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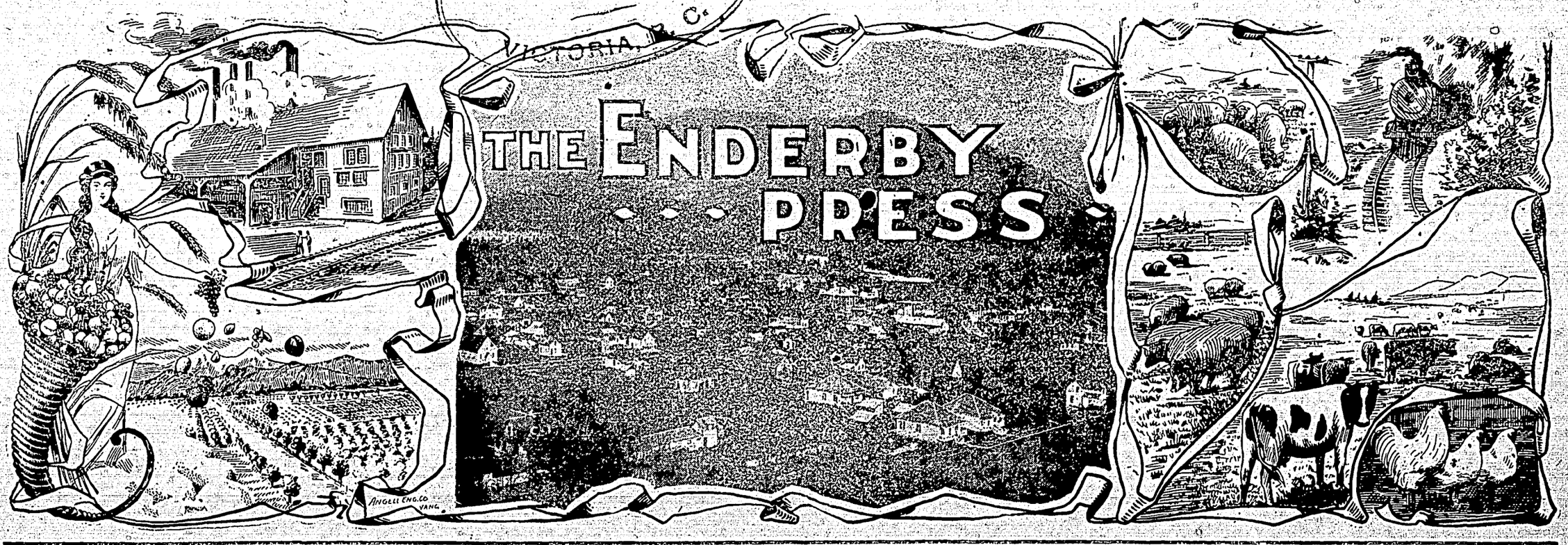

Enderby, B. C., November 30, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 4; No. 40; Whole No. 196

City Council Hold Regular Meeting and Hear Decision of Court of Appeal

The City Council met in regular session last Monday evening, Mayor Ruttan in the chair, and Aldermen Blanchard, Teece, Murphy, and Hartry present.

The minutes of the last regular and several special meetings were read and approved.

A communication was read from Billings & Cochrane re. procedure to legalize loan for balance of cost of local improvements.

The Finance Committee recommended the payment of the following sums of money:

Board of Works paysheet	$ 127.45
Bank Montreal, coupons ret'd	150.00
R. Carson, wages	10.40
E. Sparrow, wages	62.65
K. G. Campbell	100.00
M. V. Beattie	75.00
T. Calder	70.00
C. P. Murray	65.00
H. Elliott	6.00
Martha Sherlow	21.00
C. Hawkins	5.50
E. J. Mack	1.00
W. H. Hutchison	80.40
Jas. McMahon	8.80
F. V. Moffet	10.00
A. R. Rogers Lumber Co	26.58
A. Fulton	29.25
G. L. Williams	171.70
R. Blackburn	13.00
A. R. Rogers Lumber Co	53.33
A. Fulton	10.47
A. Airth	16.25
H. F. Flewwelling	9.45
R. Johnstone	66.85
J. E. Evans	71.75
W. H. Hutchison	82.25
The Walker Press	17.25
The R. E. Holland Co	35.00
A. Reeves	10.10
Enderby Trading Co, Ltd	1.20
Okanagan Telephone Co	4.10
McLean Publishing Co	10.00
The Dominion Wood Pipe Co.	10.00
F. V. Moffet	2.25
G. Rosoman, salary clerk, etc	75.00
G. Rosoman, sal. magistrate.	25.00
R. N. Bailey, constable	65.00
Dominion Wood Pipe Co	42.00
C. P. R., freight	11.10
J. L. Ruttan, exp. Municipal Convention & Court Appeal	90.00
H. E. Blanchard, exp. Municipal Convention	60.00

The following report was read:

To the City Council, Enderby:

Gentlemen: Your delegates to the Convention of the Union of B. C. Municipalities beg to report as follows: That they duly attended the meeting held at Victoria on the 15th and 16th November, 1911.

There were about 60 delegates present, and a great number of questions of importance to municipalities were dealt with. An excellent paper was read by Mayor Hamilton, of Revelstoke, on Municipal Sanitation, which was listened to with great interest.

A paper was read by Mayor Morley of Victoria, on Municipal Government and a resolution in favor of same was passed. It was decided to ask the Government to introduce legislation giving holders of agreements of sale the right to vote. It was the opinion of the meeting that those who pay the taxes should have the right to vote.

There were several resolutions sent in with regard to the Municipal Clauses Act, and it was resolved that the Government be asked to appoint a Commission to redraft the Act, the Commission to be composed of men who had taken an active part in municipal work, in city and rural municipalities. A draft of proposed changes in local improvement clauses was prepared by the City Solicitor of Victoria, and will be submitted to the various municipalities for criticism and suggestions.

Papers were also read by Ald. Gleason of Victoria, on City Improvements, Mr. Crehan on Municipal Accounting, City Solicitor McDermott on civic administration; all of which were both instructive and interesting.

We were very hospitably entertained by the City officials of Victoria, and given an opportunity of seeing the various works which they had on hand. Mayor Planta was re-elected president. The next place of meeting will be Revelstoke.

J. L. RUTTAN, Mayor,
H. E. BLANCHARD

The By-law defining the Salmon Arm road between the properties of S. Teece and F. V. Moffet was read the third time and final action postponed until the Council could go into the matter further.

Mayor Ruttan reported the result of the hearing of the Moffet appeal before the Court of Appeal at Vancouver. In this decision the right of a mayor to refuse to sanction a subdivision that did not show a road in conformity with the by-laws of the town was upheld by the court. The plaintiff had first applied to Mr. Justice Clement for a mandamus to compel the mayor to sign the plan of his subdivision which only allowed for a 33-foot road, Mr. Moffet contending that the 33 feet had all been given from the property purchased by him, and holding that the other 33 feet should come from the property owned by Mr. Teece. The mayor based his refusal to sign the plan on the ground that it must show a 66-foot road, the width to be taken from the centre of the present travelled road. Mr. Justice Clement dismissed the application, and Mr. Moffet then applied to the court of appeal, but they upheld the decision and the action of the mayor.

A communication was read from G. R. Lawes offering to deed to the city a strip of land ten feet in width from the termination of the present Cliff street water main through his Enderby Heights property to a point as high as the present head will put water, provided the city would agree to put a water main to said point within a period of six months. The Council accepted the proposition so far as the deed to the land was concerned, but could not bind the incoming Council to lay the main. It was recognized at once that this was the solution of the problem of getting water to this admirable residential property, and the Mayor was empowered to approach Mr. Lawes and endeavor to secure in addition to the 10-foot strip, sufficient land at the terminating point to allow of the erection of a standpipe or reservoir which the city would have to construct, and into which the main would empty. Said reservoir would not only serve the hill, but would, in case of emergency, be of service to the city in case of the main supply pipe having to be emptied at any time for repairs.

Wm. Blackburn appeared before the Council to get permission to make an open-air rink on the recreation field. The Council was not in position to grant the request, in view of Mr. Blackburn proposing to charge an admission fee to the rink, and they believed this could not be done owing to the peculiar rider which the deed to the property carried, but they would go into the matter further and grant the request if it were found possible.

A request was received from the residents on Railroad avenue, asking to have the sidewalk extended from its present terminus at the Flewwelling home. Request laid over for the winter months.

Applications for water service were read from the Columbia Flouring Mills, and from St. George's church parish hall. Referred to the water committee.

Thos. Pound wrote the Council: "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee," and named the residents of Evergreen avenue as the sufferers. Request granted.

CITY OF ENDERBY,

Voters' List, 1911

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Municipal Elections Act, 1908, the Voters' List of the City of Enderby for the year 1912 will be finally closed on November 30th, 1911, at 5 o'clock p. m.

The names of all ASSESSED property owners will be placed on the said List, but in the case of owners who have not yet been assessed—i. e., in case of transfer of property having taken place since the last assessment—it is necessary for declaration of such transfer to be made and registered at the City Hall not later than the day and hour above mentioned, otherwise the names of such owners cannot be included in said Voters' List.

By Order.

GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
City Clerk.

City Hall, Enderby, Nov. 1st, 1911.

NOTICE

In the matter of the Creditor's Trustees Act, 1901, and amending acts:

And in the matter of T. E. Orton:

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of the above-named firm are required on or before the 5th day of January, 1912, to send their names and addresses and the particulars of their debts or claims, accompanied by proof thereof, to the undersigned as solicitor for the Assignee of the said T. E. Orton.

And, take notice, that the assignee will, on and after the said date, proceed to distribute the assets of the said T. E. Orton, among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the debts or claims of which he shall then have had notice.

Dated this 21st day of November, A. D. 1911, at Enderby, B. C.

W. E. BANTON,
Bell Blk., Solicitor for Assignee.

L. S. GRAY
FLORIST
VERNON GREENHOUSE, VERNON

CUT FLOWERS, FLORAL DESIGNS

A fine display of Chrysanthemums and Carnations now on view.

Prompt attention to mail and 'phone orders.

Phone No. 224.

Book early for your Christmas Flowers.

News of the Town and District of Interest to Enderby Readers

Father LeJeune, of Kamloops, was a visitor of Enderby this week.

Albert Johnson bagged four deer in a few minutes the other day near his camp at Mabel Lake.

Enderby Oddfellows will hold their annual New Year's ball on the night of January 1st. Mark the date.

The Ladies' Hospital Auxiliary will hold their regular meeting in the City Hall on Thursday, Dec. 7, at 3 p.m.

Mr. Pyman is showing a very nice silver cup, offered by him as a prize in the forthcoming poultry show, Dec. 19, 20 and 21.

The curlers have been playing some knockout games this week. The regular schedule games for the season will commence to-night, the 30th.

Bible Class and Sunday school at 10 a.m.; service at 3.30 p.m.; week-night service, Wednesday at 7.30. Rev. G. D. Stewart, pastor Enderby Baptist church.

This is the last day given by law for persons who have bought city property since the last voters' list to register their names and get on the list for 1912.

The Enderby Fair opened this week. Messrs. Wilson & Thompson have adopted many up-to-date contrivances for showing their novelties, with the result that they have met with popular favor at the outset.

Manager Sawyer will give another photo-play at the Opera House on Saturday evening. These picture shows put on by Mr. Sawyer are of a high-class, and are growing in popularity. They are the best obtainable.

The Girl's Guild of the Presbyterian church will hold a candy sale on Saturday, Dec. 16th, at 3 o'clock, having engaged the west window of the Walker Press for the occasion. They ask you to come and buy your Xmas candy.

Ira C. Jones and daughter Nellie came in from the Coast on Sunday, and are enjoying the pleasure of meeting and greeting old Enderby friends. Since going to Vancouver, Mr. Jones has made a small fortune. He is just completing a $10,000 home in Fairview.

Col. and Mrs. White, late of Manilla, arrived in Mara last Friday, and will spend the winter with their brother who recently purchased a home there. Col. and Mrs. White, although so recently from the tropics are enjoying greatly the winter, and feel exhilerated by the snow and the bright, cold weather.

A. E. Mundrell, of Armstrong, has taken over the butcher business formerly run by T. E. Orton, and has in contemplation considerable improvement to the business and the establishment. Mr. Mundrell is an experienced meat merchant and intends to exert every effort to make the Enderby store a source of satisfaction to his patrons.

Meetings of the N. O. Farmers' Institute will be held as follows: At Mara, Dec. 13, 7.30 p.m., to be addressed by Dr. H. Medd, on the live stock industry, and E. Buss, on the Raising of Porkers. Grindrod, Dec. 14, 7.30 p m., Dr. Medd, on the Breeding of horses and cattle, and E. Buss, on the Foodstuffs and Feeding of Swine; Enderby, Dec. 15th, 7.30 p. m., Dr. Medd, on The Horse; and A. N. Other, on Feedstuffs and Feeding of Livestock.

Posters have been issued calling attention to a mass meeting to be held in K. of P. Hall, Enderby, on Saturday, Dec. 2nd, at 2 p. m. for the purpose of discussing the question of organizing a rural municipality. Every farmer in this section is more or less interested in the subject, and all are expected to be on hand to register their names for or against the proposition. It is a matter for the farmers themselves to decide. Every other district in the Valley is organized, and if it has proved a good thing for those districts, it should prove a good thing for this district.

