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THE ISLANDER

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HOMESTERS ARE HARD HITTERS

Brewery Boys Bump Bay Bunch of Beauties.

Pilsiner won from Union on Sunday in what was undoubtedly the best game played in the league this season, bay a sore of 5 to 4.

Union tallied one in the first round after two hands were down, when Curran hit to left, stole second and scored on Fredericks bingle to right. Pilsener went out in order in their half, and neither team did anything in the second. In the third N. Balo hit the pill a mighty clout and made a complete tour of the bases, amidst the plaudits of the fans, only to discover that the ball had fallen on foul ground in left. In the same innings, for Pilsener, Robinson lined out a hot one to Fredericks paddock that was easily good for a double, but the umpire called him out for failing to call upon N. Balo at the initial station. In round four E. Balo poked the pellet out in the right garden which found a resting place in McKay's agile mit. Sommerville knocked the ball to second, who heaved the horsehide wildly over Frisby's head, and the batter reached the keystone sack. He was caught though, by ten feet, when he tried to purloin third. Ryan was nabbed at the first corner by a swell throw from Perlame. The Brewery boys did nothing, and only three batters came up for Union in the fifth, although Robinson singled to left, but was out through an ambition to stretch it into a double, Gibson's wing upsetting his calculation. Pilsener tied up the score in their half. J. McNeil put up a sky-scraper in Fredericks' territory, but N. Balo and Curran both butted in and ball hit the ground. He went to second on a blocked ball, and was assisted to third by Perlame's timely sacrifice. Gibson was out at first on the umpires error, but McNeil crossed the plate. McKay put a safe one in left, but Robinson grounded out. Union again forged ahead in their half of the sixth. N. Balo went out Perlame to Frisby. Curran was safe on Perlame's error, stole second and scored on a poor throw to third. Fredericks was safe on Gibson's error, who redeemed himself by making a swell catch of E Balo's fly. Sommerville flew out to right. Pilsener got three across in the same round when Union's baloon became unmoored S. McNeil opened the ball with a bunt that was thrown away, and proceeded to the half-way station. Frisby rolled a slow one to the pitcher, who made a miscue, and the runner went right on. Boyd was out on a foul strike. Stant got in the procession when E. Balo failed to grab on to his grounder. J. McNeil was alleged out at first, but why was a mystery to all but the umpire. Perlame rolled one to Robinson and retired the side. The seventh and eighth were non-productive, the bulk of the play being done by the batteries, although Clarke got the only three base hit of the day when he lambested one to the right meadow. There was lots doing in the last round. For Union Sommerville got a pass and pinched second. Ryan reached first when McNeil threw wild to third to catch Sommerville who went right home Clarke was safe on a short stop error, after Ryan had been caught at third. Robinson passed one out to left field scoring Clarke. Robinson was caught at third. Le Claire's bunt went safe, but N. Balo fanned. Pilsener went to bat with the score 4—4 in the ninth. Perlame won the game for the home team by his fast work on the bags. J. McNeil plunked one to left that was good for two bags. Perlame's bunt went safe, but the man on second tarried too long on the base and was caught at third. Perlame stole second, made a sensational steal to third and slid across the pan a moment later with the winning tally on Gibson's bunt.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Union Bay	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	—4
Pilsener	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	1	—5

Standing of the League.

	Won.	Lost.	
Pilsener	3	1	—.750
Union Bay	2	3	—.400
Courtenay	1	3	—.333

Mrs. Theobold was called to Toronto this week, owing to the serious illness of her grand-daughter.

MINERS WIN FROM SANDWICK

Visitors beaten by score of two goals to one.

(From our Sandwick Correspondent.)

This return match was played at Cumberland last Saturday, and resulted in a win for the home team by 2 goals to 1

The Sandwick team comprised: Mc Millan, W Sutherland, A McNiel, A Blackburn, W. Blisult, A. Cairns, H Watkins, J. Sutherland, W. Knotts A. Carwithen and H J Stair.

The visitors kicked off at 6 30 p m before a fairly large crowd, and the play soon became exciting. Early in the game Sandwick forced a corner, from which a score looked like accruing; however, the ball was cleared, and the Cumberland boys dashed away to the other end, and for some time kept the visiting defenders on tenter-hooks. A penalty was awarded the home team by the referee, but they failed to take advantage of it Later on, from a fierce scrimmage in the Sandwick goal, the ball came out to one of the home players, who promptly placed it through the goal, the visitors "goalie" being quite unsighted

Play continued to be mostly in the Sandwick territory, the "wick" forwards occasionally breaking away. Here about another penalty was granted the "town," and this time they made no mistake, registering their second goal.

At half-time the score stood at two goals to nil in Cumberland's favor. During the half McMillan and his backs stood between the miners and a big score.

The second half was evenly contested, both sides attacking in turn. Some twenty minutes after the re-start, Sandwick were awarded a penalty, J. Sutherland took the kick and scored a good goal. Both teams now played up in a determined style, but found the defence of the backs too good for them. However, just before time Watkinson broke away and put in a fine shot, which narrowly missed scoring.

The final whistle found Cumberland winners by the odd goal in three.

The visitors defence performed in a very capable manner, but the attack was rather disjointed. The special feature of the miners play was their good combination.

The Sandwick team take this opportunity of thanking their hosts for the kind hospitality extended to them.

The visitors unanimously agreed that they thoroughly enjoyed their outing.

Union Bay.

A party of fifty guests assembled at the residence of Mr and Mrs G L Roy on Friday evening for the purpose of arranging a march on Mr John Fraser of the Nelson Hotel, in the way of a surprise party. The host, although as yet minus the hostess, was taken greatly by surprise, and recovering himself adjourned the merry guests to the hall where a pleasant evening was spent.

Miss Cledia Drew left on Sunday to spend a few weeks vacation visiting friends at Vancouver and Seattle.

Mrs C M Fox leaves Thursday for Victoria on a month's vacation.

The local bunch received their new uniforms last week and made their debut at Cumberland on Sunday. Although victory did not come their way all are confident of a good batting average off Mike Hennessy's dark horse on July 1st.

The sports committee at their meeting Monday evening drew the places for the junior tournament. Result: Cumberland vs Union Bay; winners vs Courtenay All teams are requested to be ready when called upon.

Mrs Riley went to Cumberland Tuesday to attend an At Home at the Presbyterian manse.

Messrs Coulson and Sutton were arrivals on Tuesdays boat.

Shipping at the docks has been quiet this week.

Clayburn and scows took bunkers and cleared for Vancouver.

Dola and scow are taking on coal.

Steamers Oanfa and Maruma are due for bunker fuel.

C G S Kestrel called on her way from the north for bunkers on Tuesday.

S S Henley arrived for bunkers Tuesday

Messrs Percy Renwick W Campbell J Russell are candidates for entrance exams at Cumberland from Union Bay.

The local school will close Thursday morning. In the afternoon the teachers will entertain at a picnic.

Miss Few will leave on Friday for her home in Victoria to spend the Summer holidays.

Mr and Mrs Glover entertained on Monday evening in honor of Mrs Edgar R Smith.

In the sports committee programme for July 1st the name of Mr D Renwick was omitted through an error.

Mrs Magnon and her mother in-law arrived on the Cowichan, Sunday.

A visitor to the Bay would realize the events on 1st July would be well contested judging from the practising.

New Manager talks To Islander Reporter

Money and Men to develop the Company's Coalfields in the Comox district the policy of the new company says Mr. Coulson

After camping all afternoon on the trail of Mr. Coulson, the Manager of the Canadian Colleries, the representative of the Islander succeeded in getting an interview with that gentleman on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of his flying visit to the mines here.

When asked as to the plans of the new company, as far as Cumberland was concerned, Mr. Coulson said, "It is the intention of the Canadian Colleries to get coal—and lots of it. To do this will require a large expenditure for modern machinery, a very large increase in the number of men employed and a great expenditure of money. The most promising coal areas that the company possesses are in the Comox district, and it is here the great bulk of the money to be expended in development work by the company will be spent."

Mr. Coulson stated that the coal output would be greatly increased within the next two years, and when asked by the reporter whether this meant being doubled or tripled, Mr. Coulson smiled, and said, "You will be quite safe in saying the output will be doubled, anyway."

The fear that has been expressed in some quarters that Cumberland might be abandoned as the centre of the company's workings in the district, Mr. Coulson characterised as absolutely absurd. Not only would the town not be abandoned in favor of any other location, but the amount of work which the company would prosecute was certain to make the city one of far greater proportions than it is at present. The people of Cumberland, said Mr. Coulson, need have no fear as to the future of their town.

Regarding details, Mr. Coulson could say nothing. "I purchased two diamond drill outfits on Saturday, so you can see we don't intend to waste any time; one for use in the Ladysmith fields and one for use in this district. New mines will be opened in this neighborhood as soon as possible, but just when, or where, I have no more idea than you have yourself."

Mr. Coulson left the following morning for Nanaimo. He expects to return to Cumberland in about a week or ten days.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE COUNCIL

Little business transacted at Wednesday night's meeting.

A special session of Aldermanic Board, was held on Wednesday night, His Worship the Mayor and Aldermen McLeod, Stewart, Merrifield, Brown and Hornal being present.

The Returning Officers report on the result of the vote on the Sewerage Bylaw was received and filed.

It was decided to pay off the overdraft of $2000 at the Royal Bank immediately, and it was resolved, on the motion of Alderman McLeod, seconded by Alderman Stewart, that the city pay off $1000 immediately, and the remainder at as early a date in July as possible.

A committee of three members of the board was appointed to interview Mr Coulson at the Union Hotel, but upon calling that gentleman up on the phone, it was found that it would not be convenient for him to grant the committee an interview either that night or the next morning.

The meeting then adjourned.

Mr. H. P. Williams-Freeman, a prominent farmer of Cowichan, is visiting in the district, and expresses himself as amazed at the richness of the Comox valley. He states that the richness of the soil surpasses anything that he has seen on the south end of the Island, and he believes there will be a tremendous influx of settlers when the possibilities of the district become better known. He is seriously considering purchasing farm land in the valley, and thinks that a large number of Cowichan people could easily be induced to follow suit. From now on Mr. Williams-Freeman will be a walking-talking advertisement for Comox district

HOSPITAL BOARD SPECIAL MEETING

Painting tenders let and new nurse is appointed.

A special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Comox and District Hospital was held last Friday evening, to consider tenders for painting and applications for the position on the nursing staff caused by the resignation of Miss Myles.

The tender of Mr. Theobold for painting the hospital, at $365, was accepted.

Applications to fill the vacancy on the nursing staff were received from five certificated nurses, that of Miss E. Goodworth, of Vancouver, being accepted.

A generous offer from the Ladies of the Maccabees, to furnish a ward to be known as the Maccabees Ward, was accepted.

THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

(REMAINING GAMES)

July 3—Courtenay at Cumberland.
July 10—Union at Courtney.
July 17—Courtenay at Cumberland.
July 24—Cumberland at Union.
July 31—Courtenay at Union.
Aug. 7—Cumberland at Courtenay.
Aug. 14—Union at Courtenay.
Aug. 21—Cumberland at Union.
Aug. 28—Courtenay at Union.
Sept. 4—Cumberland at Union.
Sept. 11—Union at Courtenay.
Sept. 18—Cumberland at Courtenay.

FOUGHT LIKE KILKENNY CATS

Discussion carried on under London Prize Ring Rules.

The meeting of the Development League, held in the Council Chambers on Monday night was a most strenuous affair, and it is safe to say that if half the energy exerted in slanging each other and imputing unworthy motives to fellow members on every possible occasion, was expended in an effort to develop the district, the local branch of the Vancouver Island Development League would be, by long odds, the most successful on the Island

There was a good attendance present when Chairman Bate called the meeting to order, and the minutes were approved as read.

The Secretary reported having received a communication which he had forgotten to bring to the meeting, from Mr. Lee, re the establishment of an express office in Cumberland It was decided to lay the matter over until the next meeting, when the Secretary could produce the letter.

At this point Mr. Colin Campbell rose and stated that a slanderous statement had been circulated that he, after reading the letter from Mr. Lee to the Secretary, had reconstructed the letter from memory and had it published in the News as having been written to himself.

He wished the Secretary to publicly withdraw that statement.

This led to an animated and instructive discussion between Secretary Acton and Mr. Campbell as to the relative amount of intelligence possessed by each.

When it was proved that the letter published by Mr. Campbell was a genuine and personal one, the Secretary withdrew his statement, but insisted that Mr. Campbell was quite capable of, and had done worse things of a similar nature.

Mr. Campbell demanded that Mr. Acton withdraw this last statement, but the Chairman decided that the discussion had gone too far, and refused to hear any more of it.

The Chairman pointed out this was the regular meeting for the election of new officers. It was discovered that the by-laws called for the presence of 75% of the members before new officers could be elected. An animated discussion ensued as to whether the by-laws, in this respect, should be abided by or not. This was considered a favorable opportunity to further discuss the intelligence of certain members. Finally it was decided to defer the election of officers till the next meeting to be held in two weeks time, and written notice was given of the intention to amend that portion of the by-laws dealing with the proportion of members required to elect.

A communication from E. McCaffey, re the meeting of the league in Old Alberni on July 15th, was laid on the table, and another from M. Manson, re improvements to Roy's Road, was received and filed.

