Legislative Library

THE ISLANDER

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THE CITY FOOTS THE BILL

Account for $67.00 Rendered for Prosecution of Cave Case.

The regular meeting of the City Council was held in the Council Chamber on Monday evening. Present: Mayor Campbell, Aldermen Beveridge, Coe, Aspeci and Maxwell.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

Communications were received from The Canadian Financiers Ltd. of Vancouver, also John Naveen and Co., Chicago, asking for further particulars re proposed loan. The city clerk was instructed to furnish the desired information.

Mr. Alex Armstrong requested a refund of taxes overcharged on account of school rates. This was laid over until the Municipal Rate By-law was amended.

Constable Gray handed in the following report of collections for the months of October:

Scavenger	$95.75
Hall Rent	40.00
City Road Tax	10.00
Pilsener BrewingCo.	2.50
	$148.25

TheProvincial Police also handed in their report of fines collected and expenditure of persons arrested by Provincial Police within the city limits. Balance due to the city clerk in this report was nil.

The following accounts were received and referred to the Finance Committee for payment.

Provincial Government, keep of prisoners	$26.75
Bird, Leighton & Darling, fee re correspondence and attending re prosecution of Forest Cave	67.00
Geo. K. MacNaughton	2.50
Brit'ish Columbia Gazette	5.00
Electric Light Co.	4.05

James Brown, six days special police constable, with no amount mentioned on the bill. Brown relieved City Constable Gray while he was attending the assizes at New Westminster in the unlawful assembly case.

It was decided to establish a charge of one dollar per day for each family having patients in the Isolation Hospital.

The amendment to the Municipal Ra e By-Law reducing he rate to seven mills on the dollar of 50 per cent of the assessment on improvements described upon the assessment roll of the City of Cumberland, was given it first and second reading.

The clerk was instruc'ed to publish in the Cumberland News Notice of the court of revision of the voters list to be held on Dec. 10th, 1913, at 7-30 p.m., also notice requesting all persons wishing to regis'er as voters who are holders of agreement-of-sale of real estate to file a statutory declaration, proving that he or she is the holder of the last agreement-of-sale and that the current year's taxes have been puid before the closing of the voters' list on Nov, 30th at 5 p.m.

It was decided to repair the sewer leading from Crockett's house on Maryport Avenue at once.

CONCERT AND COMEDIETTA

The concert to be given in the Cumberland Hall next Tuesday evening is evidently creating considerable interest in the public mind, judging from the number of inquiries we have received at this office concerning programmes, tickets, etc. Reserved seat tickets and programmes are to be had at Peacy's Drug Store. The programme will be as follows;

1. Overture.....Bevan Orchestra
"The Toy Soldier," A Whistling Caprice.
2. Glee.....Cumberland Gleemen
"Comrades in Arms." (Adolph Adam)
3. Recitation..... Mr. H. Davidson
Selected
4. Solo.....Mrs. Myers
Selected
5. Solo..... Mr. R. Kirkham, Sr.
Selected
6. Song..... Mr. J. Taylor
"What do you want to talk about it for?"
7. Solo.....Miss E. Spruston
"Did you ever sit and dream?"
8. Recitation..... Mrs. H. Murphy
"In the Signal Box."
9. Solo..... Miss Strang
Selected
10. Stump Speech.....Mr. Murray
11. Solo.....Miss L. Bickle
"If I had a thousand lives to live."
12. Comedietta.
13. Violin Solo.....Mr. J. H. McMillan
"Allegro Brillant."
14. Solo..... Miss Bate
Selected.
15. Reading.....Mr. R. Kirkham, Sr.
Shakespeare.
16. Song.....Mr. O'Connor
Selected.
17. Song.....Mr. H. Murphy
Selected.
18. Glee..... Cumberland Gleemen
"Johnnie's Schmoker."
GOD SAVE THE KING.

Miss Frame
Mrs. Murphy } Accompanists
Mr. Kirkham, Jr.

For Sale—Two Mares, both good drivers. Apply Mrs. Simms, Jerusalem, Cumberland, B.C.

Harry Devlin inspector of mines left for Nanaimo by Wednesday's train.

J. Maitland Dougall, city police magistrate left for Duncans this morning.

W. L. Coulson general manager for the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd. returned to Victoria by auto on Monday.

READY FOR ACTION TO ANY LENGTH

Fiery Speeches at Miners' Liberation League Meeting held in Vancouver.

"The capitalists have called your bluff. They know if they can break you now, that you are broken for all time. It is up to you to let them see you are not to be broken. The time has passed for protests. It is action we want," said Mr. Robert Gosden, of the I.W.W, in the course of a fiery speech, at a meeting on Monday night, called by the Miners Liberation League held in Vancouver. He declared, referring to the strike of Russian railway laborers, that the I.W.W. were in the fight to the last ditch.

"I have been empowered to say by the Russians who have just quit the P.G.E. construction work," he continued, "that although they can't join in your discussion, that if it is action you want, you can count on them to any length. The situation in Canada at present is intolerable. Why even in Mexico the peons, if they don't get what they are after, they fight for it. There are no protests there, for they have learnt long ago that action is the only thing."

Mr. Kavangh followed and reiterated his previous statements about the militia. Sam Atkinson, Miss Guttridge and others spoke briefly, but most of them wandered from the subject. Frank Farington also spoke. Just before the close of the meeting, about 300 Russians, who have quit work on the P.G.E. grade, arriv- to add their protests to those of the League.

CANADIANIZED BRITISH CITY.

Mr. Fred W. Kerry of Winnipeg, who has arrived at Bristol to take charge of the Manitoba offices in place of Mr. Robert A. Davidson, who is returning to Canada, finds plenty of room for his energies in that West of England city, which has of recent years become so "Canadianized." The Canadian Northern Railway, of course, created a Canadian atmosphere there by making it tre terminal port for their steamships and today it is said that no English city of equal size has so many Canadian connections.

Wanted to Rent at once a Piano no reasonable offer refused.—Apply "R," Islander.

VISIT OF THE LORD BISHOP OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

His Lordship the Bishop of British Columbia arrived here last evening and during his stay is the guest of the Vicar, the Rev F. Franklin-Watson. Evensong was held in Holy Trinity Church immediately upon his arrival.

On Sunday the Bishop will preach at morning and evening services at Cumberland, also at the rapidly growing mission of Bevan in the afternoon. At the evening service His Lordship will administer the Apostolic Rite of Holy Confirmation.

In his charge at Christ Church Cathedral. Victoria, last week, His Lordship dealt very fully with church matters in the Cumberland district,

During his stay in the district the Bishop will visit Denman Island and inspect the new church there (which is now nearing completion). A reception will be held at Mrs, Beadnell's to give the parishioners on Denman Island an opportunity of personally meeting their Bishop. He wil also visit Courtenay, Sandwick Comox Bay, Lazo and Bevan.

Most important matters are to to be decided which are likely to affect the whole district. New parish bounds will be determined and the district will in all probality be devided into two seperate parishes.

The Everybody Two-Step Dancing Club will give a masquerade ball in the Cumberland Hall on Thursday evening the 20th. The grand march takes place at 9.30. This dance promises to be the event of the season, no pains have been spared to make it a huge success. All those desiring masquerade costumes can secure same at the depot barber shop, adjoining the railway station. The comittee in charge has requested the Islander to state that should there be any employee wishing to attend the ball but who has not received an invitation if he will only present himself at the door he will be made welcome. The following is a list of the prizes for the evening:

No. 1 Best Dressed Lady, Goods value $5.00 and Cash $5.00
" 2 Best Dressed Gent, Goods value $9.00
" 3 Best Sustained Character, Goods value $6.00
" 4 Best National Character, Lady, Cash $5.00
" 5 Best National Character, Gent, Cash $5.00
" 6 Best Original Character, Goods value $5.00
" 7 Best Advertising Character, Goods value $2.50 and Cash $2,50
" 8 Best Comic Character, Goods value $3.50
No. 9 Best Flower Girl, Goods value $3.50
" 10 Best Cow Girl, " " $3.00
" 11 Best Hobo " " $2.50
" 12 Best Topsey " " $2.50
" 13 Prize Walze, Best Couple, Goods value $5.00, Cash $5.00
" 14 Prize Three-Step, Best Couple, Cash $8.00
" 15 Prize Schottische, Best Couple, Goods value $8.00
" 16 Spectator Tombolo Prize, $5 in gold
A Special Prize given by The Everybody Two-Step Club to the Best Couple for the Prize Two-Step, $10.00 in cash.

DEPUTY MINISTER OF LABOUR

Mr. F. A. Acland, of Ottawa, at Nanaimo—Had Conference With Executive.

Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labor, is in Nanaimo. Seen on Thursday night by a representative of the Herald Mr. Acland stated he had nothing to give out for publication.

He admitted that he was in Nanaimo for the purpose of looking into the strike situation, with a view to bringing about a settlement if possible. Neither did he deny that he had already held meetings with representatives of each side, but he was not in a position to divulge what had taken place or to say whether any proposals towards a settlement had been made.

ONE MAN'S MEAT--ANOTHER MAN'S POISON.

Here is what yet remains to be done in Nanaimo to take our beautiful, and (six months ago) prosperous little city fit to live in. The cure, or course of treatment, we may say, was set out in despatch from Nanaimo appearing in the current issue of The Federationist. "The events of today, it says, "call for action." 'An injury to one is the concern of all' must be engraved on our memory and analyzed with our intelligence to enable us to organize our power to sweep out of existance every vestige of the loathsome plague of industrial despots, bum politicians, clerical liars, press prostitutes, scabs and scab herders, who for years have festered like huge ulcerous sores on the comunity, sapping its vitality and making almost a hopeless contest the struggle for bread and the fight for human progress." Properly applied this sure ought to be a kill or cure remedy. But the writers have overlooked the fact if all this were accomplished there would be no more work for Pettigrew, Foster et al, What about getting rid of these labor parasites for a start. Even a press prostitute has to work for his wages, and work is the only thing the bosses draw the line at. Let the men remember that these men only prosper when all others are starving. They can only live by making trouble, and the worse the trouble the fatter they get. They call down industrial despots and and they live directly off the men who have to scratch and sweat for a living. They profess to serve the men but their cheif business is to get a fat and easy living, and they get it chiefly by making trouble. They live on the misfortunes of the men, and the most despicable thing on earth is a labor faker, and this is the scourge Nanaimo is suffering from.—Nanaimo Herald.

LOCAL NEWS

William Henderson, resident architect of the Public Works Department arrived in this city on Thursday.

Provincial Chief Constable Stephenson of Nanaimo arrived on Friday evening on official business.

S. M. Grant of Hazelton who will be A. T. Stephenson's successor, arrived by Frsday evening's train.

The Colonial Musical Co. will present, "My Wife's gone to the Country" at the Crown Theatre, tonight.

Fire destroyed the saw mill at No. 8 Townsite on Wednesday morning. Loss $20,000 partly covered by insurance.

To-day is pay-day at the local mines of the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd. with a pay-roll of $125,000.

E. H. Fletcher, post office inspector who is inspecting various post offices throughout the Comox District, visited Cumberland on Friday.

The Vicar and Mrs. Franklin-Watson will be "at home" on Monday evening, Nov. the 17th, from 7 to 9-30 o'clock, to give all the members of the congregation an opportunity of meeting the Lord Bishop of British Columbia.

A.T.Stephenson provincial constable for the district during the last five years. has been appointed senior constable with headquarters at New Westminster. Mr.Stephenson has meritted this promotion in the kind diligent and efficient manner by which he has exercised his duties which were at times very exacting. He leaves next Thursday morning for New Westminster.

Court of Revision to revise the voters list for the year 1914, will be held in the Council Chambers, on Wednesday, December 10th, 1913 at 7.30 p. m. The Court shall hear and determine any application to strike out or add any name or names which may have been improperly inserted or admitted from the list, of which all persons are hereby required to take notice.

All persons intending to reg's ter as voters for the coming municipal election, as holders of agreement of sale of land or real property, must file with the Municipal Clerk a Statutory declaration, proving that he or she is the holder of the last agreement of sale to purchase land or real property, or the last assignee thereof, and that the current year's taxes are paid, before the closing of the voters list at five p. m. on Nov. 30th 1913, otherwise their name or names will not be inserted on the list of municipal voters.

GREAT MONEY RAISING SALE

Commencing to-day, Saturday, every article in the Dry Goods Line reduced for CASH only.
No space to quote prices here. Come Early on Saturday and See our Prices.