Messrs. Polson & Robinson have been appointed sales agents for the DeHart-Cavanah ranch, which is situated one mile from Enderby. This beautiful place is divided in ten and twenty-acre blocks, and is on the market at $200 and $250 per acre; terms one-quarter cash, and balance one, two, three, and four years at 7 per cent. A large map in their window shows the divisional lines, roads, and the area that is planted to trees.

NOW IS THE TIME

To purchase Xmas cards, calendars, booklets, etc., while the selection is large. You will find a big variety of these at popular prices here. A large shipment of toys, games, dolls, etc., is on the way here and will soon be on sale at the new store.

THE ENDERBY FAIR
Opp. Walker Press.

PRICES TO-DAY AT THE COLUMBIA FLOURING MILLS

Moffet's Best Flour	$1.70	49-lb sack
Bran	1.25	90-lb sack
Shorts	1.35	90-lb sack
Wheat	2.15	125-lb sack
Feed Oats	1.55	100-lb sack
B. & K. Rolled Oats for table use	2.40	80-lb sack
B. & K. Rolled Oats for table use	1.25	40-lb sacks
B. & K. Rolled Oats		

St. George's Parish Room can be rented for small dances, theatricals, meetings, etc, or for the use of a debating or choral society. For terms apply to R. R. Gibbs, secretary.

COAL! COAL!

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

For Sale—Chickens and geese first-class condition; for Christmas or earlier delivery. Chas. Strickland, Enderby.

We have a full line of Christmas toys and novelties. Look over our stock before buying. J. W. Evans & Son.

Good second-hand home-made cutter for sale, cheap. Sound, roomy; new shafts. Apply Walker Press.

What about a Hobberlin tailor-made suit for Xmas? Satisfaction guaranteed. J. W. Evans & Son.

For Sale: Pure-bred Jersey bull calf, 8 weeks old. G. B. Wallace, Lansdowne-Armstrong.

Saturday specials: Brook bond tea reg. 50c per lb. at 40c; maple syrup, reg. 50c, at 40c. J. W. Evans & Son.

Cottage for rent. On Knight st. Apply H. F. Flewwelling, Enderby.

Sweet Cider, while it lasts, 40c a gal. Bring your jug. G. R. Lawes.

HAPPY HAWKINS

By ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued)

Cupid

YOU couldn't help likin' Bill; he allus played in the open an' when he kept score, he give you all the points you made without fussin' over 'em; but I didn't like the look o' that new outfit on his hip. He was too impulsive to carry a gun, an' he was too young. Take it when a man has had some experience in gun-fightin', he gets purty sober over the effect of it; but a young feller—well, who on earth knows what way a young feller is goin' to jump when he gets touched up a little?

"That's a purty likely lookin' gun you got there, Bill," sez I. "Do you savvy how to run one?"

He took it out of his pocket an' looked around, but the' wasn't nothin' in sight that needed killin', so he began to pop at an old single-tree lyin' about thirty yards away. The ponies were trottin' along purty jerky, but hanged if he didn't hit it four times out of six.

"It don't just hang to suit me," sez Bill, "but I'll learn it after a bit."

I looked at him a moment, but he was merely speakin' his mind, an' I sez: "Bill, where in Goshen did you get to be a killin' man?"

"Me?" sez Bill. "I never shot a man in my life, but I used to knock down glass balls purty accurate, an' I've hunted big game in Africa an' India. I don't want no trouble, but I'm set in my ways about dogs. It's a heap o' responsibility to raise a pup; but I'm goin' to give this one a fair show, an' I'm goin' to own him some way or another—I feel it in my bones that this here dog was sent to me. I had a dog, the livin' picture o' this feller once, an' he traded his life for mine, out there in the Indian jungle. Now don't ask me any questions about it."

That night after we'd got the supper things red up, Bill sez: "Now I don't want no one to punish this dog but me, till he gets his edication. I don't care a bean for a trick dog; all I expect him to learn is just English an' a part o' the sign langwidge, so as he'll be pleasant company an' useful in an emergency. I'll pay for any property he destroys, but please don't punish him."

The pup was about fifteen months old when he came, an' at first he sorrowed a heap for his old boss; but purty soon he see that Bill knew more about dogs in he did himself, so he just transferred his affections over to Bill. Bill never raised his voice, he never whipped him nor even threatened him; he just reasoned with him an' explained why it was necessary to learn the conventionalities o' polite society. It took him a solid week to learn that pup how to shake hands, an' yet Bill told us confidential that he was certain that the pup knew it all the while; but at the end of the week the pup gave in, an' from that on he was as eager for knowledge as a new-born baby.

Cupid was the name of the pup, engraved right on to his brass collar, an' when he set his mind on acquirin' an edication, he made me an' the Kid leery 'at he'd beat us at the finish in spite of our start. He could walk on his hind legs an' speak an' open an' shut doors an' wipe his feet on the doormat an' roll over an' pray an'—oh, well he knew 'em all an' six more; but Bill said it wasn't learnin' the tricks that counted, it was learnin' to think for timself. Bill used to put obstacles in his way, so that the pup would have to cipher a while to figger out how to work it, an' this was what Bill called stretchin' his intellect to match his environment. He was some the solemnest pup I ever see, an' it was kind o' creepy to see him come to the shack, open the door, slam it after him, wipe his feet on the burlap, look into Bill's face, an' give a short bark. This was to ask if Bill had any new jobs for him.

I had it all planned out that the pup was to sleep in the wagon shed; but this didn't look good to the pup, nor to Bill, neither. When night would come, Cupid would go through his lessons, eat his supper, an' fling himself slaunchways on the wide bunk. He didn't weigh more'n sixty pounds, but they was the solidest sixty ever wrapped up in a dog hide. He wouldn't mind no one but Bill, an' it was all I could do to get room enough on the perch to hang on. Then Bill would open up his van-dee-ville show, an' when he'd simmer down, the pup would begin to chase jack-rabbits, which was the most devilish-lookin' sight I ever see. He'd lay there with his eyelids rolled up, an' his eyes turned inside out, givin' short barks an' jerkin' his legs.

"Bill," I sez one night, "I aint no chronic coward, but doggone me if I want to be mistook for a jack-rabbit, an' have this bulldog sock his ivories into me."

"He ain't no bulldog," snaps Bill. "It looks to me as if you might learn purty soon that he's a brindle bull-terrier!"

"Oh, I know that all right, an' I'm willin' to swear to it," sez I, "but just now it's his teeth, not his ancestors, that are botherin' me. If I'm to be mistook for a jack-rabbit, I ain't nowise particular just which kind of a bulldog is goin' to do the mistakin'."

Bill, he smiled sadly an' walked over an' stuck his naked finger right into the pup's mouth. I looked to see it bit off, but the pup only opened his eyes, looked foolish, an' tramped down another acre of imaginery grass; finally goin' to sleep again an' usin' my feet for a piller.

Talk about grit! That little cuss was willin' to fight anything that walked. We took him out to the herd one day, an' after he's been kicked an' tossed an' trampled, he got on to throwin' a steer by the nose, an' from that on it was his favorite pastime. He played the game so enthusiastic, that I finally sez to Bill, "Bill, you mustn't forget that Colonel Scott has other uses for these cattle besides usin' 'em for dog exercisers." From that on, Bill made the pup be a little more temperate in the use o' steers.

The muscles on that pup got to be like hard rubber, an' you couldn't pinch him hard enough to make him squeak. He allus took a serious view o' life except when the' was a chance for a little rough an' tumble; then his face would light up like an angel's. Pullin' on a rope was his idee o' draw poker a-' he could wear out the whole bunch of us at it. Bill fair idolized him—fact is, we all thought a heap of him; but I'd 'a' liked him a mif better if the' 'd been more bunks in the shack. If he got cold, he'd scratch your face till you let him under the covers, an' then when he got too hot, he'd puld the covers off an' roll 'em into a nice soft heap, with himself on top. He never overlooked himself much, the pup didn't. First I knew, I got to missin' a right smart o' sleep that really belonged to me; 'cause, while I'm opposed to speakin' ill o' the absent, I'd just about as soon try to sleep with a colicky hoss as with Bill an' the pup. When the pup wasn't chasin' imaginary jack-rabbits or live fleas, Bill was jumpin' up an' down to write somethin' new into his book; until Kid Porter swore that if any more came, he was goin' to leave.

I like a dog the full limit, but I never hankered to sleep with 'em, not when they have fleas; an' when they don't, they allus put me in mind of a man 'at uses perfumery. I tried to devise a plan for sleepin' on the floor, but I couldn't engineer it through.

"No," sez Bill, in a hurt kind of a tone, "I wouldn't inconvenience you for the world. Me an' Cupid will sleep on the floor." Well, there I was. I'm as tender-hearted as a baby antelope, so I just turned it off as a joke, an' got to sleepin' in the saddle on the return trip.

Nothin' on earth made Bill so mad as to call the pup a bulldog, though if he wasn't one, he sure looked the part. I knowed it wouldn't do to take too many chances, so me an' the Kid used to post the boys, an' when one of 'em would drop in an' say as natural as though he was chattin' about the weather: "That's a mighty fine London brindle bull-terrier you-uns have got," Bill's face would light up as if he was the mother of it, an' he would turn in an' preach us a sermon on dogs. That was why you liked Bill: he was just the same all the way through an' if he was friendly when it paid, you was certain sure he'd be just as friendly when it cost.

Colonel Scott's niece came out to visit him some time in May, an' we heard of her long before we saw her. 'Bout every one we met had somethin' to tell about what a really, truly heart-buster she was. She learned to ride, an' one afternoon she an' the Colonel struck our outfit just in front of a howlin' storm.

The' wasn't no show to get back to headquarters that night, so we smoothed out the wide bunk for the lady, an' us men planned to flop in the shed. She sure had dandy manners! She pitched in an' helped us get supper, an' we had about everything to eat that a man could think of—side meat an' boiled beans an' ram an' cornbread an' baked beans an' flapjacks an' fried potatoes an' bean soup, an' coffee so stout that you couldn't see the bottom in a teaspoonful of it. We just turned ourselves loose an' gave her a banquet.

As soon as the dishes was off our hands, we started in to be jovial. Me an' the Kid wasn't just altogether at home, but Bill was right in his element. He played, an' him an' her sang, an' they talked, an' it was the most festive function I ever see; until the pup came in an' jumped up on the wide bunk where she was settin'. "Oh, take that horrid bulldog away!" she squealed.

I dreaded the result; but I sez to myself, "Now surely that doggone ijit won't throw a call-down into the lady," but he did. "Miss Johnston," sez he, "that ain't no bulldog. That's a high-bred London bull-terrier. How would you like to be called a Chinaman? Come here, Cupid."

It was like throwin' a bucket o' water on a bed o' coals. Bill was like an oyster from that on, an' the girl looked as if she'd been slapped. I was mad all the way through. It's all right for a man to be crazy, if he'll only keep it private, but the' ain't no sense in tryin' to get the whole balance o' creation over to his side.

The Colonel thought it a mighty prime joke to have his niece called down over a bull pup, an' he chuckled about it consid'able. Next mornin' he made Bill promise to come over an' visit him; but the girl said her goodbyes to me an' the Kid. From that on' Bill was over to headquarters half his time, but it didn't do him much good. The girl wouldn't stand for the pup, an' Bill wouldn't go back on him; so it looked purty much like a deadlock.

One Sunday about the first of August, we was all sittin' in the shade of the shack, lookin' down the valley. The shack backed up against a massive crag on the edge of a high plateau. The road from headquarters came in from the north, wound around a steep butte, then along the top o' the cliff to where it slid down into the valley to Danders.

We heard the thud o' hoofs an' turnin' around, we saw the Colonel's neice tearin' down the road on a big hoss. It was a plain case of runaway, an' I felt something break inside my chest. They were headin' straight for the top o' the cliff, the hoss was goin' too fast to make the turn, an' we was too far off to beat him to it.

We simply stood there like a flock o' sheep, without a single thought among us. The' didn't seem to be a thing to do, but just watch 'em plunge two hundred feet into the ravine. I glanced at Bill, but I hardly knew him. His brows was drawn down like a wildcat's, his jaws was clamped so tight you could hear 'em grit, an' his eyes seemed to smoke.

I looked back to the road again, an' there was the pup, standin' down by the road watchin' the hoss runnin' toward him. I touched Bill on the shoulder, an sez, "Can the pup do anything, Bill?" Bill gave a sigh as though he had just come back from the dead, an' in a voice that wavered an' trembled, but still rang out like a trumpet, he yelled: "Throw him, Cupid, throw him!"

Lord, man! I wish you could have seen it. The mane bristled up on that dog's back an' his muscles bulged out till he looked like a stone image. We heard him give a low whine, like as if he knowed it was too big a job for a little feller like him. But did he try to flunk it? Not him. Then I knew 'at he wasn't neither a bulldog nor a bull-terrier, but a little sixty-pound hero, willin' to pass out his life any time 'at Bill would draw a check for it.

We fair helt our breath as he backed away from the road an' took a little easy gallop until the hoss was near even with him. Another dog would have blown his lungs loose, tellin' what he was a-goin' to do; but Cupid never said a word. His lip curled up till you could catch the glisten of those wicked white teeth of his, an' then when the hoss was right alongside an' it looked as if he had lost his chance, he gave a couple of short jumps an' threw himself for the critter's nose.

