Ladies and Misses' Knitted
. . NORFOLK COATS . .
also a fine range of Mens'
Sweaters & Fancy Vests at
CAMPBELL BROS.

Legislative Assembly
OCT 19 1910
VICTORIA, B. C.

THE ISLANDER

THE COLD WEATHER
. . Demands a Change . .
IN YOUR UNDERWEAR
Complete Stock at
CAMPBELL BROS.

No. 20 THEISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1910. Subscription price $1.50 per year.

DR. SPENCER WRITES TO THE EDITOR

Disagrees With Our Views on Temperance and Says So

Local Option League, 48 Flack Block
Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 8, 1910

To the Editor Islander.

Sir:—I have read with interest your remarks in the "Islander" issue of September 24th and thank you for the help your article will be to the temperance Movement in spite of your probable wish. I notice the same language was printed in the Alberni News paper and re-quoted by quite a number of your contemporaries. Without wishing to depreciate any measure of fairness which you may possess, permit me to point out to you that the stand you take in the article referred to is evidently against the people, and in favor of the Liquo Traffic. That you should speak of me as an "agitator" "extremist" "impractical," etc. it is very little importance. All reformers have been and ever will be considered and spoken of in such terms. I should like your readers to know the exact position of the Local Option ists of British Columbia, for it is evid your pen is not able to state the facts, or you would not write as you have. The position we take is as follows;

1. That the people of the Province should have the right to settle the licensed liquor taffic for themselves and not have it settled for them by a few politicians and a number of liquor men.

2. The promotion of the Canada Temperance Act, which gives that right to the people is our "pet scheme". This right, your article practically denies to the people.

3. A law which has done such excellent service in promoting Temperance and Moral reform in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, is worthy of being put to the test in British Columbia

4. The three provinces named are certainly the most moral law-abiding, with less criminality and better protection for its youth than any other part of Canada. Open-townism has no place in those Provinces, although its industries by way of logging, mining, emigration and ports are more abundant than any on the Westren coast.

5. We much prefer the improved Scott Act. The latter only applies to about one-quarter of the population of B C., except in a few sections such as the Sunday closing section, protection and prohibition sections. It is largely a district law and, yet in spite of all, you have four retail licenses four wholesale licenses, reported to be doing retail business, a brewery license and an extra wholesale license inside and outside your corporation with only, at most, 2,000 white people. In the district of Courtenay, with less than 700 people, there are 8 licensed bars. All this goes to show that a few extremists in liquordom have foisted upon the people what they do not need and what a great many of them do not want.

As long as you advertise liquor, Mr Editor, you must oppose Temperance The 23,000 electors of British Columbia who gave us a majority of 3,700 in favor of Local Option is sufficient answer to the language of your article and that of other licensed and liquor promoting papers. We are thankful for any provincial law which will help the moral interests and shall do what we can to promote same, and at the same time, continue to demand that the Court of the people settle the question for themselves, which rigth your article does not admit.

D. SPENCER
Superintendent of Local Option

Standen will do a little road work this morning and will "work out" in Cumberland Hall in the afternoon.

MEETING OF CITY COUNCIL

Met Monday Night and Transacted Much Business

The Council met at the Council Chambers on Monday night, there being present Mayor Macdonald, and Aldermen McLeod, Hornal, Stewart and Stoddart.

The meeting of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

Mr Nunns wrote re increase rate of insurance on buildings containing gasoline engines, and asking for information re additions to City Hall, which the Clerk was ordered to furnish,

A communication was received from the Secretary of the Citizens League recommending that only one wholesale liquor license be granted in town, th tHo el Licenses be increased to $500 per annum, that the Council approach the directors of the Pilsener Brewing Co. to endeavor to have that property included in the city limits; asking that warnings be posted in the city against Dumping rubbish, and to stop the practise of putting stove pipes through the rooves of any building in the city.

The city clerk was instructed to inform the Citizens League that the matter of Hotel License was now under consideration and that the Firewardens would take up the matter of the dangerous stovepipes.

T A Sinclair wrote asking the city's intention re installing sewerage, and asking for compensation for the time he had wasted in the matter after his tender was accepted.

The clerrk was instructed to give him the information desired.

Bills to the amount of $248.60 were passed by the finance committee.

Constable Gray's Report was submitted.

Scavanger.....	.....110.00
Night watchman	71.50
Hall Rent.....	25.00
Hay Scales.....	1.25
Scavanger Buckets.....	1.20
	208.95

The mayor statated that Mr Brown had been laid off for non-atteudance to duty and this action was indorsed by the council. Mr Krouse was appointed to the vacancy.

Alderman Stoddart requested an extension of two weeks in which to bring in his amendmeut to the Liquor License Bylaw.

Manager Curtis was requested in future to ask permission from the Council before making additions or alteration to the City Hall.

The Clerk was instructed to write Mr Manson M. P. P. asking him to use his influence to have the goverment to retain their account with the Royal Bank here.

Permission was requested to hold a boxing contest in the Cumberland Hall on the 17th inst which was granted.

The Brewery was requested to close their open sewer and to replace with a proper sewer to the satisfaction of the Board of Works.

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE.
In effect Oct. 3rd.

Arrival
Tuesday morning
Wednesday afternoon
Friday afternoon
Saturday night overland

Departure
Tuesday—6.15 a. m.
Thursday—6.15 a. m.
Saturday—6.15 a. m.
Sunday overland 10.30 a. m.

Born—On Monday, Oct. 3rd to the wife of Mr Arthur Bradly a daughter at Union B. C.

Don't forget that A. Rowan will sell a ticket for the Standen-Wyatt meet. Tickets for sale at Peacey's drug store.

CAPT. DUTTON ON TEMPERANCE

Red Wine and Blue Ruin His Theme

Capt Dutton who has been touring the Western States, and has spoken in many of the towns on the Island in the cause of Temperance, addressed a fair audience in the City Hall on Sunday night, and in the Methodist Chuch on Monday evening.

Capt Dutton is a forceful speaker and handles the usual temperance argument in a clever and interesting manner.

He spoke of the wave of Temperance which was sweeping over the coutient, and was convinced that prohibition really did prohibit, and looked forward to the time when the liquor interests would be totally submarged.

The audiences were well pleased with the manner in which he handled his subject.

Correspondence.

To the Editor Islander.

The thanks of the district are due to you for drawing attention to the some what secret visit of Mr Sloan. It is recorded of Joshua that he sent spies ahead to spy out the land, but William appears to think it wise to do the scouting himself. Probable it is wiser, because as Arthur Little says in this months' "Pearson" "A man who has no business but politics, no matter what party tag he wears, will bear watching." Jay Gould is reported to have said, "that he always bought the the candicates of both parties before election it was cheaper than to buy the officials after election"

Any way if Mr Sloan is on business bent it shows unblushing temerity to venture into a constituency that was quietly bartered and exchange without asking or receiving the consent of the party supposed to be represented.

Your readers will remember the disgraceful circumstances by which it was worked, a quiet visit, very much so, of Messrs Sloan and Templman with a hurried meeting or the Liberal Executive called at 3 p. m. when only some five or six could possibly attend the party not consulted, and its workers calmly ignored and slighted these half dozen or less made an exchange of the liberal party's representative of one of the largest constitnencies in the country.

There have been many flagrant and nauseous political deals perpretated but for autocratic boss despotism this stands by its self naked and alone.

Nemisis sooner or latter but always descented upon such conduct, in this instance it was first seen in the liberal party of this city's choice and treatment of their candidate for the provincial election the north had no part or lot in the matter they could not for shame but bring one out, but when they did they hide him, not a single meeting called or held, no convass for votes and gave him $300, afterwards was rescued by M Mansons party's launch, out at sea toiling in an open boat, with blistered hands and thoroughly disgusted and disheartened by the treament accorded to the bearer of the liberal Standard

Secondly those who are responsible for the whole matter from first to finish are howling and snarling at Mr Templeman like famished tigers because he does not visit, comfort and pet; no wonder hean absentee member, it shows he at least has some sense of political modesty left.

CLEAN POLITICS

A. H. McCallum, the auctioneer, had a very successful sale at Mrs. Hall's Comox, on last Thursday. Everything went at good prices. Anyone wishing to dispose of their goods by auction can do so by obtaining Mr. McCallum's services.

Lost—A Lady's back comb set with diamonds. Reward on returning to "Islander office.

EAGER FOR THE FRAY

No Superfluous Love Between Standen and Wyatt

Fred Wyatt is sore.

In our last issue we stated that both he and Standen had met Foley in the ring. Wyatt says that the Foley he met and defeated twice in 8 and 10 rounds was a real fighter, the notorious Tom Foley ex-champion of Maritime Provinces, while Standen was kept busy in getting a decision over Kid Foley who was never in Tom Foleys' class at all.

"No" says Wyatt, "Standen never met Tom Foley, he never had the nerve to

Wyatt goes so far as to say that Standen never beat anyone of any consequence except Lauder, "and who is Lauder anyway."

The local boy considers that Standen will last about as long in the ring with him as a snowball would on a very hot day in Halifax.

Standen, who arrived in town yesterday is not much of a talker, but he has $500 which he is eager to place as a side bet as a garantee of his confidence in his ability to send Wyatt on an excursion into Dreamland on Monday night.

Union Bay.

(Last weeks notes)

Steamer Redhill arrived on Thursday for bunkers and cleared Friday morning for the sound

Steamer Minerie arrived on Thursday and cleared on Friday

Steamer Thor will take on cargo coal for San Francisco

Str. British Columbia took on bunkers on Friday

Miss M. Ray has accepted a position with the Co-operative store

Mr Alf Shield section foreman on the local line has left on a vacation. Mr Jackson Arthurs is relieving him

Mr Wm Marshall is away on a vacation to the Westminster fair

Four of the local nimrods who left on a hunt to Hornby Island on Sunday morning last, got weather bound during Sunday's gale and failed to show up. causing much anxiety to their friends however on Monday afternoon the yacht "Mystery" was sighted heading for home.

The bible class of the church will hold a social evening on Tuesday

Mrs D R Haggart assisted by other Ladies will hold a bazaar in aid of the school, the latter end of this month

A collection shall be taken at the Royal Bank on Saturday, for Sid Hancock. Owing to doctors instructions it will be absolutily necessary for him to take treatment at Kamloops. A good contribution is expected, as Mr Hancock is an old resident of this city We deeply regret that owing to ill health it will be necessary for him to leave our midst, and hope that he shall soon return, compleately recovered

The Royal Bank of Canada have decided to open their branch at Courtnay on Friday as well as Tuesday's of each week

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

There will be no evening service on Sunday 16th. Morning at 11 a. m. The Ladies Guild will hold their annual Bazaar and supper in November.

Dr D E Kerr dentist will be at Port Augusta Hotel Comox Oct 19th to 23rd Courtenay Hotel Oct 24th to 31st.

Pay your road tax and register for the coming municipal election. It is no use saying, "I have no vote." Register now, with the City Clerk, or see E. W. Bickle, Secretary of the Citizen's League.

NEW BANK OPENS TO-DAY

Siddall Building Temporary Location of New Institution

To-day the Canadian Bank of Commerce will open up for business in Cumberland, and will be located temporarily in the Siddall Block.

For some time, ever since the mines here were transferred from Mr. Dunsmuir to the Canadian Collieries, in fact it has been expected that the Bank of Commerce, which is the bank of Messrs McKenzie & Mann, the principal stockholders of the Canadian Collieries Limited, would establish a branch in this city. It is stated that the new bank will handle the mine company's account, and this together with the business that will naturally go with it will amount to considerable.

Options have been secured upon three lots on Dunsmuir Avenue near the post office and it is understood that a $7000 building will be erected upon one of these sites for the new bank.

Denman Island.

The death occurred on Tuesday afternoon of Geo Dumaresq the eight year old son of Mr and Mrs A. Dumaresq.

The funeral took place on Thursday at 2 p. m. the Rev Father Mertin officiated at the house and at the grave side. For some time past the child has been suffering from dropsy and though several Vancouver physicians, as well as the local one were consulted, nothing could be done to save the boys life.

Mr and Mrs Dumaresq came to the Island about eighteen months ago having formely lived in Vancouver. About the 1st of the year they rented the farm of Mr T. Picket of Cumberland, and since that time have resided on the ranch here. The Id. take this opportunity of expressing thier heartfelt sympathy for the sarrowing family in this their time of bereavement.

Mr. S. J. Dumaresq vice-president of the Denman Id., Store Co.' has commenced the erection of his new residence on the corner of the main island and the south roads. The site, some 2½ acres was recently purchased by Mr. Dumaresq from Mr. Alex. Swan; the price paid being $60 per acre. Two carpenters came up from Vancouver on Sunday to take charge of the work, and although the weather conditions have been adverse to building operations, yet much of the foundation work has already been done. When compleated the building will be one of the finest on the Id, being thoroughly modern throughout. This will add one more building to the little village that is slowly but surely growing up in our midst, and will stand as a mark of the prosperity and devolopment of the Island.

DEMOCRITUS GOES DOWN A COAL MINE.

To one whose experience with sub-terranean mining never reached beyond an excursion through a miniature mine with painted scenery on Coney Island, the prospect of going down many thousand feet in a real mine gives one imaginative mind, an experience of varied emotions Previous to time appointed for my trip I tried to imagine what it would be like to travel the dark deep slope, and to see the men dig coal by the feeble glow of the pit lamp. All my fancies and dreams were rudely shattered when I met my friend who was to escort me to the mine, he laughed long and loud when he saw my Cristy hat, white collar and low thin soled tan shoes. He asked why I did not bring a walking stick and opera glasses. My condition when I reached the surface again certainly afforded much merriment to the miners as we came home in the train.

When we reached the mine No. 7, my friend went on the prowl for lamps, and by good luck got me a cap. To me the smell of the oil was sickening, and I asked my friend why he did not approach the Development League, or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to approach the Colliery Company to perfume the oil so that it would smell as sweet as the incense in a joss house.

As the sun sank slowly below the glacier

I looked at the sun and at them
and plain,
As if I ne'er might see again,

NEW MOVING PICTURE SHOW

Will Open in Cumberland Hall Next Week

Cumberland is to have a second moving picture show, Mr. Michael McNeil being the manager and sole proprietor of his new business venture.

Mr. McNeil has the necessary machinery already on the grounnd and has secured a lease on the Cumberland Hall where he will show his first films during the coming week.

Mr. McNeil left for Vancouver Thursday morning, where he succeeded in making arrangements with a newly organized film exchange for a supply of the very best films obtainable.

The pictures supplied by the new film exchange are entirely new, and have never been exhibited in the province before and are now being shown only in the Maple Leaf Theatre in Vancouver.

Miss Brown, Matron of the Hospital wishes to thank all who have been so kind in giving flowers and fruit to the hospital.

and set off down the slope and daylight died gradually behind us, until the darkness of the underworld enshrouded us. As we decended the roof became lower and lower until one had to assume the crouch of a haunchback. Thus doubled up we went down and down; once I banged my head and knocked my lamp down and out. The water now rushed down the slope with the noise of a small cataract, and crme dripping down incessantly from the wet shining roof overhead, crumpling up my three inch starched collar.

