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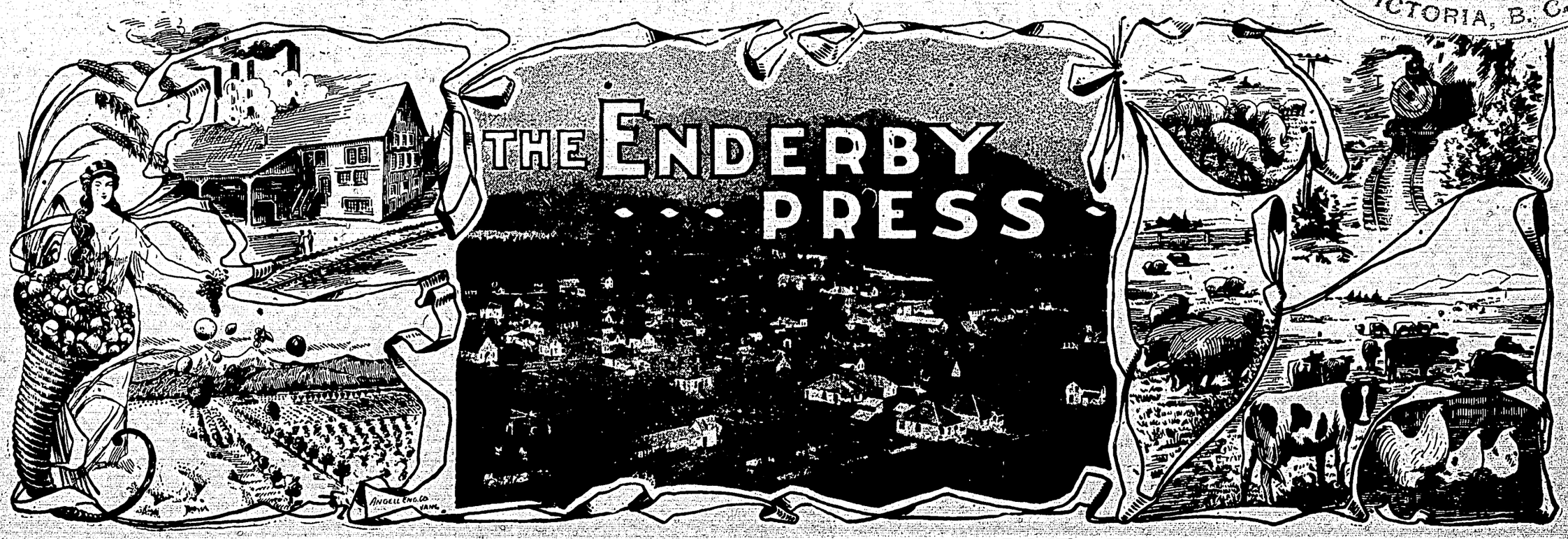

Enderby, B. C., December 7, 1911 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 4; No. 41; Whole No. 197

Committee Appointed to Canvass District on Question of Incorporation

The mass meeting held last Saturday afternoon in K. P. Hall to discuss the question of rural incorporation, was attended by a fairly representative body of ranchers in the vicinity of Enderby. There were a number of men from every section of the district, and the interest shown by them would indicate that the question is really a very live one in the minds of the people.

Mayor Ruttan was called to the chair, and Mr. Handcock of Grindrod, was asked to act as secretary. Mr. Ruttan, in accepting the honor made it particularly clear that the City of Enderby had no desire to be tied up with the proposed rural organization, but desired to see the incorporation of the district brought about only and solely because it was felt that incorporation was the right thing if the rapid development of the district were desired. He would refuse to endorse any movement looking to the combining of city and country in one incorporation, even if such a move could be made possible, for he did not believe any such organization could be operated with satisfaction. The demands of the one were sure to operate against the other, and he believed each should be conducted independent of the other, yet in the interest of each other and the District as a whole. He hoped the question would be gone into in detail, and that rural incorporation would follow in due course. He recited how satisfactory Enderby's experience had been as an incorporated City Municipality, and believed as great things could be accomplished for the District by rural incorporation, if the work were taken up in the right way. Mayor Ruttan said he had taken considerable interest in the question of incorporation, and was convinced that the best way to advance as a district was through organization. He had seen how other incorporated rural districts had gone ahead after being incorporated, and was certain the experience of other districts in this respect would be repeated here. The Provincial Government, he said, stood ready to help those districts which showed an inclination to help themselves, and he was convinced that so far as this district was concerned, it would get as much, if not more, from the Government for roads and bridges under incorporation than has been given in the past as an unincorporated district.

Speaking for the City of Enderby, Mayor Ruttan welcomed the movement, and wished the promoters success in the work before them. The City had no voice in the question, yet was in a position to offer any information on the question of incorporation if such information were desired.

Mr. F. Hassard followed Mayor Ruttan, and gave much information on the question which he had gained as a ratepayer in the Spallumcheen Municipality. He knew for a fact that the Spallumcheen Municipality got more assistance from the Provincial Government for trunk roads and bridges than the unincorporated district of Enderby and Mara had received for similar purposes. He and others in his vicinity would gladly pull out of the Armstrong Municipality and join the Municipality proposed if it were finally incorporated. He was not certain that this would be possible, though he felt the injustice of being held in a municipality whose seat of government was nine miles away. He recited the reasons why he should wish to join the municipality proposed should it be incorporated, and gave as reasons for the incorporation the fact that the railway and tramline developments proposed for this section made it imperative that the district should be organized so as to handle the questions which are sure to come up as a result of the proposed developments. He told of the ease with which local improvements can be made under incorporation, and also of the great advantage to the district of being able to handle under the direction of local men the expenditure of the revenue collected from the district in taxes.

Answering the objection raised in some quarters that the movement to incorporate was a year or two too early, Mr. Hassard said that even if incorporation were decided upon right now, it would require that amount of time to bring it about. All ther districts in the Valley were now incorporated, and they are satisfied. He believed the Government was doing even more for the incorporated districts than for the unincorporated.

Mayor Ruttan here took occasion to point out the drawback which the City of Enderby has always felt in dealing with the Government in matters of interest to the district. The City makes representation to the Government for this or that expenditure in the interest of the district, but there is no district organization to support the representation. "You sit around, and we never hear a word from you in support of the efforts made in your behalf. If you were an organized body you could send a representative to act in conjunction with our representative in bringing before the Government the requirements of the district."

Mr. Ruttan argued that while the rate of taxation would no doubt be higher under incorporation, you get something for the expenditure, and if the district gets something, it is worth something, and if it is worth something, it ought to be paid for.

Mr. Jas. Johnson and Mr. McKay followed with argument along the same line, and urged incorporation.

Mr. Chas. W. Little, of Mara, took exception to some of the remarks of the speakers, and urged that before any move is made for a change it should be shown wherein the change was to benefit the district. He took the figures of Mara school district as an example, and showed that while the total amount of taxes collected in that district reached only $1,232, he, as road superintendent had alone expended $3,000 the past season in road and bridge work. He did not wish to oppose incorporation if it were generally deemed the best thing. However he knew of some people living in one incorporated rural municipality who were not satisfied and would gladly move out. He knew, too, that the Kelowna rural district was not incorporated, and there were men there who were hoping that it never would be incorporated.

Mr. Hassard here stated the reason why the Kelowna district declines to take up the responsibility of incorporation. They have a troublesome river which costs the Government many thousands each year to keep it within bounds. The people of the district want to incorporate but want the Government to leave the troublesome river out of the incorporated limits. This the Government is not inclined to do.

Mr. Crossman here offered a resolution that a committee of nine be appointed to go fully into the question and to canvass the district. An amendment carried cutting the committee to five, and the following gentlemen were named: F. Hassard, Mr. Crossman, H. E. Waby, Wm. Owen, Gerald Neve. The first meeting of the committee will be held on Saturday next, at the City Hall.

OUT AND IN TURNS

Enderby curlers are congratulating themselves on having started the roarin' game a month ahead of the usual date. Some knockout games were played early in November, and on Nov. 30th the first of the regular schedule games took place. The ice this year is the best ever played upon here. Mr. Hallet took it in hand a few days before the November cold wicked in, and he managed to get a strong, stiff bottom. The weather has not been favorable for the past week, but the ice has held up well and the games are proceeding each night. Following is the score to date:

Nov. 30—Dill 13; Keith 6. Murphy won from Scott by default.

Dec. 1—Mack 12; E. Evans, 7; J. Evans 9; Reeves 10.

Dec. 4—Murphy 7; Dill 10. Keith 11; Scott 7.

Dec. 5—Reeves 2; Mack 12. E. Evans 10; J. Evans 6.

Dec. 6—Murphy won from Keith by default. Dill 13; Scott 6.

DYNAMITERS CONFESS

For the past two months the trial of the McNamara brothers accused of dynamiting the Los Angeles Times building and the Llewellyn Iron Works, has occupied the board at the Angel City. It has required all this time to get a jury. And now, after all the thousands have been gathered in from labor unions to carry on the legal fight for the lives of the accused, both men have confessed and the trouble ends. J. B. McNamara who dynamited the Times building, in which 21 persons lost their lives, is sentenced to life imprisonment, and John J. who blew up the Llewellyn works, in which no lives were lost, is given 15 years.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE MEETING

A regular meeting of the Northern Okanagan Farmers' Institute will be held in K. P. Hall, Enderby, on Friday, the 15th of December, at 7:30 p. m. A lecture will be given on The Horse and on Feeding of Live Stock. The public in general (especially the ladies) are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

Ten and twenty acre blocks in the old Parkinson ranch at $100 per acre, very easy terms. This property is only 5½ miles from town, and is ideal fruit soil. We are agents for Deer Park, same quality of soil, 6½ miles from town, selling now for $175 per acre. Polson & Robinson.

Men's Ties, Suspenders and Armbands in fancy boxes. J. W. Evans & Son.

News of the Town and District of Interest to Enderby Readers

Mrs. S. F. Stevens and son Milt returned from Seattle on Thursday last.

Harvey & Rodie report that local interest in land buying is very active just now.

Skating on the river has been knocked full of holes this week by the warm wave.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Archibald and child left for their Truro, N. S., home on Wednesday afternoon.

T. Cross Polson returned from the coast on Sunday, very much better for his brief stay at the metropolis.

The host of friends of Miss Taylor will regret to learn that she is leaving this afternoon for her New Brunswick home.

W. G. Gross, who has been teller at the Union Bank since it opened here in June, was transfered to Vancouver the past week.

Sam Skejie has moved his restaurand into the brick block formerly occupied by Fulton's Hardware, where he is fixing up a very cosy place.

E. Evans is showing a particularly attractive show window this week. For artistic blending of color and neat setting it is worthy of extended notice.

Ira Jones and daughter returned to their Vancouver home on Friday. They were accompanied by Miss V. Nichol, who will spend some weeks at the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Schultz were stricken with grief last Thursday night by the sudden death of their baby boy in an attack of bronchial pneumonia.

"In regard to the packing school," writes Secretary Handcock, of the Farmers' Institute, "I have abandoned all hopes of getting it as only five have applied."

There is a great shortage of milk throughout the Valley. The Glengerrack Dairy is selling 300 quarts to Vernon, and is finding difficulty in keeping the local demand supplied.

The Walker Press is busy printing those acceptable family greetings of Christmas cheer to send to friends far and near. If you have not ordered yours there is still time if you will make the opportunity.

One of the most enjoyable annual balls ever given by the Enderby Knights of Pythias, was that held in the hall last night. Fully 150 dancers were on the floor. The attendance from outside points was large.

Commenting on the action of the mass meeting last Saturday, a correspondent writes: "I need not say that I will do all I can to help rural incorporation along. I feel sure the more it is studied and discussed the better it looks."

Robt. Hartwell, living a few miles out of Armstrong, was taken to the coast Sunday week, suffering a serious illness. Unfortunately medical aid came too late, and his body was brought back last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Green accompanying.

All children connected with the Presbyterian Sunday School are requested to meet at the church on Friday, Dec. 22, at 3.30. In place of the usual Christmas tree they are to be given a drive, and afterwards refreshments will be served in basement, and the evening spent in amusements.

This week Messrs. Harvey & Rodie sold the H. H. Worthington ranch of 50 acres near the Stepney Siding to F. B. Dill of New Westminster. Mr. Dill is brother of E. H. Dill, in charge of the gents' furnishings department of the Enderby Trading Co, and was visiting his brother this week. He thinks Enderby and district look pretty good. The property in question is excellently situated and in a locality that is likely to receive considerable attention from buyers, in view of its proximity to the famous Stepney ranch.

Messrs. Polson & Robinson completed the sale of what is known as the Ed. Jones place last week, to the Northern Okanagan Land & Development Co. The company is composed of local and Vernon men. They propose sub-dividing and putting it on the market in small blocks. The price paid was in the neighborhood of $6,000. The property is situated on the plateau after climbing the Canyon road, skirting the Indian reserve, and the soil is said to be ideal for fruit.

We are pleased to receive The School Magazine on our exchange table. It is a handsomely printed periodical, filled with good stuff from cover to cover, and should be in the hands of every school teacher, and run from the school teacher to the homes. Clive Phillips-Wolley, is its editor and Victoria its home.

Two sleigh loads of the young people of the Presbyterian church took a ride out to the Hassard home last Friday evening. In spite of the fact that Mr. Hassard is the father of fourteen, he bears the burden of daddyhood so lightly that one of the young ladies took him for one of the sons.

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.

Remember: Under the auspices of the W. A., tea is served every Saturday. Afternoon between 3 & 5, at Mrs. Hilton's house, for the sum of 15c. each person. Come before you go home.

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.

As an investment, or for a home, you will find it hard to equal the ten acre lots that we are offering this week, only one mile from town. We can show you a profit of 20 per cent. on your investment. This besides the increase in value. Polson & Robinson.

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.

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

New Toys of all description to arrive this week. J. W. Evans & Son.

FOR SHOES AND RUBBERS try Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

Chocolates: Fry's and Cadbury's in fancy boxes. J. W. Evans & Son.

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 XIX.—(Continued)

Barbie Makes a Discovery

I was feelin' a sight better. I saw exactly how it was. Bill an' all the rest o' the fellers had done exactly what I had hinted at an' hadn't divulged my identity, an' Barbie hadn't the slightest idea that I was in the state. Those people who know precisely the right time to disobey orders, are a big help to humanity; but they're mighty scarce.

Bill, he opened the door of the shack, an' sez, "Come on out, Hank, a lady wants to be introduced to you."

I stepped to the door feelin' wonderful bashful, but when Barbie saw me, she went several different colors an' shouts: "Happy, Happy Hawkins! What on earth do you mean by bein' here?"

Her voice was trembly an' accusin' an' reproachful an' glad an' a lot of other things; an' I found it mighty hard to come back with a joke, quick enough to suit me. I felt sort o' flighty, with her big dark eyes lookin' into me, an' while I was stutterin' she opened up on me an' give me a good old-fashioned scoldin'—an' I felt dandy. Bill, he was troubled some with startin' eyes. Jessamine was breedy all right, but compared to Barbie, she looked like a six o' suit alongside the queen o' trumps.

"Why," sez Barbie, turnin' to Jessamie, "everything always goes right when Happy's present. I might have known from your description that it was Happy who saw the only way—"

"Oh, pshaw, now," sez I, breakin' in, "I didn't do a blasted thing. Cupid here was the master workman on this job, while Bill—"

"That's all true enough," sez Barbie, "you have the gift of hidin' yourself in your work; but I can see you just the same."

It was certainly comfortin' to hear the way she went on about it; but it was a little too cold-blooded for my nerves, 'cause I hadn't done a thing this time but make one small suggestion; so we finally compromised by admittin' that now an' again, I was picked out to be the nail on the finger of Fate. Sometimes I rather think that comes purty close to hittin' me.

Jessamie had graduated from the university where Barbie was goin', at the close of Barbie's first year. They had met, an' remembered each other; an' as soon as the news of the doin's had reached the Diamond Dot, of course Barbie piked over to make a call. The outcome was that when the Colonel sent out a man to take my place, I rode back to the Diamond Dot with Barbie, an' it was mighty good to be there again.

Jabez give me a good firm handshake, an' I didn't rub it in about the silkworms; so that everything just slid along as smooth as joint-oil, an' I had a good opportunity to estimate the benefit of Barbie's schoolin'. She was a heap more changed than I had supposed at first; the' was a way she had of holdin' her head an' walkin' an' talkin', that showed me quick enough that money spent on her edication wasn't nowise wasted.

