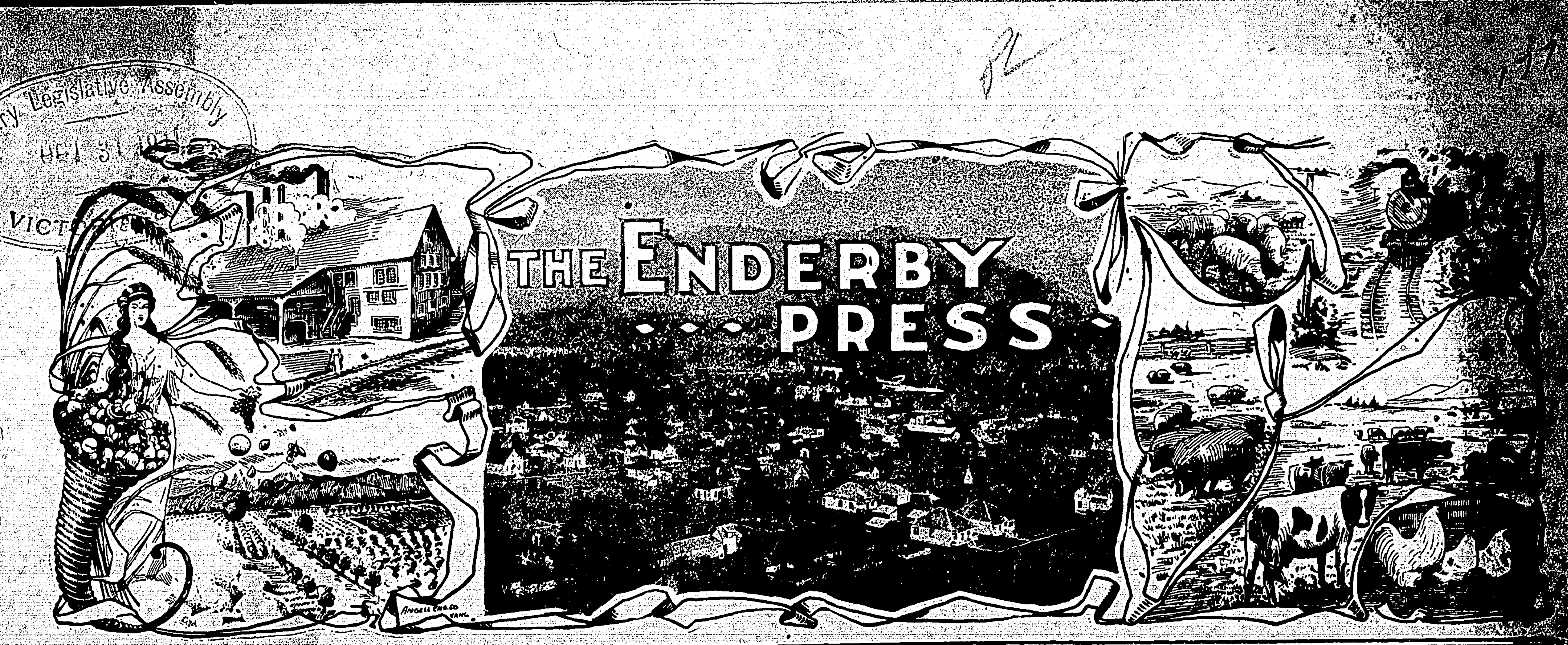

Enderby, B. C., October 26, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 4; No. 35; Whole No.

A Side-Light on What the Great Okanagan Valley is Preparing to Do

We made a trip down the Valley last week as far as Naramata—the future playground—the Venice— of the Dominion. At every point we saw a most marvelous advance. On every hand prosperity was budding, and there was an atmosphere of good cheer. Leaving Enderby—and let me tell you if you do not already realize it, the public improvements made this season have done more to place this little town in the front rank than anything we have done in twenty years: Enderby is talked about by every traveller in and out of the Valley. Leaving Enderby, we found after passing through the acres of lumber yard where the A. R. Rogers Lumber Company have millions of feet of the season's cut piled, and beyond the Indian reserve, great improvements have been and are being made. The hundreds of acres of bottom land between here and Armstrong—which until a year or two back, produced nothing but pussy-willows and cattails, are now being drained preparatory to cultivation. As we neared Armstrong we saw many hundreds of acres of this bog-land tilled and into root crop which only last year was broken up. The vegetable crops in the vicinity of Armstrong were a revelation, even to one accustomed to big things in the Okanagan. Everybody was at work. All had lots to do: all were making head. They didn't have to publish the fact to let you know it either.

At Armstrong there were new buildings in all directions, and the street improvements made this season were another evidence of the prosperity there prevailing. We noticed a small but attractive exhibition stand on the platform, showing the excellence of the fruit and vegetables there grown. A good idea. One that it would be well for every community in the Valley touched by railway or boat to adopt.

From Armstrong to Vernon hundreds of acres of virgin soil are being put into crop. Vast stretches of rolling land are this year being planted for the first time. All along the railway, here and there on the Belgian Syndicate holdings, new homes are scattered and acres of orchard planted. What a magnificent sight this will be when every acre of these vast rolling hills is planted in orchard, and the luscious fruit is gathered by the trainload to ship out of the Valley!

At Vernon, this season has seen a continuance of the good street and sidewalk work instituted last year Without wishing to depreciate the good work done at Vernon or elsewhere, but rather in the way of congratulating Enderby, we wish to say—if comparisons are permissible—that the street work done in Enderby surpasses any in the Valley, due, in a measure at least, to the fact that we have here a rock admirably adapted to this class of work.

Vernon can surely lay claim to having a most loyal and public-spirited class of men to handle things for Vernon. And they are boosters—boosters singly and in the aggregate. They boost all the time—for each other and for the town. The result of their working together is discernible at every turn. They recognize that they have the ideal location for the central Valley town, and are making the most of it. The new postoffice building is nearing completion; the C. P. R. is erecting a very imposing and substantial station there and the Provincial Government is soon to erect a new government building.

From Vernon to Okanagan Landing the same progress noticeable farther north is in evidence. At the Landing the railway company have in contemplation the erection of a proper coaling station for the lake boats. At present the whole system is tied up four hours each day waiting for the s.s. Okanagan to be coaled by wheelbarrow from a car on the dock. If we were living in an age of the long-ago or were doing business by caravan as they are out of Tripoli, there might be some excuse for this backwoods system of coaling, but here in the Okanagan in the year of our Lord, 1911, it is preposterous. The s.s. Okanagan arrives at Okanagan Landing from lake points at 10.30 a. m. In order to do so, she leaves Penticton at the sleepy hour of 4.30. Naramata she leaves at 5.30 and Summerland at 6, or thereabouts. Arriving at the Landing at 10.30, the passengers are given the privilege of sitting about and knocking their heels on the dock until 12.30, when the train arrives to take them to Vernon, or they can go to Vernon at 50c per by stage. The train arrives at Vernon at 1 o'clock. The passengers have another wait here until 3.30, when the train finally leaves to connect with the mainline at Sicamous. And so, in all, here is a connection, and mind you on the boasted C. P. R. system, which requires just five hours and three changes to cover five miles of the journey to Sicamous Junction! If the same amount of nonsensical railroading were adopted in China or the Holy Land, what an uproar there would be! That is another question.

At every lake point, the hillsides are decked in the beauty of fall foliage, and shipments of fruits and table vegetables are the order of the trip. Here is the coming Eden of Canada. It required the foresight of a genius like J. M. Robinson to see the possibilities of this region 12 years ago, when it was but a barren waste. It has required the perseverance and the toil of such worthy persons as he then interested to prove the potentialities of the district. It will require another decade of just such work and such perseverance to fully demonstrate and work out the idea of the man behind the undertaking.

At Kelowna, the first stopping place of importance going south, the spirit of the people is sufficient indication of the prosperity prevailing. This town is growing rapidly. Its advance in the past four years has made it a close rival of Vernon.

At Summerland, while the frost caught the peach crop this year, the people do not find grounds for complaint. Their apple crop is all that could be desired—and such apples! We had the pleasure of visiting their new exhibition Hall, and a magnificent structure it is. The Provincial Government gave the Horticultural Society $5,000 to assist in the erection of this building, provided the municipality would do likewise. It is erected upon frost-proof basement walls, and has a dancing floor. The first exhibition held in the building was that of Thursday, Oct. 19th. It is credited with having been the finest apple show held in the interior.

Hon. Price Ellison and his colleagues of the Tax Commission were in attendance, and the speeches of these honorable gentlemen were such as wil attract attention from far and wide. We hope to have the pleasure of reproducing some of them in our next issue.

At Summerland we also noted the handsome new opera house. It is in keeping with all of the public institutions provided at Summerland, and indicates the character of the future growth of that section and the high ideals the citizens of Summerland are working out in the building of their city.

Just across the lake from Summerland is the new town of Naramata. This is not what one would be disposed to term a business centre. It was never intended by its founder, Mr. Robinson, that it should be so termed. Mr. Robinson and the men associated with him, are here working out a plan that is all their own. They believe they have at Naramata a spot where climatic conditions are just a little bit better than at any other point in the Okanagan—and they have good reasons for this belief. And they propose to make this the pleasure resort—the play ground—the Venice—of Canada. In time they are going to build a large sanitarium there, to which they expect to attract visitors from Eastern Canada in particular, and America generally. Already they have erected a hotel that for comfort, pleasure and beauty of design is not excelled any place in the province. It is surrounded by beautiful grounds and flower gardens which are to-day as bright and gay as if they were growing in California, and not away up here in British Columbia.

Naramata has been in existence only a few years, but long enough to demonstrate what a few men of purpose and ambition can do when backed up by the best climate and soil on earth. On the hills of Naramata orchards have been planted, and, where the proper attention has been given, the results are phenomenal. Here we saw great changes in a year's time. And here the first Woman's Club House in British Columbia is to be erected. New store buildings, new residences, new church, are the order of the day.

In the past season the tourist travel to Naramata was sufficient to keep the hotel filled from the day it opened until it closed. Every convenience is here provided. The electric lighting plant which supplies the town and vicinity is operated in the basement of the hotel. It is run by water motor directly connected, and driven by 240 pounds pressure.

When we looked over these hills and saw what had been done in a few years, and measured the vast untilled acres with the fertile acres now planted, and measured by comparison the future with the present, we marvelled at the potentialities of the Okanagan.

ENDERBY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE

Enderby at last has an Opera House well worthy of the name. The playhouse erected by the Sawyer Brothers, while it is not yet completed, is far enough advanced to be opened, and will in future furnish ample accommodation for the best threatrical companies on the road, and give the theatre-goers of Enderby what they pay for. The new opera house will be, when the interior is given its finishing touches, the prettiest and coziest in the Valley, and its stage will be as large as any and the facilities for putting on a play will be most complete. The seating capacity has not yet been fully estimated, but it will be fully 300. A balcony half circles the lower floor where, for the present, only two rows of seats are being placed. Later it is contemplated to elevate the rear of the balcony so as to give further seating capacity.

Dressing rooms are erected in the rear of the stage. The general appearance of the interior when finished can as yet only be guessed at, but from the high dome and clear unobstructed view from every part of the house, it is believed the effect will be most pleasing and the acoustic properties all that could be desired.

SUCCESSFUL OPENING DANCE

If the opening dance given in the new opera house on Tuesday evening, is any criterion of the future of this house, then Enderby will have something to be proud of and Messrs. Sawyer Bros. may boast of a money-maker and a pleasure-giver. There were fully 150 dancers present, and all were in the spirit that meant enjoyment from the opening to the home waltz. The floor was good, the management most considerate, and the music the best. Owing to the unfinished condition of the hall, decorations were out of the question, but everything else was arranged by Messrs. Campbell and Polson, who had the dance in hand, so as to give the greatest pleasure to all. The dancers of Armstrong turned out in numbers, and Mara sent a contingent of twelve or more. All danced hard and heartily and went home happily. G. G. Campbell and T. C. Polson have been responsible for many dancing successes in Enderby, but none which gave greater pleasure than this.

Remember the date of S. L. Taube's visit to Enderby, and if you have eye troubles, consult him at Reeves' Drug Store on Saturday, Nov. 4th.

Hobberlin Made-to-Order Clothing. Fit guaranteed. J. W' Evans &Son.

News of the Town and District of Interest to Enderby Readers

The Dominion Parliament will meet on November 15th.

Constable Bailey has purchased an acre in the Teece addition.

Work is well under way on the new home to be erected by Mr. Gibbs, north of town.

Mr. Hawcorn, recently from Tonbridge, Kent, Eng., is visiting Mr. Hawes, Mabel Lake road.

Mr. and Mrs. Ostrander of Mt. Vernon, are visiting their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hassard.

Mr. Wheeler has greatly improved the home property recently purchased from Mr. Hancock, on Belvedere street.

Francois Joe, a bad Indian, was fined $10 and costs for being drunk, before Police Magistrate Rosoman on Monday.

F. W. Breedon is visiting Enderby from the coast. Fred has many warm friends here who are pleased to see him back.

The finishing of the new home for the Walker Press has been delayed three weeks by the non-arrival of steel beam and posts from Winnipeg.

The ladies of St. George's church will hold a candy sale on Saturday afternoon in one of the windows of the store formerly occupied by Fulton's hardware.

J. C. English has sold his Regent street residence to W. J. Triggs, and has purchased an acre of land in the Teece addition, and will erect thereon a $2,500 residence.

The case of Ole Olene for damages against the A. R. Rogers Lumber Co. and Dr. Keith, heard last week at the Vernon assizes, was decided in favor of the defendants.

Dr. Thompson, Conservative, was elected in the Yukon in the deferred election held Oct. 23. This gives Premier Borden a majority of 51 in the Dominion House.

Harvest Thanksgiving services will be held in the Methodist church next Sunday, Oct. 29th. Morning at 11, evening at 7.30. Preacher, Rev. J. Robson, B.A., of Vernon.

Tom Long was badly bitten on the hand by a cross dog last Friday. He was playfully patting his own dog at his Beaver Meadow farm, when the dog of Jas. Emeny rushed upon them and caught him by the hand.

G. B. Gelling has carried out in a large measure the work of clearing on the Grand Bend farm instituted by the Mack Brothers when they had the property, and he now has one of the best properties north of Enderby.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mack are visiting Enderby from the coast. Mr. Mack is engaged in the undertaking and embalming business in Vancouver, and has built up a very lucrative business since removing there from Enderby.

A public Thanksgiving service will be held in the new Opera House on Monday forenoon at 11 o'clock, under the auspices of the different churches. The public of Enderby are cordially invited. Let everybody endeavor to be present.

Messrs. Sawyer Bros. are to be congratulated on the very cozy little Opera House they have given Enderby and we feel confident that the people of Enderby will give them the support that their confidence and enterprise deserve.

The Glengerrack Dairy auto delivery was re-established this week after a short period of the old-fashioned horse-delivery. Mr. MacQuarrie is planning as the next step in his excellent Enderby service, to give a before breakfast delivery.

Messrs. White, Bennet and Dean, all of Mara, are putting up new homes. Mara is a busy burg this season. Mr. Davidson reports property values rapidly advancing, and everybody who owns a piece of land is more anxious to hold it than sell it.

To-night the Jeanne Russell Company will open the Enderby Opera House in "The Little Minister." Miss Russell and her excellent company are old favorites, and we bespeak for them bumper houses. On Friday they play "The American Girl," in which Miss Russell is at her best, and on Saturday "The Man from Home."

Rev. A. L. Burch will preach in the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning at the regular service. Mr. Burch is agent for the college in Vancouver and is visiting the Valley in the interests of the college. He will also conduct the afternoon service at Hullcar.

Great improvements are noticed on many Salmon Arm-Enderby road properties. Mr. Twigg is transforming things to surveyor's lines on his property, and Messrs. Forster and Proctor are adding inestimably to the appearance of things about their farms, a new barn on Mr. Proctor's place being the latest improvement.

Only four voters have registered as required by law up to the present date. Next Tuesday, Oct. 31st, is the last day on which the names of householders and licence holders can be received to be placed on the municipal voters' list. Every householder or licence holder must be registered before his name can be placed in the voters' list. If you wish to vote, get your name on the list before it is too late.

In reporting the result of the assizes in last week's issue it was stated that "Palmer and Johnson, the young men sent up for trial some weeks ago charged with housebreaking, were released, there being insufficient evidence to make a case against them." This is only partly correct. The grand jury reported a true bill in both cases, but Palmer was released by the Crown when his case was called, and Johnson was acquitted by the jury.

Provincial Constable Price desires us to state that he has received the exhibits in the Dake-Belmont case, to be delivered to the owners, and for the convenience of all he has left the articles in the care of Mr. Pyman, who will deliver same on identification to the owners. So far as the case against Dake is concerned, the Crown has nolle prosequied all proceedings, and Dake is freed of all responsibility in connection with the fire which destroyed his jewelry store on the morning of July 2nd, 1900.

T. G. MacInnes, who has charge for the Vernon Board of Trade of the apple shipments to the Old Country for Christmas presents, reports that already arrangements have been made for about 600 boxes. Most of these are supplied by the shippers, but some are purchased direct from the Board. Any person desirous of taking advantage of the opportunity of sending apples to friends in Great Britain or the Continent, should notify Mr. MacInnes at once as the shipment will leave Vernon on November 1st. He expects to have sufficient orders to fill two cars.

DAD "COMES BACK"

Early in the Spring when "Dad" Chambers found he could not any longer dodge the dope poured out by the Psetilential Pious Pippin of Poesy Piquancy, he resigned as manager of the Armstrong Advertiser and hit the pike for the farm. We like "Dad," and when we saw how IT worked upon his nerves we felt sorry. But a summer on the farm did "Dad" a world of good. He hasn't that worrit look any more. "Dad" feels strong. So strong that he has taken up his old work and now manipulates the poesy punk for Sammy. In time it is sure to "get upon his nerves." Before it does so we would suggest that "Dad" turn an X-ray on Sammy and locate the Poesy Bug's nest. We do not know that it could be eradicated, but "Dad's" experience on the farm in chasing bugs and pests and vermin might suggest a Poesy Bug exterminator.

A Hallowe'en Tea (Pumpkin Pie a specialty) will be served on Tuesday next in the Old Methodist Church, from 6.30 to 8 o'clock, followed by a programme. Admission, 35c.

The Mara Musical and Athletic Association will give a dance in the new hall on the 3rd of November. Tickets, $1.50.

HAPPY HAWKINS

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

The Chinese Question

"Fido has just been growlin'," sez she, in a low whisper, "an' I heard a noise out in the bushes."

"What shall I do?" sez I. "Come up there an' toss Fido out into the bushes, so as to kill two birds with one stone?"