After walking a considerable distance we were met by the firebos, with whom arrangements had been made to escort us on our joy ride. I shook hands with our guide and we pursued our way. The strange meeting reminded me of Dante's meeting Virgil to steer him through the infernal regions, and I trusted that the sights to be seen would not be so harrowing, as those revealed to the Italian poet. We were shown first into the boiler room cut out of the solid rock, revealing here and there the traces of the coal. After having a few mysteries of mechanical enginuity explained we again began our decent.

Down we went, out of the darkness came a weird muffled sound that made my flesh creep; chug, chug, came the sound at regular intervals. The noise began to get on my nerves and I asked what the matter was with Old Nick, was he coughing or sneezing? I was informed much to my relief that his satanic majesty had nothing whatever to do with the sounds, and that they were caused by the exhaust in the pumps.

The diabolic sounds began to accumulate; next came the eternal hum of the cable. The snake like wire rope rolled on like a thing alive; it rose and fell, ravelled fast, then slow, in fact cut up such capers that one had to be careful that he did not get hit below the chin, and take the count. After dodging below some damp, clammy curtains made of gunny sacks, which I was informed regulated the fresh current of air from the fans on the surface we were met by a great commotion, of mingled yells and whoops, cracking of whips and stamping of feet. We had not long to wait for the cause. First a gleam of light was seen high up near the roof; next we saw the long ears of a mule. I was told to step off the track, which I did without second notice, and I hugged the rail so close the water ran down my neck into my boots. Two donkies, or mules rather, went clattering by; one of the drivers yelled out my name, and I answered back without the least idea of who hailed me.

We now came to where some men were at work; on looking close I could recognize some of them who spoke or nodded to me. On the rock above the seam of coal where the men were working the fireboss marked some figures which were queer to me and we passed on, now to the right, now to the left, we went in here, and out there, we threaded our way until I began to think we would all get lost, and I began to think how long before they would send out a search party to hunt us up. My feet were wet and I felt as if I had for ever

(Continued on page 8)

The Hands of Esau

By Bannister Merwin

LIEUTENANT HARRY LOUDEN walked down Bleecker Street in the early evening as jauntily as his scarce-healed wound permitted. His furlough was nearly at an end and he was glad; for though it had been pleasant to be feted as a hero in his father's house, the call from the front was, "More men! More men!" and he was eager to go where the bullets were singing.

He had been one of the first to answer President Lincoln's earliest call for troops. At the expiration of his period he had re-enlisted till the war should end. He had gone unscathed through several battles; but at last, in a minor skirmish, a Confederate bullet had plowed through his shoulder. A month in the hospital at Washington, six weeks at home—yes, he was glad that he was well enough to go back to his company.

From some distance eastward there suddenly came to him a confusion of cries. Surprised, he stopped to listen. It was not the sound of cheering, but seemed like mingled notes of terror and rage.

"What does that mean?" he muttered.

Then, as he realized the import of the noise, his brow clouded anxiously. There was trouble about the draft, of course. Thousands had been angered by the prospect of enforced army service. He had known that the draft-officers were not expecting an easy time of it, though—surely there could be no serious outbreak!

But the uproar was growing louder. Harry started rapidly eastward. If there was trouble, he might be needed.

All at once, around a corner a little distance ahead, came a man running at top speed—head down, elbows working. He wore a uniform; his buttons flashed as he passed under a street lamp.

He raced on for a hundred feet, stopped to listen, and continued more slowly toward Harry.

"They're rioting!" he exclaimed, recognizing Harry's uniform, and standing still. "I'm a draft-officer. I tried to join the others; but they headed me off, and I had to run."

Before Harry could reply, a straggling mob of men and boys burst around the corner, and, with triumphant yells, came toward them. They carried sticks. One of them paused to hurl a brickbat, which bounded along the sidewalk past the two soldiers. Without a word, the stranger turned and again ran for his life.

Harry hesitated. He did not like to run; but he knew that he could not handle that mob alone. They were coming fast, shouting in their frenzy, and they would await no word from him before striking him down. Harry ran.

Back along Bleecker Street he raced. The draft-officer, well ahead, looked over his shoulder and cried out some indistinct sentence; but at the first corner Harry wheeled southward, though the other kept straight on. He had thought thus to divide their pursuers. Glancing back, he saw that, while most of the rioters had followed the draft-officer, a dozen men had detached themselves.

Harry was not in condition for a long race. Two months of invalidism had made him soft. But he plunged on into the mazes of Greenwich Vilage, turning, twisting, not noting the streets he took. Once he passed a man who, apparently supposing that the fugitive was a thief, vainly tried to grip him.

Turning with a final burst of speed into a quiet block, he stumbled with faintness, and realized that he could run no farther. The red brick houses, with their white stone facings, at his right, seemed to pass him more and more slowly. Knowing that within an instant his pursuers would round the corner behind him, he turned to the nearest entrance—plunged up the low steps—threw himself against the door.

To his astonishment the door gave. With a hopeful exclamation, he pushed it wider open, slipped within, and closed it behind him. His fingers felt for the bolt.

II

It was dark in the hall. Leaning against the door, Harry listened to hear the rioters pass. When they had gone by he would slip out again and make his way homeward.

A hand touched his breast, and a voice whispered:

"Thank God, you have come!"

Before he could collect his faculties, slender arms were about his neck—soft lips were pressed against his cheek. Then, as quickly, a small hand found his and led him gently through the darkness.

"It was better to have no lights at the front of the house," the voice went on. "I have watched for three nights—ever since your letter came."

His guide opened the door, and the yellow lamplight of a cozy sitting room made all plain. He stood at the threshold and looked down into the eyes of a girl. She was slender and dark, with cheeks like the petals of creamy roses.

At the first glimpse of his face she fell back and stared with fear and horror. Her hand piteously sought her beating heart.

"Who are you?" she gasped. Then, as he was about to answer, she said in swift warning: "Not aloud! She must not hear!"

Harry smiled gently.

"I am sorry I frightened you," he whispered. "Listen!"

In the strained silence they could hear the sound of running feet without.

"The rioters were after me," explained Harry. "They took me for a draft-officer. I could run no farther, so I turned in at your door. I am Lieutenant Harry Louden, home on furlough."

The girl showed her relief.

"Then you do not bring—bad news," she said. "You know nothing."

"I did not even notice what street this house is on," he explained. "I have no idea where I am."

The girl sighed.

"You will go away quietly," she said.

"I'll do whatever you wish me to do," he answered.

At that moment a tremulous voice came through a half-open door at the back of the room.

"Elsie," it called, "why do you keep him from me? Charles, my son!"

The girl glided swiftly to the half-open door. Harry heard her say:

"Patience, mother. We don't know that he was not followed. We must watch the street a few moments."

She came back to Harry. Lightly touching his sleeve, she pushed him gently out of the darkened hall, and, following, drew the door nearly shut.

"I am in trouble," she said. "You seem kind. Oh, if you would help!"

"I will do anything for you," he replied, so simply that she had to believe him.

Yet she hesitated. Her head was bent, and she seemed to be groping for a decision. At last she raised her face and looked at him frankly.

"We are Virginians," she said, "though we have lived here six years. When this awful war began, my brother went South to fight for his State." There was something almost defiant in her pose. Harry gravely inclined his head; he had learned to respect the enemy. "My mother has become blind," she went on. "She is old, and she cannot live many months. I managed to get word to Charles, and he sent word back that he would come. He was to have been here three nights ago."

"A spy!" exclaimed Harry.

"Well?" she demanded. "He would not come here as a spy, but to see his dying mother."

Harry was silent.

"I know," the girl continued, "that something has kept him from coming; and my mother is fevered to see him. She has heard us whispering together. I dare not tell her the truth. Will you—oh, do you understand?"

She broke down, and shook with sobs. Harry caught her hand in his own.

"Don't cry," he whispered. "I understand. Let me go in to her."

She looked up at him with such swift and beautiful joy that his own heart leaped.

"You are about his size," she said; "and your hair—"

She led the way through the sitting-room and opened the door to the room in the rear. A tiny lamp illuminated the aged mother's bedchamber. She was propped up with pillows in her bed, and her gaunt hand was extended eagerly.

Harry looked inquiringly at the girl. She hurried to the bed, and said in a low voice:

"Charles is here. He mustn't speak above a whisper, mother."

At the old woman's strangled, happy cry, Harry kneeled beside the bed and pressed the groping hand to his face.

"My son! My son!" she cried, drawing his head to her aged breast. "Oh, if I could see you!"

"Hush!" cautioned the girl.

"But speak to me, Charles," said the old woman. "Speak to me."

Harry gulped down his emotions.

"Mother!" he whispered. "Mother!"

She ran her fingers over his face, and lightly touched his curling hair.

"How you have grown these three years, my curly headed boy. But, oh, if I could see you!" She held him close again. "Fight for the South, my son," she said.

The kiss he placed on her hand seemed to satisfy her. She sighed contentedly.

"Now I can die happy," she said.

Harry was crying, but he felt no shame in his tears. He scarcely heard the sobs of the girl. In careful whispers he answered the mother's questions, reassuring her as to his own safety, promising her that he would come another time if he could.

At last the girl broke in:

"Mother," she said, "we must let him go. He has his work to do."

"Yes, you have your work to do," the old woman answered firmly. For the last time she gathered him in her arms, as she whispered: "May the God of our fathers bless you, my son, and make you strong for the right!"

Harry kissed her withered cheek and in silence followed the girl from the room.

III

When they were again in the darkened hall, the girl smiled through her tears.

"I can't thank you," she said.

"There is no need," he replied.

"But there is one more favor," she went on. "You must not know who we are."

He nodded.

"And since you did not notice what street the house is on, you will let me blindfold you and lead you away."

"I will," he replied quietly, "on one condition. When you can, when the war is ended, you will write me and let me come to see you."

"I will," she promised.

He bent while she tied her own sweet-smelling handkerchief over his eyes, then waited till she went for a wrap.

"My name," he repeated, as she led him to the door, "is Harry Louden. My address is—" He gave it. "You will not forget?"

"I will not forget."

Gently she led him down the street, turning at the corner, and soon turning again, and again. He made no effort to remember the directions they were taking. After a time he was aware of a confused noise somewhere ahead. The girl stopped.

"Do not speak," she said. "They are coming. I will manage."

"I trust you," he answered.

The clamor came nearer. It resolved itself into uncouth cries and curses. Harry felt that men were close; then he was aware of a sudden silence, and he heard the girl's voice:

"Would you hurt a blind man?"

Uncertain mutterings—the sound of retreating steps.

"They are gone," the girl explained; and her light touch impelled him on.

At last she stopped again.

"I must leave you here," she said. "Wait while you might count fifty before you remove the bandage.

"And you will not forget?" he asked.

"I will not forget."

Her hand pressed his for an instant. Then he knew that he was alone. He waited a full minute. When he lifted the handkerchief, he was standing at the corner close to his father's house. But before he stepped on, he folded the dainty handkerchief, and kissed it, and thrust it into his breast.

One day, a month after peace had been declared, Major Harry Louden found in his mail an envelope addressed to him in a woman's hand. He tore it open. Within was a folded sheet, which bore merely a name and an address. A mystery, one might have said; but Harry snatched up his hat and darted from the house.

"Elsie!" he whispered joyfully.

RUNAWAY TRAINS ON "THE BIG HILL"

WHEN Dr. James Hector was exploring the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia, he happened to pass too near to the heels of an ill-tempered cayuse. The animal, probably not realizing the future significance of his action, kicked the explorer with such vehemence as to break three of his ribs and apparently kill him. So convinced were the Indian guides of Doctor Hector's demise that they dug a grave near a mountain torrent and were proceeding to bury him when he recovered enough to protest against any undue haste. When at last Doctor Hector was able to travel, he investigated the course of the stream near which his premature grave had been dug and found the pass to the west for which he had sought earlier in vain. After him the Hudson Bay put a trail through, which was followed years later by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Doctor Hector's experience with the cayuse was, however, only a preliminary to incidents of which "The Big Hill," as railroad engineers know it, was the scene. The grade here varied between 3.5 and 4.5 per cent. for an eight-mile stretch. Four engines were required to haul a train up, and on the way down the trainmen walked alongside, to be sure that the brakes were not "heating" or wheels sliding. The very first train down, writes C. F. Carter in "The World's Work," ran away, climbed a curve, and plunged into the river below, and "it was counted a very dull day when something as original as it was startling did not happen."

It was here that Engineer Dad Ames achieved the truly remarkable feat of losing a snow-plow. Anyone who has ever seen a wing-plow will concede that something akin to a genius would be required to lose such an unwieldy piece of property, for it weighs about forty tons, is about the size of a box-car, and has wings that cut a swath sixteen feet wide through the snow-drifts.

Dad started up the hill with Tommy Cod Conger as lookout in the cupola of the snow-plow and the usual crew inside to work the wings and flanger. He bowled along at the usual speed for a couple of miles, with the usual clouds of snow flung back against the cab windows and obscuring the view. He knew by instinct when he reached the tunnel, two miles and a quarter from Field, and there he eased up on the throttle and the cut-off. When he emerged from the tunnel he "dropped her down" and opened the throttle for the encounter with the drifts to be expected there; but things did not seem to be going right, so he opened the window and looked out.

The snow-plow was gone!

Dad stopped, got down, and walked up to the pilot and felt of the draw-bar before he could convince himself of this incredible fact. Then he started back slowly, he and his fireman keeping a sharp lookout on both sides. He backed up all the way to Field without finding any trace of the lost plow or its crew. It was so astoinshing that Dad went into the telegraph office and asked if anyone could tell him whether he really had started out with a snow-plow or not.

With a volunteer searching-party in the cab, Dad started up the Hill again in quest of the lost plow. Near the west portal of the tunnel a voice was heard. Tommy Cod was discovered floundering laboriously up the Hill, bewailing his hard fate with many a picturesque invective. The snow-plow, he reported, was lying at the river's edge three hundred feet below. When it had left the rails he had been thrown out of the cupola window on to a rock, from which he ricochetted to another, from which he went bouncing down the Hill in a series of graceful parabolas with the snow-plow in hot pursuit, until both landed in a deep drift from which he had great difficulty in escaping. None of the crew was hurt to speak of, but they would all be much obliged to any one who would kindly dig them out.

Just how that snow-plow came to leave the track, and how it managed to disappear without attracting the attention of the engineer or fireman on the locomotive behind it is a mystery that no one on the Canadian Pacific has ever been able to solve.

More frequently the down trip was the exciting one in spite of innumerable precautions. Three or four safety switches were set in the main line, which were never opened until the engineer signaled that he was coming in good order at a speed less than eight miles an hour. By these switches a train exceeding the limit was turned on to short lines up the mountain side, where wrecks could take place without hindering traffic, but the circumstances of their operation were not always foreseen.

