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No. 68 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B. C., SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

CUMBERLAND BEATS COURTENAY

Stars Beat Courtenay To The Tune Of 15 To 3

Last Sunday afternoon after a rest of nearly three weeks the Courtenay Baseball Tossers journied to Cumberland only to fall victims to the local boys.

The local team were never in any danger of losing the game to Courtenay, as they played better baseball in every stage of the game, fielding, base running and hitting.

"Cool headed" Freeman did the twirling for the locals and was master of the situation at all times, while the support accorded him was nearly perfect, with the exceptions of one or two errors, and they were passible, being very hard chances.

Erickson, although handicapped by his team mates pitched a good game, but had no support.

The result of this match places all teams tie for first place. It is likely that Union Bay will drop out since they have lost their catcher, Ed. Clark, and if so, Courtney and Cumberland Stars will probably play a series of three games to decide the championship for the Atlin Cup offered by Mr. P. Stoddart.

The game by rounds is as follows:—

Inning one. Chambers first up, singled in the right garden, Bo d struck out, Reaher out grounder to Dickson, Chambers stole second, Harrison ended the inning by striking out.

Dickson struck out, E. Donelly singled over Short, Erickson struck out, E. Donally stole second, Ryan out to Harrison. No runs.

Inning two. Raines first up, landed Erickson for two bases, Freeman singled scoring Raines, Freeman stole stole second and was out in an effort to steal third. Jimmy Farrell struck out, Rainey hit by pitched ball, Lawrence struck out. Score one run.

Freeman handed Thomas free transportation to first base, J. Donally struck out, Curtis struck out, Beck hit for a single, Thomas reaching second safely. Sweeney ended this inning by not being able to connect with Freeman's Dewdrops Score no runs.

Inning 3. Chambers singled and stole second, Boyd struck out, Chambers scored on E. Donnelly's error, Reaher was hit by pitched ball, Harrison struck out, Raines out on infield hit. Score one run.

Dickson hit safe but went out at second, E. Donally struck out, Sweeney struck out. Score no runs.

Inning four. J. Donally out to Boyd, Curtis and Beck striking out. Score no runs.

Freeman out on infield ball, J. Farrell drew a pass to first and stole second and was put out stealing third. Rainey drew pass and stole second, Lawrence out, Dickson to Sweeney. Score no runs.

Inning five. J. Donally out to Raines on foul fly, Curtis out Harrison to Rainey, Beck struck out. Score

Chambers safe on error and stole second, Boyd safe on Sweeney's error, Chambers stole, Reaher hit scoring Chambers, Harrison struck out, Raines landed again for two bases scoring Boyd and Reaher, Freeman hit safe scoring Raines, he then stole second when Beck tryed to stop Raines at home, plate, Farrell hit the ball stole second, Freeman scoring on a passed ball at home, Farrel coming third but Ryan put the sprag in his wheel at home, Rainey singled and stale second Lawrence struck out ending Courtenay's prolonged agony. Score 5 runs

Inning 6. Sweeney flyed out to Jimmy Farrel, Dickson drew a pass, E. Donlly hit the ball to Raines and was safe on first Dickson caught napping at second, Erickson hit by pitched ball, Dickson moving up a peg on a pass ball by Lawrence Donlly scoring on Thomas' hit and Boyds error Donlly out grounder to Boyd. Scorn 2 runs

Chambers out grounder to Sweeney, Boyd flew out to Dickson, Reahr flew out to Thomas. Score no runs,

Inning 7. Curtis hit by ball and stole second, Beck flyed out to Boyd, Boyd making double unassisted, Sweeney flew out to Reahr. Scor no runs.

Harrison drew a pass and and stole second, and went to third on Raines' scratch hit and scoring on overthrow by Erickson, Raines stole second and third, Freeman flew out to Donnlly, Farrel struck out, Raney safe on infield fly, Raines then came home like a raving steer, Lawrence knock long fly to Curtis which he muffled, Chambers timely hit scoring Rainey, Boyd out on grounder hit Score 3 runs.

(Continued on back page)

SACRED CONCERT TO-MORROW NIGHT

Excellent Programme Will Be Rendered In Cumberland Hall

There will be a sacred concert given in the Cumberland Hall on to-morrow evening for the benefit of Mr. Ben Williams, and judging from the programme, which is a lengthy one and contains mostly all old favorites, there is no doubt but that it will be well patronized.

The talent will be nearly all new to a Cumberland audience, and one number on the programme worthy of special mention is the Male Voice Quartette. This will be their first appearance in Cumberland, and they will be assisted by the Presbyterian Church Choir. A collection will be taken up during the concert.

The programme is as follows:—

PROGRAMME

Band—"The Gospel Trumpet."

The Church Choir—"Exalt Him All Ye People."

Solo—"The Village Blacksmith," by Bret Irish.

Solo—"The Holy City," by Miss Kathleen Reynolds.

Recitation, by Mr. Fred Howard.

Solo—"De Profundis," by Mr. Tom Lewis.

Band selection—"Great Redeemer."

Male Voice Choir—"In The Sweet By and By."

Church Choir—"How Excellent."

Solo—(reserved) by Miss McKenzie.

Solo—"Ora Pro Nobis," by Charles Irish.

Tenor Solo—(reserved) by George Brindle.

Solo—(reserved) by Mr. M. MacFarlane.

Band Selection—"Nativity."

Solo—"One Solemn Thought," by Bret Irish.

Anthem—"I Will Call Upon The Lord." by the Church Church.

The sailors of the Canadian Navy will play No. 5 Thistles to-morrow on the old grounds at 3 p. m.

Mens Clothing, Overcoats, Hats and caps, Sweater Coats, Children Clothing and Overcoats, Sweaters Toques underwear etc. new in for Fall CAMPBELL BROS.

The eagles train leaves at 9.30 a. m. on Friday Sept. 22nd. after the procession, for Roys Beach.

Wm. McLellan has started up in the grocery and dry goods business on Penrith avenue in the house adjoining Mr. Willard's residence, and will be open from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m. and all day Saturdays, when strict attention will be given to all orders. It would be well to call and see his fine stock of goods and get prices before going elsewhere.

Womens & Misses Coats, Dress Goods, Jerseys, Knit Kimonos, Blouses Shawls. and Fascinators, Underskirts Night Gowns, etc. Just opened up for Fall and Winter at CAMPBELL BROS.

Mr. John Lewis, leader of the City Band is anxious to get boy pupils to learn some band instrument, during the winter months, and so help strenghten the Band.

Dr. D. E. Kerr dentist, is in town and will remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. Davidson, of the firm of Smith Davidson & Wright was in town this week on business.

We are sorry to record the demise of an old resident of this community. A bad tempered cuss but faithful to his friends he was admired by those who knew him, hated by those who felt his teeth. Togo of the Cumberland Hotel made his exit last night at 12.00 midnight.

GREAT CONSERVATIVE RALLY BOWSER GETS GREAT RECEPTION

Attorney-General Bowser and W. H. Hayward M. L. A. Are Greeted With A Bumper House

One of the greatest and most enthusiastic Conservative rallies that has ever been held in Cumberland was held on Thursday night in the Cumberland Hall.

The meeting was teaming with optimism and was a sure sign of what will happen to Ross on the 21st. Headed by the Band and an auto parade which met Mr. Bowser and his party at Union Bay. Mr. Bowser was given a most enthusiastic and warm welcome when he arrived about eight o'clock.

The hall was filled to overflowing and many prominent Conservatives were present; Among those were Messrs Grant, Mounce, Mayor McLeod, ex-Mayor McDonald, F. Dalby, T. E. Bate, J. Matthews, R Henderson, W. R. Dunne, F. Dallos and the genial secretary of the Association, Mr. Frank Parks.

Mr. Abrams ably filled the chair and held the meeting to perfect order. In his introductory remarks he referred to the great issues before the electors, and then introducing Mr. Hayward M.L.A who he said was a more able exponent of the issues than he was. Mr. Hayward opened by saying how pleased he was to see so many ladies present, and in fact their presence was quite a feature of the meeting, and as the first three rows were reserved for them they had a fine chance to hear the Conservative exponents on the issues of the campaign.

Mr. Colin Campbell took the platform at this time on an invitation from the chairman. Friends of Duncan Ross were also invited to the platform, but there was no response. Duncan seems short of friends around here. Mr. Hayward then got down to the business of the evening and gave an excellent illustration of the evils of reciprocity, if it were passed both to the consumer and producer. He quoted figures and facts to show that Canada would be the loser as she always had been in any deal with Uncle Sam; he closed his remarks by asking the voters to vote for Clements on the 21st, and by doing so conserve Canada to Canadians and the British Empire.

Mr. Campbell made a few remarks at this juncture and was well received, but did not take up the time of the meeting

Mr. Bowser then took the floor and was greeted with loud applause which showed how well he is liked in this part of the province. Mr. Bowser thanked Mr. Campbell for his courtesy in not taking up the time of the meeting.

He then started after Duncan Ross and stated that he was compelled to do so as Ross had attacked him and tried to discredit him in every way, but he had always been able to disprove and give the lie to any such "discredited politician" as Ross was, who would not meet him on the public platform. (A person who had been interrupting at this point left the hall.) He was sorry to take up so much time with Ross, but as this was a labor constituency he thought he ought to clear himself in regard to the Goto Japanese question, and producing affidavits to show that he had never had anything to do with Goto since he had entered the Cabinet of McBride.

Mr. Bowser then went on to explain the Alien Immigration Act and how he had found out that large numbers of Alien workmen were being brought into Canada in direct contravention of that Act, and when it was thrashed out in court it was found out that the Liberal government had lifted that Act by a secret order in council thereby flooding the province with men where already was an over supply of labor. Of course this benefitted Ross, he was a railroad contractor and that was why his voice was lifted up to defend Laurier's action in repealing the Act.

He then went on to Sir Wilfred's Naval Policy and Railroad Policy and wound up with one of the finest arguments against reciprocity that has been heard in this campaign. Mr. Bowser made a powerful and mind-holding speech which was greatly aided by his domineering personality. We would like to have given his whole speech, but lack of space forbids.

The meeting was then drawn to a close with a vote of thanks to the chairman, and then three hearty cheers for the Attorney-General and singing of the National Anthem.

Do not forget that the polling Booths close at five o'clock not seven as in the provincial elections.

There is a slight typographical error in our editorial in reference to the Autonomy Bill, it ought to read: "One of the first qualifications of a candidate is that he be a man of his word and will live up to his pledges as Mr. Clements did do in the case of Autonomy Bill. The electors of this district will put Ross where he belongs, in the also-ran-class on the 21st."

Mr. Ernest Horwood of the B. C. Telephone Company leaves this evening on a week's holiday to Victoria,

On last Thursday Miss Mabel White, second eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. White of Minto, was united in marriage to Mr. Thos. Robinson of this city. The Rev. Mr. Freeman of Grace Methodist Church, performed the marriage ceremony.

W. J. Goard, piano tuner, will be in Cumberland and District the beginning of October, Reserve your piano for him.

Mr. R, J. Glazebrook of Minto has been appointed Deputy organizer for the Canadian Order of Beavers, for the Province of British Columbia. He will be in town for a month, and would like to interview the young men of the town, enlightening them on the principal of the Order and the benefits to be derived from joining it. His headquarters will be at Russel's Barber Shop.

A vote for Clement means a vote for a man of his word; re the Autonomy Bill.

In the old days Laurier was a symbol of power after the election he won't even be a powerful symbol.

At the present time Canada is one of the most prosperous countries in the world and it would pe folly to take any chance on destroying that prosperity monkeying with reciprocity.

The G. T. P. Railway was to cost $30000000 to the people and be finished in 1911. Total cost to date is $169,000,000 and will not be Completed until 1015; maybe Ross can explain it, we would like to hear him tell how Laurier builds railroads with the tax payer's money; for a rich corporation to draw dividends. On why don't he explain how they sent the Niobe on a political errand into a harbor that had only fourteen feet of water when the vessel draws twenty feet. Hard aint it?

Duncan Ross is circulating a card in the district signed Duncan Ross the Peoples canidate. Not after the 21st.

FUNERAL OF HUGH MCMILLAN

Remains Interred In Cumberland Cemetery

The funeral of the late Hugh McMillan took place last Saturday Sept. 9th for the Cumberland (Catholic) cemetery and was largely attended.

The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: W. Harrison, A. Dewar A. Graham, G. Harvey, W. Brown, M. Hennessy.

Below is the list of floral tributes:—

Bouquets—Mrs. and J. L. Brown, Mrs. and T. Rickson, Mrs. and H. Creech, Mrs. and Mrs. Victor Freloni, Mrs. and J. Webster, Mrs. and D. Walker, Mrs. J. Thomson, Miss M. Coe, Mrs. J. Matthews, Mrs. C. Balagno and family, Mr. and Mrs. Josephs.

Wreaths—Mrs J. Smith, Mrs F. Dillman, Mrs. and F. J. Dalby, Mrs. and W. Harrison.

Crosses—Mrs. and F. Parks and family, Mrs. Pickup and family, Mrs. A. Cameron,

Sprays—Mrs. and V. Marinelli, Mrs Watts,

Globes—Mrs. W. Lobley, Mrs. H. Farmer.

Triangle—Mrs. and R. H. Robinson.

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this opportunity of thanking all those kind friends and neighbors who by kind words and kindly acts tried to comfort us in our recent bereavement, we also thank those for the many beautiful floral tributes.

MRS. MCMILLAN AND SONS

Courtenay.

The News has it Odds in favor of Reciprocity, but thanks to the civil people of the Valley that we haven't many such odd people in it.

The would be moral people of Courtenay are trying their best to get the people interested in a new church, but are met with a cold shoulder at every stage of the game.

Look out for the coming concert in November the proceeds which is to gotowards erecting a new church.

Courtenay is beginning to have the appearance of a flourishing little town, all that is reqnired now is a paper to cap all

The question is, would it be better to uphold West Kent beans or turn Canada into a dumping ground for all the world? Why, uphold the beans of course.

Bob Cudmore has returned after a short trip to the Prairie Provinces. Bob says Courtenay looks good to him.

Not a word regarding the record of the Government, reciprocity, reciprocity. What about the G. T. P. and the Alien Immigration Act also the Navy Bill.

Canada ought to send business men to run her adminstrations at Ottawa, Doctors, Lawyers etc. are all right in their place, but the business of a country wants to be run by business men, look at the reciprocity pact. Would any sane business concern gone into any treaty or agreement without consulting their experts or having their experts look into it? Nixy. Canada with two old fogeys signing a treaty, foxy Uncle Sam, seven hundred experts out for one year, each man an expert in his own department, before any talk of an agreement. When you go to the polls on the 21st remember the Alaska boundary and every business deal Canada has had with the U. S. Mark your ballot for Clement and Canada for the Canadians.

DEATH OF JOHN ANDERTON

Former Resident of Comox Dies In The United States

We have just received the news of the sudden death of Mr. John Anderton eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderton, of Comox, who died on last Saturday, September 9th, at Oil City, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. The deceased came to his death from cholora morbus

The late Mr. Anderton was well and favorably known having resided in Comox District some eighteen years ago. His death came as a severe blow to his relatives, for if we are informed right, he was anticipating visiting his old home once again; the only thing preventing hiscoming was some contract which he intended completing before visiting his relatives. But alas, the grim reaper carried him off on the above date.

Besides his parents he leaves four brothers and sister to mourn his loss, Joe who resides with his parents at Comox, Leo who lives at Courtenay, and James and Edward, residing in Victoria, and Mrs. Downey, Comox.

The deceased was 49 years of age.

A Birthday Social will be held in the Basement of the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening Sept. 19. A good evening's entertainment will be provided. Each person is expected to donate one cent for each year of his or her age. Envelopes will be colected at the door.

Ladies of the congregation are requested to provide refreshments.

Look out for the Eagles Grand Parade and Basket Pic-Nic on Friday, Sept., 22nd. The City Band will be in attendance.

FOR SALE—Twenty-two young Berkshire pigs, fifteen weeks old, will deliver at Union Bay for $6.00 each, if lot are taken at once. Apply to F. C. Jones Coombs P. O.

FOR SALE—Two horses suitable for any kind of work; weight 17 to 18 hundred. Apply to Herman Helm Cape Lazo, B. C.

WANTED—Holders of acreage, land in vicinity of Victoria, Oak Bay or Saanich district. Must be close in. Apply box 787 Victoria, B. C.

Dr. D. E. Kerr, dentist, will be in Cumberland on and after September 13th.

FOR SALE—The Cumberland Cafe. For particulars apply at the Cafe.

FOR SALE—Three business premises in good location on Dunsmuir Avenue. For particulars apply Mrs. A. Jones.