"No," sez she. "If you are willin' to take the risk, I wish that you would go out the front door an' lock it after you. Then look around careful and see if he is settin' fire to the house. Take my revolver an' Fido, an' do be careful not to get hurt—an' don't kill him unless you have to."

"I won't kill him unless I see him, an' he won't hurt me unless he sees me first," sez I. "You better keep Fido an' the gun. I don't want to be bothered with a couple o' noncombatants."

Fido was a little black welly-faced dog, an' he did n't impress me as bein' no old Injun-fighter. I went out an' chased a cat out o' the bushes; but did n't flush up a single thing wantin' to disturb the peace, except the goat. He was the most frolicsome goat I ever see, an' he about got my tag before I heard him comin'. I rummaged the place purty thorough, an' after tellin' her that all was well, I folded my wings an' went to roost on the leather bunk again.

Twice more that night the clanging bell summoned me to go forth an' chase imaginary Chinese, an' then my patience began to get baggy at the knees. I wanted to be up in time to gather the milk before the heat of the day, an' I was a couple o' nights shy on my sleep already. The last time I took Fido along an' dropped him into the feed-bin, where he could hunt Chinamen to his heart's content 'thout disturbin' my beauty sleep.

Our days flowed along smooth an' peaceful; but most o' the nights I put in huntin' Chinamen. No, I would n't have killed one if I could have found him—well, not all at once. I got so I could churn an' dust an' do fancy cookin', until if they'd been any men in that locality, I reckon one would have chose me to be his wife—an' then came the cousin.

She'd been tellin' me all about him—it's miraculous the way a woman's talk 'll flow after it's been dammed up a spell. He was from Virginie an' he was goin' to college to study chemistry, whatever that is; an' he was an athlete an' a quarter-back an' a coxswain—oh, he was the whole herd, the cousin was. I begun to feel shy whenever I thought of him. I feared he might arrive when I was peelin' spuds with my apron on, an' he might choose to kiss me.

I drove to the station after him; but nobody got off the train except a nice lookin' boy with outlandish clothes, an' a couple o' trunks. After the train had pulled out, he sez to me, "Can you tell me the way to Mrs. A. B. Cameron's?"

"I can sight you purty close," sez I. "That's my present headquarters. You—you ain't Ralph Chester Stuart are ya?"

"You win," sez he, as though we had made mud-pies together. "Come on, let's load the trunks an' trip toward where ther' 's a noise like food. I'm troubled with what they call a famine."

We drove along, an' he was as merry as a bug an' talked a langwidge the like of nothin' that I had ever met up with before; but I was tryin' to fit his real size with my idee of it. I had been lookin' for a six-footer with bulgy muscles an' a grippy jaw. This pink-cheeked boy did n't look like no athlete to me. He was so cute an' sweet that I felt like hangin' a string o' coral beads around his neck an' savin' him for my adopted daughter. I had just concluded to hand over the dish-washin' right at the start, when he fished up a pipe out of a case, filled it, an' begun to puff like a grown-up, and then I savvied that dish-washin' was n't one of his hobbies.

"Any sport here?" sez he.

"If you're good at dreamin'," sez I, "you can have the time of your life huntin' Chinamen. I never see a place yet where the huntin' was so plentiful an' the game so scarce."

He got interested in a minute an' told me he had a shotgun, a rifle, an' three revolvers.

"I wish I could write Chinese," sez I.

"What for?" sez he.

"So I could put up a sign warnin' him away," sez I. "Why, if we'd all three get a chance at that Chinaman, it 'd take me a solid week to clean him off the lawn."

Ches an' me got along fine. He was a game little rooster, an' his college stories used to tickle me half to death. I never would have believed that a little feller could 'a' been a college athlete; but Ches had got his pictures in the papers, time an' again. At college they race in a boat about the size an' shape of a telegraph pole, eight of 'em rowin' an' the coxswain perched up behind, pickin' out the path an' tellin' the rowers not to think of their future, but to kill theirselves right then if it will win the race. Ches sez that the coxswain is the most important man in the boat. He had a good deal the same views about the quarter-back, in fact he took what they call a purely personal estimate of life.

He showed me how to play football. It's pleasant pastime, but too excitin' for a frail thing like me. He gave me his cap to carry, an' told me to back off about twenty feet, an' try to run over him, or stick my stiff-arm in his face or dodge him—any way at all to get by. I backed off an' then I looked at him. He looked about as hard to get by as a toadstool.

"Now, Ches, I don't want to have your blood on my head," I sez, "an' if you've just been jokin', why say so."

But no, nothin' would do but I must run him down. I never won much of a reputation for bein' slow, an' I weigh one ninety when I'm ganted down to workin' trim. I took a full breath an' sailed into him. I intended to give a jump just before I reached him an' go clear over his head, but I lacked the time. Just as I took my jump he gave a lunge, wrapped himself about my lower extremities, an' we sailed up among the tree-tops. All the way up I was tryin' to figure out how it happened; but when we struck the earth again I did n't care. I knew it would never happen again. I'd shoot first.

We lit on top of my face an' whirled around a few times an' then sort o' crumbled up in a heap, with him still shuttin' off the circulation in my legs. "Down!" sez he, "an' now the ball is dead."

"I can't answer for the ball," sez I, "but I'm about as near bein' in the coffin mood myself as I ever get at this season of the year. What game did you say we was indulgin' in?"

"This in football," sez he.

"I'm glad to know it," sez I, "so that in the future when any one issues an invitation for me to play football, I can make arrangements for provin' an alibi. If I had to play a game like this I should choose to be the ball."

He was full o' little ways like this an' entertained me fine; but it was mighty hard to wring any useful work out of him. He used to prune the rose vines, and now and again he'd do a little dustin'; but once when I had to bake sourdough bread, I pointed out that the garden needed weedin', an' explained to him just what effect weedin' had on garden truck. He sez to me, "My motto is, 'Competition results in the survival of the fittest.' I ain't no Socialist." When I asked him what this bunch of words meant, he told me that he did n't know of any exercise 'at would do me so much good as learnin' to think for myself; an' that 's all the satisfaction I could get out of him. He was some like other educated persons I've met up with: when you tried to get him to do something useful, he'd fall back on his book knowledge, roll out a string of high steppin' words, an' then look prepossessed.

He was good about one thing, though; he just about took the night trick off my hands, so that I begun catchin' up with my sleep again. He used to load himself down with firearms an' he and Fido would hunt Chinamen two or three hours every night, but he never had no luck. Several times the neighbors rode by an' they told us that the' was a gang breakin' into houses an' stealin', but they could n't seem to get any track of 'em.

One mornin' I was tryin' to find out what made the sewin' machine drop stitches, when he came runnin' in with his eyes stickin' out like a toad's.

"He's been sleepin' in the barn," sez he.

"Who—the horse?" sez I, thinkin' it was one of his jokes.

"No," sez he. "the Chinaman."

Well, I looked at him, an' he explained how his suspicions had been aroused, an' that he had made a practice of stirrin' up the straw each evenin'; an' then each mornin' would find the print of a man's body; but that he had put tar on the ladder without gettin' any evidence.

I pricked up my ears at this, an' turned the machine out on pasture for a while. We went to the barn, an' there, sure enough, was the print of a man's body. Then we adjourned to the shade to hatch up a sub-tile plot. We smoked an' hatched until it was time for me to go in an' help with dinner. We was both thinkin' hard, an' finally I sez, "Now ,Ches, the craftiest thing for us to do, is for me to cover up in the straw, an' when he lays down, explode my gun against his ribs." He had pestered me a mighty sight, an' I never was partial to 'em nohow. Ches never made any reply; he was what you call engrossed. All of a sudden he leaps to his feet an' slaps me on the shoulder.

"Happy," sez he, "are ya game?"

I looked at him a while, an' then I sez gently, "Now look here, Mister, I ain't no hero, an' if you happen to have any more college festivities to introduce, why I'll own up to a yellow streak a foot wide; but I don't recollect just what day it was that any livin' man accused me of bein' downright pale-blooded. If you got any hair-raisin' projec' in your head, don't bother to break it gentle. Just tell it right out, an' I'll lean up against this tree, so as not to hurt myself should I faint."

"Well," sez he, chucklin' like a prairie-dog, "I propose we paint up the goat with phosphorus, put him in the barn, an' you an' me get up in the trees to watch."

"What's the goat done?" sez I.

"The goat ain't done nothin'," sez he, "but he'll scare the Chink to death, an' when he comes out we can shoot him in the leg or something."

"No," sez I, "it won't work. The Chink knows the goat better 'n we do; an' it'll be the goat that'll come out an' get shot in the leg, while the Chink 'll get away."

"Oh, rats!" sez Ches. "He won't even know it's a goat. Can't you see that?"

"Why won't he know it's a goat?" I sez, gettin' impatient. "A Chinaman's got just as much sense as a human being, an' you'll find it out sometime too."

"Yes, but didn't I tell you I was goin' to paint him with phosphorus?" sez Ches, all het up.

"I don't know what phosphorus is," sez I, "but you'll have to do a master job of painting to make that William goat look like a pinchin'-bug. Still, this is your projec' an' if you want to play the wheel one whirl, why I'll help stick up the stake."

I was busy about the house all afternoon, an' Ches kept himself penned up in his labatory. He had brought out a lot of stuff in cans an' bottles, had turned the woodshed into what he called a labatory, an' spent a good part of his time there, mixin' up peculiar stenches. They used to smell something frightful; but they only exploded about half the time. No matter what they did do, he always claimed that it was just exactly what he intended; but his hands was colored up constant like a fried egg, an' I never took much joy in loafin' about the woodshed.

That night as soon as I had my dishes washed an' the kitchen red up, we caught the goat an' took him to the barn. He was considerable of a goat, this one was, with horns on him a foot long an' a fright of a temper. He was one o' these fellers what is always out o' humor, only sometimes farther out than common. Still, me with my rope, an' Ches with his football habits, was one too many for Mr. Goat; an' we soon had him up in the haymow. Then I passed up the can o' paint, an' took a stroll around to see that no one had been givin' us the look-over.

The can o' paint did have a pretty fierce smell, but I didn't put much faith in it. I'd been in opium joints, an' I knew that a Chinaman would fatten on a smell 'at would suffocate a goat; an' when it comes to vigorous an' able bodied odors, a billy-goat ain't no tenderfoot himself.

After a time Ches came down with a heavenly smile on his face, so I knew the goat hadn't smothered yet; an' then we went into the house an' handled the lights in just the regular way; but when the time came, instead of goin' to bed, we went out an' cooned up a big tree, about on a level with the mow-window. Ches had nailed up a kind of a platform, which was rickety enough to keep a sensible man on the watch; but first thing I knew he was wakin' me up. He had his hand over my mouth, an' whispered, "He's in the yard now."

I ain't one o' them what yawns an' grunts an' stretches; I wake up like an antelope—all in a bunch.

The' was a little rustlin' back in some bushes over by the fence. Then, after a pause, we heard a queer scratchin' noise. He was climbin' up a tree at the back of the barn so as to get in through a scuttle in the roof. T was gettin' interestin', an' I got out my guns an' held 'em ready.

Ches had a whole arsenal spread out around him, an' I could easy see a week's work ahead of me, a-policin' up the premises.

The sky was just literally soggy with stars, an' you could see the outline of things purty plain. It was one o' those nights when evrything is so still that you hear with the inside of your head, an' any little real noise fair puts a crimp in ya.

We was leanin' on the rail of Ches' platform, when all of a sudden we hear the greatest jabberin' ever a human man heard. A goat an' a Chinaman speaks the same langwidge, an' goodness only knows what Billy Buck was a-tellin' him, but the tone was insistent an' the effect was most exhilaratin'. I had my ears stretched out to catch every sound—an' sounds wasn't nowise scarce just then. Squeals an' groans, an' wrastlin' an' blows, kept a feller all keyed up, an' we was bitin' our lips to keep from laughin'—an' then it happened!

The door o' that mow flew open as though it was struck by eleven engines, a dark form shot out, followed by two more—an' then the devil, himself, poked his head out through that haymow window. Talk about faces—Lord! I attended a ghost dance over in the Sioux country oncet; but it was a Sunday school picnic alongside the face that poked its way out of that door.

The' was rings of fire around the eyes, nose, an' mouth, the whiskers was one long waverin', ghastly flame, an' the horns was two others. The' was a blue gritchety sort o' smoke curlin' up around the face, an' my heart laid right down in its tracks an' rolled over on its back. I only saw that face a second, but I can shut my eyes an' see it right now. Gosh! I ain't much superstitious 'cept when I'm gamblin', but of course I know the' 's such things as ghosts an' devils an' such, an' I don't take no liberties with 'em. I screeched out, "Great Scott! what's that?" My hands shut up voluntary, both my guns went off in the air, the rail broke, an' me an' Ches sort o' chuck-lucked to the ground. We didn't miss any limbs on the way down, nor the guns didn't neither. Every time they bumped a limb, they went off, an' it sounded like Custer's last stand.

We weren't hurt none, an' scrambled to our feet in a second. The' was an awful squawkin' goin' on under the haymow window, an' that horrible, fire-faced devil seemed to be eatin' the heads off the Chinamen. I got a better view of it this time, an' I see it was one o' the dragons they worship. It made me feel a little better, 'cause I didn't see why he'd have any grudge against a Christian. Still, I wasn't takin' no chances, so I grabbed Ches by the arm an' headed for the kitchen—him stickin' his heels in the ground an' callin' me coward. I thought he had lost his mind, so I didn't pay any heed to him.

We threw ourselves against the kitchen door, an' I hammered on it with my knuckles, while Ches kicked me on the shins an' tried to get away. Finally Mrs. Cameron raised an upstairs window an' began shootin' with her bean-blower. I've no idy what she was shootin' at; but she hit me twice in the boot-leg, an' blame if it didn't sting like a whip.

Ches jerked loose while I was rubbin' the sore spot, an' as I glanced up I saw three dark forms comin' after us, followed close by the devil-dragon, his face fairly drippin' with liquid fire. The whole bunch of 'em looked outrageous big, an' I felt about as massive an' forceful as an angle-worm; but at that, I managed to open the cellar door, an' tried to get Ches to come in too. "Ches," I whispered, for I hadn't strength enough to yell, "Ches, come on in an' save yourself;" but he never gave no heed. He just stood crouching over in the shadow while they headed for him, devil-dragon an' all.

(To be Continued)

WHEN SLEEP SPELLS DANGER

That excess of sleep may be a symptom of serious—even of fatal—disease has become familiar to the public in press descriptions of the "sleeping-sickness" or African lethragy and of the medical study of its causes and cure. The African sickness, however, is by no means the only malady of this kind. A contributor to Cosmos (Paris, June 3rd) tells us of numerous cases where what he calls "hypersomnia," or excessive sleep, is present. At first he notes that mere excessive sleepiness—tendency to go to sleep—is not the same thing. This latter symptom, which accompanies many forms of brain affection, often interferes with real reparative sleep, the sleepy person being in a continual light doze or in a state between sleeping and waking. Real hypersomnia is a different thing. We read in substance:

"Simple hypersomnia is characterized by the fact that patients suffering from it are not only sleepy, but the period of their sleep is clearly increased. In view of the reparative part played by normal sleep, it might be supposed that exaggerated sleep would not be inconvenient. But it is a matter of common observation that hypersomnia is accompanied by notable fatigue. Recent investigations lead to the belief that these states of sleep are not the effect of a neurosis, but the symptoms of very different maladies.

"Besides the affections that attack the central nervous system, a whole series of maladies may give rise to paroxysmal sleep, and more particularly those that affect the glands.

"It is failure of the renal, hepatic, thyroid, and hypophysial glands that most often act on the hypnic function in such fashion as to produce narcolepsy.

"The approach of this kind of sleep is more or less brutal, preceded by spasms and a sense of lightness in the brain. The eyeballs seem heavy, the eyes prick—in short, the subject feels, in an exaggerated form, all the sensations that announce the approach of normal sleep. If he is walking, his legs seem to grow heavy and his progress becomes uncertain; he has scarcely seated himself when he is sound asleep. Very generally this paroxysmal sleep attacks a subject while he is resting, or even when he is actively occupied; and the cases in which the patient falls asleep in the course of mental work or during a meal are extremely frequent. Most generally he tries to resist, and to this end he employs different means of defense, of which the most active consists in standing up or walking about.

"During the sleep the mind is clouded more or less completely. Sometimes the lack of consciousness is absolute, sometimes it is less profound and still permits of certain elementary and automatic mental processes, betraying themselves to the observer by confused gestures and words, sometimes by somnambulism.

"It is noteworthy that the wakening takes place almost always spontaneously, without the possibility of any exterior impressions reaching the subject's mind; and it is impossible, in most cases, to get at the provoking cause of the awakening. Sleep and waking seem regulated by a certain rhythm, and very frequently the crisis of sleep comes on at the same hour and lasts for equal periods. And the patient whose first attack lasts an hour may be practically certain that future attacks will be of about this length.

"Such are the essential and fundamental characteristics of narcolepsy. The most frequent cause, as we have said above, is disease of the glands. Those who are being poisoned by changes in the liver or kidneys are particularly exposed to it; the same is true of those having diseases of the hypophysis or of the thyroid gland. Obesity may also be a predisposing cause."

HUNDREDS MADE HOMELESS BY ENGLISH LAND WAR

When John Burns, the working-man Cabinet Minister of England, fathered the Town Planning Bill as his first official parlimentary infant and engineered it successfully through the House of Commons in the face of stormy opposition, he was haled as a hero by his colleagues, and naturally felt proud.

But while he was receiving the congratulations of all who were crying out for better housing accommodations, more beautiful towns and healthier surroundings on the one hand, he exposed himself to an avalanche of personal abuse prompted by slum landlordism, which felt bitterly the invasion of its vast territorial interests.

And now it has dawned upon the president of the Local Government Board that the enthusiasm of his friends was somewhat premature, for their plaudits are not yet justified by the results.

He is now face to face with a problem more acute, perhaps, than that which prompted the Town Planning idea itself. For the operation of the act, which came into force recently, meant the wholesale wiping out of huge areas covered with insanitary working-class dwellings, especially in rural districts, and the result is that thousands of poor families are being driven from their homes without any alternative accommodation except the workhouse or the barns of their neighbors.

No man is more disturbed over these unexpected results of his Town Planning scheme than John Burns himself. His elevation to the position of a Cabinet Minister did not add to his popularity among the rank and file of the working classes, and it is now feared among his friends that his town planning zeal may lead to his political undoing.

But meanwhile he passes the blame on the local authorities, who should, he thinks, be able to rise at once to an emergency of this kind and provide the necessary habitations for the dispossessed families. He is reminded, however, that houses to accommodate thousands of persons cannot grow like mushrooms, and that he should have foreseen the difficulty he was creating before he put his act into force.

