

Legislative Library

The Grand Forks Sun

and
Kettle Valley Orchardist

18TH YEAR—No 9

GRAND FORKS B. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918

Tell me what you know is true:
I can guess as well as you.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

MEETING OF CITY COUNCIL

A Short Session--Two Resignations -- Grant to Hospital Discussed and Referred to Committee

A quorum could not be obtained at the regular meeting on Monday night, and Tuesday evening a special meeting was held, at which Mayor Acres, Ald. Harkness, McCabe, McDonald and Schnitter were present.

The resignation of J. D. Hobden as police commissioner was received and accepted, and the returning officer was instructed to make provisions for the election of his successor.

The resignation of Peter Hansen as city scavenger was read and accepted. The clerk was instructed to advertise for applications for the position.

David Woodhead addressed the council respecting some wages which he claimed was due him for repair work on the waterworks system. In the absence of the chairman of the water and light committee, the matter was laid over until the next meeting.

The committee to which had been referred the claim of the Grand Forks hospital for compensation for the care of some of the school teachers who had contracted influenza while acting as volunteer nurses at the hospital, reported having interviewed Dr. Kingston on the subject, and that the doctor had expressed himself as being of the belief that in view of the fact that the city had been put to no expense in connection with the influenza epidemic, that the hospital was entitled to compensation in the nature of a grant for the care of these patients. The matter was referred to the finance committee, with instructions to see if there are any funds available for this purpose and to report at the next meeting.

Changes on Kettle Valley

Announcement has been made of the resignation of J. W. Mullern, superintendent of the Kettle Valley Railway company for the past year and a half, and the appointment of Chief Engineer Andrew McCulloch as acting general superintendent. Mr. McCulloch has been in the service of the Kettle Valley railway for the past six or seven years, and is a veteran railwayman with wide experience on several lines. Mr. Mullern came to the Kettle Valley railway from the western states. During his residence in this section he has taken a prominent part in the varied lines of activity. He has a reputation as an active and energetic railwayman.

It is understood that his resignation went into effect on December 16, and Mr. McCulloch assumed the duties at once. A. A. Swift, chief clerk in the engineer's department, becomes chief clerk in the acting general superintendent's office.

Death of Emil Larsen

The death of Emil Larsen occurred at his home in this city on Christmas day, after a protracted illness. Deceased was a pioneer hotelman of Grand Forks, and after the first big fire he

erected in this city the largest brick and marble hotel in the Boundary country. He is survived by a widow and a son and two daughters, all of whom reside in this city. He was a native of Denmark, and was 57 years of age.

The funeral will be held on Sunday afternoon from Holy Trinity church under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias lodge.

News of the City

The municipal voters' list for 1919 contains 545 names in the two wards. The supplementary list of voters living outside of the limits of the city who are entitled to vote for school trustees brings the total up to 662 names. This is a gain over 1918 of fifteen names in the two wards, with a small increase in the outlying school district.

The Sun staff does not feel very proud of this week's issue of the paper. The fact is we have been engaged in printing a 25-page voters' list this week, and we only had 45 minutes in which to get out The Sun.

F. W. Reid has received a letter from his son, who has been in the Royal Flying corps for about four years. He is now in Wales, but expects to return home soon.

Harry Bowen has returned from the aviation training camp at Toronto, and has resumed his duties as fireman on the S. & B. C. Flyer.

Since the influenza struck Trail seven weeks ago, there have been 64 deaths, 60 of which were directly due to influenza or resulting pneumonia.

The provincial seed fair, advertised to be held at Kelowna on December 4 and 5, 1918, has been postponed, and will now be held on January 13, 14 and 15, 1919. Entries should be consigned to R. L. Dalglish, Kelowna, and shipped so as to arrive by January 10. Put the entry form in the package containing the seed, or mail to Mr. Dalglish.

In the report of the fruit commissioner at Vancouver on Saturday it was stated that 20,000 barrels of apples will be exported to Great Britain during the course of the next few days. Vancouver and Victoria prices: Delicious, \$3.50; Wine-saps and Yellow Newtons, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Northern Spy, \$2.75; Spitz, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Winter Bananas, \$2.75; Wagner, \$2.25 to \$2.50; Jonathan, \$2.50 to \$2.60; Baldwins, Greenings, White Winter Permaine, \$2.25; King David and Ganos, \$2 to \$2.25; No. 2 apples 25c a box less. These prices are for single box lots, a reduction of 10c a box on 5 and 10 box lots; No. 3 apples and crated stock from \$1.25 to \$1.75, according to quality.

