SPRING CLOTHING
Hats, Shirts, Collars
JUST IN, AT
CAMPBELL BROS.

Library Assembly
MAR 14 1911
VICTORIA, B. C.

40

THE ISLANDER

New Blouses, Underskirts, Corset Covers
Hosiery, Muslins, Laces, Embroidery, at
CAMPBELL BROS.

No. 41 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

MEETING OF CITY COUNCIL

Much Business Done At Monday's Meeting

The Council met in regular session on Monday night, the full board being present.

Messrs Potter and Elliott wrote re the high license for pool tables in this city, which amounted to $10.00 per table per year. This they regarded as unreasonable, as the license for doing a general business was only $10.00 per annum. They were informed that the rate must stand, but the City Clerk was instructed to learn how this rate compared with that of other cities.

V. Bonoro, applied for permission to change his wholesale license to a hotel license. He proposed to properly furnish his building and to provide 21 rooms. As a city bylaw does not allow the establishment of more hotel license in the town, he asked that this bylaw be changed. The matter was laid over until the matter could be laid before the License Commissioners when the Council would be guided by their recommendation.

The School Estimates of over $8000 were passed.

Accounts to the amount of $80.92 were referred to the Finance Committee.

Constable Grays' monthly report was submitted as follows;—

Scavanging	$115.00
Nightwatchman	67.00
Buckets	9.45
Sample Room	2.00
Scales	.50
	$193,95

The Chairman of the Board of Works reported the sewers to be in a very bad condition throughout the city, and in urgent need of repair. The board of works was asked to make a report upon the cost of putting the present sewers in repair, when a comparison of the cost of repairing the present sewers and of putting in a new sewerage system might be laid before the people.

A special meeting was called for next Monday evening for the purpose of discussing Single Tax.

It was moved that the telephone company be taxed to the extent of $50 per half year.

Mr McFarlane appeared before the the Council to enquire if persons installing a patent Sanitary Closet which he was agent for would still be required to pay the 50c per month scavenger tax. He was promised that the matter would be taken into consideration at Monday's special meeting

Mr McFarlane also complained of being assessed one license fee for every insurance company, while other agents paid but one license for several companies. He was assured that all would be treated alike.

It was resolved that notices be sent out that Licenses were due and payable within 90 days at the City Clerk's office, and that licenses not then paid be collected by the city police.

F. Dallos called attention to the fact that the bylaw that hotels must contain 30 rooms was not inforced, although he had gone to the expense of furnishing that number of rooms.

A charming bouquet has been handed the teachers of this city by Inspector Gordon, who in his report says; unless the salaries are put on a par with the best in the province it is reasonable to suppose that we will lose our best teachers who are second to few of any in the province.

The Eagles Ball on Easter Monday promises to be such a gigantic success that nothing short of being vaccinated with a strong Anti-Pleasure serum will be sufficient to prevent a record breaking crowd being present.

MINERS WILL ORGANIZE

Meeting For Purpose To Be Held Shortly

W.W. McCluskey, the International organizer of the United Mine Workers of America has sent word to the mine workers here to the effect that it was unnecessary for him to be present at last Sundays meeting as President Lewis would visit Vancouver Island shortly when he would address a series of meetings, speaking in Cumberland on or about April 1st.

Mr McCluskey was of the opinion that it would be advisable to wait until President Lewis arrived before starting to organize.

He stated that he had tried to get some of the district officials to attend the meeting but they were all engaged for two weeks ahead.

Mr McCluskey hopes to have a monster meeting when he and President Lewis and other officers hold their meeting, the date of which he would announce later.

Show me where $100 invested now can bring such large returns as an investment in inside lots in the Grand Trunk Pacific Divisional townsite of Biggar.

Some of the shrewdest business men in Cumberland, have realised this fact and have decided that Biggar as a G.T.P. Divisional point, terminus of two branch lines and stations on the C.P.R backed by its enormous agricultural resources will be one of the most important centres in Western Canada and have backed their opinion by investing in this the best real estate proposition of today

Those interested can obtain full information and particulars up to Monday evening from Messrs Forde & Hill, Cumberland Hotel.

A letter from Mr McNeil re false statements in circulation is held over till next issue owing to late arrival.

Mr R Grant added a motor car to his worldly possessions in Victoria this week.

The Princess Mary will make her first trip on Tuesday.

A workman in the mines was fined $10 and costs this week for violating general rule 6 of the Coal Mines Regulations Act.

If "Citizen" had inclosed his name his letter would have been published. This rule MUST be adhered to by correspondents.

Helen Damm-Nation. The postal service between Courtenay and here is rotten A correspondent in that city sent us in some basket ball notes for last weeks issue, and here it comes crawling along now, two late to be of any benefit.

Don't fail to here the Midnight Philosopher tomorrow.

A preliminary of more than ordinary interest has been arranged for the Thompson-Vinson contest next Saturday. Mr. Thompson is putting up a $15 Silver Cup which is to be competed for by youths representing the different city churches. Ed. Hunden representing the Presbyterian and "Scotty Clark of the Methodist have already entered to uphold the honors of their church. This cup has been put up for the encouragement of healthy amateur sport among the youths of the city and it is up to the congregation to show their appreciation of Mr. Thompson's generous offer by a liberal patronage. The cup is to be engraved with the name of the church as well as that of the boy who wins the contest. The cup is now on exhibition in Mr. Stoddarts window. Ringside complimentaries will be sent to the Mayor and Councillors and also to the ministers of the city churches.

One of the alderman has expressed regret that the council does not know as much about Single Tax as a certain newspaper reporter seemed to do. Many a citizen will also regret it brother.

A meeting will be held next Wednesday night at McKinnells Candy Store to organize a Lacrosse club in this city, there being a number of devotees of Canadas' national game in town.

IN THOMPSON'S TRAINING CAMP

Bantam Weight Boxers Are Training Hard

If Thompson and Vinson are not in condition for their 15 round go on the evening of the 18th it will not be for want of training

Thompson may be seen any day running around the Marathon course, punching the bag or having a few rounds with one of his trainers.

He is absolutely certain of his ability to best Vinson and will put up every nickel he has in ready money on himself

A side bet of $200 is up, and with the Bantamweight Championship of Canada hanging on the result there can be no question about the contest being on the square

Vinson in a letter to this paper says we may assure our readers that he is out to win. He known he is up against a good man and is taking no chances.

He is training hard, in fact Vinson is always in training, and will arrive from Vancouver on the 16th and complete his training here.

The Thompson-Vinson go in Nanaimo when the affair was stopped by the police was a hummer and this one should be just as good.

The preliminary 6 round contest between Dyer of Sacrimento and Kid Mc Kee is also looked forward to with interest as the latter is known to be a good man and Dyer has a reputation that looks good being champion at his weight in California.

The Dominion Government has placed in a conspicuous place in our local post office a large three color litho. of H.M.C.S. Rainbow in which that vessel is made to look something like a super Dreadnought. The letterpress in connection calls for volunteers as stokers and for other lucrative position on board that vessel where active service would no doubt be seen in the perilous undertaking of running down American poaching fishing smacks inside the three mile limit.

Inspector Gordon states in his last report that it, will be necessary for the government to build a school at Nikrap, near Courtenay.

Lacrosse, it is stated will be the popular game here this summer.

FOR SALE—A five-roomed house, situated on half of lot 3. Penrith Avenue, Cumberland. Will sell for $650. Apply to Antono Ferrero at residence.

FOR SALE—Marrinelli's Boarding House. For particulars apply to the owner.

Courtenay.

A basket ball game was played in the Courtenay Opera House on Thursday last between Courtenay and Cumberland teams which resulted in a win for the former by 19 points to 8. The Cumberland team went away with a rush at the start, but were unable to stay with the Court, nay boys. The score at half time was 9-7 in favor of Courtenay, but in the second half Courtenay put on 10 more points to Cumberland's 1. Sandy McNeil was in great form for Courtenay scoring three fine goals in the second half. Leo Anderton was too well watched by Dykes who played a great game to do much scoring, but Hayman was not able to cope with Sandy. This was the first of the series of League games to be played and was very interesting, both teams playing good fast ball.

The Band will hold a "Necktie Social' on the 20th. inst. Each gentleman will be presented with a necktie, and some lady will have an apron to match, and supper partners will be chosen accordingly.

Mr. W. J. Goard, practical piano tuner of Vancouver, B. C., will be in Cumberland on or about March 20th. Reserve your piano till Mr. Goard comes, and have it put in proper shape.

CUMBERLAND WON AT BASKET BALL

Union Bay Defeated By Fourteen To Six

A number of rooters went down on the train with the local basket ballers to see them put it over the Bays by 14-6.

A preliminary was played between two ladies teams at the Bay in which the girls in red beat the girls in brown after an interesting exhibition.

Cumberland scored first and repeated twice before the Bays got started and tied. The Cumberlanders drew away again however and ended the first period 2 goals to the good,

During this period additional interest was added to the game through two squabbles over the rules.

In the second half Cumberland ran away with the game until their score reached 14, while Uuion Bay scored only twice during this half, just before the whistle blew for time.

A very pleasant dance followed at which the fair sex were at a premium, the men outnumbering them 3 to one.

For Sale,—A Piano in first class order. Cost $400, will sell for $250. Apply Potters Pool Room.

The Orange Young Britons will hold a grand Supper and Ball on April 4th. Morgan and Roys 5 piece orchestra will supply the music.

We understand that it is not correct that a certain alderman will be appointed press censor for this city

A school is to be established at No 7 right away.

Mrs Shearer met with a painful accident this week; slipping on some ice on the side walk she fell and broke her leg.

It is rumored that the company will build a new station in this city, but up to the time of going to press we have been unable to verify.

Strayed,—to my premises, a brown yearling steer. Owner may obtain same by paying expenses.

W.J. HARRIGAN

Services in the Roman Catholic Church will be held every other Sunday in Cumberland. Rev. H. Mertens, pastor.

Mrs. Simms can receive more pupils for piano lessons daily (except Tuesday) at any time by arrangement.

Camp Cumberland

Union Bay.

The finest social event ever held in Union Bay took place on Thursday Mar. 2nd in Humphrey's Hall, with Mrs. F. Brown, Mrs H. Drew and Mrs. Thos. Hudson as hostesses; the hall was tastefully decorated, evergreens entirely covering the walls from floor to ceiling; across the ceiling was a cross of flags and over the door the Union Jack was gracefully draped, on the floor were sixteen tables arranged in perfect order at which ninety people took their places for progressive whist, starting at 9 15 p. m. and finishing at 10 30, the whist being under the able management of Mr. A. R. Horne and assistant, the prizes being won by Mrs. Jas. McNeil, ladies' first, being a beautiful piece of cut glass, and the booby a mechanical duck won by Miss G. Glover; the gentleman's first prize was won by Mr. A. McLeod which was a beautiful ink stand of brass and Mr. R. Allen took gent's booby.

After the whist party a concert followed in which many of the Bay's best talent took part. The programme was closed by a sketch entitled, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," which was very well staged and caused lots of merriment, the different characters acquitting themselves admirably. Refreshments were then served after which followed a dance.

The moving pictures show on Saturday is considered by many to be the best here yet. the programme consisting of "Under the Stars and Bars" "The Lifeboat," and "The Snow Plow iceman. Great Forthern, "An Engineer's Sweetheart" and "Conquering Hero" closed the programme.

HONORS GRAND CHANCELLOR

Local Knights Visited By Grand Chancellor Thomson

Grand Chancellor Thomson of this city who has just returned from paying his round of official visits to the various K. of P. lodges of the province, visited Benevolence Lodge of this city in his official capacity on Tuesday night.

The Grand Chancellor was greeted by a large assembly of Knights, and after the Lodge business had been disposed of the members all sat down to the banquet table where they were met by the members of the Pythian Sister lodge and a most pleasant evening was spent, an interesting toast list being disposed of, the speeches being interspersed with splendid vocal talent from amongst the members of the two Pythian orders.

Bro. Thomson was able to report the order in a more than flourishing condition, with a gain in membership that breaks all records in the province.

Denman Island.

Mr and Mrs E R Tait and family arrived on the City of Nanaimo on Wednesday of last week Mr Tait who is largely intrested in the D.I. Stone Co., and president of that Co. intends to make his home on the Island for the coming spring and summer months.

Mr C Adey has in view the erection of a new barn. The contract for the building has been let to Fred Piercy & Jno. Nichol, and work will be commenced in a few days. Material for the building is being supplied by "Graham Bros" the local mill men,

Mr Dumaresqu and family moved into their new residence on Saturday.

Geo Doane is renewing logging operations on the east side of the Island. Work on this claim was commenced by Mr Doane last year but was abanded owing to the difficulty of obtaining a right-of-way through certain property belonging to Mr Geo. Beadnell. Jack Martin, camp foreman, expects to have the donkey engines on the ground by the end of the week.

The largest scow load of rock yet shipped by the D.I. Stone Co left their wharf on Monday evening. The load measured 4,000 cu. ft. and would weigh approximately 600 tons The scow was towed to Vancouver by the tug "Protective."

The advent of a real live automobile is the latest evidence of progress in this thriving little community. The new car, which is owned by Mr. Tait, is thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. It is equipped with a 30 H.P. four cylinder engine, and affords accomodations for five passengers. So far the Island horses seem to have taken kindly to the new comer,

Mr Piercey's ranch is the centre of land cleasing operations these days. All day long one can hear the "puff" of the donkey engine as it struggles with some giant log or deep rooted stump, in a successful effort to remove them from their original position. The stumps and logs are then hauled into large piles, to be burned later in the season Though only at work a few days considerable ground has been gone over by the crew, and already a great improvement has been made in the appearance of the place by the removal of some of the black timber. The work is being done by McFarlan & Wood.

For Sale—Two Houses on good dry lot rent for $10 per month each, will sell the two for $1650, or one for $850.

Apply X.Y.Z. ISLANDER OFFICE

CUMBERLAND EN MASQUE

St. Patrick's Day Ball Next Friday Night

The Firemen's Annual St. Patrick's Day Masquerade Ball promises to be a greater success this year than ever before.

This year the merchants have contributed much more generously toward the funds &as the Firemen have no desire to make a lot of money out of the affair, they have increased the prizes offered for costumes, the music is the best obtainable, and every committee is working hard to make their department just a little bit better than ever before.

If you have not got your ticket yet, do so at once, and if you have not secured a costume you may overcome this difficulty by applying to L. Piket, secrtary, who is obtaining a number of suits from Nanaimo, but only on special order.

On account of Friday, April 14th being a Dominion Bank Holiday, the Royal Bank of Canada's Sub Branch at Courtenay will be closed on that day, but will open on Saturday for the usual hours.

Correspondence.

To the Editor,

Sir:—Are the days of the Star Chamber coming in fashion again, and is the Mayor and Council doing re-introducing? I have been told, but could not credit it until reassured upon reliable authority, that you were threatened at the last meeting of that august body, with their thumb screws, their rack and red hot pincers, if you dared to criticize or in ny way hold them up to public opinion that a free and independent press will not be allowed during their term of office, that unless you become a sucking dove and submit an advance sheet to the Council, you yourself, will see stars and the seal of the Council will be attached to your printing press for "Les Majesty."

This is a very poor return for your finding them the platform which they accepted and were elected upon, but it is no new thing for people to climb the tree then turn round and kick the ladder away they mounted by.

Then, how dare you talk about "Single Tax!" Don't you know you should have sent them the ideas upon that, so that they could do the talking and get all the honor and glory.

The general opinion appears to be that such tactics will not make you limp and feeble, but, will tend to stiffen you—at least it is hoped so—and if it means a fight for liberty of the press you will have public opinion behind you and the press will win. That is a clock that even the Mayor and Council of Cumberland cannot put back.

It is doubtful if they are entitled to hold their seats, as the voters' list here was made up with the same illegality as at Victoria, but if they are willing to risk it, they would be working in the interests of the City to much better advantage if they saw to its being cleaned up and put in a sanitary condition, than voicing the restrictive methods of the dark ages, more especially as we are more or less in direct touch with Honolulu, where they have cholera of a most deadly type, 15 deaths of 20 cases. Our conditions are just a hotbed for that or any other epidemic.

