"Chick! chick! chick," she called, at the same time throwing the entire lot into the yard among a bunch of hungry chickens which flew to the feast.

"There!" she shouted.

"Say!" yelled Sinbad, dashing after her. "What are you doing? Have you gone crazy?"

"Crazy nothing. You won't make a scavanger out of me. See how the chickens like them." she said laughing at the scramble.

"I won't, eh! Say, get down there and pick every one of them up and bring them back!" And he pushed her through the door, down the few steps and into the yard.

Sinbad shooed the chickens and began to salvage the best and least damaged of the food with the assistance of Bootsy who had recognized the authority, and was picking and driving off chickens at the same time as though her very life depended on the success of the operation.

"There," said Sinbad, when they had salvaged the most of the stack, "You waste any more good food like that and see what happens."

Bootsy was silent. But she assisted him into the kitchen with the loaded platter.

From that day forward, although Bootsy did not descend entirely from her husband's shoulders, she didn't sit quite so heavily. It required an emergency to bring her down from her high horse.

The new method of housekeeping, although perhaps a little less expensive didn't come up to expectations under the old management, nor did it serve materially to prop up to any degree of safety the tottering domestic situation that had overtaken them. They began the house-cleaning process when it was too late, and no amount of economy or plugging up of leaks could prevent the ship from foundering. In due course the inevitable took place and the ax fell. Business, as Sinbad had philosophized, proved the coldest-hearted thing that was. The mortgage was foreclosed, and even the beautiful furniture, ornamental and useful, was seized to meet back payment of interest.

It was consolation to Sinbad that they left him Bootsy. She was a negligible asset when it came to paying off mortgages. And he seemed to love her more now under the conditions of their mutual misfortune.

When they found themselves in the street there were a few heated words of blame here and blame there. None would assume sole responsibility. When the word-war was over, however, they threw themselves into each others arms and remained silent. They still had each other.

Bootsy shed wet tears, and Sinbad shed dry ones in the deep recesses of his soul.

Besides Bootsy, Sinbad still had his job, and that was an asset to which he clung for dear life. The outcome was that the husband went back to work in the morning as usual. The couple engaged a room in a private home and fed out where the food could be bought the cheapest. In the mean time they picked up stray bits of cheap furniture as finances permitted; and, in due course, rented a home of their own where they lived more or less happily.

And when we last saw Bootsy she was about the most economical thing that ever lived.

Next story, "Pedigreed Stock," a sequel to the "Fifty-Fifties."

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER

(Continued from Page 5)

"murder." Why exclude an accidental death which the author is afraid to disclose.

Some of the medical evidence, i. e., that as to the impossibility of the wound being self inflicted (apart from that given as to the absence of powder burns) my well be received with skepticism. The deceased's ability to have so shot herself might rather be taken for granted. Absence of powder marks seems alone the deciding element against suicide coupled with lack of motive.

Murder seems from the reported evidence equally motiveless and people do not indulge in homicide without an urge under British law. Several pertinent queries or lines of investigation were overlooked in the second inquest as reported. It was a "murder" centred inquest even as the first one was a "suicide" centred one.

It is to be questioned whether either inquest in any sense solved the problem. It may be that the second will prove as misleading as the first now appears to have been.

Meanwhile every effort and energy should be bent on a solution.

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THE NIELSEN MATTER

We now have an arrest in connection with the use of Government seals on liquors not in Government stocks. This is well, but why pick on Nielsen unless the Government actually intend to really clean up the liquor situation.

It is all right to punish Nielsen and the Chinese apparently implicated with him but does any one suppose for a moment that Nielsen and a few Chinamen have created the conditions existing in Vancouver for months past.

Is this move a bluff to be ended by the Attorney General's Department letting Nielsen ultimately escape? Are Nielsen and his associates alone to be punished? Has Victoria found out that there is and has been much radically wrong in the liquor situation in Vancouver and been forced to seek a solution to save its reputation? The public will watch how events answer these queries.

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CAMPAIGN SPEAKERS

With both parties rushing speakers into the Okanagan—Mr. Woodward has been requisitioned and all the available men seem in demand—we have seen no call for Mr. Bryan from Liberal Headquarters. Surely the man who was strong enough to defeat the triple array against him including Hanes, is a warrior to be proud of and his advice to North Okanagan of how he won North Vancouver against such odds, should be of value. Can it be that the absence of an absentee vote explains his absence from the Liberal Campaign List.

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Check Your Date Will you please and then, if due, Thank You. Date Your Cheque?