Look out for the Eagles Parade and Basket Picnic September 22nd.

Mrs. Williams, dressmaker and milliner, opposite opera house, Courtenay.
Sept2 Sept30

NOTICE

I beg to notify the public that on the first of September I purchased the business recently carried on by E. C. Emde. I will continue to carry on same line of work, satisfaction guaranteed. Hoping for a cotinuation of your patronage, I remain yours,

TOMMY NAKANISHI

NOTICE

Having sold my bicycle business, all accounts due must be paid to me. Those having accounts will render same to me,

E. C. EMDE,

Effect in Light and Shadow

The woman's cheeks were scarlet; the man smiled sheepishly. Clifford Broome took in the situation at a glance.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, conscious that it was Saturday afternoon, and that he had returned somewhat unexpectedly.

"I trust"——

"Not a word, Miss Eden—not a word, if you please," stammered the lawyer, the prospect of explanations adding tenfold to his embarrassment. "I left some papers behind me. Thank you, Mr. Sale. Good-afternoon."

With that he turned in precipitate flight, and was half-way down Bedford Row before it struck him that his behaviour was scarcely logical. After all, there is no need for a man to apologise for entering his own private office. Yet, though head of the firm of Clifford, Wylde, & Broome, he had always found it a matter of some difficulty to realise his position; save for his secretary and an office-boy of seraphic demeanor, the pet alto of a North London choir, there was not a member of his staff of whom he was not secretly in awe. To the managing clerk, a white-haired old gentleman who had been engaged by the founder of the practice, Broome was no more than a boy; even the junior clerk was senior in years to his employer, who in self-defence laid claim to being five-and-forty, though in reality a chicken of thirty-eight. Mr. Staplehurst, the manager, of course was not deceived by this pious fraud; he recalled a day on which the then junior partner had stalked up Bedford Row proud in the birth of a son who now sat in his office chair.

Clifford Broome had been born and bred in the sober atmosphere of Bedford Row, and among his earliest recollections were heavy, decorous dinners at his father's house in Queen's Square, at which those kindly, decorous gentlemen whose salaries he never paid without a blush had on occasion been guests. Years before he had been articled to the younger Mr. Wylde—Mr. Broome, senior, had died while his son was at the university—he had reverenced those clerks, and though past middle age, it was with a certain diffidence that he rang his bell to summon one or other of them from the outer office. They were antiquated in their ideas, wedded to the routine of other days, jealous of precedent, slaves to a conservatism in everyday affairs; he realised their limitations, and time and again had spent hours of an evening in simple, if laborious, drudgery rather than offend them by engaging an extra clerk versed in up-to-date business methods. Daily he admitted the absurdity of the position, but made no effort to free himself from his shackles, content to leave it to time to rid him of the burden of those four reverend old-men-of-the-sea. A bachelor of simple habits and ample private means, he accepted the situation and made the best of it; he was proud of the practice which, thanks to old connections and personal initiative, held its own in spite of modern competition; and, being of eclectic tastes, congratulated himself that his staff should be in such perfect keeping with their eighteenth-century surroundings. Their snowy linen and sombre black matched the dark oak panelling and still darker furniture to perfection; indeed, in the twilight of a winter afternoon the picture of the old gentlemen immersed in some legal question, with books and documents about them, and their ivory features standing out in mellow relief against the depth of shadow at their backs, filled the solicitor with the joy of a connoisseur before a portrait-group by Rembrant.

No City church breathed an atmosphere of greater calm than that office, in which the clerks might have passed for cathedral clergy, and were certainly every whit as antagonistic to change; and it had cost Broome days of misgiving and nights of unrest ere he had summoned courage to inform his staff that pressure of business had decided him in making an addition to their number in the person of a lady secretary.

Upon each of his clerks the tidings had a different effect. Mr. Staplehurst's attitude was that of a parish priest the chief of whose flock has lapsed into heresy. Earnestly, but with admirable decorum, he remonstrated against the innovation, reasoned with his principal; and, argument failing, had adopted an air of passive disapproval. Mr. Beeching, whose, sixty-five years had not cooled the fires of youth, was for handing in his resignation; Mr. Pierce, though but just threescore, was prepared to ruin his prospects in life by a similarly drastic course. Both gentlemen expressed a fine contempt for the pusillanimity of Mr. Stephen Sale, the bald-headed junior clerk, in bending the knee to Baal. Even the office-boy so far forgot his dignity as alto soloist to whistle when apprised of the news. Mr. Beeching could count on his fingers the previous occasions upon which the peace of the office had been broken by a whistle of such levity.

Neither principal, clerks, nor office-boy are likely to forget that Monday morning when Miss Florence Eden entered the service of Clifford, Wylde, & Broome. The staff masked their sense of dissatisfaction beneath a dignified reserve, their employer his nervousness by an attempt at nonchalance. Both parties failed of their object, Clifford Broome with ignominy.

"Poor dears!" sighed Miss Eden as she took her way down Bedford Row, at five o'clock some ten days after her arrival.

A week passed, a fortnight, and the attitude of the office underwent a gradual change. Even Mr. Beeching the ultra-fastidious, apart from the metallic click of the unspeakable machine she operated, could find but little fault with Miss Eden. She was commendably quiet, her voice was soft and subdued, and she seemed at pains to dress as if in deference to the tastes of those about her, in harmony with the style of her surroundings. Broome was duly appreciative. More than once he had caught himself gazing abstractedly at the woman as she bent above her work; the clean-cut features silhouetted against the mahogany bureau dark and lustrous as her chestnut hair, the tone of her skirts blending with that of the wainscot, the play of the light upon the snowy blouse to which a bunch of crimson carnations gave a vivid splash of color, appealed to his artistic perception.

"Satisfied, Mr. Staplehurst?" The managing clerk had sought some expression of his employer's views as to the result of the new departure. "Satisfied! I am charmed." Let it be said that each individual member of the staff in his heart of hearts was prepared to sacrifice principle and endorse Clifford Broome's opinion.

It was the junior clerk who wrought the mischief, and at his presumption it seemed as if a spirit of unrest had entered the office. Broome for the first time in his life showed signs of irritability, Mr. Staplehurst's reserve developed into settled gloom, high words had passed between Messrs. Beeching and Sale, while Mr. Pierce, hitherto regarded as a man of mildly sarcastic wit, was transformed into a cynic. Stephen Sale, blind to a state of things for which he was responsible, developed the most alarming symptoms; he bullied the seraph, worried his fellow-clerks, got upon his employer's nerves, and meanwhile, as was shrewdly suspected, made love to the confidential secretary.

The solicitor realized that what he had seen that afternoon fully confirmed the general surmises. Obviously Mr. Sale had proposed; it was as obvious that Miss Eden had accepted him; and the solicitor had not reached the end of Bedford Row ere embarrassment had given way to emotions vastly different. Here was a pretty ending to an experiment which had held such promise of success, and yet Broome could not blame himself for being blind to the possibility of such a denouement. The junior clerk was five-and-forty, the secretary but half his years; Stephen Sale was bald as a coot, Florence Eden in the heyday of womanly perfection. And yet, when he came to consider the matter more closely, he admitted that of late there had certainly been much that was strange in Mr. Sale's manner. He remembered having heard the latter discussing with his friend Mr. Pierce the merits of two rival preparations for the hair; and had remarked that the gentleman in question had, without apparent reason, taken to lunching rather later than had been his custom, and, most suspicious of all, had on occasion returned to the office about the same time as Miss Eden.

Apart from the absurdity of it, Sale's conduct was unpardonable. It was an affront, a personal injury, which his employer felt justified in resenting. What right had the man to rob him of one who had already become an integral part of his office? A successor to Miss Eden was out of the question; there was not another woman in London capable of attaining the high standard the secretary had set. The holder of the position must be self-effacing, must recognize that she was no more than a detail in an harmonious whole. A blonde was impossible; a tartan blouse, a check skirt, would ruin the atmosphere of the office. There were women who affected such abominations. Besides, in all probability he would lose Mr. Sale as well, and be faced with the necessity of employing some youth of up-to-date ideals, whereupon the spirit of the office would vanish before a whirlwind of blatant modernity. Wing-collars, brown shoes, and obstrusive neckwear would destroy the prevailing scheme of coloring. Broome hated fancy waistcoats, and a junior clerk's wardrobe, he knew, invariably contained a unique selection.

The lawyer passed a wretched week-end, during which he realized the futility of attempting to reason with his love-lorn employees, and on Monday arrived at his office with the gloomiest forebodings. The morning passed slowly. Miss Eden sat with bowed head above her typewriter; while the man, after dictating a dozen letters in rather disjointed fashion, relapsed into silence. When the secretary prepared to go out to lunch an hour earlier than was her custom, her employer, who had been watching her furtively the morning through, noticed something unusual in her manner.

"Mr. Broome"—the man shuddered in anticipation of the worst—"I wish to leave, if you please, as soon as"—

"My dear Miss Eden!" Broome rose with every sign of embarrassment. Though the girl's words had but confirmed the fears that had haunted two sleepless nights, he seemed hardly to realize their meaning. "My dear Miss Eden, but why?"

"Something has happened, Mr. Broome." The oval face flushed; the clear voice sank to a whisper. "I think you will understand. I'd rather say nothing"—

"As yet, of course, Miss Eden." The lawyer felt it was incumbent upon him to accept the situation in as gracious a spirit as was possible. "As yet, of course. I quite understand. I am sure I am"—

It was his intention to congratulate her. After all, Stephen Sale must be an eligible parti; but as he glanced at the girl, who had suddenly raised her head, the words stuck in his throat.

"I am sorry to lose you—very sorry," he stammered, conscious that it was imperative to say something.

"Thank you, Mr. Broome. I, too, am very sorry. I have been very happy here—very happy indeed. Every one has been so kind—so very kind." She paused for a moment, and then came a deepening of her color, a little deprecating movement of her hands, as she added, "And if you please, you must not blame Mr. Sale. You won't, will you?"

Not blame Mr. Sale! Till that moment he had never realized the enormity of that gentleman's conduct; yet what could he do or say in face of the appeal in those dark, wistful eyes? He laughed, or rather made an ineffective attempt at doing so.

"Of course not. Let me say that in a sense I am in sympathy with Mr. Sale. But I trust you are in no very great hurry to leave us?"

"I should like to go, if you please, as soon as you can find some one to take my place."

"A matter of sheer impossibility." Again the lawyer tried to rise to the occasion, but his tones, though emphatic, were despondent. "But you would do me a great kindness if you could manage to remain with us all for another week."

For a moment the woman stood silent, with clouded brow, and then murmured as if with an effort, "As you wish, Mr. Broome. I will try."

She turned rather swiftly; and the other fancied there were tears in her eyes as he held wide the private door which opened directly upon the landing.

Clifford Broome leant back in his chair with a groan and stared blankly at his junior clerk. He had scarcely recovered from the shock of his brief interview with his secretary ere Mr. Stephen Sale had bluntly informed him of his desire to resign his position.

"My dear Sale, this is wholly unexpected," gasped the solicitor, whose manner bore witness to the truth of the statement. "Surely you cannot have any real reason for wishing to leave the firm after more than twenty-five years' service."

"I am sorry to do so, sir; but there are private reasons which prompt me to the step I am taking. Perhaps you will understand"—

"Yes, yes, Mr. Sale, I understand perfectly." The whole sorry business was only too obvious to him, and his state of mind did not permit of congratulations in the case of his clerk. "I am indeed sorry that you should take such a course so unexpectedly, and I think I am entitled to ask you whether you cannot reconsider your decision. Perhaps Mr. Staplehurst might give you some advice."

"I have mentioned the matter to my colleagues—to the managing clerk, to Mr. Beeching, and Mr. Pierce—and they have approved the course I suggested. Indeed, I may say they have acted most kindly, most generously in the matter."

Stephen Sale spoke with feeling, and his employer noticed that the blue eyes beneath the heavy gold spectacles were unwontedly bright. So the staff had given their approval to this piece of folly. Broome had no patience for such a pack of old fools. Were they blind to the absurdity of their junior's conduct, of this ill-assorted match?

"Well, I must ask you to study my convenience to the extent of giving me a few days in which I can consider my future arrangements. You cannot fail to understand how much I am upset by this event, which is unparalleled in the history of this office. Would you be so good as to tell Mr. Staplehurst I should like to see him before he goes out to lunch?"

Even Clifford Broome admitted that his junior clerk seemed conscious of his shortcomings; no man looked less the successful suitor than Stephen Sale as he stole out of the private office without another word.

"It's a very painful matter, Mr. Clifford"—the managing clerk was privileged in the form of his address—"and you will understand my feelings."

"I do, Mr. Staplehurst." The other's manner was sympathetic, and Broome was duly appreciative. "Sale made a serious mistake, and, I think, will do nothing towards bettering it by leaving the firm."

The old gentleman nodded gravely. "That is what I told him when he first informed us of what had happened; but Mr. Beeching and Mr. Pierce were strongly of the opinion that there was nothing for him to do but to resign; and, after all, his feelings in the matter must be considered. And there's Miss Eden, who is quite one of us, Mr. Clifford," he continued. "As I said to Mr. Beeching only a week ago, I don't know what the office would be without Miss Eden."

"And she leaves us on Saturday. She has made up her mind."

"Personally I had hoped she would not do so," sighed Staplehurst gloomily. "It is the one thing that Sale feared."

"Well, I don't know what he expected," snapped Broome. "He might have thought of that before he made a fool of himself. He has acted disgracefully."

"Ill-advisedly, Mr. Clifford. Sale, let me tell you in confidence, having committed this error of judgment, has done all that lies in his power. Indeed, he has acted nobly, as I'd have had a son of mine act; and his friends Mr. Beeching and Mr. Pierce have most generously given him their help. Believe me, Mr. Clifford, Miss Eden will not leave this office with her future unprovided for."

"I understand, Mr. Staplehurst; and you've had a hand in it, I know." Broome knew his managing clerk's generosity, and when it came to a wedding present, felt sure no expense would be spared. "Of course, Miss Eden shall have some token of the high esteem in which I hold her. It is largely for her sake that I wish Sale could be persuaded to stay with us."

The wrinkled old face brightened.

"Then perhaps, Mr. Clifford, you might ask her to use her influence with Sale. The last thing in the world she would wish is that he should leave."

"Thank you, Mr. Staplehurst; I'll see what I can do," said Broome; and the other went out to lunch. Surely there never was a match that occasioned such general depression.

. . . . . .

Florence Eden laughed. She had to; time and again within the past four days she had been on the brink of tears, and now her laughter rose unbidden.

"Mr. Broome, what made you think that?"

The lawyer colored.

"But I saw you—you and Mr. Sale."

Miss Eden was serious in a moment; she spoke rather hurriedly.

"Yes, yes, I know. He did ask me to; but, you see, he is so much older than I am, and—and—though I like him, I don't think I ever could"—

Broome felt as if the room was reeding round him; but, as the other paused, his relief found vent in words. He rose nervously and took a turn of the office.

"It was stupid of me; and I am glad, as far as I can see, Miss Eden, we need not lose you after all."

"But there's Mr. Sale. It is not fair to him that I should stay. He has more claim upon the firm than I."

Her employer was silent, and for the first time made some feeble attempt at a definite analysis of his feelings; he was conscious of an overwhelming joy at the prospect of the possible retention of his secretary, and a sudden inspiration seized him.

"But we want you, Miss Eden—all of us, including Mr. Sale, I am sure; I, perhaps, more"——

"You, Mr. Broome!" The woman's glance was down-bent; her employer had paused beside her chair.

"Yes, I." The lawyer spoke slowly, very gravely.

"For the sake of the office?" There was a note of petulance in the question. "You are always thinking of the office."

"I am thinking of myself—of you."

A hush fell upon the room; the other did not raise her head.

"And you want me to stay in the office?"

"Yes — no," stammered Clifford Broome, "with me."

What immediately followed is known to two people only; but when, half-an-hour later, Mr. Staplehurst entered the room he was amazed to find miss Eden seated in the principal's chair and its owner stooping above it.

"Pray come in," stammered Broome. "You wish to see me?"

The managing clerk cleared his throat.

"The staff wished to see Miss Eden."

"I am sure she will be delighted. Am I in the way?" answered Broome with a guilty air which struck Messrs. Staplehurst, Beeching, and Pierce as inexplicable, and the woman stepped forward, somewhat puzzled.

"Miss Eden"—the old gentleman's voice had the suspicion of a quaver in it—"you must pardon us if our conduct savors of an unwarrantable liberty; I hope our good intentions will serve for an excuse. It is with the utmost regret that we heard that you were leaving us; it was with regret even greater that we learnt from our good friend Mr. Sale, whose absence you will understand, of the reasons that prompted you in making this decision. Of the personal feelings of each one of us present I'll say nothing, but we are unanimously of the opinion that the staff of this office owe you amends for the circumstances which have compelled your resignation. You have won our esteem, Miss Eden—may I say it? our hearts—the hearts of four lonely men who now ask you to accept a token of their regard."

