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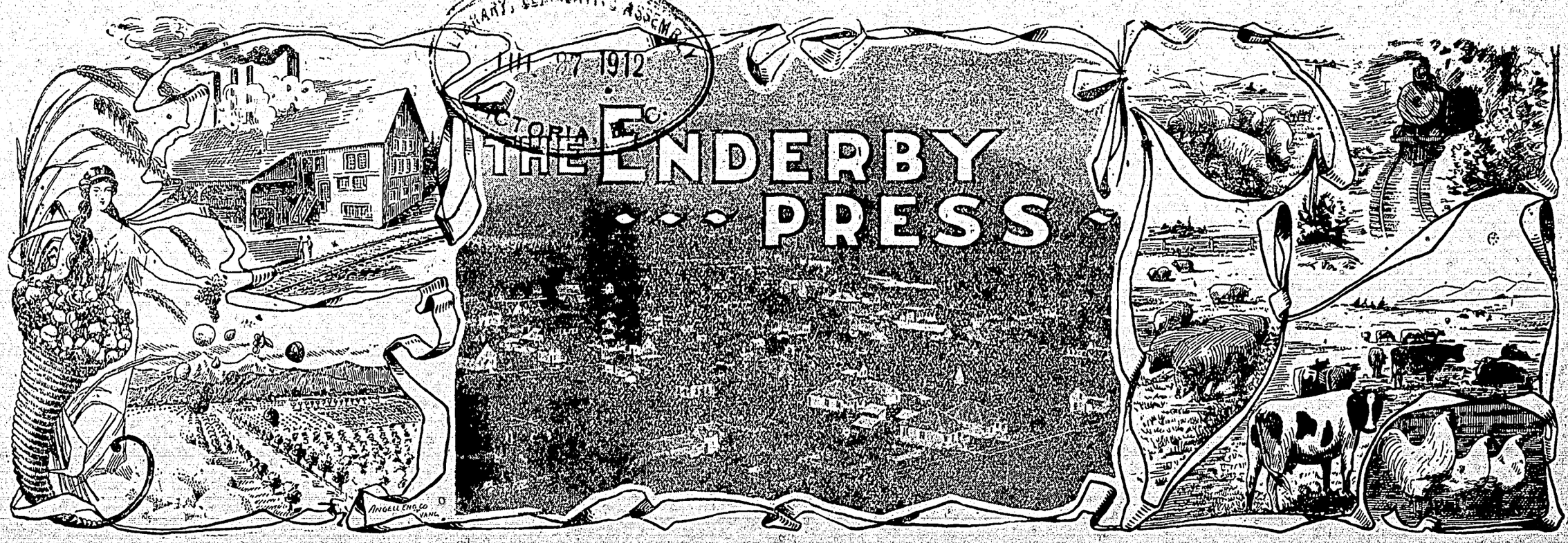

Enderby, B. C., July 25, 1912 AND WALKER'S WEEKLY Vol. 5; No. 21; Whole No. 230

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

Miss H. V. Cornet left on Monday for Vancouver.

Mayor Ruttan left for Fort Fraser early Saturday morning.

Born—In New Denver, July 14th, to Mrs. Geo. Aylwin, a son.

The city's streets are its front yard. How do they look?

There was no meeting of the City Council Monday evening. No quorum

Messrs. Harvey & Rodie dissolved partnership this week, dating from Monday.

Miss McIntyre, of the Enderby Trading Co. staff, is spending a holiday in Revelstoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Agate left on Wednesday for Calgary where they will reside in future.

Mrs. Meiklejohn, of Revelstoke, spent a couple days the past week with Mrs. J. Burnham.

Conductor Morrow is again illuminating the passenger service over the O. & S. with his mellow smile.

Mr. E. Hallet, official packer of B. C. for the Bank of Montreal, left on a business trip to Rossland Monday.

A new government road grader arrived this week to be used by Foreman McKay on the roads in his jurisdiction.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bell and daughters returned to their home in Victoria on Tuesday, after spending a very pleasant month or more in Enderby.

Mr. T. J. Comiskey, Inspector of Indian reserves, was in Enderby this week, enquiring into the complaints that have been made to his department.

Mr. C. P. Calder paid a flying visit to the city on Sunday, arriving on the morning train and leaving on the afternoon—just to get a King Edward square meal.

was disturbed late Tuesday night by a mix-up between a whiteman, a Jap and a Hindoo. Nothing more serious than the laceration of the atmosphere resulted.

Rev. Mr. Campbell is showing what can be done by way of beautifying church grounds. Those about the St. George church are certainly most refreshing to the eye.

The rain interfered with the berry and ice cream social which was to have been held on the tennis court last evening, and the parish hall was utilized for the occasion.

Enderby's baseball boys were disappointed in not being able to go to Vernon for their last league game of the season with that team. The game was postponed owing to the rain throughout the day.

Miss Emma Carlson, Enderby, received the good news on Wednesday, that she had passed the McGill University matriculation examination held in Armstrong in June.

The 14- and 16-inch cement drain pipes to be used in the work soon to be commenced by the city, under contract to Mr. W. A. Russell, are now on the streets, ready for the laying.

The tranquility of the lumber yard

Mr. J. S. Johnstone has finished the contract for the cement blocks to be used in the Matthews home at Salmon Arm, and has taken on more work at that thrifty newly-incorporated town.

Mr. H. W. Harvey returned from the coast Sunday morning, showing how great even a short rest will improve one. Mrs. Harvey and the boys will remain some weeks enjoying the serf and sea air.

Mrs. W. R. Barrows, accompanied by Lucile, left last Friday for the East. Mrs. Barrows will go direct to Rochester, Minn., where she will undergo an operation. They expect to return in about three months.

Our esteemed fellow citizen, R. D. L. Long, hit the trail for England last Saturday. A wireless from nowhere intimates that there is some attraction in the old home town dating back to the boyhood days.

Photographer James has put out some very good work since opening his studio in Enderby. He is open for any order in general photography and is also prepared to handle the developing for amateurs on short notice.

A party of Enderbyites went on a fishing trip to Mabel lake over Sunday, and report having had the finest trip ever experienced. They have stories to tell about fish, too, but

Mr. A. McWhirter came in from his homestead on Cherry Creek this week and is spending a few days with his friends Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson. Dad McWhirter is one of the brightest diamonds in the rough of the balmy Slocan days—and all Scotch.

Mr. Frederick Charles Davison, late chief accountant in the War Office, was honored by the King on the occasion of His Majesty's recent birthday, by being appointed Companion of the Imperial Service Order. Mr. Davison is father of Mrs. F. J. Turner, of Enderby.

The first oil-burning locomotive to enter the Okanagan Valley was attached to the south-bound passenger train on Monday, and will run regularly hereafter. The C. P. R. is converting as rapidly as possible all locomotives on the Mountain section into oil burners.

Manager Stevens, of the Okanagan Saw Mills, went on a visit of the company's limits on Mabel Lake, this week. He was accompanied by Miss Hazel Stevens, Miss Holmes, and Miss Prince, who will spend some days with Mrs. Leighton at their bungalow on the lake shore.

Mr. Wm. Woods returned from a business trip to the Northwest this week. He and his brother have a 660-acre ranch there, nearly one-half of which is into grain this season. The outlook throughout the prairie country never was brighter. The crop promises to be the largest yet harvested.

Miss Daisy Sewell has entered the Vernon News sub contest now on, and will represent the Enderby district in the running. Miss Sewell will be one of the top-notchers. She has a big field and already has run her vote up to 400,000. Friends desiring to assist Miss Sewell will learn from her how that assistance can be given.

Mr. Dyer Hennesy, superintendent of the J. R. Booth Lumber Company, having extensive mills in the Cobolt district, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. McMahon this week. After spending some days here, Mr. and Mrs. McMahon accompanied their friend on a trip to the coast, leaving Wednesday evening.

The Boy Scouts are organizing a Scout fire brigade. Manager Stevens has turned over to them the light reel owned by the mill company, and the city has allowed them the use of sufficient fire hose to make the practices successful. The next thing we shall see will be the Scouts challenging Enderby's "regular" fire brigade for a test at real service.

Mr. A. E. Maundrell has purchased the bakery business of Mr. A. Burbidge, and this week took charge. It is Mr. Maundrell's intention to increase the scope of the business, going after a share of the fruit, confectionery and ice cream trade. He will be assisted by his sisters, the Misses Maundrell, and Miss Gamble. A baker and candy-maker will be engaged to handle the shop.

The moving picture show of the exhibition in bronco riding at Cheyenne last week, drew the largest audience that has attended these shows in Enderby. The pictures were good—of their kind—but there have been other films shown here that have given far better satisfaction The weekly shows are of a good class, many of them affording better entertainment than the much advertised specials.

Great is the respect of the average juvenile mind of Enderby for that illustrious personage, Bob Bailey—City Constable, water commissioner, guardian of the peace and ringer of curfew. "Maw," asked 5-year-old Jimmie, the other evening when thunder was roaring, "Maw, if the thunder'd break the sky and God 'd fall out, an' fall in the street, would Bob Bailey put God in the coop?"

The Boy Scouts marched to the home of Scoutmaster Campbell last Wednesday evening, and as a troop welcomed him home from his wedding trip, also presenting him with a momento of their esteem and good wishes.

Painter Alwen decorated the scenery with a sack of the pride of Enderby, in the vicinity of the station this week, and now travellers in and out of the Valley are reminded of the home and name of the flour from which their staff of life is made.

It is a gratifying thing that the public generally is taking so much interest in the action taken against this paper by Frank Maunarell in connection with our report of the field fight at Armstrong on July 1st. As legal proceedings have already been taken, and the matter is sub judice, so to speak, to comment thereon would be improper. However, it may be said without prejudice to anyone that the airing of this question of dirty lacrosse in court will result beneficially to the public and in the interest of clean sport.

KNOCKING AND BOOSTING

Some time ago our attention was called to the action of the Associated Boards of Trade of the Okanagan in bringing forward the availability of the water powers of the Spallumcheen river, with the object of inducing manufacturers to locate here. Our attention was also drawn to the fact that the best way to induce outside manufacturers to consider the advisability of locating in the Valley is for the Valley to show its loyalty to the manufacturing institutions already here. And there is much truth in this remark. We have for example one of the largest flouring mills in B. C. located at Enderby, and the product from this mill is equal to the best flour manufactured in this or any other country. And yet, we see merchants who are depending upon the prosperity of the Valley for their success, passing up this mill and getting in flour that cannot be any better, if as good, from the Northwest or Manitoba. While this may be the privilege of any merchant, nevertheless, it is a knock on the Valley, and every knock comes home to roost. It is all very well to talk about inducing manufacturers to locate in the Valley. There is ample opportunity for them in many lines, but let us first loyally support the institutions we now have. Every boost for an enterprise now running is of far more value in attracting others than all the resolutions our boards of trade may pass.

HIGH SCHOOL EXAMS

The results of the urban high school entrance examinations were made known this week by the department of education. Miss Hazel McConnell of the Victoria South Park school, with a total of 857 marks, ranked first in the Province.

Much disappointment is felt in Enderby at the showing made, although there are a few district where the showing is not any better. It was anticipated that at least 10 of the 17 trying would pass, but when the returns were received it was found that only half that number had succeeded and three of these very low. The names of those passing are: Olga E. Carlson 715, Maude L. Burnham 660, Rena V. Dunwoodie 593, Clifford O. Marwood 575, Pearl E. Cameron 550.

The only excuse that can be found for so few passing is that the teacher having in hand the children in the preparatory department had too many children and too many lessons to get through. This cannot be remedied, we understand, until we have more school room.

ENDERBY LEAGUE GAMES

Armstrong vs. Enderby .....July 31st
Kelowna vs. Enderby .....Aug. 7th

Standing of teams:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Enderby. . . .	8	1	.888
Vernon. . . .	5	4	.555
Armstrong. . .	2	6	.250
Kelowna. . . .	2	6	.250

Struck by Train at Cliff-Street Crossing but Not Seriously Injured

What might have resulted in a fatal accident occurred at the Cliff street railway crossing Sunday afternoon on the arrival of the north-bound train. A freight engine had been shunting up and down the tracks, and on the arrival of the regular passenger from the south, was standing on the sidetrack at the crossing headed south. Mr. Frank Barnes, of Armstrong, drove up with a team of fractious colts. He was driving Miss Matilda Logan to her home, on the opposite side of the river north of Enderby. Mr. Barnes was watching the freight engine, and did not notice the approaching passenger coming in the opposite direction. He drove onto the track directly in front of the approaching train, which, fortunately was moving at a very slow speed. When on the track he saw his danger, and attempted to hurry the team. The horses momentarily stood still, then bolted just in time to escape the fender, which caught the vehicle between the wheels and pushed it over the track eight or ten feet. The team broke away and ran, pulling Mr. Barnes over the lash-board after them. He escaped unhurt. Miss Logan jumped for safety as the engine caught the buggy and was thrown with considerable force upon the rails of the sidetrack. She was rendered unconscious by the fall, and her face badly lacerated. She was carried to the King Edward hotel, where Dr. Keith was called in attendance. Later Miss Logan was taken to the Cottage Hospital where every attention was given her by Miss Warwick. At last accounts she was showing quick recovery and there was little danger of any serious complications.

FLOWER SHOW, AUGUST 7TH

Following is a list of the prizes to be given in the Third Annual Flower Show to be given by the Enderby Horticultural Society, Wednesday, August 7th:

1—Best collection roses, 8 var., two of each kind, 1st, 1 doz. rose plants; 2nd, $1.00.
2—Six named roses, 2 each kind; 1st, $1.50; 2nd, 50c.
3—Best 4 var. carnations; 1st, $1.00; 2nd, 50c.
4—Best group of lilies; 1st, flower vase; 2nd, 50c.
5—Collection of perennials; 1st, bulbs 2nd, bulbs.
6—Collection annuals; 1st, $1.00; 2nd, 50c.
7—Collection begonias; 1st, $1.50; 2nd, 75c.
8—Stocks and asters; 1st, $1.00; 2nd, 50c.
9—12 zinnias; 1st, $1.00; 2nd, 50c.
10—Eight named sweet peas; 1st, Sutton's prize seeds; 2nd, 50c.
11—Four var. pansies, 3 of each kind; 1st, $1.00; 2nd, 50c.
12—Best bunch wild flowers; 1st, $1; 2nd, 25c.
13—Variety of dahlias, not less than 8 blooms; 1st, $1; 2nd, 50c.
14—Best grown fern; 1st, Jardinere; 2nd, 50c.
15—Collection house plants; 1st, $1; 2nd, 75c.

Children's Competitions—

16—Collection cut garden flowers; 1st 50c; 2nd 25c.
17—Sweet peas, 6 of a kind; 1st, 75c; 2nd, 50c
18—Variety of pansies, 2 of a kind; 1st, 75c; 2nd, 50c.
19—Best pot plant; 1st, 50c; 2nd, 25c.

Vegetables—

20—6 each early potatoes; 1st, 75c; 2nd, 50c.
21—6 each early carrots; 1st, 75c; 2nd 50c.
22—6 each early onions; 1st, 75c; 2nd 50c.
23—Four heads sweet corn; 1st, 75c; 2nd, 50c.
24—Three heads celery; 1st, 75c; 2nd, 50c.
25—Two heads cabbage; 75c and 50c.
26—Best 12 pods peas; 75c and 50c.
27—Best 12 pods beans; 75c and 50c.
28—Best collection vegetables; 1st, $1; 50c.
29—Floral decorations for dinner table; 1st, $1.25; 2nd, 75c.

Special prizes for children—

For girls of 12 and under—Best table bouquet; $1; 2nd, 50c.
For boys of 12 and under—Best 12 potatoes; 1st, $1; 2nd, 50.
For girls or boys under 16—Best original essay on his or her favorite flower; not more than 300 words; 1st, $1.25; 2nd, 75c.

Entries can be mailed to the secretary, MISS COBB, Enderby.

THE C. P. R. GOES SHOPPING

In these days of big things, when people talk of millions where their grandfathers spoke of thousands, the fact that the C. P. R. Co. 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. 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 50 cars over the whole system. String these cars in one line and they would reach a distance of 92 miles. 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.

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 train 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. And they would have a carrying capacity of 2,700,000 tons, on the one trip.

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. It shows too, how great must be the growth of Canada to demand such an expenditure.