It must be explained that the slum landlords of the country are conspiring to bring discredit upon the town planning scheme, and that many local authorities are aiding them in their campaign of resistance to the working of the act.

The landlords declare it would not pay them to put the old houses into the sanitary condition required by the act, while they cannot run the risk of having them inhabited in their present state, in face of the penalties which the act imposes. The result is that evictions, recalling some of the old scenes in Ireland, are now a matter of frequent occurrence in the rural districts of England. The situation has become so acute in the counties adjacent to London that the canvas tents used by the coronation soldiers have been asked for to shelter some of the ousted victims.

No act of parliament placed on the statute book of England has ever provoked more determined opposition from the landlord class, and it looks as if the battle was only opening. Even where the local authority would be prepared to put up the working-class cottages the landlords place a prohibitive price on land, so that it would be quite impossible to erect houses consistent with the rents the occupiers would pay. One dollar a week would, in the vast majority of cases, be quite beyond their means in a country where agricultural workers only earn $3.50 a week all told.

The American delegates who have lately been on a mission of civic exploration in England could not have found a more opportune moment for gathering impressions of England's town planning schemes. They will see how necessary it is to make provision for the dispossessed before an act containing such drastic provisions can be enforced.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA

The improvements and simplifications lately introduced by Messrs. Lumiere in the process of color photography were the subject of a recent address by M. Leon Gimpel before the Astronomical Society of France. The method of development has been greatly facilitated by the use of a green light, obtained by applying "Virida" paper to the lantern; while magnesium light is used in printing, and an unlimited number of prints may now be easily produced. Instantaneous pictures are readily taken with plates made hypersensitive, according to the method of Simmen and Thovert. M. Gimpel has applied these various improved methods with great success to the photography of meteorological phenomena—thunderstorms, rainbows, fogs, inundations, auroras, sunsets, etc.—and in the course of his lecture he threw on a screen a number of beautiful pictures of this character.

AN AUTOMATIC FLOGGER

Automatic flogging-machines are in use among the military forces of several European nations. For many years the whipping was always done by a soldier, under the command of an officer, and the punishment varied according to the personal relations existing between the soldier and his victim. It was to correct this disadvantage that the flogging-machine was invented.

The machine is automatic in action, and as soon as the culprit is fastened in position a spring is tightened or loosened to gauge the exact force of the blow. A pointer is moved over a dial to the requisite number of strokes and the mechanism is started.

With perfect regularity the victim's back is scourged by the thongs, the handle of the whip being moved by a screw device after each stroke so that the lash does not fall upon the same spot throughout the punishment.

Each blow is of uniform severity, and as soon as the required number has been given the machine comes to a rest and the offender is released, with the assurance that the exact punishment ordered has been meted out to him.

HUMOR OF LIFE

Mrs. Peck: "Henry, what would you do if burglars broke into our house some night?"

Mr. Peck (valiantly): "Humph! I sould keep perfectly cool, my dear."

And when, a few nights later, burglars did break in, Henry kept his promise; he hid in the ice-box.

When mixing starch, the addition of a few drops of turpentine will give a fine glass to collars and cuffs.

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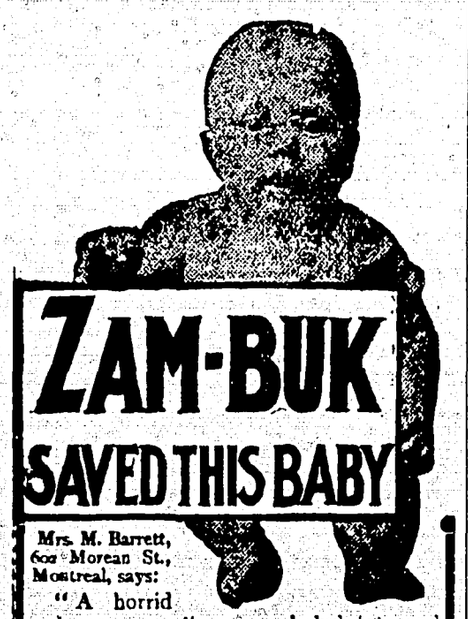


ZAM-BUK SAVED THIS BABY

Mrs. M. Barrett, 602 Morean St., Montreal, says: "A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for piles.

Zam-Buk

CABBY'S STRATEGY

A hansom cab, while going through a narrow London street, was stopped by a line of carriages on one side and by a stationary cart filled with flowering plants on the other.

"Cabby" civilly requested the driver of the cart to move on and let him pass, but was answered with a defiant grunt and sneer; whereupon the cabman brought his horse's head in close proximity to the cart, and then slackened the reins.

As the animal began to browse among the mignonette and geraniums, the driver called out to the florist's man:

"He's a-smelling on 'em, ain't he?"

The driver of the cart turned round in time to see a long stalk with a flower at the end of it extending from the horse's mouth. In a moment the way was clear for the hansom.

VALUABLE ASSET

Nothing is sacred nowadays. A bankrupt was telling the court how poor he was, and how much money he had lost by commercial depression, when the official receiver remarked:

"You have very good teeth, Mr. Stylish."

"Yes," innocently replied the bankrupt, "they are very sound."

"How much did you give for them?" was the next question—and it was a poser.

"Must I answer such a rude question?" asked the bankrupt, appealing to the judge.

"Certainly," answered the man of law.

"Well, I gave fifty guineas for them."

"Ah, very good," said the official receiver; "then hand them over for the benefit of your creditors."

KEEP THE DOG'S TAIL

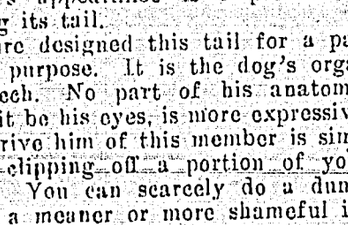
The practice of cutting off the tail in dogs of certain breeds should be condemned, forbidden by law, and in every way discouraged. It is a silly fashion and a great mistake in thinking that a dog's appearance is improved by docking its tail.

Nature designed this tail for a particular purpose. It is the dog's organ of speech. No part of his anatomy, unless it be his eyes, is more expressive. To deprive him of this member is similar to clipping off a portion of your tongue. You can scarcely do a dumb animal a meaner or more shameful injury than by taking away the means by which he makes known his disposition, his likes and dislikes, to his human associates.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

The Rocking Chair

HAPPY is the housekeeper who is fortunate enough to possess one of those newfangled kitchen outfits of aluminium, or aluminum—the spelling and pronunciation depend largely on your nationality. It is the very latest thing in kitchenware and has been designed especially for use on gas, but can be used quite as well on any ordinary range. So far as I can learn this particular make of aluminium utensils cannot be obtained in any regular hardware store, and is as different from the ordinary aluminium dishes of the department store as tissue paper is from iron.

At first sight the price seems rather high, but, having once seen and handled it, no other frying-pan, bake-dish, or coffee pot will ever seem anything but clumsy and unsatisfactory, and a twenty-five year guarantee makes the initial cost look small, even in comparison with the price of common tin.

The full set comprises about everything needed for culinary purposes in a small kitchen, and, judging by the ingenious contrivances, they must have been invented by some summer-widower who found himself unable to cope with the profanity-provoking (under masculine management, of course), soul-destroying implements of time-honored memory. Everything fits into everything else, without making anything taste of anything but itself, and several things may be cooked simultaneously on the one burner. The greatest charm of these pots and pans, though, is that they do not require such an extraordinary amount of what used to be known as elbow grease to keep them in first class, shiny condition; and then they all fold away together so beautifully that they are just the very things for the new apartment block kitchens, as a full set of these utensils would not require much more room for storage than the modern landlord has allowed for the whole kitchen.

Admirers of this ware have told me that they have boiled milk for hours, directly on the gas, without scorching. I have not been an eye-witness of this miracle myself, but that is what my friends say they can do. In cooking on gas the bane of one's life is cooking anything with milk, for it seems sometimes as though the milk takes a malicious delight in burning and boiling over, even before it gets warm.

Anything which lessens scouring and scrubbing, and otherwise lightens labor, is welcomed by women now-a-days, when we frankly admit that we dislike hard, grubby work. There is no worse treadmill in this world than dish-washing. With aluminium cooking utensils, and paper dishes for the table, house work would not be such a drudgery.

* * *

It has become the fashion of late years to pity the shop girls, and to pity them one and all indiscriminately. No doubt their lives, like policemen's, are not always happy ones, and they have their own troubles, peculiar to their business, just as every one else has. But "there are others;" and some little pity is coming to the shopper as well.

Everybody acknowledges that shop-girls have a great deal to put up with from customers; but that is all part of the day's work. It belongs to the shop-girl's business, and is to be expected just as much as burns and scalds are a matter of course to a cook, an occasional accident to a line-man, or a crushed hand to a brakeman.

When a girl starts out to be a shop-girl she should aim at being a good one, then she is almost sure of promotion, and certainly sure of appreciation from those who transact business with her. As a humble purchaser, with many needs, and little money to supply them, I have a grievance, along with many thousands of other women, against the shop-girl. To be waited on by a pleasant, obliging girl makes shopping a pleasure, or at least less disagreeable than it usually is; but the obliging girl is the exception, and although you do come across one now and then, she is almost as rare as a white black-bird.

She is found oftenest in the smaller stores, and she disappears in direct proportion as the size of the store increases, until when the stores of largest size are reached, she has became about as extinct as the Dodo or Great Auk.

Everybody realizes that no business is carried on simply for the health of those engaged in it, and that profits are the great consideration. But this might be made a little less indecently obvious than at present; and employers would lose nothing by instructing their clerks to be obliging to small purchasers.

At one time I innocently imagined that clerks in a store were engaged in that business because they needed to make a living, but I long ago discovered my mistake, and now I know that their mission in life is the humiliation of the customer; and the poorer she appears the more they delight in humiliating her.

A woman goes forth to buy herself a Fall coat; she has twenty dollars which she feels she could give for a coat without cutting off her husband's breakfast bacon, and she knows in her heart that a good stylish coat ought to be got for that price. Knowing from former experiences what she will have to endure from supercilious clerks—who, of course, never wore anything less than sixty and eighty dollar coats themselves—she screws up her courage and visits the cloak-departments. Being plainly and inconspicuously dressed, she stands about for some time while a number of unoccupied girls pat their back hair and discuss the costume of the last customer who has come in an automobile. At last, having exhausted their subject, one will saunter towards the new arrival, if no more prosperous looking person has come in later, and with a bored manner ask what she wants. She may say she wants to look at Fall coats. "For yourself?" the girl asks, as she casts a scornful glance over the figure of the intending purchaser, appraising, to a cent, her hat and dress. "What price would you care to give?" The poor woman by this time is reduced to the last stage of humility, and murmurs apologetically, "Oh, I couldn't afford any more than twenty dollars." Bored beyond expression by this confession of penury, the shop-girl takes down a coat. "Here is one at thirty-five that might fit you, and here is another at fifty; would you care to try them on?" Doing her best to appear oblivious of the insulting manner and tone of the girl, and to cover her confusion, the customer tries on the coats, at the same time assuring Miss Arrogance that she does not care to pay that much. The girl, with the air of a multi-millionaire, and looking straight through the poor woman, says, "Then, I'm afraid we have nothing that will suit you," and walks away. Often, after just such treatment, I have looked about a little and found very good, stylish coats for from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, which the Superior Person had not thought it worth while to show me.

For the last five or six years, any clothes I have had I have bought, not because they were shown to me by a girl who was interested in serving her employer by pleasing me, but in spite of the fact that they were not shown me, and in spite of the veiled insult of the clerk's supercilious airs.

This is the experience of thousands of women, and I am daily hearing complaints of this sort of treatment. I know several women who prefer to send away for their clothes rather than put up with the insolence we are accustomed to in many stores here.

It is all very well to say complain to the management, but we don't all have the time to go through the necessary red tape; and any way, it is the business of that management to see that their patrons are civilly treated, and it should be unnecessary for customers to have that task added to the already arduous labor of shopping in these days of no seats for buyers, freak systems of paying for your purchases, and endless tramping from one department to another.

I do not deny that some shop-girls are deserving of sympathy; but, taking all things into consideration, the one most to be pitied is the housewife who has to do her shopping in odd times stolen from her housework and with the little she can scrape and save after the rent and fuel have been paid for.

* * *

Mark Twain invented the science of Thumbology, and the science of Palmistry is so hoary that no one knows who invented it; perhaps Eve did in her spare time, when she wondered if Adam was up to tricks, and would a dark woman make trouble between them.

Carolyn Wells, of modern days, has put her best foot forward and invented a new science which she calls Solistry, and which will no doubt, in time, develope into a cult. A careful study of her theory will enable each student to read the character of her friends.

"The ancient philosophers laid great stress on the theory of mind indicated by matter; and to Solon, in amplification of his wise counsel, 'Know thyself,' we are indebted for the Science of Solistry.

"It was touched on also by Plato, and later elucidated by Locke on the Human Understanding, and has been treated more or less fully by modern authors in various foot-notes.

"While the exponent of palmistry may claim to read by the lines of the hand, it is only when the sole is laid bare that the real character is exposed; and by a careful study of the foot any one may become fairly proficient in the mysteries of the art, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

"The foot, then, is divided into two parts: the full, solid part, called the sole; and the divided, movable part, called the toes. If the sole, measured from the heel to the roots of the toes, is longer than the middle toe, the subject is well balanced and is an easy-going, whole-souled sort of person. If, however, the middle toe is longer than the sole, the subject is flighty and unreliable.

"If the sole is narrow, it indicates a conservative mind, easily prejudiced, with a tendency to solecisms. If broad, it means a free, generous temperament, with no danger of misunderstandings.

"The mounts, by which is meant the fatnesses of the sole at the base of the toes, are designated as follows: The mount at the base of No. 1, which is the light, fantastic toe and is also the ball of the foot, is dedicated to Terpsichore; No. 2, Mount of Trilby; No. 3, Mount of Atalanta; No. 4, Mount of Cinderella; No. 5, Mount of Mercury. In the heel is the Mount of Achilles.

"The lines, however, are interesting in the extreme. All tendencies must draw the line somewhere, and the solist who reads between the lines will discover a reality in what has hitherto seemed a solar myth.

"The life-line extends from heel to toe. If this is broken, it indicates future death. The line of heart indicates heart for heart's sake. It also shows luck at cards; hence it is sometimes called the cardiac line.

"A strong head-line is indicative of editorial instinct and exemplifies reversion to type. A broken head-line signifies pugnacity. There are also lines of thought leading to lines of action. The clothes-line shows love of dress. The fish-line indicates that the subject is a liar. The line of beauty indicates that the lines are cast in pleasant places, and the line of sole indicates a cold-blooded subject and is often felt.

"The occupation of the subject can be accurately determined from the lines. Thus the line of battle and the line of march are hard lines, often calloused, proving the soldier or the tramp. A line-meeting indicates a railroad man; a tow-line, a sailor; solar spots, an astronomer; a well-developed foot-ball, a college student.

"In the poetic foot, the sounding-line is clear, and the short lines (called Alexandrines) are strongly marked. The two types of poetic feet oftenest seen are the Iambic and the Trochaic. In the poetic feet the heels are usually in French forms.

"By the aid of these foot-lights the foundation will be laid for a correct understanding of the subject, and the careful pedant will soon learn to unriddle the secrets of the sole with such facility and precision that he who runs may read."

* * *

A study of the jewellers' windows seems to indicate a return of the cameo to fashion, and stones and shells of all sorts are now carried for mounting as jewellery.

The word "cameo" is of uncertain origin and no two authorities agree on its derivation, but for all practical purposes a cameo signifies a carving, or engraving on gems and stones formed of two or more layers of different colors. The upper layers are carved out according to the taste of the engraver, leaving the bottom stratum as a background for the figure. The best stones come from India and the art of cutting them was well known in Egypt.

Among the earliest examples of cameos are the scarabs of Ancient Egypt, and small sculptures on the back of seal stones of Greek and Etruscan origin.

Long before the Christian era, glass cameos were made in Rome, and the small rosettes and medallions of clay impressed with designs in relief and gilded are of still earlier date.

The Greeks were the most successful workers in cameos and their subjects were figures of the gods. About the end of the third century A.D. the Greek influence began to die out of Roman art in cut-glass gems, and in the next century the art became Christian in tone and the old classical designs were changed to accord with the new thought. Christian subjects were introduced, and Hercules became David, Venus was changed to the Madonna, and by cutting away Medusa's snakes, her head did service as Saint Veronica.

About the middle of the fifteenth century there was a great revival of the art of cameo cutting and Pope Paul II., who lived at this time, was said to have died from the effects of his excessive love of the gems. His Holiness was such an ardent lover and collector of cameos that his fingers were covered with them, and on one occasion they became so numbed by the coldness of the stones that he caught a chill, which caused his death.

Some of the most noted antiques are in the different art collections of the world. In the British Museum are the celebrated Portland vase; the Auldjo vase; the single-head portrait of the Emperor Augustus; and a chalcedony vase, given by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. St. Petersburg, Vienna and Naples possess famous cameos, and even America owns one of the most famous ones, "Cupid and Psyche." This celebrated gem belonged to the great Marlborough collection, and in 1899 it was bought by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, when the whole collection sold for $170,000.

Two of the finest cameos still in existence are the Great Agate of the Sainte Chapelle, now in the National Library in Paris, and the Augustus cameo in the great Vienna collection. The Great Agate is said to have been pledged with other gems in 1244 to St. Louis by Baldwin II., of Constantinople.

Probably the most celebrated of all cameos is that known as the Portland vase, now in the British Museum. This is a wonderful example of the skill, both of the glass-worker and the engraver of cameos on glass, of ancient times. The Duchess of Portland bought the vase from the Barberini family, in whose possession it had been for over three hundred years. It was originally taken from the tomb of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus, and it would seem more fitting if it still bore his name.

The return of this style of jewellery to the favor of fashion will do much for the revival of the art of cameo cutting, and to the one who has the taste to prefer a work of art to mere glitter, these gems will have an especial value not possessed by the precious stones.

Retaliation is a method not denied to any age and Bertie was a spoiled child. At a reception, in payment of having been sent to bed, he ruffled all the silk hats which visitors had deposited in an adjoining room. When mamma banged him down hard on a chair with the command that he sit on it until told to get up, he asked meekly:

"Mamma, are you sure it is this chair you wish me to sit on?"

"Yes, it is, and you sit there!"

"On this chair, mamma?"

"Yes, on that chair. Why do you ask?"

"Because, mamma, your best bonnet is on this chair, too."

Cooling Comfort On Hot Days

You need Abbey's Salt just as much as you need ICE, in summer.

A pinch of Abbey's Salt, in a glass of cold water, is the most refreshing, satisfying of summer drinks.

It quenches thirst—cools the blood—and does NOT upset the stomach.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt 94 Try it.