One day in January, 1909, for instance, an engine coming down the Hill with only a caboose got beyond control just below the first safety switch. As soon as he realized that his engine was running away, the engineer decided to get off and walk; pausing long enough to yank the throttle open as he yelled at his fireman, he let himself fall out of his window. The engine was already reversing in order to use the water-brakes; when steam was admitted to the cylinders the drivers began to spin impotently backward, thus increasing their holding power as the engine shot down the mountain at a speed which increased every instant. The conductor and brakeman lost no time in following the example of the engineer and fireman by disembarking with more celerity than dignity. As everything had been done that could be done, it would have been folly not to jump.

A runaway on a 4.5 per cent. grade can cover nine-tenths of a mile, the distance between safety-switches, in a very short time. The switch-tender, seeing the runaway tearing down the mountain with the drivers encircled by halos of fire, leapt over the bank and fled toward the river.

The engine broke away from the caboose just above the switch. Being light and having its brakes set to the limit of effectiveness, the caboose slowed down the instant it was released from the heavy locomotive. The engine ran up on the spur to the very end. The forward trucks even went off the rails a distance of six feet before the runaway came to a standstill. All this time the driving wheels were turning backward to the accompaniment of a violent sputter from the exhaust. When the engine came to a standstill, the great wheels had their first chance to get a good grip on the rusty rails. After a pause that seemed hardly perceptible to the spectators at a construction camp just below, the engine pulled its trucks back on the rails, then, under the full head of steam, rushed backward down the steep incline toward the caboose which was loitering at the switch.

There was a crash as one hundred and fifty-four tons of steel leapt upon the helpless little caboose. There was not enough of the caboose left to provide souvenirs for the crew. As for the engine, it contrived to derail a tender truck and so to bring the incident to a close with minimum delay to traffic.

To Engineer Jimmy Fidler belongs the doubtful record of having ridden a runaway engine the length of the Hill. The railroad officials evidently thought the credit wasn't Jimmy's.

Jimmy started down the Big Hill one summer day a dozen years ago with a light engine. He let the engine get away from him and found himself approaching the first safety switch at much more than the eight miles an hour prescribed by the time-card for light engines. The runaway was already reversed to use the water brake, so all that Jimmy could do was to attempt an emergency application of the air-brake and give it sand. Having done this without producing any visible effect, Jimmy turned to the fireman with a sickly grin and shouted:

"Here goes for Field!"

He reached for the whistle lever and sounded four imperious yelps to inform the switch-tender that he wanted the main line. Fearing that the signal might not be taken seriously, Jimmy repeated it and then gave it a third and a fourth time. The switch-tender saw that the approaching engine was unmistakably running away, and the rules warned him in big, black-faced type that under such circumstances he was to leave the switch set for the spur to trap the runaway. But here was a man clearly going to destruction who wanted to meet his fate on the main line. As between obeying the rules and humoring a dying man, the switch-tender allowed Jimmy to tear down the main line, sounding a continuous succession of signals to the next switch-tender.

Such frantic reiteration was not to be disregarded. Number two switch-tender obeyed the command, then number three did the same. The three profoundly astonished switch-tenders gazed open-mouthed after a trail of smoke disappearing in the distance. The sound of a whistle came faintly up from the direction of the smoke, for Jimmy seemed to have formed the habit.

The fireman's first impulse had been to jump, but the rocks looked hard, and Jimmy's grin caused him to hesitate until he had become too terrified to act. The engine took the sharp curves with a violence that called for the fireman's undivided attention to keep from being thrown against the boiler-head and having his brains knocked out. As for Jimmy, the grin had frozen upon his face. He sat upon his seat-box staring straight ahead, working the whistle-lever like an automaton.

Two miles and a quarter from Field is a tunnel which marks the bottom of the steep grade. On emerging from this tunnel the runaway began to respond to the efforts that had been made to stop it. Then the two men recovered their self-possession and looked out upon the bright world in pleased surprise at finding themselves still in it.

When they reached Field the fireman, with an earnestness born of conviction, assured the excited group awaiting them that they had come down the Hill at a rate of 480 miles an hour. The unemotional records, however, showed that the actual time consumed in covering the eight miles from Hector to Field, including a stop below the tunnel was seventeen minutes. Even this seemed to Jimmy Fidler a feat to be vaunted, for no engine had ever made the Big Hill in such fast time; and, it may be added, none has ever done it since, for the average engineer is thankful for the time allowance of forty-two minutes for light engines.

The company, though, did not reciprocate Jimmy's sentiments. Instead of being dismissed in the usual way, Jimmy was discharged by wire; and as if that action were not quick enough, the message was marked "rush."

ODD IDEAS IN EUROPEAN NEWSPAPERS

A FRENCH magazine writer, who has been looking into the subject of freak newspapers, things that one of the most remarkable of these was The Laminaria, published in Madrid. The ink with which it was printed contained a small percentage of phosphorus, so that the letters were visible and the paper could be read in the dark. Next after this he finds remarkable the case of The Regal, printed with an ink guaranteed non-poisonous on thin sheets of dough. After absorbing all the information the sheet contained, one could eat it, thus deriving from it nourishment for mind and body. The publisher of a new Parisian journal, Le Bien Etre, promised to all subscribers for forty consecutive years a pension and free burial. In spite of tthe inducement subscribers were so few that the paper died in a month. It was followed shortly after by a paper called Le Mouchoir—the handkerchief. It was printed on paper such as the so-called Japanese napkins are made of, and might be used in case the reader forgot or lost his handkerchief. It did not last long. At two different French seaside resorts newspapers called the Courier des Baigneurs ("Bather's Courier") and La Naiade, were printed on waterproof paper. The inducement was that the bather could take his paper into the sea with him and read while he enjoyed his bath.

There was an old lady named Fitch,
Who heard a loud snoring, at which
She took off her hat
And found that a rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch

The Lighthouse

By Joseph Ivers Lawrence

MARY SPAULDING sat upon the string piece of the wharf, looking pensively over the fleet of catboats and dories which bobbed about with the lazy rollers of the incoming tide. Far outside the harbor a motor boat glided into view from around the point, and the girl fixed her bright eyes upon it with unmistakable interest.

From the beach came the sound of a man whistling. As the whistler came near and paused at the little wharf, the girl scowled and looked around almost impatiently.

"Hello, Mary!" said the man softly. "What are you doing here all alone?"

"I'm waiting for Mr. Trent," said the girl, a bit loftily. "He's going to take me out in his launch. How are you, Frank?"

"Oh, I'm all right," sighed the man; "'cept I don't see you very much now, Mary. Since you got in with swell society, you don't have time for your old friends, do you?"

"You're jealous," she said, with mild indignation. "It seems to bother you all to see me having a good time."

"'Tain't that, Mary," he protested soberly. "You know I'd ruther see you having a good time than anything else I know of. But you're going to be mighty lonesome when all these city people go back. They'll all be through with you then, and it'll be mighty hard for you to come down to our way o' living again."

"My friends won't be through with me when they go back to the city," she replied a little crossly. "Some of them have asked me to come and see them this winter."

The man hung his head and sighed.

"I don't believe you'll ever marry me now, Mary," he said dully.

The girl swung her dangling feet over the water and looked out at the motor boat, which was drawing nearer.

"Why, really, Frank, I don't have much time to consider such things, you know."

"I've about given up," Frank said. "You used to be happy all the time, and easy to please, until you got so bound up in pianos and phonographs, and then automobiles and launches and things. I guess it ain't any more use, Mary. You'd just about die, living alone with me in the lighthouse; an' that's all I know how to do. I can always keep a light going and everything ship-shape, but I couldn't go to work an' learn to be a city chap now; I'd be lost out of a lighthouse. So there it is you want a nice place with all the fixings, and all I've got to offer you is a whitewashed house on a rock, with a dory to run back and forth to market with."

Mary got up off the string-piece, and furtively smoothed her skirt and patted her fluffy hair.

"Here's Mr. Trent," she said.

"I guess that's my answer," muttered the lighthouse keeper.

"Hello!" cried Trent gaily, as the boat came alongside the wharf, and then he looked carelessly at the other man and said, "Good morning," a bit curtly.

"Morning, sir," said the other, and turned away with bowed head and listless feet.

"That's the chap that keeps the lighthouse, isn't it?" asked Trent.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Friend of yours?" he asked dryly.

"Known him all my life," she answered, frowning slightly. "He's a mighty good man."

"He must be," said Trent. "A man would have to be pretty good, or a good deal of a clam, to hold down a job like that year in and year out. Most chaps would drink themselves to death the first year, cooped up on a rock like that!"

"Are we going?" asked the girl impatiently.

"'Course we're going!" he laughed, and helped her down into the boat.

Toward evening, after the sun had gone down, the motor boat returned to the wharf. The man and the girl got out and stood silent for a moment, looking at the dark bank of clouds along the horizon. The girl's face was flushed, and she seemed on the verge of tears. The man was nervous, and he frowned as with vexation.

"There aren't many girls that would think twice about such a chance," he grumbled. "Mind, I'm not holding myself up as a paragon, but I've got all the things that make a woman happy, I guess; and it isn't every woman that gets a chance at them."

"You might give me a little time to think," pleaded the girl.

"It ought not to take any time at all," he replied gruffly. "I'm going back to the city tonight for a few days, and I want my answer now. I'm not used to waiting for things I want, anyway."

The girl shook her head and twisted her fingers together desperately.

"It's all come so sudden," she said. "It's only fair to both of us that I should take time to think. I've always lived right here, you know, and I never thought about going away. Think how surprised all my old friends would be."

"The lighthouse janitor, for instance," taunted the man.

"Don't speak like that!" she warned him. "Frank has always been a good friend to me."

"By Jove!" He laughed disagreeably. "Perhaps you're in love with the honest lighthouse man. That would be a romantic life for a girl, wouldn't it? Living in two whitewashed rooms, with about as much furniture as a jail-bird has; and cooking the keeper's porridge for him three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Once in ten years you might get some one to tend the lamp while you went up to Boston, to look in the shop windows and go to the theatre. My, but that would be living! And now you're having a bad time over the thought of taking up with me and the best house in the city, and servants and dresses, and jewelry, and horses, and automobiles!"

"It's going to rain and blow," said the girl huskily. "Let's hurry home."

The waves were already snapping about the wharf, and the wind was howling ominously.

"The squall is here," said Trent, as a few big raindrops fell. "We'd be soaked before we could get to your house. Come in here."

He took her hand and drew her into an oysterman's shack at the side of the wharf. Presently the rain beat upon the roof and swept around them in floods; the wind roared with the sea, and made the timbers of the shack and wharf groan and creak dismally. Darkness closed about them like a suddenly lowered curtain. The girl shivered, not only because she was cold, but from a vague dread of the man with whom she was standing there in a narrow, dark place.

"Poor little girl!" said Trent, with an effort at tenderness. "You're shaking with the cold," and he put his arms around her and held her close to him.

"Don't!" she cried fearfully. "Please don't do that, Mr. Trent!"

She tried to push him from her and free herself, but he laughed and still held her.

"You're going to kiss me, Mary," he whispered suddenly, "and tell me that you're going right to the city with me tonight to marry me. You might as well answer now; you know well enough that you've too much sense to refuse me, but you wanted to hold off a while. Say 'yes,' Mary!"

"Let me go!" she protested.

Within, she wondered fearfully if the man were not right. Had she not already accepted his offer of wealth and social position, deep down in her heart? She shrank from his embrace with repugnance, but her feminine mind flashed rapidly over the strange circumstances of the case.

For her pretty face and winsomeness, this man offered her more wealth and power than her young mind could readily grasp. Of the quality of his love she dared not think, but his name was one to conjure with, and the title "Mrs. Trent" would be like a patent of nobility among the simple people of her native village. She saw herself surrounded with magnificence, as if it were already assured.

Then her mind flitted to the alternative, and it looked dull enough. Long, dreary winters among the fisher-folk, uncouth men and slatternly women; nothing but rocks and sand, and the sea, and harsh storms through all the years of her life. She resisted her companion's embrace less strongly.

"Mary!" he cried, feeling her yield. He clasped her closer, and kissed her lips hotly and passionately. She threw out her arms and struggled against him, but he laughed aloud and held her with brutal firmness, while he kissed her roughly again and again. She cried out in terror, and looked into the surrounding darkness for some sign of help. The rain still came down in sheets, and the sky was black. Not even the early evening lights of the near-by houses could be seen through the stormy gloom.

And the blackness was in her soul. She felt dishonored and undone. This man, who seemed like some rude animal as she strove with him, was conquering her with his superior strength and cunning. Her head swayed backward limply; and as she looked at the shadowy figure of her captor a faint light suddenly flashed upon his face, illuminating it but slightly, enough to show her a leering mouth and gleaming, horrible eyes.

She turned her head quickly to see whence came the light, and then she started convulsively as she beheld a pure white beam of light piercing the angry darkness, like a keen, bright sword penetrating the armor of evil.

"See! See!" she cried wildly, without knowing why.

The man started nervously and followed the gesture of her hand with his eyes.

"Ah!" he muttered hoarsely. "That is the lighthouse!"

She gathered all her strength and freed herself from him with a single desperate effort.

"Yes, yes!" she almost shrieked, in an ecstasy of relief and triumph. "It's the lighthouse! It's the light that never fails—that saves ships, and people, and sometimes souls—it's faithfulness, and hope, and love, and purity; and it's stronger than all the storms and darkness! It's my light, and it's my love and life! I'm going to it!"

She ran out fearlessly into the beating rain and disappeared in the darkness. The man stood motionless in the shelter of the shack—silent, though he knew not why.

SAMUEL JOHNSON ON SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784) expressed himself on the subject of spelling reform in the following words, printed in the preface of his dictionary:

"In examining the orthography of any doubtful word, the mode of spelling by which it is inserted in the series of the dictionary is to be considered as that to which I give, perhaps not often rashly, the preference. . . . . In this part of the work, where caprice has long wantoned without control, and vanity sought praise by petty reformation, I have endeavored to proceed with a scholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greatest part is from the modern to the ancient practise; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those whose thoughts have been, perhaps, employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted that for the law to be known is of more importance that to be right.

"This recommendation of steadiness and uniformity does not proceed from an opinion that particular combinations of letters have much influence on human happiness; or that truth may not be successfully taught by modes of spelling fanciful and erroneous. I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven. Language is only the instrument of science, and words are signs of ideas; I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that the signs might be permanent."

DAME FASHIONS DECREES

PERHAPS it was the long, cold spring which influenced the designers of smart millinery this summer, or it may have been only the unquenchable desire for novelty which has caused the utilization of the various materials from which the newest midsummer hats are made up, textures which hitherto have been seen only in the models intended for the height of the winter season. An all velvet toque trimmed with quills or even ostrich feathers was, for example, never before considered appropriate until almost after the first snowfall, yet such is worn now with a lingerie gown, as though the combination were the most consistent imaginable. Even fur is used as a trimming on one of the very smartest French models, formed of lace and chiffon, but it is not likely that fur will ever have a place in the summer outfit for an American resort. Moth, if not rust, does corrupt too quickly in our zone.