ARMSTRONG SUMMER FAIR

The Armstrong Horticultural Society will hold the first annual fair on Wednesday next, July 31st. An extensive programme is offered. Six hundred dollars will be distributed in prizes for sports, small fruit, flowers and vegetables. All entries are free, and in the case of district exhibits, the Society, as a special inducement, will pay all express charges on produce sent. The sports programme is an all-day affair, and the admission is $2.00 for a family ticket, 50c single and 25c for children under 16 years. Special C.P.R. fares of 1 1-3, available July 30th to Aug. 1st, inclusive.

Two special features of the programme will be the district tug-of-war teams and the tree-felling contest both of which are free to all comers as is everything else in the fair. All entries should be sent to the secretary,

A. BUCKLEY,
Armstrong.

An exchange says "politics consists of two sides and a fence."

How about table linen. See our range before they are cleared out. It will pay you. Polson's.

THE KEY TO YESTERDAY

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

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CHAPTER V.—Continued

The man raised his brows in challenged astonishment.

"It's the one thing I miss in his pictures, because it's the one thing I most admire—strength, virility." She was talking more rapidly as her enthusiasm gathered headway. "A man's pictures are, in a way, portraits of his nature. He can't paint strong things unless he is strong himself."

Saxon felt his heart leap. It was something to know that she believed his canvasses reflected a quality of strength inherent to himself.

"You and your master," she went on, "are unlike in everything except your style. Can you fancy yourself hiding away from the world because you couldn't face the music of your own fame? That's not modesty—it's insanity. When I was in Paris, everybody was raving about some new pictures from his brush but only his agent knew where he actually was, or where he had been for years."

"For the man," he acceded, "I have as small respect as you have, but for the work I have something like worship! I began trying to paint, and I was groping—groping rather blindly after something—I didn't know just what. Then, one day, I stood before his 'Winter Sunset.' You know the picture?" She nodded assent. "Well, when I saw it, I wanted to go out to the Metropolitan entrance, and shout Eureka up and down Fifth Avenue. It told me what I'd been reaching through the darkness of my novitiate to grasp. It seemed to me that art had been revealed to me. Somehow," the man added, his voice falling suddenly from its enthused pitch to a dead, low one, "everything that comes to me seems to come by revelation!"

Into Duska's eyes came quick light of sympathy. He had halted before her, and now she arose impulsively, and laid a light hand for a moment on his arm.

"I understand," she agreed. "I think that for most artists to come as close as you have come would be triumph enough, but you—" she looked at him a moment with warmth of confidence—"you can do a great deal more." So ended her first lesson in the independence of art, leaving the pupil's heart beating more quickly than at its commencement.

In the days that followed, as May gave way to June and the dogwood blossoms dropped and withered to be supplanted by flowering locust trees, Saxon confessed to himself that he had lost the first battle of the campaign. He had resolved that this close companionship should be platonically hedged about; that he would never allow himself to cross the frontier that divided the realm of friendship from the hazardous territory of love. Then, as the cool, unperfumed beauty of the dogwood was forgotten for the sense-steeping fragrance of the locust, he knew that he was only trying to deceive himself. He had really crossed this forbidden frontier when he passed through the gate that separated the grandstand at Churchill Downs from the club-house inclosure. With the realization came the resolution of silence. He was a man whose life might at any moment renew itself in untoward developments. Until he could drag the truth from the sphinx that guarded his secret, his love must be as inarticulate as was his sphinx. He spent harrowing afternoons alone, and swore with many solemn oaths that he would never divulge his feelings, and, when he sought about for the most sacred and binding of vows, he swore by his love for Duska.

Because of these things, he sometimes shocked and startled her with sporadic demonstrations of the brusquerie into which he withdrew when he felt too potential an impulse urging him to the other extreme. And she, not understanding it, yet felt that there was some riddle behind it all. It pained and puzzled her, but she accepted it without resentment—belying her customary autocracy. While she had never gone into the confessional of her heart as he had done, these matters sometimes had the power of making her very miserable.

His happiest achievements resulted from sketching trips taken to points she knew in the hills. He had called her a dryad when she first appeared in the woods, and he had been right, for she knew all the twisting paths in the tangle of the knobs, unbroken and virgin save where the orchards of peach-growers had reclaimed bits of sloping soil. One morning at the end of June, they started out together on horseback, armed with painting paraphernalia, luncheon and rubber ponchos in the event of rain. For this occasion, she had saved a coign of vantage she knew, where his artist's eye might swing out from a shelving cliff over miles of checkered valley and flat, and league upon league of cloud and sky. She led the way by zigzag hill roads where they caught stinging blows from back-lashing branches and up steep, slippery acclivities. It was one of the times when Saxon was drinking the pleasant nectar of to-day, refusing to think of to-morrow. She sang as she rode in advance, and he followed with the pleasure of a man to whom being unmounted brings a sense of incompleteness. He knew that he rode no better than she—and he knew that he could ride. In his ears was the exuberance of the birds saluting the morning, and in his nostrils the loamy aroma stirred by their horses' hoofs from the steeping fragrance of last year's leaves. At the end was a view that brought his breath in deep draughts of delight.

For two hours, he worked, and only once his eyes left the front. On that occasion, he glanced back to see her slim figure stretched with childlike and unconscious grace in the long grass, her eyes gazing unblinkingly and thoughtfully up to the fleece that drifted across the blue of the sky. Clover heads waved fragrantly about her, and one long-stemmed blossom brushed her cheek. She did not see him, and the man turned his gaze back to the canvas with a leap in his pulses. After that, he painted feverishly. Finally, he turned to find her at his elbow.

"What is the verdict?" he demanded.

She looked with almost tense eyes. Her voice was low and thrilled with wondering delight.

"There is something," she said slowly "that you never caught before; something wonderful, almost magical. I don't know what it is."

With a swift, uncontrollable gesture, he bent a little toward her. His face was the face of a man whose heart is in insurrection. His voice was impassioned.

"I know what it is," he cried. Then, as she read his looks, her cheeks crimsoned, and it would have been superfluous for him to have added, "Love." He drew back almost with a start, and began to scrape the paint smears from his palette. He had quelled the insurrection. At least in words, he had not broken his vow.

For a moment, the girl stood silent. She felt herself trembling; then, taking refuge in childlike inconsequence, she peered over the edge of the cliff.

"Oh!" she exclaimed as though the last few moments had not been lived through, "there is the most wonderfulest flower!" Her voice was disappointment-laden. "And it's just out of reach."

Saxon had regained control of himself. He answered with a composure too calm to be genuine and an almost flippant note that rang false.

"Of course. The most wonderfulest things are always just out of reach. The edelweiss grows only among the glaciers, and the excelsior crop must be harvested on inaccessible pinnacles."

He came and looked over the edge, stopping close to her shoulder. He wanted to demonstrate his regained command of himself. A delicate purple flower hung on the cliff below, as though it had been placed there to lure men over the edge.

He looked down the sheer drop, appraised with his eye the frail support of a jutting root, then slipped quietly over, resting by his arms on the ledge of rock and groping for the root with his toe.

With a short, gasping exclamation, the girl bent forward and seized both his elbows. Her fingers clutched him with a strength belied by their tapering slenderness.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

She was kneeling on the ledge, and in her eyes, only a few inches from his own, he read, not only alarm, but back of that in the depths of the pupils something else. It might have been the reflection of what she had a few moments before read in his own. He could feel the soft play of her breath on his forehead, and his heart pounded so wildly that it seemed to him he must raise his voice to be heard above it. Yet, his words and smile were sane.

"I am going to gather flowers," he assured her. "You see," he added with an irrelevant whimsicality, "I want to see if the unattainable is really beyond me."

"If you go," she said with ominous quietness of voice "I shall come too."

The man clambered back to the ledge. "I'm not going," he announced.

For a time neither spoke. Each, with a consciousness of being much shaken, was seeking about for the safe ground of commonplace. The man's face had suddenly become almost drawn. He was conscious of having been too close to the edge in more ways than one, and with the consciousness came the old sense of necessity for silence. He was approaching one of the moods that puzzled the girl: the attitude of fighting her off; the turtle's churlish defense of drawing into himself.

It was Duska who spoke first. She laughed as she said lightly:

"For a man who is a great artist, you are really very young and very silly."

His voice was hard.

"I'm worse than that," he acceded.

For a moment more, there was awkward silence; then, Duska asked simply:

"Aren't you going to paint any more?"

He was gazing at the canvas moodily, almost savagely.

"No," he answered shortly; "if I were to touch it now, I should ruin it."

The girl said nothing. She halfturned away from him, and her lips set themselves tightly.

As he began packing the impedimenta, storm-pregnant clouds rolled swiftly forth over the valley, and emptied themselves in a deluge on the two wanderers. The girl, riding under dripping trees, her poncho and "nor'wester' shining like metal under the slanting lines of rain, went on ahead. In her man's saddle, she sat almost rigidly erect, and the gauntleted hand that held the reins of the heavy cavalry bridle clutched them with unconscious tautness of grip. Saxon's face was a picture of struggle, and neither spoke until they had come to the road at the base of the hill where two horses could go abreast. Then, he found himself quoting:

"Her hand was still on her sword hilt,
the spur was still on her heel,
She had not cast her harness of gray
war-dinted steel;
High on her red-splashed charger,
beautiful, bold and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the
Young Queen rode to be crowned."

He did not realize that he had repeated the lines aloud, until she turned her face and spoke with something nearer to bitterness than he had ever heard in her voice:

"Rode to be crowned—did you say?" And she laughed unhappily.

CHAPTER VI.

For more than a week after the ride to the cliff, Duska withdrew herself from the orbit in which Saxon revolved, and the man, feeling that she wished to dismiss him, in part at least, used the "air line" much less frequently than in the days that had been. Once when Steele had left the cabin early to dine at the "big house," Saxon protested that he must stay and write letters. He slipped away, however, in the summer starlight, and took one of the canoes from the boat-house on the river. He drove the light craft as noiselessly and gloomily as a funeral barge along the shadow of the bank, the victim of utter misery, and his blackness of mood was intensified when he saw a second canoe pass in mid-channel, and recognized Steele's tenor in the drifting strains of a sentimental song. There was no moon, and the river was only a black mirror for the stars. The tree-grown banks were blacker fringes of shadow, but he could make out a slender figure wielding the stern paddle with an easy grace which he knew was Duska's. His sentiment was in no wise jealousy, but it was in every wise heart-hunger.

When they did meet she was cordial and friendly, but the old intimate regime had been disturbed, and for the man the sun was clouded. He was to send a consignment of pictures to his Eastern agent for exhibition and sale, and he wished to include several of the landscapes he had painted since his arrival at the cabin. Finding creative work impossible, he devoted himself to that touching up and varnishing which is largely mechanical, and made frequent trips to town for the selection of frames.

So much of his time had been spent at Horton House that unbroken absence would have been noticeable. His visits were, however, rarer, and on one occasion Mrs. Horton made an announcement which he found decidedly startling.

"I have been wanting to take a trip to Cuba early in the fall, and possibly go on to Venezuela where some old friends are in the diplomatic service," she said, "but Mr. Horton pleads business, and I can't persuade Duska to go with me."

At once, Steele had taken up the project with enthusiasm, asking to be admitted to the party and beginning an outline of plans.

Saxon found himself shuddering at the idea of the girl's going to the coast where perhaps he himself had a criminal record. He had procrastinated too long. He had secretly planned his own trip of self-investigation for a time when the equatorial heat had begun to abate its midsummer ferocity. But the girl's answer in part reassured him.

"It doesn't appeal, Aunty. Why not get the Longmores? They are always ready to go touring. They've exhausted the Far East, and are weeping for new worlds."

Saxon went back early that night, and once more tramped the woods. Steele lingered, and later, while the whippoorwills were calling and a small owl plaintively lamenting, he and Duska sat alone on the white-columned verandah.

"Duska," he said suddenly, "is there no chance for me—no little outside chance?"

She looked up, and shook her head slowly.

"I wish I could say something else, George," she answered earnestly, "because I love you as a very dearest brother and friend, but that is all it can ever be."

"Is there no way I can remake or remold myself?" he urged. "I have held the Platonic attitude all summer, but to-night makes all the old uncontrollable thoughts rise up and clamor for expression. Is there no way?"

"George,"—her voice was very soft—"it hurts me to hurt you—but I'd have to lie to you if I said there was a way. There can't be—ever."

"Is there any—any new reason?" he asked.

For a moment, she hesitated in silence, and the man bent forward.

"I shouldn't have asked that, Duska—I don't ask it," he hastened to amend. "Whether there is a new reason or just all the old ones, is there any way I can help—any way, leaving myself out of it, of course?"

Again, she shook her head.

"I guess there's no way anyone can help," she said.

Back at the cabin, Steele found his guest moodily pacing the verandah. The glow of his pipe bowl was a point of red against the black. The Kentuckian dropped into a chair, and for a time neither spoke.

At last, Steele said slowly:

"Bob, I have just asked Duska if I had a chance."

The other man wheeled in astonishment. Steele had indeed maintained his Platonic pose so well that the other had not suspected the fire under what he believed to be an extinct crater. His own feeling had been the one thing he had not confided. They had never spoken to each other of Duska in terms of love.

"You!" he said, dully. "I didn't know—"

Steele rose. With his hand on the door-knob, he paused.

"Bob," he said, "the answer was the old one. It's also been 'No.' I've had my chance. Of course, I really knew it all the while, and yet I had to ask once more. I shan't ask again. It hurts her—and I want to se her happy." He turned and went in, closing the door behind him.

But Duska was far from happy, however much Steele and others might wish to see her so. She spent much time in solitary rides and walks. She knew now that she loved Saxon, and she knew that he had shown in every wordless way that he loved her, yet could she be mistaken? Would he ever speak, since he had not spoken at the cliff? Her own eyes had held a declaration, and she had read in his that he understood the message. His silence at that time must be taken to mean silence for all time.

Saxon had reached his conclusion. He knew that he had hurt her pride, had rejected his opportunity. But that might be a transient grief for her. For him it would of course be permanent. Men may love at twenty, and recover and love again, even to the number of many times, but to live to the age which he guessed his years would total, and then love as he did, was irremediable. For just that reason, he must remain silent, and must go away.

o enter her life by the gate she seemed willing to open for him would mean the taking into that sacred inclosure of every hideous possibility that clouded his own future. He must not enter the gate, and, in order to be sure that a second mad impulse would not drive him through it, he must put distance between himself and the gate.

On one point, he temporized. He was eager to do one piece of work that should be his masterpiece. The greatest achievement of his art life must be her portrait. He wanted to paint it, not in the conventional evening-gown in which she seemed a young queen among women, but in the environment that he liked to think was her own by divine right. It was the dryad that he sought to put on canvas.

He asked her with so much genuine pleading in his voice that she smilingly consented, and the sittings began in the old-fashioned garden at Horton House. She was posed under a spread of branches and in such a position that the sun struck down through the leaves, kissing into color her cheeks and eyes and hair. It was a pose that called for a daring palette, one which, if he succeeded in getting on his canvas what he felt, would give a result whereon he might well rest his reputation. But to him it meant more than just that, for it was giving expression to what he saw through his love of art and his art of love.

The hours given to the first sittings were silent hours, but that was not remarkable. Saxon always worked in silence, though there were times when he painted with gritted teeth because of thoughts he read in the face he was studying—thoughts which the model did not know her face revealed. At times, Mrs. Horton sat in the shade near by, and watched the hand that nursed the canvas with its brush, the steady, bare forearm that needed no mahl-stick for support and the eyes that were narrowed to slits as he studied his tones and wide as he painted. Sometimes, Steele lingered near with a novel which he read aloud, but it happened that in the final sittings there was no one save painter and model.

It was now late in July, and the canvas had begun to take form with a miraculous quality and glow. Perhaps, the man himself did not realize that he could never again paint such a portrait, or any landscape that would be comparable with it. Some men write love-letters that are wonderful heart documents, but they write them in black and white, with words. Saxon was not only writing a love-letter, but was painting all that his resolve did not let him say. He was putting into the work pent-up love of such force that it was almost bursting his heart. Here on canvas as through some wonderful safety-valve, he was passionately converting it all into the vivid eloquence of color.

It had been his fancy, since the picture had become something more than a strong, preliminary sketch, that Duska should not see it until it neared completion, and she, wishing to have her impression one unspoiled by foretastes, had assented to the idea. Each day after the posing ended, and while he rested and let her rest, the face of the canvas was covered with another which was blank. Finally came the time to ask her opinion. The afternoon light had begun to change with the hint of lengthening shadows. The outdoor world was aglow with gracious weather and the air had the wonderful, almost pathetic softness that sometimes comes to Kentucky for a few days in July, bringing, as it seems, a fragment strayed out of Indian Summer and lost in the mid-heat of the year.