THE "IDEAL" STORE

LOVE CONQUERS ALL THINGS

(BY ARTHUR APPLIN)

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited, London, Melbourne and Toronto

(Continued)

Hetherington had not engaged rooms anywhere, but noticing the name of the Carlton Hotel in one of the Guide Books during his journey, he decided to put up there. He was richer than he had at first imagined, richer even than Mr. Bister guessed; for during those fifteen years he had been in the East, his estate, under McTurggot's careful management, had been making money for him.

After he had taken a hot bath and changed his clothes, he sat in the lounge of the hotel and watched the people coming in to dinner. He began to feel strangely elated and extraordinarily excited; he sat in a deep basket chair, apparently the only lonely one in the whole world, and the world paraded before him. The world of rank and fashion and art. Had it ever been his world, he would now surely find somebody who would recognize him? In two's and three's they passed through the centre of the thickly carpeted lounge up the flight of stairs into the restaurant; all sorts and conditions of men; you ; and old, healthy and vicious, weak and strong. There were less variety in the women—less than half-dozen types turned out, shaped, created by the same number of fashionable dressmakers. Some favored dark hair, some fair, some preferred diamonds, some pearls. For the rest—Hetherington smiled as a vision of Peggy Mehon rose before his eyes. How superb she would look in contrast to these lovely, lifeless dolls! How her glorious bronze hair would put to shame their dyed highly coiffured creations! Her slim Diana-like figure required neither padding nor compressing, nor her complexion the rouge pot. Yet some of the passers-by interested him; he had to admit their fascination. Once or twice he was conscious of languid glances in his direction; he tried to interpret them as recognition; once he smiled and was rewarded by a chilly stare.

He began to feel a horrible sense of unreality, as if he were seated in a huge theatre, the only spectator in a world of actors. The procession grew smaller and smaller until it eventually ceased and he found himself alone in the deserted lounge. He was tempted to put on his travelling coat and cap and go out into the wet streets and rub shoulders with humanity there. But as he rose to his feet nature came to his rescue; he was conscious of being hungry, and the queer perfume of wine and women and food lured him to the table he had reserved. As he mounted the steps a couple of men passed him and the younger one turned, stared a moment, then stopped.

Good heavens—what on earth are you doing here, old man. I—hardly recognized you, and—

Hetherington took a deep breath; he held himself in a vice. A friend at last! A hand stretched out from the blackness of the past! The door of the hidden chamber might now be opened!

Well, it's a good long time since we met; I dare say I have changed a bit, he said with an effort, trying to speak easily.

Not so long as all that, the man replied. But what on earth are you doing here? The last time I saw you—he stopped as though suddenly embarrassed.

I am just going to get a bit of grub, Hetherington said; can't you join me? I am absolutely alone.

Sorry, but I am dining with a friend and we've got to talk business, but tell me where you are living, and I will look you up.

I am staying here for a few days; come in at any time, I shall be awfully glad to see you.

Right oh! the man replied and with a nod followed his companion into the restaurant.

Hetherington watched them disappear among the crowd of diners. He stood still a long time.

He felt like a man who had had a door slammed in his face. There was something wrong about him, something unnatural. This man who had just greeted him as an old friend, felt it, for his surprise at seeing Hetherington had given way to embarrassment. Was he indeed a murderer, and did he carry the brand of Cain on his forehead for all men to see?

He felt utterly crushed. The gaiety of the restaurant, the dress, the jewels, brilliant lights, rattle of glasses and the clattering of tongues all mocked him. He reeled a couple of steps forward into the room, then stopped.

He could not face it! He was about to turn and hurry away when he was arrested by the sound of music. The orchestra was commencing to play. A momentary hush fell over the restaurant. Hetherington listened; here was something familiar. He recognized and remembered the tune; it was the music of love, passionate but sad. He listened entranced, not even trying to remember when or where he had heard it. It was something he knew, that was enough. It appealed to all his finer instincts, it roused the determination he had made twenty-four hours ago—to fight. What did it matter though the whole world was a stranger to him so long as there was a chance of winning Peggy's love?

Squaring his shoulders he walked with head erect into the restaurant and two waiters directed him to his little table at the far end of the room.

The music was rising; violin and cello throbbed passionately. As he took his seat, he was conscious of memory again stirring in his heart. This time it was a perfume which singled itself out from the scented atmosphere and peremptorily arrested his train of thought.

A perfume of a scrap of old lace at Cranby Hall! He waited expectantly until the music had finished, not daring to look to right or left.

A woman he knew was sitting somewhere near him, the woman whose photograph he had found among his books and papers!—the woman who had once worn that little bit of lace! It was elusive, this perfume, unmistakable; it came and went.

When he looked and found her, would she recognize him—would she speak? And would he name be Carmen? Fate was hurrying things a little too quickly for him now. He wanted to be more sure of himself, or his position before he met the woman and shared a, if not the, secret of his life.

He waited until the first course was served and he had something on his plate with which to play, then he raised his eyes to the table opposite. A party of six wealthy Jews. She was not there. To his right: a well dressed actress and an anaemic youth with an eyeglass. The woman looked at him inquisitively, boldly, but he knew she was neither Carmen, nor the lady of the subtle perfume. He waited a little while until the orchestra recommenced. Then he turned his head and looked over his shoulder to the left.

A small round table, a shaded lamp, red and white roses. Seated at the table, a tall dark-bearded man, obviously a foreigner. Facing him a woman; only her profile visible. But that was enough to tell Hetherington it was the lady of the perfume, the original of the photograph. And her hair, her face, her figure surely stamped her as Carmen! It was strange he had not seen her when he entered the room; for even now people were glancing at her, whispering about her. She was quite unlike any one else in the restaurant; hair as black as night or blacker, and masses of it. Her small oval face was set on a pillar of ivory; He wondered that this mass of wonderful hair did not crush her with its weight. He could see her eyes were long and narrow; dark pencilled eyebrows; narrow forehead; nose aquiline with sensitive nostrils; her lips a strip of scarlet. Her skin was olive with the texture of satin; rounded limbs and figure graceful as a wild animal. Her dress was black, the skirt slashed, showing a gleam of scarlet, a large red rose nested in her hair; she wore no jewels on her long fingers, earrings of jet and a long rope of jet around her neck being the only ornament.

The waiter removed Hetherington's plate and pushed another in front of him. He was unconscious of everything excepting this woman. Presently she turned deliberately and looked at him. And he just continued to stare. There was the faintest quiver of her eyelids before she turned her back on him. Then Hetherington bent over his plate and pretended to eat. He did not know whether she had recognized him or not. He did not know anything but that she was strangely terribly beautiful. There was heaven and hell in her face—a woman who create with one hand and destroyed that which she had created with the other, and laughed while she did so.

He saw the head waiter cross the room and stand by her chair; yet mechanically ordered a bottle of wine. But ever and agai a perfumed breeze drifted across his table; it was like a drug—he wanted to escape from it, but could not.

The savoury arrived, and with it an obsequious waiter handed him a little folded note.

Sir George Hetherington.

He knew who it was from before he unfolded it. So she had recognized him?—and they were—what? He propped the note against the lamp in the centre of his table his hands were trembling. He drained his glass of wine, then took up his knife and fork under the pretence of eating. He read:

What on earth are you doing here, and why have you not warned me of your arrival? And what did your cold stare mean—what has happened? Are you jealous? Do explain.

CARMEN.

(To be Continued)

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

Ships Are Longest Lived Transports

Ornaments last longer than anything else that man makes. There are brooches and necklaces in museums more than forty centuries old. Monuments, perhaps, stand second, and houses third. The life of furniture is shorter still. There is very little furniture left which dates beyond the year 1500. Pictures last longer than furniture, and there are paintings still in fair condition which has weathered six centuries of life.

Of all machines made by man, probably none can compare for long life with the clock. The life of the clock is as much longer than that of any other machinery as the life of a man is to that of a dog.

The French city of Rouen has a great clock which was built in the year 1389, and is still keeping good time. Except for cleaning and a few necessary repairs, it has never stopped during a period of more than five centuries. It strikes the hours, and chimes the quarters.

There are still afloat at least a dozen sailing vessels which have weathered the storms of centuries. The record is, or rather was, held by the Italian vessel Anita. Built in Genoa in 1548, she made her last voyage in 1902. That was from Teneriffe to Naples. She was thus more than 350 years old. Alas! she has been broken up—a cruel fate for such a wonderful old relic.

Steamships seldom last more than forty years. Of those built between 1815 and 1835, there is not, we believe a single one afloat. The life of the modern steamship is much shorter than that of her wooden predecessor. As for warships, they are usually scrapped at the age of twenty, if not before.

Only last year the sailing vessel Seal left Bideford for Durban, a distance of 6,000 miles. The Seal was built at Southampton in 1816, and in 1823 was driven from her moorings at Poole, and was found in a turnip field.

One of the big engines of the London and Northwestern railway has just completed a distance of 2,000,000 miles. An English locomotive travels on an average only about 20,000 miles a year, so this wonderful performance is equal to one hundred years' service on an ordinary basis. As a matter of fact, the engine in question has been worked five times as hard as the average, and has accomplished the task within a period of twenty years.

Quite how long a well built locomotive will last in running order, is hardly known. Six years ago the famous 'Lord of Isles' was scrapped at Swindon. She was one of the famous Great Western broad gauge engines, and was built in 1842. She was in perfect running order up to the end of her long life of more than sixty years.

When Commissioner Allen had charge of the patent office in Washington he was punctilious about the respect due him in his position, and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day he was sitting at his desk when two men came in without knocking or announcement and without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. Gentlemen, he said severely, who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced and always remove their hats.

Huh, replied one of the men, we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes.

Cheer up

I sometimes wonder if life is worth living, mused the pessimist.

It is, replied the optimist. It is worth living much better than most of us live it.

GROWING STRONGER
Apparently With Advancing Age

"At the age of 50 years I collapsed from excessive coffee drinking," writes a Western man. Tea is just as injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee. "For four years I shambled about with the aid of crutches or cane, most of the time unable to dress myself without help.

"My feet were greatly swollen, my right arm was shrunken and twisted inward, the fingers of my right hand were clenched and could not be extended except with great effort and pain. Nothing seemed to give me more than temporary relief.

"Now, during all this time and for about 30 years previously, I drank daily an average of 6 cups of strong coffee—rarely missing a meal.

"My wife at last took my case into her own hands and bought some Postum. She made it according to directions and I liked it fully as well as the best high-grade coffee.

"Improvement set in at once. In about 6 months I began to work a little, and in less than a year I was very much better, improving rapidly from day to day. I am now in far better health than most men of my years and apparently growing stronger with advancing age.

"I am busy every day at some kind of work and am able to keep up with the procession without a cane. The arm and hand that were once almost useless, now keep far ahead in rapidity of movement and beauty of penmanship."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

There's a reason" for Postum.

MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zam-Buk is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always.

50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.

USE ONLY ZAM-BUK FOR CHILDRENS SORES

Hunger Hooliganism in Russia

One of the results of the oppressive laws and backward conditions in Russia generally today is the appearance during the past year or two, of hunger hooliganism. Assaults, depredations on property, robberies and similar crimes are of daily occurrence, and the police are apparently indifferent. The situation has become so serious that Maklakow, minister of the interior, recently called a conference of governors and other high government officials to consider measures against the evil. It was decided to give the governors special powers to deal with the hooligans summarily without trial. This measure proved to the liking of the provincial autocrats and they applied it so vigorously that the minister was compelled to advise them to use their power with more discrimination. But Russian hooliganism has it causes far deeper than such measures go. It is no doubt mainly due to the dire poverty of the people and to alcoholism, which is one of the largest sources of income to the government. Last year there was realized from the sale of alcoholic drinks—which is a government monopoly in Russia—more than $800,000,000 roubles ($400,000,000). Minister Maklakov, with an amazing frankness finds that the severe climate of Russia makes alcohol a vital necessity to the masses—not a very statesmanlike point of view, as westerners would consider it.—The Progress of the World, in the American Review of Reviews for September.

An Ideal Inspires Desire

It was some time ago that the highest and truest of ideals of the human race were started.

This is perhaps connected with the fact that much of our best safeguarding comes from nature. For instance frequently a woman, even of full natural instincts, has no special desire for progeny. Then a strong love comes, and to what was only a vague general idea before, that she naturally would have children, is added a real longing, an intense imagining of how pleasant a little creature would be, and of what a solemn and joyful possession it would be together. Desires grow when the ideal surroundings are prepared. Nature takes care of us. She is often careless, but judge by her best, and wonderful is she in harmony and depth.

An Observing Parrot

What a fine parrot you have!

Harold to the young woman on whom he was calling. How is he on imitating?

Great, said the hostess. He can imitate almost anything.

Over at Smith's continued Harold, they have a bird that can imitate a kiss to perfection. Can your bird do that?