But she went back to her last year soon after this, intendin' to be the best maid at Jessamie's weddin'. This weddin' was a curious thing an' opened my eyes purty wide to the ways of women. I'd 'a' been willin' to bet my saddle that the one man she never would marry, was Bill; but she owned up herself that she had made up her mind to marry him the first night they met. She wasn't quite sure of it until him an' her had the fall-out over Cupid, and that 'settled it. She said a man who had the spunk to stick up for his dog the way Bill did would be a purty handy kind to have around the house, an' she was just tryin' him out to see how far he'd go. She was actually fond of dogs all the time, especially bulldogs. A girl-baby three years old could have fooled Methusaleh in his prime, an' that means after he'd had about six hundred years of experience. She's a wonderful invention, woman.

All the while before Barbie left, she was tryin' to plan out what use she was goin' to put her edication to. Sometimes she was minded to go on the stage, at others lawyerin' looked good to her, but most of the time she seemed to think that a female doctor would come nearer fittin' her than anything else.

Me an' Jabez worried about it a heap; but we was wise enough to hide it. We knew that Barbie carted around at all times what they call a spirit of combativity, which fattened on opposition, an' we preferred to let her scrap it out with herself, hopin' that what she finally decided on would be all for the best.

Jabez said good-bye at the edge of the ranch, while I drove her over to Webb Station. I kind o' fought shy of Danders 'cause it seemed to me that the' was always some kind of a job waitin' for me there, an' Barbie had left me a heap of work for that winter.

"Have you learned anything yet?" she asked me, after the train had pulled into sight an' we was shakin' hands.

"Not a thing for certain," sez I. "I've stumbled onto several rumors, but they always went out. Do you still study over it much, Barbie?"

"Never a day goes by but what I study over it," sez she. "There isn't anything I wouldn't give to know about my mother—all about her."

"Are you sure, Barbie?" said I.

She thought hard a minute, an' then she threw back her head an' looked into my eyes. "Yes," she said, in a low tone, I'd give everything—even the love and respect I feel for my father."

I gave a little shiver. "Barbie," I sez, "I don't think you'll ever have to pay that high a price. I never saw your Dad cruel in cold blood, an' he's purty just."

"Oh, I would rather die than find out that he'd ever been cruel to my mother; but I want to know about her; and some day I will." She squeezed my hand hard and her eyes wer wet with tears when she stepped on the train; but she tried to smile, she sure did.

CHAPTER XX.

Richard Whittington Arrives

Well, that winter rolled by without a break. Me an' Jabez had just about learned how to take each other, an' we didn't stretch our harness to the snappin' point. Bill Andrews had finally got tol'able well acquainted with me also, an' was able to savvy that while peace was my one great desire, the' was some prices that I wouldn't pay for it.

We was all het up when the graduation day finally came, an' we didn't do a lick of work on the ranch; just gathered around the ranch buildin's, polishin' up her harness an' hosses, an' talkin' about her in hushed voices. She had won honors an' medals an' one thing or another until I reckon we felt purty much as Mrs. Washington did when she was cloanin' house to welcome the father of his country after he had showed England where to reset the boundary stakes.

Barbie had wrote us that she was goin' to cut out a string of invitations as long as your arm and pike right out for home as soon as she had finished her part of the programme, an' we weren't able to do a tap until she arrived. At first I was minded to drive down after her, an' then I decided that it would be better for me to stay at home an' line up the boys in some sort of style to receive her. Spider Kelley went after her and as soon as they hove in sight I had all the punchers charge down an' shoot their guns off in the air. They was wearin' their gaudiest raiment an' shoutin' their heads off, an' she owned up herself that it topped anything she ever saw in the East.

She stood up in the buckboard an' took off her hat an' swung it about her head and shouted, "Boys, you're just bully—every one of you!" an' say, the' wasn't a puncher on the Diamond Dot that wouldn't have given up his hide to make her a pair o' ridin' gloves. Jabez had waited back at the ranch house an' he was tremblin' when we left him to ride down an' meet her.

Here she was, comin' back for the last time with all the learnin' of the earth packed away in her head, an' niched up with more degrees than a thermometer; but it hadn't changed her heart, not one grain; an' when she saw the home buildin's with ol' Mount Savage sittin' up on his throne an' all the little peaks bowin' before him, like pages to a king, she jes' threw out her arms as though she would take in the whole outfit in one big hug, an' her eyes filled up with tears as she sez, "Oh, Dad, I love it. I love every inch of it, every line of it, every shade of it; an' I've hungered an' thirsted for it all these years—an' for you, Dad, for you most of all."

Well, you should have seen Jabez. Beam? Why, I reckon you could have lit a cigar on his face, an' he fluttered around like a hen with one chicken an' that one a duck. He couldn't quite believe that it was all true and that he was actually awake. He had worried so long about her cuttin' into some new game as soon as her schoolin' was done that he hardly dared rejoice for fear it would wake him up; but it didn't take her long to begin enjoyin' her old freedom again. It took us some longer to adjust ourselves to her, however.

Now, she hadn't changed such an awful sight, an' yet the' was somethin' about her 'at made you feel like touchin' your hat when she issued an order. Not that she was uppity nor nothin'; she rambled around playin' with the colts an' the calves, an' rompin' with the dogs, an' fairly stuckin' up the whole place in little heaps. An' she rustled up her old sombrero an' leggin's just as though she had never set a hoof off the range. Still, the' was something about her you could'nt quite put your finger on; but which you knew in your heart was there all the time, awaitin' till she made up her mind to call it out; like a handful o' regulars givin' dignity to a scrawny two by twice fort in the Injun country.

We took up our ridin' again, an' just as I was gettin' used to it, along comes a feller lookin' about two thirds starved. His clothes was ragged an' soiled, he had forgot his baggage, he was on foot(an' when I say on foot, I don't only mean that he was dispensin' with the luxury of a pony; he was also unencumbered with soles to his boots), but he had indoor hands, a back as straight as an Injun's, an' a way of flingin' up his head an' drawin' down his brows when you spoke to him sudden, which proved 'at trampin' was only a sideline with him. He put in an application as cook for the home gang.

Ol' Cast Steel looked into him; examined his eyes, his hands, an' the way he carried his head. Then he spoke kind o' slow an' drawly. "Cook?" sez he. "Well, I'd be willin' to bet 'at you've stayed up till three o'clock a heap more times 'n you have ever arose at this wholesome hour. What can you cook?"

Well, the feller he laughed, an' sez, "You win. I own up 'at I ain't no cook, nor I ain't no cow puncher; but my pension has stopped an' my appetite is still runnin'. I never yet recall readin' no notice of any cook what died of starvation."

Jabez grinned. "I don't ask no man about his past," sez he. "No man knows nothin' about his futuro. As for the present, you can help with the cookin'. Flap Jack is due for his bender, week after next, an' if you can learn the trade by that time you'll come in handy."

'Twas the first time I ever heard ol' Cast Steel vary his hirin' speech; so I knew 'at he too had the feller spotted for a stray; but he rolled up his sleeves an' started to peel spuds for the evenin' slum. He said that his name was Richard Whittington, an' while he didn't talk overly extensive about himself, he wasn't nowise offish nor snarly. He did his work up to the limit too, an' even ol' Flap Jack didn't complain as much as he generally did whenever he was furnished with a little extra help.

The peculiar thing was the way 'at Barbie treated him. She came down to the cook shack soon after he landed, with a lot of Jabez' old clothes an' a pair of boots, 'cause anything in distress got to her heart by the shortest cut. She came lopin' along with about fifteen dogs, whistlin' an' hummin' an' sort o' dancin' up in the air like a young angel; but the minute she saw him she sobered up, an' after he had thanked her, which he did in book langwidge, she simply pulled down the blinds an' locked the door. It was mighty curious an' set us all to talkin', 'cause she treated us fellers just as friendly as the rest of the stock; but Dick made a bad impression right at the start, an' we kept our eyes on him for the first crooked move.

He was a restless feller, was Dick, allus askin' questions about breeds an' fencin' an' winter feeds an' marketin'. Said he liked to have somethin' to study about when his hands was workin'. Barbie left one of her books out in the wagon-shed one day an' Dick found it. He curled right up on a cushion an' begun to read. That was the very day 'at Flappy was to start off on his periodical, an' he had made all his preparations so that everything would be in apple-pie order. When dinner went by an' no deputy showed up he ground out several canticles of profanity; but when supper time hove in sight and nairy a report from the substitute bash-herder, he fairly stood on tiptoe an' screamed his woes into what they call the wel-kin; an' you can bet that Flappy made her welk all right.

He had been training for this jag for full three months, an' the thirst he had built up was somethin' for the whole ranch to be proud of; an' all the boys was full of sympathy an' interest, an' wanted him to have every show in the world. They wanted his mind to be utterly free from care, so that he could give his full attention to tackin' up a Diamond Dot record that would arouse the envy of the entire West, an' Flappy was in fine shape to do it.

We all started out to find Dick, whether he was still hidin' around the ranch or had started to hike; but it was Barbie herself who found him. She came racin' along with a herd of dogs, friskin' an' rompin' the same as they was; but when she came onto Dick readin' her book she simmered down immejet—When he looked up an' saw her he seemed like a feller wakin' up out of a dream. It didn't break on him all at once; but when it did, he looked as guilty as a sheepherder. He stood up an' bowed an' helt out the book an' stammered, an' all 'n all, it was painful to watch 'em. None of us was able to figger out why they acted this way every time they happened to meet; but they did.

(To be continued.)

MORE WORK WITH LESS EFFORT

This, according to the advocates of the new schemes for efficiency, is what they are after; and they assert that it may almost always be attained by a close study of the particular kind of work that is in question. Critics who complain that workmen are being "speeded" too much, that work is made too mechanical, and that individuality is lost sight of, are silenced by pointing out that faster work under the new rules requires less effort than the slower used to do, that increased ability brings new interest, and that individuality has a widened scope instead of a narrower field. One of these men, C. J. Morrison, contributes to The American Machinist an example of how some of the most familiar kinds of toil may be lightened and made more effective in simple ways. He writes:

"The proposition to increase the output of a plant by the introduction of scientific management is often met by the objections that the superintendent and foreman have been in the business many years, know all about it, and that the workmen are working so hard that the management would not ask them to work harder. As a general proposition, the men are not asked to work harder, but to work more efficiently. To illustrate the point, consider some very familiar examples.

"In the recent boat race at Poughkeepsie the losing Columbia crew, to all appearances, worked harder than the winning Cornelians. One Columbia oarsman collapsed, and the others were 'all in,' while the Cornell crew was comparatively fresh at the finish. It has been very noticeable in other races that the defeated crew is the one worn out. The reason is that the winners exerted their strength more effectively.

"Consider an example that can be seen almost any evening; that of the street-lamp lighter. Lamps have been used in the streets for many generations. Thousands of men and boys have been employed as lamp lighters, and, according to the ideas of many, the work of lighting the lamps must be efficient. Here is the process of lamp lighting, as observed in one of the largest cities in the United States recently.

"Considering from pole to pole the operations were as follows:

"Place the ladder on shoulder, walk to next pole, place ladder against pole, climb up six (6) steps, turn on gas, get match from pocket, strike match, light lamp, climb down six (6) steps.

"The man was working desperately hard, and certainly no one could ask him to work harder, yet all the hard part of his work was unnecessary. The man could light three times as many lamps with far less exertion if he was relieved of the burden of carrying and climbing the ladder. The solution of this problem is so simple that it hardly seems necessary to say: 'Give the man a gasoline torch.' As this is a city job, it may not be considered desirable to reduce the number of men employed. In that case, why not make the work easier, employ the same number of men, light the lamps in a much shorter time, and save gas? The saving in matches will pay for the gasoline.

"Another job, which is probably the oldest of which we have an authentic record, is that of shoveling dirt, yet the efficiency of this operation is usually extremely low. Time studies made on gangs of shovelers in various places have revealed efficiencies of 12 to 25 per cent. The highest ever observed was 38 per cent. and that was an isolated case.

"The work of shoveling dirt from piles in the street to a cart, as observed in the same city as the lamp lighting, was as follows:

"The horse drawing the cart, who proceeds and stops at command, was stopped with his head opposite the pile to be picked up. Man lifts shovel of dirt, turns around, walks three (3) steps, throws dirt over high front into cart, turns back, walks three (3) steps, lifts another shovelful of dirt, etc. The piles contained, on the average, four shovelfuls of dirt.

"In this case, as in many others, the workingman was working very hard, but at low efficiency. With far less exertion he could perform much more work. The walking, turning, and the high lift of the dirt were all unnecessary and could easily be eliminated. In addition to this, the shovel was of an improper shape for the work, and the handle was too short.

"Inefficiencies similar to these can be observed almost anywhere at any time. The application of scientific management in all such cases will not only work easier, but will enable the workmen to increase their earning-power. Men will not 'work themselves out of a job,' because they are able to increase their production capacity. Fortunately, history shows that the amount of work to be done has constantly kept ahead of the labor-saving devices, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue to do so."

CHOKEFUL CHINA

That, in simplest English, is the gist of a paper by Professor E. A. Ross in the Century on the struggle for existence in China. The writer says that in two-thirds of China a traveller can find no room on which to pitch a tent:

"He will find no roadside, no commons, no waste land, no pasture, no groves or orchards, not even a door-yard of a cow-pen. Save the threshing-floor, every outdoor spot fit to spread a blanket on is growing something. But, if he will pay, he may pitch his tent on a submerged rice-field, in the midst of a bean patch, or among the hills of sweet potatoes."

China is cultivated like a garden, in that every lump is broken up, every weed is destroyed, and every plant is tended like a baby. But there are no visions of beauty and delight:

"In county after county you will not see altogether a rood of land reserved for recreation or pleasure—no village green, no lawns, no flower-beds or ornamental shrubbery, no parks, and very few shade trees."

Only an agriculture of incredible painstaking would have escaped exhausting the fertility of the soil ages ago.

Every cesspool is drained, the night-soil of all towns is carefully taken on the land:

"No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by the teeming population. The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shell-fish, no bigger than one's finger-nail, are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are baled out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. Great paniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed or stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel-gatherer. The grass tufts on the rough slopes are dug up by the roots. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered. One never sees a rotting stump or a mossy log."

Chinese cookery is one of the most toothsome cookeries in the world; but everything is grist that comes to the mill of the popular digestion:

"The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. After their work is done, horses, donkeys, mules, and camels become butcher's meat. The cow or pig that has died a natural death is not disdained.

In Canton, dressed rats and cats are exposed for sale. Our boatman cleaned and ate the head, feet, and entrails of the fowls used by our cook. Scenting a possible opening for a tannery, the Governor of Hong Kong once set on foot an inquiry as to what became of the skins of the innumerable pigs slaughtered in the colony. He learned that they were all made up as 'marine delicacy' and sold among the Chinese. Careful observers say that four-fifths of the conversation among common Chinese relates to food."

Comfort is as scarce as food. To a Western world that so rarely allows the other life to govern its actions in this, it may come as a surprise that this over-population of China is due to the universal Chinese belief in the demands of the spirits of parents and other ancestors:

"For a grinding mass-poverty that cannot be matched in the Occident there remains but one general cause, namely, the crowding of population upon the means of subsistence."

Unless certain rites are performed at a man's grave by his male descendants, his spirit and the spirits of his fathers will wander for long in the spirit world, begging rice of other spirits. Therefore a man's first concern is to assure the succession in the male line.

Before his son is twenty-one he provides him with a wife. The average age of Chinese girls at marriage appears to be sixteen or seventeen:

"The very atmosphere of China is charged with appreciation of progeny. From time immemorial the things considered most worth while have been posterity, learning, and riches, in the order named."

As a result, the mortality among infants is well-nigh incredible, amounting to ninety per cent. Probably one female infant in ten is done away with at birth!

After all this terrible description of the multiplication and light valuation of life, the article concludes with a prediction as to the near future of Chinese population:

"Within our time the Chinese will be served by a government on the Western model. Rebellions will cease, for grievances will be redressed in time, or else the standing army will nip uprisings in the bud. When a net of railways enables a paternal government to rush the surplus of one province to feed the starving in another, famines will end. The opium demand is already well-nigh throttled. The confining walls of the city will be razed to allow the pent-up people to spread. Wide streets, parks, and sewers will be provided. Filtered water will be within reach of all. A university-trained medical profession will grapple with disease. Everywhere health officers will make war on rats and mosquitoes, as today in Hong Kong. Epidemics will be fought with quarrantine and serum and isolation hospitals. Milk will be available, and mothers will be instructed how to care for their infants. In response to such life-saving activities, the death-rate in China ought to decline from the present height of fifty or sixty per thousand to the point it has already reached in a modernized Japan, namely, twenty per thousand."

But it may easily take the rest of this century, the writer says, to overcome ancestor-worship, early marriage, the passion for big families, and the inferior position of wives. So for a generation or two China will produce people rapidly in the Oriental way, who will die off slowly in the Occidental way.