The man stood back and covered the portrait, then, when the girl had seated herself before the easel, he stepped forward, and laid his hand on the covering. He hesitated a moment, and his fingers on the blank canvas trembled. He was unveiling the effort of his life, and to him she was the world. If he had failed! Then, with a deft movement, he lifted the concealing canvas, and waited.

For a moment, the girl looked with bated breath, then something between a groan and a stifled cry escaped her. She turned her eyes to him, and rose unsteadily from her seat. Her hands went to her breast, and she wavered as though she would fall. Saxon was at her side in a moment, and, as he supported her, he felt her arm tremble.

"Are you ill?" he asked, in a frightened voice.

She shook her head, and smiled. She had read the love-letters, and she had read, too, what silence must cost him. Other persons might see only wonderful art in the portrait, but she saw all the rest, and, because she saw it, silence seemed futile.

"It is a miracle!" she whispered.

The man stood for a moment at her side, then his face became gray, and he half-wheeled and covered it with his hands.

The girl took a quick step to his side, and her young hands were on his shoulders.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

With an exclamation that stood for the breaking of all the dykes he had been building and fortifying and strengthening through the past months, he closed his arms around her, and crushed her to him.

For a moment, he was oblivious of every lesser thing. The past, the future had no existence. Only the present was alive and vital and in love. There was no world but the garden, and that was flooded with the sun and the light of love. The present could not conceivably give way to other times before or after. It was like the hills that looked down—unchangeable to the end of things!

Nothing else could count—could matter. The human heart and human brain could not harbor meaner thoughts. She loved him. She was in his arms, therefore his arms circled the universe. Her breath was on his face, and life was good.

Then came the shock of realization. His sphinx rose before him—not a sphinx that kept the secrets of forty dead centuries, but one that held in cryptic silence all the future. He could not offer a love tainted with such peril without explaining how tainted it was. Now, he must tell her everything.

"I love you," he found himself repeating over and over; "I love you."

He heard her voice, through singing stars:

"I love you. I have never said that to anyone else—never until now. And," she added proudly, "I shall never say it again—except to you."

In his heart rose a torrent of rebellion. To tell her now—to poison her present moment, wonderful with the happiness of surrender—would be cruel, brutal. He, too, had the right to his hour of happiness, to a life of happiness! In the strength of his exultation, it seemed to him that he could force fate to surrender his secret. He would settle things without making her a sharer in the knowledge that peril shadowed their love. He would find a way!

Standing there with her close to his heart, and her own palpitating against his breast, he felt more than a match for mere facts and conditions. It semed ridiculous that he had allowed things to bar his way so long. Now, he was thrice armed, and must triumph!

"I know now why the world was made," he declared, joyfully. "I know why all the other wonderful women and all the other wonderful loves from the beginning of time have been! It was," he announced with the supreme egotism of the moment, "that I might compare them with this."

And so the resolve to be silent was cast away, and after it went the sudden resolve to tell everything. Saxon, feeling only triumph, did not realize that he had, in one moment, lost his second and third battles.

An hour later, they strolled back together toward the house. Saxon was burdened with the canvas on which he had painted his masterpiece. They were silent, but walking on the milky way, their feet stirring nothing meaner than star-dust. On the verandah, Steele met them, and handed his friend a much-forwarded letter, addressed in care of the Louisville club where he had dined. It bore the stamp of a South American Republic.

It was not until he had gone to his room that night that the man had time to glance at it, or even to mark its distant starting point. Then, he tore open the envelope, and read this message:

"My Erstwhile Comrade:

"Though I've had no line from you in these years I don't flatter myself that you've forgotten me. It has come to my hearing through certain channels—subterranean, of course—that your present name is Saxon and that you've developed genius and glory as a paint-wizard.

"It seems you are now a perfectly respectable artist! Congratulations—also bravo!

"My object is to tell you that I've tried to get word to you that despite appearances it was not I who tipped you off to the government. That is God's truth and I can prove it. I would have written before, but since you beat it to God's country and went west your whereabouts have been a well kept secret. I am innocent, as heaven is my witness! Of course, I am keeping mum.

"H. S. R."

(Continued on another page)

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POSTAL NOVELTY IN BELGIUM

The Sunday label, in a new issue of postage stamps, is a device which is exclusively Belgian. Some twenty years ago, in an access of Sabbatarian zeal, a minister of posts adopted the dominical label, with a view to lessening Sunday labor in the post office. The label which forms part of the stamp as issued by the post office bears the injunction "Not to deliver on Sunday," in French and in Flemish. The perforations extend all round the complete stamp and between the label and the stamp proper, so that if it be urgent that the letter or other packet should be delivered on Sunday, all the sender has to do is to remove the dominical label before affixing the stamp to the envelope or wrapper. If the label is affixed to the letter it is not sent out with the Sunday delivery. The addition of the Sunday label does not improve the appearance of the stamp, and it is somewhat doubtful whether its purpose is much appreciated by the Belgian public, reports having frequently reached philatelists that the use of the label was likely to be abandoned. It still remains, however, on the new stamps of King Albert's reign.

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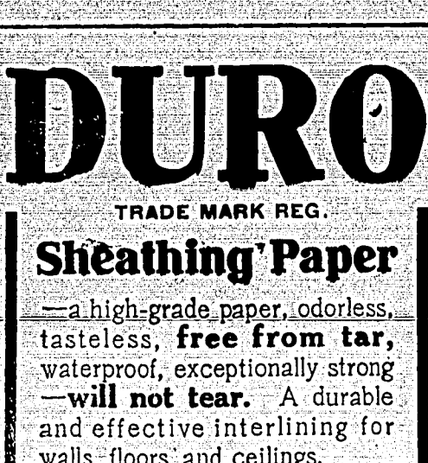

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The Key to Yesterday

(Continued)

CHAPTER VII.

A short time ago, Saxon had felt stronger than all the forces of fate. He had believed that circumstances were pl stic and man invincible. Now, as he bent forward in his chair, the South American letter hanging in limp fingers and the coal-oil lamp on the table throwing its circle of light on the foreign postmark and stamp of the envelope, he realized that the battle was on. The forces of which he had been contemptuous were to engage him at once, with no breathing space before the combat. Viewing it all in this light, he felt the qualms of a general who encounters an aggressive enemy before his line is drawn and his battle-front arranged.

He had so entirely persuaded himself that his duty was clear and that he must not speak to the girl of love that now, when he had done so, his entire plan of campaign must be revised, and new problems must be considered. When he had been swept away on the tide that had carried him to an avowal, it had been with the vague sense of realization that, if he spoke at all, he must tell the whole story. He had not done so, and now came a new questi : Had he the right to tell the story until, in so far as possible, he had probed its mystery? Suppose his worst fears proved themselves. The certainty would be little harder to confess than the presumption and the suspense. Suppose, on the other hand, the fighting chance to which every man clings should, after all, acquit him? Would it not be needless cruelty to inflict on her the fears that harried his own thoughts? Must he not try first to arm himself with a definite report for, or against, himself?

After all, he argued weakly, or perhaps it was the devil's advocate that whispered the insidious counsel, there might be a mistake. The man of Ribero's story might still be some one else. He had never felt the instincts of murder. Surely, he had not been the embezzler, the liberine, the assassin! But, in answer to that argument, his colder logic contended there might have been to his present Dr. Jekyll a Mr. Hyde of the past. The letter he held in his hand of course meant nothing more than that Ribero had talked to some one. It might be merely the fault of some idle gossip in a Latin-American cafe, when the claret flowed too freely. The writer, this unknown "H.S.R.," had probably taken Ribero's testimony at its face value. Then, out of the page arose insistently the one sentence that did mean something more, the new link in a chain of definite conclusion. "Since you beat it to God's country and went west—" That was the new evidence this anonymous witness had contributed. He had certainly gone west!

Assuredly, he must go to South America, and prosecute himself. To do this meant to thrust himself into a situation that held a hundred chances, but there was no one else who could determine it for him. It was not merely a matter of collecting and sifting evidence. It was also a test of subjecting his dormant memory to the stimulus of place and sights and sounds and smells. When he stood at the spot where Carter had faced his executioners, surely, if he were Carter, he would awaken to self-recognition. He would slip away on some pretext, and try out the issue and then, when he spoke to D ka, he could speak in definite terms. And if he were the culprit? The question came back as surely as the pe dulum swings to the bottom of the arc, and rested at the hideous conviction that he must be the malefactor. Then, Saxon rose and paced the floor, his hand convulsively crushing the lett into a crumpled wad.

Well, he would not come back! If that were his world, he would not re-enter it. He was willing to try himself—to be his own prosecutor, but, if the thing spelled a sentence of disgrace, he reserved the right to be also his own executioner.

Then, the devil's advocate again whispered seductively into his perplexity.

Suppose he went and tested the environment, searching conscience and memory—and suppose no monitor gave him an answer. Would he not then have the right to feel certain that his memory, so stimulated and still inactive, was not only sleeping, but dead? Would he not be justified in dismissing the fear of a future awakening, and, as Steele had suggested, in going forward in the person of Robert A. Saxon, abandoning the past as completely as he had perhaps abandoned previous incarnations?

So, for the time, he stilled his fears, and under his brush the canvases became more wonderful than they had ever been. He had Duska at his side, not only in the old intimacy, but in the new and more wonderful intimacy that had come of her acknowledged love. He would finish the half-dozen pictures needed to complete the consignment for the Eastern and European exhibits, then he would start on his journey.

A week later Saxon took Duska to a dance at the club-house on the top of one of the hills of the ridge, and, after she had tired of dancing, they had gone to a point where the brow of the knob ran out to a jutting promontory of rock. It was a cape in the dim sea of night mist which hung upon, and shrouded, the flats below. Beyond the reaches of silver gray, the more distant hills rose in mystic shadow-shapes of deep cobalt. There were stars overhead, but they were pale in the whiter light of the moon, and all the world was painted, as the moon will paint it, in silvers and blues.

Back of them was the softened waltz-music that drifted from the club-house and the bright patches of color where the Chinese lanterns swung among the trees.

As they talked, the man felt with renewed force that the girl had given him her love in the wonderful way of ne who gives but once, and gives all without stint or reserve. It was as though she had presented him unconditionally with the key to the archives of her heart, and made him possessor of the unspent wealth of all the Incas.

Suddenly he realized that his plan of leaving her without explanation, on a quest that might permit no return, was meeting her gift with half-confidence and deception. What he did with himself now, he did with her property. He was not at liberty to act without her full understanding and sympathy in his undertakings. The plan was one of infinite brutality.

He must tell her everything, and then go. He struck at match for his cigar, to give himself a moment of arranging his words, and, as he stood shielding the light against a faintly stirring breeze, the miniature glare fell on her delicately chiseled lips and nose and chin. Her expression made him hesitate. She was very young, very innocently childlike and very happy. To tell her now would be like spoiling a little girls' party. It must be told soon, but not while the dance music was still in their ears and the waxy smell of the dance candles still in their nostrils.

When he left her at Horton House, he did not at once return to the cabin. He wanted the open skies for his thoughts, and there was no hope of sleep.

He retraced his steps from the road, and wandered into the old-fashioned garden. At last, he halted by the seat where he had posed her for the portrait. The moon was sinking, and the shadows of the garden wall and trees and shrubs fell in long, fantastic angles across the silvered earth. The house itself was dark except where the panes of her window still glowed. Standing between the tall stalks of the hollyhocks, he held his watch up to the moon. It was half-past two o'clock.

Then, he looked up and started with surprise as he saw her standing in the path before him. At first he thought that his imagination had projected her there. Since she had left him at the stairs, the picture she had made in her white gown and red roses had been vividly permanent, though she herself had gone.

But, now her voice was real.

"Do you prowl under my windows all night, kind sir?" she laughed happily. "I believe you must be almost as much in love as I am."

The man reached forward, and seized her hand.

"It's morning," he said. "What are you doing here?"

(To be continued)

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

According to Benoiston de Chateauneuf the average life of members of the French Academy from 1635 to 1838 was 78 years and 10 months. Potiquet reckoned that between 1795 and 1848 the average for members of the Institute was 71 years and 4 months, while for members of the Academies of the Fine Arts, Sciences, etc., it was respectively 72 years and 2 months, 71 years and 4 months and 70 years and 8 months. We know of no corresponding statistics for members of other learned societies, though to mention only the most recent cases Sir Joseph Hooker and Lord Lister had each passed the ordinary limit of human life.

To arrive at any definite conclusions we must discriminate between different forms of intellectual energy. Poets and artists are not in the same category as mathematicians, for instance, or workers at scientific problems. Then there are the inventors, a class apart, in whom the mere intellectual excitement is increased by the hope of gain. Disappointment, want of appreciation, lack of means, a squalid home, a scolding wife—all these things have to be taken into account as tending to shorten life.

The longevity of statesmen has been so remarkable that during the last half century or so it has been said with truth that the world is governed by old men. For the poet it has been said that the fatal age is 37. This seems to be founded on nothing more solid than the fact that Byron and Burns died at that age. Leopardi died at 39, Shelley at 29, and Keats at 25.

Before he was 40 Alfred de Musset was according to Heine's bitter gibe, a young man with a great future behind him. Heine's own life after 47 was spent in what he called his mattress grave. Shakespeare died at 52, but his creative life had ceased some years before.

Goethe, on the other hand, lived to 82 in the full possession of his faculties. He was a man of powerful physique, and though he ate and drank and did other things in anything but moderation, and in fact was supposed to be doomed to an early death in his youth, he continued eating and drinking and high thinking almost to the end.

Victor Hugo died at 83, yet poets as a class are not long lived. In them generally intense exercise of the imagination alternates with periods of inaction, and these have too often been passed in excesses which tend to undermine the constitution.

On the other hand, painters are long lived, as pointed out by Hazlitt in a well known essay. Michael Angelo was 92, Titian 99, and there are many other instances. Men of science too, whose life is spent, to use Newton's phrase, in "intending" their minds on problems in the solution of which disturbing influences are deliberately put aside, have a high average of longevity. They are to a large extent free from the baleful emotivity which is a frequent accompaniment of creative genius. They are not the slaves of passions which wear out the body as the sword does the scabbard.

If an "intellectual" enters on life with a weakly constitution he is more likely to take care of his health than a man whose only aim is to get as much enjoyment as he can. But apart from this, the man with a powerful brain is likely to have a corresponding vitality in his other organs. He is, in fact, better equipped than his fellows for the race of life. But a fine cerebral organization may co-exist with lack of staying power. Hence success is largely a matter of survival, the strong outliving possible rivals.

Men of great intellect, if they start in life with a good family history, are more likely to live long than the common run of men only as far as their way of like keeps them out of the sordid struggles for a livelihood that beset most people. There is an element of truth in the cynical saying that a bad heart and a good digestion constitute the secret of long life.

A telegram from Cairo states that the Egyptian police are engaged in a search for ten big guns which are believed to be on the way to cross the frontier of Cyrenaica for the Turkish camp near Tripoli.

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ENDERBY PRESS

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JULY 25, 1912

WHAT DO YOU THINK HELL IS ?

The International Bible Students' Association, at their general assembly for 1912, in Toronto, June 6th to July 6th, passed a resolution calling upon the evangelical ministers of the Dominion to tell what they think about hell through the columns of the local press. The International Bible Students state that they do not find the Bible to teach the doctrine of a literal "Hell Fire," or place of fire and brimstone for the punishment of the wicked, and they state that the general clergy do not believe in the doctrine of "Hell Fire," but declare that for some reason the clergy men have been silent on this point, and the Bible students call upon them to speak out. They appeal to "every minister in Canada, to publish in his local paper, over his own signature, a statement declaring whether or not he believes the Bible to teach the doctrine of a literal lake of fire and brimstone as a place or state or condition for the eternal punishment of the wicked, and that every editor of a newspaper in Canada be requested to invite the ministers of his constituency to avail themselves of his columns for their statements."

Slowly the world is getting better. It is apparent that the Bible students and the ministry generally are beginning to realize that the laymen have brushed aside the fables and myths of theology, and are no longer depending upon their ministers to do their spiritual thinking for them. The next question the International Bible Students' Association will be bringing up will read something like this: "Can you believe in the doctrine of 'God is love' and preach eternal punishment of any kind: can you find even the most inhuman human father so cruel as to provide eternal punishment for one or any number of his wayward children ?"

These are questions laymen are answering for themselves the world over, hence the peace of heart and quiet demeanor of the hundreds of thousands outside of the pale of dogmatism.