Why the Editor Left Town

It was because the following items appeared in his paper:

"Mrs. Thomas W. Johnson read an article for the women's entitled, 'Personal Devils.' Seventeen were present."

"Mr. John Crouse shipped a load of hogs to Kansas city one day last week. Three of his neighbors went in with him to make up the load."

FINDLAY DECLINES TO TESTIFY

Former Prohibition Commissioner Is Jailed for Refusing to Tell What He Knows

VANCOUVER, Dec. 27.—W. C. Findlay, former prohibition commissioner, was committed to jail this afternoon for refusing to testify at the liquor inquiry.

Taking the position that he would not give evidence before the royal commission until the criminal charge of theft against him was first disposed of, Findlay, who was the first witness called this afternoon, refused point blank to answer any questions, and was committed to the provincial jail for contempt after Justice Clement had urged him to give his evidence and C. W. Craig, counsel for the crown, had stated plainly to him that it was not his intention to ask any questions relating to the criminal charge.

His lordship, addressing the witness upon his refusal to answer even the first question, which was whether he was the former commissioner, pointed out that he was adopting the wrong attitude if actuated by the so called "code of honor" among thieves.

WILLIAM WRITES TO HIS SON

Dear Villie:—Dot's right, run dot's what your poor old fadder has done. All iss over for your fadder and you. Ve are no longer kaisers and crown princes. Ve is nothings but jackasses, und pray, Villie, pray All peoples, even the Germans, vant to hang your poor old fadder, und he never done nothings. I can prove it by Hindenburg. He done it.

The "Me und Gott" beezness is played out, too, Villie. It worked for so long mid peoples what mine bravesoldiers vas pointing a gun at. Ven dem alleys took the guns away from mine brave soldiers, it fizzled out. Even mine brave soldiers, being licked good, could not be fooled no longer mid it. I hear that cry, "To hell mid the kaiser," too, so I went to Holland. I don't vant to go to hell; but, Villie, pray, maybe I go anyhow.

Dem dunder blitzen alleys say I started this war. I know I did, but tell everybody what you see dat it ain't so, den pray. Den, Villie, look out goodt yourselves. They accuse you of being mine son. Say you ain't, say anydings but that; but come to tink, dat nose of yours! If you vas put in mid a den of monkeys everybodys could pick you out. I fears for you, mine son.

I am living in Holland mid the Dutch und the climate is goodt, but it iss getting warmer for me all the times. Yesterdays I meets up mid one of dem tam Americans. He says to your fadder, "Bill, I vill give you dirty dollars a week to go to America; the boys vant to throw eggs at your poor old father. I can't go away. Who vants to go away? My

health is not goodt lately. I see an ad in a Dutch pader about Lydia Pinkham's Compound. Maybe dat vill cure me. Since going away from Germany so quickly I feel yellow from mine head to mine toes.

Say, Villie, I tink my army vat I used to have could lick these Dutch vimmiens worse den they did the Belgian vimmiens. The Dutch vimmiens iss too fat to run any. Der Fatherland iss no longer der Fatherland. The Germans peoples iss talking like dem tam Americans about democracy und electing a president. I said, "Mine good peoples, I vill be your president," und one swine spit on mine shoes und the others cried, "Beat it!" Take your fadder's advice und do the same. FADDER.
P. S.—Now Bill Hohenzollern, Holland.

THE WEATHER

The following is the minimum and maximum temperature for each day during the past week, as recorded by the government thermometer on E. F. Laws' ranch:

	Max.	Min.
Dec. 20—Friday.....	34	27
21—Saturday	17	7
22—Sunday.....	18	3
23—Monday.....	20	7
24—Tuesday.....	11	-3
25—Wednesday ..	18	5
26—Thursday.....	19	10

Snowfall..... 2.3 Inches

Return by Panama

Canadian headquarters in London state that British Columbia troops will go home via the Panama canal. Several thousand soldiers will therefore reach home without rail travel across Canada.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WAR JOURNAL

One of the most extraordinary papers ever issued is the Wipers (Ypres) Times. Patrick MacGill, author of The Great Push and other popular books, and now a soldier in France, describes its unusual beginning:

In the early part of 1916 a major and a sergeant of the British army discovered an old printing house in the city of Ypres. Part of the house was blown into the street; the remainder was lying on the printing press, and the type was scattered here and there. The sergeant, who had been a printer in private life, declared that he could get the press to work if the officer would give him permission and find help. Both were obtained. The soldier dug the type out of the mud and washed it, and somehow they found paper and ink. British officers became journalists, printers' devils and proofreaders. Soldiers in khaki forgot hate of the Hun for the time being and set themselves to work to produce the Wipers Times.

