

Courtenay came very near having a disastrous fire yesterday shortly after noon. Dave Anderson went to his house about twelve thirty and renewed the fire and left everything apparently all right when he returned to the shop. About one o'clock someone informed him that his house was on fire and at first he thought they were trying to fool him and paid no attention to it but soon discovered that it was a fact. Fire had started in one of the closets in some unknown manner and had it not been discovered just at the time it was the house would have been in ruins in a short time. As

it was, the greatest damage resulted from having to chop a hole in the floor in order to extinguish the flames.

The town of Cleveland has organized a commercial club and the Leader is urging the people to lay aside petty grievances and unite in the work of building up the town. This is the right thing to do but usually when the publisher of a paper in a small town urges the people to do something for their own good they think he must have some axe to grind—has some selfish motive. The trouble is, they judge others by themselves.

F. A. Kellogg buys hides. 52t.