

Two Weeks More

5 of Them
for our
candidates



First 1 Free
4 Others
Almost
Free

Is a Piano worth hustling for?

Candidates! You have two weeks more in which to collect for these Pianos. Are you doing your best? Are your friends all working for you? A few votes may decide to whom an instrument will go. We wish you ALL success, but only five can win. Make the two weeks of the New Year count.

CROW'S NEST TRADING CO.

THE FERNIE FREE PRESS

The Race

Miss Marjorie Michel	484300
Miss Edna Wallace	369750
Miss May Beal	363550
Miss Lillian Cameron	308200
Miss Millie Shorthouse	307400
Miss Harriet Hamilton	268750
Miss M. W. Daniels	249300
Mrs. W. Ramsay	243250
Miss Minnie Turner	235400
Miss Winnie Morley	225800
Mrs. S. Phillips	198700
Miss Phillis Hughes	194300
Miss Jessie Sharples	182150
Miss Sarah Lancaster	178400
Mrs. W. Ireland	174700
Miss Doris Smith	169950
Miss Edith Langdon	167700
Miss Sadie Clapp	159250
Miss Agnes Patterson	156100
Mrs. R. J. Brown	148700
Miss Crissie Bunch	147600
Miss Susie Bella	142700
Miss Jennie Ojce	137050
Miss Audrey Mills	126650
Miss Eliza Grundy	113950
Mrs. Demore	111150
Mrs. R. Adamson	109600
Miss Mabel Finn	105350
Miss Hilda Young	104550
Miss Ruth Knowles	101300
Mrs. H. C. Smith	99650
Miss Beatrice Hirst	97900
Miss Mary Armstrong	96450
Miss Lillian Eschwig	92700
Mrs. Jas. Mitchell	92500
Miss Hilda Minton	89300
Miss Ivy Johnston	87550
Miss Emma Williams	85800
Miss Minnie Gallamore	83100
Miss Nan Allen	72350
Miss Nan Allen	72100
Miss Emeline Ihas	72000
Mrs. Crabb	70600
Miss Jean Linn	59050
Miss Cas Butala	50200
Mrs. W. Allen	48950
Miss Fay Gordon	48450
Mrs. Dewsbury	16650
Miss N. Piola	8250

HASH

The panhandler is multiplying apace, as the hard times mature. Christmas eve is the harvest time for this species of beggar. The writer had a most refreshing recouitre with a pair of them on the evening before Christmas. They had on a slant of about 30 degrees and appeared to have been roughly used.

"You couldn't spare me 50 cents, could you, governor?" inquired the spokesman.

I intimated that they had been drinking freely and that they were scarcely deserving of a gratuity. Get the come-back:

"But, dammit, do you think we want to BUM our drinks all night; we want to BUY one occasionally!"

An interesting bet has been made by two citizens concerning the outcome of the candidature of a certain alderman for re-election. The bet will have particular interest for a well-known citizen whom we shall call Bill. If the alderman is re-elected the first better is to hit Bill over the head with a baseball bat. If he is not re-elected the second better will sing Bill over the coco with the ash. In either case the result will have a certain interest for Bill.

In days of yore the professional duties of barber and surgeon were united. The colored barber pole has survived through the ages, chromatic testimony of the time when the barber opened the veins and banded the wound.

In Fernie the barbers still do a small line of surgical work on moles, warts and hickies. Sometimes they treat facial eruptions. A gentleman from Crow's Nest dropped into a local barber shop one day this week for tonsorial attention. The barber noticed an unhealthy spot on the customer's cheek and proposed to treat it with an application of carbolic acid. That seemed reasonable and the man in the chair turned the side of his face up and prepared to receive the dose. He got it, almost a bottle full, down his cheek and neck. The way he streaked for the hospital set a new record for the distance. Fernie. Now he is going around with a wad the size of a feather bed on his jaw. When it gets better—

POLICE PATROL MAY BE LOST

Ottawa, Dec. 29.—According to a report received today by the commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, two members of the force, Sergt. Harper and Constable Stevenson, as well as a packer named Richard Harrington, have been lost in the Peace river district.