No, indeed, answered Mabel indignantly. Parrots can only imitate, and it is not likely that our bird would repeat a sound that it is not accustomed to hear.

Then Polly spoke.

Don't Will; don't dear, it said. Wait until I take this wretched bird out of the room.

In the Same Channels

Isn't it astonishing to note the coincidence of great minds—when the noon whistle blows?

Diet and Nationality

Among modern nations the greatest eaters are the British, Germans, French, and Americans—the ruling people of our civilization. The diet of the Spaniards and the Italians is notably less substantial than that of the British and Germans, just as their brains are less active and original, says the 'Family Doctor.' The Americans are on the average the greatest eaters in the world said Carlyle to Emerson. The best thing I know of that country is that in it a man can have meat for his labor.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Papa how often have I told you not to say I seen you.

Now you look a-here Maggie interrupted the old man laying down his knife and fork maybe you will make your livin' by good grammar and higher education, but your ma and me, were jest obliged to take in summer boarders, an' they demand th' dialect if they pay our rates. So what I say goes, see, whether she's grammatic or not.

Advice

Edith—I am always afraid Jack will kiss me. If he does whatever shall I do?

Marie—Pay him back in his own coin, goosey.

Mother—Don't ask so many questions, child. Curiosity killed the cat.

Willie—What did the cat want to know, ma?

Gus—The idea of his saying I had more money than brains! Quite ridiculous!

Jack—That's so?

Gus—Of course. Why, I haven't got a cent.

Jack—Well!

Pegging Aaway

Men seldom mount at a single bound,
To the ladder's very top;
They must slowly climb it, round by round,
With many a start and stop.
And the winner is sure to be the man
Who labors day by day,
For the world has found that the safest plan
Is to keep on pegging away.

You have read, of course, about the hare
And the tortoise—the tale is old—
How they ran a race—it counts not where—
And the tortoise won, we're told.
The hare was sure he had time to pause,
And to browse about and play,
So the tortoise won the race because
He just kept pegging away.

A little toil and a little rest,
And a little more is earned than spent,
Is sure to bring to an honest breast
A blessing of glad content.
And so, though skies may frown and smile,
Be diligent day by day;
Reward shall greet you after a while
If you just keep pegging away.

—Nixon Waterman.

If Miller's Worm Powders needed the support of testimonials they could be got by the thousands from mothers who know the great virtue of this excellent medicine. But the powders will speak for themselves and in such a way that there can be no question of them. They act speedily and thoroughly, and the child to whom they are administered will show improvement from the first dose.

It was a warm, radiant summer morning; the birds were singing sweetly, the flowers and dewy grass shimmered in the sparkling sunlight, and there, in the park, Robert Peeler—a very junior officer—was doing his utmost to make a favorable impression on the pretty nursemaid, whilst the latter's small charge busily chased elusive butterflies.

Ah, sighed the dashing Robert; I wish you were my governess!

So do I, replied the girl.

Hope sprang into Robert's heart. And what would you do with me? he asked.

Stop you smoking cigarettes and get your hair cut, to say nothing of punishing you for talking nonsense during school hours.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Postponed Bliss

They had just been married, that was plain to be seen. They marched up the railway platform as if it were a church aisle. They had already peeped in half a dozen carriages of the train, but they were all full up. The guard blew his whistle, and the young man made a dash for the nearest compartment.

Do you think we could squeeze in here, darling! he cried.

She blushed, and bashfully pulled him back. Oh, Harold, she whispered, don't you think we had better wait until we get home?

A Difference

Foreman—What's your name?

Laborer—Simpson, sir

Foreman—Well, Simpson, bring along those plates and that crane over here.

Laborer—Excuse me, sir, I said my name was Simpson, not Samson.

Attendant—Beautiful sight, mum!

Old Lady—I ain't thinking about the sight. It reminds me that I've left the kitchen tap running

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

Her Age

The maiden lady of uncertain age became very indignant when the census taker asked her age.

Did you see the girls next door, she asked, the Hill twins?

Certainly, replied the census man. And did they tell you their age?

Yes.

Well, she snapped as she shut the door in his face. I am just as old as they are!

Oh, very well, said the census man to himself, and he wrote down in the book: Jane Johnson—as old as the Hills.

Tess—Oh, no! Tom, dear you must not ask papa tonight. He lost a whole lot of money in stocks today. Tom—*Just the right time, then.* He won't have nerve enough to lecture me about the care of money.

Mistress—Mary, how is it that I see you have been treating your friends to my cake and fruit. Mary—I can't tell, ma'am, for the loife of me, for I thought I covered the keyhole.

He—(facetiously)—It is too hot to propose.

She—Not to propose an ice-cream or an automobile ride.

Most people would be benefited by the occasional use of **Na-Dru-Co Laxatives** Gently, thoroughly, and without discomfort, they free the system of the waste which poisons the blood and lowers the vitality. 25c. a box, at your Druggist's.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 176

Clark's

A nourishing, tasty, economical meal.
A time and money saver.
A strength producer.

Pork & Beans

W. Clark Mfr. Montreal

SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE.

VILLE ron

GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known Canadian Towns, and fulfils conditions below, we offer our $15 Lady's SOLID GOLD WATCH, English Government stamped, fully jewelled, as a FREE GIFT. (Silver Watches are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & CO., 10, Grosvenor Buildings, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were:

Mrs. A. Gay, Amherst, Nova Scotia, Can. Mrs. A. Fowlow, Trinity East, Nfld.

She Just Left

The young rector of an Episcopal Church in Alabama, an Englishman, by the way, was asked recently to officiate at the wedding of a negro couple on a near-by plantation. He consented, but thought he would beforehand learn something of the contracting parties, so he said to the prospective groom:

Have you ever been married before?

Yes sir, said the negro.

The alacrity of the response put a crimp in the rector, so to speak, and he asked with some uneasiness:

Your wife is dead, is she not?

Naw, suh, wa: the unexpected reply, she's in Norf Ca'lina.

Why did she leave you? then asked the rector.

I can't ezzactly tell you, sah, said the negro. Yuh see, I wuz erway from home at de time, an' I ain't been back dere since.

Pure Apple Jelly

added to Pure Jam makes a delicious conserve

Ask for Upton's

Longest Telephone Cable

A 35-mile cable for telephonic connections between Vancouver and Vancouver Island has been received from England. It cost more than $100,000, weighs 560,000 pounds, and the expense in laying was $20,000. Considerable Customs duty was levyed by the Canadian Government notwithstanding duty on that part of the cable laid below low-water mark. It is said to be the longest telephone cable in the world, and is laid at a depth heretofore not attempted, much of the line going two hundred fathoms deep in the Gulf of Georgia, at one place being 1,356 feet deep. A cable will be stretched across Saanich inlet, which will bring Victoria into much better connection with Vancouver by means of the cable just laid.—Consular Reports.

Several ladies sat after a card party a few mornings ago discussing the virtues of their husbands. Mr. Bingleton, said one of them, referring to her life partner, never drinks and never swears—indeed he has no bad habits.

Does he ever smoke? someone asked. Yes; he likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose, on an average he doesn't smoke more than once a month.

Changed His Idea

I thought you didn't like your job?

I thought so, too, until I came pretty near losing it the other day.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES CAME ON FACE

Sores Spread Until Face Was Covered. So Itchy Could Not Resist Scratching. Cured Entirely in About Two Weeks by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Clachan, Ontario.—"My trouble started with sores breaking out on the face. They came as pimples and were unsightly. These sores seemed to keep spreading until my face was covered. They were so itchy that at times I could not resist scratching them. After trying two or three different salves which did not stop the sores breaking out, I tried a cake of Cuticura Soap also Cuticura Ointment. I found that they cured me entirely of the sores in about two weeks." (Signed) Fred E. Meyer, Feb. 12, 1912.

LEGS BURNED AND ITCHED

Souris West, P. E. Island.—"My little girl, aged four years, was troubled with a painful rash on her legs. It began in a dry rash very hot and itchy and after a few days it looked like little pimples with a white top on them. Her legs burned and itched very much and she was very restless and was also cross and fretful. She used to scratch and make sores when I was not watching her. I had to leave her stockings off her as they would irritate her legs. I used to bathe her legs with warm water and use the Cuticura Soap freely, then dry her legs and rub on the Cuticura Ointment and she was cured in one week." (Signed) Mrs. P. J. Mullally, Aug. 1, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 51D, Boston, U. S. A.

That Wonderful Event

IF THERE is a time above all times when a woman should be in perfect physical condition it is the time previous to the coming of her babe.

During this period many women suffer from headache, sleeplessness, pains of various description, poor appetite, and a host of other ailments which should be eliminated in justice to the new life about to be ushered into this world.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

is a scientific medicine carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to the needs and requirements of woman's delicate system. It has been recommended for over forty years as a remedy for those peculiar ailments which make their appearance during "the expectant" period. Motherhood is made easier by its use. Thousands of women have been benefited by this great medicine.

Your druggist can supply you in liquid or tablet form, or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets, to Dr. Pierce, at Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo.

It is your privilege to write to Dr. Pierce for advice, and it will be gladly given free of charge. Of course all communications are confidential.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH 10 CTS

Gives a Quick, Brilliant Polish That Lasts

Easier to Use Better for the Shoes

No Turpentine

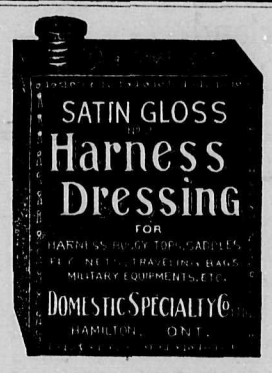
This Pen~This Autumn

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Does the neatest, quickest, and most uniform writing. The same pen will last for years of service. The gold pens in Waterman's Ideals are smooth and of any character your hand requires. The Spoon Feed gives an even and accurate flow of ink and prevents flooding. The Clip-Cap prevents loss. Every Pen guaranteed.

Sold Locally, by the Best Dealers

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, Montreal



THE WORLD'S BEST POLISH

Your True Friend—The Dog

Do not turn a homeless dog aside when he appeals to you for food and shelter, but take him in. This is a duty you owe your God toward His helpless dumb creatures, which were placed on earth in our care. They are ours to use but not to abuse or permit others to do so.

Never be ashamed to speak in defence of those who cannot speak for themselves. It is only the cowardly and weak that stand by and see cruelty committed and make no effort to stop it.

Treat your dog kindly, for a cross word from your lips cuts deep. A kind word or act makes him supremely happy and contented. Feed him well; give him plenty of fresh clean water to drink; make him comfortable and warm; and for this kindness he will ever be grateful. He will love you, appreciate his home and guard it for you. Can you find a human friend as faithful as your dog?—By Mary D. Hedden, in Dumb Animals.

It Can be Overdone

Some men are so careful about conserving their energies that they never do anything else.

GIRL SUFFERED TERRIBLY

At Regular Intervals—Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured her.

Adrian, Texas.—"I take pleasure in adding my testimonial to the great list and hope that it will be of interest to suffering women. For four years I suffered untold agonies at regular intervals. Such pains and cramps, severe chills and sickness at stomach, then finally hemorrhages until I would be nearly blind. I had five doctors and none of them could do more than relieve me for a time.

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took seven boxes of it and used two bottles of the Sanative Wash, and I am completely cured of my trouble. When I began taking the Compound I only weighed ninety-six pounds and now I weigh one hundred and twenty-six pounds. If anyone wishes to address me in person I will cheerfully answer all letters, as I cannot speak too highly of the Pinkham remedies."—Miss JESSIE MARSH, Adrian, Texas.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

CHEAPER THAN GASOLINE

British Discovery Will Cut the Price for Motor Spirit One-Third

The joint committee appointed by the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association and the Society of Motor Manufacturers to find an efficient substitute for gasoline, has discovered a process which, it is said, will produce 40,000 gallons of motor spirit annually without in any way depleting the country's mineral resources. It involves the utilization of by-product of coal hitherto unsuitable for motor fuel.

Experts have made a full investigation with excellent results and a full-sized commercial plant is being built and the spirit can be sold for not more than 25c. a gallon, probably for less. The secretary of the committee shows that the annual consumption of motor spirit in Great Britain is about 100,000,000 gallons and that the present price of gasoline is 42 cents a gallon.

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES,
Commercial Traveler.

Brown is a very good fellow, but alas! he has one bad habit. It is that of reaching home in the small hours of the morning. But one day last week Mrs. Brown hit upon a plan. If she could not persuade him out of the habit, perhaps she could frighten him out of it. Consequently, when he reached home that night he was confronted by a tall white-shrouded figure, which glided up to him.

Wh—wh—what's that? gasped poor Brown.

