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SUITABLE XMAS GIFTS
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THE ISLANDER

SUITABLE XMAS GIFTS
. . for Gentlemen . .

No. 31 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1910. Subscription price $1.50 per year.

CUMBERLAND VS. LADYSMITH

The Cumberland Boys Make the Champions Travel Some

Cumberland Football team visited Ladysmith on Xmas day, and engaged the Ladysmith team in a friendly game. A number of supporters travelled with the team, to do the rooting part of the game. The locals were at full strength and were confident of making the Island champions travel for 90 minutes.

Cumberland

Goal; J. Clarke

Backs; W Sutherland; R McLean

Half backs; A Cairns, J Williams; E Wynne.

Forwards; J. Sutherland, J Williams, T Carney, A Boothman and R Brown.

Ladysmith

Goal; Dougan,

Back's; Rogers, Hines

Half Backs; Warberton T Hines Upton.

Forwards; Ferguson, McLeod, Adams Brass Livingstone.

The weather was all that could be desired for football and a large crowd turned out to witness the game. The Cumberland team were the first to take the field and looked a smart lot, dressed in Maroon Jerseys and white pants. The Red and whites turned out half an hour late. The Maroons won the toss and when the teams lined up it was seen that the Red and Whites had the advantage in height and weight. T. Strang acted as referee and set the teams in motion half an hour after the scheduled time. Right from the jump Ladysmith made tracks toward Clarke's end and spared neither man nor ball in their efforts to score, the game was only two minutes old when Brass deliberatly tripped up Clarke in a brutal fashion, Adams was the next to meet with approval from a section of the spectators by bringing the Goalkeeper down in a manner not allowed in association football. The Red and White kept up the pressure and their efforts where awardrd by Adam's beating Clark with a shot of the unsaveable order. The Maroons now began to have a say in the game and once they found their feet they tested the Ladysmith defense, but poor shooting spoiled their chances. The game was stopped for a few minutes to put McLean under repairs, he having received a nasty kick from Adam's, Carney was the next to suffer he having to be assisted off the field after coming in contact with M Hines, a gruelly first half ended with the score 1 to nil in favor of Ladysmith.

The second half was resumed after a few minutes interval and the Maroon's were not long in testing Dougan's ability as a goalkeeper. The Maroons forwards kept Dougan and Co. busy defending and on several occasions came near getting the much desired goal, the ball at one time lying dead in front of the goal with no one there to give it the much needed assistance. A hard and fast game ended in favor of Ladysmith score 1 to 0.

Owing to shortage of space we are unable to publish notes on the game at Ladysmith.

Nanaimo vs Cumberland

The Cumberland team visited Nanaimo on Monday 26th and engaged the local team in a friendly game.

Cumberland turned out the same team as met defeat at Ladysmith on the previous day. Nanaimo had out a strong eleven. Rain was falling when the game commenced and the field was in a slippy condition.

Cumberland won the toss and played with the wind on their back's right front, the start the Cumberland boys made tracks toward the homesters' goal and the game was only 10 minutes old when Brown beat Sheperd, Cumberland continued to press and Boothman headed through from a well placed winger by J. Williams. Nanaimo was out played in the first half and seldom got beyond half field. A penalty was awarded against Hewitt for handling the ball, J. Williams took the kick, but Shepherd saved. The half ended in favor of Cumberland score 2 goals to nil. Nanaimo played up better in the second half and after 15 minutes play reduced the leeway, Walker beating Clarke with a soft shot which rolled through between his legs. From the kick off Nanaimo came right back and scored again. With the score equal the Maroons renewed their efforts and Carney put his team on the lead again beating Shepherd with a shot close in.

A pleasant and interesting game ended in favor of Cumberland team 3 to 2.

The Cumberland team were suffering from the effects of the previous game against Ladysmith and are to be congratulated on the good showing they made. The boys enjoyed the game and got a square deal from Nanaimo. W. Sutherland played his usual game at back. Cairns was the pick of the halfs. The forwards improved on the Ladysmith game and Boothman's head work was a treat to watch. P. Gilmour acted as Referee and gave satisfaction to all. The team arrived home on Wednesday and in spite of the defeat and hard knocks given at Ladysmith, enjoyed the trip, and their wish now is to have another go at Ladysmith.

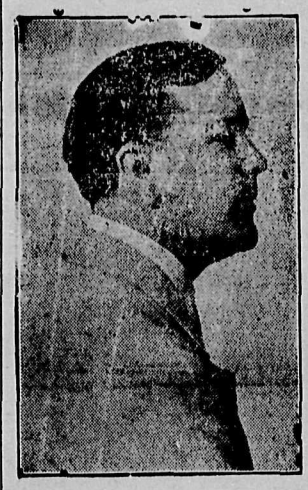
HAROLD NELSON CO. ARE HERE

Will Play the "Wolf" in Cumberland Hall This Evening

It will be the best play ever seen in Cumberland. A Nelson paper has this to say of the Harold Nelson Company in their performance of "The Wolf". The story is built up around the love between Jules Beaubien and Hilda McTavish and the villainous designs of one Wm McDonald. Harold Nelson as Jules Beaubien added another success to his already long list of honours in Nelson. His presentation of the character of the half breed was perfect in detail and should become one of this accomplished Actor's most popular parts. Miss Mitchell as Hilda, showed considerable dramatic ability. The scene in the 3rd act where her girlhood suddenly blossoms into the glory of early womanhood is one of the best in the play J. G. Garrette filled the part of McDonald adequately, and pleasant touches of humour were provided by the queer boyish antics of Geo Hunsley played by R. E. Williamson.

"The Wolf, which is billed for the Cumberland Hall to-night, is a comedy-drama of the somewhat unusual type.

The Islander has no hesitation in recommending the performance of "The Wolf" to Cumberland theatre goers.



HAROLD NELSON
Who plays the "Wolf" in Cumberland Hall to-night.

On Tuesday last Messrs Callan and McNaughton while trying to force a cartridge into a rifle were both hurt, Mr McNaughton receiving several minor injuries while Mr Callan was hurt more seriously. The accident was caused when they tried to force a larger cartridge into the rifle than it would take thus causing an explosion busting the gun into many pieces with the above result.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

Santa Claus Pays Cumberland His Annual Visit

The Methodist Sunday School Santa Claus was an unqualified success from every point of view. The healthy happy faces of the boys and girls were not only a treat to look upon, but were an inspiration filling one with faith and hope for the future of Cumberland' men and women of the coming generation.

One felt that it must be a great source of gratitude and thankfulness to Dr Gillespie, as superintendent, as well as to the paster of the church and the teachers.

Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. Banks are entitled to great praise for the manner in which the young people acquitted themselves; it must have been a considerable tax on their time and patience, although no doubt it was a labor of love. We were glad to see that the church was literally crowded to the doors, even the standing room was packed and the large audience appeared to enjoy the children's enjoyment to the full.

The cantata was called "Santa Claus Deception." Santa was got up regardless of cost in his well known outfit dear to all our hearts. With him was a lady he called mother, but as the son appeared considerably the oldest of the two, we came to the conclusion that he must have married a young wife, and mother was her pet name. Master Nicholas was a well grown boy and extra attentive to the young ladies who called to pay their respects to his father. When the reception began there came a band of Brownies followed by another of Just Boy, then Just Girls followed by Fairies, Woodland Fairies, Gipsy Fairies, Mothers, John Bull and Miss Canada and the Stingy Man. All were dressed in character to match their parts; the young ladies were ravishingly beautiful in the best of taste each party of visitors charmingly acted and sang their respective parts without a hitch. Then followed Santa's presents fittingly bringing to a close one of the most enjoyable evenings of this Christmastide.

The Christmas tree entertainment held in the Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening was attended by a bumper house and a very creditable entertainment was given and much credit is due to Mr and Mrs Parnham for the skilful way in which the children were trained. The entertainment consisted of choruses recitations and songs by different entertainers.

At intermission Mr McKinnon gave a favorable address on the last year's work of the Sunday School and also presented to Miss Lizzie Hunden a handsome gift for her faitfulness toward the Sunday School during the past year. Miss Martha Hunden was also presented with a very nice bible for her perfect attendance to Sunday School during the past year At the close "Santa" came and distributed the many presents that stood on the tree.

The K. of P. Lodge held their annual Christmas Tree for the little ones on last Tuesday evening. The usual "Santa" of course was there and with his usual kindness distributed many nice presents for both young and old especially the younger ones; each child receiving sometning appropriate from the tree.

The Ladies of the Maccabees of Cumberland Hive No. 17 held their regular meeting on the evening of Thursday December 22nd. in the K. of P. Hall.

After the usual business had been gone through the Hive adjourned and refreshmentf were served. Miss Minnie Horbury, Record Keeper was presented with a handsome handbag as a small token of rememberance, previous to her departure for Normal School.

The body of the Japanese, who was drowned while out duck shooting about three weeks ago, was discovered on Denman Island beach on Tuesday last.

A letter addressed to Mr Jno Kesley from Hosmer B. C. and which has been handed into us for publication has been unavoidably left out till our next issue.

MASONIC ANNUAL BALL

Most Successful Function Held on Last Tuesday Night

The annual Masonic Ball took place in the Cumberland Hall, on the evening of the 27th inst., and as is usual with this order; nothing in the line of arrangements was overlooked and everything was perfectly carried out.

The hall decorations were something unusual; the walls and ceiling being entirely covered with white and blue bunting with red of the same material for a base, the lighting was perfect and some of the illuminations were exceedingly pretty; the emblems of the order being outlined with vari-colored electric bulbs.

The orchestra was the best that could be procured and consisted of five instruments, *piano, violin, clarionet, cornet* and *trombone*, and the music rendered by the gentlemen handling these instrumentals was conceded by one and all to be excellent.

It is very difficult for one of the stern sex to criticize or elaborate on the costumes of the ladies, suffice it to say that the writer, who has witnessed many of these functions in Cumberland never had the pleasure of looking upon a prettier lot of ladies or a more handsome array of the dressmaker's art than that which graced the ballroom on this occasion.

The supper was of the same high standard for which the Cumberland Hotel is noted and was partaken of by ninety guests.