Although the commissioner hopes that the men are still alive, it is believed that they have perished. The three men constituted a patrol which left Saskatoon lake in the Grand Prairie district on Nov. 3, in search of a fugitive from justice, who was supposed to be in the Porcupine river district. They expected to make the trip in 30 days, but have not been heard from.

The patrol was last seen at Moose Mountain creek on Nov. 11 by a party of trappers. The trappers subsequently found a rifle and a gun on the trail, but there was no sign of trouble. There is considerable speculation as to what could have happened to the patrol. Sergt. Harper and Constable Stevenson are both reliable men, who have been with the force for some time. The country through which they had to travel is rough and there are bad trails.

A police party has been sent out from Athabasca Landing to search for the party. The man for whom the first patrol went in search was wanted on a charge of abduction.

Eggs Admit To Picture Shows

Harrison, Ark., Dec. 29.—Eggs are becoming so scarce in the mountainous section of Arkansas that they are being used as a medium of exchange. Not only are they acceptable for payment at grocery stores and mercantile establishments, but they are taken at motion picture theatres.

One egg admits a minor, and two eggs an adult. The proprietors of the theatres find a ready cash market for the eggs.

More Than Two Set of Triplets

Madrid, Dec. 28.—A washerwoman living in one of the poor districts of the city, gave birth to seven girls, all alive. Three of them died in a short time, but the other four are thriving. The case is declared most extraordinary by physicians, and the whole neighborhood has visited the house.

Murderous Assault on Jailer

Kenora, Dec. 28.—Turnkey Wood was the victim of a murderous assault last night at the jail, being struck just below the base of the skull and knocked unconscious by an iron rod in the hands of J. O. Babe, a prisoner. The six or seven prisoners had just completed the evening meal in the corridor outside of their cells and as the turnkey turned to leave, Babe struck him across the back of the neck with the rod. The turnkey dropped to the floor unconscious and Babe dashed through an adjoining room and out through the window to liberty, carrying a portion of the sash with him.

Babe, who was serving a term for theft, is still at large.

Company Beats Strikers At Game

Springfield, Mo., Dec. 28.—In anticipation of the strike of 1100 telegraphers on its lines, which, in all probability will be called tomorrow, the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad tonight laid off indefinitely 400 telegraphers and began to transform its lines into a telephone system for railroad communication. This action laid bare the company's plans for resisting the strike to the amazement of the telegraphers. Removal of all telegraph instruments from the company's offices began at noon today, and it is expected to be completed before the strike can be decided.

Tomorrow the telephone operators will replace the telegraphers. The threatened strike will be forestalled by what practically amounts to a lock out.

Another Try For the South Pole

London, Dec. 28.—Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, in a letter to the Times, announces his intention to lead another expedition to the south pole. He will start from a South American port, with the object of crossing the south polar continent from sea to sea, returning by way of New Zealand. He adds:

"I have been enabled to undertake this expedition through the generosity of a friend and I have taken the liberty of calling the expedition 'The Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition,' because I feel not only the

people of those islands but our kinsmen in all lands under the Union Jack will be willing to assist towards the carrying out of the full program of exploration to which my comrades and myself are pledged."

BUFFALO MEAT AT CALGARY

Calgary, Dec. 30.—It is many days since buffalo meat has been seen hanging in a butcher shop, nevertheless this is an actual fact and two nice head of these one time monarchs of the plains, can be seen hanging in P. Burns & Co. market.

The larger animal of the two head is seven years old, while the smaller one is a calf only eight months old. These animals, of a nearly extinct race, were killed on the government buffalo ranch at Wainwright and have been shipped to Calgary to be mounted and placed in the public library. The disposal of the meat of this rare variety has not been fully decided and the lucky parties who are fortunate enough to share in it, will have something long to be remembered even if the meat does not appeal to their tastes for game.

It is very seldom in the last number of years that anyone has had the opportunity to say they have positively eaten Buffalo meat and those who have, say so with much pride, and well they might do so, as these beasts of the plains have become a rarity, in which people take greater interest than in any of the animals that are in the zoological parks all over the continent.