I am the family ghost! replied a voice.

Brown heaved a sigh of relief. Great Scott! he gasped. How you frightened me. I thought it was the missus.

Dolly (who has just viewed art exhibition)—I could look at nothing but Dauber's picture.

Cholly—I'll tell Dauber. He will be pleased.

Dolly—Yes; there was such a crowd in front of all the others.

Business Tip

Ragman—Any old bottles today, mum?

Woman—No, but you might try Mr. Croakem's next door; his wife's coming back from the seashore tomorrow.

Exciting Finish Marks North Carolina State Shoot

J. B. Pennington, of Tarboro, and L. B. Pierce, of Wilmington, tied for the North Carolina state trapshooting championship at 91 out of a possible 100. In the shoot-off Mr. Pennington who shot Nitro Club speed shells and a Remington pump gun, the arm also used by his competitor, captured the title with 18 targets out of 20. Geo. W. Collins, of Due West, S.C., broke 371 out of 400 with a Remington pump gun and won high amateur average for the entire two days of the meet. Long runs were registered by C. E. Goodrich and Home Clark, each using a Remington for scores of 119 straight and 142 straight respectively.

A Mistake Somewhere

What's this jar of cream cheese doing on my desk?

I thought that jar belonged on your desk. Gee whizz! I must have spread the sandwiches last night with library paste.

Why Fish Yawn

A scientist has discovered that fish yawn.

Well, I wouldn't be at all surprised if some of the big ones that got away would could they hear the exaggerated tales the fishermen tell.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but a very bad one to wear.

READING ALOUD IS A LOST ART

Few Persons Make any Pretense of Being Accomplished That Way

All of us have striven to be many kinds of good citizen that we never succeed in being and no doubt every man in town likely as not has tried his hand at verse making, or taking lessons on the mandolin, or furtively attempted an oration with pebbles in his mouth.

This, of course, is as it should be, since it is the method of discovering true talent as well as the lack of it. But, for all our industry, not a few of us have missed things we might have done well. How many of the daughters of men who faithfully practice singing with throats never meant for song, could become an everlasting joy to their friends if they would apply themselves with half the zeal to the art of reading aloud?

A lamentable constraint seizes upon many otherwise gracious persons when they undertake to do this simple thing. The Fifth Reader was the last fair practice they had. We may have a hopeless time emulating the charm and wit the acquaintances of Stevenson, for example, admired in his conversation, but we can reflect a little of them, on occasion, in reading sympathetically from his books. A sickroom evening at home, even lovers' meetings, may be enriched by wise exercise of the accomplishment.

—From Collier's Weekly.

Valuable Knowledge

The Muddletown ambulance class were being examined.

When a certain brainy yokel was asked to describe the circulation of the blood he promptly replied: Well, the blood is pumped from the heart through the blood vessels of the leg and right to the bottom of the foot.

Yes, said the examiner, you are right as far as you go, but how does it return?

The yokel hesitated a minute.

Then he replied: Up the other leg.

VARICOSE VEINS AND ITCHING PILES

Usually Arise From Same Cause—Relief and Cure Effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Nearly everybody knows of Dr. Chase's Ointment as the most effective treatment for piles or hemorrhoids that medical science has been able to compound. So much suffering and misery arises from this ailment that one is not long in telling his friends when he has found an actual cure. This accounts for the enormous sales of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This letter tells of relief from the suffering of varicose veins by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Many suffer from this trouble not knowing the comfort to be obtained by the use of this great soothing ointment.

Mrs. R. J. Evans, 187 Munro street, Toronto, writes: "We have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for year. I have been troubled with varicose veins, and find it the only thing that gives relief. For every purpose when a soothing, healing ointment is needed there is nothing so good as Dr. Chase's Ointment." 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

A Good Roads Enthusiast

There's a real 'good roads' enthusiast in Lauderdale County, Mississippi. His name is Joe Clark, and when the 'Meridian Evening Star' interviewed him a year after the roads had been improved, he said:

"I live four miles from the city and two miles from the school. This has been the worst winter I have ever seen, but there hasn't been a single day that my children haven't walked to school, and not a single day have they come home with wet feet, and to think, they walked down the middle of the road. Not one of them has been sick with a cold, even while heretofore my doctor bills have been more than my road tax. Talk to me about paying taxes to build roads! I am willing to pay taxes on my pack of fox hounds, my bird dogs, my chickens, my home, and, if necessary, my wife and children, if they will use it in extending roads like this all over the county. I would rather have my house and ten acres of land on this road like it is now than have my whole farm on the old road like it was before improvement.

A Paying Camera

A camera is a delightful summer companion and when the photographer has passed the really amateur stage, she may consider the possibility of making some money by her pictures, or at least making her camera pay expenses. Selling pictures as illustrations to periodicals, is one money-making method. Newspapers, trade journals, farm journals, outing magazines, general magazines, are all in the market for pictures, and their specific needs should be carefully studied by the amateur photographer. The pictures for any magazine are clear black-and-white prints, with the people or the particular object centred and emphasized in such a manner that the point of the picture is easily obvious.

Outside of the money gained, picture-taking enlarges one's view-point. One's observation grows greatly under the spur of finding material for the camera and one's sense of beauty suddenly gains a new self-respect through having a definite business to attend to.

Complete in itself, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

Maiden (who has been reading the French way of conducting matrimonial alliances)—Mamma, you knew papa quite well before you married him, didn't you? Mamma (sadly) — I thought I did.

American exchanges tell of a despondent young man who tried to feed love letters to a goat. Who was the goat?

VALUE OF THE BANANA

Its Increased Use as a Food May Influence Diplomacy

Figures show that the world is just awakening to the value of the banana as food. If the present development continues, the acreage devoted to banana-growing must rapidly increase. This can be easily done, for the areas suitable have as yet only been touched. Improved refrigeration and quick steam service will continue to widen the area in which the product can be marketed, and besides its present use as a fruit, it will be used as it now is in the tropics where it is boiled green as a vegetable, and manufactured into a confection known as banana figs. The development of the banana flour industry also promises to open a market for the product of areas too distant to profit by the demand for fresh fruit, just as the perfection of the manufacture of copra, the dried meat of the cocoanut has opened up a new industry reaching to the farthest islands of the Pacific.

The increased production of the banana in its natural state, and the diversification of its uses promise to introduce a new and hitherto neglected factor in our good supply. If present development continues, it will raise the Caribbean region from its dependence on foreign markets for food to one of the regions from which an important part of the world's food supply will be drawn. The wheat fields of the Dakotas and Manitoba will meet as one of their competitors in feeding the world, the banana plantations of the American Mediterranean. An immediate consequence of the development of the direct trade with Europe, now just beginning is to threaten the supremacy of the United States in some of the Central American markets. People buy their goods, other things being equal, in the countries where their own products find their best sale. If improved transportation facilities for the banana trade develop between the Caribbean and European ports, it is but natural that European manufactured goods will be carried on the return voyage. One of the most important and from our past experience, let us remember, one of the most delicate problems with which our men of state have to deal, is the diplomacy of the Caribbean.

A Speaking Clock

A speaking clock has just been shown in Berlin, says The Hamburger Nachrichten. At every quarter there comes from the inside a voice which calls out the time clearly and distinctly: Three o'clock; A quarter-past three; Half-past three; and so on. Possessed of such a clock, we could possibly peacefully bury ourselves in our work without any fear of missing an important engagement. We could surrender ourselves to the joys of sport or talk, when every quarter of an hour we are reminded by the warning voice. In the morning we need not worry over an alarm; the voice of the clock, which we can make quick or slow at pleasure, will do the waking. If we don't want to hear the voice of conscience, we need only switch off the machinery. The invention is due to the idea of a Berlin man, named Selen, whose idea was carried into practice after long wrestling with difficulties by a man named Max Markus. It may prove useful to astronomers, and with a slight change in its working it could be made to call out the names of the stations in our railway carriages. To exploit this invention a company is being formed in Berlin with a capital of $700,000.

Fitted for the Job

She ought to make a splendid wife of an American ambassador abroad.

Is she distinguished?

Dear me, no; but she can do her own housework and darn socks beautifully.

Fixing It Up

My wife's out of town.

So is mine.

I know two other good fellows.

Great. Tomorrow night at our house. Ten cent limit.

Some people who bother the average editor should be tied to a column and chastised with a stick of cold type.

The Canadian Breakfast Post Toasties and Cream

Thin bits of choicest Indian Corn, so skilfully cooked and toasted that they are deliciously crisp and appetizing.

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

Sold by Grocers everywhere

Post Toasties

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

REMINGTON UMC REPEATING RIFLES Pump Action

Solid Breech Hammerless-Safe

THOUSANDS of sportsmen have first chosen a Remington for its looks—its balance—its speed suggestion—and have been delighted to find that they had an arm that was a little faster—a little more accurate than any rifle they ever owned.

.22 Repeating Rifles—easy take-down, straight line feed. .25, .30, .32 Remington high power rifles.

An interesting booklet simply explaining many of the more technical points of modern rifle construction is yours for the asking. Your name and address on a postcard brings it by return mail.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Windsor, Ontario

FREE

Daily Market Letter and Sample Grain Bags. Send us your name and address and we will put you on our mailing list—it's free. Let us keep you posted on market prices for grain.

Personal attention given to selling and grading of all cars. Our Car Tracing and Claim Departments work in our clients' interests. We have every facility for prompt service and we get best results for shippers.

Send to-day for a supply of sample bags and deal with a firm whose business has been built up by satisfied customers.

CENTRAL GRAIN COMPANY, LIMITED

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

GRAIN EXCHANGE - WINNIPEG, MAN.

Paid-up Capital, $150,000

References, any Bank or Commercial Agency.

SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO

PETER JANSEN COMPANY

Grain Commission Merchants — Winnipeg, Manitoba

Make Bills Lading read: Port Arthur or Fort William. Notify Peter Jansen Co., Winnipeg.

Liberal Advances — Prompt Returns — Best Grades

The World Famous Reputation of the CUNARD LINE

is fully maintained in the magnificent new (1913) one class cabin (II) twin screw steamers 'Andania' and 'Alaunia'

Magnificent appointments, Lounge, Gymnasium, Drawing room, Smoking room, Open and Covered Promenades, Spacious Staterooms, Orchestra.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SAILING DECEMBER 9th from Portland to Liverpool. New (1913) S.S. "Alaunia," carrying one class cabin and third class only.

Early application for reservations is recommended.

The Cunard Steamship Co., Ltd.,

304 Main Street, Winnipeg

SHIP YOUR GRAIN TO

CANADA ATLANTIC GRAIN COMPANY, Ltd.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS, GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Your consignments to us will receive immediate, efficient, and honest attention.

BEST GRADES, BEST PRICES, QUICK SETTLEMENT GUARANTEED

KNOW YOUR MARKET. KEEP POSTED

Write for our Market Letter and Shipping Instructions

A Boy With a Future

Ma, exclaimed young Teddy, bursting into the house, Mrs. Johnson said she would give me a penny if I told what you said about her.

I never heard of such a thing! said his mother indignantly. You're a very good boy not to have told! I would not have her think I even mentioned her. Here's an apple, sonny, for being such a wise little lad.

I should think I am, ma! When she showed me this penny I told her that what you said was something awful and worth sixpence at least.

Funnyface—These conjurors are wonderful fellows. I saw one of the best last night. He turned a guinea pig into a cabbage.

That's nothing. I can do better myself. Every night I turn my dog into a kennel.

Fine

Jones (to his landlady)—Very sorry, madam, but I have torn the curtain in the sitting room.

Landlady—Oh, all right, sir; I'll put it down as extra rent.

Do It Now.—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may be difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within reach of all, is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative on the market. Do not delay, but try them now. One trial will convince anyone that they are the best stomach regulator that can be got.

Mrs. Manners (who has given Tommy a slice of bread and butter)—That's right! I like to hear little boys say: Thank you.

Little Boy—Well, if you want to hear me say it again you might put some jam on it.

He Should Know

What is personal magnetism?

Personal magnetism, replied the manager, is what enables a man to stand up and keep the audience interested in a lecture without the use of moving pictures.

Jack (on tennis court)—I'll bet a cigar that Norris wins the set.

Reggie—Make it a cigarette, dear boy, and I'll go you.

Mr. Bear—Really my dear, they may be great curios, but you show execrable taste and want of regard to utility in buying such rubbish!

Mrs. Bear—Utility? Why, you silly man, I bought them to try to make you look handsome by sheer force of strong contrast!

Eternal punishment: The price of being too poor to buy a divorce.

Poor Girl

A young woman failed to pass her examination for appointment as teacher in the public school of a small town.