The matter of a Customs House for Cumberland was brought up by the Chairman. The Secretary reported that communications addressed to Hon. Wm. Templeman on the question had been ignored, it being impossible to get any reply from the member for the district. It was resolved that the Secretary again bring the matter before the attention of the Hon. minister. It was also suggested that he be reminded that he had not yet visited the district as promised, and that he be informed that the city now possessed a brewery.

A resolution that steps be taken to secure the deeds for the property promised by Mr. Dunsmuir for park purposes, was carried.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Willard and Bate, was appointed to act with a similar committee from the council, to wait upon the new company officials when they visited Cumberland with a view to discovering the attitude of the company toward the town.

Mr. Campbell gave notice that at the next meeting he would move to take up the by-laws for consideration and possible modification. This led to a storm. He was accused of wasting the time of the meeting, and trying to run the whole menagerie. A large amount of personal abuse was exchanged between the members, five or six of whom insisted upon speaking at once. Finally the secretary slammed the minute book on the table and stated that if Mr. Campbell was going to run things he had better run it, and left the room, accompanied by several other members. It was suggested that a supply of gum rings, rattles and bottled milk be procured for the next meeting.

O. Smithe was voted to the secretary's table, pro. tem.

The discussion of Mr. Campbell's notice continued in a heated manner, and ended in a second contingent leaving the room.

A resolution was carried: That in the event of any member of the Cumberland branch finding it possible to attend the Development League meeting at Alberni on the 15th, such member should be recognized as the representative of the local branch at such meeting, and that Secretary McGaffey be informed that the Cumberland branch will send a representative, if possible.

The meeting then adjourned.

TENNIS TOURNEY ALMOST FINISHED

Two matches only remain to be played on Tuesday.

The Tennis Tournament is almost over, two matches only remaining to be disposed of—the finals in Mixed Doubles in which Miss Willimar and F. Dalby meet Mrs. Roe and O. Smithe, and the Men's Doubles final in which G. Roe and Leffere play Dr. Gillespie and Green.

On Tuesday last the following matches were played off:—

In Mixed Doubles Miss Willimar and Dalby beat Miss McKenzie and Roe, 4—6, 6—2, 6—0.

Mrs. Roe and O. Smithe beat Miss Brown and Palmer, 6—4, 7—5.

In Men's Doubles Bailey and Cook defaulted to Green and Gillespie.

Laffere and Roe beat Dr. MacNaughton and Smithe, 6—3, 6—3.

The events in Men's Singles, which were to have been played on Dominion Day, have been indefinately postponed owing to a number of the players being unable to compete on that day, but it is probable that this part of the tourney will be played off in about a weeks time.

Statement of receipts and expenditure of moneys collected on behalf of the widow of D. Fletcher, Courtenay. Receipts:—Mrs Dingwall, E. Duncan, Wm. Duncan, Mrs. R. Duncan, Mr. O. Duncan, Rev. J. Menzie, Mrs. Carwithen, S. J. Piercey, Isaac Parkin, Wm. Swan, T. Cairns, C. A. Martin, $5 each; E. H. Davis, C. Matheson, $3 each; W. J. Carroll, J R. Johnston, $2 50 each; T. Woods, Frank Childs, J. Grieve, Miss Harmston, James Parkin, Friend, R. McDonald, M. B Ball, J. Blackburn, Mrs. Wm. Parkin, G. Robinson, M. Rees, W. McKeen, R. Martin, Carter & Son, T. J. Barron, A. Salmond, Creech Bros., S. Calhoun, $2 each; Harry Piercey, $1 25; Mrs. Willemar, $1.50; Mrs. G. Grieve, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs Shipland, K. Grieve, Miss Horby Mrs. H McQuillan, Miss A. Machin, Miss M Piercey, Miss R Milligan, J. Murphy, B. Smolhie, Mrs. J. Piercey, Miss Campbell, J. McKenzie, T. Smith, L. Hickman, G. Leighton, Jas McKenzie, J. Davis, O. Davis, Mrs. S. $1 each; L. Deenham, Miss B. Smith, B. Ward, 50c. each; total Valley, $146 75. Chemainus Camp No. 8:—R. Surgenor, S. H. Cliffe, J. Cowie, W. Brawn, Joe Lamo, $2 50 each; J. McNeil, L. Berkeley, R. Williams, S. M. Lewis, G. Benson, P. Oolafson. Lee, W. C. Robinson, J. Albertson, $2 each; R Martin $10; total Chemainus Camp, $41.50. Fraser Mills Logging Camp:—A. Dahl, $5; James McGuigen, R Mallan, $3 each; H. Graham, W. Hodgson; D. W. McDonald, H. Jarvis, Harry Duff, J. McDougall, name unknown, $2 each; J. Hawthorne, $3; John Dixon, $2 50; M. King, A Neal, H. McCormick, H. R. Dunbar, T. Pendergast, J Jones, W. Holman, A McDonald, C. Connolly, A. Jenkins, L. Roiar, C. Shipton, J. Lahti, V. Erickson, E. Lewis, H. Kilbraith, name unknown, C Nash, E. Balsden, W. Piercy, Tom Cob, Tom Murphy, J. Derfler, A. Duncan, N. Cuthbertson, P. Longchamp, F. Gerard, G. McLean, A. Hogg, D. Thomas, Dick Dawes, W. Buchanan, D. Evean, R. Martin, G. Brown, J. Draskie, J. M. McKenzie, Harry Hurford, F. N. Faber, $1 each; A. McDonald, P. O Colin, C. Stocking, C. Burnett, W. Cooper, W. Camstock, A. Vernon, F. Drapeau, Fred Dugas, H. Goodwin, A. McGuigan, A. Ross, 50c. each; E. Brown, 25c.; total Fraser Camp, $75.75; grand total, $264 Expenditure:—Paid mortgage on house, June 21st, $131; bought from McPhee & Morrison, flour, sugar, tea, soap and coal oil, value $14 20; cash handed to Mrs. Fletcher, $8 80; deposited in bank not to be touched for six months, $110; total, $264. Thanking, in the name of Mrs. Fletcher, all those who have so kindly contributed. Signed Anna A. Duncan, Sandwick, June 27th, 1910.

The Drumming of the Ruffled Grouse

(By H. E. Tuttle)

IN May of 1909 an unexpected opportunity offered to me the chance to photograph a wild cock grouse in the act of drumming. I had often sneaked up on the wary bird hoping to catch a glimpse of him as he rolled forth his thundering call (?) but at the last moment he had seen me and flushed with a roar of wings.

Once I spent the better part of an afternoon stalking a ruffled grouse that was drumming at intervals in a birch thicket on the outskirts of a grove of pines. I had approached near enough to hear the vibrant hiss of the air through its wings at the end of the opening drum-beats. A wide swinging hemlock bough shadowed the bird and the indistinct something that stood erect behind the hemlock bough might well have been a stub of the prostrate log, had I not seen vaguely the blur of wings and heard the throbbing wing-beat. I tried to crawl nearer, but the partridge, wary as always, ceased its drumming and with ruffs extended and tail spread strutted slowly to the end of the log, whistling the querulous, throaty "quit, quit" of alarm. A moment later he became thoroughly scared, and leaving the drum log, sprinted for the shelter of the low branches.

I lay on the soft brown leaves and felt vaguely that I had unconsciously stumbled on a serial story and had arrived at the unsatisfying catch-words, "To be continued in our next."

Weeks later a small boy came to tell me that there was a partridge back of his cabin that "Sat on a log beating himself with his wings like anything." My eager questions surprised him, but he was quite certain of what he had seen and offered me the use of his cabin. I conferred with one who had often followed the trail with the camera and we made our plans. With the boy's generous permission to sleep in his cabin we were not long in getting started.

We found the drum log easily. It was distinguished from other fallen logs in the vicinity by a few feathers and other signs of usage. The fact that an old kerosene can, several tin pots and scrap timber lay near, rather detracted from the romantic idea of an ideal trysting-place. These weather-stained relics, however, helped greatly in converting the cameras and their tripods into inconspicuous features of the landscape. The tripods were set up within a ten-foot radius and the cameras arranged to sweep the log. We then focused by the aid of a lighted match, as by this time it was quite dark, adjusted the cords to their triggers and finally covered cameras and tripods with twigs, leaves and a rusty tin cup! (We later found that this elaborate concealment was wholly unnecessary.) Before turning in that night we speculated, as was natural, as to whether "our bird" would drum under the new conditions. We had little hope that he would.

The night passed quickly. I do not think either of us slept very well. And at five in the morning I heard the seemingly faraway muffled drum-beat, "Thump, thump," and then the roar of wings ending with a staccato whirr. "That bird must be well down the valley," I thought, sleepily. A moment later when I looked out the window I need no field glass to pick out the stiff, erect form on the drum log, barely hidden by a chestnut sapling in leaf.

The woods were very still and the sun had not yet broken the gray light of early morning. Crows cawed and flopped overhead, unafraid. The cock grouse on the log stood erect, his crest and ruffs extended, and his broad tail braced across the log. Suddenly he seemed to stiffen perceptibly, his neck and breast swelled, then his wings flashed out and fell limply at his sides. The throb of the preliminary wing-beat boomed out. A moment later it was impossible to follow the wings as the bird blurred with the effort of the thundering drum-like roar. I forgot all about the camera man, asleep in his bunk. I forgot everything except the bird on the log. It was fascinating to watch him. The wings seemed merely to flash out at his sides and then drop loosely. He rarely changed his position, standing motionless after he had finished and seeming to be listening intently. Then I remembered the camera man and woke him with a whisper:

"He's there—on the log."

He watched the bird for some time and then decided to spring the cameras. One exposure was made while the bird stood listening. I waited until I saw his wings flash and a moment later I pulled the cord. The bird never stopped drumming. He never so much as turned his head.

We rejoiced and planned whole series of pictures which, unfortunately, never were taken. It was now about seven o'clock and the sun well up. We removed the cameras, the bird having flown almost as soon as we left the cabin.

It is impossible for me to explain how the booming roar of the grouse's drumming is produced, but it is not difficult to destroy the last remnants of the old illusions. That the bird does not strike the log with its wings has been pretty well established as a fact. It is inconceivable to me how the bird could strike the log with its wings, yet, this theory was long regarded as a likely one. All of the logs on which the grouse were in the habit of drumming and which came under my notice were solid, not hollow, though some were rotting away in decay. In drumming the wings neither touch the body, nor are they thrown forward so as to touch in front. This observation is thoroughly substantiated by the camera, which shows the wings at the full swing of the preliminary "thumps." I also noticed that the upper breast and throat appeared to be swelled with air so that the bird's outline before making the first wing-beats was somewhat that of a pouter pigeon. What effect, if any, this swelling of the breast has in producing the drum call, I cannot say. To watch the grouse at the drumming is at the same time a mystery and a revelation. A mystery because after having seen numerous performances I am as much in the dark as ever to just how the noise is produced. A revelation from the mere fact that the act of drumming is totally unlike anything I have seen before and not at all as I had pictured it.

The grouse roosted quite near the log if not occasionally on it. Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the drumming was to see the change in the bird's attitude from a skulking shadow to a miniature turkey cock in all his glory. From the moment the bird mounted the log till he left it to sneak away, his stiff, erect attitude never left him. I have never seen a cock grouse spread his tail erect, or peacock fashion, though this feature of the strut is made much of by other observers. The hen grouse in protecting her young will often assume this pose.

It has been stated that ruffed grouse can be called by imitating their drum note. I do not doubt it, but I should like to see it done. I have often tried it myself and as often have failed. I think that it would be exceedingly difficult to imitate the drumming closely enough to fool a grouse, yet the bird may want to be fooled, or again, it may be curious. However, I have had no experience in this direction. The statement that the "whirr" produced by the grouse in drumming is essentially the same as that caused by the bird in "flight" is to me the easiest explanation of that thundering reveille, the mystery of the spring woods.

ANTS I HAVE MET

(By Jennie D. Lockwood).

TO some so-called minds geography must ever remain a jig-saw puzzle, and the surface of the earth a kaleidoscopic array of sickly pinks, depressing yellows, inharmonious reds and greenish blues.

A child could easily convince me that Cape Horn is the southern extremity of Florida, or that the Ural River cavorts gaily through Australia, but from the days of my earliest struggles to learn where various portions of the earth were not three places have stood out as boldly in my memory as their names stand out in the map-ocean—Georgetown, Paramaribo and Cayenne. Look on any map of South America and there they are, almost equidistant one from the other, like pennants stretched straight in a steady breeze, like smoke streaming back from the stacks of a great ship, like—well, like any number of other things that you can think of better than I can.

Perhaps my interest was the fruit of some psychic forecast that one day I would steer between those names to make a five-year home, but, however that may be, it was in Paramaribo and in Dutch Guiana that I met and hobnobbed with the ants mentioned above.

To anyone hungering for an entomological treatise, this article will not appeal, for I have met these ants in a purely social manner, and surely no one could be expected to dissect a casual caller or a staying guest.

One goes out for an early morning walk in the garden, where the trees are full of delicate orchids, where the hibiscus flings out its gorgeous splashes of crimson to the more gorgeous plumes of the quassia, where croton trees present a very riot of color through all the greens and reds, where golden globes of oranges peep through the leaves, where the parrots squawk a hearty greeting, where the monkeys chatter a cheerful "good-morning," and where the garden ants bite ankles, neck, hands or arms in careless good-fellowship.

