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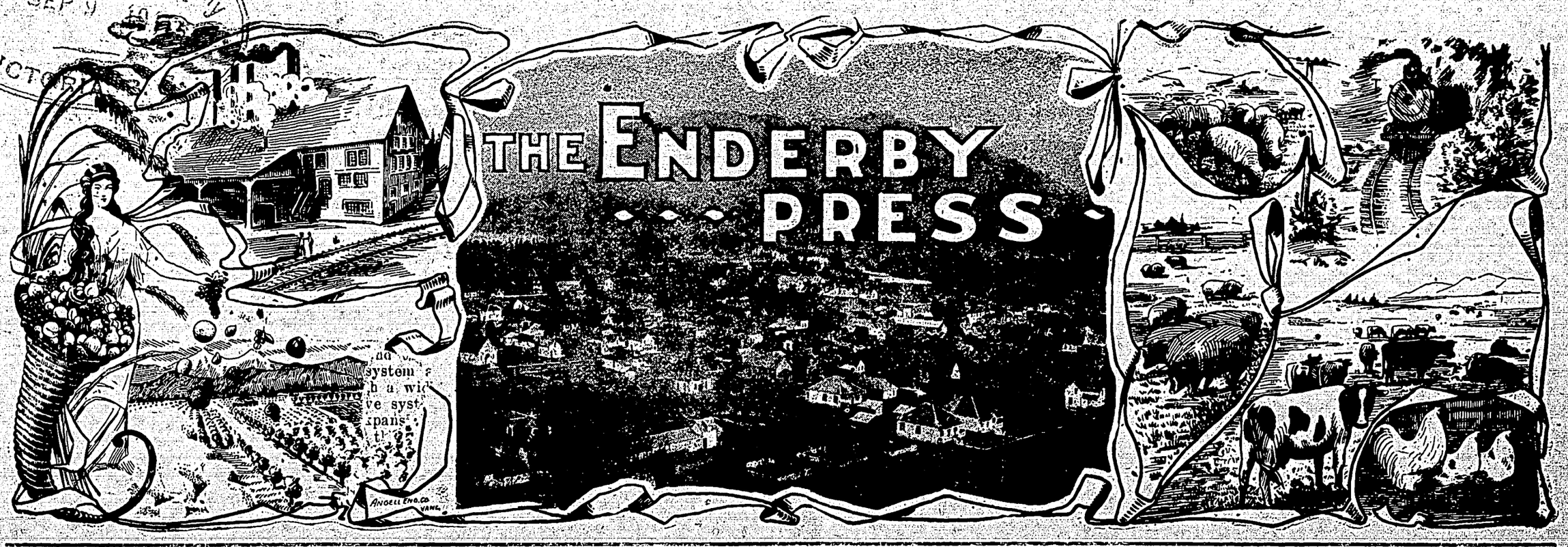


Enderby, B. C., September 7, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 4; No. 28; Whole No. 184

Mr. Martin Burrell Addresses the Electors of Enderby on Reciprocity

Mr. Martin Burrell addressed a meeting in Enderby last evening. It was his second meeting for the day and he did not speak with the vim and snap characteristic of his addresses on other occasions. He addressed a meeting at Salmon Arm in the afternoon, and the long drive over after a tiring trip of 600 miles or more which he has undergone in the past week, made him speak with less vigor than usual, and yet his calm, sane logic and lucid reasoning, coupled with his characteristic fairness, quickly won for him the attentive ear of his audience. Few men on the political platform in the West at least, are the equal of Mr. Burrell. He can make his point with the least possible effort, and never fails to lay lucidly before his hearers a clean, clear-cut argument that convinces and makes friends. In his address last night, he avoided generalizations. He spoke as a man under deep conviction and did not make light of any of the arguments of his opponents, nor did he answer any argument by inuendo or invective.

The hall was crowded, and never have we seen in Enderby a political meeting attended by so many ladies. The interest shown by them, and the manner in which they closely followed the speaker, indicated their deep interest in the questions at issue.

Mr. A. L. Fortune acted as chairman. In his customary impartial way, Mr. Fortune held the speakers down to the time allowance and brought the meeting to a close while everybody was feeling good and there were no sleepy eyes.

Mr. J. A. Mackelvie opened the speaking. Mr. Mackelvie, after expressing his high regard for Dr. K. C. MacDonald as a clean campaigner and a fair opponent, questioned his present position on the issue of reciprocity in view of Mr. MacDonald's expressed opinion only a few months ago, as a member of the Vernon Board of Trade, in which Mr. MacDonald spoke against the compact and deplored its ruinous effect upon the fruit industry of the Okanagan. Mr. Mackelvie pointed out that if it looked so dark for the fruit industry when the reciprocity compact was first mooted, he feared it did not look any brighter to-day, and yet Mr. MacDonald was coming before the electors and asking their support for a measure he then condemned. He pointed to the fact of many of our public men having condemned the agreement because of the injustice and harm it would work upon the fruit industry of Canada, an industry which represented an investment of many millions, and one employing many thousands of laborers. To the peach growers it meant a tax of $1 a tree on the home-grown fruit, and the loss to the Canadian apple growers was but little less. Fully 95 per cent of the fruit growers of the Okanagan were opposed to the recipnocity compact, as were also the fruit growers of Eastern Canada.

Mr. Mackelvie predicted Mr. Burrell's election by upwards of 1500.

At the conclusion of Mr. Mackelvies remarks, Mr. Jas. Johnson, the Socialist candidate for this constituency addressed the audience for 20 minutes on the issues confronting the "wage slaves." He appealed to the workingmen to study the principles of Socialism, and closed his remarks by calling attention to the fact that he would address a meeting on Socialism in K. of P. Hall next Saturday evening.

The speaker of the evening then followed. Mr. Burrell referred to several minor matters brought up by Mr. Mackelvie and Mr. Johnson, before proceeding with the discussion of the weightier issues. Speaking of the charge pressed by the Liberal orators throughout the campaign to the effect that the Conservatives in the House were responsible for its early dissolution and the country being forced to go to the expense of holding this election. But this charge was not true, Mr. Burrell said. Sir Wilfrid Laurier attempted to push the bill through the House inspite of the Opposition, and the Opposition objected to this extent: They were prepared to vote such appropriations as would carry the Government along for six months, when a redistribution bill could be put through based upon the census just completed. Then the matter of reciprocity could be submitted to the electors of the country. Reciprocity had waited 45 years and it would not hurt to wait another six months. Sir Wilfrid Laurier refused absolutely to listen to this suggestion. On his return from the Coronation he said to the House: "Gentlemen, that is the business before the House," and when he found that he could not force it through, he asked for the dissolution of Parliament.

Mr. Burrell called up many other things besides reciprocity on which the Government should be indicted: the Oliver scandal; Sir Wilfrid's false stand as Canada's representative in the Imperial Conference; his attitude in relation to Canada's position in the event of war between the Mother Country and a common foe. In his attitude in connection with these all-important questions, Sir Wilfrid has not represented the voice of Canada.

Mr. Burrell frankly admitted that there was a time when all parties in Canada demanded reciprocity with the United States, but it was at a time when there was no home market, no transportation lines, no factories, no development. We needed reciprocity then, and at that time the States refused to hear us. It is different now. Canada has her own transportation lines, her own market and factories, and what we haven't yet, we are getting—from the States. The policy that has brought this prosperity is the policy for Canada to unite upon. We have a great nation and one that is developing rapidly. We should encourage our neighbors to the south to come over and help us in the development of these resources, but never should we permit these raw materials to cross the border, there to be manufactured into American-made goods and shipped back to us at the American trust price.

Why in the name of reason, asked Mr. Burrell, should we attempt this sudden change of our fiscal policy? We are prosperous, we have the American manufacturers coming to us, and here on Canadian soil, making into the finished product our raw material. We are building up our home industries, developing our resources, and drawing the finest class of emigrants. In the face of all this we are asked to change our whole policy and why? Why just because the American tariff experts asked us to, and because, not having experts of our own, our representatives did not know what they were doing.

Discussing the question from the Imperial side, Mr. Burrell said it was far more to Canada's advantage to continue to walk in paths known and tried and leading to and from the Mother Land, than to experiment in the bye-paths leading to Washington. He felt confident that the people of Canada would decide the question aright on the 21st of September, and called upon his hearers to lend their assistance in support of a Canadian policy without any entangling alliances with our neighbors to the south.

The band was in attendance at the meeting and gave several patriotic selections.

THEN AND NOW

A striking coincidence has been observed that the date selected for the general election, Sept. 21, is just four days later than the anniversary of the great Conservative victory of 1878. That election took place on Sept. 17, so that a few days before the coming election will occure the 33 anniversary of the triumph of the national policy. The coincidences are most striking throughout. It was then a battle of protection, of the building up of the home market against a policy which decried it and looked to closer relations with the United States. It was also just prior to the advent of a member of the royal family to Rideau Hall.

AVAILABLE FOR SETTLEMENT

Notices indicative of the Government's intention to complete surveys as rapidly as possible throughout the province and to provide for the influx of desirable colonists appear in the last issue of the B. C. Gazette. Among the lands surveyed and now available for pre-emption are lots in Barclay District, lots in Cariboo District, lots in Coast District, lots in East Kootenay District, lots in Kamloops District, lots in Lillooet District, lots in New Westminster District, lots in Rupert District, lots in Similkameen District, and lots in West Kootenay District.

COURT HOUSE AT VERNON

It is the intention of the Provincial Government to at once proceed with the erection of the new court house at Vernon, tenders for construction of which are to be received by the Minister of Public Works up to noon of the 21st inst.

NOTICE TO PARENTS

Notice is hereby given to parents that pupils starting to school for the first time will not be allowed to enter the Fall term after the first two weeks of September.

ENDERBY SCHOOL BOARD.
S. TEECE, Sec.

Ten per cent discount for cash on all stock, Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishings and Boots and shoes. J. W. Evans & Son.

Wanted—Plain sewing and millinery work. Ladies' own material made up. Mrs. J. Gardner, Sicamous Rd.

Brief Mention of Happenings in and About Enderby and District

Geo. Hancock and wife left for the coast last Thursday.

Mr. F. R. E. DeHart is visiting his Enderby property this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Taylor left on a visit to the coast on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hardy returned from the coast on Tuesday.

Mr. Geo. Brown is visiting Enderby from Alberta with a view of locating here.

Mr. Hewett Bostock visited Enderby last Friday, arranging for the political situation.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Gus Shultz at their home in Enderby, Saturday eve, Sept. 2nd, a son.

J. F. Johnson was nominated by the Socialist party to contest the election in Yale-Cariboo.

Dr. Crawford has opened his dental parlors in the residence corner of Cliff and Sicamous streets.

A meeting of the Ladies' Hospital Auxiliary will be held in the City Hall, Thursday, at 3 o'clock.

Philip Busch, a farmer of Brady, Wash., was stung by a bee a few days ago and died in 30 minutes.

Dr. Keith has changed his office hours. They now are 9 to 10:30 a.m., 3 to 4 p.m., 6:30 to 7:30 p.m.

Born—On Wednesday morning, Sep. 6th, in the Cottage Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Glenn, a daughter.

Enderby's first County Court will be held in the City Hall by His Honor Judge Swanson, on Monday, Sept. 11th.

Ernest R., eldest surviving son of R. R. Saunders, Trinity Valley, was drowned near his home early in the month of August.

On Monday, Sept. 11th, in K. of P. Hall, Mr. W. J. Deachman, of Vancouver, will speak in the interest of the Liberal candidate.

Services at St. George's church on Sunday next will be as follows: Holy Communion at 8 a.m., Matins at 11 and Evensong at 7:30 p.m.

Road Superintendent Lang of Vernon, and Mr. W. A. Lang, of Peachland, were in Enderby Wednesday to attend Mr. Burrell's meeting.

Miss Margery Mowat returned from her month's visit to the coast cities on Tuesday, and has resumed her position as assistant postmistress.

Mrs. Gorle will resume her class in painting, at her home head of Cliff street, about the 23rd. Intending scholars will kindly make known their intentions by the 20th.

The annual Fall Fair will be held at Salmon Arm, Sept. 28 and 29. A good list of prizes has been published, and the exhibition promises to surpass that of any previous year.

Rev. M. F. Hilton and Mrs. Hilton, late of Greenwood, came in on Tuesday morning's train, to take up their residence in Enderby. Mr. Hilton succeeds Rev. J. Leech-Porter as incumbent of St. George's church.

Mr. I. Coulter, secretary of the Vernon Agricultural Fair, was in Enderby this week looking up exhibits for the coming exhibition. Mr. Coulter is working hard to make the coming fair the best ever held in the Okanagan, and our growers will materially assist by making their entries as liberal as possible.

This week the ledge was struck in the No. 6 level of the Standard mine, on Four Mile, at about two thousand feet from the portal of the tunnel. It will take some time to determine the extent of the ore body, but if as large as in the No. 5, the Standard will be one of the big silver-lead mines of the West.—Slocan Record.

The North Coast Circuit show was put up against it at Enderby last week by the breaking of a part of its moving picture machine, and the show given by them, while the films were high-class, did not give satisfaction. However, all who attended the performance were given their tickets back and these will be redeemed on the company's return to Enderby.

It was announced last Sunday in the Presbyterian church that the subject to be discussed next Sunday evening will be "Marriage," with reference to the Pope's decree and his critics. Rev. Mr. Campbell generally handles his subjects with that originality of thought and candor which holds attention, and he may be counted upon to give in this discourse something especially worthy of preserving in the minds of his hearers.

Mr. Walter Robinson returned from Vancouver yesterday. He reports the exhibition a huge success, and is pleased with the prominence given to the Enderby exhibit. He was especially fortunate in the allotment of position, the Enderby booth being directly in front of the main entrance to the exhibition building. Mr. Robinson says very little about the important position and earnest work taken by him in connection with the Enderby exhibit. But this will be understood and fully appreciated when it is known that Enderby came off with second prize, $150 in cash, besides a diploma and a special prize of $30 cash. The exhibit, while good, was not in it with the best that can be put up by Enderby with conditions more favorable in picking for the display, and Mr. Robinson is strongly of the opinion that Enderby should go after the next prize in the first exhibition offering.

