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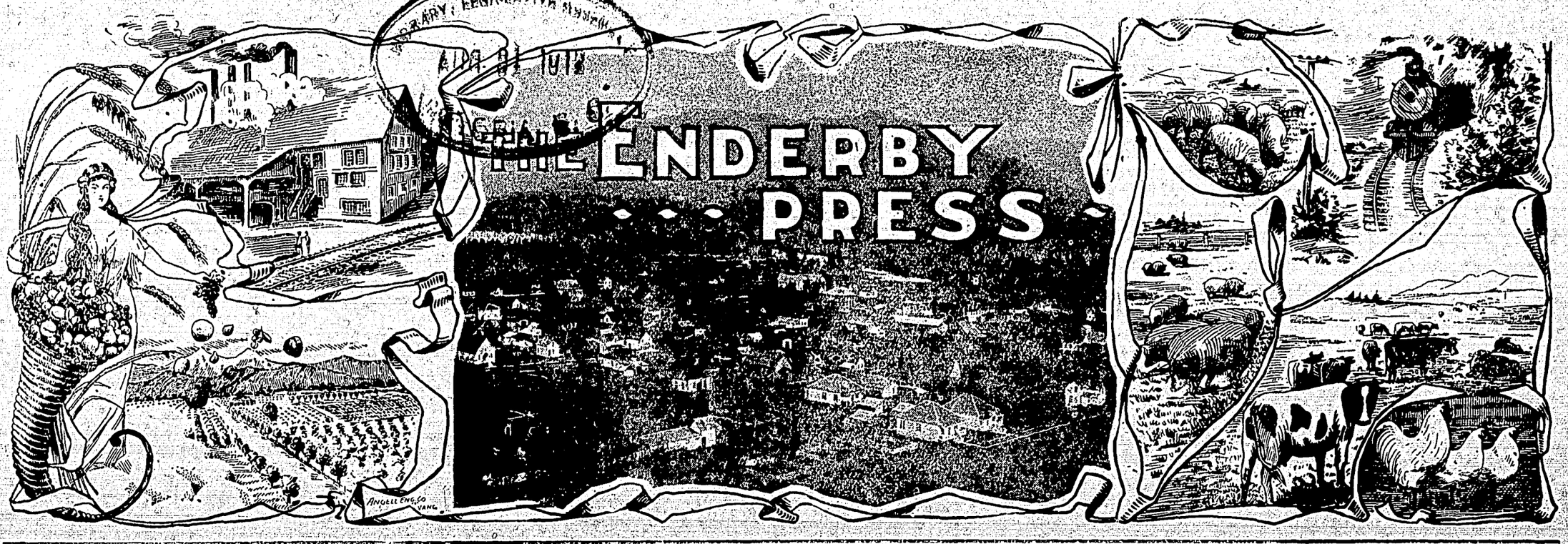

Enderby, B. C., August 29, 1912 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 5; No. 26; Whole No. 265

Mabel Lake Valley, a Vast Fertile District, Held Back by Government

Keep your eye on the Mabel Lake Valley.

We have heard it said that the little strip of Indian reserve land lying at the mouth of Mabel Lake Valley where it opens into the Spallumcheen at Enderby's back door, is a blanket on the development of this favored section of the Okanagan. There is, perhaps, a grain of truth in this contention, but we should not allow ourselves to lose any sleep over it. As well say that the larger strip of Indian reserve land lying at the south door of Enderby acts as a blanket on the development of all that rich valley between Enderby and Vernon.

The Mabel Lake Valley embraces many thousands of acres of the most fertile land in the Oknanagan, and extends from Enderby to Mabel Lake, a distance of 25 miles, with a width of two to six miles. The small piece of reserve land lying at Enderby's eastern door, has, to some extent checked the development of the great valley beyond, but the Indian reserve has not and cannot have any influence upon the men who know the extent and value of the country beyond.

The development of this section has been retarded, not by the Indian reserve, but by the Dominion Government. The withdrawing of the land in this section from possible settlement under the homestead laws, some years ago, is the real cause of its lack of development. It is something that has never been explained, and there does not appear any good reason for the Government's action in neglecting to throw the lands of the valley open to the settler.

The development of this valley, in the face of all the obstacles in the way of its growth, has really been most remarkable, and speaks volumes for the sturdy qualities of the men who have gone into the bush and located upon homesteads that, even today, with all the improvements they have put on them, are their's only by right of occupancy. There are men in the Mabel Lake valley, located upon homesteads, who have built comfortable homes and spent several years clearing the land, and have not secured even their first papers on the land. The acres that have been put under crop were the most difficult to clear that could be imagined, and yet they have stubbornly fought against the great odds and brought out of forest fertile fields and orchards that will compare with those of any other district.

It was only of recent years that the government road traversing this valley received any measure of consideration from the Province. Up until that time the settlers had a narrow, winding road that even at its best was little better than a pack trail. The past few seasons, however, the Provincial Government has put considerable work of a permanent nature on the Mabel Lake road. The work this season has been especially good. Road Foreman Baxter and Superintendent Lang are determined to make the work stand, and now, as far as the Cooke holdings, the roadbed is as smooth as any government turnpike and 30 feet wide. Eventually it will be this width right up to Mabel Lake, and will be gravelled wherever gravel is needed. This cannot be accomplished in one season, but all work put on the road is with this object in view.

The work of the past few season has made the Mabel Lake road one of the most popular in the district, and automobile parties from Enderby to the lake are of almost daily occurrence.

Road Foreman Baxter moved his entire road gang to the south end of the Trinity Valley bridge the past week, and is pushing grading on the road to connect Trinity Valley with the Mabel Lake road to Enderby. It is a difficult road-bed to build, but it is the intention to have the connection made by the time snow falls This road opens up a very fine tract of land on the south side of the river —said to be the best in the valley There are thousands of acres, not so difficult to clear as much of the land on the north side, and on thes thousands of acres there is not a settler located. The land is of varied formation, from the richest of black muck to sandy-gravel on the benches.

The road, leaves the south end of the bridge on a 2 per cent grade. It is increased to a 3 per cent grade farther on, and this grade is continued to the summit of the hog's back that leads into Trinity Valley. Several bends in the road are encountered in the climb, but these will not be difficult to negotiate.

With these developments noted, and the possibility of enterprises of another nature, the paper mill and the probability of a small settlement at King Fisher, it would appear that there will soon be something doing in this long-neglected valley. But the one piece of news that would be most cheering to the settlers in that vicinity is most unreasonably delayed—it is only just that they should know something about the Government's intention with regard to the Dominion lands withheld from the settler.

"We were informed two or three months ago," complained one of the Mabel Lake homesteaders, "that this matter would soon be settled satisfactorily this fall. It was also said that a commissioner was in the district, or would be in the district in two or three weeks, to hear and decide each case on its merits. Since that information was given out, we have waited eagerly to hear something more about the movements of this commissioner. We understand he has not appeared in the district, an we are as much in the dark now as ever we were. If the Government is really sincere in its desire to see this country opened up and in the hand of men who will assist in the development of the district, why is not som effort made to assist the men now on the land and to encourage others of the same type to locate. We do not like to spend so much time on these holdings if we are not to be permitted to pre-empt them."

The complaint registered by this settler is common with all settlers in the Mabel Lake valley and district. And it seems to be the general conviction that the settlers have good reason for complaining.

Anyone not familiar with the valley can have no conception either of its magnitude or the number of settler already located upon land there.

Leaving the Indian reserve land, which extends a mile and a half eastward from Enderby, one breaks into a vast stretch of unoccupied bus land, with here and there meadows, thinly wooded stretches of bench and bottom land. Occasionally one comes upon the home of a settler. Some of these have small clearings about the cabin, others have erected more pretentious homes, and have many acre cleared and into crop and orchard. The land is the most fertile, and the rolling hills which stretch to the mountains on either side of the valley present ideal conditions for fruit raising. These hills are unused, except for the grazing of cattle. The valley at its narrowest point is probably two miles wide. Ten miles east of Enderby it widens out to possibly six miles. For the entire distance, from Enderby to Mabel Lake, it is watered by the Spallumcheen river. Numerous creeks, flowing from the mountains on either side, empty into this magnificent river.

We have not space to permit of a story on the accomplishment of each of the settlers who have gone into the Mabel Lake valley and squatted upon land with the idea of making it their home, and in the face of the fac that homestead privileges have been denied them, have pushed right ahead and cleared their land and planted fruit trees and other crops. Each deserves a story. The work some of them have done single-handed is really deserving of homestead papers and a government bonus of a thousand.

Some of the older settlers, who were fortunate enough to get their papers before the order was issued putting a stop to settlement in this valley, have now farms of great value. The later ones, less fortunate, have worked against great odds, and although holding valuable land, are even now, in the face of all they have done to develop the country, uncertain as to what position the land department will take in the matter of granting them papers.

Here are some of the men who have made good in Mabel Lake valley, and are to-day doing so much to demonstrate the possibilities of that section for the fruit grower and mixed farmer: Thos. Brash, Percy Rosoman, Harry Cook, H. A. Aldin, A. D. Strolger, Ed. Haynes, Frank Hawes, Messrs. Mudra, Rentz and Boyd, (on south side of, river), Henry Baxter, Theo. Baxter, Thos. Rends, Paul Stainer, Chas. Parkinson, Chas. Ashton, Joe Stahl, the Cooke Brothers, (who own 1840 acres), W. Lowes, Fred Petersen, Pete Gossen, John Dale, Geo. Bulgin, Axel Nordloff, Wm. Roddau, Jeo St. George, John Nordloff, Chas. Wallin, Lou Simard, A. Baird, who has purchased the Hupel place and is providing accommodations for the travellers and picnicers going to the lake; Napoleon Simard, with 100 acres cleared, Joe Delorme, Ronald Rorke, Martin Roberts, Joe Simard, Louie Bouchau, Robt. McDonald, Wm. Newman, F. D. Abbott, Messrs. Leighton, Andrews, Jones and Kemp.

This list includes every settler that is known to have a location in the valley. Knowing how uncertain their position is, with the land closed to settlers, it is not strange there are so few. It is remarkable that there are so many who would take the long chance. If the land were thrown open by the Government, the number of settlers would be quadrupled in a year. There is unlimited land for them.

This is one matter that our Board of Trade can well afford to exert its influence in bringing about—the opening up of the lands in the railway belt to settlement.

HOLDING THE WRONG THOUGHT

There is a nervous disease called paranoea. Its first symptom is the belief that some one is plotting to undo you. The holding of such a thought feeds the malady.

We believe things first and look for proof later; and when the idea is once fixed in a man's mind that some one is his enemy, reasons light as air are to him confirmation strong as Holy Writ. The individual who thinks he is hated is most unlovable, and he will be hated, in fact, very shortly, because his mental attitude invites it. Hate is catching. Love only responds to love.

Incipient paranoea manifests itself in pronounced hallucinations, and efforts in the line of revenge, even to the taking of the lives of innocent persons. Every police-captain is familiar with the phase of paranoea where persons, with staring eyes and cold sweat upon their foreheads demand protection from supposed enemies that are upon their track. The psychologist can look down the paranoeic's past and see the time when the disease was only the germ of a distrust or a glimmering suspicion.

To quote from The Fra: "It is quite possible for me to attribute an evil intent where none exists. If we can think wrong we bring wrong into being, and thus create a condition of hate out of nothing. Then if we can attribute wrong intent to others, of course others may attribute wrong to us. Yet we know that, at the last, what we desire most is to be loved and trusted. * * * From these things I gather that each man is really the Creator of the World in which he lives. And what is more, every man creates in his own image. Without an evil thought there never would have been any evil in the world. The thought of evil is born of fear. The fear of evil is largely, if not entirely, a morbid and therefore an insane idea."

Next Saturday, Aug. 31, the auction sale of A. McQuarrie's dairy stock, implements, etc., will be held at Lansdowne. Anyone desiring anything in this line will profit by taking advantage of this opportunity to purchase dairy animals of real merit.

Let us order you a new fall suit from the House of Hobberlin. Fit guaranteed. J. W. Evans & Son.

Leave us your order for peaches. J. W. Evans & Son.

Town and District News in Brief of People and Things Heard About

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard are enjoying a trip to the coast.

Miss Francis Mowat returned from the coast last Thursday.

Allan Marwood returned to Victoria last Friday evening.

Mr. J. E. Evans left on Monday for Rosetown, Sask., on a short visit.

Rev. Mr. Campbell and Mr. A. L. Fortune left for Penticton Tuesday.

Mr. Napoleon Simard was a passenger for Hardisty, Alta., on Monday's train.

Grant & Folkard have the work on the new home of Mr. R. R. Gibbs nearing completion.

Leader Findlay is rapidly bringing the Enderby band up to a high standard of proficiency.

Mr. Geo. R. Lawes made his third shipment of fruit for the Toronto Exposition on Wednesday.

Mrs. Robt. Bailey, who has been confined to her room for the past month, is showing marked improvement.

The Armstrong lacrosse club will give their first annual dance in Sawyer's Hall, to-morrow, Friday, evening.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton returned from a visit of a week or two at Banff this week, greatly benefitted by the change.

Surveyor Williams and field staff left for Cranbrook on Monday. They are on extensive survey work in the Windermere district.

After spending an enjoyable vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Jones, of Enderby, Miss Katie Harris returned to Vernon this week.

Mrs. Checkley, of Ottawa, who has been spending some days with he parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown returned to her home on Saturday.

Mr. F. H. Barnes is leaving this week on a visit to his old home in Dubert, N. S., to see his father. Mr Barnes has been away from home 25 years or more.

Rev. H. J. King, of Armstrong, visited the Enderby Boy Scouts at practice last night, to get some idea of the nature of the work with the object of starting a troop at the sister town.

Dr. Keith was called to Mara on Tuesday, and on his return reported a daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson. Also, on the same date, to Mr. and Mrs. Biddle, of Enderby, a daughter.

The local K. of P. lodge presented their old Master of Finance, R. J. Coltart with a solid gold jewel of the office he has so faithfully held for th past six years or more, at their last regular meeting.

Miss Hattie Johnston and Miss Esther Moffet left on Thursday last for Victoria where they will enter the St. Ann Academy for girls. The Misses Ruth and Vivian Lewis left on Monday to join them in their studies.

