Legislative Library 61

BOYS' WASH SUITS
In all the leading patterns and styles,—such as Buster Brown and Sailor. These goods will wash well and the color, and are just the thing for a well dressed boy. Sizes from 3 to 6 years,
CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

Ladies' kid and silk lisle Gloves
We have just received a shipment of Ladies' Kid Gloves in the wanted shades of tans and greys, all sizes, at $1 a pair. Also long white silk gloves, fine quality, $1.50 a pair.
CAMPBELL BROS.

No. 102 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1912 Subscription price $1.50 per year

TO CELEBRATE DOMINION DAY

Committee Appointed to Arrange Program of Sports.

There was an average attendance at the public meeting last Monday evening. His worship, the mayor occupied the chair, and after a few well chosen remarks declared the meeting open for discussion. The discussion, to say the least, was interesting and varied, some contending that we had always celebrated the 24th of May and it was generally known as the children's day and they looked forward to it. Others said that Dominion Day was the best time to celebrate. Some jumped up to maintain that the first of July was Union Bay's day and admired the free ride to that delightful spot so generously given by the management of the Canadian Colleries (Dunsmuir) Ltd. Others thought the time was too short to celebrate the 24th. It took time to collect money and prepare a good programme of sports and it would be against the interest of Cumberland to celebrate Empire Day. The first of July would give us more time, and we should offer good prizes as an inducement to secure excursions from Nanaimo and outside points and make it a red letter day for 1912. The matter was brought to a fintsh by Mr. James Brown moving and Mr. Alex. Rowan seconding that the City of Cumberland hold its celebration on the first of July Dr. J. A. Gillespie moved an amendment which was seconded by Mr. Thomas Bannerman that we hold the celebration on the 24th of May, Empire Day, as on previous years, and allow Union Bay the first of July as usual. After several more had spoken, the question was put to a vote, and the motion was carried by the small majority of two.

The following gentlemen will have charge of the Dominion Day sports:

President, His worship, the Mayor.

Treasures, Mr. Thos. E. Bate

Secretary, Mr. James Brown

General Committee, Messrs Banks, Jack, Horbury, Smith, Rowan, Peocock, and Doctors Gillespie, MacNaughton and Hicks, with power to add to their numbers. The committee will hold its first meeting on Monday evening next in the council chambers.

POUND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I shall offer sor sale on Wednesday, May 8th, 1912, at 7 p.m., at the City Pound, Cumberland, B.C., one small bay horse weighing about nine hundred pounds, white face and left hind foot white, unless said animal is redeemed bef re said date and all charges against sa ne are paid in full.

Pound fees, $3.00; cost of keep, $6; advertising, $2.50; total cost $14 50.

F. MONACO,
Poundkeeper.

Cumberland, B.C., May 3rd, 1912.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING SOLEMNIZED

Two of Cumberland's Popular Young People United.

One of the most popular events of the week took place Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. James Watson, Maryport Avenue which was artistically decorated for the occasion, when her sister, Miss Cassie Grace Fraser of Sunny Brae, N. S., was united in marriage to Mr. Angus McQuarrie, contractor of this city, formerly of Harwood Hill, N. S. The Rev. James Hood of the Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony. The bride was beautifully attired in a very pretty sheer white union gown over white silk, with white veil and orange blossoms. She was given away by her brother, Mr. Samuel A. Fraser, and was attended by her niece, Miss Grace Watson, while Mr. Chris. McQuarrie performed the duties of best man. Immediately after the reception the happy couple left by automobile for Union Bay where they took the stemship Princess Mary for Vancouver and the Sound cities followed by the best wishes of their many friends. Upon their return they will take up their residence at the corner of Penrith Avenue and Second street The house furnishers and decorators are giving their future home the final touches before their return. A list of the presents, which were numerous and costly, will be published in our next issue.

All members of the Fire Brigade are requested to turn out for practice on Monday night next at 7:30.

COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED

The police and licence commissioners have at last received their appointments:

William Campbell,
John P. Watson,
Police Commissioners.

D. R. MacDonald,
Robert Cessford,
Licence Commissioners

We may now expect something doing. Improvements are needed in our hotel accommodation.

Some of our citizens are complaining at the way the marriage festivities were kept up in the early hours of last Wednesday morning. Some of our citizens got up and dressed at one o'clock in the morning and asked the police to be good enough to put a stop to the annoyance. It's alright getting married and living 'appy afterwards, but we fail to see where the fun comes in disturbing the quietude of a whole city for the sake of wishing the unoffending couple unalloyed happiness.

NEW BUSINESS BLOCK

Frank Dallos, of the popular Hotel Waverly, will commence the construction of a business block at once. Mr. Dallos has already built a large addition to his hotel this spring and now he starts the building boom which we are going to have here this summer by erecting a large two-story building on his property, sttuated on Dunsmuir Ave., between First and Second streets. The first floor will be used exclusively for stores, the demand for which is on the increase. The second floor will be used entirely for offices, and partition off to suit tenants. Actual construction will commence at once.

A. H. Peacey has in course of preparation plans and specifications for a large business block on Dunsmuir Ave., which will be erected at once. Mr. Peacey's business has grown so rapidly during the last two or three years that a bullding must be erected to suit the demands of his growing trade.

John R. Gray, our popular chief of police, will in the near future erect a residence for his own use in the east end of Cumberland.

H. J. Theobald has just moved into his fine new residence recent ly built in the east end.

The ladies of the Catholic church intend holding a Bazaar and Tea on June 18th. A dance will follow in the evening. Particulars later.

NANAIMO PRIZES FOR CUMBERLAND

Local Boys Make Good Showing at 1st of May Sports.

Between five and six hundred people took advantage of the excursion to visit Nanaimo on the first. The excursion train pulled out sharp at six a. m., but there were compensations coming for the early start. Cumberland carried everything before it in the shape of football. Teddy's Terriers won the final five-a-side football game. John S. Bannerwan won first in the one mile open race, time 4m. 50s. R. Humphreys of Union Bay took first in the hundred yards dash. Cumberland also got the best of Nanaimo in the junior football game. There is some talk of issuing a challenge for the first of July when an excursion is expected from Nanaimo.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred mare, fast, safe and reliable; either saddle or harness. One of the fastest—if not *the* fastest trotting horse in the district. For further particulars apply THOS. E. BATE, Cumberland, B.C.

EGGS FOR HATCHING— S.C. White Leghorns. Wilson-Cooper strain direct. Breeders selected for vigour and large egg production. $2.00 per 15 eggs; $6.00 per 50 eggs; $10.00 per 100 eggs. Order early to avoid disappointment. F.H. THOMASON, Courtenay, B.C.

NEW FIRM STARTED

The Cumberland Departmental Stores succeed John N. McLeod at his former business stand popularly known as the Corner Store. The new firm consists of Mr. W. A. Wagenhauser, at one time a general merchant of San Francisco, also late postmaster of Winnott, B. C., and proprietor of the Winnott General Stores of South Vancouver, in partnership with Mr. Frank Onate who has had considerable mercantile experience and has spent quite a number of years in different parts of South Africa. The Cumberland Departmental Stores promises to be one of the largest concerns on this part of the island. They have already placed orders for additional stock amounting to $25,000.00, and intend to branch out into other departments and to complete and add to the large stock they already carry. With the experience and ability of the new firm their success is assured.

The Board of License Commissioners will meet on Tuesday evening next in the Council Chambers.

Mr. John J. Wier, we are pleased to announce, is improving steadily. We shall be glad to see him around again,

MOTHERS' DAY will be observed in the Methodist Church tomorrow. Everyone is requested to wear a white flower in honor of Mother. The morning service will be especially for the children

ODDFELLOWS CELEBRATE

Pleasant Evening with Songs, Speeches and Recitations.

Union Lodge No. 11 I, O. O. F. of Cumberland, assisted by the Rebekahs, celebrated their 93rd anniversary last Friday with a banquet and concert. After partaking of the sumptuous repast provided by the sisters, the following program was rendered:

Part I.

Toast to the King.

Song, Jack McLaughlan
Recitation, A. Steinhouse
Song, James Aston
Toast, The I. O. O. F., eliciting an eloquent response from John C. Brown.
Song, Miss Henderson
Song, Mrs. Frelone
Recitation, Sec. H. Parkinson

Part II.

Song, Jock MacLaughlan
Song, Miss Shearer

Able addresses were given by John Spencer and James Smith, and a very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

Mr. Charles Heraper of Comox and Courtenay has been awarded the contract for the painting of the wireless station at Cape Lazo

SMALL BLAZE IN CITY HALL

Films Caught Fire and Considerable Damage Done.

Last Wednesday afternoon the City Hall caught fire. Mr. Peter Anderson, one of the proprietors of the moving picture show, was busy oiling up the machine preparing for the evening performance. and after giving it two or three turns a mass of flame shot up through the building, the film having caught fire. The only account for the accident is that there must have been a match on the floor and while moving his foot Mr. Anderson must have struck it, setting fire to the films It was only with considerable difficulty that he succeeded in getting out of the building.

The fire bell rang at once and in a few minutes the fire was put out, but not until some of the shingles were cut away and water poured through the roof, making the plaster fall from the ceiling and leaving the place in wretched shape. The estimated damage to the City Hall will be $1,000, which is covered with insurance. Messrs. Smith and Anderson will suffer total loss of their stock as they had no insurance.

OLD TIMERS GONE

Samuel Drake and Edward Quennell, pioneers of British Columbia and old time residents of Nanaimo, have been called away by death during the last week.

Mr. Drake held the position of sheriff for the county of Nanaimo for a number of years

CHARLIE SCAVARDA AT LAST SUCCUMBS

Charlie Scavarda, son of Frank Scavarda, general merchant, died at the Union and Comox Hospital last Sunday morning, April 28th, at the age of seventeen years. The deceased was shot by an unknown Chinaman while passing through the school grounds. The bullet struck him in the neck and lodged in the back bone, injuring the spinal cord. Six months and four days he lingered, his lower limbs completely paralyzed. Two months of the time he remained at home, two weeks in Vancouver in the vain hope of help, and the remaining portion of the time he was lying in the hospital here. All that human skill could do was done. The Chinaman still remains a fugitive from justice.

The funeral took place Monday afternoon from the residence of his parents at the corner of Second Street and Dunsmuir Avenue to the Catholic Cemetery, the Reverend Father Mertens officiating.

CURTIS IS COMING BACK

He says he is Going to Blow his Horn, so Get Ready.

Monday evening, May 6th, will mark an epoch in the amusement line in this city. Manager Curtis will open up in the Cumberland Hall with an array of talent and pictures such as has never been equalled in any moving picture show in British Columbia. Mr. Curtis has been very successful in securing the famous Loraine Ladies' Orchestra, direct from the Hipprodome, N. Y. Miss Loraine is considered the best trap drummer that ever visited this part of the country. Miss Irwin is a violin soloist of no mean ability, who created quite a sensation at the Coliseum in San Francisco recently by her perfect rendition of Mozart's Sonata op. 147.

Among the vocal soloists will be found Miss Lucille Wise, with all the latest ragtime hits. Among other selections she will sing the latest New York sensation, "Everybody is Doing It." Miss Wise is a lady of charming personality and no doubt will make a great hit.

Miss Violet Perry will preside at the piano. This will make a combination of musicians seldom excelled in this part of the country. The pictures will be the latest creation of the film makers' art, and among other comedies will be the "New Easter Bonnet" and "Oh, You Ragtime," introducing Alexander's Ragtime Band.

Special arrangements have been made to handle the enormous crowds and in the selection of employees the management has put forth every effort to secure courteous and obliging help.

The performance will start at 7:30 p.m., and the admission to this grand entertainment will be the same as usual.

Mr. M. Manson, member-elect for this district, paid Cumberland a visit on Thursday last. He is making a tour of the district to ascertain the wants and requirements in the shape of roads and bridges.

A. R. Kierstead, late of Victoria, has purchased the blacksmith shop occupied by Minnie and Potter. He has torn down the old building and will erect a two story one 38 by 50 feet in which to carry on the business of a general blacksmith.

Miss Irene Mounce arrived here this week to join her parents.

The receipts from the customs revenue for Cumberland for the month of April was $1,330.00.

Miss Anna Bell McLellan was united in marriage to Mr, Harry Biggs last Tuesday evening, Rev. Laffere officiating. The list of presents will be published later.

The North Amerinan Fur Industry

A LARGE proportion of the furs which the world's people wear for garments still comes from North America, says Chambers's Journal, despite the great changes which have occurred on that continent, especially within the last fifty years, by the settling of what was formerly a wilderness. The value of the yearly fur-hunt on sea and land throughout the world is about five million pounds. Of this amount Canada and Alaska contribute nearly one-fifth, not because of the large number of skins secured by the hunters, but because so many of them are rare and valuable, for we must remember that the seals taken in the waters of North America alone represent a very large sum each year.

The history of the Hudson's Bay Company might be called a history of the American fur industry; because, since it was formed back in the seventeenth century, this corporation has had its agents and hunters scattered over an enormous territory. Over a century ago it had no less than one hundred and sixty trading-posts and "factories"—the term factories meaning stations in charge of its factors or buyers. It not only obtained furs from most of that part of Canada which is north and west of the Great Lakes, but many thousand pelts were received from the Pacific North-West—that portion of the United States comprising the states of Oregon, Washington, and Nevada—at that time almost unknown to the white man. In those days Winnipeg was the head-centre of the Hudson's Bay Company, the log fort which it constructed being the foundation of the present city. No longer is this the head-centre, for civilization has crowded the fur-hunter farther and farther north, until Winnipeg is only one of the minor stations of the great corporation.

Seven hundred miles to the north-west of it is Edmonton, the largest market for "raw" furs in the New World, the capital of Alberta, and the most northern point on the North American continent to be reached by a continuous line of railroad. Picturesque yet modern, and an outpost of empire, Edmonton in the old days was an important settlement in that section, the extreme north-western market in the fur-country. It was founded a century or so ago by the old North-Western Fur Company, for a brief time a competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The industry is now divided into branches. But few of the skins are secured by the buyers direct from the hunters and trappers, most of them being obtained through the fur-traders who yearly make expeditions into the wilderness, and obtain a "load," often for a supply of provisions and clothing, and perhaps no money whatever changes hands. In the spring, when the ice and snow commence to thaw, the agents of the big concerns, the free traders and the few trappers who have cared to bring their furs as far back as Edmonton and Prince Albert, begin to move back to the north country. The objective point of many of the traders is Fort Resolution, a post on Great Slave Lake, nearly one thousand miles north of Edmonton, as the trail leads, and something like four hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. Fort Chippewayan, on Lake Athabasca is another important post, also on the edge of the fur country; and there are a number of posts in the interior and along the MacKenzie River, which flows from Great Slave Lake into the Arctic Sea. The most northerly post is Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, two thousand miles north of Edmonton, and approximately one hundred and fifty miles above the Arctic Circle.

Each company of traders takes a large supply of provisions and goods for barter, in addition to its own stock of food, guns, etc., and the journey in covering the thousand miles to Fort Resolution, or the greater distances to the more remote posts, is one of great difficulty and hardship. The first ninety miles out of Edmonton is overland to Athabasca Landing, on the Athabasca River, where flat boats and canoes are taken and the trip to the fur-country begins in earnest. The route lies downstream all the way, since the Athabasca flows north into Athabasca Lake, which is connected with Great Slave Lake by the Great Slave River. But there are many rapids to be avoided by means of long portages, so that even this part of the journey is not easy.

The traders come back to Edmonton more heavily laden than when they went away. The pelts obtained by barter direct from the trappers or collected from distant posts are packed in bales weighing about a hundred or so pounds each, and loaded on their canoes and flat boats. Then the fight against the current all the way back to Athabasca Landing is commenced. Tow-lines are attached to the bigger and heavier of the boats, and they are pulled upstream by men who walk along the banks "tracking," as it is called. When the portages are reached the boats must be unloaded and the cargoes and the boats carried past the rapids. Going down, it is possible to send the goods by land and "shoot" the rapids in the empty boat sometimes. Going up, it is unload, carry, and reload from end to end.

But if the men who do this part of the work have a hard task, the lot of the trapper is infinitely harder. He must pursue the sources of his livelihood with the utmost cunning, varying his methods, from lodging a bullet in the vitals of a bear or other large animal in such a way as will not injure the pelt to setting the subtlest of snares for such wary ones as the little ermine, only the jet-black tail of which is visible as it whisks across the blinding snow. The ermine is very shy, and it must be specially dealt with in order to avoid injury to its delicate skin. Even the smallest of the steel traps are too heavy for the best specimens, which the trapper must catch in snares of tender boughs or in some such way. Sometimes he puts a little grease on his hunting-knife and lays it across the succession of dots and dashes in the snow which show an ermine has passed that way. Along comes the little white form on its erratic course again. The grease appeals to it, and it begins to lick the blade of the knife; but, alas! that piece of steel is icy cold, and the tiny red tongue is instantly frozen to it so tightly as to render futile all the frantic struggling. The knife is too heavy for the little animal to carry away and in his own good time the trapper comes and finishes his work.

If he manages to take a silver fox, the trapper is in great luck, for the pelt of a prime specimen of that animal is worth fifteen hundred dollars to the man who buys it down at Edmonton, and the very best will bring the buyer as much as twenty-five hundred dollars. But the trapper gets few silver foxes, and for these he receives a price much smaller than the figure at which the white trader will eventually make his sale. The animal of which the trapper will probably capture most is the lynx. One firm of traders brought eight thousand lynx into Edmonton last summer, and these formed only a part of the total receipts. Others which are taken in large numbers are beavers, bears, otters, wolverines, minks, martens, musk-rats, musk-oxen, fishers, weasels, and white, red, black, and cross fox. Tens of thousands are trapped during the course of a season.

The hunter or trapper must carry traps and supplies into the remotest regions, where even lumbermen are unknown. He builds a low, wide sled, holding three hundred pounds, and loads this with pork, flour, undercloth ing, and steel traps. And when the ice on streams and lakes will bear his weight he starts into the wilderness, there to lead a hermit's life for seven from the nearest habitation, the trapper tries to find two parallel streams running near each other. Here he pitches his home-camp, setting traps along both revirs. The work of taking months. Arrived at a point many miles game from the traps is varied by catching fish, snaring rabbits, and capturing musk-rats for bait and food. Now and then the hunter may kill a wandering bear—an event which may lead him to a big store of wild honey in a hollow tree. In this utter solitude lives the adventurer, perhaps forgetting the day of the week or the month of the year. He fixes the date for breaking up camp and turning back to civilization by the condition of the fur on the animals he takes or by the effects of sunlight on the snow. Now and then he will shoot a deer, or even a moose, for the sake of the rawhide, meat, and fat, which latter keeps his traps from rusting. A file serves him instead of a grindstone to keep axes and knives keen; and he washes his clothes through a hole in the ice, drying them by an open fire. The dazzling glare of February often brings snow-blindness; and a month or two later the fast-thinning fur on his prey shows that further work is unprofitable. He then secretes his traps in hollow logs ready for next season, packs his load of pelts on the wide sled, and trudges off through the forest to the nearest post or settlement. On arriving, the trapper sells his furs.

When the trading season is over, the trappers go back to their winter hunting grounds, which they do not leave from October till June. Here they may have a shack or hut built of logs which will enable them to withstand the rigorous weather, but the location must be near the homes of the animals, where they can frequently examine the score or more of traps and nets which are set for their capture. The extreme cold weather largely enables them to keep the skins "cached" or stored out of doors until late spring, when they prepare for their journey southward to meet the traders. The furs may be packed on ponies, on sledges, or in boats or other water-craft, for where waterways are available these are used in making the journey. As the traders now advance further into the wilderness the hunters and trappers are saved many a week formerly needed in making their way to the nearest factory.

So many are now engaged at the vocation that the American fur trade is actually greater to-day than ever before, in spite of the immense tracts of wilderness formerly the home of game animals which have been settled by the white men. This is because by the present system the hunters and trappers secure much more value for their skins than in the past, and have time to cover a larger area of the wilderness. Some of the Indians in the more northerly sections, where the furs are the finest because of the greatest cold, seldom or never see a white man or any sign of civilization. They remain in the woods from year's end to year's end. The pelts which they gather and hang on trees, or "cache" in some more effective manner, are collected by halfbreed representatives of the traders whenever the opportunity offers.

Many curious instances of the manner in which the honesty of the Indian manifests itself are cited in the north country. One of the tales told is of a native who, desiring food and tobacco and blankets, broke into the store of a remote trading-post which had been locked and abandoned for a few weeks while the white man in charge transacted business elsewhere. The Indian supplied his needs, but he left pelts for payment for what he took; and months later he came back to ascertain if he had left enough. Except in the matter of price, the traders deal fairly with the Indians, and ordinarily nothing but good feeling exists between the two classes. One Indian found a post closed when he went to it to dispose of his skins. Being unwilling to wait, he forcibly entered and left his pack, but nothing with it to indicate his identity. Then he retired, fastening the door as best he could, and not until a year later did he return. When he walked into the post and told his story the price of the skins was handed over to him without question. The accounts of the white man had been carefully kept, and he was certain that no claim but a just one would be made.

NERVE AGONIES

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Nerves that are over-worked or weak quickly indicate their distress by pain. That pain may be neuralgia or inflamed nerves, usually affecting the head, but often the spine and limbs. It may be nervous dyspepsia, easily started by worry, excitement or weakness. It may be St. Vitus dance, a common affliction among children, or neurasthenia, a condition of general nervous exhaustion accompanied by acute melancholy. Worst of all the pain may signal the early stages of paralysis or nervous decay. All these disorders signify that the hungry nerves are clamoring for nourishment in the form of good, rich blood. The numerous cures of the above named nervous diseases and weakness in both sexes by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are accounted for by the fact that these Pills actually make new, rich blood and so supply the starved nerves with the vital elements needed to strengthen them. Mr. Wm. G. Jones, Westmead, Man., says: "A few years ago it was my misfortune to suffer from nervous debility, brought about through a severe attack of la grippe or influenza. When the first effects were felt I used to wake up in the middle of sleep trembling like a leaf, and in a bath of cold perspiration. Later the trouble grew so bad that I scarcely got a wink of sleep, and would toss about in bed growing so weak that I feared for my life. A doctor was called in, and then another, but without avail. I became more and more low spirited, and without any apparent reason would have fits of crying. While in this condition, a pamphlet was given me telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others, and I determined to give them a trial. By the time I had finished a few boxes I began to get some sleep, and this greatly encouraged me. Then my strength began to return, my nerves grew steadier and in a few weeks more I was feeling as well as ever I did in my life, and you may be sure I will always gratefully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every one sick or ailing, as they restored me to health and strength after all other medicines had failed."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Shiloh's Cure

A REPORTER'S AEROPLANE RIDE

THERE are plenty of reporters at the aviation meets, but as their observations are usually made from terra firma, we have so far had very few accounts of how it really feels to fly. The man who runs the machine has other things to think about, and is not usually a graphic writer. A correspondent of the London Times, however, recently took an air trip, being invited to go because he weighed 196 pounds. The aviators were having a weight-carrying contest. The wind was blowing about twenty miles an hour, and the rest of the competitors declined to take the risk, so the aviator and the reporter had a "walk-over," but not as tame as most victories of that kind. We read:

"The worst part of such a journey for the novice is the waiting until everything is ready for the start. The sensation of anticipation is not unlike the feeling that one has when one is waiting for a wounded boar to break cover from the corner into which he is driven. But once the propeller starts to whirl behind you all other thoughts beyond the exhilaration of rapid motion vanish. You have gript the struts thinking that you will have to hold on like grim death, but you immediately find that this is not necessary. The machine moves along the ground at an extraordinary pace and I only knew that it was actually flying when I saw the elevating-plane change from the horizontal. Of the motion of flight it is difficult to speak clearly. Even in the high wind that Mr. Grace was now climbing, it was not more than the sensation of a beautifully balanced motor-car. The earth—in this case the sward of the Lanark racecourse—seemed to be racing away from under us, and in a flash we were level with the first pylon and the judge's box.