BRITISH ENQUIRY ENDED

Lord Mersey, the commissioner presiding at the court of enquiry into the loss of the Titanic, has made his report. The court finds that the chief cause of the disaster is that of speed; that the Titanic left port a seaworthy ship; that the California was within five or ten miles of the Titanic, and that Capt. Lord knew the Titanic was sending up distress signals; that the conduct of the officers of the Titanic is open to criticism in that they did not fill the lifeboats to their capacity; that after the collision there was a reasonable attempt to warn the passengers of their danger; that a greater proportion of the passengers might have been saved if the crew had been better organized and trained in the handling and launching of the lifeboats; that the Titanic received sufficient warning of ice on her track to acquaint Capt. Smith adequately of the dangers ahead; that he had this knowledge early Sunday afternoon; that the Board of Trade is open to censure for its out-of-date life-boat regulations; that in future all passenger and emigrant ships should have accommodation for all, but that it is impractical to provide this on existing ships; that lookouts should be stationed at the stemhead as well as in the crow's nest, but that search lights are undesirable as liable to blind the vision to all outside the path of the light; that there should be universal adoption of Marconi apparatus, with operators continuously on duty.

WESTMINSTER PIKERS

It does seem that the game of lacrosse is a great developer of the baby instinct in men. When some of the players are roughly checked or beaten in a scrimmage they begin to slash their opponents with their stick or drop the stick and start a fight. Others, like those of New Westminster, when they are beaten in a play, start to play rag, so as to get into trouble with the referee. In a game played against Vancouver, at New Westminster, in which they were outpointed, several of the Salmonbellies started this, and they soon got what they played for. Then the Westminster fans mobbed the referee. Later two of the baby players of the New Westminster team were suspended by the lacrosse commission. And on Saturday last the New Westminster team refused to play in Vancouver, claiming they could not get a field line-up, though the manager of the Vancouver team offered to play two men short to meet the conditions of the defaulting team.

Mr. J. H. Senkler, K. C., the Vancouver member of the lacrosse commission, when informed of Westminster's intention to default, described it as one of the most unsportsmanlike actions he had ever heard of, and declared it would mean the finish of the Salmonbellies so far as lacrosse is concerned.

BOARD OF TRADE AT WORK

A largely attended meeting of the businessmen of Enderby was held on Friday evening last for the purpose of re-organizing the Board of Trade. The Council Chamber was comfortably filled, and much interest was manifested by all. Mayor Ruttan, president of the old Board, was in the chair. Mr. Walter Robinson, secretary-treasurer, read his report showing the money's received and expended for 1911. The amount of $870.31 was received by the secretary, by donation from the City, membership fees and winnings at the coast exhibitions. There was a balance of $90 on hand January 22nd, the end of the Board's fiscal year.

The report was turned over to Mr. A. Sutcliffe to be audited.

The election of officers followed, with the result that Mayor Ruttan was re-elected president, Mr. A. E. Taylor, vice-president, and Mr. A.F. Crossman, secretary-treasurer.

The membership fee was retained at $4 per year, and the membership roll opened for new names. The names of Messrs. Christie, Speers, Grant, Rodie, Packham, Blanchard, and Crane were balloted upon and elected.

A committee of five were elected to shape up a plan of operation for the ensuing year, to report at a meeting to be called in two weeks. The following were named: Messrs. Moffet, Stevens, Lawes, Packham and Walker

Since the meeting, Mr. Packham has quietly solicited new members for the Board, with the result that he has increased the membership to more than fifty, with more to come. It promises well for a very successful period in the life of the organization.

STORY OF TITANIC WRECK

A copy of the book published by the Maritime Publishing Co., of St. John, N. B., giving a story of the wreck of the Titanic, has just come to hand. It was edited by Marshall Everett, the great descriptive writer, and the story is told most graphically, and at the same time with an eye to giving the facts gathered from the survivors and the investigation subsequently held. It is the first story of the wreck published in Canada.

SHAMPOO THE HAIR WITHOUT WETTING THE HAIR

In every package of Machela, Nature's Scalp Tonic, which has a record for growing hair—95 cases out of 100—there is a packet of Machela Dry Shampoo Powder. Price for complete home treatment, $1.00. Sold and guaranteed by A. Reeves.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION
of Partnership

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as Real Estate Agents in the City of Enderby, B. C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to Walter Robinson, at Enderby, B. C., and all claims against said partnership are to be presented to the said Walter Robinson before July 30, 1912, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at Enderby, B. C., this 15th day of July, 1912.

W. S. POLSON,
WALTER ROBINSON.

Pride of Drumburle
The Champion Clydesdale Stallion

WILL TRAVEL AS FOLLOWS:

Monday morning leave home for Salmon Arm, arriving same night, and stopping till Wednesday noon. Wednesday night at Naylor's Ranch, Deep Creek, till Thursday noon, and returning home Thursday night.

Terms: $25 to insure; season, $15.

Special terms on two or more mares.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Pasture your mares at Hazelmere Ranch. Mares sent for breeding will be pastured free during the season, and receive every reasonable care.

R. WADDELL,
Hazelmere Ranch, Grindrod, B.C.

Enderby Pool and Billiard Parlor
THREE regular Pool Tables
ONE Full-sized Billiard Table

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REGISTERED PLUMBER
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CAPITAL all paid up, $15,413,000; REST, $15,000,000.00
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BRANCHES IN LONDON, ENG., NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

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

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Victor Gramophones and Victrolas
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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.

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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 orchard will be planted and cared for at a moderate charge.

160 acres, sub-divided into 20-acre lots are 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.

JAMES MOWAT

Fire, Life, Accident Insurance Agencies
REAL ESTATE
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The Liverpool & London & Globe Ins. Co.
The Phoenix Insurance Co. of London.
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Plans and estimates furnished

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

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

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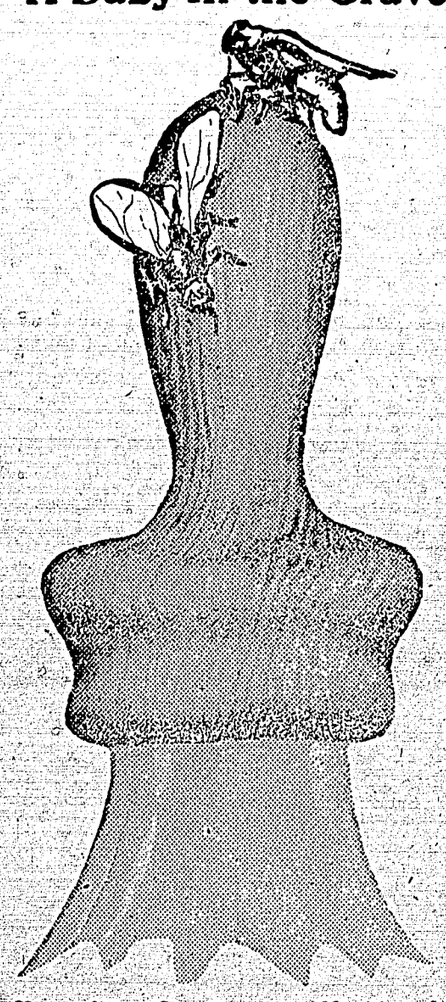
143

A Fly In the Milk May Mean A Baby In the Grave



Houseflies Feeding on Nipple of Nursing Bottle.

Millions of germs of summer complaint are transmitted by flies. Keep them away from the child and his food

REMEMBER — NO FILTH — NO FLIES.

Screen Doors and Windows.

Screen the doors and windows of your home, especially those of the kitchen, dining room and pantry. If you cannot do this, at least screen the food itself, especially the milk in which germs multiply with more than ordinary rapidity.

A Quitter is a man who backs out before he gets in.

SWAT 'EM!

An American girl is the first woman to fly over the English channel. And, speaking of flies, are you a member of the swatting crusade? If not, join. Everybody's doing it. Doing what? Swatting flies, and if you would live to be healthy, wealthy and wise you'd better get into the ranks.

If some one told you that that delicious apple pie was inoculated with typhoid germs, how quickly you would push it away in fear and disgust, and yet you nonchalantly shoo off the germy fly that is crawling around its crust and consume it with relish. There's danger in that pie. There's death in that fly. Swat him!

Watch your homes. Burn the unnecessary rubbish and waste as soon as possible. Keep scrupulously clean. Don't dump dirt; destroy it with cleansing fires. One of the easiest ways is to start the children swatting. Offer the one who kills the greatest number of the pests a little reward at the end of the summer, and you won't need to buy any sticky paper or poison stuff.

Flies are prolific. Each one you hit means the death of its hundreds of descendants. You do many harder things to prevent disease. Why not take this in hand early in the season and not run any risk? Begin your swatting now.—Isabel Woodman Waitt in Coos County Democrat.

Best Drugs Needed.

Be sure that all drugs and chemicals used in killing flies are fresh and pure; otherwise results may not be satisfactory.

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.

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.
We are now making Slab Wood at $1.75 per load.

OKANAGAN SAW MILLS, Ltd. Enderby

The King of Flours and Pride of Enderby

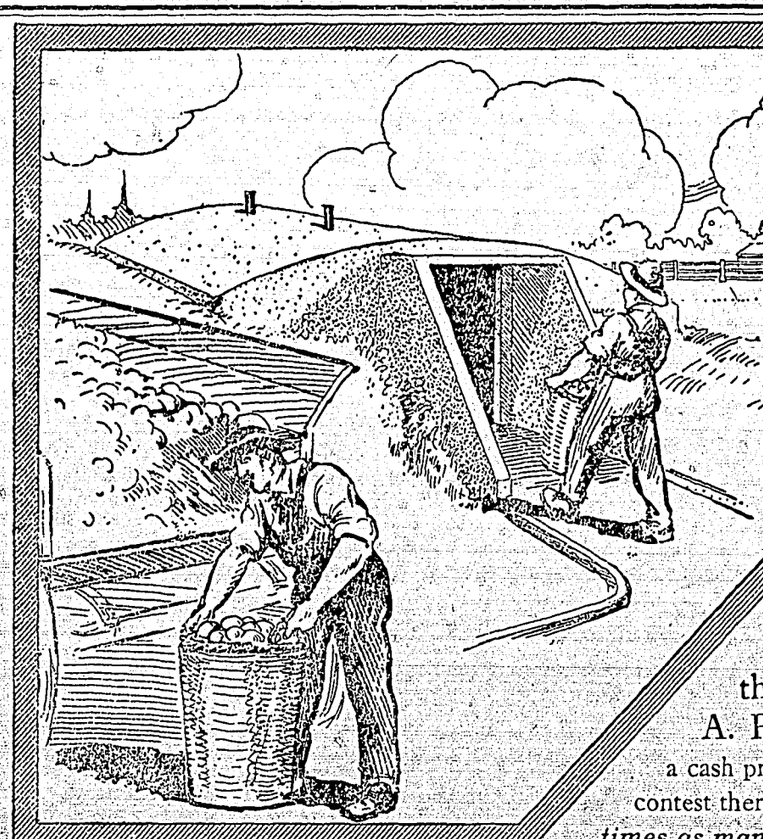
MOFFET'S BEST

COLUMBIA FLOURING MILLS CO. Limited

LOANS

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

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



A root cellar like this won a prize last year.

THE drawing was made from a photograph of the root-cellar with which D. A. Purdy, of Lumsden, Sask., won a cash prize in last year's contest. In that last contest there were 36 prizes. There will be *three times as many prizes* (108) in the

1912 FARMERS' PRIZE CONTEST

THUS you will have three times as many chances of winning a cash prize. You do not have to use any certain amount of Canada Cement to win a prize. There are absolutely no "strings" to this offer.

There are twelve prizes for each Province (three of $50; three of $25; three of $15; and three of $10) and you compete only with other farmers in your own Province and not with those all over Canada.

It makes no difference whether you have ever used cement. Many of last year's winners had not used it until they entered the contest. When you write for full particulars, we will send you, *free*, a book, *"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete,"* which tells everything you need to know about concrete. It is absolutely free, and you are under no obligation to buy "Canada" Cement or to do anything else for us.

WRITE your name and address on the coupon, and mail it, or use letter or post card, and we will send you at once the book and full particulars of the 1912 Prize Contest.

Address Publicity Manager

Canada Cement Company Limited **504 Herald Building, Montreal**

Earl Jr., the Speed King of Enderby Wins the Free-for-All at Winnipeg

Earl Jr., Mr. Murphy's speed king of the west, whose home is at Enderby, won the free-for-all at Winnipeg last Friday. Speaking of the race the Winnipeg Free Press says:

"One of the worst frame-ups ever pulled off at a Winnipeg race meet was perpetuated here yesterday afternoon at the final day's racing at the exhibition, when George Haag, of Calgary, failed to drive Earl Jr., the favorite, to win, in the second heat of the free-for-all. It was nothing less than a hold-up on the public by the bookies and driver, but fortunately the bookies were stung good and hard, owing to a rank outsider in Alcyfras getting in and beating Hal McKinney, who the bookies had offered against the field. Hagg shoved Earl Jr. across the wire in 2:10 to win the first heat, after an exceedingly exciting finish with Hal McKinney, but in the second heat the driver of the British Columbia horse allowed Hal McKinney to jump right in on him at the start and take the pole, and from the grand stand it could be easily seen that Hagg was holding the speed king of the west, and finished a very poor third. It did not take the judges long to impose a stiff fine of $100 on Haag, besides giving him a good lecture, with the result that he went out and kept Earl Jr. in the front for the remaining two heats.

"The last day of the meet provided some of the keenest sport of the seven days of racing, though the races were decided by few heats. The free-for-all was, of course, the feature event, but Earl Jr. was the class of the four horses entered. Outside of the first heat, when the driver had to use the whip to win from Hal Mckinney in a remarkably fast time on a slow track, and when he held the Earl back in the second heat, there was nothing to the event, and it was necessary to put up $10 to win $2. Alcyfras, W. P. Johnson's horse, of Moose Jaw, proved the surprise of the race, by taking second money by some real brilliant trotting.

"It took a long time to get the horses away in the first heat, but when they got going the pace was fast, with Hal McKinney setting a terrible clip for the first half. He held the lead until the home stretch, when Earl Jr., by a really brilliant spurt, managed to nose the bay horse out by a neck in the splendid time of 2:10, the fastest of the race. In the second heat, Hal McKinney jumped into the lead right at the start, with the favorite trailing third place. Hal looked to have the heat cinched until the last few yards when Alcyfras came up from nowhere and managed to nose out the Yankee horse for first place. The victory was popular, particularly among those who were in on the 8 to 1 shot, it being whispered around that one man pulled down $800 by putting up $100.

"The fine imposed on Haag for holding his horse certainly bore fruit afterwards, as the big gray horse won the remaining two heats, with Alcyfras chasing him all the way."

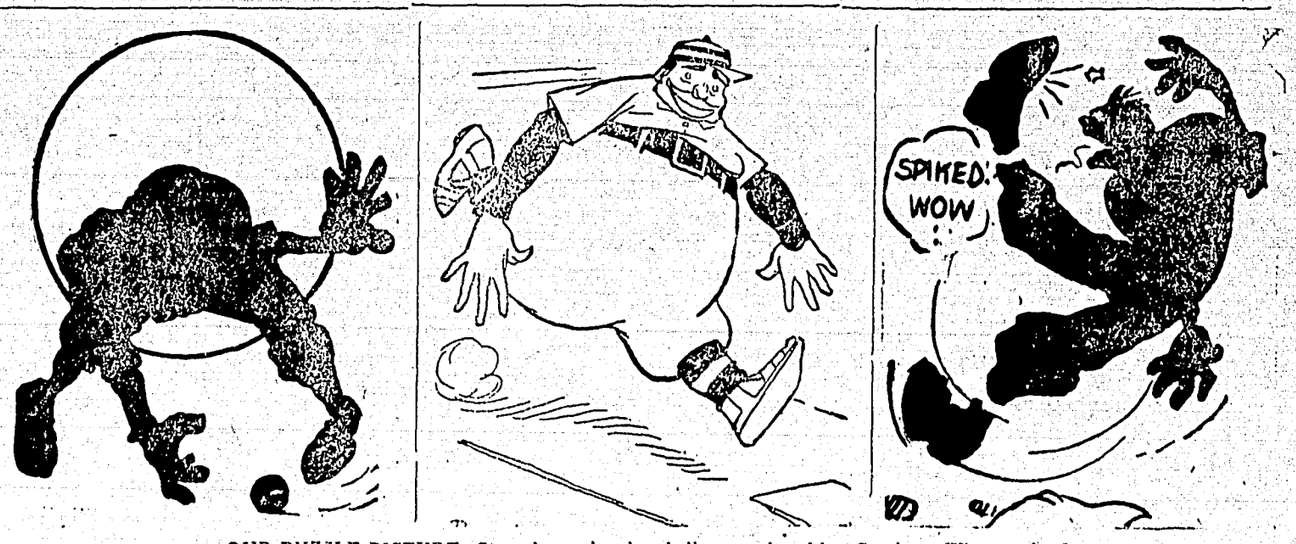
The purse in this race was $1,500.