Scientific agriculture cannot cope with the consequent increase. The surplus must emigrate or starve:

"With a third of the adults able to read, with daily newspapers thrilling the remotest village with tidings of the great world, eighteen provinces will be pouring forth emigrants instead of two."

What shall we do with the Chinese? will be a world question.

SOME MISNOMERS

A vast number of incorrect notions are acquired by reason of misleading names. For instance, we ask for a Dutch clock. We get the kind we want, so it really doesn't matter that it is not a Dutch clock at all, but one of German manufacture. Practically all the wooden clocks called Dutch are made in the village off Freyburg, in the Black Forest. The misnomer is due to simple mispronunciation—"Deutsch" meaning, of course, German.

Nothing is more natural than to assume that India ink comes from India, but it does not, and never did, any more than does India rubber. India ink is a Chinese product, and India rubber comes from South America.

Camel's hair brushes are not made from the hair of camels, but from the hair of the tails of Russian and Siberian squirrels. Camel's hair is, however, employed in the manufacture of certain fabrics to be made into shawls, etc., and it is sometimes mixed with silk.

French brier pipes are not made from the roots of brier, but from the root of a white heath which attains a considerable size in the south of France, where it is sedulously cultivated for pipe-making purposes. The name is derived from the French bruyere, the dialect form of which is briere, meaning heath.

We entertain a fixed idea that a centipede has 100 feet, and naturally, but we are misled by the name. As a matter of fact, this insect, taking one of the largest species, shows about thirty feet on each side.

Strengthens the Throat

Mr. W. P. Purdom, writing from St. Anne's Bay P.O., says: "I used to be troubled with relaxed throat, constant irritation and coughing. I inhaled Catarrhozone as directed and have been permanently cured. I can think of nothing so good for the throat, nose and bronchial tube as Catarrhozone. I recommend it to all my friends. Cure is quick and sure if Catarrhozone is used for Bronchitis, Irritable Throat, Catarrh and Chest Troubles; 25c., 50c., and $1.00 sizes, at all dealers.

THE POPE'S FAMILY

The charge of nepotism can never be laid at the doors of the present Pope, whose sisters are the same simple and unpretentious women that they always were and who inhabit a little flat that an American workman would despise. But the case of the Pope's brother is still more remarkable. Angelo Sarto is a third-class postman attached to the little village of Grazie. He has to walk an average of seventy miles a week, and his pay has lately been raised to $80 a year.

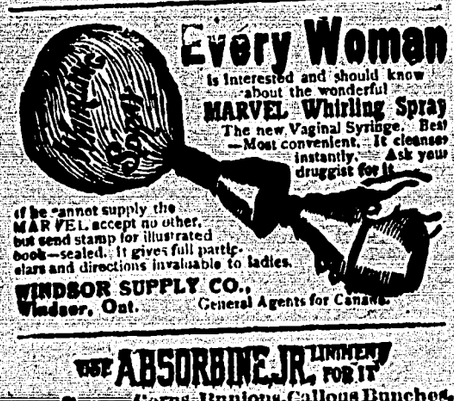
Probably it will never be more than this, nor does it ever occur to Angelo Sarto or to his sisters that the exalted position of their brother ought to have, or can have, any effect upon their own material fortunes. It is probable that no display of statecraft on the part of the Pontiff, no exhibition of genius, could so deeply impress itself upon the mind of the world as this evidence of detachment from material concerns.

EDUCATION OF CHINESE EMPEROR

The young Emperor of China is about to be educated, and a court order has been issued appointing his instructors and outlining the course of his studies. They seem formidable enough for a child of five years and five months. He must be instructed in "the causes from which has proceeded good government or anarchy in ancient and modern times in all countries of the world." This, in itself is a large order, and if China can produce a competent instructor she is the only country that can.

He is also to be taught the "needs of the day," and here, too, the programme seems a full one. Other items of education are not enumerated, but it is understood "that the cardinal principles of Confucius shall be faithfully adhered to, whereby the investigation of knowledge produces sincerity and righteousness, and the cultivation of the moral nature leads to a state of ideal government." This sounds very well, and we may expect great things for China when the young emperor gets these things into practical application. It is almost as inspiring as a commencement day address in America.

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



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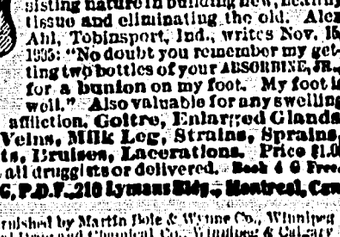

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The Rocking Chair

I ENJOYED a heart to heart interview with the successful married woman the other day. She is one of the most successful married women I know. The plain little circlet of gold on her third finger has worn thin and smooth in the years of faithful service of loving, capable hands, but there isn't a dent or dull spot to dim the golden halo of her domestic happiness. She has made a business of being married. She is a specialist. She is a success. By that term of many interpretations, I don't mean what pious folk are wont to call "worldly" success. The successful married woman's home is a modest one, her little establishment boasts of but one maid, her pretty hats are sometimes "made over" ones, and when the successful married woman's husband turns at the old elm at the gate to wave a goodbye toward a certain breakfast-room window (and he always does it—mark that) he swings into the 8.10 car and hangs to a strap with the rest of us, instead of gliding smoothly away in his motor car at 9.30.

This particular morning she was engaged in that bit of household routine which figures in the weekly bulletin as "cleaning the silver." I was idling, and between whiles figuring out a certain plan of exterior decoration whereby a last season's navy blue serge might be gloriously "transmogrified," as my old darkey nurse used to say, into one of this year's new ones, with the wide lapels and just a hint here and there of that delightful new shade of bronzy gold. Every woman knows that such a misenscene is far more conducive of the comfy gossip hour than the drawing-room softened by the twilight's dusky shadows that the best fictionists are so fond of introducing at the beginning of chapters.

"I made a good many mistakes the first years we were married."

I hugged myself. To a hard-worked scribbler even her friend's most sacred confidences are sometimes by way of being "copy," and well I know, milady, that if you won't profit by the other woman's mistakes, at least you'll certainly like to read about them.

"Tell me," I urged greedily.

"Well, I often think how many things I'd do differently if I had those years to live again. I'd talk more to Tom about things. I'd tell him about all the little hurts, and worries and flitting bits of doubts, that a woman broods over. And when I'd told him, I'd let him help me. A man's broad, breezy viewpoint can be a mighty help in time of trouble, if we women would only avail ourselves of it. And there's nothing in the world a man loves like straightening things out for you. But I didn't do that. I kept things to myself. Every little coolness, every fancied slight, all Tom's little sins of omission and commission I carefully stored away, to be taken out later and turned over and magnified in my hours alone. I'm ashamed to think how much I cried that first year. But I never told; and I rejoiced in my stiff-necked pride, like the little Pharisee I was."

She smiled placidly as she held up a teaspoon critically to the glint of the morning sun.

"I've learned better. We all do if we give ourselves a chance. It's the shut-in hurts that distill bitterness, and nowadays we always talk things over, Tom and I."

The successful married woman seldom uses slang, but now "We're pals," she said. Which happens to sum up the moral of this little tale.

* * *

And, speaking of morals, you aren't a sample fiend, are you? The sample picker is the terror of busy salesmen and weary milliners, at this particular season.

"I haven't an idea what I want. I do wonder if you could help me. Something stylish, you know, but still not too pronounced. I never did go in for those awfully odd new shades; one tires of them so soon, don't you think? Well, yes, that is pretty—still, things do look different when you get them out of the shop away from the rest—I always think the light in here's a little bad, anyway. I'll take a sample of that though. Oh, and there—that blue—you might just snip me off a piece of that. It's rather more expensive than I'd intended to get, but I may as well take a sample. Yes, that's nearer what I can afford. Would you mind if I take a sample of it, too? I can compare them when I get home and see which I really do want. Thanks. If I do decide to come here for my suit—but I have so many places to go first before I can really tell what I do want."

As her collection grows she gets the family together, and after an evening of consultation decides on the one she's had in mind from the first hour of the first morning she started on her sample-strewn career. Next day she spies a woman on the street, and the woman is clad in fabric of some positively unknown color. That is the thing. That is the exact shade she simply must have. All the blue serges, the gray cheviots, the stripes and plaids and hairlines and mixtures are tossed into the waste-basket and the search begins all over again. She is a woman of perseverance, of force, of pluck, a woman whose heroic determination is undeniable—is the sample hunter! Still—don't be a sample fiend.

* * *

By the way, if the appearance of one additional ounce of adipose tissue comes with your new autumn gown, it is a failure. There are many different colors, a thousand and one materials and a variety of styles that range from the street gown of "man-made" simplicity to the multiplicity of pleats and puckers involved in the marvels of evening frocks and house dresses shown in the shop windows and fashion plates these days. But whatever the make, 'ware, oh 'ware the fattening dress. If you are in the very least inclined to "ploompness," get something that will make you look about ten pounds thinner than you really are.

There is just one thing worse than looking fat. That is to achieve an appearance of scrawniness. As for the hats, no woman can tell by "window shopping" what she can select from the winter's peculiarities for head covering. Naturally, the tall woman will avoid getting one of those tall, peaked affairs, with a bristling plume like a drum major's. But equally must she avoid the flat, flapping "pancake" effects, or she will have a "hammered down" appearance that will destroy the effectiveness of her height, and make her look stoop-shouldered. The little lady with a big nose or a double chin must not buy the dear little Dutch bonnets no matter how great the temptation of their fluffiness and plumes. And don't buy any hat of any design whatever till you have tried the full-length effect in the pier-glass. Buy to suit your figure as well as your face.

* * *

Moreover, aren't there ribbons and laces and velvets, and quantities of other pretty things for beautifying milady's bonnet, without mis-adorning her pretty head with dead birds and barbaric feather decorations. The decrease in bird life, according to latest reliable statistics, has been something like forty-six per cent., and all that milady might deck herself out in fashion that would often do credit to the brown-skinned sister for whom she piously puts an offering in the foreign missionary envelope of a Sabbath morning. The statistical report from which I am quoting says:

"It is shown that grouse, quail, partridge, turkeys and wild ducks suffer most from indiscriminate hunting, while the various forms of heron and bittern have found their worst enemies among the plume collectors or 'plume thieves.'

"The men who collect feathers from these birds, it is asserted, are not content to pluck the feathers and release the birds, or to confine their depredations to the males; but they kill the female herons, for the plumes and egrets that they furnish, while they are on the nest. It is only during the mating season that the feathers are in a suitable condition for plucking; hence the annual raid made upon the nesting herons.

"It seems strange that women, who by nature are supposed to possess so much gentleness and sympathy, and who shrink from anything that savors of cruelty, should be content to adorn their hats with feathers, the procuring of which necessitates so much wanton cruelty and murder. But Dame Fashion has decreed that feathers shall be worn; regardless of how they are secured, they have been worn, and a study of the following figures will give some idea of the effects thereby produced on the colonies of herons and egrets. Within the last twenty years the snowy heron has practically disappeared from China, where it was once so plentiful. Twenty years ago there was in the region about Charleston, S.C., at least 3,000,000 of these birds; today less than 100 remain. There is but one small colony of the American egret left in this country, and that one is on the coast of South Carolina. This colony was fired into last year, and again this year, so that now less than twenty birds remain. It will be but a few years, unless some drastic measures are taken, before the history of this bird will be the same as that of the passenger pigeon."

* * *

The sharp autumn evenings are here, when the chafing-dish is in requisition again. If you are sufficiently expert in its possibilities you can almost manage a six-course dinner on one of these indespensable little affairs, and at any rate you can make it a useful adjunct of the after-the-theatre supper, or to wind up a cosy evening of reading and so on with "him." It's rather hard to think up anything new in the way of chafing-dish recipes, but here is one which is tried and tested and very popular in my own little circle of intimates, and it will be decidedly apropos now while fresh tomatoes are still "in." I might give it some high-sounding Spanish name or other very appropriately, but, as a matter of fact, it is known to us by the prosaic appellation of "tomatoes and cheese."

* * *

Take three or four medium-sized tomatoes, peel and dice into the pan. Sprinkle with pepper, salt, paprika, a wee bit of mustard, and dot with butter. Cover heavily with grated cheese and repeat the seasoning process. Add a very little water and a few shreds of green peppers if desired. Let simmer slowly till cheese is melted and tomatoes thoroughly cooked. Do not stir or the cheese will get "stringy."

* * *

Lobster a la Newburgh is an old one, but if you should happen to have forgotten the proportions here is an excellent way to make it. It is equally good substituting the tinned lobster:

* * *

Take one large lobster, a pint of sweet thick cream, a tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sherry and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Boil the lobster for fifteen minutes. Pick out the meat and cut into small pieces. Pour over it the cream and add the butter, which has been sufficiently melted to run; last add the flour. Warm the whole and stir constantly; when thoroughly blended and smooth and creamy add the sherry.

* * *

The following recipe for Swiss rarebit is ascribed to Mrs. Booth Tarkington, wife of the well-known author:

To a third of a cup of mashed potatoes add two-thirds of lentil pulp, half a cup of cream, a grated onion, a few stalks of grated celery and pepper and salt to taste. Mix well together, and spread a thick layer of nut butter over the top and bake brown.

* * *

Cocoa fudge is easily made on a chafing-dish, and is nicest when it is still warm and fresh. Take one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, a small piece of butter, six teaspoons of cocoa, one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Mix sugar and cocoa and add milk. Let boil, stirring so it won't burn. Add butter and vanilla. When it forms a small ball when dropped in cold water take from fire and beat. This makes it creamy. Pour in buttered tins and mark in squares.

* * *

A clever housekeeper, who can always be depended on to be up-to-date in the latest economy wrinkles, gave me this little clipping the other day, and I pass it along to you:

"Cereals that can be eaten without further cooking after they leave the factory are alike in one detail, if in no other: The package once opened, they quickly grow flabby and tasteless and tough, unless restored by careful drying in the oven for a few minutes. One way out there is. Keep your packages on the shelf above the kitchen range or on the radiator. The contents will remain crisp and delicious and be truly "ready to serve" without risk of that scorching in the oven which always happens when we forget for only a moment, and the sudden emergency that finds us looking for bread or cracker crumbs for dipping cutlets or croquettes, only to find the jar empty, will lose its sharpness if we have a box of crisp "flakes" of any sort. These, crumbled between the hands, made a most delicate substitute for bread or cracker crumbs, be the need one for coating food that is to be fried or for the top of scallops and pates. For the latter use don't forget to dot liberally with butter. They are especially tempting with creamed fish or sweetbreads when served in scallop shells.

* * *

"If your supply of crumbs for dipping be limited, instead of putting them in a dish have them on a sheet of clean brown paper. Each time a chop or cutlet is laid on them to be coated the paper can be lifted at the sides and the crumbs tumbled toward the middle. Moreover, the use of paper for this purpose saves the washing of an extra dish. For flouring fish try the same labor-saving device, dropping the paper in the fire when it has served its turn."

* * *

And another clipping from a dear, snowy-haired old lady who sits by her window through these short, glooming autumn days, waiting—ever so cheerfully, but still, just waiting. In her home there is only one now where there used to be "two." She had committed the little poem to memory, and she recited it to me the other night in the softest, daintiest, old-world voice, and then asked me if I would pass it along to some one of you to whom the lilt of it's lines may bring home a passing memory:

Two gather lilies and wade in the sweet clover,
Shouting glad songs in their morning of May;
Gold are their dreams and the clouds that float over,
And golden the future far stretching away.

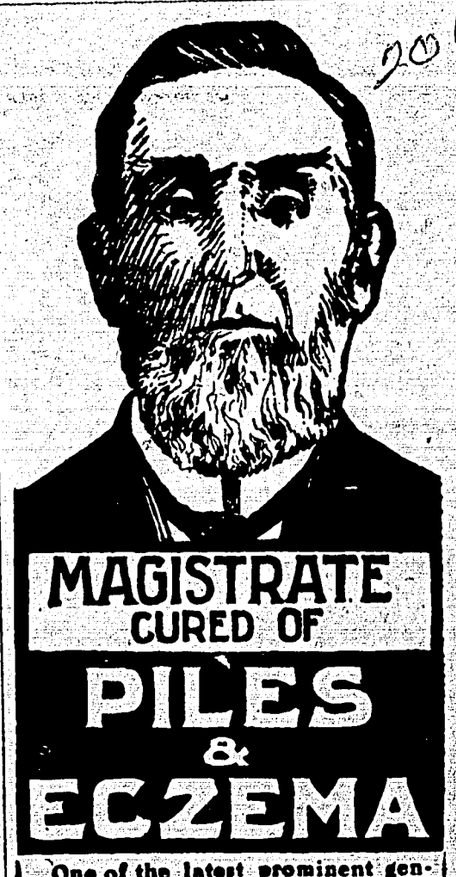
Two launch their boat for a voyage of long sailing,
The bright ripples play, and the wind is off shore;
While the red light of morning is failing,
Steady and strong sails the bark—dips the oar.