Well, I can't rightly tell you just what did happen then. I saw him make his spring an' swing around full sweep, hangin' on to the hoss's nose; but from that on the whole earth seemed to be shook loose. The hoss keeled over like he was shot, the girl seemed to turn a somerset in the air, an' light all in a heap, with one arm hangin' over the edge of the cliff. We heard a shriek, a little smothered yelp, an' then we ran down to them.

Bill looked first toward the girl an' then toward the pup, an' it was tearin' his heart apart to tell which one he would go to first. Finally he ran to the girl an' carried her back from the cliff. He knelt an' put his ear to her heart, then he took her wrist an' after what seemed a mighty long time, he gave a little sigh, an' sez, "Kid, run for some water. Run! What do you stand lookin' at me for?"

The Kid, he certainly did run, while Bill stepped over to where Cupid was layin', still an' quiet, but with a piece o' the hoss's nose still in his grip. The hoss's right shoulder was broke an' he couldn't get up, but was thrashin' an' strugglin' around. "Get your gun an' put that hoss out of his misery, Happy," sez Bill, an' the' was somethin' in his tone that filled me plumb full o' the spirit of action.

When I came back, the Kid was pourin' a bucket o' water over the girl, an' Bill, with the tears rollin' down his cheeks, was feelin' over the body of the little bull-pup. I put the muzzle to within an inch o' the soft spot in the hoss's forehead, an' fired. The hoss's head sank, an' then I gulped a couple o' times like a flabby galoot, an' sez, "Bill, do you reckon the brindle bull-terrier 'll pull through?"

"Get me some o' that water," sez Bill. When I got it, he showed me a place where the whole o' the pup's scalp had been kicked loose. I couldn't see what good water was goin' to do, but Bill wouldn't give up. "I can't find where the skull is broke," he sez, "an' maybe the water'll fetch him around."

He poured some water over the little feller's face, but it didn't seem to be no use. He just lay still with his head on Bill's knee, an' I know it was all up with little Cupid; but just to please Bill, I gave him a flask I happened to have, an' sez, "Give the little feller a drink, Bill. He never was used to hittin' it none, an' it'll have a powerful effect on him." Bill opened the pup's mouth an' poured in a tol'able stiff swig, an' by cricky, the pup opened his eyes, an' when he saw Bill bendin' down over him, he tried to wag his little tail.

Well, Bill took that pup up in his arms an' hugged him—an' if the' 's any one in this crowd that feels like laughin' it'll be healthier for 'im to step outside.

Then Bill picked up the pup, an' motioned for me an' the Kid to tote the lady up to the shack, an' we did it, though it wasn't fitting work for a couple o' ridin' men. She had fully come to when we reached the shack, an' we laid her on the wide bunk. Bill put the pup on the narrow bunk, washed out the hole in his head, an' tied it up with a clean handkerchief. Then he crossed over an' spoke to the girl. I could easy tell by his voice that the last time they had parted it had been a little stormy.

"Miss Johnston," he sez in a low tone, "are you sufferin' much?"

She owned up to a perfectly rippin' headache, an' said she was sore all over; but it was her ankle 'at pained her most. Bill started to look at it; but she reddened up an' tried to draw it under her. Bill never paid any attention to her, but sez calmly. "I've had consid'able experience, Miss Johnston. A great deal depends on promptness. Now just let the limb lay natural till I remove the shoe."

Me an' the Kid started to break for the foothills, but he set me to makin' bandages, an' sent the Kid after some more water. We was losin' our age fast, an' Bill's voice sounded like grandpa's. He said it was a corkin' bad sprain, but he tied it up an' wet down the bandages; an' then he sent me to headquarters after the spring-wagon, an' the Kid to Danders for the doctor.

We both got back before daylight, an' by that time Bill an' the girl had come to a purty harmonious agreement concernin' the proper standin' of a brindle bull-terrier. When I came in he was holdin' the lady's hand—an' I was the only one what reddened up.

CHAPTER XIX.

Barbie Makes a Discovery

Jessamie, that was Miss Johnston's real name, had been ridin' one o' the Colonel's high-breds, an' again orders at that; but the Colonel was purty comfortable like at the upshot. Bill was fitted out with a pedigree an' a bank account what made him a parlor guest purty much everywhere he went, an' on top o' that it tickled the Colonel a heap to have things ironed out by the bull pup himself.

I didn't much suppose when I see that sorrowful pup pikin' back the track that he was doomed to achieve prominence an' fame, but Fate had him entered on her book all right, an' he made so everlastin' good that it wouldn't have surprised me a mite if they'd have run him for Governor.

You just bet your life the other feller never got him again! Why they'd 'a' had to bring the whole standin' army to filch that dog away from Bill after the big doin's. Out here in Wyoming it's a test of class—owners of one of Cupid's pups are first-class, others belong to the herd.

It was two weeks after the accident that us four—countin' Kid Porter—was sittin' in exactly the same place back of the shack; only this time Bill was pullin' the pup's ears. Bill hadn't spent overly much time with us the last fortnight, an' we were talkin' it all over, when hanged if we didn't hear the thud of hoofs again, an' I reckon we all turned blue.

Cupid himself appeared a shade disgusted at the prospect of an encore. He had only just shed his bandages, an' the flap on his lid was still too tender to scratch, so that you can't hardly blame him for takin' the narrow view of it. We jumped around the corner of the house, but the' was two riders this time, an' while they was spinnin' along at a purty clip, they had control of the hosses all right. Both of 'em was girls, an' one of 'em was Jessamie. When I see who the other was, I felt as though I was standin' on the outer edge of a fleecy cloud. It was Barbie. I ducked back around the corner of the house.

Bill, he ran down an' helped his lady to alight, while Barbie flopped herself off her mount an' ran up to Cupid. Oh, they know a heap, dogs do. Cupid took just one look in her eyes, an' when she squatted down on her knees, he tried to get into her lap an' they made a heap o' fuss over each other. I could tell by her eyes that Jessamie felt a shade jealous, 'cause Cupid hadn't quite forgiven her for slightin' him at the first. I was watchin' 'em through a chink in the shack and I was feelin' purty glum myself, to think that Barbie would spend all that time on a dog an' never give one little inquiry about me.

Well, they examined the spot where Cupid had made his tackle, an' the dent in the earth where the hoss an' Jessamie had lit, an' then they meandered up to the house to see just how helpless we'd been, aside from Cupid.

"Well, you all had a share in it;" Barbie was sayin' as they neared the shack. "Cupid did the actual work, you trained him for it, and Higinson had the kind of a nerve that don't melt under fire."

"Sure thing," sez Bill. "I own up that I was plumb petrified, an' Cupid wasn't carin' much one way or the other; but Hank Higinson never lost his self-possession a second,"—that was all bosh, 'cause I was purty nigh stampeded, an' that's the simple truth.

"Where is he?" sez Barbie. "I want to see him an' then I can tell just about how much he could do on his own hook."

(To be continued.)

QUEEN BESS' SILK STOCKINGS

It has been asserted that silk stockings were first worn by Henry II. of France, on the occasion of the marriage of his sister, in 1559; but, before that period, Edward VI. of England had received a pair from the "merchant prince" of the time, Sir Thomas Gresham, who imported them from Spain, the country, it is thought, wherein they were first manufactured.

There is a tradition that a grandee, the happy possessor of the first pair of silk stocking made in Spain, thought he could make no more appropriate disposition of the novel utilities than to present them to his queen, and to that end he placed them in the hands of the Minister of State. Greatly to the consternation of the well-meaning grandee, the Minister returned him his stockings, intimating that he would do well to bear in mind that "the Queen of Spain has no legs."

Elizabeth of England, however, not ashamed to own that she had legs, received a similar gift in a very different manner. Soon after her accession, Her Majesty's woman, Mistress Montague, tendered as her New Year's gift, a pair of knitted black silk stockings, the first of the kind made in England. Elizabeth was so pleased with the stockings, which she declared were "pleasant, fine, and delicate," that she determined thenceforth to wear no more cloth stockings. She kept her royal word, and no doubt would have laughed at the economy of the Margrave John of Custrin, who, seeing one of his councilors wearing silk stockings on a weekday, said to him, "Barthold, I too have silk stockings, but I wear them only on Sundays and holidays."

MANY ELEPHANTS IN SIAM

No estimate can be made of the number of wild elephants in the jungles of Siam. In one of the elephant "drives" in the Aypthia district recently more than two hundred were seen at one time. These drives are held yearly in the various districts of Siam, during which great numbers of the animals are driven into a stockade. The finest specimens are then captured and later tamed and trained for domestic use. The district of Aypthia is famous for its drives, and the king usually attends when large events are arranged for. Permission to capture wild elephants may be obtained from the Siamese government, and for each animal caught a royalty of $150 is paid; but such capture is exceedingly difficult and expensive, and the animal often dies before it is properly trained.

THE NEW BISMARCK

Von Kinderlen-Waechter, acclaimed "The New Bismarck," is not of noble birth, but is a scholarly, industrious man, bold and ostentatiously contemptuous of others' views, who has won his position by merit and indomitable courage. He was born in 1852, his father being director of a Stuttgart bank. As the result of the marriage of his father to a noble lady—Waechter—the family adopted the name as it now stands. Young Kinderlen fought in the war of 1870-71, afterward entering Tubingen University. He has been secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg and in Paris and councillor of embassy at Constantinople. In 1909 he first appeared in the Reichstag, where his maiden speech was greeted with laughter.

NO MORE LEPER CIGARETTES

How true it is that half the world does not know how the other half lives. A law has just been passed by the Egyptian authorities to the effect that the lepers of Egypt shall no longer make cigarettes for sale. There are six thousand lepers in Egypt, and but for this law we might never have known that we are indebted to them for certain kinds of expensive cigarettes. There is nothing to show whether all Egyptian lepers were in the habit of making cigarettes for the unsuspecting consumer or whether only a few employed themselves in this way. At least it is a relief to know that they will do so no more, and that we shall not be under the necessity of giving our cigarettes a preliminary soaking in chloride of lime or carbonic acid.

DEATH MASK OF DANTE

If Florence has actually come into possession of the death mask of Dante it owns a treasure of unique interest. There is no reason why the relic should not be genuine, but there seems to be no positive proof that it is genuine. It was discovered in 1830 by the sculptor Bertolini. Then it became the property of the English painter Seymour Kirkup, whose widow gave it to Professor Alessandro d'Ancona, who has now handed it over to the city of Florence. The professor himself believes it to be genuine, but Signor Ricci thinks that it was taken from the effigy of the poet's tomb at Ravenna. Professor d'Ancona writes enthusiastically: "This antique and authentic portrait of our greatest fellow-citizen should return among us. Let Dante came back in effigy into his own city and be once more near his 'bel San Giovanni.' Let him live again in a place which, 600 years ago, heard his voice, yes, and in a palace where several times he, the respected and admired orator, spoke."

CARRIED BATH TO FILIPINOS

If it is actually true that the American authorities have convinced the Filipino of the virtues of the bath then they have not lived in vain. And it seems to be true. Before the occupation the Filipino would have nothing to do with any water that was not of surface origin. And he used very little of that. He had a rooted distrust of the subterranean supply. Coming from the mysterious depths of the earth, who could say what evil spirits had disported themselves therein and tainted it? But now he has learned the virtues of the artesian well. Dr. Heiser, health director for the Philippines, says that he needs no longer to plead for wells, as he did in the early days; no candidate for the assembly has any slightest chance of election unless he pledges himself to vote for all the artesian wells his district needs. With more abundant water assured, the Filipino is taking to the bathtub habit too.

THE UNSINKABLE GARMENT

A remarkable demonstration was given the other day in the Spree, near Berlin, of a new fabric designed to make clothing so buoyant that it will keep its wearer afloat in the water. The composition of the invention which brings about this result is a well-guarded secret. To don a garment lined with it is to become unsinkable. On the occasion mentioned, infantrymen, in full marching kit, clad in uniforms lined with the material, which rendered the clothing neither heavier nor thicker than usual, threw themselves into the water, and not only did not sink, but were able to "march" in the water and to fire. At the same time coffee was served to a party in the water, waiter and guests being clad in the special fabric. It is reported that recently the inventor, wearing his suit, jumped into the water before the Kaiser's steamer to demonstrate the value of his device and that the police arrested him for impropriety!

The Rocking Chair

IN the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

When Tennyson wrote this he had most surely just visited Victoria and chose Vancouver Island as the Happyland of his Lotos Eaters. It is their descendants who inhabit Victoria to this day.

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, of wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

Nothing could be more descriptive of the city or its people. The most impressive thing about the whole place is the extreme weariness of everything, the very air is too weary to move and lies stagnant and oppressive. The people are too weary to be polite and lack energy enough to tidy up the town. With every natural advantage and a balmy climate, Victoria might be a paradise, but the old-timers have been so averse to labor and so content to remain in their lotos-sleep that the whole place looks like a shiftless, untidy village, instead of the city it ought to be. The Government buildings and grounds are very beautiful, but then, of course, all the province of British Columbia is responsible for that; and Victoria cannot take the credit. The newcomers are doing their best to wake the town up and to put it in the same century as the rest of Canada, but it is an uphill task. The habit of thought of the old-timers is a hundred years behind the times, and they have not yet realized the necessity of waking up. Their indolence has allowed the fisheries and market gardening to pass into the almost absolute control of the Indians and the Orientals.

In modern America work starts at 7 a.m., but not so in Victoria. Here the workmen start work at 8 o'clock and leisurely put in the day.

