but I am afraid I shall rob you."

"Oh, no. We have so much more than we can use ourselves that we always give it to the calves."

* * *

A Devonshire lady once sent to her son a pair of trousers by book post, which is, of course, cheaper than parcel post.

The postal officials wrote to her: "Clothes cannot be sent by book post. "I have looked in the 'Post Office Guide' you will see under what conditions articles may be sent by book post."

After a few days the lady replied: "I have looked in the 'Post Office Guide' and find that articles which are open at both ends may be sent by book post. And if trousers are not open at both ends I should like to know what is."

* * *

An Englishman, a Yankee, and an Irishman had met, and a few yarns were pitched. The subject chosen was some curious finds in certain fish.

The Englishman led with "I remember once a gold ring being taken from a cod."

"Is that all?" replied the Yankee, with bright hopes of causing surprise in the company. "I remember a table and chair being taken from a whale."

But Pat was not to be outdone. "That's no surprise," he replied. "Sure I wance saw wid me own eyes a servant girl taken from a place" (plaice).

* * *

One was a navvy, the other an astronomer; and they were alone in a third-class railway carriage.

They started to speak.

"My man," said the astronomer, "have you ever gazed upon the stars?"

"Yus, Bill!" replied the navvy.

"My name is not William," said the astronomer, politely, "but no matter. Have you ever seen Mars or Venus?"

"Can't say I have, Mike," responded the irrepressible navvy.

"Dear me!" ejaculated the astronomer. "But perhaps you have seen Jupiter, or the comet?"

"No, not Jupiter," returned the navvy; "but I have seen almost as many comies as I have seen stars. I have seen George Robey, Little Tich, Fred Karno's Company, an' Harry Lauder."

* * *

To eke out his salary the people of a small country church gave their pastor a number of gifts, among the presents being a fine new frock-coat for the pastor and a pretty bonnet for his wife.

On the following Sunday as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife:—

"Who are these in bright array?"

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 50 cents.

JUST THE MEDICINE YOU NEED

Your color is bad, tongue is furred, eyes are dull, appetite is poor, your stomach needs tone, your liver needs awakening. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In just one night you'll notice a difference, for Dr. Hamilton's Pills search out every trace of trouble. You'll eat, sleep, digest and feel a whole lot better. You will gain in strength, have a clear complexion, experience the joy of robust health. To tone, purify and enliven system there is nothing like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25 cents at all dealers.

The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened upstairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting assiduously darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered, tenderly. "I have just written this."

And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful, his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme; and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting the verdict. For a time she was silent.

"Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking?"

"I was wondering, dearest——"

"What?"

"Whether the butcher was not awfully late with that liver?" she replied.

"What's the railroad fare from New York to Porcupine?" was the query put to a mine-owner in New York, who had just returned from the camp.

After studying a minute the answer came:

"Including Pullman berth as far as Kelso, it's something like $28, and from Kelso it cost from $2 to $3 to be driven across country to Porcupine." He paused a minute and then, "Oh, I forgot, just add $25 to that. You see you stay overnight in Toronto and the whole country north of that is dry."

* * *

When William H. Crane was younger and less discreet he had a vaunting ambition to play "Hamlet." So, with his first profits he organized his own company and he went to an inland Western town to give vent to his ambition and "try it on."

When he went back to New York a group of friends noticed that the actor appeared to be much downcast.

"What's the matter, Crane? Didn't they appreciate it?" asked one of his friends.

"They didn't seem to," laconically answered the actor.

"Well, didn't they give any encouragement? Didn't they ask you to come before the curtain?" persisted the friend.

"Ask me?" answered Crane. "Man, they dared me!"

The Horseman

There is quite an increase of high class draft horses at the leading horse markets this year over any year in the history of the trade. The Chicago market leads all the American markets for this class and Eastern buyers are eager to get all the best of them at $300 to $500. They are also quickly picked up at private sale an standing orders for $1,000 teams of drafters with action and beauty. Sharp business men realize the value of such teams, not only for utility, but as living advertisements parading the streets and attracting the attention of every one along the way, be they horse lovers or not, for a fine, vigorous looking team, well dressed up and to a handsome, bright wagon, will arouse the admiration of the coldest blooded man. The same can also be said for the lighter horses, the carriage and coach horse type, used in the delivery wagons of the big stores. The general public would be astonished to learn of the prices paid for such horses by Marshall Feld Co., Mandel Bros., and others of the great department stores. Even at the high prices these firms are willing to pay, such horses are by no means easy to get.

This unprecedented demand for big draft geldings, carriage and coach horses, is a pointer to encourage farmers to breed more of them. It is an incentive for them to buy more well-bred mares of both classes, no matter what the cost, for it is as easy, in fact much easier, to raise a pure bred one, than it is to raise a "mutt" while the reward is fourfold. The trouble has been with a great many farmers that they have been deluded by the idea that they can breed any sort of a mare to a good stallion and get a high grade colt. That they can breed an ordinary sized mare to a "ton" stallion and get a 2,000 pound drafter and such farmers have been disappointed. They will find that it pays to get the right kind of a mare of the class they want to raise, breed to a high grade horse and horse raising of the sort that will return them larger profits than on anything else they can raise. Farmers who are not raising pure bred carriage or draft horses are woefully neglecting their opportunities. The demand is greater than the supply.