The most charming of all summer hats, however, are bound to be the wide brimmed leghorns, adorned with great French roses, lace and ribbons. There is a suggestion of the cloche, or bell shape, still evident in nearly all the large hats, but the brims are much more spread out than was the case a year ago, giving the effect of not quite so high a hat. This is but an optical illusion, however, as will be seen as soon as the attempt is made to pack the hat of the present season in last year's hat box. The greater width of the crown makes it appear not so high as before, but it is in reality somewhat deeper if anything. The exaggeratedly wide crown—larger than the top of the head could possibly be—is disappearing, and the smartest hats all have now an effect of fitting the shape of the head peculiarly well. The crown, in other words, must never seem to stand out beyond the sides of the head, so that were it not for a bandeau or halo within the hat would fall down and at once smother the wearer.

* * *

There are some few quite flat hats also. These are the hats that are unusually wide, the brim curved down slightly all around, but the hat tilted slightly on one side, so that while part of the face is almost completely hidden the wearer shall still be recognizable from the view point on the other side. The brim is wide and bent up slightly on the side.

To American eyes the black velvet hats may seem strange just now, and perhaps while the weather remains at its hottest, black velvet toques will not be worn, but at the first breath of autumn velvet is destined to be put on for most formal afternoon wear. It is not necessary, however, to have the entire hat of velvet. Perhaps the brim may be faced with straw or the crown and facing may be of velvet, while the upper part of the brim is of yellow, white or colored erin. Flowers relieve the larger velvet hats. Lace is also used to soften the black velvet and to make it look lighter. Fortunately, the velvet hats are fashioned in some miraculous manner which makes them really no heavier than the thinnest straw.

Sheerest lawn combined either with straw or satin is another unusual effect noticeable in some of the new models. A larger crown composed apparently of layers of folded white mousseline de soie bordered with a band of softly folded black satin made up one charming little toque. Again, the white mousseline is seen next the face, while the crown is of satin. The different combinations of textures and the different methods of combining are almost innumerable. When fur is seen on the summer models it is generally as part of the trimming on a mousseline or lace hat.

Cornflower blue is a favorite shade of the moment and is introduced with every color that will admit of the combination. This is another favorite trimming and a touch of cornflower blue velvet on a white hat veiled in black tulle with a great cluster of full blown thistles as trimming was most attractive.

* * *

There is no real limit for the size of the hats of the present moment—no limit in any direction, it might be said. When large they are so large as to make the widest Gainsborough look like a Scotch cap. When small they are very small and rapidly growing narrower. At the same time a hat of medium size does not necessarily look out of date. Some hats are very high, others apparently quite low and nat, yet if the proportions and lines are correct they will look smart. A high bandeau instead of a flat "halo" is worn in some of the newest hats when it is desired to keep the sloping brim from entirely enveloping the face. The height of the bandeau must depend entirely upon the individual. This means largely the way in which the hair is worn, for upon this depends almost entirely the adjustment of the hat.

No summer costume is perfect without its sunshade, even though the hat is itself wider than the parasol, for a parasol must be carried to give a finished effect to the whole. There are many novelties in the parasols of the present year, but chief among them is the sunshade of black velvet lined with softly shirred white chiffon. Somewhat incongruous, perhaps, a velvet parasol is nevertheless exceedingly effective, and a black velvet is more effective than any other. It must have a very long handle, almost a shepherd's crook, of course without the crook, and it must not be too wide when open, for then it might be heavy. It is absolutely plain save for the lining, but the sticks and the handle may be as costly as desired. As yet a velvet sunshade is by no means cheap, even in its simplest form.

Brocade parasols are also smart this year and the silk sunshades so covered, or, to speak more strictly, so cut by open English embroidery as to be not shades at all, are also much in demand. The shapes of many of the newest parasols are strange and curious to behold, every possible design being attempted, even the Japanese umbrella with its numerous sticks being carried out in silk and linen.

The handle, too, is an all important part of the parasol of today. Tortoise shell and amber, with monogram or initials in gold, are always in fashion, but now the craze is for the different kinds of costly enamel ware in exquisite shades of mauve and blue. There are curiously carved wooden handles also, and the utility or vanity handles, with tiny powder box and mirror at the top, are approved by all followers of fashion.

Another complement to a costume for late summer or early autumn is one of the new satin scarfs. Black, faced with white, about half a yard in width and two and a half yards long, is the most popular combination, but there are also black scarfs seen lined with cornflower blue, and even raspberry pink, according to the costume itself. There are some scarfs now sold which are wide enough to form regular wraps, and these are seen in both chiffon and two thicknesses of satin.

* * *

Not for many years has there been an occasion when the home dressmaker could use short ends of material so effectively as at present. In fact, for a long time there was so little combining of material that it was necessary to have a full pattern of one fabric for every costume turned out. Almost all women who have a weakness for bargains have stored away from time to time most attractive short lengths of material which, after buying, they found quite impossible for utilization in a satisfactory gown. Happy the woman who has such store of fine fabrics today, for if they are beautiful of their kind there is almost sure to be a way by which they may be combined with another material to make an attractive costume.

One of the new designs for foulard has the upper part of the skirt and the bodice of green and black foulard and the lower half of the skirt of black satin. Another charming foulard of green and white check has the upper part of the bodice in plain green embroidered in cashmere design and the entire front of the skirt in black silk mousseline. A toilet of rose satin has the skirt and upper part of the bodice of the satin, while the overskirt and the lower part of the bodice are of embroidered voile de soie.

Italian Straw Veiled with Black Tulle

White and Blue Hat

In the large hats the crown is generally curved or rounded, seldom flat.

While there is considerable adornment on many of the smartest models, others again of the costliest hats are delightfully plain. A wide brimmed black crin shape which bent down slightly both back and front, but not at the sides, had for its sole trimming an enormous cream colored rose. The medium sized crown was softened by a soft fold of black satin. Carried out in leghorn, with a great pink rose and with tulle instead of ribbon about the crown, this hat was also exceptionally pretty.

Many of the most attractive midsummer hats are veiled in softly shirred net or lace. The crown is left plain, while the brim is softened with either black, white or colored maline.

Most often it is the yellow straws which are veiled, but the white and the black crins, leghorns and chips are also treated in the same manner. About the crown will be a wreath of green leaves, with three or four great roses or peonies and grass or wheat standing up from the wreath to give height to the hat. Wheat in all colors, even black, is much used in trimming at the moment, and grass of all kinds is cleverly imitated in silk and cotton. The great silk peonies and poppies are also most effective, two or three such flowers often being quite sufficient trimming on one hat.

* * *

There is a return to the idea of the lingerie hat in the morning hats of English embroidery, trimmed only with a wide flaring bow of bright colored ribbon. These embroidery hats, however, are unlike those of former years in that they are attached to a stiff wired frame and there is no soft ruffle edge to fall down becomingly over the brim. Silk and even foulard hats are also seen for morning wear, but it is doubtful if these will ever receive hearty approval from Dame Fashion.

Most desirable of all for morning wear, however, are the perfectly plain hats of black satin trimmed only with a wide bowknot of the same. They are flat, wide brimmed, really shade hats, and so cleverly made that they are no heavier than the thinnest of straw. It is a novel idea for midsummer, but with a simple waist and skirt costume these black satin hats are wonderfully smart.

The all black satin models have also invaded the realm of afternoon dress. With a black and white costume of silk or voile, of lace or lingerie, a really small black satin hat made with narrow brim and high crown, adorned only with a stiff wired bow of the same satin, gives a most perfect finish to the effect of the whole.

Large flower bedecked hats are most worn by young girls, but for older women there is nothing more in vogue than the quite small satin hats.

TALK No. 5

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Does not contain Alum

ALUM is put into inferior baking powders because it is *cheap*. You cannot detect it, because *all* baking powders *look* alike. Alum is a dangerous mineral acid condemned by food experts as unfit for use in any food preparation, because it works havoc with the stomach and digestive organs and causes certain harm to the entire system.

Made in Canada

Your baking results will be the best with MAGIC and you have the certain knowledge that your bread, biscuits and pastry will be light, healthful and delicious. There is no substitute for MAGIC and it is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.

NO ALUM

Full Pound Cans, 25c.

E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

FREE COOK BOOK If you have not received a copy of Magic Cook Book, send name and address on postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed free of charge.

DOG'S FIGHT WITH A LION

How a Stray Fox Terrier Won a Lion's Skin—A Naturalist's Adventures With a Cinematograph Camera in Africa

SIMBA, the pluckiest fox-terrier in the world, and the only dog of its breed which has ever tackled a full-grown lion "single-handed," has returned to London, her birthplace, from British East Africa.

The story of how Simba fought the lion was told to a representative of the Daily Mail by Mr. Cherry Kearton, the dog's master, who has just returned from the Kenia district of British East Africa with a number of cinematograph pictures of wild animals.

Simba is an ordinary fox-terrier, of no special value from a breeder's point of view, and was, in fact, taken out of the Battersea Dog's Home by "Buffalo" Jones, of lion-lassoing fame, who gave her to Mr. Kearton.

Simba's fight with the lion took place when Mr. Kearton was trying to obtain pictures of the killing of a lion by native spearmen. Two lions had been located in some scrub, and twenty Masai warriors, with spears, were ready to attack. The lioness, however, escaped, and the male lion, after appearing for a moment, bolted into a dried river bed and refused to budge.

"Simba," said Mr. Kearton, "darted into the donga, and within a few seconds we heard a tremendous roar which seemed to shake the ground, and the bushes within twelve yards of us were violently agitated. The lion roared again and again, and in the brief intervals we heard the weak but very furious yapping of the dog. The Masai stood, every nerve tingling, with spears poised.

"Suddenly the lion dashed through a little clearing, and we were amazed to see Simba hanging on with her teeth embedded in its tail. Three spears were hurled at the escaping beast, with such accuracy that they all transfixed the heart, and the lion fell dead. You must know that the skin of the lion belongs, according to local custom, not to the warrior whose spear inflicts the fatal wound, but to the man who first rushes in and cuts off the black tip from the tail.

"Two of the three spearmen dashed into the donga, but they found Simba with the black tip still between her teeth, resolutely determined to oppose any hostile claim. The spearmen, who were lost in admiration, agreed that the skin belonged by right of seizure to Simba, and they handed it over to my wife as trustee for the dog."

Mr. Kearton also related the following stories of his adventures, during a very adventurous journey.

"While I was in the Kenia district getting cinematograph pictures I was attacked by fever, and for some days my temperature ranged from 102 to 103 degrees.

"It was while I was in this state that the Somali horsemen told me that they had rounded up four lions. What would I do? I told them that at all costs we would have the fight, and that I and my machine must be carried to the spot, some fifteen miles distant. By the time I arrived three of the lions had escaped, but the fourth was still held up.

"We had with us six Somali horsemen (unarmed) and eighteen Masai spearmen, who were to do the killing, while, as I was unarmed, two spearmen stood guard over me and the camera.

The lion made a running fight for about a mile, and again and again charged the horsemen. Then he made a stand.

"The spearmen rushed forward, and at a distance of ten yards six spears were hurled into his body. I was within thirty yards of the beast with my hand on the handle of the machine, but just as the charge was made I fell forward unconscious through weakness. I have no films of that fight."

"On another occasion we rounded up a lioness on the plain. After a running fight she made a stand. I advanced with my machine within thirty yards of the beast and at right angles to the spearmen, who were sixty yards distant, waiting for me to get the camera ready.

"Suddenly the lioness dashed at me roaring, with mouth open and tail up.

"The Hon. Berkeley Cole, the leader of the expedition to which I was attached, shouted, 'Put your camera down; she is coming for you.'

"But my business was to get pictures, and I relied upon my two spearmen guardians, in whom I had great confidence. So I went on turning the handle. The lioness then seemed to realize that I was not the danger, and she darted back and lay down, awaiting the attack of the advancing Masai.

"Then her heart failed her, but as she turned to bolt one of the men hurled a short sword which transfixed her mouth. Turning again she charged the Masai, bit through three of the shields which the warriors carry and wounded three of the men before she fell under the spear thrusts. That was a successful hunt with satisfactory results."

Mr. Kearton then related particulars of a "close shave" with a rhinoceros which he had last year in the same district. On this occasion he did not succeed in obtaining any pictures.

"One morning my friend Clark, of the New York Natural History Museum, and I went to look for a troupe of fourteen lions of which we had heard. We both carried rifles, and two spearmen and some porters accompanied us. Suddenly my camera boy shouted something which I did not catch and bolted past me.

"Sharply turning, I saw the two spearmen and Clark making with all haste for the only tree in sight. I thought the troupe of lions was on us, but in a second or two I heard the unmistakable puffing noise made by the rhinoceros, and then I saw two coming toward me at full speed. I, too, made a dash for the tree.

"But the tree was too thick to climb. The Masai hid behind the trunk. Clark was five yards away with rifle levelled. The two rhinoceroses came on in a cloud of dust at a speed of about twenty miles an hour.

"When they were within four yards Clark, whose rifle had jammed, shouted, 'Fire, Kearton.' I fired and dropped one. His head as he fell almost touched my feet. Within a few seconds he rose, made as though he would charge Clark, and then bolted.

"I thought the second rhinoceros had followed the wounded animal, but it had gone in another direction, and as I dashed round the tree I ran shoulder to shoulder into it. I suffered most in the collision.

"This rhinoceros escaped, but the one I had shot dropped dead within a hundred yards."

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

WHERE THE OLD CANS GO

THE raw material of a number of large establishments in this country consists of empty fruit and vegetable cans, rescued from the dumps. The principal products of these manufactories are window-sash weights, elevator weights, and ballast for boats. After delivery at the foundry the cans are piled into a large iron grating, under a sheet iron hood, which terminates in a smokestack. They are sprinkled with crude oil, which is then set on fire. The process consumes the labels, loosens the dirt, and melts the solder, which falls through the grating, and is collected, cast into ingots, and sold to be used again.

Some of the cans, which have simply lapped and soldered joints, melt apart completely. These are sorted out, and the sheets straightened and bound into bundles, to be sold to trunk-makers for protecting corners. They are also bought by button manufacturers, who stamp from them the disks used in cloth-covered buttons.

The machine-made cans do not come apart, and they are loaded into large carts, taken on an elevator to the charging floor, and dumped into the cupola, which is fed alternately with cans and coke. The cans are so light that some of them are carried out at the top of the stack by the force of the blast, and a large screen is arranged to prevent the pieces from falling on the roof.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HANDS

IF the hands are thoroughly greased with vaseline before using dyes it will prevent the stain penetrating deeply into the skin.

After washing clothes the hands are generally disagreeably rough. If a little olive oil is rubbed well into the skin with a cut lemon and well washed with hot water and soap, the hands will become smooth and white again.

Needle's Journey—A needle which entered the left knee of a dressmaker at Schroda, Posen, emerged some days later from the sole of her right foot.

The Oil of the People—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefited by it and would use no other preparation.

No better cigarette the world over than

THE ISLANDER

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE,

Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.
Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance
The editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by correspondents.

SATURDAY, OCT., 15 1910.

What the Editor has to say.