Mrs. H. W. Harvey and boys returned from their vacation to the coast this week. They were accompanied by Mrs. H. O. Price and daughter of Victoria, who will enjoy the fall beauties of Enderby as Mrs. Harvey's guests.

A bad break in the driving gear of the band saw caused the lumber mill to close down Saturday evening and to remain out of commission until Wednesday morning. It is the first stop of any consequence that has occurred for the past two seasons.

Miss Sewell desires to state that there is just one more week of the sub getting contest of the Vernon News. She is neck-and-neck with the leaders for the big prize and right now needs the assistance of her Enderby friends who wish to aid her.

Mr. Walter Robinson and Mr. A. E. Maundrell have established a copartnership to operate as auctioneers in Enderby. Both gentlemen are well known in the district and their many friends will be pleased to note the establishment of this new business.

An attractive illuminated theatre sign was installed at the Opera House this week by Electrician Mann. Manager Will Polson is exerting every effort to bring the house up to the best standard, and he is receiving good support from the public in his efforts.

Mr. P. H. Murphy left for St. Paul on Tuesday where he will enter Earl Jr. in the Grand Circuit races. Mr. Murphy was very well pleased with the performance of the Earl on the Canadian circuit, winning six races without a break. Getting into the Grand Circuit the Earl will go up against his old-time rivals, such record breakers as Independence Boy, The Eel, Evelyn W., etc.

The band concert Monday evening was enjoyed by one of the largest crowds that have yet turned out. It was a glad climax of a voting day that meant everything to Enderby, and the excellent music met with a warm response from the laughing crowds. Next week's concert will be held on Wednesday evening, owing to Monday being Labor Day, and a legal holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnston are preparing to move their household effects to Nelson in a few days. Mr. Johnston has been to Nelson for the past two weeks, getting his camps in working order, and has 150 men employed. His contract covers a period of five years. His logging camps are situated within four miles of the Nelson & Slocan railway. He can visit them daily and return to Nelson at night. While all Enderby friends will be pleased to learn of Mr. Johnston's big step into big things, and will wish them well in their new home, their departure from Enderby will be deeply regretted.

School opened on Monday with an enrollment of 154 scholars and 18 in the high school. The rooms are much crowded, and with the different classes which each teacher has to handle, the work is made most unsatisfactory unless the children in the different classes start the studies together. An order has been issued by the school board to the effect that all children intending to commence school after the Christmas holidays, must attend this term in order to start with the class in the school year course. This applies, of course, to children just commencing school. September 13th has been set as the last day on which these enrollments will be received.

A case in the small debts court a few days ago was of a most unusual character. Last winter a Kamloops lumber company sent a cheque to M. A. Peacock for $55 in payment of services rendered. The cheque was duly cashed at the Enderby bank. When the cheque was presented at the Kamloops bank payment was refused, the lumber company claiming that an error had been made, and that the cheque should have read $25 instead of $55. The Enderby bank fell back upon the endorser of the cheque. Mr. Peacock refused to pay the amount alleged to have been over-paid, and claimed to have received no more than was due him from the company. The local bank took the matter into court and judgment was given in favor of the bank, the innocent third party.

There was intense interest shown by the ratepayers in the vote on the loan by-law and site on Monday. The vote was the largest yet polled on a money by-law. There were few, if any ratepayers in town who had a vote that did not exercise the privilege. Of the 97 votes cast, only five were not in favor of the by-law, and in the matter of site, 65 were in favor of the Sharpe site and 33 in favor of the Polson site. As soon as the result of the poll was known, the School Board met and took the initial steps to put into execution the expressed wish of the ratepayers. It is the intention to push the initial work as rapidly as possible, and if possible to get the ground drains in and foundation laid before the wet season is upon us. This would enable the work on the walls to be started early in the spring and the completion of the building in the best building months.

THE KEY TO YESTERDAY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

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CHAPTER XVII.

In the compartment of the railway carriage, Steele was gazing fixedly at the lace "tidy" on the cushioned back of the opposite seat. His brows were closely knit in thought. He was evolving a plan.

Duska sat with her elbow on the sill of the compartment window, her chin on her gloved hand, her eyes gazing out, vague and unseeing. Yet, she loved beauty, and just outside the panes there was beauty drawn to a scale of grandeur.

They were climbing, behind the doubleheader of engines, up where it seemed that one could reach out and touch the close-hanging clouds, into tunnels and out of tunnels, through St. Gothard's Pass and on where the Swiss Alps reached up into the fog that veiled the summits. The mountain torrents came roaring down, to beat their green water into swirling foam, and dash over the lower rocks like frenzied mill-races. Her eyes did not wake to a sparkle at sight of the quaint chalets which seemed to stagger under huge roof slabs of rugged slate. She did not even notice how they perched high on seemingly unattainable crags like stranded arks on Helvetian Ararats.

Each tunnel was the darkness between changed tableaux, and the mouth of each offered a new and more wonderful picture. The car-windows framed glimpses of Lake Como, Lake Lugano, and valleys far beneath where villages were only a jumble of toy blocks; yet, all these things did not change the utter weariness of Duska's eyes where enthusiasm usually dwelt, or tempt Steele's fixity of gaze from the lace "tidy."

At Lucerne, his thinking found expression in a lengthy telegram to Paris. The Milan exhibit had opened up a new channel for speculation. If Saxon's pictures were being pirated and sold as Marston's, there was no one upon whom suspicion would fall more naturally than the unscrupulous St. John, Marston's factor in Paris. Steele vaguely remembered the Englishman with his petty pride for his stewardship, though his own art life had lain in circles that rarely intercepted that of the Marston cult even at its outer rim. If this fraud were being practised, its author was probably swindling both artists, and the appearance of either of them in Paris might drive St. John to desperate means of self-protection.

The conversion of the rooms formerly occupied by Marston into a school had been St. John's doing. This atelier was in the house where St. John himself lived, and the Kentuckian knew that, unless he had moved his lodgings, he could still be found there, as could the very minor "academy" of Marston-idolizers with their none-too-exalted instructor, Jean Hatecoeur.

At all events, it was to this address that Steele directed his messag . Its purport was to inform St. John that Americans, who had only a short stay in Paris, were anxious to procure a Marston of late date, and to summon him to the Hotel Palais d'Orsay for the day of their arrival there.

When they reached the hotel, he told the girl of his plan, suggesting that it might be best for him to have this interview with the agent alone, but admitting that, if she insisted on being present, it was her right. She elected to hear the conversation, and, when St. John arrived, he was conducted to the sitting-room of Mrs. Horton's suite.

Pleased with the prospect of remunerative sales, Marston's agent made his entrance jauntily. The shabbiness of the old days had been put by. He was now sprucely clothed, and in his lapel he wore a bunch of violets.

His thin, dissipated face was adorned with a rakishly trimmed mustache and Vandyke of gray which still held a fading trace of its erstwhile sandy red. His eyes were pale and restless as he stood bowing at the door. The afternoon was waning, and the lights had not yet been turned on.

"Mr. Steele?" he inquired.

Steele nodded.

St. John looked expectantly toward the girl in the shadow, as though awaiting an introduction, which was not forthcoming. As he looked, he seemed to grow suddenly nervous and ill-at-ease.

"You are Mr. Marston's agent, I believe?" Steele spoke crisply.

"I have that honor since Mr. Marston left Paris some years ago. You know, doubtless, that the master spends his time in foreign travel." The agent spoke with a touch of self-importance.

"I want you to deliver to me here the portrait and landscape now on exhibition at Milan," ordered the Americ .

"It will be difficult—perhaps expensive—but I think it may be possible." St. John spoke dubiously.

Steele's eyes narrowed.

"I am not requesting," he announced, "I am ordering."

"But those canvases, my dear sir, represent the highest note of a master's work!" began St. John, almost indignantly. "They are the perfection of the art of the greatest living painter, and you direct me to procure them as though they were a grocer's staple on a shelf! Already, they are as good as sold. One does not have to peddle Marston's canvases!"

Steele walked over to the door, and, planting his back against its panels, folded his arms. His voice was deliberate and dangerous:

"It's not worth while to bandy lies with you. We both know that those pictures are from the brush of Robert Saxon. We both know that you have bought them at the price of a pupil's work, and mean to sell them at the price of the master's. I shall be in a position to prove the swindle, and to h d you over to the courts."

St. John had at the first words stiffened with a sudden flaring of British wrath under his gray brows. As he listened, the red flush of anger faded to th coward's pallor.

"That is not all," went on Steele. "We both know that Mr. Saxon came to Paris a short while ago. For him to learn the truth meant your unmasking. He disappeared. We both know whose interests were served by that disappearance. You will produce those canvases, and you will produce Mr. Saxon within twenty-four hours, or you will face not only exposure for art-piracy, but prosecution for what is more serious."

As he listened, St. John's face betrayed not only fear, but also a slowly dawning wonder that dilated his vague pupils. Steele, keenly reading the face, as he talked, knew that the surprise was genuine.

"As God is my witness," avowed the Englishman, earnestly, "if Mr. Saxon is in Paris, or in Europe, I know nothing of it."

"That," observed Steele dryly, "will be a matter for you to prove."

"No, no!" The Englishman's voice was charged with genuine terror, and the hand that he raised in pleading protest trembled. His carefully counterfeited sprightliness of guise dropped away, and left him an old man, much broken.

"I will tell you the whole story," he went on. "It's a miserable enough tale without imputing such evil motives as you suggest. It's a shameful confession, and I shall hold back nothing. The pictures you saw are Saxon's pictures. Of course, I knew that. Of course, I bought them at what his canvases would bring with the intention of selling them at the greater price commanded by the greater painter. I knew that the copyist had surpassed the master, but the world did not know. I knew that Europe would never admit that possible. I knew that, if once I palmed off this imitation as genuine, all the art-world would laugh to scorn the man who announced the fraud. Mr. Saxon himself could not hope to persuade the critics that he had done those pictures, once they were accepted as Marston's. The art-world is led like sheep. It believes there is one Marston, and that no other can counterfeit him. And I knew that Marston himself could not expose me, because I know that Marston is dead." The man was ripping out his story in labored, detached sentences.

Steele looked up with astonished eyes. The girl sat listening, with her lips parted.

"You see—" the Englishman's voice was impassioned in its bitterness—"I am not shielding myself. I am giving you the unrelieved truth. When I determined the fact of his death, I devised a scheme. I did not at that time know that this American would be able to paint pictures that could be mistaken for Marston's. Had I known it, I should have endeavored to ascertain if he would share the scheme with me. Collaborating in the fraud, we could have levied fortunes from the art-world, whereas in his own name he must have painted a decade more to win the verdict of his true greatness. I was Marston's agent. I am Marston's father-in-law. When I speak, it is as his ambassador. Men believe me. My daughter—" the man's voice broke—"my daughter lies on her death-bed. For her, there are a few months, perhaps only a few weeks, left of life. I have provided for her by trading on the name and greatness of her husband. If you turn me over to the police, you will kill her. For myself, it would be just, but I am not guilty of harming Mr. Saxon, and she is guilty of nothing." The narrator halted in his story, and covered his face with his talon-like fingers. St. John was not a strong man. The metal of his soul was soft and without temper. He dropped into a chair, and for a while, as his auditors waited in silence, gave way to his emotion.

"I tell you," he groaned, "I have at least been true to one thing in life. I have loved my child. I don't want her punished for my offenses."

Suddenly, he rose and faced the girl.

"I don't know you," he said passionately, "but I am an old man. I am an outcast—a derelict! I was not held fit for an introduction, but I appeal to you. Life can drive a man to anything. Life has driven me to most things, but not all. I knew that any day might bring my exposure. If it had come after my daughter's death, I would have been satisfied. I have for months been watching her die—wanting her to live, yet knowing that her death and my disgrace were racing together." He paused, then added in a quaking voice: "There were days when I might have been introduced to a woman like you, many years ago."

Duska was not fitted by nature to officiate at "third degree" proceedings. As she looked back into the beseeching face, she saw only that it was the face of an old man, broken and terrified, and that even through its gray terror it showed the love of which he talked.

Her hand fell gently on his shoulder.

"I am sorry—about your daughter," she said, softly.

St. John straightened, and spoke more steadily.

"The story is not ended. In those days, it was almost starvation. No one would buy my pictures. No one would buy her verse. The one source of revenue we migh have had was what Marston sought to give us, but that she would not accept. She said she had not married him for alimony. He tried often and in many ways, but she refused. Then, he left. He had done that before. No one wondered. After his absence had run to two years, I was in Spain, and stumbled on a house, a sort of pension, near Granada, where he had been painting under an assumed name, as was his custom. Then, he had gone again—no one knew where. But he had left behind him a great stack of finished canvases. Mon dieu, how feverishly the man must have worked during those months—for he had then been away from the place almost a year. The woman who owned the house did not know the value of the pictures. She only knew that he had ordered his rooms reserved, and had not returned, and that rental and storage were due her. I paid the charges, and took the pictures. Then, I investigated. My investigations proved that my surmise as to his death was correct. I was cautious in disposing of the pictures. They were like the diamonds of Kimberley, too precious to throw upon the market in sufficient numbers to glut the art-appetite of the world. I hoarded them. I let them go one or two at a time, or in small consignments. He had always sold his pictures cheaply. I was afraid to raise the price too suddenly. From time to time, I pretended to receive letters from the painter. I had then no definite plan. When they had reached the highest point of fame and value, I would announce his death. But, meanwhile, I discovered the work young Saxon was doing in America. I followed his development, and I hesitated to announce the death of Marston. An idea began to dawn on me in a nebulous sort of way, that somehow this man's work might be profitably utilized by substitution. At first, it was very foggy—my idea—but I felt that in it was a possibility, at all events enough to be thought over—and so I did not announce the death of Marston. Then, I realized that I could supplement the Marston supply with these canvases. I was timid. Such sales must be cautiously made, and solely to private individuals who would remove the pictures from public view. At last, I found these two which you saw at Milan. I felt that Mr. Saxon could never improve them. I would take the chance, even though I had to exhibit them publicly. The last of the Marstons, save a few, had been sold. I could realize enough from these to take my daughter to Cairo, where she might have a chance to live. I bought the canvases in New York in person. They have never been publicly shown save in Milan; they were there but for a day only, and were not to be photographed. When you sent for me, I thought it was an American Croesus, and that I had succeeded." St. John had talked rapidly and with agitation. Now, as he paused, he wiped the moisture from his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief.