Schoolmaster Calder has exhibited several very fine pen and ink sketches of prominent buildings of the town in the windows of Harvey & Rodie.

The man with the long thumb, according to palmistry, always wants his own way. So does the man with a short thumb.

We appreciate most the compliments we don't deserve.

After you have burned your money you never can find the fellow who lent you the match.



OUR PUZZLE PICTURE—Star players in a baseball game played last Sunday. Who are they?

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used

DY-O-LA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 10, The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

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College open throughout the whole year. Students may join at any time.

"The Practical College"

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Success Business College

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Courses — Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting & English

Fall term now open. Enter any time. We assist our students in securing good positions.

Write today for large free catalogue.

F. G. GARBUTT, President. G. E. WIGGINS, Principal.

DRAMA IN VILLAGES

The constantly-growing craving for dramatic entertainment among the inhabitants of small country towns and villages in Germany is now to be appeased in a way worthy of imitation in other countries—namely, by co-operation. Under the auspices of the ministry of the interior groups of small municipalities are being formed in the various provinces, each group engaging to support financially, if necessary, a stock company of actors who will proceed from village to village during the winter and perform popular plays.

The idea originated with the travelling theatre of the Mark of Brandonburg, which was founded by a private society interested in popular education. The expenses of inauguration were provided by several wealthy patrons of dramatic art, who also guaranteed financial support; but the venture has proved so successful that these persons now enjoy some small interest on their capital. The high-class nature of the performances given may be gathered from the names of the authors whose pieces are included in the programme. Lessing, Gerhard Hauptmann, Bjornson, Moliere, Schiller, Goethe, Kleist and Hebbel, are all constantly in the repertoire, which is performed by an excellent company, in which there are no "stars."

The government is so impressed by the value of this kind of entertainment that it has organized similar companies in the provinces of Posen and Silesia, subsidies being provided by the provincial authorities and all the towns of the provinces being visited in rotation. In other districts the municipalities are following the example.

Efforts of the Duke of Sutherland to develop gold mining on the banks of Suisgill burn, near Kildonan, Scotland, recalls that back in the twelfth century gold mining was carried on to some extent in North Britain. It is a matter of history that in 1600 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a porringer made of the precious metal found in Scotland.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is an unparalleled remedy for colds, coughs, influenza and diseases of the throat and lungs. The fame of the medicine rests upon years of successful use in eradicating these affections, and in protecting mankind from the fatal ravages of consumption, and as a neglected cold leads to consumption, one cannot be too careful to fight it in its early stages. Bickle's Syrup is the weapon, use it.

Burgess' Great Swim

When Captain Matthew Webb succeeded in mastering the English Channel, in 1875, it was thought that the feat would never be undertaken again—so many were the difficulties then disclosed. But Thomas William Burgess, who swam across safely from Dover the other day, not only experienced the same difficulties which Webb had encountered, but several difficulties of his own as well. In the first place Burgess is a Yorkshire blacksmith, working industriously at his trade with little or no time for water activities of any kind, and in the second place he is a man well over forty years of age. These were two very grievous handicaps, and handicaps which Burgess well overcame. His spurt for fame lasted over twenty-three hours, while that of Webb took twenty-one; but Burgess was buffeted about by a wild sea and baffling white-capped waves, so that, instead of covering the official twenty-one miles, he in reality breasted some sixty odd or more. From the very start the wind was bad.

Burgess, however, made no complaint for a long time, but it was seen that he was having a bad time. On several occasions he swallowed water. The lumpy sea was very tiring to his arm action, and, most serious of all, his eyes became affected. At the start, of course, he had been greased with lard, and this, combined with his great powers of endurance, enabled him to keep quite warm all through the long hours of the swim. In addition to the grease he also wore as protection against the sea and sun a pair of motor goggles, and a rubber bathing-cap.

The loppy water, however, penetrated the goggles, especially the right glass, which was under water much more than the left, and a small pool collected and remained in the eye-piece, giving Burgess great trouble. In the first three hours he changed his goggles no fewer than four times, but did not seem to get much benefit from the changes.

After swimming for an hour and a half Burgess asked for refreshment, and Mr. Watson, the food specialist on board, prepared some chocolate—a beverage which was used throughout the swim. While taking his drink Burgess chatted with the party, and told them of the rough time he was having.

Every one's spirits were rather low, as the wind was blowing fifteen miles an hour or more, and the prospects of anything like a good swim were very remote. Burgess' eyes were rather inflamed, and he stated that in all his experience he had never suffered so much from the salt water.

In spite of this fact it was the opinion of everyone on board that the progress made up to that time was better than on any previous Channel swim.

Burgess used his left overarm stroke continually and got a great deal of power from his legs. His stroke was twenty-four to the minute, and he never varied this for fifteen hours or more.

About three o'clock a large tramp steamer, the F. Stobart, hove in sight, steaming up Channel. The entire party stood up and signaled her to go behind the swimmer, and her captain slowed down and altered his course. When informed who was in the water he and his crew shouted a message of good wishes.

The end of the flood tide on which the swim was started took Burgess three miles north of the South Sands Head Lightship. In three hours he was six miles off the land. The lap was still troubling him. He was slightly sick three times, and after about three hours' swimming he had a serious talk with the pilot regarding the advisability of remaining in the water.

"A couple more turns of sickness will finish me," he said.

Burgess came down Channel at a great pace, and the Calais boat, due at Dover at five o'clock, passed many miles eastward of him. His westward drift took him as far as the Shakespeare Colliery, situated half-day between Folkstone and Dover.

The weather was then improving rapidly. The swimmer was in better spirits after six hours than after two, and, as the pilot gruffly yelled, "Everything in the garden is lovely."

In seven hours it was a position that any Channel swimmer would have envied. Burgess was satisfied, but not elated.

He was fast settling down to the real business of the swim, and those on board heard little except the swish-swish of his mighty kick and occasionally a jest about any unfortunate member of the party who looked a little sickly.

At eleven o'clock Burgess started his night swim in fine spirits and finely placed.

The next flood tide took him one of the most extraordinary jaunts it has ever been the fortune of a Channel swimmer to go. It set him right back toward England and he had to cross the dreaded Ridge Bank, where he noticed the chill of the shallow water. He asked for soundings to be taken and when informed that there were twenty-one fathoms he immediately assured his pilot that he was decidedly nearer England than France.

One of the party, "Jack" Weidman, dived in and accompanied Burgess from nine o'clock until twelve-thirty, and his presence was much appreciated by Burgess, who, we are told, "ate, drank, and swam the night away."

At dawn, about 4:30 o'clock, the first bearings of the day were taken. Grisnez bore southwest by south and Calais eastsoutheast; the nearest land, Sangatte, was only three miles distant. The fog hung about all the morning and the coast was not visible for a long time.

About this time, after eighteen hours' swimming, Burgess grew a little weak. He stated he was all right physically, but felt "light-headed." He said he could see mirages, and summed the whole situation up by saying he had a "bad fit of the blues and if they boys didn't sing to him he should chuck it shortly."

The party immediately began to sing. Mr. Watson led off with the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore."

Burgess asked for the "Marseillaise," and the entire party sang it to him for twenty minutes or so without stopping.

An attack of cramps near the heart bothered Burgess until a few miles off Grisnez.

High tide at Grisnez was at 9:40 o'clock and the slack water was felt at 7:40. Thinking he was still many miles off, Burgess asked for champagne. When informed he was only a mile and a half off the shore he brightened up very much, and went away again with the word, "No champagne then."

Mr. Watson gave him a lozenge and some essence of peppermint, which seemed to ease him in his pain, and he went on again steadily.

Captain Pearson sang out: "If you can stick it a little longer, 'Bill,' you won't be troubled with this job again." To which Burgess answered: "Oh, we'll settle it now."

When Weidman went in, at 6:30 o'clock, Burgess, noticing he was using a poor arm stroke, gave him a short lesson in swimming.

About eight o'clock he had another attack of stomach cramp, which prevented his swimming his best. The situation was then critical. A decision to alter the course half a point east or west meant success or failure.

Burgess summed up the situation swiftly. He told his pilot that rather than run the risk of being swept off short by the tide, as he was on a previous swim, he would make a dash for the point of Grisnez. The course was at once altered, and the wisdom of Burgess' decision was soon apparent; he was gaining on the land more rapidly. His illness, however, badly handicapped him.

At 8:30 o'clock the point of the cape was straight ahead, and Burgess had missed it by a little under a quarter of a mile! By many on board this was regarded as the end of his chance. Burgess said he was in a bad way, but if necessary he would make a dash for the shore. His great pluck was the only thing that kept him going. The "Marseillaise" was again trolled forth from the boat, and as Burgess slowly fought his way inch by inch into the bay east of Grisnez the scene was most dramatic.

It was a race with the tide, and Burgess won, one might say, by inches. He got inside the bay and into slack water, and another quarter of an hour's painful work brought his great task to a close.

The excitement on the boat was intense. The whole of the party took off their shoes and stockings and eagerly awaited the word from the skipper that the water was shallow enough to walk in. Burgess sprinted the last two hundred yards on his left overarm, the stroke that had given him the victory over the Channel, exactly at 9:50 o'clock.

Then Burgess walked a little weakly, but with a firm step to shore, and selected his mother out of all the crowd—eager to take him in her arms.

THE FIRST MAN TO SCALE THE MATTERHORN

After facing a hundred deaths on mountain peaks in every part of the globe, it may seem strange that Edward Whymper, the world-renowned mountain-climber, who died a few days ago in the shadow of his loved Mont Blanc, met death in a perfectly normal, every-day fashion in his bed. But this has been really the fate of nearly all great explorers—Captain Cook and Sir John Franklin alone standing out as two notable exceptions. And both of these latter were comparatively young men.

Whymper was well advanced in his seventy-second year, and had been ill. He spoke in Geneva a few days ago as a man with a premonition of death. He died at Chamouni among the tall mountains and glaciers he loved so well.

When Whymper was twenty-five years of age, in 1865, he climbed the Matterhorn after seven fruitless attempts. The peak had been supposed unscalable. On the way down, Lord Hadow's foot slipped, and four of the members of the party when the rope broke fell thousands of feet to their destruction. The tragedy, and Whymper's graphic account of it in "Scrambles Among the Alps," made the first ascent of the Matterhorn the most famous mountain conquest on record. Though in scientific attainments Whymper was not the equal of several other noted "mountain-climbing investigators," owing to his grace of literary style and mastership of the art of vivid description he had no superior in the matter of imparting to the general reader his knowledge and the results of his observations. Whymper was, moreover, an artist of considerable talent.

A singular fact illustrative of "the irony of fate and the sarcasm of destiny," is that although on the occasion of his great triumph he narrowly escaped falling 4,000 feet down the sheer slopes of the mountain, some years later he fell four feet from a lecture platform and suffered a broken leg. Previous to this accident, moreover, he had come out unscratched from numerous perilous situations, into which his enthusiasm for climbing and an almost reckless spirit of adventure had led him.

Whymper's explorations, expeditions, and peak scalings were not confined to the Alps, but extended to Mexico, South America, Greenland, and other countries. Many of his ventures were undertaken alone, since, being comparatively without money, he could not pay guides and others to accompany him.

The first ascent to a greater height than 20,000 feet was placed to the credit of Mr. Whymper when he reached the top of Chimborazo in Ecuador, which had baffled all other travellers. He made valuable observations on the physical effect of high altitudes, and for years occupied himself with barometric researches. He came to America a few years ago, and pointed out that there are "fifteen Switzerlands rolled into one" in the Canadian Rockies. Though he was then at an age when most men prefer the slippered ease of the fireside, he made several ascents of virgin snow-clad crests in that region.

In his seventy-one years of active life as scientist, artist, and explorer, Whymper was the evangel of "the freedom of the mountaineer." By practice he illustrated the precept of his books and pictures, and his depiction of the pleasures and rewards of mountaineering have led many to follow in his footsteps starward, or, at least, to lift their eyes to the everlasting hills among which he lived and died.

HIGH LIVING IN JAPAN

Every item of every-day life is as costly in Japan as in Europe or America, says a Japanese paper. A respectable looking three-storey house can be rented in London at £30 a year, while the same money can rent only a wretched cottage in Tokyo. Bread, meat, milk, electricity, gas, perhaps with the exception of eggs, nothing is cheaper in Japan.

It costs far more to run a house in Tokyo than in London. Wages and salaries are lower because of misuse of labor and over-abundance of laborers. What the Europeans move with the derrick, men and women carry on their shoulders; so necessarily a great number of them must be paid for.

THE DEADLY BLUE LIGHT

Serpents, earth-worms, ants, and hens are very sensitive to the influences of color. Serpents seem stupefied, sick, broken down, and benumbed when a shaft of intense blue light is thrown upon them. Earth-worms crawl away at their highest speed and hunt eagerly for refuge when subjected to red light.

All the vegetable world is sensitive to the action of colored rays, and few plants can bear a powerful blue light. When the blue rays are turned upon plants there are few that do not wilt, and if the blue light is continuous the colors fade and the plants die.

Dread of Asthma makes countless thousands miserable. Night after night the attacks return and even when brief respite is given the mind is still in torment from continual anticipation. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy changes all this. Relief comes, and at once, while future attacks are warded off, leaving the afflicted one in a state of peace and happiness he once believed he could never enjoy. Inexpensive and sold almost everywhere.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs - - - 25 cents

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

KEEPS YOUR HARNESS SOFT AS A GLOVE TOUGH AS A WIRE BLACK AS A COAL

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables, by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired, on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1c per bushel.

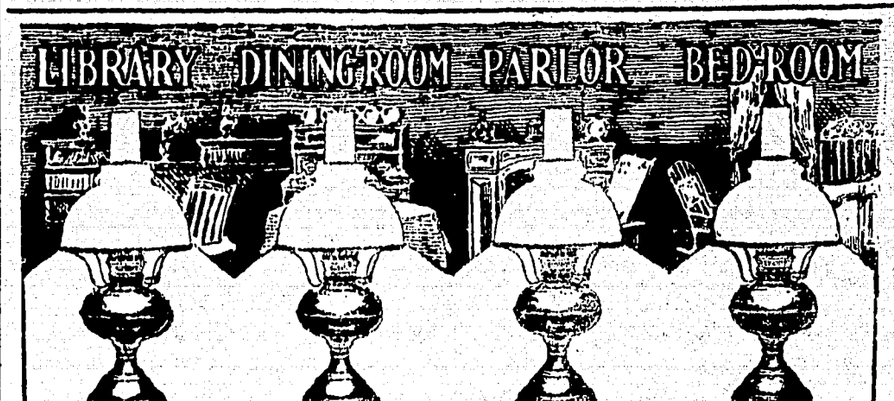
We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg Grain Trade, and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada, and any of its branches, also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreets and R. G. Dun & Co.

THOMPSON SONS & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg



The Famous Rayo Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is the best and most serviceable lamp you can find for any part of your home.

It is in use in millions of families. Its strong white light has made it famous. And it never flickers.

In the dining-room or the parlor the Rayo gives just the light that is most effective. It is a becoming lamp—in itself and to you. Just the lamp, too, for bedroom or library, where a clear, steady light is needed.

The Rayo is made of solid brass, nickel-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes. Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

144

SPECIAL OFFERINGS

Hardware, Stoves, Furnaces, Plumbing Goods, Crockery, Sherwin-Williams Paints, Buggies, Wagons, Harness, Washing Machines, Cream Separators.

Mail Orders receive prompt attention. Call or write—

Fulton Hardware Co.

Limited. Enderby, B. C.

The Aladdin Lamp

It Outshines GAS OR ELECTRICITY

This is an oil-burning lamp which produces a flood of pure, white light—more brilliant than gas or electricity—yet wonderfully mellow and easy on the eyes. It is simple and safe, clean and noiseless, does not fill the room with obnoxious, unhealthful odors. To have a better lighted home, with an—

ALADDIN Mantle Lamp

will actually cost you nothing. It will pay for itself in the oil it saves. I am the agent for the Mantle Lamp Company of America and am telling you what I know to be absolute facts. Professor Rogers, of Lewis Institute, Chicago, made a comparative test of all the leading oil-burning lamps on the market—and the Aladdin was found to give the BEST LIGHT and the MOST ECONOMICAL to use. But you don't need to accept these strong statements on my word only. All I ask is the opportunity to PROVE THEM at my own risk. I will be glad to let you

Try an Aladdin Lamp in your Home Before You Buy

I furnish Table, Hanging, Bracket, Wall and Chandelier types of lamps—in fact Aladdin Lamps for every purpose. Just drop me a post card and simply say you are interested. I'll be glad to bring an Aladdin Lamp to show you and leave in your home to use a night or two, entirely without obligation. Mail the card to-day. BERNARD ROSOMAN, Agent,

Grindrod, Okanagan Valley, B.C.