The speaker paused and handed the woman a folded sheet of paper.

"It is good of you; it really is," she stammered. "What is it?"

Clifford Broome bent beside her for a moment. When he rose there was a mist before his eyes. The shadows were deepening, and the last glow of a crimson sunlight lit the three earnest faces.

"An annuity of fifty pounds!" He spoke as if to himself.

"Oh, Mr. Staplehurst, Mr. Beeching, Mr. Pierce, how very, very kind! But I don't think I can take it. I don't think that I shall want it now. You see, I am not going away after all—at least not very far away."

The three faces were blank, and then their principal spoke, much after the fashion of an urchin who has been caught in wrong-doing.

"Miss Eden is going to be married, but,"—he stammered—"but, if you can understand me, will not entirely sever her connection with the firm."

Mr. Pierce nudged his friend Mr. Beeching, who in turn looked at the managing clerk, upon whom the situation dawned but slowly.

"Miss Eden," he stammered after a moment's hesitation, "we brought what we feared was a farewell gift; we trust that instead you will accept it as a wedding present."

"You old dears!" murmured Florence Eden, and took each outstretched hand in turn.

Clifford Broome gazed at the group in silence, conscious that he had never set eyes on a finer effect in light and shadow.

CAN YOU CHOOSE A PIANO?

Ninety people in every hundred who do not possess pianos will get them as soon as they get the money.

Perhaps the most risky course is to look for a bargain in an auction room. Many of the instruments put up to auction nowadays have been manufactured specially for the purpose. Keep off! They are worthless creations of jerry-men.

Make up your mind, positively, how much you intend to give. Don't let the dealer spend time explaining the advantages of a seventy-guinea instrument when thirty guineas is your limit. There is as great a difference in the tone of pianos at these prices as there is between the prices themselves, and the comparison may disappoint you, and leave you hankering after what you cannot afford.

Look for a good name, a name well known. And don't be enticed away from it.

About the case. Well, rosewood is said to be leading the fashion just now, but fashions in piano cases change almost as frequently as in the millinery world. Walnut and mahogany are fairly popular.

Don't look for beautiful carving; for some mysterious reason piano manufacturers generally place the prettiest trappings on the worst internals. Choose a wood for its plainness. The plainer the case the sounder the instrument.

And do not choose as much with the eye as with the ear. The old masters used to be led blindfolded into the warehouses. At each piano sat a player, and each player in turn rattled over the keys while the composer listened. In this way the best was chosen.

If you intend to stand the piano on your carpet ask the dealer to stand it on the carpet in his shop. This will give the piano the exact tone that you may expect to hear when you get it home.

Beware of the "Advertiser going abroad," who is willing to dispose of his or her piano "at a tremendous sacrifice." Very, very few of these people are going abroad; they are the mediums through which some firms dispose of goods that cannot be sold in the ordinary way.

Pay a good price. To buy a "cheap" piano is very often to throw money away. And take expert advice. If necessary buy the advice. You will be glad in the end.

1,300 GUNS A YEAR

At Essen, that great, grimy, city in Westphalia, the firm of Krupp have just turned out their fifty thousandth gun.

This is a record approached by no other business in the world, and is the more wonderful because the firm was only established in 1874. It means that ever since the birth of the Essen works an average of four cannon for every working day in the year have been manufactured in these gigantic shops, which, at present, employ 60,000 workmen and 6,000 officials.

There is nothing of its kind in Great Britain which can compare with the firm of Krupp, yet, for all that, some of the great British businesses have outputs of which the figures are so huge that they are positively staggering.

Doultons, for instance, make thirty miles of drain pipes a week, and at Burslem turn out dinner-plates at the rate of 92,000 a week. Small wonder that they use up 100,000 tons of clay in the year.

To take quite another form of business, the big Reading biscuit firm of Huntley and Palmer make 4,500 millions of biscuits in a year, or about 15,000,000 in every working day. It takes the milk of 19,000 cows and the eggs of 150,000 hens to help to form this almost appalling total.

This year is celebrated the third centenary of the authorized version of the Bible. The Oxford University Press uses 500 tons of paper yearly for the sole purpose of printing Bibles, and can turn them out at the rate of about one every two seconds during working hours. The supply of ready-printed sheets is so huge that an order of 500,000 copies can easily be filled.

We spoke just now of the Doulton works. The famous Sevres manufactory, which belongs to the French government, has a comparatively tiny output, being in all only a little over 11,000 pieces in the year. But small as is the output, it is, piece for piece, by far the most costly in the world. Each piece is of an average value of sixty-three shillings.

Figures are apt to be dull if administered in too heavy doses, but it may give some idea of the enormous demand for the common things of life if we give a few scattered instances of the output of factories of various kinds.

There is a firm in South London which makes 40,000 bricks every working day, a Nuremburg pencil factory which gives to the world nearly 100,000,000 pencils yearly. There is a canning factory in Singapore which cans 10,000 pineapples daily.

WHAT YOUR CLOTHES WEIGH

When you step on the penny-in-the-slot weighing machine, and see the index on the dial turn to, say, twelve stone, do you ever consider what part of that weight is your own flesh and bone, and what the clothes that cover it?

If not, try weighing yourself in your birthday suit next time you have a Turkish bath. The difference will surprise you, for you will find that it is quite a stone and possibly more.

It seems absurd that we should carry such a weight about wherever we go. It is more than the equivalent of a healthy baby of three to four months' old; but the fact is that it is impossible to get on with much less.

The very lightest summer dress that a man can wear weighs fully eight pounds. A suit of the thinnest tweed or flannel weighs four pounds, and an ordinary pair of Oxford shoes, size eights, nearly two pounds. This only leaves a margin of two pounds for underwear, shirt, braces, hat, socks and gloves.

Ordinary clothes are a deal heavier. A suit of ordinary dark tweeds such as any business man wears, weigh about six pounds and a quarter, while a laborer's outfit is even heavier still.

A pair of corduroy trousers will pull the scale at three pounds or a trifle over, and a coat and waistcoat belonging to a keeper were found to weigh four pounds ten ounces.

The same man wore a flannel shirt weighing a pound all but an ounce, and his hob-nail boots were two pounds ten ounces each. His gaiters even when clean and quite free from mud weighed a pound and three-quarters for the pair.

Say that his underwear, together with tie, collar, and braces, weighed another pound and a half, and that his breeches which were of stout Bedford cord came to two pounds and a half, it is plain that this man walked abroad, burdened by garments weighing sixteen pounds eight ounces.

An overcoat makes a formidable addition to the weight of the average man's garments. An ordinary medium winter overcoat weighs just on five pounds, and a mackintosh solid enough to stand a day's rain four pounds and a quarter.

Women boast that they can dress more lightly than men, and, indeed, a leading dressmaker has declared that she can dress a customer from hat to shoes at a weight of under five pounds.

But very few women walk abroad in such gossamer attire. A skirt is a heavier article than a pair of trousers, and a woman's hat averages eight ounces to the four which is all that a tweed cap weighs. The ordinary outfit of an ordinary woman weighs fully twelve pounds, and, compared with her size and muscular power, is heavier than that of her husband.

PARS NEW AND TRUE

There is at least one country in the world where it costs nothing to die. In some of the cantons of Switzerland all the dead, rich as well as poor, are buried at the public expense.

The Home Secretary announces that, in order to encourage the production of safe and efficient types of electric lamps for miners, a colliery proprietor has placed at his disposal $5,000 to be offered as a prize for the best lamp.

It is reported that a lady in Stirlingshire, Scotland, who has remained unwed, has been bequeathed an annuity of $10 per week by a former admirer, who left the country a good many years ago and died a wealthy man in America. He also remained single to the end of his days.

The Swedes are probably the tallest people in Europe, and have, on the whole, erect, handsome figures. To some extent this advantage is due to physical exercise, for Swedish gymnastics are compulsory in the elementary schools, and much used in other schools and colleges.

The latest extravagance in footwear is seen in a London shop, where shoes made of the breast feathers of humming birds are exhibited, priced at $2,500 the pair—the highest price known for shoes without diamond or jewel settings. The making of a pair of humming-bird shoes takes six months.

In deference to a curious superstition, a holiday was on Ascension Day observed at Lord Penrhyn's quarries at Bethesda. Year after year a fatal accident occurred at the quarry on Ascension Day, with the result that the quarrymen declined to work. The day has now been set apart by the management as a holiday.

Playing for thirty hours and fifteen minutes, Lewis Thorpe, Pennsylvania, broke all records the other day for continuous piano-playing, without showing any signs of the strain. He was fed and given stimulants while he played. His record is without equal, the nearest approach to it being Waterbury's record of twenty-eight hours and thirteen minutes.

For each of the new White Star steamers, Olympic and Titanic, the full complement is given as 3,346 persons, made up of 730 first-class passengers, 100 of whom are carried in single-berth cabins, 560 second-class, some also in single-berth cabins, and 1,200 third-class. The officers and crew number 63, the engine-room complement 322, while the remaining 471 are accounted for by the stewards and victualling department.

A flight of stairs has been erected in Paris over which 14,000,000 persons have passed without so much as scratching the surface. These steps are almost imperishable, for in the concrete of which they are constructed a generous proportion of carborundum has been introduced, and since the carborundum is almost as hard as the diamond, it has given the concrete a wearing quality which no marble or granite could possibly approach.

Roman painters and writers have been giving their views as to what should constitute the regulation attire for the male sex in future. Out of 1,000 answers received no fewer than 840 decided for a radical change in men's fashions. Leonardo Bazzaro, the artist, would like to see the number of buttons reduced, the high stiff collar done away with, and the soft hat adopted. Alfredo Melani is an enemy to the prevailing fashion because it is colorless and without folds. Ugo Fleres, the writer, is in favor of trousers being dispensed with on the ground that this garment is an enemy to sculpture.

HOW TO REDUCE FLESH

Fashion has taken another step toward reducing the unhappy martyrs to avoirdupois to complete despair. What could be more impossible for a plump person than the new hobble skirt?

We may refuse in self-respect to wear the hobble skirt itself, but the scant skirt, its sister fashion, is little, if any, better. We must be decidedly slender to wear either, consequently strenuous methods of reduction must be applied at once, the price of our summer's indulgences.

Strenuous methods are methods demanding patient, unceasing self-control and deprivation. They must not be foolish methods, if one is to preserve one's health. Too rapid reduction is decidedly dangerous for any one, and any reduction is dangerous, without the advice of a physician, for one who is not well. Moreover, every individual must select her own method and learn from experience which one will help her.

It is usually a pretty safe experiment to cut one's menu in half—one egg instead of two in the morning, one slice of toast instead of two, one helping instead of two at dinner, etc. Most of us undoubtedly eat too much, and reducing the diet, while leaving us hungry at first most of the time, cannot do any harm if not carried to extremes. Moreover, it is pretty sure to be effectual. If in addition to that we give up starches, sweets, and butter, taking dry toast instead of hot or cold bread, and drinking no water with our meals, the results are bound to be satisfactory.

The most recent fad of the extremists has been for fasting a week or more at a time, or a diet of milk or buttermilk for a longer time. Nothing of that sort should be tried except under the doctor's orders, and with his watchful eye upon the effects of the treatment. Moreover, one must expect to give up work and go to bed, so that no strength will be required.

Three splendid movements to be used in combination with this diet are, first, rolling on the floor one hundred times either once or twice a day. The clothing should be very loose for this and one should work up to the hundred by degrees. Second, rising slowly on the tiptoes, and then, with the knees stiff, bending over until the finger-tips touch the floor. This movement will require patience and perseverance before it is accomplished successfully, but it is very important in hip reduction. Third, extending the arms on a level with the shoulders and twisting the upper part of the body first to one side and then to the other slowly.

These latter two movements can be practised frequently during the day by one who does her own housework. It is also easy to bring them a surprising number of times into the process of dressing in the morning, but they should be practised many times over by themselves both morning and night.

WHEN A MAN'S TWENTY-ONE

A man's twenty-first birthday is, legally, the most important in his life.

On that day many things happen.

No longer is he an infant or minor.

For the first time he can make a will and become the possessor of property.

Thus, if a man marries before twenty-one he cannot make a will leaving his wordly possessions to others.

There is an exception to this rule in the case of soldiers who are on military service.

As elections are in the air it may be mentioned that no one under twenty-one can become a member of parliament, or even a town councillor.

It is well known, too, that a minor who runs into debt can only be sued for necessaries, though this is rather an elastic term in the law courts.

When Chinese parents arrive at about the age of fifty-five their affectionate sons and daughters club together and give them each a coffin, and wish them many happy returns of the day. When death comes these receptacles are used for the purpose for which they were intended. Coffins are to be seen in many houses in China, some of them being utilized as wardrobes.

Zam-Buk

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

All Druggists and Stores.—50c.

A Pleasant Purgative.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which were fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

SOLDIER-POETS

It has been said that General Nogi, who went to the coronation, is the greatest soldier-poet alive, and that Great Britain's army has never boasted such a one. But General Sir Ian Hamilton, the commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, is a poet of no mean order, and has to his credit "A Ballad of Hadji," "Icarus," and "A Jaunt in a Jung." Then Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the famous poet, served some time in the ranks of our cavalry, in order, he declared, to cure himself of an absurd prejudice against soldiers! The late David Christie Murray, poet, playwright, and novelist, also sampled the "horse soldiers"; James Thompson, author of the "City of Dreadful Night," had been an army schoolmaster for many years; General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, had a neat turn for verse and wrote many military ballads; and there was a corporal of Guards whose verses, written during the Crimean campaign, were very popular with the troops.

EXTREME MEASURES

To illustrate the "offishness" of some churches Rev. John Timothy Stone told a story of a man who sat through the service one Sunday morning wearing his hat.

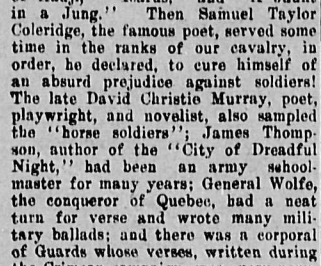
When requested to do so by an usher he removed the hat smilingly. The usher afterward asked him if he had worn the hat purposely or if it was merely absent-minded negligence.

"No," said the man. "I have been attending this church regularly for nearly two years, and no one has ever spoken to me in all that time. I just thought I would leave my hat on my head this morning to see if it would serve as an introduction to some one. I am glad to meet you."

The latest craze among the Berlin smart set is having one's portrait sketchel or painted while asleep. The craze was started by an Austrian aristocrat, Countess Czivick, who, according to a current story, fell asleep while waiting in the atelier of a well-known painter. The painter found the countess so charming as she slumbered that he drew her in that condition. The portrait was a great success.

A Thorough Pill.—To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE



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Icelandic River, Man., Sept. 26th 1910

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Dear Sirs—Will you please mail to my address a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse"? I have been using Kendall's Spavin Cure and always found it safe and sure. Marino Bilem.

That tells the whole story, and it is the experience that hundreds of thousands have had in the past 40 years, and it's the experience you will have—"It is the only sure remedy"—

For Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swelling and All Lameness

Sold by Druggists—$1.00 a Bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00. Keep it on hand always. Be ready for the emergency. Kendall's stops the pain, starts the circulation, penetrates and removes the cause of the disorders. Ask for a free copy of "A Treatise on the Horse." If not at dealers, write to— 62

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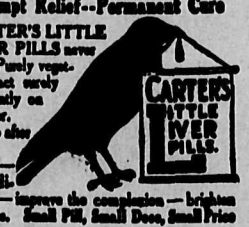
Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price



Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

The Rocking Chair

As each change of season brings its change of fashion in millinery it becomes necessary for the lovers of birds to caution womankind against the alluring osprey.

After all that has been written on this subject one would think there could not possibly be a single civilized woman left, so utterly barbarian at heart, as to wear one of these feathers. So much has been published in magazines and newspapers on this subject, so many pictures of the horrors of collection have been shown, that the woman who still continues to deck herself out with this plumage brands herself as really tigerish at heart. There is no longer the excuse of ignorance possible, and that was the only excuse that ever did exist. If you object to the wearing of ospreys your milliner will likely tell you that "this one is only an imitation," or that this kind is obtained without cruelty. This does not shift the responsibility one bit from your own shoulders, and to be on the safe side, it is wisest to eschew this style of trimming entirely.