Ever present are these ants. They probably have some scientific name that would scare them to death if they heard it, but "black ants," "garden ants," and "Oh! these beastly ants!" are the most general. They are not dangerous, but how they do sting! All day long they range from plant to plant, from tree to tree—like certain dissatisfied women who "don't know what they want, but are going to get it," they don't know where they are going, but they are going to get there, for they crawl and crawl and crawl.

Nor do they confine their attentions to the garden, for they are almost invariably to be met in the sugar-basin. In the early days of tropical housekeeping this means that the contents of the basin are thrown away, but this becomes rank extravagance, and finally the basin is set in the sun, where the ants forsake it for a shady spot. One must come to realize that all sugar in the tropics has had a more or less intimate acquaintance with ants, and must keep one's thoughts on lofty things while using it.

The housekeeper may notice a broad black band across the floor; she looks to see where it begins (it is safe to end at the sugar); then she takes in hand her trusty tin of coal-oil and her broad paint brush, and at the sugar begins to paint backward, ever backward, to the point of entry (usually some window). The front ranks of the army scent the coal-oil, turn back, and evidently notify those behind, for the seeming millions retreat in perfect order until finally not one remains.

At certain seasons winged ants add interest to life. They are particularly attentive when the lights are burning, flitting about the dinner table, upon which they shed their gauzy wings. Most to be feared are the wood ants, whose work is no secret that the sturdiest-looking rafter may prove a mere shell, and solid mahogany worse than veneer. It is no pleasant thing to have a shelf of cherished china come crashing down, its supports destroyed by these pests, nor to wonder if the beams that seem to insure the floors are quite what they seem. It is sometimes possible to detect the progress of their work by a fine powder, like the finest sawdust. There are many ways prescribed by the natives for their extermination. One old man insisted that if calomel were left where they could get it, they would eat it, become insane, and then eat each other, but this cheerful programme they utterly refused to carry out for my entertainment. Some morning reveals a tree stripped of its foliage, and no visible cause; but the sophisticated know that the parasol or umbrella ants have been at work.

That night a watch is kept for them, and, if it be a night of tropic moonlight, the scene is interesting in the extreme. Into the garden comes a steady stream of ants, who proceed in military order to some selected tree which they ascend. Each one cuts on a piece of leaf twice the size of himself, holds it over his back, descends, joins his leaf-laden brethren, and marches away to his nest. If they chance to be stripping a croton tree, the backward march is like a mardi-gras parade—a moving stream of colors. To their nest the observer follows them, for the next day its location will be reported to the Government officials who will send a solemn delegation of black and tan underlings with materials for the destruction of the happy home.

The negroes say that in every nest of umbrella ants is a snake, and that the leaves are gathered in this industrial fashion to "make a bed" for his snakeship. Some go so far as to say that in due season the snake forms the piece de resistance at a banquet of the ants. Whatever may be his fate, I have been solemnly assured that no self-respecting family of umbrella ants is without its snake.

There is a certain small, light-colored ant which, for the want of a better name, I always called the "chemical blonde" and strove to give as wide a berth as I would give to one of the said ladies. It is an insect of a most peevish disposition. You will be sitting around "meanin' no harm" when up it comes and bites you. It is a tiny ant, but from the feel of its bite it must carry about a gallon of stinging fluid which it presents to you with a generosity so lavish that you remember it for days, particularly as you are doctoring the bite most of the time for that period, and wishing that you might share your discomfort with your dearest enemy.

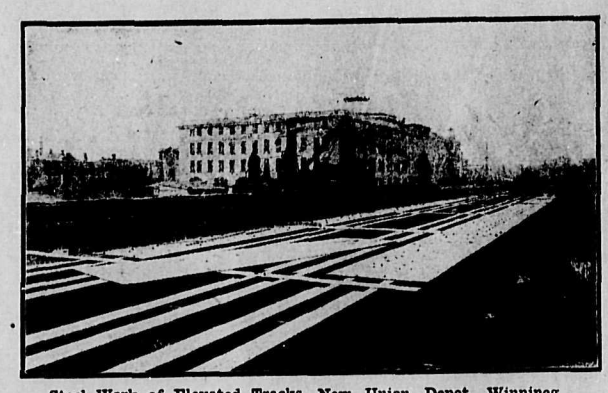
Other small ants are of so friendly and confiding a nature that they deposit their eggs and attempt to rear a family between the leaves of your scrapbook or in the back of the big dictionary. You, naturally, are surprised when you consult one of these books and empty a thriving village into your lap; but not nearly so surprised as are the ants, who gather up their eggs and depart in such high dudgeon that you almost feel an apology is due them.

Most respected of all are the army ants. I have never seen them in town, but in the interior they are frequently met. They travel in millions and are not to be turned by any obstacle from their course, and that course, after they have passed over it, is eaten clean of every insect, snake or small animal.

Their arrival at one point from another may be timed with a fair degree of accuracy, and the occupants of camps and houses move out during their visit. With a by-your-leave they take possession of your premises, over which they swarm in countless numbers, penetrating every crack and crevice. They may remain for some hours, but when the signal for departure is given, they leave, to an ant, and when they leave one may rest assured that neither snake, scorpion, centipede, spider, cockroach, nor any other insect lurks within the habitation. They are the vacuum cleaners of the tropics.

Darwin devotes pages to the "instinct" of ants, but, watching their work, noting their perfect organization and their clever surmounting of obstacles, one might well wonder if they were not guided by something higher—"but that brings on more talk."

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" In the tropics this is quite unnecessary. There it is: "Go to the sluggard, thou ant," and what "thou ant" cannot do to make life interesting for the sluggard is hardly worth doing.



Steel Work of Elevated Tracks, New Union Depot, Winnipeg

CANOES AND CANOE BUILDING

IN the early history of Canada the canoe played so conspicuous a part that it may truthfully be said to have been one of the makers of the country. By means of canoes, war parties invaded the territory of the enemy; the canoe carried the hardy and adventurous voyageur to the remote parts of the wilderness and the discoverer to the far North and distant West. The position held today in the commerce and travel of the country by the passenger express and the through freight train, was, in early times, filled by the bark canoe of the Indians.

The waterways in a state of nature were once the only highways of the country. Like great highways they wound through dark and almost impenetrable forests which, from the northern height of land to the Gulf of Mexico, threw the dark, dark shade of their dense foliage over the continent. The courses of the rivers and the expanse of the lakes were alone open to the sunshine, and by the aid of canoes they furnished the only available means of travel and transportation. The canoe possessed qualities absolutely essential to the use of the waterways under conditions then prevailing. It could float a considerable load and yet it was so light it could be easily carried over the portages by means of which the numerous rapids were overcome—for there were no canals then—or from the head of one waterway to the head of another. In moderate weather it was very seaworthy, and at different times thousands of men, both red and white, crossed the broad expanse of the Great Lakes in these frail crafts. At the same time it was of exceedingly light draft, permitting the navigation of streams whose upper reaches dwindled to mere creeks. By means of canoes the Indians brought to market at Montreal their cargoes of furs from the head of Lake Superior and the upper waters of the Ottawa; by means of canoes Radisson, La Salle and other explorers penetrated the far West, navigated the Mississippi and reached the shores of Hudson Bay. And in later days, when the fur trade had passed into the hands of powerful concerns, like the North-West Company, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods were carried in canoes from Montreal to the banks of the Red River, to the plains beyond, to the Peace River country and the lower valley of the Athabasca.

These early canoes were for the most part made of the bark of the white birch, although the Iroquois, for want of the birch, built their canoes of elm bark, which made a heavier craft. These canoes were quickly and easily built but as easily damaged or destroyed, but they were the only kind of a craft that the Indian could build.

Upon the Indian's handicraft the white man has made great improvements. The modern canoe is more seaworthy than that of the Indian, almost as light and far more serviceable and durable. The best modern canoe is made in Canada, and the craft known almost the world over as the "Peterborough Canoe," stands as the representative of the entire class—the highest type of the canoe family.

It is now thirty-one years since the inauguration of the industry that has done much to make famous the city of Peterborough, Ont. The pioneer of the industry was Colonel J. Z. Rogers, who laid down the lines and constructed the models that, with slight variations, have been followed ever since.

In order to better explain the different styles and grades of canoes on the market today let us take a look at the products of the famous factory which has grown to be one of the largest industries of Peterborough.

The first step in the process is securing the material. The most of it is cut within forty miles of Peterborough and brought down during the early spring. Having been carefully graded and culled, it is cut into proper sizes, only the selected portion being reserved for canoes, the remaineder being sold to the lumber trade. The selected material is ben seasoned for one or two years. Each pile is handled several times during the process of drying, so that the lumber does not become stained.

The seasoned planks are first planed and then sawed into the required shapes from patterns of the required canoe, and carefully planed and sanded down to the required thickness.

The canoe is built over a model or wooden frame, each plank or strip of material being made exactly the shape from patterns. Only the most expert workmen are employed, for each strip and rib has to be specially selected, so that its pliability and grain will best suit the use to which it is put. Material containing a single defect or knot is rejected, even in building the cheapest canoe.

The canoe having been completed, so far as the woodwork is concerned, it is placed in a hot-air chamber in order to drive out of the material any vestige of moisture the material may contain. Then it goes to the paint shop. Some canoes are oiled and varnished only, leaving the natural color of the wood; thers are given a coat of paint and then varnished, the finish depending on the style of craft and the use for which it is designed. If it is to be canvas-covered, the body of the canoe is first well oiled, and then the canvas covering is put on and made to fit like a glove.

The most generally used canoe is the "Rib and Batten." This is made of wide planks fastened to rock elm ribs and battens. The ribs run from gunwale to gunwale. The battens are made of the same material and run parallel to the oak keel. They fulfill a two-fold purpose of covering the joints of the planking and also stiffening the frame. Each batten is fitted between the ribs by hand and cut to the curve of the ribs by a special tool. Between the battens and plank is a strip of oiled linen to assist in making the joint water-tight. This canoe is very stiff and strong, and used for a rough class of work and largely for pleasure. They are made in different grades, such as painted basswood, varnished basswood, painted cedar, varnished cedar, mahogany, etc.

Another common canoe is the "Flush Batten." This is the same as the above only the batten is inserted into the planking, making the surface flush. This makes the canoe very strong. The and is used in the better grade of varnished canoes.

Then there is the "Strip Canoe." This is built without battens. The rock elm ribs run from gunwale to gunwale and are very close together, there being about twice as many ribs to a canoe as the batten canoes. This is to make up for the omission of the batten and makes the canoe very strongs. The planking is made from narrow strips cut from patterns, and the edge of each piece is grooved and jointed and dipped in varnish, so as to make a very tight joint. This make is made in painted basswood, varnished basswood, painted cedar and varnished cedar, etc. The large freight canoes used by the Hudson Bay Co. and surveyors are made in this style.

The "Canvas-Covered Canoe" is also becoming popular, especially for prospecting and exploration work. These canoes are built in two grades, both grades being built of the same material. They have ribs of wide cedar and are planked with thin cedar strips. They are oiled and the canvas carefully stretched over the canoe so as to fit like a glove. The canvas is then filled with a special preparation to make the canvas water-tight. In finishing up the canoe two methods are used. The first grade has outside maple gunwales and long decks. The whole canoe is then varnished. The second grade has very light gunwales and short decks to cut down weight. It is this second grade that is most generally used for rough work, as they are very light.

The best canoe made is without doubt the "Cedar Rib." There are many of these canoes in use now that have been used continually for from twenty-five to thirty years and are as sound as ever. These canoes are built of cedar strips about an inch wide, running from gunwale to gunwale, and fitted together by a tongue and groove joint. This system of building canoes insures strength and durability as well as lightness and beauty.

THE STORY OF BUTTONS

THE Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button wa wholly a product of needlework, which was soon improved by the use of o wooden mould. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1689. It took two hundred years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts, and clamping them together with the cloth between.

The most important branch of the button industry in the United States is the making of pearl buttons, the material for which is obtained from shells gathered along the Mississippi River. The industry has grown up within the last fifteen years or so. Its introduction was due entirel yto a native of Germany, who learned the trade abroad. He saw that millions of dollars were going to waste in the shells known as "nigger-heads," of which tons were piled up on the banks of the river.

Thousands of people are now employed in turning these shells into buttons, the small manufactories being found all thee way from Minnesota to Missouri.

THE USES OF LUMBER

THE United States Department of Agriculture, in connection with a study of the wood-using industries of various States, is learning what part of the rough lumber output of American sawmills passes through a second process of manufacture before it is ready for the consumer. The study is regarded as having an important bearing on the extent to which more economical use of the forest resources can be brought about. So far, the results obtained show that more than five-eighths of the rough lumber sawed is to be counted as the raw material for other industries which convert it into a more highly finished and more valuable product.

In the United States, waste in the woods, the mill, and the factory is so great that two-thirds of what was in the tree is lost to the consumer. The heaviest part of this loss takes place in the sawmills. Much of this mill waste is unavoidable under present conditions, but the greater demand for the product and the higher its value, the better will economy pay. Waste in manufacture is very small compared with that at the sawmill. Study of the demands of the wood-using industries may be a means of finding out how the mill may profitably market a part of what now goes to the burner in sawdust, slabs, and trimmings.