Women who desire an out-door life could make a splendid living on Vancouver Island growing vegetables and fruit for the towns. It would be an ideal existence, as everything seems anxious to grow and very little labor would be required to produce fruit and vegetables of the finest quality. There are some fine market gardens owned by Chinamen, who appear to be the only industrious people in the place, but so far as the white population is concerned flowers, shrubs, fruits and vegetables thrive in spite of neglect.

On Vancouver Island Nature has been so lavish with her gifts that there is danger of the people falling below the standard of the rest of Canada; and in order to preserve the thrifty, energetic Canadian type, it would be a good thing for the Victorians if some catastrophe would occur which would oblige them to wake up and hustle a bit for their living. A community of indolent people is not Canada's ideal.

We have heard so much in Winnipeg about the excellence of the Empress Hotel of Victoria that we have come to regard our own Royal Alexandra as a mere way-side inn, but this is another illusion. The garish over-ornamentation of the "Empress" is distinctly vulgar in comparison with the artistic dignity of the Royal Alexandra. The dining room of the "Empress" depresses and irritates one by its superfluity of decoration, while the service at meals is so amateurish as to be a joke. The waiters retire into quiet corners and nap between courses and if you want a piece of butter or a glass of water you have to ask at least four times before any notice is taken of your request.

If Victorians ever do wake up to the great possibilities lying thick about them, they may make Victoria the finest and most beautiful city of America and a paradise on earth.

* * *

While in Victoria I came across a little book of "Verse from a Western Isle," by Mr. Frederic Philips, of whom, I am ashamed to say, I never heard before. All his verse breathes of the languid Pacific air and the sleepy island; it is a native of the soil, being published by Thos. R. Cusack, Victoria. The first poem in the book, "A Western Isle," gives an exact picture of Vancouver Island.

"An Isle there is upon a western shore,
Yet sheltered from the ocean's rage and storm,
—With many sister isles encompassed,
So that unknown is there the sea's dull roar.

* * *

"Dark are its firwoods, steeped in golden light,
Clear are its bays, which scarce the wind may kiss,
As singing o'er the heights with dying force,
Caught in the tree tops, here they end their flight.

* * *

"Here Nature spills her joys with lavish care,
Making a summer under winter's frown,
As playful daughters tease their surly sires,
Taking rebuke with laughing, saucy air.

* * *

"Here the sun's fiercest ray so tempered is
With soft, cool breezes from the placid wave,
Or filtered through the boughs of orchard trees,
That none may take his heat and power amiss.

* * *

"Here man may dwell and reap the grateful fruits
Of pleasant toil that strengthens and rewards.
The night to sleep, the dawn invites to rise
And labor as the varied season suits.

* * *

"Fish, flesh, and fowl, the hills and lakes provide;
The hunter heavy with their spoil may turn,
His goal some simple orchar-hidden home;
Nor will the sea his angling skill deride.

* * *

"And many waters mirror heaven's face,
And one may wander far in forest isles
Where the tree-columns bear the fretted roof,
And now in shadow, now in light may pace.

* * *

"Till climbing upward reach some jutting peak,
And view the world in Sabbath stillness steeped,
And listen for the singing of the winds
That wander ever round in restless freak."

* * *

In spite of a few peculiarities Vancouver Island is a heavenly spot. One could no doubt in time become inured to the queer lifeless air, which seems devoid of the tonic qualities to which our Manitoba lungs are accustomed. Only in the spruce woods would we get a full-lunged, invigorating breath, and we missed our blood-stirring prairie wind, for here there is no motion in the air and wind is unknown.

The person who desires a life of indolence, eating and drinking of the best in creation, should settle on Vancouver Island. The woods are full of game and native fruits, fish of all kinds swarm in both fresh and salt water; and we have heard that very fine potatoes can be produced on the island; but so far it is merely a matter of faith with us, as we have not yet seen anything on either the island, or the mainland, that would be considered worth calling a potato in Manitoba.

We fondly imagined that when once we reached this land of fruit, we should be able to make up for all our lean and fruitless years in Manitoba, but once more we were doomed to disillusionment. We know that good fruit can be grown in B.C., for we have bought it at home, but right in far away Winnipeg, with its good long winter, we can buy much better and very much cheaper fruit than in B.C.

In motoring through the suburbs of Victoria we were often startled by quail and pheasants leisurely crossing the road, right in front of the car. Game is so plentiful that no great rush is needed to secure it and the pheasants, never having been hurried, refused to be excited by a motor-car. True Victorians, the wheels of progress are nothing to them.

Early in the summer Agnes Laut wrote an article for an American weekly in which she pointed out to the Americans the absurdity of rushing madly abroad in search of wonders and scenery and ignoring their own country. The same applies equally well to Canadians. Off the beaten line of travel, in by-ways aside from the railway, scenery and people can be found as un-Canadian and "different" as though it were a strange land. Our cosmopolitan population, with their peculiar customs and language, give much the same variety that can be got in foreign travel, and it is a fine thing to be familiar with one's own country. British Columbia is the wonder province of Canada and to any one in search of variety and adventure, it is a perfect gold mine.

In school days it was always impressed upon us that bold and rugged country, combined with soft and gentle nooks produced the finest men. "The mountain and the mood" are supposed to be responsible for the brawn and muscle, while the contrast of wild and rugged landscape with the soft beauty of the valleys fires the imagination and produces the poet and the painter. If this be true British Columbia will have the lion's share for Canada, and we may look there for giants, mental as well as physical. Already the physical giant has appeared in great numbers; and it will be hard for any mere poet to sing more beautifully of his beloved province than does Mr. Philips in "The Lake." I can give only a few excerpts:

"Hark, that small song!
The reed-wren pipes his lay.
Cheery he dwells,
Nor bodes he that dark day
When icy Winter's blast
Shall bid all Nature stay."

And this, with its musical second line. It sings itself.

"See where the mere-hen by yon golden cup,
A'lated lily lingering last alone,
With furtive glance sinks to the head, and now
A circling eddy leaves, as when some trout
With dainty care sucks down the careless gnat.
With plashes now the small trout stir the lake,
First to the feast, they eager are to snatch
And taste each fly, ere the great fish shall wake
With lightning rush, and many a sullen swirl,
To drive them from their delicate sweet food."

* * *

"The pied ducks skim the lake with feverish wing,
And now from fern-clad slopes of tawny hue
That rise to meet the cool, grey, mossy rock,
The stately pheasant flings his double note
In bold defiance to the listening air,
And blue jays chatter as they haunt the wood."

* * *

Everywhere in British Columbia the fish is so delicious and so daintily served that we have eaten fish three times a day and are in great danger of developing fins, gills and scales. Good bread is the rule everywhere; from the most top-lofty hotels of the coast to the most primitive road-houses along a mountain trail, good bread is served and nowhere have we encountered the awful mixture known to the Winnipeg bakers as bread. Everywhere along the road, in far away villages and camps, we have heard of the badness of Winnipeg bread until it appears to me that it would be good policy on the part of the immigration officials to either put the Winnipeg bakers out of business or else import some real baker and engage him to show them how to make bread fit to eat. Our home looks pretty good to us, but the thought of going back to that bread makes us hesitate about returning.

BEAUTY AND WEALTH

The world has known few wiser men than Socrates, and none less dependent on outward circumstances or more indifferent to outward rewards. He was one of the noble company of those who serve men by leading them, and who bear their fortunes in themselves; to whom the ills of life bring no pain, and who are delivered from the fear of death. Most of us reckon success in terms of money or reputation; he counted success in terms of growth. Most of us reckon prosperity by possessions; he knew that the pursuit and practice of truth are the only evidences of real prosperity. His ugliness of feature and ungainliness of form would have been a great trial to most men, and especially in a country in which harmony of face and figure were counted among the rarest gifts of the gods. His bust as it stands among the busts of his illustrious contemporaries looks like a comic mask, so grotesque is it. Beside Pericles, in whose harmony, grace, and dignity of bearing the genius of Athens was personified, Socrates looked like a victim of Olympian malice.

But to the wise the worst things have their higher uses, and Socrates turned his striking ugliness to the best account. He treated it humorously, and adroitly made it serve the purposes of contrast. It was the badly made case in which the images of virtue, wisdom, steadfastness, and kindness were stored. It sent the glances of his disciples and hearers inward, and behind the mask they found a noble countenance; for, while the face is a matter of physical structure, flesh, and features, the countenance is the expression with which the soul illumines and radiates it, the shining through of the spirit of the man. His ugliness made Socrates more fervent in his devotion to beauty and more eager in his search of its secret. He believed so deeply in the goodness of the gods that he refused to accept ugliness as his unescapable fate. Since beauty was the highest form of being, it must be within reach of all who made life a true service of the gods.

This thought of the ultimate harmony lay at the very base of his view of life, and to attain the inward beauty was his earnest prayer. "Grant me," he said, "to be beautiful in the inner man, and all I have of outer things to be at peace with those within. May I count the wise man only rich; and may my store of gold be such as none but the good can bear!" To be beautiful and to be rich—could any prayer be more inclusive of the things which most men eagerly desire? But could any prayer be more unlike that which lies unformulated on the lips of a host of those who pursue beauty and riches as if they were outward possessions? Socrates, being a wise man, knew that they were inward possessions, not to be secured by striving—to be attained by growth. To gain wealth in things without gaining wealth of spirit seemed to him a monstrous irony of the gods, a terrible defeat of thevery purposes for which life was planned by the higher powers. The contrast between wealth in things and poverty of soul, of which the society of today affords so many examples, seemed to him like a kind of mockery of men, an irony so deep and bitter that only offended gods could have devised it in their scorn or the blindness of men.

To be outwardly beautiful and inwardly ugly is to be a beguiling imposter; to be outwardly rich and inwardly poor is to be a beggar wearing splendid apparel over rags. It is also to be the victim of a ceaseless warfare; for no man is at peace until his soul and his life are in accord. Nor is any man happy to whom more wealth has come than can be borne in perfect integrity of nature. The wealth that deadens a man's sympathy, nervates his will, makes him dependent on the services of others and the comfortof things, fosters selfishness and puts content with condition in place of content of spirit, is disguised impoverishment; he alone is rich whose wealth in things is tempered, spiritualized, and administered by a soul rich in kindness, brotherliness, and wisdom.

A nice way to give a travel shower is to have some clever guest-to-be write a little story wherein she and a companion are supposed to have embarked on a journey, and as she reads aloud, the blushing guest of honor is set searching for each dainty gift hidden somewhere in the room, as it is mentioned in the story.

MEXICO TODAY

Political conditions in Mexico are not far removed from chaos. There is a nominal government; but it seems unable to sustain public order; indeed, there is reason to doubt if it really desires public order. The presidential campaign has degenerated into a guerrilla fight in the rural districts and into mob turmoil in the capital. That out of this ruck of passion and lawlessness there can come anything bearing the semblance of moral credit, and the powers of orderly administration—not to speak of representative legitimacy—is not to be expected. It looks as if Mexico, left to her own devices, would sink to the level of her Central and South American neighbors—become a mere field of contention between the contending schemes of political and military ambition and of financial exploitation.

When the character of the Mexican population is considered, it is not easy to see how anything better than political and social chaos can be expected without the ascendancy of some strong and military dominant personality. Out of an approximate total of 15,000,000 inhabitants only 10 per cent., or less than one-fifth, are of pure, or nearly pure, white blood; and this element, be it remembered, belongs to a race densely ignorant in all but its higher castes and absolutely without experience or understanding of representative institutions as they exist in the United States. It is a race drilled through ages of subordination to military authority, understanding nor respect no other. Regarded racially and politically, the Spanish Mexicans are close kin to the ruling castes in other Central and South American countries, who are forever illustrating their propensity for fighting and their incapacity to organize or accept representative institutions.

Upon this foundation there is superimposed a race of mixed bloods comprising 43 per cent. of the whole population, and an aboriginal race (Indians), 38 per cent. Of this mixed and native population only a very small fraction can be regarded as civilized, approximately one-seventh of the entire population (Indians) not being able even to speak Spanish. Illiteracy is all but universal. True, there has been an effort to enforce primary education, but the latest available reports on the subject exhibit upwards of 10,000,000 unable either to read or write, approximately 2,000,000 able both to read and write, with approximately half a million able to read but not write. Practically the so-called educated elements are limited to the higher caste pure white population with the foreign element, which approximates 60,000.

To expect a people of these conditions and antecedents to understand, organize, and administer a representative system, modeled after our own, is obviously ridiculous. It is a thing out of all reason, out of all possibility. Under any circumstances, a rule to be effective must be that of a more or less arbitrary force, limited of course to the white race. If the whites were Americans or English, it might be managed after a fashion; but in the case of men of the Spanish race, with no instinct for political co-operation and no training except under despotic systems, the thing is out of the question. Left to themselves—and for the time the Mexicans are being left to themselves—ambition will contend against ambition, interest against interest, until there may arise some man strong enough to duplicate the powers if Diaz. This, or the country will sink to the condition of chronic revolutionism.

Beyond a doubt the political condition of Mexico in the immediate future would approximate that of other Spanish-American states were it not that foreign capital in great sums has been invested in that country and that its security depends upon the maintenance of social order. Neither the United States, England, nor France will consent that investments in Mexico shall go to pot because the Mexicans are not able to govern themselves. Together or singly, these countries will insist upon conditions essential to the integrity of their investments; and if the strong hand shall be necessary to the maintenance of peace and order, it will not be lacking.

When a young man is walking with a girl and meets a minister in front of a church, it is his cue to start his thought generator.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that it is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test for years. All the best dealers sell it.