FOR SALE

2,000 perennial flowering plants. Come and see them in flower. Can be planted out this fall or next spring. Am taking orders for bulbs, etc.
J. GARDNER,
Landscape and Jobbing Gardner, Sicamous Rd., Enderby.
P.S.—Pruning and all kinds of garden work done.

Come in and leave your measure for a suit from the House of Hobberlin. Fit guaranteed. J. W. Evans & Son.

Lost—On Sunday, between Grindrod bridge and Hazelmere ranch, a pair of gold-mounted eye glasses, in a Trory, Vancouver, case. Leave at Walker Press or Mr. Pyman's.

Sweater Coats, all sizes and colors from $1.50 to $5. J. W. Evans & Son

FOR SALE—One-year apple trees on two-year roots. Wealthy and Mackinosh Red; price, $25 per hundred. T. W. Platten, Hullcar.

Saturday Special: Ginger Snaps at 10c pound. J. W. Evans & Son.

FIVE YEARS' DYSPEPSIA CURED

"No one knows what I suffered from stomach trouble and dyspepsia" writes Mr. A. B. Agnew of Bridgewater. "For the last five years I have been unable to digest and assimilate food. I had no color, my strength ran down and I felt miserable and nervous all the time. I always had a heavy feeling after meals and was much troubled with dizziness and specks before the eyes. Dr. Hamilton's Pills were just what I needed. They have cured every symptom of my old trouble. My health is now all that can be desired." By all means use Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 25c. per box at all dealers.

GETTING HIS OWN BACK

A stranger one morning entered a high-class hotel. Calling for a glass of whisky, he put down a shilling picked up his drink, and, after emptying his glass, he stood waiting.

The barman asked him if he had been served.

He answered "yes," and that he was waiting for his change.

"You evidently don't know where you are, sir," the barman said. "Do you see that picture there, sir? It cost seventy-five pounds; and that one behind you, sir, cost sixty pounds. This is a first class hotel, sir, and you want change out of a shilling and a glass of whisky!"

The stranger said he was sorry—he did not know the charges—and went out, only to enter by another door and call for a glass of champagne. He drank it and put down twopence.

"Here, sir!" said the barman. "What's this for?"

"The drink," said the stranger. "I saw and paid for the pictures in the other bar."

QUITE TRUE

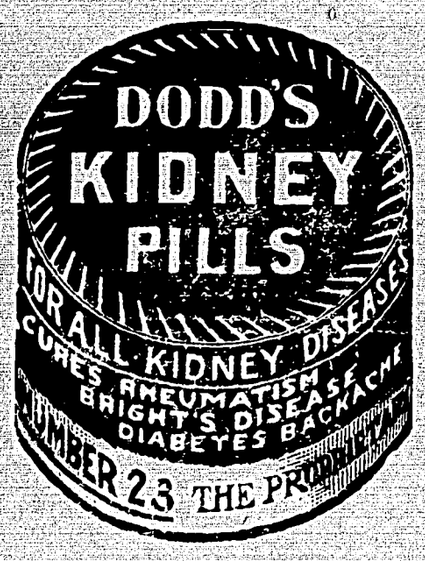
At a religious meeting a lady persisted in standing on a bench, thus spoiling the view of others, though repeatedly requested to sit down. An old gentleman at last rose and said, gravely:

"I think if the lady knew that she had a large hole in each of her stockings she would not exhibit herself in this way."

This had the desired effect; she immediately sank down on her seat. A young minister standing by blushed to the temples and said:

"Oh, brother, how could you say what was not a fact?"

"Not a fact!" replied the old gentleman. "If she had not a large hole in each of her stockings, I would like to know how she gets them on."



Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**. The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

Chilliwack, British Columbia

The Garden of B.C., in the famous Fraser Valley. Finest farming and fruit land in the world. Irrigation unknown. B.C. Electric Ry. from Vancouver; C.N.R. transcontinental and Gt. Northern building. Chilliwack a modern city—waterworks, electric light, etc. Green grass the year round. The Prairie Man's Paradise—no frost, no four month's snow. Write H. T. Goodland, Secy. Board of Trade, Chilliwack, for all information, booklets, maps, etc.—THEN COME.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Storyettes

"YOU know, my dear boy," said a sympathizing friend to a man in trouble, "that we really gain by our trials in life."

"That depends altogether on the kind of lawyer you get to conduct them," replied the sufferer.

* * *

Magistrate: "Drunk again! When you were last here you promised to sign the pledge."

Prisoner: "Well, I'm goin' to as soon as I can write. I've been takin' lessons, but I ain't made much progress yet!"

* * *

"Of course," said the husband who makes a speciality of manufacturing excuses, "the truth is bound to leak out some time."

"Yes," rejoined the other half of the matrimonial combine; "and I am inclined to believe that it leaked out of you long ago."

* * *

"But, darling," murmured the lovelorn youth, "every night for two weeks I have been on my bended knees before you. Have you no pity?"

"I certainly have, Horace," spoke up the pretty flirt, as she reached for her hand-bag. "Here's a shilling. Go and have your trousers pressed. After so much bending they must be awfully baggy."

* * *

While one thing essential to a lawyer is a thorough knowledge of Latin, it is not necessary that he should parade his classical knowledge, for he might be "taken down a peg," as was the young lawyer who displayed his learning before a Manchester jury.

His opponent replied:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, the young lawyer who has just addressed you has roamed with Romulus, canted with Cantharides, ripped with Euripides, socked with Socrates; but what does he know about the laws of England as to assault and battery?"

* * *

From some unexplained cause the engine attached to a Scottish express once broke down near Y——. A worthy quickly put his head out of the window and inquired:

"What on earth's wrang, gaird?"

The guard was cross, for no records could be broken that journey, and testily replied:

"Well, Scottie, the driver's a countryman of yours, and the beggar has used all the hot water in the boiler to mix grog with."

"Na, na, gaird, the chiel's nae a Scot," came the retort, "or he widna trouble muckle aboot the water."

* * *

Beacon Streete had called upon the fair maiden of his dreams, and she had received him eagerly.

"Oh, Becky, dear," she murmured, as he entered the room, "have you seen papa?"

"I have endeavored to arrange an interview, Penelope," he replied, wearily, "but I have found him in such an extraordinary loquacious state of intellectual absorption in his own immediate enterprises that I have been unable to insert a monosyllable edgewise."

"Why don't you try him with a few shorter words than usual, beloved?" whispered the fair one.

* * *

The Scot has no monopoly of domestic felicity, as many a piquant paragraph bears witness. The other day an old farmer and his wife were "doing" the sights of a provincial town, and, among other places, they visited a panorama of South Africa.

The views were extremely interesting, and the couple were enjoying themselves to the full. As scene after scene passed the old lady's enthusiasm increased, and at length, turning to her husband, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Sandy, this is really splendid. I could jist sit here a' my days."

"Ah, weel, Jeannie, woman," replied Sandy, to the mirth of those sitting near, "jist sit you still there; I'll no grudge the saxpence."

* * *

"George," said the beautiful girl, as she nestled close to him, "the last time you called you proposed."

"I did, sweet one."

"And I accepted you."

"You did, love."

"I presume, George," she went on, in her most fascinating manner, "that you look upon me merely as a foolish, thoughtless girl, but—but——"

"How can you think so, pet!" he interrupted.

"But," she went on, in a more businesslike way, "I have something of the business instinct of the New Woman in me, and—and—I shall have to ask you to repeat the proposal again tonight. The last time you called it was Sunday, and contracts made on that day, I learn, are not legally binding."

* * *

In the Ballyhooly walking contest, Micky Nolan, the local I-can-do-everything man, made the pace; so much so, in fact, that not one of the judges of the Hooligan Cycling Club, mounted on their bone-shakers, could keep him in sight.

He accomplished the walk of twenty-five miles in the record time of three hours, thereby smashing the record set up by the champion into little pieces.

"Now, look here, Nolan," remonstrated one of the judges at the presentation of prizes held in the Parish Hall, "you really couldn't do it without running, you know. I may say," he went on, in explanation, "that the standing record is just eight miles per hour"—here Nolan humorously interrupted by remarking that it was a walking contest he entered, not a standing one—"so unless you guarantee you did not run you must forgo the cup," concluded the judge, sternly.

Nolan gave the required guarantee.

"I did not run, sor," he protested, somewhat indignantly, as he walked off with the cup, amid tremendous cheering.

Next day Nolan met the judge on the outskirts of Ballyhooly.

"By Jove!" ejaculated the judge admiringly. "You can walk, and no mistake. How on earth did you do it? It seems impossible. I guess it must be a mystery."

"Aye, sor, it is," assented Nolan, slyly.

"But if ye'd asked me if Oi'd been in ould Tim Hooley's cart, begorra, Oi'd iv lost the ould tin pot!

* * *

"Ah, it is superb! Magnifique!" cried the French aviator, as he aviated through space a thousand dizzy feet above the blue sea. "And when I arrive in England, ze people zere will shout 'Brava!' and wave zeir hats for me."

He sailed along happily. Presently the sunlit, chalky cliffs of Albion came into view. He kissed his hand in an ecstasy of joy.

But, alas for his triumph! A sudden gust of wind upset his calculations, his course, and his courage—not to mention himself. He descended from the sublime to the ridiculous, and fell plunk into the sea.

"Ze rescue—ze rescue!" he shrieked.

A holiday tripper jumped from a boat and brought him into safety. After the flabby flier had wrung his clothes, he wrung the hand of his rescuer, and cried:

"Ah, my preserver—my good preserver!"

"'Old 'ard, guv'nor—'old 'ard!" retorted his benefactor, crossly. "You needn't chaff a feller jest becos 'e works in a jam factory!"

* * *

Farmer Haykins is particularly proud of his apple tree, on which he spends a lot of time, with the result that the fruit forms his heart's delight and the envy of his neighbors. As might be expected, schoolboys have shown a particular fondness for these apples, and Farmer Haykins was heard to declare that trouble was in store for the first trespasser caught in his orchard.

One morning a neighbor dropped in on him, and after a few minutes' conversation remarked in an uneasy manner that his son was in a bad way.

"Oh; what's the matter with him?" asked the farmer sympathetically.

"He's become a sleep-walker. It's very sad, was the reply.

"So it is, so it is."

"And the worst part of it is," the other went on, "he's so fond of apples, that I'm afraid one of these nights you'll catch him in your orchard. If you do, for goodness' sake don't wake him. It's absolutely dangerous to do so."

Farmer Haykins shook his head thoughtfully.

"Well, you see," he said presently, "I don't quite know what to say. My bulldog, wot I leaves in charge of the trees, he's a sleepwalker, too, and I'm wonderin' wot will happen if the two meets."

But they never met.

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and harmlessly.

Problem for the Editor

It has been asked whether stepping on a man's corns is sufficient provocation for swearing. The editor advises, keep your toes clear of corns by using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, always best, painless and prompt. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

The Horseman

That horses furnish more diversified entertainment to more people than any thing that pertains to out door sport, is shown by the growing popularity of trotting meeting given by regular associations, amateur matinee clubs, agricultural associations, polo and both indoor and outdoor horse shows. These sports are patronized by the best class of citizens and the officials of any trotting association, fair, polo club or horse show are the most successful and prominent men in their respective lines of business, which tends not only to popularize the sport but to elevate it.

Notwithstanding all this, however, there are shining examples in other lines of sport which harness' horse officials can well pattern after and profit by. No greater example can be studied with more benefit than the methods of Charley Comisky, owner of the White Sox baseball club. He has played the part of a clean, highclass sportsman and staunchly stood for the betterment of the game through the elimination of pool selling, liquor and the bad element generally. When a few years ago a majority of the officials contended that it was impossible to make the game pay without these accessories, he stoutly maintained that the game would become greater and more successful financially without them. Results have proved the wisdom of his contention. When the ticket speculators tried to profit by the popularity of his team this season, he hired his own detectives and landed them in jail. In the management of his ball park and team he has always kept faith with his patrons and looked for his profits at the gate, and the time is now at hand when all trotting track managers must do the same. Several trotting associations have already demonstrated that the popularity of the sport with a great majority of the patrons does not depend on pool selling by the success of their meetings with the gambling feature eliminated.

That the light harness sport does not depend on the pool selling, is easily proven by watching the betting ring at any of the meetings where pool selling is still permitted. Not one-tenth of the patrons are seen there. Speculation is confined chiefly to a few who follow the circuits for that purpose solely. The horse is the attraction for the vast majority who attend the meetings. The pure love of the horses and the speed contests which prove their breeding speed and gameness is the call that takes men, and many women, too, h[illegible]y across the continent to attend [illegible]g meeting where noted horses [illegible]d to test their mettle.

More light harness h[illegible] are in training for the races this [illegible]ear than ever before in the history of the trotting turf. More meetings are advertised on both mile and half-mile tracks than ever before, and judging from reports of last season, more people will attend the meetings in every section of the country. From every training centre comes the information that the number of horses being prepared for the season's meetings is greater, with fewer of mediocre quality; all of which speaks for the most successful season the country ever saw. A majority of these horses are owned by leading business and professional men who hold the respect and esteem of the communities in which they live.

* * *

Trainers of light harness horses have for years contended that it is impossible for them to get their horses ready for the races earlier in the season than July, owing to weather conditions, yet in Western Canada the first trotter and pacer to take records in standard time for the season of 1911, did it in the first week in May. Horses were easily prepared for the Decoration Day meeting at Hobokus, N. J., a suburb of New York, and they made astonishingly fast time. Not only that, but one two-in-three-heat race was so stubbornly contested that it required six heats to decide it. Five different horses won a heat, the best time being 2:16½ with a last half in 1:07¼.