16TH CENTURY.

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE.

In effect Oct. 3rd.

Arrival
- Tuesday morning
- Wednesday afternoon
- Friday afternoon
- Saturday night overland
- Sunday, about 9.30 a. m.

Departure
- Tuesday—6.15 a m.
- Thursday—6.15 a. m.
- Saturday—6.15 a. m
- Sunday, 2.15 p. m. sharp

The All Big-Gun Battleships the Revolutionizing Effect of Navies

REAR-ADMIRAL ALFRED T. MAHAN has written the following article for The World's Work. It points out how the coming of the Dreadnought made the world's navies partly obsolete and how Germany's growing commerce is responsible for the changes in many navies. It is of great importance that Canadians, especially on the Pacific Coast, should realize the exact position with regard to this naval question and the revolution that has taken place since the destruction of the Russian fleet by Japan in the straits of Tsushima.

It is not easy to divide human progress in any one of its activities into exact decades. But in the matter of naval development, there is a very slight departure from precise accuracy in saying that in the ten years which end with 1910 the most memorable novel feature (although already indicated before 1901) has been the accomplished alterations in relative power among the chief maritime states as regards naval force, and in the distribution of it. This is the most vitally significant element in the existing new situation; because this shifting of the naval balance, and modification of strategic dispositions, are the outcome of profound political and economical changes often overlooked by the heedless observer.

The British Naval Annual (probably the most complete and authoritative naval periodical published in English) said in 1902:

"During the past ten years the comparative strength of the leading navies of the world has been completely modified. Ten years ago (1892), the only navy which could bear comparison with the British was that of France. Next came Russia, then Italy. Germany and the United States were almost negligible quantities. The japanese had not yet begun to create a navy."

Thus within the decade now ending, three of the great existing navies—those of Germany, Japan and the United States—are newcomers.

At the present moment, counting ships actually built and under construction, the German navy is second to that of Great Britain. That of the United States is a close third, but it is steadily losing ground—despite the strong appeals of Mr. Roosevelt during his tenure of the presidency, which covered the greater part of the decade under consideration. Throughout much of this period, Germany and the United States were running neck and neck, although this possibly was not the result of direct intention. For a short time the United States navy was the second in the world. The French has dropped now to the fourth place, with a large interval between them and number three. Japan follows France, with fifteen battleships to twenty-three.

These changes are above all significant, because they are the outcome of changed political and economical conditions. Of these the greatest is the industrial progress of Germany since the introduction of the protective system in 1879, which followed shortly upon the consolidation of the empire in 1870. Coincident with the adoption of protection came the alliance with Austria-Hungary. This has confirmed the military preponderance of Middle Europe on the continent—thus increasing the ability of Germany to devote expenditure to its navy, to which it has been further compelled by the immense growth of its commerce. A few figures tell the story. Between 1894 and 1904, Germany's trade with the European continent by land increased by 48 per cent.; by sea, the increase was 68 per cent.; while with countries outside of Europe—that is, by purely maritime, long voyage commerce—the increase was 94 per cent. Such increase of seaborne trade induces naval expansion.

The relative advance of Germany as compared with that of Great Britain, its real competitor, has been much facilitated by the universal adoption of a new type of warship, familiar to the general reader under the name Dreadnought. This, from a particular vessel, has come to characterize a type, as Monitor did fifty years ago. This is perhaps the most important technical development of the period before us, and therefore requires explanation. In strict nomenclature, Dreadnoughts are ships the armament of which is concentrated in a very few, very heavy guns—preferably all of the same size. For this the expression "all big-gun (A. B. G.) ship" has been coined. In rigorous design they were to have no other battery—except a number of very light pieces, ineffective against battleships, and designed to repel torpedo attack. Actually, while the very few big guns remain as characteristic (the emphasis of the conception being on them), several navies, among them the German and Japanese, retain what is called "the intermediate battery" of five-inch and six-inch guns. The argument for these is the demoralizing, paralyzing, effect upon an enemy's crew of their fierce succession of impacts and explosions, owing to their greater swiftness of fire.

In effect, the fewness of the very big guns has given rise to a desire to increase their number, which could only be done by increasing tonnage. The result of this has been a progressive and very rapid growth in size. In 1904 (October 28), the general board of the United States recommended the Connecticut of 16,000 tons, to be the standard as to displacement and dimensions. The last planned battleship for the American navy calls for a displacement of 27,000 tons. A similar advance is to be observed in all navies. The original Dreadnought was laid down in October, 1905, was launched February 10, 1906, and was completed early in 1907. Its displacement was 17,900 tons; its immediate successors ran to 18,600; and those which next followed to 19,250. Argentine and Brazil, relations between which are strained, are building now—Argentine, two Dreadnoughts of 28,000 tons; Brazil, three of 19,000 tons displacement.

Germany, up to 1907, purposely built battleships of a moderate displacement—13,500 tons; but the large advance in size of the Dreadnought, and the particularities of its armament and other qualities compelled a radical change of policy in all naval states. As soon as ts trials snowed the success of the design, Germany laid down a batch of four ships of the same general type, with displacement variously stated as 18,500 and, most recently, 18,900 tons. It s the German policy to build ships in squadrons of four—homogeneous; and the second group of Dreadnoughts is said to ..ave more than 20,000 tons displacement.

These progressive increases in size are partly due to the demand for higher speeds; because an element of the theory of A. B. G. ships is that, by power to engage distance, they can throw out of action the shorter range intermediate guns which opponents may carry. But the decisive influence of the Dreadnought type has been to constitute a wholly new departure in battleship creation, the effect of which is to antiquate previous types, even of recently built vessels. Dreadnoughts only it is held, can contend with Dreadnoughts; vessels pre-existing are useful chiefly as a reserve if opposing fleets of the bigger type should mutually disable each other. Consequently, Great Britain's construction of the Dreadnoughts enabled Germany, which was hopelessly behind in number of smaller battleships, to start by prompt action nearly even in the class of vessel which by preponderant contemporary naval opinion is alone fit to lie in the first line of battle.

This condition is the essential feature in the present building competition between Germany and Great Britain. As the London Times (March 21) has said, "Our naval programme is made abroad, and made mostly in Germany." In the spring of 1913, the British prime minister anticipates that Germany will have 21 Dreadnoughts to Great Britain's 25—a narrow margin compared to the advocated two-power standard. The naval position of the United States also is greatly affected by the Dreadnought change, because the increased reluctance of Congress to build coincided with the advent of that type which alone is now, by many, considered fit for the forefront of the battle. In this type of ship the numbers built and building early in 1910 were: Great Britain 16; Germany 13; United States 8; France 6; Japan 4.

The huge growth of the German navy due to the expansion of German commerce, if not the sole cause of the concentration of the British navy in home waters has largely contributed to it; 85 per cent. of the battleship force is around the British Islands. The greater centre of naval interest has thus been transferred during the decade from the Mediterranean and eastern waters to the channel and North Sea. France, on the contrary having now an understanding with Great Britain has concentrated its battleships in the Mediterranean, diminishing its Northern Squadron." These are strategic distributions springing ultimately from commercial and naval development—that of Germany. It is proper, however, to note that the concentration of battleship force has become the general practice of all navies. Division of the United States battlefleet between the Atlantic and Pacific would meet now with general professional condemnation. In the cruise of the battle-fleet round the world in 1908, it was noted that the previous, yet recent practice of dispersing navies in various seas and ports was universally abandoned. Ships are no longer scattered but are kept together in bodies; the distribution of peace thus corresponds to the probable emergencies of war. This is a development of the decade.

I have purposely refrained from the treatment of technical matters, in most of which warships have much in common with merchant vessels. It is proper, however, to note one very great progress since 1900, and especially since 1905; namely, that in the rapidity and accuracy of gun firing and aiming. This is due partly to the more systematic training of the gunlayers; partly to improvements in the method of "fire-control" by which the position of the target and the falling of the shots are more continuously observed and more certainly transmitted to the gunners in the batteries. Details are too technical and cumbrous for a short article, and also a certain element of "Confidential' surrounds the returns. For general statement, it will suffice to cite the largest navy in the world. In the British service the "gun-layers' tests" have shown an increase in the percentage of hits to rounds fired, from 36.3 in 1901 to 81.5 in 1907. The battle practice tests are more severe, yielding according to a paper in the Scientific American of December 19, 1908, an average of 35 to 40 per cent.; the best ships have risen as high as 65 per cent. Doubtless the still severer trial of actual battle will decrease this somewhat, but the improvement over former results is manifest and great. In the Parliamentary return of battle practice for 1909 the admiralty has expressed its continued satisfaction with the advance shown. The highest British authority asserted in 1909 that the British navy could now hit a target at a range of four miles more often that it could hit one a year or two before at three-quarters of a mile. This development began with Captain (now Admiral Sir Percy) Scott of H. M. S. Terrible in 1900. Falling under the observation of Lieutenant (now Captain) W. S. Sims it has become the foundation of that now used in the American navy.

It is also not amiss to mention that hopes are entertained of introducing internal combustion as the motive power of the great warships. This would dispense with smokestacks, injuries to which are among the greater dangers of battle. The fall of a funnel or its extensive perforation, diminishes perilously the power of a ship to maintain speed while at the same time enormously increases the expenditure of fuel which is then wasted by carloads. The substitution of internal combustion, however, is only in an experimental stage and prediction as to its future is unsafe. It is an aspiration of the decade not a realization.

Rear-Admiral Mahan was born in 1840, entering the United States navy as a cadet in 1856. His father was a professor of military engineering in the United States Military Academy at West Point; and he comes, therefore, both by birth and inheritance into his present position of authority. He served throughout the war of secession; and after that saw active service with South Atlantic, Pacific, Asiatic and European squadrons. In 1886 he was president of the Naval War College; and it was at this time that he published his first great book upon "The Influence of Sea Power upon History."

This book appeared in 1890, followed in 1892 by "The Influence of Sea Power Upon the French Revolution and Empire." These books brought him instant fame throughout the world, and were translated into almost every language. He retired from the navy in 1896, after forty years of distinguished service; but in 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, he resumed active service as a member of the navy war board, and is supposed to have controlled the successful strategy of the American fleet at that time.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN NEEDS MORE BLOOD

Nerves Easily Irritated, She Worries Over Little Things

To the woman in the home — the woman closely confined to the house either through household duties or the care of children, or both—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive blessing. The average woman has too little blood. Her nerves are easily irritated; she worries over little things; has severe headaches and backaches and is sick most of the time. With the woman who uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the condition is different. She is always well, and the care of her children, or her household duties, is a real pleasure. This is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich the blood supply and bring bounteous health and strength. Here is proof. Mrs. Fanny Shepherd, Girvin, Sask., says: "I am the mother of a large family and was worn out, weak and irritable. I kept going to my doctor about every six weeks, and he would give me something "to keep me going a little longer." But it was like winding up a clock, I soon got run down again, and although life seemed hardly worth living, I did not wish to die because of leaving my little children. I continued like this for some years, but at last summoned up enough energy to strike out a new departure and got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I barely hoped they would help me, but to my surprise, before I had been taking them long I began to feel like a different woman. I still continued taking the Pills for some time, and they made me as well and strong as any woman need wish to be. Once more I would enjoy life thoroughly, and have done so ever since. I never need a doctor now, and everything seems bright and cheerful. I shall always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who in my opinion needs a tonic of any kind."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Office said that though he had been in the island for nine years he had seen in all that time but two ruby-throats. Now the green humming birds are being slaughtered, and at the London feather sales this month the skins of 1,600 of the birds were sold at one-sixteenth of a penny per skin.

To show that the same slaughter is being carried out all over the world, Mr. Buckland next gave extracts from an official report by the United States Inspector of Birds and Animals on the bird reservations established by the United States Government in the mid-North Pacific.

During the past few years I have visited all of the low coral islands in the North Pacific, and have been appalled at the destruction of the birds on these islands by plume-hunters.

On Marcus Island a party had wiped out of existence one of the largest albatross colonies in these waters.

Everywhere on Eastern Island great heaps, waist high, of dead albatrosses were found. Thousands upon thousands of both species had been killed with clubs, the wing and breast feathers stripped off to be sold as hat trimmings, and the carcases thrown in heaps to rot.

The same official reported the capture of bird pirates on one island with the skins of 300,000 birds, and on another with 259,000 birds.

Mr. Buckland pressed home what a crime this is to mankind, for "desolate and lonely indeed will Britons find the ocean when there are no more albatrosses." He showed, too, that the London trade in fancy feathers depends largely on smuggled goods. India prohibits the export of the feathers, but the slaughter of the birds continues, and the skins are smuggled out of the ports in packages falsely declared to contain "cow-hair," etc.

In conclusion he appealed for an Act to prevent the sale or exchange of plumes of officially "protected" birds. That seemed the only way to stop the plumage pirates' nefarious traffic.

BIRD MURDER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Sixteen Hummingbirds Killed and Sold for a Penny

AMAZING figures showing the appalling havoc among beautiful birds which are shot in thousands, and in some places by the ton, to figure as women's adornments, were given a few days ago in a paper read by Mr. James Buckland at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute in London.

Some idea of the extent of the slaughter, he said, might be obtained by examining the catalogues of the London feather sales, but the huge figures in these catalogues by no means sum up the total loss of life, for the fancy feathers, to be profitable to the trade, have to be taken from the body of the bird during the breeding season, and the young birds are left in the nests to starve to death.

Among ornamental feathers assumed for show during the courting season the tail of the lyre-bird of Australia, he said, was unequalled, but the bird was now so hunted that it would soon become extinct. A few years ago over 400 lyre-birds were killed in one district in a single season to supply the London plumage market, and it was a fact of sinister import that only fifty-two tails have been catalogued this year in the London feather sales

The plumed egret in Australia was being similarly slaughtered. When the attention of Parliament was called in 1898 to the fact that all egrets which are killed for their plumes are shot down at their breeding-places, and that if the young have been hatched they die of hunger, so strong a repulsion arose at such barbarity that the following year the British Government substituted a new plume, not made of the feathers of the egret, for that previously used for certain regiments of our army. By what subtle reasoning the Government was able to draw a nice distinction between the cruelty involved in wearing an egret in a cavalry officer's busby and one in a woman's bonnet was one of those exercises of the political faculty which the crude intellect of the man outside St. Stephen's was unable to follow.

Mr. Buckland went on to describe the bower birds' strange habit of building playhouses in the shape of bowers, which they decorate with flowers, leaves, shells, and other embellishments, according to species. In and about these "runs," as they are called in Australia, the birds sport for hours together. But with the exception of the lyre-bird, the Regent bower bird was more sought after for its feathers than any bird in Australia. Even in recent times, skins of the Regent bower bird were common in the London millinery establishments, but the species was rapidly becoming extinct. This month 21 were sold at the London feather sales. They realized 1s. 7d. per skin. So this ornithological wonder, not only of Australia, but of the world, was to be swept from the earth. And all for what? One shilling and seven-pence per skin!

So overwhelming has been the destruction of the humming birds in the West Indies, proceeded Mr. Buckland, that certain species with a restricted habitat have been swept out of existence and other species are at the point of extermination. Take, for instance, those little gems known as "ruby-throats," which once were common objects in certain parts of the West Indies. Writing from Trinidad on November 29, the head of the Crown Lands

FRIVOLOUS MOTOR NOTES

IF you find your car is very noisy as it runs along the country roads, an excellent method of deadening the sound is to cover your tires with a heavy wrapping of red plush, of the kind used generally for the making of drawing-room portieres. This will serve the desired end, and, while it is expensive, it is less so than if you used Gobelin tapestries for the same purpose.

The attempt to overcome the tendency to skid by attaching what is now known as the Wellman equilibrator to the end of your car, the same consisting of a long rope with six or seven tin barrels of gasoline tied to the end of it, is said to have resulted successfully as far as skidding is concerned, but the tendency of the rope to wind itself around lamp-posts and trees en route is so strong that it must be overcome before the attachment can be considered entirely adapted to modern needs. Eighteen lamp-posts and seven elm trees were uprooted during the first experiments before the demonstration was brought to a close.