"I have planned the thing with the utmost care. I have had no confederates. I even collected a few of Mr. Marston's earlier and less effective pictures, and exhibited them beside Marston's best, so the public might compare and be convinced in its idea that the boundary between the master and the follower was the boundary between the sublime and the merely meritorious. That is all. For a year I have hesitated. When I entered this room, I realized my danger. Even in the growing twilight, I recognized the lady as the original of the portrait."

"But didn't you know," questioned the girl, "that sooner or later the facts must become known—that at any time Mr. Sax n might come to Europe, and see one of his own pictures as I saw the portrait of myself in Milan?"

St. John bowed his head.

"I was desperate enough to take that chance," he answered, "though I safeguarded myself in many ways. My sales would invariably be to purchasers who would take their pictures to private galleries. I should only have to dispose of a few at a time. Mr. Saxon has sold many pictures in Paris under his own name, and does not know who bought them. Selling them as Marston's, though somewhat more complicated, might go on for some time—and my daughter's life can not last long. After that, nothing matters."

"Have you actually sold any Saxons as Marstons heretofore?" demanded Steele.

St. John hesitated for a moment, and then nodded his head.

"Possibly, a half-dozen," he acknowledged, "to private collectors, where I felt it was safe."

"I have no wish to be severe," Steele spoke quietly, "but those two pictures we must have. I will pay you a fair profit. For the time, at least, the matter shall go no further."

St. John bowed with deep gratitude.

"They shall be delivered," he said.

Steele stood watching St. John bow himself out, all the bravado turned to obsequiousness. Then, the Kentuckian shook his head.

"We have unearthed that conspiracy," he said, "but we have learned nothing. Tomorrow, I shall visit the studio where the Marston enthusiasts work, and see if there is anything to be learned there."

"And I shall go with you," the girl promptly declared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On an unimportant cross street which cuts at right angles the Boulevard St. Michel, that axis of art-student Paris, stands an old and somewhat dilapidated house, built, after the same fashion as all its neighbors, about a court, and entered by a door over which the concierge presides. This house has had other years in which it stood pretentious, with the pride of a mansion, among its peers. Now, its splendor is tarnished, its respectability is faded, and the face it presents to the street wears the gloom that comes of past glory, heightened, perhaps, by the dark-spiritedness of many tenants who have failed to enroll their names among the great.

Yet, for all its forbidding frown, its front bespeaks a certain consciousness of lingering dignity. A plate, set in the door-case, announces that the great Marston painted here a few scant years ago, and here still that more-or-less-distinguished instructor, Jean Hautecoeur, tells his pupils in the second-floor atelier how it was done.

He was telling them now. The model, who had been posed as "Aphrodite Rising from the Foam," was resting. She sat on the dilapidated throne amid a circle of easels. A blanket was thrown about her, from the folds of which protruded a bare and shapely arm, the hand holding lightly between two fingers the cigarette with which she beguiled her recess.

The master, looking about on the many industrious, if not intellectual, faces, was discoursing on Marston's feeling for values.

"He did not learn it," declared M. Hautecoeur: "he was born with it. He did not acquire it: he evolved it. A faulty value caused him pain as a false note causes pain to the true musician." Then, realizing that this was dangerous doctrine from the lips of one who was endeavoring to instill the quality into others, born with less gifted natures, he hastened to amend. "Yet, other masters, less facile, have gained by study what they lacked by heritage."

The room was bare except for its accessories of art. A few well-chosen casts hung about the walls. Many unmounted canvases were stacked in the corners, the floors were chalk-marked where easel-positions had been recorded; charcoal fragments crunched underfoot when one walked across the boards. From the sky-light—for the right of the building had only two floors—fell a flood of afternoon light, filtering through accumulated dust and soot. The door upon the outer hall was latched. The students, bizarre and unkempt in the bohemianism of their cult, mixed colors on their palettes as they listened. In their little world of narrow horizons, the discourse was like a prophet's eulogy of a god.

As the master, his huge figure somewhat grotesque in its long, paint-smeared blouse and cap, stood delivering his lecture with much eloquence of gesture, he was interrupted by a rap on the door. Jacques du Bois, whose easel stood nearest the threshold, reluctantly took his pipe from his teeth, and turned the knob with a scowl for the interruption. For a moment, he stood talking through the slit with a gentleman in the hall-way, his eyes meanwhile studying with side-glances the lady who stood behind the gentleman. Then, he bowed and closed the door.

"Someone wishes a word with M. Hautecoeur," he announced.

The master stepped importantly into the hall, and Steele introduced himself. M. Hautecoeur declared that he quite well remembered monsieur and his excellent painting. He bowed to mademoiselle with unwieldly gallantry.

"Mr. Robert Saxon," began the American, "is, I believe, one of the most distinguished of the followers of Frederick Marston. Miss Filson and I are both friends of Mr. Saxon, and, while in Paris, we wished to visit the shrine of the Marston school. We have taken the liberty of coming here. Is it possible to admit us?"

The instructor looked cautiously into the atelier, satisfied himself that the model had not resumed her throne and nudity, then flung back the door with a ceremonious sweep. Steele, familiar with such surroundings, cast only a casual glance about the interior. It was like many of the smaller schools in which he had himself painted. To the girl, who had never seen a life-class at work, it was stepping into a new world. Her eyes wandered about the walls, and came back to the faces.

"I have never had the honor of meeting your friend, Monsieur Saxon," declared the instructor in English. "But his reputation has crossed the sea! I have had the pleasure of seeing several of his canvases. There is none of us following in the footsteps of Marston who would not feel his life crowned with high success, had he come as close as Saxon to grasping the secret that made Marston Marston. Your great country should be proud of him."

Steele smiled.

"Our country could also claim Marston. Your forget that, monsieur."

The instructor spread his hands in a deprecating gesture.

"Ah, mon ami, that is debatable. True, your country gave him birth, but it was France that gave him his art."

"Did you know," suggested Steele, "that some of the unsigned Saxon pictures have passed competent critics as the work of Marston?"

Hautecoeur lifted his heavy brows.

"Impossible, monsieur," he protested; "quite impossible! It is the master's boast that any man who can pass a painting as a Marston has his invitation to do so. He never signs a canvas—it is unnecessary—his stroke—his treatment—these are sufficient signature. I do not belittle the art of your friend," he hastened to explain, "but there is a certain—what shall I say?—a certain individualism about the work of this greatest of moderns which is inimitable. One must indeed be much the novice to be misled. Yet, I grant you there was one quality the master himself did not formerly possess which the American grasped from the beginning."

"His virility of touch?" inquired Steele.

"Just so! Your man's art is broader, perhaps stronger. That difference is not merely one of feeling: it is more. The American's style was the outgrowth of the bigness of your vast spaces—of the broad spirit of your great country—of the pride that comes to a man in the consciousness of physical power and currents of red blood! Marston was the creature of a confined life, bounded by walls. He was self-absorbed, morbid, anemic. To be the perfect artist, he neded only to be the perfect animal! He did not understand that. He disliked physical effort. He felt that something eluded him, and he fought for it with brush and mahlstick. He should have used the Alpinstock or the snow-shoe." Hautecoer was talking with an enthused fervor that swept him into metaphor.

"Yet—" Steele was secretly sounding his way toward the end he sought—"yet, the latter pictures of Marston have that same quality."

"Precisely. I would in a moment more have spoken of that. I have my theory. Since leaving Paris, I believe Marston has gone perhaps into the Alps, perhaps into other countries, and built into himself the thing we urged upon him—the robust vision."

The girl spoke for the first time, putting, after the fashion of the uninitiated, the question which the more learned hesitate to propound:

"What is this thing you call the secret? What is it that makes the difference?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, if I knew that!" The instructor sighed as he smiled. "How says the English Fitzgerald? 'A hair perhaps divides the false and true.' Had Marston had the making of the famous epigram, he would not have said he mixed his paints with brains. Rather would he have confessed, he mixed them with ideals."

"But I fear we delay the posing," suggested Steele, moving, with sudden apprehension, toward the door.

"I assure you, no!" prevaricated the teacher, with instant readiness. "It is a wearying pose. The model will require a longer rest than the usual. Will not mademoiselle permit me to show her those Marston canvases we are fortunate enough to have here? Perhaps, she will then understand why I find it impossible to answer her question."

When Captain Paul Harris had set his course to France with a slow, long voyage ahead, his shanghaied passenger had gone from stunned unconsciousness into the longer and more complicated helplessness of brain-fever. There was a brushing of shoulders with death. There were fever and unconsciousness and delirium, and through each phase Dr. Cornish, late of the Foreign Legion, brought his patient with studious care—through all, that is, save the brain fog. Then, as the vessel drew to the end of the voyage, the physical illness appeared to be conquered, yet the awakening had been only that of nerves and bodily organs. The centre of life, the mind, was as remote and incommunicable as though the thought nerves had been paralyzed. Saxon was like a country whose outer life is normal, but whose capital is cut off and whose government is supine. The physician, studying with absorbed interest, struggled to complete the awakening. Unless it should be complete, it were much better that the man had died, for, when the vessel dropped her anchor at Havre, the captain led ashore a man who in the parlance of the peasants was a poor "innocent," a human blank-book in a binding once handsome, now worn, with nothing inscribed on its pages.

For a time, the physician and skipper were puzzled as to the next step. The physician was confident that the eyes, which gazed blankly out from a face now bearded and emaciated, would eventually regain their former light of intelligence. He did not believe that this helpless creature—who had been, when he first saw him in Puerto Frio, despite blood-discolored face and limp unconsciousness, so perfect a figure of a man—had passed into permanent darkness. The light would again dawn, possibly at first in fitful waverings and flashes through the fog. If only there could be some familiar scene or thing to suggest the past! But, unfortunately, all that lay across the world. So, they decided to take him to Paris, and ensconce him in Captain Harris' modest lodgings in the Rue St. Jacques, and, inasmuch as the captain's lodgings were shared by no one, and his landlady was a kindly soul, Dr. Cornish also resolved to go there. For a few weeks, the sailor was to be home from the sea, and meant to spend his holiday in the capital. As for the physician, he was just now unattached. He had hoped to be in charge of a government's work of health and sanitation. Instead, he was idle, and could afford to remain and study an unusual condition. He certainly could not abandon this anonymous creature whom fate had thrust upon his keeping. Now, six weeks after his accident, Saxon sat alone in the modest apartment of the

(Continued on another page)

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CARE OF THE MIND

Edison, the great inventor, says that dishonesty is primarily a want of intelligence or education. "Teach a man that honesty is not only the best policy, but that, pathologically, every base act is deteriorating to the brain cells and those numerous fine fibres that distinguish the developed Caucasian brain lobe from the brain lobe of the savage, and you take the first step in his reform."

It is now common knowledge that anger, hatred, malice, and all other debasing passions, not only injure the brain cells, but that they develop a serious poison in the blood. Edison's idea is only an extension of the same principle.

Every action, base or noble, leaves its mark on the brain. Every thought, good or evil, acts a part in beautifying or injuring the home of the soul. Every evil habit or angry thought conquered and turned from bitterness to sweetness, strengthens that part of the brain to repeat the same, and helps to make of the mind a heaven of peace and happiness.

How careful, then, we should be to cultivate in the garden of the mind only the most useful and beautiful things, and how careful to avoid the bad book or the evil companion. In all this we find encouragement in the thought that it is "God working in us to will and to do of His good pleasure."

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ONE C.P.R. PURCHASE

A Nineteen Million Dollar Order and What it Means

In these days of big things, when people talk of millions where their grandfathers spoke of thousands, the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has ordered 12,500 additional freight cars and 300 more locomotives may not attract more than mere passing attention, except amongst railway men. And yet this order involves an expenditure of the immense sum of $19,000,000—the freight cars costing $14,000,000 and the locomotives $5,000,000. This is a pretty big amount for any railway—even one like the C.P.R.—to spend at one time in additional equipment, especially when costly sleepers and diners or passenger coaches of any description whatever are not included.

If figures are seldom amusing, they are sometimes entertaining, and this latest purchase of the C.P.R. furnishes a few facts that are of more than ordinary interest. Here are some of them:

The length of a freight car from buffer to buffer is 39 feet, its weight 37,000 pounds, and its carrying capacity 80,000 pounds. The length of these locomotives from pilot to buffer of the tender is about 69 feet, and its weight, in working order, 175 tons. Each tender carries 5,000 gallons of water and 13 tons of coal. Each locomotive is of 15,000 horse power, and can haul on the level at least 75 cars, or on an average of 50 cars over the whole system. String these cars in one long line and they would reach a distance of 92 miles—from Montreal more than half-way to Quebec.

The 12,500 freight cars would make up 250 trains, and if they were to start, say from Calgary, at intervals of one hour, running on a regular schedule of 20 miles an hour, nearly ten days and a half would elapse between the dispatching of the first and of the last train. When the last train left Calgary, there would be a grand procession from the Rockies to the Atlantic and 2,000 miles out on its depths—if it were possible to extend the rails on the ocean—and that is two-thirds of the watery way to the Old Country. The 5,000-mile parade would practically reach around one-fifth of the globe. The distance from Calgary to Montreal is 2,251 miles, and the run would occupy four and a quarter days. If the cars were unloaded promptly, the first train could reach Calgary, on the return trip, two days before the last one had been dispatched east.

Each car carrying 40 tons, the total capacity of the new cars would be half a million tons, more than enough cargo for fifty ships of the largest cargo-carrying type in the world, which have a capacity of 10,000 tons.

The motive power of the 300 new locomotives aggregates 450,000 h.p.—enough to run 64 Angus shops, the largest of their kind in Canada, or the machinery of factories that would keep nearly four hundred thousand persons employed.

The trains themselves, with the "runs" averaging, say, 125 miles between divisional points, would require seventeen crews of five men each, between Calgary and Montreal, a total of 85 men, and the 250 trains would need an army of trainmen, 21,250 strong, if each crew were to make only a single "run."