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tried Parmelee's Vegetable Pills does not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrector of disorders of the digestive organs, from which so many suffer.

HINTS FOR BATHERS

The father of eight children made an exclamation of disgust.

"It's very odd," he said.

Then he took out his penknife and cut certain paragraphs out of the newspaper clippings that lay before him. The clippings all dealt with the subject of "Hints for Bathers." He read them with a frown. "It's very odd," he repeated, "they're every one different. Now what is one to do?"

Here are a few of the "hints for bathers" that the man had compiled from his various articles:

Never bathe soon after eating.

The morning, after breakfast, is the best time to bathe.

Do not remain in the water over twenty minutes.

No bath should be more than ten minutes long.

A bath of twenty minutes is about right.

Bathe at least an hour a day.

Always wet yourself with one plunge, never by degrees.

Never wet the body all at once or the great shock is apt to cause heart failure.

Wet the wrists first on entering the water.

On entering the water the chest and abdomen should be wetted first.

Wet the head first always.

Never bathe directly in front of a bathing post, as the surf might throw you against it so violently as to stun you.

It is well to bathe directly in front of a bathing post. The surf then, instead of carrying you out, will carry you toward the post, which you can grasp in moments of peril.

A half-hour rest is always beneficial immediately after the bath.

After the bath exercise vigorously for thirty minutes.

Never bathe with the back to the current, swimmers who do so are apt to lose their feet.

Always bathe with the back to the current, or you are liable to lose your feet.

If a chill comes over you take a small drink of brandy.

Never drink brandy for a chill; rub yourself till warmth returns with a coarse towel.

For a chill try hot lemonade.

SOAP BUBBLES

What is a soap bubble? Nothing but a film of water molecules held together by the cohesive power of soap in solution. A soap bubble's size and strength depend upon the right composition of the mixture that furnishes its material. The colors in a soap bubble are due to what is known in physics as the interference of light, and depend upon the varying thickness of the film of water.

The observer who watches a bubble as it is blown will notice that the colors rapidly chase one another over the filmy globe. He will also see that they vary in hue, growing less and less bright at the top of the bubble because there gravity stretches it downward and makes the film thinnest.

It is a singular fact that the last color to appear on a soap bubble just before it breaks is a gray tint. The thickness of the film when this tint appears upon it is less than the one hundred and fifty-six thousandth of an inch.

Were a soap bubble to be magnified to the size of the earth and the molecules magnified in proportion, then the whole structure would be as coarse grained as a globe of small lead shot touching one another at their surfaces.

In the blowing of a soap bubble there is presented the spectacle of the stretching of a liquid to the extreme limit of its capacity. In this way we come nearer to a sight of the invisible molecules of matter than could be got in any other way no matter how elaborate the experiment.

Her Dad: "No, sir; I won't have my daughter tied for life to a stupid fool."

Her Suitor: "Then don't you think you'd better let me take her off your hands?"

"Don't you think travel broadens one?"

"Yes. My wife gained thirty pounds while we were in Europe last winter."

A Power of Its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.

Gourlay Pianos

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

Highest priced, *but WORTH THE PRICE.*

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

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

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

Deer Park Fruit Land

ENDERBY

No Irrigation Required

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

An experienced fruit grower is in charge and will give instruction to purchasers free of charge, or orchards will be planted and cared for at a moderate charge.

160 acres, sub-divided into 20-acre lots are now on the market at $150 per acre.

Get in on the first block and make money on the advance.

Apply to—

GEORGE PACKHAM,
Deer Park Land Office, Enderby.

Finest in the Country

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

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

JAMES MOWAT

Fire, Life, Accident Insurance Agencies
REAL ESTATE
Fruit Land Hay Land
Town Lots

The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
The Phoenix Insurance Co. of London.
British America Assurance Co.
Royal Insurance Coof Liverpool (Life dept)
The London & Lancashire Guarantee & Accident Co., of Canada.

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LOANS

Applications received for Loans on improved Farming and City property.

Apply to—

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

ENDERBY BRICK

THE BEST BRICK IN THE PROVINCE.

Specified in C. P. R. contract for facing Revelstoke Station. A large stock now on hand. Reasonable prices for large or small quantities. By far the cheapest material for a substantial house. Cool in summer; warm in winter: saves most of your painting, and half the cost of insurance.

The Enderby Brick & Tile Co. **Enderby**

We are now cutting stove-length

Slab-wood which we are selling **$1.75** per load

We also have some cheap sheeting boards that we wish to clean up at **$5 per thousand.**

We still have some 4-in. No. 3 Flooring, which we offer at

$17.00 per thousand

Come before it is gone.

A. R. ROGERS LUMBER CO., Enderby

Moffet's Best Flour

ENDERBY PRESS

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

Advertising Rates: Transient, 50c an inch first insertion, 25c each subsequent insertion. Contract advertising, $1 an inch per month.

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

Reading Notices and Locals: 15c a line.

OCTOBER 26, 1911

MUNICIPAL VOTERS' LIST

The work of compiling the Municipal Voters' List for 1911-12 is now in progress in the City Municipalities throughout the province. The construction put upon the word "owner" in the Municipal Clauses Act by the Supreme Court in the case of Victoria in the early part of the present year, when the whole civic election was upset owing to the City Clerk having placed assessed owners of property on the list as real owners, has shown how one-sided the Municipal Clauses Act is in this regard, and how dangerous it is to put a reasonable construction upon what it says. And more than one city is finding difficulty in compiling a voters' list in accordance with the statute qualifications.

Section 6 of the Municipal Clauses Act provides that the qualifications of a voter shall be "any male or female, being a British subject of the full age of 21 years, who is the OWNER of real estate of the assessed value of not less than $100, or who is the representative * * * of an incorpoeated company, which is the ASSESSED OWNER of lands, or of improvements of lands, of assessed value of not less than $100, situated within the Municipality."

Section 10 of the same Act, provides that a voter in any township or district municipality shall be "the ASSESSED OWNER of lands or improvements of not less than $100."

In view of this slight difference in the wording of the Act in relation to "owner" and "assessed owner," it has been held in the past by the City Clerks generally that there could not be any distinction drawn between an assessed company owner and an assessed individual owner, and Municipal Voters' Lists have been made up of these assessed owners of property. But the decision of the Court is against this. An assessed owner of property, i. e., a person owning a property under an agreement of sale, is not the real owner and therefore his or her name cannot be entered on the voters' list.

The question as to whether or not this was the intention of the framers of the law does not enter into the case. The law says he or she must be the "owner" of the land, which means the registered owner. Therefore any owner of land under an agreement of sale is not to be recognized as the real owner.

Under this law a hardship results to the citizen whose real interest is in the town. When a person sells a piece of land, he sells his interest in it, and the person buying the land, buys the interest in it. The land and the interest are his. They cannot belong to the man who sold them. All responsibility for subsequent taxation or improvements rests upon the buyer. The property is his so long as he lives up to the terms of the agreement. Then why should he be deprived of the right of voting on all questions and money by-laws the passage of which works for or against him? It seems entirely wrong to deprive the person whose real interest is in the property of the rights of a property holder. This surely could not have been the intention of the framers of the law. The buyer may purchase on an agreement of sale covering a period of a year, or two years or three years, and the seller, whose interest in the property has ceased, may remove to other fields, and yet the buyer—the person whose interest is in the property and the town—is not allowed to represent it at the polls. At the same time an incorporated company—the assessed owner the same as the individual who has purchased under an agreement of sale—is permitted to exercise the franchise of a propertyholder.

If ever there was good reason for the exercise of the power of the Government-in-Council it will be found in this matter, and we believe the press of the Province should take up the matter and urge the law be changed so as to place the assessed individual owner on the same standing as the assessed company owner.

Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

Capital, $14,400,000 Rest, $12,000,000
Undivided Profits, $699,969.88

Honorary President, Rt. Hon. LORD STRATHCONA, MOUNT ROYAL, G. C. M. G.
President, Hon. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K. C. M. G.
Vice-President and General Manager, SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, Bart.
Head Office, Montreal. London Office, 46-47 Threadneedle St. E.C.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT Deposits received from $1, with interest allowed at current rate

Branches in Okanagan District: Enderby, Armstrong, Vernon, Kelowna and Summerland
G. A. HENDERSON, Esq., Manager, Vernon A. E. TAYLOR, Manager Enderby.

EGG LAYING CONTEST

The first egg-laying contest to be held in North America opened in Vancouver last Friday, and the Province says of the opening:

"Working without a boss! That is what the hens are doing at the Hastings Park egg-laying contest, and that is what they will be doing for a year. There are 40 pens. In each pen there are six hens, or a total of 240, and all hens. It is a sort of gathering of gallinae suffragettes. These ladies of the family gallinae are going to show what they can do in a year by their lonesome.

"Egg-laying contests are more or less common in Australia and New Zealand, also in England, but never before has one been held on this continent of North America.

"In this contest at Hastings Park on Friday the heavyweight classes are fairly well represented at the exhibition, or endurance trial, or egg-laying Marathon, or whatever it may be called. In this class there are Buff Orpingtons, Buff and Barred Plymouth Rocks, Columbian, Silver Laced, Silver Pencilled, Partridge and White Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Anconas. In the lightweights are Buff, White and Brown Leghorns.

Here is the hens' menu: Morning, wheat; noon, oats and beef scraps; night, cracked corn or wheat; once a week a mash of grain and meat scraps, and all the time all the grit, cracked shells and charcoal they care to assimilate.

Mr. Terry, a prominent poultryman thought that this part of British Columbia had the best climate in the world for poultry raising. He knew one man who had cleared $6,000 in a year out of 900 hens.

Vancouver, each week, imports 75,000 dozen eggs. These might as well be produced in British Columbia.

Send or 'phone your Grocery orders to Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

NEW BOOKS

A full list of the latest books published, by the best authors, and in the standard board bindings. As the evenings lengthen you will require something interesting to read. Make your selection before the best are picked up.

A. REEVES
Druggist & Stationer
Cliff St. Enderby

B. BRUNDISH
Enderby, B. C.

I have purchased the old Farmers' Exchange building, on the railway, and am placing in stock a full line of

Bricks, Lime, Hard Wall Plaster and Cement

Estimates furnished on all kinds of Cement, Brick and Plaster Work.

Oregon Nursery Co.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees.
All Non-Irrigated Stock.
A. E. Patten, Agt., FAIRVIEW, B.C

SECRET SOCIETIES

A.F.&A.M.

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

WALTER ROBINSON, W. M. 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

PROFESSIONAL

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

THE TAUBE OPTICAL CO.
EYE SPECIALISTS
14 YEARS EXPERIENCE
132 Eighth Ave. East. Calgary, Alta.
Regular visits to Enderby

DR. H. W. KEITH,
Office hours: Forenoon, 9 to 10:30
Afternoon, 3 to 4
Evening, 6:30 to 7:30
Sunday, by appointment
Office: Cor. Cliff and George Sts. ENDERBY

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

WALTER ROBINSON
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Cliff St., next City Hall, Enderby

POLITICAL

ENDERBY CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION

F. H. BARNES, President. W. E. BANTON Secretary.

E. J. Mack

Livery, Feed & Sale Stables
ENDERBY, B. C.

Good Rigs; Careful Drivers; Draying of all kinds.

Comfortable and Commodious Stabling for teams.

Prompt attention to all customers

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

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS

WATER BRANCH

IN the matter of the Board of Investigation created by Part III. of the "Water Act," for the determination of water rights existing on the 12th day of March, 1909; and in the matter of the following creeks in the Osoyoos Water District:

Aberdeen Lake,
Beaver Creek,
Beaver Jack Creek,
Bonneau Ceeck,
Bear Creek and its South Fork,
Big Creek,
Blue Spring Creek,
Big Horn Creek,
Bissette Creek,
B. X. or Deep Creek,
Beaver Lake,
Balagno Lake,
Bath Creek,
Bigg Creek,
Burnyeat Creek,
Brown Creek,
Brewer Creek,
Bold Range Creek,
Boucher Garden Spring,
Cherry Creek,
Cedar Creek,
Coldstream Creek,
Cranberry Creek,
Clear Creek,
Copper Creek,
Cattail Lake,
Clark or Horse Creek,
Cashmere Creek,
Canon Creek,
Clover Creek,
Cottonwood Springs,
Commons Creek,
Christies Creek,
Deep Creek and its North Fork,
Dailey Creek,
Duck Lake,
Duck Lake Creek,
Diamond Dry Lake,
Duncan Creek,
Dry Creek,
Deafy Creek,
Davidson Creek,
Darke's Creek,
Darke's Lake,
Deer Creek,
Dutchman Creek,
Echo Lake,
Eight-Mile Creek,
Eneas Creek,
Esparron Lake,
Fish Lake,
Fahni Lake,
Fern Creek,
Five-mile Creek,
Finlay Creek,
Fox Creek,
Falls Creek,
Fall Creek,
Garnett Lake,
Girod's Creek,
Goose Lake,
Gurney Creek,
Granite Creek,
Harris Creek,
Haddo Lake,
Hill or Venner Creek,
Headwater Lake,
Hog Gulch,
Hill Creek,
Irish or Coyotte Creek,
Island Lake or Lake of the Woods,
Ireland Creek,
Jones Creek,
Jacob Creek,
Jack's Creek,
King Edward VII. Lake,
Keep Creek,
Larch Creek,
Le Duc's Creek,
Lapsley Creek,
Louis Creek,
Long Lake,
Long Lake Creek,
Lyon's Irrigation Ditch,
Lulluwaape or Vernon Creek,
Latch Creek,
Mud Lake,
Mabel Lake,
Meakins Creek,
Mill Creek,
Miller's Spring,
Mountain Creek,
Mosgrove Creek,
Medora Creek,
McDougall Creek,
Nicklen Creek,
Nelson Creek,
North Branch Creek,
O'Keefe's Creek,
Otter Creek,
Otter Lake,
Prairie Creek,
Power's or Rashdale Creek,
Porteous Creek,
Pigeon Creek,
Putman Creek,
Perry Creek,
Reets Creek,
Rocky Gulch,
Ribblesworth Creek,
Rollings Lake,
Six-mile Creek,
Spider Creek,
Shuswap River,
Sheep Creek,
Shingle Creek,
Swan Lake,
Swan Lake Creek,
Short's or Biche Creek,
North Fork of Biche Creek,
Siwash Creek,
Smith's Creek,
Stoney Creek,
Slacks Creek,
Shannon Lake,
Speer Lake,
Spruce Creek,
Sucker Creek,
Sugar Lake,
Silver Spring Creek,
Sow-Sap Creek,
Spring Creek,
Spallumcheen,
Sturt's Creek,
Styx Creek,
Trout Creek,
Trepannier Creek,
Three-mile Creek,
Tamarack Lake,
Vance Creek,
Veners Creek,
Venner Creek,
Vernon Creek,
Woods or Torrent Creek,
Whiteman Creek,
White or Clearwater Creek,

and all unnamed springs, streams, creeks, ponds, gulches, and lakes tributary to or in the vicinity of the above-named streams.

Take notice that each and every person, partnership, company, or municipality who, on the said 12th day of March, 1909, had water rights on any of the above-named creeks, is directed to forward on or before the 30th day of November, 1911, to the Chief Water Commissioner at the Parliament Buildings at Victoria, a memorandum of claim in writing as required by section 27 of the said Act as amended. Printed forms for such memorandum (Form No. 19) can be obtained from any of the Water Commissioners in the Province;

And take notice, that the said Board of Investigation intends to proceed to adjudicate upon such claims on or about the 10th day of January, 1912.

After the claims have been tabulated by the Board, notice will be given of the places and days on which evidence and argument will be heard at local points.

Dated at Victoria, this 19th day of October, 1911.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Chairman.

o26-n30

AN X-RAY NECESSARY

The Enderby correspondent of the Vernon News evidently enjoys a quiet joke. He says: "S. Polson has several minor business residences in course of erection in the main part of town including a club-room for townspeople and some new stores." If the News man will just turn an X-ray on Mr. Polson and show us where these numerous residences, stores and club-houses are located we would illustrate the Nemo page of this paper with cuts of them.

COAL! COAL!

I am prepared to fill orders for domestic coal; large or small quantities. James Mowat, Office Bell Blk.

85 per cent of all headaches are the result of eye-strain. Are you troubled that way? If so, consult S. L. Taube (of the Taube Optical Co., Calgary,) who will be at Reeves' Drug Store on Saturday, Nov. 4th.

Semi-Ready Clothing—made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Enderby Trading Co., Ltd.

Enderby Opera House

Ev - 'ry lit-tle move-ment has a mean - ing all its own,

THE ENCHANTING MELODY WHOSE HAUNTING STRAINS HAVE ENTHRALLED THE WORLD

It's the Theme Song of WOODS, FRAZEE & LEDERER Phenomenal Success.

MADAME SHERRY

By OTTO HAUERBACH and KARL HOSCHNA

THE LAUGHING MUSICAL SENSATION OF TWO CONTINENTS

CAST OF MUSICAL COMEDY CELEBRITIES, Including THE MASSIVE PRODUCTION FROM THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATER, NEW YORK

FRIDAY Nov. 3rd

Seats on Sale at Reeves' Drug Store

Cooking Stoves
Coal and Wood Heaters
Ranges, Etc.

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

Wm. H. Hutchison
ENDERBY

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

F. R. PROSSER
Harnessmaker and Repairer
All Work Guaranteed
At Mill Company's Barn
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Fred. H. Barnes
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR
Plans and estimates furnished
Dealer in Windows, Doors, Turnings and all factory work. Rubberoid Roofing; Screen Doors and Windows. Glass cut to any size.
I represent S. C. Smith Co,, of Vernon. Enderby.

Enderby Pool and Billiard Parlor
THREE regular Pool Tables
ONE Full-sized Billiard Table
Opp. Walker Press Office H. BIGHAM, Prop.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS ACT

OKANAGAN ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

TAKE NOTICE that I have received objections in writing to the retention of the following names on the Register of Voters for the Okanagan Electoral District on the grounds stated below.

And take notice, that at a Court of Revision to be held on the Sixth day of November, 1911, at the Court House, Vernon, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I shall hear and determine the said objections, and unless such named persons or some other Provincial voter on their behalf satisfies me that such objections are not well founded, I shall strike such names off the said Register.

L. NORRIS,
Registrar of Voters.

Dated this 6th day of October, 1911.