At the matinee at Ingalls Park mile track, Joliet, Ill., on the same day, May 30th, in the pacing races, miles were reeled off in 2:12 and 2:13 with quarters in better than 30 seconds, is proof enough, to say nothing of many other well-attended amateur meets throughout the country on that day, that horses can be prepared and raced with safety the last day in May, or even earlier, without going to far away California or the sunny Southland looking for more favorable weather. Track managers, as well as owners of campaigning stables, would do well to consider the fact that folks who have had indoor amusement all winter are anxious to get out of doors in the spring and will liberally patronize the first outdoor entertainments. The early gate money is the easy money and the same efforts will get more of it in May, or, easily June, before the edge is worn off and other attractions divide the patronage. The campaigning season should and can be extended at both ends, especially in the spring, much to the profit of managers and horsemen and entertainment of the public.

FAMOUS GLUTTONS

"Beasts feed, man eats. The wise man alone knows how to eat." But not always. It would scarcely be incorrect to describe Balzac, Voltaire and Victor Hugo, for instance, as wise men in their own way; and yet they were human gluttons, whose gastronomic feats would strike the average reader as somewhat amazing, to say the least.

Balzac has told us himself that at the end of a night of hard writing he went to a certain famous eating-house in Paris and there ordered, and ate, a little dinner carefully composed of twelve dozen Ostend oysters, twelve mutton cutlets, a duck, two roast partridges, a Normandy sole, fruit, coffee, and liqueurs. Victor Hugo, whose iron teeth could crush a cutlet bone as if it were an almond, sometimes amused his grandchildren, after eating through a dinner of six courses, by collecting the remnants of soup, entree, fish, roast, vegetables, and sweet dishes, mixing them, and eating this horrible "salad" there and then with obvious pleasure.

Voltaire, who almost lived on strong coffee, bragged of drinking sixty cups a day, which reminds one of Dr. Johnson, who could almost equal this record in the matter of tea.

Judging, however, from the information contained in an interesting book lately published in France, on "Dining and Its Amenities," it would appear that not even Balzac, Hugo, or the more modern eating champions we occasionally read about, whose feats for wagers—such as disposing of a trifle like 20 lb. of plum-duff, fifty or sixty eggs, or a score of pigeons—would not have stood much chance if matched against ont or two of the French kings. Take Louis XIV., for instance, who was a gourmand and a gourmet too. He had as many as 1,500 men to cook for him and to wait at his banquets.

Here is the menu of one of his ordinary dinners: One broth made of two fowls and one of four partridges and cabbages; one additional soup, made of six pigeons and one of cocks' combs; two further soups, one of fowl and one of partridge; a 20lb. side of veal and twelve pigeons; a fricassee of six chickens and two hashed partridges, three roast partridges, six braised pigeons, two roast turkeys, three truffled hens, two fat capons, nine chickens, nine pigeons, two young chickens, six partridges, and four pigeons. The dessert consisted of two china bowls of raw fruit, two of jam, and two of compote.

No doubt the King did not eat all this, but he certainly more than touched it, as shown by his supper menu of the same day, which consisted of two capons, twelve pigeons, one partridge with parmesan, four more pigeons, six chickens, 8 lb. of veal, one pheasant, three partridges, three fat hens, four young chickens, nine chickens, another eight pigeons, four young pigeons. And on that particular day the King did not find the supper menu sufficient to satisfy his Royal appetite, and called for more. The following had to be added to the menu: Four partridges in sauce, roast pie of two fat chickens, two capons, two woodcocks, two teals, and five partridges.

Hors-d'oeuvre are not mentioned, but they included such things as black-pudding, sausages, and truffled pies.

The book mentions that Alexander the Great and the Emperor Septimus Severus both died from over-indulgence in food, while vegetarian readers will be interested to learn that Albinus, the ancient vegetarian, showed rare digestive powers by consuming in one morning 100 peaches, ten melons, 20 lb. of muscat grapes, and 480 oysters.

SAMOAN MATS

Among the curious customs of the Samoans is that of making heirlooms of mats. By some simple process of reasoning the mat has come to be identified with the family, as the hearthstone is traditionally sacred among the Saxon race.

The Samoan mats are really fine specimens of art. The people esteem them much more highly than any article of European manufacture, and the older they are the more they are regarded.

Some of them have names known all over the Saxon group. The oldest is called Moe-e Fui-Lui, or "The man that slept among the creepers." It got this title by reason of the fact that it had been hidden away for years among the creeping convolvulus that grows wild along the seashore. It is known to be two hundred years old, as the names of its owners during that period can be traced.

The possession of one of these old mats gives the owner great power; in fact, it is a title-deed to rank and property, from the Samoan standpoint. It does not matter if the mats are tattered and worn out; their antiquity is their value, and for some of the most cherished of them large sums of money would be refused.

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

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

Canal Workers' Experience

Some time ago I came to this place to work on the canal and through inclement weather and exposure contracted the worst kind of neuralgia. The pain would fill my forehad so that I couldn't see; it was just awful. I went to a druggist in town and was advised to use a 50c. bottle of Nerviline. That was the best advice and the best medicine I ever got. I will always recommend Nerviline for any ache or pain. It is so strong and penetrating it is bound to cure.

(Signed) A. R. Giorgi.
Trenton, Ont.

Doctors will tell you that nothing but the purest and most healing antiseptic drugs are used in Nerviline—that's why it is so safe for general family use, for the baby as well as the parent. If you haven't tried Nerviline, do so now—your neighbors are almost sure to know of its manifold merits and uses.

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

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

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Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

The Transcontinental Railways of Canada

(By J. Whitman, in the Scientific American)

The three transcontinental railroads of Canada are distinguished from those of the United States by the fact that they extend, or will do upon their completion, entirely across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with terminal ports on each ocean. Of the three whose main lines are shown upon the railroad map published on page 588, the Canadian Pacific is completed, and the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific are under construction and both slated for completion in the year 1914.

Canadian Pacific Railway

The charter granted by the Canadian government to the Canadian Pacific Railroad, February 18th, 1881, prescribed that the road should be carried through to the coast in ten years' time. From the government by way of encouragement, the company received $25,000,000 in cash, 25,000,000 acres of land fit for settlement, and 713 miles of railroad in which were included two of the most difficult sections. At that time the great northwestern section of Canada had been favored with little or no settlement. Transportation facilities to aid in construction work were not available, and the building of the line to the coast called for pioneer engineering of the most strenuous character. In spite of these difficulties, however, the road was finished in five years' time—a feat which will ever redound greatly to the managerial and engineering ability of the Canadians.

The opening of the new road was followed first by a gradual, and in later years by a phenomenally active settlement of the country, which was promoted by the joint activity of the railroad and the government. The fertile wheat lands of the prairies were thrown open to settlement upon liberal terms, while in later years the certainty of remunerative crops was assured by the construction of some of the largest irrigation works in the world.

The story of the growth of the Canadian Pacific Railroad to its present commanding position has been due to the broad view which the company has taken of its opportunities, and to the realization of the fact that its system of lines, stretching from ocean to ocean, in addition to performing its great work of opening up new country and developing industries and promoting commerce, could also be made to form the central link in a continuous system of transportation reaching from the Occident to the Orient. In due course lines of steamers were placed upon both oceans, and the activities of the company on land, lake and sea have grown to an extent which can be judged from the following facts: To-day the company own and control some 16,000 miles of railway, 11,500 miles of which form the Canadian Pacific Railway proper. It employs 76,000 people, all on the pension system, among whom are distributed every month some $3,800,000 in salaries and wages. The company owns its own sleeping, dining and parlor cars, its own telegraph system, and its own express company, and the total value of its railways and equipment is $317,000,000. Including its service on ocean, lakes and river, it possesses a fleet of sixty-seven steamships, sixteen in commission and four building on the Atlantic, four in commission on the Pacific, twenty in the British Columbia coast service, and the balance on the Great Lakes and inland waters. Also it owns a chain of sixteen hotels, built originally for the efficiency of the system, and now all are on a paying basis.

The story of the settlement of the country can be largely told in terms of its land operation, which forms a most interesting record. Of the original grant of 25,000,000 acres the company still has in Western Canada 8,000,000, and in British Columbia 4,500,000 acres, now valued at $180,000,000. The early sales in 1883 of the most desirable agricultural land in Manitoba were made at an average price of $2.85 per acre. In 1910, so greatly had values appreciated under the improvements due to larger railway facilities and constant settlement, that one million acres were sold at an average price of $14.80 per acre. Today, in the Bow River Valley, one of the biggest schemes of irrigation outside of India and Egypt is being carried out, involving three million acres of land. The first operation covered 400,000 acres, and required 1,580 miles of ditches and canals, and all of this section has been sold. Work is now being done on an additional 500,000 acres, to be followed by extensions to an additional 200,000 acres.

Within the limits of the present article it is impossible to enter any further into details; but mention should be made of the celebrated Angus shops, which are capable of turning out a complete train every day for the service of the road, which, as we have said, owns its own sleeping, dining and parlor cars. So great has been the immigration into the Northwest, particularly of energetic and thriving farmers from the United States, that the company at the present time is building between 500 and 700 miles of new railway each year in the endeavor to keep up with the development of the northwestern country.

It was less than fifteen years ago, in December of 1896, that the first train to earn revenue for the Lake Manitoba and Canal Railway Company—the nucleus from which has sprung the present Canadian Northern Railway system—left Gladstone, Manitoba, on its one hundred mile trip to Dauphin. The gross revenue from the hundred miles operated the first year was $60,000; thirteen men and a boy constituted the staff, and the payroll was $650 per month. Within less than fifteen years the gross revenue of the Canadian Northern and its allied railways has grown to over $18,000,000, its staff has increased to 48,400, and today the railways of the Canadian Northern systems are running in six provinces with a mileage which has grown at the rate of a mile a day for fourteen years. Farmers of the prairie provinces have over 3,500 miles of roads at their service, and a glance at our railroad map will show that it needs only the completion of connecting links which are being built between Lake Superior and the Ottawa Valley and between Edmonton and the Pacific Coast to make of this system a transcontinental railway, with a widely-diverging and comprehensive system of branch roads.

The expansion of the Canadian Northern in the wheat-growing belt is being carried out upon a plan which will result in the possession of five principal lines running east and west with certain northwesterly developments which will make the system as serviceable to the Hudson Bay bread route to Europe as it is to the present route by way of Lake Superior and the St. Lawrence. One thousand miles from Lake Superior the company is opening up vast areas of wheat land, as fertile and more extensive than those which have assured to Manitoba and South Saskatchewan their great reputation as wheat-producing districts. Southwest of Saskatchewan the line is being built across the fertile Saskatchewan plain. From the first seventy-six miles of line in this district there was hauled in 1909 2,000,000 bushels of wheat to Port Arthur, and in addition to the wheat business there are vast timber tracts to the east and northwest of Prince Albert, which the new road has brought into touch with the commercial world.

The expansion of the Canadian Northern from Alberta to the Pacific Coast was assisted by the guaranteeing of the bonds of construction up to $35,000 per mile by the British Columbia government. It is a distinctive feature of this system that it has been produced from within the prairie provinces, and the earning which it had displayed assisted greatly in securing government support, which was formally assured by an act passed in 1910, and was speedily followed by the commencement of construction eastward from the mouth of the Fraser River at New Westminster. The main line from Edmonton is advancing to meet the British Columbia section by way of Lac Ste. Anne and the McLeod River. Hence, as provided in the statute, British Columbia will receive its first competitive communication with the prairie provinces during the year 1914. The main line will ascend the Fraser River Canyon and will surmount the summit on its way to Edmonton by way of the Yellowhead Pass, which is claimed to be the easiest summit of any pass through the Rocky Mountains. The road will afford connection between Puget Sound and Duluth within a mileage almost the same as that of the Northern Pacific, the pioneer railway across the northwest States; but it will have the advantage that its trains have to be hauled over only one summit, and that of the low elevation of 3,700 feet.

During 1910 the new terminal passenger station was completed at Winnipeg, for the joint occupation of the Canadian Northern, the National Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Contemporaneously with this development in the western provinces the company is actively prosecuting the work of joining up certain separately operated lines in the eastern provinces; and when this has been completed the system will have a complete transcontinental road from Quebec to the Pacific Coast. The chief of these eastern roads is the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway, in connection with which the company is building a new line between Toronto and Ottawa, which is about completed. It is also engaged on the construction of a line west of Toronto toward Buffalo. During 1909 Ottawa was connected with Montreal and Quebec by a section of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railroad, which by connecting with the Canadian Northern Quebec gives to Quebec its shortest route to Ottawa and a competitive line between Quebec and Montreal north of the St. Lawrence.

For eight months in the year the freight business between east and west mainly goes by the great lakes. By its control of a fleet of lake steamers, the Canadian Northern is, therefore, able to handle freight from tide-water to Edmonton for about eight months in the year. It is necessary to supplement this by an all-rail route, for which purpose the gap between Cowganda Junction and Port Arthur, roughly 450 miles, must be filled and eventually a short line to obviate the necessity of hauling freight from Montreal to the West by way of Toronto. This will be accomplished by connecting Ottawa with the Toronto-Sudbury line at or near Key Junction, so as to give rapid connection with Key Harbor. For the Cowganda-Port Arthur gap, the Ontario government has proferred a land grant of 4,000 acres per mile, and it is anticipated that the completion of this line will synchronize with the completion of the line through British Columbia which is guaranteed for 1914.

The year 1910 is notable not only for the advent of the Canadian Northern at the Pacific Coast, but for its appearance among Atlantic passenger fleets. In May the Royal Line of the Canadian Northern system began a fortnightly service between Bristol and Montreal, with the "Royal Edward" and "Royal George," the two fastest as well as the most splendidly equipped steamers in the Canadian trade, which gave Bristol its first up-to-date passenger service with Canada.