And this is but one purchase of the C.P.R. When one enters upon calculations about this year's entire freight equipment, some 65,000 cars, on a similar basis as that mentioned—a 20-mile-an-hour train hourly—a good deal of arithmetic has to be indulged in. They would make up into 1,300 trains, and it would occupy nearly eight weeks between the departure of the first and the last of them from a given point. They would stretch out 26,000 miles, and encircle the globe at the equator, where Mother Earth swells out to her largest circumference—25,000 miles. They would reach across the continent of North America, from Halifax to Vancouver, over seven times. And they would have a carrying capacity of 2,700,000 tons, on the one trip, and with last year's equipment over twenty-two and a half millions of tons were carried during the year.

All of this shows that the C.P.R.'s equipment is something colossal, and that its $19,000,000 purchase means a great deal more than appears on the face of it.

ELEPHANTS ARE EXPENSIVE

"I want to take little Georgie to see the animals," is what every father says when he starts away from home on his annual visit to the circus, and the same bluff goes for little Gwendolen and little Mike. Fond relatives always are glad of the excuse to teach the youngsters all about the animals—and see the circus themselves—but the chances are that they do not appreciate the true significance of a menagerie. To the circus visitor it means strange animals and thrills, popcorn and peanuts. To the circus company it means something like $750,000. This figure, however, is by no means arbitrary, for the value of wild beasts fluctuates remarkably. To-day the value of a rhinoceros may be $10,000, but let a few more rhinos be hauled from their African lairs and be put on the European market and the value per animal may drop fifty per cent.

Another thing that affects the valuation of wild animals is the question as to whether they are acclimatized or "green." The mortality rate among the latter—animals fresh from the jungle—is exceedingly high. The wild animal that has demonstrated the fact that it can live in a cage, particularly a cage that hops, skips and jumps over the country with a circus, has more than tripled in value.

A fresh chimpanzee from Africa is worth from $300 to $1,000. Let this same chimpanzee prove by his continued existence that cage life is not mortally tedious to him and immediately his value leaps to $2,500.

Another instance is the giraffe. In spite of the fact that it is a rare beast, its market value is only about $7,000. The simple reason for this is that the giraffe in captivity has such a small chance of continued existence that the average showman does not care to gamble $7,000 on it.

Some eight years ago Barnum & Bailey circus staked $14,000 on two giraffes. Those two long-necked beasts have estblished the long-term record of giraffe existence in circus captivity—they are both still with the show, and they have also established another world record for themselves—a year ago last winter they presented the management with a baby giraffe, the second one ever born in captivity and the only one up to date that lived. Last winter a second youngster was added to the family.

The elephant market fluctuates a great deal. The price of a "green" elephant runs from $1,000 to $5,000. Get that elephant used to captivity and his value jumps; but train him to stand on his head, ring a bell, beat a drum, or balance himself on a rolling ball, and immediately his value soars. That is why the herd of forty elephants in the big show are valued at more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Except for the increases in the menagerie families, the long lay-over in the Bridgeport winter quarters is a steady and heavy drain on the circus exchequer. The animals born each winter in the menagerie are worth about $40,000.

TROPICAL ILLS IN TEMPERATE CLIMATES

The discovery of a case of amoebic dysentery in a man who had never been out of Scotland calls attention to the fact that, with the world all one country through the ease of travelling, the diseases even of the tropics are knocking at the doors of temperate zone countries. This disease has been regarded as exclusively tropical, but last year was found to exist in California and probably elsewhere on the West Coast and is said to be homed in Russia, Germany, and some of the Mediterranean countries, the latter of which approach tropical conditions in point of climate. It stands to reason that persons must constantly be coming into northern countries who are carriers of the disease and from them when favorable climatic conditions exist contamination of water or food supplies is likely to ensue. That frequent cases are not detected in England and the east of this country is due probably to excellence of the public domestic water supplies and lack of knowledge among physicians generally of the disease. This emphasizes the need of active schools of tropical medicine in this country, for it is true that nearly every hot climate malady has been looked for by those expert in their detection. Hookworm and pellagrare are cases in point, and it has been said that California wields to the well-trained tropical expert well nigh a score of foreign ailments brought to this country and as yet present generally in small numbers. That the numbers are small now is a hopeful sign, and suggestive of extermination, since it does not take long for such things to get acclimated and once the distribution begins, it is a stern chase to catch up with it.

WHERE THERE ARE NO TAXES

It was recently reported from Germany that there was a little town within the empire in which there were no taxes. The town possessed benefactions, the revenues from which enabled it to pay its way without the intervention of the tax gatherer.

France never likes to be outdone by anything German, so a Paris contemporary has set itself the task of finding a parallel. Something more than a parallel has been discovered, for not only are there no taxes but the timbers on the communal lands are sufficient to grant each person a small annuity. This happy land is Montmarion, in the Midi. There are seven electors in the hamlet, so to avoid anything like rivalry the seven return themselves to the local council.

Cutting down the trees and selling them is sufficient to provide a livelihood for these simple people, whose tastes are so modest that they may be termed by some uncivilized.

RABBIT BEAT THE AUTO

The scene was on the road to Point Place. Illuminations were furnished by the moon and stars. Besides the rabbit and the auto there were one man and two girls, also a chauffeur.

The big automobile was speeding along the highway, sending its white light ahead, when suddenly right across the path of the rays from the head lamps shot a young rabbit. The chauffeur slackened speed, hating to hurt the little creature, and then the rabbit hopped back into the centre of the road again, gave one look into the blinding glare of the lamps and started the race.

Straight down the centre of the smooth, white highway he shot on ahead of the car, and the chauffeur speeded up a bit just to see how fast the race was going to be, but he could not catch the rabbit not by ten feet. That little critter's feet went so fast there did not seem to be any there, and just a speck where the long ears bobbed with the motion of his little body and a brown blur of hair.

And still he ran, on and on, keeping his distance ahead of the big machine as if the light had hypnotized him and he could not stop, while behind in the car, big, lazy pursuers laughed and watched and begged the chauffeur not to run him down. There was no such chance.

The rabbit was too quick. When he was tired of the sport he hopped to one side of the road as the car went by, tipped up his tiny head and winked out of one pink eye as he looked at the speeder and its occupants with a quizzical curve to his little mouth.

WHY FOAM IS WHITE

No one can have failed to notice that the foam along the shore of the sea or of a lake is white. No matter how deep the blue of the water may be there is the same whiteness of the froth at its edge. If the blackest ink in the world is beaten into foam the foam will be as white as the froth of milk.

The reason for this is that we see all objects by reflected light. If they reflect all the rays, they appear white; if they absorb all the rays, they seem to be black. When beaten into a froth the little bubbles reflect all the light from their surfaces, for their extreme thinness makes them practically nothing but surface and thus they are white.

For the same reason any colored stone shows white even when it is ground to a powder. Take the blackest marble and reduce it to small grains and these will appear white, because their surfaces now all reflect the same light. If the polished surface of the same marble be only a little scratched, as with a nail or drill point, the effect will be a light colored streak.

The same point is illustrated in the appearance of the tiny particles of dew on the spider's web as compared with the larger drops suspended from the tips of blades of grass. All the more striking is the difference when the cold has converted dew and water into frost and ice. The frost sparkles from the innumerable faces of the crystals, while the ice shows a uniformly shining surface. Frost and snow are white because of the smallness of their particles and the great number of their reflecting surfaces.

WHAT COURAGE WILL DO

Recently there died in England Commendatore Eduarde de Martino, marine painter in ordinary to her majesty, the late Queen Victoria. His life was one of remarkable interest, and a signal tribute of mind over body, for he had been a paralytic for years. He was born in Naples over seventy years ago, and as a lad entered the Italian navy. A violent illness brought on paralysis, depriving him of the use of his right arm and leg. Forced to leave the sea, he began his life's work, which led to astonishing success. With his left hand he gained control of the brush, gradually developed a hidden genius, and in time went to live in London, where he established a studio. His paintings of marine views were so true to life that they found ready purchasers, among them being the late King Edward, the Emperor of Germany, King of Italy, and the Emperor of Japan. The painter was a close personal friend of the English king, long before Edward's accession to the throne, and accompanied him on many sea voyages. It was the German Emperor, however, who inspired De Martino to warmest enthusiasm, for William II. and he were sworn friends and comrades, taking many cruises together. In 1899 De Martino went to witness the races between the Columbia and Shamrock I., and painted several pictures of the contest. He was a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Rio Janiero, in addition to having been decorated by the King of Italy.

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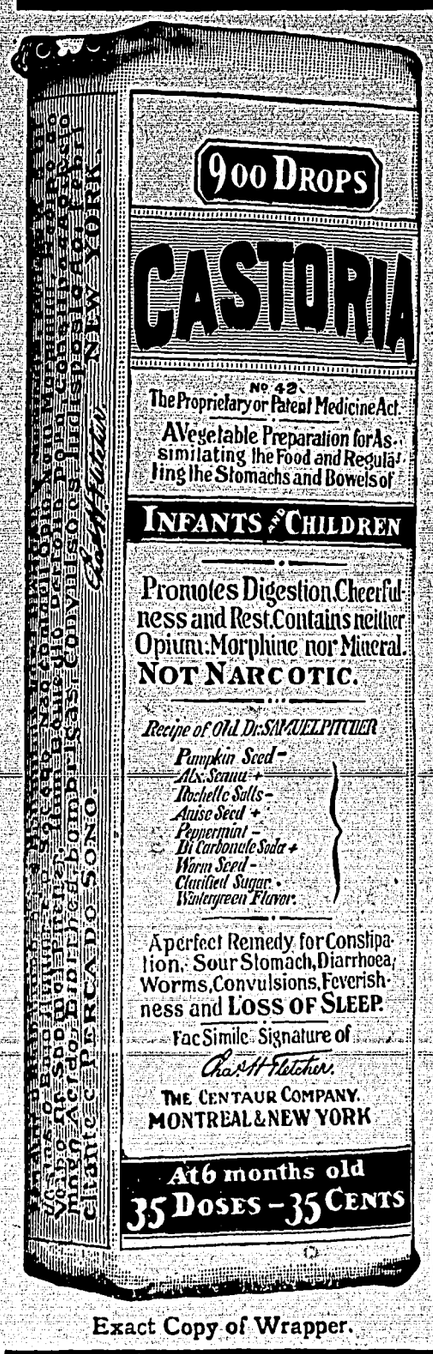

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NOTARY PUBLIC
CONVEYANCER
Agreements of Sale. Deeds & Mortgages. Documents Witnessed. Loans Negotiated
Office: Polson & Robinson, next door Fulton's west, Enderby, B. C.

ENDERBY COTTAGE HOSPITAL
MISS WARWICK, Proprietress
Maternity Fees, $20 per week
Fees covering ordinary illness, $2.50 per day.
ENDERBY, B. C.

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

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

POLITICAL

ENDERBY CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION
J. L. RUTTAN, President. A. F. CROSSMAN, Secretary.

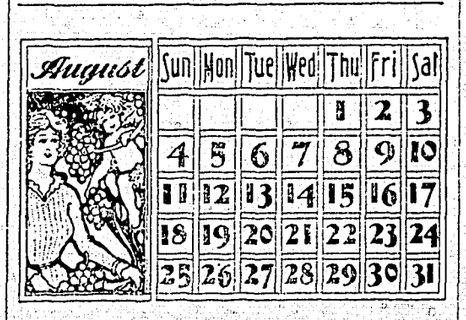
BLANCHARD & ENGLISH
Enderby, B. C.
Contractors & Builders
First-class Cabinet Work and Picture Framing.
Undertaking Parlors in connection.
Next to City Hall.

C. G. PIPER
Painter, Paper Hanger
House Decorator
ENDERBY
Box 43

ENDERBY PRESS

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

Advertising Rates: Transient, 50c an inch first insertion, 25c each subsequent insertion. Contract advertising, $1 an inch per month.
Legal Notices: 12c a line first insertion; 8c a line each subsequent insertion.
Reading Notices and Locals: 15c a line.



AUGUST 29, 1912

FOREWARD, ENDERBY

The vote on the proposed school loan by-law and site, last Monday was most conclusive. It left nothing in doubt. The poll was one of the largest, if not the largest, held on a money by-law in the history of the town, and only five out of 97 votes cast were against the by-law. And of the 97 votes cast for the site, all but 30 voted for the Sharpe site—the site farthest away from the railway. This unanimous expression of opinion on the question of school is not only an expression of the hearty support of the ratepayers of the policy of the School Board and confidence in their judgment, but it is also an expression of the enthusiasm of the people of Enderby in and for anything looking to real positive progress. To have defeated the loan by-law would have been a distressing retrograde step. To carry it with such a splendid feeling of unanimity, is one of the best moves the town has made. And scarcely less important was the matter of site. To carry this by such a majority—more than two to one, leaves nothing to be said in this regard. The parents of Enderby have shown by this vote just what they hope and wish for in the matter of a school home for their children, and the children of those who follow. We are convinced that the selection of the ratepayers of the site will meet with the unanimous approval of the Department at Victoria.

We congratulate the school board, and also the people of Enderby. It is the start of our biggest and best accomplishment, and the wisdom and boldness of the first step tends to mark how well the thing will be undertaken and carried through. A $60,000 school in a town the size of Enderby means a big step forward, and one that is sure to lead to still larger undertakings in the building of the town we all aim to make worth while.

The positive vote on both by-law and site leaves no room for further delay in starting the work. The Government appropriation of $25,000, first made, is already available. The balance, with the proceeds from the sale of the debentures just voted will be available in ample time for spring operations. Any delay must now rest with the School Board. The people have spoken in a manner that leaves no room for doubtful quibbling and counter propositions.

OTHER INDUSTRIES COMING

Enderby has long since been recognized as the pay-roll town of the Okanagan. The mills and camps in and about the town employ several hundred men, and in addition to this there is a great increase in the development work on the ranches in every direction, radiating from Enderby. The increase in the volume of produce and fruit has this year caused many to think seriously of the disposition of that produce. The lack of organization is serious, and the necessity for the establishment of an exchange here is more and more acutely felt. There will no doubt be much of the product go to waste because of the lack of any organized effort to provide a market before the rush of shipments began. We understand that the C.P.R. has drawn off even its working trains in order to provide engines and crews to handle the enormous crops of field vegetables and fruits.

There is a great opening at Enderby for the establishment of a fruit and vegetable canning factory. We have an abundant supply of clear running water, and other advantages not shared by other places. Our shipping facilities are the best, this being the first city from the mainline at Sicamous: the first important stop coming into the Okanagan and the last going out.