"The machine was now up to 150 feet, and I became engrossed in Mr. Grace's method in flying. It seemed to me that his attention was glued to his elevating plane, with just momentary glances out of his eyes to judge the distance by which he had to shun each pylon in its turn. We were now crossing fields and water. I could observe the gates, the wire fences, and a man bathing in the water. Then we went around into the wind. Our pace immediately slackened, and Mr. Grace was working to keep his machine in the air. As we crossed a road we were going so slowly that I could observe the direction of the hoof marks of a horse that had recently passed. Here all observation ceased, as Mr. Grace was now battling with the wind. We had only 500 yards to traverse to cross the winning line, but the dead weight against the wind was bringing the machine down. Then there came a gust heavier than them all. It took the machine just up the requisite amount to cross the line, and we came gently to earth. It had only been a four minute ride, but it was certainly the most delightful ride that I have ever experienced. The only recollection that I have that will describe the general sensation is that of exquisite motion."

A YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED BY PROXY

MARRIAGES by proxy are yet allowed by law in Cuba. On Wednesday (says a Cuban nawspaper, a marked copy of which has been sent us by a Toronto man now in Jamaica) one of these weddings took place in this city at the residence of Mrs. Soler on the Malecon, when her daughter, Sta. Monina Soler, became the wife of Mr. Francis Ruz, son of the well-known broker of this city, who is now in Paris.

Sr. Ruz sent a power of attorney to his friend, Speaker Orestes Ferrara, and another to Sr. Manuel Torres. Sr. Torres represented the bridegroom at the wedding, as Sr. Ferrara was away in Santa Clara.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Manual Abascal, of the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Angel. Chief of Police Armando Riva and Sr. Miguel Morales acted for the bride, while Sr. Julio de la Torre and Francisco G. Quiros acted for the bridegroom.

The bride will in a few days start for Paris to join her husband.

QUEER FIRE TRICKS EXPLAINED

FIRE tricks were practised in very ancient times. The first known fire-breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the servile war in Sicily, 130 B.C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to accomplish this feat Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and, having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is performed today in a more approved manner. The performer rolls some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he lets burn until it is nearly consumed. Then he rolls around it more flax while it is still burning. By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived, and then breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales only through his nostrils.

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats of this sort performed by the ancients, observes Harper's Weekly. An old ordeal was the holding of a red-hot iron by the accused, who was not burned if he were innocent. Probably some protective paste was used on the hands. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and thus protected a man might walk on hot iron.

Fire-walking is an ancient Oriental custom, the origin of which is apparently unknown. It still survives in India, Japan and some of the South Sea Islands. The performance, sometimes preceded by incantations conducted by priests and followed by a feast, consists in walking barefoot over a bed of stones which have been made red or white hot by fire.

A tribe on one of the Fiji Islands was once persuaded to give an exhibition, and several Europeans went to witness it. One of them, a Government meteorologist, carried a thermometer that would register up to four hundred When the guests arrived they found hundreds of natives assembled. The oven was twenty-five or thirty feet long and eight feet broad, and was shaped like a saucer. The deepest part of the depression was fifteen feet in length. The preparations had been undertaken long in advance to avert any delay, and the visitors saw the stones still covered with embers.

Walking beside the pit before this was done, the man with the thermometer recorded a temperature of one hundred and fourteen degrees. After the stones were uncovered he hung his instrument out over the centre of the oven, six feet above the stones, whereupon the mercury rose to two hundred and eighty-two degrees. It is said the stones were "white-hot," and that low flames from several holes between the stones could be seen leaping up around them.

Two of the men who were to walk across the oven were examined by the Europeans before their daring act. They wore garments about the neck and waist. Their feet and legs were entirely bare. The soles of their feet were soft and flexible, showing that they had not been rendered permanently callous in any way.

In order to detect the presence of chemicals that might have been applied for the occasion, various tests were made.

Finally, at a signal, the seven or eight natives who took part in the exhibition came down in single file to the oven and walked across the stones from one end of the pit to the other. They spent less than half a minute there.

Immediately after they emerged the Europeans again inspected their feet, but could find no sign of burning or blistering.

Several Englishmen have tried this experiment, one of them a British resident on one of the Society Islands. He stated that he felt something resembling slight electric shocks, and that the tingling sensation continued for hours afterward, but that that was all. The tender skin of his feet was not even hardened by fire. Yet the stones were so hot that an hour afterward green branches thrown on them caught fire and blazed up.

LITTLE TALES FROM NEW BOOKS

THE infamous Captain Morgan and his piratical crew were sometimes in tight places in Panama, and on one occasion were reduced to eating their leathern bags. "Some persons," says one of the company, Exquemelin (whose narrative is reproduced in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies"), "who never were out of their mothers' kitchens may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer: That could they experiment what hunger, or, rather, famine is, they would certainly find the manner, by their own necessity, as the pirates did. First, these took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between two stones and rub it, often dipping it in the water to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had right at hand."

Malingering is common in jail, but surely a case quoted from his own experience by Dr. Quinton, the late Governor of Holloway, in "Crime and Criminals" (Longmans) is a record. The "hero" was a violent prisoner who feigned stiffness of the index finger to avoid oakum picking. He was so angry when the finger was forcibly bent that, "on returning to his cell, he promptly placed the offending finger in the hinges of his table, which was attached to the cell wall, and violently raised the leaf, with the result that the finger was absolutely shattered and had to be removed."

Another case, even more remarkable in its way, was that of the notorious American criminal, Bidwell, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life in connection with the Bank of England forgeries.

"He was in good health on conviction, but never did any active work in prison. Feigning loss of power in his legs, he lay in bed from day to day, and from year to year, defying all efforts of persuasion, and resisting all unpleasant coercive measures devised to make him work. When I saw him at Dartmoor at the end of eight or nine years of his sentence, long disuse of his legs had rendered him almost a cripple. The muscles were extremely wasted, and both hip and knee joints were contracted in a state of semi-flexion, so that he lay doubled up in a bundle. Though he was examined time after time by experts, no one succeeded in discovering any organic disease, or any cause for his condition other than his own firmly expressed determination never to do a day's work for the British Government—a threat which I believe he ultimately carried out."

Probably the biggest cannibal orgy on record is one of which Miss Beatrice Grimshaw tells in "The New New Guinea" (Hutchinson). "In 1858 a shipload of Chinamen was being taken down to Australia. The vessel was wrecked upon a reef close to Rossel Island (New Guinea). The officers escaped in boats, but were never afterwards heard of. As for the Chinamen, numbering 326, the natives captured them, and put them on a small barren island, where they had no food, and no means of getting away. They kept their prisoners supplied with food from the mainland, and every now and then carried away a few of them to eat, until all but one old man had been devoured. This one succeeded eventually in getting away, and told something of the story, which seems to have met with general disbelief. True it is, however, on the evidence of the sons of those who did the deed."

A characteristic story of John Bright is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her new book, "I Myself." He was at dinner one night with an M.P. whose wife by no means shared her husband's democratic sentiments. John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him among her smart guests, and thought to give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum which he put down upon the floor and, getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up. "It is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation and the dinner went on.

THE PART PLAYED BY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

THE Crippen trial has raised once more the much debated question of capital punishment, garnished with the usual stock-in-trade of the abolitionists—the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. And yet, if the question be thoroughly probed, it will be found that many murderers would escape the just award of the avenging law if circumstantial evidence were no longer admissible. Those who premeditate murder, as a rule, take every precaution to avoid direct evidence. In the majority of cases the murderer is caught in the toils of circumstantial evidence which he alone has supplied. The pieces of underclothing, the scrap of hair, the portion of flesh with the scar of an old abdominal operation—all these might have been destroyed by Crippen. Murder will out. Falsehoods cannot be woven into the fine unbroken web of truth. A close examination reveals the flaws of the most adept criminal who seeks to cover his footsteps. The so called romance of crime lies in the ingenious devices by which the accused endeavors to throw the sleuth hand of justice off the scent. They spin such a mazy web that they themselves are caught in its toils.

Who has not heard of these famous partners in crime, whose figures hold a place of honor in Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors? The thrill of horror with which the public learned of their gruesome traffic led to the passing of the Anatomy Act. Here was an organized, dividend-paying partnership, syndicated for the supply of corpses to the unsuspecting anatomists, and, as a mere incident in the ungodly trade, for the forcible emigration from this world of many poor waifs and strays, who, despite their helpless despair, clung tenaciously to life. Having selected an easy and unsuspecting victim, Burke, the diplomatist and soft-spoken benevolent friend, tracked the quarry to his lair. Here his partner smothered the shrieks of those who protested against "the deep damnation of their taking off;" some, doped with drink and drugs, yielding up their spirits without struggle or alarm. The corpse was then sold to good, easy-going Dr. Perkins, who asked no questions. Old washerwomen, idiots, the flotsam and jetsam of the streets, arrived at this human abattoir singly on foot, and found their way to the dissecting table. Some, on the pretext of having a drink, passed into the murderers' den, never to emerge alive. They were more valuable in death than in life. Human wrecks whom no one wanted brought $50 each when ready for the hospital theatre. The very helplessness and friendliness of the classes preyed on proved to be the strong card in evading suspicion. No one wanted these poor, down-and-outs in life; in death their only market value was as subjects for the dissecting knife. The score of victims to the credit of these ghouls was forty, and all seemed well until Hare, avaricious man, took in lodgers. This proved his undoing. Even with the sworn testimony of the lodgers, who were the horror-stricken eye-witnesses of the murder of victims, the prosecution could only finally succeed in accepting one of the partners in crime, Hare, as a Crown witness, so well had the firm covered their tracks. "We always took care when we were going to commit murder," said Burke when the game was up, "that no one should be present—that no one should swear to seeing the deed done. They might suspect, but they never saw."

Burke, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law, has enriched the English language with a new verb. "To burke"—to smother, to get rid of noiselessly—is often used by the public speaker and Parliamentary debater, without any thought or knowledge of its gruesome antecedents.

The notorious case of the murderer, George Mullins, is a typical instance of the fatal tendency of the criminal to weave the noose for his own neck. Mullins was a policeman in Ireland and also in England. After leaving the force he did odd jobs as repairing contractor, and in this capacity did work for old Mrs. Elmsley, a penurious, suspicious old woman, whose house rents from tenants brought her in the comfortable weekly sum of $200. The murder of this lonely old woman leaked out on a Monday, and straightly pointed to robbery as the motive. It was clearly the work of some one hungering for the weekly rents which she had collected on the Saturday night. Mullins, the ex-policeman, was the one being she trusted. Search proved that the old miser had disappointed the hopes of her murderer. The money was afterwards found carefully hidden away. No clue was found to the murderer. The whole tragedy seemed wrapped in impenetrable mystery. A reward of $1,500 was offered, and the greed for money led Mullins to the scaffold. He came forward to claim the reward, informing the police that the crime had been committed by a friend of his, named Emms. To the latter's house Mullins and the police went, but no clue was found. Unable to resist the glitter of the big reward, Mullins cried: "You haven't half searched; look behind that slab there," pointing to a large stone in the yard. Under the slab was found a parcel containing spoons belonging to the murdered woman. The parcel was tied with a piece of shoemaker's waxed cord. The eagerness of Mullins and his indiscretion in locating the booty led to his arrest along with Emms. The latter was a shoemaker, and Mullins, with a far-seeing cunning that failed him in the end, had deposited the parcel in his neighbor's yard, and to throw suspicion on an innocent man, had got possession by some means or a piece of waxed cord, with which to tie it. He went to the scaffold protesting to the last his innocence of the crime.

The mills of God ground slowly but surely in the case of Eugene Aram. He murdered Daniel Clarke, the mystery of whose disappearance was not at the time unraveled. Time passed, and the name of Clarke was forgotten, save by the oldest inhabitants. The lapse of years brought a sense of security, if not freedom from remorse, to the murderer. Excavations led to the unearthing of a skeleton which set the memories of the older inhabitants jogging backwards to the fatal year of the disappearance of Clarke. An accomplice of Aram's, who, like Mullins, unwisely aired his superior knowledge, stubbornly insisted that the skeleton was not that of Clerke. To back up his theories against some of the inhabitants, he pointed out the spot where another skeleton had been found. The second skeleton was unearthed, and Eugene Aram was placed on trial for his life. He relied, like Crippen, on the difficulty of identifying the remains, but the court and jury showed sound common sense by sending him to the scaffold.

Another crime immortalized in literature was the murder of his young and beautiful bride by John Scanlon, a dashing young officer of twenty-five, of good family, and a great favorite in the highest circles. Staying over at Dublin on his way home to Limerick, in the days of the rumbling and uncertain stage coach, he fell in love with the niece of a rope-maker (ominous trade!) named Ellen Connedy. After the marriage they went to live at Glin, County Limerick, Ireland, where, within a few weeks after his marriage, Scanlon determined to get rid of his beautiful wife. He selected as his accomplice a servant man named Sullivan. Inviting his wife for a row on the broad waters of the River Shannon one quiet evening, he did hed to death, and cast her body into the water. Presuming on his standing as a "gentleman," he gave out that his humbly-born wife had turned out to be of indifferent character, and had gone to America. How Crippen-like the story! The lady's character was too well-known, however, and few believed this story. After a time her dead body was cast up on the shore—mute witness against her cruel husband. Like Crippen, Scanlon had mutilated the body of his victim so that it would be unrecognizable. Still the identity was established by a sensible jury of her countrymen. The case was tried before Baron Smith, and he, fearing the great family interest of the accused ordered Scanlon to be hanged forthwith. His titled relatives were unable to reach Dublin in time, and Scanlon paid the death penalty. Out of these gruesome materials Gerald Griffen wove his finest romance; Dion Boucicault his famous "Colleen Bawn," and Benedict's "Lily of Kilarney."

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents

WEAK, SICKLY BABIES MAKE HOME WRETCHED

No home is happy where there is a sick baby. The sufferings of the little one makes the whole household wretched, for what mother or father would not rather suffer themselves than to see their little one suffer. But there is no reason for wretched homes because baby is ill. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood; not only that, but an occasional dose of the Tablets will keep baby well. Thousands of mothers have found happiness through the Tablets making their little ones well and happy. Among them is Mrs. C. C. Roe, of Georgetown, Ont., who writes: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a help to the baby during the hot summer season. We have used them and are much pleased with their results." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

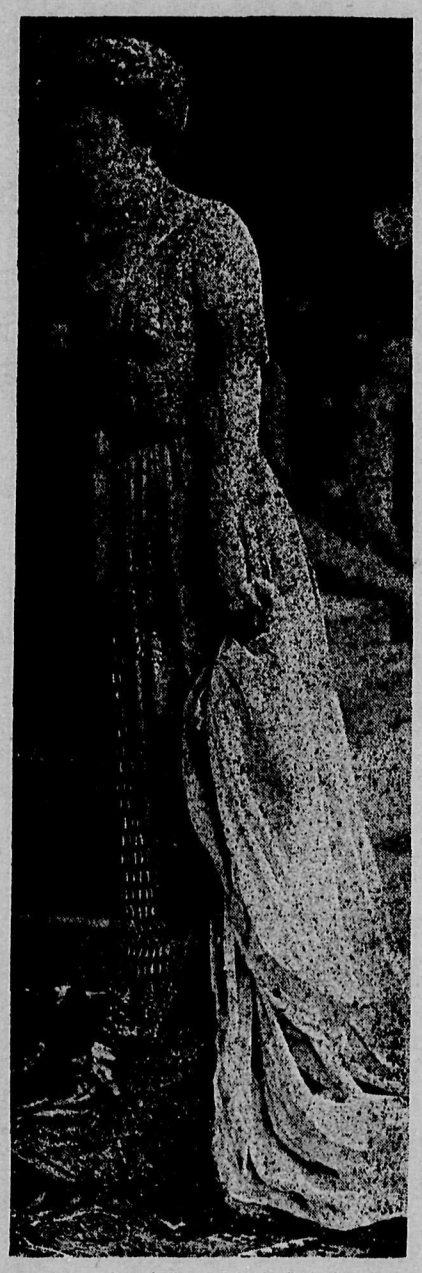
THE conglomeration of modes and of sources whence those modes spring is amazing. Every autumn reunion the great dressmakers give is a lesson in the advantages of daring. No one accepts a groove, but sallying forth intent upon adventure happens upon divers possibilities that are at once persuaded to serve the ends in view. Thus it is that the vogue of the First Empire stands side by side with the fashions of the Russian peasants and the uniforms of the Czar's soldiers, and no one notices the incongruity, because both are subject to certain laws of line from which not one model swerves.

To preserve the slim silhouette and the straight and scanty skirt is the avowed object of some of the most successful couturiers. Even the Watteau pleat, which on some models is evident, is so modified as to interfere in no way drastically with the rules laid down, and hence the silken sacque frock for afternoon wear in the house, with the daintiest little Marie Antoinette fichu and cap, is "in the picture." It is with wondrous adroitness that the designers contrive a semblance of reciprocity where none exists.

The Russian influence is exerted over dress in various forms, and most obviously with reference to the Cossack cap precipitated into our midst by the sudden change to cold weather, a cap that is made of fur and trimmed variously, in some cases with the appropriate bristle plume, in others with a high, stiff, military feather made of ostrich crisply cured and supported upon wire.

* * *

A military aspect is insisted upon even in the most unexpected details. A delicate gold gauze coat of the moujik type is belted with the tunic sash of a soldier. It is covered with embroidery and is stiff with gold threads, and at one



Almond Green Liberty Satin Gown

side, without the smallest concession to frivolous treatment, is simply fastened, ending with one straight hanging band fringed with beads.

Delicate and lovely is the gauze—literally the material known long ago by that name, instead of the upstart chiffon or net so often called gauze—and equally delicate and lovely the short white satin skirt upon which it is mounted, both with borderings of little rococo satin roses intermingled with gauze. It will have been noticed that the Empire effect is given to the corsage, which has straps of opossum over the shoulders and an edging of rococo flowers.

The belt is held in great repute in Russia, just as it is among the peasants of Scandinavia.

A Laplander, too, will treasure from generation to generation the ornaments that adorn his belt.

What wonder then that the new exploitation of the Russian fashions, leaving out of the project the cross-stitch decorations that have been done almost to death, is concerned with bead and tassel designs instead of with cotton and silk stitcheries.

There is an immense charm in a belt plaque of tiny opaque beads, in crude but harmonious colors, such as blue, red, and green, with an intermingling of black and white, to which the very distinctive feature of long tassels of crewel wool and beads is added.

* * *

A noteworthy design in allusion to the very great heat maintained in Russian houses during the winter is being offered to her English customers by a great dressmaker in London. She has introduced a cloth coat and skirt which when removed disclose a beautiful chiffon and satin frock beneath.

Everyone knows how easy it is to slip off a coat; it is with equal ease that the skirt is abandoned in this case, for it is made with a trio of passementerie fastenings below the waist which can be detached with the utmost ease from the pretty under-dress it partly covers. Only partly, for when the skirt is on glimpses of the chiffon frock are seen in panel form at one side, where the outer skirt is fastened.

There are so many tassels in the dress-making designs of the autumn season that one fears a superfluity of the pretty ornaments may ensue. In some cases tassels take the place of fringe, and one of the extravagances of the day is a bordering to the skirt or of the sweeping tunic, of tassels that absolutely fall upon the floor.

* * *

That seasonable subject fur now assumes an importance of much greater moment than it possessed while the weather was warm. Then it was pleasant to speculate merely as to the kind of peltry that would be worn. Now it is with the spur of present requirements that women are ordering their furs, or retrieving them from the cold storage in which they were placed for the summer.

The fascination of black and white has not waned in Paris, and in consequence black breitschwantz is seen with tailless ermine. Made in the chasuble manner, attached at the sides by means of tarnished gold cords, it has big mantelet sleeves of ermine and a fringe of ermine tails.

About the neck Venetian lace is used, dyed a mellow shade of ochre, to simulate the delightful tint that age bestows upon lace, and below it is disposed a yoke of Russian embroidery from which fox tails hang. The high crowned hat of tailless ermine has an edging of dark fur and an upstanding ostrich plume at one side rising from a wash-leather cocarde.

WHY FLYING ACCIDENTS HAPPEN

IN regard to flying accidents in general, they may be roughly divided into those due (a) to faults in the machine; (b) atmospheric difficulties and dangers; and (c) the "human equation."

In regard to (a) the aeroplane may be faulty in principle and in construction, or the materials may be to blame. As a rule, where the aeroplane is at fault the engine is the root of the evil, and one great danger to aviators is overheating of the engine or some part of it. An aeroplane engine has practically to work at full pressure the whole time that the aviator is in the air. A railway engine driver who gets a hot bearing can slacken speed, or send his fireman to put things right.

The aviator's greatest safety lies in maintaining a high speed, to slacken which may mean disaster; he cannot attend to the affected part himself and he has no one to help him. The practically unavoidable overheating of the engine, with the result of a sudden stoppage or loss of power, followed by a headlong dash to earth, is a frequent cause of disaster.

Turning to (b), the sea with all its known and charted currents, tides, rocks, and so on, still wrecks ships, but the air is a thousand times more baffling than the sea. Its density and its pressure are constantly changing; the aviator may at any moment fly into an aerial whirlpool, gust of wind, the configuration of the land over which he is flying may introduce sudden dangers not previously encountered, upset all his calculations, and send him smashing to the earth.

Personally, the writer has a theory which may explain one or two inexplicable flying accidents. I believe that there are, so to speak, "holes" in the air, that through causes I have not yet made sure of a vacuum is created in the atmosphere. The aviator flies into this empty space, and without any warning drops like a gigantic cannon ball. An aeroplane may weigh half a ton or more—imagine that, if you can, dropping through a "hole" in the air.

As an aviator, the writer has never flown into an aerial crevasse, but as a balloonist he has. Anyway, up in a balloon I have more than once known it without the faintest warning to drop right down fifty or a hundred feet. The "hole" in the air is the only explanation that seems to fit the phenomenon.

Now we come to (c) the "human equation"—in other words, mistakes on the part of the aviator as a cause of disaster. A frequent cause of accident, more especially in the earlier days of aviation, was the airman's taking the air at too steep an angle. It is a little difficult to explain on paper, but imagine a man trying to climb up a perfectly smooth inclined plank or surface which affords him neither handhold nor foothold. So long as the plank is at a moderate angle there will be sufficient friction between it and the body to enable him to stay on it, even to wriggle his way along. But tilt the plank upward, and at a certain angle nothing can save him—he must fall backwards.