They edited one number in a case-mate under the ramparts built by Vauban ages ago; they produced another in the Cloth Hall, with the air full of gas shells. Printers' devils had to stand in gas masks, and the editor had to correct proofs while a battle was raging.

This brave little paper has never been printed outside the front area; once the "works" were aboveground seven hundred yards from the front line. The strangest thing with regard to this publication is that men who were being bombarded night and day could find time and inclination to produce a paper written in such high spirits.

LETTER FROM MURRAY JANES

Made a Correct Prediction Regarding End of War But Cannot Even Guess When He'll Be Home

Murray Janes, who has been at the front since the war started, has written the following letter from Belgium to a friend in this city under date of November 29:

My Dear Old Pal:—Don't think that I have forgotten you or any of my friends in Grand Forks, for I have not. I have not written any letters for some time. I sent you a card from Rouen when I was going on leave. The night of the day the armistice was signed I was in Arras on my way to Paris, and while in Paris I was too busy to write. I was there eight days and had one straight round of pleasure. But I managed to get my picture taken, and will enclose one in this letter. I am away up in Belgium now. Yesterday I was in Namur. Some good town, about as big as Toronto. The stores are full of everything to make life happy. Lots of booze and lots of girls. The two latter I steared clear of. The prices are sky high—cigarettes are about 75c for ten, and everything in proportion; and all the money is German. But the Heinies are far from here now, and I suppose everything will be fixed up in time. I can't tell you how often I can write, as we are only a day or two at a place, and when we move no mail is sent out, but I will do my best. I am allowed to tell where I am located now, so if you look on the map of Belgium you will find the city of Fleurus, where I am writing this letter. I expect to spend Christmas in Germany, but I do not know for sure, nor do I care, as I want to get back to Canada. I have been twice across Belgium and in all the large cities. I have been all over France, and I don't want to see any more, but I can't tell you when I will be home. I told you when the war would end, but I can't tell you when I will be home, nor can I even guess. I would like to send you something, but I am flat broke and no credit in my book and payday is a long way off. Paris certainly finished me. Well, old pal, I am goidg to enclose four pictures. You will give one of each to Mrs. R—; the others you will keep. I hope you get them all right, but the mail service is very uncertain. Tell Nat Taylor I will write to him as soon as I can. I am going to ring off now with regards to all.

CUSTOMS RECEIPTS

R. R. Gilpin, customs officer at this port, makes the following detailed report of the customs receipts at the head office in this city and at the various sub-customs offices, for the month of November, 1918:

Grand Forks.....	\$ 884.91
Phoenix	314.40
Cascade	53.11
Carson.....	14.60
Total.....	\$1,297.02

J. R. Gardner left on Wednesday for a short visit to Vancouver.

The Grand Forks Sun

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

G. A. EVANS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918

WATCH THE FINISH

Real romance was contained the other day in the news columns of the city papers. It was the comment on the beginning of four of the principal men to sit at the peace table in Europe—David Lloyd George, premier of England; George Clemenceau, premier of France; Victor Emanuel Orlando, premier of Italy, and Thomas Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States. Names we all know so well that we never think of associating romance with them.

Wherein the origin of these men? Read this: Out of a cobbler's shop in Wales; out of a village doctor's office in France; from a farm on the island of Sicily; out of the plain home of a Presbyterian minister in Virginia—thus the humble beginning of these four men who have risen to the greatest position of their respective countries, and who today have the destinies of the world in their hands.

It is very much like preaching to outline what these men did when they were young, and lay it before you as a model on which to pattern your life. Nevertheless, the fact that all these four rose from humble, two of them from obscure, beginnings, is worth more than passing consideration. There is no necessity to point the moral, it is obvious. Their attainments are a reminder of the verse:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
 Were not attained by sudden flight;
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night."

In other words they set out to accomplish, kept their eye on the main chance, so to speak, and never let themselves be diverted by the clamor or insistence of people who had other means to serve. To put it briefly, they always improved their job.