Statistics of the wood-using industries of Massachusetts, Maryland, North Carolina, and Wisconsin, lately gathered by the Department of Agriculture in co-operation with these States, show that of their total sawmill output thirty-six per cent. is used in the form of rough lumber and sixty-four per cent. is manufactured into other forms of output. If the same ratio holds for the entire country as for these States, about thirteen billion feet of lumber are used yearly in rough form and twenty-three and one-half billion feet are further manufactured.

This is the first time that detailed figures have been obtained on this subject. The study which has yielded these figures has also in view the ascertaining what commodities are made wholly or partly of wood, the various kinds of wood used, their origin, and their cost, as well as other data of value to the growers of timber and to the sellers and buyers of lumber.

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"PA," said Willie, "what does it mean to say a man is 'one of Nature's noblemen'?"

"'One of Nature's noblemen,' my son," replied the old gentleman, with a significant look at his better half, "is a man who smiles when he gets some ridiculous cheap gift for his birtday and exclaims: 'How nice! Just what I wanted!'"

* * *

MOTHER—"Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear?"

Daughter—"I certainly do, mama. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that ten dollar hat than in the fifteen dollar one."

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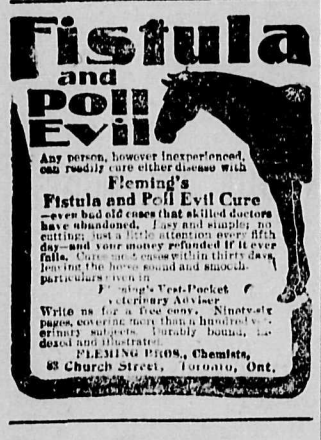

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES

IT is comparatively an easy matter when the weather is cold and dreary to be self-denying as far as new gowns are concerned, and to be philosophically content with last year's fashions, but let the warm days of late spring and summer weather once begin and the woman who can be happy and cheerful with her old clothes is a rara avis, and is certainly entitled to the unstinted admiration of her fellow beings.

To be prepared in advance for all the spring and summer entertainments is a happy fate that befalls few individuals. For the most enthusiastic lover of clothes, as well as the most practical of managers, rebels against the amount of time essential in getting together a summer outfit that is up-to-date in

Blue and White Check Tailor Costume with Bands of Plain Blue

every detail, not to speak of the money question. For the first spring days—spring, according to the calendar, if not the reigning temperature—the smart street costume is absolutely necessary to comfort. There must be the smart gown suitable for the autumn reception or bridge, and these two with an attractive theatre gown, are sufficient to get through the two or three weeks before the weather has settled down into a much higher record of temperature, especially if each and every one of these gowns is perfect—and there are two or three others of the winter wardrobe still in fairly good order.

To be quite comfortable, there must be included in the spring outfit more than one new street gown, for the tailor costume that is heavy and warm enough for the cool days of spring is quite out of the question in the warmer days, which, however, are still cool enough to call for a gown of more weight.

But in these days of resource there are so many different weights of cloth that the difficulty can soon be solved. There must be provided the gowns for warm weather, the coat and skirt of lightest wool, pongee, silk, linen and, for more formal occasions, crepe de chine and satin. These, be it remembered, have always the coat to match, even when the gown is in one piece instead of skirt and waist.

* * *

This is to be a season of smart thin gowns, foulard and voile de soie, which has been so often described and alluded to that it would seem as though its very popularity would write an early dismissal from the ranks of the fashionable materials. Foulard, too, has been sold in such quantities for several weeks as to make the more conservative minded wonder if it can be possibly continue to be desirable, but it is material that possesses rare advantages. It is delightfully cool and light in weight, there are many qualities that cannot be injured by rain, it sheds the dust, lends itself to the draped effects, and if made in a tight fitting waist is a becoming material in so far that it clings to the figure. One of the familiar styles of the season is to combine it with another fabric, liberty satin, voile de soie or serge, and also to make up figured foulard with the plain colors of the other material. This all tends to a variety of effect that is attractive and permits of a bit of originality, so that the danger that always exists when a fashion is both practical and popular of having every woman dressed alike is obviated.

There is an unusually large variety in color and design in the foulards this season. The white ground with white figure and the dark ground with white figure are alike to be found in what seems an endless choice. The always popular polka dot is omnipresent and in a most extraordinary range of sizes and designs, rings of white, lace designs, stripes and checks, until to choose among so many requires cool judgment. The bordered foulards are exceptionally attractive this year, and the border can be so satisfactorily dealt with that trimmings are unnecessary. Black and white, color and white, all with borders, are displayed with an edge of darker or plain black as a finish. There are most artistic and becoming shadings of gray in the bordered foulards, as well as the blue and white and black and white, that always appear when foulards are in favor, and this year all the many shades of red are much in evidence.

For practical wear nothing is better than the black ground with white polka dots, and it is extraordinary how this design stays in fashion year after year. This summer it is combined with plain black liberty satin most effectively, but there are just as many satisfactory gowns turned out that are entirely of the foulard. For the street and general practical wear foulard gowns are made with short skirts and are thought much smarter for midsummer than the foulard gowns intended for more formal occasions. White ground with light figures will be made up much more elaborately and trimmed with lace and embroidery, but this latter style is not at all on the same order, and while it may be the same fabric it is so differently dealt with as to make it seem entirely different.

* * *

Pongee, rajah, and tussor are heavier in weight and are almost invariably made with coat to match. Silk linen is another material on the same order and is to be found in all colors and all shades of colors, and, while not classed with wash goods, can, it is claimed, be washed as well as cleaned. There are few who try the experiment of washing the silk linen costumes, for, as a rule, they are made up in such more or less elaborate fashion that cleaning seems the more natural process. There are many new models for the coat and skirt costumes, but the simpler designs are the smartest, and when there is braiding, just the band around the skirt and on the collar, revers and cuffs of the jacket are sufficient to give the smart effect. Pongee costumes are on the same order, and in fact there is little difference in the models for any of the coat and skirt costumes of the summer fabrics; there are long coats and short jackets, but the skirts are all short, as these costumes are intended for street wear. Foulard, the figured foulard, combined with plain pongee or rajah, is an attractive fashion, the foulard used in the same way as when combined with serge in facings and linings and sometimes in the separate waist. Much depends in these combined materials on the colors, and it is by no means an easy task to match the shades, so that often it is better to choose some one color that is not so extremely fashionable that it can only be found in one material and to match it involves hours of weary search.

Blue and White Foulard Gown

THE TRACKLESS TROLLEY AGAIN

THE trackless trolley, or electric bus with overhead wire, is slowly but surely making a place for itself in certain sight in the United States. Mr. Norbert Lallie, after noting, in Cosmos (Paris), that "electric traction takes all forms and lends itself to all exigencies," goes on to tell of the attempts to use the electric current from an aerial conductor without employing any rails beneath. It seems that this system was first proposed in 1882 by the firm of Siemens & Halske. An omnibus was drawn by an electric motor taking its current from a tiny eight-wheeled car running along the aerial cable. A flexible cord united the trolley to the vehicle. These experiments were not followed up, however, the builders being then much occupied with the establishment of ordinary trolley roads. In France, a similar system of electric traction was carried out, with some improvements in detail. The contact took place by means of a small car rolling on two aerial cables and provided with an electric motor synchronized with that of the omnibus, so that the little car ran ahead of the big one without exerting any pull on the connecting cable. Arrangements were so made that two trolleys could cross and when two omnibuses met they could change trolleys. But—

"In practise these ingenious combinations hardly fulfilled their promises. The trolley often fell from the cable, for which it was too heavy. The running expenses were high. . . . . Nevertheless it was shown that electric traction by trolley for road vehicles was possible, if the details could be perfected. This was effected by Schiemann, and now the trackless trolley is in operation for passengers and freight in Germany, France, and Holland."

In these latest practical forms, Mr. Lallie tells us, the trolley-pole and wheel, as used on the ordinary car, are substituted for another device, and the pole is longer and more flexible, so that considerable deviation from a direct line will not cause the wheel to slip from the cable. To quote further:

"Railless electric traction may be considered as intermediate between motor traction by gasoline and trolley traction by rail. It is relatively as easy to establish as the motor bus . . . . Great economy is realized by doing away with the track and its upkeep. The consumption of current is proportionately greater than with the tramway, but this is compensated by the smaller weight of the vehicles . . . Experience shows that the trackless omnibus may be used very advantageously on roads where the horse omnibus is already employed. Also this type of vehicle has its place in towns where the narrowness of the streets does not allow rails to be laid. Louneman notes a particularly interesting application. It consists in an extension of the radius of action of trolley roads by prolonging their lines with trackless omnibuses against the day when increase of traffic will make it profitable to lay rails farther."

ALL THE WORLD OVER

In northern Finland is a large stone which serves the inhabitants as an infallible barometer. At the approach of rain this stone turns black or blackish gray, while in fine weather it is of a light color and covered with white spots. Finland has no national weather bureau.

Alcoholic liquors for the use of natives are not permitted to be imported into Somaliland.

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"IT'S STRENGTH, BODY AND FLAVOUR THAT THE FAMILIES FAVOUR, THEY GET WHAT THEY PAY FOR"
"CANAWELLA" IN TEA

A BOY who had been going to one of the public schools in Buffalo left school to go to work for a small manufacturer.

The boy was dull and his stupidity annoyed the manufacturer greatly. After two weeks of trial the manufacturer discharged the boy at the end of the week on Saturday night.

"You're discharged," the manufacturer said. "Go and get your pay, and let that be the last of you. You're discharged."

On Monday morning the manufacturer was much surprised to see the boy in his former place at work.

"Here!" he shouted. "What are you doing in this shop? I discharged you on Saturday night."

"Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."

OLD CHUM Cigarettes

TEN FOR TEN CENTS

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C., by the proprietors,
ORMOND T. SMITHE AND FREDERICK J. GILL.

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.

Ormond T. Smithe, Editor.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1910.

What the Editor has to say.

Our advertisers, like Johnnie Poole, are beginning to discover that it pays to advertise.

Through an advertisement in The Islander a real estate agent has been put in touch with a land seeker, who has become interested in the Comox district, with good prospects of making a sale.

This new settler will, doubtless, become an advertising medium for the district, and his presence here may become a magnet that may later draw a friend to the district; all of which leads us to remark that everyone living in the district can, if he feels so inclined, help the district, and, incidentally, help himself, by speaking well and writing about the advantages and possibilities of Comox to his friends.

Or might we suggest that you occasionally mail a copy of The Islander to a friend who may, and probably will, be interested in our district.

Just try being a booster. You will be surprised and interested in the success and will have the satisfaction of feeling that you are a useful and valuable member of the community.

Two years ago the new Post Office and Customs House was completed.

Over the south door of the building is carved in the granite facing the word "Customs."

A Customs House was promised to the town; a number of rooms in the Post Office were built specially for the use of the Customs Department, and yet no Customs House has been established, nor does there appear any better chance of one being established than was the case two years ago.

The Customs receipts for Naniamo are being swelled to to the extent of over $9000 per annum by the merchants of Cumberland, for which this city receives absolutely no credit.

The promise which has been made, and the necessity which exists for the establishment of a Customs Department has been brought to the attention of the Hon. Mr. Templeman repeatedly by the local Development League, and yet, so the secretary of that organization states, the representative of this constituency in the Dominion House has not been courteous enough to even acknowledge the receipt of the letters.

As it would appear to be useless to expect any aid in the matter from our representative, it might be well for the league to bring the matter before the attention of the representative of some other constituency, who might make the matter the subject of a question on the floor of the house, and the reason for the neglect of the rights and wishes of the people of Cumberland disclosed.

A great deal of the trouble at the Development League meeting this week seems to have been due to an utter lack of knowledge, on the part of a number of those present, of the rules of Parliamentary procedure which should govern meetings of all kinds. We would suggest that some of the debaters expend fifty cents upon a book dealing with this subject and give it a couple of hours study before another meeting of the league takes place.

If your neighbor is prosperous, let him prosper. Do not growl or grumble. Say a good word for him and it go at that. Do not be a knocker. If you see that the town is moving along nicely, feel good about it. Help things along. Shove a little. Push. Try and secure some of the benefit yourself. Do not stand around like a cadaver. Do not waste time feeling sore because some fellow has a little more sand and sense than you have. Do a little hustling yourself. If you can say a good word, say it like a prince. If you are full of bile and disposed to say something mean, keep your mouth closed. Do not be a knocker. No man ever became rich and happy minding anybody's business save his own. No man ever helped himself up permanently, by knocking his neighbors down. Give a kind word. Give it liberally. It will not cost a cent and you may want one yourself some day. You cannot afford it. It will not pay. There is nothing in it. If you want to throw something at somebody—throw cologne. Or roses. Do not throw brickbats. Or mud. If you must kick—go to some secluded spot and kick yourself. For if you feel that way you are the man that needs kicking. Don't be a knocker.

Wanted

Canvassers

to solicit

subscriptions to

THE ISLANDER

on commission

Only hustlers need apply

Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing

Cumberland Tailor

S. ISAKA, Proprietor

Ladies' and Gents' Fashionable Tailor

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

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.

HOUSE OF HOBBERLIN LIMITED

WHAT IS

HOBBERLIN'S CLOTHING?