The dancing was kept up till the programme of twenty four numbers was gone through, in addition to quite a number of extras, and everyone went away well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

ONLOOKER.

Correspondence.

To the Editor Islander:

Sir Glibert Parker the well known writer of whom Canada is proud sent the following message to canadians through the columns of the "Westren Home Monthly Xmas number."

It is a great thing to be busy in building up a home while building up the life of a new country. In a new land every stroke of work tells; the effect of it is seen; the consequences of every public act shown in the social structure.

The people of Canada, particularly of the Far West, have splendid opportunities and their destiny is set on a rich field. From these conjested centres of civilization (Gravesend England.) To offer the greeting of a fellow worker in the great workshop of Anglo-Saxon civilization under the British flag. We are aiming at one thing—a home; the opportunity to work and the legitimate product of that work; the good of a country that has our affection, our faith, and our loyalty.

Daily the Empire becomes smaller because we are drawn closer together. Hourly the understanding becomes more real the sympathy more intense. One Flag, one Empire, one Common Purpose, and all hands around,—that should be our motto!

I would ask your readers through your columns, should not Sir Gilbert's closing words be our motto for Cumberland and its surrounding territory; should we not all adopt them for the New Year, and all through it? Let us frown down and stamp out all and every one who dares to say that this Cumberland of ours may in two years be only half its present size. That the new Company is building houses at the different mines will swamp us; if they do build there Cumberland will be their market city where they will spend their money, for careful enquiries show that no word has been breathed that the Company intends running stores, their sole aim and object is coal; all their energies and improvements are to double the output, they intend sinking shafts all round us of which it is on good authority intended that Cumberland will be the geological centre, great results will gravitate here. Yes sir, Cumberland will expand, not contract. All rumors to the contrary which are so industriously circulated come from one source and have one aim in view, to prevent our city having an up-to-date sewerage system and so become healthy for ourselves and our children, turn down the Government grant of $9000, and thus they think will tend to elect Mr. Bate as mayor; personally I rate the intelligence of the property owners very much higher than they do, feeling sure that their property will double in value over the cost incurred, not to mention the health and comfort they will enjoy, as Sir Gilbert says "We are all driving at one thing—a home," let us see that it is a sanitary one above all things.

Let us boom our city, not decry it. "It is a dirty bird that defiles its own nest," the old proverb says. Let us as without exception show faith in the future of Cumberland, "One Common Purpose and all hands round, let her have our affection, our faith and our loyalty," then watch her grow.

PROGRESS

COUNCIL HOLD SPECIAL MEETING

To Pass Abolition of the Ward System

A special meeting of the City Council was held on Wednesday evening to pass the abolition of the Ward System by-law; it was advanced stage and ordered to be laid over till next week, when it will be reported and finally passed.

After the Council meeting, the adjourned sitting of the Court of Revision for the voters list was held. Mr Harrison, city solicitor to whom Mr C. Bickle's objection to part of the voters over 60 years of age being retained on the roll. was referred; advised that it would be unwise for the Court to entertain the objection.

As Mr Bickle failed to put in an appearance to champion his cause and prove the law a "Hass," the objections were not allowed, and our old men retain their privilege, granted them by a special statute.

The marriage took place on Thursday at the Residence of Mr. McGillary of Mr Arthur Cook and Miss Lizzie Stocking both of this city.

Miss Hayman acted as Bridesmaid while Mr J Nicholson performed the duties of best man

The holiday season at the Opera house will be ushered in by a special performance on next Monday night of the great comedy drama "The Wolf". The play, which has been meeting with wonderful success all over the country, is especially adapted to the holiday season. The scenes are laid in the northern part of Ontario, and the characters are the strong, virile types who go in advance of civilization, build railroads and in many ways make the pathway easier for those who follow. The well known Canadian actor, Harold Nelson, will appear as the romantic young Frenchman, Jules Beaubien.

The young men of St Georges' Presbyterian Church have instituted in the basement of the church a very much needed place of amusement, in the form of a reading room and gymnasium, which will be open three nights a week, viz: Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays. Many very capable young men were elected to look after the club and keep it in proper shape. It is prospering very favorably under their management and a large number have already joined the club.

They have already a well equiped gymnasium as well as an excellent reading room which will also be equiped and open to the members immediately.

On Thursdry next the club will open with a social to which they invite all those who can attend to attend. The committee in charge of the affair promises that this event will be long remembered by the young people as nothing will be left undone to make the occasion one of the most enjoyable in the history of Cumberland.

BIG XMAS TURKEY SHOOT

Took Place Dec 26th, For Thirty Turkeys

The target shooting for Turkeys on Xmas Day was well attended.

Thirty Turkeys were put up and after some close shooting Turkey's were awarded to the following gentlemen;—

Wm Keenan, 2; Wm Herd, 2; Wm Drew, 1; T. E. Bate, 1; R. Webster, 1; Fraser Watson, 1, Jas. Williamson, 2; Andrew Gibson, 1; Jno Resio, 2; Jno. Kesley, 1; Frank Jaynes, 1; H. Gibson, 4; Wm. Garland, 2; Ed. Grieves, 1; Wm McLellan sr, 1, R. Foster, 1; Clark Russel, 1; Wm. jr., 2; Sam Williamson, 1.

At Union Bay on 19th a Japanese working on the trestle fell down the hopper where coal and water goes through the chute to be separated, another Jap at the end of the door noticed his feet coming out through the door and instantly proceeded to the door to try to get the man out but he found his fellow country man under the door which he was unable to open. He immediately went to Japtown where he received assistance and the door being pryed open a dead Japanese was found; having died from suffocation.

A Verdict of accidental death was brought in by the jury.

On the 20th at Andersons logging camp, a Japanese whose occupation was fireman on a donkey engine, which was placed on trucks and could be moved round on rails, while he and a few other workmen were transferring a log to another trucks the donkey capsized, scalding the unfortunate fireman to death.

A Verdict of accidental death was given by the jury.

Miss Brown Matron of U. & C. Hospital desires to acknowledge with thanks the following donations for Xmas.

Mrs J. B Bennett, Pot plant; Alex. Rowan, Cigars; Mrs J. Stewart, Basket of fruit, etc. Drs. Gillespie and McNaughton, fruit and candy; Mr. Clinton, candy pair of Turkeys; Mr. Lawrence, pair of Turkeys; Co-perative Co. Turkeys; Mr Slaughter, pair of fowls; Campbell Bros., Ham; J. N McLeod, Ham;

Miss Brown also wishes to thank all those who contributed reading matter to the Hosspital during the year.

The Fraternal Order of Eagles held their meeting in the I. O. O. F. Hall on Wednesday evening when several candidates were initiated into the mysteries of Eagleism. After the usual routine of business had been gone through, all members proceeded to the Cumberland Hall, where a social session was held for the benefit of the new members. All kinds of refreshments were served, and a lengthy programme gone through, which was greatly enjoyed by all. It was the "wee sma' hours" when the crowd dispersed, each one voting the "session" a grand success.

A new club has been formed by the boys at Union Bay and will be known as the Union Bay Athletic and Social Association Basket Ball Club, with the following officers;—Hon. President, G. Flower; President, E.A.Clark; Vice-president, A. D. Thomson; Secretary, A. A Glover; Treasurer, R. G. Humphrey.

The club has a membership of thirty and three seniors teams and two junior.

Manager Montgomery of the Royal Bank left on Saturday for Vancouver to spend a few days.

East of Suez

INDIA is a country that one could *not see properly in many lifetimes.*

If you have lived there for a year you think you know all about it; but if you have lived there for thirty years you begin to realize how little you really know. Let that be a chastening thought for those ingenious gentlemen who, in Parliament and in the newspapers, explain, after six weeks' scamper through the country, how India should be governed. The usual tourist route to Agra and Delhi, Cawnpore and Lucknow, Jeypore and Gwalior, Benares and Calcutta and Darjeeling, is no doubt the best for those who have only limited time; but how much of India that leaves unvisited! A whole "cold weather" might be spent in the peninsula of Kathiawar alone. The Girnar *mountain of Junagadh, crowned* with Jain temples, is worth a long journey to see; yet probably not a dozen travellers from Europe go there in twelve months. No one can comprehend the variety of India who has not seen something of the north-west frontier, or at least traversed the formidable gorge of the Khyber, that strait and sinister gate through which army after army has poured to achieve the conquest of India. The whole of northern Punjab has a special charm for Englishmen, and Lahore has the most picturesque bazaar in India. The Peshawar bazaar may be the meeting-place of half the races of Asia, but it cannot compare with the narrow winding streets and overhanging balconies of Lahore. On the other side of India, beyond the brimming Ganges and the wide Brahmaputra, lie vast regions that are unknown territory to the tourist, and perhaps to all save a handful of Bengal officials. Yet the man who has not seen a little of eastern Bengal has still much to learn about India. If you go south to the Madras Presidency, with *its palms and its rich fields, you are in* another land, and begin to realize the cardinal truth that India is not one country, but many countries. Kashmir is a place apart, only to be visited in comfort in the summer-time; and Burma is so unlike India that it deserves a special visit.

No one should be deterred from going to India by reports of unrest or of plague. The unrest is there, no doubt, but the casual traveller sees no trace of it. India is far safer for the stranger than many parts of London after dark, or than Paris or Marseilles; and the tourist is no more likely to contract plague than he is to develop housemaid's knee. The cases of plague, even among resident Europeans, have been singularly few. Railway travelling is comfortable enough on the main lines, and restaurant cars are increasing in number. The newest expresses on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway are worthy of comparison with the best trains in Europe, and they contain excellent baths. Unfortunately, all the Indian lines are not so progressive as *the Great Indian Peninsula. For in*stance, the East Indian Railway is the most petted and the most unenterprising railway in India; and the Calcutta Express, when it reaches the East Indian system, will set you down at Asanol, quite near the capital, to partake of a breakfast from which an Eskimo would revolt. You must take the rough with the smooth, however, if you wish to see India; and he is a wise man who eats as little as possible at any refreshment room in the Punjab. There are a few good hotels in India, notably at Bombay, Delhi, and Lucknow; but Calcutta still lacks a really modern hotel, and travel in India is not yet organized in the Egyptian fashion. The typical life of India, by the way, is not in the cities at all, but in the rural districts off the beaten track; and if you chance to know a district collector or a forest officer, and he invites you to spend a few days with him in camp during his cold-weather wanderings, do not miss such an invaluable opportunity.