A writer in an eastern paper says:

"No ospreys or aigrettes are painlessly procured, and every woman who wears them stamps herself as lacking in heart and character. At present, in London, that wonderful city, there are few ospreys to be seen. The humane societies do their work well, and it is considered almost a disgrace to be seen with ospreys. One society, in its fight against this horrible cruelty, employs sandwich men, who go about with a series of pictures showing the fiendish manner in which ospreys are obtained. There is the mother bird and her babies, happy and peaceful. Then along comes a man, pioneer of civilization, who kills the bird and tears her lovely plumage from her body, and the last picture shows the little birds clamoring for food and lastly lying dead from starvation. This series is begun and ended with a picture of a gorgeous osprey labelled, "The badge of cruelty" Let every woman who wears ospreys in her hat or hair think of the cruelty that it implies. Let me say it again,—there is no osprey that is painlessly obtained and the woman who wears one is as cruel as the man who kills the mother bird and leaves the baby birds to die. Crueller even, for the man does it simply for a living, while a woman does it to pander to her vanity.

"So great has this feeling about ospreys become that fewer and fewer are being seen. The vogue of ostrich plumes is enormous, and bids fair to become more so. There is nothing lovelier than waving ostrich feathers, and the first lady in the land, Queen Mary, wears them upon all occasions. Lace and ribbon run feathers a close second, and are exceedingly smart and serviceable. Flowers are much worn, too, but as the autumn and winter come on, they will largely disappear. Let all women who are ordering hats, or, will shortly order them, think of the fiendish cruelty to the ospreys, and refuse to wear them. In this manner, the demand will lessen and the mother birds allowed to live in peace."

* * *

Is there any spinster so stony-hearted as to be able to withstand this "Wail of the West," sobbed out to measure by a bachelor farmer?

With fingers picked to the bone,
With language unfit to read,
A bachelor farmer sat alone,
Plying his needle and thread.
Stitch, Stitch, Stitch,
Patching up sacks with rags,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang "The Song of the Bags."

Patch, Patch, Patch,
Till yer can't tell patch from sack,
An' stitch, stitch, stitch,
Till yer stiff in yer blooming back,
It's O! to be a Duke,
A Marquis or a Lord,
With never a bag to patch in a year
Nor a day to work for yer board.

Patch, Patch, Patch,
This un belong'd to Jim;
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
I got it last fall from him;
Patch it, an' cuss it' an' darn,
Darn, an' cuss it, and patch,
Till I almost think I'll marry this fall,
An' leave 'em as likes it to batch.

O! men with sisters dear,
O! men with mothers an' wives,
Give 'em the bags to patch an' mend
For the rest of their natural lives—
Stitch, Stitch, Stitch,
Pricking yer finger or thumb,
An' when yer cusses, they into yer pitch
An' wonder yer aint struck dumb.

Patch, patch, patch,
This un belongs to Jones;
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
The only bag that he owns,
An' this un I found one day
When driving back home from town,
It's newly marked "T. A. C. SMITH";
Done over "G. W. BROWN."

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
The farmer kept working alone,
Patching the bags from a dozen farms
An' not a bag of his own.
And it's O! for the sight of a bag
With my own name printed fair,
There isn't a bag in the granary left
Of the dozen I bought last year.

An' it's O! for one hour of rest,
For leisure to smoke one's clay;
By gum, I'll drop this needle an' thread
An' patch 'em with corks o' hay:
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Patching his sacks with rags,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang "The Song of the Bags."

* * *

One of the most sensible articles written by any man that I have read on the forward movement of modern woman is that contributed to La Revue by M. Jean Finot, a synopsis of which is given in the Review of Reviews.

He begins by remarking that most writers on women make the mistake of accepting the portraits of their ancestors for those of the women of today. They forget that times have changed and women also. Only the psychologists have not changed. Forced outside the home, women in their struggle with more violent elements have acquired many virtues hitherto foreign to them. M. Finot shows how opinions concerning the impressionability of women vary, and how the most opposite reasons are given to prove that it would be dangerous for women to have equal rights—there is no mention of duties—with men. While some fear that immoderate ardour and the nerves might affect the judgment of women, others are equally afraid of women's social activity—because of the conservation of their nature. Whether women love social conservation, or are the slaves of it, these doubters, like the anti-suffragists, fear that women will paralyse the march of progress.

Morally women are the result of the conditions which make up their life rather than of any sort of innate femininity. They may be more sensitive than men. They laugh, cry, enjoy, suffer, fear, love, with more marked facility perhaps, and according to circumstances it may be that while they can be sublime in pity and goodness, they can also be more cruel. At the same time, with Christianity there were revealed the qualities which had lain dormant in primitive and savage woman, in a sort of apotheosis, both touching and imposing, of all the altruistic virtues of which the human is capable. Women were the revivifying soul of all the institutions we owe to Christianity, and the number of women martyrs to devotion, pity, and heroic deeds for the suffering is absolutely incalculable.

But the more intolerable the position of women the more degrading is it from the moral point of view. In order to please women have been driven to dissimulate; but after all this is less serious in its consequences for the evolution of the species than much of the dissimulation of men. Is not the whole of public life founded and kept up by men based on a lie? The armed peace, the supreme invention of men, is in reality nothing but a gigantic lie. In the relations of the social classes, in the principles of government and justice, everywhere indeed lies corrupt the atmosphere in which we live. Men's lies are more intense, more vast, and more important, exceeding in quality and quantity any of the so-called lies of women.

But though women have often violated their real nature to adapt themselves to the tastes of their masters, there is salvation by moral adaptation, and two or three generations will often suffice to undo the work of a score of centuries. With a change in education and social position women will regain their veracity, and it is this change which we see going on today. The smallest modification of their intellectual and moral conditions enables women to recover with surprising quickness the qualities which have gone astray during the centuries of their abnormal life. The immense progress already realised by women in our day gives us the most radiant hopes for her future; and as the salvation of men depends above all on the enlargement of the life of women, let us put our trust in the lucky star which is presiding over our human destinies.

DENSE AIR FOR HUGE FLYERS

That the great pterodactyls and other huge flying creatures of past geologic ages could not have flown in air of the present density is asserted by a French geologist. The density of the atmosphere must have been greater in those days, and possibly a study of the conditions of flight and the fossil remains of these big flying creatures may enable us to follow the variations of atmospheric pressure from one geologic epoch to another. We read in the Revue Scientifique (Paris, June 24):

"Inspired by recent studies of the flight of birds and insects, made in connection with theories of the aeroplane, a paleontologist, Mr. Harle, has endeavored to see how these data could be applied to the flying creatures known to exist in various geologic epochs.

"These studies show that the flight of birds becomes more and more difficult as their weight increases. The size of creatures capable of flight would thus appear to be limited. This limit seems to be reached, in present nature, by the large birds and insects as we know them. Nevertheless, much larger creatures once flew. A reptile of the Pterodactyl group, studied by George Eaton, had a spread of wing of more than 26 feet, more than that of a Bleriot monoplane. It lived during that Cretaceous period and flew 90 miles and more from the coast. Some Libellulas of the Carboniferous had nearly a yard of wingspread. Today it would be impossible for these creatures to fly.

"Their flight, however, would have been made possible by a high degree of density of the air, or by a considerable atmospheric pressure. The existence of these great flying creaturess during the Cretaceous and the Carboniferous periods therefore leads Mr. Harle to suppose that the atmospheric pressure was then higher than it is now."

THE VALUE OF INDIAN MUSIC

The music of our American Indians is "nothing but a curiosity by itself; it is only good to be built on," declares Charles Wakefield Cadman, who has made a thorough study of this field of folk-music. Mr. Cadman rejects the idea that our native Indian melodies—which we are now making diligent if somewhat belated efforts to preserve—will dominate "the future American music," although he thinks that they will play their part in its evolution. In an interview which The Musical Leader (Chicago) reprints from the Los Angeles Herald, he goes on to speak of the remarkable accuracy of the Indian ear:

"Indians have an instinctive ear for melody and harmony, have it more surely than Americans. Let a little Indian child came to an American locality for ice-cream or sodas, and before he leaves he will be singing all the airs he has heard from the always present phonograph. And let me emphasize this: he is always singing them correctly. There is no musical ear in the world so sure and accurate as the Indian's.

"It used to be that the chief would appoint a choir to learn and preserve the musical legends, and the man who made a mistake was fined heavily. And I myself have compared records that I took two years ago with records of the same music taken twenty years ago—the first ever taken—and note for note they were the same. And all were handed down verbally, remember."

It remains for us, he says, to "apply our mathematical means to their beautiful melodies, and weaves from the combination music which will play at least a historical part in the composite of American music."

CHINESE AS A MODEL LANGUAGE

That the English hlanguage grows daily more like Chinese, and that the nearer we get to it the better will our speech be, are assertions made by Dr. Edward Sapir, of the Canadian Geological Survey, in a lecture at the University of Pennsylvania, printed in The Popular Science Monthly (New York, July). Instead of being a primitive form of language, as used to be thought, Chinese, Dr. Sapir tells us, is really the last word in a series of linguistic changes, ending in the total loss of inflection or of any way of distinguishing one part of speech from another, except by its position in the sentence. English is progressing toward this goal. We read:

"The simplest grammatical process is the juxtaposing of words in a definite order, a method made use of to perhaps the greatest extent by Chinese, to a very large extent also by English; the possibilities of the process from the point of view of grammatical effectiveness may be illustrated by comparing such an English sentence as 'The man killed the bear' with 'The bear killed the man,' the actual words and forms being identical in the two sentences, yet definite case relations being clearly expressed in both. . . . This type of language is characterized by the use of words which allow of no grammatical modification whatever, in other words the so-called isolating type. In a language of this type all relational concepts are expressed by means of the one simple device of juxtaposing words in a definite order, the words themselves remaining unchangeable units that, according to their position in the sentence, receive various relational values. The classical example of such a language is Chinese. . . .

"It was quite customary formerly to look upon the three main types of morphology as steps in a process of historical development, the isolating type representing the most primitive form of speech at which it was possible to arrive, the agglutinative coming next in order as a type evolved from the isolating, and the inflective as the latest and so-called highest type of all. Further study, however, has shown that there is little to support this theory of evolution of types. The Chinese language, for instance, so far from being typical of a primitive stage, as used to be asserted, has been quite conclusively proven by internal and comparative evidence to be the resultant of a long process of simplification and an agglutinative type of language. English itself, in its historical affiliations and inflective language, has ceased to be a clear example of the inflective type and may perhaps he said to be an isolating language in the making. Nor should we be too hasty in attaching values to the various types and, as is too often done even today, look with contempt on the isolating, condescendingly tolerate the agglutinative, and vaunt the superiority of the inflective type. A well-developed agglutinative language may display a more logical system than the typically inflective language. And as for myself, I should not find it ridiculous or even paradoxical if one asserted that the most perfect linguistic form, at least from the point of view of logic, had been attained by Chinese, for here we have a language that, with the simplest possible means at its disposal, can express the most technical or philosophical ideas with absolute lack of ambiguity and with admirable conciseness and directness."

THE ROAD OF LOVE

Yes, I have loved you long and loved you well—
Yet there are deeps untouched and heavens sealed;
More yet lies hidden than has been revealed,
And there are songs to sing, and tales to tell.

Love's incompleteness is its richest foil,
Love's imperfection its most perfect trait,
'Tis easy running to the bounds of hate,
But love's road is the long, long road of toil.

QUEER POSTAGE STAMPS

To certain postage-stamps, either because of circumstances connected with their issue, or owing to the occurence of events after their issue, which have greatly enhanced their value in a used or an unused condition, are attached curious and interesting histories.

The best illustration of the former type is to be found in the famous "death-mask" stamps of Servia, a special series issued to commemorate King Peter's coronation. He it was who, in 1904, ascended the throne left vacant by the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The central portion of the design consists of two heads; one, that of Peter, being placed slightly to the right of the other, that of the founder of the Karageorgevitch dynasty, in such a way as to show the whole of the one and the profile of the other. It is a grim coincidence that when the stamp is inverted a human face can be easily discerned, which is supposed by many to bear a distinct resemblance to that of the murdered King.

It was a singular coincidence that the sevenpenny stamp bearing King Edward's head should have been issued on the very day of his death. The demise of His late Majesty also prevented the issue of a twopenny stamp, mauve in color. They were never put into circulation; but King George, who possesses one of the best collections in the world, has specimens of them, both used and unused.

In most countries the introduction of postal facilities is regarded as an unmixed blessing, but it was not so in Korea. The post-office erected there in 1885 had but a brief existence. The mob, in their blind hatred of all innovations, rioted, and burnt it to the ground. The natural result was to make Korean stamps of the first issue in a used state of great value. The matter was allowed to drop for a time, and it was not until ten years later that the present system was established.

In 1861 New Brunswick provided us with a curiosity in the shape of a five-cent brown stamp, known to all collectors as "the Connell stamp." Mr. Charles Connell, who was postmaster up to the time mentioned, doubtlessly actuated by vanity, issued a stamp bearing his own portrait.

He certainly succeded in his intention, but the concession to vanity proved expensive. The stamp did not meet with the approval of the authorities, and, pressure being applied, he sent in his resignation. The issue was promptly stopped, but a few are said to have been used to frank letters.

The history of the one-cent yellow stamp of the Confederate States of America is rather curious. Of the first consignment dispatched by Messrs. de la Rue part were shipwrecked, and the remainder, being sent to St. Thomas for transhipment, was detained there. The second consignment was also lost by shipwreck, and the third arrived safely at Richmond, but only at the end of the war. They are quite common in an unused condition, owing to the dispersion of the supplies at Richmond and St. Thomas; but it is exceedingly doubtful if they were ever used for postal duty.

The first stamps to be issued in the French colony of New Caledonia were the production of a member of the garrison in 1860, a certain Sergeant Triquera, who actually etched them with the point of a pin. They were printed in sheets of fifty, and each stamp on a sheet differs slightly from its neighbors, as a separate etching was necessary for it. When news of the issue was conveyed to the Postal Department in Paris they were ordered to be withdrawn. Original specimens are rare, but the stones from which they were printed were handed over to his relatives on his decease, and they issued reprints of the entire set, which are comparatively common.

THE PORT OF CHEMULPO

Chemulpo is a treaty port on the west coast of Korea, about twenty-five miles southwest of Seul. The work of making much-needed improvements in the harbor was inaugurated last month with a celebration in which representatives of all the different nations residing there took part. Lieutenant-General Count Terauchi, the Japanese resident-general of Korea, officially opened the operations. The present plans involve the expenditure of $2,500,00 and, the employment of thousands of Korean laborers for several years.

THE ORIGINAL "MISS LIBERTY"

Miss Anna Willis Williams, the original "Miss Liberty," whose profile adorns the American silver dollar, has been for the last twelve years at the head of the kindergarten system of Philadelphia, her native city. Recently she visisted San Francisco as a delegate to the National Education Association. She is recognized as an authority on primary education. It was in 1878, while she was a student at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, that she was chosen as the model for a new design for the dollar. She gave up art to devote herself to teaching.

COMING OF AGE SURPRISES

When a man reached his twenty-first birthday he looks forward to a pleasant time. Congratulations and presents and rosy hopes for the future are his. But every twenty-first birthday doesn't bring pleasant surprises in its train.

The heir of the Earl of Strathmore, for example, learns some terrible family secret on his twenty-first birthday. What the secret of Glamis Castle is, no one save the head of the family, Lord Strathmore, and his eldest son will ever know. The secret has been jealously guarded, and each son, when he reaches that day of days, is told what it is.

The heir of the Green family is another who learns a family secret on attaining his majority. The Green family own Poulton Old Hall, Lancashire, and in it is a mysterious locked room, the contents of which are known only to the head of the house for the time being and the direct heir.

In almost every civilized country a man comes of age on his twentyfirst birthday.

In the case of heirs to thrones, however, this rule does not hold good. Prince Edward of Wales attains his majority on his eighteenth birthday.

BLOOD, PURE, RICH, RED

Rosy glow in the face, sparkling eyes, vivacious spirits are all the outcome of good blood. No surer way exists of purifying and enriching the blood than to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. By their gentle action on the bowels, kidneys and liver they filter every impurity from the system, leaving it wholesome and able to do the work necessary for the maintenance of health.

To be well, look well, and feel always at your best, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, a truly wonderful medicine for young and old. Price 25c at all dealers.

THE LEADER OF THE PARIS BAR

Maitre Labori, who has just been elected leader of the Paris bar, took a commanding part in the second Dreyfus trial at Rennes. He is a pleader of great force and possesses a style that is dignified and irresistible. Following his election he was given an ovation, the retiring leader, Maitre Busson-Billaut, publicly embracing him. Labori was born at Reims, in 1860. He studied at home and then spent two years in Germany and England, being called to the bar in 1884. His writings on legal subjects are recognized as authoritative.