Now, in aviation the air is the plank, the aeroplane being on it. If the aviator rises too sharply, it is like trying to climb up the smooth plank tilted upright. He cannot do it—the machine must drop to earth.

True, the skilful aviator, high up in the air, will cut off his engine, and drop to earth at an angle approaching the perpendicular—this is what they call the "vol plane"—but

Nattier Blue Liberty Satin Gown with Pearl Tunic

he has a margin of safety. As he nears the ground he turns the "nose" of the machine upwards, it curves round and up and rests on a cushion of air to sink lightly to the ground by its own weight. But if he make the angle of descent too narrow, nothing can save him. Then, of course, the aviator may pull the wrong lever, or mishandle the elevating or steering gear; these are "temporary aberrations" which are inevitable. So long as men are men they will be reckless. The aviator tries a daring experiment. If it comes off, all is well; if it doesn't, there is an end of him.

So far I have dealt only with the risks of flying due to the machine, the air, the man, but in conclusion there is the danger that aviators cause to each other by flying too close to another machine. The recent terrible accident to the Baroness de la Roche is said to have been caused by another aeroplane flying near her. I do not know what truth there is in this, but an aeroplane is not constructed to stand sudden pressure from above, and a real point of danger arises when one machine is below another.

It must be understood that an aeroplane rises and flies by, so to speak, climbing up an "endless staircase" of air. Now, it is a mechanical fact that any action is followed by an equal reaction. If the aeroplane climbs over a foot of air, a foot of air goes down—this is putting it very roughly, for each advance is followed by a slight drop, but we will stick to the broad principle. The aeroplane then forces the air from under it as it rises, with the result that there is a strong and almost vertical down-draught from it.

The machine underneath encounters this pressure from above, and probably gets it more on one part than another, with the result that it is tilted forwards, backwards, or to one side or to the other at a dangerous angle.

There is yet another cause of flying accidents that I have not mentioned. That is the growing tendency of the public at aviation meetings to expect the airmen to fly whatever the conditions. That brutal spirit should be sternly suppressed.

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
Does not contain Alum

VISITED BY A LEOPARD

WHEN a leopard comes into the house, be very careful not to shut the door. This rule may not hold for elephants or for giraffes, but it seems from the following account that leopards favor the open-door policy. If the door is open, they run; if it is shut, they become peevish and begin roughing it. The story below is an extract from a letter of Mr. George Maxwell, written to a friend in the Transvaal and reprinted in "The Wide Wide World." Mr. Maxwell, by the way, was with Colonel Roosevelt last year, hunting big game in East Africa. The letter reads:

I am writing this on my back in Nyeri Hospital, as the result of coming off second best in a flare-up with a huge leopard. The thing happened on the evening of November 9th last. About six-thirty p.m., just as it was getting dark, I took a walk over to Mr. McDougall's, my nearest neighbor, about three-quarters of a mile distant, and had dinner there; afterward we sat talking around the fire. McDougall's house is a small stone building containing only one room, about sixteen feet by fourteen with the door in the centre of the wall and the fireplace in a corner.

Three nights before this a leopard had taken away one of his pigs, so he had put out his rifle and one of mine as trap-guns at his pig-house. On this particular evening, however, he had not yet set them.

About ten-thirty p.m., as we sat smoking and talking round the fire—the door open, as usual—my little dog ran out and started barking round by the pig-houses.

"That blessed leopard must have come back," I said, half jokingly; "the dog is evidently after something."

"Oh, he's always kicking up a fuss over nothing," returned MacDougall.

A minute or so went by; then we heard the sound of feet rushing toward the door, and, looking round, saw my dog come tearing in with a monstrous leopard at its tail. I never saw a bigger. The brute was coming at such a speed that it was through the doorway and nearly on top of us before it could stop.

Both of us promptly started shouting at it—partly to relieve our feelings, partly in the hope of saving the dog. What with the shouting, our proximity, and the lamplight, the leopard was so scared that it became quite dazed. It tried to rush out again, but, missing the door, got to the far side of the house, where it kept jumping up at the walls and windows. McDougall and I continued shouting at it. We thought the episode rather funny than otherwise, and that at any moment the beast would find the door and bolt, having received a fright that would last it a long time.

All of a sudden, while it was jumping about, the leopard came against the back of the door and shut it with a bang. Then it dawned on me that we were in a bad fix, and no mistake, for a leopard will fight most desperately when cornered. By this time the brute was in a frenzy of rage at being trapped, and flew round and round the room like a streak of lightning, sending dishes, cupboards, boxes, and everything flying. McDougall and I retreated to corners, using our chairs as shields. We had no weapon of any kind, and it was dangerous to move, for the leopard naturally thought we were coming to attack it. All the time my little dog was dashing hither and thither after the infuriated brute, worrying it whenever he got a chance.

As I was nearest the door I thought I would make an attempt to open it, as otherwise the beast would undoubtedly finish the pair of us. I meant to go very slowly and only move when its back was toward me, but I had only made my first step when the leopard turned round and with a horrible growl sprang at me with terrific force. The light was very bad, and it must have sprung higher than I expected, for it knocked the chair out of my hands and got some of its claws home in my scalp, ripping it like a piece of cloth. Staggering and half-dazed, I got to work with my fists and kept punching it about the head with all my strength. I don't suppose I did much damage, but I think I must have kept the brute from putting its teeth into my legs or body, for it tried repeatedly to catch my hand as I hit at it, while the dog jumped up and bit at its ear. Presently the dog caught it by the hind leg, and it turned round sharply to get at him. Seizing my opportunity, I made for the door, though I was so blinded with blood that I could hardly see where it was. I threw the door open and looked around just in time to see the leopard going for McDougall.

I made to go round and try to get the brute off him, but when I got halfway I heard the door close again, and I knew it was no use doing anything so long as the leopard could not get out, so I went back to the door. I think it was just as well, for I had not even a chair in my hands that time,, and the animal would probably have finished me altogether. When I looked round again the beast was just going to spring at McDougall, but he caught hold of a blanket and held it up in front of him, which stopped it from leaping.

I stood still—I was getting weak by this time—holding the door open with one hand, and keeping the blood out of my eyes with the other. The leopard must have been getting tired, for it stood motionless by the side of the bed, and I could have pinked it nicely had I only had a spear.

The plucky dog was still worrying it, biting at its nose and legs, and presently it turned round and snapped savagely at him. As it did so it felt the night air coming in, turned round, saw the open door, and trotted out, with the dog still biting at its hindquarters, so that I did not even get a farewell kick at it.

After we had got rid of our unwelcome visitor, we began comparing wounds. I put my hand up to my head for the first time, and it felt just like a field of ploughed meat. McDougall had escaped much more lightly—he had only some scratches on his arm, but burned his fingers pretty badly when the beast attacked me. He had put his hand into the fire to get a brand to shove in its face, and, failing to find one, in the hurry and excitement, he had been grubbing among the red-hot ashes with his fingers. He felt no pain at the moment, but afterward discovered they were badly damaged.

We sent up to Nyeri for the hospital assistant to come down. He arrived about three in the morning and dressed our injuries. Next day he took me up on a stretcher to Nyeri, where I have been ever since, and shall be for a few weeks yet, as I have got some very bad wounds about my head and a good deal of my skull exposed. I am getting on very well, and think all danger is now past. But I wish I had got that leopard!

MERCIFUL DOGS OF WAR

THE general staff of the army and the faculty at the War College at Washington have been giving consideration to the question of having trained dogs as a part of the war forces of the United States, with the result that it is probable that within a short itme the United States army will have its trained dogs as Germany and France have.

In everything pertaining to the art of war Germany is generally first. She introduced trained dogs as a part of her regular military system many years before any other nation. France followed Germany. Both these countries have succeeded in training corps of dogs which, it is contended, are invaluable on the field of battle. The dog corps is attached to the Red Cross, and the animals are trained to recognise no authority except that of a man with the Red Cross insignia on his arm. A stranger could put on a Red Cross uniform with the red cross, and the dogs would obey him instantly. One set of the dogs is trained not to bark when a wounded soldier is discovered on the field, for fear of drawing the attention of the enemy. An animal thus trained will take the soldier's cap in his mouth and rush back to camp with it. Another set is trained to give the alarm when a wounded man is found by a series of short, sharp barks. The dogs are taught never to scent out the dead. They are only taught to assist the wounded. Each dog carries a first-aid package strapped around his neck, and each knows that when a wounded man is found it is his duty to let the soldier take the package.

Germany has several hundred of these trained dogs, while France has only about fifty. It is the purpose of the American army to try only a small number at first.

SPECTACLES FOR HORSES

AT least one London firm makes spectacles for horses. The object of these is to promote high stepping. The frames are made of stiff leather entirely enclosing the eyes of the horse, and the glasses used are concave and large in size. The ground seems to the horse to be raised, and he accordingly steps high, thinking that he is going uphill or has to step over some obstacle.

This system of spectacle-wearing is generally adopted while the horse is young, and its effect on his step and action is said to be remarkable. It has been ascertained that the cause of a horse's shying is, as a rule, short sight; and it is contended that the sight of all horses should be tested, as that of children.

It is maintained that by a little artificial assistance many valuable horses which have become optically unfit for work can be restored to usefulness.

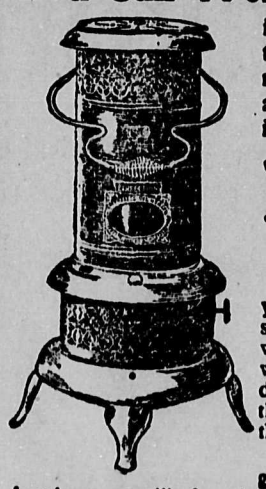
Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

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

HEAD ACHE
Stop it in 20 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking
"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers 25c. a box, at druggists.
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED. MONTREAL. 27

You Can Work Near a Window



in winter when you have a Perfection Oil Heater. It is a portable radiator which can be moved to any part of a room, or to any room in a house. When you have a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

you do not have to work close to the stove, which is usually far from the window. You can work where you wish, and be warm. You can work on dull winter days in the full light near the window, without being chilled to the bone.

The Perfection Oil Heater quickly gives heat, and with one filling of the font burns steadily for nine hours, without smoke or smell. An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. The filler-cap, put in like a cork in a bottle, is attached by a chain. This heater has a cool handle and a damper top.

The Perfection Oil Heater has an **automatic-locking flame spreader,** which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged and can be unscrewed in an instant for rewicking. The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in japan or nickel, is strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

Vigorous Health —the power to enjoy to the full life's work and pleasure—comes only with a good digestion.

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

tone up weak stomachs—supply the digestive juices which are lacking—ensure your food being properly converted into brawn and sinew, red blood and active brain. 50c. a box at your druggist's or from 22

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, ... Montreal.

63

NANAIMO

The Fourth Largest City in British Columbia

NANAIMO WILL BOOM

THIS YEAR AS NEVER BEFORE

The C.P.R. have made the statement that they will land 1,000 people a day in Nanaimo.

Do you know what Nanaimo is up against?

Do you realize that NANAIMO is at the Awakening Point!

Do you know that Real Estate in all parts of Nanaimo will double in 6 months!

Hundreds of homes will be built here in the next year.

New hotels will be erected. New business blocks and New Industries will follow.

Now is the Time to Buy Real Estate in NANAIMO.

Seven years ago you could have had your choice of property in Vancouver at $350 per lot—To-day these same lots are selling at $1,000 per foot. The same opportunity is now before you in the

Awakening of Nanaimo

Property is now away below market price and will double in the next six months. If you believe in Nanaimo —If you have studied Nanaimo, you will buy at once—delays cost money.

Lots are now Selling in Nanaimo's Most Beautiful Residential Property,

SEAFIELD HEIGHTS

Come to our office and talk the matter over. It costs you nothing to see this property, our Auto Car will take you every day at 2 p.m. Railroad or Boat fares paid to purchasers of one or more lots. SEAFIELD HEIGHTS is the CREAM PROPERTY of the Island. Buy a lot that will make you independent

LOTS $225 Terms:- $25.00 down and $10.00 per month

NANAIMO REALTY Co., BASTION ST, NANAIMO

N. McFARLANE, Manager. A. B. ABRAMS, Agent.

As He Looked to His Wife

The Builder of the Big Dam

WELL, where are you bound for this morning?" said my little sandwich man as I made my appearance under the arches of the bustling railway station.

"Providence permitting and the mountain train agreeable, I am going up to Bingham's ranch, and expect to see your big dam before the day is out," I replied.

The street began at the mouth of the canyon and swaggered along, a curious mixture of Fifth Avenue elegance and Roaring Camp recklessness, until it reached the wide plain—in fact, it probably extended "clear out to Kansas," if one looked for its real boundaries, for a Western city acknowledges few limitations. An endless stream of people passed up and down this long street, all sooner or later turning into this gorgeous stone station set in its very centre. Everyone was either going or coming.

Every form and shade of civilization mingled here; the rich and the poor met together in a reality only hinted at elsewhere, for the great West was looked to to be the maker of them all. The narrow-skirted and expensively plain tailor-made girl stood side by side with the buxom bride from the mountains, all unashamed in her white shoes and wedding finery. The picturesque cowboy looked contemptuously at the natty, self-complacent college youth, bareheaded and with ample trousers rolled up to display all of his ankle and most of his calf. The splendid four-horsed stage, plunging and careening as it drew up with a flourish, was but little outdone by the sixty-horsepower, 1911 model. It was a pretty good sight, I thought, as I raised my eyes to the Flat Iron Peaks above us and drew in another deep breath of the intoxicating air.

The sandwich man, who had been my guide, philosopher, and friend, was a legitimate professional, and he offered his wares with the same dignified confidence as he did his comments on the passing show. That youth over there, he told me, was an admiral's son. "And he doesn't take much around here on account of being so 'stuck up' without much brains to back it." The next one was the Chinese Minister's son—"fine feller," one of the favorites at the 'varsity and a "corker on the track team." "That man coming round the corner now is Jim Carlton, chief engineer of the big dam up the canyon. He is about the biggest man in this country, since he put in that bit of masonry. They say it is the greatest of its kind in the world. Big bugs came from all over and said it couldn't be done; but, you bet, Jim Carlton knew where he was at, and he did it. When Jim Carlton says a thing goes, it goes some. He never made but one mistake, and that was when he got——"

My friend was hustled away; evidently someone was hungry. I didn't mind, for I was busy watching the loading of the narrow-guage train and wondering how the people in the mountains could possibly eat so many bananas.

Without hardly knowing how, I was hustled into the toy train along with the rest, and the little toy engine was puffing and snorting as it pulled us up into the canyon. The train was crowded with the genial, jolly crowd bound for the "hills": Eastern capitalists, promoters" from Denver, miners dressed like clergymen and clergymen dressed like miners talking of "prospects" and "properties" with that enthusiasm that makes one feel that life is worth living. There were women, too, returning to their mountain homes loaded with bargains from Denver. Ridiculously overdressed with hats covered with white plumes, far more suitable for an afternoon tea than that smoky little train; but they gave their wearers satisfaction, and that is the utmost that any hat can do. The "kids" were grumbling that they could beat the train, noticeably not making any effort to do so. There were tourist ladies, oh-ing and ah-ing, very fearful lest some rock or view should escape them.

Crowded into the diminutive seat beside me was a pudgy female, who, previous to her burial in these remote regions—for her husband's sake—had moved, a brilliant ornament, in the most exclusive circles of Oppeka, Kansas. She explained this—and much more—during the windings of our six-mile canyon ride.

I caught occasional glimpses of the walls of granite rock on one side, and the foaming rushing mountain creek on the other; the fragrant odor of the riot of blossoms filled me with longings to see the wonderful display of wild cherry, hawthorn, and blackberry that overran everywhere; but after a few vain efforts, I saw it was no use, and resigned myself with patience to her autobiographical outpourings.

"So you're going to Bingham's?" my neighbor said. "It is a most fascinating spot, but it is fearfully lonely for a woman—no society, no opportunities, and really no companions for me. It seems terrible to bury one's self so! The scenery? Oh, yes; the scenery is grand, but one cannot talk to scenery."

For a moment I almost wished I was "scenery," but she seemed so genuinely distressed that I tried to look sympathetic, and she continued:

"I know I should not complain, for it is my duty to go there if my husband wishes it, poor man! You see, he is not fitted for any other life. His work is up there, I suppose; really, he could not get work anywhere else, and he likes it. It is different with me; I have been brought up differently."

I could see that, and wondered what chance had led her to marry so far beneath her. I thought how brave she was in spite of her rather unheroic figure, and how clever she must be to keep herself looking like anything at all. Probably the brute of a husband doesn't earn enough to supply her with the ordinary necessities. No wonder, when she got a chance to "go below," she let her fancy roam and bought that outrageous hat. I would, too, if I had to live in one of those awful cabins and never see a bathroom. I wonder which mine he works in. She was saying:

"I do not mind the hardships, but I am so lonely. My husband is just as good as he can be, but he is no companion for me; he has no realization of the higher things of life, never minds with whom he associates. In fact, he is perfectly happy here. A woman minds things so much. But, then, a woman should not marry a man so much older than herself. Don't you agree with me? It makes such a difference in their aims. Their ambitions cannot be the same, naturally, can they? I do not know why I am saying all this to you; I suppose because you looked sympathetic."

I suppose I did. Her appealing look would have aroused sympathy in a graven image.

"My husband is on this train somewhere now," she added; "but I suppose he is so interested talking to some men that he does not even remember I am along."

"Drunk, I suppose," I mentally commented.

The canyon widened. The train, finding a little level stretch, ceased chugging and pounding for a bit while the "promoters," sightseers and "ladies" scrambled down, on the wrong side of the car of course, spreading out on the hot gravel.

Notwithstanding, or perhaps because, I have been looking at those mighty rocks since 'way back in the 'seventies, my heart is always stirred at the sight of them. I am lifted out of myself. The leaping of my pulses at a sudden revelation of their awesome grandeur amounts almost to a physical pain. I had completely lost all remembrance of my lonely little neighbor until I was recalled by her voice, a little querulously:

"Here is my husband, at last!"

I looked around and saw approaching us a tall, dignified man of about fifty with clear-cut features and commanding figure, dressed in perfectly fitting grey clothes and wearing a light felt hat, worn as only a man whose heart and home is west of the Missouri River knows how to wear it. I recognized him at once: it was Carlton, chief engineer of the big dam and the hero of the canyon.

The waiting stage filled rapidly, the whips cracked, and with a jump and a gallop the mules whirled away to the big dam. Those of us bound for Bingham's started on foot. As I turned, my eyes took in the handsome, erect figure of the man on the box seat with his foolish little wife beside him, I hardly knew which to pity more: the unappreciated man or the woman who was unable to appreciate him. I realized, however, when it was that people thought James Carlton had made his one big mistake.

NEW YORK'S GREAT NEW CATHEDRAL

AFTER some eighteen years of practically continuous work of construction, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is so far advanced toward completion that it will shortly be used as a church. That is to say, there is a choir, structurally complete and fitted with stalls, organ, altar, and reredos, and crossing which, being enclosed and under roof, will afford seating space for a large congregation. There are also two chapels.

All of the above, considerable though it doubtless be, is but a comparatively small part of the entire projected building. There remain to be done yet the nave with its western porch and towers; both of the transepts; the four flanking towers which will occur in the angles formed by the transepts and the nave and choir, under which will be entrances with porches; other chapels and dependencies; and last, but not least, the great central tower. The present enclosing walls of the crossing are only a temporary device, as also is the low dome which roofs it. Whenever the great tower is built, this dome will be removed, and, opening thus, made into a vast lantern with its vault far higher up than the present dome.

Let us look at the condition of the choir, that part of the building most nearly completed. The pictures show what has been done, but it may not be immediately apparent how much is unfinished. It is to be hoped that when the building is opened those who come within it will be sufficiently impressed by what is there to want more. But it must be realized that the eye of faith, which is not a universal human attribute, will be under requisition.

Only a small part of the carving is done: rough, ugly blocks of stone appear over the arches above the great apsidal columns, and also between the arches that support the organ galleries. The mouldings of these arches are left in the rough, as are many of the capitals. The carving of all these parts is just as much a calculated part of the harmony of the design as any other of its elements. These elements include important fields of color treatment in mosaic, the panel in the reredos just over the altar, the little round arches over the great columns, their spandrels; the whole of the semi-dome of the apse, the spandrels above the organ gallery arches, the large arches above these, and the ribs of the choir vault. The whole scheme is so planned that a gradation of color treatment will lead to the mosaic picture of the semi-dome which should be the culminating point of splendor in the decoration of the choir.

It is only by the use of mosaic that we can be sure of attaining the solidity of texture, the sober depth and richness of gold and color that befit such large surfaces, and that will hold their own with the translucent hues of stained glass. And it must be done as the old work was done, by the intimate collaboration of the artist and the craftsman, not in the stupid mechanical fashion of pretty much all modern mosaic, which is merely the output of a trade. We must have mosaic as sumptuous and mysterious as those of Ravenna or Monreale, and if we go about it in the right way and take the necessary pains, they may be had. Now, tastes may vary as to color decoration, but this choir is so designed that it needs it as much as a column needs a capital and base, and unless it gets it, and gets the best there is to be had, it will be a lame thing and a byword to those who know.

The same is true of the windows. There is purposely too much light now, so that it may be reduced by stained glass, and when this is done the very finest that modern times can produce will be none too good. It is safe to say that the central eastern window is as important a window as any in existence, and that importance is not lessened by the subject assigned to it—"The Light of the world." It is a case that imperatively demands a great work of art, and it is safe to say that we may just as well abandon all hope of having that, unless we can give over the idea that such things are to be procured by competitive bidding among a lot of commercial glass manufacturers, as though the object in view were the purchase of linoleum. For here we come into the region of an allied but separate art, in which the drawing and specification and the oversight of the architect are not sufficient, as they may be with such work, for instance, as the wood-carving. In short, the whole undertaking of the cathedral is one of very grave artistic responsibility, which does not and cannot very well rest upon the architect alone.

It will be seen, then, that however great the progress made, much still remains to be accomplished to give a full realization of even that which stands today about ready for occupancy. How long it will take to complete the entire cathedral is purely a matter of conjecture. In discussing this question it is commonly remarked that all the great cathedrals took centuries to build, but in any strict sense this is not the case. The great cathedrals of France were built within the period 1180-1240—sixty years—one of the most marvellous exhibitions of building energy the world has ever seen. True, they were not entirely finished, and never will be; the work suffered all sorts of interruptions: war, famine, pestilence, fire; and sometimes parts of it fell, as the central tower of Bourges. So it happened that in successive periods of time different parts of the cathedrals were built, each in the national and local style of the period.

But, notwithstanding all these accidents and interruptions, it still remains substantially true that in those sixty years these splendid churches were built, and, in any event, the whole sum of the years spent upon them in active work is astonishingly small, especially in view of the mechanical resources of the Middle Ages, and the extraordinary richness and complexity of the buildings. And surely, when we see Paris, or Amiens, Rheims, Chartres, Laon, Noyon, or Rouen, it is not an impression of unfinished work that we carry away with us. With the record of the past to regard, it is hard to believe that our community, with all its wealth and energy, its public spirit and generosity, will fail to give, and to give quickly, for the realization of that which, even though they may not at first sight grasp its practical utility, is worth while as the concrete and lasting embodiment monument here that would have few rivals.