If the traveller really wants to leave the well-trodden routes, he might try the Persian Gulf, which is readily accessible from Bombay, and is probably the cradle of that older civilization whence the Samerians sprang. The Gulf is full of wonders undreamed of by the ordinary tourist. There are deep mountainous fiords on the coast of Oman rarely penetrated by a ship's keel; there are the Pearl Islands and the Pirate Coast; there is Ormuz, where the Portuguese flourished and sweated and fell; there are mouldering sites of forgotten cities where junks traded in the days when the Chinese sailed all the Eastern seas; there is Gerrha, the reputed earliest home of the Phoenicians, on the Arabian side, still unregarded by archaeologists; and there is Basra with its date-palms, and Baghdad, far up the Tigris, with its memories of the Khalifs. Mr. David Hogarth said a year or two ago, in a lecture, that there was "a very interesting and compact piece of geographical work to be done on Ras Musendam, which would make a minor reputation for a bold and hardy explorer." Ras Musendam is the huge iron-bound promontory *which stands like a sentinel at the en*trance of the Gulf. He would indeed be a bold and hardy man who sought to explore that abomination of desolation, where the volcanic rocks radiate a terrific heat. I have landed there, and I know. But most parts of the Gulf are reasonably accessible to the traveller. And if a man is enterprising enough to charter a dhow (as many an old Anglo-Indian used to do) and spend from November to March in cruising in that inland sea where great sailors from Nearchus to Baffin have voyaged, I can promise him an interesting time.

But I must borrow the Magic Carpet, and whirl in a trice from the Erythrean Sea to China, merely remarking, in passing, that I have no great love for Singapore, and think it is best seen over the stern of a ship. China has not the subtle glamor of Egypt or the infinite variety of India, but it is more interesting than either country as a potential factor in the world's future. It is the country most worth studying at the present day by those who seek to understand and appreciate world movements. Those 450 millions of the most industrious people on earth, more will be heard of them yet, though in the field of trade and commerce rather than in aggressive warfare. Men say that the awakening of China is slow, but is that really the case? In my limited knowledge of the country, I have seen it in the days when it only possessed a single short railway, and I have seen it gradually becoming covered with a network of iron ways. China is developing at a rate that is astonishingly rapid, considering her long sleep, which was not really sleep at all, but only an unwillingness to change her ways.

Time spent at Hong-Kong is never wasted, though Hong-Kong is not China. It has the most beautiful and picturesque harbor I have ever seen. Yet the Hong-Kong people do not appreciate it, being engrossed in the pursuit of the diminishing dollar. It has not the extent of Sydney harbor, but it is far *more magnificent, because it is backed* by mountains; and the innumerable junks and sampans give it special characteristics to which Sydney can never attain. The business quarter of Hong-Kong is changing out of all recognition, and its vast new blocks of offices and shops are as Occidental as Birmingham. But I have never ceased to prophesy that retribution will overtake the Europeans of Hong-Kong for their criminal neglect of their own advantages. The day will come when the rich Chinese will be occupying all the available sites on the cool summit of the Peak, and all save the richest of the Europeans will swelter on July nights in the city below. Then, when it is too late, the Europeans will want to burn in effigy the official who punctured a fatal hole in the Peak Reservation Bill.

No one should leave Hong-Kong without paying a visit to Canton, perhaps the most remarkable city in China. The first sight of the river and creeks with its swarming boat population, the first walk through the incredibly narrow streets, give an ineffaceable impression of the teeming multitudes of the Flowery Land. Of all the places I have ever seen, Canton is most vividly imprinted on my mind. Shanghai is being more rapidly transformed than Hong-Kong, and when one looks at its fine new hotels and public buildings, and the crowded native city beyond, one wonders what will be the ultimate fate of a settlement so unique and exotic. Much the same reflection is inevitable in Pekin, when one contemplates the legations, planted nowadays like an alien fortress, armed and embrasured and garrisoned, within the walls of a great capital. Pekin is politically engrossing, but to me it has not the same human interest as Canton.

If, however, your footsteps lead you *to Pekin, do not fail to visit the tombs* of the Ming emperors, twenty miles to the north of the city. They stand, quiet and deserted, a series of great structures built around a huge amphitheatre of hills. I know no sepulchre more majestic or grandiose in conception; its very desolation conveys a sense of eternal solitude. The journey to the Great Wall may now be made by rail, and the Nankau Pass has lost some of its old romance. There is more than one Wall, but in this region one Wall is very like another. In former days, to ride up the pass, and to come upon the sudden vision of the massive structure cutting down the sky-line, was to feel the real joy of travel. Down the pass came the caravans streaming in from Mongolia, camels and ponies, mules and donkeys, laden with produce, and every man willing to exchange the greetings of the road with the stranger. The Nankau and the Khyber Passes are two of the greatest highways of Asia. But China is an inexhaustible theme, and I have said nothing of the voyage up the Yangtse River in com*fortable steamers, or of the railway* from Pekin to Hankow, which has done more than many bombardments to educate the Chinese in the advantages of Western methods of transportation.

Japan is an enchanting country to travel in, though mainly by reason of its natural beauty. It is a feast of color. You retain memories of vivid garments seen against the delicate green of young rice crops; of stone pines on precipitous hillsides; of the glories of the cherry blossom in April; of little tea-gardens, softly radiant with wisteria; of gorges clothed with pink azaleas; of Fuji the incomparable, with its crown of snow; of picturesque temples, and the shrines and cryptomerias of *Nikko; of Fuji again, mirrored in the* blue of Lake Hakone, and of music in the early summer evenings at Kioto. The path of the tourist, even in the remoter districts, is made smooth by the admirable Welcome Society. Yet, unless one happens to be very specially accredited, I fancy that most people leave Japan with the vague feeling that they have not seen behind the veil. The true springs of Japan's greatness are not readily discernible by the casual traveller. If you are content to see and to enjoy externals, there is no more delightful land to roam in; but do not hope to understand the genius of Japan without long residence. Even on the eve of the war, when I happened to be there, one could hardly trace any marked sign of the impending strife. Travel in Japan is so easy and so comfortable that detailed hints are almost unnecessary. Living is rather dear in the resorts most frequented by foreigners, but cheap in the country districts; and in spite of the constant influx of Western Americans, with piles of dollars, prices are now lower than they were before the war. If you once give way to the almost irresistible temptation to buy curios in Japan, you are financially doomed.

Travellers for pleasure still fight shy of the Siberian railway. They think that the journey must be monotonous and exhausting, that they will get into trouble about their passports, or be arrested as spies, or be blown up by nihilist bombs, or massacred in a "pogrom." The fact is that, as European residents in the Far East are finding out, there is no better way home from the Orient than through Siberia. The trains are splendidly equipped, with fine bathroom, good food, admirable sleeping berths, and a comfortable lounge. At the same time, it must be said that the rolling stock is not so good as it was at first. The journey is not exhausting, because the pace is moderate, and there are plenty of opportunities for a stroll during the long and welcome stoppages at the stations. My experience is that the Russian authorities do everything in their power to save the traveller annoyance, and they are par*ticularly courteous to Englishmen.* They are eager to secure passenger traffic for their line, and through travellers are invariably treated with great consideration. It is only in St. Petersburg that the innocent stranger is liable to be looked at askance. The language is no bar, for there is generally an official on the train who speaks French, and sometimes English. It is absurd to suppose that the journey is monotonous, for one encounters every variety of scenery. The gradual transition from east to west, from the blue-gowned Chinese of Manchuria to the rough-booted peasant of western Siberia, is an attractive study. In summer, for a brief space, Siberia is a land of flowers to an extent undreamed of in more southern climes. Every lonely valley amid the mountains of Trans-Baikalia is covered so thickly with flowers that it glows with colors like a Persian carpet. The voyage across Lake Baikal is a thing of the past, since the section around the southern end of the lake, with its thirty-eight tunnels, has now been completed; but I pity the man who, in spring and summer at any rate, can travel day after day through the rich lands of south Manchuria, the plains beyond Sungari, impressive by their very loneliness, and the mountains and forests of Siberia, with an untouched imagination. Who that has seen it could forget the spectacle of the bright domes and steeples of Krasnoiarsk flashing in the morning sunlight, across the broad bosom of the mighty Yenesei? And then the quick run down the Urals into Europe, past villages with their merry watermills, and little towns nestling in sheltered nooks, how it draws one's thoughts onward towards home after a prolonged absence! The only dull part of the whole journey is across the black plains of central Russia.

I have wandered back into Europe almost without realizing it, but I wanted to emphasize the point that Pekin is practically now as near to London as Bombay. No one thinks anything of a journey to India, but for some obscure and quite illogical reason, North China is still regarded as remote and difficult of access. There is really only one great *region of the world to which, for the* European, the word remoteness now applies, and that is Australasia. Whichever way one goes to the Antipodes, the voyage is a prolonged and monotonous business except for those to whom seafaring is a novelty. It will not be much better even when the Panama canal is opened. At present the favorite route is still by way of Suez and Colombo, but the long stretch from Ceylon to Fremantle grows very tiresome, and the great Australian Bight frequently rivals the worst moods of the Bay of Biscay.

Still, I am often surprised that more English travellers do not visit Australia. The study of a great new Anglo-Saxon nation in the making is profoundly interesting, and Australia is by far the most agreeable of the overseas dominions. The climate in spring and autumn is delightful, and the warmth of an Australian welcome is worth crossing the world to experience. The people are as sunny as their skies, and it has often struck me in Australian cities that one rarely sees an unhappy face. *The hotels in Australia are* with few exceptions not conspicuously good or comfortable, but the food is always wholesome and well cooked. The main line expresses in New South Wales and Victoria are as finely designed, and can be as fast on occasion, as any trains in the world. The dining-car service is somewhat inadequate, for Australia has not yet quite emerged from the sandwich-at-a-counter stage; but it may be recorded in favor of Australian railways that they are steadily "scrapping" the old longitudinal sleeping cars on the American plan, and substituting sleepers on the European principle, with local improvements. The Commonwealth is, in many other ways, ceasing to imitate America, because its people are beginning to perceives that it suffices to be Australian.