It interesting to note that George Clemenceau in his younger days fought what we now term Bolshevism. At that time it was in the form of the Commune, and he opposed it so desperately, seeing what a menace it was, that he was sentenced to death, and is alive today owing to having escaped from Paris.

Bolshevism is synonymous with destruction. It has no aim in sight except to destroy, and no one knows what it hopes to accomplish or how it may benefit. It is seen at its worst in Europe, but is prevalent in all parts of this continent, in some parts working insidiously, while in other places boldly and flagrantly.

No wonder George Clemenceau, a man with constructive ideals, fought it desperately and now that it has loomed up stronger and more widespread, it is well that he and his colleagues are men who have risen, since they better know what they have to deal with.

Construction and destruction are at all times warring elements. It is bad enough for a man to stand idly by and see what is being done, but it is a crime for anyone possessing any ideals whatever to condone destruction in any shape, whether it be wasting time, making materials or machinery useless—sabotage—or whatever form it may take.

It is a crime against one's country to assist in an orgy of destruction, but the greatest crime is against one's self.

A destructive policy, steady criticism of your work, the method of the firm you work for,

finding fault with the way things are done—this is as Bolshevism in its tendency as the policy of the undoer who sets out deliberately to destroy.

Take another stand—help to build up, construct, make suggestions, and so improve yourself and your immediate surroundings that by-and-by you will have risen and will have seen that right is always right, and in the end right must prevail.

A press dispatch today states that Nicholas Romanoff, late czar of Russia, and his family are still alive. The late czar has been reported butchered by the Bolsheviki on several occasions. Today's report may be true, and it may not. Anyway, it was a miscarriage of justice to put the ex-czar to death and allow the ex-kaiser to run at large.

Because so many people have the gripe and recover from it, there is a tendency to regard it lightly. Figures tell another story. According to information that the American government has gathered, the recent epidemic in that country caused eighty thousand deaths in forty-six cities. That is more than all the deaths from every cause in the American expeditionary force, from the time it landed in France until hostilities ceased.

One economic thinker—or half thinker—suggests that workingmen be paid in proportion to the size of their families. The landlord of the apartment house, who refuses to rent rooms to anyone with children is no more effective in discouraging families than such a law would be. The man with no children or with very few would get the first chance at every job.

"It doesn't seem right," said the man with worn-out shoes. "What doesn't seem right?" "That a mere cow can afford to wear all that leather."

"Here, waiter, this plate is damp!" said a traveler who was dining in a cheap restaurant. "Ah," said the waiter, "that's your soup! We serve only small portions in wartime!"

"Well," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than than their masters." "Yes," chimed in Craggs, "I have a dog like that myself." (And yet he couldn't make out why they laughed.)

When you buy war savings stamps you do not give your money, you loan it at a rate of interest exceeding 4½ per cent, compounded semi-annually. You help your government, but you help yourself even more.

In the manufacturing, commercial and financial fields tremendous preparations are being made in England to meet the future. In July, 1916, Premier Lloyd George appointed a special committee, under the chairmanship of Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour, to consider the commercial and industrial policy to be followed after the war. While this committee was conducting its investigations, special committees appointed by the board of trade (which is a department of the British government) were active in consideration of definite proposals affecting the most important and stable trades. These included the iron and steel, engineering, electrical and non-ferrous metal trades; the woollen and worsted, silk, linen, cotton, jute and shipbuilding industries; the carpet associations, the lace and embroidery trades and the cotton hosiery and fabric glove industries. Inquiries were largely confined to supply of raw materials, production and marketing. A summary of the conclusions reached gives significant indication of the trend of industrial opinion.

Wishing you all

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

A. D. MORRISON JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
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SYNOPSIS OF

LAND ACT AMENDMENT

Pre-emption now confined to surveyed lands only.

Records will be granted covering only land suitable for agricultural purposes, and which is non-timber land.

Partnership pre-emptions abolished, but parties of not more than four may arrange for adjacent pre-emptions, with joint residence, but each making necessary improvements on respective claims.

Pre-emptors must occupy claims for five years and make improvements to value of \$10 per acre, including clearing and cultivation of at least 5 acres, before receiving Crown Grant.

Where pre-emptor in occupation not less than 3 years, and has made proportionate improvements, he may, because of ill-health or other cause, be granted intermediate certificate of improvement and transfer his claim.