Her mother was terribly disappointed and decided to interview one of the examiners.

I am sorry, madam, the man said, that your daughter did not pass her examinations, but there is nothing I can do about it. You know, madam, that no one is to blame but herself.

Sue to blame! exclaimed the woman wrathfully. Well, sir, perhaps you do not know that them examiners asked her questions about lots of things that happened years and years before she was born.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tommy Knew

The teacher was endeavoring to illustrate to her pupils the association of various species of life with common substances.

For instance, she explained, you will always find plants where there is soil, birds where there are trees, and so on. Now, can anyone tell me what we associate with fish?

Suddenly, with the velocity of an aeroplane, a hand shot up from the back form. It was the property of Tommy Jones. Please, miss, I know, piped that worthy.

Well? was the teacher's query.

Chips, was the unexpected reply.

And She Had Been Warned

All men are alike. They're deceitful and selfish.

How do you know?

A married friend of mine told me so and warned me against all of them.

But you're going to marry Fred?

Of course I am. He's different.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

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THE ISLANDER

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To Correspondents: The Editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by correspondents. No letters will be published in the Islander except over the writer's signature. The Editor reserves the right to refuse publication of any letter.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1913.

SIR RICHARD MCBRIDE, Premier of British Columbia, has come out with a strong endorsement of the Borden naval policy. It is an evidence of the fact that in the distant and farthest West, opinion is strong in favour of the Government's naval proposal as the best means to keep intact the greatness of the Empire and most in keeping with the dignity of Canada.

The speech contained in no uncertain terms the views of people who themselves believe that they have a peril on their coasts, and as such the people of the whole Dominion should regard Sir Richard's speech as one demanding their earnest attention.

The speech was a strong indictment of the action of the Senate. Sir Richard, in commencing, stated he did not wish to treat the subject in a controversial manner, but he continued;

"First I wish to speak of the navy and what Canada should do towards her share of Empire responsibility. If my voice from British Columbia be of value to this assembly, I would like to say with all the emphasis I may command how we regret and deplore the inability of Canada to do her share towards Imperial defence, in failing to vote the $35,000,000 as was proposed a few months ago for the assistance of a programme of the British admiralty,"

The British Columbia Premier showed his desire that the naval discussion should be placed higher than a mere party basis when he said;

"The theme of national defence should occupy a plane higher than the political ward room, the hustings, or even the national forum.

If we have to introduce political differences into such a question, we will drift and drift till we are so seriously involved that we cannot extricate ourselves without sacrificing our dignity and self-respect, We in British Columbia feel that we have come to the point when, in man fashion, we should do our share in the defence, not only of British Columbia, of Canada, but of the Empire as well.

"We have been for years glorying in the circumstances that have permitted us to proclaim ourselves part and parcel of the British Empire. We all have been proud of the Union Jack, and feel, if we are to be consistent with the priveleges, the best evidence is to come up at the time, and the time is now, to come up with at least the handsome contribution of $35,000,000 towards Canadian, towards Empire defence.

"We would not for a moment consider a policy of segregation of Canada by which she could sail on in her own fair way without undertaking her responsibility. Canada has gone so far that it is the exacting duty for the Canadian people to come through with a vote, even if twice the amount was necessary. We have spent millions in railways, getting the money for the most part from London town. We do not hesitate to indulge in industrial and commercial expansion. It is good and necessary business, but is it not quite in line with work of this character that we should be prepared to act even more quickly in the matter of national and imperial defence than in the question of local development, bearing in mind that for years and years the source of supply has practically been good old London town."

The British Columbia Premier took up the question of an emergency in striking a striking fashion.

"There may be," he said, "some discussion as to the question of emergency, but if the Empire has got to wait till there is ane mergency before we respond, things have come to a pretty pass in Canada.

"With the money voted for the help of the Empire, the way is made clear for a larger imperial movement. We want in Empire matters to be prepared to take on Empire responsibilities and it will not necessarily mean that with one stroke of the pen the whole scheme of federation has to be adjusted, to give us a proper place.

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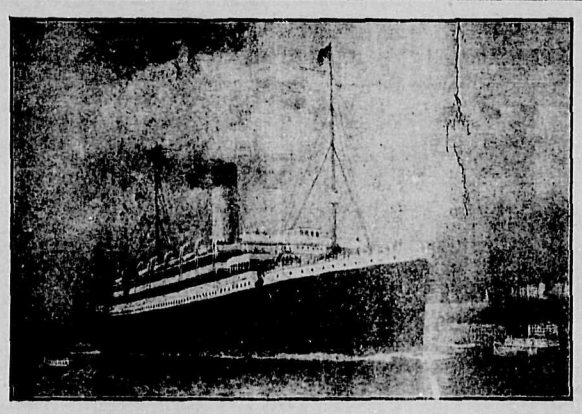

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Not Her Young Man

Yes, ma'am, said Mary; I am going to leave you. I don't like that snip of a masher that calls on Miss Mabel.

The idea! exclaimed her mistress; he doesn't call to see you, so what—

I know he don't ma'am; but I am afraid one of the neighbors might think he does.

She professed to take an immense interest in the professor's wonderful collection of mineral ores.

She was examining the specimens one day, and taking up one, which struck her fancy, said. What do you call this, professor?

That is silver ore, was the answer.

Very interesting, I am sure, she replied. But however do they obtain the silver.

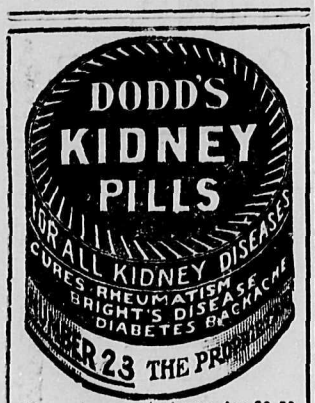
Oh, it is a simple process. They merely smelt it, madam.

Then the old lady placed the ore to her nose, sniffing loudly said: I have smelt it, too, but even with my spectacles on I can't see any silver.

This story is related of an old-time judge in Sullivan county, New York.

During the session of court there was so much talk and laughter going on that the judge becoming angry and confused, shouted in great wrath:

Silence, here! We have decided half a dozen cases here this morning and I have not heard a word of one of them.



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PAUPER SNOBS OF INDIA

Beggars That Will Not Work Because They are Aristocrats

One-fourth of the Anglo-Indian population in India is supported by charity. For the Anglo-Indian thinks that work is beneath him, and really at heart he is a born snob. It isn't object of charity, for there is comparatively little drunkenness among the poor in India. Nor is it the season trades, as it sometimes is with us, for work there is continuous the year round. Neither is it the monotony of a dreary home or daily toil that drives him to drink and then to poverty. For there is no part of Calcutta where there are people of one grade, but the homes of the poor are interspersed with the rich.

He is a pauper purely and simply because he is an aristocrat. He has English blood in his veins, and he wants to live like the English, and the English in India are the successful and the rich. They have their well appointed homes, their servants and every luxury. The Englishman who works with his hands, the men in the factories, the day laborers, the frontiersmen, the farmers are not found in India. The beggar snob does not know of their existence. He knows only the coolies and the Hindus, who work with their hands, and he will not be one of them. He wishes to pattern his life after the Englishman whom he knows. He wants to have a servant and be waited on, and if he cannot he will not work. To dig with a shovel is a disgrace in his eyes, and begging is infinitely more respectable.

So the Anglo-Indian pauper is supported on a scale better than that of the faithful workmen among the Hindus and coolies, and the burden of the charity falls on the rich English. The wealthy Hindus will take none of the responsibilities. They say that the Englishman created this class and that on him falls the weight of support.

There is another cause of this poverty also apart from this strong false sentiment. That is the insanitary conditions of life which cause the death of the father of the household at an early age. This reduces the family to pauperism at once, as the lines of work open to the Anglo-Indian woman which she will accept are practically gone.—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Canadian Trap Shooting Honors

At the Grand Canadian Trap Shooting Tournament recently held at Hamilton, Ontario, there was keen competition between the leading shots of the Dominion for supremacy. The amateur Championship of Canada was won by W. Barnes of Hamilton with a perfect score of 50 targets. Mr. Barnes used Winchester Factory Loaded Shells. The Grand Canadian Handicap was won by H. Smith of Chatham with a score of 48 x 50 from 18 yard rise, and the Earl Grey cup, for the High Aggregate of the tournament, was won by R. Day of London with a score of 287 x 300 targets. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Day used Winchester Repeating Shotguns. The important victories won with Winchester Loaded Shells and repeating Shotguns is another demonstration of their splendid shooting qualities.

Wily William

He came from the country, but he was not green—not by any means. Had a confidence man tried tricks on him there would have been serious trouble.

Nor was he taking any risks at the hotel. London might be a smart place, but they wouldn't catch him napping.

In the early hours of the morning the plaintive voice of the 'boots' sounded outside his door.

What is it? asked William, prepared to do battle with his wits.

Please, sir, came the answer, you haven't put your boots outside, sir.

No; you bet I haven't, responded the wily William. They're under my pillow, and there they're going to stop; I know a bit too much for the likes of you!

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

A Humane Mayor

The mayor of a little commune in the Pyrenees has just issued the following decree: Whereas the young people of the commune are wont to meet and dance every Sunday after mass, and the noise they make frightens the cocks, hens and other animals of the village, and whereas the result is prejudicial to agriculture; we hereby prohibit dancing within the bounds of the commune during the hours in which the domestic animals take their repose.

Reverse Action

He (ardently)—You are the most beautiful, the most adorable girl in all the world.

She—Indeed! Then, sir, you must be very conceited to think that I'd look at you.

Ground Located

On what ground did she get a divorce?

Reno, I believe.

The Place for Him

The Mother (impatiently)—I don't know what we'll ever do with Tommy, he doesn't seem to agree with anybody.

The Father (irritably)—I s'pose we'll have to make a dramatic critic out of him.

Wife—I wish, Henry, you'd get me a nice clock for my room.

Hub—But I can't afford—

Wife (interrupting)—If you will I'll set it back two hours the evening you go to the club

GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER

The summer months are the most dangerous to little ones. The complaints of that season, which are cholera infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentry, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during hot weather as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Surprise for Pop

One night last week papa got home late. There had been so many things to attend to at the office—and after that a customer from out of town arrived, and—well papa got home awfully late. He hated to disturb the family so he camped in the dining room, and in the morning, being thirsty, he arose, drank water, and retired under the table again.

Then came his little son, the earliest to arise. Little son viewed the situation in the dining room, then lifted up his voice and wept.

What's the matter? groaned papa.

You've gone and drank up all the water in that glass aquarium you gave me for Christmas.

Well, never mind that. You can put some fresh water in it, and it will be all the better.

Yes, but who's going to put fresh eels and pollywogs in it?

Then papa sat up and took notice.

Well Named

We call our office boy the Little Dragoon.

Warlike little fellow, eh?

Oh, no; it's because he has to be booted and spurred before we can get anything out of him.

A Girl of High Ideals

Stella—Don't you think it is wrong to marry for a home?

Bella—Certainly; I should marry for nothing less than an apartment hotel.

Shooting the Shoot

If Gussie possessed one suit he possessed a hundred. He had different suits for fishing, hunting, golfing, cricketing, walking, cycling, flying and everything else, and so perfect was his 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 his 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.

Worn Silk Gloves

The fingers and hands of elbow length silk gloves wear out, leaving the uppers comparatively new. Where there is a baby in the house these may be turned to good use. Place one of baby's socks on the gloves, the leg part of the sock and the hemmed and then cut socks for the baby after the pattern. Sew carefully into shape with flat seams. Here you have a good, lightweight sock only for the cost of trouble of making. The top should be reinforced to withstand the wear and tear of safety pins.

Railroading in Wales

Holidays, tourists and trippers galore had upset the peace of mind of the railway officials and to cope with the additional traffic a strange guard was put on a special train running on a way side line in Wales.

There was one particular station rejoicing in the euphonious name of Llanfairfechanpwllgogerych, etc., etc., and in the due course of its peregrinations, the special train arrived at it, plus the strange word.

For quite a time the guard stood glancing at the appalling name. First he spelled it out, letter by letter, whilst the driver sounded a gay tattoo on his whistle. Then, by taking deep breaths, and holding his jaws in his hands, the guard feebly attempted the desperate feat of pronounciation.

But he was a man of resource, not easily to be done. Suddenly he conceived a brilliant idea. Taking up an attitude of great dramatic suggestion, he pointed to the board. Then he bellowed, in stentorian tones.

If there's anybody there for here, this is it!

And the train glided slowly onward.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Should be Good at That

Warden (to new prisoner)—What work can you do? What was your occupation?