DEATH AFTER A SCRATCH

Morris Quatzam, an eleven-year-old Windsor boy, fell off his bicycle and scratched his wrist. He thought nothing of the injury, but blood poison set in and he is dead.

Such incidents as these—by no means infrequent—ought to make people realize the danger that may lie even in the smallest flesh wound.

Take a simple illustration. When a knife, a rusty needle, a splinter of dirty wood, a barbed wire fence, or a thorn, scratches the hand, the latter is inoculated with germs, of which the air about is full.

The way to avoid serious results is to cleanse the wound and apply Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is a powerful, yet painless germ-killer, and when applied to the broken skin is absorbed into the tissue, instantly destroying the germs that spread disease and stopping the pain and smarting. That is why Zam-Buk is so popular with children.

The flesh thus soothed and purified, the wound is made perfectly healthy, and all poison and cause of festering removed. Having done this, Zam-Buk then proceeds to heal the wound or sore, and new healthy tissue is built up in a quick, painless and perfect manner.

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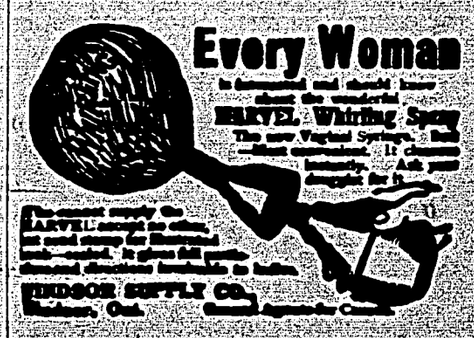

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PURE FOOD LAWS ARE OLD

Pure food laws are not quite so modern an invention as we may believe. Dr. Reisner has made discoveries in Palestine that seem to indicate some sort of supervision of the food supplies delivered to the palace nearly three thousand years ago. Labels have been found that were once affixed to "a jar of pure olive oil." We may wonder what tests were employed and what would happen to the man whose oil was found to be not pure. Probably something unpleasant, for there was no Supreme Court in those days. We know what happened in the middle ages to the enterprising tradesman who adulterated his goods. In 1444 a Nuremberg merchant was burned alive for mating foreign material with his saffron and the saffron itself was used for fuel. Probably that artistic touch impressed the matter upon his memory. Some Augsburg bakers who used false weights and bad flour were ducked in a muddy pool and through a faulty knowledge of the human respiratory system, or sheer carelessness, they came to the surface dead. In 1482 a wine merchant was ordered to drink six quarts of his own adulterated wine, and as he died soon after it is evident that the adulteration must have been serious. It is true that he had to finish the draught in a given number of minutes, and a small number at that, but in those days they had a pleasant way of weighting the scales and loading the dice upon the side of justice. Civilization has changed all that. Nowadays we shiver with apprehension lest a rogue shall be punished.

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NOVEMBER 30, 1911

PRO BONO PUBLICO

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: I would appreciate room in your paper to ask consideration of the Horticultural Society, which was lately organized in Enderby. I have no credit or blame for adding one more to the many organizations of the town. I am connected with this one in answer to the request of a number who desired to promote the interest in flower growing, etc. And the idea has my hearty approval and sympathy. The purposes of the organization cover all that may properly come under the head of amateur gardening, flowers, fruit, vegetables, house plants, the useful and the beautiful, if such a distinction may be made. The Society wishes also to enlist the interest of the children in this work. It purposes an annual show, and perhaps more than one; also to encourage the study of good gardening.

The Canadian people are deficient in some things, and one of these is the love and cultivation of what is beautiful. We destroy with vandal carelessness what is beautiful in Nature and then leave the room to thistles and Chinese lettuce.

Enderby, like most other places, has suffered irreparable loss in the destruction of its native trees. It ought by nature to be a park, and it is a field of weeds. It is so situated as to be fitted to be the most beautiful town in the Valley. It may never be the largest, but it may be made the prettiest. Possibly it may not be as well laid out as it might have been for this purpose, but we must make the best of the situation as we find it. The improvements which are being made on the town ought to be an incentive to all its citizens to lend their individual efforts to make it more attractive and homelike and beautiful. To help in this is the work of the Horticultural Society. And the seeking of this end has also its bearing on the character of its people. We are better men and women for cultivating what is beautiful in our surroundings. Nicely-kept gardens have their influence on the character of children. And in after years they will still remember the home of childhood the more warmly because of it. It is an important part of our civilization. Strangers and visitors to a town are attracted by it. We are a busy people in a new country, but the garden is recreation and rest.

Let us try to make Enderby the prettiest place in the Okanagan. Give the flower plot a place amongst the recreations of its children and young people. It is the best and biggest means of recreation in its season. If we are to do justice to it we must prepare before hand for the coming Spring.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

Enderby, Nov. 28th, 1911.

We wish to call particular attention to the communication in this issue from Rev. Duncan Campbell, and at the same time to endorse in the fullest possible measure the suggestions made therein. Mr. Campbell as president of the Amateur Horticultural Society, has stated the objects and purposes of that organization. There is no need to enlarge upon them. The organization has as yet been able to accomplish little. It was but recently formed. But the time is not far distant when we shall all recognize that there is no organization capable of doing more for the town. Mr. Campbell reiterates what all persons know to be true where this side of municipal life has been developed. The beautifying of Enderby as has been pointed out by Mr. Campbell is possible. It is, indeed, the first step in the task before us—the evolution of Enderby. The individual work of the past few years has already placed Enderby at the top notch of possible garden spots in this favored Valley. And the combined effort of our people organized as they now can be as members of the Horticultural Society will result in far greater things next year. We are in need of such organization. In the winter months we should be able to formulate a plan upon which all can work when Spring opens, thus systematizing the work with the object of getting the best results.

The public improvement work of the past season has been the start of a new era in the history of Enderby. It has placed Enderby in a position with the other cities of the Valley, and has given her a place of preeminence as the Home City. Next year will be another "growing year." Big things are looming up. We shall be in a position to meet them. To make this "The Town Beautiful" will require combined effort, and a lot of hard, intelligently directed work. By the arganization of the Horticultural Society the right start has been made. Everyone interested in making Enderby the garden spot it can and should be made, will be pleased to read Mr. Campbell's communication, and to learn of the active interest being taken. And all who are really in earnest about it will make it a point to assist the society in the work it has inaugurated.

POINT WELL TAKEN

There can hardly be any difference of opinion on the question raised by Real Estate, in another column of this paper. He takes the position that it is better for Enderby property values to be increased for assessment purposes, and the rate of taxation lowered correspondingly, than for the existing absurdity to continue. We heartily agree with Real Estate in this position. Two years or more ago we called attention repeatedly to the false position taken by the City. Property values were kept absurdly low and the rate of taxation correspondingly high. To reverse this order would, we believe, be the greatest boon to the town. Our property values have always been too low. It has had a detrimental effect upon the progress of the city; it has acted to the loss of every property owner in the city. And it has not accomplished the purpose intended by the framers of the policy. The object at the start was to keep property values down in order to reduce the tax payments. But in the working out the policy proved a failure, for while the property valuation was low, the rate of taxation had to raise in order to find the necessary money to carry on the business of the Corporation.

The effect of such a policy has at all times worked against Enderby, and will continue to be detrimental so long as it is perpetuated. The other towns in the Valley assess the land at its real value. The result is a lower rate of taxation, which works out to the advantage of the property owner, and to the town.

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Community Breeding and Its Importance in Bettering Stock

The following paper on Community Breeding was read at the recent meeting of the Northern Okanagan Farmers' Institute, from the pen of W. B. Kellet, Kelvin Grove, Mara. The subject is not a new one in this district, but the able manner in which it is handled by Mr. Kellet, commends itself most forcibly to the earnest consideration of our stock breeders and farmers generally.

The idea of Community Breeding was suggested by the remarks made by Mr. Schulmerich when he lectured in Mara last Spring. There were many thoughts advanced by the lecturer which by their inherent truth struck the writer and most of the members present at the meeting. In part this is what he said:

1. You are spreading your efforts in too many directions.

2. You have the finest dairying district in B. C. Develop it!

3. You have a greater variety of nondescript cows than I have ever met with. You seem to have gone on the principle of breeding to a Holstein for milk, then to a Jersey for butterfat, then to a Shorthorn to get beef, and then to any old thing that comes along to get a calf. Correct this.

4. Adopt one dairy breed for the district and stick to it. Use no other in the district, and aim at a uniform type.

5. With every ton of hay you ship out you are taking out of the soil and selling away from the farm constituents which if you had to buy at the present market price would cost $11.75. That is, putting the hay crop at two tons per acre, you are impoverishing your land $23.50 per acre.

There was such a directness and apparent honesty in these statements that, whether right or wrong, they carried weight. As to the first proposition, it is not necessary to say anything. In the consideration of the other propositions the first will probably solve itself.

In regard to the second, we may take the speaker's word for it. It is not necessary to make any invidious comparisons to the disparagement of other places. We have good dairying advantages: soil, water, climate, are each strong factors to our advantage. There is one other strong factor. Have we got it? That is SYSTEM—system in handling our products—system of breeding.

There are localities which, assuming them to be less favored than we, are yet making better use of their smaller advantages, and as a result we follow in their wake, both as to production and the condition of their herds.

When we come to recognize wherein we are weak, we may be led to take the first step towards a remedy. And that brings me to the consideration of the third proposition.

Permit me to digress into ancient history for awhile. In 1863 the Factory system was introduced into Ontario. Sometime in the early 70's it was started in Middlesex. In 1879 I made my first acquaintance with the cheese factory system. In that and subsequent years, I was secretary of the Kerwood Cheese Factory in Middlesex, which had been running then about 18 years. This factory, situated on the boundaries of the townships of Adelaide and Metcalf, drew its milk supply from both townships. In the early days of the factory system there was one fixed idea—the production of milk, and plenty of it—and this led to a practice so wicked and ruthless it is no wonder that dire calamity threatened. Calves were knocked on the head when born, saving a few heifer calves of more than ordinary promise. But with many even these were robbed of their natural sustenance, and in a very few years the herds deteriorated to a hangerous proposition of starvelings. Any kind of a scrub was good enough to sire calves, the large majority of which were doomed to be clubbed to death—to swell the milk pail. It dawned upon the people what a wasteful, improvident procedure this was, and an alarm was sounded. The wealthier patrons invested in pure bred Shorthotns to breed up again. The steer calves were saved as well as the heifers. For a few days these were fed the whole milk, then supplementary feeding was instituted: sweet whey, hay tea, with linseed meal for a few weeks brought on the valves so that by the time they were put on grass they made satisfactory gain. The district became noted for its butcher cattle, and not many years elapsed before these Shorthorn grade steers began to be sought after and the buyers were soon in evidence. The introduction of the Shorthorn sire so improved the grade of both cows and steers, and feeding was reduced to such a system, that soon a monthly market was established, buyers coming from Montreal and Toronto, bidding for choice lots for the export trade. In every herd on an average, there are more steers than heifer calves, and on that line the Shorthorn redeemed the situation and for the last 30 years has been making wealth. In the county of Middlesex there were in 1861, 19,006 cows, in 1901, 46,491. These cows were producing butter to the amount in 1861, 1,081,805; in 1901, 3,160,888; cheese, in 1861, 79,100, in 1901, 5,000,658. Taking the product of the latter year as realizing 20c per pound for butter, and 12½c for cheese, shows a grand total of more than a million and a quarter dollars.

It is an axiom in animal husbandry "the sire is half the herd." This is recognized and admitted. We have cows and cows. Are we folterment. We have a trace of Ayreshire, a strain of Jersey, some Shorthorn, a little Holstein, and considerable native or mongrel.

But what are we mostly aiming at? Any special type? If not, had we not better change our methods? Mr. Schulmerich recommended the adoption of some one type of pure-bred and suggested that we breed no other dairy cattle for the whole district, and he said, though a Jersey man himself, he thought the Ayreshire would be most suitable for this district.

For one Farmers' Institute district it would require four bulls. Use a sire two years in one division, then move him to the next to stand two years, and so on till every sire has served each division. There is economy in this arrangement, besides a more marked improvement in using matured sires, and by the time the eight year itenerary was completed we might look for heifers ranking almost as pure bred.

I have a great deal more to say on this subject, but will refrain, hoping this will suffice to elicit a discussion and the starting of some plan for the benefit of all.

In conclusion, I may say though personally favorable to the Shorthorn, yet will go with the majority in the adoption of any one of the six recognized dairy breeds, Shorthorn, Ayreshire, Jersey, Guernsey, Holstein and French-Canadian.