With teams of four big mares, farmers can utilize them in breaking up the soil and do all the farm work much easier than with four low grade mares and at the same time raise a crop of fine horses for which they can get top prices. Get good mares, no matter at what price, get them.

No event on the trotting turf could more plainly indicate the great interest in the light harness horse than the list of nominations made to the Tavern Steak to be decided the coming season at the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting over the North Randall track. This event is for amateur drivers and there are 136 entries. These entries come from several states North, East, South and West and one from Manitoba. The gentlemen who will drive in the race are representative business and wealthy men, lovers of the American trotter, many of them are breeders, and all are owners of good ones. Among the gentlemen who will drive in this race are Geo. H. Estabrook, a wealthy business man of Denver, owner of one of the greatest campaigning stables, including the champion three-year-old, Colorado E.; R. J. Mackenzie, Winnipeg, Man.; S. C. Wagner, Chicago; Emory Gibbs, Mattoon, Illinois; David Todd, Youngston, Ohio; F. G. Jones, Memphis, H. K. Devereaux, Cleveland; F. B. Fisk, Montgomery, Ala.; T. W. Burns, Waterdown, N.Y.; Thos. Brannigan, Columbus, Neb.; E. P. Harris, Chicago; C. E. Bliss, Diagonal, Ia.; J. M. Simpson, Attleboro, Mass.; C. G. Daily, Helena, Mont.; C. W. Warner, Hartly, Del.; F. J. Kilpatrick, New York City; A. F. Wilson, Worthington, Ind.; W. W. Keener, Morgantown, West Va.; H. L. Morris, Vassar, Mich.; J. G. Bennett, Pittsburg, Pa.; C. G. Jones, Muskegee, Okla.; H. D. Hackett, Louisville, Ky.; W. E. D. Stokes, New York City; Samuel McMillan, New York City, and others, showing the widespread interest in this amateur event. The horses named comprise the best horses eligible to the 2.16 class.

Far from trotting racing being dead around New York City, or in what is termed the Metropolitan district, there will be several very attractive meetings with $100,000 or more in stakes and purses. Goshen has hung up nine stakes of $2,000 each; Monroe offers eight of $1,000 each; Mineola, five of $1,000 each; Poughkeepsie, seven of $1,000 each; Parkway, four of $1,000 each; Dugan Hills, three of $1,000 and Hohokus, two of $1,000. These are for the early closing events and do not include the money to be hung up for the late closing purses. In addition to these meetings, the programmes have not yet been announced for Orangebury, Riverhead, White Plains, Flemington, Danbury, Carmel, etc., making the outlook for plenty of trotting sport around New York for the season very encouraging.

* * *

While the Furniture Manufacturer's purse of $10,000 for the 2.12 class trotters for the Grand Circuit meeting at Grand Rapids, and the Railway purse of $2,000 for 2.20 trotters, were favored with a large number of nominations, for some unaccountable reason, the events offered for 2.05 and 2.12 pacers failed to receive a sufficient number of nominations, so the 2.05 event has been declared off, while the 2.12 for $5,000 was re-opened. This event should become as popular with owners of fast sidewheelers as the Chamber of Commerce classic at Detroit for the same money. Although the 2.05 pace has been declared off, there will be action for the money in events to be announced later.

* * *

One of the big trades on the Chicago Horse Market was the sale of a load of fancy coach and carriage horses for export to the city of Mexico. They were bought by Jose Rollina and were selected from the stables of Wm. Marshall, and Samuel Cozzens. The horses were all well mannered and classy, bringing from $250 to $600. Mr. Marshall has an order for another car load for the Mexican capital. He says there is but one other city in the world which demands so high a type of carriage horse and that is Paris, France. An order for 250 United States Cavalry horses was also filled from the yards last week.

* * *

The effort to legalize speculation on racing by the pari-mutuel system, in Colorado, has failed through the veto of the Governor, John F. Shafforth. The bill, known as the Cornforth bill, passed both branches of the legislature by a computable majority, and an attempt to pass the bill over the Governor's veto failed by a small margin. The fact that this bill was favored by a majority of both the house and senate is an indication, as heretofore mentioned in this column, that there is a growing feeling in racing centres for some form of legalized speculation under state supervision, with such restrictions as would prevent the evils of pool rooms and concessions controlled by bookmakers and gamblers.

It Makes New Friends Every Day.—Not a day goes by that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil does not widen the circle of its friends. Orders for it come from the most unlikely places in the west and far north, for its fame has travelled far. It deserves this attention, for no oil has done so much for humanity. Its moderate cost makes it easy to get.

No Longer Has Cold or Catarrh

Dear Sirs,—I have been in the drug business for over six years, and as an up-to-date druggist have a deep-seated antipathy to certain kinds of medicines. However, being a sufferer from Catarrh, and noticing the enormous sale of Catarrhozone, actuated by motives of curiosity I opened and tried a small 25 cent package of Catarrhozone. By the time I had finished it and one of the $1 size outfits of Catarrhozone, I was completely cured. That was eight months ago, and I have never since even had a cold. I consider Catarrhozone an indispensable remedy in every household.

(Signed) Lawrence Mead, Brockville, Ont.