Prisoner—I was a 'cellist in an orchestra.

Warden—Well, then, we'll set you to work sawing wood.

Down on Lawyers

I have here, sir, a book on 'How to Be Your Own Lawyer.'

Don't want it. What's the use of a man learning how to rob himself?

Business

Prospective Employer—Not afraid of early hours, I suppose?

Employee—You can't close too early for me, mister.

What's the trouble at your house?

Hunger strike for a new bonnet.

Your wife refuses to eat.

No, she refuses to cook.

Your baby seemed to be unusually restless last night.

Yes. I fear the dear little fellow isn't going to live through the summer.

I thought from the remarks your husband made that he might have upset a bottle of ink.

Henry George on Suffrage

I am convinced that we make a great mistake in depriving one sex of voice in public matters, and that we could in no way increase the attention, the intelligence, and the devotion which may be brought to the solution of social problems as by enfranchising our women. Even if in a ruder state of society the intelligence of one sex suffices for the management of common interests, the vastly more intricate, more delicate, and more important questions which the progress of civilization makes of public moment, require the intelligence of women as of men, and that we never can obtain until we interest them in public affairs. And I have come to believe that very much of the inattention, the flippancy, the want of conscience, which we see manifested in regard to public matters of the greatest moment, arises from the fact that we debar our women from taking their proper part in these matters. Nothing will fully interest men unless it also interests women. There are those who say that women are less intelligent than men; but who will say that they are less influential?—'Social Problems' (Chapter xxii), by Henry George.

Compulsory Matrimony

The declining marriage rate in so many countries is causing all sorts of suggestions to be made for inducing people to enter the state of matrimony such as the taxing of bachelors and conferring social privileges on those who have large families. A month or two ago the rural council of Trim ordered its bachelors to marry or quit the municipal cottages. But all these are exceedingly mild measures compared with a proposal which comes from Trieste. The proposal is that all bachelors who have attained their thirtieth year—a time when a man is at his prime according to Mahomet—should be summoned before the Syndicate together with all spinsters who have reached the age of twenty-five. Then, after a medical examination, those whom the doctors consider healthy are to have their names placed in separate urns and drawn two by two. The couples whose names are paired are to be married immediately. This is making a lottery of marriage with a vengeance.

Obadiah Binks was one of those sentimental idiots who had allowed his passions to capitulate to the ever increasing wiles of the mischief-maker Cupid. To put it more concisely, he had fallen in love.

Unfortunately for Obadiah, however, it was a case of unrequited affection, for the lady of his choice had made it plainly visible from time to time that his attentions were positively objectionable.

One day Obadiah turned up at her abode, nothing daunted by his previous experiences. He was ushered into the drawing-room by her ten-year-old brother, Billy.

Is your sister in? asked Binks, nervously.

No, replied the other, promptly. She's just gone out.

Ah! sighed the love-stricken Binks romantically. So I am like the man who went to the cage when the bird had flown.

No, you ain't responded Billy. You are like the month of June.

Why, how's that?

Because, was the reply, every time you come May goes out.

The Wonder of It

We wandered on the seashore
We wondered at the sky;
I told her how I loved her
She said: She wondered why?
I wondered if she'd have me,
She gently answered Yes,
And then we wandered, wondering,
In speechless happiness.

And now since we are wedded,
We wonder, as of yore.
We wondered as we wandered
Along the ocean shore,
With just the bit of difference
That our wonder we condense
Into wondering how we happened
To have so little sense.

Bix—I hear that you and your wife don't speak. What's the cause of your strained relations?

Dix—Her relations.

What made the canoe tip over?

Cholly carelessly placed his pipe in one side of his mouth.

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Medicinal Uses of Tobacco

Nicotine, in itself, is a narcotic poison, when employed in the proper way and by a competent agent, is said to have a definite medicinal value.

In cases of gout, neuralgia and rheumatism poultices of fresh tobacco leaves have long been employed to give relief. A concentrated solution of tobacco is said to be good for dandruff, ringworm, etc. The tobacco has been used to destroy parasites in vineyards and orchards, and as a skin diseases for cattle, and the actual antiseptic value of tobacco with regard to both vetebrates and inferior creatures, has been amply demonstrated.

Tobacco smoke serves to retard or arrest the development of certain pathological bacteria, which soon die in the tiny cage in which they are placed if a puff of tobacco smoke be injected therein. It seems to act upon them as an anasthetic, exactly as do the vapors of ether and chloroform.

An Italian physiologist, claims to have proved that smoking not only increases the flow of the saliva (which probably explains the uneasiness of smokers after eating until they are able to indulge in a pipe or cigar) but also sterilizes it. He also declares that tobacco never causes inflammation of the mouth and tongue. His conclusions were brilliantly confirmed by the experiments of Prof. Wencke of the Imperial Institute of Berlin during the recent epidemic of cholera at Hamburg.

Asthma Brings Misery, but Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy will replace the misery with welcome relief. Inhaled as smoke or vapor it reaches the very inmost recesses of the bronchial passages and soothes them. Restriction passes and easy breathing returns. If you knew as well how this remedy would help you as do thousands of grateful users, there would be a package in your home tonight. Try it.

Farmers, said the fair city visitor, are just as dishonest as the city milkman.

How d'yo make that out? asked the farmer's wife.

This morning, said the girl, accusingly, with my own eyes I saw your hired man water the cows just before he milked them.

Unusual

Anything unusual about this suicide case? asked the city editor.

Yes. There were bi-chloride of mercury tablets in the house, replied the reporter.

Nothing unusual about that, snapped the city editor.

Yes, there is, retorted the reporter. This fellow was so old-fashioned he hanged himself.

If Her Partner is Clumsy

He who dances must pay the fiddler, you know.

Yes, and she who dances must settle with the chirpodist.

Martha—What's this 'ere skyscraper they have in America, like?

John—Why, they're things to clean the sky so's to have fine weather. They're cute people, them Yankees.

Needless Apprehension

She—Will you love me when I'm old?

He—Why worry about that! we'll probably be divorced long before.

Removing Things from the Eye

Small substances, like cinders, dust, or small clips of stone or metal, can often be removed from the eye by very simple means. Sometimes the flow of tears washes them out. At other times catching the upper lid by the lashes and pulling it away from the eyeball, and down over the lower lid, then letting it go, so that as it recedes its under surface is swept by the edge of the lower lid, will clear it out. If this does not prove successful, a loop made of horse hair or of a long human hair can be passed under the lid and swept from the outer side towards the nose and drawn down.

Better than this, however, is the washing of the eye, or flushing with the eye dropper. Have the patient catch hold of the lower and upper lid, drawing them away from the eye, and then fill the dropper, which is like a small syringe, with water, and flush the eye two or three times. This will always remove the cinder at once. Should lime get into the eye it should be treated in the same manner, first with water and then with vinegar, or lemon juice and water—a teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice to a teacupful of water—poured over the eyeball.

A New Line

Why has your daughter dropped her hospital work so soon?

She found she'd have to nurse poor patients for two years before they entrusted her with any millionaires. So she's going on the stage in a musical comedy.

Hardly Proud of Him

Mrs. Nubride—My dear Jack is so handsome; he resembles a Greek god.

Mrs. Longwed—So does my husband—Bacchus.

The World's Remedy

You make no risky experiment when you use occasionally—whenever there is need—the most universally popular home remedy known,—Beecham's Pills, which have stood the test of time with absolute success and their world-wide fame rests securely on proved merit.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

relieve the numerous ailments caused by defective action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Cleansing the system, they purify the blood and tone body, brain and nerves. Beecham's Pills act quickly; they are always safe and reliable, and you may depend upon it they

Will Benefit You

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

Everyone—especially every woman—should read the directions with every box.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE CUNARD LINER MAURETANIA
The King and Queen Leaving the Mauretania after a Visit of Inspection

Elizabeth's Pride

A Labor Day Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Elizabeth heard the motorcar crunch on the drive, but she would not part the curtains to see if Andrew Gaylord had accompanied her brother home from the ball game. The color left her cheeks as she listened with bated breath for the sound of their voices as the car slowed down. The motor throbbed noisily for a moment and then swept on around to the garage, and she heard her brother's step in the hall and the sound of his deep voice, but there was no other.

Elizabeth felt the color rushing back to her cheeks as the doorknob rattled, and she bent over her book in apparent absorption when the door opened breezily and Tom came in, big and brown and excited.

"Rah, rah, rah, for the other fellows!" he grinned sheepishly. "Licked to smithereens, Beth!" He flung himself into an opposite chair and looked at her with brotherly affection.

"What was the score, Tom?" asked Elizabeth as she carefully marked a place in her book and laid the volume on the table.

"Twelve to nothing," returned Tom Prescott grimly.

"I suppose father was delighted?"

"Tickled to pieces all the way home. That's the worst of my choosing to go to Redfield instead of father's alma mater. Redfield's losing regularly to Bluestone, and father certainly does hammer it into me."

"It will do you a lot of good, Tom," chased his sister. "You've been so conceited over Redfield."

"Good reason, too, though I don't suppose I would ever have gone there if Andy Gaylord hadn't persuaded

"SO I TOLD ANDREW GAYLORD," SHE FLASHED.

me." He stopped abruptly and looked away from his sister's sensitive face. "Mr. Gaylord decided not to attend the game, then?" asked Elizabeth in a serious, repressed tone.

"Oh, he went with us, but we set him down at the station, and he's gone home," returned Tom with assumed carelessness.

"Home?" echoed Elizabeth, sitting very rigid and white. "You mean he has gone to—to Chicago?"

"Yes. He sent farewells to you and father. Father and I tried to persuade him to remain over Sunday, but he said he felt the call and that he better start in at his shop at once. He said something about a telegram and important business, but he had so many excuses that I became suspicious and I think he could go along just on the spin fact that he wanted to, and he seemed relieved and went. I'm disappointed in Andy Gaylord," he ended with a sly look at his sister.

"In what way?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, he isn't a sport! What in thunderation does he want to throw over his uncle's fortune and all the good things he could have with it and go to grind in a machine shop? I don't wonder his uncle has cut him off. I would do the same, only you know, I'm sorry, I really believe at the bottom of my heart that Andy's on the right track." Tom leaned forward and spoke confidentially.

"In what way?" inquired Elizabeth coldly.

"Why, he says it's up to some of us chaps who have the education to work with the laboring masses, who have had our advantages, and help place organized labor on an equal fighting footing with organized capital. He's learning the machinist's trade in the union shops."

"I know it," returned Elizabeth coldly. "Why should his uncle object?"

"His uncle, Samuel Gaylord, is one of the important units of organized capital—that's why! He considers that Andy is a traitor to the family standard. The Gaylords pride themselves on their white hands, and machinery is greasy, you know, sis." Tom was watching her keenly.

"So I told Andrew Gaylord," she flashed through sudden and unexpected tears.

"Beth Prescott," gasped Tom, aghast, "you told Andy that? You allowed him to think that you were ashamed of knowing him because he was giving himself to a great cause? I'm ashamed of you!"

Elizabeth arose and walked toward the door. Her fair face was flushed, and she held her head proudly aloft. "That is what I told Andy Gaylord," she reaffirmed distinctly. "I told him I could never become the wife of a mere mechanic; that I knew I should shudder at the very contact of his blackened and greasy hands. I said all that and much more, for I thought he would give up the idea and return with you from the game, and—and now without giving me an opportunity to talk it over further with him he has suddenly left for Chicago." Her voice broke, and she fumbled for the doorknob.

"Give up the idea, Beth, dear! You don't know Andy Gaylord," protested Tom, coming hastily toward her, but Elizabeth, hurt and sensitive from the wounds she had herself wrought, slipped through the door and went to her room.

The Prescotts were very tender with her after that, for they knew that their only daughter had given her heart to Tom's classmate, but the months went by, and Elizabeth grew like her old self, and only her mother knew that the old wound was unhealed beneath her indifferent exterior.

Andrew Gaylord's name was rarely mentioned, and then only in the most casual way, but Elizabeth learned that he was still pursuing the course he had mapped out and that his rich uncle had recently died and left his great wealth to an impecunious distant relative, who was quite willing to keep his hands clean from toil.

Two years afterward Elizabeth was visiting a school friend in Cleveland. It was early in September, and the following day would be the one dedicated to labor. There was to be a great street parade, and Ruth Dalton's father, a prominent newspaper man, was deeply interested in the project.

"If you girls want to see 18,000 workingmen on parade, come down to the Magnet office and you can have a window all to yourselves. I know Ruth is a little democrat. How about you, Miss Elizabeth?"

"I would like to see the parade, Mr. Dalton," she said, coloring faintly.