An ingenious student of the uses of by-products has, we are informed, invented a thermos-bottle attachment to be placed at the end of any gasoline car of modern model, whereby the hitherto wasted smell of the gasoline in the wake of motors can be caught and preserved for subsequent unbottling and use in fur-storage warehouses, in place of camphor balls and other moth-destroying remedies. It is claimed that in an ordinary run of forty miles enough of this can be stored in a single bottle to provide protection for a single warehouse floor containing an area of sixty by two hundred and fifty-seven feet.

One of the communities in Maine which has suffered considerably from the excessive speed of visiting cars has recently tried the experiment of sprinkling the highway with a mixture of melted tar and molasses, having the consistency of ordinary mucilage. The result has been not only that a turnpike that was almost always covered by a cloud of dust is now entirely free from this nuisance, but also that the speediest cars, immediately after striking this particular stretch of road, are automatically slowed down, by the effect of the action of the mixture upon the rubber tires, to less than two miles an hour

The offensive odors of the garage to those to whom the smell of gasoline and oil is a trial can be readily overcome by the simple expedient of installing a small kitchen range at the rear, and keeping two open pots upon the top thereof, in which cauliflowers are kept boiling all day long over a slow fire. If cauliflowers are not easily obtainable, very much the same general result can be obtained by taking off a single lid of the range and inserting the end of an old woollen overcoat or a piece of rag carpet therein, taking care that the smoke that rises therefrom shall not be restrained or diverted in any way up the chimney.

What to do with a last year's limousine top has seemed to be a vexatious problem with a large number of our corespondents who write to us for advice. Much, of course, depends where the owner lives. If he happens to be a resident of the suburbs, the coupe top will make a very ornate and attractive chicken coop, or possibly a first-class kennel for dogs. Residents of cities on the other hand, can easily have them made over into cases for their ornamental china, or, if they live in apartment-houses, they can be fastened securely to the fire-escape at the front or rear and used for hothouses for winter plants. Four of them placed side by side with the doors opening into each other will suffice for an excellent summer bungalow, the first being used as a reception-room, the second for a sleeping-apartment, the third for a dining room, and the fourth for a kitchen.

For persons suffering from a torpid liver, what is known as the Kangaroo car is likely to prove a great blessing The scheme of the car is to have four wheels of different sizes, so that when in motion the car will jolt the occupant from side to side with a degree of violence dependent entirely upon the speed attained. These motors, should however, be handled with extreme care lest, going at too high a rate of speed the occupant be thrown out, with the great likelihood of suffering internal injuries which are even more dangerous than the inactive organ whose shortcomings they are designed to overcome On general principles, the Kangaroo should not be driven faster than thirty miles an hour, particularly over rough roads.

In a New York Court

WHEN I inquired the way to the New York Domestic Relations Court the wayfarer told me with embarrassing promptness that it was a court for women only, and for women who had been deserted by their husbands. Men who had been deserted, beaten, or otherwise maltreated by their wives should apply—well, my informant really did not know where they should apply. Personally he did not believe that any provision had been made for them and, being a bit of a philosopher, he added that to be deserted by one's wife was hardly a matter of commiseration, but rather for envy. He did not use these very words, having a tendency toward a vernacular profanity, but that is what he meant. Having thus shed some gentle and unsolicited illumination upon his own domestic difficulties, he assumed an air of scornful scepticism toward my assurances that my motives were those of curiosity only, but he directed me all the same, and left me with a comradely assurance that it was best to leave well alone.

The Domestic Relations Court was established at the instigation of a philanthropist who was laboring under the "bring them together" delusion. Recognizing that there was a vast amount of marital disagreement—not to say venomous hatred—he argued that if some just judge of experience, sympathy and tact were empowered to reason sweetly with defaulting spouses and to point out the error of their ways a reconciliation would often be the result. Cases of obduracy could be met by the iron hand without the velvet glove, while to crown the edifice there should be a woman probation officer, who would use the wiles of her sex to follow up the heavy artillery of the bench. On the whole it was rather a gorgeous idea, but of course the "bring them together" theory was just pure unadulterated foolishness. These people at the Domestic Relations Court don't want to be brought together. What they want for the most part is to be explosively separated and kept separated by armor-plating and reinforced concrete.

Every day about forty women apply to Judge Harris at this remarkable court. The husbands are usually there, too, not from choice, but from necessity, and it is evident enough that many of these wretched men are finding the first chance of their married lives to get "a word in edgeways." But put out of your minds all sentimental ideas, all vapid gush about misunderstood lives, or incompatibilities that have hardened into estrangements. Nothing of the sort. Nine out of ten of these complaints have their source in a selfish brutality upon the one side or the other that almost defies comprehension. Nine out of ten of these desertions and grievances simply show that one party or the other has never known even a glimmering sense of duty, has never for one moment broken away from a crude and bestial self-interest. And the women are as bad as the men, for while desertion or ill treatment are capable of definite and concrete statement and complaint, the inferno of incompetence and nagging that precede them can not be so stated or presented.

Take, for example, one case. Here is a woman who complains that her husband is about to desert her. She is a large, stern, and uncompromising looking female. He is a small, nervous, and sickly male with a cough. Only Providence knows why he married her, but perhaps he could not run very fast. He has come to the court with her by judicial order, but she could, and doubtless would, have brought him anyway. Her complaint of intended desertion is specific and definite and, Heaven help her, she has no shadow of a doubt of the justice of her cause and she states it defiantly, stridently.

The husband is apparently surprised at being asked for his version, and still more at being allowed to give it without interruption by the dragoness who confronts him, but being reassured by the judicial trappings, he speaks up like a little man. He works in a sweatshop and his health has given way. The doctor tells him that his days are numbered unless he can get into the country, and he has been so lucky as to find a job in New Hampshire and at good pay. He will probably recover under better conditions, but the lady refuses to leave New York. She likes the city and she has her friends and she will not go. That is all there is to it. She will not go. She does not dispute her husband's statements. Indeed, she assents to them, but why should she be forced to leave the city against her will? Never in her life has she done anything against her will, and she veritably trembles with indignation at the thought, and looks confidently to the judge for vindication and for the unleashing of the legal thunders against the poor, coughing little miscreant whom she has arraigned. Imagine such a woman. How interesting it would be to examine her phrenological department or to speculate upon the ossification of her alleged soul. But never mind about that. The judge speaks to her in the language understanded by the people, and she retreats twittering with bewilderment, perplexity, and indignation. But what will happen to that poor, abject, shivering mouse when she gets him in the private sanctities of their apartment house? And he has no Domestic Relations Court to go to, nor will she ever desert him. Not while she lives.

Now take another case. This time the complainant is a little gray-haired woman, labor-worn and toil-stained. The husband is a son of Anak and with the sweetly winning ways of a rhinoceros. She is his second wife, and she has devoted herself for years to the training and care of his two daughters. Now she is deserted, her husband and the girls having gone to another part of the city and forbidden her to follow them. Imagine wanting to follow such a high-smelling trio, but then what can she do?

So the husband, as before, is asked what he has to say for himself, and he speaks out frankly from the bottom of his base, black heart. "Well, your honor, you see she's getting old——" He does not know that this is not a valid excuse, for why should he live with a woman who is no longer attractive merely because she happens to be his wife? He would have finished the sentence, but he happens to catch a glimpse of the judge's eye, and the human eye can be so much more eloquent than the human tongue. He is not ashamed, for he has not yet reached that point in evolution, a point to which most dogs have attained, where shame becomes possible, but he has a vague feeling that for some reason the judge disapproves of him. Had he gone on he would have doubtless explained that his smart daughters did not wish to associate with the shabby little woman who had given her life for them. It would have been no good to talk to them. It would be as intelligent as to discuss vegetarianism with a tiger, or toilet perfumes with a polecat.

Somewhere or other we find that the love of money is at the root of all these evils, which, after all, is but a fulfillment of scripture. A good many of the wives were earning their own living before marriage and now they find that they no longer have the pocket money that they were used to. Duty, Self sacrifice? Not a bit of it. They have never heard of such things. You might as well talk to them of the binominal theorem or of equations. In most cases you find a husband or a wife who is absolutely heartless, wholly selfish, and with not so much conscience as the beasts that perish. These proceedings really ought to be held in camera. There are some sights that it is not good to see, and some odors that ought not to be smelled, and the worst sights and the worst odors are often beyond the scope of the criminal law. They constitute a sort of legal depravity far worse than anything within the code. It is fortunate that they are so rarely sensational and that there is little in the Domestic Relations Court to stimulate the jaded appetites of a surfeited public.

BOTTLE MESSENGERS

THE Hydrographic Bureau is always interested in endeavors to ascertain, by means of bottle messages, information as to the movements of the oceans. These bottles contain papers that have been dropped overboard from vessels in many places, to drift at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Knowing from their records where the bottles had been thrown overboard, the bureau has been able to trace, in a general way, the path they must have followed in order to reach the places where they were found. In one report alone there were published the adventures of over one hundred bottles.

Being partially filled with air and then securely corked, the bottles float on the surface of the water, and go wherever the wind and the current of the sea carry them. Each bottle contains a record of the place and the date of its starting. Some of these found have floated for many months, and sometimes years, on the bosom of the ocean, and have travelled thousands of miles.

It has been found that bottles dropped overboard between the shores of the United States and England or France generally travel toward the northeast, following the course of that great river in the Atlantic Ocean called the Gulf Stream. Bottles started off the coasts of Spain and Africa travel, as a rule, westward until they arrive among the West Indian Islands. Along the European side of the ocean the bottles take a southerly course, and along the American side a northerly course.

It thus appears, as a result of winds and currents, that the whole Atlantic Ocean is slowly circulating round and round, like an enormous pool. This accounts for the stories that were current in Europe hundreds of years ago of strange objects of human manufacture having floated from the New to the Old World, thus giving a clue to the existence of undiscovered lands beyond the sea.

A NEW NON-CORROSIVE DISINFECTANT AND SHEEP-DIP

SHEEP farmers who realize the great difficulty attending the use of arsenic and sulphur in their dipping operations will doubtless be interested in a new dip which has been recently evolved. Many efforts have been made to secure an efficient means of dissolving crude arsenic and sulphur in the deodorizing liquid, but without success, with the result that dipping could only be carried out in an irregular manner. Recently, however, a process has been invented whereby the arsenic and sulphur are readily dissolved, and in such a manner that when they are mixed with the tar acids a very powerful non-corrosive disinfectant is obtained. It is stated that, this specialty being much stronger than any other type of non-corrosive deodorizer—it is from four to five times as powerful as the disinfectant usually employed—only a much smaller quantity need be used at a time, so that the dipping operation can be carried out far more cheaply as well as successfully.

MOTHERS APPRECIATE BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Because they are the only medicine which gives the guarantee of a Government analyst to contain no opium, morphine or other harmful narcotic. This means the mother can give this medicine to her youngest baby with absolute safety. Thousands of mothers know this and will give no other medicine to their little ones. The Tablets cannot do harm—they always do good. When the little one has a cold; baby indigestion; colic; when he has worms or his teeth are troubling him, Baby's Own Tablets will prove their worth. Concerning them Mrs. E. Merriam, Shetland, Ont., writes: "I use Baby's Own Tablets for my three little ones and consider them the very best medicine during the teething period. The Tablets are sold at 25 cents a box by all medicine dealers or direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

IS THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM
IN YOUR GROCERY ORDER
—SEE THAT YOU GET IT—
COSTS NO MORE THAN THE
ORDINARY KINDS
CONTAINS NO ALUM

DAME FASHION'S DECREES

HOW we fly to our furs at the first nip in the air, and how pleased we are to twine them around us, however unwelcome winter may be in other respects! It is very much a case of "twining" just now, for the fur stoles, probably to compete with the muffs, are getting wider and wider. The stole we considered ample a year ago seems insignificant now, and the muff we considered immense a mere pigmy. A girl I know has freshened her last winter's set most cleverly. The edges of her stole and muff had suffered, and so she bethought herself of giving to both of them a border of really marvellous imitation Persian lamb. Not only are stole and muff now wider, but infinitely su-

Blue Satin Tailor Gown

perior in effect. I have an idea that the suit of fur, a thing oftener seen in Paris than in London, might be evolved rather well from fabrics which simulate furs or that a suit of, say, velveteen might be trimmed with imitation Persian lamb, or mole cloth with the equally wonderful imitation moleskin.

* * *

Then, to talk of costly things, have you noticed how very much the element of design is entering into the composition of the fur set, how an ermine set is almost sure to be cunningly planned with borders of skunk, fox, or even moleskin? Apropos of this, very soft and charming is the union of tailless ermine and smoked fox. Admirable, too, *is the merging of ermine and moleskin, but not so effective* as when the bordering fur is of the fluffy long-haired description. Another new and delightful idea is the using *of white and black foxskins together. A very notable set* had the muff of black fox, bordered each side with white, and in the stole the white fox skins crossed from shoulder to shoulder *at the back.* The sable stole, an item now only to be bought by the wealthy, is still occasionally made wide on the shoulder after the pelerine idea, but is more often arranged as a long, wide and straight scarf, and is frequently lined with ermine. The tails with which formerly the sable stole was profusely adorned are now relegated to the ends of the stole, whilst the ermine lining, if there be one, will probably have its tails also reserved to decorate the ends only, where they are sewn flat on the fur. This is altogether a good idea, in my opinion, as I have never thought ermine tails dangle successfully. With regard to the fur trimming of coats, apart from the fur set, have you noticed how popular is the "high to the neck" build of coat finished with a close, cosy line of fur at the throat? Several of the velvet suits I have seen have this cosy, picturesque touch. Indeed, what with big muffs and stoles, and hats that, like a helmet, protect the whole head, cosiness forms a conspicuous feature of the present-day fashions.

* * *

An evening coat that I admired was of Persian blue charmeuse, and had, right up to the chin, a line of chinchilla, which was, of course, echoed at the wrist, and massive motifs of chinchilla gray embroidery fastening the coat to the side. I am much enamored of the motif matching the fur, although it is not at the moment a conspicuous feature. Many of the fur and velvet coats are also cut high to the neck, with generally a side fastening, this giving them something of the Russian air, especially when the line of fur encircling the coat is carried down to border the double-breasted effect and is finished with lovely buttons, or else occasional square motifs to serve the same end. Fashion will occasionally indulge in extremes, and many of the long coats have long, bold, draped revers. The "happy medium" is at the moment conspicuous by its absence where details are concerned, these in many *cases being daring, even when* the principal garment is governed by the spirit of moderation. A girl who garbs herself in a decorous suit of serge, *which is sufficiently roomy in the skirt to permit her to walk* easily, will throw over it a monstrously big fur set, will wear an immensely wide hat, and will carry a handbag dangling *from extraordinarily long, plaited cord* handles which indeed permit of the bag being slung over the shoulder to take care of itself.

* * *

Though the leading Paris dressmakers and milliners launch the majority of their season's models at the beginning of the spring and autumn, their fertile brains are constantly creating some new surprise for us throughout the year. We notice every fresh attempt on the part of these important establishments, either at the races and roller-skating rinks or at the afternoon bridge, receptions and dress rehearsals. Of late, a novel arrangement of jet for evening wear has come to the fore, and I noted the revival of jet trimmings and tunics, a *fashion that has been discarded* since the last twelve or fourteen months. But a skilful Paris couturier has again introduced the spangled and *fringed tunic, and, judging from the way this material* is now adopted, there is every reason to believe that jet will once more become first favorite. The dress that created *somewhat of a sensation at this particular dress rehearsal* was in cerise Liberty satin veiled with pink mousseline de soie. The muslin was covered in its turn with the fringed *jet tunic.* The novel effect here consisted of a gold tulle scarf fringed with gold beads draped around the figure a la Carmen. In this manner one side of the black and pink bodice was not veiled with the gold. The combination of these four thin materials in different colorings was exquisite.