Catarrhozone is sold under guarantee, in 25, 50c. and $1 sizes. Get it from your dealer.

SOLID PETROL

Considerable interest has been created by the announcement that a German scientist, Dr. V. Roseuletz, has succeeded in perfecting a method for solidifying volatile liquids such as petrol, ether, and so forth. The extremely evaporative character of petrol has rendered its use somewhat dangerous, and inasmuch as the perfection of the internal-combustion engine, more particularly typified by the petrol-motor, has resulted in the widespread utilisation of this fuel, efforts have been made to render its handling less dangerous. But solidified petrol is by no means new. About five years ago, in a laboratory, the writer saw small blocks of petrol which emitted gas as they were "thawed." Half a century has been devoted to experiments in this direction, but their commercial value is somewhat difficult to comprehend. For instance, the chemist of one of our leading refineries expressed his readiness to prepare the product if requested, and the process is quite devoid of mystery. All that is required is a little soap prepared in a certain manner, and this will solidify petrol or any other volatile liquid. If stearis acid, which can be obtained easily, is boiled with hydrochloric acid for some hours, it becomes non-crystalline, amorphous, or colloidal. On its then being dissolved in petrol or petroleum, a permanent jelly is formed when it cools. In some parts of the world petroleum can be drawn from the bore-hole in a form like red-currant jelly, and this under natural conditions. The German invention is by no means new, though the method adopted for solidifying the fuel may be so. Moreover, solid petrol is just as dangerous to handle as the liquid form, for Dr. Roseuletz depends upon the gasification of the substance under currents of air, and the danger of combustion is quite as great. The fact is, that petrol, like gunpowder or coal-gas, is not dangerous if handled properly. No sane person would think of looking for a gas-leak with a lighted match, or sample gunpowder while smoking. Then why attempt to take such liberties with petrol. The danger in handling this liquid is caused purely by carelessness or crass ignorance.

They were lodging in a Highland cottage, and their cupboard was well stocked with good after-dinner wines.

One day the sherry-bottle was found uncorked, and on the following day it had again been "tapped." They determined to set a trap. Brown had some hairwash of a yellowish color, and with this the sherry was soon diluted. Notwithstanding this, the wine grew less day by day, and at last the bottle was empty. Then the lodgers chuckled and prepared to interview the landlady.

"I am sorry to complain," said Brown to her, "but surely the empty state of the bottle requires some explanation."

"Weel, sir," said the good wife, "it's easy enough explained. The gentleman who was here before ye liked a glass o' sherry in his soup, and so I've been giving you a glass in yours."

The merits of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a sure remedy for coughs and colds are attested by scores who know its power in giving almost instant relief when the throat is sore with coughing and the whole pulmonary region disordered in consequence. A bottle of this world-famed Syrup will save doctor's bills, and a great deal of suffering. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS.

Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain

Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00
Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

That Splitting Headache

will vanish if you take

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 76

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

The Man Who Rules Russia Single-Handed

A great and grim struggle is taking its course in Russia. It is the struggle of one strong man against countless adversaries. Piotr Arcadievitch Stolypin, the Premier, is facing the united hatred of all parties, and facing it in no spirit of patience or humility, but with the fierce strength of Ajax defying the lightning, and with a Promethean obduracy against all attacks, however near his heart the blows may fall.

For five years M. Stolypin has held his office. When the ship of State was still shaken by the storms of war abroad and revolution at home, the then Governor of Saratoff took the helm. He has had his periods of calm weather, he has encountered hurricanes, and he has shown himself a skilful pilot. Now is the time when, if he would retain his captaincy, all his powers must be put forth. Not even when the Terrorists' bomb wrecked his villa was he ever so near disaster as in these days. His firmest friends are alienated and his foes roused to fury. Can he prove afresh that he is, as is his own belief, the indispensable man in Russia? "L'etat, c'est moi" has been his motto. For him to prove it.

The struggle began in the early days of March. The Premier brought it upon himself. He introduced into the Duma a measure known as the Western Zemstvo Bill, the effect of which, in brief, would be to confer a measure of self-government upon eighteen million inhabitants of the Western Provinces of Russia. The Bill passed the Duma. The Premier saw breakers ahead in the Upper House, the Council of the Empire, and made his plans accordingly. Deputations—it is questioned whether their members were bona-fide travellers—arrived in St. Petersburb and besought the Litite Father to put the bill into force. The wires were pulled, the puppets moved, and on March 17 the Premier went light-heartedly to the Council Chamber to watch the passage of the Bill.

The sequel in its way recalled Caesar's last appearance in the Senate. The Premier made a short incisive speech and called upon the House to pass the Bill. But he had blundered in his calculations. Senators Trepoff and Durnovo spoke against the Bill. It was thrown out by twenty-four votes. The very stronghold of the government had fallen.

The council, most faithful and obedient of servants, had turned against its master. M. Stolypin, pale with anger and dismay, rose and left the House. Next day he resigned the premiership. A chorus of jubilation arose from his enemies.