The following persons are reported absent from the District:

No.	Name	Place
2.	Fred A. Abbott,	Summerland
8.	Clifford Adams	Summerland
109.	Geoffrey Edmund Ashton	Balcomo
267.	Arthur Martin Bilty	Summerland
307.	Victor Blanning	West Summerland
543.	Thomas Pulsford Wallator Carter	Balcomo
847.	Edwin Clive Dent	Summerland
940.	Rowland Dunning	Summerland
960.	William Henry Edgell	West Summerland
1039.	Robert Sommerville Falcon	Summerland
1048.	James Forman Faulkner	Summerland
1049.	James Forman Faulkner	Summerland
1341.	Alexander McDonald Greive	Summerland
1535.	Reginald Hody	Summerland
1634.	William Henry Ireland	Summerland
1713.	Ezra Kercher	Summerland
1829.	William J. Lawrence	Summerland
1956.	Alfred Ernest Mallett	Summerland
2337.	Baptiste Crawford Moore	Summerland
2428.	Cy Nicholls	Summerland
2433.	William James Nicol	Summerland
2491.	Samuel Parker	Summerland
2620.	Thomas Sidney Price	Summerland
2729.	John Edward Roach	Summerland
2751.	Arthur Thomas Robinson	Summerland
2864.	Charles Schwass	Summerland
2870.	Henry Scott	Summerland
3062.	Cyril Stackhouse	Summerland
3318.	Joseph J. Wallace	Summerland
3366.	Joseph Clifton Milton M. Webster	Summerland

The following persons are reported deceased:

2566.	Harvey Phinney	Summerland
2653.	Alexander Rankin	Summerland

The following persons are reported as appearing twice on the list:

1285.	Frederick Albert Gordon	West Summerland

Subscribe for the Enderby Press and keep posted on the development of the town and district

Dust Prevention on Public Roads

Although the problem of dust prevention on public highways is by no means a new one, its importance has been greatly accentuated by the comparatively recent introduction of the automobile. The dust-raising tendency of the latter is due to the destructive shearing action of the tires of the driving wheels and the intense suction and eddying-producing effect of the car body in passing swiftly over surfaces which have been already loosened up by tire action. In the days of the horse-drawn vehicle, the iron shoes of the horse and the tires had a tendency to consolidate, rather than loosen up, and the comparatively small amount of dust which gathered could be sufficiently laid by one or two daily trips of the watering cart. The advent of the automobile, however, has complicated the problem greatly, and it has become necessary not merely to find a more efficient means for laying the dust, but to provide also a method of road construction which will more firmly bind the road material together, and enable it to stand up under the extreme conditions which the automobile has imposed.

The work which has been done during the past eight or ten years in this direction has provided much valuable data on the action of dust preventatives, both as to their temporary effect in laying the dust, and the more important action as permanent binders of the materials of which the roads are built up. Generally speaking, these results are highly encouraging; for it is now understood that the failures which have occurred were due to a lack of knowledge of the quality of the oils and other binders employed, and a failure to grasp the now well-understood fact that, for successful road treatment, a study must be made of the composition, both of the oil itself and of the surface to which it is to be applied.

For the genisis of this work, we must go to France, where, as far back as 1867, the problem was made the subject of investigation. It is not, however, until 1902 that the work was seriously undertaken, and in the last eight years a large amount of theoretical and practical work has been done in Europe, mainly in France and England. In these countries an almost exclusive use has been made of tar; but here in the United States, chiefly because of our large supplies of oil and its general availability, oil has been the medium generally employed. In both the Old World and the New, the results, as noted above, have been highly encouraging, and the indications are that with our rapidly increasing knowledge of the subject, and the general introduction of practical methods and suitable appliances, not only will the problem of dust laying be thoroughly mastered, but a type of road surface will be developed, which will stand up better under the new and severer conditions of traffic than did the old macadam and dirt roads in the days of the horse-drawn vehicle.

The most valuable quality in any dust preventative is its ability to hold together the finely divided material which is produced on or near the surface of the road. The value of any oil, asphalt, emulsion or what not, lies, at the last analysis, in its "binding power"; and this quality in any dust preventative is proportionate to the amount of bituminous base which it contains.

The work of dust prevention divides itself, according to the aims and methods employed, under the two heads of permanent and temporary. The first method, and the most effective, is to so thoroughly treat the surface that it will be firmly and permanently compacted, its disintegration prevented, and the formation of dust rendered impossible. This result is obtained by the use of what are known as permanent binders, consisting of the tars and the heavy oils, that is, oils which have been so far subjected to distillation that they contain a large percentage of binding base. The second method seeks merely to keep down the dust that is formed upon the road surface, and therefore is temporary in its action. The temporary binders include certain light oils and tars, oil and tar emulsions, and salt solutions. The temporary binders contain, from their very nature, only a small amount of base, and to effectively keep down the dust, they have to be applied with more or less frequency, according to their richness. It should be noted, however, that each application of the temporary binders leaves, or is liable to leave, a certain amount of its bituminous element permanently in the road, thus producing a cumulative effect, which, in many cases, ultimately gives to the road surface much of the qualities secured by the use of heavy oils and tar.

The principal material used in the permanent treatment of roads with tar are coal tar, refined coal tar, and water gas tar. They may be used effectively, either by applying them to a road already finished, or by incorporating them in the surface material of the road during construction. In applying the tar to an old road, the surface should be thoroughly dry, comparatively warm, and free from dust. Moisture prevents the tar from proper contact with the stone, and a cold surface stiffens the material and prevents its being absorbed. Before the application is made, ruts and hollows should be filled, and the surface brought up to a smooth and even condition. The tar, heated to about 190 deg. F., is spread upon the road through a hose or by other suitable means, and is then thoroughly broomed in. After this has been done, to secure good results, the surface treated should face. Next, a coat of clean sand or tunity to thoroughly sink into the surhours, so as to give the tar an opporbe closed to all traffic for about twelve stone chips should be applied to absorb any excess tar, and dry up the surface, as it were. The road should then be rolled thoroughly to bring it into condition.

This not only prevents the tar from

This question of giving the tarred surface a twelve hours' rest involves the difficulty of interference with the traffic. In many cases, the county authorities, after spreading the tar, throw over it a top dressing and permit traffic to make immediate use of the road, thoroughly impregnating the road surface, but it results in an immense amount of inconvenience and unsightly disfigurement to automobiles and other swiftly moving vehicles. The best way out of the difficulty is to treat one-half of the roadway at a time, reserving the other half for traffic. Even where a road is so narrow that traffic would have to be slowed down to a walk, the users would willingly submit to this lesser inconvenience in order to avoid the discomfort resulting from present methods. In cases where it is impossible to close one-half of the roadway, care should be taken to apply sufficient sand or crushed stone to prevent the tar from sticking to the wheels of vehicles; but this, it must not be forgotten, will spoil somewhat the quality of the bond secured on the road surface.

In applying the tar in new construction, the road should be formed and consolidated without the use of water. The voids should be filled with fine stone chips free from dust, and care must be taken not to roll the surface too heavily or the tar will not adhere properly. Hot tar may be applied through all of the courses as they are laid and rolled, but occasionally the upper course only is so treated. After tarring, a top dressing of material is laid on and the surface is thoroughly rolled. The tar spreading may be done either by hand, in which case an excess above what is necessary will probably be used, or it may be spread on by an apparatus mounted on wheels, the tar being discharged under pressure at the road surface by specially designed spraying nozzles.

If the work be properly done, a tarred road, after being open to traffic for a short while, takes on an appearance closely resembling asphalt, being smooth and firm, practically noiseless, and more resilient, than asphalt. It is largely waterproof, practically dustless, and the resistance to traction is less than that of an untreated macadam road.

A MAN OF SCIENCE

(By Lowell Howard Morrow)

HE was a smallish chap, thin and wiry, with a smile that looked as if it might crack his face open. His eyes were as round and wise as an owl's. We found him one night half frozen in a snowdrift near our shack. He didn't say a word until we got him thawed, then his tongue began to limber—and how he did talk! In a few days he'd warmed up to the boiling point, and he gabbled that fast it was a hard matter to light one's pipe in front of him. That's how we came to name him Windy.

He talked with a confident, know-it-all air like a man who has been boring into books all his days. Jack said he reckoned he'd digested at least three encyclopedias, old Doc. Chase's receipt book, Poor Richard's Almanac, and even had nibbled at a Congressional Record. And us poor, ignorant prospectors had no defence at all. We would sit open-mouthed staring at him in an awed, scared sort of way.

But after two days of it Jack rebelled. "Windy," he said, sternly, "you'll have to let up on us critters. Hang it all, man, do you reckon we are able to swallow all these jags of big words? A feller's got to have some room inside for grub, you know. And can't you do anything but gab?"

"Well, I can cook," replied Windy, with a smile that I thought sure would fetch blood.

Jack pricked up his ears. No man loved a cook better than he, and he knew good grub. Capacity? Excuse me—Jack and I are still friends.

"Civilization rests her cornerstone on the culinary art," continued Windy. "The proper preparation, mastication, and assimilation of food marks the line between the human and the beast; between the learned and the unlearned, between——"

Jack placed one big, hairy hand over Windy's mouth. "Never mind any sermons now, little one," he said gently. "What can you cook?"

"An-n-y-thing," blubbered Windy.

"Good," commented Jack. "We'll give you a trial. If you make good we'll engage you to get our hash ready. If not you must hit the trail. We'll grubstake you for the Burg and let you go."

"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. I appreciate your kindness exceedingly. It gives me pleasure to——"

Jack interrupted him with a stare that would have made a police judge shed tears of envy.

"Reckon you know where the grub is:" he said. "Get to work. Have a good supper waiting for us—but none of your infernal sermons—mind that!"

Then we filed out of the cabin to our work of hunting the precious ore.

He had the supper ready, all right—and talk about cooking! The chef of the Waldorf and the rest, including old man Delmonico, could have learned new methods at his knee. He could make a mouth-watering meal out of nothing but wind and faith, but he just couldn't stop talking. Talk was the breath of life to him, and he was so burdened with science we were afraid that if his safety-valve should become plugged he would burst.

Yet with all his chatter he refused to give us his name. We caught only a few glimpses of his past, but he let out that he was a graduate of Ann Arbor—or some other woman by that name—and you'd have banked on it, if you could have heard him when he was drunk with gab.

Windy knew heaps about mining, too. He told us how nature made the metals, how and where she stored them and why. He knew all about quartz and pay-dirt, and he gave us a lecture of about ten million words on the general science of minerals. But he had no workable knowledge of our business. We tried him with pick and pan, and he failed.

"Shucks!" growled Jack, "he don't know anything except how to cook. But," he added, with a funny motion of hins lips, "that's something boys."

Jack was right. It meant a heap to us three prospectors to have a good, warm meal waiting for us when we came in tired after the day's work. So we kept him with us the rest of that winter and the next summer, and when late that fall we decided to move our camp up to the Devil's Back, he had become a fixture and, of course, had to go along.

Much gold had been struck over there on the Devil's Back. It was a wild region—even for that country—the canons were deeper, the rocks sharper, the cliffs more frowning than those of any field we had yet tackled.

The season was late for a move, and some fellows from the diggings on their way to town advised us not to try it before spring because the blizzards were already on the rampage over on the divide. But we were disgusted with our poor run of luck, and so decided to move at once.

Our route lay along one hundred and fifty miles of mountain trail, across runs made gigantic by the fall rains, over mountains snow-covered, along precipices whose sides dropped down thousands of feet before they struck bottom; through canons where the sun never shone. Windy told us just how it happened to be that way. But then he knew all about the funny things of nature from the time this old globe was a simmering poi of mush down to the Standard Oil Co.

"To a man of science," said he, "all these marvels of nature are very simple, lucid and self-explaining. The mighty cataclysms of creation, with all their idiosyncrasies, evolutionary programmes and——"

"Say, Windy," interposed Jack, "we want some more of those good flapjacks for dinner. This climbing makes a man hungry enough to eat a prayer-book."

Windy smiled and jerked the lead rein of his mule. We had three of these critters. Each was loaded with grub and camp furniture. So we had to walk and take turns leading them.

The third morning out the weather, which had been kind enough so far, suddenly changed. It grew cold and cloudy, with a wind as raw as the breath of the Pole.

"Going to be rough navigating today, boys," said Jack, as we started out.

"Gentlemen," said Windy, casting his weatherwise eyes aloft, "atmospheric conditions portend a blizzard. The substratum of the air is warm and it is being assailed by the cold currents from above. This causes a rapid condensation of——"

Jack sniffed as he kicked aside a loose stone. "There's a short cut over Peterson's Elbow," he said, "by which we can save ten miles, and I know of a snug cabin in the gulch where we can bunk tonight."

"How about the snow on Peterson's?" asked Ike, dubiously.

"I don't calculate there's much. We ought to make the cabin by noon."

So we trudged on.

An hour later we were stopped by a saucy stream. It was too deep to ford, though it was hardly three rods across. A fir had toppled over and lay across it just above the trail. We unpacked the mules and drew lots to decide who was to swim with them. It fell to Windy. He accepted the cold job with that never-to-be-forgotten smile, plunged in astride the leader and was across in a jiffy. Then we began to carry our stores over, using the fir for a bridge. It was ticklish work, for the tree was washed by the spray of the stream and was rapidly becoming a glare of ice. However, we got the bulk of the things safely over and were returning on the last trip before anything happened. Jack was ahead, gingerly edging along like a fellow learning to skate. Ike was between him and me. Suddenly Ike slipped, lurched forward and knocked Jack's feet from under him. I made a grab for Ike, which cost me my own balance—and in we all sprawled, heels over head.

Luckily the current bore us close in near the bank of Windy's side, and he, grinning contentedly, yanked us out one by one as we came blubbering and splashing along. Lined up there shivering on the bank we were a dismal-looking set as we ruefully watched part of our stores go bobbing down the creek and finally disappear into the mouth of a black canon.

"We must hike for the ledge, build a fire and dry out," said Jack.

The ledge protected us from the wind. We gathered wood and searched our freezing clothes for matches. All we had in our pockets were soaked and useless.

"Windy," bawled Jack, "bring us the match box."

Windy rummaged hurriedly among the boxes and pans, then approached us with a long face.

"Gentlemen," he said, solemnly, "the matches have gone down the creek!"

"What!" roared Jack. "No matches and we wet and freezing seventy-five miles from help!"

We ran to the stores and searched them ourselves, but Windy was right—the match box had gone down the creek.

"Load up and let's be moving," said Jack. "Our only salvation lies in reaching the cabin."

We obeyed sullenly and hurried on. It was growing colder every minute and our clothing was frozen so hard that we could hardly move. We were too cold and miserable to talk—all but Windy, who soon broke out afresh.

"Science struck a mighty blow for man when she introduced the match," he said, with his good-natured smile.

"Dry up," snapped Jack. "A deal of good your chaff about science will do us now. We'll all be frozen stiffer than the oldest inhabitants of Egypt if we don't make that cabin in time."

We halted at Peterson's Elbow. The mountain was covered with snow and on the side we had to cross it was particularly heavy. We hesitated. But presently Jack lunged ahead, leading his mule. "It's our only chance," he said grimly. And we saw that it was so.

Meanwhile the weather had thickened alarmingly. The wind had increased to a gale and it was colder, more bitter, exasperating. The fine snow cut our faces like needles and creaked dismally under our frozen shoes. We could not walk—we simply dragged our heavy, numb feet along. But in some way we floundered on after Jack. Everybody was glum and silent except Windy. He actually grinned in spite of our misery and the blue outlook. He also encouraged us with stories of ill-fated Arctic expeditions, and every other party since Adam that had started out to do something and got frozen to death trying. Yet depsite his talk, the cold, and the snow, we made fair progress.

We had covered half the Elbow, and the cabin where Jack expected we'd find warmth and a few miners was but a mile or two below, when we were startled by a roar above us that bleached our blue faces in short order. For coming down upon us was a great mass of snow and earth and rock from the mountain's top. We were in its path and there was no time for flight. The avalanche was moving like an express train with the president of the road on board. To increase our troubles, the blizzard, which had threatened all the morning, now burst upon us with blinding fury. The snow whirled so thick and fast that we could not see two feet beyond our faces. By a sort of animal instinct we clasped one another's hands as we waited dumbly for the onrushing mass to crush us. But even then Windy couldn't hold his chin. He began to tell about the great avalanches of history that had buried whole cities and snuffed out thousands of lives. He was up to his ears in an explanation of the whole business when the thing hit us plumb in the centre.

Just what had happened the next few minutes I don't know, but there was plenty of it whatever it was. I don't remember much about it. I was swept off my feet, and the crushing and grinding of earth and rocks made a throbbing din in my ears as I fell down, down in a smother of snow. That's the last thing I knew until I felt something tugging like fury at my arms. Then I felt myself yanked from the drift out on to the bare rocks. Dazed and tingling with pain from head to foot, I rubbed the snow from my eyes and stared at the figure above me. After what seemed a month, I made out that it was Windy. His face was covered with blood from a gash on his forehead, and his clothes were in shreds.

"Come quick," he said, yanking me to my feet.

But a rod away lay our three mules—all dead as hammers. Then through the driving snow I glimpsed the outlines of a cabin, and rightly divined that by some strange move of fate we had been dumped into the gulch near the haven we sought.

"The rest of the boys?" I gasped, clawing several pounds of real estate from my bruised mouth.

"All alive in the cabin," replied Windy. "And all sound save a few bruises. Every man of us was rendered unconscious by the shock—which is not at all surprising when you come to consider the weight of the stuff that hit us. I—met something with my head which made the incision you observe. Beyond peradventure the flow of blood from the wound tended to convey me back to consciousness. Thus I was able to pick you fellows from the snow and keep you from freezing."

While talking he had been assisting me forward, and we now limped into the cabin.

"What in the devil did you save us for?" snarled Jack. "Better left us asleep out there in the soft snow than to bring us in here to freeze in this ice-box."

"Anybody found any matches yet?" asked Windy, cheerfully.

"Nary a match," said Ike, dolefully.

As my eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness I saw that the cabin was generous in size. It was divided into two rooms by a rude partition through its centre. Each room had a small window and a fireplace with stick chimney. And grim irony of it all, beside each hearth was a pile or dry fir wood! Out on the dead mules was plenty of grub, but there were no matches, and we were freezing.

Stiff, sore and helpless, we all began another desperate search for matches, and every man of us wished that he were living in Barberton, Ohio. It was evident that the cabin had not been occupied for a good while. Every scrap of a match, every piece of provision had vanished. Back on a rickety shelf Windy found a dust-covered bottle half full of olive oil. That was all.

"Let's try rubbing sticks," suggested Ike.

"Better yet," said Jack. "Let's whittle some shavings and shoot into them."

We did, but the results were only a floor full of bullets and a room full of smoke. Having no ammunition to waste, we now began rubbing sticks together. We worked like beavers and the action thawed us a trifle, but it was a fireless job.

While we were trying to coax a fire Windy had gone into the other room. We could hear him tramping around trying to keep his blood going. I pitied the poor cuss just then. To think how unkind fate had been to him by placing a giant education in a pygmy brain. In fifteen or twenty minutes he rejoined us. He was shaking like a leaf, but that old, self-satisfied grin was on his face.