Our recent editorial on the liquor question seems to have given offense to Dr. Spencer, Superintendent of Local option.

While venturing to differ with the Doctor with the enlarged cranium on the liquor question we did not cast any reflections upon that gentleman's motives.

We did not insinuate that the reverend gentleman was in the ministry for the money in the collection plate, or that his enthusiasm for Local Option, or the Canada Temperance Act was altogether owing to the size of his salary as Superintendent of the Local Option League.

The fanatical Doctor, however, is not so charitable,

With an "I am holier than thou" attitude, he insinuates that we have sold our editorial opinion on the question to the liquor interests, as will be seen from the following quotation from his letter in this issue: "As long as you advertise liquor Mr. Editor, you must oppose temperance."

The Doctor has at least paid us an unintentional compliment by insinuating that our editorial writings have been thought worthy of purchase by anyone.

We are glad to know that our article will prove of such benefit to the temperance cause, and we believe, ourselves, that it will prove of quite as much benefit as the hysterical vaporings and bull bellowing oratorical stunts of a certain very intemporate temperance advocate, who shall be nameless.

We have read somewhere, a story concerning a mote and a beam which we would suggest that our reverend correspondent should peruse carefully.

If the Dominion Government has no intention of decorating the interior of the Cumberland Customs House with a Customs House Officer, it might not be asking too much to have a telephone installed in the Union Bay Customs House for the convenience of the merchants here.

The way in which the residents of this city are treated in the way of customs and postal facilities is so outrageous and wrath-provoking as to imperil the immortal souls of our citizens.

A LOCAL OPTION TOWN.

A writer in the Western Clarion has the following to say about Owen Sound, Ontario, a local option town: "Owen Sound is a nice place. Its principal amusement is local option, a pastime, I found, that provides the moral saviours of our race with a feeling of having done their duty to mankind, and also the police force and magistrate are plentifully supplied with cases of drunks, dives and other accompaniments of prohibition. Of course, I did leave there because of local option. They say the unexpected always happens, and if they imagined they were going to make the town dry well the unexpected did happen. The whole thing is a farce, you have drinks at breakfast, dinner and supper. If you are around one of the hotels, you get plagued with confidential enquiries as to whether the bartender is around, is there any chance, have they got anything? Perhaps luck favors them and they get a drink of whiskey, or rather something in a whiskey glass which seems to bear a remarkable resemblance to turpentine or wood alcohol colored. Local option has just driven the drinking behind closed doors, but the drunks go about unblushingly. They are not drunk; they are doped. They look like a cross between a lunatic and a fellow half stupified through some drug. Still I guess that's enough about it.

The heartless way in which a woman will order her Sunday provisions at nine o'clock on Saturtay night, with never a thought to the people who will be concerned with that order until it is finally delivered, seems increditable, Yet this is done. Right wrongs nodody, and this is a wrong which should be righted. Surely some method can be inaugurated whereby the necessities of life can be procured without necessitating over-worked delivery boys and tired horses catering to our wants long after a reasonable hour.

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, Ironmonger . .
Dunsmuir Ave ::: Cumberland

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

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

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

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

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

Wanted

Canvassers

to solicit

subscriptions to

THE ISLANDER

on commission

Only hustlers need apply

Are you

A JEWELLER

If not

Have you a friend who is?

In either case you should be interested in this

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

AN OLD ESTABLISHED BUSINESS

Carrying a full line of the very best

Clocks,
Watches
and Jewellery

Also a

BOOKSTORE IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS

The present owner is making lots of money, but will sell at a sacrifice on account of

AGE AND ILL HEALTH

Will sell on the buyers own terms

The building and lot are also for sale cheap, or will rent on reasonable terms

Full particulars may be learned by communicating with

"M" The Islander Office
Cumberland, B.C.

THE BIG STORE

Men's Clothing.

One of the best things about this store is the kind of men who come here for clothing—some want style and some want quality.

WE COMBINE BOTH

Our fabrics are finer and our styles newer than ever before. A new shipment of

Men's All Wool Serges & Cheviots

in blues and black, made from shrunken fabrics. We offer you value for every dollar we ask in price in clothing that

LOOKS WELL
FITS WELL and
WEARS WELL

Our Prices Range From $12 to $30

All we ask is for you to Compare our Values.

Simon Leiser Co., Ltd.

POOR PRINTING

IS A GREAT BENEFIT

To the printer who does good work. Good printing is the only kind we do, and our prices are reasonable

THE ISLANDER

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

The Catholic Bazaar will be held in Cumberland Hall on Tuesday afternoon Oct., 18 h 1910.

Born—On Oct. 4th to the wife of Mr Neil Boyd of Union B. C., a son.

Born—Mrs Wm Braes on Oct. 5th a daughter.

Cumberland & Union Waterworks Co., Ltd.

Sprinkling will be allowed only between the hours of 7 to 8 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m.

Leaking taps must be attended to.

Any changes or additions to existing piping must be sanctioned by the company.

A. McKNIGHT,
Manager.

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

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

Marocchi Bros.
Grocers & Bakers
Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods
Best Bread and Beer in Town
Agents for Pilsener Beer

CONDENSED ADS.

Advertisements under this head 1 cent, 1 word, 1 issue; strictly in advance.

Furnished Rooms to Let, opposite the Hospital.

Wanted—Three Young Pigs; send price and particulars. T. A. L. Smith, Hornby Island. j19

Two Light Draft Teams, weight about 1400lbs. Apply Shopland Bros., Sandwick. j11

For Sale—9 Milk Cows and 3 Heifers. Apply H. S. Porteus, Hankshaw, Courtenay. j18

8 Roomed House and Double Lot for Sale, cheap; or will rent furnished. Mrs. Roe.

For Sale—Chicken Ranch 3 acres, Good House (recently renovated), 300 laying hens, brooder house and outhouses, orchard, good garden. Apply Mrs. Hill, opposite Dr. Beadnell's, Comox.

$75.00 DOLLARS REWARD.

The above will be paid to the person giving information which leads to the conviction of the party or parties who shot and killed my mare colt on the night of Sept., 4th, in the vicinity of my S. E. corner post. Address, J. Lawrence, Kye Bay, Comox, B C.

NOTICE.

Any person or persons wishing to cut any fallen timber on City Park Lots are at liberty to cut and cart same away for their own use.

Any standing timber must not be cut or destroyed.

Any person or persons found dumping garbage or refuse on same will be prosecuted.

By order of the City Council.

A. McKINNON,
City Clerk.

City Hall, Aug. 19th, 1910.

Notice to Advertisers.

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

THE CORNER STORE
The store is stocked full.

SPECIALS

For this Pay and following week will be here in plenty
BLANKETS selling at almost COST PRICE.
SHOES largest stock on Vancouver Id., to select from.
UNDERWEAR all sizes & qualities.
WRAPPERETTES 12½c. to 35c.

Rubbers & Oil Clothing

Bought Before the Great Advance, selling cheap

J. N. McLEOD

C. H. TARBELL

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

AGENTS FOR
The McClary Manufactuing Co.
Sherwin-Williams Paints

j5

HAND PAINTED CHINA

. . A Fine Assortment of China at Moderate Prices . .

Our stock is now complete in all lines of Furniture, Beds, . . . Springs & Mattresses . . .

A fine line of Couches and Bed Lounges from $7.00 to $20.00 NOW ON SALE
You are specially invited to call and inspect our stock at

"The Furniture Store"
McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Pilsener Beer

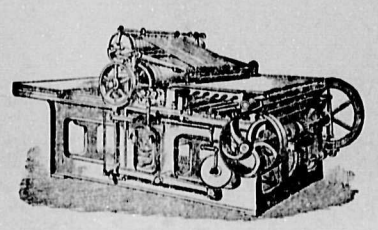
The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops

Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.
j2

See us about your next printing job
Prints everything
Prints it well



The Islander

Doomed to Suffering

RESCUED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

CHARLES BARRETT, Esq.

Harbor au Bouche, March 24, 1909.

"I suffered terribly from Biliousness and Dyspepsia for fifteen years, was treated by physicians and took many remedies but got no relief. Then I took "Fruit-a-tives", and this medicine completely cured me when everything else failed. To all sufferers from Indigestion, Biliousness and Constipation, I strongly advise them to try this fruit medicine". Charles Barrett.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50—or trial box, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Nailed by the Ears—During the prosecution of a London, East End, shop keeper for adulteration recently, the magistrate remarked, in days gone by tradesmen convicted of offences similar to this were punished by being nailed by the ears to their own doorposts.

Profits of Flying—It is officially announced by the Lancashire Aero Club that Mr. Grahame White has been engaged at a fee of $10,000 to give exhibition flights daily during the period of the Blackpool aeroplane exhibition. The retaining fee is the largest which has ever been paid to any aviator.

Cyclists' Paradise—Denmark is described, in the report of the American Consul at Copenhagen, as a wheelman's paradise, with an abundance of good roads, good inns, and special tracks in cities, and few gradients. In Copenhagen, he says, there are 60,000 cyclists—probably a larger proportion to the population than will be found in any other city.

They Soothe Excited Nerves—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive process, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

Cures Sprung Tendon, Collar and Saddle Galls

234 Manitoba Ave., Winnipeg, October 11th, 1909.

"I have used your Spavin Cure on a Sprung Tendon with good results and I can recommend it for Collar and Saddle Galls." J. H. Hazlett.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

is a blessing to farmers and stockmen. In the past 40 years, Kendall's Spavin Cure has literally saved **millions of dollars** for horse owners.

It is the one remedy that can always be depended upon to absolutely cure Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swellings and Lameness.

Never blisters, scars or turns the hair white. As good for man as for beast.

Keep **Kendall's** always handy. $1 a bottle—6 for $5. When you buy at your dealer's, a copy of our book "A Treatise On The Horse"—it's free—or write us 57

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

MY VARICOSE VEINS

WERE CURED completely by ABSORBINE JR

says WM. PRATT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. and will do the same for you in a pleasant manner; allay the inflammation, knit pain, heal and restore them to a normal condition, reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Synovitis, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Sprains of the muscles or ligaments. Heals cuts, old sores, wounds, etc. Costs only $1.00-4 oz., $2.50-12 oz. bottle at your druggists or delivered. Book 2F Free.

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

LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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

SAVE YOUR GRAIN

Owing to the great heat this season a great deal of grain will have very short straw, making it hard to handle. If you want a machine which will save you money and labor, get the new and improved

GLEANER AND SHOCKER

Saves all the Short Straws. Stooks the Sheaves. Operator Rides Machine. One Man Does the Work of Two.

PRICE $65.00 F.O.B. WINNIPEG

Terms:—$35 with order; balance, note 60 days, Interest 7 p.c.

PRICE FOR CASH $60.00

MUNRO STEEL & WIRE WORKS, LTD.

WINNIPEG

Storyettes

THERE is a sermon for "children who have grown tall" in the words of a little tot who was told by her mother not to play in the front yard on Sunday.

"But, mamma, isn't it Sunday in the backyard, too?"

* * *

JAMES ALBERY, the dramatist, was descending the steps of his club, when a stranger addressed him thus: "I beg your pardon, but is there a gentleman in this club with one eye of the name of X——?" Albery answered the question at once by another: "Stop a moment. What's the name of his other eye?"

* * *

MAKART, the great Viennese painter, was taciturn to a fault. It is related of him that once at a dinner party he sat next to Mme. Gallmeyer for a whole hour without uttering a syllable, when his fair neighbor playfully nudged him with her elbow and said: "Come, Herr von Makart, let us change the conversation."

* * *

A FAMOUS North Caroline clergyman, while preaching from the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep," stopped in the middle of his discourse, gazed upon his slumbering congregation, and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the unbounded love which the Lord appears to have for a portion of my auditory."

* * *

A WOMAN was upbraiding her husband on his drunken habits and saying he was ruining his health.

"Don't be alarmed about me, my dear," he said. "The doctor says I'm 'in the pink of condition.'"

"You should have asked the doctor to look at your tongue, and not your nose," retorted his wife.

* * *

I WANT some cloth to make my dolly a dress," announced a little girl of seven as she entered a store the other day.

"How much is it?" she asked when the merchant handed her the package.

"Just one kiss," was the reply.

"All right," she said; "Grandma said she would pay you when she came in tomorrow."

* * *

A BLIND man in Khoota (a Caucasian village) came back from the river one night, bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in his hand a lighted lantern. Some one, meeting him, said: "You're blind; it's all the same to you whether it's day or night. Of what use to you is a lantern?" "I don't carry the lantern in order to see the road," replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool like you from running against me and breaking my pitcher."

* * *

SO, Belinda, I hear you and 'Doc' have parted company. Couldn't you get along?"

"No'um, we couldn't. Least, I couldn't. D'ye know that low-down nigger just ma'ied me fo' my money?"

"No?" I said.

"Yas'm. He saw all dem things in my pahlor, silber butter dishes and crayon portraits that you and the othe' white ladies gi' me, and he just though he was goin' to set in there and smoke while I washed and i'ned. And I had a big burial insurance, too, and he knowed that. So I jes' natchully ta'ned him out.

"Yes," I said. "But I thought I saw him going in your back gate last week."

"Oh, to be sure! He's 'round, but he's jes' boa'din' wif me now."

* * *

THE late Colonel Bob Taylor of Bonham, Texas, once met a woman in the road as he was riding on horseback to hold court in Delta County, he being then district judge. The woman had a jug of water and the judge was thirsty. Being a man with a cheery word for everyone the colonel stopped her. "My dear madam," he said, smiling, "if you will give me a drink of cool water from yonder jug, when you want a divorce from your husband I will see that it costs you nothing." "Are you a lawyer?" inquired the woman, handing him the jug. The colonel explained who he was, and waving a farewell departed, leaving the woman gazing at him. The very next morning the woman showed up in the courtroom and asked for him. She explained that she wanted a divorce. She had been separated from her husband for a long time, and the colonel was game, however. He procured a lawyer at his own expense and in due course of law the woman was given a divorce.

* * *

PROFESSOR HUGH W. RANSOM, of Harvard, has been working as a laborer in the Cambridge subway in order to compile certain statistics at first hand. "To do our work well," said Professor Ransom to a reporter, "we must use enterprise. We must ignore the minor conventions. But we mustn't go as far as—But listen: A Boston doctor sat in a front seat in a Tremont Street theatre the other night. In the breathless silence, as the third act neared its climax, there was a commotion near the door, and then a grave voice said: 'Is Dr. Blank in the audience?' Dr. Blank rose calmly. He passed down the aisle with the serious, self-contained air of one on whom the life of a fellow-creature depends. A young man awaited him at the door. 'Well,' said the doctor. 'Well, sir, what is it?' 'Doctor,' said the young man, as he drew a large wallet from his breast pocket, 'I'm Cash & Payup's new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that small account this evening?'"

* * *

THE head of a manufacturing concern who built up his business from nothing by his own dogged and persistent toil, and who has never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation, not long ago, however, decided that he was getting along in years, and that he was entitled to a rest. Calling his son into the library, he said: "Tom, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done very well, so I have decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?" The young man pondered the situation gravely. Then a bright idea seemed to strike him. "I say, dad," he suggested, "how would it do for you to work a few years longer and then the two of us retire together?"