They rejoiced too soon. The events of the next few days could have happened nowhere but in Russia. There was a period of uncertainty, M. Kokovseff, the Minister of Finance, was spoken of as the new Premier. Messages of congratulation flooded in upon him. But M. Stolypin was summoned by the Czar. His adversaries began to tremble in fear that he might return. And he did return, not as Premier, but as Dictator. His was an utter triumph. Every condition he laid down was instantly granted. Flattery was poured upon him at the Courts of the Czar and the Dowager-Empress alike. Nor did his demands err on the side of modesty. His personal enemies, MM. Trepoff and Durnovo, must be disgraced to do him pleasure. A hard fighter, he showed himself merciless. At his bidding the Czar dismissed his loyal subjects and supporters from the Council of the Empire. The Premier was given a free hand to govern as he willed. His first step as Dictator let loose a pandemonium.

He put into force, for the first time since the first Duma met, a clause of the Constitution, Article 87, which provides that the Emperor may in extraordinary circumstances, while the Duma is not sitting, make any law that seems necessary, subject to its being presented to the Duma for ratification or rejection within two months after the Parliament has resumed its labours. With this stolen Jovian thunderbolt M. Stolypin set out to annihilate all opposition. He sent the Duma and the Council of the Empire about their business. He adjourned them by Imperial decree upon a Saturday, and upon the following Monday, he promulgated, again by Imperial decree, the Western Zemstvo Bill. The stroke was daring. M. Stolypin's reasoning, though false, was simple. "The measure," he said, "will not appear high-handed to the conservatives of the Council of the Empire, who are accustomed to welcome extra-Parliamentary legislation as evidence of a strong monarchical regime, nor to the Duma, because this expedient has been adopted to enforce the Duma's will against reaction."

Nothing could have been further from the facts, as M. Stolypin was soon to find. The outraged councillors, the defenders of the crown's prerogative, could not contain their fury. The Duma, openly flouted, and sent packing by the man whom it had supported, was in an uproar. The Monarchist Press violently assaulted the Premier for lowering the Czar's prestige; the Liberal and Radical newspapers condemned him roundly as reactionary, and an autocrat, a wolf in sheep's clothing who had at length cast aside his disguise. Even M. Purishkevitch, the most extreme member of the Extremest Right, spoke against the Premier. M. Stolypin had not one solitary friend to stand beside him. Even the Czar wavered. An audience was granted to Senator Trepoff. The Premier, alone and without a single ally, faced the huricane and waited for it to subside.

Waiting brought him little profit. The president of the Duma resigned and M. Stolypin's supporters in the Lower House were disorganized and dismayed. The Council of the Empire, made of sterner stuff, resolved to bring him to book. The weathercock at Court was veering round to their quarter. The councillors gave notice of an interpellation requesting an explanation from the Premier of what was styled his breach of the fundamental laws of the Empire. The Premier waited yet a little, and then, on Friday last accepted the Council's challenge in a tone of high defiance.

Rising in the council chamber, whose galleries occupied by Grand Dukes, Ambassadors, and the chief politicians of St. Petersburg, the Premier went straight to the point. If the use of Article 87 were illegal he personally took the responsibility for it. The kernel of the matter, he said, lay in this, that the Council held that the "extraordinary circumstances" which alone justified the use of Article 87 could only arise when Parliament was not sitting. The government maintained that such circumstances could arise and had arisen when Parliament was sitting. The decision as to what were "extraordinary circumstances" was not a matter either for the Council or the Duma, but for the government; neither Council nor Duma had the right to question such decision. His action, though exceptional, was legal and justifiable. The interpretation which the Council placed upon Article 87 was neither correct nor acceptable. And with that blunt statement the Premier resumed his seat.

The Council, however, was not to be browbeaten. It decided by 99 votes to 53 that its demand for an explanation was not affected by the Premier's declaration. And fresh troubles and thorny obstacles lie in the Premier's path. The Duma has to give its second decision on the Zemstvo Law within a month. Who can say what attitude it will adopt, or whether hatred of the dictatorship may not triumph over desire for the law?

The struggle is still in progress. It grows near its climax. Whatever the upshot, none will deny a measure of admiration to Piotr Stolypin, a man fighting with his back to the wall, a man who, however misguided, is not afraid even in these days to proclaim and to uphold the doctrine, "L'etat, c'est moi."

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF THE LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE

A most unexpected advance in long-distance telephony has peen made by means of what London Engineering describes as a new type of submarine telephone cable, laid last year between Abbott's Cliff, near Dover, England, and Cape Grisnez, in France. This cable is regarded by the engineering department of the British Post Office as experimental, but the results obtained from it have been so satisfactory that it has apparently passed that stage. It marks a very important advance over all previous achievements in long-distance telephoning over submarine cables. What is technically termed commercial conversation—that is ordinary conservation as distinguished from the exchange of messages by experts—will be possible between towns in England and on the continent where the added distances from the ends of the cable do not exceed seventeen hundred miles. In other words, the new cable in connection with unloaded aerial land lines, containing eight hundred pounds of copper to the mile, will enable conversation to be maintained, say, between London and the city of Astrakhan, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, or clear across the whole continent of Europe.

This great achievement is, however, adds our expert authority, by no means the end of impending telephone progress. Telephone engineers look forward with hopefulness to the time when it will be possible to transmit the spoken word from any one point on the globe to any other. That day is still a long way off, but that it will come is the firm belief of those qualified to form an opinion as to the possibilities of electrical science. Already, we read, Mr. J. J. Carty, of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, has set before himself the establishment of telephonic communication between the east and west coasts of the United States, a distance of some three thousand miles, and before the end of the present year he hopes to bridge a great portion of the gap that now exists.