There is a good deal of unnecessary jealousy between the great cities of Australia. Each has its own special qualities and characteristics, and each can afford to stand on its own merits. Sydney is already, and always must be, the greatest city of the southern hemisphere. It has coal within easy reach, and it has a harbor which, if not all that Sydney fancies it to be, is nevertheless sufficiently magnificent. Sydney has this remarkable quality, that it is quite unlike any other city in the world. No one can ever have truthfully said *of Sydney, "This reminds me of such* and such a place." It has a glorious site, and an immeasurable future; but owing to its comparatively narrow thoroughfares, it is more imposing from without than from within. Melbourne is a place of long vistas, of broad streets and fine buildings; but it has no distinctive external features, and might just as well be anywhere in Western Europe. Socially and intellectually, it is the Edinburgh of the south. Life is more bland and genial in Melbourne than in strenuous Sydney. Perth is still in the stage of rapid growth, and is a little unkempt and a little too fond of talking about gold-mines; but the approach to the city by way of the Swan River is impressive. Brisbane is hot and dusty and hopeful, but hardly a place to attract stray visitors, though it has a beautiful environment. The Australian city which most appeals to Englishmen is Adelaide. It is solid and prosperous, its life is not too whirling, it has magnificent open spaces, and the hills which lie within an hour's drive contain a delightful series of retreats. *I have no space to write of the attrac*tions of life in the "back-blocks," but it is worth noting that the air of the vast spaces of Central Australia is peculiarly invigorating, and very beneficial for consumptives.

No visitor to Australia should fail to visit Tasmania, the garden island of the southern hemisphere. Tasmania is not rich, in the money-grubbers' acceptation of the word, though it has plenteous store of copper and tin, and in a lesser degree of gold and silver; but it is rich in all those attributes which go to make life peaceful and contented and modestly prosperous. It has an ideal climate, never unduly hot, never severely cold. Go where you will in Tasmania, you are always within reach *of some of the most glorious scenery in* the world. All who visit the island feel its ineffaceable charm, and few leave it without wishing to stay there and grow apples for the rest of their days. Already the number of tourists visiting Tasmania shows a remarkable annual increase. It has this marked advantage over Australia, that by reason of its mild and equable temperature it can be visited with comfort by those who seek to escape the rigors of an English winter. The interior, in the neighborhood of the lakes, is stimulating even in the height of summer.

The estuary of the Derwent, framed in verdure-clad hills, is a noble waterway; and Hobart itself has a magnificent background in the broad grim bulk of Mount Wellington, over 4,000 feet high. Seen from Bellerive, the pretty waterside suburb across the water, the harbor looks like a lovely landlocked lake, and there is nothing on the mainland which quite compares with the wide vistas of rivers and woodland scenery unfolded in a drive through the Domain at Hobart. *Not a view in Here*fordshire, *not even Japan in the time* of the cherry blossom, can surpass the landscape of southern Tasmanit when the orchards are in bloom. To drive along the valley of the Huon River in the spring and early summer is like journeying in a warm green Arcadia dappled with broad patches of driven snow.

GOOD HEALTH FOR YOUNG GIRLS

What is Needed is the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make

Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a fitful temper, is restless and excitable. In that case remember that the march of years is leading her on to womanhood, and at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as parents. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels "all tired out" after a little exertion; if she tells of headaches, or backaches, or pain in the side, do not disregard these warnings. Your daughter needs help for she is most probably anaemic—that is, bloodless.

Should you notice any of these signs, lose no time, but procure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for her unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich impoverished blood and by doing so they repair waste and prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls, health, brightness and high spirits. A case typical of thousands cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is that of Miss Grace Cunningham, Winnipeg, Man., who says: "I really cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they have made me feel like a new girl. I was pale and almost bloodless and think that on an average I missed at least three school sessions a week, because I felt like a broken down person, and too weak to, do anything. The doctor's medicine I took did little more than keep me in hope; it certainly did not cure me. Then I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon made me feel like a new person. Day by day I gained strength and color, and I have your medicine to thank for it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Current Verse

OH, GREY AND TENDER IS THE RAIN

Oh, grey and tender is the rain,
That drip, drips on the pane!
A hundred things come in the door,
The scent of herbs, the thought of yore.

I see the pool out in the grass,
A bit of broken glass;
The red flags running wet and straight,
Down to the little flapping gate.

Lombardy poplars tall and three,
Across the road I see;
There is no loveliness so plain
As a tall poplar in the rain.

But oh! the hundred things and more,
That come in at the door!—
The smack of mint, old joy, old pain,
Caught in the grey and tender rain.

* * *

THE WHITE PERIL

Peril is here! Here in the Childless Land
Life sits high in the Chair of Fools, twisting her ropes of sand;
Here the lisping of babies and cooing of mothers cease;
Here the Man and the Woman fail, and only the flocks increase.

Axes may bite in the forest, Science harness the streams,
Railway and dock be builded—all in a Land of Dreams!
Sunk in spiritual torpor ye flout these words of the wise:
"Only to music of children's songs shall the walls of a Nation rise!"

* * *

A POET AND A WOMAN

You bent above the grave and read the stone
Where long ago—I saw your quick tears start—
Some singer, unremembered and unknown,
Had woven into song his broken heart.

And then you asked if only loss and death
Moved man to truer song and brought the need
Of music's balm and the assuaging breath
Which falls so poignantly from lips that bleed.

You asked how I, who knew and mourned no dead,
Could hope for music, since its chords must spring
From death and sorrow, and I only said:
"Have I not my dead selves of which to sing?"

* * *

OF THOSE WHO WALK ALONE

Women there are on earth, most sweet and high,
Who lose their own, and walk bereft and lonely,
Loving that one lost heart until they die,
Loving it only.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

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

WHAT COMES NEXT IN BRITISH POLITICS?

WE get a curious sidelight on British institutions and character when we find that even radical journals in London seek to justify the present agitation for the payment of salaries to members of the House of Commons, not on the justice and commonsense of the principle, but upon the historical, but generally forgotten, fact that some centuries ago the members of Parliament were paid by the counties which they represented. History is being ransacked for evidence to show that it was after salaries had ceased to be paid that there began that long period of political corruption culminating in the scandalous conditions abolished in 1832. It seems to be all-important that for the payment of salaries there can be found a disused, hoary, but home made precedent.

In Canada we regard the payment of a sessional indemnity to a member of Parliament as a matter of course. Why should not a member be reimbursed for *his outlay? Why should he not be paid* what his time is worth. With us the question was easy of settlement, because unless we reimbursed members for their outlay we could not have secured their services in a country where all men were engaged in the task of earning livelihoods. With us the question solved itself. Some of us find it difficult to understand the British prejudice against the State paying salaries or indemnities to members of Parliament To get an understanding of it we must go back at least eighty years. In a recently published book, "The Mother of Parliaments," Mr. Harry Graham gives some account of the venality and the make-up of the British Parliament down to 1832. He says:

Between 1688 and 1832 political life in England was excessively corrupt . . . In 1690 the practice of regularly bribing members of the House of Commons was undertaken by the Speaker, on behalf of the Tory party

At a later date even Pelham, a man of unblemished reputation in private life, saw the absolute necessity of distributing bribes *right and left.* . . . Seats in Parliament were regularly bought and sold, the price varying from £1,500 to as much as £7,000. . . . The notoriously corrupt borough of Gatton was publicly advertised for sale in 1792 with the power of nominating two representatives for ever, described by the auctioneer as "an elegant contingency." The same seat was sold by Sir Mark Wood in 1831 for the huge sum of £60,000. . . . In 1815 the House of Commons contained 471 members who were the creatures of 144 peers and 123 commoners.

The whole body politic was, indeed utterly rotten, and it was only considered possible to maintain the ministerial influence by a system of disciplined Treasury corruption. The secret service money with which votes were bought was in the control of the Prime Minister, and Walpole is stated to have said that he did not care a rap who made M.P.'s so long as he was allowed to deal with them after they were made

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

PAIN ALMOST DROVE HIM WILD

DISEASE DEFIED TREATMENT WAS CURED AT ONCE BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES."

Mr. H. Marchessault, High Constable of the Province of Quebec, who lives at St. Hyacinthe, thought he was going to be disabled for life.

A terrible pain in the back kept him in the house and under the doctor's care for months. Nothing seemed to give relief.

Then he tried "Fruit-a-tives," the famous fruit medicine. Note the results.

"Fruit-a-tives" cured me of chronic pain in the back that was so severe that I could not drive my horse," writes Mr. Marchessault.

If you have Weak Kidneys and that Biting Pain in the Back, by all means try "Fruit-a-tives," which is made of fruit juices.

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

And so they never see beside them grow
Children, whose coming is like breath of flowers;
Consoled by subtler loves the angels knew
Through childless hours.

Good deeds they do; they comfort and they bless
In duties others put off till the morrow;
Their look is balm, their touch is tenderness
To all in sorrow.

Betimes the world smiles at them, as 'twere shame,
This maiden guise, long after youth's departed;
But in God's book they bear another name—
"The faithful hearted."

Faithful in life, and faithful unto death,
Such souls, in sooth, illume with lustre splendid
That glimpsed, glad land wherein, the Vision saith,
Earth's wrongs are ended.

FIRST BOX CURED HIS LAME BACK

HIGH PRAISE FOR GIN PILLS

Smithville, Ont.

"I suffered for three years with a Pain In My Back. I am now taking GIN PILLS and find a great relief after taking only one box."

W. J. BALDWIN.

Is it any wonder that we sell GIN PILLS with an iron-clad guarantee of money back if they fail to give relief? We know that GIN PILLS will stop the pain in the back—relieve the bladder—and cure every trace of Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism.

GIN PILLS have cured thousands of cases of Kidney Trouble that were regarded as hopeless.

We don't ask you to buy GIN PILLS to find out what they will do for you.