* * *

AFTER having wrestled with about thirty dishes at a dinner, and after all this being called upon to speak, Horace Porter declared that he felt a great sympathy with that woman in Ireland who had had something of a field-day on hand. She began by knocking down two somewhat unpopular agents of her absentee landlord, and was seen later in the day dancing a jig on the stomach of the prostrate form of the Presbyterian minister. One of her friends admired her prowess in this direction and invited her in and gave her a good stiff glass of whisky. Her friend said, "Shall I pour some water in your whisky?" and the woman replied, "For God's sake, haven't I had trouble enough already today?"

* * *

A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote is told of Cherubini, the most jealous of the irritable genus of composers. He had been prevailed upon to be present at the first representation of the work of a confrere, and, during the first acts, which were much applauded by the public, he had kept a gloomy silence. The third act was less favorably received, and a certain passage especially seemed to cast a cold blanket over the spectators, when the old maestro, to the astonishment of his friends, was seen to applaud heartily. "Do you really like that duo?" asked one of them; "I should have thought it was one of the poorest and coldest in the whole opera." "You idiot," answered the maestro, with genuine naivete, "don't you see that if I did not applaud it he might possibly cut it out."

THE DUNSMUIR INTERESTS ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

Mines to be Extended

THE Hon. James Dunsmuir, who has sold the entire coal holdings on Vancouver Island to Mr. William Mackenzie, President of the Canadian Northern Railway, has been describing to an interviewer how his father built the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway. He himself, he said, often worked fourteen or fifteen hours a day in the mines. "Since father's death," he proceeded, "I have opened out the Comox Mines, built coke ovens, opened the Unions Mine, started before his death, opened the Extension Mines, and developed them to what they are today. I also opened the Alexandra Mine. The shipping mine at Wellington was putting out 1,000 tons a day at the death of my father. The mines today are putting out 3,500 tons of coal a day. There has been more development since 1889 than there was prior to it.

"Since the death of my brother in 1900 I have had charge of the entire interests. My first action was to buy out the four San Francisco shareholders who had a half-interest in the railway and the Comox Mines. I paid them $1,500,000 for their share. This crippled me for cash for the business for a time, but I did not regret the step. I sold the E. and N. Railway to the C.P.R., three years ago, for $3,000,000, the land going with it, reserving the coal rights. I have finally sold these to Mr. Mackenzie. I have done my part and helped to build up British Columbia, and especially Vancouver Island. Now I'm going to enjoy myself."

Extensions and improvements costing between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, which will quadruple the present capacity, and when complete give employment to 5,000 additional men, are to be carried out at the Comox and Extension Mines. The present output of the mines is about 600,000 tons a year. When the improvements and additions in question are effected close upon 2,500,000 tons will be produced yearly. According to the present determination of the company, four new mines will shortly be opened, two at Comox and two at Extension. The shipping facilities will be increased as the business demands their growth, new wharves being constructed to ship the products.

THE NEW QUEBEC BRIDGE

THE enormous caisson built by Messrs. M. P. and J. T. Davis for enlarging the foundations of the deep water pier of the Quebec Bridge, recently launched at Sillery, weighs 1,700 tons, and is 180 feet long and 54 feet wide. When completed it will have a height of 68 feet. It is built of southern pitch pine of 12 inch by 12 inch, and its cutting edge, which is to sink into the bed of the river is shaped like an equilateral triangle, with a 30-in. side.

A despatch from Ottawa states that there have been, of course, differences of professional opinion among the three engineers as to the best plans to adopt; but a final agreement was reached as to the plans and specifications, and tenders have been called for.

Recently Mr. Fitzmaurice, C.E., the British engineer appointed to advise as to the plans, returned to the Dominion Government a cheque for $6,000, on the ground that owing to his absence in Europe he did not feel that he had properly earned that amount.

Her Responsibility

"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for better or for worse——"

"Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted; "jes' as he is. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; an, ef he gits any wusser, w'y, Ah'll tend to 'im myself."

Ready Relief

Physician——"Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient—"Yes, Doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician—"All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

The Horseman

THE veteran breeder R. S. Veach was over at Lexington the other day, to see his three two-year-olds work out. Now it so happens that they are in different stables. The brown colt Weindell, by Walnut Hall, is being educated by John Splan; Coolidge by Cochato is with H. S. Moody, and the brown colt Esko by Moko, is with John Hussey. Mr. Veach saw them all trialed out and then ventured the opinion that Weindell would yet prove the best of the party.

"Well, it's too early to tell about that," said Splan, 'but when Moody and Hussey and I hook up in that race for a hundred bushels of oats, we'll know who's training the racehorse of the party."

"When are you going to have that race, John?" asked Mr. Veach.

"Thanksgiving Day," promptly responded Splan. "Yes sir, Thanksgiving Day, just after we've had our turkey and when we'll be feeling prime for sport."

"Look here," said Mr. Veach with a smile. "If you're going to put it off that long, I expect it would be cheaper for me to send each of you a hundred bushels of oats and not have any race."

* * *

When the American continent was unknown, and England an obscure province of the mighty Roman Empire, over two thousand years ago, there were horse races in Italy. The Romans were the first of the great nations to appreciate the value of the horse and the knights of the equestrian order were the elite of the army. In times of peace the chariot races were favorite amusements of the vast crowds at the coliseums.

Today the trotter is decidedly to the fore in that classic land and though they have imported a few Russian Orloffs, the tendency is to the American trotter. They have in a few years imported quite a few good sires, such as Elwood Medium, 2:24¾, by Happy Medium, Atlantic, 2:21. Later on Onward Silver, 2:05¼, Col. Kuser, 2:11¼, and Codero, 2:09½, and others followed. These have been bred in many instances to native mares, Orloff or American mares, and a trotting breed is being gradually developed. The champion three-year-old trotter in Italy last season was Glisner Kuser, who took a record of 2:15. She was by Col. Kuser, 2:11¼, out of a mare by Joktan, 2:19¼. This young champion started in thirty races, winning twenty-four, was second in one, fourth in two and unplaced in three.

Breeders should adopt an aggressive policy and they should not be content with the home market. The manufacturers of all classes of machinery invade all parts of the globe and sell their goods. The American sewing machine is on every continent and agricultural implements are a close second.

WALTER WINANS, the well known American who lives in England and keeps a large stable of trotters for his own amusement, was recently interviewed by a reporter of the London Evening News on the American trotter and here is what he says:

"Do I think that American trotters are suited to this country?" said Mr. Walter Winans. "I think they are the only animals worth driving in any country that has roads fit to drive on, and the reason that almost all Englishmen, so to speak fight shy of them is a mystery to me. I can attribute it only to our intense conservatism and to the rooted objection to what English people call 'making a new departure.' Personally, I think that American trotters are infinitely preferable to English.

"Certainly American trotters can be driven in comparatively heavy carriages, though a belief is prevalent that they are suited only to very light two-wheeled vehicles. Until a man has driven trotters of this stamp he doesn't really know what driving is, and comparatively few men who have driven such animals regularly for a little while have ever gone back to the ordinary slow movers—if I may call them so without giving offense to anybody.

"Yet it is a fact that hardly any interest is taken in this country in trotting races with American trotters. I am inclined to think that many Englishmen confuse the American trotter, properly so called, with the American horse that 'paces.'

"The 'pacer' is not a trotter at all, also his action is ugly to look at and he is not a pleasant beast to drive. My trotters are all true American trotters; they look magnificent as they literally sweep over the ground; and to their every stride there is grace combined with strength and suppleness. To sit behind them is a pleasure; to drive them is a joy."

"The popularity of cars has had one good effect, I mean from my point of view, for I believe that people have now become so accustomed to rapid locomotion that when they again take to driving horses—as I feel convinced the men who drive for pleasure will do before long—they will not be content with the slow motion of what I call the old-fashioned carriage horse, but will finally adopt the fast American trotter, to whom the ordinary undulations of a high road make no difference, so far as his speed is concerned."

Asked if the climate of England suited these animals, he replied that though all the trotters that he owns are American bred, they are seldom or never sick or sorry. Care, however, has to be exercised when they are being shod, some needing heavier shoes than others, and shoes of different shape.

The one drawback to driving these extraordinarily fast animals is that in wet weather mud flies up so thickly that to avoid being splashed is almost an impossibility, no matter how carefully adjusted the dashboards may be. For this reason Mr. Winans usually wears motor goggles when sitting behind his trotters.

I inquired if he had any remark in particular to make about the International Show, and he replied at once:

"Yes, you can draw attention to the grotesque way in which the tails of many of the horses are docked. It is no exaggeration to say that the tails of some of the horses are to all intents cut clean off, for not more than four or five inches of the stump are left, and these scraggy stumps are made to look still more absurd by being either shaved or else heavily singed, so that literally they are no longer tails at all, but hat-pegs.

"This remark applies more particularly to some of the English horses that have been seen in the ring in several classes, and I could give you the name of a French buyer of horses who came over to last year's show at Olympia for the express purpose of buying a number of animals, for which he was prepared to pay big prices, but who didn't complete a single deal.

"This buyer himself told me there were six splendid animals which would have suited his requirements to perfection but that none of his clients would look at horses with tails cut off like that, and that therefore he couldn't buy."

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

ZAM-BUK CURES SUNBURN

Neglect of a sunburn on face, arm or neck often leads to the after growth of skin which is freckled or coarse, and this is particularly distressing to ladies. Timely applications of Zam-Buk will prevent this. Zam-Buk is a herbal balm, which soothes and cools the burned skin, and assists nature to replace the damaged tissue with soft, velvety skin.

Zam-Buk is also good for stings, scratches, heat sores, blisters on hands or feet, and all skin injuries. Applied to these it quickly stops the smarting and ensures quick healing. As it is free from animal fat, and mineral coloring matter, it is particularly suited to the delicate skin of babies, suffering from heat rashes, chafed places, etc. Sold everywhere by druggists and store-keepers. Beware of harmful imitations, and see the name "Zam-Buk" on the box before buying.

A Pill for All Seasons—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A New Head In 30 Minutes

Exchange that aching, throbbing, suffering, muddled head for a clear, cool, comfortable one by taking a

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer

25c. a box at your druggists' or by mail from National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 28

There's Quality in

"CANAWELLA" TEA

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 40

SIR WILFRID, THE TARIFF AND THE BUCK-EYE

SIR WILFRID: The gentleman at the back of the hall has asked me about the tariff. I shall be very pleased to answer the gentleman's query. I notice that my friend in the back of the hall is smoking a cigar. That, as we all know, is an evidence of prosperity. Such has been the marvelous progress of this great and glorious west, since my government came into power, that any men may, at will, smoke cigars, instead of the home-grown pipe tobacco, the fragrance of which lingers in my boyhood's memory.

The gentleman at the back of the hall is even more than ordinarily blessed, for I perceive that the cigar he is smoking is a BUCK-EYE. It is one of those extraordinary dispensations of Providence that you, my fellow Canadians in this great and glorious country, are enabled to enjoy the privilege of obtaining the BUCK-EYE at the ordinary price. And if I needed proof of the discernment of my able friend at the back of the hall, if I needed an illustration of his ability to pick out the salient points of any subject under discussion, if I were to ask for the reason why he has become so prosperous, so independent, so far-sighted, so clear of vision—I should point to his choice of the BUCK-EYE. Such keenness of perception, such admirable judgment, warrant me in the expression of the belief that so long as my government shall be in power, so long as I shall be spared to direct the destiny of this glorious young nation, so long as the sturdy pioneers of these vast western provinces display such splendid qualities of judgment as are evinced by my friend in the back of the hall, I look forward to the time when the teeming population of these illimitable prairies shall be as prosperous, as happy, as independent and as fortunate as my favored friend in the back of the hall—when, under the guidance of Providence and the stimulation of my government, every man, woman, and child throughout these vast regions will be in a position, if they so wish, to choose the BUCK-EYE for their after-dinner cigar.

P.S.--Not only Sir Wilfrid, but every visitor to the West cannot but notice the remarkable popularity of the BUCK-EYE, the best ten-cent cigar on sale to-day.

77

BEFORE THE DUEL

How the Viscount Faced a Great Fear

IN society they called him "Adonis Querne." His name was Viscount Gontran Joseph de Querne.

An orphan and master of a large fortune, he made quite a figure, as they say. He had style, readiness enough to appear witty, a certain natural grace, a proud, well-bred bearing, a fierce moustache, and a gentle eye—the combination women like.

He was invited everywhere, was in demand as a partner in the german, and inspired men with the smiling unfriendliness that a strong face usually begets. He was suspected of a few love affairs that go to make a bachelor interesting. He was happy, calm, and self-satisfied, known to be an expert swordsman and a good shot.

"If I ever fight a duel," he used to say, "I shall choose pistols. I shall be sure then of killing my man."

One evening he went to the theatre with two ladies and their husbands, and after the play nvited them to go to Tortoni's for an ice. When they had been seated there a few minutes, he observed that a gentleman at a neighboring table was keeping his eyes obstinately fixed on one of the ladies of De Querne's party. She seemed troubled and uncomfortable ,and held her head down. Finally she said to her husband:

"That man is staring at me. I don't know him, do you?"

The husband, who had seen nothing, looked up, but said at once, "No, not at all."

The young wife continued, half smiling and half annoyed:

"It's very provoking; that individual spoils my ice for me."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders: "Pshaw! Pay no attention to him. If we took notice of every loafer we met there'd be no end to it."

But the viscount rose abruptly.

He would not permit a strange man to spoil an ice of his offering. The insult was to him, since it was by his invitation that his friesnds were in the cafe. The thing devolved upon him to settle.

He approached tne man, and said to him:

"Sir, I can not tolerate your manner of staring at these ladies. I beg you will desist."

The other replied:

"Do you want to make a row about it?"

The viscount set his teeth, and continued: "Be careful, sir, or you will provoke me beyond bounds."

The man answered by a single word, a vile name that rang from one end of the cafe to the other, and had the effect of a spring on every one at the tables

Every one turned round, the three waiters spun on their heels like tops, the two dames du comptoir jumped and then leaned forward to see, and a great silence fell. Then all at once a sharp sound cut the air. The viscount had struck his adversary in the face. Everybody rose to interfere. The two men exchanged cards.

. . . . . .

When the viscount reached home he walked up and down his room, too agitated to reflect. The single idea of a duel hovered in his mind, but without awakening the smallest emotion. He had done as he ought; shown himself as he wished to be. He would be talked about, approved, congratulated.

He repeated aloud, as we often speak when the wind is wrought up, "What a brute that man was!"

Then he sat down to think. In the morning he must find his seconds. Who should they be? Men of position and standing! He finally chose the Marquis de la Tour-Noire and Colonel Bourdin, a great lord and a soldier; their names would look well in the newspapers. He felt thirsty and drank three glasses of water, one after the other; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt very determined. If he showed himself bold and resolute, insisted on rigorous conditions, and demanded a serious duel, a duel to the death, probably his adversary would withdraw and apologize.