The Mirror

Within a wondrous glass,
A wondrous, magic mirror,
I gaze and see my features nobler shown
Than I can dare to own—
Oh, nobler, fairer, dearer,
Which inward graces brighten as they pass!

How beautiful, how strange
To note so wondrous graces!
A queen might feel her sceptre cheaply sold
If she could thus behold
A glass wherein her face is
Beyond desire may fair by magic change.

Such mirrors no one buys,
But they may freely own them
Who rightly love, who gladly greet the time.
And these will have sublime
Their souls and features shown them,
Nobly renewed within their childrens' eyes.

—Horace Holley, in Century Magazine.

"If you kiss me again," declared pretty Miss Lovely firmly, "I shall tell my father."

"That's an old tale," replied the bold young man. "Anyway it's worth it." And he kissed her. Miss Lovely sprang to her feet.

"I shall tell father," she said, and left the room.

"Father," she said to her parent when she got outside, "Mr. Bolder wants to see your new gun."

A minute later, when father appeared in the doorway with his gun in his hand, there was a crash of breaking glass as Mr. Bolder dived through the window.

The town of Elma, Washington, in the midst of the great fir timber belt on the west slope of the Cascade Mountains, presents a unique feature in the form of a two-storey house, containing fourteen rooms, built entirely of the timber from a single fir. This tree was a giant Douglas fir, and was felled west of Elma. It was wonderfully straight, and when scaled was found to contain 40,000 feet of serviceable timber. The tree was cut into six logs, the first or butt being 28 feet in length. Inside the bark the stump measured 7 feet 9 inches in diameter. The distance to the first limb of this tree was 100 feet, and the total height of the tree was over 300 feet.

Mr. James Thomas Wells, aged seventy-three, was married at St. John's Church, Ealing, the other day to Mrs. Emma Coster, aged seventy-one. The couple were sweethearts in their youth, but their engagement was broken off. Each married and brought up a large family. They met again some time ago, and, both being free, decided to marry.

A chemist has recently analysed a sample of a silk dress that was submitted to him by a lady. He found that it contained only a fraction over 28 per cent. of silk, and as much tin was found in it as that present in poor tin ores from Cornwall. The tin occurs in the so-called weighing of the silk. The chemist states that he at once realized the fact that the silk dresses worn by the ladies in London, taken together, would represent a Cornish tin mine of very fair quality.

"Echo de la Timbrologie" is the title of a French journal which is published in the interests of philatelists; and, as the result of the enterprising editor's investigation, we are enabled to state that Queen Victoria's portrait appeared on 3,193 issues and King Edward's on 1,080. The late King Carlos of Portugal and the present King of Spain follow with 840 and 695 respectively; and outside the list of Royalty Bolivar heads the list with 213 stamps, while Columbus has been represented 119 times.

Lord Morley is a great lover of music, his favorite composers being Wagner and Chopin.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

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

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CHARLES C. SEGRAVE,
Managing Editor.

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The editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

Wm. Templeman says the head tax on Chinese should be taken off. He is a member of Sir Wilfred's Cabinet, and when he made that statement was no doubt parroting the opinion of his chief. Just keep this in mind on election day and mark your ballot for Clements.

Laurier says that the natural avenues of trade on this continent are north and south, and yet it is only four years since Sir Wilfred was making a dramatic appeal to the electors to allow him one last chance to "finish his work" of opening a new avenue of trade for the Canadian people from east to west at a cost of over two hundred million dollars.

We have it on good authority that when Mr. Clements the Conservative candidate in this constituency was in the house at Ottawa representing Kent, at the time of the autonomy bill was being passed through he was approached by Sir Wilfred Laurier and was told that if he voted for that bill he would be safe in the next election, and would not need to worry about a seat, but if not he would be defeated. Mr. Clements lived up to his election pledges, voted against that bill and was defeated by a small number at the next election.

Mr. Duncan Ross, Liberal candidate, in this district was also in the house at this time, and although pledged to vote against the same bill, he DID vote for it, and all Sir Wilfred's power could not retain him his seat, he losing it by several hundred votes at the same election.

One of the first qualifications of a condidate is that he be a man of his word and will live up to his pledges, as Mr. Clements did do, in the case of the autonomy bill, the electors of this district will put him where he belongs, in the also-ran-class.

Duncan Ross has been foisted on this constituency by Sir Wilfred "for services rendered," and when Ross falls on the 21st the Liberals will only have Templeman to blame.

Duncan and the Liberals will remove the taxes on food and raise the revenue on the consumer by some other means.

The failure of the Laurier Government to pass a redistribution bill before the election has worked a great injustice upon the west, which will be under-represented in the next parliament by at least twenty-five members. The Conservative leader appealed to the Government for fair play for the west and a delay of two months would have been sufficient to have allowed the Government to have passed a redistribution act. The Liberals are responsible for the injustice to the west.

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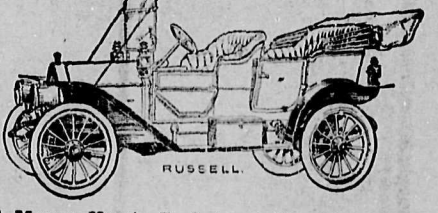

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CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the reserve existing by reason of a notice published in the British Columbia Gazette of 27th December 1907, over a parcel of land situated on Read Island known as Lot No. 452 Sayward District, formerly covered by Timber License No. 36862 which License expired on the 20th November 1909 is cancelled, and the said lands will be opened to location by pre-emption only at midnight on Friday 15th October 1911.

ROBT. A. RENWICK,
Deputy Minister of Lands.

Department of Lands,
Victoria, B. C., 5th July 1911.

jy15 3m

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PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Public Highways in unorganized districts, and all Main Trunk Roads in organized Districts are sixty-six feet wide and have a width of thirty-three feet on each side of the mean straight centre line of the travelled road.

THOMAS TAYLOR,
Minister of Public Works.

Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B. C., July 7th, 1911.

jy15 3m

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Canal Worker's Experience

Some time ago I came to this place to work on the canal and through inclement weather and exposure contracted the worst kind of neuralgia. The pain would fill my forehead so that I couldn't see; it was just awful. I went to a druggist in town and was advised to use a 50c bottle of Nerviline. That was the best advice and the best medicine I ever got. I will always recommend Nerviline for any ache or pain. It is so strong and penetrating, it is bound to cure.

(*Signed*) A. B. Giorgi, Trenton, Ont.

Doctors will tell you that nothing but the purest and most healing antiseptic drugs are used in Nerviline—that's why it is so safe for general family use, for the baby as well as the parent. If you haven't tried Nerviline, do so now—your neighbors are almost sure to know of its manifold merits and uses.

CLEANING WATER-MAINS

A novel system has been devised by a well-known water-engineer for the periodical cleaning of mains. In an opening of nine feet about the main to be treated a bracket is fixed, carrying two rails and a screw of coarse pitch. A petrol-engine is lowered into this hole in such a way that its wheels rest on the rails, whilst the screw passes through the centre of the machine, and the shaft of the motor is brought central with the main.

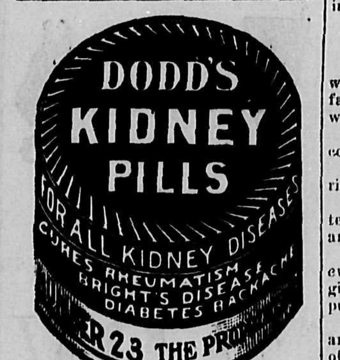
There is a hand wheel attached to the frame of the machine which serves to move the motor along the rails in either diretion. A special appliance carrying a knife is inserted in the main and being attached to the shaft of the machine it is revolved, scraping the internal surface of the pipe. This simple machine is so devised that it will clean two hundred yards of main on either side of the opening from the one point. The cleaning speed is about fifty yards per hour, and in ordinary practice five hundred yards per working day can be carried out. The appliance has been subjected to severe tests and has proved so efficient that it is employed for the cleaning of the water-mains of Liverpool.

A BRASS BAND EVANGELIST

Edgar Watson Howe, founder and editor of the *Atchison (Kansas) Globe*, is going out as a brass-band evangelist, and will tour the Middle West, giving concerts and lectures, aiming his message mainly at the young people. The band numbers forty pieces. The humorist-philosopher-editor will pay all the expenses attached to the trip and will take up no collections. The ban has been placed on ragtime. Prior to each concert he will lecture for twenty minutes. No town of more than 4,000 inhabitants will be visited. His message concerns the importance of good conduct, politeness, kindness and good citizenship.

TELEPHONE "GIRLS" IN GERMANY

Telephone "girls" in Germany can not work after the age of seventy, though they can retire on pension prior to that advanced age. Positions are obtained by civil service examination. The average on entering the business must be near thirty, and, as many remain for life, it would be ungallant to speak intimately of ages. Discharges can not be effected without considerable red tape. When an operator has worked up to $450 a year and $150 extra for house rent, she stays at that pay until retired on pension.



Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

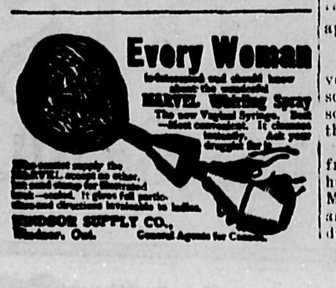
Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Mammitis, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—allays pain and inflammation promptly. Germicide and antiseptic.

Mrs. R. M. Remler, R. D. No. 1, Federal, Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke causing considerable loss of blood. Used ABSORBINE, JR. and reported Nov. 5, 1910, veins entirely healed, swelling and discoloration gone and has had no trouble with them since July 1909. ABSORBINE, JR. is invaluable as a general household liniment, for the cuts and bruises that the children get, croup, deep-seated colds, stiff-neck, sore-throat. Removes fatty bunches, goitre, enlarged glands, wens, cysts, weeping sinews, etc. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 3 G free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 210 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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

Chilliwack, British Columbia

The Garden of B.C., in the famous Fraser Valley. Finest farming and fruit land in the world. *Irrigation unknown. B.C. Electric Ry.* from Vancouver; C.N.R. transcontinental and Gt. Northern building. Chilliwack a modern city—waterworks, electric light, etc. Green grass the year round. The Prairie Man's Paradise—no frost, no four month's snow. Write H. T. Goodland, Secy. Board of Trade, Chilliwack, for all information, booklets, maps, etc.—THEN COME.



Storyettes

When Lottie returned from her first visit to Sunday school, she was asked what she had learned.

"God made the world in six days and was arrested on the seventh day," was her version of the lesson imparted.

* * *

George Ade, at the recent Lambs' gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern wife.

"It is true that the married men of today," he ended, "have better halves but bachelors have better quarters."

* * *

"Yes, he had some rare trouble with his eyes," said the celebrated oculist. "Every time he went to read he would read double."

"Poor fellow," remarked the sympathetic person. "I suppose that interfered with his holding a good position?"

"Not at all. The gas company gobbled him up and gave him a lucrative job reading gas-meters."

* * *

The unconscious stranger lay on the sidewalk breathing heavily and groaning.

Two teeth were missing, his eyes were marked and his nose was bleeding.

"Who can he be?" said the crowd again and again.

"I guess he was some peacemaker," suggested the ambulance surgeon, surveying the wreckage.

* * *

Richard Croker, the day of his departure for his Irish home, said to a New York reporter:

"It is the desire for freedom that sends so many Americans and so many millions of dollars abroad every June. The Puritanical laws of America enslave us. These laws, with their total misconception of freedom and of enjoyment, are well exemplified in a notice board I once saw in a New England park. This board said:

"'Pleasure Grounds. Notice—These grounds are for pleasure only. No games or play allowed.'"

* * *

An optimist whom nothing could dishearten worked in a skyscraper's twenty-eighth story, and one afternoon while admiring the glorious view he lost his balance and fell from the window.

Loud cries of horror from the street below at once filled the windows of every floor of the skyscraper with agonized spectators.

To these horror-stricken people the optimist, as he dropped swiftly past story after story, shouted in cheery tones:

"All's right so far!"

And his optimism was justified, for he alighted, quite uninjured, on a mountain of excelsior piled in the court

* * *

John was very crestfallen indeed, and had promised his wife that never more would he be tempted to waste his substance in riotous living.

"Yes, I know," sighed the good lady; "but I'm getting to doubt your promises. The great trouble with you John, is that you do not seem to be able to say 'No.'

"Learn to say 'No,' and you will find much less difficulty in life. Will you promise me that you will never leave off trying till you have learned to say 'No?'"

"Yes," said the contrite John.

"That's right. And now can you let me have a little money this morning?"

"No," said John, with apparent ease.

* * *

A young lawyer in a western town was taken into partnership with his father, and soon got the idea that he was the whole firm.

He fell into a habit of saying, at the conclusion of a successful case:

"Well, father, I won that case, all right."

Finally the old man, becoming irritated by the son's assumption of importance, handed out this advice:

"George, it seems to me that whenever this firm does anything you might give me half of the credit for it. Don't put on so many airs."

The youth took the advice to heart, and a few days later rushed into the office with this report:

"Father, I—I mean we—have been sued for breach of promise!"

* * *

E. Phillips Oppenheim was talking in New York about literary popularity.

"Those writers, who are so unpopular," said Mr. Oppenheim, "impute all the big successes to advertising. They give the author himself no credit; the credit goes to the publisher's advertisements.

"And that reminds me in its absurdity of a blacksmith of whom Whistler made an etching. The blacksmith, some months later, came up to town and called at Whistler's studio in Chelsea.

"'Hello, blacksmith!' said Whistler. 'What brings you here?'

"'Why,' said the blacksmith, 'I heard as how a prize had been awarded for that there portrait you made of me, and I've come for the cash.'"

* * *

It was not only his money that Thackeray gave to boys; he was always willing to devote his time to amusing them. He would take them to the pantomime and he would give them dinner first. On one occasion he took Herrman Merivale, then a lad, to dinner at the Garrick Club. Years later, Merivale asked the great man if he remembered having done so.

"Why, of course," said Thackeray, promptly; "and what is more, I remember I gave you beefsteak and apricot omelet."

The young man was delighted that his host should recollect even the details of the entertainment and expressed his satisfaction.

"Yes," said Thackeray, twinkling, "I always gave boys beefsteak and apricot omelet."

* * *

Maria, the new cook, was one of those very stout "culled ladies," one of the sort who are most particular about the social relations between the family and themselves.

Mrs. Bennett had been visiting some friends in Boston for a week and her husband didn't get along at all with Maria. He could stand it no longer, and one morning he called her into the dining-room.

"Confound it, you, I want my meals cooked better hereafter or out of the door you go. I don't propose to pay you $30 a month to burn my meals for me."

"Look a-here," retorted Maria. "Don't you talk that a-way to me. You jes' 'member who I is. I don't like your tons o' voice and I aint no trash for yo' to holler at. Yo' mustn't take me fo' your wife."

* * *

He was a young Briton newly arrived at the distinction of inherited property, and naturally interested first of all in personal adornments.

If he possessed one suit, he possessed a hundred. He had different suits for fishing, hunting, golfing, cricketing, walking, cycling, flying, and everything elsing, and so perfect was his recently acquired knowledge of the clothing question that you could never surprise him in a costume that did not fit the occasion.

But gamekeepers do not pay much attention to such details, and the man who was guiding Gussie over his new estate took small stock of garb.

"Hi! There goes a rabbit!" he cried suddenly. "Let him have it, sir!"

Gussie looked after the retreating bunny, but did not raise the gun.

"Why didn't you shoot?" asked the gamekeeper in surprise.

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't," replied Gussie mournfully. "I'm in my pheasant costume."

The Policeman's Friend

Likewise the friend of every man and woman who is kept constantly on their feet and suffers from callouses and corns. The one painless remedy is Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor; it acts in twenty-four hours, and never fails to uproot the corn, root and branch. Satisfaction guaranteed with a 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

The Horseman

Zombrewer in 2:04¼ and right back in 2:04½. Fast indeed. It was Sir R. 2:12½, too, that carried the battle to the wire. Both are Central Ohio products, being bred less than thirty miles apart.

The good two-year old trotting colt, Mahomett Watts, owned by Gen. Watts, has been added to Tommy Murphy's and will be raced in the Horseman stake at Detroit, Mich. The colt is a very handsome individual and has been thoroughly prepared at the Lexington track by Zack Chandler, where he took a record of 2:21 on July 4.

* * *

A leading dealer estimates that 5,000 horses have ben killed or disabled, permanently or temporarily, from the effects of hot weather in New York City and vicinity this summer. The number is unexampled, and it is reflected in the horse market by an almost unprecedented demand for horses of all types especially draft and delivery chunks.