¶ Most people think of Hobberlin's as the best Garments made in Canada.

They are Right

¶ HOBBERLIN is the originator in Canada of a system of Designing and Hand-tailoring, whereby Garments were created not only as good, but far superior to anything made by Custom Tailors at 50% more. HOBBERLIN'S has become a national institution, as shown by the fact that HOBBERLIN'S Garments are sold in every important city or town in the Dominion.

¶ We are always pleased to demonstrate the superiority of HOBBERLIN'S CLOTHES to Men who Know. May we show you?

RICKSON & CARTWRIGHT

Sole agents for the famous House of Hobberlin Tailored Clothing

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

See us about your next printing job

THE ISLANDER

Prints everything
Prints it well

TOWN TOPICS.

Job work? You can get what you want when you want it at THE ISLANDER Phone 35.

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

The Pilsener Brewing Co., received a shipment of 212 beer kegs this week, to be filled with the liquid joy that makes Nanaimo jealous.

At the conclusion of the evening service of Grace Methodist Church on Sunday evening, a Congregational Meeting was held at which the following society representatives were elected to the Court of the Official Board:—Messrs. Furbow, Banks, Boyer, Haywood and Palmer.

Manager Curtis, of the Moving Picture Show, has made a hit with his pictures of local scenes of interest, which he promises to make a permanent feature of his performances hereafter. One that has proved especially popular with the audience this week has been entitled the "Cumberland Dry Closet System."

The local tennis players are arranging for an inter-club contest with the racquet experts of the Nanaimo club at an early date, the matches to be played in Nanaimo. The local club will be represented by a quartette of gentlemen players, and it is possible that a number of lady players will also take part in the tourney, but the latter is not a certainly.

Grand Grove of B.C., U.A.O.D Session, Cumberland, June 22nd, 1910. The following officers were elected and duly installed by W. T. Brown, N.G.A.:—Chas. B. Kubrycht, Cumberland, N.G.A.; T. W. Conway, Ladysmith, D.G.A.; Wm. Rafter, Ladysmith, G. Sec.; Joseph Aspesi, Cumberland, G.M.; Wm. Lonon, Ladysmith, G.H.; Edw. Ginsberg, Cumberland, G.G.; Robert Watson and Wm. T. Brown, Grand Trustees.

To avoid the unpleasantness of an appearance in court for insulting conduct on the public street toward two young ladies, one of our young men, this week, felt called upon to make most humble apologies to the young ladies in question, and also to members of the city police. That the ladies were mystified as to the reason for an apology, and the police were equally in the dark, is owing to the fact that the whole affair was a "josh" put up by a couple of his companions on a certain young educationalist in the city.

A merchant, alone in a desolate store,
Sang "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
I said to him, "Why are you pacing the floor,
Singing "Willow, tit-willow, 'tit-willow?"
"Alas," he replied, as he smothered his his cries,
"I thought it was nonsense to advertise,
And now I've no custom at all, but the flies,
Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"

The H. T. Schlegel Co., Home Bank Buildings, Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

Dear Sirs,—I have used your Magic Eye Lotion for stoppage of the tear duct, of many years standing and, I am pleased to say, that after two months treatment I have been completely cured. I can confidently recommend Magic Eye Lotion to any eye sufferers, and shall be pleased to answer enquiries.

Yours, etc.,
F. J. GILL, Cumberland.

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

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

DENTON & ANDERSON

Advertise in The Islander

The

Corner Store

JUST IN : : : NEW MUSLINS

Pretty Patterns in White, Fancy Shades and Crossbars

We have just received a Consignment of New Summer Goods, including Various Designs and Colors; also some Pretty Two-Tone Effect and Eyelet Embroidered Ladies' Sunshades

Shetland Floss in all Staple Colors, 10c. each; 3 for 25c.

Cushion Cords in all Colors, 25c. and 65c.

Our Grocery Department deserves your attention

J. N. McLeod

Beadnell & Biscoe

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Comox, B.C.

Sea frontages and farming land for sale

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

Another Large Consignment of New Goods Just Arrived . . .

Dressers and Stands ranging from $65 to $15.
Sideboards " " $50 to $20.
A Large Assortment of Chairs and Rockers
New Styles
Extension Tables from $10 up
We carry a Choice Selection of Wall Papers and Linoleums

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops

Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

j2

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

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

Condensed Advertisements

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

The Agony OF PILES

ONLY those who suffer from piles know the misery it brings! It robs life of its pleasure, steals the brightness from existence, and substitutes days of dull pain and moments of acute agony. Most so called "remedies" give ease only for a time, and then—back comes the trouble and pain and misery! Zam-Buk cures Piles! And cures permanently. Proof of this lies all around you. Women and men in all stations of life have proved it—possibly some of your friends! Let it cure you!

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253, Hochelaga St., Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I was a sufferer for years from blind, itching and protruding piles. The agony I suffered no one knows. Remedy after remedy proved useless. Day followed day and there was no relief for me—pain, loss of strength, dulness, misery, this was my experience until Zam-Buk was introduced. I know now that there is nothing on this earth like it! It cured me of piles, and once cured, I have had no return of the evil. I would like all women who suffer as I did to know that Zam-Buk will cure them!

Besides being a specific for piles Zam-Buk cures eczema, blood-poisoning, cracked or chapped hands, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, scalp sores, ringworm, bad leg, frost bite, cold sores, and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50 c. box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price.

Zam-Buk

Veteran Scrip Farm Loans

We will accept a first mortgage on improved farm land and sell you Veteran Scrip in this way at regular cash price. Write today for loan application.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY IS NOW

CANADA LOAN & REALTY Co Ltd.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

GROWING TRAFFIC THROUGH CANADA'S CANALS

MR. J. L. PAYNE, Comptroller of Statistics of the Dominion Department of Railways and Canals, has issued a report which shows that the traffic through Canadian canals has increased during the past decade by over 600 per cent., the figures for all such water-borne traffic in the year 1900 having been but a trifle over 5,000,000 tons, while during last year they reached the stupendous total of 33,720,748 tons. It is noticeable also that this represents nearly double the amount carried in 1908.

"It is somewhat remarkable to find," says the Montreal Gazette, "that whereas of the vessels which were engaged in the transportation of this tonnage 22,507 were owned in Canada, while but 9,996 flew the Stars and Stripes, the registered tonnage of the former was about double that of the latter. This is accounted for by the fact that almost the whole of the American carrying trade is done on the Great Lakes, where much larger vessels can be used than is the case on the Canadian waterways, which will only permit of the use of boats which are small enough to pass through the canals."

Before we try to reform the criminal, we should find means of preventing him from ever having the chance of exercising his vocation.—Lord Collins.

ONCE MORE THE PROOF IS GIVEN

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE EVEN INHERITED ILL-HEALTH

Charles Dayon Suffered From Early Youth but the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Banished His Ills and Made Him Strong

St. George, Man., May 23.—(Special)—Yet another case in which ill-health inherited from parents has been vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills is that of Mr. Charles Dayon, a farmer well known in this neighborhood.

"I suffered from a number of ills from an early age," says Mr. Dayon, who is now thirty-two years old. "I inherited my trouble from my parents. I was weak, nervous and run down. I suffered from Backache and my muscles would cramp. I had a heavy dragging sensation across the loins. I was always thirsty; I had great difficulty in collecting my thoughts, and my memory was failing me.

"I was altogether in a bad way when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills but they helped me almost from the first box. They gave me strength and helped me so much in every way that I am satisfied a little longer treatment will make me a well man."

Mr. Dayon's symptoms were the symptoms of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure every form of Kidney Disease no matter what stage it is in or how it is contracted.

Storyettes

HE—"Farewell, my darling, I hope you will remain true to me."

She (through her tears)—"I hope so too."

* * *

SO you want to marry my daughter, do you, young man?"

"Y-e-s, s-s-i-r."

"Well, can you support a family?"

"H-how many are there of you, s-sir?"

* * *

VISITOR: "Dear me! How your baby is crying!"

Scientific Mother: "Oh, yes, but it's all right. It's a hygienic, lung-expanding, non-tissue-destroying cry."

* * *

McGREGOR's wife was of those who could hardly stay a month in one house. The other day she was again removing, and as Tam, looking rather gloomy, was walking behind the van an acquaintance bawled;—

"Whaur are ye gaun noo, Tam?"

"Man," said he, "I dinna ken; I'm following the flittin'!"

* * *

WHAT am oratory, Brudder Jackson?"

"Brudder Simmins, I will elucidate. If you says black am white, dat am foolish. But if you says black AM white, an' bellers like a bull an' pounds on a table wif bofe fists, dat am oratory an, some people will believe you."

"she has curled it and left it on the table to cool," said John to the astonished Mr. Lovelong.

* * *

A CERTAIN worthy minister was a keen and accomplished naturalist. His specialty was a remarkable knowledge of different classes of fungi. His enthusiasm, however, was but indifferently appreciated by certain members of his parish, and one day, when calling upon one of them—a sour old spinster—he was considerably embarrassed when she reminded him of the exact length of time that had elapsed since he last paid her a visit. He began to make excuse for the delay, when she cut him short.

"If I was a toadstool," she said, with grim irony, "you'd have been to see me long ago!"

* * *

IT was a shy young curate who was once asked to take a class of girls about fifteen or sixteen, which had formerly been taken by a lady. The young clergyman consented, but insisted upon being properly introduced to the class. The superintendent accordingly took him to the class for this purpose, and said:—

"Young ladies, I introduce to you Mr. Chirp, who will in future be your teacher. I would like you to tell him what your former teacher did, so that he can go on in the same way."

A miss of sixteen rose and said:—

"The first thing teacher did was to kiss us all round."

* * *

WELL, John, said Mr. Lovelong to the seven-year-old brother of his fiancee, "you will miss your sister when I take her away, will you not?"

"Um, yes," said John, slowly.

"I will give you a penny," said Mr. Lovelong, "if you will tell me what you will miss her most for."

"I guess it will be the pennies she gives me," replied John.

"Ha!" said Mr. Lovelong, who expected to hear some encomiums of his fiancee's good-nature, "what does she give you pennies for?"

"Not to touch her front hair when

* * *

MADAM, you have been most attentive to me during my stay here."

"Thank you, sir, very much."

"Yes, you have been most attentive; and not only you, but everybody and everything in this house, if I may say so, has been most perseveringly attentive to me, day and night—and, madam, to show my appreciation I am going to offer you a small present."

"Oh, how very kind of you!" said the proprietress, and a bright, expectant smile lit up her face.

The boarder then handed her a neatly-packed parcel and made a hasty departure, whilst she hurried to see what it contained; but judge of her intense surprise, on opening it in the presence of the other boarders, to find that it contained only insect powder.

* * *

IN Lanarkshire there lived a laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his peculiarities. On a certain occasion a neighbor waited upon him, asking the favor as a neighbor of a loan of £20. it was only a bill of accommodation for three months, which led to the following reply:—

"Na, na; I canna do that."

"What for no', laird? Ye have dune the same thing for ithers."

"Aye, aye, Tammas; but there's wheels within ye ken naething about! I canna do it."

"It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird."

"Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name tell't ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when th' time cam' round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't, sae you and me wad quarrel. We may as weel quarrel the noo, as lang as the siller is in my pooch."

* * *

A GUEST in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were oyu when the second shot was fired?"

"Oh was passin' de Big Fo' Depot."

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

MARK TWAIN

FATHER of Waters, thou whose waters yet
De Soto's bones do guard within thy tawny arms;
Who bore the birchen bark of Pere Marquette
Through the wide wilderness in midst of war's alarms:
While the whole nation mourns, wilt thou forget
The heart now stilled, that loved thy mighty charms?

Mourn with us now—a nation witnesseth
Today a grand and gentle soul is being interred.
Even at the last gasp of his latest breath
With lips grown cold he murmured thy word.
In his dull ear, ere sense was chilled by death,
As waters falling in a dream are heard.

He heard the magic river's mighty song
Like the deep boom of battle from afar,
As its majestic current sweeps along
Through cedar-covered banks, by shingly bar;
Its turbid, tumbling waters flowing strong
On toward the Gulf beneath the southern star.

As travelers in desert lands have seen,
In mirage, a fountain over-arched
By fronded palm trees fringed with zone of green,
Round which the level sand stretched hot and parched,
Before his inward eye—each youthful scene—
The river's giant panorama marched.

Aye, he is dead, whom all the nations mourn.
That brave, pure soul who loved righteousness;
Who liked the simple folk and laughed to scorn
The mask of arrogance and false success.
Rise, mighty Mississippi, round his urn
And mingle thy own tears with our distress.

—James Westfall Thompson.

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION No. 32

THE BEST ON EARTH

Some years ago, the late Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, testifying in a case involving the Cataract Power Company, in answer to a question on cross examination as to who, in his opinion, was the greatest American scientist, replied, "I am."

After leaving the court room one of the lawyers ventured to criticise the answer for its effect upon the jury, whereupon Rowland exclaimed:

"Well, what else could I say? Wasn't I under oath?"