He took up the card he had drawn from his pocket and thrown on the table, and read it, as he had already read it at a glance in the cafe, and in the cab coming home, by the light of every street-lamp:

George Lamil,
51 Moncey Street

Nothing more.

He examined the way the letters followed each other: George Lamil! Who was he? What did he do? Why had he stared at the woman? How revolting that a stranger, an unknown man, should trouble the course of your existence suddenly, because he chose to look insolently at a woman. The viscount repeated aloud:

"What a brute!"

Then he stood motionless awhile, in a sort of trance, his eyes fixed on the card. Rage was awakening in him against this piece of pasteboard, a rage mingled with hate and with a strange feeling of uneasiness. The whole affair was idiotic! He took an open penknife and stuck it into the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he was going to fight a duel! Should he choose swords or pistols, for he considered himself the insulted person. With swords he ran less risk, but by choosing pistols he had the chance of making his adversary withdraw. A duel with swords is rarely fatal—mutual prudence keeps the combatants too far apart. With pistols he seriously hazarded his life; but he might also get off with all the honors of the situation and without any meeting.

He spoke aloud:

"I must be firm. He will be frightened."

The sound of his voice made him shiver, and he glanced round. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, undressed, and went to bed.

In bed, with the lights out, he closed his eyes and began to think:

"I have all day tomorrow to attend to things. I must go to sleep now so as to have my head clear."

The coverings seemed oppressive. He could not fall asleep. He turned over and over, lying five minutes on his back, then on his right side, then on his left.

He felt thirsty again. He rose to get a drink. Then a genuine anxiety seized him:

"Am I afraid?"

Why did his heart beat so wildly at all the familiar sounds in the room? When the clock was going to strike, the little click of the spring made him start, and he was obliged to open his mouth to breathe for several seconds after, he felt so oppressed. He began to reasan with himself on the possibility of such a thing:

"Am I afraid?"

No, assuredly he could ont be afraid when he had just announced himself resolved to push the thing to extremity, when he had such a determination to fight. But he was so deeply moved that he said to himself:

"Can one be afraid in spite of one's self?"

And the doubt grew upon him—an anxiety, a dread; if a force stronger than his will overcame him, what should he do? He would go to the place of meeting, because he willed to appear there. But if he trembled? If he lost consciousness? And he thought of his position, his reputation, and his name.

He felt a compelling wish to see his own face in the mirror. He lighted a candle. When he saw his reflection in the polished glass he hardly recognized it, it was like one he had never seen. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale; he was certainly very pale.

He stood there before the mirror. He even looked at his tongue to see if it were feverish, and all at once the thought shot through him:

"Day after tomorrow, at this time, I may be dead."

And his heart began to beat furiously again.

"Day after tomorrow this, that I see in the glass, may be no more. I am here, I look at myself, I feel that I am alive, and in twenty-four hours I may be laid on that bed dead, my eyes closed, cold, inanimate, ended!"

He went back toward his bed, and could see himself stretched out on his back on the very sheets he had just left. His face had fallen in like a dead man's, and his hands were leaden, as if they would never move again.

He hated his bed, and in order not to see it, went into his smoking-room. He mechanically lighted a cigar, and began to walk about. He felt chilled, and was about to ring for his servant, but he paused, with his hand raised above the bell:

"The fellow will see I am afraid."

He did not ring, he built a fire himself. His hands trembled a little with a nervous recoil when they touched anything. His mind wandered; his confused thoughts began to grow fleeting, broken off, and painful; fumes clouded his mind as if he had been drinking.

He repeated continually:

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

His whole body vibrated, shaken by chills; he rose, and going to the window, opened the curtains. Day was breaking—a summer day. The flushed sky warmed the roofs and walls of the city. A long beam of light like a caress from the rising sun, wrapped the waking world, and with the light swiftly, and almost with the pain of a shock, hope sprang up in the viscount's heart! What a fool he was, to be overcome with fear before anything was decided, before his seconds had seen George Lamil's, before he even knew whether there would really be a duel.

He dressed, and left the house with a firm step. He repeated to himself, as he walked:

"I must be very decided. I must prove that I am not afraid."

His seconds' the marquis and the colonel, consented to act, shook hands with him, and discussed the conditions.

The colonel asked, "You are in earnest about the character of the duel itself?"

The viscount replied: "Thoroughly in earnest."

The marquis added: "You insist upon pistols?"

"Yes."

"Leave us to settle the rest."

The viscount pronounced with dry, jerky articulation: "Twenty paces, at the word of command, raising the weapon instead of lowering it. Shots exchanged till there is a serious wound."

The colonel remarked that they were excellent conditions, the viscount was a good shot, and all the chances were on his side.

Then they went away, the viscount returned home to wait for them. His agitation, which had lessened for a time, now increased every moment. He could feel that chill running along his arms, his legs, his chest, shaking his whole body. He could not sit still. There was not a trace of moisture in his mouth, and he continually made a little clacking sound with his tongue as if to limber his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then he thought drinking would give him courage, so he sent for a bottle of brandy and drank six small glasses in succession. A burning heat rushed over him, accompanied by giddiness.

"I have it now," he thought, "this is the thing!"

But at the end of an hour he had emptied the bottle, and his agitation had become intolerable. He felt an insane desire to roll on the ground, to scream, to tear something with his teeth.

A jingling at the bell so excited him that he had not the strength to rise and receive his seconds.

He did not even dare to speak to them, for fear they would guess all from his altered voice.

The colonel spoke: "Everything is settled according to your own conditions. At first your adversary claimed the privileges of the offended person, but he yielded almost immediately and accepted everything. His seconds are two army officers."

The viscount said "Thank you."

The marquis added: "Excuse us if we only come in to go directly away, but we have a thousand things to arrange. We must have a good surgeon, as the duel goes on till there is a serious wound, and you know cold lead is no joke. We must find a place for the meeting near some dwelling, where the wounded man may be carried, if necessary, and so on. At least we have two or three hours to do it in."

Again the viscount said, "Thank you."

The colonel asked: "Are you all right? Not shaky?"

"Not at all, thank you."

The two men went away.

. . . . . .

When he was alone again, he believed he was going mad. The servant had lighted the lamps, so he sat down at the table to write letters. Having traced "This is my will" at the top of the page, he sprang up and walked down the room, feeling himself incapable of writing two ideas, of taking any resolve, or deciding upon anything.

What was it all? He was to fight a duel—he wished it, it was his settled intention; and yet he knew, in spite of every effort of his will, every assertion of his mind, that he was not going to have the necessary strength even to go to the place of meeting. He tried to fancy the duel, his own attitude, and his opponent's bearing.

From time to time his teeth chattered in his head. He took up Chateauvillard's dueling code, and tried to read it. Then he asked himself:

"Has my adversary practised in shooting-galleries? Is he known? Has he reputation? How could I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on noted shots with the pistol, and went through it from beginning to end. George Lamil was not mentioned. But if the man was not an expert, he would not have accepted at once that dangerous weapon under mortal conditions.

He opened a case of pistols, took one out, and stood up as if to fire, raising his arm. He trembled from head to foot, and the barrel wavered in every direction.

Then he said: "The thing is impossible. I can not fight a duel like this."

He examined the little black hole in the end of the barrel, that spits out death, and thought of disgrace, whispers in clubs, sneers in society, women's contempt, allusions in the newspapers, insults from cowards.

He kept examining the weapon and, pressing back the trigger, suddenly saw a cap under it like a little red flame. Through neglect the pistol had been put away loaded. It gave him a confused, inexplicable pleasure.

If he could not stand up before that man with calm unblenching front, he would be lost, branded, outcast. He was not capable of assuming or keeping that impassive front, he knew it, he felt it. But he must be a brave man, because he wished to fight a duel! He must be brave since—the thought did not even shape itself clearly in his mind; he opened his mouth, put the barrel of the pistol down his throat, and pulled the trigger.

When his valet rushed in, attracted by the report, he found him dead, lying on his back. The blood had splashed the white paper on the table, and made a great red blot under the four words:

"This is my will."—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

A LIVE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS

MT. WILLIAMS, president of the Woodlawn Farm Co., of Sterling, Ill., and also president of the fair association there for the last ten years, in a letter to The Horseman, strikes several good keynotes. He says:

"I am pleased to enclose you check for $2.00 to renew my subscription as I certainly feel that your paper is worthy of support. Your attitude at all times seems to make for progress and certainly deserves support of all those who are interested in the advancement of the harness horse.

"As president of our fair association for the last ten years, a breeder in a small way, and occasionally racing one, I have naturally had more or less opportunity to see the game from all its different angles. And if it were possible to convince the race track owners and managers, the horse owners and the breeders that their interests were mutual and that instead of each one trying to do the other fellow they should all work together and try to get the money from the box-office instead of out of each other, it would take but a few short years to make harness racing what it justly deserves to be, the most popular sport in America and a money maker for all concerned.

"The baseball managers long ago learned to cater to the people and to rely on the box-office for the money to finance the game. The same is true of the theatre owners, the nickel show owners; in fact every amusement except horse racing. Unfortunately the average secretary seems to regard the box-office as the last place to increase his receipts. Many of them sit up nights trying to devise some new kind of a payment plan that will catch horsemen enough that they will make entries enough to race for their own money trusting to the concessions, many of them doubtful as to character for the rest of his expenses and hoping that the few people that come through the gate will be left as a profit. The average horseman on the other hand is hoping that his owner is dead game or that he may hit the pool box at the right minute and the public who spend their money so liberally for entertainment in other lines and who may be induced to spend for a harness race are entirely lost sight of.

"When it finally dawns upon those connected with horse racing that what the public wants is clean, sharp, quick racing, with attractive surroundings, and that they are willing to pay for what they want, horse racing will then take its place as one of the most popular sports in America. The thing that most people connected with the horse racing game seem totally unable to realize is that the person who is not a horse crank sees absolutely nothing to attract or interest them in a harness race as conducted today. The average individual knows nothing about pedigrees, is not interested as to whether one family of horses can go 3 heats or 10; does not take any particular pleasure or enjoyment out of a bunch of hobble pacers going over the quarter pole in 30 seconds, where they cannot see how fast they are going and finish down the home stretch at a 4-mile gait with every driver yelling and batting his horse like an Indian; they get sick and tired and disgusted of a long drawn-out race with the last heats backing up from 5 to 10 seconds slower than the first heats; a dusty track, bare, brown buildings, a motley assortment of caretakers, half-drunk gamblers and touts, filling up the track, and an illy-dressed lot of drivers, to say nothing of a lot of other personal discomforts which do not make them very enthusiastic about coming back the next day. Horse races of this kind do not pay, and it is a case of dog-eat-dog between those interested.

"Theatre or any other amusement would not last for thirty days if conducted in the same manner. I sincerely trust that you people will keep hammering for progress. There is certainly plenty of room for improvement. In our small way we are trying in our circuit, and especially in our little association at Sterling, to get in line. We are offering a race this year all the way through Illinois-Iowa circuit for 2:30 pacers without hobbles. The circuit is also at their own expense going to furnish the drivers with appropriate suits, also neat suits for the caretakers, so that the casual race goers, and especially the feminine end of it can have a favorite in each race of for no other reason than that they like the color of the jacket the driver is wearing.

"Here at home in our own association we are trimming up our weeds, have let a contract for whitewashing every building we have on the place, which by the way we did two years ago. We have for years made it a practice to have the track sprinkled in front of the grand stand and to absolutely keep the track clear in front of the grand stand of caretakers and everybody else. In other words we are trying to interest the people. We adopted the same course last year and while we unfortunately had a soaking rain two days, we had the best prospects that we have ever had in our history and barring rain this year I believe that with good weather we will be able to interest the people. And if we are successful in our small way what could not be done by other associations more favorably situated than we are?

"So keep hammering through your paper for progress. Falling water finally wears a stone and results may come in time, even in harness racing."

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE NIPPONESE

IF a Jap invited you to his home, you would probably be shown into the dining-room; but, if you were to call again next morning, you would be surprised to find that that room had disappeared, and its place occupied by perhaps the best bedroom or a general sitting-room. For, as Sir Henry Norman puts it in "The Real Japan," "when you wish to make a new room you simply 'form square' by sliding enough panels into their grooves to enclose the space; or, at your pleasure, all the rooms can be thrown into one."

In Japanese houses chairs and tables are quite unknown, and when you are tired you throw yourself on the floor, which is kept scrupulously clean, so that there is no danger of spoiling your white-linen suit. The Japanese posture of repose is to seat oneself on one's heels, and this is very painful at first.

When you wish to retire for the night, you do not get up and go to your bedroom; you merely remain where you are, and slide the wall round the spot you have chosen for your slumbers. The most comfortable way is to have a "futon," or thick quilt, and roll yourself in a rug or blanket upon it.

On being invited to dine at the house of a Japanese gentleman, he will greet you with:

"How can you condescond to come to such a poor house as this?"

And your reply should be:

"How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

These speeches are punctuated with low bows, and the sound of breath sucked rapidly between the teeth, which expresses the great honor your host feels at your condescension in visiting his humble abode.

Dinner begins with a kind of soup and fish in a lacquer bowl. You drink the soup, and eat the fish with your chopsticks. According to Sir Henry, it is quite easy to acquire the art of eating with chopsticks. The next course consists of four or five little heaps of food on a lacquer dish—a "puree" of chestnuts, a salmi of some small bird or wildfowl, a few boiled lily-roots, and a mess of stewed seaweed. Then follows "sake," a kind of wine resembling dry sherry, which is always served warm. It is drunk from tiny cups, each holding a tablespoonful. Your glass is continually kept full by the servants, who squat in a ring round the diners, awaiting an opportunity to be useful.

Next comes a course which most foreigners prefer to keep at a distance. It consists of some pink-and-white morsels, with tiny portions of different salads, on a minute wire gridiron. They are raw fish, which look much better than they taste. Finally, come cakes and tea. At an early stage of the meal pipes are brought in, and you smoke deliciously smelling Japanese tobacco. Each pipe is only big enough for two whiffs, so "filling up" occupies a great portion of your time.

At these meals the perfect good humor and camaraderie of everybody is truly delightful. The meal is punctuated by endless jests, continual laughter and mutual compliments all round.

Throughout the meal geishas, exquisitely garbed, whose dainty grace is only rivalled by their charm of manner, entertain the guests with dance and song.

Woman's paramount duty in Japan is obedience—if a daughter, to her father; if a wife, to her husband; if a widow, to her eldest son. A Japanese girl accepts her husband at the will of her parents. At one time Japanese wives stained their teeth black on their wedding-day, and shaved their eyebrows when the first baby was born.

Marriage is a purely civil contract, without religious or official ceremony. Wives are addressed as "honorable lady of the house," and are accorded every respect.