It would rather seem that the great question is going to be what to undertake next: to the mind of the writer it should be the central tower. The cathedral is perfectly sure to get its nave and transepts, its porches and vestibules, and as many chapels as can well be huddled around it. The pinch is going to come at the building of the great tower, which seats nobody and will cost a great deal of money. If it is postponed until the end, it will share the fate of many other projected towers, and never be built. But if it could be built in our day, there would be a monument here that could have few rivals.

Its only competitors in dimension must be the steel-frame erections by which our industry expresses itself, and even they, huge as they are now and huger yet to be, can only rival in bulk this great symbol of the Christian faith, which starts more than 120 feet above sea-level at the ground, upon such a site as this. Rival it in dignity, in ideal, monumental quality, in the massive and enduring nature of its construction they cannot, however stupendous they may be. And so let us hope that, for the lasting glory of our city, this work may be the next step undertaken, so that the visitor to our shores may, beyond any peradventure, know that we are a people capable of great things in the realm of the imagination as well as those that are material.

80 PER CENT. OF 3,000 RUSSIANS EXECUTED WERE INNOCENT

Professor Korolanko, the statistician, declares as the result of years of collecting evidences from official sources in all parts of Russia, that 80 per cent. of the persons, men and women, condemned by court-martials since the beginning of the revolution, died innocent.

The Russian court-martials hanged three thousand men and women, and of these six hundred were not guilty of the political crimes charged against them. In this awful number the many thousands sent to Siberia or other prisons and colonies are not included. Neither are included the victims shot by the various "punishment expeditions" sent out by military authorities during the revolution.

And the court-martials are still in power. Daily they demand more victims. To understand this it must be remembered that the Russian law does not recognize the death penalty. Such can only be imposed on extraordinary occasions, during a revolt and by the military revolts.

Korolanko shows that the military tribunals of Russia do not deserve the name court, that there is no attempt to discriminate between guilty and guiltless, and that a person sent before a court-martial, by that very act, becomes a candidate for death. There is no appeal except to the general in command, unless, indeed, influential friends bring the case to the attention of the Czar.

In the case of Sub-Lieutenant Pirogoff the Czar three times cashiered the sentence of death imposed by so many court-martials. When the man was condemned the fourth time, his Majesty asked for all the evidence taken by the different courts, and without looking at it had it destroyed. He then made an order to strike the case off the calendar, and only by this illegal act was the fellow's life saved.

Korolanko shows that as a rule sentences of death are carried out so soon after judgment is given that the friends of the condemned have no time to appeal to the commanding general, even by telegraph. Quite recently the St. Petersburg governor-general ordered the suspension of a death sentence against four, but was told that two of them had already been hanged.

The several newspapers that printed the above information were confiscated and the editors thrown into jail.

MAMMOTH IVORY

SIBERIA furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age and to a species of animal that does not now exist. The ivory is cut from the tusks of mastodons whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in the mud of Siberian rivers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs, which are called urmans. In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred that these animals lost their lives by venturing upon a surface that would not bear their weight.

Even to wild animals these urmans are forbidden ground. The nimble reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summertime, but most other large animals attempting to do so would be engulfed.

In the Museum at Tobolsk are numerous specimens of mammoth, and through this region they are by no means rare. When an ice-pack breaks down a river bank, or the summer thaw penetrates more deeply than usual into the ground, some of these antediluvian monsters are very likely to be exposed.

In many cases their remains are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark, shaggy hair and under-wool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long, curved tusks, that all the aborigines, and even some of the Russian settlers, persist in the belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing underground like moles, and die the instant they are admitted to the light.

The farther the traveller goes northward, it is said, the more abundant do these remains become. They are washed up with the tides upon the Arctic shore, and some extensive islands off the coast contain great quantities of fossil ivory and bones.

Tusks which have been long or repeatedly exposed to the air are brittle and unserviceable, but those which have remained buried in the ice retain the qualities of recent ivory and are a valuable article of merchandise. There is a great market of these mammoth tusks at Yakutsk, on the Lena, whence they find their way to the workshops of European Russia and to the ivory-carvers of Canton.

TORONTO THE ICEBOATING CENTRE

THERE is more iceboating in Toronto than any other place in Canada. Toronto is peculiarly situated for iceboating. They usually get ice from the middle of December until the middle of March, with a minimum of snow. When we do get a big snowstorm here it is usually succeeded by a thaw, which cuts down the drifts on the bay until the boats can plow through.

Barring motor car racing, iceboating is the most exciting sport on the continent. Imagine if you can, Mr. Novice, a three-cornered craft propelled by wind on canvas, making over a mile a minute, leaping and darting hither and thither at the command of the helmsman. Granted a careful, nervy skipper and stolid chap on the mainsheet who will obey orders, the game is as safe for the passenger as riding on a street car, despite the tremendous speed. Eliminating a couple of minor accidents, which have occurred when the fleet was racing, and everybody was driving to the limit, a passenger has not been injured on the bay in many years. The people in danger on the bay during the iceboating season are not the iceboat passengers or crew, but the careless skater or pedestrian who runs aimlessly at the approach of the express on ice. Even at that but few people are injured. The skippers of three-fourths of Toronto iceboats are veteran professionals, who, if the man in danger will stand still an instant, or run in one direction only, will scrape by. They have almost uncanny command of the craft, as they hustle to and fro on the ice at a mile a minute speed, and get by safely when the chances of avoiding an accident look to be a hundred to one. Iceboats rarely travel less than twenty miles an hour. A breeze that will move them at all will give them this speed, while any sort of a breeze, from eight to eighteen miles an hour in strength, will drive them from 25 to 60 miles an hour.

The speed they get out of a moderate breeze is positively uncanny, and the way they "make the wind" startles old salts. Time and time again I have seen iceboats sailing down the wind close-hauled—yes, going southeast in a northwest wind, with the canvas hauled flat.

Strange?

You bet it is, but they do it. Once an iceboat gets going she creates eddies in the breeze and carries it around to such an extent that frequently the boats are seen sailing almost dead before the wind with their sheets close-hauled and the breeze coming over the forestay like a cyclone.

Toronto's iceboat fleet numbers close to sixty.

The game is a very popular one with theatrical people who visit Toronto and others, but it is not patronized as it deserves by Toronto people.

Half the people in town have never seen an iceboat, let alone rode on one, even though the best iceboat sport in the world is right at their doors, and the "pros." are in the game from 10 o'clock until 6. A rumor that the city intended to keep the bay open with an ice-breaker killed out the plans of several people to build new iceboats, but at that there will be two new ones on the bay.

Iceboat racing is a sort of spasmodic game. Outside of a few small boats which race in a class down at the east end of the bay, there is but little amateur racing.

Up on the big course amateurs and pros. sail indiscriminately. The Queen City Yacht Club has half a dozen boats, including two flyers. These all join in the sweepstakes and handicaps which are arranged weekly.

Saturdays and Sundays are the big days for iceboating around Toronto. Then there are thousands of people on the waterfront, and the boatmen are busy all day carrying passengers at so much per head. The opening of the new western gap, which was viewed with apprehension by many iceboatmen, has not interfered with the safety of the bay ice at all, and this season with its early opening looks like an unusually good one.

What Can Radium Cure?

THE gift of a gramme of radium made by Sir Ernest Cassel to the new Radium Institute, which he founded at the suggestion of the late King, will inaugurate a series of experiments of great significance. To this institute, now practically ready for work, and to the researches in progress at the Cancer Research Department of the Middlesex Hospital and at kindred institutions, the world is eagerly looking for further knowledge of this mysterious element. For in the elucidation of the powers of radium lies the answer to the vital question: What can radium cure?

Twelve years of eager experiment have passed since Professor and Mme. Curie announced the discovery of radium. Almost at once reports of the curative powers of the new mineral were published. Has radium, after twelve years' tests, justified that early reputation?

The diseased states in which radium has been tried range from the most malignant internal cancers to baldness. Such widely diverse ailments as facial paralysis, neuralgia, rheumatism, hydrophobia, indigestion and skin diseases have been reported as cured by the wonderful new mineral. A few years ago reports of a cure of hydrophobia in rabbits presented to the Scientific Academy of Bologna by a well-known Italian professor evoked such enthusiasm that it was freely conjectured that the Pasteur treatment of hydrophobia would soon be pushed into the background by the new radium treatment.

Seven years ago two distinguished professors at Konigsberg University published some startling results of the deadly effect the radium rays exert on disease bacteria of all kinds. Having first sprinkled live typhoid bacilli on a gelatine plate, they exposed the plate in a dark room to weak radium emanations for forty-eight hours. At the end of this time it was found that the bacilli were either killed or their growth was completely stopped. Similar good results were obtained with the germs of cholera and anthrax. These experiments, emphasizing the pronounced germicidal effect of radium, were looked upon as opening up a new field of treatment for infectious diseases of the skin.

In 1903 a distinguished St. Petersburg savant announced in various medical journals his discovery that certain of the blind were able to distinguish objects illuminated by radium rays.

The professor expressed the strong hope that by further experimentation with the wonderful element he would be able to restore the sight to sufferers from certain varieties of blindness.

These published reports were taken most seriously in German scientific circles; so much so that Professor Greeff—the principal of the Eye Hospital at the Berlin University—was instructed by the Prussian Minister of Education to go thoroughly into the Russian doctor's experiments.

The published reports (many of them in reputable medical journals) of apparently authentic cures of deep-seated cancers, both the carcinomata and sarcomata, by the use of radium, were during the early years of radium experimentation too numerous to record.

Of all these therapeutic uses claimed for radium, how many have stood the test of time?

Sir Frederick Treves, in a lecture at the London Hospital last year, summed up the situation in a way which should give food for thought to the general public, who are too apt to be led away in pursuit of vain hopes.

"It has appeared to me," he told the great concourse of medical men present, "that there is possibly a great future for radium in the domain of surgical therapeutics. I say 'possibly,' because one must exercise the very greatest caution when speaking of the potentialities of new remedies. One is tempted to look too favorably upon them. They are things of great expectations, and sooner or later must be associated with disappointment."

To return to the innumerable curative uses of radium which were to revolutionize both medicine and surgery, few have come up to their earlier expectations. Rheumatism and neuralgia are still most intractable ailments, facial paralysis still defies the physician's efforts, the Pasteur Institute has not outgrown its usefulness, while ordinary germicides are still in common use, notwithstanding the deadly effects which radium emanations are known to have on bacteria. The hope which was held out to the blind by the Russian experimenter was withdrawn with cruel suddenness when the German eye specialist who investigated the "cures" reported that blind persons cannot at present expect the very slightest help from radium.

The thousands of sufferers from true cancer both in Europe and America who have let the time when an operation might have been successful drift by, while undergoing "radium cures," compose one of the saddest chapters in the history of this wonderful element.

Radium, as at present used, cannot cure cancer.

It is a relief to turn from such failures to the study of those morbid conditions in which radium has a fully proven practical curative value. Broadly, its greatest successes have been in the treatment of benign superficial skin lesions. Disfiguring birthmarks, composed chiefly of thin-walled blood vessels, old scars which have taken on an abnormal growth, certain forms of lupus (a very chronic and persistent form of tubercle of the skin), and certain types of eczema have been healed by radium in a shorter time and with less inconvenience and disfigurement than would have been possible by any other known means.

In rodent ulcer also surprisingly good results have been obtained, cases which have defied all other treatment for months or years sometimes healing rapidly under radium exposures.

As to the superficial skin cancers, the epitheliomata, authorities differ, some recording successes from radium treatment and others only a disheartening series of failures. In respect to the true cancers, deep-seated, rapidly fatal growths, the claims of even its most ardent supporters are of the most modest character. In fact, it would be difficult to find a reputable surgeon in London who would advise a cancer patient while in an operatic state to postpone excision by the knife in the hope that radium emanations would bring him permanent relief. It has been claimed on good authority, however, that cancerous growths not too deeply situated, though too far advanced to admit of operation, have been reduced by radium treatments to an operatic state, where the knife could be used with some hope of success. In other instances a diminution of pain and reduction of many of the most malignant diseases have resulted from radium applications.

Even after twelve years no one can speak with authority of the final limitations of radium as a curative agent.

We know that it is not a cure-all; that it will ever turn out to be the long-sought cure for cancer the men who have conscientiously studied its properties most strongly doubt.

The undeniable cures which have been wrought with radium in superficial skin lesions will at any rate prevent it from being scrapped on the dust-heap of the totally worthless "cures" which from time to time have held the momentary attention of the medical profession, only to be discarded in the end.

Radium is still an unsolved problem.

THE GENIE OF THE WATERS

THE Chinese assure us that no man should ever rescue a drowning man lest the Genie of the Waters, angry at seeing himself ravished of his prey, turn against the ravisher. This superstition, which serves to adorn cowardice with the flower of poetry and sentiment, did not restrain Daronde, one evening, when he saw a poor devil climb up on the parapet of a bridge and throw himself into the Seine. Without hesitating a moment, he plunged in after the would-be suicide and brought him safely to shore. Then leaving to others the task of resuscitating the half-drowned man, he stole away to escape the curiosity of idle spectators. He had been recognized, however, and his name appeared in the daily papers in connection with the event. He was just reading one when his servant announced a visitor, adding:

"It is the man monsieur saved from drowning yesterday."

"Show him in," said Daronde resignedly.

His intended cordiality was chilled at sight of the visitor, a half-starved, unkempt outcast.

"Monsieur," began the man, "I suppose I ought to owe you everlasting gratitude, but don't think I have come to thank you. I have come simply to ask you what you intend to do for me?"

"Do for you?" echoed Daronde, in astonishment.

"Yes, monsieur; I owe my life to you, since you took it upon yourself to drag me back into the existence I wished to end for ever."

"Your point of view is certainly original," remarked Daronde. "Go on."

"I am a poor unfortunate," continued the man, "a prey to every calamity. After desperate struggles against sickness and want, I saw but one way out of it all—death. It took a long time to reach the point when I could make the final plunge. It was done at last! The bonds of my miserable life were broken when I lost consciousness. Then I was rescued! The breath of life came back to me, and with it the horror and dread of beginning the struggle again. Why did you happen that way, monsieur? You would not have given me a sou to save me from starvation and yet you risked your life for me. You placed again on my shoulders the burden I wished to cast off for ever. I have said all this to justify my first question. I now ask it again. What are you going to do to help me support the existence you have forced upon me."

Somewhat disconcerted, Daronde replied:

"My friend, if some money——"

"Alms? No, monsieur," said the man in refusal. "Keep the money, which would not carry me far."

"A position?" proposed Daronde.

The man shook his head.

"Any position I could fill would barely keep me from starving."

Daronde was losing patience.

"As matters stand, I can think of but one thing to advise you to do. Go back to the place where I found you."

Without emotion, the man replied:

"I expected that advice, and I believe that anyone in your place would have offered the same. You are willing for me to die. But the truth is, I no longer have the courage to kill myself. I want to live; and to live, a man must eat, without counting the rest. I could beg, but that is a humiliating and unreliable way of support. The only way for me to get a living with certainty is to steal. I thought of that long ago, for I know a lot of furnished houses in the suburbs that are closed for a part of the year. They could be entered easily, but I had the weakness to prefer death to becoming a burglar. I am quite cured now, thanks to you, monsieur."

This long tirade made Daronde furious, and he exclaimed hotly:

"To the devil with you!"

A week or so had passed, and Daronde had almost forgotten the incident, when one morning a telegram was handed him. It summoned him to Surenne at once, at which place his only son owned a magnificent home. The villa had been emptied of its furnishings by thieves from top to bottom, during the master's absence. The worst part of it, however, was that the younger Daronde had returned unexpectedly while the robbers were at work, and one of them shot him dead.

"Was it the man?" asked one of the listeners breathlessly.

"It was the man!"

The efficacy of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C.,

Islander Printing & Publishing Company

W. R. Dunn & Company, Proprietors.

W. R. Dunn, Manager.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1912.

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.*

What the Editor has to say.

CUMBERLAND is at last getting a few of the privileges which we have been waiting for this last ten years. Citizen's League, Development League, Board of Trade, Mayor and Council have all been advocating these conveniences in season and out of season until their patience was almost exhausted. Every public man that could give any aid was either interviewed or written to concerning the wants of Cumberland. At last through the energetic efforts of our representative at Ottawa, Mr. Herbert S. Clements M. P., who has done all that lay within his power, we have secured a Dominion Express office situated at the Canadian Colleries' railway station. The citizens of Cumberland remember conditions in the past, when express parcels were either tied up at Nanaimo or forwarded to Cumberland by freight, and the people knew too well the additional cost. That is now a thing of the past. All express parcels will come direct to Cumberland in the future.

Another privilege is the Custom House. Merchants and the public in general had untold trouble in the past in getting dutiable goods. It was either held up at Union Bay or Nanaimo until one went or sent clearance papers, causing delay, trouble and additional expense. During the last month we have had the convenience of a custom house, and we are informed by Mr. F. J. Dalby, our genial customs collector, that the receipts for the month of April were about $1.300. Another convenience is the night telegraph service at a greatly reduced cost .

The ISLANDER is looking anxiously forward to the time when it will be able to announce that actual construction has commenced at Roy's Beach for the Dominion Government wharf. Of late we don't hear much about it, and we failed to see Roy's Beach mentioned in the estimates.

Another thing we are all the time improving on is our mail service, but we will never be satisfied until we have succeeded in obtaining a daily mail. We are a great deal better off than we were years ago, but it 's not up to what it should be, and we must keep on firing at the powers that be until we get a daily service. Then there is railway transportation which we may expect in the near future, when instead of six or seven hours being required to get to Nanaimo, as is the case today, we will be able to go in two. The future carries something still for Cumberland.

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove," but some of Cumberland's back alleys and unoccupied corners are absolutely proof against any gentle influence of the season. The collections of old tin cans, odd boots, stray rubbers and castoff clothing remain perennial in their hideousness, unchanged but for a very appreciable growth with the accretions of time. Our city fathers should be furnished with spectacles at the public expense if they cannot see these blotches that are crying to the heavens for shame on our slovenliness A brand new garden rake in the hands of our bravely uniformed guardians of the peace would be a badge of honor and dignity of which, under the circumstances, the city might well be proud. May day has passed, and the nettles are peeping out of the rubbish heaps again in happy confidence of another season's undisturbed prosperity. In the name of decency O ye city fathers, how long ?

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER

CAPITAL, - $10,000,000 REST, - $8,000,000

FARMERS' BUSINESS

The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

BANKING BY MAIL

Accounts may be opened at every branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce to be operated by mail, and will receive the same careful attention as is given to all other departments of the Bank's business. Money may be deposited or withdrawn in this way as satisfactorily as by a personal visit to the Bank. 4231

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

BUY A 'SINGER,'

The Latest and most Up-to-date Sewing Machine on the market to-day. Sold on Easy Terms which places it within the reach of all.

Jepson Bros., District Agents
NANAIMO, B. C.

W. R. Dunn, Local Representative

Orchard Lots

30 Lots Sold within the Last Two Weeks

BUY ONE NOW

Price $200 per lot. Easy Terms

The Island Realty Co.

Fire, Life, Live Stock .. Accident .. Phone 22. P. L. ANDERTON. Courtenay, B. C.

The 'STAR' Cafe

RICHARDS & JACK, Proprietors.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL ALL HOURS

When you want a good choice meal cooked to the King's taste give us a call . . . .

DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND

COURTENAY

Housefurnishing Store

Dining Room and Bedroom Suites, Sideboards and Centre Tables, Rockers, Morris Chairs, Beds and Bedding, Stoves, Ranges, and Heaters, Etc., Etc.

B. F. KRAUSE, Prop.

Sole agent for the Sherlock-Manning Pianos and Organs

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops
Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture
Bottled Beer Supplied to the Trade Only.

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

Fawcett's STOVES AND RANGES

Are the Best, and Fully Guaranteed.

A full line of Furniture, Housefurnishings, Linoleums, Wallpapers always on hand.

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

H. H. M. Beadnell

Real Estate Agents

Offices: Comox & Courtenay.

FOR SALE

CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND AND LOTS

Agents for E. & N. Lands, Comox District.

H. H. M. Beadnell

W. Colpitts.

"Leading Tobacco King."

Better known as "LONG WILLIE"

Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.

Billiard Room in connection

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods

Best Bread and Beer in Town

Agents for Pilsener Beer

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE

Up-to-date Merchant Tailor

DUNSMUIR AVENUE

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

The Last of the Bourbons

(By J. Morton Lewis)

THE wind whistled down the slopes of Mont Pipet, bearing with it a fine, drizzling rain.

Simon Vauvert stood at the door of his inn and shook his head solemnly at the weather; then, as the rain beat upon his face, he retired inside and warmed his hands before the fire burning in the comptoir. For a few seconds he studied the fancy forms cast by the blaze, then rose and shivered. "'Tis miserable weather for June!" he said, glancing around the room as if speaking to the shadows. "Miserable!" Drawing a chair before the fire, he took a copy of a Paris paper three days old from a shelf, and commenced reading it.

June 1852 was a memorable month for France, memorable in many ways. It was the wettest summer month within the recollection of the oldest inhabitanats, and it was a month wherein much French history was made. Louis Philippe had been deposed and had fled to England, and in his place had been reared another of the Bonapartes, a man who neither possessed the brilliant qualities which marked his uncle nor was even a direct descendant of the "Little Corporal" whom all Europe had feared.

Chosen President, he had made himself Emperor, and already faint murmurs of discontent were heard throughout the land; and, coupled with them, the whisper that somewhere in France, known only to a few, lived the grandson of the Louis they had killed.

A wave of Royalism swept the land, and many were slowly preparing themselves for the day when he should proclaim his identity. No less diligently were the followers of Napoleon the Third seeking him, so that they might once and for all safely place their master upon the imperial chair. A civil war—as yet confined to intrigue, but threatening every moment to break out into open fighting—existed; and somewhere, some said in Paris itself, there lay hidden the man who held the keynote to the position in his hand.

Simon Vauvert read the news with interest. Like many another, he was tired of the weak, vacillating man who was a Bonaparte only in name, aand like many another he hoped that the day might come when a monarch would again sit upon the throne of France. For when the last word is spoken, all men, at the bottom of their hearts, are Royalists.

His eyes sparkled as he read through the long paragraphs, which somehow had escaped the strict censorship, to spread the news that another Bourbon had come to establish his claim to the throne upon which his fathers had sat.

So intent was he upon his reading that the sound of footsteps on the cobbled yard outside the inn escaped his usually keen ears, and it was only a gust of wind blowing upon him through the open door that told him two customers had entered.

He looked up from the paper aand surveyed them. There were two men dressed in long military riding-cloaks.

"Bon soir, messieurs," he said politely, rising slowly.

Their swords clanked in the scabbards as they walked across to the fire.

Ignoring his greeting, the elder of the two asked for meat and wine; while the younger, taking off his cloak, shook it until the water, rolling of, hissed as it fell upon the burning logs.