INFORMATION WANTED

(By Walt Mason)
"I'd like to know where you get hold of all the cows you kill in order to furnish your customers with beef," said Quigway, in grouchy tones.

"What difference does it make where I get them?" inquired the butcher coldly. "You're always kicking and snorting about something, Quigway. If you don't like the meat you get here, go to some other market."

"That's always the way with you one horse business men," replied Quigway. "If a customer comes in to offer a few lines of uplifting criticism, you never take it in the right spirit. You ought to listen courteously and make up your mind to be a

that you rear up and get ruffed, and look as though you'd resort to personal violence for two cents.

"Old Griggins, the grocer, has a beautiful watchword printed on all the paper sacks which leave his store. It is, 'If you are satisfied, tell others; if you are not satisfied, tell us.' I thought when I first saw that inscription that I had at last found a merchant with horse sense, a merchant who would be glad to be informed if things weren't just right. If his motto meant anything it meant that. So whenever he sent me a roll of butter that tasted like liquid glue, or a lot of hulloisties, when I had ordered spinach, I called at his store and told him about it, and he didn't seem a bit pleased. He growled and grumbled and said he wished I'd take my trade somewhere else. Then one day he sent me a peck of potatoes and they tasted of coal oil so strong that my wife said she'd rather eat lamp wicks. Next morning when I was downtown I called on Griggins and began telling him about those misfit potatoes. Did he act like a refined and courteous gentleman? Did he appreciate the spirit that animated me in rebuking him? Not on your sideboards! He came from behind the counter as mad as a wet hen, and picked up an old dripping mackerel from a barrel, and swatted me across the face with it. I was picking fish-bones out of my whiskers for a week after it."

"I don't blame Griggins a bit," said the meat dealer. "You never get wise to yourself, Quigway. You have some kind of a roar to make every time you come in here, and it gets monotonous. When a good customer comes in once in a while and makes a complaint, I do my best to straighten things out, but you're always kicking. If you ordered liver and we sent you antelope steak you'd be around here raising a fuss. Every time I see you coming in I feel like getting after you with a cleaver. Nobody has any use for the chronic kicker."

"I never kick unless I have something to kick about and your remarks are cheap sophistries. You haven't told me yet where you got the last cow you killed. She must have been all horns and hide. Yesterday I asked you for a nice tender piece of steak, and you said you'd give me a piece good enough for the Czar of all the Russias. You had

just killed a nice tender young steer that had been fattened on orchids and pomegranates, you said.

"I took that piece of steak home and as soon as my wife opened the parcel and looked at it she said I'd simply have to quit buying my meat at the shoemaker's if I wanted her to do the family cooking. I could get better results, she said, by going to the auto repair shop and buying a few cast off rubber tires. Then she took that steak into the yard and laid it on a block of wood and hammered it with an axe for two hours and couldn't make any impression on it, and after it was cooked nobody could eat it. I'm going to paint the word 'Welcome' on it and use it for a doormat, and so get some value for my money, but I certainly would like to know where you got the gutta percha cow that steak came from."

"If you don't fight out of here in three shakes," said the butcher, as he seized a large soup bone, "I'll hammer you into the floor up to your ears."

Her Soldier Dad

Mrs. Johnson was all excitement. Her husband was a Gordon Highlander and she had an invitation to visit him in barracks in Scotland.

You'll soon see daddy now, she said to her six year old little daughter as the express bore them to their destination.

On arrival at the barracks Mrs. Johnson was informed that her husband was on sentry duty. One of the soldiers pointed him out to her, but, of course, they could not approach him. The child eyed her daddy with big round eyes full of wonder as he paced up and down the square, rifle on shoulder, in his regimental kit.

There's daddy! cried the mother. The child, however, was too lost in this amazing spectacle to answer, but at last it came out.

Mamma, she said in a childish treble, but with a strictly confidential air, if daddy finds the man who stole his trousers will he give me that tickle frock?

When you have carpenter work to do phone 167 or call on A. McLean, 111 Howland Ave. D12-4