"The problem to be solved is one of many complexities and difficulties, but one of the most hopeful signs of progress lies in the fact that it has been agreed between the engineers of various countries to abandon the standards of commerce and to adopt those of the laboratory in recording the values affecting the efficiency of telephone circuits. In this change, and in the scientific spirit that is abroad, lies the best promise of improvement and advance. The matter is one which must be left entirely to the experts. To the average individual the telephone—like the telegraph, the phonograph, electric light, the steam-engine, and many of the other commonplaces of modern existence—is still a mystery. We avail ourselves of the conveniences and facilities they offord; but how much does the man in the street, to use a convenient term, know of the why and wherefore of the hundred and one scientific miracles which he employs as a matter of course in his daily life?

"Take this latest improvement in telephony; what will it convey to the average man to tell him that it has been affected by putting coils of wire in the circuit of the submarine cable, which have the effect of setting up in the circuit an inductive action antagonistic to that already in the cable, or in the circuit; that these two neutralize each other, and in consequence conversation is rendered possible over a longer distance? Is it of much avail to explain further that a well-insulated cable is to all intents and purposes a Leyden jar, and is to a certain extent charged by each electrical impulse that passes through it? Some few of us may retain a hazy recollection of primitive experiments in the science room during our schooldays; but that remembrance of the foil-covered receptacle known as a Leyden jar helps one very little to understand the mysteries of the submarine cable, or how the introduction of induction coils at every mile and a half of its length removes the defects of indistinctiveness and weakness of sound when speaking through it by means of a telephone. It is enough for him to know that the work of the electrical engineers will enable him to speak with his correspondent at Paris from Dublin or Glasgow or Edinburgh instead of from London or Liverpool, which up to the present has ben about the limit of the exchange."

The distinctness of the sounds transmitted by long-distance telephone has greatly increased in recent years. This is due in part to the advance in electrical engineering, a science which has done more for telephony than any other factor in its development. One essential feature in telephone progress was early recognized. This was that rubber-covered wire must be used for long-distance talking as little as possible. The high electrostatic capacity of such wires greatly affects the transmission of electrical impulses. In view of the rapid advance in submarine telephony our contemporary feels inclined to predict that it will be possible to talk distinctly from Chicago to St. Petersburg in another ten years.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PEKING

The present discontent in China, with its latent possibilities of armed insurrection, recalls the vague mutterings that arose before the Boxer rebellion in 1900. The awful experiences of the American and European envoys and their families during the long siege by the Boxer fanatics and Chinese soldiery are vividly set forth by Mary Hooker in Behind the Scenes in Peking, a book recently published. It was early in the spring that the boxers began the rioting and then, as now, no one attached much importance to the outbreak. Indeed, it was not until the end of May that foreigners found it advisable to come in from the cool hills, fifteen miles away, and congrefate for safety's sake in the legation buildings at Peking, which could be more readily defended.

"I felt," writes Mrs. Hooker at the end of the story of battle and murder and fevers and partial starvation, "I felt exactly as children feel who have been having a wild game of make-believe all day, when the grown-ups break in and say, 'Come, children, there has been enough of this.' And so it was with us: these terrible times are over, and there is nothing for us to do but to remain passive, and try and get some sort of equilibrium into our lives again; and as we dined together that last night there was a strong feeling—though we did not speak of it—that nobody but ourselves, who went through this incredible eight weeks of horror, would ever know really what the siege in Peking has been; and that we might all talk until doomsday, but the world will never understand."

The transformation of the beleaguered legation buildings into armed fortresses is effected before the reader's eye. The handful of American and European marines allowed by the Chinese government to come up from Tientsin before the destruction of the railroad is disposed to the best effect, and the tragic defence has gone on for weeks, with many deaths and wounds, when we come to this:

pulse them they occasionally get very

"When we turn the room into a nursery for the children (for we cannot keep them always in their own room, nor can we allow them to be much in the compound, as half the time it is thick with exploding bullets), it is then a sight to behold. There are a good many children here. Their one game is 'Boxer,' and they copy in miniature what we grown-ups are playing in earnest. The younger ones are forced into being the attacking Chinese, and I am afraid when the big ones re-real bumps on their heads. They have small sandbags and barricades, and their Chinese war-whoop of 'Sha! sha!' (Kill! kill!) is a creditable imitation of the real thing. It is very clever, and they are all very full of life, and I help them to play, for it's a good thing that they don't realize what all this may mean, and we hope relief will come before they lose their spirit and before they know . . . The Methodist Mission, so lately vacated, was looted and burned last night. So much happens in every twenty-four hours I can hardly keep account of it all, and as a background to the hourly horrors that develop is the continuous snipe, snipe, sniping, mostly by our own men, who are in the roofs of buildings shooting at the constantly approaching incendiaries."