Records without permanent residence may be issued provided applicant makes improvements to extent of \$300 per annum and records same each year. Failure to make improvements or record same will operate as forfeiture. Title cannot be obtained on these claims in less than 5 years, with improvements of \$10 per acre, including 5 acres cleared and cultivated, and residence of at least 2 years.

Pre-emptor holding Crown Grant may record another pre-emption, if he requires land in conjunction with his farm, without actual occupation, provided statutory improvements made and residence maintained on Crown granted land.

Unsurveyed areas, not exceeding 20 acres, may be leased as homesteads; title to be obtained after fulfilling residential and improvement conditions.

For grazing and industrial purposes, areas exceeding 640 acres may be leased by one person or company.

PRE-EMPTORS' FREE GRANTS ACT.

The scope of this Act is enlarged to include all persons joining and serving with His Majesty's Forces. The time within which the heirs or devisees of a deceased pre-emptor may apply for title under this Act is extended from one year from the death of such person, as formerly, until one year after the conclusion of the present war. This privilege is also made retroactive.

TOWNSITE PROPERTY ALLOTMENT ACT.

Provision is made for the grant to persons holding uncompleted Agreements to Purchase from the Crown of such proportion of the land, if divisible, as the payments already made will cover in proportion to the sale price of the whole parcel. Two or more persons holding such Agreements may group their interests and apply for a proportionate allotment jointly. If it is not considered advisable to divide the land covered by an application for a proportionate allotment, an allotment of land of equal value selected from available Crown lands in the locality may be made. These allotments are conditional upon payment of all taxes due to the Crown or to any municipality. The rights of persons to whom the purchaser from the Crown has agreed to sell are also protected. The decision of the Minister of Lands in respect to the adjustment of a proportionate allotment is final. The time for making application for these allotments is limited to the 1st day of May, 1919. Any application made after this date will not be considered. These allotments apply to town lots and lands of the Crown sold at public auction.

For information apply to any Provincial Government Agent or to

G. R. NADEN,
 Deputy Minister of Lands,
 Victoria, B. C.

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CHRISTMAS 1918

The President, Directors and Officers of

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Desire to offer to the Customers and Friends of the Bank Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

HOW A SOLDIER FEELS IN BATTLE

Inferno of Noise, Confusion and Death--Gott Mit the Germans But Americans Mit French

Here is a description of a big battle as it impressed itself upon the mind of Sergt. Lawrence Hopkins, of Oxford, Alabama.

"They're off!

"It sends a thrill through you as you hear their cry and rise up and find yourself in a crowd of men; pausing a moment to light our pipes or cigarettes, and as we are hurrying forward with glistening steel in our hands to meet the foe.

"If it were not for these other men moving along heavily laden to keep pace with the barrage one might well stand in amazement at a wilderness suddenly become crowded with swaying humanity bravely attempting to weather the furious storm.

"The big guns roll like heavy hunder, the little field batteries answer with a bark, shells scream, whistle, howl, according to their moods.

"The quick staccato coughing of maching guns goes on unceasingly all around you and is swallowed up in its echoes. There is a spatter of rifle bullets as they whiz by you and you wonder that you are untouched. Barbed wire tears your clothes to pieces; mud sticks them together again. Birds fly at your feet and from the sky winged airplanes swoop down. Spitfire tanks plod on behind, crashing and crushing; burning, boiling oil sends flames leaping to the clouds; molten phosphorus is poured into dugouts. There is gas to blind and choke you.

"There are laughs and cries; the laugh of a comrade as he struggles on, or the cry of another as he drops his rifle and puts his hand to his heart--his last cry. There is the yell of the hunter, the wild crying despair of the hunted. The plunk of the mortars and the bursting of the bombs add to the tumult of the storm.

"Stretcher-bearers rush to and fro, running zig zag across the battlefield with their messages. Then I drop into a shell hole, the cold sweat running off my face, and breathe. Take my compass out, get direction adjusted and when the barrage lifts I dive into the tornado again--and so on. Germans are scarce; they are down below. 'Moppers up' behind will deal with them. Over broken trenches and torn ground, slipping, falling, sprawling, I go for our objective. As the curtain of fire and smoke passes over the village we make the final spurt forward and--dig like h--l.

"The noise increases, the guns get more angry, shells and showers of mud and dirt are falling all around you. The devil seems to be raking out his furnaces, the sky seems to crash down on you, then my head swims, my arms fall to my sides, my legs grow limp and I drop down as I hastily don my gas mask. And when I open my eyes and find myself I am on a stretcher and some one with a smile all over his bronzed face offers me cigarette.