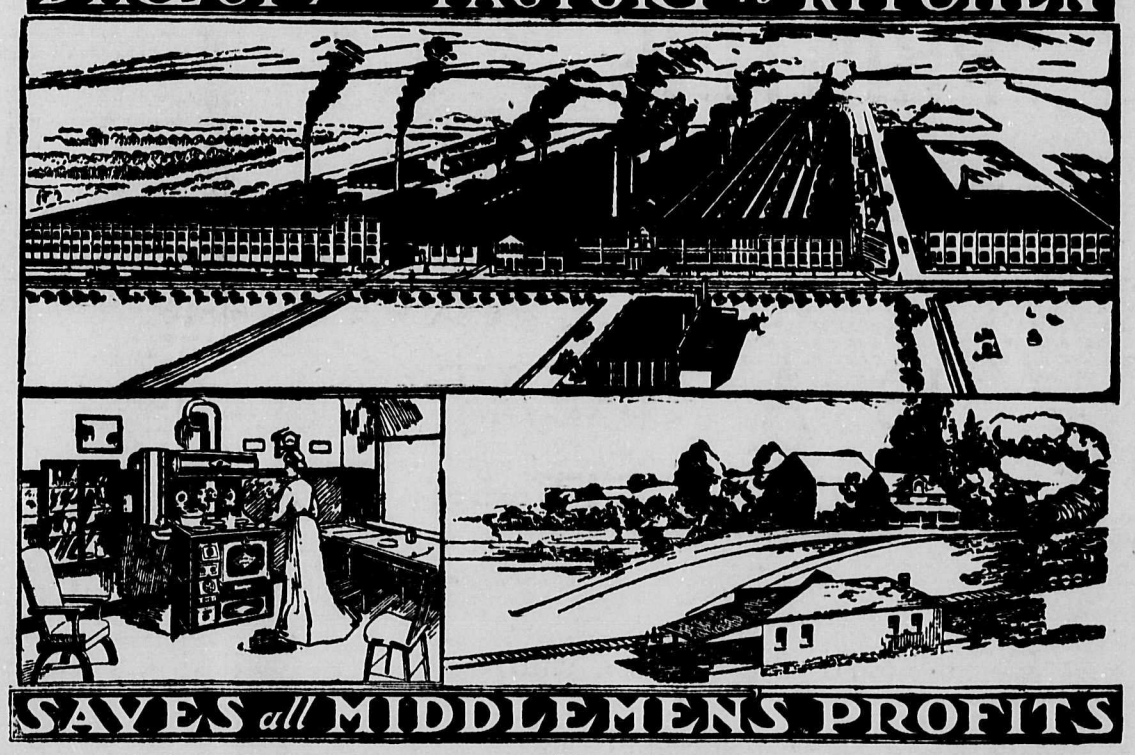
There are two kinds of swelled head. One of them is inflated with hot air, pure and simple. The other has the goods, and bulges out with them.

Modesty prevents us from placing ourselves in our correct class, but there are thousands to whom we can refer you for a true estimate of the BUCK-EYE. They are testing them daily.

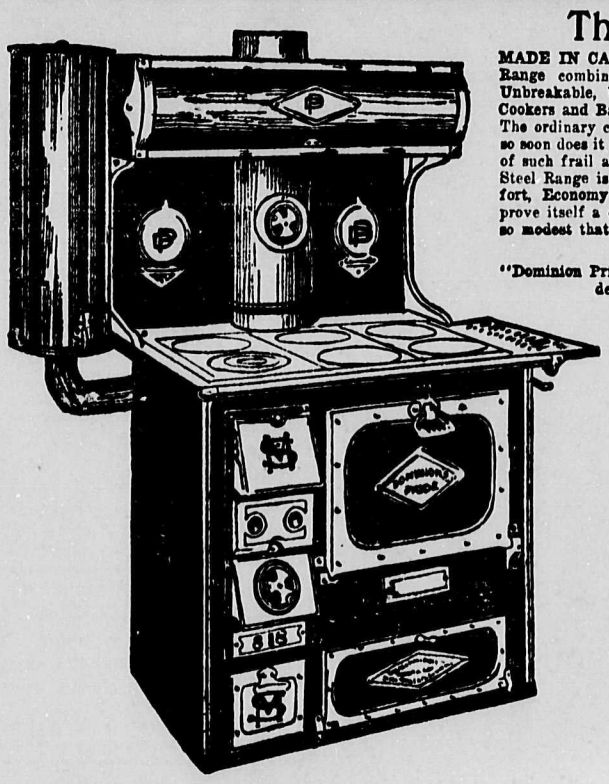
Were we placed on oath, and asked which was the best ten cent cigar in the market today, we could do no otherwise than follow the Professor's illustrious example and reply——

"THE BUCK-EYE"

DIRECT *from* FACTORY *to* KITCHEN



SAVES *all* MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS



818 or 918—Elevated Tank or Flush Reservoir for Coal and Wood. Made of the Best Blue Polished Steel and Malleable Iron.

The "Dominion Pride" Range

MADE IN CANADA and is placed on the market in response to a demand for a Range combining the sterling qualities of Malleable Iron and Polished Steel, Unbreakable, Unwarpable, Indestructable, Economical, Design Attractive, Perfect Cookers and Bakers, will Last a Lifetime with Proper Care.

The ordinary cast iron range is at best a disappointing investment to the purchaser, so soon does it exhibit the effects of wear and tear, unavoidable in a range constructed of such frail and brittle material. The Combined Malleable Iron and Blue Polished Steel Range is the nearest approach to Absolute Perfection ever designed for Comfort, Economy and Satisfactory Domestic Service and wherever installed it will prove itself a continual object of Satisfaction. The price at which it is supplied is so modest that it is brought easily within the reach of every prudent family.

GUARANTEE

"Dominion Pride" Ranges are sold on the following Guarantee: If any casting proves defective in twelve months from date of purchase, we will furnish same free of charge. The above Guarantee is very broad, no if's or and's, and any casting that would have a flaw in it that we failed to see in the course of construction, such flaw would shew long before the twelve months have transpired when fire is put in range.

INCOMPARABLE OFFER

Our placing direct to the consumer our High Grade "Dominion Pride" Malleable and Polished Steel Range, as fully described in our descriptive circular and guaranteed, for less than you can buy a cast iron range. We are enabled to make this extraordinary offer by our Direct from Factory to Kitchen Plan, which saves the jobbers, retailers, traveling salesmen and their expenses, giving the consumer the benefit of these savings, which in reality enables the consumer to buy as cheap as the wholesale jobber.

PRICE

Why not buy direct from the Manufacturer and save the middlemen's and retailers' profits? "Dominion Pride" Range if sold through the retailer or traveling salesman would have to be sold for $69.00 to $78.00, according to the territory sold in. Our price, direct to the consumer, is as follows: "Dominion Pride" Range, 8-18 or 9-18 top, with high closet shelf and elevated tank or flush reservoir, with piece of zinc to go underneath range, 8 joints of blue polished steel pipe and 2 elbows, delivered to any railway express station in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island for $41.00 (We Pay the Freight), and delivered to any railway express station in Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia for $49.00 (We Pay the Freight), $5.00 to accompany order, the balance to be paid when range is delivered to you. If not convenient to pay cash, will accept your Note.

Write for our Descriptive Circular.

CASH PRICE **$41** Delivered to any Railway Station in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. We pay the freight.

CASH PRICE **$49** Delivered to any Railway Station in Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia We pay the freight.

OVER 6000 OF OUR RANGES IN USE IN TORONTO ALONE

Manufactured and Sold only by the

Canada Malleable & Steel Range Mfg. Co Limited, OSHAWA ONTARIO

(IN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER)

The Hands of Florent

(By Gerald Rose)

IT was certainly fortunate that it began to rain when it did. In another hour Prendergast and I would have been well on our way to Westerham in an open car, with probably nothing heavier than dustcoats between us and the deluge. And yet it had been a lovely morning. As I worked on the car in the stableyard I felt that really it was only the color of the trees and the sight of the falling leaves which told one that it was late autumn. Prendergast, I may say, had just bought a new motor, and being a first-class mechanic, and one who loves, above all things to potter about with a tool in his hand, he always stipulates that his cars shall be delivered to him with a minimum of shop-testing—says he likes to get to know the little whims of his engines by tuning them up himself. And since on such occasions a fellow-enthusiast comes not amiss, I had joined him for the week-end.

All the morning we had tinkered with the engine, and after a hurried lunch decided to take her up Westerham. But we had reckoned without the Clerk of the Weather, and half an hour's wait at the window convinced us that the billiard-room had superior attractions. Time soon slips away at the table. Five o'clock saw us just finishing our third game, and when Prendergast pushed his cue into the rack and suggested tea, I agreed with alacrity, for it had developed into that sort of unpleasant afternoon which makes the idea of warm lamp-light and a singing kettle seem infinitely alluring. So we drifted into his study, and I picked up the evening paper, which had just made its appearance, and glanced through it as Prendergast discussed the relative merits of tea-cake and toasted bun with the parlor-maid.

Suddenly my eye was caught by a paragraph headed "English motorist killed in the Tyrol." I read it through without taking much interest, until at the end I came upon this: "It is believed that the motorist's name was Seldon or Seldome."

I sat up.

"I say, Prendergast, wasn't that man Seldon a friend of yours? And wasn't he touring in Switzerland somewhere on that old sixty horse-power Breant of his?"

"Yes. Why—is there anything about him there?"

I handed him over the paper.

He read in silence. Then:—

"So it's come at last," he murmured to himself. "Poor devil. Well, it was his own fault. I warned him, and he knew. Gad, I hope they'll scrap that car now."

"Warned him? What did you warn him about, Prendergast? Did you know him well?"

"No, not really well. I stayed with him once at his place in Devonshire, and I've been about with him a bit. But I know all about that car—and I'll tell you the story, too, if you like. I did promise Seldon not to tell anyone, but I don't see it matters now. It's a very odd tale, but true, I give you my word for it. Ah, here's the tea. Now pull your chair in to the fire. Cigarette? You don't mind me? Thanks—some people do. Oh! Mary, you might send the boy into the village and tell him to get the evening paper that comes down by the six o'clock. He can have my waterproof if he hasn't got a coat."

He turned to me.

"Then we shall have the latest details of poor Seldon—if it's true, that is. Sugar? And Milk? Help yourself, won't you? Well, this story about Seldon's car I pieced together in a very odd way. All the beginning, which gave me the key to the rest, I was told by the designer of the car himself, when we were caught by the rain in a tiny town in the Argonne after the French Gordon Bennett trials of 1904—and he, mark you, apparently knew nothing about the rest. Another part I got from a German journalist, with whom I shared a room at Royat in the Auvergne when we were all herded there for the last Gordon-Bennett. Some more was told me as a true ghost story by an Italian mechanic, and the rest I gathered by personal observation."

He laughed to himself—a little grimly, I thought.

"I only met Seldon once," I remarked.

"Ah! Well, I went with him on the last Herkomer. That is where I made my personal observations."

He flicked the ash off his cigarette, and went on.

"You've probably heard of ships which had a reputation for killing people, and upon which man after man lost his life, until the owners could hardly get a crew? Well, other things are like that—locomotives, traction-engines, and even cars. Of course, it doesn't often happen with a car, and if it does it's very seldom that she is sufficiently important for a record to be kept of her crimes. Now and again you will hear wonderful stories, but the motor has hardly been in existence long enough for such legends to grow up. But this car was one of those uncanny machines. If that paragraph is true Seldon will be the fourth man she's killed."

I gasped.

"Three others!" I said. "Did Seldon know about it?"

"Yes, he knew. He didn't care. He was a regular daredevil, anyway, and he said he had no relations—which, as far as I could ever make out, was quite true. But Seldon never minded what he did, provided it was sufficiently dangerous."

"But do you mean to say that he bought that Breant knowing her history? He must have been mad!"

"No. He knew nothing about her history until a few months after he'd bought her. And when he did know he said he wasn't going to be frightened by a bit of machinery. Gad, look at the rain! What an afternoon! Put a bit more coal on, will you? Thanks. Well, this, briefly, is the story of that car. She was built by the Breant firm, then just beginning, as their car for the great Paris-Madrid Race in 1903. She was fast and powerful for her period, owing partly, I think, to a peculiar ignition dodge which one of the designers had invented. Later on, by the time she had got into Seldon's hands, she had the usual magneto on, so I suppose one of her owners altered her. However, in the beginning she went magnificently, and on their road trials—all this is what that Breant man told me when we were drinking champagne together the night after they had won the Trials—they got ninety miles an hour out of her. Probably down hill, I expect, but still it shows that she could move.

"Their head tester was a man named Florent, an odd chap, full of nerves, but a magnificent driver, and he had set his heart on coming in first, second, or third in Paris-Madrid. Night and day he watched over this car, from the moment the castings came in until she was first started up. After that he always slept in her shed, and they said he used to talk to her like a woman. He drove her right through to Bordeaux twice, and apparently had a fair chance of the race, when, a week before the start, she back-fired and broke her crank-shaft.

"It was unlucky for them, as they hadn't got a spare; but they put one through, weighed her out, and struggled desperately to get her running again. All night long before the race they worked on her, and when they tried to start her to drive out to Versailles, where the race began, she wouldn't move. Gradually the time passed, and at half-past three, when the first man was timed to go, they were still wrestling with her. Florent ramped round the garage with a copy of L'Auto in his hand, tearing his hair and counting off the other cars as they were dispatched from Versailles. When it got to his own turn he sat down on a pile of tyres and burst into tears.