A frock I saw the other day was of charmeuse right away down to a point midway between the knee and the instep, whence it was bordered with black velvet headed by skunk. Worthy of note, too, is an all-in-one frock of white crepe de chine, striped with black velvet, bordered from a little below the knees with plain black velvet, this, of course, repeated on the bodice. Then the exclusive couturier is blending Ottoman silk and velvet, a blending one might expect to be heavy if it were not for the extreme simplicity and skimpiness of the build of both frocks and tailor suits at the moment. A frock of dark green Ottoman silk was bordered with dark green velvet, and owned a coat of the velvet with skunk bordering the base of the sleeves *and outlining the neck. The coat was cut high in the double-*breasted fashion, a characteristic of which I have a word to say. This making of a coat high to the neck, which I *have noticed in both tailor suits and big evening coats,* is another instance of the desire to get away from the expected. In the latter case I consider it a very sensible move and a reform as well, the result being most becoming when the tour de cou is of chinchilla or ermine. Failing fur, I have known a velvet, a satin, or even a cloth coat finished by a stole cravat of the throw-over kind, made of the fabric

Breitschwantz Jacket and Velvet Gown

of the cloak. That the ends were prettily fringed and weighted will go without saying. This high-to-the-neck build has *a pleasant harmony of line with the side fastening that one* sees in so many of the newest coats. A very pretty coat of black velvet, which its owner is using for both day and *evening, is trimmed with natural gray opposum.* Fastening high to the neck, with just such a stole as I have described of the opposum, the coat is double-breasted, but from the *waist wraps* so much to the left that the fastening is as far around as the side line of the figure. The fastening consists of a row of good-sized braided buttons over which slip loops of rat-tail, reaching to the base of the coat. It is lined with satin in a lovely shade of pink, almost salmon, and around the edge of this lining runs a plait of silver Russian braid, a very pretty finish. Another means by which exclusive fashion strikes a different note is the substituting of crepe satin for the ordinary kind. I am not at all sure that the crepe satin is as beautiful as the plain, but it is a change and more expensive, and therefore not so accessible to all. I saw a rather good coat and skirt recently in black crepe satin, but I attributed most of its elegance to the very slim figure of its wearer.

A plague of snails on the coast of Ceylon is assuming serious proportions. Millions of snails are to be found, and some of them weigh as much as a pound. The snails have begun feeding on the young cocoanut trees and it is feared that they may attack the young rubber trees.

CHANGING FASHIONS AND PERMANENT GOOD TASTE

WHY do so many women fail to realize that at no other time are their boots and underskirt so plainly in evidence as in outdoor exercises and sports?

It is a matter for surprise that a woman who understands the need of a special skirt and coat of some sort for the open air does not grasp the fact that her boots are of the greatest importance, and her underskirt, if she wears one, scarcely less so.

The woman who knows what is fit will select a plain, substantial boot, black or tan, dull-finished, waterproof, with sensible heels and laced, for her walks or sports. The high heel, the bright finish, the buttoned closing, are all out of place *on the boot intended for strenuous wear.* This boot should be of a conservative, standard make, and rigidly destitute of *any "fancy" features of stitching* and style. Its laces should always look strong and new, and the frayed, knotted *shoestring should never be tolerat*ed. Have always at hand a bunch of new strings, whether black or brown, and then the sudden break which so often happens in the process of lacing will never find you unfurnished. Keep the heels absolutely straight by frequent trips to the repairer's, and always dry wet boots over trees that fit them. This will keep them in good shape, and you will find that your care will amply repay you, for well-cared-for boots wear long and look well until completely worn out. When you buy your boots, ask the salesman's advice about dressing for the leather, and follow it, for people who handle leather all the time are very wise about its proper treatment.

An astonishing number of men observe, in the minutest fashion, women's feet and how they are shod. Do not be found wanting when you come under scrutiny in that respect, and remember that while the defects of house shoes may pass unobserved under long skirts, the short skirts and free movement of open-air life throw the feet into great prominence.

For the outing underskirt it is well worth while to go to some trouble and expense for the fascinating effect of a *pretty flounce that appears and disap*pears in the quick motions of skating, country walking, etc., is a distinct element of feminine charm. Of course, for rain the underskirt should be durable, and of a material that could stand a visit to the tub, if necessary, to remove all stain of mud. But the fair weather outdoor skirt has a different purpose and can therefore have different materials and style.

A silk or sateen foundation, made perfect-fitting on the new close-fit lines, will do away with all unsightly bunches of strings. A material of silky surface will be found more practical because the heavy outdoor skirt slides and hangs easily over it. The jersey-top petticoats are not good for this purpose because the skirt sticks to their rough fibres. Of course, if the jersey top is woven of silk, that would make it all right for the garment now under consideration.

Make your skirt knee-length, on the *modified habit-back pattern, but wide* enough for the freest motions. Then make or buy one of the new adjustable *flounces that can be had in so many* charming colors and effects, and put it onto the body of your skirt with the clever little drawstring. Presto! Your little plain, simply-made petticoat becomes at once a garment of charm and distinction. A clever woman who can make her own simpler clothes can easily construct this underskirt for herself, and if she makes or buys several of the new adjustable flounces she can keep her outing underskirt in perfect harmony with the touch of color she shows at waist or neck or in her outing hat or cap. There is an indescribable look of refinement and "class" about the woman who shows taste and fastidiousness throughout her entire wardrobe. Bear in mind that clothes themselves can be either attractive or repellent. There is no need of having any but the former kind.

DETAILS THAT MAKE OR MAR A COSTUME

THE English women design and wear their outing clothes better than any other women in the world, so a cosmopolitan observer has declared. The reason is not far to seek. No other civilized women live out of doors as much as they do. They walk and ride, drive and motor with their menfolk; they shoot and fish, play tennis, golf and hockey, go mountain-climbing in the summer and skating and ski-ing in winter, and naturally the English tailors and outfitters have seen to it that appropriate and becoming clothes can be furnished for all these activities. The English climate requires a protecting garment, English sport calls for a durable garment, and the English woman, herself the last and most important factor, insists on a becoming garment, and the result is a combination of excellencies in the clothes themselves that place them among the very best.

There is one characteristic of the Continental and the English woman, too, that is distinctly refreshing to the American observer—they never follow any style in the almost sheep-like fashion *that so often makes one particular thing* a perfect "craze" throughout the United States, so that wherever one goes, *north, south, east or west, all the wo*men appear to have subscribed to one one single fashion book and to have scrupulously obeyed its dictates.

The English woman does otherwise. If the popular make of sweater doesn't suit her, she calmly disregards it and belts herself into a becoming Norfolk jacket that reveals all her most feminine curves. She has never neglected the Tam-o'-Shanter cap, which in America has been given over to childhood, and she still wears it on her yacht, on the moors, on the links. She will not be deprived of the convenience of pockets in her outing clothes, and insists on having them in her coat and skirt. She sensibly wears thick outing boots that protect her feet from the wet, and her waterproof skirt will withstand a heavy rain. Underneath this outing skirt she wears in winter the warm knit "knick*ers," as she calls the knee-length divid*ed garment that enables her to dispense with all troublesome underskirts. All *her outing things, for travel, for bad* weather and for sports are most carefully planned, and she never makes the profound esthetic mistake of allowing any silly attempt at mere prettiness in an outdoor article that the first bad day or hard day would, she knows perfectly well, reduce to a pitiful rag.

There seems to be no good reason why the American woman should not adopt the good points of the English woman's wardrobe and make them all her own in her own charming way. Then we should see no more of walking boots with high heels or trimmed sweaters—heaven deliver us—and similar offences against fitness and good taste. The style and finish of a garment should naturally come from the nature of its material and its destined use. This is especially true of outing clothes.

SOME GOOD POINTS ON WATERING HORSES

A SUPPLY of water is essential to the health of all farm animals. It should be at their disposal all the time. But as this is not possible while the animals are at work, certain restrictions should be exercised in the case of working animals. This is especially necessary in the case of the horse, because his stomach is smaller in *proportion to his size than of the other* domestic animals, and as a consequence he is more liable to suffer from digestive *troubles than are ruminants, in the case* of the stomach being overloaded with water or anything else. A great variety *of opinions is expressed as to just how,* when and where horses should get their water; some men will water before feeding, some after, and some will allow a horse all the water he wants and others will restrict him. And each thinks he has the best plan, and as men of all those opinions will show fine, healthy-looking horses as the result of their treatment, it would almost lead an uninterested observer to think it didn't make much difference what plan was adopted. However, a study of the health of animals as related to water seems to point strongly to the theory that in order to give a horse the best possible chance of digesting his food he should get his water first and the solid part of his food afterward.

Horses should be watered before breakfast. It will probably take some time and trouble to educate them to do *this, as most horses will refuse to drink* till after being fed. A little perseverance, however, will accomplish it all *right and the owner will be repaid for* his trouble by the increased thrift of his horses. They will make a better use of the food they get, will not be so likely to suffer from digestive troubles, and be in all round better condition.

*There are two reasons for this: First*ly, the water which a horse drinks remains only for a very short time in the stomach, but is soon washed back into the intestines. As a consequence if a horse (after having eaten a hearty meal) is given a drink of water, a considerable portion of the food which he ate will be pushed into the intestines with the water, and that much food will be lost to the purpose for which it was intended, viz., the nourishment of the body. And, secondly, not only are those particles of food lost, but they are quite liable to derange the healthy action of the intestines by setting up colic, some form of indigestion or diarrhoea. On the other hand, when a horse has had his water first and his solid food after, by the time he has eaten only a small part of his breakfast the water will all have passed on out of the stomach, no *solids will have been washed out and* the digestive fluids will have a much better chance to do their work proper*ly than if* diluted with a quantity of water. It is always proper to let a horse have a little water after his meal, too, but if he has taken a good drink before his meal he will not take very much after it.

It is not wise to allow a very thirsty horse all the water he will drink, either before or after a severe work or after feeding. If a horse has done some very heavy work from which he is excessively weary he should not be allowed much water till he has rested a while. Give him a little, and after an hour or two of rest give him all he wants. It is *also bad practice to put a horse* to any severe exercise, such as fast driving or moving heavy loads, immediately after *having taken a hearty drink,* because the engorged stomach is pressing forward against the lung space and crowding the lungs *to such an extent* that they cannot properly perform their natural functions. This is especially noticeable in the case of a horse with heaves. Such an animal should (if at all possible) be watered often and only a little at a time; of course, a full drink always to be allowed at night.

A horse is seldom too warm to water. He may be sweating very freely and yet not be so very much heated; he certainly is not likely to be so very hot as to render it dangerous to allow him at least a little water. It is a very cruel thing to put a thirsty horse in the stall and compell him to munch his hay and oats while his mouth and throat are parched with thirst and his whole system crying out for water. It may be laid down as a rule that a horse doing any kind of ordinary work under ordinary conditions is not too hot to *water even though he may be sweating* freely. This is especially the case if the animal has been used to it. If a farmer in the *spring months starts* to water his team when they come in to dinner from the fields, even though they be a little warm, he need have no fear when summer comes if he brings them in some hot day from the binder apparently quite warm to let them have all the water they want. Of course, exceptions to this rule may occur; a little discretion is desirable in everything, but farm horses are not too hot to water nearly as often as many horse owners suppose.

WINCHESTER

REPEATING SHOTGUNS.
Winchester Repeating Shotguns are not only *safe* to shoot, but *sure* to shoot. They are easy to load or unload, easy to take down or put together, and strong and reliable in every way. That's why the U. S. Ordnance Board endorsed them as being safe, sure, strong and simple. Over 450,000 satisfied sportsmen are using them.
Stick to a Winchester and You Won't Get Stuck
Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition—the Red W Brand—are Made for Each Other and Sold Everywhere W

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

SHE CURED HER HEART DISEASE

WHEN SHE CURED HER KIDNEYS WITH DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mrs. Henry J. Jacques Found a Speedy Relief for All Her Troubles, and Now Enjoys the Best of Health

St. Rose du Lac, Man.—(Special)—That Heart Disease is one of the results of disordered Kidneys, and is consequently easily cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the experience of Mrs. Henry J. *Jacques of this place.*

"My heart troubled me all the time," said Mrs. Jacques in an interview, "*And I knew what terrible results* might follow. The fact that my limbs would swell and my back ache led me to believe that I also suffered from Kidney Disease, so I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought four boxes, and before I had finished the third box the swelling was gone, my back was well, and my heart no longer troubled me. I am now in the best of health, and I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Heart Disease is one of the troubles that come from unhealthy Kidneys. They fail to strain the impurities out of the blood, and those impurities are bound to affect the heart, which is the engine that propels the blood through the body. To cure Heart Disease cure the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills; to prevent Heart Disease keep the Kidneys toned up and healthy by using *Dodd's Kidney Pills.*

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . 25 cents

HELP FOR OLD BACKS THAT ACHE

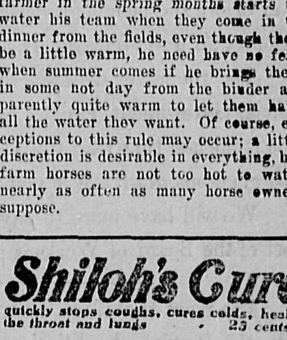
GIN PILLS CURE THEM

Age is no barrier to the wonderful, *soothing, healing properties* of GIN PILLS, the great Canadian Kidney Cure. We have on record many letters from men and women of 60, 65, 70 75, 80 and over, testifying to the great relief they received from taking GIN PILLS.

Mr. Samuel Martin of Strathroy, Ont. suffered for twenty years with misery in his back. Some months ago, he tried GIN PILLS and after taking only three boxes, was entirely cured. Mr. Martin is now 85 years of age and enjoys the robust health of a vigorous man of sixty, thanks to GIN PILLS.

All elderly people are troubled, more or less, with Kidney and Bladder Trouble, and pain and weakness in the back. GIN PILLS are a guaranteed cure for all these misfortunes. Money promptly refunded if they fail to give complete satisfaction.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50. Sample box free if you write us, mentioning this paper. National Drug and Chemical Co., *Dept. R.P., Toronto.*


Cures Sprung Tendon, Collar and Saddle Galls
234 Manitoba Ave., Winnipeg, October 11th, 1909.
"I have used your Spavin Cure on a Sprung Tendon with good results and I can recommend it for Collar and Saddle Galls." J. H. Haslett.
Kendall's Spavin Cure
is a blessing to farmers and stockmen. In the past 40 years, Kendall's Spavin Cure has literally saved millions of dollars for horse owners.
It is the one remedy that can always be depended upon to absolutely cure Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swellings and Lameness.
Never blisters, scars or turns the hair white. As good for man as for beast.
Keep Kendall's always handy. $1. a bottle—6 for $5. When you buy at your dealer's, get copy of our book "A Treatise On The Horse"—it's free—or write us [illegible]
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C., by

ORMOND T. SMITHE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

The editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by correspondents.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

The report of the Chairman of the Board of Works at the last Council meeting is such as to afford abundant food for thought on the part of the citizens.

The report made to the Council was to the effect that the existing sewers in the City are in a very bad state of repairs, in fact they are in many cases so bad that repair is out of the question; nothing but absolute renewal will do.

In addition to this, several portions of the town have no sewers of any kind, and this will of course have to be attended to without delay.

The City's finances too, are like the sewers, in a bad way, and to even repair the sewers we have will be quite impossible out of the current revenue, and a Sewer Loan will in any event be necessary.

This being so, it is necessary for us to consider whether it would be wise to do anything of the kind for work that is, at best, a makeshift.

The Council has acted wisely in instructing the Board of Works to go more fully into the question and report at an early date as to the probable cost of this patch work, so that all the facts and figures in connection with the work might be laid before the people together with the figures for the installation of an up-to-date flush closet system.

For the latter we have been promised $9000 by the Provincial Government, and we have been positively assured that this is the last time that the City will have a chance to refuse this generous grant—it is now or never.

We will have more to say on this question when the report of the Board of Works is presented.