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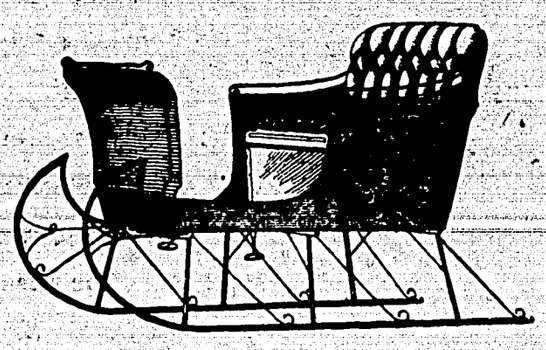

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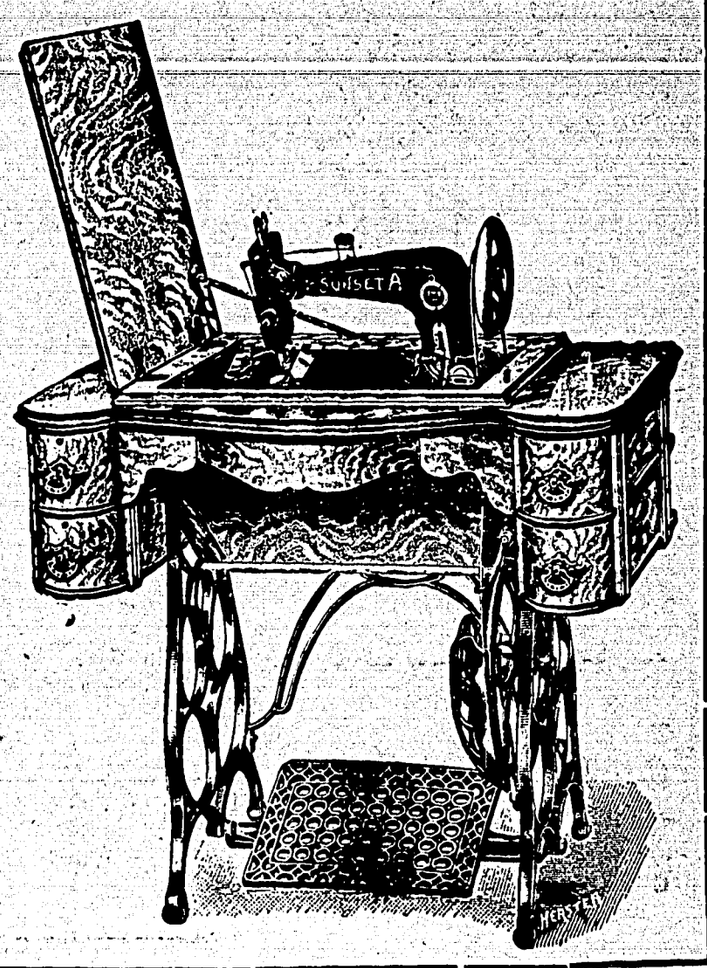

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Storyettes

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A small child looked from the sign to the statue.

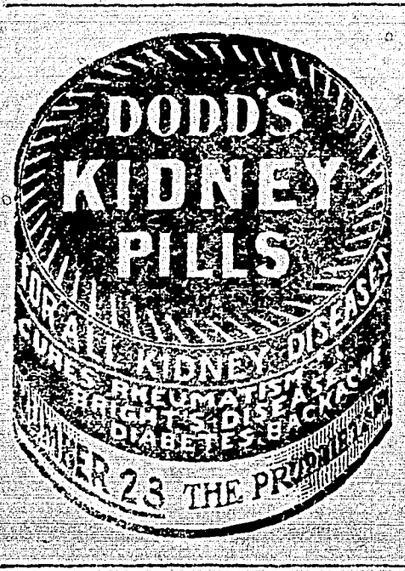
"Anybody could see that," she said, dryly.

* * *

"What did my ma say to you when you came in?" inquired Johnny to his friend who had come to tea.

"She said she was very pleased to see me."

"I'm glad," said Johnny in a relieved tone. "'Cos she said this morning she hoped you wouldn't come."



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Editor—So it is. What's the matter.

Orator—I made a speech at the Odd Fellows' dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it.

Editor—Well, what further proof do you want?

* * *

"I'm afraid you may think we're giving you a lot of fish this week, old man," said the genial host, as they sat down to dinner. "The fact is, my wife has got hold of what sounds like a really capital device for removing a fish-bone stuck in the throat, and we want to see if it works."

* * *

"Is your town doing anything in the uplift way?"

"Oh, yes! We have a committee appointed to see all shows suspected of being immoral and report on them."

"Good!"

"Yes, a committee of one thousand."

"Indeed! Isn't that a—er—rather large committee?"

"Well, you see, we couldn't afford to create any hard feeling, and so we made it large enough to include about everybody."

* * *

"Do you think women would improve politics?"

"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "after listening to the conversation on the front porch, I'll say this for them: If they ever start an investigation they'll find out something."

* * *

A plan was formed to scare a certain Tim Casey, living in a village near Belfast, on his returning from market by night past the churchyard. As he went by the usual turnip, white sheet, and lanthorn of the conventional ghost were submitted to his gaze, with the customary weird howls. Tim, however, simply looked fixedly at the apparition for a moment and remarked: "Arrah, now and is it a general resurrection, or are ye just taking a walk by yer self?"

* * *

An Italian woman was asked in court if she had any musical instruments in her home.

"No, signor," she replied, "nothing but rackets."

"What?" queried the lawyer.

"Rackets—the things they put in gramophones."

* * *

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another, during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man," said the first speaker. "You are not a husband—you're a habit."

The Horseman

Without doubt the greatest mile ever negotiated by a trotter was that of Uhlan, 1.58¾ (mile track), when the son of Bingen-Blonde, by Sir Walter, stepped a mile recently over the historic half-mile track at Goshen, N.Y., in 2.02¾, by the official timers, beating the former half-mile track record of 2.05¼, made at Allentown, Pa., by 2½ seconds. It is generally conceded that there is a difference of at least five seconds between a first-class half-mile track and a first-class mile track, so when this is taken into consideration, Uhlan's mile at Goshen was equal to a mile in 1.57¾. At Cleveland or Columbus the fastest mile ever trotted was 1.58½, made by Lou Dillon behind a wind shield. This record, however, does not stand for much today, as the mile of Uhlan last year, in 1.58¾, is regarded as the world's record for trotters, made as it was, in the open. Describing the wonderful mile, "Percy," in the Chicago Horseman, writes as follows:

"By 3 p.m. Tanner was ready and the runner warmed up on the back stretch. Clearing the track as much as possible, all was ready, and the handsome black seemed to know he was out for a record-breaking effort and was eager yet well-mannered as usual, for never has his equal as a gentleman been seen. Three times he scored alone, and short scores they were too. Nearing the wire—really there is none here, but the two gilt topped red poles serving as such—and Tanner nodded for the word and watches clicked as hundreds of holders snapped into action their timing pieces.

"Out wide and in the very centre of the stretch Uhlan whizzed to the turn and reached the eighth in 16 seconds; here he was brought in nearer the pole, and he stepped to the quarter in .31, a 2.04 clip with the runner trailing. The half was 1.01, though some had it a shade faster. As "Si" Klotz flashed it a cheer went up, for a great mile surely was being trotted, and but a break could spoil a record to stand till Uhlan himself may lower it. I could not get the third quarter, yet the timers said 1.32, leaving ample leeway to lower the 1910 mile at Allentown—2.05¼. The runner closed on the back stretch, and Tanner called to his driver to come inside on the stretch, driving wide to allow of it, as he doubtless feared a swerve because of the big crowd overflowing the home stretch.

"Rounding the upper turn in safety, they fairly flew to the short flag, and there Tanner called for the reserve, and received immediate response at the instance of his favorite, who trotted to the finish firm in his flying stride and true-gaited as ever trotter strode. They flashed past the judges' stand with the champion as fresh as possible for a trotter to be at the finish of a wonderful effort, and the crowd applauded till the high hill in the background resounded in echoes, as all knew all trotting records had gone by the board, yet watch holders scarce could believe their watches on noting that not alone had 2.05 been beaten, but that it was below 2.03. No watch in the vicinity of the wire showed slower than 2.02 and four-fifths, some had made it 2.02½, and never was Father Time so jostled since man essayed the task of unseating the scythe bearer.

There is as much difference between a roadster and a draft horse as there is between a steam-plow and an automobile. The nature of the work done by each of these two classes of horses has so influenced their inner mechanism that in order to produce results, they must receive energy, making food peculiarly suited to the nature of their work. Therefore, the ration of the driving horse should be different from that of the average work horse. Drivers should receive much less roughage in proportion to their size than horses performing work calling for slower action, and therefore a slower run of blood. The driver must be an animal of endurance and mettle. Therefore, he must be fed roughage which will not cause overloading of the stomach and "washiness." Timothy hay prevents this and keeps the animal in tip top shape, provided his grain ration is sufficient. Clover hay is too loosening and is very annoying in its results upon a driving horse of any kind. Then, too, from an economic point of view, you cannot afford to use clover hay for this purpose. Clover hay is adapted for production of flesh and flesh products, not for the production of fast work. Don't excuse yourself for feeding clover because you haven't timothy. This is not a matter of convenience, it is a matter of economics, and it will pay you to buy in a load or two of timothy and make preparation for hay of that nature next season.

Early in the nineteenth century when several states prohibited horse racing at fairs many predicted the end of breeding, but the trotter held its own. The same thing occurred at successive stages of history. The many things that were expected to relegate the horse to the background were: the introduction of railroads, the ravaging effect of the Civil War, the introduction of bicycles, the introduction of automobiles, but the trotter still held his own.

Now comes a prediction that the using of automobiles, motorcycles and aeroplanes as attractions at county fairs will interfere with horse-racing.

Harness racing gained in favor and reached its zeinth five or six years ago. The management offered several thousand-dollar stakes, and big purses were the rule rather than the exception. This brought out good sport for two seasons. Then the big stakes failed to fill and five-hundred-dollar stakes were substituted. These did not fill and the management returned to purses, which were not so large as formerly. This year three hundred dollars was the high water mark. The number of horses making the smaller tracks dwindled in proportion. Six years ago fair secretaries would have been alarmed at such a situation. The patrons demanded racing, and the fair that did not furnish first-class speed contests did not get the crowds.

But today the managers see nothing alarming in the failure of harness horses to come to the half-mile tracks. This year some fairs did not even offer harness purses. Others, more conservative, retained the harness programme, although few made a vigorous campaign for entrants. Wherever harness racing was eliminated or curtailed, automobile and motorcicycle racing was substituted. The public today is speed mad. This is as true of the people in the country as it is in the city. Motor racing makes a direct appeal to this speed mania. They cut harness records in two and then cut them again. Also there is the added element of personal danger which adds zest to any sport. The aeroplane is another newcomer tending to displace the harness horse, and is no uncommon feature at county fairs this summer.

It is a matter of experience that at a meeting where harness and gasoline apt to grow impatient at the harness events. The delays incident to scoring, races are both carded, the crowds are the lesser speed, and the frequent scarcity of entrants are some of the reasons for the spectators' dissatisfaction.

The management finds gasoline races less expensive. Two first-class automobile races can be pulled off for one horse race. They cost less money and they involve less work. This week twelve high-power racing machines were attracted to our local track by purses aggregating one-third of the amount offered for harness races. On the other hand there were barely enough harness horses at the track to make two races, excepting the green trot or pace for local horses.

Of course, the foregoing is applicable principally to small tracks, but many grand circuit horses begin in the half-mile courses, and there are always a large number of harness devotees racing in the small circuits who follow it for the sport itself, and not because of large financial inducements. These men constitute a considerable portion of the horse-racing army, and are the ones who will suffer should the small tracks eliminate horse racing and go in for aviation and motor racing. There is an unmistakable tendency in that direction which, it is sincerely to be hoped, is only a passing fancy and not the beginning of a permanent change.

BUNIONS NO JOKE

Hard to get rid of them, too. Two or three applications of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor softens the thickest tissue, and removes it painlessly. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes corns, warts, and callouses quickly and painlessly. Sold by all druggists, price 25c.