The third and latest of the Canadian transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific, has the unique distinction of being the only road ever planned and built as a definite transcontinental line, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Also it is the greatest length of railroad that has ever been conceived and put under construction in one complete scheme, since it is 3,556 miles from terminus to terminus. It is the first line to be thrown across the North American continent from ocean to ocean under one management, thereby being a transcontinental railway in the fullest sense of the word; it crosses the mountains at a lower maximum altitude than any competing line; it has been built at a more northerly latitude than was conceived possible a quarter of a century ago, the route laying for the greater part of its length between the 48th and 54th parallels, and it has easier grades and curves than any other line on the continent.

The undertaking owes its inception entirely to the bold, progressive policy of Mr. Charles M. Hayes, the president of the Grand Trunk Railway system, who conceived the idea during the short period he was in charge of the Union Pacific for Mr. Harriman. When the scheme was submitted to the Canadian Government for approval and support it was warmly supported, and tangible financial assistance was promised. The Government, however, in deference to public opinion, undertook to construct and retain one-half of the line, subsequently leasing it to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway for a term of fifty years at a rental equivalent to 3 per cent on the constructional cost, such interest, however, to be waived for the first seven years, while the country traversed was being settled and developed, the company undertaking to defray maintenance expenses during this period only. On the mountain section, which is perforcedly the most difficult from the engineering point of view, and consequently the most expensive to build, the Government is contributing to the cost to the extent of 25 per cent.

When the scheme was sanctioned it was decided that construction should be carried out upon a high standard, in accordance with the requirements of a modern railway to meet the exigencies of heavy fast traffic for several years to come, thus avoiding that realignment and reconstruction which is so severe a burden upon American railways today. For this reason it was stipulated that the ruling grade should not exceed four-tenths of 1 per cent per mile against east and west bound traffic, and that curves should not be sharper than five degrees. Timber trestles also were to be omitted, unless it was intended that such should be afterward filled in to form a stable embankment.

The Government section is 1,804.84 miles in length, and extends from Moncton in New Brunswick, which is the Atlantic seaboard terminal, to Winnipeg, the Grand Trunk Pacific carrying the construction through from the latter point to Prince Rupert, on the Pacific Coast, a distance of about 1,785 miles. It was also stipulated that the line should run entirely through Canadian territory, which restriction compelled the surveyors to make a wide detour around the north of the State of Maine.

The railway is to be carried across the St. Lawrence River about four miles above Levis. After leaving Quebec the line rises sharply and strikes in a north and northwesterly direction through the heart of the province of Quebec, until it crosses the 48th parallel, keeping on the northern slope of the "Divide" all the way to Winnipeg. The construction of the line through Quebec and Ontario has bristled with difficulties, the greater part of which, however, were in regard to the sending forward of supplies and material. The road, 100 feet in width, has been cleared the whole distance between Winnipeg and Quebec, some 1,344.39 miles, and the grading is well advanced toward completion.

Westward of Winnipeg the Grand Trunk Pacific has completed and inaugurated its service upon the 793 miles of line to Edmonton. This section is laid over the rolling prairie, with the result that grades and curves are of the easiest description.

The prairie section extends for 126 miles west of Edmonton to Wolf Creek, a tributary of the McLeod River. This point is the official commencement of the mountain division, as the section to the coast is called, inasmuch as it has to negotiate the Rockies and the coastal continuation of the Cascades. At Wolf Creek the track is at an elevation of 2,700 feet above the sea level, and yet the highest point reached by this railway is only 3,720 feet in the Yellowhead Pass where the Rockies are traversed. The Pass, however, is about 100 miles west of Wolf Creek, and from the latter point the grade rises steadily and continuously the whole distance, but only on an average of 10 feet to the mile, which ascent is almost imperceptible.

Though the railway cannot offer such examples of spectacular engineering as the Rockies in Montana and Colorado, yet the greatest achievement lies in the avoidance of these very obstacles, so as to provide an almost level route, with no stiffer grades and sharper curves than are to be met on the open prairie. To railway operation this is of far-reaching value. For instance, a locomotive of the consolidated type weighing 107 tons would haul on a perfectly level track 3,868 tons. On a 1 per cent. grade, however, it could handle only 810 tons; but on a four-tenths of 1 per cent. grade, such as is provided on the new transcontinental line, its hauling capacity would be almost double—1,596.

The western terminus of the line is at Prince Rupert, where there is a magnificent natural harbor varying from three-quarters to one and a half miles in length, which, varying from 160 to 600 feet in depth, with an unobstructed entrance three-quarters of a mile wide, is considered the finest harbor north of San Francisco.

That this railway is destined to exercise a far-reaching influence upon the movement of traffic across Canada, owing to its easy grades and curvature and closer proximity to the Orient, is admitted on all sides. Moreover, its physical conditions, combined with substantial construction, will render it the fastest line between Atlantic and Pacific. Its economic importance is also incalculable, as it traverses a country which is new, and the resources of which are practically untouched. In British Columbia a virgin territory, rich in mineral, timber, and possessing excellent stretches of agricultural land, is being opened up, and the route cannot fail to have considerable influence upon our trade with Alaska, to which it will be the obvious highroad, linking it directly with our manufacturing and industrial centres, and involving a sea passage to Skagway of only about 500 miles.

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

MOTORING

DETROIT is a city of motor cars. The people of Detroit are busily engaged in making every brand of motor car—except poor ones—known to the world. If there is, by any chance, a man here and there who is not up to his neck in the work of making motor cars, he is selling them, or trading them, or sending them away, or doing something in close connection with the making and marketing of motor cars.

Everybody in Detroit must own a motor car of some sort. It may be that such as motormen and conductors on the street cars, crews of boats that sail out of Detroit, and chaffeurs, do not indulge themselves in the ownership of a car, but there are only a few of these, comparatively speaking, in the half-million people who make up the population of Detroit, and every other person must have a car. Not that there is a statute law compelling them to have a car, but because there are so few people walking in Detroit, and a glance shows that the few are only walking for a little change from their general practise of riding in their cars. Automobiles in Detroit are more numerous than leaves on a tree in June, and the only vehicles that aren't automobiles are the street cars, and now and then a rig that strays in from the country and looks out of place for its pains. A few weeks ago a man named Meeker drove an ox team into Detroit, and the people of that city were so sated with the sight of motor cars that they crowded around that ox team and stopped the street so that Uncle Meeker couldn't move his ante-bellum transportation system until the crowd got hungry and went home to get a bite to eat. Uncle Meeker was supposed to have driven his oxen from Oregon, and was advertising the "Lost Trail to Oregon." Incidentally, it may be mentioned that anybody who lost the trail to Oregon didn't lose anything they couldn't get along without, especially if it was any worse than that Southern Pacific railroad, that runs up and down the State pumping mud from under the ties every time a truck passes over. But that is beside the mark and the real point is that those Detroit people got Uncle Meeker sore on his ox team and had him wanting an automobile before he had been in the city twenty-four hours.

And there's a reason for this preponderance of automobiles in Detroit—several of them, in fact. Scattered round about the city, in divers sections, are some thirty factories where many men make motor cars. These factories are not the toy brand of goods, they are great, big, busy places where thousands of men are at work at topnotch speed and energy six days in the week, and pretty much every week in the year. The output of these Detroit factories goes into every country on the face of the earth, but a lot of it stays right at home—in the United States at large, and in Detroit in particular. Detroit is second to Los Angeles, among the cities of the world, for the number of automobiles in population, and the city that has more than Detroit must have a number of citizens with more than one car apiece.

It works out pretty well, this general owning and general use of motor cars. There's a cash implication that goes with each car, and the people who own them exercise considerable moral influence over the chaps who build roads and the like—when moral suasion fails they use clubs and other gentle and refined means of getting good roads for their cars. Good roads are the hallmark of civilization and progress; the community that has them will have everything else pretty close to the point of quality.

Thus, by this chain of logic—or circumstance—the deduction is arrived at that the motor car industry is a fine thing for Detroit, and anybody who has any doubt about the reasonableness of this deduction has only to go to Detroit to find out.

* * *

Detroit, the automobile capitol of America, has just been amazed by an announcement from the Ford Motor Company headquarters that the home of the model T is to be enlarged by the erection of another half-million dollar building.

The announcement, coming as it does just before the plans for 1912 are to be given out, causes speculation on the number of cars the Ford company will build the coming season. The 35,000 mark will be reached by the Fords for 1911, which is vastly in excess of all previous high water marks in the automobile business.

The immensity of the Ford business, which grows with the increasing popularity of the model T, seems to know no bounds and with the new addition to the gigantic Ford plant, it may be possible almost to double the 1911 volume of business.

The new building is to be a four-story, steel and concrete structure 865 feet long by 74 feet wide. Other buildings will also be built but the big feature of the new structures will be the one described.

The Ford Motor Company plans on bringing to Detroit the Ford pressed steel plant now located in Buffalo. Part of the new building will house that plant. At present the Ford plant in Detroit contains thirty-five acres of floor space and with the new addition completed, the total floor space will be 42 acres, which eclipses anything known in the automobile industry.

QUALITIES WOMEN SHOULD CULTIVATE

A Paris journal has recently been seeking to discover what are the ten most estimable qualities possessed by women, and has put the question to the votes of its readers. The result of the voting goes to show that not ten but sixty qualities are esteemed, and that this is the case in very varying degrees. While 50,000 votes have been given to goodness of heart, fewer than 300 have declared for humility. Between these two extremes the votes vary from 47,000 to 300.

The following ten come first in order: Goodness of heart, order, devotedness, economy, sweetness, intelligence, amiability, patience, and modesty. The last of these qualities has 20,000 admirers, to judge from the votes given; the qualities enumerated later all fall below number of supporters. The ten next in order are: Honesty, wisdom, courage, taste, and delicacy, cheerfulness, activity, grace, dignity, and energy. The bounds, in actual life, between some of these qualities—for example, activity and energy—are somewhat hard to define. Their presence in the list is, no doubt, due to the free hand left to competitors in the way of proclaiming their individual leaning. If taken together, as they well might be, the 10,000 for each would give a combined total of 20,000, which would place them in the first class, next to patience.

Between 10,000 and 5,000 votes have been given to each of the following: Frankness, simplicity, self-denial (abnegation), willingness, discretion, wit, well-doing, foresight, loyalty, judgment, elegance, forbearance, generosity, sincerity and courage. Among these wit has been assigned 7,000 votes, but it must be remembered that its French equivalent, esprit, has several other meanings, such as character and intellect, as well as humor, and that these votes are probably the aggregte of several different qualities.

Sensibility claims 4,000 adherents. After it came ingenuity, resignation, rectitude, confidence, judgment, and kindliness, which last has 2,500 supporters. Between that and 2,000 we find perseverance, prudence, exactness, perspicacity, and firmness.

The remaining qualities fall regularly from 2,000 votes to 300. First of these is decision, which might well be included under firmness, immediately preceding it. Others, in order, are: Gratitude, complaisance, disinterestedness, pride, docility, and originality. The last five, whose adherents are but few, include moderation, neatness, application, and humility. Ponderation, whose meaning requires some pondering, is almost last, but in this respect it has to yield to humility.

After studying poets and philiosophers, however, who profess to know all about heart affairs, until he was suffering from chronic Cupiditis, the T. B. man came to the conclusion that the girls who have the best chance of getting married are the girls who take an interest in a man's pursuits and ambitions. The simpering, gushing, frivolous girl—the girls who live in a purely feminine world, composed mainly of dress, fashion, and amusement—stands no chance in the race for the matrimonial stakes.

Girls, study the temperament of the man you want to marry. It is surprising how a man can be drawn by a woman who tactifully invites him, by sympathetic knowledge of his work, to talk over his worries and troubles. In a word, it is the practical-minded woman that the modern man is looking for—a woman who can take more interest in discussing the details of an Irish stew than the latest thing in millinery.

But do not go to the other extreme and cultivate that passion for athletes which so often spoils all that is charming and feminine in woman. Much ink has been spilt deploring the mannishness of the modern girl, and not without reason. Cultivate the art of being a companion as well as a sweetheart by taking an interest in a man's pastimes, but draw the line at trying to ape him.

SWARM OF BEES IN HAT.

An abandoned peach basket hat was left at a farm house at Kingston, N. Y., by a summer boader a year ago, which the farmer's children mounted on a fence post and quite forgot. When they came upon it in the course of their romps the other day, they tried to take it down. A swarm of wild bees was found in it, and the farmer has twelve pounds of honey to sell. A humorist can find material in this.

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SEPTEMBER 7, 1911

WORDS OF LIFE-LONG LIBERAL

"I speak to you young men of Oxford who are now casting your first votes to register them against this measure and in favor of the policy that has brought Canada to its present enviable position."

These are the words of Hon. Clifford Sifton, delivered in an address against reciprocity given at Oxford some days ago. The strongest argument against reciprocity heard in the present campaign was given by Mr. Sifton in that memorable address.

"I am not splitting arguments," said he, "about the difference of a cent or two between New York or Montreal on a Canadian delivery, but I ask you if it is logical that, after spending millions to develop this great home market we should throw it open freely to the United States and all those other countries. The market of the Ontario farmer is today the finest, the steadiest, and the surest in the world.

"If there is an intelligent reason why this home market should be thrown open, this is certainly the time for that reason to be stated. There is no place in the world where producers are so ruthlessly oppressed by trusts as in the United States. It is to the tender mercies of the beef trust and its ilk that they propose to hand you over, and this, you are told, will rid you of the middleman."

Mr. Sifton dealt at length with the hope of the United States of securing access to the natural resources of Canada and the encouragement that would be given to the shipment out of Canada of everything in its raw state to be manufactured in the United States. The inevitable result of such a policy could not but be a decreased population and a diminished production.

There is a tendancy on the part of some Liberals to criticise Hon. Mr. Sifton for the stand he has taken on the reciprocity pact, claiming that he is unfaithful to his leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The fact is, Sir Wilfrid is unfaithful to himself, in that he has turned his back upon the policy he has advocated for years past. Listen to Sir Wilfrid at the imperial conference of 1907: "There was a time when we wanted reciprocity with the United States, but our efforts and our offers were put aside. We have said good-bye to that trade and we now put our hopes upon British trade.