It was a bright, hot Monday, and the streets were soon filled with a restless crowd of onlookers. The two girls went down to the Magnet office in the Daltons' automobile, and when it drew up at the curb Mr. Dalton hurried forth to meet them.

"You will have to stand on the curb after all," he said. "The crowd is so dense here that it is impossible to see well from our ground floor windows. If you'd rather not I'll take you down to an office in the Tower building."

"Let us stand here," cried Ruth, and as Elizabeth added her plea Mr. Dalton took his place beside them and gave them some idea of the magnitude of the organization which was about to pass before them. The girls became deeply interested, and when the first notes of the band sounded in the distance Elizabeth's heart fluttered curiously. She told herself that the next best thing to seeing Andy Gaylord once more would be to observe the passing of the trades to which he had apprenticed himself. She would feel in closer touch to him after that, for her pride had been melted in the scorching heat of a love she could not cast out.

Division after division passed, and as Elizabeth watched them she admitted that thousands of these men looked as intelligent and carried themselves with as much grace and dignity as many men in her fashionable set at home. If Andy Gaylord had chosen to become one of them, to throw himself into the ranks of a great army where brainy leaders were needed, why—

"Here come the men from the Falcon shop in Chicago," remarked Mr. Dalton carelessly, and Elizabeth caught her breath as a line of men swept down the street.

Her eager eyes scanned the faces of the men as they passed by in a wavering line. Then, all at once, the whole world seemed to turn upside down and the faces to dance in a gray mist. Then the mist cleared away, and the faces were passing, set steadily ahead, all save one—that of the man on the end of the line nearest the curbstone.

Andy Gaylord's brown eyes were gazing incredulously, wistfully, into hers. As he passed and seemed to go out of her life again she called.

"Andy, Andy, come back!"

"I will!" he called back lustily, and the few who had heard the words above the music smiled at each other, for romance is in every heart.

That night when he had found her at Mr. Dalton's house and her friends had given him an opportunity of seeing her alone he held out his hands to her.

"You called me, Elizabeth," he said quietly.

She came toward him, blushing, trembling. For a moment she looked down at his hands. They were strong, capable hands, clean, but not white. There were calloused spots, and here and there were traces of old cuts from keen edged tools and now and then a fine line of black that was ingrained.

Elizabeth looked down at them, and then she bent gracefully, and, taking his work worn hands in her own soft, white ones, she laid her lips first on one and then on the other.

"My apology to the noblest heritage God has bestowed—labor," she whispered as he took her in his arms.

"THE COAL CITY."

Hudson Bay Company First Worked the Mines.

The little town of Nanaimo, which has been the storm centre of labor troubles in British Columbia, lies on the east coast of Vancouver Island, about 70 miles by water from Victoria, the capital city of the Province.

It is unlike any other town or city in the Dominion in physical appearance. The streets are narrow, and twist and turn up hill and down hill—it is for all the world a model of a North country mining town, dumped down in this beautiful spot on the Pacific Ocean.

The population is nine-tenths old country stock from the North of England, big, husky miners, whose fathers were miners before them.

The mines were worked by the Hudson Bay Co. in the old days, and their old, round, whitewashed bastron still stands on Front Street, overlooking the Bay.

The Hudson Bay Co. worked the mines with Indian labor for the most part, and in a very crude manner, for some years, using the product for domestic purposes.

An English company purchased the mines and brought out a large body of English miners from Northumberland and Durham.

The Nanaimo coalfield area covers a space of about twenty square miles, the main workings being along the shore of the Gulf of Georgia, the body of water which divides Vancouver Island from the mainland.

Some of these workings run far out under the Pacific Ocean, and the lower levels go to a great depth, but they are remarkably free from coal gas, which is generally so prevalent in coal mines of this description. The old town of Nanaimo itself is honeycombed with tunnel shafts and old disused workings, and an occasional subsidence occurs to remind the inhabitants of the dangers amongst which they live.

They are a sturdy bunch of men these North country miners or "Geordies," as they are known locally, expert in the handling of dynamite, with which explosive they have been familiar since first entering the mine as pit-boys. The United Mine Workers of America, a powerful miners' organization from the other side of the line, are blamed for much of the present trouble.

Most of the mines in the town of Nanaimo itself are owned and controlled by a large San Francisco corporation. The Western Fuel Company, who purchased from the English Company at a very low figure, and have since taken out an immense quantity of the "black diamond," and from which they have reaped some huge profits. Soft coal on the Pacific coast is as dear as hard coal in Toronto, despite the fact that it is there for the digging.

If there is one man who can command the miners' attention and respect it is their late member for the Legislature, Jimmy Hawthornethwaite, who in past years gained a wonderful ascendency over them, and whose departure from their midst they have never since ceased to mourn.

They are no "respecters of persons" these miners, and the provincial premier, Sir Richard McBride, has undergone many a severe heckling at the hands of these rough men, and had to retire leaving them the field.

The little village of Cumberland, some 50 miles north along the coast, is the scene of other coalfields, the Dunsmuir Collieries, Limited, owned and controlled by the Mackenzie and Mann interests. They have also had considerable trouble with their employes' from the same causes and from the custom of the mine-operators in employing Chinese labor underground contrary to the Provincial Statutes, which has been a source of much heart-burning amongst the miners.

A New Inspector.

Dr. John Waugh, who has been recently appointed by the Ontario Government chief inspector of public and separate schools for the province, is one of the foremost educationaists of the Dominion, noted for his scholarship and ability and his extensive experience in school work, having been for many years public school inspector in Ontario county and later and more recently inspector of continuation classes for the province.

Dr. Waugh comes of good old Scottish ancestry and was born at Langholm, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, in 1861. He came to Canada when a young man and was educated at the Barrie Collegiate Institute and the St. Catharine's Collegiate, the Ottawa Normal School, and Toronto University, being the Mulock scholar in classics and the first honor man in Latin and Greek in 1888. He took his degree of bachelor of pedagogy in 1895 and that of doctor of pedagogy in 1898. He was classical master at the Orillia High School in 1898 and filled the positions of head master at the Orillia High School, the Collingwood and the Brantford High Schools and the Whitby Collegiate Institute before being appointed inspector of public schools for South Ontario.

Live Tiger on Deck.

A live tiger which stalked unchained on the decks of the Cuzco during all the fifty-three days the vessel was in passage from Punta Arenas to Montreal, had no terrors for the intrepid Norwegian crew, who dubbed the jungle beast "Spotty," and who romped with him as unconcernedly as if he were a tomcat.

"Spotty" is a cub only two months old. He was picked up when the vessel put into Costa Rica for bunkers on the way from San Francisco to Punta Arenas last May. He was only two weeks old at that time, and was brought up on milk by one of the firemen, whose property he is. "Spotty" has traveled in all climates in his short career, as the Cuzco rounded Cape Horn to Punta Arenas, and then crossed the equator while on the long trip to Montreal.

Only Under Stress.

A girl rarely says what she means to a man except in very serious circumstances.

Unless He's Last.

No sane man takes away an umbrella or hat worse than his own.

Don'ts For Summer.

Don't forget to leave off your overcoat. A careful observance of this rule will be found to be exceedingly conducive to the acceleration of the evaporation of the perspiration.

Don't become heated. There are several excellent ways to keep cool, any one or all of which we heartily recommend. It is becoming heated in summer that causes by far the largest part of the discomfort.

Don't keep your head under water too long while in swimming unless you are wearing a diver's helmet. The exigencies of the human physiology require continuous and relatively regular connection of the respiratory orifices with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

Don't have a fire in the furnace except for Turkish baths, drying paint, entertaining Boston ladies, etc. Furnace fires in the summer tend to raise the temperature.—Life.

Case For Psychical Research.

Both fat men and lean,
As we've all of us seen,
Still in country or town,
With a like choice of cause,
By the same common laws,
Must to die lay them down.

Now, these lean men and fat—
Flesh counts not; we know that—
While the story we tell
As they play out life's game
In exactly the same
Sort of places must dwell.

Yet their dwellings are still
Haunted ever at will
By gaunt shades that can boast
That men's terror they've stirred,
But who ever has heard
Of a jolly, fat ghost?

Here's a problem, my friend,
That is queer without end:
Do fat folk spirits lack,
Or are fat men so fit
That to heaven they flit
And then never come back?
—Chicago News

Perhaps That Helped.

Miss Carter had not been successful in bringing young Mr. Dodge to her feet and in consequence felt a little spiteful toward him.

One evening they were having quite a serious talk in the library.

"Do you think," asked the young man, "that men progress after death?"

"Well," responded the girl, "if they don't it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—Harper's Magazine.

In a Railway Station.

The gateman bade her hasten through.
"Aboard!" somebody loudly cried.
She turned to bid a last adieu
To him who lingered at her side.
"Come on! Come on!" the gateman said.
"It's time to start! You'll have to run!"
Her sigh was deep, her lips were red.
The man beside her bent his head.
And then—and then—the deed was done!

There was a roar of steam, a jar;
The gateman grimly closed the gate;
Men on the observation car
Beheld her turn—it was too late!
Her satchel dropped upon the floor;
Her ticket fluttered in the air;
Her lips went up to his once more;
The scowl the angry gateman wore
Was awful, but they didn't care.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was Called "Alice."

"I can't call you by your first name," said the new mistress, "for it is the same as mine—Alice—and might be confusing to my husband. Do you mind if we call you by your last name?"

"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am," replied the new maid; "I'm quite used to it."

"And what is it, please?"

"Darling."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Auto Advs.

Though slim my purse,
Somehow it glads
My heart to read
The auto ads.
—Birmingham Age-Herald

I read them ere
Sleep steals o'er me,
And all night long
I drive one free.
—Boston Transcript

And when o' morns
To work I wake
I dodge the horns
Imagined squawk.
—Waco News.

Ouch!

"Why am I gloomy?" demanded the undesirable admirer, to whom she had given the cut direct. "Isn't it enough to make one gloomy to be cut by one she loves best?"

"The idea," exclaimed the heartless girl. "I didn't even know that you shaved yourself."—Catholic Standard and Times.

At Singapore and Timbuktu.

When I lived at Singapore
It was something of a bore
To receive the bulky Begums who came
trundling to my door.
They kept getting into tangles
With their bingle-bongle-bangles,
And the tiger used to bite them as he sat
upon the floor.

When I lived in Timbuktu
Almost every one I knew
Used to play upon the sackbut, singing
toodle-doodle-doo,
And they made ecstatic ballads
And consumed seductive salads
Made of chicory and hickory and other
things that grew.
—Argonaut.

A Standing Excuse.

"I fear that my authority as a father is on the wane."

"What makes you think so?"

"Every time I tell my son to do some little task about the house he remembers that he has to attend a muster of the boy scouts." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Wisdom.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He never left his overcoat
Because he saw blue skies.
—Denver Republican

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He never missed an opportunity to advertise.
—Kremmling News.

ORDER OF ST. JOHN.

Which Was Conferred Upon Three Canadians the Other Day.

The Order of St. John of Jerusalem had its origin in Jerusalem and Acre as an international lay confraternity for the relief of crusaders. In 1798 the order was expelled from Malta where it had later become established.

After its expulsion from Malta, what is now known as the Grand Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England was reconstituted, with the ancient gate house in Clerkenwell, England, and what remains of the ancient priory of St. John, as its chancery. A royal charter was granted to this reconstituted British order in 1888 by Queen Victoria, and the first grand priors were King Edward VII. and the present sovereign, while Princess of Wales. The work of the British order consist in the control of St. John's Ambulance Association and Brigade, and of the British Ophthalmic Hospital of Jerusalem.

The badge is a Maltese cross of white enamel, with a gold or silver lion and unicorn in alternate angles, with a black watered ribbon. The order is open to both sexes, but confers no precedence, and is denoted by no initials.

Coming In.

The Ontario Government is assisting materially in the solution of the servant girl problem in the Province. A boat load of Highland lassies with fresh glowing countenances and wearing sprigs of heather in their buttonholes reached Toronto recently on a direct route from the Old Land. Before the day was done each had found a place, and many who had sought their services were left disappointed.

As it was, some of the newcomers go to all the quarters of Ontario. Some answered the call in places as far west as Sarnia, and others accepted positions which had been waiting in rotation for weeks past. The colonization department of the Government claim that it is impossible to satisfy the demand for persons of the capable and healthy type which are being periodically brought out.

Already this summer 3,500 domestics have been introduced to Provincial households through the medium of the department and Superintendent H. A. MacDonnell is preparing for some large contingents yet to come.

The forty who arrived the other day came via s.s. Letitia and the G.T.R. The majority of them bore character testimonials and all are successfully passed medical examination.

Many Brave Deeds.