ATTACKED BY BRONCHIAL CATARRH

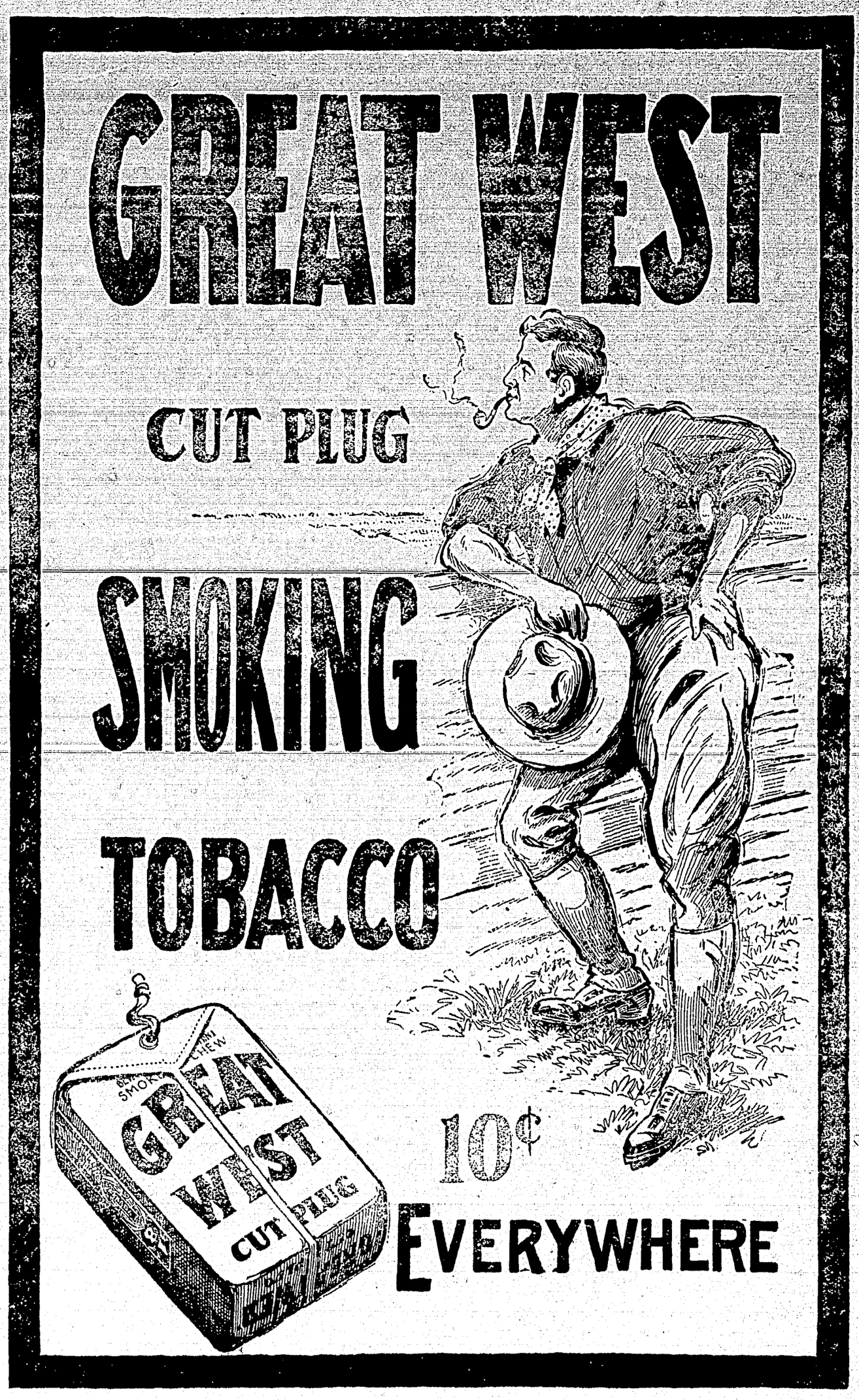
Bound Brooke P. O., Port Antonio, Ja., June 4, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering from dreadful attacks of Catarrh and Bronchitis for a period of one year and four months, during which time I spent most of my earnings in trying various remedies, but, alas! without any satisfaction. I was just about giving up hope of enjoying life for the future when in our Daily Telegraph papers of Jamaica I saw your advertisement for Catarrhozone, and tried one bottle. That was sufficient. I now know Catarrhozone is the best and only medicine for my trouble. It has made a thorough cure.

(Signed) T. C. White.

Large size, sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, price $1; smaller sizes 25 cents and 50 cents. Beware of imitations and substitutors, and insist on getting "Catarrhozone" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.



Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

Twelve of His Peers

(By Ruby Baughman)

The few witnesses in the case had been examined and cross-examined. The evidence, pitifully scant pro and overwhelmingly strong con, had been vigilantly sifted by the attorneys and measured out to the jury, all in the shifty-eyed presence of the crumpled bit of humanity in the prisoner's box.

As the judge rose, pompous and paunchy, to make his charge to the jury, the foreman of that insignificant body leaned back in his arm chair, complacent in the prospect of the ease with which a verdict must be arrived at.

The performance of his duty, however, was no trivial matter to the conscientious deacon. His solemn sense of its importance he had expressed by donning his long, funereal frock coat. That his function was not exactly religious, only somberly and seriously secular, like acting as pallbearer at a week-day funeral, he had indicated by wearing his gray flannel shirt and second-best brownish gray trousers. He was unpleasantly conscious, too, that in the worldly anxiety connected with this disagreeable business, he had disturbed with his fidgetty fingers the Sabbatarian sleekness of his insufficient gray hair.

Protesting, shocked, irritated digits they were, for the details of the trial had been most unpleasant even though the facts had not seemed elusive. For generations in five counties round about, no such calamity as a murder and its consequent catastrophes had blighted the public good name. Human wickedness in the abstract was a favorite subject of invective for the deacon in prayer-meeting; human sin in practise he found not only offensive but disconcerting.

"You must bear in mind, however, gentleman of the jury, that not one word of this remarkably clear chain of evidence is direct and positive."

At the words of the judge, the foreman moved a bit uneasily in his chair and settled his stiff Sabbath coat collar more amicably over its unaccustomed neighbor, the easy going flannel shirt-band. The attorney for the defense had already harped sufficiently on the dangers lying in decisions based on circumstancial evidence. These easy acquittals on the ground of insufficient evidence only put a premium on criminality.

"In such an instance it becomes your duty to determine whether the evidence as educed from the attendant circumstances, proves beyond all possible human doubt, the guilt of the prisoner at the bar," instructed the judge.

The deacon resented the implication that any such reasonable doubt could exist about this case. For his part, his mind was made up once for all time. The whole thing was too obvious, too simple to admit of uncretainty. This strange man, the prisoner, and a woman, going no one knew whither from no one cared whence, in a "mover-wagon," had camped for the night under the maples along the roadside just below the old Quinn place, more recently owned and farmed by a comparative newcomer from Illinois, John Matthews by name.

Early evening passers-by saw them make camp there; later travellers heard their voices in angry altercation in the wagon and beside the fire. John Matthews' hired man, putting his horse away on his return from town about eleven o'clock, heard a shot in the direction of the wagon. Matthews, the nearest house-dweller, had slept, solitary bachelor that he was, till roused by the neighbors with the news of the adjacent tragedy.

Investigation—for what corn-growing community startled by a pistol shot in the brooding peace of the night hour could refuse investigation!—had found the man, hysterical, even half-delirious, trying to stop the flow of blood from a great wound in the woman's breast. That he should deny all knowledge of the source of her injury, that he should declare that she died from a mysterious shot fired from out the darkness, was only human, perhaps, but dismally ineffective.

Two empty cartridges in his gun he explained by showing the remnants of two quail left from their supper, a natural defense but silly in the face of the facts. A gambling outfit had been discovered in the search of the wagon. This man had walked in the counsel of the ungodly; therefore he must not stand in the judgment.

He had refused consistently to give any information about himself or his wife; even his name was unknown. He had called upon no friends for help. To the deacon, a highly influential member of a numerous and wealthy farmer clan, this hopeless aloneness was in itself a most incriminating feature of the trial. Furthermore, the accused had declined persistently the comforts of religion and the inquisitively proffered services of both pastor and people.

For confirmation in this judgment the deacon looked down the line of eleven farmers' faces turned toward the judge's instructions. Ten jurors were earnest but unruffled, well-fed, narrowly shrewd, honest, not widely varying types of tillers of the soil. Sincerely searching for the truth, this decade of the deacon's old friends and neighbors listened with a realization of the grimness of their duty.

The twelfth man, John Matthews, the outlander, chosen at the last moment as talesman to complete the panel, watched with strained widely opened eyes not the judge's exposition of their function but some point in space which the deacon could not at first locate. Following the line of the man's steady gaze, the deacon finally discovered that the object of the unwavering scrutiny was an empty ink-bottle left from the last term of court on the walnut table below the judge's bench.

From its duty depths showing ebon-black in the yellow-sheen of the afternoon sun glint, a fly was buzzing a futile and stupid attempt to escape. What there could be in the frantic humming of a foolish fly thus to ensnare any sane man's attention the deacon could not understand.

If the insect had one atom of sense, it would see that the avenue of flight lay just above its purposeless circling. With an uncomfortable sense of impact, the deacon's eyes met the eyes of Matthews. A slow strange ghost of a smile shadowed the thin brown face of the juror. Wifeless, childless, he had lived too much alone, decided the gregarious deacon.

"I repeat, gentlemen of the jury, the circumstances must prove beyond all possible refutation, the guilt of the accused," cautioned the judge's voice.

Back to a sense of his responsibility in the burden of the life or death of this whimpering culprit, shuddered the deacon.

"The wages of sin," he whispered to himself to fortify his spirit as the judge concluded his instructions. A perturbation of mind too general to be called doubt, born of what parent thought he knew not, ruffled the stern, unrelenting quality of his earlier decision. "Thou shalt not kill," might be as stringently laid on the foreman of the jury as on the criminal in the dock.

Absentmindedly, even to inattentiveness, he watched the closing formalities. An awesome sense of the inevitability of the thing, of the finality of the event, seized upon him with the sharp click of the latch of the jury-room door. For two heartbeats, he permitted himself to heresy of condemning any governmental system and social order that had power thus to make a dozen men their brother's keeper.

Reassurance lay in the familiar faces of his colleagues. The habit of leadership was strong in the deacon. Right is right. Wrong is wrong. Their duty as men and citizens, disagreeable as it might be, lay straight ahead. This man whose feverish life-breath was theirs to strangle or set at peace, had sat in the seat of the scornful. The wages of sin must not be denied.

Aware at length of the lapse of a long tense silence, the foreman raised his tired eyes to the double row of solemn faces along the black walnut table-top. Opposite him at the other end of the justice-scarred table-top, sat John Matthews. From the black-ringed, steel-gray agony in that juror's eyes the deacon could with difficulty move his gaze as he called for the first vote. This was grim business, this deciding the right of a sinner to live on in his sin; but a man's duty must be done and there was small avail in such vicarious suffering as that which stiffened John Matthews' pallid face.

The ballot stood eleven to one for conviction and sentence of death. On the gray miserable faces along the table and the torment-twisted features at the end, the deacon read the explanation of the divided vote. He braced himself for the struggle to bring those defiant, forbidding eyes to reason.

One ballot should have decided it. Surely this grisly task needed no additional burden of difficulty. Clayton County must not shirk before the eyes of her neighbors the duty of administration of justice to her evil-doers.

"'Let a man so account of us of stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover, it is required in stewards that they be found faithful.'"

A strength for the load came as he dimly heard his own voice tremble through the familiar, heartrending message. In his great need the words brought firm assurance; but no yielding snowed in the mocking eyes opposite. They promised to be troublesome.

"'Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful,'" repeated the foreman, with his eyes persistently melting at the rigor of Matthews' own.

"The man ain't been proved guilty," the deacon watched the bloodless lips affirm.

"Beyond all reasonable human doubt," he heard his own rasping voice answer.

A laugh that sent the deacon's fingers clutching his palms, distorted the set anguish of the talesman's face. A doubt of the man's sanity checked the deacon's reply.

"Beyond all possible human doubt," he found himself repeating inanely.

The fire of physical pain and mental distress burned in the juror's deathlike pallor, giving an instant's color.

"The man ain't proved guilty," and some inner flame glowed in his dogged persistence.

"Beyond all reasonable doubt," repeated the deacon against his own volition.

"The judge said not to convict on circumstantial evidence," and the deacon wondered if his own perturbed fancy had tricked him into hearing a wistful tone in the words.

"Except when it proves beyond all possible human doubt the guilt of the prisoner at the bar," quoted the deacon, impelled by some motive force outside himself.

"A lot you know about the prisoner at the bar! A lot you know about anything or anybody outside your own cornfields and pig-pens and church and grocery store!" And the high-pitched tones slipped down into the deeper note of scornful indignation. "Stewards of the mysteries! And you can't read the meaning of any human experience beyond the end of your own nose! Maybe the man had a right to shoot the woman."

The deacon felt rather than saw the ten spines stiffen in startled amazement. Ten pairs of eyes looked at the deacon for justification. The deacon dodged.

"You don't mean to say that a man has a right to shoot his wife?" spoke up a new voice, oily, gently conciliating as to a madman.

"It's a quicker way than slaving her to death."

Then flaring a blaze of contempt at the speaker, the deacon's own cousin, who sat at his right hand, Matthews turned to the deacon again as the seat of authority.

"That miserable whelp there, your own kin, has five hired men on his place. His wife has had ten children, and ain't never once had a hired girl even in harvestin' and thrashin'. She don't even get enough to eat. All the stingy cuss raises he sells; all he can't sell he feeds to the hogs; what the hogs don't want the family gets. And yet he sets there, a steward of the mysteries, passin' judgment on a stranger, when he's the one himself that needs hangin'."

The deacon laid a hand of precaution on the fat, purple anger-spluttering man beside him. The tenseness of tragedy threatened to fall into the bathos of the comedy of a cheap brawl, when the gray eyes burned his and the rasping voice stung again his startled ears.

"When did you ever kiss your wife? When did you ever get her a new dress? When did you ever praise her bread? She had pretty clothes, plenty enough, when you and Doc Ashton was sparkin' her. And she'd had them now if she'd took Doc instead of you. D'you think anybody'd be to blame but you if she'd go off with him and leave you? It's only because she's too good to even think of such a thing that she don't do it. It's none of your good doin's that she hasn't." And the voice shrilled off into a half-hysterical sob.

The man was crazy. But a cold clutch gripped the deacon's breath at the effrontery of the man's suggestion. Framed in its crinkly, gray hair, the placid, inscrutable face of his middle-aged mate trembled before his misty eyes. A chill shook him at the thought of a possibility of her loss.

The chill burned into a white heat at the thought of his old-time rival, hated, perhaps feared, even after all these years of possession. The deacon had come by way of this man's wild words to a new bit of knowledge, and quite against his will his eyes acknowledged their debt to the ones across the table. The man was mad.

"Oh, no, I'm not crazy. I was once, years ago, but I'm sane enough now. I had a wife once, too, like you, before I moved here—back in Illinois." His voice dropped into the drone of a school-boy reciting a hated lesson.

"She was pretty; she had always lived in town, and had a good time, and I married her and moved onto the farm and went to work, and I forgot she was a woman and my wife. She was young and liked company and fun and nice clothes like women do, but I wanted to pay for the farm. My cousin had wanted her before I got her, and he kept on wanting her. It's the same old story of two men and one woman—common enough—common enough. Lightning's common, too, but it seems peculiarly uncommon and important to the man it hits. He was a yellow cur. You saw him out there—what he is. But she left me for him because he was kind to her and I wasn't—oh, I know now that I wasn't." The bitterness of the memory drew the tense eyelids tight for an instant.