Gentlemen," said he, looking out at the whirling snow, "this is a magnificent blizzard."

The blizzard certainly was full grown by this time. The gulch where the cabin stood was narrow, and the fine snow poured in there by the carload, but none of it stopped. The wind sucked down along the walls and swept the snow out into the valley beyond. But even as we stood shivering by the window the snow suddenly ceased.

"There's a chance yet," said Jack, hopefully, limping to the door.

We followed him, but one glance killed our hope. Above the canon was completely blocked by the avalanche. Below, across the valley, was a wall of snow fifty feet high. In our weak, frozen condition we could scale neither. Cursing our luck, we stumbled back into the cabin.

Though it had stopped snowing, the wind increased and it grew rapidly colder. But despite all, that confounded Windy continued to smile, and he cheered us with the information that death from freezing was not so bad, after all. We paid but little attention to him, for we were kept busy shuffling round and round the room. To stop meant sleep and death. To help keep awake Windy suggested that we bring in our stuff. We did so slowly and with many twinges of pain, for every man of us was bruised and bleeding in half a dozen places.

"Where's that olive oil?" asked Jack, when he had brought in the last load. "Let's drink it. There's a good swallow apiece and it will help keep us warm."

Windy's jaw dropped and a guilty look crept into his big, round eyes.

"I—I—drank it myself, gentlemen," he said, sheepishly.

Jack looked hard at him a moment, then he gave a grunt of disgust as Windy turned toward the window.

We ate a few mouthfuls of the icy food and tried to hearten one another, but as the afternoon wore away and the shadows began to enter the gulch we grew silent and our weary steps dragged slower and slower until at last we all settled to the floor and gazed at one another dumbly. But even then Windy did not give up. He pounded us, jerked us and swore at us until every man was on his feet again. He told us to keep heart, for likely the weather would moderate in a day or two. But we cursed him as we once more took up our painful march about the room. The pain had nearly left us and in its place rested the sweet stupor of fatigue and the cold. Now we were in agony again as we stirred up our chilly blood. Besides the rest of us believed that the fight was hopeless. The cold period was likely to last a week or more, and with wet clothing and no fire our chances to survive it were small. Still Windy, himself so near an icicle that he could barely wiggle, urged us to keep moving. Presently he looked at his watch, turned abruptly into the other room and closed the door with a bang.

Relieved of his watchfulness, we soon grew languid again and once more settled down in chattering heaps, drifting off into a luxurious drowse drifting oc into a luxurious drowse when I heard a sharp crackling sound like some one crumpling stiff paper. In another moment the door flew open and a bright light flared from the other room. Framed in the doorway in the centre of the glare stood Windy, and back of him in the fireplace blazed a huge fire!

"Gentlemen, won't you come in out of the cold?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

We blinked and stared, too much astonished and too numb to move. But one by one he helped us to the fire, his grin growing deeper and broader all the while.

"Where in the devil did you find the matches?" asked Jack as soon as he could speak.

"I found no matches. Matches are not necessary when science is about," replied Windy, proudly.

We stared at him like a pack of dumb fools.

"Gentlemen, it is a well-known scientific fact," he continued, assuming a dramatic pose, "that under certain conditions the non-drying oils will generate fire by spontaneous combustion. King of these is olive oil, which takes but eight hours to evolve a fire. The chief ingredient of this oil is olein. Confined it retains heat wonderfully and is a very poor conductor. When I found that bottle I knew that we were saved but I wanted to give you fellows a practical demonstration of science and a surprise as well. So I came in here, tore up that part of my undershirt still dry, saturated the rags with the oil and packed them in this baking powder can. I had only to wait. A rapid oxidation took place in the can. Then at the proper time when I exposed the rags to the air they absorbed oxygen with such energy and spontaneity that the molecules of oil became responsive and impregnated with heat until a flame was produced.

He paused to get a new start, but just then Jack seized a stick of wood.

"Windy," he said, glaring savagely, "If you hadn't just saved our lives, I believe I'd swat you for all that lingo. But now we'll let you off, if you'll promise not to tell us any more about it for at least an hour, and in the meantime get us up a good supper."

Windy bowed his acknowledgments, while we gathered still nearer the fire, comfortably rubbing our shins.

The cold snap hung on for a plumb week, but we had both wood and provision. More—we had Windy. And from that time on we were easier in our judgments of his science and more willing to listen to his lectures.

UNION BANK
OF CANADA

Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits . $6,600,000
Total Assets (Over) May 31st 1911. $50,000,000

Spend the Balance

Don't **spend** all you like and save the balance—if there is any.

Save what you know you should —then spend the rest.

The difference, in a few years, will be the difference between poverty and independence.

Open a Savings Account **now,** in this Bank. It will make the saving easier.

S. W. HARDY, Manager Enderby Branch

NOTICE!

Dissolution of Co-Partnership

We, the undersigned, hitherto trading as Decorators and Plumbers, are dissolving partnership. All accounts owing to the firm to be paid in by October 16th, 1911.

Signed: C. G. PIPER,
R. CHADWICK.

C. G. PIPER

GENERAL HOUSE DECORATOR
Painting, Paper Hanging, Kalsomining, Graining and all kinds of Decorative Repairs
BUGGIES, CUTTERS, ETC., Painted and Striped equal to new at Small Cost
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BLANCHARD & ENGLISH

Enderby, B. C.

Contractors & Builders

First-class Cabinet Work and Picture Framing. Undertaking Parlors in connection.
Corner George and Cliff Streets.

Canada's Hardware Journal Tells About a Prominent Enderby Store

In "Hardware and Metal" Canada's national magazine devoted to the interests of the businesses indicated by its name, the following appears: "Andrew Fulton, who conducts a large hardware and implement business at Enderby, B. C., has recently completed a fine new store, which was designed after his own ideas, and which he considers a model construction for a business such as his.

"It is 50 feet wide by 110 feet long, this giving a large floor space for display and storage purposes. Instead of having a separate warehouse for implements and another for stoves, as is so frequently the case, Mr. Fulton centres his entire business under one roof, and he has arranged his lay-out so as to provide the maximum of convenience to his patrons and store staff.

"With a view to displaying his goods in the most imposing and convenient shape, Mr. Fulton arranged for a specially large main show room It is 50 feet wide (the whole width of the store) by 85 feet deep, and the office is situated in the centre, at the rear of the show room.

"The ceiling, which is 14 feet high, is finished with a beautiful pattern of metal ceiling, and the walls are covered with the same material. When lighted up at night the effect is very fine, and it helps materially to improve the appearance of the stock.

"In the daytime, light is admitted to the building from front and rear only, as there are no windows on the sides. One side is shelved the full length of the building, and the other side is equipped with a row of tool and implement racks.

"One advantage of the large main show room, and an advantage which Mr. Fulton foresaw when he planned the building, is that the fine space available naturally invites people to step into the store and look around. Customers seem to enjoy the privilege of examining the goods at close range, and Mr. Fulton has actually found that a great many sales result from these desultory inspections, without taking up the time of any salesman.

"Directly behind the main show room is a warehouse 25 feet deep, with an elevator in the corner, 14x7 feet in size. This is large enough to take up or down a wagon set up ready for use. As a further convenience, a large doorway at the elevator makes it possibe to load and unload from and to the elevator without any heavy lifting.

"On the second floor there is a well-equipped tinshop, 40x25 feet in size, where Mr. Fulton's contract work is attended to. The balance of the second story is used for storage, and as a show room for heavy machinery.

"One thing which helps to give the display in Mr. Fulton's show rooms a very imposing appearance is the group of sample buggies, stoves, furnaces and similar goods. The large roomy premises are especially adapted for showing of bulky articles, such as heating goods and implements, and Mr. Fulton has undoubtedly designed a store plan which is ideal for handling these lines in connection with a general hardware business.

"The outside of the building is very neatly finished with galvanized rock-faced siding and galvanized cornice. Thus, taking into consideration the metal ceiling and sidewalls of the store interior, Mr. Fulton has made full use of this modern building material, which is becoming so popular among retail merchants in all lines.

"The general idea back of this building plan was Mr. Fulton's own, and was based upon his experience as a hardware and implement dealer.

"I believe it will prove the right kind of store for a hardware and implement dealer to build," says Mr. Fulton. "Even in a small town, I could never see any advantage in having a little store room and half a dozen warehouses scattered over the town. This invariably results in confusion and loss of time to both customers and selling staff. I believe in having one business stand and having all your goods there, arranged in the most convenient manner."

EARL GREY WELL PLEASED

Liverpool, Oct. 21.—Earl Grey and party were given a royal welcome on their arrival here yesterday. The party were received by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. His excellency, on being invited to give a public message, said:

"It is impossible to be too sanguine as to the future development of Canada. It is a splendid country and it is going ahead as fast as anyone could wish. The more it increases in strength the greater will be the accession of strength to the empire. I am glad to be back in England after seven happy years in the land of open sunshine, and although glad to be back among those who are carrying practically single-handed the whole burden of the British Empire, I confess I was sorry to leave the Dominion of Canada.

"As to the Canadian climate, I can only say I thoroughly enjoyed it in summer or winter, and am not sure that before the present winter is over I shall not wish to be in Canada again."

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

FOR HARDWARE and GRANITEWARE try Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

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

POTTIE'S AUSTRALIAN Stock Remedies

On the world's market for over 100 years

Pottie Has a Remedy for Everything

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CITY OF ENDERBY

MUNICIPAL VOTERS' LIST.

NOTICE is hereby given that under the provisions of the Municipal Elections Act, 1908, all persons claiming as householders or license holders to have their names placed upon the list of voters for the election of Mayor and Aldermen, are required during the month of October, in each year, to make and cause to be delivered to the City Clerk a statutory declaration of qualification.

Form of declaration will be supplied on application at the City Hall.

By Order.

GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
City Hall, Enderby, Oct. 1st, 1911. City Clerk.

Kwong Chong NEW LAUNDRY

ENDERBY, B. C.
Family Washing collected weekly. First-class workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CROMPTON CORSETS—for fit and comfort. Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

It makes *no* difference whether you are right or left handed

THE MAPLE LEAF "1900" Hand Saw

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Made of "Razor Steel," guaranteed even temper throughout, and every saw tried and tested before leaving factory.

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Logging Tools

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Anvils, Vices
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Forges
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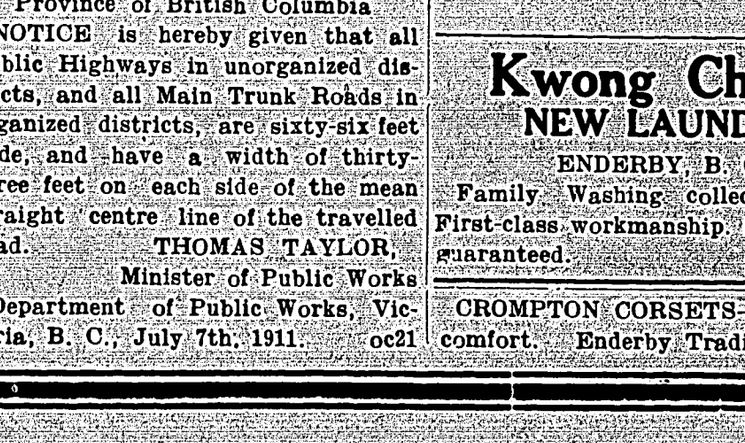
Everything for the Logging Camp

Wagons, Buggies and Farm Implements
Sold on special terms to suit our customers

We do Plumbing, Heating and Roofing and all kinds of Sheet-Metal Work.

ADAMS' STANDARD WAGON

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



THE WAGON THAT LASTS

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

COCKSHUTT PLOW COMPANY, LTD.

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

FULTON'S HARDWARE

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.

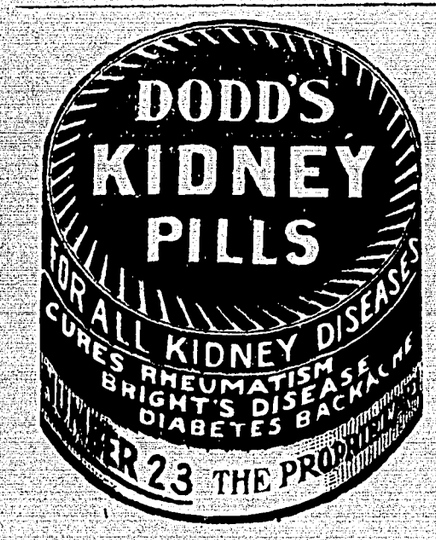
DRYING DAMP WALLS

A damp wall is one of the greatest enemies to health, but it is a defect which is somewhat difficult to remedy. A new scientific means to this end, however, has been introduced to the market recently, and its efficiency is claimed to be perfect. Moreover, it can be applied to old buildings as readily as to those under construction.

A small tube is inserted at a certain angle of the wall, near the ground. The tube is open from end to end, but at the lower extremity facing the outer air a small grating is fitted to prevent the introduction of foreign substances. The tube is triangular in section and made of a special porous material. The action is the absorption of moisture in the vicinity of the tube by capillarity or osmosis, and the air within the tube, becoming saturated with humidity and thus made denser, falls to the lowest point, which is the mouth on the exterior surface on the wall, so that it falls into the outer air. At the same time the latter has a free passage into the tube to take the place of that discharged; consequently a continuous circulation of the air takes place. The system is stated to be so efficient that the walls of a new building may be completely dried, after the plaster has been applied, within from thirty to sixty days, while the drying of the walls of old buildings may occupy from fifty to one hundred and eighty days.

"Father bought a Rubens when we were in Europe last summer."

"Really! What horse-power?"



USE ABSORBINE, JR., LINIMENT FOR IT

Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex Ahl, Tobinsport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1905: "No doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction, Goitre, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Bruises Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price $1.00 and $2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 G Free.

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

ARE YOUR CORNS TENDER?

Why keep them—why suffer, when cure can be had in twenty-four hours by using Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor? Its healing balms and soothing qualities relieve the pain in a few hours, the hard kernel of the corn is dissolved away. Absolute satisfaction in a 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

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 G. 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.

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 booklet—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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

Storyettes

When George Stephenson, the famous railway inventor, was once leaving Sheffield for London by the night mail-coach he pecularly remarked to the coachman and guard:

"What is to become of all you saucy coachmen and guards when the railways are made?"

The coachman was equal to the question.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "they'll make civil engineers of us!"

* * *

"Good morning, Mrs. Simpkins!" said a suburban lady who is very short-sighted. "Your husband must be very fond of gardening. I see him the first thing every morning down at the bottom of the garden. And how well he looks, to be sure!"

Mrs. Simpkins slammed the door in her neighbor's face. The latter went to tell her daughter.

"And you said, mother, that the—the thing in the onion-bed was her husband?"

"I did."

"Ah, well, that explains the matter! What you took for Mr. Simpkins is a scarecrow!"

* * *

A little lad was very ill, and his companions living in the same street had been asked not to make any noise. The invalid's mother received a visit from one of these lads.

"How is he today?" he inquired, in a shy whisper.

"He's better, thank you, my dear. What a thoughtful child you are to come and ask!"

The boy stood for a moment.

"I'm orful sorry Jimmy's ill."

The mother was profoundly touched. She could find no further words to say, but simply kissed him. Made still bolder by the caress, the youthful caller began to back down the steps, repeating at intervals his sorrow for his playmate's illness. At the bottom step he halted and looked up.

"If Jimmy should die," he asked, "kin I have his drum?"

* * *

"The trouble with thome people," said the young man, "ith that they have no apprethiathon of merit. After I had dethided to thacrifithe my thothial thtanding, my intelligenth and general culture, and elevate Mith Goldberg by marwying her, her father actually objected, and athked me if I had a thalary, and if I could thupport a family, and thuch abthurd quethtionth. I wonder what he though I wanted hith daughter for."

* * *

The recent marriage of Doughty, the old clown, to a very youthful bride recalls another union of May and December, when an old gentleman of eighty years of age led to the altar a young damsel of sixteen.

The clergyman disapproved, and as the couple stood before him his disapproval bubbled over.

He leaned forward and whispered to the bridegroom:

"The font is at the other end of the church," he said.

"The font!" gasped the old gentleman. "What do I want with the font? We've come to get married."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" was the suave reply. "I thought you had brought this child to be christened!"

* * *

A young woman of Baltimore, who recently entered upon the happy state, knows so little about housekeeping that she shudders lest the butcher and the baker and the rest of the tradesmen discover her ignorance. She orders only articles with which she has some acquaintance, and ends her business interviews as quickly as possible.

On one occasion this young wife was feeling rather puffed up by reason of some newly acquired knowledge of things domestic, when the ashman came through the street, uttering his usual cry:

"Ash-ees! Ash-ees!"

As the man neared her window she grew more and more perplexed. "What on earth is he saying?" she asked herself. At last he appeared at the back door, and there she confronted him.

"Ash-ees?" came in a husky guttural.

For a moment she looked at him hesitatingly. Then, drawing herself up with great dignity, she replied:

"No, I do not care for any today."

* * *

Recently Mr. George Bernard Shaw celebrated his birthday. One of this famous Irishman's stories is about two Dublin bargees. They were strolling along beside the Liffey, when they saw a notice that anyone who rescued a drowning person from the water would receive a reward of five pounds; if a dead body were taken out the reward would be only thirty shillings.

It seemed an easy way of making money, so after thinking the matter over for some time they arranged that one of them would fall in, and the other would "rescue" him.

"And then," Mike explained, "We will share the five pounds between us—two pounds ten each."

They found a fairly quiet spot, with nobody about, and Pat jumped into the water. Only when he saw his companion go down and come up gasping did it occur to Mike that neither of them could swim. So he stood rather doubtfully on the bank and watched his friend go down and come up again for the third time. Then a faint voice called to him:

"Mike! Mike! For the love of Hiven, save me quick, or we'll only get fifteen shillings apiece!"

* * *

At a banquet given in Philadelphia not long ago, Senator Johnstone, of Georgia, and Dr. James P. Kimball, of Red Lodge, Montana, were neighbors, and each found it a matter of regret that the occasion promised to be "dry."

So the Doctor exerted himself to find a beverage more to their liking than ice-water.

Under the mellowing influence of the result of his efforts, the Doctor and the Senator conversed freely, and discovered that they had faced each other at the battle of Antietam, Dr. Kimball having been on General Patrick's right wing, while Senator Johnstone was on General Jackson's left.

At the conclusion of the banquet, the Senator laid his hand upon the shoulder of his new-found friend and with a glance at the empty bottle, said in deepest gratitude, "Doctor, I'm glad I did not kill you."

* * *

While a certain Richmond family were in Europe, the dusky housemaid acted as caretaker, and more than once she received in the dining-room an admirer in the person of one Henry Morgan, cab-driver.

One evening, as the maid and the John were making merry, there came from the kitchen a painful scratching sound.