The news that J. H. Hawthornthwaite M.P.P., is to forsake the Provincial political arena to take up the management of a mine will be generally regretted by men of all shades of political opinion, as it is not necessary to be a Socialist to recognize the ability and usefulness of that gentleman in the Legislature.

The Victoria "Week" is usually accurate in its statements but we would be neither surprised or sorry to learn that it was mistaken in this instance.

When political bedfellows fall out and start writing to the newspapers the general public often gets possession of some valuable information.

Ralph Smith's letter on the Jardine question proved valuable as disclosing a disgraceful state of affairs so far as the Dominion Government's patronage system in this province is concerned.

We always knew that government money was handed out to political heelers and grafters in a disgraceful manner, but we were not aware that the patronage graft was quite so rotten as Mr. Smith's writings would seem to prove.

In an effort to throw mud on his one time political ally, Mr. Smith has let the light of day in on some Liberal political secrets that it would have been better for that party to have kept in the dark.

The Saanich Liberal Association has disbanded owing to the raw deal that the Laurier outfit has handed out to that district.

Although Smith is loosing his supporters his political fences are in a little better condition than the Hon. Bill Templeman's

In Smith's district there are still a few Grits left to disband, but in Comox-Atlin the species Liberal has become practically extinct owing to the continued neglect of the district's interests by Mr. Templeman.

The only way that either of the gentlemen could ever get back to Ottawa is to get into the political rubbish pile, the Canadian Senate before the next Dominion election.

Beadnell & Biscoe
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
Comox, B.C.
Sea frontages and farming land for sale

FRUIT TREES
Not the Cheapest, but the Best
Catalogue Free
Vancouver Island Nursery Co.,
Ltd.
Somenos, V.I.

The Midnight Philosopher
will deliver a
LECTURE
"The Signs of the Times"
Sunday, 12th March at 3 p.m.
Cumberland Hall
Auspices of the Socialist Party of Canada
All welcome Ladies invited

15 Round Glove Contest
J. Thompson
of Cumberland
VS
Kid Vinson
of Australia
for the Bantamweight Championship of Canada
CUMBERLAND HALL, MARCH 18
Ringside $1.50 First 4 Rows $1
General Admission 50c.

$100 LOTS
Bought 5 years ago in the Divisional towns of Edmonton, Calgary, Swift Current, Moose Jaw, and Regina, on the Canadian Pacific Railway are today
SELLING FOR THOUSANDS
The same profitable investment is offered you today by buying one or mor centraltly lots in the Grand Trunk Pacific Divisional towns of Watrous Melville Wainwright Biggar and Tofield
$10 down and $10 per month secures you a $100 lot in any of these rapidly growing towns.
It will more than pay you to investigate with—
MESSRS FORD & HILL
at the Cumberland Hotel

Are you
A JEWELLER
If not
Have you a friend who is?
In either case you should be interested in this
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
AN OLD ESTABLISHED BUSINESS
Carrying a full line of the very best
Clocks,
Watches
and Jewellery
Also a
BOOKSTORE IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS
The present owner is making lots of money, but will sell at a sacrifice on account of
AGE AND ILL HEALTH
Will sell on the buyers own terms
The building and lot are also for sale cheap, or will rent on reasonable terms
Full particulars may be learned by communicating with
"M" The Islander Office
Cumberland, B.C.

THE BIG STORE

First Shipment of Sring Curtain Muslins

Just Arrived

New and Dai ty Designs at very moderate prices
FROM 15c TO 75 PER YD.

Lace Curtains We have an exceptionally fine showing of these from 40c to 10.00 per pair NEWEST PATTERNS & SHADES

Rug Fringes in many colors at 15c per yd.

Chenille & Tapestry Curtains and Table Covers
IN BEWILDERING VARIETY, THE VERY NEWEST AT ALMOST EVERY PRICE.

WALLPAPERS

The Well-Known STAUNTON LINES at every price. The Best Assortment at the most moderate prices in town.

COME EARLY
and secure what you require before the range is broken

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Simon Leiser

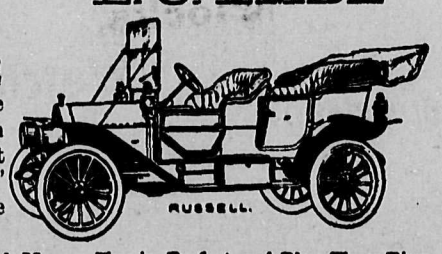
& CO. LTD.

DISTRICT AGENT .. FOR ..

The Russell AUTOMOBILE

The only Car Made in America with the "Silent Knight Valveless Engine," Also made in valve . . . style . . .

E. C. EMDE



Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris, Perfect and Blue Flyer Bicycles; Fairbanks Morse Gas Engines; also the Moore Gasoline Lighting Systems. Oliver Typewriters. Repairing of all kinds.

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Guns, etc. Scissors and Skates ground.
Rubber Tires for Baby Carriages. Hoops for Tubs
THIRD STREET, CUMBERLAND.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF BUYING A

SEWING : MACHINE

BUY A SINGER

The BEST Machine on the Market and sold on EASY TERMS .....

JEPSON BROS., District Agents, Nanaimo, B. C

C. Segrave, Local Representative, Cumberland, B. C.

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .

Dunsmuir Ave ::: Cumberland

.. W. Colpitts ..

"Leading Tobacco King."
Better known as
"LONG WILLIE"
Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.
Billiard Room in connection

If you wish to make your piano or furniture appear just like new, try a bottle of Boyle's Piano and Furniture Polish. It is an exceptionally good polish and you will not use any other after having tried it once. It is put up in 75c and $1.25 bottles—For sale by Chas Segrave at "the Islander" offic Cumberland

---

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL
W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.
The finest hotel in the city.

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods
Best Bread and Beer in Town
Agents for Pilsener Beer

H. M. Beadnell,

Comox, B. C.

Agent for E & N. Lands Comox District.

Mah Lee Laundry

P. O. BOX 294
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Near the Saw Mill

B. Cloutier

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

Dont Marry unless you feel like it but if you do, be sure to order your wedding invitatoins at THE ISLANDER Office. Samples at this office.

THE CORNER STORE

OUR NEW PRINTS, GINGHAMS, VESTINGS, FANCY AND WHITE MUSLIN,
ARE NOW ON SHOW

We have a Spendid Assortment
AND THE PRICES ARE LOW

J. N. McLEOD

C. H. TARBELL

Stoves and Ranges,
Builders Hardware, Cutlery,
Paint, Varnishes, Arms and Ammunition, Sporting Goods,
etc.

AGENTS FOR
The McClary Manufactuing Co.
Sherwin-Williams Paints

j5

AT THE **FURNITURE STORE**

WALL PAPER
A FULL RANGE OF PATTERNS AND PRICES

Our stock of CHEFFONIERES, SIDEBOARDS, TABLES . . . CHAIRS, COUCHES, etc. etc., is complete . . .

A special sale of LINOLEUMS and CARPET SQUARES . . . during February . . .

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops

Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

j2

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

75 cents per column inch per month.
Special rate for half page or more.

Condensed Advertisements

1 cent 1 word, 1 issue ; minimum charge 25 cents.
No accounts run for this class of advertising

Subscribe For THE ISLANDER

"Nerv line" Cures Rheumatism

And Here is the Proof—A Solemn Statement From a Four-Years' Cripple, Who says 'Nerviline' Did It

"If I had lived through my sufferings another year it would have been a miracle." This is the opening sentence of the declaration made by Mr. J. Eccles Squires, member of one of the best-known families for twenty miles round Sydney. "My hands were drawn out of shape, even my fingers were gnarled and crooked—my lameness, stiffness and inability to get about all showed the havoc Rheumatism made with my health. The blessing of it all is that I have heard of Nerviline, and now I am able to tell and advise others how they may get well, too. My system was so weakened that I had to build up with a good tonic, so I took Ferrozone at meals. But I never stopped rubbing on Nerviline—it had a magic influence on my stiff, painful joints, and bottle after bottle was rubbed on the painful parts. Nerviline cured me. I am well to-day—have been well for 4½ years.

CURED 4 1-2 YEARS

You can also cure rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or points—to do so use Nerviline. Don't let your druggist substitute. Get Nerviline only. In two sizes 50c. and 25c. Sold everywhere, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

WHAT JOHN KNEW

THE teacher of one of the classes in a school in the suburbs of Cleveland had been training her pupils in anticipation of a visit from the school commissioner," said George S. Wells, of Pittsburg, in the Philadelphia Record. "At last he came and the classes were called out to show their attainments.

"The arithmetic class was the first called, and in order to make a good impression the teacher put the first question to Johnny Smith, the star pupil.

"'Johnny, if coal is selling at $6 a ton and you pay the coal dealer $24 how many tons of coal will he bring you?'

"'Three,' was the prompt reply from Johnny.

"The teacher, much embarrassed, said: 'Why, Johnny, that isn't right.'

"'Oh, I know it ain't, but they do it, anyhow.'"

THE LILY-LIKE ONION

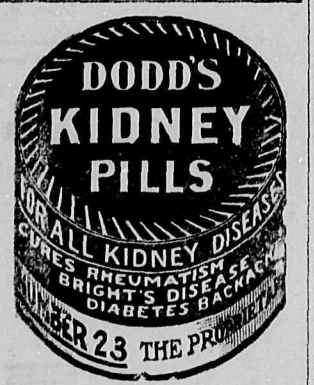
ONIONS, strange as it may seem, come of an aristocratic family, from the stock of which have sprung many notable scions and lovely offshoots. The humble onion is own cousin to the stately lily, whether the arum or the lovely Lenten lily, the lily-of-the-valley, all these being of the great liliaceous race.

The onion has other notable connections. It is also cousin to the daffodil, or narcissus; and it is even allied to the gigantic dragon-tree of Teneriffe, which bears little trace of the seeming frail lily.

Thus, it is plain, the onion is of illustrious origin, though to the ordinary observer there is nothing classical or romantic about it.

Mutton fat is an excellent remedy for chapped hands. Melt and rub into the skin after washing in warm water.

Instead of keeping parsley in water, which turns it yellow, put it in an air-tight jar in a cool place. This will keep it fresh for some time.



PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

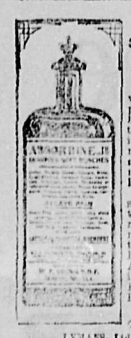
SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's all ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The results from their use are quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

Hair-Dyeing Combs

German patent, color the hair by simply combing, without staining the scalp. This is the only practical and cheapest way of coloring the hair. Clean, harmless, and last for years. All shades. For further particulars, write to

L. Moersk, Importer, 270 W. 131st St., New York



Don't Cut Out a Goitre, Cyst, or Wen, for

ABSORBINE

will clean them off in a mild and pleasant manner. Removes any soft bunch, painful swellings, thickened tissues, gouty and rheumatic deposits. Kills pain and takes out soreness and inflammation from bruises, sprains, neuralgia, acute or inflammatory rheumatism, stiff neck, lame back, strains and aneurisms. It will reduce Varicose Veins, stops the pain and throbbing, gets out the soreness quickly, tones up and restores the elasticity to the circular muscles of the veins, reducing them to a normal condition. Will even heal and clean up a varicose ulcer. A safe, pleasant, antiseptic, discutient liniment. Price $1.00 or, $2.00 a bottle and druggists or delivered. Book 6F free. Manufactured only by

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.,
310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass

LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by MARTIN BOLE & WYNNE CO., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HENDERSON BROS. CO., Ltd., Vancouver.

That Reminds Me

CHARLES E. Bigelow, the comedian, is almost as bald as he could be. One day at the Lambs Club he said to the barber, "I am in a great hurry. Can't you cut my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure, I can," said the barber. "I can cut it with your hat on."

* * *

THE descriptive reporter of a certain daily paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench detailed the occurence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

* * *

THE summer boarder wished to air his knowledge.

"Which is correct," he asked, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know? when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying."

* * *

WHEN Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV, his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and the priest.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the king. "I caused it to be given out," replied the prelate, "that your majesty did not attend chapel today, that you might see who it was that came here to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

* * *

THE new maid seemed eminently satisfactory, but the mistress of the house thought a few words of advice would be just as well. "And remember," she concluded, "that I expect you to be very reticent about what you hear when you are waiting at table." "Certainly, madam, certainly," replied the treasure. But then her face lit up with an innocent curiosity. "May I ask, madam, if there will be much to be reticent about?"

* * *

ON the departure of the Bishop of New Zealand for his diocese Sidney Smith recommended him to have regard to the minor as well as the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and in order to meet the taste of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack and a cold clergyman on the sideboard. "And as for myself, my lord," he concluded, "all I can say is that when your parishioners do eat you I sincerely hope you may disagree with them."

* * *

THE proposed appointment of a coal officer for the London county council recalls the experience of a canvasser who was doing the best to win over a lady to the interest of the progressive candidate. Among other good works of the council in the cause of the people he mentioned the protection it gave to purchasers of coal by appointing inspectors to see that just weight was given by the street venders. "And well I know it," screamed the lady, "they have ruined my poor father!" who had been a coal merchant.

* * *

BARNEY OLDFIELD, at the dinner in honor of his victory over Jack Johnson at Sheepshead Bay, told a number of automobile stories.

"But my best story," said the famous racer, "is about a taxicab chauffeur. This chap was discharged for reckless driving, and so became a motorman on a trolley line.

"As he was grumbling over his fallen fortunes, a friend said: 'Oh what's the matter with you? Can't you run over people just as much as ever?' 'Yes,' the ex-chauffeur replied, 'but formerly I could pick and choose.'"

* * *

THE senior major was giving the benefit of his advice and experience to a youthful "sub."

"See here," he exclaimed. "This is your first dinner, and—well, go easy with the decanter, my boy. Remember esprit de corps and—er—and all that sort of thing. Here's a good tip. See those silver candlesticks there? When you can see four instead of two—why, clear out—go home. See."

"Perfectly, and thanks awfully." replied the young officer. "But don't you think you had better go home at once? There is only one candlestick."

* * *

TWO women came before a certain magistrate with a fat pullet, each declaring that it belonged to herself. The magistrate from his high seat frowned heavily on the first woman. "Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Jones?" he asked her. "No, indeed, it don't sir," she replied. Then he turned to the other woman. "Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Smith?" "It certainly does not," she replied. "The pullet," the magistrate then decreed, "does not belong to Mrs. Jones nor does it belong to Mrs. Smith. The pullet is mine. Take it round to the house and give it to my cook."

* * *

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, the author, was asked by a friend whether he thought his forthcoming novel would be a success.

"That's a difficult matter to determine," was the reply. "It depends upon how it will please the public. You know writers can't always tell just how their works strike their readers. For instance once I published a book of poems and sent copies to my friends. Shortly afterward I met a young lady who had received one, and asked her how she liked my verses. 'Oh, they are just what I wanted! Why, I couldn't sleep until I read them.'"

* * *

BUDD DODDINGTON was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell this story."

WANTED TO VOMIT

A Condition Involving Both Liver and Stomach That was Quickly Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills

"The doctors told me my sickness was caused by complications of the stomach and liver," writes Mrs. E. P. Fourraine, well known in Williamsport. "The least little error in eating would cause nausea, and after a time actual vomiting was easily excited. I grew very thin, pale, with dark lines under the eyes; my strength so failed that even light housework quite exhausted me. Of course, with a large family, I could not afford a doctor all the time, and when in deepest despair, I tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills. From the very first they acted wonderfully and I experienced a desire for food and ate my meals with a relish. After a while my system became quite regular, and that horrid sick feeling only came now and again. This made me persevere, and it was a good thing I did so, because the continuation of Dr. Hamilton's Pills was the means of giving me my health again, and I am now the happiest woman I know.

Every person with stomach trouble can be cured with Dr. Hamilton's Pills—refuse any substitute. At all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the popular English playwright, was shown by a reporter, during his recent visit to New York, a rather harsh criticism of his work.

Mr. Maugham, with a smile, took out his pocketbook and began to read off to the reporter the "runs" of his famous plays.