* * *

While Zombrewer, 2:04¼, was drawn from Grand Rapids race on account of lameness after winning the first heat in 2:04¼ with the utmost ease, the white mare is not likely to be kept in the stable long. She did not go lame as the term is generally understood, but was injured by being run into. The injury is said to be superficial, but Snow, rather than take any chances, drew the mare when she showed lameness. In the heat she won at Grand Rapids, Zombrewer reached the quarter in 30 seconds and the half in 1:01.

* * *

Chas. Durfee rode the fastest quarter behind a horse he ever did in his life recently on the race track at San Jose. He was driving Happy Dentist 2.05¾ and as this good game son of Nutwood Wilkes 2.16½ seemed to be feeling good, he let him step a mile in 2.07; down the middle quarter he fairly flew, that quarter was made in 28 seconds flat and several timers caught it, besides the pleased reinsman. It is a question how fast he can drive this gelding, he has to be "talking him balk" all the time, and the horse is sound as a new dollar and is one of the best muscled and best bred horses in California. If he does not get a record close to two minutes this year, he will make some other horse get one to beat him.

* * *

A syndicate of Buffalo racing men are trying to purchase a controlling interest in the Ottawa Racing Association, which has bought property on the Quebec side, and which has secured a Dominion charter. They came to Ottawa recently, looked into the proposition, and offered the association at a special meeting $150,000 for its plant and charter, the intention being to include Ottawa in a new racing circuit. They also offered $10,000 for a large share of stock. Hon. Clifford Sifton, who presided, however, finally voiced the opinion that the charter, which was procured three years ago, might now require renewal. In any event, he did not consider the association justified in selling out just now. Eventually a committee was appointed to confer with the representative of the syndicate, but a prominent member of the association stated that until after the Dominion elections there would be nothing doing. Many prominent politicians are members of the association and will be too busy with the coming campaign to pay much attention to their racing interests. It is understood that the majority of the members are opposed to accepting the Buffalo proposition. It will, however, receive due attention. Work on the track itself will be commenced in a short time. The stock has already been subscribed and it is the intention of the association to have its plant in readiness for its inaugural meet in June next. The Buffalo syndicate has also made an offer for a plant and charter now owned and operated by a Montreal club.

Internally and Externally It Is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

SUBMARINE REGIONS

No one can deny the charm of the sea. It has a charm that is not easily defined. The invalid coming slowly back to health, the jaded toiler in the city, and the dweller in the country—they all experience its peculiar fascination. The love of the sea is universal, felt by all, and at all ages. Ask them to explain their devotion, and the answers, probably all different, will be the summing up of the most vivid impressions. One will speak of the blue expanse, scarcely rippled by a tiny breeze; another will describe the change seen on its surface when the blue gave place to cold grey; another will think of the health-giving air; another of the sun so encouraging in its warmth, and another of the cool water in which, if he were a swimmer, he could not sink although he tried. But the sea has another charm which the landsman seldom thinks of. It is the charm of its depths. There is another world down there, and we know more about it than about some parts of the continents. We can bring samples of it up to us, and from these we get our knowledge of what would otherwise be an unknown region.

The depths, temperature, and other features of the great ocean basins have been ascertained by the help of three chief instruments—namely, the sounding-line, the dredge, and the thermometer. The sounding-line consists of a rope or wire with a weight at the end, and graduated in such a way that when dropped from a ship's side to the sea-bottom, the length of line which runs out from the reel is accurately measured, and indicates the depth. To get a sample of the bottom, the weight is "armed." This means that the bottom of the weight, made slightly hollow, is covered with tallow. Mud, sand, or gravel at the bottom sticks to the tallow, and is brought up for examination. This sounding-line is sufficient for shallow water. For deepsea soundings the instrument is more complicated. The weight is armed with a cup, or a tube, or a scoop, which becomes filled with the sea-bottom. The dredge consists of an iron frame furnished with a strong net or bag, which brings up a larger sample of the materials which form the sea-floor. The thermometer registers the temperature of the sea, from the surface down to the deepest parts. With these instruments almost all that is known about submarine regions has been ascertained. The discoveries might well be described as revelations. Conjectures and exaggerations have been dispelled, and a thick veil penetrated as effectively as if the sea had been suddenly withdrawn from its basin.

It is hard to believe that the bottom of the sea can be compared in its outlines with the contour of the land. It has its hills, valleys, plains, different soils, different climates, and different inhabitants depending on the soils and the climates. Its general feature is its irregularity. There are wide plains rising into broad ridges and vast slopes. There are mighty hollows which descend far below the general level, and mountain ranges whose peaks are visible in the oceanic islands. There are also deserts of sand alongside of verdant patches, where plants and animals live together. In the shallow waters which surround the British Islands the sea-floor consists of banks of sand, stretches of gravel and broken shells, and very big plots of mud. Away from the land, in the deeper and wider hollows of the ocean basins, the deposits are totally different. Red and grey clay occupies the depths below 2,500 fathoms. These clays have an enormous distribution. They are found in the Atlantic and the Pacific, and their origin is due to the decomposition of volcanic detritus slowly drifted across the ocean. Pumice, that is, the upper part or froth of the lava thrown out from volcanoes, is often light enough to float on water. It may drift away to long distances. When it becomes water-logged it sinks to the bottom. Moreover, there is another deep-sea deposit, well known and most abundant. It covers the floor of the Atlantic for thousands of miles as a fine, soft, chalky ooze. A sounding-weight dropped upon this fleecy carpet sinks deeply into it. The dredge comes up full of it. It contains the shells, some broken and some entire, of minute animals, and also living sponges and star-fishes. The ooze is derived mainly from the Globigerina—a little animal which forms a tiny shell from one-twentieth or thirtieth of an inch in diameter. After spending its life on the surface of the sea the Globigerina drops to the bottom, where its shell forms 85 per cent. of the ooze.

At one time the temperature of the sea at considerable depths was thought to be uniform all over the globe. The thermometer, however, has revealed the fact that submarine climates have their vagaries. There are climatic differences even within a few miles of each other. In some parts of the same channel, for example, the bottom temperature may be below the freezing point of fresh water, while in other parts it may be fourteen degrees above the freezing point. Even in tropical regions, with a broiling sun overhead, the deposit brought up from deep water is so solid that it cannot be handled without discomfort. As a general rule the temperature of the great ocean basins diminishes with depth. The bottom of the Pacific and the Atlantic, where the depth exceeds 2,000 fathoms, is just a little above the freezing point. In the deepest abysses the temperature falls to the freezing point, and may be even below it. Here it may be mentioned that the freezing point of water (32 degrees Fahr.) is lowered by the addition of common salt, and that the freezing point of ordinary sea-water is nearly 28 degrees Fahr. What is the reason of the low temperature in the deep tropical seas? It is supposed that there is a great circulation of water from the Poles to the Equator, the circulation being due to differences of temperature. The cold polar waters, owing to their density, sink and form a thick layer which travels along the sea-bed to the equatorial regions. The warmer and lighter water, on the other hand, floats on the surface and travels from the Equator to the Poles. Indeed, it has been said that every drop of water in the open sea is constantly circulating in this manner.

Numerous soundings in all parts of the ocean prove that the bottom is a vast undulating plain with an average depth of two-and-a-half miles. The greatest depth known is in the North Pacific. The highest mountain might be dumped into it, and there would still be 2,000 feet of water above its peak. This deep is 5,269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet. The greatest depth in the Atlantic is 4,662 fathoms; in the Indian Ocean it is 3,828 fathoms. There are upwards of fifty deeps where the depth is more than three geographical miles; there are four where the depth exceeds five miles. The seas which surround the British Islands are shallow. Their depth rarely exceeds 300 feet. Before getting into double this depth we should have to sail many miles to the south and west of Cornwall, or to the north of Shetland, or to the west of Ireland. The British Islands evidently rise from a submarine plain which slopes downward from east to west. At first the slope is only six feet in the mile, but it attains to the rapid descent of 450 feet in the mile, until it reaches the level of a great plain which extends hundreds of miles westward with little variation in its surface.

How far does light penetrate beneath the sea? By exposing photographic plates at various depths, the effect of light has been visible at 300 fathoms. At 500 fathoms the effect was less; at 900 fathoms no trace of light was found. Beyond this the darkness seems to be eternal. But the darkness is tenanted with life, and with life which, in many cases, carries its own supply of light. Everywhere in the ocean, from the surface waters down to the depth of three or four miles, living organisms are to be found. Indeed, there is no depth-limit to life. It is found even in those regions which may well be called the deserts of the sea, whose depths are enormous, where the pressure must be several tons to the square inch, and the temperature approaches the freezing point and the sunlight never enters. Most of the living creatures at these depths carry their own searchlight, proceeding from peculiar and special organs. These organs are not equally distributed. In some cases they are entirely absent; in others the fish constantly emits a pale blue phosphorescent light; in others the light can be turned "on" and "off" like a bull's-eye lantern, thus enabling the fish to hunt or hide at pleasure. In these regions of the very deep sea the number of living things is not to be compared with the teeming life of the surface and shore waters.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

BIG FORTUNES WHICH MAY BE YOURS

There is no doubt that a fortune, and probably a large one, awaits the man who shall solve certain problems. Surgery, for instance, has made wonderful strides of late years, and its allied art of dentistry has become almost an exact science; but, though the dentist can furnish the mouth with new and wonderfully efficient instruments of mastication, yet the surgeon has hitherto entirely failed to replace the worn-out organs of digestion.

He can remove, wholly or in part, almost every organ of the body, but he can do very little towards their artificial replacement. It is said that Mr. Rockefeller has offered half a million dollars to anyone who will supply him with a new digestive apparatus, but up to the present we have not heard that anyone has drawn the cash.

The same gentleman is bald, and although he is probably less perturbed about his bald pate than about his dyspeptic stomach, yet doubtless he would be willing to endow that man with a pension for life who would rethatch his roof. Many hair-washes there are which have admirable qualities in the direction of stimulating the growth of the hair and preventing it from falling out, but even the manufacturer of those articles of the toilet would frankly admit that a real and infallible cure for baldness has not been discovered. The man who could rise up and demonstrate to the world that he can make hair spring up on a patch of pate as smooth as a billiard ball would be a millionaire in six months.

Many diseases, like leprosy, the plague, cholera, and smallpox, have been wholly or nearly eradicated from Western Europe, America, and the British colonies, yet rhematism continues to cripple tens of thousands, and is considered by most doctors as practically incurable. The man who can find a genuine cure is likely to be a millionaire in life and to have his statue in every city after he is dead.

The same remarks apply to cancer. Investigators are engaged on the problems involved in the cure of this disease in every quarter of the globe. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of pounds have been spent on research work in connection with it, and yet its ravages remain unabated.

So far as consumption is concerned, all the above remarks apply; but in this case a more rational treatment of the patients and their more careful isolation have done something to reduce its ravages. There are teeming thousands of men and women who would be willing to shower all their treasures at the feet of the man who, one fine morning, could step forth and say: "Here is a certain cure for consumption," or "I hold in my hands the antidote to cancer." Aye, the world would beatify him.

No one has ever found a cure for sea-sickness, yet there is a fortune awaiting the man who will do so. Many sailors, even, of whom the "Mighty Nelson" was one, are victims of sea-sickness if the weather should be at all rough. It has been a human experience ever since man ventured to embark upon the ocean. Yet nobody has ever found a remedy for it.

Just as, when you have a cold, every person you meet will give you a new and infallible cure, so, when you are going for a voyage, short or long, everyone will give you a simple panacea for sea-sickness. If the sea is as calm as a mill-pond the nostrum acts, but in the chops of the Channel it proves a tragical failure. There is a lot of money in an infallible cure for sea-sickness.

Strengthens the Throat

Mr. W. P. Purdom, writing from St. Anne's Bay P.O., says: "I used to be troubled with relaxed throat, constant irritation and coughing. I inhaled Catarrhozone as directed and have been permanently cured. I can think of nothing so good for the throat, nose and bronchial tube as Catarrhozone. I recommend it to all my friends. Cure is quick and sure if Catarrhozone is used for Bronchitis, Irritable Throat, Catarrh and Chest Troubles; 25c, 50c and $1.00 sizes at all dealers.

WANT MARRIED MEN TO WEAR THUMB RINGS

The ladies of New Jersey are urging the legislature to pass a law compelling all married men to wear a ring on the thumb of the left hand. But why this diffidence? Why this hesitation to demand a complete and satisfying reform. A man may keep his left hand in his trousers pocket and so excite pursuit that should be directed elsewhere. Or he may take off the ring and temporarily conceal it and so arouse hopes, or even provoke a chase that will be fruitless. No, let us have no half measures. Compel the wretch to wear a ring in his nose, not the shadowy and metaphorical ring that he now wears, but a substantial metallic circlet, properly inserted and so riveted into position that there can be none of those concealments and evasions in which the deceiving sex is well known to rejoice. Such a ring would not only serve as a danger signal to unmarried and predatory ladies, but think of its value in the family circle as an aid to domestic discipline, in fact as a sort of mother's help. Attach a snaffle to the ring, drive a staple into the scullery door, and there you are. Once used, always used. No family should be without one.

THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-DRIVEN VESSEL

Although the displacement of steam by oil-motors has been discussed for some time past, it is only recently that theory has given place to practice. At present the largest vessel of this type afloat is the Toiler, for service on the canals and lakes of the Dominion. The boat measures two hundred and forty-eight feet in length by forty-two and a half feet beam, and is driven by two sets of two-cycle reversible Diesel oil-engines developing three hundred and sixty brake-horse-power.

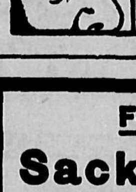
On a recent round trip from the Tyne to Calais, with a total deadweight of nearly two thousand seven hundred tons, she made an average speed of six and three-quarters miles per hour on the outward run, and nine and a half miles per hour on the homeward trip, when she was light in ballast. The consumption of oil-fuel averaged about one and three-quarter ton per day.

Not only does the oil-motor represent a great saving in weight and space as compared with the steam-engine, but the stoking staff is dispensed with entirely, while greater space for cargo is provided, the oil being carried in the double bottom. The comparative cost of oil and coal obviously depends upon the facilities for obtaining these commodities in the territory to which the vessel trades.

On the Clyde a large vessel designed to have a speed of twelve knots per hour is under construction. This vessel will be of five thousand tons, and have a deadweight capacity of seven thousand tons. The propelling engines will be Diesel two-cycle reversing oil-engines, driving twin screws.

A simple ruse deceived the strike pickets at Liverpool. A number of "blacklegs" got to one of the boats disguised as clerks. They were well washed and well dressed, even to the wearing of cuffs and ties, and the make-up put the pickets off their guard.

The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes. Coughing is the effort of Nature to expel this irritating substance from the air passages. Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will heal the inflamed parts, which exude mucous, and restore them to a healthy state, the cough disappearing under the curative effects of the medicine. It is pleasant to the taste, and the price, 25 cents, is



A New Head In 30 Minutes

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

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer

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

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

Eccentric Characters

(By John Fyvie)

If it be true, as John Stuart Mill maintained, that eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded, and that the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, vigour, and moral courage it contained, then there must have been an extraordinary amount of genius, vigour, and moral courage amongst the inhabitants of Great Britain during the unjustly disparaged eighteenth century, for of a certainty the country then swarmed with "cranks." This reflection has more than once occurred to me in the course of the researches which I have had to make into certain biographical backwaters of the Georgian era. But, leaving the reader to pursue this line of thought if he pleases, and to turn over in his own mind the great and celebrated names of the period, I will content myself with setting down a few particulars concerning certain eccentric persons of a humbler class, whose achievements were not sufficient to get their names into any biographical dictionary, but whose characters and conduct were so unconventional that many of us would be glad to hear a good deal more of them than anybody has thought it worth while to put upon record.

In 1799 there died at Romford, in Essex, a well-known butcher of that town named Wilson. Mr. Wilson, it appears, was notable for his integrity in business and for the gentleness of his manners—two qualities which, perhaps, would scarcely have entitled him to the notice of posterity had he not also exhibited a remarkable addiction to psalmody, extraordinary proficiency in penmanship, and a highly peculiar manner of eating his dinner. Such butcher's bills as he sent in to his customers had never been seen before, and have never been seen since. They were all exquisitely written by his own hand; but the top line would be, perhaps, in German text, the second in Roman letters simulating the finest print; beef would be in one style of writing, mutton in another, lamb in a third; while each of these kinds of meat would be still further distinguished by a different color of ink. He was a great friend of the Church, observing all its ordinances and a trifle more. Every Sunday he entertained the congregation with a solo, singing the psalms by himself until the minister came into the desk. And on every last fast-day, while all the rest of the congregation went home to their refreshment and rest, between morning and evening service, he never quitted the church, but went about from pew to pew repeating the Lord's Prayer and singing appropriate psalms, until he had performed these favorite devotions in every pew in the church. He had a large appetite, and seemed determined that all Romford should know it; for, instead of sitting down quietly to dinner in his back parlor, he would usually sally forth into the street, with a leg or a shoulder of lamb in one hand, a large knife in the other, a small loaf of bread in his pocket, and a handful of salt in the bend of the arm which carried the joint; and, thus equipped, would perambulate the town, eating as he went, until he had consumed the whole of this very substantial meal. It is not surprising that his friend Bingley, the London bookseller, declared that he did not know a larger man in Romford.