Two when the autumn has put on its glory,
Sit by the shore of the beautiful past,
Whose solemn waves break with a wonderful story,
Of fanciful ships which went down in the blast.

Two, in the chill of the snowy December,
Talk of the winter that leads to the spring,
Two sit and dream over faggot and ember,
Of castles in air, and of birds on the wing.

Two lie at rest under blossoming roses,
Winter sifts over them gently the snow,
Sunlight of summer above them reposes,
Their places are filled—and the years come and go.

Shylock would cut a poor figure these days. It takes considerably more than a pound of flesh to satisfy our moneylenders.



One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam Buk's favour is Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Here is his opinion of Zam-Buk. He says:—

"I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of Eczema on my ankle which had been there for over 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had applied various ointments and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike everything else I had tried, proved highly satisfactory and cured the ailment.

"I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, and it has cured them completely also. I take comfort in helping my brother men, and if the publication of my opinion of the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the relief of suffering caused by Piles or Skin Diseases I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk cures ulcers, abscesses, blood-poison, ring-worm, festering or running sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, salt rheum, prairie itch, cuts, burns, bruises, baby's sores, etc. Purely herbal, 50c box, druggists and stores. Refuse imitations.

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If you find your razor as dull as a hoe, ask your wife if she wasn't paring her corns. You can surely remove your corns quickly, painlessly, and promptly by using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Unequalled as a painless remedy. Remember the name, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists, price 25 cents.

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

THE SIZE OF THE OCEANS

The Pacific Ocean covers 68,000,000 square miles; the Atlantic 30,000,000; and the Indian Ocean, Arctic and Antarctic Oceans 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep, every day for 440 years. Put in figures the Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its awters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain them would have each of its sides 430 miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara.

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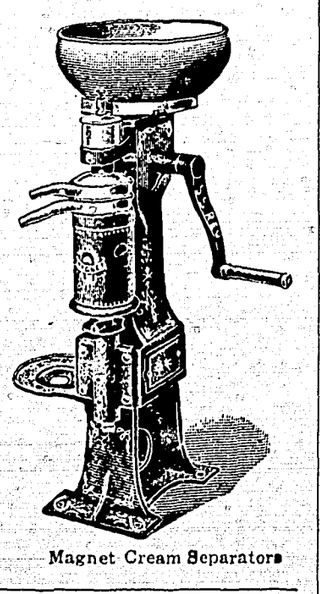

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DECEMBER 7, 1911

RURAL INCORPORATION

The action taken by the citizens at the mass meeting held in K. of P. Hall last Saturday afternoon on the question of rural incorporation, is certain to produce good results. The question is too large and too complex to be decided in a few hours at a public meeting, and the appointment of a committee to go into the matter fully and canvass the district was the only progress hoped for even by the most sanguine. The question of incorporation has never been entered into by the great majority of our farmers. They see in it an increase of taxes, therefore it is opposed by those who desire to keep their taxes down, no matter how much they retard the growth of the district and keep down the value of their own property. To bring all to see the value of incorporation will require some time for discussion and enlightenment. There is not the shadow of a doubt that this district will have to incorporate before it can reach the stage of development we all have in mind for it. If not now, then a year or so later. Incorporation is the first step to community development, and if the first step, then the longer it is delayed, the slower will be the coming of that period of prosperity which all are anticipating. This is the view taken by the majority of our ranchers, and this seemed to be the feeling of the meeting of Saturday afternoon.

The committe appointed to go into the matter thoroughly are men who can be relied on to follow up any obscure point and make it clear. When they report their findings and the result of their canvass of the district, we shall know exactly what to expect of any further move in the matter. No objection has been raised to rural incorporation that was not raised six years or more ago when city incorporation was proposed in Enderby. Had Enderby continued to sit in the sump of stagnation and refused to take up the responsibility of self-government, we would to-day be the little hamlet it then was. But Enderby's citizens were big enough to see beyond the past, and ventured in the larger sphere. The results are too well known and the advantages too apparent to need any comment. It has cost us something for our improvements, but we have got something worth while. And the improvements here made have added value to every acre of farm land in the Enderby district. If this can be true of the development of the town, how much greater will be the increase when the district is incorporated independent of the city and is at work developing its resources by directing the expenditure of its own revenue through its duly elected representatives?

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION

Discussing the question of next year's city council, the Vernon News says: "Never in the history of Vernon has there been such an urgent need for a good strong administrative body as there is to-day. The far-reaching activities of railroad corporations as they affect this community create a problem that requires an astute mind and experienced executor in solving. The best interests of the city must be well protected; and the policy looking to protection and conservation must be of such character as not to embarrass the position of the railroad but rather to lend encouragement and co-operation."

The News then recites the various railway and tramline possibilities of the next year or two, and their relative importance to the industrial, commercial and social development of the district, and concludes: "The critical period of the new situation will be reached during the nsuing year, and for that reason alone it devolves upon the citizens of Vernon to use the best thought and effort in the selection of an administrative body."

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What the News says with special emphasis to Vernon applies with equal force and weight to the City of Enderby. We are soon to be called upon to name the council for 1912. It is important that some earnest effort and thought be put to it. The past year, under the quiet, unassuming but business administration of Mayor Ruttan, the city has made marvelous strides. In one short year we have stepped out of villiage by-ways into macadamized streets and cement sidewalks. The advance has been rapid. It was an important undertaking, but Mayor Ruttan and his Aldermen have proved themselves equal to it. That they have the support of every citizen in the policy inaugurated, we are convinced, and there is no doubt but that the importance of the work is fully appreciated.

The year 1912 will require a man of Mr. Ruttan's courage and force at the head of affairs. He will in all probability be called upon to enter into most important negotiations with the promoting companies of the railroads which are headed this way, and it will be up to him to guard the interests of the city. Mr. Ruttan's past experience in dealing with large corporations places him in a position to handle any such negotiations in the interest of Enderby. He is the man we should have. And then there is the matter of Aldermen. Let us not forget that we have but a month to get this matter settled.

RAILWAY BELT WATER RECORDS

No little confusion has resulted in the minds of holders of water records in the railway belt as to whether it were necessary for them to make application under the present Water Act in the same manner as holders of records outside the railway belt are called upon to do. So many enquiries were received at this office regarding the matter, that a letter was sent to Mr. L. Norris, Government Agent at Vernon, for information covering the point. In reply, Mr. Norris says:

"I had an opportunity to submit the matter to Mr. F. Armstrong, the Chief Water Commissioner, to-day, and he informed me that it is not necessary to make any application in respect of any water record on any stream that is not advertised in the list now running in your paper. Later on the streams in the Railway Belt will be advertised in a similar manner and then it will be necessary for the record holders to make application in respect of same.

"It was not the intention to advertise any of the streams in the Railway Belt in the list now running in the papers, but some of the streams were found to be partly in the Railway Belt and partly out of it. On all streams now advertised application should be made at once, on a form which will be furnished from this office, Form No. 9."

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A.F.&A.M.

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

WALTER ROBINSON W. M. S. H. SPEERS, Secretary

I.O.O.F.

Eureka Lodge, No. 50 Meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. hall, Metcalf block. Visiting brothers always welcome.

R. BLACKBURN, N. G.
R. E. WHEELER, Sec'y.
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No. 35, K. of P.

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POLITICAL

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Comment and Affirmation

SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING.

Vernon is the only city in the Okanagan Valley where a public meeting has been called to consider the question of Sunday trains. It was called at the instigation of the ministers of that city, who did not deem the church meeting previously held to be of a general public nature, or that such a meeting brought out the voice of the people. The meeting was called by the mayor and was attended by all parties, "saint and sinner." The first speaker to take the floor offered a resolution condemning the train service. Another motion was offered as an amendment which commended the service and thanked the C. P. R. most cartily for inaugurating the Sunday service.

The meeting was a stormy one, if we are to believe the reports. It is generally held by men of the cloth, that citizens do not express themselves on matters which are forced upon them by such organizations as the Lord's Day Alliance, and, speaking generally, this is no doubt true. But such a complaint cannot be laid against the citizens who attended the Vernon meeting referred to. The question before the meeting was very warmly discussed, and at the conclusion of the discussion, the amendment endorsing the Sunday service carried by a large majority. The meeting was dubbed a "disorderly meeting." One Charles J. Hurt did say some naughty things, which, no doubt he had a right to say, but which did not please the callers of the meeting. Mr. Hurt admits himself that he used an expression that poorly expressed his meaning. In concluding a long explanation in the Vernon News, Mr. Hurt says, and in so saying he expresses the thought of a great majority of people who, while not opposing the good work of church ministers, do object to the material power employed by them to spiritualize the community:

"I have not one atom of antagonism to any of the clergy as clergy, or to the churches as churches; it is merely the Ministerial Association which I oppose. * * * Its views are impressed on the public by a multitude of trained speakers, and it has not been customary for many years for the hearers to express their dissent however absurd or untrue the statements of the speakers may happen to be. The result is that these speakers, never meeting with face to face opposition finally get to consider themselves infallible, and their own views of public questions the only possible right views. Such men are always difficult to meet in public discussion. Any dissent from their views is construed into personal opposition to themselves, and a perfectly well conducted public discussion such as took place the other evening is dubbed "a disorderly meeting."

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

A meeting of the B. C. Conservative Association was held last week at New Westminster. The new officers of the Provincial organization are: President, W. M. McKay, Vancouver; John A. Lee, New Westminster, 1st Vice-President; W. T. Shatford, Penticton, 2nd Vice-President; Leonard Tait, Victoria, rd Vice-President; John B. Williamson, Secretary; H. L. Edmonds, Treasurer.

Premier McBride, in his address before the convention, spoke freely of the work of the party in this province, and outlined tne work the Government has inaugurated d proposes to carry out. In xpressing himself on the Oriental question, the Premier reiterated what he has so strongly urged in all the years of his administration. "We have no quarrel with the Orient," said he, "but we have no points to decide with that part of the world, amicable or otherwise. We have only our own homes to protect and hold. Let Japan keep Japan for itself and China China, but let us sacredly guard British Columbia for development by our own British people."

The Premier briefly referred to the advance step taken in the matter of water rights, also that of the protection of our fisheries, both of these questions having been taken up by Mr. McBride and his ministers with the proper authorities at Ottawa.

The question of Indian reserve lands was referred to in these words: "I pointed out to Mr. Borden the necessity of making use of the large tracts of land held as Indian reserves, but now lying waste. The Province is alive to this situation and while it always desires to protect the aborigines, strongly believes that something more should be done in the way of settling up reserved land. "We have just reasons for congratulations in that we are now able to look to Ottawa and recognize that at the head of the Government is a man of our own political faith, who has already begun to measure up to the responsibility of his hign office and is bound to add some brilliant chapters to the political history of Canada. I was able to meet Mr. Borden at Ottawa, and he desired me to convey to you and the people of British Columbia his appreciation of the sterling efforts on his behalf; and to congratulate you upon the election of seven Conservatives."

THAT BIG POTATO EXHIBIT

The following letter is self-explanatory: "New York, Nov. 14, 1911. Mr. Geo. R. Lawes, Enderby: Dear Sir: You doubtless have heard of the glorious triumph of our British Columbia potatoes at the American Land and Irrigation Exposition held in New York City, Nov. 3-12. The collection sent down by the B. C. Department of Agriculture, and made up of samples supplied by individual growers throughout the province, was awarded the Stilwell $1,000 silver cup as being "the best collection of late marketable potatoes grown in America in 1911." Our potatoes were the marvel of all who saw them. This victory is one of the biggest things ever accomplished by B. C., won as it was in New York, the commercial centre of the American continent, at one of the greatest exhibitions of Agricultural products ever held in the world's history, and against potato entries, 61 in all, from all sections of America. I want personally to congratulate you, one of the growers, upon having produced potatoes of such exceptional character, and on behalf of the Department to thank you for your co-operation in working to bring this honor to B.C. Yours truly, H. McClure Johnson, asst. Exhibition Commissioner."

Mr. Lawes supplied 800 pounds of choice potatoes from his hill-side property. They were the American Wonder, and the yield per acre is reported to exceed anything in the district.

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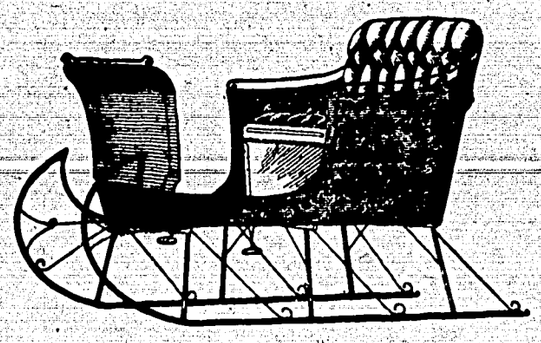

The snow is here; sleighing will soon be fine. Let us fit you up with a Cutter and a warm, cosy Robe. You bring the horse, we will supply the REST.

Plumbing, Heating and Tinsmithing. Our work is guaranteed. Call or write for prices.

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Bosambo of Monrovia

(By Edgar Wallace)

For many years have the Ochori people formed a sort of grim comic relief to the tragedy of Africa's colonization. Now it may well be that we shall laugh at the Ochori no more. Nor, in the small hours of the night, when conversation flags in the little circle about the fires in fishing-camps, shall the sleepy-eyed be aroused to merriment by stories of Ochori meekness. All this has come about by favor of the Liberian government, though at present the Liberian government is not aware of the fact.

Once upon a time, that dignity might be added to the State, a warship was acquired—if I remember aright it was presented by a disinterested ship-owner. The government appointed three admirals, fourteen captains, and as many officers as the ship would hold, and they all wore gorgeous but ill-fitting uniforms.

The government would have appointed a crew also, but for the fact that the ship was not big enough to hold any larger number of people than its officers totaled.

This tiny man-of-war of the Black Republic went to sea once, the admirals and captains taking it in turn to stoke and steer—a very pleasing and novel sensation, this latter.

Coming back into the harbor, one of the admirals said:

"It is my turn to steer now," and took the wheel.

The ship struck a rock at the entrance of the harbor and went down. The officers escaped easily enough, for your Monrovian swims like a fish, but their uniforms were spoiled by the sea water. To the suggestion that salvage operations be attempted to refloat the warship, the government very wisely said, No, they thought not.

"We know where she is," said the President, "and if we ever want her, it will be comforting to know she is so close to us."

Nothing more would have been done in the matter but for the fact that the British Admiralty decided that the wreck was a danger to shipping, and issued orders forthwith for the place where it lay to be buoyed.

The Liberian government demurred on account of expense, but on pressure being applied (I suspect the captain of His Majesty's ship Dwarf, who was a man with a bitter tongue), they agreed, and a bell-buoy was anchored to the submerged steamer.

It made a nice rowdy clanging noise, did that bell, and the people of Monrovia felt they were getting their money's worth.

But all Monrovia is not made up of the freed American slaves who were settled there in 1821. There are people who are described in a lordly fashion by the true Monrovians as "indigenous natives," and chief of these are the Kroomen, who pay no taxes, defy the government, and at intervals tweak the official nose of the Republic.

The second day after the bell was in place Monrovia awoke to find a complete silence reigning in the bay, and that in spite of a heavy swell. The bell was still, and two ex-admirals who were selling fish on the foreshore borrowed a boat and rowed out to investigate. The explanation was simple—the bell had been stolen.

"Now!" said the President of the Liberian Republic, in despair, "May Beelzebud, who is the father and author of all sin, descend upon these thieving Kroomen!"

Another bell was attached; the same night it was stolen. Yet another bell was put to the buoy, and a boatload of admirals kept watch. Throughout the night they sat, rising and falling with the swell, and the monotonous "clang-jangle-clong" was music in their ears. All night it sounded, but in the early morning at the dark hour before the sun comes up, it seemed that the bell, still tolling, grew fainter and fainter.

"Brothers," said an admiral, "we are drifting away from the bell."

But the explanation was that the bell had drifted away from them, for, tired of half-measures, the Kroomen had come in and taken the bell, buoy, and all, and to this day there is no mark to show where a sometime man-of-war rots in the harbor of Monrovia.

The ingenious soul who planned and carried out this theft was one Bosambo, who had three wives, one of whom, being by birth Congolaise and untrustworthy, informed the police, and with some ceremony Bosambo was arrested and tried at the Supreme Court, where he was found guilty of "theft and high-treason," and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

They took Bosambo back to prison, and Bosambo intervied the black jailer.