"'Mrs. Dot,' 421 nights; 'Smith,' 217 nights; 'Penelope,' 399 nights."

So he read on till he had completed the long list of his successes. Then he said:

"When the author of this article has written plays with runs like those, I'll believe his criticism. Till then I prefer to believe in the public and the box office. This isn't a question of words; it's a question of figures."

* * *

EDWIN MARKHAM, the famous author of "The Man With the Hoe," is a bitter opponent of child labor. Discussing the effort that he is making toward the reform of child labor laws, Mr. Markham said recently:

"I would abolish too, the contemptibly unjust system of fines. What right has an employer to fine a hand an hour's pay for five minutes lateness? What right has he, because the hand has damaged some goods two cent's worth, to fine him a dime?"

Mr. Markham, after a moment's pause smiled.

"I wish to goodness," he said, "that every victim of the despicable fine system had the same story to tell as an actor I heard of yesterday.

"This actor worked under a manager who was a great finer. For a bad makeup, for lateness, for noise in the wings, for a hundred things the players were bilked from a quarter to $2.

* * *

LOUIS XIV. was exceedingly molested by the solicitations of a general officer of the levee, and cried out, loud enough to be overheard. "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the whole army." "Your Majesty's enemies have said the same thing more than once," was the answer. Voltaire, in speaking of the effect of epithets in weakening style, said that the adjectives were the greatest enemies of the substantives, though they agreed in gender, in number, and in cases. A gentleman at Paris, who lived very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years together, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady, who was very agreeable and drew together a pleasant society. His wife died and his friends all advised him to marry the lady in whose society he had found so much pleasure. He said no, he certainly should not, for that, if he married her, he should not know where to spend his evenings.

* * *

TOURISTS are always telling funny stories about their experiences at seashore or mountains—funny in the telling, whatever they might have been in the happening. Perhaps, in the communities where they spent the summer, the inhabitants may be telling as funny things about them.

"I tried to buy a horse last summer," said one city man to another. "It was in a small village on Cape Cod, an old down-East fishing village. Wanted one that the missus and the kids could drive safe, you know, and just alive enough to walk. So I looked at an old nag that one of the people up there had for sale.

"He was surely old-looking enough, dejected and weak-kneed, but the fellow wanted $65 for him. I offered him $60—I don't know why—don't ask me. The man wouldn't take it. Said it was worth more than that.

"I told him, 'See what a miserable old thing he is! He isn't worth any $65.'

"'That horse,' said the old countryman. 'That animal! Why, there's nothing the matter with that horse. He can lie down and he can get up all by himself.' But I thought that wasn't recommendation enough, so I didn't buy him."

The Horseman

IF because of its amplitude we except the general topic of breeding, there is no other subject which has to do with the harness horse that commands the attention of horsemen everywhere as does that of shoeing and gaiting the trotter.

The subject of breeding is a purely academic one, and beyond a few breeding axioms, imparts no specific or definite knowledge, its chief value residing in the helpfulness and instructiveness that an interchange of ideas always gives—it therefore cannot appeal to the minds of those outside the student body in the same manner and degree as does the latter.

The art of shoeing and gaiting, it is true, has not yet been lifted out of the realm of experimentation and balancing is a long way from what might be termed an absolute science, yet there are certain principles of applying weight or properly placed devices on the shoe of a horse that both remedy faults and effect desired changes. Trainers are confronted every day with new problems, requiring their thought and attention, thus new ideas are evolved and these successive additions have given us our present system of shoeing. There are many men well posted in this branch of the racing business who believe it will never be lifted from its present empiricism. I quote from a recent issue of a contemporary the words of a student whose views are entitled to notice: "Shoeing is not and never can be made a science; the wisest of trainers and the best of trainers must experiment in order to determine just what each pupil needs to hang him or her up." We do not incline to this view; the reason all effort to place it upon a scientific basis has so signally failed is the fact that it has always lacked a backbone, i.e., that something around which anything is built, to sustain and support the disjointed fragments of (shoeing) knowledge which men have been adding for years, and until such a theory is advanced this branch of horse training must remain in its present hypothetical position.

We have spent much time over Mr. Rudolph Jordan's "Gait of the American Trotter and Pacer," and we opine there has been nothing written in late years which is so brand new and sheds so much light on this subject. There is no doubt that it was because of the apparent lack of any principle or theory by which trainers could be guided in their work of balancing that prompted Mr. Jordan's book, seeing the need of a method by which faults of action and extension could be detected and then remedied by a definite method of procedure.

The foundation upon which the present system is built is observation and precedent. We wish to show that both observation and precedent are insufficient, first, because the eye is altogether too unreliable to detect the cause of faulty action in a moving horse; secondly, we are dealing with a machine no two of which are built exactly alike, and precedent is therefore rendered tentative. I know of no better instance to support my first contention than the one furnished by Sonoma Girl, 2.04¼.

When Mr. Springer brought her from the Coast in 1907 she was shod in front with rolling motion shoes; plain shoes were turned, then rasped off at the top, giving the shoe the appearance of one very much worn; this made possible the quick breakover her low action demanded. Just how this style of footwear suited her, her early races down the big line that year will show, and those of us who are familiar with that campaign will not soon forget the impression she made as she fought it out week by week with her rival, Highball.

She had been racing some few weeks when Mr. Geers, who had been an observer of her way of going, suggested the use of a grab toe, the style of shoe Highball was then wearing. Acting on this suggestion, the Girl was filled up on that way.

The result every trainer who followed the Grand Circuit that year knows; she forgot in a few days all she ever knew about trotting, and when her old footwear was again tacked on she immediately recovered her speed. I do not wish to arrogate to myself any superior knowledge of the principles and practice of shoeing, and feel sure my remarks will not be so construed; but we must remember Highball was a high-going, bold-gaited trotter; he needed the grab. The Girl was a low-going mare and needed the break-over, and yet this does not mean that all high-going horses need the grab or all low-going ones the break-over. I can adduce ten proofs in celebrated horses that will disprove any rule laid down regarding these two points.

Under the present conditions hours are spent working on the case of a faulty-gaited horse; the trainer knows his pupil is not going right, but exactly where the fault lies he cannot determine; so he resorts to experiment, takes the horse to a shoer, and orders a certain kind of footwear; after allowing the animal sufficient time to adjust itself to the change, finds there is still something lacking, and off he goes to the shoer again, this continuing until a remedy is found. A great deal of valuable time is thus consumed, and when the corrective means are at last discovered there has been nothing definite added to the art of shoeing and training; he has simply overcome the obstacle in the way of an individual and has no guarantee that the same means will correct another horse with similar fault.

be another such horse, although I have never had the pleasure of either seeing him pace or examining his footwear.

* * *

The foregoing remarks and those to follow do not imply any lack of skill on the part of shoer or ability of trainer. They are intended to point out the necessity of a more precise method by which faults can be detected and remedied.

Some horses go well in any kind of footwear, e.g., The Eel, who glides over the ground in such an oily, light way that he scarcely touches terra firma at all. An examination of the ground he passes over proves the contact light, equal and distinct, while his shoe, even to the delicate grab, shows no wear whatever. Hedgewood Boy I believe to

The method we wish to suggest is found in Mr. Jordan's book; the simplicity of the scheme should appeal to all horsemen. It is that the horse himself should act the role of diagnostician, furnishing us with a chart of his own excesses and deficiencies.

Trotting the horse over a specially prepared piece of ground will one day become embraced in the curriculum of every breeding establishment in the country—where the kindergarten classes are given their earliest work. As they are driven over a specially prepared course, the exact footprints are recorded, showing every variation in the swing of the limbs.

If the gait of the colt or horse be perfect it will mean that the record will show the distance between each foot and its mate of equal distance, while the shoe impression on the ground will be light, even and distinct; if this condition does not obtain, if the stride be excessive or deficient in any particular leg, it will be immediately revealed by the use of the tape line, while the way a shoe impresses the ground, whether heavy at the toe or heel, will point at once to the fault. Thus a trainer will be able to discover in a few hours what he has hitherto spent many days trying to ascertain.

The simplicity of the scheme recommends it strongly to our mind. After a horse has passed over such a piece of ground, a clerk with paper, pencil and tape line can in a short time give a shoer a chart showing his findings or communicate with him orally. Let us say, for example, a certain horse strides one-half an inch further with his off hind leg than with its opposite mate. The shoer at once knows all this particular horse needs is a shoe or an altered foot angle to shorten the stride of that leg, or lengthen the stride of its congener as to the exigencies of the case or the judgment of the trainer deems best. I speak from the vantage ground of a practical horseshoer, one who has tested many of the methods herein set forth, and it is our belief that a chart or blue print presented to the shoer giving an infallible record of the successive footfalls by Mr. Jordan's system is sufficient to work on, so well known are the rules for increasing and decreasing action, and lengthening and shortening the stride. Every shoer and trainer knows that:

"Weight in front increases action at the expense of extension."

"Weight in back increases extension at the expense of action."

"A long toe in front decreases the stride."

"A long toe in back decreases the stride."

"A longer leg behind will have greater extension than its opposite mate," and many other shoeing axioms. Why, then, if we have the remedies at hand, does it take us so long to hang our pupils up? The answer can only be found in the statement that the case has been correctly diagnosed. We wish to asservate that neither observation nor instantaneous photography will reveal what we want to know—that is, whether the forward and backward extension of a front leg and its diagonal mate are synchronous in their movement and the footfalls equi-distant at each and every step for a given distance. This can only be revealed in one way—i.e., by actual measurements of the hoof imprints after a horse has passed over the ground. This method not only shows the discrepancies in gait and action, but tells us whether the subject is moving with ease or effort. A remarkable case is given on pages 49-50 which treats of Lou Dillon's gait. It is most surprising to find the uneven measurements in her stride. When the test was made the mare was moving at a 2:11 clip, which we would imagine a comfortable gait for her at that time, but a study of the measurements there presented prove the mare was exerting herself to maintain that clip, which must mean she was not in good condition on that particular day. This idea carried out might do away with the searching of youngsters, or at least we might learn from it when we had gone far enough.

Do it Now.—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may be difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within the reach of all, is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative on the market. Do not delay, but try them now. One trial will convince anyone that they are the best stomach regulator that can be got.

IS MAN LOSING THE DRINK CRAVE

IN the Century Dr. H. S. Williams describes the advance of the water wagon, by which he means the apparent change of sentiment with regard to liquor drinking. He presents an interesting array of fact—first respecting the United States:

"When we consider, moreover, that State-wide prohibition is now the law of nine States, having an aggregate population of over twelve millions; that local option applied to communities in other States brings the total number of people living in theoretically "dry" territories to about forty millions . . . this growth is not merely sectional in scope, but is general from Maine to Oklahoma, from Alabama to North Dakota . . . It is, I think, a common experience of the man about town that his associates in general drink less than they did five or ten years ago."

Next he takes Europe:

"For the last two or three years temperance lectures—of course, under official auspices—have been delivered from time to time on the warships of the German fleet. Now it is announced that Prince Henry has authorized the establishment of Good Templary in the Imperial navy, and that the Order seems likely to thrive there."

In the Fatherland, which is still the home of beer, the deleterious effects of alcohol have been demonstrated in German laboratories. Consequently, German people, scientific to the core, must set about relinquishing alcohol. German Temperance Societies number more than 100,000. Temperance is included in the Prussian public school curricula.

In France anti-alcoholic placards are posted on municipal buildings and in hospital wards; and on the back of prescriptions issued by official dispensaries are warning words against the use of alcohol.

In Great Britain, of which the writer says "nowhere was alcohol more strongly entrenched," and more than 1,100 of the clergy are even now said to be shareholders in breweries, temperance teaching has in 1907 been included in the new school code:

"Men of the widest opportunities to judge assure me that even within the last five years there has been a marked change in the drinking habits of the average better-class Londoner. My own somewhat varied observations certainly seem to corroborate this opinion. Corroboration of a more technical character is furnished by the statisticians, who show that the expenditure for liquor in England in 1908 was less by over one hundred and twenty million dollars than it was for the year 1899, a falling-off, otherwise stated, of $2.35 in the average yearly expenditure for each man, woman, and child."

As striking a sign of progress as any the fact that the brewers of Ohio have recently spent $50,000 for detective work, to reform saloons and make them live up to the law. Everywhere, in recent years, the brewer is putting forward his claim to respectability, arguing that he makes a mild beverage, little likely to intoxicate, and that he is quite other than the distiller.

Many inherit weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs • 25 cents

A MODERN MIRACLE!

He Had Eczema 25 Years and Doctors Said "No Cure."

Yet Zam-Buk Has Worked Complete Cure

This is the experience of a man of high reputation, widely known in Montreal, and whose case can readily be investigated. Mr. T. M. Marsh, the gentleman referred to, lives at 161 Dorimier Avenue, Montreal, and has lived there for years. For twenty-five years he had eczema on his hands and wrists. The disease first started in red blotches, which itched, and when scratched became painful. Bad sores followed, which discharged, and the discharge spread the disease until his hands were one raw, painful mass of sores. Just think of this state or affairs continuing for twenty-five years!

In that time four eminent medical men tried to cure him, and each gave up the case as hopeless in the end. Naturally, Mr. Marsh tried remedies of all kinds, but he, also at last gave it up. For two years he had to wear gloves day and night so terrible was the pain and itching when the air got to the sores.

Then came Zam-Buk! He tried it, just as he had tried hundreds of remedies before. But he soon found out that Zam-Buk was different. Within a few weeks there were distinct signs of benefit, and a little perseverance with this great herbal balm resulted in what he had given up all hope of—a complete cure! And the cure was no temporary cure. It was permanent. He was cured nearly three years ago. Interviewed the other day, Mr. Marsh said: "The cure which Zam-Buk worked has been absolutely permanent. From the day that I was cured to the present moment I have had no trace of eczema, and I feel sure it will never return. Having suffered for twenty-five years, I had naturally concluded that my case was incurable, and I regard my cure as a modern miracle."

If you suffer from any skin trouble, cut out this article, write across it the name of this paper, and mail it, with one cent. stamp to pay return postage, to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. We will forward you by return a free trial box of Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores sell this famous remedy, 50c. box, or three for $1.25. Refuse harmful substitutes.

The Real Liver Pill—A torpid liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pills have their fine qualities. They do not gripe or pain and they are agreeable to the most sensitive stomach.

Headaches — nausea — indigestion — muddy complexion — pimples — bad breath — these are some of the effects of constipation. The mild, sensible, reliable remedy is

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

They contain the latest discovered and best evacuant known, which empties the bowels without the slightest discomfort and without disturbing the rest of the system. Constantly increased doses are not necessary.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 25 National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, • Montreal.

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

"Sorrow May Endure for a Night"

ANOTHER Christmas Day had come and gone, its joys and its struggles alike part of the unchangeable past, and a more worldly air of enjoyment had taken their place. Less immersed in purely family gatherings, people were again taking thought of their neighbors. In almost every place in the country the poorer workers were being looked to, and many a simple entertainment was provided pleasurably to occupy an otherwise dull and unprofitable bank holiday.

A certain little mission hall in one of the London suburbs was not less enterprising than its fellows. All that Boxing Day morning its wide-open doors and well-warmed interior, showing a carefully railed off Christmas tree all a-glitter with tinsel and toys, had been a happy reception room, a veritable fairy land, rich in present comfort and full of promise for the host of children that poured out from the poor tenements. In the early afternoon, wise and experienced workers, seeing more than they confessed, had spread good food in plenty before people whose pride equalled their hunger, and had brought in their guests from the highways and the byways.

And when their guests had gone for awhile the preparations went on quickly for the final act of that busy day, an entertainment with moving pictures, for which pressing invitations had gone out broadcast.

A crowd had collected before the open doors—numbers were entering—and the light streamed brightly from its plain glass windows into the dark, drab street, diffusing a sense of warmth and comfort. At the door stood a slight, dark young man, the sincerity of whose invitation spoke out in every tone. Amongst those entering was a goodly sprinkling of women and children. Faces worn and seamed with toil, and the weary, heartrending struggle for barest livelihood that often faces the very poor.