Simply write us, mentioning this paper, and we will send you a sample box free. Then, if you are unable to get the regular size boxes at your dealer's, write us, and we will supply you at the retail price—50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. GIN PILLS are made and guaranteed by the largest wholesale drug house in the British Empire.

National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. R.P., Toronto.

Ten Sound Reasons Why You Should Buy

NA-DRU-CO

(Pronounced NA-DROO-KO)

Medicinal and Toilet Preparations

Because They are

1. **Guaranteed by the largest Wholesale Drug Firm in America**—the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited.
2. **Made of Purest Ingredients** every ounce of which has passed rigid tests for strength and purity.
3. **Compounded by Expert Chemists** legally qualified to dispense prescriptions.
4. **Made according to Proven Formulae** tested for years for safety and efficiency.
5. **Not "Cure-Alls"** but specific prescriptions for particular ailments.

NA-DRU-CO TRADE MARK — ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

6. **Non-Secret** We will furnish to any physician or druggist, on request, a list of the ingredients in any Na-Dru-Copreparation. Ask your druggist.
7. **A Complete Trade-marked Line** including practically every Toilet or Medicinal preparation you ever need.
8. **Made in Canada** by Canadians—for Canadians' benefit.
9. **On Sale Throughout Canada** If your druggist hasn't the particular Na-Dru-Co article you need, he can get it within 2 days.
10. **A "Money Back" Proposition** If any Na-Dru-Co preparation is unsatisfactory we will gladly refund your money.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers Stop a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug.

Na-Dru-Co Laxatives Act without any discomfort. Increased doses not needed.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets Cure sour stomach—heartburn—flatulence—indigestion—chronic dyspepsia.

Na-Dru-Co Baby Tablets Relieve Baby's ills. Especially valuable during teething.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES

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

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

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

* * *

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

Almond Green Liberty Satin Gown

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

WHY FLYING ACCIDENTS HAPPEN

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

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

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

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

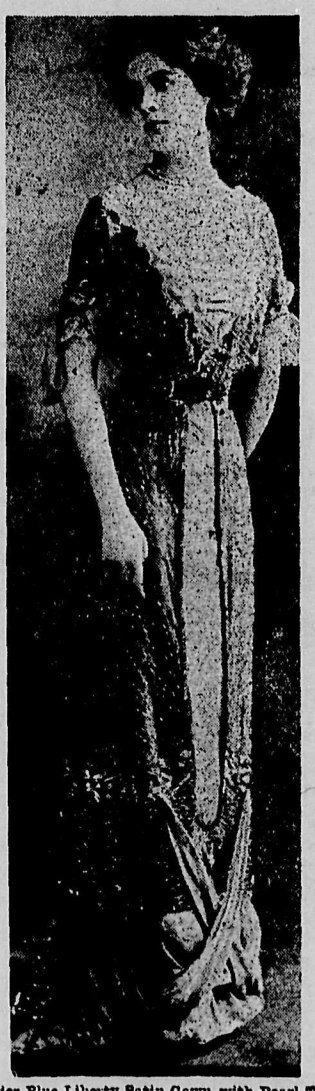
Personally, the writer has a theory which may explain one or two inexplicable flying accidents. I believe that there are, so to speak, "holes" in the air, that through causes I have not yet made sure of a vacuum is created in the atmosphere. The aviator flies into this empty space, and without any warning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

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

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

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

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



Nattier Blue Liberty Satin Gown with Pearl Tunic

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

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

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

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

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

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
Does not contain Alum

VISITED BY A LEOPARD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MERCIFUL DOGS OF WAR

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

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

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

SPECTACLES FOR HORSES

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

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

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

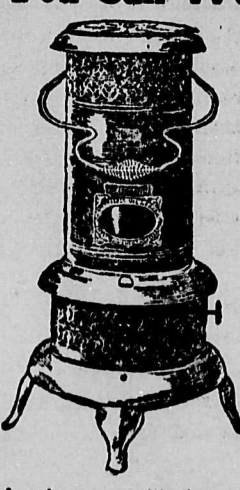
Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months,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

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

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

HEAD ACHE
Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking
"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers 25c. a box, at all druggists'.
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED. MONTREAL. 27

You Can Work Near a Window



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

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

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

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

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

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

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

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

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

tone up weak stomachs—supply the digestive juices which are lacking—ensure your food being properly converted into brawn and sinew, red blood and active brain. 50c. a box at your druggist's or from 32
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, ... Montreal.

THE ISLANDER

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE,

Editor and Proprietor.

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

SATURDAY, DEC., 31, 1910.

What the Editor has to say.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all our readers is our wish.

In wishing all our readers a Prosperous New Year it is pleasing indeed for us to make an announcement that the prosperity of this city is assured in the very near future to a degree that the most optimistic hardly dared to hope for.

The announcement is made from an absolutely reliable source that within eighteen months this city will be entered by the Canadian Northern Railway; the plans of the Company being to tap the McKenzie & Mann mines here by extending their Island line which is already surveyed as far as Alberni, through to this district by way of Comox Lake, and Cumberland will then become a very important centre.

The knockers have guessed wrong again.

There is no spot on this Island of ours where the knockers can pitch his tent and knock for any considerable length of time with out having his knocking disturbed by the advent of railways, and prosperity that will not be denied.

The knockers may as well pack up their grips and get out, or else get in line and boost, for nothing can keep this city back now.

It is now up to every citizen to get in and boost for cement walks, a decent sewerage system and civic improvements of all kinds and show ourselves not unworthy citizens of a town that will have prosperity thrust upon it whether we invite it or not.

The following is quoted from Alberni Pioneer News: "Messrs Mackenzie & Mann are especially desirous, it may be stated on the very best authority, that the building of their line on Vancouver Island shall be pushed forward with exceptional rapidity; and there is every reason to believe that even before this first link in the Canadian Northern Pacific system on Vancouver Island is completed, an extension of powers will have been obtained and steps will have been taken for the further extension of the metals northward, by way of Campbell River, to an ultimate north end of the Island terminus and probably at Quatsino Sound.

Those most closely in touch with the inner working of railway policy expect, indeed, to see such a race in railway building on this Island between the C.P.R. and the C.N.P. as few sections of Western Canada as yet have witnessed, the goal and ambition of each being to first reach the north end of the Island."

For three months in succession the water mark for the Pay Roll at the mines has been steadily rising, and last month over two hundred more cheques were issued than were ever paid out before in the history of the mines,

---

Statistics from Oklahoma show clearly that prohibition in that new state does not prohibit, and the six hundred murders that occurred in Oklahoma since statehood was attained, reveal the fact that crime condition there are far worse than in States where the liquor traffic is recognized and regulated.
The figures dealt with are official and it is shown that the murder rate in Prohibition and 'bl d-pig' Oklahoma exceed that of any other state in the American Union,

Buy Your Xmas .:.Presents Here.:.

And Save from 20 to 25 per cent
BELOW ARE A FEW SUITABLE XMAS GIFTS

Large range of Fancy Neckwear 50c each
Fancy suspenders in boxes 50c to 1.50 pr
Ladies & Gents silk handkerchiefs 25c to 75c
Mens Kid Gloves 1.25 to 2.00
Fancy armlets in boxes 25c to 75c
Ebony hat brushes 50c to 1.50
Ebony looking glasses 1.00 to 3.50
Brush & Comb sets 50c to 5.00
Shaving mirrors 25c to 1.00
Fancy writing paper special 25c to 35c
Jewel boxes 75 to 1.25
Manicure sets 1.00 to 5.00
Ladies Chatelaine bags 1.50 to 3.50

COME to the Little Store where you can figure on right prices and a square deal.

T. E. CARTWRIGHT

Next door to Canadian Bank of Commerce

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

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

Beadnell & Biscoe

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Comox, B.C.

Sea frontages and farming land for sale

FRUIT TREES

Not the Cheapest, but the Best

Catalogue Free

Vancouver Island Nursery Co.,
Ltd.
Somenos, V.I.

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

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

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

Are you

A JEWELLER

If not

Have you a friend who is?

In either case you should be interested in this

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

AN OLD ESTABLISHED BUSINESS

Carrying a full line of the very best

Clocks,
Watches
and Jewellery

Also a

BOOKSTORE IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS

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

AGE AND ILL HEALTH

Will sell on the buyers own terms

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

Full particulars may be learned by communicating with

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

THE BIG STORE

The Store of .. **Quality**

We Thank our many Friends for the past year, Soliciting a continuance of the same .....

We wish all A Happy and Prosperous NEW YEAR

Simon Leiser

& CO. LTD.

POOR PRINTING

IS A GREAT BENEFIT

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

THE ISLANDER

.. W. Colpitts ..

"Leading Tobacco King."

Better known as "LONG WILLIE"

Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.

Billiard Room in connection

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

---

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods

Best Bread and Beer in Town

Agents for Pilsener Beer

CONDENSED ADS.

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

Furnished Rooms to Let, opposite the Hospital.

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

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

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

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

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

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

$75.00 DOLLARS REWARD.

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

Mah Lee Laundry

P. O. BOX 294

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Near the Saw Mill

Notice to Advertisers.

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

THE CORNER STORE

OVERCOATS

Of all the Latest Patterns and made of the BEST MATERIAL, beautifully finished.

We are sure we can please you as we have a big selection . . . for you to choose from . . .

SUITS

A new arrival of NEW SUITS. As you know, these Clothes speak for themselves.

J. N. McLEOD

C. H. TARBELL

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

AGENTS FOR

The McClary Manufactuing Co.

Sherwin-Williams Paints

j5

SOLID : COMFORT

IS ASSURED

if you use a LEGGETT SPRING and a "RESTMORE" MATTRESS. We carry a full line of BLANKETS, COMFORTERS and FLANNELETTE SHEETS, PILLOWS and PILLOW COVERS.