"My friend," he said, "I have a big ju-ju in the forest, and if you do not release me at once you and your wife shall die in great torment."

"Of your ju-ju I know nothing," said the jailer, philosophically, "but I receive two dollars a week for guarding prisoners, and if I let you escape I lose my job."

"I know a place where there is much silver hidden," said Bosambo, with promptitude; "you and I will go to this place, and we shall be rich."

"If you knew where there was silver, why did you steal bells, which are of brass and of no particular value?" asked this unimaginative guard.

"I see that you have a heart of stone," said Bosambo, and went away to the forest settlement to chop down trees for the good of the State.

Four months after this, Sanders, Chief Commissioner for the Isisi, Ikeli, and Akasava countries, received inter alia a communication of a stereotyped description:

"To whom it may concern:

"Wanted on a warrant issued by H. E. the President of Liberia, Bosambo, a Krooboy, who escaped from the penal settlement near Munrovia, after killing a guard. He is believed to be making for your country."

A description followed.

Sanders put the document away with outher such notices—they were not infrequent in their occurrence—and gave his mind to the eternal problem of the Ochori.

Now, as ever, the Ochori people were in sad trouble. There is no other tribe in the whole of Africa that is as defenseless as the poor Ochori. The Fingoes, slaves as they are by name and tradition, were as ferocious as the Masai, compared with the Ochori.

Sanders was a little impatient, and the deputation of three who had journeyed down to headquarters to lay the grievances of the people before him found him unsympathetic.

He interviewed them on his veranda.

"Master, no man leaves us in peace," said one. "Isisi folk, Akasava folk, N'Gombi people from far-away countries, they come demanding this and that, and we give, being afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked Sanders, wearily.

"We fear death and pain, also burning, and the taking of our women," said the other.

"Who is chief of you?" asked Sanders, wilfully ignorant.

"I am Chief, Lord," said an elderly man clad in a leopard skin.

"Go back to your people, Chief, if, indeed, chief you are, and not some old woman without shame; go back and bear with you a fetich—a most wonderful fetich—which shall be, as me, watching your interests and protecting you. This fetich you shall plant on the edge of your village that faces the sun at noon. You shall mark the place where it shall be planted, and at midnight, with proper ceremony and the sacrifice of a young goat, you shall set my fetich in its place. And, after that whosoever ill-treats or robs you shall do so at some risk."

Sanders said this very solomnly, and the men of the deputation were duly impressed. More impressed were they when, before starting on their homeward journey, Sanders placed in their hands a stout pole to the end of which was attached a flat board inscribed with certain marks.

They carried their trophy six days' journey through the forest, then four days' journey by canoe along the Little River, until they came to Ochori. There, by the light of the moon, with the sacrifice of two goats (to make sure), the pole was planted so that the board inscribed with mystic characters would face the sun at noon.

News travels fast in the back lands, and it came to the villages throughout the Isisi and the Akasava country that the Ochoris were particularly protected by white magic. Protected they always had been, and many men had died at the white man's hand because the temptation to kill the Ochori folk had proved irresistible.

"I do not believe that Sandi has done this thing," said the Chief of the Akasava, a new chief, vice one recently hanged by the Isisi River. "Let us go across the river and see with our own eyes, and if they have lied we will beat them with sticks—though let no man kill, because of Sandi and his cruelty.

So across the river they went and marched until they came within sight of the Ochori city, and the Ochori people, hearing that the Akasava people were coming, ran away into the woods and hid—according to their custom.

The Akasava advanced until they came to the pole stuck in the ground and the board with the devil marks.

Before this they stood in silence and in awe, and, having made obeisance to it, and sacrificed a chicken (which was the property of the Ochori), they turned back.

After this came a party from Isisi, and they must needs come through the Akasava country.

They brought presents with them, and lodged with the Akasava for one night.

"What story is this of the Ochori?" asked the Isisi chief in command; so the chief of the Akasava told him.

"You may save yourself the journey, for we have seen it."

"That," said the Isisi chief, "I will believe when I have seen."

"That is bad talk," said the Akasava people who were gathered at the palaver; "these dogs of Isisi call us liars."

Nevertheless, there was no bloodshed, and in the morning the Isisi went on their way.

The Ochori saw them coming, and hid in the woods, but the precaution was unnecessary, for the Isisi departed as they came.

Other folk made a pilgrimage to the Ochori—N'Gombi, Bokeli, and the little people of the forest, who were so shy that they came at night—and the Ochori people began to rise to a sense of their importance.

Then Bosambo, a Krooman and an adventurer at large, appeared on the scene, having crossed eight hundred miles of wild land in the earnest hope that time would dull the memomry of the Liberian government, and, incidentally, bring him to a land of milk and honey.

Now Bosambo had in his life been many things. He had been steward on an Elder Dempster boat; he had been a scholar at a Mission school; he was the proud possessor of a bound copy of the Lives of the Saints, a reward for industry; and among his accomplishments was a knowledge of English.

The hospitable Ochori received him kindly, fed him with sweet manioc and sugar-cane, and told him about Sandi's magic. After he had eaten, Bosambo walked down to the post and read the inscription, "Trespassers Beware."

He was mildly amused, but strolled back again, thinking deeply.

"This magic," he said to the chief, "is good magic. I know because I have white man's blood in my veins."

In support of this statement he proceeded to libel a perfectly innocently British official at Sierra Leone.

The Ochori were impressed. They poured forth the story of their persecutions—a story which began in remote ages, when Tiganobeni, the great king, came down from the north and wasted the country as far south as the Isisi.

Bosambo listened—it took two nights and the greater part of a day to tell the story, because the official story teller of the Ochori had only one method of telling—and when it was finished Bosambo said to himself:

"This is the people I have long sought—I will stay here."

Aloud, he asked:

"How often does Sandi come to you?"

"Once every year, Master," said the chief, "on the twelfth moon, and a little after."

"When came he last?"

"When this present moon is at full, three moons since—he comes after the big rains."

"Then," said Bosambo again to himself, "for nine months I am safe."

They built him a hut, and planted for him a banana grove, and gave him seed. Then he demanded for wife the daughter of the chief, and, although he offered nothing in payment, she came to him. That a stranger lived in the chief village of the Ochori was remarked by other tribes, for news of this kind spreads, but, since he was married, and into the chief's family at that, it was accepted that the man must be of the Ochori folk, and such was the story that came to headquarters.

Then the chief of the Ochori died. He died suddenly in some pain, but such deaths are common, and his son ruled in his place. The son died after the briefest reign, and Bosambo called the people together—the elders, the wise men, and the head-men of the country.

"It appears," he said, "that the many gods of the Ochori are displeased with you, and it has been revealed to me in a dream that I shall be chief of the Ochori. Therefore, oh Chiefs, and Wise men, and Head-men, bow before me as is the custom, and I will make you a great people."

It is characteristic of the Ochori that no man said "Nay" to him, even though in the assembly were three men who by custom might claim the chieftainship.

Sanders heard of the new chief, and was puzzled.

"Etabo?" he repeated—that was how Bosambo called himself; "I do not remember the man, yet if he can put backbone into the people I do not care who he is."

Backbone or cunning, or both, Bosambo certainly installed.

"He has many strange practices," reported a native agent to Sanders. Every day he assembles the men of the village and causes them to walk past a pelebi (table?) on which are many eggs. And it is his command that each man as he passes shall take an egg so swiftly that no eye may see him take it. And if the man bungle or break the egg, or be slow, this new chief puts shame upon him, whipping him."

"It is a game," said Sanders; but for the life of him he could not see what game it was. Report after report reached him of the new chief's madness. Sometimes he would take the unfortunate Ochori out by night, teaching them such things as they had never known before. Thus he instructed them in what manner they might seize a goat so that the goat could not cry. Also how to crawl on their bellies inch by inch so that they made no sound or sign. All these things the Ochori did, groaning aloud at the injustice and the labor of it.

"I'm dashed if I can understand it," said Sanders, knitting his brows, when the last report came in. With anybody but the Ochori this would mean war—but the Ochori!"

Notwithstanding his contempt for the fighting qualities, he kept his police Houssas ready.

But there was no war. Instead, there came complaint from the Akasava that "many leopards were in the woods."

Leopards will keep, thought Sanders, and, anyway, the Akasava were good enough hunters to settle that palaver without outside help. The next report was alarming. In two weeks these leopards had carried off threescore of goats, twenty bags of salt, and much ivory.

Leopards eat goats; there might, conceivably, be fastidious leopards that cannot eat goats without salt; but a leopard does not take ivory tusks even to pick his teeth with. So Sanders made haste to journey up the river, because little things were considerable in a country where people strain at gnats and swallow whole caravans.

"Lord, it is true," said the chief of the Akasava, with some emotion; "these goats disappear night by night, though we watch them, also the salt and ivory, because those we did not watch."

"But no leopards could do these things," said Sanders, irritably; "these are thieves."

The chief's gesture was comprehensive.

"Who could thieve?" he said. "The N'Gombi people live very far away, also the Isisi. The Ochori are fools, and, moreover, afraid."

Then Sanders remembered the egg game and the midnight manoeuvers of the Ochori.

"I will call on this new chief," he said, and crossed the river that day.

Sending a messenger to herald his coming, he waited two miles out of the city, and the councilors and wise men came out to him, with offerings of fish and fruit.

"Where is your chief," he asked.

"Lord, he is ill," they said, gravely. "This day there came to him a feeling of sickness, and he fell down moaning. We have carried him to his hut."

Sanders nodded.

"I will see him," he said, gravely.

They led him to the door of the chief's hut, and Sanders went in. It was very dark, and in the darkest corner lay a prostrate man. Sanders bent over him, touched his pulse lightly, felt gingerly for the swelling on the neck behind the ears for a sign of sleeping sickness. No symptom could he find, but on the bare shoulder, as his fingers passed over the man's flesh, he felt a scar of singular regularity; then he found another, and traced their direction.

"I thought so," said Sanders, and gave the moaning man a vigorous kick.

"Come out into the light, Bosambo of Monrovia," he said, and Bosambo rose obediently and followed the commissioner into the light.

They stood looking at each other for several minutes; then Sanders, speaking in the dialect of the Papper Coast, said:

"I have a mind to hang you, Bosambo."

"That is as your Excellency wishes," said Bosambo.

Sanders said nothing, tapping his boot with his walking-stick and gazing thoughtfully downward.

"Having made thieves, could you make men of these people?" he said, after a while.

"I think they could fight, for they are puffed with pride because they have robbed the Akasava," said Bosambo.

Sanders bit the end of his stick like a man in doubt.

"There shall be neither theft nor murder," he said. "No more chiefs nor chiefs' sons shall die suddenly," he added, significently.

"Master, it shall be as you desire."

"As for the goats you have stolen, them you may keep, and the teeth (ivory), and the salt also, for, if you hand them back to the Akasava, you will fill their stomachs with rage, and that would mean war."

Bosambo nodded slowly.

"Then you shall remain, for I see you are a clever man, and the Ochori needs such as you. But if—"

"Master, by the fat of my heart I will do as you wish," said Bosambo, "for I have always desired to be a chief under the British—"

Sanders was halfway back to headquarters before he missed his field-glasses, and wondered where he could have dropped them. At that identical moment Bosambo was exhibiting the binoculars to his admiring people.

"From this day forth," said Bosambo, "there shall be no lifting of goats or stealing of any kind. This much I told the great Sandi, and, as a sign of his love, behold he gave me these things of magic that eat up space."

"Lord," said a councilor, in awe, "did you know the great one?"

"I have cause to know him," said Bosambo, modestly, "for I am his son."

Fortunately, Sanders knew nothing of this interesting disclosure.

CARING FOR KITTY

Fresh water should be kept where the cat may have access to it during the summer. A lump of sulphur in the dish is also good for the animal.

Uncooked food of any kind should never be given fed cats, although a little raw beef may be given at long intervals just for a treat or to tempt the appetite when everything else fails. Raw meat as an exclusive diet will kill a cat.

Twice a day for feeding is sufficient, excepting for a kitten under six months old. After nine months a cat matures. Vegetables are liked by most cats and are an excellent food.

Give your cats clean dishes to eat and drink from. The dishes should be washed daily. Give milk as part of the cat's diet, but do not keep a dish of milk or food standing after the cat has eaten all it desires.

To keep the pet free from pests make a strong lather with a reliable soap, then run all over the animal, beginning at the head and keeping the lather out of its eyes. Leave the lather on for fifteen minutes; then rinse off thoroughly with tepid water and let the fur dry without rubbing, keeping the animal in doors until perfectly dry. Never attempt to wash a cat unassisted. Time and patience will also be necessary. Never use any dog remedy, no matter how successful the latter has worked on a dog. Creolin, carbolic acid, kerosene or gasolene are fatal to most cats.

If the cat is ill, advise a veterinary or some one who has had experience with cats. Any member of a cat club will give information willingly at any time.

Liquid medicines may easily be administered by placing in an ounce medicine bottle, then pouring into the cat's mouth. Pills should be sugar-coated, if possible, when they will be taken more easily. Olive oil is a sovereign remedy for nearly all the troubles most cats are heir to, and it will also produce a glossy coat.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN THE SUMMER TIME

How many girls there are who are so tired on Christmas morning that they say with genuine sincerity, "I certainly am glad that Christmas comes only once a year." These are the girls who leave their gift-making till the last possible moment. But there are many who spend their summer afternoons in some indolent hammock, whiling away the hours with yawns and nibblings at the red Astrachans from the tree back of the house. Now, there are a number of pretty Christmas presents which can be made right in that same hammock, and which are all ready to send away weeks before the Christmas rush.

There are so many patterns for guest-room towels, those new little ones, just meant for some sweet thing exuding violet talcum and [illegible] water. They are button-holed across one end; and hem-stitched across the other, and one end can also have a row of embroidery a couple of inches from the edge.

Then there are aprons. Their kind is legion. There are some very pretty ones made of figured muslins and dimities. One attractive design is made with a row of insertion and lace around it, with a scallop of insertion set in, running across the bottom about two or three inches from the bottom. The top has a row of embroidery beading, with a ribbon run through, the same shade as the flowers on the muslin. These ribbons are long enough to tie at the back.

Perhaps some of you have heard about the new beaded scarfs that are so fashionable, and also so expensive to buy in the shops. Did it ever occur to you that they could be made as well at home, and at one-half the expense? Transfer patterns can be bought, and all that is necessary to do is to stamp the material, usually of crepe de chine, and sew the beads on. They come in long strings and can be bought at any milliner's store. A white chiffon or crepe scarf decorated with silver beads gives the effect of frost in the moonlight, and is very effective. And there are many other combinations equally as striking. Metallic beads are very much used.

If you want to give a larger gift, there can be nothing more acceptable than a lunch cloth and napkins to match. This has to be started early, so some of those days spent in the hammock would be a good time to start.

Sachet bags may be all ready for the sachet; silk stockings which are to be embroidered can be placed in the gift box long before Christmas has peeped over the hills; hand-made handkerchiefs, pin cushions—their number is legion, brass candle shades, and many articles for which transfer patterns can be purchased.

THE POSTAL AEROPLANE

Reports come from England and France that the official postal aeroplane for the rapid transport of mail matter is soon to become an actual reality. On August 13th Pierre Vedrines, the veteran aviator, winner of the prize for his recent notable aerial trip from Paris, France, to Madrid, Spain, made one of ten flights to demonstrate the possibility of an aero mail service. This flight was most successful. He left Issy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris, with mail aboard at 5.07 p.m. and reached Deauville, near Trouville, 112 miles from Issy, at 6.50 p.m., or one hour and forty-three minutes, or at the rate of a trifle over sixty-five miles an hour. The time of the fast express train going the same distance is 3 hours and 12 minutes, or 1 hour and 19 minutes longer.

On the way Vedrines dropped letter packages at Mantes-sur-Seine, Evreux and Lisieux. It is said he was paid five hundred dollars for the flight, which would average a trifle less than $5 per mile.

In London the post office department is making preparations for the early inauguration of a special aerial postal service to be carried on between London and Windsor, a distance of twenty one miles. Special aerial post boxes are to be placed in public places, in which letters for this service must be deposited the same as in ordinary boxes. Collections by carriers will be made in the usual way and deposited in a central location, from which the aeroplane will depart. There the mail will be placed in sealed letter bags and the latter strapped on to the aeroplane. The flight to Windsor will occupy about half an hour. From Windsor the mail will be forwarded by train to its intended destination. King George has given permission for space in Windsor Park to try out this experiment, which is to last a week and perhaps longer.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL

The different species of small mammals known as flying squirrels have but one common feature—the membrane which unites their claws and acts as parachute. In the last century the best known of the species were abundant in northern Europe, Scandinavia, and Lapland. They are seen now in Siberia, two species are found in Japan and in the north of America, and another species abounds in the south of China and in India.

