Legislative Library 70

LIBRARY, LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, VICTORIA, B.C. MAY 14 1912

BOYS' WASH SUITS
In all the leading patterns and styles,—such as Buster Brown and Sailor. These goods will wash well and the color, and are just the thing for a well dressed boy. Sizes from 3 to 6 years,
CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

Ladies' kid and silk lisle Gloves
We have just received a shipment of Ladies' Kid Gloves in the wanted shades of tans and greys, all sizes, at $1 a pair. Also long white silk gloves, fine quality, at $1 a pair.
CAMPBELL BROS.

No. 103 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1912 Subscription price $1.50 per year

GLOWING PRAISE OF NEW TERMINAL

Chicago Writer Says Port mann is City of Certainties.

Port Mann, the terminal of the C. N.R., will be a city of certainties, according to Mr. Will Corbin, writer in "Opportunities," a Chicago publication, whose special line is inspection and investigation of new townsites, no matter where located. Mr Corbin, in his article, copies of which have reached Vancouver, praises Port Mann with an unstinted use of descriptive adjectives. He likens it to Gary, Ill., now a famous manufacturing site, which six years ago was a barren piece of land, believed by many to have no future, and no even the most optimistically inclined thought it would in so short a time become the city it is to-day.

The writer ent rtainingly describes Gary, among other things saying "it is obvious that no other city of its kind will be reared in the United States for many years to come." Then he begins about Port Mann, and compares its possibilities with those of Gary.

"It would be as impossible to deprive it (Port Mann) of a future," he says, "as it would have been to hold back New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, or New Orleans." He says Port Mann, like those othere cities mentioned, has come to meet a commercial demand—to take its place as a distributing point for the traffic and products of the western world. Uncertainty of a future, the writer says, has held back many cities, but there is no uncertainity of the future in store for Port Mann. Mr. Corbin continues:

In so far as it is a hand-made city Port Mann has much in common with the steel town of Illinois. But the fact that makes Port Mann the great city of opportunities is its unexcelled location as a future harbour of the world. Here, in its forty—foot harbour, ships will eventually dock from the other great seaports of the Pacific ocean. The possibilities offered in west—bound traffic by the opening of the Panama canal will be especially far—reaching. The stimulation of the wheat export trade by the opening of the canal will cause an increase in traffic, which can best be explained by calling attention to the expansion of the traffic on the prairie divisions of the Canadian Northern railway—an expansion that has added a mile a day for twelve years to the mileage of the road, and a prospective doubling of the capacity of the Winnipeg shops.

"This of itself will make Port Mann a big and busy city, with an immense volume of grain pouring in from the prairie divisions for trans-shipment into the ocean-going vessels that will carry it to Liverpool and other English and European ports, as well as to the market of the Orient.

"And now, just a word as to the market of the Orient may help to describe, briefly, the future importance of Port Mann.

Japan and China are, at the present time, forging rapidly to the front as buyers of grain.

Kansas, Texas, Illinois and the other great grain producing states of the United States are fighting for this new trade.

California is edging in as far as possible on the field. There is an unanimity of opinion that the markets of the Orient are going to be the great future markets of the world—greater buyers of American goods and American products than any other nation, or group of nations, in the history of the export trade. And so, admiring that fact, picture—if you will—the future of Port Mann. Look at the subject from a business, an industrial, an economic standpoint. Picture its splendid harbor, among the finest in the world, with its logical position as the gateway to the Orient and the Panama canal for half the continent of North America.

Here, standing as the terminus of 10,000 miles of lines, as the western outlet of Canada's best cities, Port Mann is destined to become the commercial rival of Vancouver and its industrial superior."

Those desiring Port Mann property should apply to

Mr CHARLES HERAPER,
COURTENAY, B. C.

Monster Motor Boat Handicap and Basket Picnic will be held at Comox Lake on the 24th of May. There are to be some 25 motor boats listed for the race. Mr. Bert Aston, our popular local jeweller, will present the winner with an elaborate shield. To say the least, it will be full of excitement. The promoters are endeavoring to get special trains for the occasion. Full particulars in our next issue.

HOTEL LICENSE IS CANCELLED

New England Hotel Does Not Satisfy Commissioners.

The board of license commissioner, held their first meeting on Tuesday night. There were present Mayor McLeod and Commissioners MacDonold and Cessford.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

Mr. R. S. Robertson, who was present, informed the board that the present lease of the Vendome Hotel expired in June and that he would then renovate and enlarge the hotel to meet the requirements of the license commissioners, such improvements to be done on or before August 31st. It was also ordered that the license for the New England Hotel be cancelled, as the commissioners were of the opinion that the licensee was not a fit and proper person to hold a license, and the building was not, and could not be made to comply with the requirements of the law as it stands to-day.