"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

Real Estate

G. R. BATES

Handles property of all kinds Farms, Ranches, Fruit Lands in the Upper Country for sale. Insurance Agent & Conveyancer

OPERA HOUSE, COURTENAY

Heaviness at Pit of the Stomach

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

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

NERVILINE RESTORES WEAK STOMACHS

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

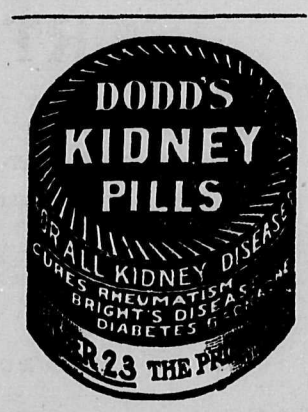
You'll find a hundred uses for Nerviline—it's a trusty household remedy that sells to the extent of a million bottles per year—that's the best proof that it must cure and give unlimited satisfaction. Refuse anything offered in place of Nerviline. In two sizes, 50c and 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone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

BRICKS OF FLOUR

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

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

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



RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and any painful affliction promptly relieved by

ABSORBINE JR.

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

A customer writes: "My wife has been troubled with a ruptured limb for 12 or 15 years—no rest day or night. We tried most every known remedy for the trouble—nothing ever gave temporary relief, one-half bottle of ABSORBINE, JR. has been used by rubbing on with the hand only, she says there is no more pain and has not suffered from pain since the second or third application. The veins were large and prominent—at this time almost invisible with very little swelling. This is almost a miracle, but it is as near the truth as I can express it. We gladly recommend it to any one who may suffer in like manner."

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

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

LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

Home DYEING is the way to Save Money and Dress Well

Try it! Simple as Washing with

DY-O-LA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT! Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors 10 cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet, to The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal.

Storyettes

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

GLAD TIDINGS FROM NOVA SCOTIA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With the Horses

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

Shiloh's Cure

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

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

LIQUID CURES ECZEMA WHERE SALVES FAIL

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

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

WASH THE GERMS OUT.

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

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

For sale by all druggists.

SLATE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

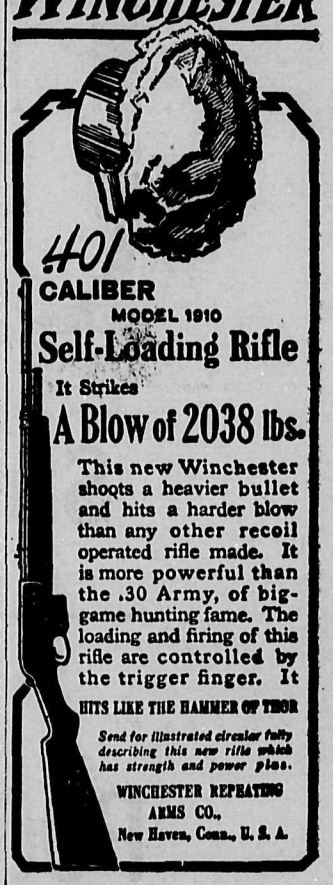
Slate land was once so little valued that the tract upon which the famous Chapman quarry is situated was sold for a pint of liquor. Its subsequent owners have taken millions of dollars from it.

LIVER LAZINESS

Those Who Lack Energy and are Unsuccessful Should Read This Closely

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That's the cause of disease.

* * *

Years ago certain herbs were found to cure disease.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

La Grippe	Bronchial Coughs
Bronchitis	Weak Lungs
Hemorrhages	Weak Voice
Sore Throat	Spring Weakness
Anaemia	Early Decline
Female Weakness	Catarrhal Affections
Indigestion	Catarrh of Stomach
Poor Appetite	Night Sweats
Chills and Fevers	Obstinate Coughs
Sleeplessness and Nervous Troubles	Laryngitis and Dyspepsia
After-effects of Pleurisy, Pneumonia and La Grippe.	

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

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

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

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

COUPON No. 95

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

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

My Name.....

Town.....

Street and Number .....

My Druggist's Name.....

Street and Number .....

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

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Fighting the Fierce Malays

From the Narrative of Private T. Smith, Late of the Buffs

I BELONG to the good old school of British soldiers, and my parchment, as you see, shows that I served more than twenty-three years with the colors. I entered the Army as a private, and left it with the same rank, so I know what the real feeling of the rank and file man is about fighting. I can tell you that there is nothing he prays for more keenly than to go on active service, especially when he is stationed at a hot place like Calcutta.

All the same, some of us were a bit excited when we knew that we were going out into the jungle to settle matters up with the Malays. They had the reputation in those days of being little better than wild beasts, and they looked on murder, mutilation, and piracy as fine sport.

There was a pretender to the crown of Perak named Ismail, and he headed a robber band who ripped the British flag down from the Residency, and murdered the Resident, Mr. Birch. A few British troops in Perak made a gallant effort to smash the murderers, but the leader, Captain Innes, was killed, and reinforcements were sent out at once from India and China.

My battalion, about 600 strong, embarked in a troopship for the Straits Settlements. I had been anxious to get out of Calcutta, but, bad as the Indian climate was, I should have been very thankful to get back, after learning what campaigning in Perak meant. I had gone from bad to worse.

The Malays were jubilant because of their little triumph, and they squatted cock-a-hoop in a stockade, and invited the British to come on—which the British did as soon as the naval and military forces were strong enough to set to work to rout out the little yellow fellows.

You could not dream of a worse country for fighting in than Perak. There were no villages except on the banks of the rivers, and the houses were only frail shanties stuck on poles like stilts, to keep them out of the way of floods and wild beasts.

The only cultivated places seemed to be the rice fields. There was jungle everywhere, and so dense that it rose in front of us like a solid wall of green vegetation. Only an elephant or other strong beast could force a way through it. As for human beings, they simply floundered in the slimy swamp, with an awful dread of coming across some horrible creeping, crawling, or prowling thing.

But, although there were swarms of wild creatures in Perak, most of them appeared to be anxious to escape from us, and to be glad when they had got clear of our path. There was a tremendous amount of dense vegetation to be got through, jungle grass so rank and thick that sometimes it was hard to tell the difference between night and day. In places the trees rose to an immense height, and their leaves were so thick that daylight never penetrated the foliage, and there was constant twilight.

Mosquitoes were present literally by the million, and were the worst blood-suckers and biters the world ever saw. Their sting was cruel, and they would settle on us in swarms. They were pretty big fellows, too, almost the size of an ordinary house-fly.

They nearly drove us mad. For three whole days and nights at one time I never had a wink of sleep, and only snatched a bit of rest at last when I was doing double sentry with a Ghoorka, and I sank down and dozed for two hours, till he roused me up when the officer came on his rounds. The Ghoorkas suffered more than the white troops, because they came from a hot, dry climate into a swampy country.

They had a lot of work to do with their knives in cutting a path through the jungle. We used to think we were lucky if at the end of a long day's march—if you can crawling through the jungle marching—we had covered five miles.

All the time fierce little yellow Malays were hovering about with those awful knives which are called "creeses." It was woe to anybody who fell into their clutches, because they were not content with a clean kill, they added mutilation. All our dead were terribly mangled.

The keenest of all the soldiers to be at them were the little Ghoorkas, who became perfectly frantic when there was a chance of doing work with their own big, curved knives—the "khookries." At times they seemed to run amuck almost like Malays, who have a habit of bursting into fits of madness and killing everybody they come across.

The Buffs and the Ghoorkas were great friends. They would do anything for us and share everything they had with us, but they would have no dealings with the Tenth, who formed part of the expedition. No, the Tenth had not come from India with them, and that, in the opinion of the Ghoorkas, was sufficient cause for coldness.

The Ghoorka depends at a crisis on his "khookrie, and nothing can stand against that deadly knife when he rushes on with awful blood-thirsty yells to the charge. He will hurl his rifle and bayonet away and dash against a wall of steel armed only with his knife.

The naval brigades got to work very quickly. Shells and rockets were fired into the jungle from boats on the Perak River to clear a way so that the troops could drive the Malays out of a stockade which they were defending stubbornly.

For a while the yellow men held their own; but the hissing rockets and bursting shells were more than they could endure, and they had no special fancy to face the gleaming British bayonets an the cold, curved "khookries."

They collapsed and scuttled, dragging away their dead and wounded, but leaving half-a-dozen guns, as well as some rifles and muskets and ammunition. These things were not of much use to us, but their loss weakened the enemy's power a good deal.

Week after week we struggled through the swamps and slimy, green walls of vegetation, scattering the Malays wherever they were found, and striving to get hold of the men who had been responsible for the murder and the war.

They snipped us repeatedly, and no wonder in a country like that, with hiding-places at every turn. The man-hunting became monotonous, and we reckoned that we were lucky when, at the end of the day's work, we could discuss a fight of some sort.

Christmas time was coming, and still the dreary game dragged on. There was not an Englishman either on the swiftly-flowing river or in the steamy, sweltering jungle who would not gladly have given most of his possessions to sniff the sharp frost of an English December morning and sit down to a Christian meal.

Some of the men who drew fine pictures of a joyful British Christmas and what they would do when they got home again never lived to escape from the East, and there were others who ran a big peril of losing their miserable Christmas dinner in the jungle, amongst them being a gallant officer named Major Channer of the Bengal Staff Corps.

To him was given one of the most thrilling and dangerous tasks of the campaign, and he carried it out in good old British fashion.

The Malays, hunted and pursued by blue-jackets, European soldiers, and Ghoorkas, ran to their jungle warrens and made themselves snug and safe, just as wild animals might have done. They had a tremendous fancy for hiding behind strong stockades, and one particular batch had built a particularly cunning refuge.

First of all, they had the dense, dark jungle as a defence; then they put up a big pallisade of thick bamboos, and twenty feet beyond that defence they built a log-house, a sort of harbor of refuge to which they could fly if by chance their enemy managed to get through the outer defences. The log-house itself was protected by a great number of trees, which had been cut down and made into a sort of thick wall.

So, you see, before the yellow men could be got at, the jungle had to be tackled, the stout wall of bamboo burst through, the open space to be rushed, then the barrier of tree trunks conquered, and finally, the log-house itself to be stormed. It was a tough task, and all the harder and more dangerous because there was no chance of using artillery.

If one or two small field-pieces could have been brought to bear, the smashing of the defences would have been easy and simple enough; but it was a very different thing when rifle bullets and cold steel alone could be employed.