What Mr. Wilson of Romford drank with his meat is not on record; but a certain William Lewis, Esquire, of Llandisruan, who died on the 30th December, 1793, in the act of drinking a "tumbler maur"—that is, a cup of Welsh ale containing about a wine-quart—had made it a rule of his life (as the Gentleman's Magazine for that year reports, to read a certain number of chapters in the Bible every morning, and, by way of assisting in the digestion of so much spiritual food, to drink no less than eight gallons of ale every morning! One wonders what the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, of jocular memory, would have said to this startling instance of an alliance between beer and the Bible. It was calculated by some mathematical genius of the time that in the course of his life Mr. Lewis must have drunk enough ale to float a seventy-four-gun ship. His size was extraordinary. If we may believe the Gentleman's Magazine, he weighed 560 pounds, and the diameter of his body was no less than six feet. Fortunately, says the writer of his obituary notice, he died in his parlor, for it would have been impossible to bring him downstairs in a coffin. Even as it was, the undertakers had to use a crane to lift the coffin on to a carriage, and to have the same machine in the churchyard to let it down into his grave.

Another eccentric of a totally different kind was an old bachelor named John Little, who died in his house at Kentish Town in 1798, at the age of eighty-four. So great was his antipathy to marriage that he discarded his brother, the only relative he had left, for not continuing like himself in a state of celibacy. He was extremely penurious; and when a physician whom it had been necessary to call in advised him to drink a glass of wine occasionally he would not trust his housekeeper with the key of the cellar, but insisted on being carried into it himself that he might bring away a bottle in his own hands. As might be anticipated, his distrust cost him dear; for being carried from a warm bed to a damp vault brought on a "shivering fit," and in a few days he was dead. When his keys were obtained, one hundred and seventy-three pairs of breeches, with numerous other articles of attire, were found in a room which had not been opened for fourteen years, and, in a lock-up coach-house, one hundred and eighty wigs. All these, of course, together with his two thousand pounds worth of landed property, eleven thousand pounds in the 4 per cents., and twenty-five thousand pounds in various tontines, then became the property of his poor brother who had so grievously offended him by getting married.

The foregoing result was obviously due to Mr. John Little's failure to make a will. But most cranks have exhibited their eccentricity especially in their wills. In 1773 a gentleman named Underhill was buried at Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire. He left very precise instructions as to his funeral, and six thousands pounds to his sister on the conditions that she carried them out. No relative was to follow his corpse, but only six gentlemen whom he named, to each of whom he desired his sister to give ten guineas, and to request of them not to come in black clothes. According to his instructions, as soon as the burial service was ended, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed a small piece of white marble bearing the inscription, "Non omnis moriar, 1773." Then the six gentlemen who followed him to the grave sang the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace. No one was invited but the six gentlemen already mentioned, no bell was tolled, and there were none of the conventional signs of mourning. The coffin was painted green; and the deceased was laid in it with all his clothes on. Under his head was placed Saundon's Horace, at his feet Bentley's Milton; in his right hand was a small Greek Testament, in his left a little edition of Horace; while Bentley's edition of Horace was placed sub podice. After the ceremony was over, the six gentlemen went back to the house, and after a cold supper sang the thirty-first ode of the first book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass, and went home about eight o'clock. "Which done," were the concluding words of this eccentric's will, "I would have them take a cheerful glass, and think no more of John Underhill."

A rather less poetic eccentric was a farmer of Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, who died on the 1st February, 1721, and was found to have ordered by will that his estate, which was worth about four hundred pounds a year, should be enjoyed by his two brothers (both clergymen), or, if they should die, by his nephew, until the expiration of thirty years, when he supposed he should return to life, and then it was to revert to him. He also directed that his coffin should be fixed on a beam in his barn, which was to be locked and the key left inside so that he might let himself out. Strange to say, the provisions of this certainly more than merely eccentric will were strictly observed. His executors let the coffin stay in the barn a day or two longer than the specified thirty years—namely, from 1st February, 1721, to the 5th February, 1751—and then, as he showed no signs of rising, they took it out and buried it.

What causes eccentricity in men it is impossible to say. According to Professor McDougall of Oxford, the physiological explanation is that whereas the neutral systems of the brains of commonplace persons tend to become circumscribed and individualized, in a higher type of brain the neutral systems are more complexly interwoven. But, in the first place, this physiological complexity is only inferred from the observed results; and, in the second place, it appears to be impossible to tell whether any such complexity will result in the production of a wit, an original thinker, or a crank. There may also, perhaps, be some difference of opinion not only as to what causes, but as to what constitutes a wit, an original thinker, or a crank. Wherefore, passing lightly over the case of an elderly maiden lady, known as "Mrs." Gregg, who towards the close of the century, kept eighty cats, at an allowance of a guinea a week, under her hospitable roof in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury; and barely mentioning an old bachelor of Soho, a retired Change Alley broker, who for the last fourteen years of his life amused himself by going daily on the stage-coach from London to Greenwich, and immediately returning in another stage-coach (an amusement for which he paid regularly twenty-seven pounds a year), I will leave it to the reader to say in which of the foregoing categories he will place the hero of my concluding story.

John Kilburn, who was born at Richmond, and who died in a public-house at Water-Newton in 1797, was well known to the sporting gentlemen of his day as a "list-seller" and attendant at the stables at most of the races in the kingdom. One day, in sultry harvest-time, being in Bedfordshire a few days before the date of the Richmond races, "stony-broke" and hard put to it to know how to cover the one hundred and seventy miles to Richmond in time, he at last hit upon the following expedient. He got a blacksmith of his acquaintance to make him a bit of iron chain with a padlock on it marked with the words "Richmond Jail." Then he walked out into one of the neighboring cornfields, placed the bit of chain on one of his legs, locked it with the padlock, and lay down, pretending to be asleep. As he expected, it was not long before he was apprehended and hurried before the nearest justice of the peace. He said nothing beyond mumbling that he had never been tried, and that he hoped they wouldn't keep him till the assizes were over. After some consideration, the magistrate directed two constables to take him off in a carriage to Richmond Jail forthwith. On arriving at the jail the constables asked the keeper if he knew their prisoner. "Oh yes," he replied, "this is Kilburn. I have known him many years." "We were sure he had broken out of your jail," said the constables, "because the padlock on his chain has your mark on it." "Broken out of my jail!" exclaimed the keeper. "Why, he was never in it; and I never heard any harm of him in my life." "No more have these gentleman," slyly put in the smiling Kilburn. "They have made a mistake. But as they have been good enough to bring me home out of Bedfordshire, I thank them for their kind usage. I need trouble them no further," he added, "for you see I have the key of my padlock;" and, suiting the action to the word, he took off his bogus fetter, wished them good-day, and walked off to the stables.

PARS ABOUT PEOPLE

Amongst the most treasured possessions of Harry Lauder are a cheap watch which he won in a singing competition as a boy, and the old pick which he used when he worked as a "collier laddie."

The Duke of Sutherland is a skilled locomotive engineer, and could earn a living at the work did he so desire.

Lord Lonsdale is a magnificent shot, a rider to hounds without a superior, and has been termed the best driver of a four-in-hand in the world.

Lord Rosebery is a collector of small articles and knick-knacks in silver and china, the relics of great men appealing specially to his fancy.

Sir Edward Elgar, the famous composer, is an ardent naturalist, and at one time made a hobby of making and flying kites.

General Booth gives the following as his rules for long life: eat little, drink water, take exercise, have a system, takes pleasures wisely, avoid excess of all kinds, aim high.

Lord Kinnaird is the only peer who has played in the winning team of an international football match.

Lord Charles Beresford is so frequently asked for his autograph that he now demands the sum of half a crown from each autograph hunter. The money goes to naval charities in which he is interested.

The Duke of Buccleuch owns 460,000 acres of land.

The Mikado of Japan is a hunter and angler of no mean ability, as well as a good exponent of lawn tennis.

Mr. J. D. Rockefeller is forbidden by his physician to eat anything which has been cooked, not even bread or cakes. His diet is confined to uncooked meat, with eggs and vegetables.

No European ruler uses the telegraph so much as the Czar of Russia. He has a secret code both for his private and official messages, and spends $25,000 a year on this kind of correspondence.

ONLY

Only a pair of dark brown eyes,
Only a dimple sweet;
Only the clouded autumn skies,
Only a muddy street.

Only a glance from the eyes of brown,
Only a friendly smile;
Only a maid in a fetching grown,
Only a bit of guile.
Only a boy with an ardent heart,

Only a gust of rain;
Only a glance at a taxi-cart,
Only a sudden pain.

Only a deeply anxious thrill,
Only a frown of rue;
Only a lone, lorn dollar bill,
Only a swift skiddoo!

NEW LANDMARKS AND TOPOGRAPHY

In a new country the surveyor is a great man. George Washington was a surveyor. He surveyed his country first and became its father afterwards. He knew all about it because he had looked it over.

The Dominion land surveyor is the true pathfinder of Canada's Last great West. Without his work, well done, the settler might find it difficult to locate the fertile acres which mean to him hope and achievement. Giving all due credit to a vigorous immigration policy and good land laws, it remains a fact that neither would be of much practical use if the surveyor did not spy out the promised land in advance, explore it, and actually delimit the homesteads.

For the last 40 years thes employes of the topographical survey branch of the interior department have been paving the way for the farmer, the rancher, the lumberman and the miner. If the immigrant was able to take up his land, not as a squatter, but with an absolutely secure title, it was because the Dominion land surveyor had been there before him, with transit and chain, marking out homesteads and highway, lake and river.

At confederation not an acre of Dominion lands had been officially surveyed. Today a vast tract of over one hundred and fifty million of acres in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, sufficient to provide nearly a million homesteads, has been defined by the surveyor's monuments. This surveyed tract is less than half the total area of these three provinces, but is twice as large as the British Isles, and larger than either Germany, France or Spain.

The system is simple and sure, and as cheap as is consistent with efficiency. First, lines called initial meridians, starting from points on the international boundary, about 180 miles apart, are run directly north, cutting the country into strips. The first, or principal meridian, as it is generally called, runs through the country a short distance west of Winnipeg, the second meridian is near Moosomin and Yorkton; the third near Moose Jaw and Prince Albert; the fourth is the boundary line between Saskatchewan and Alberta, and is in the vicinity of Medicine Hat and Lloydminster; and the fifth is near Calgary and Edmonton.

The comparatively wide strips of country formed by the meridians are again divided into narrower ones about six miles wide, called ranges, which are numbered easterly from the principal meridian and westerly from each meridian as far as the next. Thus range seven, west of the fourth meridian, is a strip of land about 40 miles west of Lloydminster and extending from the international boundary as far north as the meridian can be surveyed. The ranges are then sliced into townships by lines running east and west about six miles apart. These townships are numbered northerly from the international boundary.

The designation of townships by numbers abundantly compensates for its lack of poetry in nomenclature by its remarkable simplicity and convenience. This method of numbering is of greater value in the geography of the West than the decimal system is in currency or the mertic system is in weights and measures. The name of the township at once indicates its location. Thus we know that township 53, range 25, west of the fourth meridian, or township 53-25-4 for short, is about 315 miles north of the international boundary and about 150 miles west of the fourth meridian; and anyone familiar with the map of Western Canada will know that we speak of a township in the vicinity of Edmonton. Similarly, township 24-2-5 is recognized as being in the vicinity of Calgary, and township 49-27-2 as being in the Prince Albert district.

Before the land can be laid out into townships and the townships subdivided into sections, the initial meridians and the base lines (which run east and west about 24 miles apart) must be marked out. This is the work of the outline survey, and is the most trying and difficult of all survey work, as it is in practically unexplored territory. The difficulties of transportation are tremendous, and the successful surveyor must combine with the scientific knowledge of his profession a military genius for organization. Long distances from bases of supplies have to be covered by canoe or pack-horse in summer and by dog train and toboggan in winter. Roads must be kept open for communication with the outfitting point, bridges must be built, caches or supply depots established, and a transport outfit must be kept on the trail.

The outlines are now fairly well in advance of township subdivision. The trend of settlement, the construction of railways, the prospective development of natural resources, all have their effect in deciding the location in which outline work must be carried out in order to provide for the subdivision which will inevitably follow.

The unsubdivided tract northwest of Prince Albert and the country between Edmonton and McMurray and throughout the Peace River and Fort Vermilion districts have already been covered by a preparatory network of bases and meridians. Much remains to be done, however, and the establishment of outlines through the territory northeast of Prince Albert and over the tract to be traversed by the projected railway to Hudson Bay has already been commenced, and will be carried on during the coming season.

During the year 1910 eight outliners were employed under the instructions of the surveyor-general of Dominion lands in pioneer work in the western provinces. One worked west of Lake Winnipeg and will continue during the winter on simlar surveys in the vicinity of Cumberland House and the Pas. Another was engaged in establishing the base between the third and fourth meridians, about 150 miles northwest of Prince Albert. A third produced the fourth meridian northerly across the Clearwater River toward Lake Athabasca. The fourth and fifth together were employed in the country between Athabasca Landing and McMurray and a sixth is completing the base between the fifth and sixth meridians, about 30 miles north of Lesser Slave Lake. A seventh surveyor worked in the Peace River district south of Grand Prairie, and will remain in that district during the winter and the coming summer to complete the outlines surveys required in the block of three and one half millions of acres adjoining the boundary of Alebrta, which has been conveyed by the province of British Columbia to the Dominion government. The eighth party was engaged in producing the fifth meridian northerly across the Peace River and establishing the bases westerly from that meridian through the Fort Vermilion district, where settlement is likely to extend very soon. Some of these parties of surveyors, namely, those employed on the fourth and fifth meridian and in the Peace River district, worked at least 500 miles distant from Edmonton, the nearest railway base.

In addition to his daily hardships, the outliner must be forever worrying about the accuracy of his results.

Frequently there is no means of ascertaining the closing error or the distance the line will ultimately strike from the survey post on the next meridian until the entire distance between meridians has been crossed. It must be remembered that with an ordinary steel chain for measuring and a comparatively light transit for determining the direction of the line, extreme accuracy can not be aimed at, neither would the practical results justify any extraordinary expenditure of time and money. Yet conditions and difficulties considered, the work shows a remarkable degree of precision. The base line north of township 52, between the second and third meridians, was run a distance of 165 miles in temperatures ranging from 92 degrees above to 47 degrees below, through forest and muskeg, over hill and valley, across lake and river, and the measurement was found to be only 62 feet short of the calculated distance and the line struck only 160 feet south of the post.

Besides the outline surveyors, 34 other surveyors were employed on work of various kinds throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and in the Dominion lands of the railway belt of British Columbia. Some of these were engaged in restoring obliterated surveys, in completing work rendered necessary by the changes in topographical features, and in the laying out of lands required for settlement or for coal or timber. Two parties went down to Athabasca River, which forms the first link in the great waterway chain to the Arctic. One of these parties was employed at Fort Smith on the northern boundary of Alberta, and the other was engaged under H. W. Selby in adjusting and surveying settlers' claims at McMurray. Selby completed his survey and was on his return trip to Edmonton when he was accidently drowned in the Athabasca River. It is a tribute to his devotion to duty and his careful supervision of work while in the field that his survey notes were kept in so clear and complete a manner that the department will probably be able to compile, with very little inconvenience, all necessary plans and records of his work.

One of the incidental activities of survey work is gathering topographical and scientific information. An explorer is attached to each of the parties.

In all, 77 surveyors were employed under the surveyor-general's instructions during the year 1910. They supervised the employment of a small army of about 1,200 men, and the transport outfits required, sufficient to "put a girdle round about the earth," and an area of about seven millions of acres was made ready for the settlers. Thus, the year's work means an addition of the survey area of a tract of land five times as large as the province of Prince Edward Island.

The government landmarks, which are now established over all the western prairies and far into the northern forests, have still to be carried north as beacon lights to traveller and land seeker, for wherever a survey post is found the inscription indicates both locality and direction, and the traveller requires neither sextant nor compass, sun nor star, to point out his course, or to determine his latitude and longtitude.

Orange peel dried and grated makes a very fine yellow powder that is delicious flavoring for cakes and puddings.