Of women's brave feats of endurance in the Western farming country there are numerous instances. One of the first settlers in the bush country of Western Alberta fell sick with pneumonia. His wife took care of him all through a long winter, not another soul within reach, and meanwhile kept the larder supplied with game she shot with her own rifle. One night a lynx came to the little clearing in which their shack stood, and the same unerring rifle brought him down.

A settler in the northern part of the same province went in the first week of March to Edmonton, to get a new supply of provisions, leaving his wife alone with four children. He was delayed, and for over a month the lone woman held to her post, with the little stock of provisions growing daily less, until she and her children were on the verge of starvation. Two timber inspectors at length found them, reduced to very near the last extremity, and through their efforts they were taken care of, barely in time.

Open Northern Rivers.

Certain rivers in northern Ontario have become clogged up with driftwood during their long histories of unusefulness and the Ontario Department of Colonization Roads has a proposition under consideration for opening them. Mr. G. W. Bennett, Superintendent of that department, leaves to-morrow to investigate the possibilities of navigation through the Driftwood and Mount Joy Rivers, connecting Lake Abittibi with other waterways running south through the settled districts around Porcupine and Cochrane with the purpose of opening a new line of navigation for the pulp wood in the Abittibi district to the new pulp mills under construction at Iroquois Falls, near Porcupine.

Another Tragedy.

When the people assemble on the battlefield of Chrysler's Farm this month to commemorate a great tragedy they will witness some of the tragedy in connection with farm life in Ontario today for on the second day of the celebration, August 28, a farm containing 275 acres and comprising about a third of the battle ground will be offered for sale by public auction. The owner, because of scarcity of labor, feels compelled to give up what is one of the finest farms in Eastern Ontario. On this farm, with its fine residence and splendid outbuildings, the Chrysler's Farm monument stands. The owner of the farm will leave Ontario and take up a homestead in the West.

Fought With Mackenzie.

John Wilkinson, 103 years old, died at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton recently from erysipelas.

He was taken to the hospital two weeks ago. He was born in Ireland and came to Canada with his parents when he was seven years old. They located at York, now Toronto. He fought in the rebellion of 1837-8 under William Lyon Mackenzie. He was a member of the Orange Order for 77 years and a son for 80. His eldest son died last year at the age of 79.

Taking Too Many Fish.

Owing to the rush of visitors from the United States, fish in Loughboro and Dog Lakes are fast disappearing, and residents of that district will likely petition the Government to restrict Americans from fishing in these waters for a period of five years.

It is claimed that fish are being pulled out by wholesale.

Dangerous London.

London streets are growing more dangerous every year. In 1904, 155 persons were killed and ten injured in traffic accidents in the Metropolitan area. Last year the figures were 557 and 20,000 respectively.

A CANNY TRAVELLER

WILL CROOKS, M.P., REDUCES PACKING TO A FINE ART.

British Labor Parliamentarian Who Toured Canada With Party of Legislators Carries a Chart Which Tells Him Just Where Everything is in His Luggage—He Also Has a Stock of Real Preserves.

Will Crooks, the British Labor M.P., who has been touring Canada, is essentially a home man. There is no place dearer to his rugged heart than his modest little house in London. He potters in and around day in and day out, and in the evening takes his ease at his hearthstone beside his wife.

When he left for his tour to Canada, Australia, and South Africa with the British Parliamentary party, which passed through the Dominion re-

WILL CROOKS, M.P.

cently, he carried with him a heavy consignment of baggage. It was observed by one of the newspaper men in the party that Crooks was able to tell just in what part of his luggage to look for any given object. There appeared to be some trick about it, and at last Crooks explained.

"See this little card here," he said, drawing out a diagram from his pocket, "well, that is a list of everything I have, together with marks showing in just which bag and which part of which bag the thing is. Cough drops? Yellow portmanteau, pocket No. 2, lower side. Slippers, bag No. 5, bottom. Clean hankies, black satchel, and so on."

Then he pointed to one very heavy-looking grip.

"Guess wot's in it?" he said.

"Can't."

"Can't, y'? Well, it's preserves—'ome made—by m' wife."

"Preserves!"

"Aye—real preserves, none o' your factory-made jam."

And it was so. But when the bell boy came to remove the luggage he did not carry the preserves. Will Crooks had it, and walked circumspectly, too.

The Fear of Drake.

A writer in the London Chronicle says: "No public monument is needed to keep alive among Mexicans the memory of Sir Francis Drake's exploits in Central and South America. Travelling in Mexico in 1904, Mr. Edward Smith records that he "heard a woman calming a tempestuous child by saying, 'Ahi viene Drake!' (Here comes Drake!) I made minute inquiries, and found that it is a common threat to children on the Mexican coast, like unto 'Bogy will get you!' or 'The Black Douglas shall get you!' Fancy people still living in terror of seeing Drake's topsails on the horizon."

As to Mr. dChurchill's reference to Sir Francis Drake as the first "introducer of the potato," it may be recalled that, on the market place of Offenburg, a little town in the Grand Duchy of Baden, standing in the centre of a great potato-growing district, there was erected in 1853 a very handsome statue to Drake as "the introducer of the potato into Europe, A.D. 1586." But it is just possible that this statue was set up to the wrong man, seeing that, according to Chambers, the Spaniards had introduced the tuber from near Quito at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and that Sir John Hawkins also brought it to England from Virginia in 1563 — 23 years before the importation ascribed to Drake.

The First Political Cabinet.

George I. is said to have been responsible for the word "cabinet" as it has long applied to politics in English speaking lands. When he was King he could not take part in the deliberations of his own privy council because he knew no English. British statesmen did not speak German. So the ministers who served this first of the Hanoverian sovereigns of the United Kingdom used to meet in the King's private room, or cabinet — derived from the French cabinet, or little room — while he was absent. Afterward they informed him of the result of their discussions. It followed, naturally, that the part of the privy council which was supposed to be in particular favor with the King, and especially close to him, came to be spoken of as his cabinet council.

Morris Was Explosive.

On one occasion when William Morris was painting an Italian model, in Red Lion Street, London, some one called at the door. Morris left his painting, and presently his model heard him furiously anathematizing. When he returned he was in a tremendous rage, rushing about the room like a madman. In a moment he took a flying kick at the door and smashed in a panel. The model, in fright, started to flee, but Morris turned toward him, the rage suddenly evaporating, and said genially: "It's all right—it's all right! Something had to give way!" The painting was then resumed.—"William Morris—A Study in Personality."

They Mend Easily.

There are more broken hearts in literature than in life.

Sale of Special Leaders

ONE WEEK ONLY

MENS' SUITS

Are to be specially reduced for this Sale. See our High Grade Stock of Coppley, Noyes and Randalls Suits, every one of which is a work of art. Our suits are all marked in plain figures, and for one week we offer you a straight discount of 20 cents on every dollar. Do not miss this chance.

OVERCOATS

Made by the same firm who makes our suits, and every coat guaranteed to give satisfaction. On our Overcoats we will give a discount of 25 per cent. Remember this holds good only for one week.

Simon Leiser & Co.
LIMITED
"The Big Store"
Phone 38

OUR STOCK

Consisting of Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Dress Goods, Ladies' Silk Waists, Hosiery, Boots and Shoes, Smallware, Hardware, etc.

AT POPULAR PRICES.

C. Sing Chong

CHINATOWN, West Cumberland
Branch Store at Bevan

WATER NOTICE.

Application for a Licence to take and use and to store or pen back water will be made under the "Water Act" of British Columbia as follows:—

1. The name of the applicant is The Wellington Colliery Company Limited.
2. The address of the applicant is 316, Pemberton Block, Victoria, B.C.
3. The name of the stream is Langley Creek. The stream has its source in Langley Lake and tributaries flows in a north east direction and empties into Union Bay about 1-2 mile from the Coal Wharf.
4. The water is to be diverted from the stream at Langley Lake about 3 miles from Union Bay.
5. The purpose for which the water will be used is coal washing and industrial purposes.
6. The land on which the water is to be used is described as follows: Coal washery on S.E. 1-4 of N.E. 1-4 and N.E. 1-4 of S.E. 1-4 of Section 31, and S.E.. 1-4 of N.E. 1-4 and N. 1-2 of S.W. 1-4 of section 32, Township I., Nelson District.
7. The quantity of water applied for is as follows: twenty cubic feet per second.
8. The quanty of water to be stored is 700 acre feet.
9. The reservoir site is located at Langley Lake.
10. This notice was posted on the the ground on the Sixteenth day of October, 1913.
11. A copy of this notice and an application pursuant thereto and to the requirements of the "Water Act" will be filed in the office of the water Recorder at Nanaimo. Objections may be filed with the said waterRecorder, or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

Wellington Colliery Company, Limited (Applicant)
By W. L. Coulson (Agent)

TIMBER SALE X 80.

Sealed tenders will be received by the Minister of Lands not later than the 9th day of December, 1913, for the purchase of Licence X 80, to cut 15,400,000 feet B.M. and 3,315 cords of shingle bolts from Lot 44, Cardero Channel, Range 1, Coast District. Three years will be allowed for the removal of the timber.

Particulars of the Chief Forester, Victoria, B.C.

Hot Tomales for sale at Joe Barrie's.

For up-to-date millinery see Dency Smith, Courtenay.

Dr. D. E. Kerr, dentist, will be in cumberland Nov. 19th and following days.

The Busy Bees' Hive will hold a dolls bazaar Tuesday after December pay day.

Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations

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

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

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

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

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

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10 00 an acre.

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

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

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

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Construction of Wharfs at Victoria Harbour, B.C.," will be received at this office until 4 p.m. on Tuesday, December 9, 1913, for the construction of Wharfs at Victoria Harbour, B.C.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the District Engineers' offices at New Westminister, B. C., Victoria, B. C., Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont., Post Office Building, Montreal, P Q., and on application to the Postmaster at Vancouver, B.C.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and the place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accpted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. (5 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be retnrned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DERSOCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 27, 1913.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Departmeut.—45197

Get Big Value For Your

$

Seabrook Young, of Victoria, Stock of

DRY GOODS SALE

Union Hotel, Cumberland
Nov. 15, 17, 18, 19, 20.

WINTER GOODS

Misses' Suits $8.00, to clear. Ladies' Suits $10.00 to $15.00
Children's Coats $3.50 to $9.00.
Dresses and Delaine Blouses Marked to Clear.
Children's Dresses, Sweaters, Wide Hair Ribbon 15c. per yard.
Newest Millinery. Overall Aprons 90c. Boys' Sweaters 50c. and $1.00.
Children's Fleeced Slippers 75c. Dent's Heavy Gloves $1.00.
Ladies' Flannelette Night Dresses $1.00 and $1.25.

OPEN EVENINGS Business 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Sales Lady in Attendance

No. 8 Mine Townsite

1-4 to 1-2 Acre Lots 60 by 80, by 120 feet deep, $150 to $225, on Easy Terms. You'll be on Easy Street in buying these. It's the White Man's Abode.

WE DO NOT SELL TO ASIATICS

UNION BAY The wise real estate speculator looks to the Centres where transportation facilities abound. We are now offering 5 to 20 acres blocks adjoining the Townsite [Lot 33]. It is logged off, soil a rich, red loam two to three feet deep, adjoining the Union Bay Townsite. Price $100 an acre. Easy terms

British Columbia Investments Ltd. Courtenay B.C.

DON'T DELAY RINGING UP 36.

"The Magnet Cash Store"

STOVES

HARDWARE
FURNITURE

SOLE AGENT

FOR EDISON AND COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPHS

ALSO GOODYEAR NON-SKID PNEUMATIC AUTOMOBILE TIRES

T.E.BATE

Phone 31 Cumberland, B.C.

To INTENDING PURCHASERS OF PIANOS AND ORGANS

We have just received another car load of the celebrated Gerhard Heintzman Pianos. We can sell you a Piano on easy monthly payments We have several extra good second hand pianos, that were taken in exchange for new ones, at prices ranging from $100 and upwards

G.A.Fletcher MusicCo
NANAIMO, - - B. C.

TIMBER SALE X102.

Sealed tenders will be received by the Minister of Lands not later than noon on the 26th day of December, 1913, for the purchase of Timber Licence X102, adjoining Timber Licence 33667, in the vicinity of Goliath Bay, Jervis Inlet.

Two years will be allowed for the removal of the timber.

Particulars of Chief Forester, Victoria, B.C.

TIMBER SALE X 15.

Sealed tenders will be received by the Minister of Lands not later than noon on the 28th day of November, 1913, for the purchase of Timber Licence X 15, covering the area lying immediately west of Timber Licence 6268, Cortes Island.

Two years will be allowed for the removal of the timber.

Particulars of the Chief Forester, Victoria, B.C.