Cold steel was chosen—the bayonet and the "khookrie"—for a handful of the 1st Ghoorka Light Infantry were selected to tackle the stockade, and the officer who was ordered to lead them was Major Channer. The work gave him a noble chance of personal distinction, and he took it and made the best of it, as you will see.

He knew, like the rest of us, that to look for anybody in that dense green growth of jungle was like searching for a needle in a haystack, and that, just as you know of the needle's presence when it pricks you, the sign of the Malays' nearness would be the crack of a rifle or the rip and slash of a "creese."

The major paraded his little band a few days before Christmas. It speaks volumes for his skill and courage that he was able to stalk the Malays so stealthily that he got round to the rear of the stockade without giving the slightest sign of his presence. That was a wonderful achievement, when you remember that it is as hard to stalk the yellow man of the jungle as it is to track a cunning wild beast.

Foot by foot, and yard by yard, Major Channer led his Ghoorkas through the slimy jungle. He got clear of the dense dark vegetation, cut through the bamboo stockade, crept over the swampy ground, and then, to his amazement, saw that the Malays were so certain that they were safe that they had not even posted sentries.

They never imagined that anyone could get at them, or would be mad enough to try and root them out. But necessity knows no law, and the major had received his orders.

The Ghoorkas followed close on the heels of the officer, with their "khoo kries" in readiness to meet the "creeses" of the Malays. They had stalked their prey, and found him so unsuspicious that he was absolutely unprepared to meet their sudden swoop.

With a fierce war-cry the men from India rushed to the butchery of the yellow creatures of the jungle. The Ghoorkas were swift, but Major Channer was swifter, for he was the first of all to enter the stockade. A startled Malay confronted him, but before he could realise what had happened the officer ad shot him dead.

Then the little Ghoorkas were in amongst the jungle people— and the "khookrie" triumphed over the "creese." The Malays broke and fled into the jungle, where they were safe enough for the time being, but they had been taught a bitter lesson, and even the bravest and most hopeful began to realise that they would have to cave in to the great white enemy.

It was a short, desperate struggle, and the peril of the assault, as well as the brilliance of the victory, were recognized by the bestowal of the Victoria Cross on Major Channer, who had tackled the enemy so thoroughly. He died, I believe, a General, in a quiet Devonshire village a few years ago, He was the only man to win the Cross in Perak.

Within a few weeks there was another instance of desperate jungle fighting. The fiercest of the natives were assembled in a stronghold on the Perak River. The Buffs were there, under the command of Colonel Cox, an old Crimean veteran with but one arm, and they rushed the insurgents and drove them out into the jungle and anywhere else for hiding and shelter.

The colonel was merciful enough to be satisfied with disarming the Malays, although many officers would have destroyed them. He reported to the brigadier what he had done. It was just at this stage that there might so easily have been a repetition of the tragedy of the Resident, because as soon as the brigadier and his staff had reached a little landing-place, a swarm of Malays sprang on them with "creese" and spear and musket.

There was an officer, Major Hawkins, who saw the peril of the situation, and was moving off towards the river with some comrades. A spear was hurled and, striking the major, mortally wounded him. Whenever those deadly weapons struck our people it was with such force that the points went completely through the bodies.

Major Hawkins fell, and seeing him on the ground, the Malays sprang forward. At the same moment a seaman, named William Soper, rushed up to defend his superior.

A Malay, yelling, and brandishing his crooked knife, hurried to the prostrate officer to finish him. The blue-jacket let him get within safe shooting distance; then he fired and killed him on the spot. A second warrior of the jungle dashed forward with his creese. Him, also, Soper shot dead; and still, lion-like, he stood by his superior, who was dying at his feet.

The seaman heard a voice. He bent down, for the major had whispered:

"You can do me no good now. Save yourself."

And with a heavy heart Soper had to go.

Another bluejacket that day won as much fame as Soper, for he saved the life of a doctor who was perilously near being killed and mutilated by the Malays.

One of the great objects of the campaign was to catch the murderers and punish them. This was done after many weeks' struggling through the jungle and up the difficult rivers, fighting constantly against malaria and starvation. In the open the sun was scorching, but working our way through the jungle was like battling with eternal night. That was one of the chief terrors of the campaign—that everlasting darkness. You went on and on through the gloom always guarding against a surprise attack.

The chief spirit of the trouble, Ismail, the deposed sultan, was surprised and routed so thoroughly that he bolted and left all his baggage behind him. Amongst the slain on his side were one or two Malays who had shared in the murder of the Resident, but the actual assassin was caught and hanged. He did not deserve any mercy, and he did not get it.

What were the Malays like? Well, I thought they were extremely ugly people, and their looks were not improved by a habit they had of chewing tobacco and sticking a lump of it under the upper lip, just below the nose. They were short and yellow, and I found it hard to tell the men from the women—though I don't remember seeing more than a dozen females all the time I was in Perak.

The Malays had a desperate reputation as pirates. They would sneak alongside a craft of any sort, spring on an unsuspecting crew, and butcher them and loot their ship before you could say "knife." No matter how good a watch was kept—and sailors in those parts learnt to be watchful—they generally managed to effect a surprise.

One night, after I had left Perak and gone to Malacca, on detachment, to guard some Chinese in a tin mine, I was walking on the deck of a big boat containing about a hundred British soldiers. It was very dark, and we could not tell exactly where we were. All we knew was that we were somewhere on the Malacca coast, and that is about as cheerful and comforting as to know that you are somewhere in the Atlantic.

Suddenly there was a strange commotion alongside. The sentries challenged, but there was no reply; no sound except the noise made by some mysterious visitors who seemed to be scuttling off a good deal faster than they had come. It was impossible to fire, simply because we did not know whether the visitors were friends or enemies; but later on we discovered that a little band of cut-throat pirates had stolen up to us in a rowing-boat and had scurried off on finding that the vessel contained British troops, and not defenceless sailors.

It was just about that time that a number of Malay pirates were caught red-handed, nearly a dozen of them, and all were executed on the beach, after a fair trial, with the famous execution creese, which the sultan himself kept in a gold scabbard.

The way of putting to death was to drive the weapon through the culprit's heart. This was so skilfully done by the executioner that death was instantaneous, and so clean that scarcely a drop of blood was to be seen.

We suffered most when we got back to India. Men who had gone through the dreary, deadly jungle became suddenly ill and died off very quickly. No sooner had we returned to Calcutta than we were prostrated by the heat, and the men collapsed where they stood.

The water-carriers rushed about, flinging water over them, and it was more like a slaughter-house than a troop-siding. We had just struck the hot weather, and were all worn out with the jungle work and shortness of food and water in Perak. A monkey which a drummer-boy had brought back with him fell stone dead with the heat.

Our chief, Colonel Cox, died at Cawnpore, and we buried him there. Strange as it may seem, we suffered infinitely more in India when we got back, than during the campaign.

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

A MODERN MIRACLE

FACTS

1. He had Eczema for 25 years.
2. His hands were so bad he had to wear gloves day and night.
3. Doctors said he could never be cured.
4. For 25 years he tried for cure in vain.
5. Then he tried ZAM-BUK.
6. ZAM-BUK cured him.
7. TO-DAY, three years after his cure, he says: "I AM STILL CURED—there has been no return."

SHOWS HOW ZAM-BUK CURES ARE PERMANENT

Mr. T. M. Marsh of 101 Delorimier Ave., Montreal, has had this wonderful experience of Zam-Buk. Mr. Marsh has lived in Montreal for over 30 years, many of them at his present address. He is well known and is willing to satisfy any enquirer as to the genuineness of his cure. He suffered 25 years from eczema in the hands and had to wear gloves day and night, the itching was so terrible when the air got to the sores. Doctors said there was no cure. Three years ago Zam-Buk cured him. Interviewed a few weeks ago he said:—

"From the day I was cured by Zam-Buk to the present moment I have had no trace of the eczema and feel sure it will never return. When I think of the marvellous cure Zam-Buk worked in my case I am more and more impressed by the value of this great household balm. I have had letters of enquiry from all over Canada, and am glad to personally corroborate the published facts of my cure."

It is by working cures like this that Zam-Buk has won for itself a world-wide reputation. Unequalled for ulcers, abscesses, piles, blood-poison, inflamed sores, cold sores, chapped hands, babies' eruptions, varicose ulcers, burns, cuts, etc. All druggists and stores at 50c box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

FREE BOX.

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IS IT IN YOUR HOME?

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

PROF. ALEXANDER BELL IS BUSY TEACHING MONKEYS TO TALK.

PROF. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, the Canadian inventor of the telephone, is making some novel and interesting experiments with monkeys. He is trying to teach them how to talk by a method of his own invention which long ago proved highly successful with deaf-born people, so says the New York World.

There are, of course, several species of animals that talk, the most notable among them being the parrot, which, Prof. Bell asserts, understands at least some of the words it utters. A parrot's remarks are not invariably mere senseless gabble.

Why should the parrot talk, while the monkey says nothing intelligible? It is certainly not a question of intelligence. The parrot, in the opinion of naturalists, is better equipped mentally than any other bird, its only rival in this respect being the crow, which, by the way, is likewise something of a conversationalist. But it is vastly the inferior of the monkey, which comes easily next to man in intellectual development.

Is it then, a matter that concerns the structure of the vocal organs? "Surely not," says Prof. Bell. The parrot, like the magpie, or any other talking bird, has no mechanism for articulate speech resembling that with which human beings are provided. Apparently it does not use its tongue at all for speaking. The sounds it utters, imitative of our speech, are produced by the help of a peculiar organ called the "syrinx," far back and down in the throat.

In this respect the monkey has a great advantage over the parrot. Its throat and mouth structures—the whole vocal apparatus, indeed,—are exactly like those of a human being. The only reason the monkey does not talk is that it has not learned to do so. So far as speech is concerned, the monkey might be said to be on the same plane as a deaf-born person, barring the important circumstance that its intelligence is much inferior, but, on the other hand, it has the enormous advantage of being able to hear. Hence the applicability in its case, of Prof. Bell's method, which consists in manipulating the voice-producing parts.