History of a Famous Ring

(By Harriet Benson)

The closing days of last May recorded the sale in London of the famous "Essex Ring." Our readers will remember that it was given to the Earl of Essex by Queen Elizabeth as a token of her affection, the legend being that if ever the Earl was in danger he was to return it to the royal donor. The Earl was arrested and condemned to be executed. He intrusted the talisman to the Countess of Nottingham, who promised to convey it to the Queen, but was won over or frightened by the enemies of the Earl and did not fulfil her promise. Queen Elizabeth not receiving the silent appeal for help, was offended by the seeming independence or indefference of the Earl, and did not annul the sentence of death. The ring, which ever since that time has been in the possession of the Essex family, has been sold at auction recently for $17,000.

The incident has freshly brought to my mind the well-loved story of another ring about which clings an old romance of a hero known to history's page and a lady "so lovely and so virtuous that all who looked upon her loved her"—a tender tale of love and sacrifice—the story of an old, old ring which became my wedding-ring.

One summer day the great German historian Dr. Henry Thode, of Hiedelberg University, was delving among the musty tomes in the Library of St. Mark's in Venice, when there came to the custodian of the archives trench-diggers from Friuli, bringing a curious ring which they had found buried fifteen feet deep in the earth. It was exquisitely rounded and in its engraving a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art. In the decorative pattern was quaint lettering, out of which the Venetian keeper of the archives could make nothing; so he carried the ring to Professor Thode, who saw at a glance that the inscription was in sixteenth-century German. But a ring with a German inscription buried under fifteen feet of Italian soil! Vastly interested, letter by letter he pieced it out. In diagonal lines set between decorative bands it read: "Myt Wyllen dyn eygen"—(Willingly thine own). So it was a love token, a symbol of plighted troth! But how did it happen that a German wedding-ring thus lay buried in Italy—a ring of the sixteenth century? This ring must have been a witness of the great Emperor Maximilian's Italian campaigns, and there on the shelves before him, in the unedited manuscripts of some painstaking chronicler, he might find perchance the whole love story and the record of the token's loss. Giving the happy laborers the equivalent of many days' wages, he slipped the ring on his finger and eagerly began the quest for its history. And after a long search he found the very document in the closely written pages of Marino Sanuto's fifty-six-volume diary! Bit by bit he traced the story, and here it is:

At the court of the Emperor Maximilian was a noble and very beautiful young lady of Augsburg, Apollonia Lang by name, who was in highest favor with the Emperor, and whom he gave in marriage to the commander of his forces in Italy, Count Christopher Frangipani. Part of his wedding gift to them was the castle at Obervellach, in the Tyrol, where the happy and favored pair took up their residence. With their outward appearance we may become acquainted through the altar painted for them by the gifted Netherland artist Jan Schoreel, which is still in the church at Obervellach. Its central section represents Apollonia's kindred; on one of the wings is St. Apollonia, on the other St. Christopher carrying the Christ child. Apollonia is slight, with delicate features and tender eyes. She wears the handsome dress of the period, and holds in her hand an open book. Christopher is robust, energetic, and intense-looking.

But all too soon Count Christopher was ordered to resume his command in Italy. At first fortune smiled on him and victory crowned his every undertaking. One day, however, says the chronicle, as his army was making a long march to the siege of a certain town, Frangipani rode at its head, silent, gloomy, dispirited. Then there rode up to him one of his archers, Pellegrino of Verona, and rallied him upon his sadness. "Why so cast down, my lord?" he asked. "Why so sad and silent? I know indeed why, for there is but one cause which maketh men to be so downcast. You are in love. 'Tis an evil thing, this thing that we call love; no good doth come of it; it is ever the source of greatest wretchedness. If you are not convinced listen to the pitiful tale of two of mine own fellow-townspeople who came to their unhappy ending just because of love." And there on the road across Friuli, about a hundred years before Shakespeare's day, Pellegrino told the story of Romeo and Juliet! But it failed to divert Count Frangipani from his melancholy thoughts, and finally he confided to his companion that the reason for his dejection was that he had the day before, in battle, lost a sort of reliquary, in the form of a ring, which he greatly treasured; that he could not escape the presentiment that this was an evil omen; that now the tide of fortune would turn, and defeat and loss would be his portion henceforth.

The story of the loss of the ring was evidently written to Obervellach, for, as soon as the post of those days permitted, a letter came from Apollonia to her "most nobly born, most reverenced, most beloved lord," saying that she had already commissioned her brother, the goldsmith in Venice, to make another ring exactly like the former and bearing the same inscription, but somewhat smaller, as "the old ring was always too loose."

But the omen proved faithful; Frangipani lost the battle toward which he rode so hopelessly, and battle upon battle after that. Venice won the supremacy in Italy, and Count Frangipani was carried there a prisoner and shut up in the Torresella. Apollonia appealed to the Emperor Maximilian, but the burden of his cares and reverses was too great to permit of his concerning himself about one imprisoned general. She begged her brother the Cardinal to ask the Pope to intercede in her husband's behalf, but the Pope deemed it inexpedient to meddle in the politics of Europe at that juncture. In Venice she appeared before the Doge Leonardo Loredano and the Council of Ten, "a small, frail woman, but most lovable and worthy of reverence," says the chronicle, to ask permission to visit her husband in the Torresella. When once within his cell, she was taken so violently ill that they dared not remove her, and afterwards, in spite of Doge and Senators, she stayed on there with him in prison. On the 3rd of September, 1518, Christopher cut on the marble ledge these words: "Imprisoned here in the Torresella . . . I, Christopher Frangipani . . . and I, Apollonia, his wife, come to bear him company. . . . He who cannot endure good and evil alike can never attain great honor. Further, neither good nor evil lasts forever here." For three years Apollonia remained in the prison in failing health, utterly weak and ill in body, but strong and hopeful in spirit, to hearten her lord—in sickness or in health, in life or in death, "Willingly thine own."

Then the power of Venice declined, Milan gained the ascendancy in Italy, and Count Frangipani was transferred from the Torresella to the Castello of Milan. As soon as was possible in her physical weakness Apollonia followed him, but died shortly after she reached the Lombard city.

And now this ring in replica brings a touch of the tender romance of that old heroic age, a memory of supreme love and faithfulness, into two more proisaic lives of the twentieth century.

HOME HINTS

Tar stains can be easily removed by rubbing then with a little butter. Leave it on for some time and then wash off with warm water and yellow soap, when the spot will entirely disappear.

Flowers can be kept fresh for a long time by placing their stems in a potato. Bore holes in the potato with a skewer and insert the stems, and place the potato in a bowl. No water is required.

When taking up a boiled or steamed pudding allow it to stand for a few minutes before turning it out after it is removed from the saucepan. This will ensure it turning out successfully without breaking.

A good way to clean brown boots when they have gone a dirty, almost black, color is to rub well with a piece of soft cloth dipped in benzine. This will have the effect of making them almost their original color.

To clean the bone handles of knives or any bone article, it is a good plan to use salt and lemon-juice. First rub the article well with the lemon-juice, and then with the salt. This removes stains and also grease-spots.

Should you suspect moths in a carpet, if you can locate the affected parts, dip a cloth in very hot water with a little ammonia in it. Spread it on the carpet, and then go over it with a hot iron. The steam will kill the months.

For those who have to do much household work this hint will be useful. Before putting the hands into soda-water rub the finger-tips and round the nails with vaseline. The water will not then touch them and make them crack.

If changing the water does not revive faded flowers, place them in boiling water up to about one-third of the stem; by the time the water has got cold the flowers will look quite fresh again. Cut off the ends and put them in clean cold water.

It is not generally known that common alum melted in an iron spoon over a hot fire forms an exceedingly strong cement for joining glass, china, or breakages of any kind. Articles mended in this way may be washed, and will not come apart again.

Laundresses recommend that a little vinegar be added to the water in which stockings are rinsed after being washed. The stockings should then be dried wrong side out. Colored stockings will not be faded, and black ones will retain their original lustre.

When lining a basin with paste for a beef-steak pudding, cut a piece of the paste away at the bottom about the size of a two-shilling piece; then place in the meat as usual; it will be found that the pudding will take an hour less to cook than if lined in the usual way.

Never cover up nail or tooth brushes on the washstand. The bristles will soften and smell unpleasantly if not allowed fresh air. Sponges, also, should never be covered, and should occasionally be washed in strong soda or ammonia and water, to extract any grease that may be in them.

When it is necessary to repaint a bath it should be rubbed all over with sand-paper or pumice stone. After this apply two or three coats of bath-enamel, which will adhere much better when the surface is roughened. In order to preserve the paint when the bath is in use, be careful to turn on the cold tap before letting hot water run into it.

Flour absorbs all odors, so keep it closely covered.

Celery will keep crisp a long time if kept where it is perfectly dark.

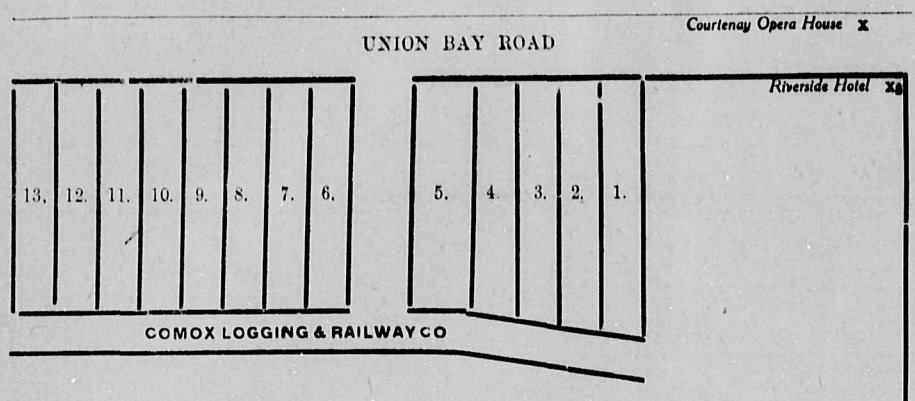
To clean a black straw hat and make it look like new, rub it with the tiniest bit of butter on velvet, and then polish with a fresh piece of velvet.

One of the most remarkable places of worship in the world is the miners' chapel in Myndd Menigdd Colliery, Swansea, where for more than fifty years the workers have each morning assembled for worship. The sanctuary is situated close to the bottom of the shaft. The only light is that obtained from a solitary Davy safety lamp hung over the pulpit from the ceiling, and the oldest miner in the colliery is generally chosen to officiate.

It is not only in England and America that fantistic prices are paid for dogs, but in Germany fanciers will pay high prices. At the recent exhibition of dogs at Cassel a Frenchman offered 12,000 marks, about $3,000, for a police dog. The dog rejoices in the name of Tell, and the sum offered might be considered as conclusive evidence that Tell is worthy of his famous name, but this is not all. The dog belongs to Sergeant Decker, who refused the tempting offer, observing that his dog should not quit Germany at any price.

SOME FINE LOTS IN
COURTENAY
On The Road to Union Bay.

☞ LOOK AT THE SIZE AND LOCATION



PRICES

Lot 1, $300 Lots 3 and 4, $250 Lot 5, $325 Lot 6 375 Lot 7, $250
Lots 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, $250 Lot 13, $275

Situate about 300 yards from Courtenay Opera House. ALL LOTS CLEARED. Terms, Third Cash, Balance, 6, and 12 Months.

G.R. Bates, EXCLUSIVE ...AGENT.. **Courtenay**

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Silkwear of all kinds, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware.

BEST QUALITY AT CHEAPEST PRICES
10 per cent. off for first ten days.
Store at Chinatown. GOODS SOLD CASH ONLY.

THE People's TEA

is sold by

McPhee & Morrison

GENERAL MERCHANTS — Courtenay B.C.

at 40c Per lb.

This TEA is a Special Blend and well worthy of a trial, so do not fail to TRY IT.

Continued from first page.

Eight inning Dickson fowled out to Raines, E Donally flyed out to Chambers, Erickson hit safe in right garden, and stole second, Ryan struck out. Runs 0.

Reahr safe on Sweeney,s fumble, Reahr stole second, Harrison struck out, Raines out to Erickson, Freeman safe on Sweeney's error, Reahr scoring. Chambers replace Freeman at first when Erickson hit him on the knee, Chambers stole second and third, and then came home, when Farrell hit to Dickson, and Dickson fumbled the ball, leaving Farrel safe on first and then went to third on Rainey's hit, Lawsence hit for two bases, scoring Farrel and Raney, Chambers scoring Lawrence with a little bingle to right and then let Donally lay him out. Score 5 runs.

Nine inning. Thomas Drew a pass, and went second on Donally's sacrafice, Curtis out to Raines, Thomas second, Beck ended the game by striking out. Score 1 run.

Score by innings

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Courtenay	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1
Stars	0	1	1	0	5	0	3	5	0

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE

Arrival

Tuesday night
Thursday night
Saturday night
Sunday, per Cowichan 9 a.m.

Departure

Wednesday—6.00 a.m.
Friday—6.00 a.m.
Saturday—4.15 p.m.
Sunday, 2.15 p.m. sharp

FOR SALE—Singer Needles and Oil at the ISLANDER Office.

FOR SALE—Three excellent business locations on Dunsmuir Avenue.
Apply Mrs. A. Jones.

TO THE FARMERS OF COMOX DISTRICT.

The Pilsener Brewing Company, of Cumberland, has a quantity of grains to dispose of weekly, and would like tenders for the same. Apply to the Sec'y.

Subscribe For The Islander

A DOLLAR

SPENT AT HOME REACTS IN ITS BENEFITS WITH UNCEASING GENERAL PROFIT. SENT OUT OF TOWN ITS LIFE IS ENDED. KEPT WITH THE HOME MERCHANTS IT IS A MESSENGER OF CONTINUOUS BENEFIT. BUSINESS MEN SHOULD AWAKE TO THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING THIS DOLLAR AT HOME AND MAKE A BID FOR IT BY JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING

CUMBERLAND & UNION WATER WORKS CO., LTD.

NOTICE

Sprinkling will be allowed only two nights a week, namely: Tuesday and Friday, from 7 to 9 o'clock in the evening. Leaky taps must be attended to at once. Any changes or additions to existing piping must be sanctioned by the Company. By order

L. W. NUNNS, Sec'y

Cumberland, Aug., 1, 1911.

NOTICE.

All permits for burning are cancelled. No more issued until further notice.

J. W. GRIEVE,
District Fire Warden.

FOR SALE—Forty-two acres of hay by acre or ton; if hauled by purchaser $20 per ton; if delivered by seller $22 per ton. Good Clover, and Timothy. Apply to Chiu Yeuk, Westwood Farm, Sandwick, B. C. jy-15

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Cortes Island.

Take notice that I, Alfred Cautanche of Vancouver, B.C. occupation plasterer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted about 20 chains north of the south-west corner of T. L. 27195, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains.

ALFRED CAUTANCHE.
Earl Cline, Agent.
Dated July 7th, 1911.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Cortes Island.

Take notice that I, William J. Elliott of Vancouver, occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted about one half mile in south-westerly direction from Carrington Bay, north-west corner of T. L. 40897, thence south 70 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north about 50 chains, to shore line, thence following shore lines round to place of commencement.

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.
Earl Cline, Agent.
Dated July 15th, 1911.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Cortes Island.

Take notice that Earl Cline, of Vancouver, B. C. occupation, photographer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted 20 chains north of the south-west corner of T. L 27195, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains.

EARL CLINE.
Dated July 7th, 1911.

Mrs Simms will resume giving piano forte lessons Sept., 4th, any time by appointment except Tuesdays.

See G. H Aston for "Big Ben" Alarm Clocks.

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 in 75c and $1.25 bottles—For sale by Chas. Segrave, office of THE ISLANDER

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

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

MAGNET CASH STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Furniture
Wallpaper
Crockery
Etc., etc.

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

T. E. BATE.

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

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

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UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAYS
H. F. Montgomery, Manager.

COURTENAY, B. C. BRANCH OPEN DAILY
R. E. Culbert, Manager.

When You Want a HIGH GRADE
PIANO, PLAYER PIANO,
ORGAN or GRAPHOPHONE,
IT WILL PAY YOU TO GET OUR PRICES.
We carry the Largest and Best Selected Stock on the Island.

FLETCHER BROS.

The Music House NANAIMO, B. C

T. E. BATE LOCAL AGENT Cumberland

Fall Clothes

Not in many years have we shown such variety assortment of Fall Suitings, including all the new color effects in the plain and fancy Cheviots, Worsteds Scotch and Irish Tweeds, Blue and Black Serges, Cassimeres and Diagonals. Nearly 400 designs to select from Come in and measure now. This is the time to make selection.

WE GUARANTEE A PERFECT FIT OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

UNION BAY CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY

Sole Agents for the House of Hobberlin Limited Canada's Largest Tailors

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR

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

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