Orchardists:

The Fraser Valley Nurseries, Ltd.

ALDERGROVE, B. C.

Have the Finest

Home-Grown Nursery Stock

Including—

APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS, CHERRIES, SMALL FRUITS AND ORNAMENTAL SHRUBBERY.

For full particulars, write—

RICHARD McCOMB,
General Manager,
Aldergrove, B.C

LIVE DISTRICT AGENT WANTED.

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.

Fresh Meats

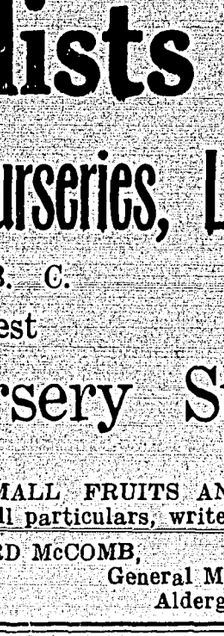
If you want prime fresh meats, we have them. Our cattle are grain-fed and selected by our own buyers from the richest feeding grounds in Alberta, and are killed and cut strictly FRESH.

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

G. R. Sharpe,

ENDERBY, B. C.

THE FOOT OF DEATH



This is the foot of a housefly greatly enlarged. It places typhoid and other deadly germs in the food of man.

SWAT THE FLY!

A poor man can be just as happy as a millionaire—and he would be, if the other man didn't have the million.

What the Loss to Canada Amounts to in Our Pulp Shipments Abroad

Fifty-six per cent of the pulpwood cut in Canada during the year 1911 was exported to the United States. This is the fact shown by statistics collected by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior.

The total quantity of pulpwood cut in Canada during 1911 was 1,520,227 cords. The quantity exported amounted to 847,939 cords, while the remaining forty-four per cent (672,288 cords) was manufactured in Canada.

The value of this pulpwood was $5,340,592 an average of $6.29 per cord. Had the wood been retained in Canada and manufactured here, it is estimated that the value would have been increased to about $15,000,000.

Had Canada manufactured into wood-pulp all the pulpwood she produced, she could have had enough to supply a hundred and twenty-two mills of the average size of those operating in Canada, instead of the fifty-four she now has. Quebec could have supplied sixty per cent more mills than she is now doing and New Brunswick could have doubled the number of her mills.

Ever since the Province of Quebec forbade the export of pulpwood cut from crown lands, considerable interest has been taken in the question as to how the price of pulpwood would be affected. A leading paper trade periodical estimated that the price of pulpwood had advanced one dollar per cord. This is corroborated by the bulletin on pulpwood lately compiled by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior. According to this bulletin, the average price of pulpwood in Quebec prvoince during 1911 was higher by ninety-seven cents than during 1910. In Ontario the price actually fell twenty cents per cord, while in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick increases of twenty-nine and twenty-two cents respectively are announced.

A question that is just beginning to come into notice in the Dominion is the utilization of saw-mill waste as material for pulpmaking. A very small quantity of such waste is so utilized by three firms which own both saw-mills and pulp-mills.

TIMBER IN KEEWATIN.

The timber of the Hudson Bay region (the southern part of the old district of Keewatin) is a topic that has lately become of considerable interest. Interesting observations with regard to it are found in the 1911 report of the Director of Forestry, published as part of the annual report of the Department of the Interior for 1911. These are in continuation of the report on the timber along the proposed line of the Hudson Bay Railway, published as Bulletin No. 17 of the Forestry Branch.

Mr. J. T. Blackford, an experienced woodsman, acquainted with conditions in the north, reports on the conditions of the forest around Oxford House, his explorations covering some 5400 square miles of country. Of this only about 1600 square miles bears merchantable timber; on the remaining 3800 miles the timber has been burned. There is abundant evidence that the whole country was originally forested with spruce, tamarack, poplar, jack pine, balsam, fir, and birch, and on islands which have by their position been protected from fire are dense stands of trees two to three feet in diameter.

The areas, after the first burning, have usually been covered with dense growth of trees, but the debris left after the first almost invites a second fire. In many places fire has swept the country many times, impoverishing the soil, destroying all seed-trees, and with them all hope of a second forest. "During the summer,' the report states, "Mr. Blackford found no commercial timber of any quantity, but he states that, except for fire, the country would be covered with timber two or three feet in diameter."

N THE NECHACO VALLEY.

"While no detailed estimates have been made, I believe there are easily twenty-five billion feet of spruce, cottonwood, cedar, fir, birch and balsam, besides a vast amount of cord-wood of poplar, which will be available for lumber, paper pulp, and wood using industries in the watershed of the Fraser River above the mouth of the Nechaco, which empties into the Fraser at Fort George," said the Hon. Wm. Ross after a visit to the northern country. "As very much of the land on which this timber stands can be used for agriculture after the timber is removed, every effort should be made to promote the development of the industries which will use this timber. To this end it is my intention to have a special investigation made by experts into the uses to which this timber can be put, particularly the spruce, birch, cottonwood and poplar, and the markets in which these products can be sold. It is certain that if paper or pulp saw, furniture or other mills manufacturing wood into marketable products can be located along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific in this valley the settlers will be greatly helped, since the sale of the timber from their lots would provide means to clear the land, and a vast saving would be made in timber which would otherwise be burned."

MORE ABOUT HELL.

Press agents of Hell have again succeeded in getting space in the papers. One parson says there is no Hell and that nobody with any claim to education takes any stock in the ancient "Hell" myth. Another cuts his suspenders and goes straight up in the air over the rank heresy of the former. "Back up!" he yells, "and look where you are going! If no Hell, next it will be no devil. If no Hell, why Heaven? And if no Heaven, well, don't you see what it leads to?"

Personally, we should hate to see Hell go by the board. Although there is no immediate prospect of the word dropping out of colloquial language, one who is engaged in heavy literary labors that involve the use of words as raw material must "view with alarm" the possibility of the extinction of some of his most picturesque expressions.

A great American general once said that war was Hell. And many a man is absolutely positive that it is Hell to be poor. So that while the Turko-Italian squabble lasts and until Lloyd George's anti-poverty bill has world-wide scope, Hell will remain on the chart.

For all the use Hell is it might as well be boarded up. Nobody ever goes there any more. At least no one is ever billed out for there. They may get switched after the funeral oration is pronounced but we have no proof of that. Hell is no longer popular. Sam McGee might thrive there but Sam was a cold-blooded proposition. Few of us are so Hell-bent.

Dante took a side trip down into Hell once upon a time. Poor Dante never got his royalty for the moving picture privilege, but that is beside the point. He dropped down into Hell and took a look around. The prospect was not very alluring but he made a fairly minute examination of the place before returning to earth. Strange to say, he did not observe the Hobs, the Mill-Tail nor the Little Wheel.—Fernie Free Press.

Most people have the idea that the way to economize is to have a surplus without reducing expenses.

UNION BANK

OF CANADA

Paid-up Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits $8,181,370

Total Assets (Over) $58,000,000

Thrifty Children

The lesson of thrift, so necessary to the future welfare of your children, is perhaps best taught by opening for each a Savings Bank Account, and encouraging them to deposit regularly a portion of their spending money.

Though they may not accumulate very much money, they will learn its value and how to save it.

We welcome Children's Savings Accounts.

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.

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.

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

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

H. McCONNEL

Tailoring, Repairing, Cleaning, Etc.

Men's Suits cleaned, pressed and repaired on short notice. Enderby Hotel Block.

60 MEN WANTED

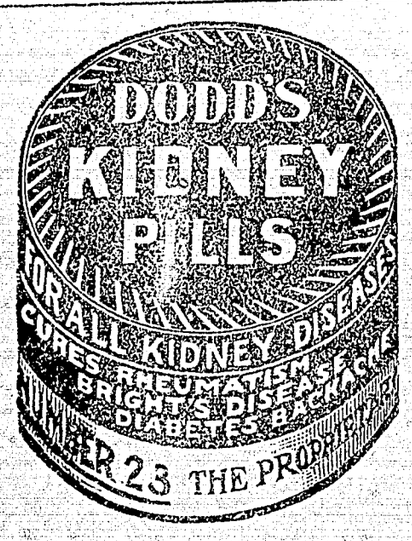
At Once to Learn Barber Trade

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.

Curate—How did you like the vicar's sermon yesterday morning, Miss Briggs?

Miss Briggs—Oh, Mr. Smiley, I liked yours in the evening much better. The dear vicar is so intellectual!



NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

Women's commonest ailment—the root of so much of their ill-health—promptly yields to the gentle but certain action of Na-Dru-Co Laxatives.

25c. a box at your druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 161

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Goitre, Wen, Gout and Rheumatic Deposits, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the action of ABSORBINE, JR. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic liniment that penetrates to the seat of trouble assisting nature to make permanent recovery. Allays pain and inflammation. Mild and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into tissues. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? ABSORBINE, JR., $1 and $2 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 G free.

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

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.

A New Horse or Kendall's Spavin Cure?

Save the difference between the cost of a good horse and $1.00—the cost of a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure.

You can cure a Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Bony Growth or Lameness, with it, like thousands have done. Read these letters — they will prove that Kendall's is

The One Safe, Reliable Cure.

Cassel, Ont., Dec. 14th, 1910.
Please send me your Treatise on the Horse. I have been using your Spavin Cure for a number of years with good success, having during that time cured a Spavin on a valuable horse and have also treated bruises, swellings, etc. effectively. Christian Bender

W. W. Brown, Content, Alta., writes: July 18th, 1910
"I have used your Spavin Cure for years, and have completely cured Foot Rot in my herd of cattle, and Splints and Spavins on horses. I find that it cures wherever it is faithfully applied."

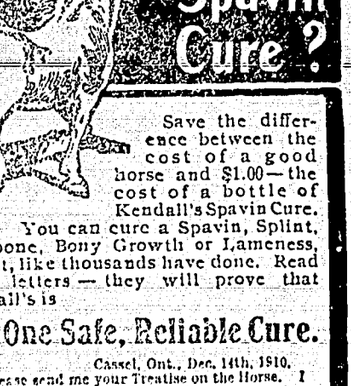
No need to worry about your horse if you have a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure on hand for emergency. Get a bottle from your druggist at once. Don't take a substitute. The great book, "Treatise on the Horse," free, of druggists, or write to 69A

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brentwood

That Reminds Me

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had given their six-year-old son Ralph a most careful home training. With great reluctance they placed him in a public school last September. A few days later Ralph came home with a cut lip and swollen nose.

His mother exclaimed, "How did you hurt yourself?"

He replied: "I was sliding down hill at recess and ran into a tree. It hurt pretty bad, mother, but every one was awfully good to me. The boys were just fine—why, mother, there wasn't a boy in the class who didn't say 'Gosh!' when I ran into that tree."

* * *

At Jimmy Harrigan's wake a tinge of patriotism was manifest. Mr. Mulcahy approached the widow and said:

"Phat did he die of, Mrs. Harrigan?"

"Gangrene, Mr. Mulcahy."

"Well, thank Heaven for the color, Mrs. Harrigan."

* * *

Five-year-old Margaret was the guest at dinner at a neighbor's one day, and before beginning to eat, the family one by one said grace.

Margaret looked on in wonder and finally asked:

"What are you doing?"

"We are thanking the Lord for giving us this bread to eat," said Mrs. Wilder. "Don't you give thanks?"

"Why, no," answered Margaret; "we buy our bread at the store."

* * *

A physician in a suburban town was called to attend a boy in a large family where the old adage "Economy is wealth" was of necessity practiced. The doctor prescribed for the lad and also sent him medicine. He was obliged to continue his visits for two weeks.

In due time and with much anxiety the father approached the physician for his bill.

"Now I have made two separate bills. This one is for the medicine from the druggist, and this one is for my visits," said the doctor, smilingly.

The man scanned each of the bills in amazement and realized full well he could not pay both. After a few moments he drew a purse from his pocket and placed a five-dollar bill in the physician's hand, saying: "This will pay for the drugs, doctor, and—we will return your calls."

* * *

An elderly gentleman, clad in an immaculate suit of black, was seated on a bench in the park enjoying the lovely spring day.

A small boy lay on the grass not far away and stared intently at the man. For a while the man said nothing.

"Why don't you go and play with the other children?" he asked at last.

"I don't want to," the boy replied.

"But it isn't natural for a boy of your age to be quiet. Why don't you want to?"

"I'm just waitin'," answered the boy. "I want to see you get up. A fellow painted that bench about fifteen minutes ago."

* * *

A cautious traveller was obliged to patronize a man who had only a rickety old craft to carry passengers across the bay.

As the gentleman entered the boat he looked her over carefully as he questioned:

"Say, Cap'n, has any one ever been lost in this boat? It seems very unsafe?"

"Wall, not as I know on," the boatman answered.

Silence prevailed for a few moments. Then the old seaman added: "There was four men drowned from her last week Tuesday, but we found 'em all next mornin' at high tide."

* * *

"Mother, what does hypnotize mean?" asked eight-year-old Ruth.

"Well, dear, I'll try and explain it to you. It means having a person under one's control, so that they are helpless to do other than that person wishes and are powerless to do their own will," said mother.

"Gee, mother, you've got us all hypnotized, haven't you?" was the quick response.

IN TOWN

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

Somewhere there's a willow budding
In a hollow by the river,
Where the autumn leaves lie sodden,
Turning all the pool to brown;
There's a thrush who's building early,
With his feathers all ashiver,
And the maple sap is rising—
But I'm glad that I'm in town!

Somewhere out there in the country
There's a brook that's overflowing,
And a quaker pussy-willow
Sews gray velvet on her gown;
Rushes whisper to each other
That marsh marigolds are showing,
And those saucy crocus fellows!
But I'm glad that I'm in town.

Long ago, when we were younger,
How those little things enthralled us;
King-birds nesting in the hedges,
Baby field-mice soft as down,
Muskrats in the sun-warmed shallows!
Strange how all these voices called us—
Hark, was that a robin singing?—
When's the next train out of town?

CHINESE PROVERBS

Rain at dawn means a sunny day.

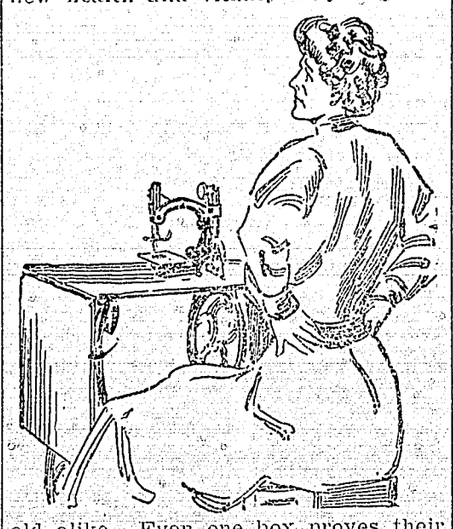
When the waters rise, the boats rise also.

If you have money, the devil will grind for you. If you are near him, you will become black.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

IF YOU HAVE BLADDER OR URINARY TROUBLES AND WEAKNESS OF THE KIDNEYS —READ BELOW

Your back aches and fairly groans with the distress of kidney trouble. You're discouraged, but you mustn't give up. The battle can be quickly won when Dr. Hamilton's Pills get to work. These kidney specialists bring new health and vitality to young and



old alike. Even one box proves their marvelous power. Continue this great healer, and your kidneys will become as strong, as vigorous, as able to work as new ones.

Remember this: Dr. Hamilton's Pills are purely vegetable; they do cure liver, bladder and kidney trouble. They will cure you, or your money back.

Mrs. W. U. Rossiter, wife of a well-known merchant in Kensington, writes as follows:—

"Ten years ago my kidney trouble started. I suffered dreadful pains in my spine and around my waist, my back feeling as if hot irons were running through. I couldn't sleep, had no appetite, was pale, thin and very nervous. Cruel headaches, and despondency added to my burden. Not until I had used Dr. Hamilton's Pills did I get any relief. They proved capital and helped me immediately. Eight boxes made me well, and now I do my own housework, feel and look the picture of health."

Your complete restoration to health is certain with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Refuse substitutes. 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

You can substitute a turnip for an egg only once.

If the farmer is diligent the soil will not be lazy.