There is every likelihood of a canning factory being established here. This information is gained in a despatch feom Penticton, which says:

"The Western Cannery company's plant on Ellis and Front streets, at Penticton, has just commenced operations. It is housed in a building 100 feet long by 50 feet in width. The plant is modern in every way, and has a capacity of 30,000 cans per day A forty horse power boiler and a twenty horse power engine supplies hot water, steam and power.

"It is rumored that the owners have in contemplation an amalgamation with a large company in Kelowna, and the establishment of a branch factory at Enderby. The question was broached to the Penticton management, who admitted that negotiations were in progress, but that nothing definite had been settled."

It has been calculated that the demand for fruit boxes when the present orchards now planted come into full bearing, will be great enough to keep a box factory in operation the year round. It is said by those who are in a position to know, that it would take the entire product of the Okanagan Sawmills for box lumber. And it is further said that Enderby is the point for a box factory to locate—one that would supply the entire Okanagan.

The report is current that a paper mill is soon to be established on the Spallumcheen river, near King Fisher creek. The men back of this project are prominent in financial circles of the Dominion, and there is no doubt of its being put through. Application has already been made for water privileges for industrial purposes by the agents of the proposed paper mill company. The establishment of this mill would naturally hinge upon the availability of easy transportation from the proposed mill to the market centres. Without this the mill could not hope to compete with the other mills of the Dominion. It seems likely, therefore, that the men back of the enterprise are in a position to know that a railway is soon to be built from Enderby into the Mabel Lake country.

PRODUCER TO CONSUMER

In another column of this paper will be found the advertisement of Hewson & Hewson, wholesale produce merchants of Calgary, seeking to get in touch with shippers of produce of this district. Mr. A. B. Hewson was in Enderby on Monday looking over the field and making known the objects of his company. Mr. Hewson said it was the intention of his people to take the produce direct from the raisers and put it on the Calgary market without any commission being paid to middlemen. He said they could afford to pay the producers a better price than was paid by the exchanges. To illustrate his point, he took potatoes, and showed that the exchanges are now paying $9 a ton at Armstrong. The freight rate to Calgary is $7 per ton, and the sale price at Calgary is $22.00. He said his people were handling this product on a $20 per cent. basis, and on this basis, he found they could pay the local potato producers something like $1.50 per ton more than was offered by the exchanges and still meet the Calgary price.

All boys wishing to join the Enderby troop can now be admitted as there is ample room in their new headquarters —K. of P. Hall—for squad drills.

E. J. Mack
Livery, Feed & Sale Stables
ENDERBY, B. C.
Good Rigs; Careful Drivers; Draying of all kinds.
Comfortable and Commodious Stabling for teams.
Auto for Hire
Prompt attention to all customers
Land-seekers and Tourists invited to give us a trial.

B. BRUNDISH
Enderby, B. C.
I have purchased the old Farmers' Exchange building, on the railway, and am placing in stock a full line of
Bricks, Lime, Hard Wall Plaster and Cement
Estimates furnished on all kinds of Cement, Brick and Plaster Work.

SHUSWAP & OKANAGAN BRANCH

Daily trains both ways from Sicamous Junction to Okanagan Landing:

South bound read down	STATIONS	North bound read up
10.15 (Lv)	Sicamous Jct (Ar)	17.30
10.48	Mara	16.45
11.03	Grindrod	16.29
11.18	Enderby	16.14
11.45	Armstrong	15.45
12.03	Larkin	15.25
12.30	Vernon	15.00
12.45 (Ar)	Ok. Landing (Lv)	14.45

H. W. BRODIE, Gen. Pas. Agt., Vancouver — JNO. BURNHAM, Agent, Enderby

Bank of Montreal

Established 1817
CAPITAL all paid up, $15,413,000; REST, $15,000,000.00
Hon. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal G. C. M. G.
President, R. B. Angus, Esq. Vice-President, Sir Edward Clouston, Bart.
General Manager, H. V. Meredith
BRANCHES IN LONDON, ENG., NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Deposits received from $1 upwards, and interest allowed at current rates.
Interest credited 30th June and 31st December.
ENDERBY BRANCH — A. E. Taylor, Manager

Edison Phonographs & Records

Victor Gramophones and Victrolas
Disc Records
Perforated Music Rolls, from 15c up
For all Player Pianos
Always in stock

Leave your order with us for Edison or Disc Records, if we haven't what you want in stock. See and hear the Gourlay-Angelus Piano.

Agent also for Church and Parlor Organs
Also Fire and Life Insurance
Office in brick block opp. The Walker Press.

J. E. CRANE,
Enderby Agent

Finest in the Country

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

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

Deer Park Fruit Land

ENDERBY

No Irrigation Required

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

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

160 acres, sub-divided into 20-acre lots now on the market at $175 per acre.

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

Apply to—

GEORGE PACKHAM,
Deer Park Land Office, Enderby.

Get Ready for Winter Early

and do your repairing with some of those Cheap Boards at

$3.00 per Thousand feet

No. 2 Dimension, $12.00 per thousand.
Flooring, Ceiling and Drop Siding, $10 and up.

OKANAGAN SAW MILLS, Ltd. Enderby

JAMES MOWAT

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

The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
The Phoenix Insurance Co. of London.
London-Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.
Royal Insurance Co., of Liverpool (Life dept
The London & Lancashire Guarantee Accident Co., of Canada.

BELL BLOCK, ENDERBY

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

For Sale by
THE ENDERBY TRADING CO

Sporting Goods

RIFLES, SHOT GUNS, AMMUNITION, HUNTING COATS, CAPS, KNIVES, ETC.—everything for the Hunter and Trapper.

Rifles, from $1.50 up
Shot Guns, $7.00 and up

Our stock is very complete and the prices the lowest that are possible. If you cannot call at our store, mail your orders. They will receive prompt and careful attention.

Fulton Hardware Co.

Limited. Enderby, B. C.

The King of Flours and Price of Enderby

MOFFET'S BEST

COLUMBIA FLOURING MILLS CO. Limited

H. W. Harvey

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

A large listing River Front Lands in small acreage—close to town.
On monthly payment system.
20 acres Bench Lands, excellent for fruit; Price, $1,500
14 acres Fruit and Hay Land, with building, for $1,250, on terms

I have the largest listing of fruit and farming lands to be had in the Northern Okanagan. Intending buyers would do well to call and see my listing before securing elsewhere.

DON'T HAVE

Dangerous, unreliable, expensive Gasoline or Ascetylene Lamps in your home.

Buy Aladdin Lamps

1911 Pat.

Odorless, noiseless, clean, steady, saf e. Combining elegence of design with the most up-to-date powerful white light—60 to 80 c. p. More brilliant than electricity, yet easy on the eyes.

This triumph of modern science is built on the Arysand principle, using the Bunsen flame and the modern incandescent mantle.

The Aladdin Lamp burns common coal oil with great economy; using only one-third as much as the old-fashioned lamps. It yet produces from three to ten times more light of superior quality.

SOLD ON TRIAL—Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Full line of portable and fixed lamps, shades, mantles and all accessories. We have 50,000 testimonials. Our friends and neighbors use the Aladdin. Write for a catalogue.

BERNARD ROSOMAN, Agent,
Grindrod, Okanagan Valley, B.C.

The Mantle Lamp Co. of America, Chicago, Portland, Dallas, Waterbury, Montreal and Winnipeg.

LOANS

Applications received for Loans on improved Farming and City property.
Apply to—

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

Send in your subscription to the Press

Enderby Very Favorably Impresses the Vancouver Sun's Commissioner

Under the caption, "Enderby, a city that is rapidly going ahead and that is sure to come to the front in near future," the Vancouver Sun has this to say: Enderby is the first town met with on entering the Okanagan. Its situation is just twenty-three miles south of Sicamous in that portion of the Spallumcheen drained directly by that river. I safely say that Enderby is the centre of a valley four and one-half miles wide and over thirteen and one-half miles in length, or very nearly 40,000 acres of the very best kind of land. Because Enderby and the surrounding country is in that section of country known as the railroad belt a great deal of the land which could otherwise be settled with farmers is still vacant.

The only places, in fact, that are already settled are those which were taken up a good many years ago, but now although there are a great many acres unoccupied there is no chance for the settler to secure a homestead because the right of pre-emption has been cancelled. Then, too, Enderby has been handicapped because of two large reservations, one across the river from the town, and the other, the largest lying to the south of the town adjoining the northern boundary of Spallumcheen municipality. This last mentioned body of land comprises nearly twenty-five square miles of arable land, and at present is occupied by a handful of Indians who make no attempt to till the soil.

The aborigines are satisfied to remain unmolested, living on the money they make from the sale of wood cut upon the reservations. Taking these two things into consideration, the presence of the cancelled land in the railroad belt and the Indian reservations, there is nothing wonderful in the fact that the farm land around Enderby has not reached the same high stage of cultivation as that in some of the other districts. Let me make clear that almost all the land around Enderby is just as good as any district in the unirrigated portions of the Okanagan district. Three years ago I had occasion to visit a good many of the farms about Enderby and I know that everywhere the crops that I saw were just as good as anywhere else in the valley. Just a few days ago I had the pleasure of motoring over this same land, and although I am sorry to say there were not as many changes to be seen as elsewhere, still the crops on every side stood out as silent salesmen to the true worth of the Enderby soil.

Whatever may be produced profitably at Armstrong may be just as successfully grown at Enderby, and Armstrong today possesses the name for shipping more home-grown produce than any other town in the Okanagan. At present Enderby is the real pay-roll town of the Okanagan. It has three main industries outside of farming and fruit growing—lumbering, flour milling and brick-making

The Okanagan Sawmills operate at Enderby one of the largest sawmills in the interior, with a daily cut of a quarter million feet. Almost the whole year around this mill employs about 200 men, while back on the head waters of the Spallumcheen, where the timber limits are located, about 100 loggers are engaged during the winter in getting out the logs for the ensuing season. Then, too, employment is given to quite a large crew of river drivers, about seventy-five or eighty, when the logs are floated across Mabel Lake, and then down the Spallumcheen to the mill at Enderby.

The Enderby Flour Mills Company operate a large and up-to-date mill at this point, employing about fifteen men, and have been shipping an average of a car a day all year. The manager, Mr. Moffet, tells me that to run a mill in this district at present there are a great many difficulties to overcome. For instance, hardly any wheat is grown at present around Enderby, and in fact all the wheat that the mill uses is imported from the prairies. This, in itself, would be a prohibitive state of things were it not for the fact that the railroads allowed the millers to mill in transit with just a small amount of extra charge for demurrage or for the delay.

The Enderby brick yard is already working overtime and is still unable to fill the demand. Orders are coming in from many points east and west along the main line, and without using any advertising, just on the merits of the goods. The bricks made in Enderby are of a very fine texture, a deep red in color and just as durable as the kiln-cured bricks made on the coast.

There is a good opening at Enderby for another brick yard, and even a pottery works. It is too bad that some attempt has not been made before the present to encourage the opening up of the Dominion belt and the two Indian reservations. Had this been done a few years ago Enderby would undoubtedly be as prosperous a community as Armstrong, certainly as productive.

All the other towns in the Okanagan must take off their hats and bow down to Enderby in one respect. They have 100 members in their board of trade and every man is a "king booster." The membership list was started one Saturday morning with four names, and on Monday evening the optimists had joined the ranks and raised the fighting strength of this useful organization to the century mark.

Enderby has a lot of features which will appeal to the visitor, but they are too numerous to mention. I'll just cite two and then close.

The first is "Paddy" Murphy's hotel, the King Edward. Despite the apparent clash, Paddy is both an ardent imperialist and an intense home ruler. What is more important, is the fact that he provides the best home-cooked meals in the district.

KAMLOOPS CENTENARY CELEBRATION

Three Days Fun and Frolic

Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday
Sept. 17, 18, 19

BASEBALL TOURNAMENT
FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT
LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT
POLO TOURNAMENT
MOTOR BOAT RACES
FIELD SPORTS
RIFLE SHOOTING
AQUATIC SPORTS

Grand Historical Pageant Illustrating the Progress of Events Since the Founding of the First White Settlement in 1812

TRADES PROCESSION

DECORATED MOTOR CAR PARADE

TWO BIG DISPLAYS OF FIREWORKS

Arranged by Hitt Bros. of Seattle. The most elaborate ever shown in the Interior

GRAND CONFETTI CARNIVAL EN MASQUE
On the Closing Evening

Single Fare from all points on C. P. R.. For Programme and further Information, address—
HON. SEC. CELEBRATION COM.
KAMLOOPS, B. C.

R. Chadwick

REGISTERED PLUMBER

(certificate.) Painter and Decorator, Box 74, Enderby.

WATER NOTICE

For Licence to Take and Use.

NOTICE is hereby given that J. J. Steele, of Vancouver, B. C., will apply for a licence to take and use 500 miner's inches of water out of Spallumcheen or Shuswap River, which flows in a northerly direction through Dominion Lands, and empties into Mara Lake, near Mara.

The water will be diverted at 200 yards from King Fisher creek, and will be used for industrial purposes on the land described as vacant Dominion lands.

This notice was posted on the 17th day of August, 1912. The application will be filed in the Office of the Water Recorder at Victoria, B.C.

Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

J. J. STEELE (Applicant)
By ALEXANDER REID (Agt.)

WATER NOTICE

For Licence to Take and Use Water.

NOTICE is hereby given that James Hozier Gardiner Baird, of Hupel, British Columbia, will apply for a licence to take and use three hundred inches of water out of an unnamed creek, which flows in a southerly direction through Government land and my blocks, and empties into a cedar swamp near Hupel. The water will be diverted at a point one mile from Hupel, and will be used for domestic and irrigation purposes on the land described as N. E. quarter section 7, Tp. 19, Range 6, and S. E. quarter of section 18, in the said township.

This notice was posted on the ground on the 19th day of August, 1912. The application will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Kamloops, B.C.

Objections may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

JAMES H. G. BAIRD,
Applicant.

SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

Coal mining rights of the Dominion in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the Northwest Territories and a portion of the province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or sub-Agent of the district in which rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal sub-divisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee for $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available, but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10.00 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. sp2

If you have land to sell

List it with me.
If you want to buy land, see me.

My new booklet descriptive of the Mara District is now out. GET ONE.