Already there was scarcity of food, although there was abundance in native shops under the guns of the Boxers. Therefore—'Imagine our surprise when, late in the afternoon, a Chinese cart driven by Fargo Squiers, a boy of fifteen years came thundering into the British compound with the upper part of the cart riddled with bullet-holes. He was heading for the two rooms in Dr. Pool's house which had been allotted to his family, and his freight consisted of dozens of tins of the above-mentioned supplies from Imbeck's death-surrounded shop, which he had procured at the greatest risk to his own life. The committee were about to order him to unload his desirable cargo with them, to be used for the good of the public, but upon hearing that the boy had ridden into the very jaws of death to procure these supplies, and had dared to do what no man in the compound had dared to do, they told him he could have the disposition of them, for by his rash valor he had well earned the lot.

"It seems he procured a Chinese cart, and forced two coolies to go with him. On their way to Imbeck's one was killed by a bullet in his head, and though the other survived to help him load the cart, after arriving in the courtyard of the place, he had difficult work, as coolie number two tried to run away, and twice the boy had to point the muzzle of his rifle at him indicating what he would do if he made any further attempts. They were fairly free from shots while actually loading the cart. On the return trip every yard of the way they were peppered by bullets, and the second coolie was wounded but not killed. This boy saw what he thought he ought to do, and he did it; but what a terrible price might have been paid for these stores.

"This afternoon we were in Mrs. Coltman's room, and her sweet baby was asleep in a funny, old-fashioned, high-backed crib. Although the sound of exploding bullets was to be heard outside the house, we were much startled to feel one—you can't see them, they come so fast—enter the room, hit the headpiece of the baby's crib, detaching it from the main part, and bury itself in the opposite wall. An inch lower and it would have cut through the baby's brain. His mother picked him up, and all of us flew into a room on the other side of the house, where we would be free from shot, at any rate coming from that direction . . .

"I was at the hospital with Mrs. Spuiers this morning. Several men were brought in, and they all had to wait their turn to be operated upon, and the two nurses were so busy assisting with the operation of the moment that nothing was done for a wounded Cossack who was laid on the floor. He was covered with blood, and it trickled down his chest and formed into a pool all around him, his face an olive-green—the color one sees in unskilfully painted pictures of death—so livid. I never believed even dying people could look that way. He lay there for some time, every one in authority too busy except to tell me to do what I could for him, and keep the flies from bothering him until he should die probably in twenty minutes."

The temptation to quote many incidents from the book is difficult to resist. It would be interesting to tell at length of the terrific firing with which the Chinese ushered in the Fourth of July at three o'clock in the morning, and of the sudden premonition of death that overwhelmed a brave, big diplomat. He rushed to his piano and expressed the agony of his soul by playing with great vigor "The Ride of the Valkyries." Madame de Giers, the wife of the Russian Minister, was a veritable angel of mercy in the hospital. Colonel Shiba, the Japanese commander, was a very friendly hero. Under the strain of the long siege, the various nationalities penned in together began to show great jealousy of one another. On the morning after Captain Strout's death Herbert Squiers, Secretary of the American Legation, was unanimously elected Chief of Staff to Sir Claude Macdonald.

"I am confident," says the author, "that it is greatly due to the strong personality of Mr. Squiers that, as a legation, we hold this extraordinary balance of things in Peking, which places the Americans in the lead on this diplomatic chess-board. . . . I had a shot today with Sir Claude Macdonald, and M. de Giers, the Russian Minister, and both volunteered two highly complimentary criticisms of things American during the siege. One was that the services of Herbert Squiers had been simply invaluable during the most trying part of the summer; that he held people and things together when people did not even dare whisper their fears to one another. The other criticism was that our marines lead in their intelligent work as soldiers. The accuracy of their shooting is extraordinary, and their ability to step forward, one after another, on the death or retirement of an officer, and take his place is remarkable. They show the greatest aptitude to command, and are in no way disconcerted by the sudden increase of responsibility."

THE POSTMASTER TELLS HIS FRIENDS

THAT THEY SHOULD USE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR KIDNEY ILLS.

He had Backache for a long time but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. That is why he recommends them.

Dyment, Ont.,—(Special).—John Olberg, postmaster here, and well-known throughout this entire neighborhood, is telling his friends that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure for all forms of Kidney Disease. And when they ask how he knows, this is the answer he gives:

"I was troubled with Backache for a long time and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. That's why I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Disease."

And the postmaster is not the only one in this neighborhood who has found relief from their Kidney ills in the old reliable remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Others there are whose Rheumatism has been relieved, whose Dropsy has vanished, and whose Urinary Troubles have been cured. For if the disease is of the Kidneys, or caused by the Kidneys being out of order, Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure it.

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fulness and pains in the stomach he suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

ZAM-BUK CURES PILES

Read What Those Who Have Proved It Say

Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes:—"I must thank you for the benefit I received from Zam-Buk. Last summer I suffered greatly from piles. I started to use Zam-Buk and found it gave me relief, so I continued it and after using three or four boxes I am pleased to say that it has effected a complete cure."

Mr. G. A. Dufresne, of 183-185 St. Joseph Street, St. Roch, Quebec, P.Q., writes:—"I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to everyone who suffers from piles. I have also found it most effective in curing a sore thumb with which my little son was suffering. The thumb had begun to swell and fester and had lost the nail. I persevered in the application of Zam-Buk and the sore is now entirely healed."