"What's dat noise in de kitchen?" demanded the maid's admirer. "Must be a dwag tryin' to get in."

"Don't yo' worry," answered the maid; "dat ain't no dwag a-scratchin' at de do'. Dat's de cook a-writin' a love-letter to her honeysuckle."

* * *

The Royal tour through the different countries of the British Isles has been highly successful from every point of view, including weather and enthusiasm. Even in Ireland, where vague mutterings of disloyalty were heard before the King's arrival, everything passed off splendidly. This is not surprising, of course, for the Irish people generally let their kindly feelings overcome their political grievances at the last minute.

One is reminded of the story of an Irish landlord who had got himself disliked by some of his tenants. Two of the latter decided to put an end to the annoyance and the landlord. They saw him ride off to the market-town one morning, and night found them behind a hedge, their shot-guns beside them, patiently waiting his return.

He should have passed about ten o'clock, but ten came and no landlord. Eleven! Twelve! And still no sign of him.

One of the would-be murderers shifted restlessly.

"What's keeping him?" he whispered to his companion.

"I don't know," was the reply. "Shure, I hope nothin's happened to th' poor ould boy. That was a terrible skittish mare he was ridin'!"

* * *

There were two women standing outside the railings of Buckingham Palace the other day. They were engaged in deep and earnest conversation, and stared and pointed up at the various windows of the Palace. It was evident that something of great importance was on hand. One of two people paused to look at them and glanced up at the windows. Were any of the Royal Family looking out? No, the windows returned a blank and glassy stare.

Still the two women argued and pointed. Finally, a bold man drew near.

"Well, my dear, perhaps you're right," he heard one of them say, "those curtains may be clean, but they don't look it to me."

SYSTEM REQUIRES FREQUENT CLEANSING

Not only outside but inside as well, your body must be frequently cleaned. Otherwise it becomes loaded with wastes that clog up the wheels of health. Much better to act in time. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they strengthen and regulate the bowels, assist digestion, enrich the blood and thereby fortify the nerves and lay the foundation of lasting good health.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills bring vim and vitality so much sought for to-day; they infuse a feeling of freshness and spirit in those who have been ailing for years. Really no medicine so potent. Price 25c at all dealers.

The Horseman

Sometimes a lobster horse will make a sucker out of a driver.

Mary Cromwell, a full sister to Branham Baughman, recently won a six-heat race at Frederiekton, Md.

Lewis Forest, recently added to Lon McDonald's stable, was bred by George M. Stevens, of Lancaster, N.H.

The seventh annual fair of the Upshur County Fair and Agricultural Association will be held at Buchanan, W. Va., September 25 to 28.

The restriction of eligibility to the 2.25 class in the three-year-old or under trot and three-year-old and under pace, offered by the members of the Eastern Illinois Grand Circuit, has been removed.

Nominations for the Nebraska City, Nebr., races, August 22 to 24, are as follows: Three-year-old pace, six; 2.18 pace, eighteen; 2.25 pace, twenty; 2.30 trot, nine; free-for-all pace, nine, and 2.13 trot, four.

Walter Trester, New Orleans, La., is working a few speed horses, including the trotter, Oscar W., 2.25, which with sixty days' work has been a mile in 2.18 over a half-mile track. He is very promising and will be raced this fall.

Redlock, 2.21¼, by Anderson Wilkes, owned by Dr. J. W. Reed, of Portland, Ind., and driven by his son, W. T. Reed, got a divide of second and third money in his race at Middletown, Ind., and will now be raced through the West Central Ohio Circuit.

R. W. Bryant, assistant superintendent of speed at Liberty, Ind., which fair will be held this year September 12 to 15, is deeply interested in the light harness horse and will show a number of colts in the show rings at the various Indiana fairs this fall.

No attempt has been made by the Rock County Fair to rebuild the grand stand and stables which were blown down early in July, so it is probable that no fair and race meeting will be held at Evansville, Wis., this year. The fair may be transferred to Janesville, Wis.

President Ed. A. Tipton, in making improvements at the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' track, has cleaned out the basement of the grand stand and entirely remodeled it. It is said that the noted directors' room with its free doings has been done away with, owing to the abuse of it by the patrons.

G. W. Lee, of Suffolk, Va., is very much pleased with the progress his two-year-old colts are making. One is Bon Cour, by Moko, dam by Gambetta Wilkes, and the other is Baron Constantine, by Baron Posey, dam by Constantine, and both are learning very rapidly. Their education is being conducted with the view to starting them next season.

The extent of the demand for choice driving horses is shown by transactions at various markets. At Kansas City recently a New York buyer paid $3,005 at auction for a black roadster and a local dealer took a bay driver at the same session at $3,000. Every time a shapely roadster with size, style and a good turn of speed is presented, liberal bids are promptly made.

Mitchell Bros., of Findlay, Ohio, have in their stable this year a most excellent four-year-old trotting filly in Dorothy M., by Glenwood M., out of Blue Belle (dam of Ebony King, 2.10¼, and Major Wilson, 2.11¼), by Red Bell. She has not only size and splendid race conformation, but has worked this year in 2.08½, last half in 1.02½ and last eighth in 15½ seconds.

Racing in connection with the Shenandoah, Ia., fair, August 14 to 18, promises to be unusually interesting. There are thirteen nominations in the free-for-all pace, five in the 2.13 trot, twenty-four in the 2.25 pace, eleven in the 2.30 trot, nine in the three-year-old and under pace and four in the three-year-old and under trot.

Two of the get of Reward J., 2.10¼, took standard records at Middletown, Ind., last week. One, Black Lad, started in the 2.25 pace and took a record of 2.23¼. He was driven by May Simpson, of Marion, Ind. The other, Van Buren Beauty, started in the 2.35 class and took a record of 2.18¼. Both of these horses showed lots of class and both are capable of taking much faster records.

Mattie Custer, (3) 2.28¼, record made recently in the three-year-old trot at Quincy, Ill., is another standard performer for the champion young sire, Ed. Custer, 2.10. At eight years Ed. Custer is the sire of thirteen standard performers, twelve of them being two-year-olds. Mattie Custer is also the eighth standard performer for her dam, Little Louise, p. 2.10½, by Billy Wilkes, but her first trotter. She was only broken the past spring.

The neat little sum of $15,000 was refused on Friday last for the three-year-old trotting colt, Mainleaf, by Mainsheet, 2.05, dam Ashleaf, by Ashland Wilkes. He has a terrific burst of speed and in the Horseman Futurity carried Miss Stokes to the half in 1.03½ and the three-quarters in 1.55½ in the second heat, and was only beaten an eyelash in 2.08¾. This offer came from the Canadians, who believe that he will be a greatly improved colt the next time out.

Sevena Mc, the bay mare by Abdul Hamid, dam Lady Buruam, by Allandorf, and owned by E. W. McCallum, of Nebraska City, Neb., won the 2.30 trot at Red Oak, Iowa, in straight heats. There were twelve starters and she won in 2.20½, 2.17½ and 2.18¼. The mare was driven by G. M. Hateh, who had her in his stable but ninety days. It is expected that the entire county will turn out when she races at her home town, Nebraska City, Neb., August 22 to 24.

C. C. Wilson, Taylorville, Ill., recently worked Cora Red, a six-year-old green pacer by Red Roy, 2.15¼, a mile in 2.11, with the last half in 1.03½ and the last quarter in 30½ seconds. Afterwards he worked her a slow mile, with the last quarter in 29 seconds. Hallie Dean, a green pacer by Extinct, 2.15, he worked in 2.13, with the last half in 1.05 and the last quarter in 32 seconds. A five-year-old by J. C. Allerton, out of the dam of Hedgewood Boy, has been in 2.22 and a half in 1.09 with thirty days' work.

W. K. Smith, of Tiffin, Ohio, manufacturer of Smith's Wonder Worker, recently purchased the brood mare, Edith Director, by Director, 2.17, out of Alamonda, by Happy Medium, and the three of her get, Nina Director, a two-year-old by Jay McGregor; Janie Director, a yearling by the same sire, and a suckler by her side by Mainsheet, that has been named Mainstar, the latter being already named in $73,000 worth of stakes. He also purchased a green pacer by Directly, out of an Ashland Wilkes mare, that has worked a mile in 2.15½ with two months' training.

A special horse show premium book has been published by the Oklahoma State Fair Association, as the show ring will be one of the big features of the annual exposition at Oklahoma City, September 25 to October 7. Cash prizes to the value of nearly $7,000 are offered in addition to special sweepstakes, cups, medals, reserved ribbons, etc. Secretary I. S. Mahan will furnish all horsemen interested with a copy of this handsome premium book. There are twenty general divisions in the horse show, and these have been sub-divided in eighty-two different contests.

NERVILINE

SWIFT CURE FOR CROUP

"Last year two of my children were taken with croup. They coughed something dreadfully, and were too sick to eat anything. I applied Nerviline to the throat and chest and gave it internally, also. I also got the children to inhale 'Catarrhozone.' No remedy could have worked more satisfactorily. I can recommend mothers to use Nerviline; it's a fine liniment.

(Signed) "Mrs. F. E. Knechler,
"Harriston P.O."

DOPING GASOLINE

A real estate agent of our acquaintance used a light runabout machine, and says he can get about eighteen to twenty-one miles out of a gallon of gasoline, but that he finds if he puts an ounce of laudanum to each five gallons of gasoline, he will increase the mileage per gallon from twenty to twenty-five per cent. Whether this is so or not—and no reason is seen why any such effect should result from the use of laudanum—it calls to our attention the use of additions to the explosive fluids for increasing their efficiency. The use of nitro compounds, such for instance, as picric acid, have been suggested. As early as 1903 Le Mare, an engineer of Brussels, Belgium, obtained an English patent, No. 3,623, for an invention whose object was to increase the number of available calories for a given weight of fuel. He proposed an explosive fluid mixture combining 30 per cent. of nitro-benzine with 70 per cent. of alcohol. The fuel carried by motor cars should of course be as rich as possible in calorific energy, and a compound that can be provided for addition to the fuel charge of an automobile or motor boat should find a ready sale, if it can increase the mileage per gallon or can reduce the expense without adding to the dangers of operation. While some think the development of aeronautics will be greatly affected by improvements in the fuel products, others look for material improvements in the motors, and we have seen no less an authority than Hiram Percy Maxim quoted as prophesying that "in a few years we may get a thousand horse-power within the weight we now use for ten."

There is in Washington an old "grouch" whose son was graduated from Yale. When the young man came home at the end of his first term, he exulted in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class. But the old gentleman was not satisfied.

"Next to the head!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean? I'd like to know what you think I'm sending you to college for? Next to the head! Why aren't you at the head, where you ought to be?"

At this the son was much crestfallen; but upon his return, he went about his work with such ambition that at the end of the term he found himself in the coveted place. When he went home that year he felt proud. It would be great news for the old man.

When the announcement was made, the father contemplated his son for a few minutes in silence; then, with a shrug, he remarked:

"At the head of the class, eh? Well, that's a fine commentary on Yale University!"

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—The chief ingredients of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mandrake and dandelion, sedative and purgative, but perfectly harmless in their action. They cleanse and purify and have a most healthful effect upon the secretions of the digestive organs. The dyspeptic and all who suffer from liver and kidney ailments will find in these pills the most effective medicine in concentrated form that has yet been offered to the suffering.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

Why a Flying Machine Flies

An aeroplane being any flat or slightly curved surface, propelled through the air, an inquiring mind may well ask, observes that careful student of aviation Waldemar Kaempffert: Why does it stay aloft? Why does it not fall? It is considerably heavier than air. It is the air pressure beneath the plane, and the motion of the plane, explains Mr. Kaempffert, that keep it up.

A balloon can remain stationary over a given spot in a calm, but an aeroplane must constantly move if it is to remain in the air. The monoplanes and biplanes of Bleriot, Curtiss, and the Wrights are somewhat in the position of a skater on thin ice. The skater must move fast enough to reach a new section of ice before he falls; the aeroplane must move fast enough to reach a new section of air before it falls. Hence, the aeroplane is constantly struggling with gravitation. And Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert observes further in the course of his elucidation:

"The simplest and most familiar example of an aeroplane is the kite of our boyhood days. We all remember how we kept it aloft by holding it against the wind or by running with it if there happened to be only a gentle breeze. When the wind stopped altogether or the string broke, the kite fell. Above all things it was necessary to hold the kite's surface toward the wind,—an end which we accomplished with a string.

"The eagle is an animated kite without a string; it keeps its outspread wings to the wind by muscular power. If we can find a substitute for the string, some device in other words which will enable us to hold the kite in the proper direction, we have invented a flying machine. The pull or thrust of an engine-driven propeller is the accepted substitute for the string of a kite and the muscles of an eagle.

"If only these simple principles were involved in a solution of the age-old problem of artificial flight, aeroplanes would have skimmed the air decades ago. Many other things must be considered besides mere propelling machinery. Chief among these is the very difficult art of balancing the plane so that it will glide on an even keel. Even birds find it hard to maintain their balance. In the constant effort to steady himself a hawk sways from side to side as he soars, like an acrobat on a tight rope. Occasionally a bird will catch the wind on the top of his wing, with the result that he will capsize and fall some distance before he can recover himself. If the living aeroplanes of nature find the feat of balancing so difficult, is it any wonder that men have been killed in endeavoring to discover their secret?

"If you have ever watched a sailing yacht in a stiff breeze you will readily understand what this task of balancing an aeroplane really means, although the two cases are mechanically not quite parallel. As the pressure of the wind on the sail heels the boat over, the ballast and the crew must be shifted so that their weight will counterbalance the wind pressure. Otherwise the yacht will capsize. In a yacht maintenance of equilibrium is comparatively easy; in an aeroplane it demands incessant vigilance, because the sudden slight variations of the wind must be immediately met."

The aeroplane has weight; that is, it is always falling. It is kept aloft because the upward air pressure is greater than the falling force. The weight or falling tendency is theoretically concentrated in a point known as the centre of gravity. Opposed to this gravitative tendency is the upward pressure of the air against the under surface of the plane, which effect is theoretically concentrated in a point known as the centre of air pressure. Gravitation (weight) is constant; the air pressure, because of the many puffs and gusts of which even a zephyr is composed, is decidedly inconstant. Hence, while the centre of gravity remains in approximately the same place, the centre of air pressure is as restless as a drop of quicksilver on an unsteady glass plate.

"The whole art of maintaining the side-to-side balance of an aeroplane consists in keeping the centre of gravity and the centre of air pressure on the same vertical line. If the centre of air pressure should wander too far away from that line of coincidence, the aeroplane is capsized. The upward air pressure being greater than the falling tendency and having been all thrown to one side, the aeroplane is naturally upset.

"Obviously there are two ways of maintaining side-to-side balance,—the one by constantly shifting the centre of gravity into coincidence with the errant centre of air pressure; the other by constantly shifting the centre of air pressure into coincidence with the centre of gravity.

"The first method (that of bringing the centre of gravity into alignment with the centre of air pressure) involves ceaseless, flash-like movements on the part of the aviator; for by shifting his body he shifts the centre of gravity. It happened that one of the first modern experimenters with the aeroplane met a tragic death after he had succeeded in making over two thousand short flights in a gliding-machine of his own invention, simply because he was not quick enough in so throwing his weight that the centres of air pressure and gravity coincided. He was an engineer named Otto Lilienthal, and he was killed in 1896. . . . Crude as Lilienthal's machine undoubtedly was, it startled the world when its first flights were made. It taught the scientific investigator of the problem much that he had never even suspected, and laid the foundation for later researches."

Octave Chanute, a French engineer resident in the United States, continued the work of the ill-fated Lilienthal. Realizing the inherent dangers of a glider in which the operator must adapt himself to the changing centre of air pressure with lightning-like rapidity, he devised an apparatus in which the centre of air pressure was made to return into coincidence with the centre of gravity,—the second of the two ways of maintaining side-to-side balance. Thus Chanute partly removed the perilous necessity of indulging in aerial gymnastics. In his gliding-machines the tips of the planes, when struck by a gust of wind, would fold slightly backward, thereby curtailing the tendency of the centre of air pressure to shift.

"Chanute built six motorless, man-carrying gliders, with three of which several thousand short flights were successfully undertaken. The best results were obtained with an apparatus consisting of two superposed planes, a construction which had been previously adopted by Lilienthal. It remained for the Wright Brothers to provide a more perfect mechanism for controlling the movement of the centre of air pressure.

"The principle of sitting or lying still in the aeroplane and, by means of mechanical devices, bringing the centre of air pressure back into alignment with the centre of gravity as now followed by every designer of aeroplanes. The old, dangerous method of shifting weights is quite abandoned. The greatest contribution made by the Wright Brothers to the art of flying was that of providing a trustworthy mechanism for causing the centre of air pressure to return into coincidence with the centre of gravity.

"The aeroplane must be balanced not only from side to side, but fore and aft as well. The same necessity exists in the old-fashioned, single-surface kite. To give it the necessary fore-and-aft stability, we used to adorn it with a long tail of knotted strips of rags. If the tail was not heavy or long enough, the kite dived erratically and sometimes met its destruction by colliding with a tree. To insure longitudinal stability, many aeroplane flying-machines are similarly provided with a tail, which consists generally of one or more horizontal plane surfaces. Some aeroplanes, however, are tailless, among them the earlier Wright machines. Usually, they are less stable than the tailed variety.

"In order to relieve the aviator of the necessity of more or less incessantly manipulating levers, which control centres of air pressure, many inventors have tried to provide aeroplanes with devices which will perform that task automatically. Some of them are ingenious, but most of them are impracticable because they are too heavy, too complicated, or not responsive enough."

In order to fly, an aeroplane, like a kite or a soaring bird, is made to rise preferably in the very teeth of the wind. What is more, it must be in motion before it can fly. How this preliminary motion was to be obtained long baffled the flying-machine inventor. Soaring birds launch themselves by leaping from a tree or a cliff, or by running along the ground with wings outspread.

CATCHING WILD BEASTS

The first step in the training and taming of a wild beast is obviously to capture it. It is an easy task to shoot wild animals for sport, compared to the difficulties connected with their capture, not only alive, but uninjured. An injured animal is rarely any use. The injuries, added to the frenzy of a wild animal when first caught, leave very little chance of his surviving the ordeal, even for a few days; and should he do so, the chances are that he will remain in such a miserable state for so long that he will not repay the cost of capture, feeding, and transportation.

The chief danger lies, not so much when face to face with the animals, but when hunting and tracking them.

The wariest and most careful hunter may be tracking an animal, and at the same time be tracked by the very animal he is seeking, who may spring on him at any moment. This happened in the case of a hunter whom I had commissioned to catch some lions for me some years ago in the Nubian deserts. The man was a Canadian named Pellet, and a most experienced hunter.