"When I was a young man," said Prof. Bell the other day, "my father taught a school for the cure of stammering. I took particular notice of the differences in the size and shape of the mouths of the stammering pupils, and so was led to study the vocal organs of persons who had no defects of speech. Incidently, it occurred to me to wonder if the mouth of a dog would produce anything like articulate speech.

"I had a skye terrier, more than ordinarily intelligent. Taking his muzzle in my hand, I tried to manipulate his mouth, causing his lips to open and close a number of times in succession while he growled. He had been taught to growl. And in this way he was made to give utterance to the syllables 'Ma, ma, ma.' After a little practice I was able to make him say, with perfect distinctness, the word, 'Mamma,' pronounced in the English way, with the accent on the second syllable.

"I then placed my thumb under his lower jaw between the bones, and, pushing up a number of times in succession, caused the dog, to pronounce the syllables 'Ga, ga, ga.' By pushing up the thumb once and then squeezing his muzzle twice in succession, he was made to say, 'Ga, ma, ma,' and by practice this was rendered ludicrously like the word 'Grandmama.' Through careful manipulation of the muzzle—the lessons being helped by a system of rewards— I obtained sounds that passed for 'ah,' 'oo,'' and 'ow.' The culmination of this linguistic education was reached when the dog was able to speak in an intelligible manner the complete sentence. 'How are you grandmamma?'—pronounced 'Ow ah oo, ga-ma-ma?'—

"The fame of the talking dog soon spread, and many were the visitors who came to the house for the express purpose of seeing him sit up on his hind legs and, with a little assistance from my hand, growl forth the words, 'How are you, grandmamma?''

If so much could be done with a dog what may not be accomplished with a monkey, which possesses, like man, a complete equipment for articulate speech so far as physiological structure goes? It does not talk because it has never learned how. But can it learn how? This is exactly the question for which Prof. Bell is trying to find an answer. It can be determined only by experiment.

The monkey is not only more intelligent than the parrot, but is even more imitative. It is—excepting man—the only creature on earth that is capable of articulate speech. Prof Bell believes that apes can be taught, at all events, to say a few words—at first by manipulation of their mouths and throats, as is done with the deaf-born. We may live, he thinks, to hear chimpanzees talk, and with some degree of understanding of their own remarks.

Prof. R. L. Garner has tried to make phonographic records of ordinary monkey talk, setting up his machine in front of the animals' cages, but many scientific men look upon his results as of little value, however interesting they may be. It is evident that the monkeys themselves have not a high opinion of his work, inasmuch as they usually amuse themselves during the performance by throwing sawdust into the horn. But the fact is, that no wild monkey or any other wild animal does much talking even in its own language. Parrots do little besides croak and scream.

To teach monkeys to speak English or any other human language is an altogether different undertaking. Furthermore, if the effort is to be successful, the animals must be taken young; that is to say, in babyhood. Parrots and crows cannot be taught to talk unless they are reft as fledglings from the parent nest.

Among parrots the best of all talkers is the famous "double yellowhead," which is native to tropical America. When wanted for market it is always taken from the nest. The birds build their nests in holes and hollows of trees. In parts of Mexico, particularly in the state of Tamaulipas, where they are found in countless flocks making the forest vocal with their rancous screams, they are so numerous that every available cavity is occupied in the nesting season. The natives employed to collect the young ones are obliged to climb for them, of course, and their task is one of no little danger, inasmuch as the trees are inhabited by swarms of ants, which both bite and sting terribly, so that sometimes the poor "peon," unable to endure the agony, falls to the ground and is killed.

The grey African parrot, with red tail, is a good talker, though by no means equal in this respect to the "double yellowhead." But he is far superior to this latter as a mimic—barking, whistling, laughing, and chuckling with marvelous facility of imitation. In many a village of tropical Africa large numbers of birds of this species, originally taken from the nest, are kept in a sort of domesticated condition, like chickens, for sale to traders. But they are very delicate, and a great majority of those shipped to the United States die on the voyage across the ocean.

A parrot that is a first-rate talker may be worth as much as $500. It pays therefore to teach them, and for this purpose nowaways the phonograph is commonly employed. By this means the same words, phrases or songs are repeated again and again with endless iteration hour after hour, and of course a single machine, run by an electric motor, can be made to serve for the simultaneous instruction of fifty or a hundred birds.

Ingenious reed organs are used for teaching buffinches, starlings, and canaries. Whole books of music, in fact, have been written for this exclusive purpose. The musical instruction of birds by such methods is conducted on an extensive scale in the Hartz Mountains of Germany. A well trained bullfinch can whistle several such songs as "A Life on the Ocean Wave" clear through, and if interrupted it will take up the tune where it left off. But this obviously is a matter very different from the utterance or imitation of words.

Nelson R. Wood of the Smithsonian Instituton, Washington, who is doubtless the foremost authority on this subject in the United States, asserts that chickens and turkeys have more to say for themselves than any other known birds—not because they have been so long domesticated, but for the reason that they are exceptionally gifted in the conversational line. This, of course, has to do with their own native language, and is an affair altogether different from the imitation of human speech.

The rooster's crow at night says, "I'm on guard; all is well!" A favorite remark of his is "Here's a worm. Come and get it." Who is there that is not familiar with the manner and intonation of that barnyard remark?

As talkers, parrots have a much higher reputation than chickens, simply because they are imitators. Barnyard fowls, though such close companions of man, do not mimic his speech. Ducks are inferior conversationalists, but turkeys possess a vocabulary hardly less extensive than that of Cantecler and his wife.

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

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What mother does not look upon her baby as a little treasure. What mother would not rather suffer herself than see her precious little one suffer. The well child brings joy to the home—the sick child brings misery, despair and care. But, mothers there is no need for your baby to be cross and ailing; even during the much dreaded teething time. What baby needs to keep him well is an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and make teething easy. Mrs. Pierre M. Cormier, New Richmond Centre, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets have been of great benefit to my little one and now he sleeps well and eats well and is happy all the time." The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers at 25 cents a box or direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Given Away at the MAGNET
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You are entitled to one ONE TICKET with every 50c purchase. Drawing takes place on NEW YEAR'S EVE. **T. E. Bate**

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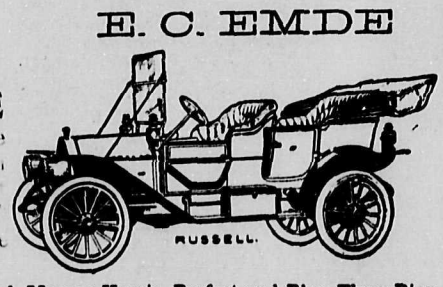

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TOWN TOPICS

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

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

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

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

Wanted, some one to take and raise as their own, a boy or girl 8 years and 6 months and 6 years and 6 months old, with privilege of adopting. Apply X. Y. Z. this office.

For Sale—Thomsons Boarding House. This is furnished throughout and is in first class condition.

For particulars apply between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m. to Mrs D. Thomson.

Mr Oliver Wall of this city left for his home in Vancouver,

Mr. Brown of the Bank of Commerce left on Saturday.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the electors of the municipality of the City of Cumberland, that I require the presence of the said electors at McLeods Ice Cream Parlor on the 9th day of January, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating persons to represent them in the Municipal Council as mayor and aldermen

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows; The candidates shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 P. M. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on the 12th day of January, 1911, at McLeod's Ice Cream Parlors, Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B. C. of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

No person shall be nominated or be eligible as a candidate for Mayor or Alderman unless he possessed of the qualification by law required of those officers, and unless the candidate shall, on or before the hour of 2 p. m. of the day of nomination, furnish the Returning Officer with a statement in writing, specifying the land or real property upon which he qualifies, his nomination shall be invalid and shall not be acted upon by the Returning Officer.

The qualification as candidate for Mayor is as follows:—

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land and real property in the city of the assessed value on the last Municipal Assessment Roll $1000.00 over and above any registered encumbrance or charge and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

The qualifications as candidates for Aldermen are as follows:—

He must be a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law and have been for six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land and real estate in the city of the assessed value on the last Municipal Assessment Roll of $500.00 or more, over and above any registered encumbrance or charge and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 27th day of December, 1910.

ALEX. McKINNON,
Returning Officer.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

NOMINATIONS for School Trustees will be received on Monday, the 9th day of January, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:—

The candidates shall be nominated in writing. The writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p. m. of the day of nomination, and in the event of more than two nominations a poll will be opened on Thursday, the 12th day of January, 1911,, at the polling station at McLeod's Ice Cream Parlors, Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B. C., of which every person is required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

Qualifications for Trustees are as follows:—Any person being a householder in the municipality and being a British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and otherwise qualified by this Act to vote at an election of school Trustees in the said municipality, shall be eligible to be elected and serve as a School Trustee.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 21th day of December, 1910.

ALEX. McKINNON,
Returning Officer

DRIVING OUTFIT FOR SALE

Horse 8 yrs, kind, good driver, not afraid of autos. Harness and rubber tired buggy almost new.

Apply to, G. K. McNaughton

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GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

S. G. HANSON'S

302 pullets, hatched 1909 from Jan. 1 to May 31, laid 37580 eggs which sold at wholesale prices—
Net $1019 12

Average profit per bird for 151 days $2.61

EGGS FOR HATCHING

	Per 15.	Per 100
March	$ .00	$15.00
April	3.00	12.00
May	.50	12.50
June	2.00	10.00

HILLCREST POULTRY FARM
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The Star Livery Stable

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

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Beaver Creek f
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Leave Union Bay 10.30 a.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Comox 11.15 a.m. Tuesdays

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

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Comox Assessment District.

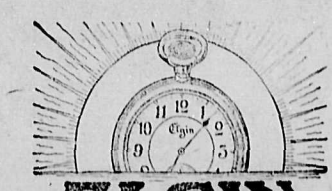
NOTICE is hereby given that a Court of Revision and Appeal under the provisions of the "Assessment Act" will be held for the Comox Assessment District, at the Court House, Cumberland, B. C., on Thursday the 22nd. December, 1910, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Cumberland, 8th December, 1910

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor

YOUR NAME IS GOOD

Anything in the Jewellery Line



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Wishing my patrons and friends a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

CHIU YEUK.

Sandwick, B. C.