What has happened to cause Sir Wilfrid to turn his back upon his former policy? Nothing, so far as Canada is concerned. But the past five years have witnessed the greatest emigration of American farmers to the Northwest that ever has been witnessed in the world's history. It has been a period of greatest prosperity, for these emigrants have brought millions of dollars with them and have induced other millions to follow. The manufacturers of the United States have likewise moved across the line and established Canadian branches to supply the demand of the Canadian market. All this has meant the annual loss to the states of many millions, and also the loss of thousands of her best citizens. Everything possible was done by the states to check the exodus to Canada without avail. Finally, seeing what Canada was doing, and being unable to stop the inflow of American capital and men and institutions, the proposition came from the United States government for reciprocity. And Sir Wilfrid, astute as he is, jumped at the bait. Had Sir Wilfrid at that time answered the request from the United States with the words uttered by him at the imperial conference in 1907, he would have won the esteem of every Britisher and every Canadian. On the contrary, he deliberately walked into the trap set for him, and now he is attempting to justify his course.

If prominent Liberals refuse to follow him, he must accept the responsibility, not they. Mr. W. T. White of Toronto, vice-president of the National Trust Co., and one of the 18 Liberals who signed the anti-reciprocity manifesto when the pact was first made known, put the question correctly in an address at Toronto a few days ago. "In my opinion this is not a question of party politics," said Mr. White. "It is a great economic and national issue in which all minor political differences are absorbed and merged. It is a question above parties and above individuals. * * * It is said that both parties have been committed to reciprocity since confederation. This is not true, although it is a fact that both parties were favorable to it for a great number of years. We all favored it when we were dependent upon the bounty of the United States for admission to her markets, but that day has passed and gone forever. There are no birds in last year's nests, and reciprocity is an old nest, a generation old now, and there are no birds in it for Canada. * * * The other contention is that reciprocity is an advantage to the farmers of Canada. Now I have only one speech on this aspect of the case for the city and the country. * * * My political faith is that, situated as we are, this country needs a reasonable protection for all its industries including farming, and each part of the community must be content to see others receive the share of protection to which they are respectively entitled. Now, having settled this principle, let us examine this agreement. Canada has a population of 8,000,000. United States, 90,000,000. Both countries are principally agricultural, producing many millions in value more than they consume. Both are manufacturing nations ambitious to extend their trade

"Now what about this wonderful market of 90,000,000 we hear so much about? One would think that 90,000,000 people were standing in a bread line just across the border waiting to be fed! How many individual American farms are there? ONLY SEVEN MILLION, WITH OVER A BILLION ACRES OF LAND UNDER CULTIVATION, with the out put increasing yearly under the most improved methods of intensive farming!"

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I know the best paint to use

Says the Little Paint Man.

For the man who is about to paint his home or other buildings there is the choice of three materials:

Cheap Mixed Paint Hand-mixed Lead and Oil
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There is so much controversy about which is the best to use that it is hard for anyone not a paint expert to arrive at a decision. Here it is in a nutshell.

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Hand-mixed lead and oil is good as far as it goes, but it is impossible for anyone with a paddle and bucket and working by rule of thumb to make as good a paint as that which is worked out on a strictly scientific formula and mixed and ground by powerful machinery.

Good prepared paint, such as Sherwin-Williams Paint (SWP), will give the best of results. It is made of Pure Lead, Pure Zinc, Pure Linseed Oil and the necessary coloring pigments and driers, all combined according to exact scientific formula, the result of over 40 years' experience in paint making, and mixed and ground by powerful machinery designed especially for the purpose. The result is a paint that covers most surface and wears longest.

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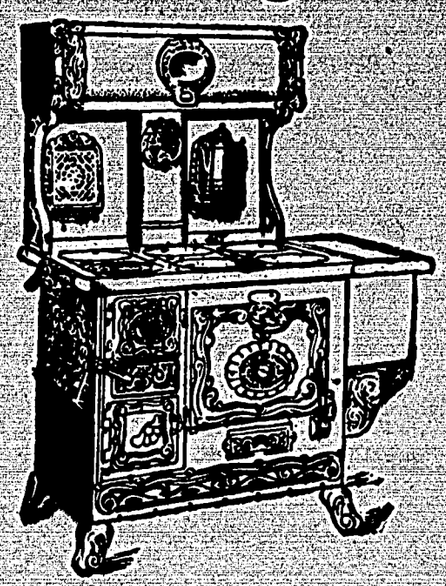

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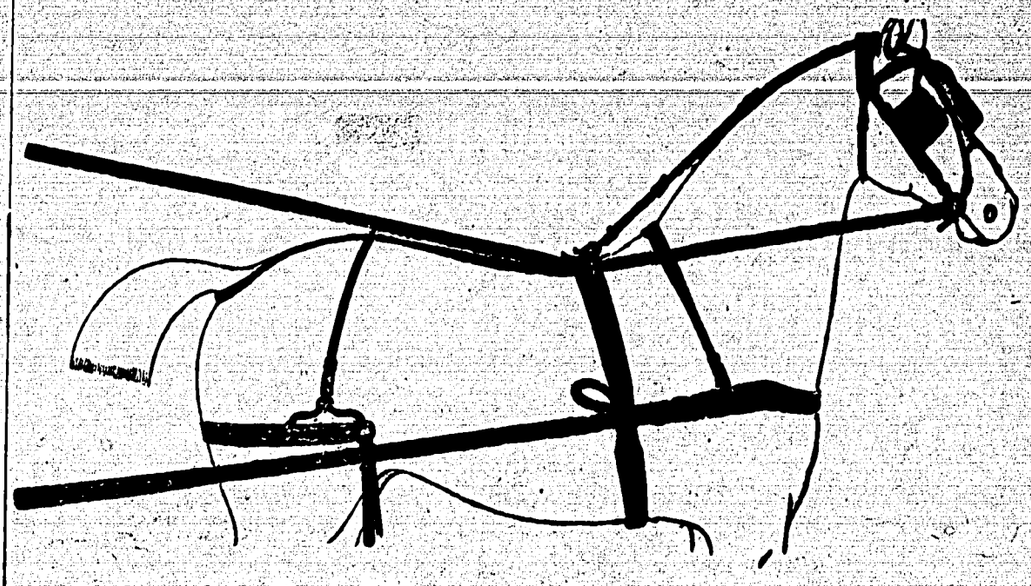

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HAPPY HAWKINS

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

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CHAPTER IX.

Adrift Again

WELL, I rode purty tol'able slow Some way I didn't want to go back to the Lion Head Ranch. I knew 'at Jim would be glad to see me, but I knew I'd be lonesomer there thar among total strangers; so I just floated, punchin' cows most o' the time, but not runnin' very long over the same range.

It was just about this period that I begun to lose my serious view o' life and get more man-like. The usual idea is that a boy is a careless, happy, easy-goin' sort of a creature, and a man is a steady, serious minded, thoughtful kind of an outfit; but just the reverse. A boy starts out believin' most o' what's told him an' thinkin' that it's his duty to reform the world; an' about the only thing he is careless of is human life—his own or any one else's. Fact o' the matter is that if you watch him close enough you'll find out that even in his games a boy is about the solemnest thing on earth, an' you have to know the game purty thorough to tell when it drifts into a real fight. That's why all wars have been fought by boys. They believe in any cause 'at looks big enough to lay down their lives for, an' that's their chief ambition. A man, though, gets to see after a time that the' 's most generally somebody up behind who's working the wires, an' he gets so 'at he don't want to lay down anybody's life, except as a last resort. He looks favorable upon amusement, an' after a while he kind o' sort o' gets hardened to the fact that the whole thing's a joke and he'd rather laugh than shoot. Why, I'd be more afraid of a boy with a popgun than I'd be of a man with a standin' army.

So as I said, it was just about this time in my life that I begun to hunt up pleasant places to eat and sleep; an' if I heard of trouble in the next county I turned out an' went around. I did a little of every thing; even lugged a chain in a surveyor outfit, but the' wasn't enough chance in that. I got to have a trace of gamblin' in anything I do; so the first thing I knew I was down in Nevada lookin' for the treasure 'at Bill Brophy had buried there. The last of his gang had tried to describe the place, but his description would have done for 'most any place in Nevada—she not bein' what you might call free-handed in the way of variety.

Well, I ranged around in the mountains between Nevada and California, lookin' for a flat-shaped rock with a mountain-peak on each side of it, an' a cold wind sweepin' up the canon—I don't know just how the cold wind got included, but the dyin' outlaw dwelt upon that cold wind something particular. I stayed out purty late in the season, an' if cold winds was identifyin', Brophy had his treasure buried purty unpartially all over the West.

I reckon I'd have died if I hadn't fallen in with Slocum. Slocum was a queer lookin' speciment when you first came upon him. His skin didn't fit him very well, bein' a trifle too big, an' wrinkled an' baggy in consequence; his eyes was kind of a washy blue, an' they stuck out from his face, givin' him the most sorrowful expression I ever see. You just couldn't be suspicious of a man with such eyes as that; he seemed to have throwed himself wide open an' invited the whole world to come an' look inside. Why, a perfect stranger would have trusted Slocum with his last plug of tobacco, and like as not he'd have gotten part of it back. Well, as I said, I was headin' for warmer weather, but I got overtook an' had about given up all hope when I noticed the smell of smoke in the air. I was walkin' on foot an' pullin' a burro with a pack behind me, an' after a time I located that smoke comin' right up through the snow.

I yelled and shouted around for a while without gettin' any response. Night and the snow was both fallin' fast, an' that smoke was exceeding temptin'. Finally I took a piece of burlap off the pack, put it over the hole where the smoke was comin' through, an' piled snow on top of it. I was curious to see what would happen. I waited—perhaps it was only five minutes, but it seemed that many hours—an' then a low, calm voice, down somewhere beneath me, sez, "Get off that chimney!"

"I will," sez I, "when you tell me how to get to the fire."

I waited again, an' then a man with a lantern emerged into the cut about forty feet below me, an' told me how I could wind around and come down to him. Well, me an' the burro finally worked it out, an' there was a man with long whiskers standin' in his shirt-sleeves in front of a hole in the snow.

"You like to a' smothered me," he grumbled. "Don't you know better'n to stop up a chimney that's workin'?"

"I wanted the chimney to work double," sez I, "an' that was the only way I could think to attract your attention."

"Do you live around here?" sez he.

"Not very much," sez I, "but I'm minded to try it a while, if there's room in your burrow for two."

"Got any tobacco?" sez he.

"Plenty," sez I.

"You're welcome," sez he.

We took the burro over to a clump of pine woods an' turned him loose, an' then I crawled in through the tunnel to Slocum's fire. It was in a cave which had a natural chimney runnin' up the hill, an' it looked considerable much like Paradise to me. We ate an' smoked to gether for a week, an' then one day our fire went out an' a flood of water poured down through the chimney. We worked like beavers for a while, gettin' our stuff outdoors, an' it was as hot as summer outside.

"That's the only drawback to this cave," said Slocum. "It will be all to the good when the winter settles in earnest, but it will be some bother while it's still snowin' an' thawin'."

I told him that I agreed with him to such an extent that if I could locate the burro I'd rather risk gettin' back to humanity than to dyin' there of rheumatiz. I was wringin' wet through.

"Nobody can't die of rheumatiz around me," sez Slocum, an' he went to one of his packs an' got out a piece of root. "Chew this," sez he, "an' it will drive the rheumatiz out of your system."

Anybody would have trusted those eyes, so I chewed the root for about a minute, an' then I chewed snow an' mud an' tobacco an' red pepper for an hour, tryin' to get rid of the taste. Drive the rheumatiz out of your system? Why, the blame stuff would drive out your system too if you chewed it long enough. It was the tarnationest stuff 'at ever a human man met up with.

"It's most too strong to take pure," sez Slocum, "but if you grind it an' put a small pinch in a quart of alcohol it makes a fine remedy. Don't throw the rest o' that root away. There is enough there to do you a lifetime."

"Yes," sez I, "there is, an' more."

A feller once told me that man was a slave to his envirament—envirament is anything around you, scenery, books, evil companions, an' sech; well, a burro ain't no slave to his envirament 'cause he generally eats it. My burro was fat, an' the clump of pine trees had mostly disappeared. I loaded up my stuff, shook hands with Slocum, and started down the mountain. Just as I got fully started Slocum sez to me, "I'm sure sorry to see you go. I don't generally get much friendly with folks any more, but I took to you from the first, an' any time I can do you a favor, all you got to do it to wink."

"What's your general plan of occupation, Slocum?" sez I.

"All that I ever expect to do for the remainder of my days," sez he, "is to search for my Rheumatiz Remedy."

"Well," sez I, "any time you get to do me a favor in that line, it'll be when I'm to weak to wink." So we parted the best o' friends, an' I went on to a lumber camp, where I put in the winter bossin' a gang. I didn't know much about lumber, but the men there was just the same as anywhere else, an' we got along fine.

I was bossin' a little ranch up in Idaho next June when I heard tell of a big strike in the Esmeralda range—not such a great distance from where I had spent the week with Slocum. The report had it that a feller named Slocum had located the big ace of gold mines, an' I was some et up with curiosity to see if it was the same Slocum; but I was needed at the ranch that winter, an' as I took a likin' for the young feller who was tryin' to make it go, I stuck to him, an' it wasn't until the followin' July that I pulled out an' floated down that way.

Well, it was the same old Slocum sure enough. He was the most unlucky cuss 'at ever breathed, I reckon. Every time he had made up his mind to do something, Fate had stepped up an' voted again it. He had wasted the best part of his life locatin' gold mines 'at wouldn't hang out, until at last even he got disgusted an' went to huntin' for his Injun root to cure rheumatiz with. First thing he knew, he had stumbled on a bonanza lode in the Esmeralda range. This here lode was a peach. Ten-foot face on top, just soggy with gold an' silver, an' copper an' tin enough to pay expenses. It just looked as if they's said, "Now then, there's Slocum; he been hammered so long he's got callous to it. Let's jus' see how he'd act if we switched his luck on him." An' they sure done it.