"At about seven they got her to move, and Florent leapt into her, drove over a mechanic and broke his leg, and took the car out to Versailles at a level fifty, working his syren like mad and yelling at the top of his voice all the time. I can't imagine why they didn't collide with something, for the roads must have been full of traffic returning from the race; but he got through somehow, and then settled down and simply drove like the devil. Judging from the rough times taken between towns he seems to have gone as fast as anyone, and I believe the story of the drive as told by the mechanic afterwards was worth hearing. But, of course, he hadn't any chance of the race, having lost so much time at the start."

He paused and gazed out of window.

"Well," I asked, "did he finish?"

"Do you remember Petignac hill—hairpin bend, all dusty and cut up? He skidded so at the corner that he turned clean round—and then he put his reverse in and ran up the rest of the hill backwards! But he never got to Bordeaux. Five miles from the finish she broke her crank-shaft again, and Florent's heart with it. He shot himself that night—I don't know why. An excitable sort of a chap, and I think he was unnerved by the smashes he had seen on the road. The car stopped near a farm, and he was towed in, sitting in the driver's seat like a statue, smeared with oil and white with dust. He hardly spoke again afterwards, and the next morning they found him dead with his head on his arms, leaning on the steering-wheel as if he was asleep."

"The first?" I asked.

"The first," assented Prendergast, nodding gently. "And, I think, the cause. After that they put a touring body on her, painted her bright red, and sold her to an Italian, Count Cerani. Mind you, there may have been other owners in between, but this is the next I know of. He was a good driver, and he didn't know anything about Florent. But, of course, it leaked out somehow, and his men got scared—superstitious beggars, you know; and after they had told each other the story many times over they got to seeing things. One evening the count was in a little hotel at Pompei, having dinner all by himself—they don't have many visitors who stay the night there, as almost all come out for the day from Naples—when suddenly a man rushed in, his eyes half out of his head, shrieking that there was a ghost sitting in the car. Cerani dashed out at once, but, of course, there was nothing there. The next day the man drove over to Castellamare—I cannot conceive what he can have wanted at Castellamare, as it consists of a few houses and an unpleasant smell—and when eleven o'clock came and he wasn't back the count got nervous, organized search party, and found the car, wheels uppermost, in a shallow stream. The man was pinned underneath."

"What had happened—a burst tyre?"

"Nobody knows. Everything was in working order, and all the tyres were whole. People said he must have been drinking, or dazzled by the moon, or something. But the count sold her at once. She went to a second-hand place in Florence, was repainted a dark green, and after some time was bought by an American, who wanted a touring-car for a trip to the Auvergne, to the last Gordon-Bennett, in 1905. By then she was two years old, but she was in first-rate condition, and could touch sixty on the level with five up. Her new owner, Chenet, drove her all the way up Italy and across to the Puy de Dome, and he told the German correspondent I spoke of that she ran perfectly—quiet, supple, and fast. Once in Genoa, it appears, the garage people came to him and jabbered excitedly, pointing at the car. But he didn't know much Italian, and took it that he hadn't got the right sort of number-plate. Which caused him an unnecessary visit to the authorities."

"Did you meet him?"

"Wait a bit. We are coming to that in time. Once or twice he drove round the course before the race, and even remarked to the German that it was odd how fascinating it was to drive fast, and that he felt exactly as if he had driven before in a race. On his second circuit he took one of those hairpins—Rochefort, I think it was—in real racing fashion, and all his passengers yelled for help. He pulled up and apologized, but I dined with him that night, and he told me that when he got to the bend he felt exactly as if a pair of hands had come down over his and taken the power of steering from them, while for the life of him he couldn't get the clutch out, though it worked perfectly once they were round. He appeared to be mildly interested in these phenomena, but knew nothing about Florent. I didn't see why I should enlighten him. In fact, I didn't know it was the identical car until he led us out and showed it to us in the hotel yard. Then I saw by the name and some signs that it was the very Breant that my friend the designer had told me about."

"This is a very remarkable tale," I said. "Go on. I suppose Chenet was the third?"

"No," said Prendergast, lighting himself another cigarette. "It was the man—as usual. He had been told to take the car from Royat to Pontgiband, and thought he would like to see what driving on the circuit felt like. He failed at one of the corners, and rolled eighty feet into a ravine, where we found him with a broken neck. I took Chenet out on my own car to see after the business. He was terribly cut up, and simply wouldn't look at the car again—sold the wreck then and there to a dealer, and left the district as soon as he could. After that I know nothing of her dealings until Seldon got hold of her."

A furious gust of wind hurled the rain against the window, and a puff of smoke floated out into the room. Outside I could see the trees bending and swaying in the gale, and a few dead leaves circled and soared on the drenched lawn. The evening was rapidly closing in. Already the room seemed to be lit up by the firelight, which flickered cheerfully in a brave effort to make up for the dreary conditions outside.

In the pause we listened to the moaning of the wind in the chimney. Prendergast looked across at me.

"Fearful evening, isn't it? I'm glad we didn't go to Westerham. Well, to continue. She can't have been so much damaged as we thought, for when Seldon came and asked me to look at his new car I recognized her at once. She had been painted French grey, and had a low rakish body which was eloquent of speed. But I knew her, and could only wonder how many more she had murdered, and what had brought her across the Channel. Seldon was wild over her good points—simply couldn't understand why she had been so cheap. He kept on saying he had had her examined, and the 'vet.' said she was sound all through, and yet the owners had only asked about a third of what she was worth."

"I know," I said. "He told me all about her the only time we met."

"He begged me to come down to his place for a few days and put her through some tests—a couple of hundred miles on the road, or something of that kind. I wasn't a bit keen, but I gave way at last, and we drove down together to his place and started to test this brute. Tests? Lord, I fairly sweated with fear the first time we went out, but I drove most of the time myself, and no invisible hands came down upon mine at any awkward moment. For three days we drove her up all the hills Seldon could produce, and I must say she went beautifully, and carried her years in the most astonishing fashion. I began to feel reassured.

"Wednesday Seldon had arranged a tennis party, and we had a delightful afternoon until about five. Then a big thunderstorm blew up, and it rained cats and dogs, with the most elaborate thunder I've ever heard. After a bit, of course, it cleared up, and Seldon asked me to go and bring the Breant round to take some of the girls home. I put on a mac. and ran for the garage, which was the stables, got in through a side-door, walked through the old harness-room, and into the coach-house, where the car was. The place had no windows, but the huge doors fitted very badly, and the room was full of a faint half-light which came in over the top—you know the way?"

I nodded. A big swirl of wind and rain lashed the window-panes, and I watched one of the old mullion frames bending under the strain. The room seemed almost dark. Prendergast's face was half in shadow, and I could see his cigarette glowing across the table.

"Well, just as I was going to open the doors there was a vivid flash of lightning, and in the sharp light I saw, in the driver's seat, the figure of a man with his head on his arms, leaning on the steering-wheel.

"I tell you, I've never been so startled in my life. I pulled up the big bolt, swung the door clear, and was confronted by the apologetic under-gardener, who had been turned on to clean the brass-work, and had apparently gone to sleep in the car.

"That night after dinner I told Seldon the story of the car, but he said he didn't care a damn—and I don't believe he did. He seemed rather to like the feeling that there was something peculiar attached to the car which he drove. But he begged me not to spread the tale, as it might make other people afraid of coming with him. In some ways he was a lonely man. I left the next day."

He waited for a few moments while the maid brought the big lamp in and cleared away the tea.

When the door had closed softly he went on:—

"A good time passed, and then I had a letter from Seldon, asking me to come with him on the Herkomer, saying that he had driven the car steadily since I left, and that nothing unusual had ocurred. So I went, as it happened that I badly wanted to go through the Herkomer that year, and it seemed as if it would be the only chance I should have; but there were times when I was afraid. Once when we were going fast along a level bit of road he suddenly said, for no reason in particular, 'No, no. I can get along all right. Not now.' I thought he was talking to me, but he didn't seem to know that he had spoken. Then I heard one of the waiters say that the English were so much afraid of foul play that they had a man asleep in their car all night, and Fritz had seen him when he had gone to the garage late to get some paraffin. That made me prick up my ears, because we had no man with us."

"Did you tell Seldon?"

"Yes. He laughed, and said that we were in luck to have a watchman for nothing. But the last day was the worst. It was only a few miles from the finish, on a long straight hill with a corner at the bottom. We were going pretty fast, say forty to forty-five, when suddenly Seldon took both hands off the wheel and began to wave them about. The car had a long wheel-base, and went on steadily, but I yelled, 'Look out, man!' and he put one hand down again and took hold. Still he kept on waving the other about in an odd way to and fro above the wheel, and in a moment he began to shout, 'Let go—let go! I will steer—I will! Damn you, you devil, let go! I know how to take her round. I will!' He jammed his foot on the clutch-pedal, but it slid off, and he didn't seem to be able to get it on again. Then he grabbed the side-brake, and that wouldn't shift. I thought our end had come. I just caught the speedometer rising sixty, and then the curve was on us, and I hung off the foot-board on the inside to do the best I could to help. Seldon held her nose hard to it. I have a hazy recollection of skidding wheels and frightened faces, and we got round—God knows how. The first thing I remember clearly was that we were broadside on across the road, and Seldon was looking at me with a queer expression. All he said was, 'The odd part is that the brake works all right now,' and he put it on and off to show me. The German we had with us was nearly dead with fright, and thought the whole thing was a put-up job. But that was the end of the tour."

Elevated Track Structure at New Union Depot, Winnipeg

"Why didn't Seldon get rid of her after that?"

"Because he liked the feeling that he was up against something which he was only just strong enough to beat. He always was a sportsman. But I refused frankly to go back to England with him in that devil of a car. I'm not a coward, but I don't agree with tempting Providence in such an unpleasant way. A few weeks ago he told me he was going to Switzerland by himself, and I begged him to buy another car and get rid of that murderous beast. But he only laughed, and said she'd never killed her owner yet—it was always the man, and he didn't intend to take the man. He was wrong—wrong. It was the driver she willed, whether owner or servant. I told him so, but he wouldn't listen. Ah, here's the latest paper! Now we shall see."

We spread it out between us, and soon found the paragraph. It was a little more circumstantial than before, stating that an Englishman named Seldon had been driving near Innsbruck, and, taking a corner too fast, had crashed through the boundary stones at the edge of the road, and gone down a precipice. The driver, it said, was killed on the spot, and the account ended: "The car is smashed to pieces, and it will be practically impossible to recover it."

Prendergast put his finger on the closing words.

"I think perhaps it is just as well," he said.

A NEW SENSE ORGAN OF BUTTERFLIES

EVERY butterfly collector has had the unpleasant experience that some butterflies, and particularly those of the species of Catocala (mourning cloak) will notice his approach from a distance and fly away in time. This observation led Tetens to think that these incests must have an auditory organ which warns them of approaching danger by receiving sounds; and accordingly he expressed the supposition that two pitlike depressions at the first posterior segment of the body might be organs of hearing. A thorough investigation of this organ, however, has been made but recently by Prof. Dr. Deegener, the results being published in Zoologische Jahrbucher, Abteilung fur Anatomie, vol. 27, No. 4, 1909.

It is rather surprising that with a group so frequently collected although indeed investigated, as a rule, only as to their position within a system, as the Noctuidae, an organ could escape observation which is found quite generally on this group and which is by no means microscopic, but can be observed without difficulty with the naked eye as a striking formation on each side of the first abdominal segment. This location probably explains why this organ should have been seen by many persons without arousing the suspicion that it could be a sense organ; for naturally enough such organs are looked for chiefly at the head, particularly at the feelers, although other parts of the body may be the seat of specific sense organs; for instance, grasshoppers have their organs of hearing at the base of the abdomen, that is, at the same place where the corresponding organ of the Noctuidae has been discovered.

When examining the insect we see on each side at the line separating the chest from the abdomen and near the points where the rear wings are attached, a deep channel which toward the surface is surrounded by several humps. The external morphology of this organ varies in details with the different species of Noctuidae; with some, the opening is scarcely visible from the outside, being concealed by long hairs set close together. The microscopic examination of a series of sections shows that only one of the ridges in the vicinity of the cavity of the organ, the one nearest the back, can be considered a sensitory ridge," but that this one has true sensitory cells and sensitory hairs and thus gives the organ the character of a sense organ. Tetens's supposition, mentioned above, that this is an auditory organ, may very well be maintained, since the structure of the organ answers all the requirements of an organ of hearing. Still, experimental confirmation of this hypothesis will have to be awaited. Dr. Deegener promises a further report, dealing with this phase of the subject. —Prometheus.

THE GHOST OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS

MR. A. WILKIE, who contributes to the (German) Arena for March a short article on Historic Ghosts, records some of the apparitions of the famous White Lady at Berlin and elsewhere.

Where is the rock-built castle or the Prince's palace which has not its ghost? Enveloped in a white widow's dress, her face covered with a white nun's veil, her pale hands crossed on her breast, and her eyes looking on the ground, the white lady, stiff like a corpse, stalks through the castle at midnight. Her ghostly visitations have been frequent; there is quite a literature concerning her, and she is the heroine of one opera. Usually the white lady's appearance is to announce death. When she shows herself we know someone is going to die, and it is always a man.