"And she went."

The deacon's universe of self-satisfaction had crumbled into bits at the man's arraignment of his domestic procedure; it was ground into atoms forever by the force of a blinding, choking fellow-feeling of rage, jealousy, wild longing for revenge, a desire to kill, roused by the maundorings of this sane-eyed lunatic.

"And she went," repeated the voice dully. "I moved out here. They didn't get on very well. He's a failure. You needn't set yourself up to judge men for their sins; the sins'll do that. They was movin' to Kansas. They didn't know they stopped at my place. I knew them.

"I heard them quarreling, and I went too close, and she saw me. They were quarreling, and he started to hit her, and I raised my gun and shot him, but she rushed in front of him and got the charge. I had my gun, and I think I meant to shoot him, but she saved him—even though he beat her, she saved him from me—her husband. Oh, Molly, Molly!"

The deacon and his colleagues sat paralyzed before this black chasm of human experience which their nice philosophy of life could not bridge.

"You see, folks get in sometimes, too, and can't get out, like that poor little devil of a fly in the ink-bottle, even when the bottle's open. And now"—he spoke in a whisper and staggered to his feet, his eyes glazing, and his breath coming in gasps—"don't you think we'd better take another vote on the verdict?"

He fell face forward with a shivering thud of his limp weight.

Following the deacon's eye, the men rose from the table in unison like a machine. Like men in a dream, they filed from the jury-room. In a daze the foreman heard the verdict, "Not guilty."

The murmur of surprise in the court-room barely touched his ears. He was consciously adjusting himself to a wider horizon line. A chill cold, as the wind over a summer hail-storm, shivered through him; he knew well that the last chapter of the tragedy had detained the twelfth juror in the jury-room. Jarred loose from his traditions, bewildered by the whirl of unaccustomed events and ideas, the deacon turned toward the jury-room door.

"D'ye suppose he told the truth? Or did he just say it to save his cousin? D'ye reckon he'd be saved, or would his soul be lost?" queried his cousin at his elbow, bound in pachyderm.

The deacon looked at that individual with new eyes. An unrighteous desire to smash with his fist the smug primness of that piggish face pulled the diaconal features into an ungodly scowl.

"That's none of our business," the deacon replied sharply. "All we've got to do is to bury the body."

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

THE EVOLUTION OF SHOES

The earlier shoe was a sandal, most frequently of hide or leather, but sometimes of wood. When one encounters the word "shoe" in the Bible, he may be sure that it is the sandal that is commonly meant.

In Egypt the sandal was woven of palm leaves and papyrus. As a symbol of the subjection of their enemies the Egyptians often painted the figures of their opponents on the lining of their sandals.

If utility was the first motive in wearing shoes, art and decoration soon crept in. Ladies permitted themselves great luxury in the attire of their feet. The sandal became closely identified with symbolism, very much in the same way that the glove did later. To throw a sandal or shoe over a tract of land was a symbol of possession. This is the meaning of the Biblical phrase, "Over Edom will I cast my shoe."

In time the sandal came to have many forms. Two varieties developed in Greece for use in dramatic performances: the sock for comedy, the buskin for tragedy. The buskin reached to the knee, was something like a high Wellington boot, and showed very thick soles, intended to increase the stature. The sock reached only to the ankle, and appears to have been worn when quick movement was desired.

It was in Rome that the sandal began to take a shape something like our modern shoe. There are in Eastern Europe peoples, whose civilization are derived from Rome, who still cling to the unreformed sandal, but the Rome of Augustus was more luxurious. The footgear of patricians was decorated with golden clasps and embroideries, and shoe-making became an elaborate trade.

Ordinary walking-shoes frequently had a wooden sole like some of the sandals of Egypt, and it is probably from those that the French peasant of today derives his sabots. The wealthier classes indulged in dainty slippers and laced boots, while the emperors wore purple buckskins. Red was permitted to the nobility; the commons had to content themselves with more sober coloring.

In England under the Norman influence some extraordinary developments took place. During the time of the Plantagenets the toes of shoes were turned up like rams' horns or were drawn out to such a length that the points had to be laced to the knees. These were of bright colors, sometimes different for each foot, and jewels and precious stones were stitched upon them. Later large rosettes of colored ribbon were attached.

It has been pointed out that the sturdy sandals of the Teutonic tribes enabled them to march across Europe to the walls of Rome. The footgear of an army is one of the most important parts of its equipment.

PRIMITIVE SURVEYING

According to a legend of Smithtown, Long Island, the township was originally measured off by a primitive method. The first settler was one Smith, who bought from the Indians as much land as a bull could go around in a day. Now Smith had a smart bull, trained to carry him and to half-trot and half-lope at a rapid pace. That day the bull was up to the mark. By night he had inclosed so much land that the amazed Indians nicknamed its rider "Bull Smith."

This tradition has its counterpart among the Boers of South Africa. Their "runs," as the farms of these Dutchmen are called, contain, generally speaking, from four to six thousand acres, of which only a few acres are under cultivation. Small monuments of stones piled up at certain points mark the boundary lines.

The first settlers, knowing nothing of surveying, measured off their "runs" by horse-power. Having piled up a lot of stones, the Boers would start from them and ride in a straight line for half an hour, as fast as their horses could carry them.

Halting, each rider would build another beacon, and again ride for half an hour at right angles to his first line. Then he would pile up another stone beacon. Two more turns and an hour more of riding brought him back to his starting point.

The square tract inclosed within the two hours' ride and the four beacons became his farm. Of course, the Boer who owned the fleetest horse obtained the largest tract of land.

MEANS TO DIE POOR

Dr. Daniel K. Parsons, the Hinsdale, Illinois, philanthropist, after giving away his fortune of $7,000,000, has just entered the Hinsdale sanitarium, almost penniless, to spend the remainder of his days. He has turned his ninety-second year, and is in failing health. His last gift was his residence and five acres of land, valued at $35,000, the residence to be maintained as a public library and art gallery. It has long been his wish to distribute his wealth for the benefit of humanity, and in its disposal he has given largely to schools and colleges in twenty different states. He was born in Vermont, and practiced medicine until he moved to Illinois, where he became immensely wealthy through real estate speculations.

Her Skin Was Yellow

"I had only to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills to appreciate their merit," writes Miss Annie S. Bryce, of Woodstock. "My system was out of order. My blood was weak and thin. I had a nasty, murky complexion. My skin was hard and dry. The fitsr box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills made a complete change. I felt better at once. Healthy color came into my face. In about three weeks I was cured." Dr. Hamilton's Pills effect an easy cure. Try these good pills, 25c per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers.

SICILIAN SULPHUR

Nine-tenths of the native sulphur used in Europe comes from Sicily, and about one hundred thousand persons are dependent upon it for their livelihood.

After the position and depth of the sulphur deposit have been ascertained by boring, a shaft is sunk, which is subsequently divided longitudinally into three sections. Two of these are occupied by the hoisting-cages, while the third is devoted to the pumping gear.

Great danger arises from the generation of gases within the rocks, and these gases are of three kinds: first, the poisonous gas, hydogen sulphide; next, an asphyxiating one, carbon dioxide; and, thirdly, marsh gas, the dreaded "fire-damp," which is explosive.

The hard sulphur is extracted with pickaxes, and is separated from its gangue by heat, steam being now generally employed. It is then molded into bricks, and is ready for the market.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT
Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief and prove its merit. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request.
W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 210 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg & Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver

Constipation Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief--Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good

Well, Well!
THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use
I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye.
I used DY-O-LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS
CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.
NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 16. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

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Business College
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Courses — Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting & English
Fall term now open. Enter any time. We assist our students in securing good positions.
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For Choice Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, Pork and Sausage
Fresh-Killed Poultry, Salmon, Kippers, Bloaters,
Fresh Oysters.

Formerly Orton's. 'Phone 56 Next door to Evans & Son

PRO BONO PUBLICO

MUNICIPAL INCORPORATION

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: According to your last issue there seems a prospect of a meeting to discuss organization of a municipality. I hope the meeting will be held at an early date. Anyone at all familiar with the district cannot but be struck with the idea and wonder why it has not been taken up before.

There is now a chain of organized districts from here right down to the lower Okanagan, and this is the only link missing in what many of us believe to be the best part of the whole.

Unlike our neighbors at Salmon Arm and Spallumcheen, we avoid the financial and other difficulties in connection with city and rural incorporation in one, since Enderby is alregdy organized as a city municipality and ever will be independent of the rural municipality proposed. The whole district is building up, and it is time we had a distinctive name.

A meeting of the B. C. Municipalities at Victoria, the various matters discussed, and the attention that is always paid to them by the Government, will convince anyone that they are a power to be reckoned with.

Another matter which we must consider is that Mackenzie & Mann have interested themselves in the Okanagan and in the near future it means tramways, increased telephones and electric light. And unless there is an organized body to protect the interests of this district, I am afraid that we shall have trouble in the future.

There are many other advantages which could be named, and if a meeting is called all could be brought out.

WM. OWEN.

TO PROPERTY OWNERS

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: Referring to your note in last week's issue in reference to the appointment of an Assessor, I should like to call attention through your columns to the disadvantage which property owners in Enderby have been under in consequence of the very great disparity between the actual value of their property and the value at which it stands recorded at the City Hall.

This valuation (in many cases it is less than half the actual value) is a vexatious obstacle in the way of selling or mortgaging property, as in almost every instance the intending purchaser or mortgagee, as a preliminary, goes or writes to the City Hall to ascertain the amount at which the property is assessed, and when he finds the valuation there placed upon the property so much less than that at which the owner values it, the property is naturally depreciated in his estimation, to the detriment of business and of the interest of the owner.

I have heard many complaints in reference to this matter, and trust that now a new assessment is to be made this hardship will be removed, and property put up to something like its real value. This does not mean increased taxation, as the rate can be cut down in proportion as the assessment is raised. This would put matters on a sound basis, much to the benefit of every property owner in the city.

REAL ESTATE

Enderby, Nov. 28, 1911.

FOR HARDWARE and GRANITEWARE try Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

Beginning Thursday, the 30th November

We will have **SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICES,** good only for that day, on a number of staple articles. Herewith we give only one item for each day, but there will be others besides these:

Thursday, Nov. 30th
$1.35 Blouses for $1.00

Friday, Dec. 1st
25c Lawn at 15c per yard

Saturday, Dec. 2nd
$1 to $2.50 Bias Corsets, for 50c

Monday, Dec. 4th
20c Flannelette for 15c

Tuesday, Dec. 5th
18c Towelling, 2 for 25c

Wednesday, Dec. 6th
15c Glass Towelling, 10c yd

Christmas Goods now on Exhibition. Be sure and do your buying early and not be disappointed, as generally a few days before Christmas our stock gets depleted and you do not have the assortment to choose from.

OUR FIRST AIM IS QUALITY AND SERVICE.
ENDERBY'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

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.

F. R. PROSSER

Harnessmaker and Repairer

All Work Guaranteed

Cliff St., next Orton's Butcher Shop
Enderby

If you want to Buy, Sell or Trade

A FARM
A FRUIT LOT
A HOUSE
A BUSINESS LOT
or A BUSINESS

I have them at Mara, Enderby, Vernon, Victoria, Vancouver, Winnipeg or elsewhere. Write to me. My list is now ready.

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

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

Cooking Stoves

Coal and Wood Heaters
Ranges, Etc.

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

Wm. H. Hutchison
ENDERBY

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BUILDER & CONTRACTOR

Plans and estimates furnished

Dealer in Windows, Doors, Turnings and all factory work. Rubberoid Roofing, Screen Doors and Windows. Glass cut to any size.

I represent S. C. Smith Co,, of Vernon. Enderby.

Ladies' Tailoring and Dressmaking

Pressing and Cleaning of Gents' Clothes

M. E. BOUCH

Cliff St., next door to City Hall.

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 Ceeek,
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,
Keep Creek,
King Edward VII. Lake,
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

Harvey & Rodie

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

We have just had issued in printed form a few informative listings of improved and unimproved properties taken from our General List. Get a copy to send to your friends. Our unpublished listings include a large number of real bargains in all kinds of buys. Many of these are listed at higher prices in other agencies. Many of them are exclusively listed with us. You cannot afford to buy in the district without enquiring first as to whether we can make a better deal.

SOME GOOD BUYS FROM ANY POINT OF VIEW:

150 acres House, buildings and good improvements. Near depot. Producer of hay and fruit. Over 40 acres in cultivation. $38.00 per acre. We are exclusive agents for this. Good terms.

24 acres. Close to town. About 10 acres in hay. House and good water. Price, $2,100; on terms.

15 acres. Two miles out. Partly cleared. Good water. $750. On easy terms.

320 actes. Excellent land, having big quantity of commercial timber. On The river, east of Enderby. $12 per acre. Will be worth $100 per acre in a few years. Title clear. This buy costs less than homesteading or pre-empting.

80 actes. A very choice piece of land with some clearance. Well watered and within 8 miles of town on a straight, level road. Price, $2,500. See us for terms on it.

If interested in the Mabel Lake, Mara or any other district, call and get our listings for these districts. A year from now there will be two railroad systems in the Okanagan Valley. The Northern Okanagan will then come into its own. NOW is the time to investigate good investments.