Slocum, he scratched around until he see that it was no joke, an' then he set bait for a couple of capitalists. He trapped two beauties, an' they put up the assets an' went in, equal partners. They sunk shafts an' built stamp-mills an' smelters an' retorts—oh, they sure made plans to get the metal wholesale. As soon as it began to flow in they built stores and shacks an' a big hotel—they wasn't timorous about puttin' their coin into circulation, you bet your life, an' it looked as if they was going to flood the market.

Well, Slocum, he owned a third of everything, mind, an' his expression flopped square over like a dry moon, an' stayed points up. He forgot all those years 'at he'd been havin' the muddy end of it, an' after a time he got 'em to call the mine "Slocum's Luck." The' wasn't no call to hurl such an insult as that into the mouth of an honest, hard-workin' mine, an' naturally, as soon as it was done, the mine laid down in its tracts an' refused to give up another ounce.

They came to a break in the lode an' couldn't find the beginning again. The same twist that had hove one edge out of the ground had unjointed the other. But they had got out a tidy sum already, an' they knew the' must be a loose end somewhere, so they was anxious to keep their outfit in good order.

Slocum hadn't swelled clear out of shape with his new fortune, an' when I made myself known to him he had give me a purty tol'able decent sort of a job, where there was more bossin' an' responsibility than brute labor; an' I felt kindly toward him. Winter lasted full four months out there. It was a good ninety miles to the railroad, an' so when the mornin's begun to get frosty everyone else scooted for humanity, an I, bein' more or less weak-minded, took the job o' watchman, at forty a month an' my keedin's. I always a hog for litachure, so I got a bushel o' libraries an' started in to play it alone.

The' wasn't a blessed thing to do, so I read 'em through by New Years, an' got out of tobacco by the first of February. From that on I begun to think in a circle, an' my intellect creaked like a dry axle before the bluebirds began to sing. Quiet? I could hear the shadows crawlin' along the side of the house. The snow was seventy-five feet deep in the canons, so you might say I was duty bound to stay there. As a general rule, I don't shirk breakin' a path, but when the snow is more than fifty feet higher than my head, I'd rather walk fourth or fifth.

When the outfit came back in the spring I was the entire reception committee; but I bet the' never was one more able to do its part.

CHAPTER TEN

A Winter at Slocum's Luck

They only brought out about half a gang that summer, an' they kept them probin' around all over the neighborhood; but though they found enough stuff to about pay expenses, they could not get back on the main track. Both the Eastern capitalists showed up along toward fall to see what was doin', an' when it came time to knock off work, they tried to get me to repeat my little performance as watchman.

I thanked 'em for their trustfulness, but I politely declined the honor. I told 'em 'at I was purty tol'able quick-witted, an' it didn't take me four months to study out what I was goin' to say next. But I compromised by sayin' that if they would give me two other fellers for company I'd stay; otherwise they'd have to rustle up some poor devil 'at needed the money. They knew 'at I was reliable, so they agreed; an' I selected out my companions in affliction. What I mostly wanted was a heap o' variety, an' when the number is limited to two, a feller has to be some choicy; but I reckon I got the best the' was.

There'd been a little light-haired feller there all season, kind o' gettin' familiar with labor, like. He was no account to work, he couldn't even learn to tie a knot; but he talked kin' o' blotchy, an' it was divertin' to listen to him. One day we was kiddin' him about being so thumby, an' he sez, "That's right, boys, laugh while you can; but I'll have you all between the covers of a book some day, an' then it will be my grin. I ain't swore to no everlastin' felicity to the holy cause o' labor; I'm just gettin' local color now."

Next day he fell into a barrel of red paint, he was swobbin' on the hotel to keep her from warpin', an' every blessed man in camp passed out about six jokes apiece relatin' to local color. He never saddened up none, though, just smiled sorrowful, as though he pitied us, an' went on tanglin' up everything he touched.

An' then there was another curious speciment there; a tall, thin feller, with one o' them lean chinny faces. He claimed 'at he had been a show actor, but his lungs had given out—claimed he was a tragudian, but Great Scott! he couldn't even turn a handspring.

He said he was recuperatin', and he sure did hit his liquor purty hard; but I never could make out what he expected to get out of a minin' camp, 'cause he was full as useless as Local Color. About half the fellers you meet strayin' around out here are a bit one-sided, but we don't care so long as they're peaceable. When you'd guy this one a little stout, he'd fold his arms, throw back his head, an' say, cracklin' o' thorns under a pot, is the laughter of fools." This was the brand of landwidge 'at flowed from this one, an' he wasn't no ways stingy with it.

Well, they had kept these two at boys' jobs an' boys' wages, an' when I offered 'em the position of deputy watchmen, they fair jumped at it. Said Local Color, "It will be a golden opportunity to perpetuate the seething thoughts which crowd upon my brain." Said Hamlet, "I thank thee, sir, for this, thy proposition fair. In sooth I'll try the cold-air cure, and in the majesty of prime-evil silence, I shall make the snow-capped mountains echo to the wonderful rhapsodies of Shakespeare." Well, the' was a superabundance of cold air an' prime-evil silence an' snow-capped mountains, an' I didn't care a hang what he did to 'em, so long as it kept me from gettin' everlastin' sick o' my own company.

I never see any company yet 'at wasn't a shade better'n just my own. I knew I could stand these two innocents for four months, an' if they got violent I could rope 'an tie 'em. When everybody begun to get ready to pull out, I took the twenty-mule team down to town to get our needin's. I took the children along with me, an' I sez to 'em, "Now, boys, no drinkin' goes up above through the winter. We simply have to go out an' get disgusted with it before we start back."

Well, we sure had a work-out. On the sixth day Hamlet, he throws his arm around my neck an' busts out cryin' an' sez, "Happy, it is the inflexible destiny o' the human race to weary of all things mortal, an' I'm dog-tired o' bein' drunk—an' 'sides, I'm busted."

It turned out that he didn't have any advantage over me an' Locals in this respect, so we went to the company store an' got three bushels o' nickle libraries, enough grub to do six men six months, enough tobacco to do twelve men a year, an' a little yeller pup 'at we give six bits for. I didn't 'low to run any risks this deal.

When we got back 'most everybody had pulled out, an' the roads was beginnin' to choke up. Slocum an' the two capitalists was there waitin for us, but when all their stuff was loaded on the wagon the' wasn't room for the men; so Miller, the youngest capitalist, who was a bit of a high-roller, an' had been shakin' up the coast off an' on, he took off four trunks, an' sez to me, "Happy, if you run out of clothes, here's four trunks-full." Then they hopped on the wagon an' left us alone in our glory.

I reckon, take it all in all, that was about the most florid winter I ever put in, an' it purt nigh spoilt me for hard work. I did the cookin', the innocents did the chores, an' we got along as bully as a fat bear for a while, livin' in the hotel. The' was a hundred rooms, but we didn't use 'em all. Locals, he wrote most of the time, when he wasn't lookin' at the ceiling an' tryin' to think. Hammy, he walked barefoot in the snow, an' hollered at the snow-capped mountains. I read nickle libraries, an' we didn't care a dang for the Czar of Russia, until along toward Christmas a spark lit in my pile of litachure, an' doggone near burned the hotel down. Then we began to feel snowed-in. Locals had writ himself dry, Hammy was tired of listenin' to himself, besides havin' chilblains up to his knees, an' I was half crazy, 'count of havin' nothing to read. We didn't have a nickle between us, so we couldn't gamble, an' I resigned my mind that when spring climbed up the trail the'd be two corpses an' one maniac in that cussed hotel.

One day Hammy came stalkin' in to where me an' Locals was playin' guess. Guess ain't never apt to be a popular pastime 'cause it has to be played without any kind o' cheatin' whatever. The one who is it, guesses what the other is thinkin' of, an' if he guesses before he falls asleep, he wins. Well, Hammy he breaks in on our game just the same as if we hadn't been doin' anything at all, an' I knew by his action that the' was somethin' afoot. Whenever Hammy was ready to speak something, he always walked like a hoss 'at was string-haltered in all four legs. Well, he paraded up to us that day, hip action, knee action, and instep action all workin', stopped in front of us, folded his arms, an' sez, "Good sirs, I have conceived a fitting fete."

(To be Continued)

DUELS WITH DEATH

It would be difficult to find, in all the records of brave men's heroism, a more stirring example than is given in the story of the great Kimberley mud fight which took place a few years ago.

As a result of it six English miners were awarded the Edward medal, and were hailed by our late King as patterns for the Empire.

They worked in the famous diamond mines of Kimberley, and part of their duty was the supervision of bands of natives engaged in the work.

One morning, when everything was going along as smoothly as possible, and a party of these natives were hard at work in a corner of the mine, they were startled by a dull noise outside as if a few tons of some soft substance had been hurled against the high door that separated the spot where they worked from the long tunnel leading to the shaft.

"The mud!" they cried, and dropped their picks in an instant.

There was no mistaking the sound. It was the dreaded mud, the terror of diamond miners.

A mud rush means certain death to all on its track. It gives no warning. It comes along silently, like an ugly wriggling snake working its way swiftly, sparing nothing, covering everything, a sucking, suffocating foe that strikes fear into the hearts of all who see it.

To make matters worse, the place where the natives worked was a sort of hollow—a little chamber which, as already indicated, they reached by descending a steep hill. Had the tunnel been flat they could have opened the door and floundered through the mud quite easily, but owing to the slope, the slime quickly had them prisoners. It had risen higher than the door in a few minutes, and if it poured long enough there was nothing to prevent its rising till it streamed over the high wall in which the door was fixed.

They shrieked for help, and the Englishmen at the opening to the tunnel roared out, "Climb to the top of the wall," which the miners promptly did. They were safe there, for the time at least.

"Stay where you are!" the Englishmen called. "If you jump down you'll be sucked in and suffocated in two minutes."

And while the natives sat there staring wild-eyed at the great black mass that cut them off from safety the other men at the entrance to the passage set to and fought the foe with hundreds of buckets and shovels.

It was dreary work. The men slaved steadily on all day, and the natives looked on, and prayed, and cheered, and wept. The rush of mud had stopped, fortunately, and after thousands of bucketfuls had been removed the rescue seemed certain.

Suddenly, almost in the moment of victory, the outlook was blackened. A loud, terrifying cry ran through the workings.

"The mud! The mud!"

There it was again, a black stream of death rapidly refilling the tunnel. Within a few minutes the work of many hours had been destroyed.

The deadly swish delivered its mournful message to the imprisoned natives, and their agonized wails mingled with the sighs of the strong, beaten men staring moodily at the inky river rising and rising.

The river flowed on. Soon the tunnel was a tunnel no longer; it was a dull mass of rising slime that deadened the cries of the mud-barred miners.

It flowed for hours. Then, like some tired-out torturer, it slowed down again and ceased, leaving a great black barrier as a memento of its mastery.

The rescuers sat round on a neighboring rock and looked down at the all-powerful King of Diamonds. For the minute they were nonplussed—hopeless.

Then they held a council of war. Each man was invited to suggest what he considered the best means to adopt in tackling the enemy. All manner of suggestions were made, most of them worthless, but in the end it was decided to try and reach the men, not by removing the mud, but by passing over it.

It was a perilous undertaking. One man placed a plank upon the face of the mud and stretched himself on it, the others standing by ready to drag him off if the support showed signs of sinking. Fortunately it didn't. A little spade was handed to the rescuer, and he began to cut into the mud and so pull his way along down the tunnel like a man face downwards in a canoe pulling himself forward with a paddle.

When he had gone a few yards the danger became greater owing to the fact that he was now beyond the reach of his friends. He was solely dependent now on the treacherous mud. If it failed him he would sink and be swallowed up before the eyes of his comrades.

But he worked bravely on—half-inch by half-inch. Another plank followed, with another man on it.

In half an hour six men were laid flat on six planks in the middle of the mud surface. If the mud took to seething and bubbling for a moment they were doomed. There was no way out. Sixty-five feet of mud, and between them and it a plank that might keel over any second and send them to a suffocating death.

Ahead were the shrieking natives; behind was the hidden spring of destruction that might let loose its slime again, flood the tunnel still more, and cause the planks to capsize like a cockle craft on a turbulent sea.

And the rescuers, forgetting it all, plodded on their muddy way, half-inch by half-inch.

As the news went round thousands of people thronged to the head of the shaft, and by the time the first man reached the prison house all South Africa awaited the result of his bravery—success or death, mud or mastery.

It was success.

When the man on the first plank reached the wall on which the natives were huddled he called instructions to them.

"You've seen the way I've come?" he said, still lying flat and face down. "Well, I'm going back the same way; but I'm leaving the planks for you to follow on. Crawl along the planks as much like a snake as you can."

Slowly the men on the planks slid back leaving the wooden line behind them. Slowly the natives followed on. Nobody spoke. The black mass underneath, that looked as hard as rock, but was as soft as porridge, seemed to the men to be all eyes—grinning eyes of death.

As each man reached the end plank he was hauled to safety by friends standing near and carried, half-fainting, out of sight of the mud. The rest dragged themselves wearily on half-inch by half-inch.

When the last native arrived his workmates thought he was a stranger.

His hair had turned white.

A DIAMOND SAW

There is in use in France a circular diamond saw for cutting stone. The diamonds that form the cutting teeth of the saw are common crystals, worth about 10s. a carat, and they are fixed in a steel disc over 6 feet in diameter, which is mounted on a spindle and revolved by electric power in the manner in which an ordinary circular saw is operated.

For sawing hard stones there are 200 diamonds in the cutting edge, and the speed is 300 revolutions a minute. The saw enters the stone about one foot in that time.

For soft stones the teeth are of steel, with diamonds at intervals about every five teeth, and at a speed of twelve turns a minute the saw advances a yard a minute. This saw cuts and dresses the stone on all sides and gives it sharp outlines, and it accomplishes its work at one-eighth to one-tenth the cost of hand labor.