The Australian flying squirrel is a night rover and an eater of insects, birds' eggs, and bayberries. It has whitish fur tinged with red, five long, finger-like claws, and a bushy tail, with a tip that serves as a rudder when the squirrel flies, by means of which it hangs on trees whose smooth, slippery bark makes them hard for hunters to climb. The little animal is very difficult to dislodge, and, as he never descends to the ground, the natives of the countries inhabited by him believe that he lives without drinking. After the sun sets his cry is heard, and he is seen springing from tree-top to tree-top, at play or in quest of prey. As he leaves a tree he stretches his long fingers and develops his flying membrane. He flies in an oblique curve. Students of his life disagree as to his maximum flight, but his spring covers a space measuring between twenty-five and fifty metres.

A LANGAUGE OF 300 WORDS

In the more inaccessible parts of the Sierra Madre Mountains, in northern Mexico, live a curious people called the Tarahuamaris. Many of them dwell in caves, but they have also small villages, all of them about 8,000 feet above sea-level. The Tarahuamaris are small in body, but possessed of much endurance. Their only food is maize, and they manufacture a drink called toshuin, from the same cereal. Their language is limited to about 300 words, and they cannot count beyond ten.

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Profits are Forgotten in this Sale. We must reduce our stock by $10,000 this month and if prices will do it---IT'S UP TO YOU. *Buy Your Christmas Gifts Here!*

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Regular $2.50 Marquesettes, the newest and loveliest goods for evening wear, in Mauve, Sky, Pink, Tan, Brown and Cream. Sale Price, $1.65
Regular $2.00 Marquesette, same shades, ...SALE PRICE, $1.35
Suit Lengths in Tweed and Diagonal Serge ..... AT COST
Regular 50c Jap Silk, 27 in. wide, all shades .....SALE PRICE, 40c
Liberty Satin, all shades .....SALE PRICE, 60c yd
Best English Prints, regular 15c.....SALE PRICE, 10c yd
Regular 40c Kimona Cloth in Paisley Patterns, Imported Goods, French Dyes ..... SALE PRICE, 25c

Special in Turkish Towels, regular 75c pair .....SALE PRICE, 50c pr
Three-quarter Table Oil Cloth, regular, 35c .....SALE PRICE, 25c yd
Six-four Table Oil Cloth, regular 45c..... SALE PRICE, 35c yd

Special Values in Ladies', Children's and Men's Shoes

Men's Invictus Shoes, regular $6.50 and $6.00 .....SALE PRICE, $5.00
TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT OFF all Ames-Holden Shoes in Ladies' Misses and Children's, including Boots, Oxfords, and Strap Slippers.
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Misses' Felt Slippers, Juliett style,— ..... SALE PRICE, $1.00

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

50 ONLY—Cuchion Tops in Brown & Green Burlap trimmed with Coronation Braid, also linen with printed Indian's Head—Tops alone worth $1.00 and $1.25, Saturday with filler..... ...only 1.00 each

Granite and Tinware, 25 per cent off all these lines

$25.00 Overcoats, newest styles—$20.00
$18.00 " " $14.00
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Ladies', Misses and Children's Ready-to-Wear at Cost and Less

2 only, Ladies' Sealett Coats, latest models, sizes 36 and 38, regular $40.00 SALE PRICE, ...$ 25.00
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Ladies' Dress Skirts, includ. Tweed, Violes & Serge, reg. $8.00, $9.00 $10.00 SALE PRICE .....$ 6.50
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Ladies' Taffetta Silk Underskirts, in Brown, Black Card and Shot effects, regular $6.50 to $7.50, ...SALE PRICE, $4.50
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20th Century Clothing, the Hall Mark of Perfection.

Men's Pure Wool Flannel Shirts, reg. $3.50 .....for $2.75

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$6.50 Suits .....for $ 4.35
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$6.50 OVERCOATS .....for $ 4.35
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1 Mission China Closet, regular $27.00 ..... For $21.00
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1 4 section with Drawer Case, Quartered Oak finish, reg. $28.50.....for $22.00
1 Combination Book Case and Writing Desk, reg. $27.00 .....for $23.00
1 Mission Library Table, reg. $21.00,..... .....for $16.25
1 Quartered Oak Ladies' Dressing Table, reg. $27.00 .....for $22.00
1 Quartered Oak Dining Table, reg. $28.50, ...for $21.00
1 Mission Oak Dining Table, reg. $28.50, for .....for $21.00
1 Quartered Oak Dining Table, Circular, reg. $40.00, ...for $29.00
1 Dresser, Quartered-Oak, Oval Mirror, reg. $42.50, ...for $33.50
1 Chiffoneer, Quartered Oak, to match, reg. $37.50, ...for $29.00
6-piece Dining Room Set, Mission Finish, reg. $40.00, ...for $32.00

5-piece Parlor Set, Mission Finish, reg. $48.00, ...for $39.00
3-piece Parlor Set, Mission Finish, reg. $55.00, ...for $43.00
1 Morris Chair, Leather Seat and Back, Mission Finish, reg. $40.00—$33.00
2 Mission Arm Chairs, Leather Seat, reg. $28.00, ...for $23.50
1 Mission Couch, solid Leather Covered, reg. $64.00 .....for $48.50
1 Leather Covered Couch, reg. $50.00,.....for $39.00
2 Music Cabinets, Mahogany Finish, reg. $10.00 .....for $ 6.50
2 Single Commodes, Quartered Oak, reg. $10.00, ...for $ 6.50
1 Pair Parlor Chairs, 1 Rocker and Arm, Quar. Oak, reg. $24.50, —$17.50
1 Dresser, Circassian Walnut, reg. $32.50, ...for $24.00
1 Chiffoneer, Circassian Walnut to match, reg. $28.00, ...for $21.00
1 Dressing Table and Stand to match, reg. $24.00, ...for $17.00
1 Chiffoneer, Quartered Oak, 5 drawers, reg. $32.00, ...for $24.00

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If you have an obstinate, deep-seated cough, which refuses to be cured, get a 50-cent bottle of Pinex, mix it with home-made sugar syrup and start taking it. Inside of 24 hours your cough will be gone, or very nearly so. Even whooping-cough is quickly conquered in this way.

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Pinex soothes and heals the inflamed membranes with remarkable rapidity. It stimulates the appetite, is slightly laxative, and has a pleasant taste—children take it willingly. Splendid for croup, asthma, bronchitis, throat tickle, chest pains, etc., and a thoroughly successful remedy for incipient lung troubles.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other healing pine elements. It has often been imitated, though never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. Simply mix with sugar syrup or strained honey, in a 16-ounce bottle, and it is ready for use.

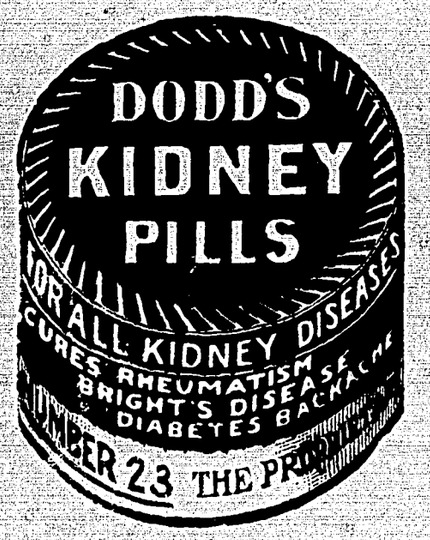
Anyone who tries Pinex will quickly understand why it is used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

MASUCHIKA SHIMOSE

Masuchika Shimose, who invented the high explosive to which the name Shimose powder was given by the Japanese navy, died on September 7th. He was professor of applied chemistry and was born in 1859. For several years he was superintendent of the ammunition department of the naval arsenal, during which time he made extensive researches in connection with explosives. His compound was adopted in 1893 by the Japanese navy, and for his services a decoration and a sum of money were granted to him.

EMBLEMS

If money talks, as sages say,
And riches are equipped with wings,
The parrot might become some day
The emblem of financial kings.
—Washington Star.



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Storyettes

FIRST YOUTH: Scientists say that trees contribute to the heat of the atmosphere."

Second Youth: "That's so; a birch has warmed me many a time."

* * *

Bacon: "I understand some of your hens have stopped laying?"

Egbert: "Two of them have."

Bacon: "What's the cause?"

Egbert: "Motor car."

* * *

"Are these your clothes or mine?" asked the athletic man of his athletic wife.

"Look in the pockets," was the reply. "If you find smelling-salts they are mine; if it's a whisky-flask they are yours."

* * *

The Squire: "Is your husband in?"

Cottager's Wife: "No, sir. He's drillin'."

The Squire: "Ah, quite so. Territorials, eh?"

Cottager's Wife: "No, sir. Turnuts!"

* * *

"There is nothing more unsatisfactory than a boarding-house beefsteak," growled the chronic grumbler.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the impressionable young man. "Did you ever get a kiss from a pretty girl over the telephone?"

* * *

"Mamma," asked little Florence, "should I say pants or trousers?"

"Trouse-s, my dear," replied her mother.

"Then," said Florence, "I must give Fido some water, for he trousers just awfully."

* * *

"Enjoy yourself during your holidays, Smyth?"

"Tremendously! Came upon a place where there was no band banging away three times a day; no niggers; no servants after tips; no complaints when the children yelled, and no extra charge for anything."

"Where was this ideal spot?"

"At home."

* * *

"Speaking of eccentricities," said Proppleton, "my father is an example. He has not cut his hair for the last half-dozen years."

"Indeed! His hair must be very long by this time?"

"Oh, no! The old gentleman was bald before then."

* * *

Old Gentleman (benevolently): "Let me see, I believe you are the boy I bought a paper of yesterday, when I didn't have change. I owe you a half-penny. Here it is."

Newsboy (who isn't the boy): "Never mind, mister. Keep it for your honesty!"

* * *

Gadabout was boasting of his extensive acquaintances. No celebrity could be mentioned unknown to him. He was intimately acquainted with all of them. Finally Dobson inquired:

"Did you ever happen to meet the Siamese Twins?"

Gadabout reflected a moment, and then said:

"Well, I am not quite sure that I met both of them; but I knew one of them very well."

The teacher, after having taken great trouble to explain the difference in the meanings of the words "dream" and "reverie," addressed the class. "Now, could any of you give me a sentence with the word 'reverie' in it?"

A small youth put up his hand.

"You, John!" she uttered in astonishment. "Well, what is it?"

"Please, ma'am," said the urchin, 'the reverie' blew his whus'le and stopped the game."

* * *

A conjurer who was giving an entertainment to a crowded audience in the school at a village in Yorkshire performed some astonishing tricks. He was clever, and he knew it, otherwise there would probably have been no cause to tell the following story.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, pompously, at the conclusion of his last trick, "I defy anyone in this audience to mention a single action that I can perform with my right-hand-that-I-cannot do with my left."

The intense silence which followed the great magician's challenge was rudely broken by a boy at the back of the room.

"Put yer left hand in yer right-hand trouser-pocket, guv'nor!" he shouted.

* * *

The villain's scheme had succeeded. Bound hand and foot, the fair maiden was put into a sack, unable to move or scream. She felt herself being carried down a flight of stairs, put into a vehicle, and then driven away. She struggled vainly to release herself, but the villain had done his work well.

Finally the conveyance stopped. Again she was lifted, and carried into a building, fainting and gasping for breath. The sack was removed, then the gag. The villain, still masked, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire, released her, and said through his tightly-clenched teeth:

"There, my pretty bird, scream as loud as you like; no human ear will ever hear you. You are totally within my power."

"Where am I?" she gasped.

"In the shop of a man who never advertises," was the cruel reply.

"Alas!" she moaned. "No power on earth can save me. No one will look for me here."

And the poor girl fainted.

* * *

In County Sligo there is a small lake renowned for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out one day for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr."

"But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor.

"Well, sorr, I'll tell ye. Me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his worrd, sorr, and so he said, 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me worrds,' and off with his clothes and in he jumped."

The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression.

"Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again at all, at all."

"But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself."

"Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was. The next day comes a cable from him in Australia askin' to send on his clothes."

Racehorse Owner: "William, you are too heavy. Can't you take something off?"

Jockey: "I'm wearing my lightest suit and haven't tasted food all day."

Owner: "Then, for goodness' sake, go and get shaved."

* * *

The railway trouble in Scotland has recalled some stories respecting the North British Railway strike of twelve years ago. In the emergency an amateur engine-driver had been put on duty on a branch line. At one station he ran his train a considerable way past the platform. Stopping at last, he "backed" and went as far beyond at the other end.

The old porter, who had remained loyal, eyed the proceedings with cynical amusement. "Stop whuur ye are," he shouted, "and we'll shift the station for ye."

Women With Weakness

For all weakness from which girls and women suffer, no surer remedy exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They maintain that bracing health every woman so earnestly desires; they uproot disease, and bring strength that lasts till old age.

"No medicine could be more beneficial than Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes Mrs. Mary E. Ayrton, of Victoria, "I have been strengthened, my digestion is better, I have improved in color and feel considerably better since using Dr. Hamilton's Pills." Sold everywhere, 25c. per box or five boxes for one dollar.

The Horseman

Aufwieglerin now holds the record (2.12) for Austrian-bred trotters. Aufwieglerin is one of the two horses that Dr. Hermann von Fischer, the Vienna horseman, is contemplating bringing to America next year. The other is Pierrot, the champion trotting stallion of Austria.

Aufwieglerin—meaning an agitator—is a five-year-old brown mare by Wig Wag, 2.16 1-4, dam, Gluck auf—meaning "cheer up"—by Prince Warwick, second dam, Faustissima—dam of Willy, 2.07 1-4, etc.—by Sidney.

Aufwieglerin was bred by Leopold Wanko—also breeder of Pierrot and Willy—and is still part owner with Dr. von Fischer, of Aufwieglerin.

Wig Wag, the sire of Aufwieglerin, had a European record of 2.10 1-4, which would have been lowered but for his untimely death.

Wig Wag was bred by Douglas Thomas, Lexington, Ky. He took a three-year-old record of 2.16 1-4. He was sold soon after by John Splan to Mrs. Polly McPhee Schlietegroll, who died from an operation before the horse reached Europe. Wig Wag was then sold to J. Schoomaker for Louis Winans. He won the championship of Europe for his new owner, as a four-year-old in 1903, trotting in 2.13 6-10. He was second in the championship of 1904, fourth in 1905. On the morning of the 1906 championship, for which race he was an overwhelming favorite, he died from colic. American trainers in Europe considered him a 2.05 trotter over American tracks. In 1905 he won the Impost Handicap of 2,610 meters—about 1 3-5 miles—from a standing start over a five-eighths mile track in 3.30 9-10, which is at the rate of 2.10 to the mile. During this race he was officially timed a separate 1,000 meters in 1.18 7-10, which is at the rate of 2.06 1-2 for the mile.

Gluck auf—the second part of name should not be spelled with a capital "A"—trotted 2,600 meters (about 1 5-8 miles) at the rate of 2.36 1-4 to the mile in 1903. She is also the dam of Liebling.

Aufwieglerin started trotting as a three-year-old, being the fastest of her year and lowering the Austrian inland record to 2.19 1-2. Last year she trotted in 2.18.

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

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

Godero, 2.09 3-4, the roan son of Bingen, 2.06 1-4, and Jolly Bird, 2.15 1-4, by Jay Bird, at Faenza, Italy, July 30, won the Italian trotting championship race in the fastest time in which it was ever trotted, 2.11 1-10 and 2.10 3-10, defeating a field of seven, including the noted French trotters, Fred Leyburn, 2.10 3-4, and Jockey, 2.09 1-10, and the ex-Americans, Betty Brook, 2.09 3-4, Busy, 2.09 3-4, Miss Elyria, 2.10 1-4, and Governor Francis, 2.08 1-4. This event, which is now one of the principal fixed ones of the Italian trotting season, was first given in 1908, best time, 2.21 3-4, the track being very muddy. Last year it was captured by the French trotter Custer, 2.10 1-2, best time 2.13 1-4. It will be seen that Codero's performance was decidedly the best of any of these, and that the contest was a brilliant one is shown by the fact that Fred Leyburn, who was second, himself trotted his heats in 2.11 2-5 and 2.11. Codero was foaled in 1903, and trotted to his record of 2.09 3-4 as a four-year-old at Lexington in 1907, being sold for export the following winter. His first season on the European turf was not particularly successful, but he appears to have been steadily improving in form, and is now probably better than ever before in his life, as his two heats in 2.11 1-10 and 2.10 3-10, over a half-mile track, demonstrate. Previous to 1911, Codero had won the sum of 44,900 lire on the European tracks, and this season he has added 20,607 lire to this, or about $13,000. The value of the Faenza championship race was 10,000 lire—about $2,000—of which 5,000 lire went to the winner.—Horse Review.