"You will have it here?" asked Simon.

"We will have it here, in front of the fire," said the elder.

Simon brought forward a small table and laid upon it a white damask cloth.

"You do not get many visitors here?" asked the man.

Simon shook his head. "My trade is mostly with the vignerons; occasionally a stranger comes, but not often."

The soldier nodded and glanced keenly at him. "Have you had many lately?"

Simon made an expressive gesture. "But no, the weather!"

For a few moments the men ate in silence. So far the younger of the two had not spoken. "There have been no strangers here lately, then?" he said suddenly, continuing aloud the train of his thoughts.

"You get a good many here when the weather is fine, I suppose?" said his companion.

"Yes, m'sieu," replied Simon; "they come to visit the ruins of our old theatre here. It is supposed to be Roman, but I would not answer for the truth of it."

The elder man smiled. "It is safer not to answer for the truth of anything save one's own speech, and it is not always easy then."

Simon leaving them for a moment, he turned to his companion. "We shall learn nothing from him. For myself, I think it is a fruitless errand we have been sent upon. Louis is within five leagues of Paris, if he is not in the town itself. Though all the faults of the Bourbons be existent in his person, he would not tarry here. He must strike within the next week, or the throne of France is lost to him for ever."

The younger man nodded "And yet if M'selle Nouchmet is not misinformed, he has been seen here within the last seven days."

"I do not trust these women-spies. They are too much governed by emotions to be of any great service to those who employ them."

At the re-entry of Simon the elder soldier relapsed into a momentary silence, which he broke with a question to the landlord. "You have lived here a good many years?" he suggested.

"But yes."

"And know most of the inhabitants of Vienne?"

"As well as those in the hills know those who dwell in the valley."

The soldier nodded, and meditatively stroked his iron-gray beard. "I am seeking a friend here—a young man, tall and fair, with a nose that is somewhat like the noses of the Bourbons. Perhaps you have seen a portrait of that magnificent monarch who paid for his misdeeds upon the scaffold?"

Simon nodded, wondering at the fluency of his visitor's conversation, and wondering, moreover, to what it tended.

"You have? Then you could not mistake my friend if you saw him."

"Perhaps if you told me his name?" suggested Simon.

For a moment the soldier remained silent. Then "M'sieu Fou," he said.

Simon shook his head. "I know no one of that name," he answered.

The soldier's stern countenance relaxed, and a hard smile showed itself at the corners of his mouth. "No?" he answered in a tone that implied much.

Simon was puzzled. As if to seek enlightenment, he looked around the room, and his eyes fell upon the casement, which stood a little open, aand in the second his gaze rested upon it a shadow passed across it—the shadow of a man's head.

The elder soldier rose and drew a handful of silver and gold from his pocket. "It is time we moved on, Etienne," he said, "or it will be midnight before we reach the Abbe."

"You will not stop the night?" asked Simon.

"No; we have business among those who dwell in the valley," replied the soldier, and again that hard smile showed itself.

And Simon was not sorry, for though he had asked the question from a habit born of long custom, he had hoped it would be refused.

A couple of minutes and he was alone, standing in the middle of the comptoir, listening to the footfalls of the men as they passed down the hillside, and wondering as to the identity of the M'sieu Fou for whom they had asked.

"Ma foi," he said, "I am glad they did not stop the night! He was an evil-looking man the elder one."

Then he picked up the paper again and continued reading it where he had left off at their entry. He continued for some twenty minutes; then again footsteps upon the cobbled path aroused him.

The door opened and a tall man entered. He too was clad in a long riding-cloak, and his face was almost obscured by the slouch hat he wore.

"You can give me some food and wine?" he asked.

"But yes," replied Simon.

"And a bed? Good! This is no night to spend in the open."

He walked up to the fire and spread out his hands before the blaze. "It might be December, and not June," he remarked more to himself than to the landlord.

"But yes, m'sieu, 'tis an evil night. Bad for every one."

The stranger laughed, and he turned and faced Simon. "You, of all men, should not say that, for it was the weather which drove me in here to shelter."

"Then I give thanks," said the old innkeeper solemnly, "for trade is bad."

As he spoke the stranger removed his hat and cloak, and Simon stared at him in amazement. There was no mistaking him—the clear-cut, regal features, the light-blue eye, and curly hair.

"You are M'sieu Fou?" he said, not without hesitation.

For a second the light-blue eyes gleamed; then their expression changed to one of amusement, almost mockery. "To some men," the stranger replied.

"Some friends of yours have been asking for you, m'sieu. They went down the hill to Vienne."

"Some friends? Ah yes. I saw them—in the distance." The stranger relapsed into silence as the food and wine were placed upon the table. Then he sat down before it, and Simon noticed that his hands were heavily jewelled. Filling a glass with wine, he paused with it half-way to his lips. "Those friends of mine may call for me. If they do I am not here, you understand? One does not always want to see one's friends."

"But yes, m'sieu," responded Simon. The stranger smiled. "You do not always want to see your friends, eh?"

"Always," replied Simon truthfully. "I give them a good welcome."

Again the stranger smiled. "And I shall welcome them." And whether by accident or not, his hand came in contact with the rapier hanging by his side, so that it clanked in its scabbard.

As soon as he had finished he rose. "You have a private room? I should like to retire there, as I have some business to attend to. And you will kindly have these things removed as quickly as possible."

Simon looked at him. There was a note of command in his voice.

"Yes, m'sieu," he said, and led the way into a smaller room, separated from the comptoir by a heavy tapestry curtain.

M'sieu sat down in a chair before the fire and kicked the logs into a blaze. "You can tell me when my friends arrive, but they are not to know I am here."

Simon bowed. Vague suspicions as to the identity of his visitor began to fill him; and, returning to the comptoir, he stood in the middle of the room scratching his bald head in perplexity. Then slowly trying to reason it all out the while, he began to clear away the empty dishes.

Before he had finished, a voice from within called to him, "Simon!"

"Yes, m'sieu," he replied.

Drawing aside the curtain, he saw M'sieu Fou standing in the middle of the room. He had divested himself of his coat, and round his waist was tied a large white linen apron such as Simon himself wore.

"I have taken the liberty of inspecting your wardrobe and borrowing a few articles. On second thoughts I will serve my friends myself just to practise a little joke upon them." He laid his hand on Simon's shoulder. "A little joke, you understand."

He surveyed himself in the mirror above the fireplace. "My face will betray me unless I can alter it." He turned to Simon with a laugh. "You have no rouge?"

"I, m'sieu!"

The old innkeeper spoke as one in a dream. Astonishment was giving place to grave misgivings. He felt himself to be taking part in a plot, the depth and purport of which he was in ignorance.

"No, there is too natural a color upon your cheeks for you to need to create one."

"M'sieu Fou looked around the room, and seized a red cloth from off a small table. Moistening a corner between his lips, he dabbled it on his cheeks, then stood surveying the effect.

"Yes," he murmured, "a little black beneath the eyes, and I do not think they will recognize me."

He bent down and picked up a piece of burnt wood from the grate, and shaded his eyes with it.

"You have no idea how useful amateur theatricals are, Simon," he said during the operation.

Then he threw it away, and, turning around, faced the old innkeeper.

"Mon Dieu!" said Simon.

It was M'sieu Fou, but M'sieu Fou disfigured. The regal aspect of his face was lost; he looked a country youth, one of many score that might have been found within a mile of Vienne.

"And now Simon," he said, "I am ready for my friends."

He sat down again in the chair, and Simon noticed that beneath his apron the sword was still buckled.

"You know they will come, sire?" he said.

M'sieu Fou looked at him quickly. He seemed about to speak, hesitated a moment, then:

"Yes, Simon, I know they will come," he said.

Lighting a cigarette, he crossed his legs and gaily hummed a light tune, a love-song of Provence, centuries old, from the days of the troubadors and King Rene. "I hope they will not keep me long," he said once, stifling a yawn. "I am tired."

"I can tell them to wait your pleasure in the morning, m'sieu."

M'sieu Fou regarded the innkeeper sharply.

"You can tell them nothing of the sort," he quickly responded. "You will not even see them till I bid you."

And he continued humming.

Suddenly he stopped. His sharp ears had heard something unnoticed by his companion, the sound of footsteps on the cobble-yard.

The door leading into the comptoir opened, and the footsteps sounded upon the wooden floor.

M'sieu Fou rose and threw his cigarette away.

"My friends have come," he said in a whisper, a whisper laden with suppressed excitement. Then he drew aside the curtain.

"M'sieu, m'sieu, what folly is this?" said the old innkeeper when it had fallen back into its place behind him.

When M'sieu Fou entered the comptoir the two men were standing before the fireplace, their backs turned to him. For a second he surveyed them, and a smile lit up his features, a smile of triumph.

"Messieurs," he said; and they turned sharply round.

Again the elder man spoke; he was on most occasions the spokesman.

"Some wine," he said shortly. "And where is the man who keeps this inn?"

"M'sieu Simon? He has gone to bed."

"Ah, we may have occasion to call him up again."

M'sieu Fou made a low bow, and in it there was a sarcasm which escaped the men's notice.

"Perhaps I can be of service to you. I will go and get your wine."

He retreated into the inner room.

"The comedy is just commencing," he said with a gay smile to Simon, who stood trembling behind the curtain. "Two glasses of wine for my friends."

He returned with them to the comptoir, and laid them down upon a small table before him.

"You have been here before to-night, messieurs?" he said.

The two men looked at him, Etienne nonchalantly, the elder one keenly, his eyes scrutinizing him beneath their shaggy brows.

"You were inquiring for a friend of yours, a M'sieu Fou. He is here now, but he does not know that name."

The men leapt to their feet.

"Where is he?" cried Etienne.

The other laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Gently, mon ami," he said. "If he does not answer to that name, how do you know he is the man we seek?"

"From the description you gave to M'sieu Simon. There is only one man in France to-day who could answer to that description."

"Where is he?" asked Etienne again, excitedly.

"He is upstairs, asleep," replied M'sieu Fou.

"Ah," said the elder soldier, "then your rooms are all occupied, and we intended staying here to-night." He turned to Etienne. "Mon ami, we shall have to brave the rain again and go to Vienne."

"You have no need to do that," said M'sieu Fou; "there are rooms here to spare. I can give you one exactly opposite your friend, so that, if you wish to, you can speak to him—during the night."

The elder man looked at him quickly and frowned.

"We should wish to disturb no man's rest," he replied.

"No, m'sieu?" said M'sieu Fou, and there was a tentativeness in his tones. "I will have the room got ready for you."

He retired behind the curtain.

"Simon," he said, "my two friends will stay the night; so we must prepare a room for them."

"I will, m'sieu."

"Pardon me, we will."

The innkeeper looked at M'sieu Fou, then without further comment gave a barely perceptible shrug of the shoulders and led the way to the floor above.

The stairs opened on to a large landing. At the far end was a heavily curtained window, through which the moon shone. The dull, ceaseless patter of the rain upon the glass sounded dreary in the silence, and M'sieu Fou shivered.

"You have not had many visitors here lately, Simon?"

"No, m'sieu; the weather has been so bad."

M'sieu Fou nodded, then, stepping to one side, opened one of the doors and peered inside. The candle which Simon carried cast long shadows across the room.

"This will do for my friends," said M'sieu Fou. "I trust the bed is well aired and the sheets not damp."

"M'sieu——" began the innkeeper, when M'sieu Fou stopped him.

"I was only jesting. They are soldiers, and often lie like dogs."

Simon looked at him, his rubicund face expressive of his uncertainty as to the gist of the remark.

M'sieu Fou gripped his arm.

"Yes," he said, as if for emphasis, diers, and often lie like dogs."

Then he crossed the corridor and opened a door which faced the one leading into the room they had just left.

"And I'm supposed to be sleeping here to-night."

"Supposed to, m'sieu."

Simon spoke and moved as one in a dream.

"Yes, supposed to. I shall spend the night behind that curtain."

The innkeeper followed the direction of M'sieu Fou's gaze, and shook his head mournfully.

"I do not understand," he said.

"No," responded M'sieu Fou cheerfully, "not yet; but you will in good time." He entered the room, and bent over the bed. "You might bring that candle a little nearer, please, Simon," he said. "Thank you."

He manipulated the pillow and bolster, and with the aid of a large curtain he discovered in a corner made it resemble the figure of a man.

"That is supposed to be me," he said when he had finished. "I possess the objectionable habit of sleeping with my head beneath the bedclothes."

Then he went out into the corridor again, followed by Simon.

"And if you spend the night behind that curtain," he said, "what do I do?"

"You can go to sleep as usual, and forget all about it."

"M'sieu, I cannot go to sleep; I cannot forget."

The look of despair on his face was comical, and M'sieu Fou laughed.

"Then you must stop in your room. If I choose to play a practical joke on my friends it is no business of yours. Hark," he said a second later; "they are calling me!"

From the room beneath came the sound of voices.

M'sieu Fou hurried downstairs.

"Messieurs?" he said apologetically. "Where have you been?" said Etienne. "We have been calling you for the last five minutes."

"I am sorry, m'sieu. I have been getting your room prepared for you."

"Ah! and now you can take us up to it?" he asked.

M'sieu Fou bowed, and led the way up the stairs. On the landing he flung open the door, and stood holding a candle high above his head, lighting them in.

"And our friend's room, you say, is the one opposite?"

M'sieu Fou pointed to the door.

"But yes, messieurs. Bon nuit!"

The elder man nodded curtly, and shutting the door, locked it. M'sieu Fou smiled softly, and looked at the closed door for a second. Then he crept down the corridor and secreted himself behind the curtain.

Below the frame of the window was a broad ledge, on which he seated himself.

"'Tis not so bad!" he muttered. I have slept in worse places within the last six months. A king without a throne is like the proverbial beggar—he cannot be a chooser."

Then, lighting a cigarette, he looked out of the window. The rain had ceased, and the moon was at its full height, flooding the slopes. The trees were bending to and fro in the gale that had arisen, and in the near distance the ruins of the old Roman theatre loomed dark amiust the foliage which surrounded them.

M'sieu Fou gazed at it for some moments; then he drew out his watch.

"A quarter past twelve," he said.

He rose and took off the white apron, and, moistening a corner with his lips, he rubbed the color from off his cheeks and the black from beneath his eyes. Then he lighted another cigarette.

He heard the half-hour chime out from the bells of the cathedral of St. Maurice in the valley, and almost following it another sound which caused him to leap lightly to his feet and peer round a corner of the curtain.

From the door of the room in which the soldiers were supposed to be sleeping a ray of light shone, and a second later he saw the two men walk softly across the corridor and open the door facing theirs.

Emerging from behind the curtain, he drew his sword, and stepping silently down the corridor, stood in the open doorway. Etienne was holding a candle, while the elder man, bending over the bed, was driving his sword through the figure beneath the sheets.

"That should have finished him, mon ami," said the soldier; "but I will see."

He was about to pull aside the sheets, when M'sieu Fou stepped into the room.

"Yes, messieurs," he said, "that should have killed him. But it has not."

At the sound of his voice the two men turned sharply round.

"Mon Dieu!" they exclaimed, as if with one voice. Before them stood Louis, the last of the Bourbons.

Etienne was the first to recover from his astonishment. Seizing the sword from his companion, he rushed upon M'sieu Fou; but the latter was too quick for him. He parried the blow, and gave it a sudden lunge. There is a certain muscle in a man's body the severing of which paralyses the right arm and causes it to shrivel, and M'sieu Fou knew where that muscle was situated.

Etienne gave a scream of pain, and the sword fell from his hand on to the floor with a clatter.

"You have maimed me for life!" he cried.

Cruelty was ever a trait in the character of the Burbons, especially cruelty in their moments of triumph.

"And you too, Colonel D'Angeron!" he cried with another lunge.

M'sieu Fou stepped quickly into the corridor; and Simon, standing trembling at the door of his bedroom, saw him point with his drawn sword, from the blade of which blood was still dripping, down the flight of stairs.

A second, and he heard him speak.

"Messieurs," he said, "go to your master, and tell him that is the message of the man who in a few months will sit upon the throne of France."

For a second the two soldiers, whose right arms were rendered useless, stood and faced him.

"I have the advantage," said M'sieu Fou, "and to men who would have murdered me while I slept I show no mercy!"

Then they passed down the stairs through the comptoir into the moonlight.

At the door Colonel D'Angeron paused. A devoted Bonapartist, he possessed no reverence for the men who had sat upon the throne of France for generations.

"Louis Bourbon," he said, "we are maimed for life; but there are thousands more, men who would rather see our beloved country a mass of ruins than see another of your cursed family upon the throne!"

Then they passed into the night. For a few moments M'sieu Fou stood watching them, pondering over in his mind the words Colonel D'Angeron had spoken. Then, with a little sigh, he entered the comptoir.

There the old innkeeper was awaiting him.

"Sire," he said, "they called you Louis Bourbon!"

"Yes," answered M'sieu Fou, "I am Louis, the last of the Bourbons. Perhaps one day I shall sit upon the throne of my fathers, and perhaps not, for France is a strange country."

He laid five gold coins upon the table, coins which bore the head of the man who reigned in his stead and sat where he should have sat.

"This will recompense you for the trouble I have given you," he said.

"But, sire, you will not leave to-night?"

"To-night I must go down to the valley, where I have friends who await me—better friends than those who have just left. And to-morrow I leave for Paris. Bon soir."

"Bon soir, sire!" said the old man.

Dazedly he walked to the door, and watched the last of the Bourbons climb down the slopes which led into the valley, watched him until the gloom swallowed him up and hid him from view. Then he picked up the gold pieces which M'sieu Fou had left upon the table each in turn, looked at the head upon it, and read the inscription.

"I wonder," he said, "if he will ever be King of France. He would make a good king."

It Is In Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

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

EXPLORING THE PHILIPPINE FORESTS

THE woodland wanderer in the Philippine jungles must turn to the mountains to find the finest virgin forest, and he goes armed with a bolo, so as to carefully blaze a trail he can follow in the descent.

Old clearings, pushing up into the forest like separated fingers on the lower mountain spurs, are choked with rank cogon grass growing eight to twelve feet high—as mean a growth to pass through as any briar patch or canebrake—which affords no shelter whatever from the sun. However, there is compensation in its gorgeous white bloom, for, like the poppy, the cogon is a show-piece of nature. Most striking amongst the trees of the forest is a representative of the fig family, locally known as the balete, possessing most remarkable habits. These trees often start their existence high up in other trees—not as parasites, but deriving nourishment from humus and decayed growths collected on the limbs and in the crotches of the older trees, sending long, winding tendrils down to the ground, where they take root and grow with such vigor that the supporting trunk is rapidly enveloped in a coalescing mass of stems, while its own branches are overtopped by those of the usurper, which kills it as much by stealing its sunshine above as by appropriating the soil at the base.

While the younger of these trees are most grotesque in shape, still many of the older ones have their various components united into a single majestic trunk with nicely curved web-like buttresses radiating far afield at the base, and with thick curving limbs reaching far out overhead, loaded with vines and parasites, making a veritable hanging garden over the tops of the lesser trees. Some of these balete trees have hollow interiors, where the trunk of a victimized tree has rotted out, and others are like big tripods with their trunks far apart below and meeting in one stem forty feet above the ground.

Plants with leaves of enormous size are seen in these glades where shafts of sunlight sometimes penetrate, for such leaves being easily destroyed by wind require the protection of the forest and at the same time must have the light. A variety of the pulpy elephant-ear plant acquires leaves averaging seven by five feet exclusive of the stem, and the banana plant has leaves as long, though only half as broad.

Much more plentiful are the rattan or bejuco thickets. These form the most serious barriers to climbing through the woods, for the big, fern-like tufts are covered with what might be called "retraction" or "detention" thorns, which slope backward on the stem like the barb of a fish-hook. These formidable spray-shaped tufts grow to a height of twelve and fifteen feet, springing from a long, smooth stem that sometimes trails the ground and sometimes ascends high into the trees. The stems are known to reach lengths of four and five hundred feet. An attempt to pass these bejuco thickets unarmed is futile, but with a well-swung keen-edged bolo the long, coarse fronds can be quickly snipped to right and left. A variety of the bejuco has a stem hollow and divided into compartments by diaphragms at the joints, like the bamboo. Each compartment contains about a mouthful of pure water, and by successively chopping off the stems just below the joints, the traveller may slake his thirst.

These are but a few examples of the multitude of plant varieties whose overburdened profusion impresses one. Perhaps the beauties of the forest are best es do not enter to confuse the eye in unrelated mottled high lights, for the diffused sky light from open glades here and there gives better distance and better form to the rounded masses of foliage. In this promiscuous jumble of luxuriance, nature is at her greatest beauty and yet in her most abandoned disorder—she is unstudied, inspired, spontaneous.

Above the zone of the bejuco the climbing becomes steeper and the region of prevailing mist is entered. The forest takes on a new kind of richness. Enormous trees have given place to crooked specimens fairly hidden under their load of parasitic and climbing plants. Delicate hanging moss, flecked always with diamond water-drops, drapes the trunks and limbs.

Every tree crotch is a bed of orchids, and every limb is completely festooned with large and small leaved clinging vines, climbing palms, and the convolvulus. Here are to be found fine specimens of the bird's-nest fern, which perches in a tree and derives its subsistence from the decay of dead leaves that accidentally drop within the enclosure, and the gigantic shapely tree-fern, each highly prized for transplanting to Manila gardens.

Even at the very summit the tropical luxuriance prevails to such an extent that a glimpse of the surrounding panorama is rarely to be had unless one climbs to the very top of the highest tree. And even in such a giddy perch he may wait hours for the scudding clouds to break away and reveal the ethereal blue distance of mountain, lake and ocean.

One accustomed to living in the torrid plains at sea-level will pretty surely shiver in these damp mists a few thousand feet higher up. Ridges are easily followed in ascending, and are almost impossible to follow in descending unless the greatest care is taken to keep to the blazed trail made in coming up. Many have been unintentionally benighted through lack of precaution, for in the ecstasy of reaching the summit one is apt to tarry in beautiful surroundings until he finds himself persistently diverging from the ridge he has been travelling. Soon he is just as persistently dropping into an ever-sharpening gully. Apprehension begins to rise, and with redoubled energy he scrambles up the nearest ridge only to find it is the wrong one, with no signs of his lost trail. In a frenzy he pushes on and on, jumping down from big, fern-bedecked rocks, scrambling under and over fallen trees, rushing some thickets, cutting through some and making detours around others, dripping with perspiration and stumbling through pools of water, until he suddenly stops, breathless—to think it over. The forest has grown darker and the silence of the great trees is ominously depressing—it is their sinister invitation to spend the night.

However, whether lost or in camp, he must observe that much of the characteristic fascination of these deep jungles is lost at night; at least, so far as the sense of sight goes, for instead of those magic color transformations that attend sunrise and sunset in open country, and the night-long procession of the stars, there is nothing but the sudden dropping and rising of an impenetrable void, so black one seems to really feel it. This perhaps makes the ear more sensitive, and every little sound works upon the imagination. The croak of a lizard may be read into the bark of some wild quadruped slaking his thirst at a pool perhaps not fifty feet away, while the hundred insect noises may mean anything from the hiss of a snake to the chatter of monkeys. Strange phosphorescent lights punctuate the darkness, but illuminate nothing—fireflies and glowworms leave shining tracks. Most spectacular is the effect of the fireflies when they congregate in great numbers. It is like an illuminated Christmas tree, and the flashing of the lights produces an illusion as if they were moving rapidly in all directions. So thickly covered with the "lightning bugs" are these trees that a faint glow of greenish light seems to surround them.