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

60 MEN WANTED

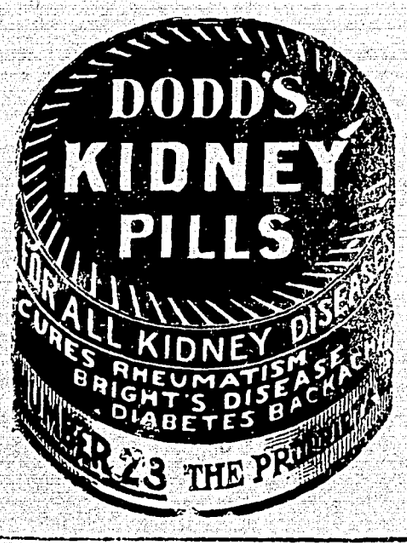
At Once to Learn Barber Trade

Only eight weeks required to learn, tools free and pay wages while learning. Positions secured on completion at from $15 to $20 per week. We have hundreds of locations where you can start business for yourself. Tremendous demand for barbers. Write for Free Catalogue; better still, call. If you would become an expert you must be an International graduate.

INTERNATIONAL BARBER COLLEGE
Alexander Ave., First Door West of Main St., Winnipeg.

LONG LIFE AND MENTALITY

A French statistician professes to be surprised by the discovery that exceptional mental powers are conductive to long life. The average life of members of the French Academy during two centuries was seventy-eight years and ten months. The average for members of the Institute is over seventy-one years, while the average for members of the Academies of the Fine Arts and Sciences is aboout the same. But why be surprised? It is precisely the result that one would expect. Great mental activity never yet killed or even injured. any one. Nothing could be more conductive to health than a concentration of thought upon the things that do not concern the body. It is worry, apprehension, and fear that kill.



FITS CURED

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the World-famous Cure for Epilepsy and Fits. Simple home treatment. 25 years' success.

Testimonials from all parts of the world. Over 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED
107 St. James' Chambers, Toronto.

USE ABSORBINE, JR., LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief and prove its merit. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F.,
210 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg. The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

"ALWAYS SAFE AND SURE"

Icelandic River, Man., Sept. 26th 1910
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs—Will you please mail to my address a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse"? I have been using Kendall's Spavin Cure and always found it safe and sure. Marino Briem.

That tells the whole story, and it is the experience that hundreds of thousands have had in the past 40 years, and it's the experience you will have—"It is the only sure remedy"—

For Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swelling and All Lameness

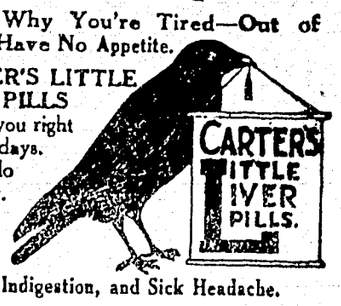
Sold by Druggists—$1.00 a Bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00. Keep it on hand always. Be ready for the emergency. Kendall's stops the pain, starts the circulation, penetrates and removes the cause of the disorders. Ask for a free copy of "A Treatise on the Horse." If not at dealers, write to— 62

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

During the Spanish-American War the Navy Department, by way of a graceful compliment to the great universities, renamed two converted cruisers Harvard and Yale.

Not long after Comomdore Dewey was asked what new names should be conferred upon two little Spanish gunboats that had been captured in Philippine waters.

"Oh," said the commodore, "we'll just call one The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the other The Pennsylvania College for Physicians and Surgeons."

* * *

The young novelist had had a hard time of it, and so had his dear wife. She held his talents in poor esteem and often urged him to try something else, for she was sometimes hungry, and all the time ill-clad. But one day his luck changed. He began to make money. And there came a day when he was able to write his cheque for $100 and pass it to his wife. Her eyes filled with tears as she read it.

"Willibrand, darling," she said, as she hastened around the table and put her arm about his neck, "I'll take back all the mean things I ever said about your work. This is the best thing you ever wrote!"

* * *

In the South Kensington Museum, London, there is an enormous skeleton of a mastodon from Benton County, Missouri.

Once when a congressman of that state was over, he was wandering around the museum lonesome enough to kill, and worn out looking at so many strange things. Finally he ran across the mastodon. His eye rested upon the inscription and a wonderful light came into his face.

"By thunder, John," he exclaimed rapturously to his companion, "look at that! Just look at it once!"

His companion, an Englishman, looked with more or less indifference.

"I see it," he said with provoking coolness.

"But, man, look at that inscription; it comes from Missouri!" continued the congressman enthusiastically. "Old Missouri. My state, man! And it's the biggest d—d thing in the whole museum!"

* * *

One day, Beckmann, the comic actor, was induced to take off a well-known newspaper editor, Frankel by name, in one of the characters he was representing in Berlin.

He performed his task so cleverly that at the close the audience broke out into loud calls for Frankel. The journalist brought an action, and Beckmann was condemned to go to the house of the insulted party and there beg his pardon in the presence of witnesses.

At the hour appointed Frankel sat in the circle of his family, together with a number of relatives and friends whom he had convened for the occasion, waiting the arrival of the delinquent. He tarried long, and half an hour had passed in weary suspense, when, at last, the door opened, and Beckmann put his head in and asked: "Does Mr. Meir live here?"

"Oh, no," answered Frankel, "he lives next door."

"Ah, then I beg your pardon," said the actor, and hastily withdrew, having thus acquitted himself of the imposed penance to the great annoyance of Frankel, and the intense amusement of the assembled witnesses.

* * *

In Germany during a war a captain of cavalry was ordered out upon a foraging expedition.

He marched to the district assigned to him. It was a lonely valley, but finding in the midst of it a small cottage, he knocked at the door. It was opened by an old man, who leaned upon a staff.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I may set my troop to forage."

The old man led them out of the valley and after a quarter of an hour's march they came to a fine field of barley.

"Here is what we are in search of," exclaimed the captain.

"Wait a few minutes," said the old man.

"Follow me a little further."

At the distance of a mile they arrived at another field of barley. The troop alighted, cut down the grain, trussed it and rode off. The officer then said to his conductor:

"You have given yourself and us needless trouble; the first field was better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

TROUT ARE BITIN' NOW

Drop your bizness cares an' worries;
  Let your troubles slide;
Never mind life's little flurries;
  Grouchiness deride.
Smooth away the wrinkles showin'
  On yer anxious brow;
Lock yer desk an' let's be goin'—
  Trout are bitin' now!

Be once more a youth of twenty;
  Let me see you smile;
You have had vexations plenty
  On yer shoulders pile.
Just forget 'em for the present,
  Ditch 'em anyhow;
Gee, but ain't this weather pleasant?
  Trout are bitin' now!

Can't you hear the canon callin'
  Where the water shines—
Gurglin', babblin', murmurin', fallin',
  Up among the pines?

Time to get some speckled beauties;
  Time to make a vow
You'll fight shy of bizness duties—
  Trout are bitin' now!

Git yer rod an' reel an' tackle,
  Let's be goin' quick!
Time to drop your small brown hackle
  In some mountain crick.
Drat it, man, why should you worry?
  Clear yer troubled brow!
Foller me—I'm in a hurry!
  Trout are bitin' now!

—E. A. Brininstool in Outdoor Life.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

We had breakfast at the little country hotel in the clean little mountain town; we drove out, in the crisp early morning, along a smooth, hard, level road by the marge of a blue, pine-surrounded lake wherein the trout were leaping; we entered a thick pine forest, where the air was sweetly pungent and the road was soft with the brown fallen needles; we followed up a dashing stream, to an abandoned mining-camp, its mill "ruinous," its log houses tumbled and desolated, and just one family lingering on, to bid us welcome with trout from the stream, fresh corn-cake and wild raspberry jam. After dinner, coats and jackets off in the genial warmth, by a winding switchback trail we climbed the steep slope of a high hill; the country grew wilder and wilder, across the gulch snowslides had ploughed their swathes through the dense timber, and presently we were rolling out upon a road cut into the cheek of a sudden canyon dropping sheer 1,000 feet on our right, rising sheer 500 feet on our left. Along this spectacular county road we trundled, earnestly hoping that no primeval spared from the lumberer's team be met, and emerged into a bare, slide-rock region as unlike the lake, the pines, the stream-riven canon, as black is unlike white. We skirted the mighty base of a huge purple mountain whose name we did not know. We climbed again, amidst great spruces primeval spared from the lumberman's saw; they lessened to low cedars, the cedars became lower buck-brush, the chill breath from a set of snowy fangs before caused us to put on our coats, and we crossed the Continental Divide by a lonely, bleak, bare and brown pass, among snow-drifts, slashing of hail and the chirps of friendly ptarmigans who scuttled from under our wheels. On our way down into summer we witnessed a sunset sublime, and that night we were quartered at a modern ranch-house, amidst cultivated fields—an oasis of creamed chicken, late magazines, piano-player, and bath-tub.

HANSOM CAB A CURIO NOW

A hansom cab, duly numbered, labelled and catalogued, has been placed with other relics of the past in the new London Museum in Kensington Palace that posterity may see how its ancestors of the nineteenth century were carried about the streets of London. It is true that a considerable number of hansom cabs are still to be seen in London, but they are merely the shabby ghosts of the smart vehicle that Benjamin Disraeli called "the gondola of London." Soon, it is believed, the hansom will be as rare as the Sedan chair and the authorities of the London Museum have perhaps been wise in securing a good and authentic specimen before it is too late.

Private hansoms have become so rare in London that the sight of one a few days ago in St. James' street was deemed worthy of mention in the newspapers. Between 1880 and 1890 such a cab was one of the ordinary features of the London street show. King Edward when Prince of Wales used a private hansom habitually in the decade mentioned. The cab is still in the mews at Buckingham Palace.

Lord Rosebery is said to have been the last man in London to sport a cabriolet, and the late Lord Dudley was the last well known man who drove about in a private hansom.

It used to be an ordinary thing for the man about town to hire a hansom by the day, week or month. The spendthrift Duke of Manchester once arrived in a hansom at a luncheon party at the Star and Garter in Richmond. When the party was breaking up it began to rain heavily. One of the guests complained about not being able to get a cab. The Duke said:

"Well, if you like to pay mine what I owe him you can have him."

Thinking he would only have to pay the fare from town the guest took it, and at the end of the trip asked what the Duke owed.

"Correct account," said the cabby, "is £168 10s.—take £160, but no cheque."

Strange as it may seem to think of the hansom cab as an item in a museum catalogue, it is stranger still to think that the few years that have elapsed since the advent of the automobile have been sufficient to furnish a museum with motor antiquities. But there has been on exhibition in London recently a collection of objects that look absurdly antiquated, although the oldest of them dates only from 1861. There are parts of the first motor car seen in England, the Blue Bell, which made its appearance in the early '60s.

From a copse near Newbury have been gathered sections of the Renz car, built about 1899, its engine having been used till recently for running an electric light installation. A curious object resembling somewhat a prison van declares itself to be the first motor cab that ran in the streets of London.

A vehicle which claims to be the oldest complete motor car in the world is an 1891 Panhard. With its iron wheels and substantial fittings it looks like a dreadnought bath chair. Abbe Gabois of Somme, France, is the owner of this archaic contrivance, and when the exhibition is over the Abbe will take it back, for although it has already run over 36,000 miles, it is still in good going order and he hopes to get many more years' work out of it.

Marconi messages can now be sent from any telegraph office in the United Kingdom to those in the United States and Canada. A wireless word can be transmitted over 3000 miles for ten cents.

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From Weakness and Despair Thousands Have Been Restored to Robust Good Health by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

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"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them, and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's, by their mild yet searching action, very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared, and today my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known citizen in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's; 25c. per box. All dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

HAVE YOU A BAD SORE ?

If so, remember these facts—Zam-Buk is by far the most widely used balm in Canada! Why has it become so popular? Because it heals sores, cures skin diseases, and does what is claimed for it. Why not let it heal your sore?

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Key to Yesterday

(Continued)

lodgings in the Rue St. Jacques. Since his arrival in Paris, the walls of that room and the court in the centre of the house had been the boundaries of his world. He had not seen beyond them. He had been physically weak and languid, mentally void. They had attempted to persuade him to move about, but his apathy had been insuperable. Sometimes, he wandered about the court like a small child. He had no speech. Often, he fingered a rusty key as a baby fingers a rattle. On the day that Steele and Duska had gone to the academy of M. Hautecoeur, Dr. Cornish and Paul Harris had left the lodgings for a time, and Saxon sat as usual at a window, looking absently out on the court.

In its centre stood a stone jardiniere, now empty. About it was the flagged area, also empty. In front was the street-door—closed. Saxon looked out with the opaque stare of pupils that admit no images to the brain. They were as empty as the stone jar. Possibly, the sun borrowing some of the warmth of the spent summer, made a vague appeal to animal instinct; possibly, the first ray of mental dawn was breaking. At all events, Saxon rose heavily, and made his way into the area.

At last, he wandered to the street-door. It happened to be closed, but the concierge stood near.

"Cordon?" inquired the porter, with a smile. It is the universal word with which lodgers in such abodes summon the guardian of the gate to let them in or out.

Saxon looked up, and across the hitherto unbroken vacancy of his pupils flickered a disturbed, puzzled tremor of mental groping.

He opened his thin lips, closed them again, then smiled, and said with perfect distinctness:

"Cordon, s'il vous plait."

The concierge knew only that monsieur was an invalid. In his next question was nothing more than simple Gallic courtesy.

"Est-ce que monsieur va mieux aujour d'hui?"

Once more, Saxon's lips hesitated, then mechanically moved.

"Oui, merci," he responded.

The man who found himself standing aimlessly on the sidewalk of the Rue St. Jacques, was a man clothed in an old and ill-fitting suit of Captain Harris' clothes. He was long-haired, hollow-cheeked and bearded like a pirate. At last, he hesitatingly turned and wandered away at random. About him lay Paris and the world, but Paris and the world were to him things without names or meaning.

His unguided steps carried him to the banks of the Seine, and finally he stood on the island, gazing without comprehension at the square towers of Notre Dame, his brows strangely puckered as his eyes picked out the carvings of the "Last Judgment" and the Galerie des Rois.

He shook his head dully, and, turning once more, went on without purpose until at the end of much wandering he again halted. This time, he had before him the Pantheon's entrance, and confronting him on its pedestal sat a human figure in bronze. It was Rodin's unspeakably melancholy conception, "le Penseur," and it might have stood for Saxon's self as it half-crouched with limbs tense and brows drawn in, in the agony of brooding thought-travail.