There is no more ticklish or dangerous task than tracking lions in the vast Nubian deserts. The scorching sun pours down with such force that few men can stand it. The effect on the eyes is blinding. There is little or no shade, with the exception of occasional small palm-trees and bushes, while the jutting rocks affords splendid hiding-places for the king of beasts.

Pellet for a whole day followed up what he rightly judged to be the tracks of a lioness. At the end of the second day the tracks came suddenly to an end in a place devoid apparently of any cover except a jutting piece of rock about half a mile to the right. The hunter at once recognized the danger of his position; behind the rock was probably the very animal he had been tracking and who most likely had been tracking him.

It was coming on towards sundown and the hunter with his two men decided at once to investigate the state of affairs behind the rock, and, if it sheltered a lion or lioness or both, to capture them or kill them then and there.

The men approached the rock in a semi-circle, when within about fifty yards of it they heard a terrific roar behind them, and, facing about, saw a splendid lion and lioness coming straight at them. There was nothing for it but to fire on the brutes; the lion was killed at once, but the lioness was only slightly wounded, and the next instant made her spring, and was on the hunter and with one blow of her paw ripped him in a horrible manner from the shoulder to the waist.

One of the men then shot the brute through the head and ended and encounter that in another few seconds would have proved fatal to Pellet, who, as it was, was badly injured, and was unable to move for several days. Behind the rock the men found three young cubs; it became then perfectly evident that they belonged to the lioness and her mate, who had been steadily tracking the hunters throughout the day.

The three cubs were captured; one died on its way to the coast, but the other two survived and eventually came into my possession.

It may happen that, when a lion-hunt has been formed, an elephant or a rhinoceros appears; and either of these animals in their wild state presents a difficult problem. A rogue elephant will put a whole crowd of lion hunters to rout, and clear that part of the country of men for some little time to come.

One of my hunting parties in Western Africa had once a desperate encounter with a rogue elephant. The huge beast came upon them in the night; he trampled two of the men to death and then the rest fled in all directions to save their lives. The elephant wrecked the whole encampment in a few minutes and then started on a roving expedition after the hunters. The brute was eventually killed, and the hunters, after undergoing great hardships, returned to the coast.

In capturing animals alive, it is generally considered better to get young ones. A number of natives form parties and then go in different directions, until they come upon the spoor of either a lioness or young lions. They then signal to one another by peculiar calls, and, meeting together, follow up the trail until they find the lair.

Should they find that the lair contains a lioness and cubs they do all they can to induce the lioness to come out, and if unable to capture her alive, shoot her, and then capture the cubs. This sounds simple, but a lioness with cubs is one of the most savage of animals, and she will fight to the last. Having killed the lioness, there is still danger with the cubs; for lion cubs are fierce, strong, and vicious creatures, and can tear and bite with their claws and teeth in a terrible manner.

One plan is to throw nets or a piece of strong sackcloth over the young ones, in which they become entangled. The men then run forward, pick them up, and carry them off, and they are extremely lucky if they escape with a few scratches only, for the cubs, though entangled in the net, are able to make an exceedingly lively fight.

When the cubs are captured, goats are obtained in full milk and the cubs are fed by them until they are past the first teething stage and able to eat meat. In some cases spaniels are provided as foster mothers, and although at first the dogs are uneasy at their somewhat rough and savage foster children, they generally grow fond of them, and the affection is more often than not returned by the cubs.

For catching full-grown lions large traps of various forms are used. One trap is square; one of the sides lifting up on a spring like the old-fashioned mouse trap. This trap is baited with a piece of fresh meat, and, as soon as the lion has entered the trap, the door shuts down, and he is a prisoner. But lions are shrewd and cunning, like all the cat tribe, and many a man has lost his life by going to look at a baited trap.

I have known a case where a lion, becoming suspicious, resisted the temptation of the fresh meat, and lay down in hiding and kept watch. When the rash hunters came to see whether the bait had been touched, the lion sprang on them, preferring fresh man-meat to the bait inside the trap.

In India the natives catch tigers by a peculiar method. The leaves of the sycamore and the large plantain are smeared with a sticky substance and left in the trail of the tiger. The moment the animal puts his foot on one of these leaves he immediately rubs it over his head in order to get rid of it.

This naturally makes his head sticky and uncomfortable, which causes him to roll on the ground. By doing this he becomes covered with the leaves, and when he is mad with rage the natives come cautiously up and cover him with strong nets and sacking.

In catching snakes, various devices are used, but all methods are attended with a certain amount of danger. One way is to set the grass on fire in a circle where it is known that snakes have their hiding places. This will always bring them out and then naturally rush from the fire. As they rush out they are caught in large nets mounted on wooden hoops, to which is attached a large bag.

As the reptiles are generally stupefied with the smoke it is not difficult to those accustomed to it to drop them into the bag. They are then carried to the packing station, where they are packed in boxes and sent direct to Europe. While on the journey, neither food nor water is given them; the chief things are warmth and freedom from damp.

Cold is dangerous to all snakes; it not only makes them dull and torpid, but causes them to have mouth disease, from which they never recover; and, as some of them are extremely valuable, this point is very important.

Many instances have been known where a whole collection of valuable snakes have been found dead on arrival.

LORD STRATHCONA

The above cut is a very small reproduction of a pen and ink drawing by W. C. Northway of this city. The frame of the picture was moulded from the last logs of old Fort Garry, which were supplied to the artist by Mr. C. C. Chipman. The entire portrait was made with the finest of steel pens, and is a rare specimen of the artist's skill.

AQUATIC PLANTS

An aquatic environment creates biological conditions very different from those accompanying a terrestrial environment.

The differing organs of the plant forced to live in water show how necessity affects the habits and manifestations of life. In the case of water plants the assimilating and reproductive organs are displayed either below the water or on its surface. Amphibious plants draw nourishmemnt from the air. Assimilation in that case may take place all over the plant, and even the leaves may absorb liquid and act as roots. If such a plant has a root the organ seems to have been given to it simply as a means of preserving its equilibrium in the water. Plants wholly aquatic have to draw in nourishment and breathe not only through their leaves and the parts that reach the air, but through all the submerged parts capable of absorbing or emitting oxygen and carbonic acid.

The submerged plant finds it difficult to procure oxygen. This is not pleasant, because the plant must have oxygen; and, while water is richer in carbonic acid than air, it is poorer in dissolved oxygen, and in still water the diffusion of gases is very slow. The natural breathing apparatus of the wholly restricted water plant is not ample; therefore, the plant is obliged by its necessities to provide for itself in different ways. There are water plants which exert themselves to enlarge their surface measurements. Wherever their leaves come in contact with the water they throw out fine, hair-like filaments—capillary blades with exceedingly thin skins. Some plants not only try to lengthen or to broaden their leaves, but also create little gaps in their cellular tissue and fill the gaps with air-chambers. As a result of the different efforts made by the plant to increase its breathing accommodations, the appearance and the shape of its leaf change.

The leaf of an aquatic plant varies according to the depth of the water. During the dry season, when the water runs low, some leaves acquire the aspect of the leaves of an earth-grown plant for the very natural reason that the leaf is forced to draw its nourishment from the place where the water has run low or dried up.

Some water plants have whole leaves to a certain distance below water; then, as they grow toward the surface (as in the case of the watercress) the shape changes.

Generally plants wholly subject to the conditions of water life stretch out their stems and make efforts to flower above the water and out of the water in the air—as has been noted by different students of plant life—the fructification of the plant takes place, in some cases, by the aid of insects. In the case of the nias and some other deep-water plants, however, the plant's fructification is accomplished under water. In the case of plants whose fructification is difficult nature gives other means of reproduction and extension, such as fragmentation. The long and helpless stem is cut or broken by a passing fish, by a strong well or surge, or by the screw or paddle-wheel of a boat. Then every dispersed fragment draws life from the water, and, taking up its work, asserts its importance in the eternal plan. One fragment of an Elodia canadensis, which in some mysterious way escaped from a pond in America, found its way to France and over the greater part of western Europe, obstructing navigation and forcing some nations to pay out large sums of money in fighting it.

Amphibious plants not only run their roots out in all directions in the mud, but emit feelers from all sides. Many water plants spread so fast that they fill or drain the lakes. Water absorbs light, and as the depth increases it becomes more difficult for some of the plant to assimilate it. But the majority of the wholly submerged water plants are so adapted to a fain light that they die if the light is too strong. One species of Thamnium lives at a depth of sixty meters under water. In aquatic as well as in terrestrial plants weak light produces a development of the vegetative organs and a reduction of the reproductive organs. The vegetative organs stretch out in dark water as planets stretch out when growing in the shade. Not infrequently a curious adaptation takes place in the floating leaf plants—particularly in the water chestnut, and, eventually, every part of the leaf obtains the same amount of light, because the plant so elongates its center as to give every leaf an equal chance.

Certain forms of water weeds live without much light and with as little warmth. The soil plays a very insignificant part, if any, in the life of water plants. The plant feeds on its aquatic environment.

In the obtaining of its air supply the water plant depends largely upon the wind. The currents and waves due to the action of the wind facilitate the diffusion of the gases of the air, and their influence is manifested in the luxuriance of the flora of lakes near their affluents. On the other hand, the swell of large bodies of water or the impact of strong currents is so serious an obstacle that plants with floating leaves seldom venture beyond the sheltered regions of the lakes. But the flexibility of the stems of most amphibious plants created to vegetate "on the watery borders of the kingdom of the wind" makes it possible for the plants to resist the assaults of tempests. Some, aided in their propagation by insects, draw a more direct profit from these assistants. They capture and digest them. Goebel counted more than a thousand flies captured by one of the drosera species. Science has no means of counting the number digested; but the fact that carniverous plants are frequently found among water plants, and chiefly in the waters of half-dry swamps whose beds are of acid soil, in which the nutritive elements are of a kind hard for a plant to assimilate, has given rise to the theory that, when the plant is forced to live without the nourishment found in sweet soil, nature compensates it for its deprivation by providing it with a meat diet—the flies caught in its trap.

Flies die quickly when caught in the trap of a carniverous plant, and there, to quote Goebel, "the animal substance is separated and absorbed."

The utricularia are furnished with two antennae for use not only in drawing small flies into their traps, but in pushing back large insects. The two forked and the four forked hairs found on the inner sides of certain flowers are regarded as part of the plant's digestive apparatus. The majority of meat-eating plants eat meat because it is impossible for them to get other nourishment.

MUST THE WALRUS GO, TOO?

Last year the United States government took steps to protect the walrus in Alaskan waters, which, like the fur seal, are threatened with total annihilation. Further and further into the North Pacific and Behring Sea the walrus hunters have sought their prey each year. So fast has been the slaughter that today the sales of walrus tusks in the markets of San Francisco are but a hundredth part of those of fifteen years ago.

A restriction, wholly inadequate at so critical a time, was placed by congress in 1910 upon the killing of the North Pacific walrus. It provided that none of these animals should be taken before 1912 in the lower half of Behring Sea or south of the Kuskokwim River, and for an open season of two months each year north of this point. Thus absolute protection for two years was extended to the walrus in a territory now practically depopulated, and limited "protection," where the numbers have been so reduced as to render increase or restoration doubtful.

The walrus, often weighing more than 2,000 pounds, is killed, like the African elephant, chiefly for the few pounds of ivory in its tusks. Much cruelty is involved in the hunting, as many of the animals shot and wounded on the ice-floes are never recovered, and others, maimed, have plunged into the water where they sink before they can be secured. Grossly wasteful is this destruction. No enterprise in northern latitudes, unless it be that of "sealing," is fraught with greater cruelty and more wanton sacrifice.

THE LOETSCHBERG TUNNEL

The New York Outlook, in noting that the Loetschberg railway tunnel through the Alps has been completed, says it is the fifth long bore that has been made in these mountains. The Simplon is twelve and a half miles long, the St. Gothard nine and a quarter, the Mont Cenis seven and a half, and the Arlberg six and one-third. The Lootschberg and the St. Gothard are of equal length.

The new tunnel will be specially advantageous to passenger and freight traffic between England and Italy, for it will save about eighty miles of transit. It is really a connecting branch of the Simplon, eliminating the long detour now necessary to reach that tunnel. Thus, in order to go by the shortest route, travellers from England to Italy will have two long tunnels before them instead of one—the Simplon and the Lootschberg. The new direct route from London will now be by Calais to Laon, and thence to Belfort, entering Switzerland at Delle, from which the traveller goes to Berne, and then by the Lake of Thun to Spiez, up to Frutigen, and so through the tunnel, reaching the Rhone Valley at Brigue and connecting with the Simplon. Though the Loetschberg tunnel is only a detail in the route, it is a very important one, not only in shortening the journey from London to Italy, but also in contributing still more to the revenue of the French railways, compared with the German, as carriers between the north and south of Europe.

WHY HE TREMBLED

A detachment of British soldiers was about to attack a tribe of rebel Indian tribesmen, who awaited them drawn up in battle order. A seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier, fresh from home, visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattered, and his knees tried hard to knock each other out. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was downright funk.

"Callaghan," he whispered, "is it trimblin' ye are for yer own dirty skin?"

"N-no, sergeant," replied Callaghan, making a brave attempt to still his shaking limbs. "Oi'm trimblin' for the inimy. They don't know Calalghan's here."

PRO BONO PUBLICO

Editor The Enderby Press:

Would you allow me to call the attention of those interested to the proposal of the railway company to begin a regular Sunday passenger service in the Valley, as announced last week. Such an aggression upon the quietness of the day of rest should not be allowed to go without question. It is only fair to the company that if the question is to be raised it should be done at the outset. It is hard to see the necessity or demand for such a change, and it will no doubt mean as it does on other trains, seven days labor in the week to train hands and other employees of the company. The operation of work trains and freight trains on Sundays is also due for consideration. It may not be wise to sacrifice everything to the profits of the company. In my humble opinion, if the people of the Okanagan act in their own best interests, they will preserve so far as possible the freedom of the day of rest from commercialism. When the Valley surrenders the quietness of the Sabbath it gives up one of its greatest assets and attractions as a place of home life. It might be more acceptable to the people of the Valley to double the passenger service on week days, to which we seem to have some reasonable claim.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL,
Enderby, Oct. 25th, 1911.

"MADAME SHERRY"

The first really big attraction that Enderby has had the pleasure of seeing in the theatrical line will be the phenomenally successful musical comedy "Madame Sherry," which Messrs. Sawyer are playing here next Friday evening, November 3rd. "Madame Sherry" is a novelty in every way. Its comedy is bright and refreshing, and the story is much more plausible and consistent than is found in the ordinary musical farce; its music is not only enchanting, but every number is the result of some situation in the comedy. In points of production cast, chorus and special orchestra, "Madame Sherry" represents the last word in perfection. No musical comedy in a dozen years has scored such a hit as "Madame Sherry." Its musical gems, especially "Ev'ry Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own," have captivated the world, and it is sure to prove the distinct hit of many years when presented at the Opera House next week.

We have a few nice winter overcoats in stock at $17 each. J. W. Evans & Son.

GETTING A COLLEGE EDUCATION

A despatch from London, Ont., tells of the brutal hazing of fifteen freshmen by the second year students of the Western Medical School there. The freshmen were bound hand and foot at the school and driven to Tecumseh Park in a hay rack, and mauled on the journey by forty sophomores. Each was then given a shampoo from a can of molasses and glue. They were then sheared bald with horse clippers. Later they were covered with shoe blacking and plaster of paris. To conclude the performance, their shoes were removed and the freshmen rushed over a cinder track. Several lively scraps ensued but the freshmen were outnumbered two to one by their opponents. Is it any wonder our colleges turn out more intellectual monkeys than men.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING

A distressing shooting accident is reported from Armstrong. Herman Empke and his 16-year-old son were out shooting on Saturday. The father was walking in the lead. The son, believing he had taken all the shells out of the magazine, was carelessly following behind. Suddenly the gun was discharged, the ball hitting the father behind the ear and killing him almost instantly. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon.

BUILDING PERMITS

The following building permits were issued the past month: A. Burbidge, $1,500; The Walker Press, $1,500; S. S. Hartry, addition, $75; Mrs. Thos. Hughes, cellar, $15; S. Polson, repairs, $75; Jas. Airth, addition, $250; A. R. Rogers Lumber Co., dry shed, $300; E. Sewell, shed, $25; J. C. English, $2,500.

HULLCAR HALL

A Thanksgiving service will be held on Sunday, 29th of October, 1911, at 3 p. m., in the Hullcar Hall. Special singing. On Thanksgiving Day, Monday, Oct. 30th, a "Conversazione' will be held, commencing at 7 p. m. Refreshments will be served. Admission to the 'Conversazione', adults, 50c; children, 25c.

I have been appointed agent for the National Surety Company of New York, and can furnish bonds for all purposes: fidelity, judicial, contractors, etc. Call for particulars.

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TO BUYERS: We have a list of properties unequalled in the Valley for variety and value, and our business extends from Vernon to Mara, including Armstrong, Hullcar and Enderby districts. It will cost you nothing and may save you a serious mis-step to call and inspect our list before closing any land deal We have served others this way and can refer you to them and to all who have bought through this office at any time. We are not in the business for one season's profits, but for a permanency, and we act accordingly in every matter.

TO SELLERS. At this season you should decide how much land you will keep and how much you will list for sale. You can list with us and be sure that you will not be asked for a commission unless WE positively find a buyer, introduce him and make the sale. Commission charged will be 5 per cent to $5,000.00 and 2½ per cent thereafter in every case. Get busy and list. Let others wait and wait. YOU should list now. It means good neighbors, more capital for development and a better state of affairs for everyone.

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MONARCH KNITTING CO'S SWEATERS— All colors and weaves, at $3.50. The best value we have to offer in the sweater line. Also full line of Boys' Sweaters and Sweater Coats, from 65c to $1.25.

FULL LINE OF HEAVY UNDERWEAR — Socks, Pants, Caps, and Shirts. Some exceptional values. Better get our prices on these lines. It will avoid the trouble of sending out of town.

Grocery Department

We never tell our customers when we haven't an article that they can't get it in town, and would ask in return that when others tell you the same thing not to accept it as a fact, as we have proved it otherwise time and again.

Our Grocery Department has always a plentiful supply of seasonable goods.

At the present time we would call your attention to
Haddie
Smoked Halibut
Kippered Herrings
Cod Fish
Cranberries
Sweet Potatoes
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REMEMBER—quality is our first consideration: as to prices—they are the lowest. Pears, Etc.

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From the sublime to the ridiculous: In the very room where six months ago the pestilential pious pippin of poesy piquancy pumped poetry into pound packets of punkness a Jab restaurant now stands!

Nomination day, for the cabinet ministers has been fixed for Nov. 4; polling day, if necessary, Nov. 11.

A comet may be seen very clearly in the morning about 5, in the eastern sky

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