* * *

Scotland, in the general sense of the word, is the home of that great breed of draft horses, the Clydesdales, and in few parts of that country are they bred to a higher standard, fed to more perfection, or used to greater advantage, than in the rich agricultural valley of Tweedside. Viewed as a home for man or beast, what a magnificent district it is! Northward, the broad, green tops of the Lammermoors, eastward the wooded height of Flodden Hill, southward the blue line of Cheviot from Yeavering Bell to the Carter, westward the three peaks of Eildon and the far domes of Ruberslaw and the Dunion; and between, like the check on some goblin-woven plaid, lie the squares of green and brown and golden fields that make the pride of agricultural Scotland in a valley the fairest in the world.

Through this Garden of Eden runs the broad Tweed, bearing on its silvery breast a precious burden of the lore and legend of romance. Through wide, green meadows, where the giant Clydesdale mares move slowly with their foals at foot, the little burns go singing down to the Tweed, singing songs of seed time and harvest, songs of rural simplicity and pastoral content. At distances of a mile or so apart, the grey-roofed farmhouses, with their attendant groups of cottages and barns and byres, nestle among little sheltering plantations of larch or elm or fir; near them are grouped, like sentinel troops, the golden oat and barley stacks. Not least among these cosy farm buildings stands the warm, straw-bedded stable, where the big Clydesdales in their hours of leisure tug at their well filled hay racks, making merry music with the rope blocks on the mangers, or lie dozing in the soft yellow oat straw to the gentle patter of the brown rats in the bedding.

Betwixt farm and farm run the clean, white roads, with a strip of green grass at either side, and beyond the grass the hawthorn hedges, tender green in early spring, foam-white with blossoms in May, rich with berries in Autumn, silver with hoar-frost in the Christmas weather. On these roads in summer you will pass the Clydesdales stepping soberly between the shafts of the farm carts, going to and from the town with their varied loads. In winter, on the same road, now deep with snow that drifts above the hedge-tops, you will pass the Clydes again, hauling the heavy snow-plow, four abreast, snorting in the cold, frosty air, and making the tug chains ring again as they bend their proud necks to the collars. In the harvest time you will meet them yoked to the high loads of oats and barley, stepping carefully and proudly to the stack-yard, as though afraid to shake a sheaf from its place.

Close to each farm steading lies the willow shaded pond, where the farm boys slide in frosty weather, or in summer throw stones at the long suffering ducks in the glad hours after school. The Clydesdales know that mill pond well, for there in the dusty summer noons they are ridden knee-deep into the cool, green water weed, and allowed to drink their fill, and there in the summer evenings they quench the thirst of the long, hot afternoons, while the big collars slide forward on their necks, and they shake themselves till the looped chains jingle.

Where in the wide world is the air so fresh or the pasture grass so green, as down those sloping braes above the burns and in the shelter of the high thorn hedges? Here in the heart of the summer, for two irresponsible months the big Clydesdales go free of the chains and graze along the shady headlands, or stand in the warm noons under the shadow of the spreading ash trees, nibbling at the drooping branches or rubbing one another's shoulders, or flicking the flies from a comrade's face with busy tail, while accepting the same good office from him. Later on, when the grain is cut and gathered, and the stubble fields lie naked to the autumn winds, you will see the white-faced, feather-fetlocked beauties stepping slowly two by two from hedge to hedge, while in their wake the brown ribbons grow broader, and the golden strips grow less. In a snow-white cloud the sea gulls follow, fighting among themselves over the spoil of the rich earth's larder. The plowman plods on, swinging between the handles of his plow with one foot on the stubble and one foot in the furrow. Every now and then he gives an order to his horses in the "soft lowland tongue of the Border;" uncouth words are his, and unintelligable to the stranger, but plain and familiar to the Tweedside natives, and soothing as a caress to the steady, big team that swings a hand's-breadth to the right or left at every whispered word. Later in the season still there is heavy pulling for the Clydesdales on the turnip brake, with the purple or yellow roots piled high upon the carts, with the deep braeside to climb, and every gateway fetlock-deep in mud and slush.

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

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

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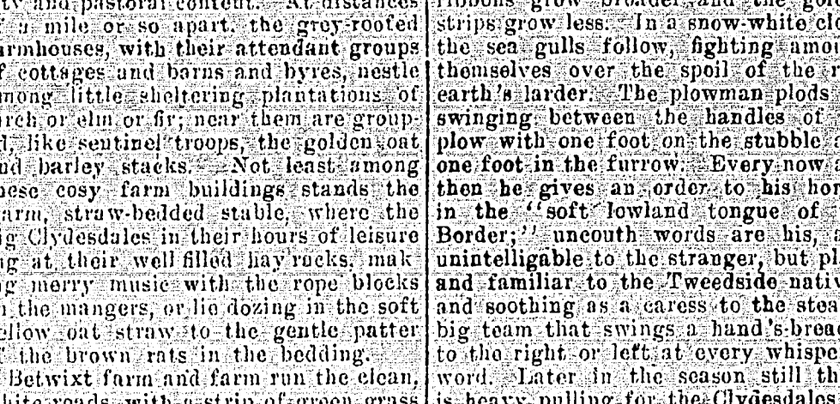

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

PROVEN

(By Edward Boltwood)

Emma Saxon tremulously pressed backward against the partition of her employer's private office, and steadied her suddenly throbbing palms on the cool glass.

Beyond the partition, in the workroom of Miss Gardner's typewriting agency, the girls had closed their machines for the day. They chatted softly and gaily while they adjusted incredible hats over miraculous coiffures. From the lavatory drifted the faint, clean odor of perfumed soap.

"The name—did you say the name was Mrs. Franklin Trent?" faltered Emma.

"Yes, yes," Miss Gardner replied from her desk. "You must have noticed the name in the newspapers. This Mrs. Franklin Trent needs another social secretary for a while. She will see you at six. The house is on Fifth Avenue, and here's the address, and your stage fare."

Emma's slender fingers shook a little when she picked up the coin and the card; and Miss Gardner frowned impatiently.

"Now, for Heaven's sake, Emma, don't get rattled."

"But, if you please, Miss Gardner, I can't—I would rather not go."

"What do you think I pay you for?" snapped Miss Gardner. "You bet you'll go, or else—"

"Very well, I'll be there at six," murmured Emma Saxon.

The bright figures in the outer room contrasted oddly with Emma's grayish hair and black gown of cheap serge. None of the girls spoke to her while she was putting on her hat and jacket; she was like a dumb raven among orioles. The astute manageress observed this with a satisfied smile.

"I guess I made no mistake in sending Saxon on this job," remarked Miss Gardner to her blotting-pad. "If all you hear about Franklin Trent is true, his wife wouldn't be keen about having any chatty young piece of dress-goods around the house. Poor old Emma's over forty, and the best hand in the shop, at that."

Emma sidled into the elevator, packed at this hour with noisy clerks and giggling stenographers. She had worked in Miss Gardner's agency for half a year, but she had made no acquaintances elsewhere in the building. Her cold, tired face, with its pathetic traces of former beauty, somehow kept people from her.

Broadway was aglow and flashing. Emma glanced at an illuminated clock, and, knotted her coin thriftily in a handkerchief. The pavement was slushy with melted snow, and her shoes were worn; but ten cents meant a breakfast, and she had time enough to walk.

She seemed to have more than time enough, for she walked hesitatingly, gazing with brooding eyes into the brilliant shop windows. From a distance, you might have said that she was a wandering rural visitor, on Broadway for the first time. But her eyes would have changed your mind. They were filled, not with wonder, but with dread.

In one great window was marshalled an oriental parade of golden and purple fruits; in the next glistened an enormous maze of silken rainbows; in a third the innumerable sparks of jewels darted from folds of somber velvet. Through the polished glass sides of motor-cars Emma caught glimpses of pretty woman daintily clad in fur. Occasionally she heard, from the open door of a restaurant, the hum of laughter and the dancing lilt of violins.

She halted at a place where tickets for foreign travel were sold. The window displayed a huge model of a steamship, swinging lazily, as if at moorings, on a peaceful sea. Pencils of warm, yellow light streamed from the port-holes and the mast, and a miniature moon silvered the little palm-tree on the tropical shore.

Emma clasped the threadbare collar of her thin jacket around her throat, and walked on rapidly. The curious dread deepened in her eyes.

Finally a cross-town street led her to Mrs. Franklin Trent's magnificent new house on the avenue. Emma had never identified it before. The ornate front of the stone mansion, a jumble of costly carving, was an architectural joke; but Emma did not seem to be amused. Her lips shivered strangely as she climbed the broad steps.

For the house would have been her own, if she, in her father's orchard, twenty years ago, had whispered a "yes" instead of a "no" to young Frank Trent, on the night when he left their Connecticut village to seek his fortune in the Western copper-mines.

II

A liveried footman swung the heavy door, and surveyed Emma Saxon briefly.

"Other entrance," he grunted.

Emma did not understand. She blinked doubtfully over the lackey's crimson sleeve at the pillars of the Roman hall.

"If you please, I—I have an appointment here at six," said she, and offered Miss Gardner's card.

"Other entrance," repeated the footman.

But a trim lady's-maid now appeared from behind a pillar.

"One minute, Mr. Hibbs," she interposed, scanning the card. "Madame expects a—oh, yes! I will bring her to madame. It will be quicker so."

The maid crossed the lofty hall, and Emma followed, with shoulders bent, as if the luxury of the house oppressed them like a burden. Mr. Hibbs yawned, examining his finger-nails.

Cavernous apartments, mysterious with rich drapery and dimly lit by hidden lamps, glowed to left and right. Emma's worn little shoes trod marble stairs which had been taken out of a famous Venetian palace. Peering over the exquisite baluster, she had a vista, through the priceless picture-gallery, of the ballroom, with its stately organ.

At a door near the head of the staircase Emma's guide pressed the concealed knob of an electric annunciator. A second maid opened the door silently, placed the card on a silver tray, and left Emma waiting behind a half-drawn portiere of rosy silk.

Beyond the curtain was an octagonal room, paneled in rose du Barry brocade. The furniture was covered with Gobelin tapestry; and on a couch reclined a lady whose flowing gown had the color and sheen of morning cobwebs in a dewy garden. Another woman, soberly dressed in brown, sat at a marqueterie desk; but Emma looked only at the lady on the couch. Never had she looked at such a beautiful creature.

"Madame will receive you," said the maid.

"Is that Mrs. Trent—on the sofa?" gasped Emma.

"Of course," breathed the servant, with much disdain.

Emma advanced into the room. The lady raised her graceful, tawny-haired head from the heap of pillows; and her voice was kind and musical.

"This is Miss Saxon?"

"My name is Saxon, ma'am. I am from the Gardner agency."

"Yes," said Mrs. Trent. "I shall need a secretary, for a few weeks, to assist Miss Vosper," and she indicated, with a white, jeweled hand, the woman at the desk.

"I have always given satisfaction, ma'am, as a stenographer and typewriter," ventured Emma.

Mrs. Trent's good-humored smile was very winning.

"I am sure of that, but a pen-writer is what I need," she rejoined quietly. "My correspondence, I fear, is too trivial to be typed. So may I trouble you for a sample of your handwriting? That is the whole point, you know."

"Certainly, ma'am," Emma said.

Miss Vosper arose, and Emma seated herself in the desk-chair. An angle of the wall was between the desk and the couch. She heard Miss Vosper reading a concert programme to Mrs. Trent.

Emma found a blank sheet of crested paper underneath a manuscript list of charitable hospitals on the desk. She selected one of the mother-of-pearl penholders, consulted the jade inkstand, and wondered what she ought to write. Then she turned her perplexed glance, and it met the pictured face of Franklin Trent. She had not seen him for twenty years.

Middle age had marked him but slightly. Framed by a wide band of gold, the masterful, handsome face was that of the boy who had vainly implored Emma to love him. It almost seemed that he was imploring her now, so perfect was the portraiture and so vivid was her remembrance.

As she gazed at the photograph, she became a girl again. She fancied that she was aware of the pure fragrance of apple-blossoms, the sleepy twittering of nested birds, the timid luster of early stars. The lurking dread slowly vanished from her eyes. That queer shadow of apprehension, which had darkened them for an hour, was lifted. A resolute, eager light replaced it. She was like one lost in a dreary swamp, who suddenly finds a safe path homeward.

Miss Vosper coughed suggestively.

"I beg your pardon," Emma acknowledged; and she wrote the names of the months on the sheet of paper, and submitted it to Mrs. Trent.

The lady examined it with regretful scrutiny. Emma's handwriting, in fact, was the commonplace script of an old-fashioned copy-book, devoid of distinction and character.

"I'm so sorry," decided Mrs. Trent gently; "but really, I fear—I'm so sorry to disappoint you!"

"It's only an ordinary work-a-day hand, ma'am. And, if you'll excuse me, I'm not disappointed."

"Not disappointed?" murmured Mrs. Trent. She smiled thoughtfully at Emma, vaguely impressed by some elusive change in the bearing and voice of this gray, shabby woman. "However, Miss Saxon, I'm genuinely sorry that you've had this trouble for nothing. I feel sure that you deserve help, and that you work well and hard."

"I work hard, ma'am, but perhaps that isn't anything to feel sorry about."

For a silent moment each looked tensely into the other's reflective, rather startled face. It was as if a supernatural power were trying to flash a message between them. But the gulf was too great; the message was blurred and indistinct, like the faulty and unreadable call from the crippled sender of a wireless telegraph machine.

Mrs. Trent sighed, without knowing why, and moved petulantly among the velvet pillows.

"Are you going back to the agency this evening, Miss Saxon?"

"No, ma'am, I am going—somewhere else."

"I shall take care that your employer doesn't criticize you because I sent you away. Miss Vosper shall attend to that in the morning. Good night!"

"Thank you, ma'am, and good-by!" said Emma, smiling inscrutably.

III

The supercilious maid led Emma haughtily down rear steps to the servants' entrance; but Emma was untouched by the slight, or by the grim mockery of such a departure from the house which might have been hers. The determined smile was still upon her face. She walked erect now, with her shoulders squared. In the street she turned her back on the glare of the splendid avenue, and set off at a brisk pace toward the east.

At length she came to the whining tracks of the Elevated. The thoroughfare beneath them was a wet and noisome cave. Grimy men and women, with the dull, submissive eyes of toiling oxen, thronged the foul pavements. In a deafening, unending procession, iron wheels of ponderous trucks clanged savagely over the cobbles.

With lips parted expectantly, and firm chin pointed upward, Emma hurried on, like one speeding to a goal. Even in that hastening crowd her haste was noticeable. A group in front of a murky saloon skipped out of her way with burlesque agility; a jocose policeman asked her where the fire was. Emma's eager smile did not waver, and the policeman winked at his companion.

"They never get too old to beat it to a date," he proclaimed sententiously.

A blue-coated and blue-bonneted girl emerged from the saloon, jingling an alms-box of the Salvation Army. Emma tugged a coin from her knotted handkerchief, and dropped her pittance in the box.

"God bless you for it!" muttered the girl.

Emma did not pause to hear the benediction. She turned the corner into a side street. It was a street of old brick houses, converted into tenements; beyond the distant end of it, under the lights of a towering bridge, was revealed the sullen current of the river.

The shadowy street would have been quiet had it not been for the countless children; but over sidewalk, curb, and house-steps, they swarmed like frenzied bees. A desperate bandit of seven years triumphantly caught and held Emma's skirt as she passed. She bent down to loosen the chubby fist, and found that, for lack of breath, she could hardly speak.

She waited for a minute among the children, with a hand on her leaping heart. Then she went into the tenement-house and up the sagging and narrow stairs.

The humble room which Emma entered was poorly furnished, but very neat and clean. A man sat beside the lamp, reading a book. He looked up pleasantly—a tall, powerful man, although he had the bleached face of an invalid. One of his arms was in a sling.

"Why, Emmy!" said he. "What is it?"

She stared at him with shining, brimming eyes. The breath caught again in her throat, and she could not speak.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, rising with quick anxiety. "I've such glorious news, Em! The doctor swears that I'll be back at work within a month! Thank Heaven, you won't much longer have to—why, Emmy, lass, what ever has come to you?"

Emma clasped him in her embrace.

"Oh, my husband!" she cried brokenly. "I was afraid—afraid, but I have seen without envy what might have been, and it has been proven to me—proven that I could never have cared for anyone but you. And, John, I love you so—I love you so!"