This is not to be any ordinary, but an invitation meeting service—to listen to a man, fresh from the fishing grounds of the North Sea, who is to recount some of his experiences as a Deep Sea Missionary. Some things gay, some things grave—some sayings that will cause a ripple of laughter over the audience—some that will bring a catch into the throat. On the white screen will be shown some pictures—the up-to-date moving, living pictures that have so largely replaced the old-fashioned magic lantern views.

One of the last to enter the meeting is as were so many who have gone before, a shabbily-dressed old woman, whose once keen eyes the film of age is weakening with the veil that must always cloak earthly sight before the inner eye grows strong enough to pierce the dividing curtain. Her hands are no longer shapely, but twisted and knotted with labor, and yellowing with age, while the knuckles thrust themselves boldly against the thin parchment that stands for skin, covering them but poorly. Hands that have toiled, hands that have served—hands that guided the infant's first walk, that have closed the eyes and reverently folded the sheet over her dead, while the streaming eyes have only too vainly tried to relieve the suffering heart.

To such life holds but the promise of the unseen future. Hearts that have suffered much lose their hold on earthly pleasures—only the hope of that future remains, and its healing balm gives a strange fortitude.

And as she passes in with faltering footsteps, and moves modestly to a seat apart, she reverently bends her head, and through her heart runs an oft-repeated prayer, as her tremulous lips whisper, "My boy, send him back to me once more before I go, O my God of Love."

In a little West Riding village, nestling above one of those wide stretches of moorland that breed such a slow-moving sturdy race of men, there was no couple more highly esteemed than James Radcliffe, the village carpenter—familiarly known as Jim o' th' Nook, or Jim o' Susan, following that quaint Yorkshire village custom by which a man is frequently identified with his wife's name—and his wife, Susan. Both were hard-working, scrupulously honest, and regular church-goers, who on the Saturday night saw that everything was ready for the next day, clogs put away for the Monday morning, boots brought out and carefully dusted changes of linen ready aired, and everything "sided up" in readiness for the Sunday, a day observed by the village folks with exceeding carefulness.

On the Sunday the duties and interests of the week day world were put sternly aside and the Radcliffes dressed in their best, both to honor the day and to show a proper respect for themselves. There was not a single ordinary or special service which they missed, failing illness—a very rare occurrence—and the young family that grew up, while finding, as young people are apt to, such unremitting attendances irksome, yet were held by a firm hand to the strictest observance of the Sabbath.

Only one child, and he the youngest lad, Benny, found the discipline too hard. He longed for the freer life and delights of the towns that were so glowingly described by the few who had been further afield than the village. He was of a lighter character than his heavier kinsfolk, of a more agile and quick intelligence, and with the overweening assurance of youth he resented the stern exactness of his parents, picking out the weak spots and ridiculing some of those peculiarities that from lack of opposition had become stereotyped and over-prominent in the little community, the outcome of many a long year of unfettered religious liberty. But his mind was not sufficiently matured to enable him to see underneath all the simple strong faith which is too often clouded over by prosperity.

He dreamed of action beyond the limited confines of his village. He felt so confident in himself that the prospect of the outside world, which made his fellow villagers look askance at the most unassuming stranger, and keep tight hold of their scantily-lined pockets, only edged his appetite and quickened into activity the belief that he was strong enough and bold enough to hold his own, and perhaps more than hold his own in the towns.

He found none that could enter his feelings, no one to whom he might have unburdened his discontent, and the repression of his secret desires and aspirations had an ill effect on his character, making him impatient of his slower-witted folk, and choking down his natural good qualities.

He made many an ineffectual stand against his life; cast down many a rule that had been paramount in his childhood and boyhood; and the last obstacle to go was his outward observance of religion.

The Yorkshireman is plain in speech, and in his deliberate way he says many a bitter thing. He is a hard fighter and hitter, and those of his own household receive no special consideration when words are bandied.

Benny therefore neither expected nor gave quarter, and his father, grieving that his son—his youngest born—seemed deliberately set on going to the dogs, and shaming his respectable life in the sight of all the village folk, visited on him the full volume of his wrath.

In a little self-contained village every man's affairs are his neighbors', and the repute of the Radcliffe family suffered an eclipse in the religious life of the village, due solely to Benny's shortcomings in the eyes of the villagers.

Then came one fatal Sunday—the Sunday that saw the joy depart from the mother's heart—the day that marked the commencement of a weary pilgrimage of sorrow for her.

Benny had gone early across the moors, enticed by the prospect of some rat-baiting sport, and was absent all day. That night he walked unsteadily over the threshold, and a further step in his downfall was marked—a downfall due largely, perhaps, to the absence of such recreation or pursuits as would have given scope to the lad's activity of body and mind.

The father, who in his secret spirit had sorrowed the live-long day, and prayed in a prideful wrestling over the backsliding of his son, rose from his seat at the table, and burst out into bitter reproaches. He upbraided his son, standing half-maudlin in the doorway, and only partially sobered by his father's words. His mother, her face ashen with fear, looked from her man to her son, then threw herself back in her chair, covering her face with her apron, while her sobs shook her frail body, rocking herself backwards and forwards in uncontrollable grief.

The sight brought the boy to his senses.

"Mother," he cried out in a voice of deep contrition, "don't cry, mother," and he made towards her, his arms opening, to comfort and be comforted. The veil was torn from his self-will and pride. The sight unmanned him, and there was already the dawning in his eyes and his voice of a new reformation. It was as if he saw in that moment the brink at his feet.

"Back!" cried the father sternly. "Back!" he repeated. "Thee'st bringing t' gray hairs o' the mither down i' sorrow to the grave. Out o' this house. Thou'st no son o' mine from this day forth."

"Nay, father," said one of the other lads, "tha will na be so hard on Benny. He's no' but a bit silly like, an'——"

"Thou may'st go wi' him, if sech be thy liking," cried the father, turning on him. "I' this house I'm master yet, and master I'll be till I dee."

"Dunnot mind him, Tom," said Benny. "I'll noan be telled to go twice. Tha'st been very hard wi' me, father, but I'm right sorry to vex mother."

The father still stood stern and unrelenting, interposing his form between the son and mother—the mother who still sobbed with great catching sobs that made every man present feel his heart like water. Ben looked at him for a moment or two, but the stern old face never relaxed, so without a word he strode over the threshold.

The noise of his step on the cobbled pathway leading from the house, and the sudden and deathly silence that reigned in that little kitchen, which for a moment before had seemed full of fury and striving, startled the mother into life.

She sprang up, and made for the doorway, but her husband put out his arm and stopped her.

"Let him go, wife. Let him follow his own bent."

"No, I can't, I won't!" she cried; and then she raised her voice: "Benny, my dear lad, come back; come back to thy mother."

The footsteps hesitated and stopped, and all looked to the doorway, the woman held fast in the strong grasp of her husband, who raised his voice in anger.

"No, let him go. He's no son of mine to bring disgrace on me i' the sight o' all the fowk."

At the sound of the father's words they heard the retreating footsteps quicken and hasten away, while the woman wrenched herself free and flew down the little garden.

All rushed out, but the father motioned his sons away, took her up in his arms, and carried her upstairs. The sudden shock had proved too much for her strength, and when she came back from her illness the life and vitality seemed to have forsaken her body. But never a word said she of the son who was lost; only buried her sorrow in her own heart.

The day that brought sorrow to the Radcliffes brought trouble to the village. Smallpox, that scourge dreaded throughout the countryside, made its appearance there, and the fight went badly with them. Before it ceased its ravages the village was decimated. Lack of helpers to nurse, and old-fashioned methods, made the place a veritable death trap, and the fear of it spread around them, so that the sufferers were shunned by all the villages.

Radcliffe and his wife, the latter slowly convalescing, escaped scot-free from that visitation, only to see their other two boys laid to rest with so many of the other villagers.

They bowed their heads in resignation, and in her inmost heart Susan rejoiced that one had escaped the scourge, even though the harsh parting seemed to have torn her heart in two.

But when all the danger from the epidemic was past, a new era of prosperity came to the village. Where before the men had worked the land and delved in the quarries the discovery of special virtues in the water brought factories and a new race of people, the phenomenon of modern manufacturing Yorkshire. New houses sprung up in place of the moorside cottages that had housed generation after generation, and the little village chapel became all too small for the new influx.

Amongst the contractors there was one who recognized the workmanlike qualities of Radcliffe, his honesty, and his efficiency, and would have him go back to London as one of his foremen on a big contract that he had undertaken.

So Susan and her husband left the village, glad in a way to turn over that sorrowful page, and their going was scarcely marked in what was now a growing town.

Thus it came about that in the course of a few years their history and their sorrows, even their name and memory, were lost in the new township that swallowed up old landmarks, and that cast out the older inhabitants who could not accommodate themselves to changed conditions.

So the Radcliffes left the place, the man with all his hopes dead, the woman kept alive by but one hope—that of seeing once again her lost son. This hope gave her strength to take up the burden of life again under strangely changed conditions.

But in the atmosphere of a city the country-bred man broke up completely. He could not breathe, there was an oppression on his lungs in the midst of so much bricks and mortar. His nostrils dilated and panted for the moorside breeze, and its lack made him sicken and die.

She buried her dead, and still steadfastly looked and prayed for her son's return, but the days lengthened into weeks, the months slipped by and became years, and still she waited expectantly, never doubting but that God in His own good time would answer her prayer. Oh, what depth and tenacity has a mother's love!

. . . . . .

There was an air of great expectancy about the evening meeting. When the chairman came on to the platform there was a moving of feet, repressed coughs, and many audible admonitions to the youngsters to "Hush!" which they found quite impossible to carry out.

However, when he gave out an opening hymn, the meeting found plenty of outlet for excitement, and the singing was rendered with mighty enjoyment and volume. Then down into their seats sat the meeting, comfortably composing themselves to listen.

The chairman spoke awhile, and then introduced the speaker of the evening. There was nothing very nautical about his appearance, but a breeziness of manner and the pleasurable confidence he showed that was sure of a favorable reception, soon put them all on a good understanding.

He took his hearers with him through the fish markets, he sailed with them from Billingsgate Market in one of the fish carriers, and described the life on board it. And as he spoke, for better comprehension, from the back of the hall slides were shown depicting various incidents, eliciting all sorts of amusing and naive comments from the grown-ups, as well as from the children.

His audience laughed with him as he told some humorous anecdote, giggled unfeelingly as he recounted his first experiences of seasickness, and became very quiet as he told of some of the dangers that the fishermen risk in pursuit of their living.

And so the evening ran along, and every one was hugely delighted; but there was more to follow, and a sufficient reserve of enthusiasm had been kept for the principal event of the evening—the pictures showing the fishermen actually at work on the high seas.

The youngsters present watched alternately the white sheet in front, weighted with heavy poles, which somehow conveyed to their minds the idea of a great white sail, and the man at the back who did mysterious things with a great black box and curious-looking tubes—a man who looked anxious and very much alive to the responsibilities of his position.

At last all was ready, and the speaker again stepped to the front. "The moving pictures which you are now about to see will show you better than I, or any one else, can describe, the actual work of the fishermen right out in the ocean, away from the land. They work in fleets numbering as many as fifty ships at a time. They form a little town of their own, they work for weeks at a stretch without ever sighting land; they fish whenever the weather is fine enough to let them—and sometimes when it is not by any means fine. As soon as they get a catch in those huge nets which you will see, and which have to be lifted into the ship by machinery, they box the fish and ferry it across to a quick steamer, which comes out from the port—once every day—just to take their fish to market. And often enough, when the weather is bad, the little boats in which they carry their fish to the carrier get capsized, and the men are lost. Then a ship comes home to port, and there is sorrow on the land, and another family bereft of its breadwinner. But if all goes well, they stop out on the sea as long as their coal lasts.

"And sometimes accidents happen, and well it is for the fishermen that those on land have not forgotten them. When mishaps occur, the hospital ship takes the injured man aboard, and the doctor looks after him. That is one of the principal reasons why the hospital ship is sent out there—to look after the sick and injured fishermen. Other reasons I have given you already. Now, these pictures are real; they were photographed at sea, and depict actual scenes. They show you what happens every day on the sea, and they are shown to you to obtain your sympathy and your help for those men, who are some of the simplest and bravest men who live under the British flag."

The lights went low, and the sheet gloomed white and spectral on the platform. There was a sigh of high expectancy, a curious whirring sound from the black box, and those in the front row started back as they saw a steamer bearing down straight on them from the sheet. The smoke belched from its funnel in a black mass; her nose cut the water like a knife, and sliced away in a long white breaker on both sides. On the bridge a grizzled face peered down at the audience, a quizzical smile wreathing up the corners of his mouth.

In spite of its mad speed, however, the front benches soon saw that they were in no danger of being run down, and laughed and applauded as they saw the men on board attending to all sorts of jobs—the fireman emptying buckets of ashes over the side from the engine-room, a deckhand coiling down a rope, a third turning the hose-pipe on the for'ard deck. Then came the cook, removing a piece of beef from a hook near the forecastle, while a sudden douche of the hosepipe caught him unawares. Then a sudden blank on the screen, as the voice of the speaker said: "The carrier is racing to catch the market. We will now go to the fishing-ground."

The scene there was very different. No racing speed, but the everyday life of the trawler. The casting of the net, the rushing about the deck, the pulling and tugging, while other vessels constantly passed across the scene. One of them was surrounded by a swarm of sea-gulls, dashing down into the water to pick out the titbits from a basket of refuse shot overboard. Another showed a piece of salt beef, tied to a line, serenely bobbing up and down astern—to take the salt out!—while the cook was whistling and washing fish.

Then the steam flashed out of the winch as the net was hauled up the side, filled to bursting point, and with a pushing and tugging and scrambling the mass was heaved aboard, and rained a shower of salt water on to the deck.

As one of the deckhands got underneath it and untied a rope, and hundreds of fish slipped out on the deck and crawled and wriggled about, the little hall was filled with shouts of wonderment and joy, the shrill voices of the youngsters dominating it all to the last gasp of satisfied pleasure as the picture was swallowed up in gloom, and the lights came on again.

"I want to speak to you about the next picture," said the lecturer, coming to the front, while every one blinked at him in the strong light. "There is a very affecting incident connected with it, which you will better appreciate with a few explanatory words from me. It happened that while these pictures were being taken one of the boats coming to the hospital ship was capsized, and one of the bravest and best skippers we have in the fleet risked his life and saved that of one of the two men who could not swim. Our boat was so close at the time that we were able to pick them all up, although far gone. In the first picture you see the unconscious men brought aboard, and in the second you will see my friend the skipper as he came aboard afterwards to thank us all under God, not only for his own preservation, but also for having been the means of saving another precious human life."

The lights went low again, and the first scene described took shape, and ran its rapid course on the screen. The hospital ship, the boat at the side, the unconscious, half-drowned men, the excitement on deck, the quick rush to the cabin, all followed with breathless interest by the audience.

Immediately after came another scene. A boat made fast to the side, and a couple of men leaped over on to the deck, with their backs to their audience; then one walked towards them, with a full, clear deck before him, a sunburnt, pleasant-looking man of perhaps thirty. He came down the deck with his hands outstretched, and such a frank, pleasing smile on his face, that it won the hearts of every one there, shook hands with one of the men who had just boarded from another boat, and continued his walk for'ard without pause, as if to meet some one, his face and figure looming large and clear, until it took up the whole sheet, a healthy, smiling face, pleasant to look upon.

"Benny, oh, my Benny, my boy, come back to me. Thank God for all His mercies," came a sobbing voice from the back, and the figure of Susan, all a-tremble with excitement and joy, struggled up the centre with arms outstretched to the smiling figure on the canvas.

With arms still outstretched to clasp her boy, she advanced, and as she came in front of the lantern her shadow blotted out the picture, and she seemed to gather it all in her arms, the great black shadow of an old and feeble woman fantastically covering up the whole picture.