LOVE-LETTERS OF A HUSBAND

Dear Jane,—Arrived here this morning O.K. It's a poor-looking town, but business is good. I'll write more next time.—Your loving husband, John.

Dear Jane,—Got here last night. The train was three hours late. No news, but business is good. Longer letter next time.—Yours as ever, John.

Dear Jane,—Sorry to hear you were not feeling well. Hope you are better by now. Getting a good many orders here. No news, but more next time.—Lovingly, John.

Dear Jane,—Just to let you know I'm all right, though the rheumatism has been bothering me again. Got here this morning, and have done a lot of business already. Nothing to write, but I'll do better next time.—With love, John.

'Tis a Marvellous Thing.—When the cures effected by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil are considered, the speedy and permanent relief it has brought to the suffering wherever it has been used, it must be regarded as a marvellous thing that so potent a medicine should result from the six ingredients which enter into its composition. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its healing virtues.

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 25c, 50c and $1 sizes. Get it from your dealer

THE CLASS IN HUMOR

The professor of humor rubbed his eyes sleepily, and yawned as the young gentlemen who were specializing in British humor entered the room.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, with a yawn, when the class was seated. "As you know, we are to consider that subtle variety of humor known as 'The Merry Quip a la Punch' this morning. Mr. Hawkins, if you were commissioned by the editor of Punch to prepare a quip on a woodsman about to take out an insurance policy, just how would you put it?"

"Why—er—why, Professor," said Mr. Hawkins, scratching his head, "I should have the agent advise him to make it an axe-ident policy."

"Very good, Mr. Hawkins," said the professor, wiping away a tear from the left eye. "And you, Mr. Dubbleigh—how would you work up a variation on that jest for a cabman running along Piccadilly?"

"I'd have him call for a taxi-dent policy, sir," said Dubbleigh.

The professor frowned.

"That, sir, is an original answer, and I have repeatedly told this class that in humor we desire to cultivate not so much originality as our memories," he said. "Please bear that in mind hereafter. Mr. Wilkstaver, you may give me the form of policy to be taken out by a Picadilly cabman in accordance with the rigid rules of this branch of humor."

"He'd ask for a hack-cident policy, sir," replied Mr. Wilkstaver.

"That is right," said the professor, putting a fresh cupful of grounds in the coffee-machine. "If you were the editor of Punch, Mr. Squiggs," said the professor, reverting to his notes, "and a correspondent wrote to you to inquire the best way to open an egg, what would you reply?"

"I should say that in our best circles it is done with a knife, sir, cutting it sharply across the upper elliptical end, but that some persons in the country prefer to get a mother hen and hatch it," replied Mr. Squiggs.

The class was dismissed prematurely, for at that moment the professor fell off his chair in an attack of coma.

THE TALL-HATTED HIGHLANDER

Field-Marshall Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., who has recently formally assumed his new position as Constable of the Tower of London, surely holds the record for versatility among distinguished army officers, having served and fought in the navy, Light Dragoons, Lancers, Irregular Horse, and Highlanders, in addition to which he joined the Middle Temple and was called to the Bar in 1874, and is the author of works renowned for their high literary distinction. A good story may be told of his attachment to a regiment of Highlanders, when the latter were stationed at Portsmouth. Sir Evelyn, then a captain, one day returned from London, and with great hurry proceeded to array himself for parade. When he at last emerged, he observed that his men were evidently in great pains to conceal their laughter, and he quietly questioned his subaltern as the probable reason.

"Well, sir," replied the latter, "you are dressed correctly as to kilt, sporran and all the rest of it; but you have forgotten to remove your tall hat."

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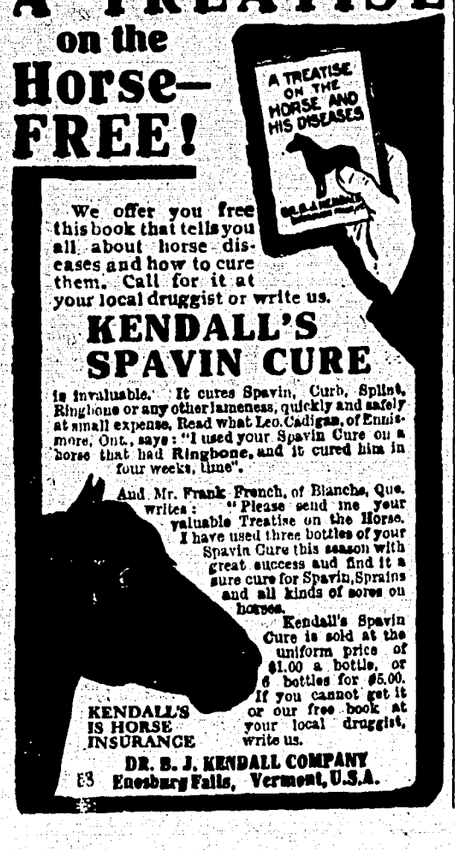

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The Rocking Chair

WINNIPEG is very proud of her Boy Scouts, and with good reason. The training has not only improved the boys physically but has changed them from irresponsible, howling little imps in times of excitement into well-mannered, self-controlled and helpful boys.

Physically, the training has had an even better effect, for a few years ago Winnipeg boys were, as a class, a most ungainly, awkward lot, and walked about the streets more like descrepit old men than healthy boys.

The scouts are easily distinguishable from the non-scouts, just by their carriage and the smart way they pick up their feet; also the high water mark usually so prominent around the edges of a boy's countenance has receded farther into obscurity on the persons of the Scouts, perhaps has been obliterated altogether.

Not only have the manners and physique of the boys been improved, but their mental faculties have been trained in a way that could never have been accomplished in a schoolroom. They are taught to keep their eyes and ears open, and are able to give an intelligent account of all the little incidents which have come under their notice.

We can all see the great benefit this training is to the boys, but what about the girls?

There are girl scouts in Winnipeg, too, I believe, but a very small number of girls seem to think their carriage needs improvement, when, as a matter of fact, they need physical training quite as much as the boys do.

In the United States the leading women's colleges have introduced dancing as a part of each day's exercises, and in the public schools of New York a young woman is engaged to teach the national dances of Russia and Poland and the Morris dance of England. The schools of Chicago have started the same movement and, perhaps in the course of time, it may extend to Winnipeg schools; and our next generation of Canadian women may have as fine a carriage and as free and as graceful a walk as that for which the American woman has always been noted.

* * *

Years ago, when I first read the Yellow Plush Papers, I thought Thackeray must have had either a bad nightmare or a horrible imagination when he wrote them; but frequent restaurant dining in the last few years has undeceived me; and I know now that he wrote the sober words of truth.

The ways of a waiter with one's food are wonderful and worth watching. As for the ways of the person known as the chef, it would perhaps be as well to sedulously cultivate a state of ignorance—considering that we still have to eat to live.

There are no doubt many conscientious waiters, at least I prefer to think there are; and I carefully nurse the mustard-seed-like grain of confidence I have remaining on that point. But be not deceived by his immaculate appearance, or the ingenuous expression of his face, for there are tricks in all trades, and that of the waiter has more than its share.

One of his favorite tricks is, when placing your plates, to blow off any imaginary dust or specks which may have escaped the prefunctory rub given by his towel; and you may be pretty sure that your bread-and-butter plate has been used as a tray on which to carry change to some previous diner—ancient bills and worn silver. A puff of the waiter's breath and a dry rub of the serviette is all it gets before the next patron uses it for his butter.

Then, of course, anybody can see that it is superfluous labor to wash water glasses, they look just as well if emptied of the water left by the last drinker and polished with a soiled serviette, left by almost anybody. The glass sparkles, and germs are invisible; what more can the most fastidious diner ask?

Another peculiar thing about restaurants is the awful monotony of their sauces. The French people say, that the reason the English consider it bad manners to use a piece of bread to sop up their gravy or sauce is because they only know how to make one sauce in England, and that is not worth eating. This may or may not be true of England, but it certainly is true of Winnipeg restaurants.

The gravies are always some greasy concoction, of a dangerous dark muddy complexion, which has no flavor of anything but the kitchen. Ask for any sort of meat and, although there may originally have been a difference in the kinds of meat, the same sauce for all successfully disguises all taste but that one—which might suitably be named "flavor de restaurant." Even a delicate white-fleshed fish comes in for its share of this suspicious dark brown mixture, and I must confess that frequently the fish served up to Winnipeg people is improved by having its natural flavor and appearance disguised by anything. There are so many varieties of delicious sauces and gravies which can be made quickly and with little extra labor that it is perfectly wonderful how restaurant "chefs" ever manage to escape making at least one, once in a while.

The everlasting stock-pot is too handy, and the restaurant patrons have become inured to the one brew; and so as long as nobody grumbles they may go on, year in and year out, eating the same old greasy, tasteless mixture. The French names under which this thickened soup masquerades perhaps have something to do with the patience with which it is tolerated.

The traditions about French cookery are so universally accepted that our unsophisticated citizens may think they are getting the pure French article, according to its name on the menu card, and so be afraid of appearing provincial and untraveled if they object to anything with such unpronounceable and unintelligible names.

The men of the West are good sports, and when very hungry and a card is placed before them from which to select a meal they look for some familiar word like beef or potatoes, but finding nothing but a heathenish-looking jumble of the alphabet, which looks as though there had been a bad accident in the printing office, they take a long chance and order the first thing they come to, with a silent prayer that they may survive the dose, whatever it may turn out to be—eat it and go, glad to escape.

* * *

The woman movement is having a good effect on us all, and is leading us to take a larger and more liberal view of most things; but there is still one class of people, and of our own sex, too, to whom we are very unwilling to do justice, and that is the charwomen.

These women who go out to work by the day are the hardest-worked individuals, either male or female, of any in the community; but notwithstanding all this, we pay them their fifteen or twenty cents an hour much more reluctantly than we would hand out the same amount for any other purpose whatever.

A woman who works by the day works every minute of the time she is in her employer's house; she takes not more than twenty minutes at the most for her dinner where a man takes always an hour, and ten minutes is more often the time she spends over her mid-day meal. She wastes no time rolling and smoking cigarettes, as do the city laborers at work on the streets.

These charwomen work day after day at the very hardest work; washing, ironing, house-cleaning, scrubbing, pulling about heavy furniture, and sweeping and shaking heavy rugs and carpets; yet nine women out of every ten who engage them, grudge the pitiful dollar fifty or sixty which they give in return for so much work.

Women have always been called harder taskmasters than men, and certain it is that no woman would tolerate such loafing among her household helpers as is to be seen any day wherever city laborers are at work. A woman works fast and well—or loses her job; her aim being to get her work done and done well; but a laborer's sole aim in life seems to be to loaf the minute his foreman's back is turned, and, when he is obliged to work, to move as slowly as it is humanly possible to do.

Being an invalid one summer I had nothing better to do than to sit on the verandah all day to watch the city laborers putting in their time trying to avoid work. I figured out that fully one third of the time for which they were paid was spent in rolling cigarettes or leaning up against their shovels or wheelbarrows—resting for the next cigarette.

I now firmly believe that story of the Irishman who left his pick hanging in the air when the dinner bell rang.

No woman employer would tolerate such a state of things for a minute, she would either dismiss the loafer on the spot, and probably do the work herself, or else pay according to the work done, and the trouble with her would be that she would err in the opposite direction and demand the maximum of work for the minimum of pay.

We all know that the cost of the bare necessities of life has increased greatly the last few years, but we fail to consider that our washerwoman requires these necessaries as well as we do, and that in order to meet the increased cost she must have increased pay. I often have women tell me that they consider it ridiculous to be obliged to pay their charwoman a dollar and a half a day, while in the East, where they came from, they could get a first-class woman to work all day for seventy-five cents. Well, if they can, and have done it, they ought to be ashamed to tell it. It is certainly no credit to any woman that she allowed any other woman to work all day—at what all women acknowledge to be hard work for seventy-five cents.

* * *

A recent number of T. P.'s magazine contains a forecast of the trend of ideas and activities in the new reign, written by the most eminent authorities of the day, and, among others, Mr. Robert Ross talks of the possibilities of painting and painters.

Mr. Ross is a noted art critic and contributor to most of the leading journals and magazines of England, so it may be taken for granted that he knows what he is talking about; and his remarks are applicable to Winnipeg as well as to England.

"Painting can never have any part in the promised reconstruction of national life until we have a school of monumental artists, e.g., artists who are permitted to carry out decorations on wall spaces in public buildings. The English climate, particularly that of London, is unfavorable to the preservation of fresco (in the Italian sense of the word); but there are other methods by which the difficulty can be obviated: the application of canvas or zinc to the wall; and where the light is fair, the covering of the wall-picture by glass. The revived use of tempera should also be developed for the purpose. Paintings in frames, which can be carried about to exhibitions, removed and sold at the death of the owner, have no relation to national life. They become the sport of the collector, the dilettante, the dealer, and the expert. We have several great artists and many capable painters at the present day. But they are unrecognized by official corporations, or are patronized along with others who are incapable. The responsibility is divided between the Royal Academy (which has persistently encouraged mediocrity for the last forty years, and until recently ignored the more vigorous art of the day), and the Chantrey trustees, who, with the exception of a picture by Mr. Sargent, have never purchased a first-rate work. Without the reconstruction or abolition of both these bodies, I see no hope for national art.