Of the nocturnal forest noises, the soughing of the wind in the canopy overhead is a dread one, for it is the precursor of rain. At such times a distant rushing sound rises to a roar as it approaches, and down comes the rain with a noise as if forty thousand devils were dancing on an iron roof. Then, with the passage of the tempest, pandemonium gives place again to the drowsy voices of the night, the occasional dripping from huge leaves, and the incessant whistling of the insects. A shaft of moonlight slips down through a well of darkest umbrage into a steaming glen of voluptuous tree-ferns, where evanescent forms bewitch the mind as in a fairy-land.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

FOUND QUICK CURE AFTER EIGHT YEARS

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS TRIUMPH WHERE BELTS AND PLASTERS FAIL

Moses Sherwood, a long sufferer from Backache, found permanent relief in one box of the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills

Poodiac, King's Co., N.B.—(Special)—After suffering for eight years, while all the time the remedy was right at hand. Mr. Moses Sherwood, a well-known farmer living near here, tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and is now as well as ever he was in his life.

Mr. Sherwood's experience is similar to that of thousands of other natives of New Brunswick. "About eight years ago I hurt my back from lifting," he states. "I used liniments and plasters and wore a wide belt, but in two years my trouble had developed into kidney disease.

"My back was so sore I could not lift any weight, when reading a Dodd's Almanac led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before the first box was finished my backache was gone and I have never been troubled with it since."

Belts and plasters may give temporary relief in cases of Backache or Rheumatism, but the only way to cure them is to go to the seat of the trouble. Cure the Kidneys and the Bachache or Rheumatism will disappear. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the Kidneys.

71

61

GET IN ON THIS

600 ACRES

SUBDIVIDED INTO 10 ACRE BLOCKS

ADJOINING

HEADQUARTERS

(McKenzie & Mann's Headquarters for the Comox District.)

First-Class Land And Easily Cleared

We claim this is some of the Best Land in the Comox District

The Tsolum River runs through this Property

The C. P. R. line north to Campbell River will be within 300 YARDS of this Subdivision.

The C.N. Railway Main line from Cumberland to the north of the Island passes through this land and the new County road from Cumberland to Headquarters will also be put through this property.

The Canada West Lumber Company will have 2,000 men working at HEADQUARTERS inside of two years. Sawmill cutting 75,000 feet per day now under construction.

PRICE $60 PER ACRE

TERMS:- 1-4 Cash down. Balance in 6, 12 and 18 months

FOR SALE ONLY BY

ISLAND REALTY CO.,

(P. L. ANDERTON, MANAGER.)

Real Estate Agents, Phone 22 **COURTENAY, B.C.**

And CAMERON & ALLAN, **REAL ESTATE AGENTS.** Phone 33 - Courtenay, B.C.

68

H. M. Haggerstone

Painter and Decorator

Satisfaction Guaranteed

All Work Done under Personal Supervision

Orders may be left at John Jack' store,

Dunsmuir Avenue Cumberland

FIRE!! FIRE!!

For absolute protection write a Policy in the LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Liverpool, England.

TOTAL ASSETS, $26.788.93

WESLEY WILLARD, Local Agent

Have Your

Cleaning Pressing and repairing done at

NICK'S PLACE

Plain Sewing. Fancy Dressmaking

N. HIRANO

Fashionable Tailor

Ladies' and Gents' Tailor-made Suits. Cleaning and Pressing Done at Reasonable Rates.

Phone 52 CUMBEBLAND

Candies, Fruits, Tobaccos and —Cigars at—

BANNERMAN'S

Candies of all descriptions—THE VERY BEST.

FRUITS of all kinds—Best quality grown.

TOBACCOS of all strengths.

CIGARS—The best variety of the choicest flavors.

G. H. ASTON

SILVER NOVELTIES At Bert Aston's The "JEWEL BOX."

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .

Dunsmuir Ave : : : Cumberland

AN INTERESTING LETTER

GENTLEMEN:

We beg to inform your patrons hrough your columns of the fact that the firm of HYGH BROS. & YOUNG, of Nanaimo, B.C. are this year handling the various *Overland* models of automobiles in three grades and powers as follows:

30 H.P. $1,450
35 H.P. $1,850
40 H.P. $2,250 F.O.B. Victoria.

The above cars are made in all the latest models and are the buy of the season at anything like the price, with beautiful lines and design.

We beg to inform the prospective purchasing public in this line of the fact that we will visit your district in the near future, and that they will be well repaid by waiting a very short period to inspect the *Overland* and get a demonstration as well.

HYGH BROS. & YOUNG Agents for the OVERLAND Mocel Automobile.

P.O. Drawer O NANAIMO, B C. Phone 97

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS, PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

LAND ACT.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Ben Roberts, of New Westminster, B.C., lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted 20 chains North of Timber License No. 40780 thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 40 chains: thence east 25 chains more or less to the shore of Drew Passage Calm Channel; thence following shore in in a South-easterly direction to place of commencement, containing 200 acres.

BEN ROBERTS.
Dated January 30th. 1912
Eric R Brebeck, agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward:—Take notice that John George Hardy of Courtenay, B. C., occupation auctioneer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N bank of Cranberry lake and at the SE corner of Timber Limit 30612 thence W 40 chains; thence S 40 chains; thence E 20 chains: thence NE 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 110 acres more or less.

JOHN GEORGE HARDY
Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithin Agent.

SAYMARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward.—Take notice that Margaret Carwithin of Sandwick, B. C., occupation widow, intends to apply for permission to purchase the followingdescribed lands: Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Trout lake and about one mile west from the SW corner of Timber Limit 37470 thence N 40 chains, thence W 40 chains, thence S 40 chains to the north bank of Trout lake; thence along the north bank of Trout lake E 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

MARGARET CARWITHEN
Dated Jan. 11, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that George William Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permisston to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S.W. corner of Timber Limit 42968, thence west 80 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east 60 thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains: thence north 80 chains to point of commencement. and containing 340 acres more or less.

GEORGE WILLIAM CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen. agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Henry Luder Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation farmer. intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N.W. corner of Timber Limit 1958, thence north 80 chains; thence east 60 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 60 chains to point of commencement, and containing 480 acres more or less.

HENRY LUDER CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that ALFRED JOHN CARWITHEN of Sandwick, B.C., occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N.E corner of Timber Limit 40774, thence north 40 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 60 chains thence east 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thenes east 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 280 acres more or less.

ALFRED JOHN CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Mabel Hardy, of Courtenay, B. C., occupation married woman, intends to apply for oermission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post planted at the N.E coaner of Timber Limit 30611, thence south 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 80 chains thence west 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 320 acres more or less.

MABEL HARDY
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 14th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Herbert Howarth Bates, of Lytham, Eng., occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post plonted on the north bank of Trout Lake and at the S W corner of Timber Limit 37470, thence north 20 chains: thence west 80 chains; thence south to the bank of said Trout Lake 20 chains; thece along bank of said Trout Lake east 80 chains, to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less.

HERBERT HOWARTH BATES
Dated Jan. 11th, 1912. Reginald Carwithen agent

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Louisa Marion Woodcock, of London, Eng., occupation siagle woman. intends to apply for peamission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Trout Lake, and 1½ miles west from the S W corner of Timber Limit 37470, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less. LOUISA MARION WOODCOCK
Reginald Carwithen, agent
Dated January 11th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward

Take notice that George Robert Bates of Courtenay, B C., occupation real estate agent, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S. E. corner of Timber Limit 40775; thence north 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 60 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 20 chains: thence west 20 chains, to point of commencement, containing 300 acres more or less.

GEORGE ROBERT BATES
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated Jan. 13th, 1912.

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

Take notice that Louisa Sophia Bates, of Sandwick, B.C, occupation, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the followingdescribed lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner Timber Limit 40775. thence north 80 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less.

LOUISA SOPHIA BATES
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Reginald Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C, occupation, farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Timber Limit 40775, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 86 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less.

REGINALD CARWITHEN
Dated January 13th, 1912

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

Take notice that Christian Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S W. corner of P R. 2800, thence north 20 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

CHRISTIAN CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen, agent
Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Margaret Bluhm Carwithen of Sandwick, B. C., occupation single woman. intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the most southerly end of Cranberry lake, thenc E 80 chains; thence S 80 chains; thence W 40 chains; thence along the boundary of Lot 36, Sayward District, in a general north and west direction, to a point due south of the point of commencement, thence due north to the point of commencement and containing 500 acres more or less.

MARGARET BLUHM CARWITHEN
Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward —Take notice that Edith Wilson of Lytham: Eng., occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands- Commencing at a post planted about one half mile E from south bank of Trout lake and about one mile south from the most northerly end of Trout lake, thence south 80 chains thence E 40 chains, thence N 80 chains, thence W 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 320 acres more or less.

EDITH WILSON
Dated Jan. 11, 1912 Reginald Carwithen, Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward.—Take notice that Edith Lacey Bates of Lytham, Eng., occupation widow, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Trout lake and about two miles from the most northerly end of said lake, thence E 80 chains, thence N 40 chains, thence south along bank of said lake 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 80 acres more or less.

EDITH LACEY BATES
Dated Jan. 11,1912 Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward —Take notice that Harriet Jane Bainbridge of London, England, occupation single woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands- Commencing at a post planted on the N bank of Trout lake and about one mile from the most southerly end of said lake thence along the bank of said lake southerly 80 chains, teence NW 80 chains, thence E 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 100 acres more or less.

HARRIET JANE BAINBRIDGE
Dated Jan. 11,21,1912. Reginald Carwithen, Agent.

H. J. Theobald

Practical Painter

Decorator, Paperhanger and Kalsomining.

All Work Promptly ...Attended to...

Residence, Penrith Avenue Cumberland,

D A THOMAS

UP-TO-DATE PIANO TUNER

Representing The Geo. A. Fletcher Co., Nanaimo, B.C.

Orders left at T. E. Bate's Store promptly attended to.

E. W. BICKLE

Notary Public, Conveyancer. Etc.

District agent The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Fire Insurance. Accounts collected

FOR SALE—House, 5 rooms, price $650

FOR SALE—House, 7 rooms, Price, $1.000.00. Terms cash.

New house, including two full-sized lots, price $1200.

House in centre of city, price $1250 cash

Apply, E. W. BICKLE.

Change advertisements for Saturday mornings issue must be in this office not later than 10 a. m. on Thursday.

Mrs. Simms will give lessons on the piano at her house in Jerusalem, formerly owned by Mr. James Stewart, on and after Monday, March 4th—until then in Camp as usual.

Palace Livery and Feed Stable

THE BEST of HORSES and FIRST-CLASS BUGGIES FOR HIRE.

E. T. WHELAN, Proprietor

COURTENAY, B. C.

nov. 18

The Star Livery Stable

Third St & Penrith Avenue

A. MAXWELL Proprietor

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

Subscribe For The Islander

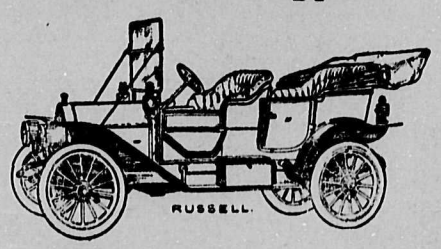
THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

B.C. Garage

For Auto and Gas Engine Supplies



District Agent for the

Russel, E.M.F. 30 Flanders 20 and McLaughlin-Buick automobiles

Fairbanks-Morse Stationary and Marine Engines, Oliver Typewriters, Moore's Lights, and Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris and Perfect bicycles

CARS FOR HIRE NIGHT AND DAY

EMDE & DENTON

Phone 18 CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Hung Chong & Co.,

Branch Store from CHARLIE SING CHONG Co.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, SILKWEAR

Hardware of all kinds.

Boots and Shoes, at Lowest Prices

HUNG CHONG & Co.

No. 7 LINE

Heaviness at Pit of the Stomach

A Feeling of Uneasiness Before and After Meals is Quickly Cured With Nerviline

Nearly everyone gets an occasional attack of indigestion and knows just what that heavy feeling means in the stomach. "I was subject to stomach derangements and my health was seriously hampered on this account. After meals I belched gas, had a weighty sensation in my stomach and over my left side. The first relief I got was from Nerviline—I used it three times a day and was cured. I continue to use Nerviline occasionally, and find it is a wonderful aid to the stomach and digestive organs."

NERVILINE RESTORES WEAK STOMACHS

The above letter comes from **Mrs. P. R. Stetson, wife of an important merchant in Brockton, and still further proof** of the exceptional power of Nerviline is furnished by A. E. Rossman, the well-known upholsterer of Chester, who writes: "Let everyone with a bad stomach use 'Nerviline,' and I am sure there will be few sufferers left. I used to have cramps, rumbling noises, gas on my stomach and severe fits of indigestion. Nerviline was the only remedy that gave me relief, and I found it so entirely satisfactory that I would like to have my letter of recommendation published broadcast, in order that others may profit by my experience."

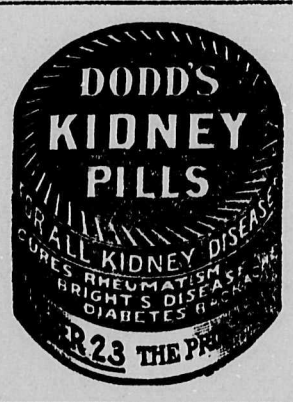
You'll find a hundred uses for Nerviline—it's a trusty household remedy that sells to the extent of a million bottles per year—that's the best proof that it must cure and give unlimited satisfaction. Refuse anything offered in place of Nerviline. In two sizes, 50c and 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

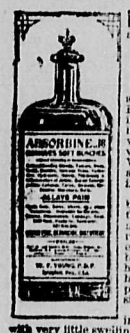
BRICKS OF FLOUR

WHEAT flour is now made into bricks by hydraulic pressure. Almost every one is familiar with tea bricks, but flour bricks are entirely novel.

Flour in bricks possesses many advantages over the loose powder. In the first place, the enormous pressure exerted destroys all forms of larval life already present, and the bricks are much too hard afterward for any insects to work their way in. The bricked flour is equally secured from mould, and is to all practical purposes water-proof, so that it could suffer no damage in shipment, even though carelessly handled and exposed to the weather. The bulk of the flour is much reduced, and a barrel of ordinary flour pressed into bricks could be packed in a square case about the size of a soap-box.

Before using the flour, it is, of course necessary to reduce it to powder, and this is done by first breaking up the bricks between cogs and then running the pieces between rollers Small home grinders, made on the principle of a coffee-mill, will undoubtedly appear on the market if the brick flour becomes popular with housewives.





RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and any painful affliction promptly relieved by

ABSORBINE, JR.

is safe, pleasant, antiseptic liniment. Penetrates to seat of trouble, healing and soothing. Also removes soft bunches such as goitre, wens, cysts, weeping sinew; heals cuts, sores, wounds, reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, cures strains and sprains. Takes out soreness and inflammation—stops lameness.

A customer writes, "My wife has been troubled with a ruptured limb for 12 or 13 years—no rest day or night. We tried most every known remedy for the trouble—nothing even gave temporary relief. One-half bottle of **ABSORBINE, JR.** has been used by rubbing on with the hand—only, she says there is no more pain and has not suffered from pain since the second or third application. The veins were large and prominent—at this time almost invisible with very little swelling. This is almost a miracle, but it is as near the truth as I can express it. We gladly recommend it to any one who may suffer in like manner."

Safe and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin, leaving it dry and clean. Results like the above make faith unnecessary. Ask your neighbors about it. Price $1.00 a oz., $2.50 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1F free. Manufactured only by

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

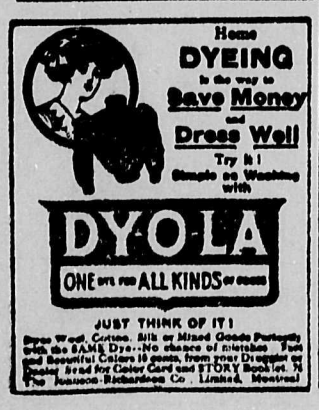
LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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



Storyettes

IN a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Why," replied the sailor, "if this continues we shall all be in heaven to-morrow morning." The chaplain, horrified, cried out, "The Lord forbid!"

* * *

A PARTY of East Indian natives were found sitting in a row on the platform of a station after the train had left, and being asked the reason, one of the men replied: "Oh, sahib, we are waiting till the tickets are cheaper."

* * *

THE very young traveling salesman was registering at the village hotel. "I want a room with running water in it," he remarked. "Runnin' water?" cackled the landlord; "what do you want to do, mister—practice indoor trout fishin'?"

* * *

A STREET singer was singing in front of a Sixth Avenue department store when the manager came out and asked how much he made. "About 10 cents a block," replied the singer. "Well," said the manager, "here's a dollar; move up ten blocks."

* * *

ATTORNEY-GENERAL Wickersham is being praised in Washington for a witticism at a doubtful politician's expense. Mr. Wickersham, in a recent discussion, said: "What sort of a man is McGurk?" "McGurk?" was the response. "Oh, McGurk is as honest as the day is long." "Fes," said Mr. Wickersham, cautiously, "but the days are getting shorter now."

* * *

A CYNIC had returned from a party in Toronto, given by some "new rich" citizens who were rather ostentatious, but not given to the use of correct English. "I suppose," said an inquiring friend, "that everything was very swell." "It was," said the cynical youth with a yawn, "everything was observed except the rules of syntax."

* * *

THE tourist from Chicago usually makes herself seen and heard. One lady of such tendencies announced to a surprised audience in a London boarding-house that her husband had written to say that he was going to buy an automobile. "I don't know whether he'll go in for a towering-car, or a running-around," said the voluble lady. "But one thing is certain, we'll have our own garbage."

* * *

A GENIAL looking gentleman wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one. Selecting one that answered his purpose he asked the shopman how much it would cost. "Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing." "Well, that's fair," said the customer; "put in a cork."

* * *

NOT long ago a London preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection. And he did it very neatly in a preface to his sermon on the following Sunday. "Brethren," he said, "our collection last Sunday was a very small one. When I looked at the congregation I said to myself, Where are the poor? But as I looked at the collection when we counted it, I exclaimed, Where are the rich?"

* * *

A DISPUTE about precedence once arose upon a circuit between a bishop and a judge, and after some altercation the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage: "For on these two hang all the law and the prophets." "Do you not see," said the judge, in triumph, "that even in this passage we are mentioned first?" "I grant you," replied the bishop; "you hang first."

* * *

A WIZENED little man charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half, or in this case better two-thirds, was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye. The judge listened to the plaintiff's recital of wrongs with interest. "Where did you meet this woman, who according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" his honor asked. "Well, judge," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

LITTLE LAWRENCE'S grandfather was very ill and a trained nurse had been employed to care for him. When he became convalescent a young woman, who had studied in a hospital for a short time, was secured in her place. A sympathetic neighbor meeting Lawrence, the following conversation took place: "How is your dear grandpa this morning, Lawrence?" "He is better." "Have you the trained nurse still?" "No, the trained nurse has gone away and the one we have now is half trained and half wild."

* * *

THE self-made millionaire who had endowed the school had been invited to make the opening speech at the commencement exercises. He had not often had a chance of speaking before the public and he was resolved to make the most of it. He dragged his address out most tiresomely, repeating the same thought over and over. Unable to stand it any longer a couple of boys in the rear of the room slipped out. A coachman who was waiting outside asked them if the millionaire had finished his speech. "Gee, yes," replied the boys, "but he won't stop."

* * *

A GOOD solid type of Western Ontario gentleman not long ago told of the only time when he had been guilty of profanity. He and a friend had gone fishing, and for some time luck was dead against them. At last, however, they seemed to be about to get at the one time the reward for their patience. Both corks were bobbing beautifully, and it was in the excitement of the moment that the man who was very careful of his language was trapped into a lapse. "I've got a ——— good bite," said the friend eagerly, and with fully as much eagerness the man who never had indulged in unprintable talk whispered, "So have I."

* * *

THIS dates back some time, but is still of application. President Cleveland's colored man and Secretary Hoke Smith's colored man were exercising their masters' horses out on a country road, and got into a dispute as to what is the best thing in the world. Finally they made a bet of a dollar on it. "Well, what is de bes' thing in the world?" asked Cleveland's man. "Roas' possum and sweet 'taters," said Hoke Smith's moke. "Whoa," said Cleveland's man, dragging at the bridle. He jumped to the ground, seized Hoke Smith's man by the leg and dragged him to the dust. "Take that," says he, lamming him on the neck. "You misible black rascal! Yo' ain't leave me nuffin' to guess at."

* * *

LAVER SCHARWENKA loves to remember the trip when he and H. H. Myer, a butter merchant of Philadelphia, crossed the ocean on the same steamer. There were few passengers on board and Scharwenka was glad of the quiet, so that he could compose. Often he would sit down at a table by himself in the smoking-room and busy himself for six or seven hours at a stretch with pen and manuscript paper. The butter dealer watched Scharwenka's doings with great interest, and one day tried to coax the musician to take a walk on deck. Scharwenka declined courteously, offering the excuse that he had a great deal more music to write. "But, my dear man," said the man of butter, "what are you doing that for? Economy is all right, but one must not go to extremes. Why don't you buy the pieces instead of copying them off this way? Music is so cheap nowadays!"

* * *

A NOTED Philadelphia lawyer left his native town in Tennessee some years ago and came to the city to practise law. He had been uniformly successful. His brother, upon the other hand, remained behind at the family homestead. Returning to his native town recently, the attorney met an old darky in the road. "Hello, uncle," he said, but the old man did not recognize the boy he used to know in the prosperous looking citizen who addressed him. "Well," asked the lawyer, "how are the Blank family?" "Oh, they're all right," said the old darky. "Jim Blank has gone to Philadelphia, and done made a lot of money. He's a lawyer, sah." "Is that so?" answered the attorney. "And his brother, Tom, how is he; has he made a fortune, too?" "Lawdy no," answered the old darky, shaking his head, "he ain't no lawyer. Marse Tom wouldn't take a dishonest penny from nobody."

GLAD TIDINGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA

SURE RELIEF FOR SUFFERING WOMEN IS FOUND IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Miss Kathleen Murphy tells how she suffered and how easy and complete was her cure by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy

Tangier Mines, Halifax Co., N.S.—(Special)—There is no longer any doubt that of the thousands of suffering women of Canada, nine out of every ten owe their trouble to Kidney Disease. For that reason it is glad tidings that Miss Kathleen Murphy of this place is sending out to her suffering sisters.

"My troubles started from a cold," says Miss Murphy in an interview. "I had pains in my head and back, and Rheumatism and Diabetes finally developed.

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cleared out my Rheumatism, cured my Kidney Disease and brought back my health.

"I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills for I have given them a thorough test and found them to be all that is claimed for them."