But, wonder of wonders. As she got near to the platform and her shadow on the screen dwindled to its proper size, and with eyes that could not see for the tears that blinded them, there was one who started up from a seat at the side, the very man of the picture, who seemed dazed with doubt and joy mingled. And it was into his arms that the old woman sank with a sob of supreme content; his was the voice that whispered brokenly in her ears, his the hand that went round her protectingly, and as the lights went up once more, many a one in that room sobbed in sympathy to see the mother's faith justified, and her boy brought back to her in answer to her prayers.

Simple and Sure.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is so simple in application that a child can understand the instructions. Used as a liniment the only direction is to rub, and when used as a dressing to apply. The directions are so readily understood by young or old.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

TOMMY'S BURGLAR

AT ten o'clock p.m. Felicia, the maid, left by the basement door with the policeman to get a raspberry phosphate around the corner. She detested the policeman and objected earnestly to the arrangement. She pointed out, not unreasonably, that she might have been allowed to fall asleep over one of St. George Rathbone's novels on the third floor, but she was overruled. Raspberries and cops were not created for nothing.

The burglar got into the house without much difficulty; because we must have action and not too much description in a 2,000-word story.

In the dining-room he opened the slide of his dark lantern. With a brace and centrebit he began to bore into the lock of the silver closet.

Suddenly a click was heard. The room was flooded with electric light. The dark velvet portieres parted to admit a fair-haired boy of eight in pink pajamas, bearing a bottle of olive oil in his hand.

"Are you a burglar?" he asked, in a sweet, childish voice.

"Listen to that!" exclaimed the man in a hoarse voice. "Am I a burglar? Wot do you suppose I have a three-days' growth of bristly beard on my face for, and a cap with flaps? Give me the oil, quick, and let me grease the bit, so I won't wake up your mamma, who is lying down with a headache, and left you in charge of Felicia, who has been faithless to her trust."

"Oh, dear," said Tommy, with a sigh. "I thought you would be more up-to-date. This oil is for the salad when I bring lunch from the pantry for you. And mamma and papa have gone to the Metropolitan to hear De Reszke. But that isn't my fault. It only shows how long the story has been knocking around among editors. If the author had been wise he'd have changed it to Caruso in the proofs."

"Be quiet!" hissed the burglar, under his breath. "If you raise an alarm I'll wring your neck like a rabbit's."

"Like a chicken's," corrected Tommy. "You had that wrong. You don't wring rabbits' necks.

"Aren't you afraid of me?" asked the burglar.

"You know I'm not," answered Tommy. "Don't you suppose I know fact from fiction? If this wasn't a story I'd yell like an Indian when I saw you; and you'd probably tumble downstairs and get pinched on the sidewalk."

"I see," said the burglar, "that you're on to your job. Go on with the performance."

Tommy seated himself in an armchair and drew his toes up under him.

"Why do you go around robbing strangers, Mr. Burglar? Have you no friends?"

"I see what you're driving at, said the burglar, with a dark frown. "It's the same old story. Your innocent and childish insouciance is going to lead me back into an honest life. Every time I crack a crib where there's a kid around, it happens."

"Would you mind gazing with wolfish eyes at the plate of cold beef that the butler has left on the dining table?" said Tommy. "I'm afraid it's growing late."

The burglar accommodated.

"Poor man," said Tommy. "You must be hungry. If you will please stand in a listless attitude I will get you something to eat."

The boy brought a roast chicken, a jar of marmalade and a bottle of wine from the pantry. The burglar seized a knife and fork sullenly.

"It's only been an hour," he grumbled, "since I had a lobster and a pint of musty ale up on Broadway. I wish these story writers would let a fellow have a pepsin tablet, anyhow, between feeds."

"My papa writes books," remarked Tommy.

The burglar jumped to his feet quickly.

"You said he had gone to the opera!" he hissed, hoarsely, and with immediate suspicion.

"I ought to have explained," said Tommy. He didn't buy the tickets." The burglar sat again and toyed with the wishbone.

"Why do you burgle houses?" asked the boy, wonderingly.

"Because," replied the burglar, with a sudden flow of tears. "God bless my little brown-haired boy Bessie at home."

"Ah," said Tommy, wrinkling his nose, "you got that answer in the wrong place. You want to tell your hard-luck story before you pull out the child stop."

"Oh, yes," said the burglar, "I forgot. Well, once I lived in Milwaukee, and—"

"Take the silver," said Tommy, rising from his chair.

"Hold on," said the burglar. "But I moved away. I could find no other employment. For a while I managed to support my wife and child by passing Confederate money; but, alas! I was forced to give that up because it did not belong to the union. I became desperate and a burglar."

"Have you ever fallen into the hands of the police?" asked Tommy.

"I said 'burglar,' not 'beggar,'" answered the cracksman.

"After you finish your lunch," said Tommy, "and experience the usual change of heart, how shall we wind up the story?"

"Suppose," said the burglar, thoughtfully, "that Tony Pastor turns out earlier than usual to-night, and your father gets in from 'Parsifal' at 10.30. I am thoroughly repentant because you have made me think of my own little boy Bessie, and——"

"Say," said Tommy, "haven't you got that wrong?"

"Not on your colored crayon drawings by B. Cory Kilvert," said the burglar. "It's always a Bessie that I have at home, artlessly prattling to the pale-cheeked burglar's bride. As I was saying, your father opens the front door just as I am departing with admonitions and sandwiches that you have wrapped up for me. Upon recognizing me as an old Harvard classmate he starts back in ——"

"Not in surprise?" interrupted Tommy, with wide-open eyes.

"He starts back in the doorway," continued the burglar. And then he rose to his feet and began to shout: "Rah, rah, rah! rah, rah rah!"

"Well," said Tommy wonderingly, "that's the first time I ever knew a burglar to give a college yell when he was burglarizing a house, even in a story."

"That's one on you," said the burglar, with a laugh. "I was practising the dramatization. If this is put on the stage that college touch is about the only thing that will make it go."

Tommy looked his admiration.

"You're on, all right," he said.

"And there's another mistake you've made," said the burglar. "You should have gone some time ago and brought me the $20 gold piece your mother gave you on your birthday to take to Bessie."

"But she didn't give it to me to take to Bessie," said Tommy pouting.

"Come, come!" said the burglar, sternly. "It's not nice of you to take advantage because the story contains an ambiguous sentence. You know what I mean. It's mighty little I get out of these fictional jobs, anyhow. I lose all the loot, and I hate to reform every time; and all the swag I'm allowed is the blamed little fol-de-rols and luck-pieces that you kids hand over. Why, in one story, all I got was a kiss from a little girl who came in on me when I was opening a safe. And it tasted of molasses candy, too. I've a good notion to tie this table cover over your head and keep on into the silver-closet."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Tommy, wrapping his arms around his knees. "Because if you did no editor would buy the story. You know you've got to preserve the unities."

"So've you," said the burglar, rather glumly. "Instead of sitting here talking impudence and taking the bread out of a poor man's mouth, what you'd like to be doing is hiding under the bed and schreeching at the top of your voice."

"You're right, old man," said Tommy, heartily. "I wonder what they make us do it for? I think the S. P. C. C. ought to interfere. I'm sure it's neither agreeable nor usual for a kid of my age to butt in when a full-grown burglar is at work and offer him a red sled and a pair of skates not to awaken his sick mother. And look how they make the burglars act! You'd think editors would know—but what's the use?"

The burglar wiped his hands on the tablecloth and arose with a yawn.

"Well, let's get through with it," he said. "God bless you, my little boy! you saved a man from committing a crime this night. Bessie shall pray for you as soon as I get home and give her her orders. I shall never burglarize another house—at least not until the June magazines are out. It'll be your little sister's turn then to run in on me while I am abstracting the U. S. 4 per cent. from the tea urn and buy me off with her coral necklace and a falsetto kiss."

"You haven't got all the kicks coming to you," sighed Tommy, crawling out of his chair. "Think of all the sleep I'm losing. But it's tough on both of us, old man. I wish you could get out of the story and really rob somebody. Maybe you'll have the chance if they dramatize us."

"Never!" said the burglar, gloomily. "Between the box office and my better impulses that your leading juveniles are supposed to awaken and the magazines that pay on publication, I guess I'll always be broke."

"I'm sorry," said Tommy, sympathetically. "But I can't help myself any more than you can. It's one of the canons of household fiction that no burglar shall be successful. The burglar must be foiled by a kid like me, or by a young heroine, or at the last moment by his old pal, Red Mike, who recognizes the house as one in which he used to be the coachman. You have got the worst end of it in any kind of a story."

"Well, I suppose I must be clearing out now," said the burglar, taking up his lantern and bracebit.

"You'll have to take the rest of this chicken and the bottle of wine with you for Bessie and her mother," said Tommy calmly.

"But, confound it," exclaimed the burglar in an annoyed tone, "They don't want it. I've got five cases of Chateau de Beychsvelle at home that was bottled in 1853. That claret of yours is corked. And you couldn't get either of them to look at chicken unless it was stewed in champagne. You know, after I get out of the story I don't have so many limitations. I make a turn now and then."

"Yes, but you must take them," said Tommy, loading his arms with the bundles."

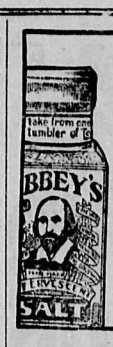
"Bless you, young master!" recited the burglar obediently. "Second-Story Saul will never forget you. And now hurry and let me out, kid. Our 2,000 words must be nearly up."

Tommy led the way through the hall toward the front door. Suddenly the burglar stopped and called to him softly: "Ain't there a cop out there in front somewnere sparking the girl?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "but what—"

"I'm afraid he'll catch me," said the burgalr. "You mustn't forget that this is fiction."

"Great head!" said Tommy, turning "Come out by the back door."



Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

It's often a little thing that puts a deranged digestive system right — if taken in time.

25c and 60c.

Sold everywhere.

64

DANGEROUS IMPORTED SEED

Manitoba Agricultural College desires to issue a note of warning to farmers and dealers importing grain into Manitoba to be used for feed or seed. This year considerable quantities of grain are being brought into certain districts, and much of it is believed to be badly infested with the seeds of weeds of a very noxious character. The weed problem already has become a very serious one in many districts through weed seeds being introduced to the land without the knowledge of those introducing them.

From samples sent recently to the College and examined by the Field Husbandry Department, it has been found that the present situation is alarming. A sample of oats recently imported to one of the towns in south-western Manitoba was found to contain seeds of the following weeds: Ball mustard, wormseed mustard, bladder campion, false flax, pepper grass, cinquefoil, curldock, shepherd's purse, wild buckwheat, lamb's quarter, and redwort pig weed.

Not only are many of the weeds mentioned in this list of a very noxious character, but some of them are new to this province, and, for that reason, they are the more to be guarded against.

An ounce sample, taken from a shipment of flax received at a town in northern Manitoba, was found upon analysis to contain 52 false flax seeds, and nine other species of weed seed.

The College will undertake to report, free of charge, upon any samples of grain sent to it for weed seed examination or germination tests.

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

WATCH COURTENAY GROW

TOWN LOTS NOW ON THE MARKET

G. R. BATES,

REAL ESTATE AGENT

COURTENAY

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

C SERVICE
S. S. CITY OF NANAIMO
(OR OTHER STEAMER)

WEATHER AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES PERMITTING WILL SAIL

NORTH BOUND

Leave Vancouver 5 p m. Mondays
Arrive Nanaimo 9 00 p.m. Mondays
Leave Nanaimo 10 p.m. Mondays
Beaver Creek f
Denman Island f
Arrive Union Bay 5.30 a.m. Tuesdays
Leave Union Bay 10.30 a.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Comox 11.15 a.m Tuesdays

SOUTH BOUND

Leave Comox 1.15 p.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Union Bay 2.00 p.m. Tuesdays
Leave Union Bay 2.15 p.m. Tuesdays
Denman Island f
Beaver Creek f
Arrive Nanaimo 10 p m. Tuesdays
Leave Nanaimo 11.00 p.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Vancouver 1.30 a.m. Wednesdays
f Indicates flag stop.

For rates and further particulars call or apply to

H. W. BRODIE, GEN'L. P. A., Vancouver, B.C.
W. McGIRR, Agent, Nanaimo, B.C.

S. G. HANSON'S

402 pullets, hatched 1909 from Jan. 1 to May 31, laid 37580 eggs which sold at wholesale prices net . . . $1019.12
Cost of feed for same period 211.05
$ 808.07

Average profit per bird for 151 days . . . $2.01

EGGS FOR HATCHING.	Per 15.	Per 100
March	$3.00	$15.00
April	3.00	15.00
May	2.50	12.50
June	2.00	10.00

HILLCREST POULTRY FARM
DUNCAN, B.C.

The Star Livery Stable

Third St. & Penrith Avenue
MAXWELL & HORNAL
Proprietors

All kinds of hauling done
First-class Rigs for Hire
Livery and team work promptly attended to

MAGNET CASH STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Furniture
Wallpaper
Crockery
Etc., etc.

A nice line of Iron Bedsteads
$4. to $40.
just arrived

H. E. BATH

Now the time will soon be coming
When with your residence you do do get sick,
For after the fires the house with dirt does get thick,
So don't you think we'd better be quick
And call on the Painter and have our house fixed.

H. PARKINSON
Painter and Paperhanger
SIGN WRITER etc. Cumberland.
Terms Moderate. Business Punctual

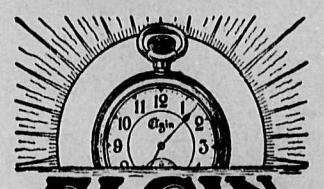
Wesley Willard

Local Agent for
The London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

Get rates before insuring elsewhere
Office: Cumberland

YOUR NAME IS GOOD

Anything in the Jewellery Line



Sold on a Small Monthly Payment

WATCHES

STODDART

THE JEWELLER

Next door to Royal Bank, opposite Post Office

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR

THE POOREST OF WINES, LIQUOR & BEER
ALSO THE BEST OF CIGARS.

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

C.A. Powell

PHOTOGRAPHER

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Post Cards, Views & Portraits

Prices Reasonable.

WORK GUARANTEED

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE
Up-to-date Merchant Tailor
DUNSMUIR AVENUE

Capital $6,200,000 Reserve $7,000,000

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world

SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, and interest at highest current rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards

CUMBERLAND, B.C., Branch— — — OPEN DAILY
COURTENAY, B.C. SubBranch OPEN TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAYS

H. F. Montgomery, Manager

I SELL for LESS — FOR LESS I SELL

SATURDAY'S BARGAINS

AT

CARTWRIGHT'S.

36 prs only of Misses Fine Pony Colt Blucher Shoes, 11 to 2, 2.50 pr NOW 1.90

110 prs of Fine Ribbed Stockings for Boys and Girls, sizes 5 to 10 inch 35c, 40c, 50c FOR 25c

HERE IS A CHANCE TO GET SOME GOOD WRITING PAPER CHEAP. 42 BOXES ENVELOPES TO MATCH 20c BOX

39 prs Boys' Fine Kid Shoes in Tan and Black, sizes range 1 to 5, 3.75 NOW 2.90

Boys' Blue Serge Caps, 25c each
Boys' Pants 50c pr

THE NEW MEXICAN STRAWS FOR GIRLS and BOYS 90c each

49 prs only Boys' good strong Shoes, made of chrome leather and are guaranteed to wear well 2.90 NOW 1.90

50 prs of the Jumbo brand Towels sells all over for 50c pr SATURDAY 3 prs for 1.00

A fine range of Men's Nobby Neckwear. regular 75c, 85c 1.00 SATURDAY 50c ea

HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE "CLASSY" SHOES FOR MEN AND CHILDREN?

"NATTY" IS THE NAME THEY GIVE THEM.

T. E. CARTWRIGHT

I Sell for Less — *For Less I Sell*

Next to Canadian Bank of Commerce

We have recently received a Carload of McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES, and are prepared to quote lowest prices and best terms.

give us a call.

McPhee & Morrison

General Merchants, Courtenay.