"Yes, we ran the Huns for six days and five nights, and I did not want to eat or sleep. I tell you it was grand, and if I hadn't been gassed I feel like I could still be running them. We started on the 24th day of July, my birthday, and, mother, dear, I took no prisoners.

"A German officer said to his men: 'Why do you run; is not Gott mit you?' And the German soldiers answered: 'Yes, but the Americans are mit the French.'

ONLY WAY TO SCORE

A party of volunteers were taken to the shooting range for the first time. The men first fired at a target five hundred yards away and not one hit it. They were next tried at a target two hundred yards away, and still everyone missed. They were at last tried at a target just one hundred yards away, but no one hit it.

"Attention!" thundered the drill sergeant. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance!"

FOUGHT 60 PLANES SINGLE-HANDED

Canadian military headquarters in London announces that the airman who, while desperately wounded, fought sixty enemy machines single-handed, destroying four and bringing down six, is a Canadian, Major W. G. Barker, D.S.O. (two bars), D.F.C., M.C. (with bar), and the Italian Cross of Honor. Major Barker, who is reported dangerously wounded, went overseas with a New Brunswick unit.

The story of Major Baker's fight with a horde of enemy planes relates the most astounding individual aerial combat on record. While our airmen were harrying the enemy's retreat, Barker, when over the forest of Morval, encountered a two-seater German plane at an altitude of 21,000 feet to evade the fire of British 'Archies,' and climbed and brought it down. Immediately a Fokker biplane whirled on him; bullets whistled past through his machine and something stunned him for a moment so that his machine spun uncontrolled. Recovering his senses and control, he found fifteen more Fokkers hemming in on him and firing point-blank. Without hesitation he sped to the attack and three of his assailants fell, but the bullets were whistling past like hail, and a chance shot shattered his thigh bone. He fainted and dived seemingly to his death.

Again recovering consciousness, he turned upon another fifteen enemy scouts swooping about him like hounds. One he sent hurtling down on fire, when another bullet shattered his left elbow.

Enemy machines were now swarming as thick as gnats on a summerday. He dived and eight of his foes hurtled like stones in pursuit. Wounded and half fainting, yet with his brain still alert and cool, he realized that his only chance of safety lay in sheer super-airmanship. Enemy craft flew above and about him like a cloud of vultures, until those watching below counted between fifty and sixty. In the thick of them this amazing Canadian performed every "stunt" ingenuity sharpened by dire necessity could devise.

He escaped by the incredible daring of his offensive tactics. For upwards of ten minutes he banked, looped, spun, nose-dived, climbed again in a multitude of "star" tricks until he worked his way right back of the vultures' midst. Two more fell to his gun, then the rest of the flock spread and fled. He came down a huddled, insensible, but victorious hero of as great a fight as ever this war witnessed in the air.

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Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath--Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels--you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session on behalf of the Cascade Water Power & Light Company Limited, a Company incorporated by the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia under Chap. 51 Statutes of B. C. 1897, for an Act to be entitled "The Cascade Water, Power & Light Company Limited Act 1918, Amendment Act 1918," giving it power to reduce its capital from time to time as it may see fit by vote of a majority in value of the shareholders present or represented by proxy at a meeting called for that purpose, and also confirming the reduction of capital heretofore made by the Company on or about the 8th November, 1907, and also changing the time of the holding of the Company's ordinary General Meeting from the third Wednesday in July in each year to the third Wednesday in October in each year, or on such other date in each year as the Directors may from time to time determine upon; and also empowering the Directors of the Company to make bylaws, rules and regulations to be observed by all persons using the water, electricity or electrical appliances or other property of the Company; also rules and regulations for the maintenance of the Company's undertaking and for the collection of rates for electricity or water supply and rents for electrical lines and appliances let for hire, and for fixing the time or times when, and the place or places where the same shall be payable and in case of default of payment to provide remedies for enforcing the payment thereof; and for such further and incidental powers as may be necessary. Dated at Victoria, B. C., this 9th day of December, 1918. BARNARD, ROBERTSON, HEISTERMAN & TAIT, Solicitors for the Applicant.

BOOT REPAIRING

TAKE your repairs to Arnson, shoe repairer. The Hub, Look for the Big Boot.

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