A big heart is better than a big house.

If you know how, a thing is not hard; if it is hard, then you don't know how.

False humility is genuine arrogance.

Of everything he knows a little, but knows but little of everything.

Men honor the rich, dogs bite the ragged.

A little man may have a large heart.

UP-TO-DATE FARMING

The auto on the farm arose
Before the dawn at four;
It milked the cows and washed the clothes,
And finished every chore.

Then forth it went into the field
Just at the break of day,
It reaped and thrashed the golden yield
And hauled it all away.

It plowed the field that afternoon,
And when the job was through
It hummed a pleasant little tune
And churned the butter, too.

For while the farmer, peaceful-eyed,
Read by the tungsten's glow,
The patient auto stood outside
And ran the dynamo.

With the Horses

There is no class of light horse which is a safer breeding proposition than the saddle horse. There is always a market demand for him at fair prices, and while the farmer may not often realize abnormally high prices for him the same may be said of many of the other classes of light horses. The man who wishes to raise saddle horses must use a thoroughbred sire if he expects to raise the best. The best saddle horses have always a strong dash of this breed in their make up. The term "thoroughbred" is very often improperly used in designating the breeding of animals of any kind whether cattle, sheep, swine, or dogs. Thoroughbred is the name of a special breed of horses and should never be used as a qualifying term as to the breeding of any other animal. It is incorrect to speak of a thoroughbred cow or sheep, "pure-bred" or registered is the proper term. It is equally wrong to speak of a thoroughbred Clyde or Hackney when we mean pure-bred or registered animal.

The question may be asked what attributes the thoroughbred horse possesseth which go to make him a high-class saddle horse? In the first place he has in a very marked degree elasticity of movement; this makes him light on his feet and gives him that springy, elastic gait so necessary in a good riding horse. Then he has a highly organized nervous system which gives him more courage, force, and stamina than any other breed of horse, all of which qualities are necessary in a riding horse, especially across country where stiff jumps and hard runs are always part of the game. And finally he has more speed at the running gait than any other horse, and while this is probably of less importance than some of the characteristics just mentioned, yet its value is well recognized in the case of hunters where ability to gallop fast, as well as carry weight, is very much to be desired. However, while speed is desirable in a thoroughbred sire there are other qualities such as thickness and depth of body and weight of bone of much greater importance. Almost any thoroughbred has speed enough to sire good saddle horses.

The qualities just named together with a density of bone and toughness of all the tissues give this horse a great degree of "quality," and there is no other breed can compare with him in this respect. He is the "blue-blooded" animal in the horse kingdom, and most of the excellent qualities found in any of the other breeds of light horses come from a strong infusion of thoroughbred blood.

The light horse interests of Canada owe much to this horse, and some of the best high jumpers in the world have been bred in our country. Now while the average Canadian farmer cannot breed and train racehorses or high jumpers, yet he can use the thoroughbred sire to good purpose in producing useful saddle horses. There is no other sire will make such an impression on a cold blooded mare. Take the average general purpose mare of no particular breeding, and mate her with a stallion of this breed and the result is likely to be a horse weighing from 1,100 lbs. up to 1,250 lbs., and it is just from such material that most of our high-class hunters are made. They get their quality and stamina and breedy appearance from the sire, and some extra weight from the dam, and even when such an animal is not quite high-class enough for a first rate saddle horse he makes an excellent work horse on the farm, he is tough and wiry, with great powers of endurance, and when necessary will be able to pull a buggy along the roads at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour and be none the worse for it afterwards.

Very light mares are not suitable for mating with a thoroughbred sire as the progeny is likely to be too small to be of much service. On the other hand—which substance is needed in the mare—she should not be too coarse and she should be free from any marked approach to the draft type. Mares of any of the draft breeds are not suitable for mating with a thoroughbred sire. In the breeding of riding horses in which more style and action is desired than in the heavy hunter, mares of a more breedy type should be used such as well bred Hackney or Standard bred animal or one that is herself a thoroughbred grade. Always avoid the small, spindly horse as a sire of saddle horses. He should weigh about 1,200 lbs. with good, clean flat bone of sufficient weight, deep, strong body, and an absence of any approach to a spindly formation.

The automobile has given the harness horse trade a pretty hard knock, but there is an increasing demand for hunter, saddle, and combination horses which can only be met by the intelligent use of the thoroughbred sire, and the farmer who has suitable mares ought to make good by raising saddle horses.

DEVELOPING THE FOAL

The development of the foal commences long before it is foaled. The care of the pregnant mare has a very marked influence upon the colt in foetal life, and the colt's embryonic existence must exert a certain amount of influence upon its development during the early stages of its actual life. It is generally conceded that greater success attends the raising of colts from mares which have not been pampered, but have been constantly exercised, preferably at light work. It is safe, under careful management, to work the average farm mare even up to the day of foaling. Mares must be liberally fed, but not overfed, especially on grain. There is, however, little danger of them becoming too fat if kept at work.

With the mare treated in this way, foaling time presents fewer troubles. Having been safely delivered of her foal, the mare should be given absolute rest for from ten days to two weeks, when she can be again gradually started at light work. When the mare is first put to work, the colt may be allowed to run with her, provided there is no crop in the way that may be injured, which is generally the case in early spring. If kept in the stable, and only allowed nourishment when the mare comes in at mid-day and again at night, the fasts are very often of too long duration for the best interests of the colt's delicate digestive system, which, under natural conditions receives a fresh supply of the dam's milk in small quantities at very frequent intervals. Running with the dam is helpful, because it allows the colt to nurse frequently, which aids it in getting a good start, and keeps the mare's udder in better condition than it would otherwise be. As the colt gets older, it can be kept in the stall for gradually increasing lengths of time, until, in a short time, the mare can be worked a full half day without returning to the colt. Care must, however, be taken that the colt is not allowed to nurse while the mare is badly overheated.

When the foal is from four to five weeks of age a little feed (crushed oats and bran) can be placed in a manger to coax it to eat. Many advise moistening this feed with a little sweet milk, while sweetened water is used by others. When the colt gets started to eat, a good double handful of this feed, given three times daily, will be found to keep him doing well for a time, but as he grows older, the amount must, of course, be increased.

Colts must not be too closely confined. If there is more than one on the place, a good plan is to give them the run of a nice grass paddock, in place of keeping them in a closed stall while the mares are working. In fact, if you have two or more colts, let them run together, whether in a loose box stall or in a paddock. Feeding and allowing on grass places the colt in the best condition at weaning time. He is not nearly so likely to receive a serious set-back as when unaccustomed to feeding, having been allowed to pick a portion of his nourishment.

The mare that is required to nurse a foal, and at the same time do a share of the farm work, must be well fed. Oats and bran seem to be the best milk-producing foods for heat and should be fed liberally. Clover hay should form a large portion of the roughage fed until good grass is plentiful, when this should be the major portion of the ration. There is nothing like grass for milk production. Of course, colts do better where the mare is not called upon to work after foaling, but most farm mares must earn their keep. It is important that the foal be kept growing continuously, and anything which tends towards this should be encouraged.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Neatly describes the celerity of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Removes a wart, takes off a callous, roots out a corn without pain, in twenty-four hours. When you use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor there is no scar, no burn, no loss of time. Satisfaction guaranteed with every 25c. bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

Greatest Invention of Age For Hoarseness, Weak Throat

Nothing So Far Discovered Is So Beneficial to Public Speakers, Ministers, Singers and Teachers as Catarrhozone

Because of its strengthening influence upon the vocal cords, Catarrhozone cannot be too highly recommended as a wonderful voice improver. It almost instantly removes huskiness or hoarseness, thus insuring clearness, and brilliancy of tone. Catarrhozone keeps the mucous surfaces in perfect condition, and its regular use absolutely prevents colds and throat irritation, thereby removing the singer's greatest source of anxiety—unfitness of voice. The most eminent speakers and prima donnas are seldom without Catarrhozone, and credit in no small degree their uniform strength and brilliancy of tone to its influence.

Singer Recommends Catarrhozone

"For many years I have been a sufferer from that terrible disease known as CATARRH.

"Being a professional singer, you can readily understand that Catarrh would be a serious hindrance to my professional skill.

"One year ago I read in the 'Progress' a convincing testimonial from one who had been cured of this disease through using your God-sent invention, Catarrhozone.

"Believing in the merit of Catarrhozone, I tried it.

"Catarrhozone cured me and has been the means of my success.

"You are at liberty to use my name if it will help relieve some from suffering, and I will always remain,

"Bob Bixley, New Glasgow, N.S."

Mr. Bixley is one of the best known singers and entertainers in the Maritime Provinces. Everyone knows him, and his testimonial for Catarrhozone is the best sort of evidence of what great benefit Catarrhozone is to those suffering with throat weakness or catarrh.

Complete outfit, consisting of a beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler, and sufficient liquid for recharging to last two months, costs one dollar. Sold by all druggists, or sent safely to your address by mail if price is forwarded to the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., or Kingston, Ont.

COMES FROM NOVA SCOTIA THIS TIME

ANOTHER SPLENDID CURE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

R. Moulaison, whom two doctors treated, finds relief and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Surette Island, Yarmouth Co., N.S., May 20. (Special)—Mr. Renie Moulaison, a well known resident here, is telling his neighbors of his cure from a severe attack of Kidney Disease which kept him in a state of pain and suspense for two months and defied the efforts of two doctors who were treating him.

"My trouble started with a cold," Mr. Moulaison says. "My muscles would cramp and I had backache and dizzy spells. My head ached, and I had a tired, nervous feeling, while specks of light flashed in front of my eyes.

"I suffered in this way for over two months and was treated by two doctors, but they didn't seem to be able to do much for me. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped me almost at once. Six boxes cured me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. That makes pure blood and good health.

Fort George and Transportation

WITH the opening of the rail and water route from Edmonton to Fort George now in sight, business there is setting in very briskly this spring. A large number of new buildings, both stores and residences, are under way in readiness for the expected rush of people that will come down the Fraser as soon as steel reaches Tete Jaune Cache.

Transportation is what Fort George has been waiting for for two years, and the lack of transportation has retarded growth immensely. It is expected, however, that the energy so long pent up will carry all before it when the time comes and everybody there looks for a season of tremendous development this summer. The most interesting phase of the situation, the progress of the Grand Trunk Pacific construction in the vicinity of Tete Jaune Cache, is the prime topic of discussion in Fort George. The facts of this construction are as follows:

The end of steel is Mile 28, B. C. Tete Jaune Cache is Mile 53, B. C. There is yet some heavy rock work to be finished at Mile 47, B. C. However, this will be completed by June 1 and steel will be laid to Tete Jaune Cache by July 1. The necessary delay in getting steel into the Cache will not interfere with transportation down the river, as six hundred teams are freighting from Mile 28, and the firm of Foley, Welch & Stewart, Grand Trunk Pacific contractors, has supplies at the Cache sufficient to keep its fleet of vessels on the Upper Fraser running for sixty days with full cargoes.

River transportation facilities will be pressed to the limit this summer. Enormous quantities of supplies and equipment, including thirty donkey engines, and twelve steam shovels, must be delivered to construction camps during open navigation, and, furthermore, positive orders have been issued that supplies sufficient to maintain a construction force of 1,000 men throughout the winter, must be delivered in Fort George at the earliest possible date. Twenty scows are now building, and if they prove the success that is expected, others will be built as fast as the mills can supply the lumber. These scows will be used to carry goods from Tete Jaune Cache down the Fraser to Fort George. The river is now open and free of ice, but owing to low water, navigation with the large boats will not be possible before the middle of May.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will, it is expected, open the line to Fitzhugh by midsummer, and passengers will have little difficulty in getting through to the Cache and on to Fort George. It will, however, be impossible for Edmonton to make any freight shipments to Fort George before the line is open to the Fraser river. The Edmonton shipper cannot freight supplies from Fitzhugh and compete with Vancouver, and, in addition to this, Foley, Welch & Stewart will not accept other freight than their own on their boats. However, shipments can be made to Tete Jaune Cache next winter and freighted on the ice to Fort George, thus competing very favorably with Vancouver. It is believed that the Foley, Welch & Stewart boats will carry passengers to Fort George throughout the season.

It is understood that Fort George will, this summer, become a distributing centre and permanent location of Foley, Welch & Stewart and subcontractors. Among the railway men who have already signified their intention of moving Fort George to establish headquarters are A. E. Griffin, who has the contract for construction from Fort George to Burns lake and will start this fall, building from Fort George west; and Mr. Fetters, who has full charge of all construction and engineering work on this division. Vigorous construction work will be under way east, west and south of Fort George as quickly as supplies and equipment can be assembled there.

There are a dozen contracting firms now engaged in business there, and all of them state that their hands are full with construction work. In all lines of business, new firms are coming in and everything points to a season of remarkable activity.

The first steamer to reach Fort George this season was the British Columbia Express Company's vessel the "B. X.," which left Soda Creek on Sunday, April 28, and reached Fort George Tuesday morning, April 30. She brought a full cargo and a full complement of passengers. The British Columbia Express Company has this year another new steamer, the "B. C. Express," which will ply from Tete Jaune Cache to Fort George, and westward up the Nechaco river.

ANIMALS LIKE TO PLAY

"Many animals make it a part of their maternal duty to amuse their young," says the author of "Animals at Work and Play." He adds: "Even a ferret will play with her ferocious little kittens just as a cat will with hers." The same author very interestingly describes the game of "I'm the King of the Castle," as he saw it played by some lambs.

One lamb mounted a pile of straw and rubbish, and immediately his comrades "stormed" his castle, and tried to push him from his stronghold. The one that succeeded had a chance to defend the position as the former one had done, and the performance was kept up until all were tired out. A steeplechase was another exciting amusement. In this they jumped over a row of old feed boxes as they ran back and forth across the barnyard.

For general amusement in the home, select two well matched kittens and set them to playing—or they will do it without urging. The saucy "faces" they make, with ears turned back, as they wait to close in with each other, are very amusing. It seems strange that they can keep such serious faces themselves while carrying on such funny performances. But we must remember that all their quick attacks and stealthy actions while at play are training them for more serious business in later life.

Dogs get a great deal of exercise in their play, but they are not so sly nor so graceful as members of the cat family. My dog has "killed" many a rag while playing at rat catching. Dogs seem to obtain great enjoyment from their play. Their capers with a stick thrown for them to bring back from the land or the water have amused many a small master. Little pigs play with as much vigor and dexterity as any animals that I have ever seen; but later in life this capacity entirely disappears.

While some young animals enjoy playing with one another there are others which seem to prefer to play alone. Rabbits appear to belong to this latter class. Many times I have seen young rabbits amuse themselves by suddenly starting off from where they were nibbling grass, and going "like lightning" for ten or more feet, then, with a sharp turn, come back with a leap in the air and snap about again for another run. Suddenly they will stop and listen, then shoot off again and turn themselves in the air with a kick of the hind feet as they skim over the ground.

Chickens perform most absurdly in the barnyard. Rooks are said to go through an elaborate performance of "killing" a biscuit before eating it. Tame sea gulls play a game with sticks and stones, throwing them into the air and catching them in their beaks as they would fish. In the zoo monkeys are the master players, but they have their rivals in the tussling bears, the dancing ostriches, the spouting and diving sea lions. In fact the inhabitants of every enclosure "get gay" at one time or another.

SLAVES

As a part of the folklore of the negro people the superstitions of slavery days are of great interest. The following are some of the negro's beliefs about ghosts:

To feel a hot breath of air strike you at twilight signifies the near by presence of a ghost. Should you wish to avoid him stop and turn your coat and trousers and hat wrong side out and the spirit cannot encounter you. If, however, he is a pugnacious spirit and approaches malgre the change turn and address him thus, "In the name of the Lord, what do you want?" Whereupon he will tell you his business upon earth, then depart and never, never trouble you again.

If, on the other hand, it is a prowling ghost who crawls under the house, bumps against the floor, makes strange sounds and whispers in the midnight hours you have only to put in a new floor and he will do so no more. Some ghosts are obtrusive and will not only prowl about the house but creep in through the cat hole or under the crack of the door during the wee sma' hours of the night, and once inside expand to vast proportions.

To spare yourself any disturbance in this way sow mustard seed all about the doorstep just before going to bed, or place a sieve on the doorstep. Before entering, the spirit will have to count all the holes in the sieve or all the mustard seeds, and by this time daylight will come and he will have to go. As the counting for one night will not do for another you are always safe.

WOMEN NOT MOURNED IN PALESTINE

No matter what the social status of a Palestine women may be, in strictest obedience to time honored Oriental rules her decease is not publicly lamented nor is the community as a whole affected in any particular way by any manifest scene of bereavement on her account.