Not only for piles, but for inflamed sores, ulcers, eczema, ringworm, boils, eruptions, scalp sores, itch, children's sore heads, old wounds, etc., Zam-Buk is without equal as a healer; and also for cuts, burns, stiffness and wherever and whenever a handy balm is called for. All druggists and stores at 50c. box. Zam-Buk Soap will be found as superior amongst medicinal and toilet soaps as the balm is amongst salves. Mothers should use it for baby's bath. 25c. tablet, all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Warts on the hand is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

RESTRICTIONS AGAINST IMPORTING CATTLE REMOVED

Dr. J. G. Rutherford, veterinary director-general, announces that the restrictions imposed upon the issuing of permits for the importation into Canada of cattle, sheep, other ruminants and swine from Great Britain, by reason of the existence of foot and mouth disease in that country, have been removed.

The recent outbreak in Great Britain was not of a very serious character and the authorities were soon able to get it under control. The removal of the restrictions will enable Canadian breeders to take up the importation of breeding cattle as of old.

"All the world loves a lover," especially the jeweler, the zorist, and the confectioner.—"Woman, Wedlock, and the World," by "Celt."

George IV., on his visit to Dublin in 1821, met at a reception Sir Philip Crampton, Ireland's greatest surgeon.

"In what branch of the service is that magnificent-looking man?" asked his majesty.

The gentleman to whom the question was put was too polite to hint that the king was mistaken in supposing that the distinguished surgeon was a naval or military officer.

"Sire," he replied, "he is a general in the Lancers."

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife

Used Golden Remedy, The Great Home Treatment For Drunkards.

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly At Home In Tea, Coffee Or Food.

Costs Nothing To Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
1130 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Province .....

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.

Polson's Midsummer CLEARANCE SALE

This is our first Annual Midsummer Clearing Sale and we intend Making it a Hummer

ALL THAT IS SUMMERISH MUST GO. COMPLETE SALE OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRESS GOODS, UNDERWEAR, EMBROIDERIES AND LACES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

For Two Weeks Only, COMMENCING Thursday, July 13th to 27th. This Sale for Cash Only!

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR SUITS In Serge and Panama, regular $25.00 SALE PRICE, $14.95

LADIES' TWEED COATS, regular $15.00 to $20.00, to clear, $11.25

WASH SUITS and SKIRTS, 25 per cent. off

WHITEWEAR, including Ladies', Misses and Children's Night Gowns, Underskirts, Corset Covers, and Drawers, ——25 per ct. off

A STRONG BARGAIN LIST FROM THE SHOE DEPARTMENT—— Ladies' Pat. Vici and Glazed Kang. Oxfords and Bluchers, regular $3.50 to $4.50——Sale Price $2.00

Children's Shoes and Slippers, Sale Price, 75 cents

SPECIAL CLEARING OF LOVELY NOVELTY SILK PARASOLS—— These were delayed in shipment. To clear at——$2.00 to $3.00

CHILDREN'S COTTON AND CASHMERE SOX, 10c pair, 3 for 25c

TEN DOZEN WHITE HEMMED COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS,— 3 for 10c—just the thing for the Children.

Clearing Values in Dress Goods Muslins and Silks

MESSELINE FOULARDS .....Sale Price ..... 75 cts

JAP TAFFETTA, all shades .....Sale Price, ... 40 cts

SILK MULLS, all shades .....Sale Price ..... 40 cts

PAISLEY PONGEE SILKS, reg. $1; Sale Price ..... 65 cts

PONGEE SUITING SILK, reg, $1.75 Sale Price ..... $ 1.40

PURE WOOL PANAMA CLOTH— Navy, Burgandy, Brown and Black, 54-in wide .....SPECIAL, 50c yard

WASH TWEED in SHEPPARD PLAID, reg. 50c yard; sale price, 35c yard

SUMMER WASH GOODS including Prints, Muslins, Ducks and Ginghams, 15c to 18c goods; .....Sale Price .....12½c yd; 9 yds for $1.00

COTTON POPLINS REPPS, and COTTON FOULARDS, to clear, 25c yard

LADIES' FANCY COLLARS and BELTS and JABOTS. We have made up two lots of these .....To clear at .....25c and 35c

LACES and EMBROIDERIES—a beautiful range to choose from, 25 p.c. off

RIBBON SPECIALS—Fancy and Plain Ribbons, regular 35c and 40c Sale Price 25c

Fancy Ribbon, regular 50c.....Sale Price .....35c yard

JUST ARRIVED! A shipment of Rattan and Sea Grass Chairs. We have priced them away down for SPECIAL SALE!

DON'T FORGET TO DO YOUR SHOPPING WHERE YOU GET THE BEST VALUES AND THE NEWEst Goods——"AT POLSON'S"

SPECIAL CLEARING OF MEN'S SUITS— These are broken lines, all in high-grade Worsteds and Tweeds, These are too numerous to specify but you will find the reduction Ticket on each suit. Youths' and Young Men's Suits, sizes 33 and 35; regular $15 to $18, marked down to $11.00

EXTRA SPECIAL in Men's Flannel Pants. These are odd lines to $4.50——Sale Price, $1.50 pr

MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS—regular $1.50 lines, to clear at $1.00 DON'T MISS THIS!

SEE OUR LINE OF MEN'S TIES AT TWO BITS.

REMNANTS IN LINOLEUM AT CLEARING PRICES.