The secret of health for women is to keep the kidneys strong and healthy. Healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, abundant energy and a clear, healthy complexion. The one sure way to keep the kidneys healthy is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

With the Horses

THERE is a general opinion, freely expressed by leading horsemen who attended the principal meetings of the season that the judging has been exceedingly weak kneed. This is a vital sore spot and it should be firmly met. During the coming winter there will be meetings of the stewards of the Grand and great Western circuits and many other gatherings of leading horsemen and breeders interested in the honor and integrity of the sport, and there should be a concerted movement to improve the quality of the judge's stand. If associations pay from $50 to $200 a week for the services of a starter, they can afford to do the same for an impartial judge, who knows the rules and will apply them fearlessly. The parent association should discourage the imposition of fines, where all the evidence points to a case of fraud. The man who deliberately loses race, or throws a heat, has arranged to profit far more than the average fine which may be imposed, therefore the penalty does not fit the crime. Hundreds have been defrauded, the public has not seen a genuine race or heat, and in many cases the offender escapes altogether and enjoys a sardonic laugh at the simple-minded judges who let the job go through.

We admit that judges may see glaring reversals of form and drives which favor the opinion that the teamster had no intention to win the heat; it is difficult to obtain direct evidence. But where pools are sold and books made, there is always a way to trace where the money came from and who bet it. The intelligent poolseller and bookmaker knows full well that the prosperity of the sport depends upon its honesty and that the moment the public get suspicious they cease to speculate. When it simply becomes a game between a few owners and their friends, the pool-selling is limited, while the bookmaker takes a glorious chance of being skinned by the jobbers. Meetings of this class have been held, but the eventual result has always been that the public and respectable horsemen finally stayed away and the association closed its gates.

That the majority of fines were properly imposed for cause is proved by the fact that the vast majority of them are not protested, though the party fined can bring his case before the boards for readjustment. If a man is innocent he is not willing, as a rule, to suffer under the stigma of guilt and lose from $100 to $500 for the privilege. He can easily prove that he, his owner or friends, had their money on the horse, or did not bet at all and had no compact with other drivers. We take no stock in the claim that as the parent associations get the fines, they rarely reverse the judges' decision. The associations are not poor and can afford to be just, and if a driver can make out a good case we believe he will get a verdict. It must, therefore, be assumed that the vast majority of these fines are justified, but that very fact goes to show that instead of a fine, the punishment should have been suspension.

There is always, however, a very delicate point for a judge to decide, and that is the difference between a driver who lays up a heat in order to win a race, and the one who deliberately pulls to lose a race. There are well known drivers of known honesty who would not sell a race, but who will lay up a heat if by doing so they can eventually win, and as long as the heat system of racing continues they will continue the practice. There would be little harm in this but for the practice of betting on heats. A horse wins one or two hard heats, the driver decides to go an easy heat. The outsiders on the strength of the previous winning, back the horse for the next heat and get no show for their money. They have lost it as soon as it went into the bookmaker's hands. Bookmaking on heats should be absolutely prohibited. We believe a man has a right to back his opinion, but it is the duty of the associations, as long as they permit it, to see that he gets a square game. The big bettors who go to the pool-box know exactly what they are doing. It is the army of little bettors on the heats who are slaughtered. A mutuel machine on each race with $2 or $5 tickets might cure the evil. But the real cure for violations of the rules is in the judges' stand. The presiding judge should at least go through the entire circuit and it would be an excellent idea that the same starters should officiate. Two thoroughly competent officials would soon compel obedience to the law and, what is more, drivers would soon learn that it was to their interest to race to rule. Light harness racing is the national sport and every effort should be made to keep it on a high standard.

* * *

The Exhibition Association at Winnipeg, Man., at the request of a number of breeders in Western Canada, extended the time until October 15, for the receipt of entries for their futurities to be raced in 1913. Many of the owners throughout Western Canada were very busy during the beginning of October and scarcely had time to look over their prospects.

Seventy-three entries attest the popularity of the Edmonton futurity races for harness horses to be raced at the exhibition meeting at Edmonton, Alta., in 1912 and 1913. In the 1912 futurity, open to foals of 1909 from mares bred in 1908 for a guaranteed purse of $3,000, sixteen entries have been received, six of them from Edmonton owners. In the 1913 futurity, open to mares bred in 1909 for foals of 1910 for a guaranteed purse of $3,500 there are 57 entries, seventeen of them being from Edmonton owners and no less than twelve by James Cowan, of Killarney, Man., and seven by the Prairie Stock Farm, Battleford, Sask.

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When, after one has partaken of a meal, he is oppressed by feelings of fulness and pains in the stomach, he suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

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

LIQUID CURES ECZEMA WHERE SALVES FAIL

In regard to skin diseases, medical authorities are now agreed on this:

Don't imprison the disease germs in your skin by the use of greasy salves, and thus encourage them to multiply. A true cure of all eczematous diseases can be brought about alone by using the healing agents in the form of a liquid.

WASH THE GERMS OUT.

A simple wash: A compound if Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol, and other ingredients as combined in the D.D.D. Prescription. This penetrates to the disease germs and destroys them, then soothes and heals the skin as nothing else has ever done.

A trial bottle will start the cure, and give you instant relief. Write for it today to the D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. R.P., 49 Colborne St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

SLATE

IN the minds of most people, especially if they are young people, slate is chiefly associated with mathematical computations and with roofs; but it is now used for many things besides school slates and roof coverings. Out of it are made sidewalks, the walls of dwelling-houses, floors, stairways, door and window sills, chimney-tops, fence posts, bathtubs, mangers, mantelpieces, blackboards, and many other things.

It can be sawed and worked so accurately that bathtubs and cisterns are made perfectly water-tight, simply by joining the edges of the slate blocks.

So useful a material is naturally a source of wealth where it is found. There exist deposits of slate in Great Britain, Italy, France, and other European countries, as well as in several of the United States. The most productive American slate-beds are in the central and eastern parts of Pennsylvania.

Slate is got out of the ground by means of blasting, holes being bored into it with steam-drills. With derricks and hoisting chains the rough slabs are lifted to the edge of the quarry, and then they are rolled upon trucks to the shanty of the "splitter." The slate forms naturally in layers, and the "splitter," following the grain or "ribbon" with a large chisel, separates the blocks into strips of about the proper thickness for roofing-slate.

Then the slate passes through a cutting or trimming machine, where, by the blows of a heavy knife, the irregular pieces are cut into rectangular "shingles." Boys often operate this trimming-machine.

Afterward the slates are piled up in "squares," each square containing enough to cover one hundred square feet of roof.

In the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania quarries one will find houses whose walls are entirely of slate. The blocks are smoothly sawed and the walls are exceedingly substantial.

A Pennsylvania factory where various articles of slate are manufactured contains three horizontal saws twelve feet in length, each of which is furnished with seventy-five cutting diamonds. Probably these are the most expensive saws in the world, for each one costs five thousand three hundred dollars.

The huge horizontal saw which works upon one of the blocks of slate is lowered by a ratchet at the rate of a quarter of an inch a minute. The saw would cut iron or steel at the same rate. Water plays upon the saw to keep it cool and wash the slate-dust from the cut.

After the sawing the block is planed by being moved back and forth by machinery, under a firmly fixed chisel. Then it is polished, much as marble and granite are, by means of a rapidly revolving disk of cast iron called a rubbing-bed, which is kept covered with a sprinkling of fine sand continually saturated with water. The slate is bored by means of diamond-pointed drills.

Slate land was once so little valued that the tract upon which the famous Chapman quarry is situated was sold for a pint of liquor. Its subsequent owners have taken millions of dollars from it.

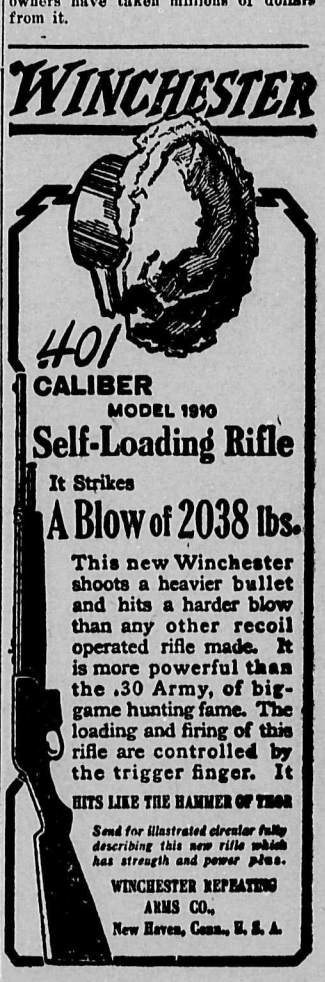
LIVER LAZINESS

Those Who Lack Energy and are Unsuccessful Should Read This Closely

"I am only thirty years old, yet for almost two years I have felt more like seventy-five. I have found it difficult to sleep at night and in the morning feel so depressed and heavy that effort was difficult. My hands were always clammy and perspiration on slight effort would break out all over me. It was not unnatural that I should begin to brood over the chance that I should soon be unfit to do my work, and this dread made my sleepless nights perfect misery. After repeated trials of medicine and mixtures Dr. Hamilton's Pills gave me the first gleam of hope. From the very first I could see they were different in action from other pills. They didn't gripe and acted as naturally as if nature and not the pills were cleansing my clogged-up system. My spirits rose, I felt much better, the sluggish action of the system gave way to normal activity. Dizziness and headaches ceased, appetite, good color and ambition to work returned and have remained. I am like a new man and I thank Dr. Hamilton's Pills for it all."

This was the experience of J. E. Parkhurst, a well-known grocery dealer in Jefferson. Follow his advice, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills for your stomach, kidneys and liver and you'll enjoy long life and robust good health. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, in yellow boxes, 25c per box, from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

WINCHESTER



Unless you treat your ailments in the right way, you can't expect to cure them. We'll buy a 50-cent bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) from your druggist and give it to you free to show you how effective is the right way.

It's not so long ago that the doctors bled a man to make him strong.

"Stuff a cold and starve a fever" is miles behind our to-day's knowledge of curative science, yet our fathers had it preached to them time and again.

You may not know it, but to-day there are just as ineffective methods of cure being preached and practised.

All because most people do not know the real cause of disease.

There are two kinds of corpuscles in the blood—red and white.

The red corpuscles contain nutrition, the white destroy disease germs.

If for any cause the white corpuscles become depleted and are not sufficiently strong to destroy the germs of disease, then disease controls the body.

That's the cause of disease.

* * *

Years ago certain herbs were found to cure disease.

They didn't know how or why in those days, they do to-day.

And it's because these herbs build up the white corpuscles.

These herbs are contained in Psychine—they're responsible for the great results obtained from Psychine a third of a century ago.

They're responsible for the hundreds of thousands that Psychine has cured since that time.

It's because of these herbs that we have received hundreds of thousands of testimonials attesting to wonderful cures that Psychine has made.

And it's because of these very same herbs that we will buy within the next twelve months hundreds of thousands of 50-cent bottles of Psychine and give them away free to whomsoever sends us the coupon in this announcement.

Now if you wish to relieve or prevent any of the disorders in this list send in that coupon:

La Grippe	Bronchial Coughs
Bronchitis	Weak Lungs
Hemorrhages	Weak Voice
Sore Throat	Spring Weakness
Anæmia	Early Decline
Female Weakness	Catarrhal Affections
Indigestion	Catarrh of Stomach
Poor Appetite	Night Sweats
Chills and Fevers	Obstinate Coughs
Sleeplessness and	Laryngitis and
Nervous Troubles	Dyspepsia

After-effects of Pleurisy, Pneumonia and La-Grippe.

Now, we don't ask you to take our word for the tremendously beneficial effect of Phychine. Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us and we'll give your druggist an order (for which we pay him the regular retail price) for a 50-cent bottle of Psychine to be given you free of cost.

We will undoubtedly buy and distribute in this manner, hundreds of thousands of these 50-cent bottles of Psychine.

And we do that to show our entire confidence in this wonderful preparation.

A confidence that has been based on our 30 years' experience with this splendid preparation, with a full knowledge of the hundreds of thousands of cures it has made.

COUPON No. 95

To the Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Ltd.
193-195 Spadina Ave., Toronto

I accept your offer to try a 50c. bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) at your expense. I have not had a 50c. bottle of Psychine under this plan. Kindly advise my druggist to deliver this bottle to me.

My Name.....

Town.....

Street and Number .....

My Druggist's Name.....

Street and Number .....

This coupon is not good for a 50c. bottle of Psychine if presented to the druggist—it must be sent us—we will then buy the 50c. bottle of Psychine from your druggist and direct him to deliver it to you. This offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send coupon to-day.

We guarantee the perfect quality and absolute purity of the tobaccos used in the manufacture of

SWEET CAPORAL Cigarettes.

Catching a Tiger Shark on the South Carolina Coast

HE was called **Spotted Jack, from** the numerous **splotches of dark** color that adorned his huge body from head to tail. His size, too, had increased from the moderate length of sixteen feet to that of forty, as yarn after yarn would be spun by the excited fishermen concerning the depredations committed by his lordship among the fishing tackle on the reef and also among the set lines put for his capture.

I saw him once, while fishing for red bass on the shallows. It was only a glimpse of two huge fins protruding some two feet out of the water and the porpeller-like motion of the big tail as it worked—forcing the long, dark body swiftly across the treacherous shoals into the deep and safer waters of the channels.

There was no denying it. He was a nuisance and a menace to the fishing interests of the season, and, unless some means were adopted to rid the beach of his presence, our favorite pastime would be at an end, for this summer at least. Several attempts had been made to catch him—big set lines being used, baited with full-grown mullets. But the fishermen never seemed to consider his great size and strength, or the rigs put out may have been old and rotten. Some reason was always advanced by way of explanation by those whose repeated attempts had always resulted in complete failure, and still he lived and spread havoc along the fishing grounds. He invariably came off victorious—each time leaving three or four expensive rigs smashed at the end of the fight. It was useless to attempt to land him with the ordinary line. Something stronger must be used—a strong quarter-inch line and two hundred feet in length. Steel hooks, too, with chain leaders to match. This would be my outfit. And I lost no time in getting it up. Big lines they were and beauties, but I needed just such a rig. Fourteen or perhaps fifteen feet in length, he would prove an ugly customer, even with the aid of steel and hemp, backed by three strong men and a big stake or log conveniently near at hand, to take a turn around when the strain proved too great.

Thus I figured out the cost of battle, as we went into camp that night. It was late—too late on the tide to put out the big lines then. So we contented ourselves, my man and I, with discussing our plans for the following day, while we carefully examined our fishing gear.

The streaks of early dawn found us up and on the move. Assigning to Dave the task of putting out and staking the big lines, I pushed on to the slough that separated the fishing grounds from the main beach, and, crossing waist-deep, found myself on the big reef known as Southest Breaker—a long, low sand-bar that reached far out to sea and which was covered only by the highest tides. Gazing at the endless white fringe of pounding breakers, I selected the calmest spot, and, whirling my heavy sinker three or four times around my head, I hurled it far out into the creamy white waters of the shoal—there to stay until lifted by some of the scaly inhabitants of the reef.

Dave, having now unished his task of putting out the shark lines, arrived upon the scene. He was very much concerned at having seen the big spotted fish. he said, some distance down the beach and heading our way. He was sure of trouble, for his right ear had been ringing all the morning, "and dat shore am an onfailing sign." Accordingly, as is the custom of the superstitious blacks, he made a cross upon the sands, spat upon his line, and heaved it far out—intent upon getting the first bite and landing the first bass.

I now searched every inch of the white sweeping waste before me for the big fins and mottled body of Spotted Jack; but, as it was still dark, I saw nothing to alarm me; so hopefully surmised that he had taken some other route—leaving us to enjoy our fishing without interruption.

The flood tide flowed in sluggishly, taking a long time to cover the tail of the reef and fill the slight depression thereon, in which we expected to have the best sport and catch the most fish. Consequently we had a long time to wait—patiently standing in the chilly water at four o'clock in the morning, with a raw breeze blowing from the south-east which penetrated the innermost recesses of the body and caused one to sigh for the sheltered seclusion of the ever warm myrtle thicket and protected sand dunes of the Point. This was a job for which we had no liking, and Dave showed signs of weariness as he rolled up his line and yawned, while walking to his fishing-box for the purpose of replacing the bait stolen by the annoying crabs and small fish. Another hour passed, and still our lines rode straight out in front of us. This was discouraging. As for me, my legs gave out and I was tired and disgusted with the monotonous routine of throwing out and winding up again, without a single bite to encourage me. Where the fish had gone to I knew not.

However, the water on the bar was not yet deep enough for bass, and, after all, we had the whole day ahead of us and the best of the tide to fish out. So, with these cheering reflections, I retreated to higher ground, and, being somewhat exhausted, sat on my box and dozed—lulled by the soothing sound of rippling water that unceasingly swept in and as unceasingly retreated, carrying with it the annoying little minnows that viciously nibbled at my white toes as they lay half-submerged in the soft sand and shallow water of the reef. Fifty yards away, like a statue cut out of ebony, stood Dave, my faithful friend and servant, with drooping head and closed eyelids—himself a victim to the seductive influence of the hour and the narcotic effects of the salt sea air.

Away out, somewhere in the mysterious depths of that great heaving mass of waters, lay our lines. Armed with six big steel hooks, each baited with a mullet and anchored with great sinkers of some two pounds each, and so constructed as to withstand the undertow and thus keep the rig in position. Fearing that I might lose my line by having it jerked out of my hand during one of my cat naps, I made a noose, through which I inserted my hand; then, tightening it somewhat around my wrist, I once more gave way to the drowsiness that for the last two hours had taken complete possession of me. Turning up the collar of my coat to protect my neck and throat, I endeavored to keep awake awhile—heartily wishing myself ensconced amongst the blankets of my tent, nestling snugly amid the distant sand dunes of the Point. The crash and roar of the breakers grew fainter and more remote. My senses grew confused, and soon I was dozing soundly—only to be ruthlessly awakened by a jerk that almost dislocated my arm. The next moment I found myself pulled from my seat into the shallow water and being rapidly towed to sea at a rate that almost took away my breath. At first I attempted to make a stand—digging my toes into the sand and bracing for dear life. But I might just as well have pitted my puny strength against that of a tugboat as to attempt to turn the big fish at the end of my line.

It did not take me a second to realize what had happened. I had hooked many a shark, clam-cracker and other heavy and hard-pulling fish frequenting this coast-line, but nothing whose strength could approach that of this rampant monster that was surely and swiftly taking me out beyond my depth. Shark or devil fish—judging from his towing powers—one was as bad as the other. It all happened in a second. Yelling for Dave, and vigorously contesting every inch of my seaward journey took up all my spare time. My fish was fighting to gain deep water while I strained every nerve in my body to turn his head and coax him shoreward. The line cut into my wrist fearfully, and I made several fruitless attempts to loosen up the slip-knot, but never succeeding in accomplishing any thing, gave it up and exerted all my strength in trying to part it. In this I likewise failed. Things were now taking a serious turn. Unless I could detach myself from the line, I would surely be carried beyond my depth and drowned. Even now, I was half strangled by the ducking I got every few minutes; for the short rollers, racing shoreward, would hit me a slap that would completely submerge my entire body from head to foot. Then I would pop up on the other side, only to see a straight bar of white line cutting deeply through the next wave—a line, too, made of our famous long-stapled Sea Island cotton, strong and tough as a bar of steel wire. I groaned in spirit, for I well knew that it would cut through my wrist, even to the bone, before there would part one fibre of the tough and closely spun cotton cord. No—there was no earthly chance of its parting. This I knew, and my heart almost stopped beating as I thought of what the very next few minutes might bring about. Die? Heavens! I could not die with just a small line, a mere cord, between me and freedom. Break it I would, even if the blood flowed and the flesh tore apart. Thoroughly excited, I continued to yell at the top of my voice for Dave, hoping he would come to my rescue. Deeper and deeper grew the water, as the great fish slowly forced me out into the great swash of big, choppy seas, each of which lifted me clear of the beloved bottom and so deprived me of foothold—my only means of retarding his seaward progress.

Turning my head to one side, to avoid the fearful slap and buffet of an incoming wave, I caught sight of an object struggling amid the flying spray and yelling as only an excited black can yell. Ah! the sweet music of those yells! Oh! the love that welled up in my heart when I heard David's cheery voice shouting words of encouragement as he flourished aloft a big sheath knife and breasted the short waves of the bank, on his way to the swash beyond. "Hold um, Boss!" he yelled, between gasps. "Try for turn um, Marse Cecil. Dah big spotted debil! He shore done got you dis time! I'm comin' all I kin!" These words came to me across a vast field of whirling white foam and broken water, but oh! the music of it all!

Still I tugged and fought—now strangling, now gasping, as each giant wave would deluge me on its way to the distant beach. A minute more, and I see David's black hands grasping the stout cord and feel his big shoulder as it jostles against mine in a frantic effort to stay the outward rush of the now thoroughly frightened fish.

"The first chance you get, Dave, for God's sake give me the knife!'

"Yes, Boss. I ready, sah. Shore, dust chance!" he replied, as we doggedly fought and tugged, while the cross-seas of the bank buffeted us about ad libitum. Giddy from the whirl and swish of the onrushing breakers, our heads swam and we felt weak and faint from the strain of the heavy pull. Up and down the big reef we raced. Out to the surf line; then in again we worked panting. Now almost drowned by an avalanche of spray from some unperceived wave; anon gasping for breath, as the salt spray would be forced into our heaving lungs. All the while losing ground, foot by foot we advanced further into the great stretch of moving, swaying green water of the channel, with never the ghost of a chance to check his outward run and make a stand for even a moment. Oh! for the knife in the darkie's hand! I had not time to reach for it and he less to let it go and hand it to me. My left hand was always employed in easing the strain on my right wrist; otherwise the line would have soon cut clear through to the bone.

Now a jerk throws us forward on our faces, far beneath the surface of the tide. Dave is the first to regain his feet and I see him fumbling for the weapon I am so anxious to possess. I muster up enough breath to shout out, "Quick! The knift!" Then down again we go together. A moment of fearful ear-ringing and again we are up, frantically coughing the water from throat and lungs. I feel that this cannot last long. "Try for turn um, Boss! Try for turn um! We gwine ter drown!" comes in gasps from my dusky companion, and I know that he, too, is failing. Even now I am on the point of giving up and quietly drowning, just as a puppy or kitten would if repeatedly pushed beneath the surface by the hand. I feel weak and dazed. But, even as I give up, my fish seems to weaken for the first time since hooked. The great strain of a moment ago suddenly relaxes and the white streak of line falls and disappears in the whirl and sweep of white water that rushes across the great bank; my fish, to all appearances, has escaped; but, experienced as I am, I know the contrary. No such good luck! He is merely running in with the line and in all probability will be amongst us in a jiffy. Apprehending being torn to pieces by his sharp teeth, we beat a hasty retreat shoreward — straining waist-deep against the undertow and making a fearful outcry, to intimidate him if possible. Our progress, of course, is slow and tedious, while his would be as swift as a swallow's.

Now, too, was my chance for cutting my wrist clear. Calling for the knife (which was handed me before the words were out of my lips), I quickly slashed the stout cord and was once more free. I had had enough fishing for one day; so I fought my way steadily through the surf for the beach, some seventy five yards away and glistening in the noonday sun.