When, on the other hand, a prominent male member of a clan or family in the smaller towns or country villages of Palestine departs this life there is then much ado by way of ceremonial and ritual performed in order to express in due form a correct idea of the loss sustained to the whole countryside. On such occasions "days of lamentation" extending from seven to forty days, according to the importance or popularity of the deceased, are observed, during each of which one or more sheep are slaughtered "in atonement for his soul" and a feast spread before the assembled mourners.

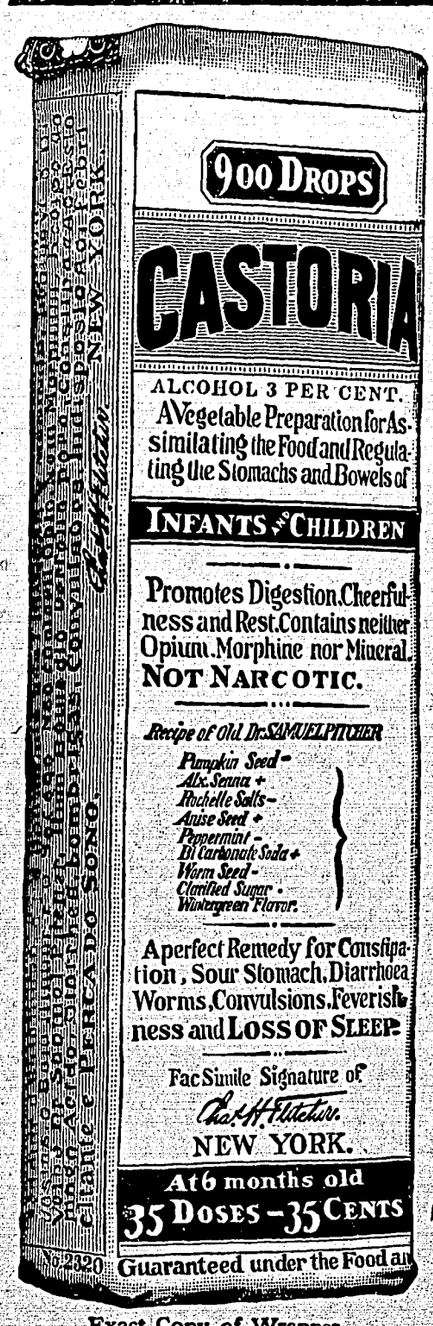
STRANGE RECOVERY OF WATCH

Nine years ago Mrs. Tracy Drake of Chicago, lost a tiny diamond studded watch, valued at $1,100, at Pasadena, California, while attending a large open air meeting. Every effort was made to recover it, and the conclusion was finally reached that it had been taken by a pickpocket. Recently, after a heavy shower, Mrs. B. I. Jacobs, walking through the lot where the crowd had assembled, found the timepiece.

It was little damaged, having evidently been trampled in the soft dust and eventually buried, to be uncovered by the storm. The police records disclosed its ownership and the treasured keepsake is already on its way east by express. It was a honeymoon present from Drake, bought while he and his bride were abroad.

THE FOX DEVIL OF JAPAN

The fox holds a place in Japanese legend much worse than that given him in the folklore of Europe, unenviable as that is. His attributes go far beyond mere cunning and inhuman guile; he is a wizard of the blackest type, wielding demoniac powers, master of all the evil magic that can do hurt to man. Foxes enter into demoniac possession of human beings and work all the wickedness, and more, that was ascribed to the witches and warlocks of the middle ages in Europe. They live for many centuries, and at the age of a thousand years they become white, acquire nine tails, and have enormous powers. Every fox is to be dreaded, but the worst of all is the man-fox, which can assume the appearance, voice and manner of any human being at a moment's notice. The extermination of all such creatures was a sacred duty of every knight-errant in ancient fable.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS

Not far from Boston there is a signpost bearing this announcement:

"No trespassing except on business."

In the railway carriages running between Calais and Paris there used to be a peculiar device for summoning the guard or conductor. Behind a small glass window in each compartment dangled a ring fastened to the end of a cord. Below, in French, German and English, was a notice, the English version of which read:

"Should at any time the presence of the guard be deemed necessary, the passenger will please break the glass, pull the cord and agitate his arms out the right hand window according as the train is going."

Here is another notice which was designed to put travellers on their guard against unauthorized guides to Mount Vesuvius and to warn tourists to take the guides' numbers if they wished to make complaint:

"The Vesuvius guides acknowledged by the company are only those who have a number of recognition at the bonnet and an inscription, 'Guida del Vesuvia.' Travellers are earnestly requested to remember that number of recognition to the guide who escorted them, and to declare it if they have any complaint to do; differently the company will be in the impossibility to pursue such reclamation."

A QUAINT DUTCH CUSTOM

Of the many quaint and curious customs, traditions and privileges prevailing in Holland, none is more extraordinary than a certain privilege that has been enjoyed by the boys of Amsterdam for nearly three hundred years.

At a fixed time each summer these boys gather by the hundreds in the great square called the Dam, situated in the centre of the city. Each boy has a drum slung over his shoulder.

Facing this square is the Stock Exchange, and on the occasion in question, just as soon as the day's business is over, as many of the boys as can crowd into the building. They proceed to the floor of the exchange, where, pursuant to this odd custom, they are permitted to march about, singing and beating upon their drums.

The origin of this custom, it is said, is as follows:

One afternoon in the year 1622 a crowd of boys playing in the Dam lost a ball in the canal that in those days skirted one side of the square. One of the lads, while climbing in among the piles on which the building stood, found instead of his ball a boat moored in a dark corner and loaded with boxes of gunpowder. This showed clearly enough what was afterward ascertained with certainty, the intention of the Spanish conspirators to blow up the Stock Exchange while it was crowded, as it was every day, with the leading citizens of the city.

The boy who stumbled upon the gunpowder at once hurried to the town authorities with his news. The boatload of explosives was quietly sunk in the canal and the Spanish plot thus frustrated.

When the burgesses asked the boy what reward he desired for the service he had rendered, the town he replied that so long as there was a Stock Exchange in Amsterdam the boys of the town would like to be permitted to make the floor of the exchange their play-ground during a certain part of the year. The request was granted and so the custom survives.

NAPOLEON'S SISTER

"I wish that some of my field marshals had taken the precaution not to marry when they were only sergeants," Napoleon is supposed to have grumbled, when he saw some of the ladies at his court. Murat, the dashing leader of cavalry at Marengo, did not make the mistake of his fellows, and waited for Bonaparte to give him the hand of his youngest sister, Caroline. With her he reigned over the Two Sicilies as Joachim I. Wishing to stand well with the queen, the bishop of Tarento gave her a birthday present of one of Simon Vostre's Books of Hours, printed on vellum in 1498 by Pierre Pigoucher of Paris, and containing twenty-one fine large woodcuts. Lately this relic appeared in the library of the late Louisa Lady Ashburton, at Sotheby's, and realized $1,125. It may, therefore, go to America, whither Murat and Caroline's son, Napoleon Achille, went and married a niece of Washington.

FLOWERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

In a suburb of Cairo stands the National Museum of Egyptian Antiquities founded fifty years ago by a Frenchman known as Mariette Bey. One department is devoted to an interesting collection of specimens of plants which have been found in the sepulchral monuments of that country.

It is remarkable that, although the botanical collection is large and contains many varieties, every plant is still to be found growing in the valleys of the Nile. Moreover, the closest examination fails to reveal the slightest difference between the plants that flourished fifty centuries ago and those which the traveller sees today on the banks of the river.

Flowers such as the boy Moses or the children of Joseph picked still bloom unchanged. There are to be seen here blue sprays of larkspur which loving hands laid upon the bodies of those who died a thousand years before Abraham and Sarah went into Egypt.

In the tombs of later date have been found, together with apparently simple ornamental flowers, such as hollyhocks and chrysanthemums, the various fruits vegetables and grains for which the land has ever been renowned, such as figs, dates, olives, grapes, pomegranates, onions, barley and wheat. Around the necks and upon the breasts of those who died at the time when Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, about 1000 B. C., were found garlands of celery, which does not appear to have been used at that time as a vegetable by the Egyptians.

All these plants, when they were prepared for the funeral ceremonies, were subjected to great heat, by which their form and color were preserved, but their germinating power was destroyed. Hence all the stories which have been told of wheat having been raised from grains that have lain in the wrappings of mummies for fifty centuries are untrue. Unscrupulous natives have sold credulous travellers wheat in which modern grains have been mixed with the ancient, but only the modern grains can germinate.

BOTTLE FLOATS AROUND THE WORLD

During the voyage from London to Melbourne, via the Cape, in 1908, of the steamer Indraghiri a passenger on the ship, Mr. H. P. Adams, of Carshalton, Surrey, made a practice of putting overboard each day a sealed bottle containing a note of the ship's position and a request that the finder would notify him of the facts of the discovery. Of some forty bottles so launched, news of the first to be found has recently reached Mr. Adams. The interesting fact was contained in a communication from a French gentleman residing in Santiago, Chile, written in the early part of the year.

The bottle's long voyage thus covered some 7,000 miles, roughly along the 50th parallel, and through the wildest waters on the globe, to a point almost exactly at the opposite side of the earth from which it started. Its probable course will have been along the eastern and northern coasts of New Zealand to a point somewhere near the Fiji Islands where the southern equatorial current will have carried it across the full stretch of the Southern Pacific for over 6,000 miles; or it may have been swept due east at once by the Antarctic drift, from its starting point on the fringe of the Antarctic ocean, passing to the southward of New Zealand for more than 7,000 miles.

CANNIBAL FISHES AND HUMANE PEOPLE

While as a measure of economy the great majority of all the fishes and other creatures of the aquarium are fead on dead food, such as cut up fish fish, or, as in the case of some of the larger ones, small dead fish whole, there are some fishes which if they are to be kept alive or in condition must have live food such as they would find in nature.

In their free state all fishes are cannibals. This is the way of nature. But among the visitors at the aquarium there are people who consider the placing of live little fishes in the tanks to be devoured by bigger fish as cruel and in deference to this feeling the fishes that must be supplied with live food are fed before the aquarium is opened in the morning and after it is closed at night.

SECRET OF UNBREAKABLE GLASS

Unbreakable glass, for which there might be a demand just now, was invented nearly two thousand years ago, according to Petronius and Dion Cassius, though Pliny casts a doubt on the story. An artist appeared before Tiberius with a cup of glass which he dashed violently on the ground. It was neither broken nor cracked, but merely dented, like a piece of metal. Then the man produced a mallet and hammered the cup back into its proper shape.

Tiberius, however, asked whether anybody else knew the secret and when the artist proudly answered "No," had him instantly beheaded. The emperor feared that such glass would terribly depreciate the value of the precious metal.

Charles XII. of Sweden, invented the first portable military fireless cooker. He had a knapsack lined with hay to strap to a soldier's back. When starting on a march a big chicken was split open and the inside dressed clean and then filled with butter. In the chicken was placed a small cannon ball of hot iron. The hot cooking chicken was then placed in the hay knapsack. When the camp was pitched at evening the meat was deliciously cooked and all soaking with butter.

Want Ads.

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

FOR RENT—Brick shop, 24x36 feet; $10 per month. Apply A. Fulton.

TO LET—Brick house; bath, etc. Apply, C. G. Piper, Enderby.

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

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.

MEN WANTED—For sawmill, yard & camps: $2.50 to $3.00 per day. Apply either in person or by letter to Adams River Lumber Co., Chase, B.C. j13tf

For Sale—Team of bay mares, 6 & 3 years old, weight about 2500. Guaranteed sound. Price $500 cash. Apply R. Waddell, Hazelmere Ranch.

Armstrong Horticultural Society

Sports Programme

Wednesday, July 31

Consists of

9:30 to 12—Boys' Races & City Band Baseball—Junior Okanagan Valley Championship game.
1:45—Intermediate Lacrosse — Armstrong vs. Enderby.
2:45—Tug-of-War teams of eight—individual prizes; Armstrong challenges all comers.
3:15—Men's flat races.
Armstrong.
5:30—Tree felling competition.
5:45—Egg and Spoon, Sack and other races, for ladies, boys and girls.
Also Veterans' Race, 100 yards.
7:00—Football—Armstrong vs. Enderby, followed by band concert, moving Pictures.

A. MUNRO, President. A. BUCKLEY, Secretary.

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.

SHEEP RAISING PROFITABLE.

Canada imports too much meat. British Columbia alone buys 60,000 head of live sheep from Washington every year, and the amount that comes from Australia in cold storage is large. It is nct difficult to grow meat in this part of the world. There is plenty of land for the purpose and there are plenty of people on the land who could raise stock, and do it profitably. There is more demand for local grown mutton than beef, but in both cases the demand is greater than the supply. It is considered that for six months of the year British Columbia can keep the local markets going in beef, but for the other six months the supply is obtained from Alberta. The markets are not nearly so well supplied with mutton and yet sheep can be profitably reared and do not cause as much work as the growing of grain.

AN ELECTION PREDICTION.

The Ottawa Free Press, which is usually well informed on the political outlook, expresses itself as convinced that both parties are lining up for a general election in the fall of 1913. The ground of this surmise is that Mr. Borden will pass a redistribution bill and go to the country on his naval policy.

To keep flies off your bald spot, feed them sugar from the hand.

DEATH OF R. H. AGUR.

The news of the sudden death of R. H. Agur, which spread rapidly through the community Tuesday morning, came as a great shock, says the Summerland Review. But few were aware that he was ailing, and still fewer that he had returned home from an extended business trip. Though not in the best of health for some time, no serious result from his ailment was anticipated.

Mr. Agur was one of Summerland's most prominent citizens, and one who was greatly interested in all enterprises looking to the advancement of the valley. He was president of the B. C. Fruit Union and a man whose loss will be deeply felt.

CANADIANS AT BISLEY.

Commenting on the general work of the Canadian team at Bisley camp this year the commander, Lieut.-Col. O'Grady of Winnipeg, says a better team never came to Bisley. Corpl. Mortimer of Quebec is the biggest money winner of the team, having carried off a hundred pounds odd, but this was won chiefly in the match rifle events, where he carried off the honors in the Edge and Bass, and also the Hopton Cup, following this by annexing the King's Norton.

What's the use of spending hours telling of troubles you can be rid of in ten minutes?

Kelowna Regatta

$1000 in prizes

Aug. 7 & 8

A splendid programme of all kinds of Races and Aquatic Sports with special attractions on each day

A Special Excursion from the north on Wednesday, the 7th August, also from the south on Thursday, the 8th August.

VERNON FIRE BRIGADE BAND in attendance both days.

A. L. MEUGENS, Secretary.

Listen! It's a picnic to deal where you can depend upon the good quality of what you buy.

None but upright quality goods ever come into our store. We wont let them.

Don't think, because we say this, that our goods are priced up sky-high. Exactly the opposit is so. Good clothes take up no more room than inferior kinds; it takes less time to sell high-quality stuff--it looks well and sells itself; on high-class goods our percentage of profit is less than it would have to be on low-class stuff.

It is economy to buy our upright quality merchandise.

Sole Agents

Slater Shoes for Men
Empress " " Ladies

Enderby Trading Co., Ltd.

Send in your subscription to the Press

Polson's Clearing Sale

Goes Merrily Along, Bringing a Harvest of Wonderful, Fine Savings in all lines

Special in Small Wares and Ladies' Furnishings

SILKINE, all colors, 40c dozen.
MENDING WOOL, on cards, all colors, 20c dozen.
LINEN THREAD, 5c spool.
SAFETY PINS, size 0, 1, 2, 3, two cards, 5c.
HOOKS AND EYES, black and white, 2 cards for 5c.
CHILDREN'S HOSE SUPPORTS, 10c. pair.
LADIES' HOSE SUPPORTS, 15c pair.
EXTRA SPECIAL—Six dozen stamped Burlap Cushion Tops, in green and Brown, your choice at 25c. each.
Also CORONATION BRAID, for working in all shades, 15c dozen.
SIX ONLY—Children's Hammocks, to clear, at $1.75 each.

Regular 25c and 35c JABOTS .....SALE PRICE .....2 for 25c
Regular 25c FANCY LINEN COLLARS, SALE PRICE .....2 for 25c
Regular 40c and 50c DUTCH COLLARS, SALE PRICE 25c
Regular 15c box FRILLING, SALE PRICE .... 3 boxes 25c
SILK FRINGE HAIR NETS, all colors ....2 for 5c

Special Clearing of Emproidered and Stamped Linen: DON'T MISS THIS

POLSON MERCANTILE CO., Enderby