What was the origin of such a belief? The legend of the white lady, says the writer, rests, so to speak, on a verbal misunderstanding. In the Middle Ages the term "a white lady" meant a widow, for white was the color of the dress of the wife in mourning for her dead husband. An old print depicts Dorothea of Brandenburg, wife of the great Elector, going to the funeral of her husband in 1688. She is dressed in white, her face is covered with a white handkerchief, and her hands are buried in a sort of white muff. On either side of her is a Prince in deep black. When the lord of a castle was ill and his days seemed numbered, people would remark, "There will soon be a white lady" (namely a widow) "at the castle." In later generations superstition made a mistake, and it has become customary to say that a white lady appeared before the death of the departed.

From the end of the fifteenth century onwards the white lady has been most active as a Hohenzollern ghost. We first hear of her at Bayreuth, Ansbach, and Plassenburg. At Plassenburg she was so much feared that the cavaliers of the Court took delight in masquerading in white in certain rooms to frighten those who came their way. Once when Markgraf Albrecht the Warrior met a white lady at Plassenburg, he grasped her with his strong arms and threw her down the stairs, and at the bottom was found the dead body of his Chancellor, who, with the Bishop of Bamberg, had conspired against his ruler. But this incident did not in any way damage the reputation of the white lady. Someone always managed to see her just before death entered the castle.

Napoleon on his military campaigns twice had occasion to pass through Bayreuth. The first time was in 1812, and he sent an express request from Aschaffenburg that he should not be asked to pass the night in the rooms at Bayreuth which were known to be visited by the white lady. His request was granted, yet next morning he rose in the worst of moods, and as he was getting into his carriage he was heard to mutter something about the "accursed castle." The following year when he passed through the place he refused to pass the night there. The last time the white lady was seen at Bayreuth was in 1822.

As to the white lady of the Imperial castle at Berlin, we learn that Frederick I., the first King of Prussia, died in the conviction that the white lady came to him to announce his approaching death. The story goes that his third wife, Sophia Louisa of Mecklenburg, who suffered from mental disease, left her room in her sleep, and, lightly clad in white and with her hand bleeding from a wound caused by a broken pane of glass, she appeared to the King, who was sleeping in his armchair. With Frederick William I. the white lady had less success, for twice the soldiers on guard caught her. On one occasion she turned out to be a young man-servant, and the other a soldier dressed up. In 1850 a white lady gave an officer a terrible fright, but next morning he learnt it was only a former deaf cook whom he had seen. Last time a white lady showed herself at Berlin was in 1859, a short time before the birth of the present Kaiser.

HATS THAT HAVE CAUSED RIOTS

AT Naples a few days back a riot was caused by a Chantecler hat.

A young lady displaying this latest fashion was strolling down the Via Toledo when the novelty attracted the attention of the passers-by, who soon began to gather round in such numbers that the object of their embarrassing notice became frightened and sought refuge in a shop, where she fainted.

The crowd, however, continued to increase, and all traffic was suspended. The police appeared, but were unable to disperse the mob, which refused to move on until the wearer of the Chantecler hat should reappear. Recourse was had to a stratagem, and a man dressed as a woman, and carrying in his hand the hat which had caused all this ado, left the shop and was escorted by the police through the crowd, which, with a storm of hisses and groans, broke up. The lady later on returned home in a cab.

Shortly after the conclusion of the Franco-German War a man entered a Marseilles cafe and removing his hat handed it to a waiter. The attendant, chancing to glance inside, read the name of the maker, who was a German, and at once throwing the headgear to the ground stamped upon it. The owner promptly laid his cane across the shoulders of the waiter, who called loudly upon those sitting near to protect him against an enemy of France. The cafe was at once in an uproar, and a rush was made for the unfortunate customer, who, loudly protesting that he was as good a patriot as any present, defended himself manfully. Courage and strength, however, availed him naught, and matters began to look serious when the timely arrival of the police put an end to the disturbance.

Some years ago Herr Weisse undertook for a wager to walk through the principal streets of Vienna wearing a hat 5 ft. in height. Chaff and banter were at first all he was called upon to endure, but a stone dexterously thrown by a street urchin was the signal for a perfect fusilade of missiles, many of which, missing their mark, struck harmless passers-by and smashed shop windows. The cause of this disturbance took refuge in an hotel, but the rioters continued the uproar, which culminated in a sharp collision with the police and the arrest and subsequent punishment of the ringleaders.

When John Hetherington, a respectable Strand haberdasher, crossed his threshold on January 15th, 1797, he little suspected that the new fashion in hats, which he had determined to introduce personally to the public, would be the cause of his getting into serious trouble. Yet no sooner had he stepped into the street, wearing what was the first silk hat ever seen till then, than he was surrounded by an excited throng, which soon increased to such a dangerous extent as to necessitate the interference of the authorities.

The next morning the daring innovator was brought before the Lord Mayor charged with walking down a public highway wearing upon his head a tall structure having a shining lustre calculated to alarm timid people. Several officers of the Crown and other witnesses gave evidence that women had fainted, that children had gone into hysterics, and that one Thomas, the son of a cordwainer, had sustained a broken arm through the violence of the mob. Hetherington asserted his rights as an Englishman, but the Lord Mayor took a serious view of the matter, and ordered the defendant to find two sureties, each in $2,500, for his future good behavior.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE PROVINCES

THE Abenaki and Micmac Indians who inhabited Prince Edward Island before its discovery by Europeans called it Abegweit (resting on the wave), a beautiful and descriptive name. Early Europeans who visited the island (tradition says Cabot on St. John's Day, June 24, 1497) named it the Island of St. John. In 1799, the legislature decided to change the name to Prince Edward Island, in honor of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, who was then in command of the British forces at Halifax.

Nova Scotia formed a part of the early Acadie. Sir William Alexander, the Earl of Stirling, received from King James in 1621, a charter granting him an immense tract of land in North America including Acadie. This was called Nova Scotia, a name which afterwards was confined to the peninsula or province now so called. The "Baronets of Nova Scotia" were entitled to a grant of land three miles broad on payment of £150 sterling each. The difficulty of infeoffing (investing with a freehold estate) the Knights in their distant possessions was overcome by the mandate of King Charles, whereby a part of the soil of Castel Hill, Edinburgh, magically became the soil of Nova Scotia.

When New Bruswick formed a part of the grant of Sir William Alexander, it received the name of Alexandria in his honor. New Brunswick, its present name, was given in 1784, in honor of the reigning dynasty of the House of Brunswick.

Since 1867 the name of Quebec has been given to the province formerly called Lower Canada.

According to tradition, the promontory of Quebec was known to the Indians as Kebec, meaning a narrow channel. The early missionaries, who best understood the Indian language, said that the word Kebec means a narrowing.

Ontario is an Indian word, "O-no-ta-ri-o," meaning "Beautiful Lake." The province formerly called Upper Canada, was named after Lake Ontario.

Like Ontario, Manitoba is named from a lake. The name Manitoba (Manitou, the great spirit, and ba, passing), is from the Cree language and is said to mean the "Passing of the Great Spirit."

At one point in the lake, the shores of which are generally low and marshy, there is a limestone bluff at which the Indians in paddling past found a strong echo, which they thought the voice of the Great Spirit, and hence called it Manitou-ba. The name of this locality became attached to the lake and afterward to the province.

NORAH had been guilty of what was considered an indiscretion, so the mistress of the house called her to "step the carpet." "If such a thing occurs again, Norah," said the mistress, "I shall have to get another servant!" And Norah said: "I wish yer would—there's easily enough work for two of us!"

* * *

DO you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes; I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone."

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."

* * *

LET us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer. "Let us not waste our time in dealing with small saloons and beershops. Let us go to the fountain head. Let us go to the brewery, my friends."

"All right, boss," chimed in an old soaker from a back seat, "I'm with you."

* * *

WIFE: "I came across a bundle of your old love-letters today."

Husband. "Did you read them over?"

Wife: "Yes."

Husband: "And what was the effect of that perusal?"

Wife: "I wondered which was the bigger fool—you are writing them, or I for marrying you after receiving them."

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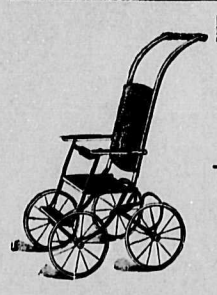

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PERSONALS.

Mrs. Dr. McNaughton returned to town by Saturday's boat.

J. Porter returned to town by Tuesday's train.

J Bo d left for Va couver on Wednesday.

N. Grant was an out-bound passenger on Wednesday's train.

Mine Inspector Newton came in on the train on Tuesday.

Mis Fraser left on a short visit to Vancouver on Wednesday.

Mrs. Dalby and family left on Saturday, on an extended visit to Washington State.

Mr. Andrew McKnight and Mr. Samuel C. Davis were returning Cumberlanders on Saturday's train.

Miss Livingstone arrived from Scotland on Tuesday, and will take up her residence here with Mr. and Mrs. Jack.

. D. Robertson and family arrived b Tuesday's boat from Vancouver, and will in future reside in Cumberland.

Mr. and Mrs. Crossan of N nsimo, drove through from Nanaimo on Monday, and have spent the week with friends in the city.

Principal Palmer, of the High School, was presented this week with a very handsome silver smoking set, suitably engraved, as a recognition of his valuable *services as a teacher and his popularity* as a man.

COMOX.

A regatta was held on Saturday bew n H M S Shearwater Egeria and Algerine The b ats sailed round a mark buoy off Union, round another off Lazo and h me The regatta was followed by a smoking concert of great merit the banjo quartte and Mr Bloomfields stump speeches being particularly fine.

Mr Alec U quart met with a serious accident on Saturday being thrown from his buggy and receiving injuries to his thigh He is now under Dr Millard' care and is progressing favorably. Mr. Mr. T. Cairns was also thrown out and badly shaken, the same afternoon.

The building and plant of the Comox Sawmill Co., Ltd., was destroyed by fire in the early hours on Sunday last. resulting in considerable damage.

Mr McQuillans team took fright at the Cowichans whistle on Sunday, over turned the carriage and smashed it.

Correspondence.

To the Editor Islander.

Sir;—Mr. Bate started with the definate statement that the present system was dry and sanitary, issu ng it at the last moment, when it was impossible to answer before the vote was taken.

He now says he does not profess to be an authority, sheltering himself behind our medical officer of health and other medical men, an unfortunate stand, as both our doctors took the platform in favor of the by-law.

A dry closet is one that automatically delivers sufficient earth to cover and absorb each time it is used.

Mr. Bate undoubtedly worked, and got others to work to defeat the by-law, with the result that the Colonist states that the offer of $9000 has been cancelled.

There are many reasons why people who do not own property have the right to vote for proper sanitation. I will instance three—

1st. Because, fortunately, we live in a free country, not Russia.

2nd. We *naturally object that ourselves* and children should continue to be exposed to the worst of contagious diseases and death

3rd. Because we desire to see Cumberland listed as a sanitary and healthy city, and believe that all citizens should join hands to attain that object.

Those that do not own property pay *rent to the owners, which includes* taxes.

It is a worthy ambition and creditable to own a home, but we have yet to learn that ownership of a house and lot confers extra wisdom or legislative ability; whilst not to own is no disgrace, as we are entitled to vote for a mayor even.

So we can rejoice with Bobby Burns, and sing "A man's a man for 'a that."

JOSEPH SHAW.

CONDENSED ADS.

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

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

S. G. HANSON'S
S. C. White Leghorns

402 Pullets laid in—
January - - 7616
February - 7310
March - - 8606
23532

Average per bird for 90 days 58.5. This record has never been beaten on the N American continent. These birds will make good breeding stock for 1911. Price $3 each. 3 yr old breeders $1.50 each

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 CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

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

DON'T TRAVEL

—Telephone—

Save time and money by using the Long Distance Telephone

Quick connections to all important Vancouver Island and Mainland Points

Go to

J. JACK, Jr.

For Candy, Fruit, Ice Cream and Light Luncheons j3

You don't get done when you deal with DUNNE the

Up-to-date Merchant Tailor

P. DUNNE
DUNSMUIR AVENUE
j4

Notic to Advertisers.

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

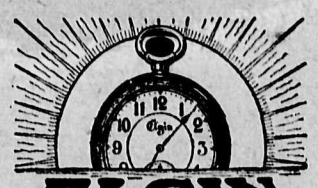
P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

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

YOUR NAME IS GOOD

Anything in the Jewellery Line



Sold on a Small Monthly Payment

ELGIN WATCHES

STODDART
THE JEWELLER

Next door to Royal Bank, opposite Post Office

Try a bottle of Elderweiss Cream for Sunburns and Roughness of the Skin

We have a Full Stock of Nyal's Remedies, which are always reliable - - - - Ask for Nyal's

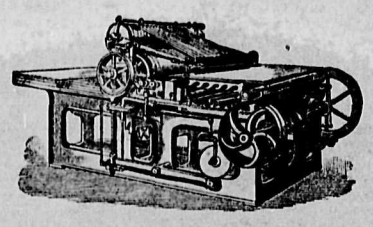
The Best and Cheapest Supply of Brushes, Combs and Toilet Articles : : : : Give us a call

A. H. PEACEY

THINK

Little cubes of metal
Little tubes of ink;
Brains, and the printing presses
Make the millions think

There is no better way of making the people of this district think of you than through an advertisement in



The Islander