Being now free, I direct my attention to lengthening our lines, thereby adding a hundred and fifty feet to my already long rig and proportionately increasing our chances of landing him safely ashore without the former risk of being obliged to follow him into deep water. My arm being also released, I could let go when the strain grew too great for my hands. Yes; I was now safe and bent on revenge! With two long lines—some 350 feet—and my hand free, I felt sure that he was mine. Now, catch him I would. So, letting the coil drop in the tide, I grasped the end firmly and awaited the outward rush that I knew would come, sooner or later, as he shoaled. But the swash still separated us from the mainland and I felt I was crowing too soon. Waist-deep still, with plenty of water to float a big fish all around us and with my skin creeping and momentarily expecting the grip of his powerful jaws, we struggled on. Suddenly there arose close by a great whirlpool of white water and a cloud of spray, out of which popped two enormous dorsal fins. A piercing yell from Dave and a freezing of my heart's blood! But just then, thank heaven! something alarmed him, and he was off again—taking the slack as he goes out. Out seaward he darts, while we tug and strain at the long line that burns and gnaws at our hands like heated wire.

"Let go, Boss! for Gora'mighty's sake, let go! He too much for me!" pleads Dave, disheartened at this new reverse.

But I refuse to quit; my blood is up and I am determined to fight it out to a finish. For a second I get a glimpse of his ugly body as he glides through a great, glassy roller—only to be lost the next moment in a seething smother of foam as the big sea breaks. What a beast he is! and so hideously mottled! Ugh! the sight of his baleful goggle eyes and shovelling snout! Out, out to the end of 350 feet of good stout line he swims, churning the sea into foam as he feels the check. Ah! now he starts shoreward again and we pull him in quickly, doing our best to get him shoaled. This time I feel sure he's ours—but again he stops, working the dead-weight tactics on us and refusing to budge a single inch. Ere long he heads shoreward once more and I am pulling him in through a big wave when up goes his tail and down goes his head. There is a whirl of white water and a great volume of spray shoots skyward. The whole sea seems full of sharks, so quick is he in his movements. He must have struck the sand in his downward plunge and thus become frightened into a renewed effort to escape. Back to sea he goes with remarkable rapidity, in spite of our united efforts—taking the skin off our hands with the slack as he flies.

"Dave," I cried, "haul in with all your might! This is his last spurt. Don't quit me now," I pleaded, as my companion grumblingly berated the hot cord which had burned into his tough palm.

Once more, waist-deep in the heaving water, shoulder to shoulder we jostle and bump each other. Now jerked almost on our faces; now buffeted about by the angry cross-seas that came in threes and fours, until I felt beaten and ready to throw up the sponge in despair, while Spotted Jack sailed serenely through the green seas, apparently as fresh as when first hooked. The entire length of two long lines had been paid out; the water was getting deeper; and it was now simply a matter of the strength of the harness. Stop we must—and stop we did. Stretch, stretch, stretch! while we hung on and dug our toes into the soft sand of the bottom. Would he never stop? Minutes seemed like hours. I could not stand it much longer, and still the line stretched and grew taut as a harpstring.

Our feet fairly plough the bottom, as we are ruthlessly dragged seaward. Now we come in contact with some huge slippery obstacle, deeply imbedded in the ever-changing quicksand of the blue. To this I cling with a deathlike grip and call upon Dave to do the same. A quick turn around one of its projections and the job is complete.

"Dat stop um!" cries Dave, between gasps, as the mammoth shark swings side on and makes a mighty dive—to soon vault high above the horizon line. Up! up! into the blue air he flies. Then down again into his native element, amidst a cloud of feathery spray, he sinks from sight. Once more we start landward, across the vast expanse of seething water—waist-deep and putting forth the best we have in us. Taking in the slack as we hustled; again getting miserably entangled in the heavy line that wound itself around our feet; staggering against each other in our mad haste, and all the time fearful of seeing two big fins and goggle eyes pop up again from the tumbling foam around us. Now we've only a few yards; then the deep swash. Ugh! that deep water! What might not be waiting therein for us? Where was the shark?

Ah! a jerk answers the question. The line again runs out. Feebly this time—giving us no trouble to check it. Yes; there he is, slowly swimming in—worn out or drowned, as the fishermen style it. Now, for the first time, we note his huge proportions, as he shoals in three feet of good green water and rolls sluggishly about in the shallow sweep of the surf line. How the water flies, as he raises his big tail and brings it down again.

"Wait on de tide, Boss. We can't move um, sah," pants Dave, as he sits at rest, while little rills of perspiration chase each other down his ebony cheeks and fall into the shallow sweep of sea around his feet. As for me, I am harmless. The reaction has set in, and I am glad to drop flat on the hard sand beach and gasp for the breath that was so badly needed in my exhausted lungs. The question now arises, How to despatch him? We dare not approach the fish; he is cross and still very much alive, and I would not venture within ten feet of him, shoaled as he is, for all the money in the country. Ever and again he makes feeble efforts to turn seaward, but his day has come and we are masters of the situation. Dave proposes going to camp for the Winchester. A wise suggestion, to which I readily agree, and after a few minutes he is back again and anxious to shoot the big fish, for he is fearful of its getting away and equally desirous of getting the liver to use as a charm against evil spirits. So, taking a careful aim, he sends a bullet ploughing through the big head and another into the body. A few convulsive shivers, and thrashings of the huge tail, attest Dave's true eye and steady hand. I now decide to leave the carcass where it is until the receding tide should leave it high and dry. Then, after refreshing the inner man at camp, we are to return and measure our prize, and, if possible, remove the lower jaw, to take home as a trophy of war.

In two hours we are back, to find our fish some twenty feet on dry land. He is a monster all right, and curiously mottled, being different from any specimen I have ever seen. His jaw I hacked away, and succeeded in laying open my hand in two places while doing so. He had evidently strayed afar from his native waters—probably the Carribean sea or Gulf of Mexico—and had taken up his abode around our fishing grounds. I should have liked to weigh the body, as he appeared to have the girth of a small pony, and, upon measuring, proved to be sixteen feet five inches—a length twice as great as any usually met with around our coast. There are no doubts of his having been able to drown us both, within ten minutes of our hooking him, had the hooks not entered high up in his upper jaw, very close to the shovel-shaped part of the head—a place known to every fisherman as a tender spot in a shark's head. This chance hooking, I believe, saved my life, as he was not able to put forth a half of the prodigious strength at his command and thus got worn out by his own exertions.

Since then, I have never attached my line to any part of my person. One such experience is certainly enough for me, and I have learned wisdom at the cost of a nerve-racking adventure.

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable; for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable header. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

WARS OF THE INSECT WORLD

THE insect world sounds peaceful enough when the whole earth vibrates with its monotonous songs; yet these insect melodies which make the summer days seem so drowsy and peaceful to the human mind are, in reality, making insect life what it is: one continual civil war. These songs are prompted by deadly sexual rivalry, and a merry tune will often end in the singer's death if his more powerful neighbor happens to be within fighting distance.

However, it must not be supposed that all insect conflicts are started in this way. Battles which start through the songs of insects are always confined to one species, for there would be no sexual rivalry, for instance, between a spider and a grasshopper.

So far, from personal observation, I have found that the grasshoppers are by far the most irritable class of insects among themselves. They seem to enjoy fighting better than eating, and frequently fight until each has lost one or more limbs, and sometimes until one succeeds in killing the other. So great is their interest in these deadly battles that they will allow themselves to be picked up and carried about, continuing the conflict in one's hand in the most unconcerned manner imaginable.

The katydids constitute the less quarrelsome members of the grasshopper family. Their fights are far and few between, but extremely violent when once started. I remember vividly a battle between two of these insects which I witnessed several years ago. It happened close to the edge of a small patch of woodland where several trees had been cut and the stumps left standing from two to three feet above the ground. To the top of one of these stumps a large katydid and his mate had crawled, perhaps to enjoy their honeymoon. As I stopped to watch their actions for a minute, a third katydid, seeing the happy couple, and feeling somewhat jealous, shrieked an insult to them from a nearby stump. The offended insect never uttered a sound, but, leaving his mate, flew directly to the other stump, where a fierce conflict ensued, ending only when the insulting one had been torn to pieces by his more powerful rival, much to the satisfaction of the female katydid.

The most furious of all insect battles take place between colonies of the mound-building ant. Their huge nests are situated close to the edges of shaded wood paths, sometimes near together and at other times not within several hundred feet of one another. Here the same colonies will live, year after year, at peace or at war with one another, until nature's own forces wipe them out of existence. Picture to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about one hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two capitals. The whole space that separates them, of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The following account was given by M. Huber of a battle which he witnessed a great many years ago:

The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize one another with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, as if conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about three feet in dimensions; a penetrating odor exhales on all sides, and numbers of ants are here lying dead covered with venom, while others, composing groups and chains, are locked together by their legs or paws, and drag one another alternately in opposite directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind legs, mutually spurt their acid; then, closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavors to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable until a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succored at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken until a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retires to its own city; but before the following dawn the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of the ground. These daily fights continue until heavy rains separate the combatants, and they forget their quarrel, and peace is finally restored!

The anger of honey-bees is frequently excited against their own species, many a mortal combat taking place, sometimes within the hive, sometimes without. During these battles the bees, like the grasshoppers, are so eager, that it is impossible to stop them without administering a comparatively hard blow of the hand. Their one object in these civil broils is to pierce their enemies with their stings, the stroke of which, if it once penetrates to the muscles, is mortal. The conqueror is not always able to extricate his weapon after one of these engagements, and, when this is the case, both insects perish. General actions sometimes take place between two full swarms.

Friendly intercourse will sometimes prevail between the bees of two different hives for several days at a time, but sooner or later one will become irritated with the other, and again a deadly battle will be the result of the well-meant friendship.

Many death-struggles take place between insects of different families. The mud-wasp stores her nest with young spiders for her own young to feed upon; but let the little spiders grow up, let them build their powerful webs, and if a wasp becomes entangled among the silken strands a battle ensues which results in the wasp's death more often than the spider's.

So it goes throughout the insect world, the strong preying upon the weak and the cunning upon the simple.

JOINING LEATHER TO IRON

TO glue leather to iron, paint the iron with some kind of lead color—say white lead and lampblack. When dry, cover with a cement made as follows: Take the best glue procurable; soak it in cold water till soft; then dissolve in vinegar with a moderate heat, and add one-third of its bulk of white pine turpentine. Thoroughly mix, and by means of vinegar make it of the proper consistency to be spread with a brush. Apply the cement while hot, draw the leather on or around quickly, and press into place. In case of a pulley, draw the leather around tightly as possible; lay and clamp.

SMALL, SWIFT, SURE

THE power pulley is an electrically operated winch recently designed to enable quick coaling of warships. Apart from its original destination it may, however, be used for a multitude of other purposes both on land and on board ship.

This pulley is designed for a load of sixty pounds at a lifting speed of six feet per second. Four seconds are thus required for lifting the whole basket to a height of twenty-three feet—taking into account the acceleration in starting and the slackening in stopping. The motor is sufficiently strong to stand temporary overloads up to one hundreds pounds.

Apart from its simplicity in operation, and high working speed, the power pulley is especially valuable because of its ease of transport, the more so as on the modern ships of the Dreadnought type the deck should be cleared as far as possible for military operations.

The motor is started by a simple switch without a starting box. A simple device allows the hook when empty to be lowered as far as desired, so that packages at any depth may be reached.

THE RAVENOUS RAT

A RECENT flood in the Ohio River drove the big, grey river rats from its shores and retaining walls through sewers to the stores and residences of Middleport, Ohio.

The morning after the flood had reached its highest point, a stream of water broke through the ceiling of a meat shop in that town from a residence above. A hurried investigation showed that a rat had gnawed away more than half of a two-inch lead pipe leading to a sink above. The cuttings were left on the ceiling where the rat had firm footing and a good place to work. Evidently the rat was after the grease lining the inside of the pipe. To reach that it was but necessary to cut a small hole in the pipe. Why did the rat go on and cut the pipe more than half in two and for several inches up and down?

A careful examination of the section of damaged pipe shows conclusively that the rat went at the job in a workmanlike way. After cutting a hole through to the cavity, it cut from each side with upward strokes from the lower jaw, each stroke of the sharp teeth leaving distinct marks.

ONE BETTER

WHEN a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaperon.

"But I go one better, auntie!" twittered the pretty girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?"

"Yes. Does it contain perfume?"

"No; it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

BLOOD-POISONING FROM CUT FINGER

Serious Condition Relieved by Zam-Buk

Mr. Jas. Davey, 786 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, says: "A few months since I was cured of a poisoned finger through the timely use of Zam-Buk. I cut a deep gash across the knckkle of the right hand, in opening a lobster can one evening. I suffered at the time with the soreness and pain ,but had no idea it would become a serious wound. However, in about two days I was greatly alarmed, as my whole hand and arm to the elbow became inflamed, and the finger was much discolored, showing signs of blood-poisoning. The pain was dreadful, and I was forced to leave off my work and go home.

"The wound on the knuckle had been poisoned through the dust and dirt about the furnaces and boilers. I then decided to start the Zam-Buk treatment and, having first bather the cut, I applied the healing balm. It soothed the pain almost immediately, and the next day there was a great improvement. In a week's time, through perseverance with Zam-Buk, a complete cure was brought about."

Scores of similar cases could be quoted, and the wisest precaution is to keep a box of Zam-Buk handy and apply it immediately a cut, or burn, or bruise is sustained.

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ring-worm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse imitations and substitutes.

IT IS NEWS WORTH GIVING TO THE WORLD

HOW RAVAGES OF KIDNEY DISEASE ARE CHECKED IN QUEBEC.

Mrs. Julien Painchand, for seven years a suffered, finds quick relief and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Whitworth, Temiscouata Co., Que., Nov. 28 (Special)—With the coming of winter the ravages of Kidney Disease are again felt in this province, and the fact that a sure cure is vouched for in this village is news worth giving to the world. Mrs. Julien Painchaud is the person cured, and she states without hesitation that she found her cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For seven years my heart and Kidneys bothered me," Mrs. Painchaud states. "I was always tired and nervous. I could not sleep. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. My eyes had dark cricles under them and were puffed and swollen. I was so ill I could hardly drag myself around to do my housework.

"A neighbor advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I found relief in the first box. Six boxes made me perfectly well."

If you have any two of Mrs. Painchaud's symptoms your Kidneys are diseased. Cure them and guard against serious, if not fatal results by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE

STOVES, RANGES, FURNITURE

AND A COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD

Furnishing Establishment

T. E. BATE

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

The Big Store

We have just received a full line of Cushion Tops, in all dainty designs and patterns. Prices range from 40c. to $2.00.

We are showing Centre Pieces, Tray Cloths, Table Covers, Pillow Cases and Towels, stamped in dainty patterns on best quality of Linen.

Stamped Blouses and Corset Covers in fine Nainsook; assorted designs, 45c. to 75c.

Come in and look through these lines and you will be sure to see something you want.

Simon Leiser & Co, Ltd.

ISLANDER Ads. Pay

THE CLUB CAFE

COURTENAY, B.C., Next to Opera House

CAMERON & McKENZIE, Props.

White Cooking

And White Help Only — Everything First Class

The Right Place for a Good Square or A DAINTY LUNCH

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS ACT.

COMOX ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

TAKE NOTICE that I have received objections in writing to the retention of the following names on the Register of Voters for the COMOX ELECTORAL DISTRICT on the grounds stated below

AND TAKE NOTICE that at a Court of Revison to be held on the 20th day of May, 1912, at the Court House, Cumberland, at ten oclock in the forenoon I shall hear and determine the said objections, and unless such named persons or some other Provincial voter on their behalf satisfies me that such objections are not well founded, I shall strike such names off the said Register.

JOHN BAIRD, Registrar of Voters

Dated this 12th day of April, 1912.

The following persons are reported absent from the Distric:

NO.	NAME	PLACE
11	*Aitchison, Thomas*	*New England Hotel, Cumberland*
15	Alexander, John	Lot 153, Minto, Comox
37	Andrews, William James	Section 18, Comox
46	*Armstrong, Wilbert Frank*	*Heriot Bay*
53	Ashley, Harold Ormsby	Cumberland
112	Beech. Jonathan	Comox
114	Belair, Joseph	Lot 12, Valdez Island
177	Bowler, James Samuel	Lot 179, Comox
226	Buckley, Philip	Union Bay
313	Chapman, Alexander	Comox
368	Cowie. David	Mud Bay, Comox
369	Cowlin, Charles	Sandwick
378	Crafter, Gilbert Alfred	Sandwick
382	Creech, Richard K.	Lot 166, Comox
420	Davis, Leonard	Lot 33, Sec. 61, Courtenay
436	Day, James S.	Lot 12, Nelson District
445	Denton, John	Cumberland
462	Dobson, Stephen F.	Lot 87, Comox
512	Ellis, Charles John	Allen Avenue, Cumberland
530	Faulds, Alexander	Union Hotel, Union
571	Fraser, John	Lot 153, Comox
579	Fulton, Arthur C,	Sandwick
602	Gatz. Adolph	Cumberland
609	Gibson, George Roy	Cumberland
630	Glennon, William Edward	Heriot Bay
641	Gordon, Harry	Denman Island
679	Grieve, Henry Isaac	Lot 162, Comox
720	Hamilton. Angus	Comox
739	*Harwood, John*	*Section 5, Nelson District*
758	Hawkins, Charles Henry	Comox
772	Hayes, Joseph	Cumberland
797	*Hillier, William Thomas*	*Cape Lazo*
815	Hodson, Richard Henry	Union Hotel, Union
824	Hood, John	Heriot Bay
877	Hutchinson, John	Cumberland
969	Kesley, John	Main Street, Union
1077	MacFarlane, Adelbert	Comox
1056	Little, Francis Dean	Union
1079	Mackie, John	Cortez Island
1177	Mills, Bobert	Courtenay
1238	McBride, Robert Albert	Comox
1240	McCaw, George	Grant & Co. Farm, Comox
1263	McDonald, Daniel	Union Bay
1297	McGuire, James	Maryport avenue, Cumberland
1358	McLean, Arthur S.	Cumberltnd
1394	McNiven, John	Cumberland
1476	Palmer, John Thomas Edward	Cumberland
1524	Pidcock, William E.	Quathisaka Cove
1555	Pollock, John B.	Courtenay
1557	Popham Home C. V.	Lot 208, Comox
1605	Reid, Samuel	Hornby Island
1649	Rogers, John	Union Hotel, Union
1650	Romo, Ole	Read Island
1748	Slater, William	Surge Narrows
178	Smith, George C,	Lot 202, Comox
1801	Sollan, Micheal	Hornby Island
186	Sutton, Albert	Hornby Island
1866	Sutton, Frederick James	Hornby Island
1888	Teed, Harlan	Sandwick
1996	*Webster, Robert Dunn*	*Cumberland*
205	Williams, Gwilyn P.	Hornby Island

The following persons are reported deceased:

NO.	NAME	PLACE
17	Allen, Wilfred C.	E½ of SW¼ Sec. 34, Cortez Island
74	Baker, Charles N.	Lund
118	Bellamore, Issadore	Sec. 20, Salmon River
1516	Petch, Thomas Chambers	Elk Bay
1966	Wallace, James	Shushartie Bay

TO RENT.—Nice quiet rooms. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Walker, Cumberland. 96-3

E. W. BICKLE

Notary Public Conveyancer

Real Estate and Insurance, Fire, Life, Accident, Plate Glass, and Automobile.

HOUSES FOR SALE

Accounts Collected

See BICKLE for all kinds of Insurance.

A. R. KIERSTEAD

(Late Mennie & Potter)

Horse-Shoeing and General Blacksmith

Wheel-wright, Repair Shop and Rubber Tire Setting.

THIRD ST. Cumberland

5 and 10 ACRE BLOCKS

of good land, mostly alder, less than one-half mile from new mine, No. 8. $100 an acre; one-third cash, 6 and 12 months. Apply

F. R. F. BISCOE

Agent, office next Royal Bank, COURTENAY, B, C

LAWRENCE & WRIGHT

Cement Blocks, Concrete Chimney Blocks a Specialty. Samples can been at McKean & Biscoe store, Courtenay.

For Estimates and particulars write

J. Lawrence,

COMOX, B.C.

FOR SALE—3½ miles from Cumberland, 20 acres of extra good land, good for either fruit or vegetables. Will sell either whole or divide in 10 acre blocks. 16 acres cleared. Apply N. HARVEY. Happy Valley.

P. O. Box 100 — Phone 10

CUMBERLAND DEPARTMENTAL STORES

Late J. N. McLeod

THIS Store will be extended and several new departments added, and will shortly re-open with a large and complete stock of everything appertaing to a general business, and will be run on the lines of

HIGH-GRADE GOODS AT POPULAR PRICES

W. A. Wagenhauser — F. P. Onate

Proprietors.

WAVERLY HOTEL

FRANK DALLOS, Prop.

Good Meals — Comfortable Rooms

Fragrant Cigars — Choice Liquors

Courteous Treatment.

Dunsmuir Ave. — Cumberland

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 highest current rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards

CUMBERLAND, B.C., Branch— — — OPEN DAILY

UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAYS

D. M. Morrison, Manager

COURTENAY, B. C. BRANCH OPEN DAILY

Wm. H. Hoff, Manager.

Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations

COAL mining rights of the Dominion in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory the Northwest Territories and in a portion of the Province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,500 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or sub Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of $5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available, but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated such returns shall be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10.00 an acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

FOUND—On beach, row-boat; keel 15 feet; beam 5 feet: built by Turner, Vancouver. Apply J. J. BANNERMAN, Comox, B. C.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the City Pound By-law will in future be enforced. Milch cows only, are allowed to run at large from seven in the morning until eight in the afternoon of each day. By order of City Council.

A. McKinnon, City Clerk.

City Hall, April 24th, 1912

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 31st day of May, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, at the frequency descsibed in the notices issued, between CUMBERLAND POST OFFICE and RWY. STATION of the CANADIAN COLLERIES CO. LTD., from the 1st July next.

Printed notices conaaining further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms obtained at the Post Office of CUMBERLAND and at the office of the undersigned.

Post Office Inspector's Office
Victoria, B. C., 12th April, 1912.

E. H. FLETCHER,
P. O. Inspector.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all direct connections of flush closets with the city sewers is strictly forbidden. Any person or persons using flush closets must provide septic tanks, the overflow of which may be connected with the city sewers.

By order of the City Council,
A. McKINNON, City Clerk.
City Hall, April 9th, 1912.

FOR SALE.—Ten pigs, 6 weeks old, $4.00 each. Apply Robert Sollan, Hornby Island.

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—1. Pure bred Rhode Island Reds, $1 50 pr dozen. 3, Pure bred Single Comb, White Leghorns, $1.00 dozen. All eggs guaranteed fertile. Apply J Laurence Comox, B. C.

FOR SALE—3¼ miles from Cumberland, 58 acres of good land; 18 acres slashed; school on the upper corner; good road to place; and would be easily subdivided. Apply N. HARVEY, Minto District, for terms.