Your opportunity to buy a Hammock at Greatly Reduced Price:
$6.00 Hammock..... $ 4.75
$4.00 Hammock..... 3.25
$2.50 Child's Hammock 2.00

LADIES' and GENTS' BALLOON OR OIL SILK WATERPROOF COATS, the newest in this line, in Green and Tan. Sale Price..... $12.00

Something About Mosquitoes and Things, Present, Past and Future

John Burnham has travelled 146,000 miles by rail, and all of them over the Shuswap & Okanagan railroad. It is said that this accounts for the inimitable patience of the man, and that mellow smile when asked for the forty-eleventh time at the hour of 4:45, "Is the train on time?"

Most of these miles were travelled at a time when the Molasses Limited was running on winter schedule with the temperature at 10 below and all around zero. So you may know how long it took. Mr. Burnham is now agent at Enderby.

"Mosquitoes!" exclaimed he, with the train in sight, "why man you do not know what it means to have mosquitoes real bad. When I was on the road some years ago, we used to know what it meant. I have seen us pull up at Enderby station at 60 miles an hour more or less, and the cloud of mosquitoes which were drawn along by the train was so dense the sunlight was dimmed and I would open the express car door only long enough to yell "Baldy," and slam it shut again, then it took me the balance of the day on the way to Sicamous to kill the pesky animals in the car. Sicamous was then by the train men as Mospuito Junction.

The inauguration of the new 30-mile-an-hour service over this branch line, is in contrast to what it used to be in the early history of the road. Twice in my time on the road, we went into Sicamous without a piece of baggage or a passenger. The rank growth of the weeds along the track in the early summer made traffic very difficult and sometimes slow. On one occasion we were 2½ hours going from Vernon to Larkin, a distance of 8 miles. The present service and the traffic are the truest indication we can get of the marvelous development of the Valley since then.—"

Aside, to an enquiring face in the ticket wicket: "Mosquotoes! No sir; there is not a single mosquito in the station. They are all married and have large families—what do you want! Speak up!"

Speaking of mosquitoes—and it seems hard to get away from the subject, however disagreeable it may be. Speaking of mosquitoes, as we said: —draw up close; here's a secret: it is only the female mosquito that stings. The male is a decent kind of an Anopheles. If he eats at all, it is on vegetable matter. But both the female and the male are tipplers. It is known they have a great appetite for beer and wine. The mosquito is short-lived—especially if you get a chance to swat him—or her. It is the best policy to ask no questions as to sex of the Mosquito—if you get a chance to swat—swat! Because the mosquito—male or female—does not mean any good to anyone. Its only mission in life is to propagate its species and to give life to the malarial parasite, for it is through the mosquito that the sexual generation of the parasite is developed. The micro-organism of malaria is a protozoon which in the human being inhabits the red-blood corpuscles, the spores being thrown into the blood serum afterward entering other blood corpuscles, extracting their red coloring matter and destroying them. The full life round of the malarial parasite, however, is not completed until it has been taken with the blood of a human being into the stomach of a mosquito. Here, and here only, is the sexual generation of the parasite developed. Certain of the parasites which undergo no development in the human body, when they are brought into the stomach of the mosquito, continue a sexual development, unite and give birth to elementary forms, known as blasts, which benetrate the stomach wall of the mosquito, enter the salivary glands, and are thus, with the poisono directed into the body of the next human being punctured by the mosquito.

Mosquitoes, as a rule, do not fly very far. They generally die near their breeding place. They may breed close to your back door: in the collection of water in the hollows of old stumps or in old bottles or in old discarded tomatoe cans. They breed profusely in rain-water barrels, in rain-water tanks, and in old wells, and even in cess-pools where the adults are able to gain access to the pools. It is interesting to note the life history of the mosquito. Taking the mosquito that does not fall under the kindly swat of a red hand, she will be hatched, lay from 200 to 400 eggs and raise a family all in a period of ten days The bunch of eggs are layed on the top of stagnate water. They are laid early in the morning, and, if the day be warm, they will hatch by two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. But the eggs do not hatch mosquitoes. They hatch the wrigglers so often seen in rain-water barrels. These wrigglers undergo three distinct molts, from one form of life to another, all in seven days, then the skin on the back of the throax of the wriggler, now having reached the pupa stage, opens and a full-grown mosquito crawls out. It rests upon the pupa skin until its wings are dry and then flies away.

It is now buzzing around you ear!
There it is on your nose!
SWAT IT!!!!!

Our attention has been called to an enveloped published by the Board of Trade of Armstrong, backed with a map similar to that put out by The Walker Press. Instead of showing the roads leading to Armstrong, it pretends to show the branch line of the Okanagan railway, and the position of Armstrong and other Valley towns on the railroad. The map is evidently the work of some pig-head of the old school. It omits to show Mara and the town of Enderby, and shows Armstrong big and Vernon small.

Give the cement walks all the water they will drink for three months and it will mean decades in their "lasting" qualities.

Deer Park Fruit Land

ENDERBY

No Irrigation Required

These lands are situated on the benches near Enderby and are especially suited for Fruit and Vegetables, and, having been in crop, are in splendid condition for planting.

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THOMAS TAYLOR,
Minister of Public Works

Department of Public Works, Victora, B. C., July 7th, 0911. oc21

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