Then, Saxon's head came up, and into his eyes stole a confused groping, as though reason's tentacles were struggling out blindly for something upon which to lay hold. With such a motion perhaps, the prehistoric man-creature may have thrown up his chin at the bursting into being of thought's first coherent germ. But from "le Penseur" Saxon turned away with a futile shake of his head to resume his wanderings.

Finally, in a narrow cross street, he halted once more, and looked about him with a consciousness of vast weariness. He had traversed the length of many blocks in his aimlessness, crossing and recrossing his own course, and he was still feeble from long days of illness and inertia.

Suddenly, he raised his head, and his lips, which had been half-parted in the manner of lips not obeying a positive brain, closed in a firm line that seemed to make his chin and jaw take on a stronger contour. He drew his brows together as he stood studying the door before him, and his pupils were deeply vague and perplexed. But it was a different perplexity. The vacuity was gone.

Automatically, one thin hand went into the trousers-pocket, and came out clutching a rusty key. For another moment, he stood regarding the thing, turning it over in his fingers. Then, he laughed, and drew back his sagging shoulders. With the gesture, he threw away all imbecility, and followed the inexorable call of some impulse which he could not yet fully understand, but which was neither vague nor haphazard.

At that moment, Dr. Cornish, chancing to glance up from his course a block away, stopped dumfounded at the sight of his patient. When he had gathered his senses, and looked again, the patient had disappeared.

Saxon walked a few steps further, turned into an open street-door, passed the concierge without a word, and toilsomely, but with a purposeful tread, mounted the narrow, ill-lighted stairs. At the turning where strangers usually stumbled, he lifted his foot clear for the longer stride, yet he had not glanced down.

For just a moment, he paused for breath in the hall, upon which opened several doors identical in appearance. Without hesitation, he fitted the ancient key into an equally ancient lock, opened the door, and entered.

At the click of the thrown tumbler of the lock, some of the occupants of the place glanced up. They saw the door swing wide, and frame between its jambs a tall, thin man, who stood unsteadily supporting himself against the case. The black-bearded face was flushed with a burning fever, but the eyes that looked out from under the heavy brows were wide awake and intelligent.

"But Marston will one day return to us," Monsieur Hautecoeur was declaring to Steele and the girl, who, with backs to the door, were studying a picture on the wall. "He will return, and then——"

The instructor had caught the sound of the opening door, and he half-turned his head to cast a side glance in its direction. His words died suddenly on his lips. His pose became petrified; his features transfixed with astonishment. His rigid fixity of face and figure froze the watching students into answering tenseness. Even the blanket-wrapped model held a freshly lighted cigarette poised half-way to her lips. Then, the man in the door took an unsteady step forward, and from his trembling fingers the key fell to the floor, where in the dead stillness it seemed to strike with a crash. The girl and Steele wheeled. At that moment, the lips of the bearded face moved, and from them came this announcement:

"Me voici, je viens d'arriver."

The voice broke the hypnotic suspense of the silence as a pin-point snaps a toy balloon.

Hautecoeur sprang excitedly forward.

"Marston! Marston has returned!" he shouted, in a great voice that echoed against the skylight.

As the man stepped forward, he staggered slightly, and would have fallen had he not been already folded in the giant embrace of the lesser master.

Duska stood as white as the fresh sheets of drawing paper at her feet. Her fingers spasmodically clenched and opened at her sides, and from her teeth, biting into the lower lip, her breathing came in gasps. The walls seemed to race in circles, and it was with half-realization that she heard Steele calling the man, wildly demanding recognition.

The newcomer was leaning heavily on Hautecoeur's arm. He did not appear to notice Steele, but his gaze met and held the girl's pallid face and the intensely anguished eyes that looked into his. For an instant, they stood facing each other, neither speaking; then, in a voice of polite concern, the tall man said:

"Mademoiselle is ill!" There was no note of recognition—only, the solicitous tone of any man who sees a woman who is obviously suffering.

Duska raised her chin. Her throat gave a convulsive jerk, but she only caught her lips more tightly between her teeth, so that a moment later, when she spoke, there were purplish indentations on its almost bloodless line.

She half-turned to Steele. Her voice was an utterly hopeless whisper, but as steady as Marston's had been.

"For God's sake," she said, "take me home!"

At the door, they encountered the excited physician, who stumbled against them with a mumbled apology as he burst into the atelier.

CHAPTER XIX

Late that afternoon, in Mrs. Horton's drawing-room at the Hotel Palais d'Orsay, Steele stood at the window, his gaze al ost sullen in the moodiness of his own ineffectual sympathy. The day had grown as cheerless as himself. Outside, across the Quai d'Orsay, a cold rain pelted desolately into the gray water of the Seine, and drew a wet veil across the opposite bank. Through the reeking mist, the remote gray branches in the gardens of the Tuileries stood out starkly naked. Even the vague masses of the Louvre seemed as forbidding as the shadowy bulk of some buttressed prison. The "taxis" slurred by through wet streets, and those persons who were abroad went with streaming umbrellas and hurried steps. The raw chill of Continental hotels permeated the place. He knew that in the centre of the room Duska sat, her elbows resting on the table top; her eyes, distressfully wide, fixed on the wet panes of the other window. He knew that, if he spoke to her, her lips would shape themselves into a pathetic smile and her answer would be steady. He knew that she had given herself no luxury of outburst, but that she had remained there, in much the same attitude, all afternoon; sometimes, crushing her small handkerchief into a tight wad of lace and linen; sometimes, opening it out and smoothing it with infinite care into a tiny square upon the table. He knew that her feet, with their small shoes and high-arched, silk-stockinged insteps, twitched nervously from time to time; that the gallant shoulders drooped forward. These details were pictured in his mind, and he kept his eyes stolidly pointed toward the outer gloom so that he might not be forced actually to see it all again.

At last, he wheeled with a sudden gesture of desperation, and, going across to the table, dropped his hand over hers.

She looked up with the unchanged expression of wide-eyed suffering that has no outlet.

"Duska, dear," he asked, "can I do anything?"

She shook her head, and, as she answered, it was in a dead voice. "There is nothing to do."

"If I leave you, will you promise to cry? You must cry," he commanded.

"I can't cry," she answered, in the same expressionless flatness of tone.

"Duska, can you forgive me?" He had moved around, and stood leaning forward with his hands resting upon the table.

"Forgive you for what?"

"For being the author of all this hideous calamity," he burst out with self-accusation, "for bringing him there—for introducing you."

She reached out suddenly, and seized his hand.

"Don't!" she pleaded. "Do you suppose that I would give up a memory that I have? Why, all my world is memory now! Do you suppose I blame you—or him?"

"You might very well blame us both. We both knew of the possibilities, and let things go on."

She rose, and let her eyes rest on him with directness. Her voice was not angry, but very earnest.

"That is not true," she said. "It couldn't be helped. It was written. He told me everything. He asked me to forget, and I held him—because we loved each other. He could no more help it than he could help being himself, fulfilling his genius when he thought he was following another man. There are just some things—" she halted a moment, and shook her head — "some things," she went on quietly, "that are bigger than we are."

"But now——" He stopped.

"But now—" the quiet of her words hurt the man more than tears could have done— "now, his real life has claimed him—the life that only loaned him to me."

The telephone jangled suddenly, and Steele, whose nerves were all on edge, started violently at the sound. Mechanically, he took up the instrument from its table-rack, and listened.

"Yes, this is Mr. Steele. What? Mr. St. John? Tell him I'll see him down there—to wait for me." Steele was about to replace the receiver, when Duska's hand caught his wrist.

"No," she said quickly, "have him come here."

"Wait. Hold the wire." The man turned to the girl.

"Duska, you are only putting yourself on the rack," he pleaded. "Let me see him alone." She shook her head with the old determination. "Have him come here," she repeated.

"Send Mr. St. John up," ordered the Kentuckian.

One might have seen from his eyes that, when Mr. St. John arrived, his reception would be ungracious. The man felt all the stored-up savagery born of his helpless remonstrance. It must have some vent. Everyone and everything that had contributed to her misery were alike hateful to him. Had he been able to talk to Saxon just then, his unreasoning wrath would have poured itself forth as readily and bitterly as on St. John. The sight of the agent standing in the door a few moments later, inoffensive, even humble, failed to molify him.

"I shall have the two pictures delivered within the next day," ventured the Englishman.

Steele turned brutally on the visitor. "Do you mean to risk remaining in Paris now?" he demanded.

At the tone, St. John stiffened. He was humble because these people had been kind. Now, meeting hostility, he threw off his lowly demeanor.

"Why, may I ask, should I leave Paris?" There was a touch of delicately-shaded defiance in the questioning voice.

"Because, now, you must reckon with Mr. Saxon for pirating his work! Because he may choose to make you walk the plank."

Steele whipped out his answer in rapid, angry sentences.

St. John met the eyes of the Kentuckian insolently.

"Pardon the suggestion that you misstate the case," he said, softly. "I have never sold a picture as a Marston that was not a Marston—it would appear that unconsciously I was, after all, honest. As for Mr. Saxon, there is, it seems, no Mr. Saxon. That gentleman was entirely mythical. It was an alias, if you please."

It was Steele who winced now, but his retort was contemptuously cool:

"Do you fancy Mr. Marston will accept that explanation?"

"Mr. Steele—" the derelict drew back his thin shoulders, and faced the other with a glint in the pale pupils that was an echo of the days when he had been able to look men in the face. "Before I became a scoundrel, sir, I was a gentleman. My daughter is extremely ill. I must remain with her, and take the chance as to what Mr. Marston may choose to do. I shall hope that he will make some allowance for a father's desperate—if unscrupulous—effort to care for his daughter. I hope so particularly inasmuch as that daughter is also his wife."

Steele started forward, his eyes going involuntarily to the girl, but she sat unflinching, except that a sudden spasm of pain crossed the hopelessness of her eyes. Somewhere among Duska Filson's ancestors, there had been a stoic. Instantly Steele realized that it was he himself who had brought about the needless cruelty of that reminder. St. John had disarmed him, and put him in the wrong.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

"I came here," said St. John, slowly, "not only to notify you about your canvases. There was something else. You were both very considerate when I was here before. It is strange that a man who will do dishonest things still clings to the wish that his occasional honest motives shall not be misconstrued. I don't want you to think that I intentionally lied to you then. I told you Frederick Marston was dead. I believed it. Before I began this—this piracy, I investigated, and satisfied myself on the point. Time corroborated me. It is as though he had arisen from the grave. That is all."

The man paused; then, looking at the girl, he continued:

"And Mr. Saxon—" he hesitated a moment upon the name, but went resolutely on— "Mr. Saxon will recover. When he wakes next, the doctors believe, he will awake to everything. After his violent exertion and the shock of his partial realization, he became delirious. For several days perhaps he must have absolute quiet, but he will take up a life in which there are no empty spaces."

"Mr. St. John," she said slowly, "may I go and see your daughter?"

For a moment, the Englishman looked at her quietly, then tears flooded his eyes. He thought of the message of the portrait, and, with no information except that of his own observing eyes, he read a part at least of the situation.

"Miss Filson," he said with as simple a dignity as though his name had never been tarnished, as though the gentleman had never decayed into the derelict, "my daughter would be happy to receive you, but she is in no condition to hear startling news. By her own wish, we have not in seven years spoken of Mr. Marston. She does not know that I believed him dead, she does not know that he has re-appeared. To tell her would endanger her life."

"I shall not go as a bearer of news," the girl assured him; "I shall go only as a friend of her father's, and—because I want to."

St. John hesitatingly put out his hand. When the girl gave him hers, he bent over it with a catch in his voice, but a remnant of the grand manner, and kissed her fingers in the fashion of the old days.

Driving with Steele the next morning to St. John's lodgings, the girl looked straight ahead steadfastly. The rain of the night had been forgotten, and the life of Paris glittered with sun and brilliant abandon. Pleasure-worship and vivacious delight seemed to lie like a spirit of the departed summer on the boulevards. Along the Champs Elysees, from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, flowed a swift, continuous parade of motors, bearing in state gaily dressed women, until the nostrils were filled with a strangely blended odor of gasoline and flowers. The pavement cafes and sidewalks flashed color, and echoed laughter. Nowhere, from the spot where the guillotine had stood to the circle where Napoleon decreed his arch, did there seem a niche for sorrow.

"Will you wait here to see to what he awakens?" questioned Steele.

Duska shook her head.

"I have no right to wait. And yet—yet, I can't go home!" She leaned toward him, impulsively. "I couldn't bear going back to Kentucky now," she added, plaintively; "I couldn't bear it."

(To be continued)

SUN TREATMENT FOR TUBERCULOSIS OF BONES

Surgical tuberculosis covers the forms that attack the joints and bones, which when treated with the knife are likely to leave patients scarred or crippled, with stiff joints or shortened limbs. Sometimes amputation is necessary. When treated by Dr. Rollier's heliotherapy process the sun's rays do the work of the scalpel and operations are unnecessary. This is the description of the heliotherapy process.

This new method consists in exposing the body of the patient to the sun's rays in open galleries communicating with the wards and facing due south. The actual seat of disease is uncovered for five minutes only to begin with, as there must be no blistering or burning of the skin, the next day the region is treated for two period of five minutes each, separated by an interval of half an hour, and on the third day these exposures are lengthened to fifteen or twenty minutes. At each seance a larger area of skin is uncovered, so that by the end of a week or ten days (for each case needs individual study) the entire body, the head excepted, is lying nude in the sun. The head has to be protected for some time longer to prevent congestion, but it too is also ultimately brought to tolerate the sunlight. The patients are wheeled out in their beds onto the galleries as soon as the sun appears in the morning and lie there naked for hours under the influence of its healing rays, being only moved back into the house when the cool night air begins to make itself felt. The large windows of the comfortable steam-heated wards open down to the ground and are never closed, so that when the sun has disappeared behind the mountains the invigorating air continues the cure during the night hours. A carefully studied diet, furthermore, helps to build up and renovate the diseased bodies under treatment. No medicines are given; the stomach, enfeebled by sickness, has therefore only to digest the good, nourishing food supplied and thus contribute without interference to the general amelioration of the patient's condition.