LEGEND OF THE RAIN-TREE

During the last few months the newspapers have revived the well-worn tale of the "Peruvian rain-tree," which affords protection against drought. The leaves of this tree are said to have the property of condensing atmospheric moisture in large quantities and precipitating it in the form of rain. According to one writer, "the water falls from the leaves and oozes from the trunk and forms veritable rivers, which can be led as irrigating canals to any point desired. Making liberal allowance for evaporation and infiltration, a square mile grove of the trees would supply for distribution about 100,000 gallons of water daily."

On the strength of similar stories one of the trees to which the name "rain-tree" has been most often applied, viz., Albizzia (or Pithecolobium) Saman, has lately been exploited and sold extensively in Australia. The virtues claimed for it have proved to be altogether illusory, although it is useful as a shade-tree, and is widely planted for this purpose in semi-tropical countries.

The legend of the "rain-tree" or "raining-tree" dates back to the stories of the Fortunate Isles, where no rain fell from the skies and the soil was refreshed by the moisture shed by a tree of the sort described. The early navigators brought home stories of similar trees in the East Indies, in Guinea, Brazil, etc. The Peruvian rain-tree appears to have been brought to the notice of the world by the reports of a United States consul in Peru, about 1877. These reports were widely quoted at the time, and led the government of India to seek information on the subject from the authorities of Kew Gardens. The investigations of W. T. Thistleton Dyer brought to light a plausible explanation of at least a part of the rain-tree stories.

The traveler Spruce reported his own experiences with the rain-tree as follows:

"The tamia-caspi, or rain-tree of the eastern Peruvian Andes, is not a myth, but a fact, although not exactly in the way popular rumor has lately presented it. I first witnessed the phenomenon in September, 1855, when residing at Tarapoto. I had gone one morning at daybreak, with two assistants, into the adjacent wooded hills to botanize. A little after seven o'clock we came under a lofty spreading tree, from which with a perfectly clear sky overhead a smart rain was falling. A glance upward showed a multitude of cicadas sucking the juices of the tender young branches and leaves, and squirting forth slender streams of limpid fluid."

This is not the only explanation. That many plants spontaneously exude moisture under suitable conditions is well known. The phenomenon is called "guttation," and has perhaps been most fully described by A. Burgerstein in his work "Die Transpiration der Pflanzen" (Jena, 1904). The moisture drawn up from the roots of plants most frequently passes off into the air in a gaseous form; i.e., by transpiration. If the air is saturated with moisture, and if the supply of moisture to the roots is copious, then liquid drops will be exuded sometimes in large quantities. Molisch records a case in which a single leaf of a species of Colocasia gave off 190 drops per minute. Burgerstein gives a list of 241 plants, belonging to 101 families, in which guttation has been observed.

This process goes on chiefly at night, and in cloudy and foggy weather; i.e., when the relative humidity of the air is highest. It is altogether probable that in the moister parts of the tropics there are trees which exhibit this phenomenon in such a degree that the name "rain-tree" may be fittingly applied to them. It is, however, certain that no such process can occur in a dry climate, and that the proposal to plant the rain-tree as a panacea against drought is entirely chimerical.

A STUPENDOUS WORK

If civilization were civilized it would find some way to reward Mr. Dwelly for a work almost without parallel in the history of literature. Mr. Dwelly is not a Scotchman and his knowledge of Gaelic is an acquired one. Nevertheless he has spent twenty strenuous years of his life in the compilation of a Gaelic dictionary containing two million words and now issued in three volumes that are sold for the modest price of $10. But a statement such as this give but a faint impresssion of the magnitude of the work. Mr. Dwelly retired from his position as a bank clerk twenty years ago, having saved barely enough to carry him through his intended task.

His only assistant was his wife and a few interested correspondents. No publisher would become responsible for so unpromising an undertaking, so Mr. Dwelly bought type and set up the whole vast work with his own hands. Then he bought a stereotyping apparatus and stereotyped it. Then he bought a printing press and printed it.

He says that at the nine hundredth page he "got very sick of it," and felt that he could not go on, but "we got over that," and finished the 1038 pages, double column, seventy-six lines to a page and thirty letters to a line. And so at last the work is finished and Mr. Dwelly proposes to take a vacation and start upon the study of pedigrees.

Some day we shall hear that the British government has made Mr. Dwelly a grant of $5 a week, in recognition of his literary efforts, which is, of course, the best that can be expected by any man who has not invented an explosive.

On a day when a rise in the price of bread took effect in London a little girl entered a baker's shop, and, placing twopence halfpenny on the counter, asked for a loaf.

"Another halfpenny, my dear, please," said the baker.

"Has it rose, then?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, my dear; bread went up this morning," said the baker.

"Well, then, give me one of yesterday's," was the reply.

LEATHER AS A CONSTITUENT FOR ROAD PAVEMENT

Some rather remarkable experiments have just been made at Handsworth, a suburb of Birmingham, England, with a view to testing the qualities of scrap leather as a constituent in road surfaces. The patch of ground selected for the test is subjected to heavy wear by the passage of fire engines, water carts, and other vehicles. The pavement has been in place now for over fifteen months, yet shows practically no signs of wear; in striking contrast with other portions not treated by the new method. The process is described as follows: Bitumen, pitch, asphalt, tar, oil, or the like is heated to a suitable consistency, and scrap leather is then added. This scrap may be used just as it comes, in very large pieces or it may first be cut down to smaller pieces or shredded or reduced to pulp. The best size of material to use depends to some extent on the nature of the traffic which is to pass over the road bed. For streets where the traffic is heavy, larger pieces of leather, may with advantage be used; for foot paths and lighter roads, the leather is preferably cut in small pieces. After the composition has been prepared in the manner indicated, it is spread upon the ground, adding at the same time stone, gravel, granite, or similar material. The surface, when set, gives excellent wear, raises little or no dust, and is very resilient and very silent. It gives a good grip for horses and is in every way superior to rubber, with which one would naturally compare it. The cost of the new road material is stated by the inventors to be about 54 cents per square yard, but this will of course vary in different localities according to the supply and demand for leather waste.

CAUSES OF ENGLISH STRIKES

Why is the laboring class in London, Liverpool, and Manchester so addicted to striking? Looking at the general labor world in England we are impressed by the better working conditions created under a Liberal government, assisted a strong Labor party, with a tincture of Socialism. The trade unions are practically lifted above the law. They can boycott and picket at discretion. There are old-age pensions for worn-out toilers. A Compensation Act, by which employees can claim compensation for injuries, and an Eight-Hour Act for miners, indicate the efforts made by the Liberals to ease the anxieties of the laboring classes. Besides this, the workers have been trying to help themselves. Temperance is becoming the rule of their life, and 46,000,000 pounds have been saved the last twelve months in the national drink bill compared with that of 1900. In spite of all this, writes "A Labor Man" in The Daily Mail (London), the workingman is discontented. He gives as a reason that within the last few years in England wages have diminished, unemployment has been aggravated, toil intensified, and dangers multiplied. Many will be surprised to read the following with regard to the lowering of wages:

"According to Board of Trade returns, since 1900 our workers have had their wages increased in only three years, suffering reductions in the other seven years. On top of this we have had more taxes imposed upon petty luxuries, and the cost of food has gone up, leaving our working classes in a decidedly worse position on an £. s. d. basis, at any rate."

Unemployment, with all its horrors, has also increased, forcing the people to emigrate, to the great detriment of the country. On this point we are given the following figures:

"In the five years, 1900-4, the average percentage of unemployed trade-unionists was 4.1. In the next five years it stood at 5.2. In 1900 we had 25 per 1,000 out of work. In 1910 we had 47 per 1,000 unemployed.

"We had this growth of unemployment in spite of increased emigration. Last year three times as many of our people emigrated as in 1900."

The increase of pauperism and lunacy in England is also a cause of discontent and unhappiness, and this with an amazing decrease in the national drink bill. This is proved as follows:

"We are constantly told that one of the chief causes of pauperism—also of crime, lunacy, and many other evils—is drink. But what are the facts? Between New Year's day 1900 and New Year's day 1910, with a big reduction in consumption of drink, the number of indoor paupers in England and Wales increased from 190,000 to 270,000, in spite of old-age pensions; the number of outdoor paupers rose from 503,000 to 539,000; casuals relieved on the day from 9,000 to 17,000; and lunatics from 72,000 to 93,000. After making all due allowances, these facts do not square very well with certain loudly advertised theories. With less beer we have got more paupers; with less whisky more lunacy. But that by the way."

The Board of Trade of England recently issued the statement that the rapid work done by American workingmen was to be met by the fact that many of them were worn out between forty and fifty. This "speeding-up" system has been recently adopted in England and one of its results is the multiplication of casualties in mines and factories; another is the diminution of earnings, says this writer. To quote further:

"Owing to the adoption of a speeding-up policy in many of our industries men do their work in less time, with fewer intervals of rest allowed them in the workshops, and for less money than formerly. In many cases where laborers used to be employed regularly at weekly wages and enjoyed frequent rest times without loss of pay they are now rushed over their work and have their pay stopped the moment the work is done. We have evidence of this rush in our accident figures. In ten years the number of reported injuries to workpeople in our factories and workshops has gone up from 79,000 to 117,000. The number of actually killed has increased more than 550 per cent. In our mines there has been a big growth of accidents clearly attributable to mischievous labor legislation. In 1900 we killed 1,012 miners. In 1910, with the Eight Hours Act in operation, we killed 1,812. Making allowance for increase in numbers employed, the accidents involving claims upon the relief societies have gone up in ten years from 184 to 249 per 1,000 members."

He sums up his conclusions in the following somewhat despairing words:

"Whereas in the last half of the nineteenth century we had progress, we have had in the twentieth century, so far, retrogression of a pronounced character. After two generations of wiser laws, rising wages, increased power of trade unionism, reduced accidents in mine and shop, a growth of industrial humanization, we have now entered a new dispensation in which our laws are foolish; in which our trade-unionism is being weakened by bad leadership, by indiscipline, and by the incubus of politics; in which more of our workers are being lamed, maimed, and killed; in which, in a word, industrialism is being brutalized."

THROWING THE SHOE

The custom of throwing the slipper after a newly-married couple is held to have originated in the Far East. It is still practised in the Orient as a sign of renunciation. A father, for instance, who would renounce his son, will, before witnesses, take off his shoe, and, if near enough, strike his son with it, or, if more distant, throw it at him.

A missionary in the East has recently reported three cases of Moslem converts to Christianity, whose relatives and co-religionists have, in this manner, signified their renunciation.

The Oriental shoe, being usually a soft slipper, is not thrown as a missile or weapon, for the purpose of causing bodily pain. This explains the throwing of the slipper as the bride leaves her father's house. It is saying to her in a playful way:

"Be off with you! We renounce you, and will have nothing more to do with you."

There may be explained in the same way the taking off of the shoe from the foot in the case of the kinsman who renounced his claim to the inheritance of Elimelech (Ruth iv., 8), the loosing of the shoe being merely a legal formula of renounciation that drew its meaning from popular lore.

The modern Arabs, instead of throwing the shoe, sometimes exclaim: "My shoe at you!" This is regarded as a token of contemptuous renunciation.

TRY MAUNDRELL'S

THE UP-TO-DATE BUTCHER

For Choice Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, Pork and Sausage
Fresh-Killed Poultry, Salmon, Kippers, Bloaters,
Celery, Fresh Oysters, Veeners

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

PRO BONO PUBLICO

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO !

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: What is the matter with the chicken men of this town ? Some time ago they collected a number of special prizes for the Poultry Show, and up to date we have neard nothing further from them—not even a "crow." I should like to uggest that if they have not got snowed under and got their combs frozen or got cold feet, that they get down off the perch and get busy. I am informed that the Armstrong paper had four lines of semi-poetry about chickens last week, but it gave no particulars either of date, prize list, or in what Hall the show was to take place, or if in Enderby or elsewhere. There has not been a notice in your paper that I have seen, and as the secretary lives seven miles out of town, it is quite a job to catch sight of him. Hoping to hear at least a "cheep" soon, I remain, yours truly, ROOSTER.

Enderby, Dec. 4th, 1911.

(In answer to this correspondent we will state that we have published the date of the approaching show—Dec. 19, 20 and 21. As to hall, prize list, etc., we have given all the information made known to us or that is getatable.—Ed.)

EMINENT IN THEIR LINE

Editor The Enderby Press:

Dear Sir: Hearing of the rumors of war between England and Germany we, the undersigned, beg to make application for the positions of photographic artist and war correspondent to Walker's Weekly. We absolutely guarantee that all photographs will be taken at the greatest distance possible from the scene of action, and that descriptive articles to cover same will be written in the most comfortable shelter at an equally great distance. The correctness of the smallest details will be our chief aim. Should either of the combatants find it necessary to retire in a hurry (in other words retreat) it may be taken for granted that your correspondents will be well in the lead.

Signed, Fred. Moore, Photographer
G. G. Campbell, Correspondent.
(Engaged without comment.—Ed.)

CITY OF ENDERBY

LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS

WHEREAS, public notice was given on the 11th day of May, 1911, by the Municipal Council of the City of Enderby of its intention to construct certain works of Local Improvement on Cliff, Maud, Mill and Belvedere streets in the said City, at an estimated cost of $13,107.32, and to assess specially a portion of the final cost of the said works upon the property fronting or abutting thereon and to be especially benefitted thereby; and whereas particulars of the said works were given in the said notice; and whereas the said works have been completed, and the final cost thereon has been found to exceed the above mentioned estimated cost by the additional sum of $4,892.68; now therefore—

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Municipal Clauses Act, 1906, and amending Acts, in such case made and provided, a further special assessment will be made upon the said property in respect of such portion of the said additional sum as is specially chargeable thereon; that a statement showing the ands liable and proposed to be so further specially assessed, and the names of the owners thereof, so far as the same can be ascertained from the last revised assessment roll and otherwise, is now filed at the City Hall, and is open for inspection during office hours; and that—

A COURT OF REVISION will be held at the City Hall, Enderby, on the 8th day of January, 1912, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of hearing and determining complaints (if any) against the said proposed further special assessment, or the accuracy of the frontage measurements of the aforesaid property, or any other complaint which the persons interested may desire to make and which by law is cognizable by the said Court; but no complaint can be heard unless WRITTEN NOTICE of the ground of such complaint shall have been served upon the undersigned at least eight days before the holding of the said Court.

Dated at the City Hall, Enderby, this 7th day of December, 1911.

GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
City Clerk.

FOR HARDWARE and GRANITEWARE try Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

Christmas Stationery

Christmas Cards, Calendars, etc. Also Xmas numbers of English Magazines with fine Complimentary Pictures. You can get anything here in the way of magazines, and if we do not happen to have your particular kind, we will be pleased to order for you.

THE ENDERBY FAIR

Opposite The Walker Press.

COAL ! COAL !

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

F. R. PROSSER

Harnessmaker and Repairer

All Work Guaranteed

Cliff St., next Maundrell's Butcher Shop

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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.

Christmas

Is just around the corner. Don't be a Christmas Rusher and get red in the face.

Order early and save your time tnd temper.

You know what those last few days before Christmas are—BE WISE !

We have everything for the family. We want the Boys and Girls to know that our store is Santa Claus' station.

Our Christmas Groceries are Fresh and Pure, and of the Highest Quality—Oranges, Apples, Peels, Nuts, Etc.

Supply your needs NOW !

LADIES—Our daily MORNING Sales will be continued this week. They are proving very popular. It will be to your advantage to attend them. In our Dress Goods Dept.

ENDERBY'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Enderby Trading Co. Ltd.

CITY OF ENDERBY

Revision of Voters' List, Year 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court for the revision of the Voters' List of the City of Enderby and the extra-Municipal School District annexed thereto will be held at the City Hall, Enderby, on the 21st day of December, 1911, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of revising and correcting the said List, and hearing and determining any application which may then be made to strike out the name of any person improperly placed thereon, or to place on such List the name of any person improperly omitted therefrom.

Dated at the City Hall, Enderby, this 7th day of December, 1911.

GRAHAM ROSOMAN,
City Clerk.

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.

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.

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

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.

17 acres. One-third cleared and in cultivation. Piped water. Close to town. No waste land. Good forfruit, vegetables and poultry. On good terms. $900.00.

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.

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.

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		

ENDERBY HAS A FAIR OPENING FOR A GOOD ALL-ROUND TAILOR.

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

Fred. H. Barnes

BUILDER & CONTRACTOR

Plans and estimates furnished

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

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

Ladies' Tailoring and Dressmaking

Pressing and Cleaning of Gents' Clothes
M. E. BOUCH
Cliff St., next door to City Hall.