The August meteors are believed to originate from a large cluster or zone of meteoric bodies, which revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, extending far beyond the orbit of the remote planet Neptune, and through which the earth plunges annually. It is also believed by most astronomers that these bodies are scattered over the entire path of the cluster to which they belong, but not in equal numbers throughout .The earth is about ten days in passing through the entire cluster, which, from our velocity in space, indicates that the thickness of the cluster is about 16,000,000 miles. The annual August display usually lasts about six hours, and it is always an event of peculiar interest to astronomers.

Capitol Cylinder Oil

For Steam Traction Engines and Steam Plants

Delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.

Traction Engines, Wagons, Etc.

Mica Axle Grease makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.

Reapers, Threshers, Plows, Harrows

Granite Harvester Oil insures better work from the new machine and lengthens the life of the old. Wherever bearings are loose or boxes worn it takes up the play and acts like a cushion. Changes of weather do not affect it.

Gasolene and Kerosene Engines

Standard Gas Engine Oil is the only oil you need. It provides perfect lubrication under high temperatures without appreciable carbon deposits on rings or cylinders, and is equally good for the external bearings.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circulars to

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

THE DOMINION SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY AND FINANCE

ACCOUNTANTS! Our courses in Higher Accounting and Chartered Accountancy were prepared by three chartered accountants and a lawyer.
The strongest **ACCOUNTANCY SCHOOL** in Canada.
Our lessons are authentic, up-to-date, the most complete on the market, and the only ones suitable for any province in the Dominion.
Why study courses which were only written for one province?
We had more successful students at the C. A. Examinations in 1910 than the total passes for Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan in any one previous year.
Write for prospectus and full particulars.
P.O. Drawer 2929 D. A. Pender, C.A., President Winnipeg, Man.

WATCH SCREWS AND JEWELS

PROBABLY the smallest screws are those turned out in a watch factory. They are cut from steel wire by a machine, but, as the chips fall from the knife, one is tempted to observe that the operator is amusing himself, inasmuch as no screws can be seen. Yet, at every third operation of the machine a screw is duly completed.

The fourth jewel-wheel screw is next to invisible, and to the naked eye it resembles a speck of dust. With a glass, it may be seen to be a small screw, and some calculation reveals the fact that it has two hundred and sixty threads to the inch. It takes a very powerful glass to observe these threads.

These screws are said to be but four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It has been estimated that an ordinary thimble could contain one hundred thousand of them.

Quite a number of new jewel settings have been added to the movements of first-class watches during the last ten years. These new jewels have created an added demand for expert jewel-setters.

The term "jewel" in a watch movement is to be taken literally. The small precious stones are drilled to receive the pinions or axles of the wheels, the object being to provide a bearing that will not corrode and will not wear away easily.

The garnet is the least valuable of these jewel settings, but some of the minute sapphires and rubies employed in the bearings of a watch are quite good enough for the setting of a ring.

For the most part, however, these fragments of precious stones are off color, the sapphire especially pale to insignificance, but at the same time harder and better for watch-jewels because of this light color. Occasionally a ruby jewel burns red in one of the neat little envelopes in which they come from Switzerland, five hundred or one thousand in a lot.

Each stone is shaped to a circle and bored through the centre, each boring being just a little less than the diameter of the pinion used in the factory where it is finally to be placed in the upper or lower plate of a watch.

The immediate setting for the watch-jewel is a minute cylinder, brassy in appearance, but really of soft gold composition. Before the jewel gets to the setter it has been put into a lathe, and by means of a minute steel point covered with diamond dust and oil the centre has been enlarged to fit the steel pinion which shall be housed in it. In the hands of the setter the cylinder is put into a lathe. With a moistened finger the jewel is picked up and placed inside the cylinder as it rests on the tip of the revolving lathe shaft. With a pointed tool the setter presses against the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the soft metal to overlap and close upon the sapphire or ruby till it is embedded firmly in the metal cushion; then a pressure upon a follower at the other end of the lathe brings a cutter to bear upon the metal circumference, turning it to the exact size of the jewel-hole in the plate of the watch, with the hole in the centre of the jewel exactly in the centre of the metal setting.

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.

Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

NEW FRENCH IDEAS

MATCHSTICKS made of dried and twisted grass instead of wood.

Aluminum money, light and sanitary.

Paper towels for public use, that can be thrown away when done with.

Perfumed butter on the tables of the rich—preferably in clover and kindred fragrances.

A Warning

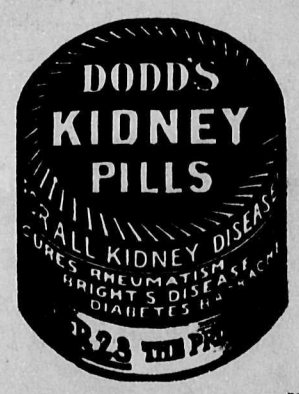
The recent publication of the memoirs of a celebrated English university professor, Oscar Browning, recalls a famous epigram—said to be one of the most admirable ever composed.

It was perpetrated by a brilliant pupil, J. K. Stephen, upon the professor, who was somewhat inclined to corpulency.

O. B., oh be obedient
To nature's stern decrees;
For though you be but one O. B.,
You may be too obese!

EARLY FLYING MACHINE

SOMETHING very like the present-day flying machines was invented as far back as 1843 by a Mr. Henson. The principal feature was the great expanse of its sustaining planes. The machine was to advance with its front edge a little raised, the effect of which would be to present its under surface to the air over which it was passing. Mr. Henson also invented a steam engine of surprising lightness to drive it, but he never trusted himself to this machine. Some of the features of his invention would, however, perhaps be worth digging out of the Patent Office.



THE MAGNET CASH STORE

For

RIFLES, SHOT GUNS, REVOLVERS & AMMUNITION - - - -

T. E. BATE

PHONE 31

Capital $5,000,000 Reserve $5,700,000

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world

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

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

H. F. Montgomery, Manager

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

give us a call.

McPhee & Morrison

General Merchants, Courtenay.

Sale of Mineral Claims for Unpaid Taxes in the Comox Assessment District

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, on Monday, the 7th day of November, A. D., 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Cumberland, I shall offer for sale at public auction the Mineral claims in the list herinafter set out, of the persons in the said list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for the taxes remaining unpaid and delinquent by said persons, on the 30th day of June, 1910, and for costs and expenses, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

Owner	Name of Claim	Lot No.	Taxes	Costs	Total
Coulson C. Fisher C *H.* Hoare J *H.*	*Empress*	279 Coast Dist. R 1.	11 25	2 00	13.25
DeBeck George *Ward*	Copper Chief	1834 G. I. N. *W.* D.	11 50	2 00	13.50
Cullen James	Copper King	1835 G. I. N. *W. D.*	11 50	2 00	13.50

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor and Collector

Dated at Cumberland, B. C., 3rd October, 1910.

(Continued from page 1)

taken farewell of respectability. The excitement of the thing began to take hold of me, and I did not care a confidential for anything. Things reached the limit when we all slid down a narrow shoot on that part of our anatomy which was so familiar to our parents when we went home after such prank in our younger days. The loose coal and rock came pouring after us, but we landed safe. It took me a few minutes to arrive at this fact, as I felt I must have left some part of my carcase behind.

We got down now to the bott m, and again met some miners at work. Here our guide left us for a few minutes; I looked around, and I did not like the looks of the roof overhead, in fact it was not long after this roof fell in and caused the death of one of the men working there. I was invited to dig a piece of coal for a souvenir. Taking a pick I made a bold attempt, but made no impression; I knocked my lamp off and out, burnt my fingers and did a little swearing in the bargain. After another trial I succeeded in getting a nice flakey piece which I put in my pocket; I was not going to stop at this. An empty truck was wheeled in and I started in to load it up; I worked like a nigger, and after a while thinking the wagon must be full I looked in and discovered I had not covered the bottom, which discovery lead me to the belief that I was not cut out for a miner's helper. Time wore on rapidly. The men quit work and we all ascended up the incline; when we reached the surface it was quite dark, we had been below almost four hours. I was a sight for the gods, my boots were ruined, and I looked as if I had been dragged behind a mule team. In spite of it all I joined in the laugh and agreed it served me right The experience was worth the price. Spitting up coal dust for the following two weeks kept the memory of my journey green, and since then I took upon coal miners as the most heroic men alive It is my intention to approach the Colliery Company alone and unattended by delegations from innumerable leagues and societies and request them to run excursions down the mines at cut rates and establish canteens here and there in their infernal limbo to enable such greenhorns as myself from dying of dry coal rot. Until such times as these are established you can bet your last dollar your Uncle Dudley will give the mines a pass up.

"DEMOCRITUS."

Do your own shopping. See McKinnell for Choice Fruits, Confectionery and Ice Cream. j25

For Sale—One good farm horse, Enquire J H Milligan
Sandwick, B. C.

For Sale—Buggy and harness both in good condition. Price $75 Apply E Whelan
Comox

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership firm McLeod & Bailey was dissolved Sept. 22nd 1910 by mutual consent and the business will in future be carried on by Mr. J. N. McLeod. All accounts and debts against and due the said firm are payable respectively, by and to, Mr. J. N McLeod

(Signed) J. N. McLEOD
B. W. BAILEY

B. Cloutier

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

EXAMINATION FOR INSPECTOR OF STEAM BOILER AND MACHINERY.

EXAMINATIONS for the position of Inspector of Steam Boilers and Machinery, under the "Steam Boilers Inspection Act, 1901," will be held at the Parliament Buildings, Victoria commencing November 7th, 1910. Application and instruction forms can be had on application to the undersigned, to whom the former must be returned correctly filled in, not later than October 24th, 1910. Salary $130 00 per month, increasing at the rate of $5 00 per month each year to a maximum of $180 00.

JOHN PECK,
Chief Inspector of Machinery,
New Westminster, B. C.

Dated Sept., 3rd, 1910.

S. G. HANSON'S

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

Average profit per bird for 151 days $2.01

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

HILLCREST POULTRY FARM
DUNCAN, B.C. j4

E. C. EMDE

Dealer in Bicycles and Gas Engine Supplies

English and American Wheels from $40 up, also Second-hand Wheels.

The Star Livery Stable

Third St & Penrith Avenue

MAXWELL & HORNAL
Proprietors

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

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for

The London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

Get rates before insuring elsewhere

Office: Cumberland

Go to

J. JACK, Jr.

For Candy, Fruit, Ice Cream and Light Luncheons j3

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE

Up-to-date Merchant Tailor

DUNSMUIR AVENUE

j4

CUMBERLAND COLLECTION AND COMMISSION AGENCY. Rents and Debts Collected, Brokerage, Real Estate and Auctioneers, Thomson Building, Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland. Phone 17. John Thomson, Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

B C SERVICE
SUMMER SCHEDULE S S. CITY OF NANAIMO

Leave Victoria 6 a.m. Tuesday
Arrive Nanaimo 3 p.m. Tuesday
Leave Nanaimo 5.30 p.m. Tuesday
Arrive Union Bay 10.30 p.m. Tuesday
Leave Union Bay 8 a.m. Wednesday
Arrive Nanaimo 2 p.m. Wednesday
Arrive Vancouver 6.30 p.m. Wednesday
Leave Vancouver 8 a.m. Thursday
Arrive Nanaimo 12.10 p.m. Thursday
Leave Nanaimo 1 p.m. Thursday
Arrive Union Bay 7.30 p.m. Thursday
Friday and Saturday repeat trips of Wednesday and Thursday
Leave Union Bay 12.15 a.m. Sunday
Arrive Nanaimo 6 a.m. Sunday
Arrive Victoria 1 p.m. Sunday

For rates and information relative to intermediate points of call, apply to

C. B. FOSTER, A. G. P. A., Vancouver, B.C.
W. McGIRR, Agent, Nanaimo, B.C.

Autos for Hire
and
Motor Launches on the Lake
Terms reasonable. Phone 68

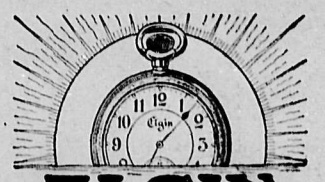
DENTON & ANDERSON

H. M. Beadnell,
Comox, B. C.

Agent for E & N. Lands
Comox District.

YOUR NAME IS GOOD

Anything in the Jewellery Line



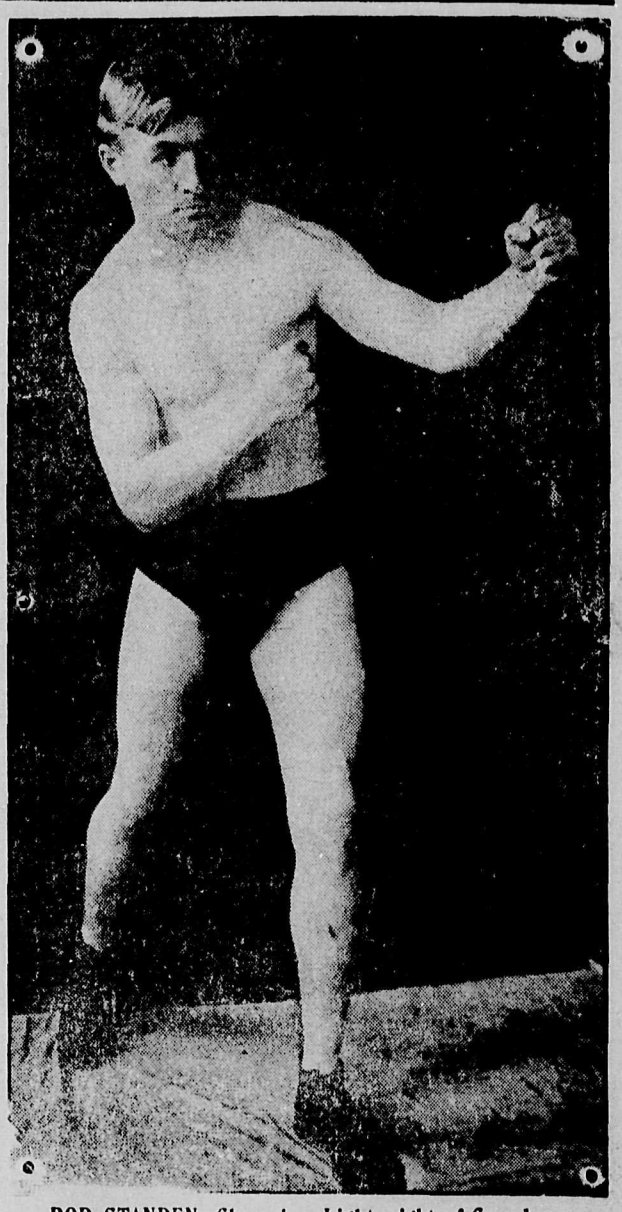
ELGIN WATCHES

Sold on a Small Monthly Payment

STODDART

THE JEWELLER

Next door to Royal Bank, opposite Post Office



ROD STANDEN, Champion Lightweight of Canada.

We sell Safety Razors

The STAR
The GILLETTE
and
The MAGNA

Also BOKER'S KING CUTTER

Shaving Soaps, Brushes and Razor Strops, Shaving Creams and Powders, Perfumes and Toilet Articles
Combs and Brushes a Genuine Quality

Call and inspect same at The Drug Store

A. H. PEACEY

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.