Where an apparatus cannot be dispensed with an opening as large as possible is made at the seat of the disease so that the sun's rays may continue their action on the diseased region all the time. This prevents any wasting of the imprisoned tissues. Joints quickly recover their move when "the knife is held in far greater aver- the apparatus is removed.

In all the surgical wards at Leysin sion than any apparatus," the writer says. She goes on:

The ultimate results obtained in different forms of surgical tuberculosis are as follows: Lymph nodes resume their normal size and leave no scar whatever even if punctured, so long as they come to treatment before they open. Joint and bone lesions heal up without deformity, shortening or stiffness. Even lung trouble which, alas! often coexists with surgical tuberculosis disorders, is cured if treated in time by this process of insolation and aeration. Finally children deformed by rachitis become pictures of health and return to their homes in splendid condition if they follow this cure. Infected wounds, the result of accident, also heal very rapidly after cleansing and exposure to the sun's rays.

The following statistics show some of the results obtained:

Out of 360 cases of surgical tuberculosis treated by heliotherapy, in 284 (78 per cent.) recovery was obtained, in 48, improvement; in 21 the condition remained stationary, while 16 (4 per cent.) succumbed. These figures appear more remarkable still when we consider that in 132 cases there was open tuberculosis with secondary infection.

THE NUDITY CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS

By exposing children without clothes to the sun's rays in midwinter at an altitude of 5,000 feet many remarkable cures of surgical tuberculosis have been obtained in the mountains at Leysin, Switzerland. It is a new method of treatment adopted by Dr. Rollier, and Gertrude Austin, formerly of the Children's Hospital, London, who made a trip to Leysin, describes what has been accomplished.

She pictures the mountains on a cloudless January morning covered with spotless, sparkling snow. Dr. Rollier gave her every opportunity to study his methods and patients. She says:

My first visit to the children is an event that I am not likely to forget. It was with no little difficulty that I walked from my hotel down the steep, winding road that leads to "Le Chalet," as everyone in Leysin calls this diminutive hospital. The sun had not yet appeared above the mountain tops to soften the frozen snow, and progression was difficult, not to say dangerous. The clinic is a picturesque, wooden construction, a regular Swiss chalet, faces due south and stands in a small garden, which in summer time is no doubt green and gay with flowers, but which on this cold January morning was carpeted like everything else with pure white snow.

I had planned to arrive betimes, for I wished to see the exodus of the children from the wards to the galleries. But as I stood upon the doorstep waiting for admission the sun rose above the mountain tops, and already there were sounds of merry laughter in the frosty morning air. Happy voices were feting the beneficent rays, whose healthy powers even the little ones appear to understand. They love this sunshine, which gives them health and takes away their pain, and it is they themselves, when able to do so, who the moment the word is given push down the bedclothes, and pull up and over their heads the nightdress that is obligatory at other times.

When I was taken by the matron out on to the first gallery my surprise knew no bounds. Who would have supposed that such dark skinned, healthy looking little bodies could be found in a hospital, and above all who would have expected to see tiny children on a winter's day in January basking in the sunshine as naked as when they were born, except for the quaint little white calico hats which make such a startling contrast with their brown skin. Most of them are in a recumbent position, some even lying face downward, which does not seem to worry them at all; the more fortunate ones are able to sit up, roll about in bed and have a good time while all are revelling in their warm sunbath.

A few are not yet fully exposed, it is true, for they are newcomers and have not completed the necessary training which endowes them with this extraordinary power of endurance. The latter have still the pale, weary faces which sickness gives, and it is easy to see that their sojourn at Leysin has been but a short one.

The children—those who are well enough—have morning lessons, as the doctor believes mental occupation absolutely necessary. It is a privilege to take part in these, as it means convalescence has begun. At the head of the bed stands the teacher, as there it is impossible for the shadow of her body to interfere with the action of the sun's rays.

"I think I can safely say," the writer says, "that few people have seen classes of sick children doing their lessons perfectly naked in midwinter out of doors, all gay and happy and looking far stronger and healthier than many children who have no ailments whatever." The children played with toys, strewn on their beds while they continued their studies. They enjoyed seeing a visitor, asked questions and listened to stories.

HIS FINE SARCOPHAGUS SOLD

The eccentricities and the unfulfilled wishes of the German financier Strousberg, the king of German railways, are brought to mind by the sale of his sarcophagus.

In the days of his prosperity he had commissioned Begas, a German sculptor of renown, to fashion it in bronze, but the millionaire died poor and friendless. The sarcophagus had not been paid for and it remained in the studio. Now it has been sold for 42,000 marks, but the name of the purchaser has not been revealed.

DEATH OF GENERAL BOOTH

General Booth passed away after a lingering illness at his London home, August 20th. His death takes from the world a man of great power and great simplicity, great faith and a great love. Without General Booth there would have been no Salvation Army, and without the Salvation Army there would have been a vast portion of the world most civilized in utter darkness, and untouched by the love that links man to man in all stages of life.

What is the secret of the amazing success of General Booth's life? Many have asked the question, and each has given his own answer. Harold Begbie recently attempted an answer. "If I may venture to attempt an answer," says he, "I shall begin by emphasizing this particular aspect of the general's character: He is a realist. Just as in literature and art we have a new birth of realism, every man seriously attempting to see life and express life exactly as it really is, not as a romance, so in General Booth we have a man who has created in religion a spirit of unflinching reality. Religion is not for him either legend or sentimental morals. It is a fact. He is neither mystic, dreaming in his cave, nor theologian equivocating in a library. He is a man standing in the centre of life and using religion as the supreme force for saving the souls of the world, for preventing civilization from committing suicide."

"Do you feel, speaking generally, that the world is better or worse than when you began life? Are you pessimist or optimist in your 84th year?" Mr. Begbie asked the general last April, and the wise, hard-fighting, tender-hearted old man replied:

"Everywhere I find the complaint that the crowd is turning away from the churches. One of the most striking symptoms of the age is indifference to religion as religion, especially when that religion takes an organized form and finds its expression in ritual ceremonies, and formal worship alone.

"Am I a pessimist? you ask. Well, the outlook is not promising. I might even say it is melancholy. When I think of it all I am distressed. The one hope for the future of the world is a people whose religion has become their very life's blood, and their one constraining force. The world needs salvation—salvation in high places and low ones, in our aristocracy, in our politicians, in our secular newspapers, as well as in the blackest, ugliest and most devilish sections of the community."

HOUSE FOR RENT—6 rooms, on Knight St. H. F. Fleewelling, Enderby. jy4-tf

TOBACCO GROWING PROFITS

A Kelowna despatch says: "The first of the 1912 tobacco crop was cut this week. Harvesting will be general in a short time, and from present indications will be completed much earlier than usual. The tobacco has made an unusually rapid and vigorous growth this season and the yield and quality of leaf will be exceptional. The British North American Tobacco Company is carrying on experiments in plant breeding, and plant and seed cultivation and selection. Next year will see an even higher type of Canadian-grown Havana and Comstock Spanish tobacco produced. The experiment of growing imported Sumatra tobacco under a shade tent promises satisfactory results. This class of tobacco is used for cigar wrappers, and is the most expensive on the market, bringing from $2.50 to $4 per pound. Although somewhat costly to grow this tobacco, the profits are very satisfactory, as it is understood that the net returns are in the neighborhood of $1,000 per acre.

"The British North American Tobacco Company expects to begin construction of its new up-to-date warehouse by the 1st of September. This will be one of the most modern of its kind in America, and from present indications, the tobacco industry is to be one of the important factors in the commercial activity of the Okanagan. The acreage under tobacco this year is about 110, and estimated profits per acre are in the neighborhood of $200."

WITHSTOOD REGINA CYCLONE

Speaking of the experience of a Gourlay-Angelus piano in the recent Regina catastrophe, a writer has this to say: "The piano had been delivered in advance of settlement to a prospective buyer, whose house was completely destroyed, there being not a board left on the foundation. The piano was carred 125 feet and deposited across the street among the debris of half a dozen houses. We found it lying on its back covered with all kinds of debris and filled with lime and mortar and numerous other things. * * * We are intending to use it for a short time. It is surprising how it has withstood such terrible experience with so little injury—the Gourlay solidity of construction has withstood the test. The writer viewed half a dozen other instruments that were completely wrecked, while our Gourlay-Angelus came through with so little damage that I am of the opinion from a casual observation that out tuner can put it in commission in a short time. It is, of course, badly scratched, and possibly the player roll box may require expert attention, as one pedestal is missing, and a long 6x6 inch beam was lying across the top of the piano."

INCREASE IN FRUIT SOLD

A comparison of the figures representing the output of the Okanagan Fruit Union for the months of August, to the 20th, for the four years of its institution reveal the surprising fact that in 1909, in that month there were no cars shipped out; in 1910, 19 cars; in 1911, 5 cars, the shortage due to failure of the peach crop; in 1912 no less than 44 cars have already been sent out. It is estimated that there will easily be another 44 cars accounted during the month, chiefly by the rest of the crop of crabs and the oncoming crop of prunes. It is estimated that the crop of crabs from the district will be 34 cars, the prunes 15. Of this output the peaches come from down the lake while the rest of the figures quoted are from round Vernon. In the first season of the company's activity there were 57 cars in all shipped out, while in August, 1912, there will be 88 to 90.—Vernon News.

NEEDED AT HOME

That Canada is dropping out of the butter export trade is the effect of a report to the trade of commerce department by J. E. Ray, commissioner at Birmingham, England.

Ten years ago 13,000 tons of butter went from Canada to England. Twelve months ago it fell to 776 tons. There was not sufficient Canadian butter on the London market to secure an official quotation.

In reference to the decline in the cheese trade in British Dominions this significant view is expressed:

"The real cause of the decline in imported British Dominion cheese is somewhat paradoxical, for it is due to the progress and prosperity of one of these dominions, namely Canada. That country is increasing in population so rapidly that it can not keep up the supply of cheese for its home population, and at the same time continue its exports to the United Kingdom.

"This development in Canada is bringing prosperity to the Dominion of New Zealand, which is preparing to take over the business which Canada year by year is less able to carry on.

"In the past ten years Canadian imports have fallen off by 15,000 tons while New Zealand imports have increased to the extent of 220,000 tons.

We have learned the clothing business by studying the clothing business. A clothing man is just as much a "professional" man as a lawyer or doctor.

When you get "clothes sick" come to us. The medicine we will give you will be a well-made, well-fitting, "all wool," stylishly modeled suit of clothes.

When winter comes along our second treatment will be a handsome, comfortable overcoat.

Our "bill" is always reasonable.

Slater Shoes for Men
Empress " " Ladies

Enderby Trading Co., Ltd.

Do You Belong to the Good Clothes Lodge ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

The wearers of 20th Century Brand Fine Tailored Garments for Men are all members of the Good Clothes Lodge. They know each other on sight or grip. The fit and style of the clothes they wear are all the identification needed. They are men of taste and discernment, and you can't fool them on the clothes question.

We are sole agents for 20th Century Brand Garments, and have just received the full line of fall styles and patterns. COME AND SEE THEM.

Big range of Sweater Coats—Dr. Jaeger and Pride of the West.

We still have a few of the Shoe Specials left and are giving great value for little money

Saturday Children's Shoes
90c
$1.25
$1.50
while they last.

Many of our lady customers have earnestly solicited us to continue our Dry Goods Department, and to supply the requirements of the trade we are filling up with a choice selection of new goods. Each Saturday we will offer Special Bargains for the Ladies in articles of Dresswear. Don't miss them.

Polson Mercantile Co.

Want Ads.

All ads under this head, 3c a word first insertion; 1c a word each subsequent insertion; 25c minimum charge.

LOST—On Cliff St., evening of Aug. 13th, a lady's small gold watch, engraved "L" on back of case. Suitable reward paid on return to E. T. Rodie, Enderby.

BOARD-RESIDENCE offered in private house; bath room, piano, etc. Highly recommended. Box 139, Enderby.

HAY BAILING A SPECIALTY—A. Tomkinson will start with his hay press as soon as the hay is ready, and will call on any within reach of his round if notified in time. Address, Arthur Tomkinson, Enderby.

Fresh Meats

If you want prime fresh meats, we have them. Our cattle are grain-fed and selected by our own buyers from the richest feeding grounds in Alberta, and are killed and cut strictly FRESH.

We buy first-hand for spot cash, so can give you the best price possible.

G. R. Sharpe,
ENDERBY, B. C.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Paid-up Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits $8,181,370
Total Assets (Over) $58,000,000

Don't Waste Interest

and risk the principal itself by keeping a lot of money in your house or your pockets.

It would be much safer in the Union Bank of Canada — less likely to be spent—and instead of being idle, would be earning Interest night and day.

If you haven't a Savings Bank Account already, come in and open one.

Enderby Branch, W. D. C. CHRISTIE, Manager

LONDON, ENG., BRANCH,
51 Threadneedle St., E.C.
F. W. ASHE, - - Manager.
G. M. C. HART SMITH, Assistant Mgr.

No Shooting

TAKE NOTICE that no shooting will be allowed on any of the Douglas Lake Cattle Company property.

Anybody found trespassing on the Company's property will be prosecuted.

By order,

THE DOUGLAS LAKE CATTLE COMPANY, Ltd.
Douglas Lake, Nicola, B. C.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Construction of a Breakwater in Victoria Harbour, B. C." be received at this office until 4.00 p. m., on Thursday, September 5, 1912, for the construction of a Breakwater at Victoria Harbour, Victoria, B.C.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the offices of W. Henderson, Resident Architect, Victoria, B. C.; C. C. Worsfold, Esq., District Engineer, New Westminster, B.C.; J. G. Sing, Esq., District Engineer, Toronto, Ont.; J. L. Michaud, Esq., District Engineer, Montreal, Que.; A. Decaty, Esq., District Engineer, Quebec, Que.; and on application to the Postmaster at Vancouver, B. C.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Ottawa, August 8, 1912.
Department of Public Works,

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.—23963.

Maundrell & Robinson
LICENSED
AUCTIONEERS
Provincial and City License

Let us put money in your pocket by selling that which you do not want

Walter Robinson, Clerk
A. E. Maundrell, Auctioneer

J. S. JOHNSTONE
Cement Building Contractor

Is prepared to furnish straight blocks veneer blocks, cement brick, lawn vases, peer blocks, chimney blocks; also lime and cement.

Leave orders early.

Enderby, B. C.