"On the other hand, artists must abandon the sacerdotal attitude which they adopted at the instance of Whistler in the last century. The theory that no one, unless an artist, must discuss, criticize, or appraise a work of art is unhealthy. It creates an artificial gulf between the producer and consumer. A person may not know how to make butter, but he can tell quite well whether the butter is bad, provided his palate and olifactory senses are in normal condition. A predilection for bad art or vulgar art is an acquired taste, like anything else. Quite healthy people (healthy children, for example), have, of course, no taste at all, at least in the arts. But the culture of bad art is easier to develop in virgin minds. We should try to keep away bad art from aldermen and children and all innocent people. That ought to have been the function of the Academy. It is not that there is less fine art in England than in other countries; but there is a great deal more bad art here than in America or on the Continent. If painting is going to do anything for the community as distinct from the individual in the future, painters must become more democratic in thought, more aristocratic and fastidious in the handling of their medium. By getting more in touch with literature, science, religion, and scepticism of their time, they will make art not the hand-maid but the hand-mirror of national life as it was in Greece, in the Middle Ages, and in the earlier Renaissance. They must not enter into competition with the camera and cinematograph, both of which have relieved them of any necessity to be realistic or actual or ephermal. They must avoid triviality of motive in their pictures. The old masters often painted their wives and mistresses as Madonnas. The modern artist is much too inclined to paint Madonnas as his wife or mistress. Subject is the most important thing in a picture, no less important than drawing, color, and design."

* * *

In the same magazine Dr. Havelock Ellis gives his views on what emancipation will mean to marriage and maternity. Dr. Ellis has written many works on kindred subjects, such as "Sexual Selection in Man," Sex in Relation to Society," and "Studies in the Psychology of Sex."

He says: "Any reform in the sphere of the relations of the sexes must come about slowly, especially in England, where we find an extreme prudery in discussing such questions, for without discussion no healthy public opinion can be created, and no reform effected. Hence, perhaps, our reluctance to make even the most obviously beneficial changes. Such changes as we may expect can only be the outcome of forces already at work. There are at least two such forces: (1) the Woman Movement in its successive phases, and (2) the protective movement of social reform, inevitably leading to eugenic measures. The woman movement began as a claim for general human rights, and now that these are being conceded it is becoming more and more a movement for specific womanly rights, culminating in motherhood and the guardianship of the child. Perhaps this will result in some form of insurance of maternity (already established in some parts of Germany), securing the economic position of mothers. The child represents the race, and we are thus brought up to the eugenic movement. The immense expenditure of energy and money to which the fit are put today in order to provide for (and indirectly to assist the production of) the unfit, is compelling us to realize that the control of human production has become a matter of life and death to modern democracies. Hence we have the movement, gaining favor in England, for the sterilisation of the definitely unfit, a promising method which (as in Switzerland) can be effectively carried out on voluntary lines. It is probable that the eugenic movement will manifest itself primarily in the realization of personal responsibility, and by inducements placed on the production of superior children (not on the indiscriminate production of children), and only secondarily by legislation.

"Marriage, however, is becoming more difficult, and it is realized that this difficulty must be compensated by making divorce easier. We may reasonably expect that before long in England (as already in most progressive lands), husbands and wives will be made equal before the law, and that various additional causes for divorce will be recognized. At the present day the Japanese Code probably represents the high-water mark of progress. In England, however, the introduction of divorce by mutual consent, with whatever safeguards, is still remote. It cannot become a question of practical politics until woman's suffrage is well established."

LOVE ROMANCES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Only a pictured face on the Academy wall. A pair of blue eyes full of laughter and mischief, a dimple that seems to come and go as you look at it, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dainty little head running over with golden curls. Only a painted face. But what potentialities of romance may lurk in its pictured beauty!

Such was the sweet vision that arrested the eyes of Edward Fortescue, the wealthy scion of the noble family of that name, at the Academy Exhibition of 1854. The picture was by a young and unknown artist, and it bore the simple but expressive title, "Springtime." At the first sight of that fair young face, with its merry dancing eyes, Edward Fortescue lost his heart. He determined at any cost to find its owner, and, after weeks of pursuit, ran the artist to earth in a small village in the heart of Wales. From him he learnt that the original of "Springtime" was his only sister, who had died suddenly, tragically, of heart-failure less than a month after the last touch had been put to her portrait.

Fortescue was inconsolable. The sweet face haunted his waking and sleeping hours. For him no other, henceforth, however fair, held the least attraction. For a few years he sought distraction in other lands, but the blue eyes pursued him. On his return he flung himself into political work and social pleasures, but nowhere could he find solace or escape. One December morning in 1866 he was found dead in bed in his chambers in the Temple, and in his right hand was clasped a miniature of the lady of the "Springtime."

An Indian Rajah was walking through the Academy rooms during the exhibition of 1842 when he was attracted by a painting of "Perseus and Andromeda." "Who is the original of that beautiful young woman?" he asked his guide, pointing to Andromeda. "I do not know, your Highness," was the answer; "but I can easily find the artist." The address of the artist was quickly available, and the Rajah repaired there post-haste. "Tell me who your Andromeda is," he said, "and I will give you $2,500 for the picture." The original, he was informed, was the daughter of a neighboring greengrocer. "Send for her at once," said the Rajah. Within half an hour the girl, accompanied by her father, arrived at the studio, and proved to be even lovelier than her presentment. So charmed was his dusky Highness that he forthwith offered a large sum to the tradesman for the privilege of adding Andromeda to his harem. But alas for the Rajah's ambition. Father and daughter alike repudiated the offer and the gold, and his Highness went away in high disgust that neither his rank nor his money could purchase an English wife.

In the early eighties a bronzed, military-looking man halted suddenly in front of a picture of a young and beautiful woman stooping over a cradle. It was an exquisite presentment of "Motherhood," the title it bore. For several minutes he stood with eyes fixed on the bent and graceful figure, as if unable to detach his gaze. Then he strode hastily to the turnstiles and inquired if the picture was for sale. "I believe not," was the answer; "the artist lives not far away. Here is the address." Before many hours had elapsed both artist and original were found; and a few months later the clue to the mystery was furnished by the following announcement in a London paper:

"A marriage has been arranged between Colonel H——, of the Indian Army, and the beautiful young widow of Mr. S——, the artist, who had fallen on evil days since the death of her husband. We understand that some years ago the colonel and the widow had been affianced, and were on the eve of being married when the bride's father, General B——, forbade the union. It was a visit to the last Academy Exhibition, during which the colonel recognized in a picture the portrait of his love of former days, that led to a resumption of the romance which is to find its climax in peals of wedding-bells."

One more romance—one of many. In the Academy Exhibition of 1878 a wealthy Australian was walking about the rooms of Burlington House when his eye fell on a picture of a hayfield, full of sunlight and beauty. In the foreground was a graceful, girlish figure, rake in hand, in a lilac sun-bonnet, from under which a pair of wistful blue eyes looked expectantly as if awaiting the coming of a lover. At sight of the little face under the sun-bonnet the looker gave a gasp of amazement, for it was the exact reproduction of that of the girl he had loved and lost many years earlier, before he crossed the seas to seek fortune.

Hurrying to an official, he learned the address of the artist, and through him was soon able to track the pretty haymaker to her home. He found her living in a small attic-room near Holborn, and from her lips he heard the story which confirmed his expectations. She was indeed the daughter of his lost love, who had made an unhappy marriage and had died, leaving her child, penniless, to earn a scanty livelihood by placing her beauty at the service of artists as a model.

When, a few months later, the Australian crossed the seas again, he had with him as bride the little haymaker, who today is one of the most popular and charming of the social queens of Sydney.

DEPOPULATION OF IRELAND.

Ireland has 76,000 less inhabitants than it had ten years ago. The birth rate in the Emerald Isle has not declined, and births far exceed deaths, but the progressive young Irishmen desert their native land for the United States, Canada and Australia.

LADIES Attention!

We are inaugurating this week a genuine

Clearing Out Sale

OVER 350 PAIR

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Ladies' Oxfords and Slippers

(ALL NEW STOCK)

ALL MUST GO

REGULAR PRICES

$2.25 to $3.25

SALE PRICE

$1.45

EVERY PAIR A BARGAIN

NOTE: Miss McIntyre will hold our Fall Millinery opening on Thursday, Sept. 21st.

Enderby Trading Co.

Limited
GENERAL MERCHANTS

MARA HALL UNDER ROOF

Contractor Gildermeester, of Mara, was in Enderby on Monday. He reports work on the Mara hall being pushed satisfactorily, and the building under rooof this week. The finishing work will not take long, and it is the intention of the Mara Musical & Athletic Association to open the Hall on the evening of Sept. 27th by giving a grand ball, tickets for which will be $2.50. The proceeds from the dance will be devoted to paying off the balance on the hall construction account. The completion of this hall marks a distinct advance in the history of Mara. It is a monument to the public spirit of Mara's citizens, and a tangible evidence of their sincerity in the wish so often expressed that they might have a public building sufficiently large and comfortable to invite their friends of the Enderby-Mara district to come to and enjoy their hospitality. They are preparing to royally entertain their friends on the evening of the 27th. Supper on this occasion will be served at the Hines' Hotel, which is adjacent to the hall.

PREMIER ROBLIN OUTSPOKEN

Premier Roblin, speaking for Manitoba, leaves no uncertainty as to the stand taken by that Province on the question of the reciprocity pact. He said in a recent speech: "I have unbounded faith in the intelligence and the ability of the electors of Canada to judge as to the merits of the proposition that is now before them, and I believe that they will, with a voice that cannot be mistaken, declare on September 21st that we want no entangling alliance with the United States. We will not surrender our fiscal independence. We will not endanger our British connction. We will not give up the splendid prosperity we enjoy for the doubtful results that a changed condition will bring to us. We will insist upon the continuation of the conditions of the present, insist on being permitted to develop our own resources, insist upon using the magnificent means of transportation which have bound the provinces together and have built up such a magnificent inter-provincial trade."

LOWERY'S LUCUBRATIONS

It has always been a mystery to us why banks have so many unclaimed balances.

The world will climb closer to the stars when marriage is made more difficult and divorces easier.

In the Crows Nest Pass the miners and mine owners need more brains about as badly as some people need coke and coal.

The editor of the Enderby paper is building a new printing office. The land of red apples is evidently loyal to its local lever of thought.

Next to a lord, there is nothing the ordinary Britisher loves better than a fight, unless it might be a glass of beer once or twice an hour.

It looks like a waste of money for the government to print so many "blue books." As a rule they do not interest the people as much as a dictionary, and being closely bound, they make poor fuel.—Greenwood Ledge.

LUMBERMEN ENTER PROTEST

A sensation was caused at a joint session of the coast and mountain sawmill men of British Columbia, held at Vancouver a few days ago, when it was alleged that American competitors have taken advantage of the absence of a duty on rough lumber to sell thousands of carloads of dressed lumber in the prairie markets without paying the duty as required by the Canadian customs tariff. Customs officers, it was alleged, overlook the improper classification of imported dressed lumber and allegedly continue to wink at the devious methods declared to be in vogue. A strong protest will be sent to Ottawa by the lumbermen.

LOOKS LIKE DEFEAT

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 30.—I. A. Caswell, clerk of the Supreme Court, has returned from a vacation trip through Western Canada, and is very doubtful about the result of the coming Canadian election on the ratification of the reciprocity treaty. Said Mr. Caswell to-day: "There is strong opposition to the pact in the cities where they think it will take trade away from them and send it to cities on this side of the line. I found strong sentiment against the pact in Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert and Edmonton, and from what we read about the fight in eastern Canada I should not be surprised to see the pact defeated."

Law is a lottery, and the lucky man with the most money has the best chance to win.

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SECRET SOCIETIES

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

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

ENDERBY LODGE
No. 35, K. of P.
Meets every Monday evening in K. of P. Hall. Visitors cordially invited to attend.
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

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Coal and Wood Heaters Ranges, Etc.

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

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Polson Mercantile COMPANY

Watch Our Windows

The Leading Store

The Same Old Thing in the Same Old Way

Is not the policy of this store.

That is the reason our business is increasing by leaps and boundsf It is our endeavor to secure the best lines we can procure, and we are in a position this season to show you the best lines of goods ever shown in Enderby.

New Fall Dress Goods

in Velvets, Serges and Tweeds all shades.

A man selects a home with great care. Are you as careful about buying

Shoes?

INVICTUS SHOES are made to meet the needs of those people who are most exacting in their shoe requirements.

Splendid Values in New—

Fall Coats for Ladies

Choice Range of Ladies' and Children's Sweater Coats.

Neckwear

The Latest in Imitation Irish Crochet Coat Collars and Jabots, prices

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Just to hand: Some of the most elegant Scarves in Voile and Silk in White and Colors.

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In Underwear, Union Suits and Separate Shirts and Drawers, Hosiery Wool Vests, Sweater Coats, Etc.

SPECIAL FOR LUMBERMEN

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BEFORE BUYING THAT SUIT FOR FALL SEE OUR RANGE OF TWENTIETH CENTURY SUITS, READY-TO-WEAR OR TO YOUR MEASURE.

Polson Mercantile Co.

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A Reasonable Inference.

A little girl's papa had been very ill with appendicitis and had lain for many days in the darkened room after the doctors had come and removed his appendix. The little girl had been told to be very quiet and very good, with the promise that she should go in to see her papa at the earliest possible moment. At last she was permitted a brief interview. She stood perfectly still gazing at her father with loving eyes but when the nurse came to take her away she held back a moment.

"Havn't I been very quiet, papa?"

"Yes" whispered the fond parent.

"And havn't I been very good?" Her father admitted it.

"Then wont you do me a favor, papa?"

"Certainly. What is it my child?"

"Let me see the baby."

Modern Pharisees

Down in Toronto there is an organization known as the Lord's Day Alliance. By some means or other that Divine organization has had it tipped off to it that Divine Providence does not approve of ice cream and sdoa water being consumed on Sunday. The Alliance has also been advised that the Lord does not approve of cheap excursions on Sunday either upon the water or upon the land that is not under the water. So being a bunch of meddlers and having the time to give to the job, they have hoodwinked the lawmakers of the Dominion and the administrators thereof in Ontario, into prohibiting the sale of ice cream and soda water on Sunday and the running of excursions upon the holy Sabbath.

Such class legislation promoted by hypocritical prigs has earned for Toronto the derisive epithet, "Toronto the good"—and serves her blooming well right for tolerating such a bunch of meddling Pecksniffs in her midst.—Bruce, in Saturday Sunset.

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

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