The Cumberland and Waverly Hotels must attend to their fire escapes and comply with the wishes of the licenses commissioners in that respect.

The police commissioners will be asked to see the Liquor Act is carried out in its entirety. Barrooms must close punctually at the appointed hour; side doors and selling during prohibited hours must cease.

The mayor has in hand the matter of dealing with the wholesale licensed houses, and will obtain legal advice on the question of granting one wholesale license only, and that to be for that business exclusively; not as it is today—grocery, bakery, dry goods and wholesale liquor combined.

The board then adjourned, to meet again next Tuesday evening the 14th inst.

DRINKING CUPS FOR THE KIDDIES

School Trustees Discuss Inspector's Recommendations.

The board of school trustees held their regular monthly meeting on Tuesday night in the school room, there being present Secretary Thos. H. Carey, Trustees McFayden and Smith. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

The following bills were received and ordered paid.

A. H. Peacey, $33.70; C. H. Tarbell, $141.90; Alex. Maxwell, $10.90; Richardson & Haywood, $10.00. T. E. Bate's account for $35.45 was left over until the next regular meeting.

Tender for kalsomining halls upstairs and repairing plaster was given to H. Parkinson.

Tenders were received from A. McQuarrie and W. McLellan for additional repairs to the school. Both tenders were refused, the board considering the price too high for the work tendered on.

The inspector's report of the school was read by the Secretary his recommendations causing considerable discussion.

It was also decided that the secretary be instructed to write the Minister of Education to ascertain when oenders are likely to be called for the erection of the new $15,000 school, promised some time ago, which was expected to be completed for use after the summer holidays.

The janitor will be instructed to procure drinking cups for the children and chain them to the taps. Meeting then adjourned.

"THELMA" TO-NIGHT

The moving picture show at the Orpheum Theatre to-night promises to exceed all previous efforts at that popular place of amusement. This will be the last night for the present proprietors. Mr. A. W. Curtis assumes the management on Monday night.

The films shown to-night are exceptionally good, and include the following five films:—

"Thelma," (a Selig drama), a tale of the midnight sun.

"A Bogus Uncle," (Lubin) comedy.

"A Heart of a Savage,"

"The Escape from the Tuilleries," (Pathe). Historical drama.

"A Cowboy's Vindication." Western drama.

Mrs. Harry Bryan of this city, left by automobile on Thursday for Nanaimo then by steamer to Vancouver, and will spend a few days with her cousin, Mrs. S. T. Marsden, who is visiting there.

Mary Allara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allara, aged 7 years and 8 months, died yesterday from the effects of burns received two weeks ago. While going too near a fire that had been lighted to clear some land in the rear of their premises, her clothes caught fire and the burns were so severe that she finally succumbed.

The funeral takes place tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Cumberland night school, after a very successful session, has been closed for the summer.

SERIOUS CHARGE BY MR. NEWTON

Mine Inspector Lays Information Against Barney Farmer.

Mr. John Newton, Inspector of Mines, laid information before Mr. Thos. E. Bate, J.P., against Bernard Farmer, shotlighter in No. 5 mine, last Tuesday in that the accused, without excuse, had fired a shot in No. 5 mine of the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd., without having found that it was safe to do so, thereby occasioning the death of one Chee Wee, a Chinaman.

Constable Stephenson arrested Farmer on Thursday morning on a warrant issued for his arrest.

Bernard Farmer was given a hearing in the Provincial police court before Mr. Thomas E. Bate, J.P., and Mr. Wesley Willard, J.P., on Thursday evening. The charge being read before the accused, Constable Stephenson, on behalf of the Crown, made application for an adjournment until Mondey nlght at 7 o'clock, in order to get the witnesses together for the prosecution, which was granted.

Mr. E. W. Bickle, on behalf of the accused, made application for bail, which was granted, bonds to the sum of $1,500 being demanded. Farmer put up $500, while J. Gillespie and J. Bennie each put up $500.

In the City police court, before Police Magistrate James Abrams, Robert Bailey, was charged with unlawfully striking A. W. Curtis in the face. There being insufficient evidence to prove to prove that Bailey did strike Curtis, the case was dismissed. Mr. P. P, Harrison appeared for the defnce.

A man named Daniel Wilson was found dead in the waters of Heriot Bay by a man named Bagot. It appears that the man had been in the water for two or three days. Wilson was about 42 years of age and had been missing for several days. Coroner Abrams held an inquest at Heriot Bay on May 6th to inquire into the death of the deceased. The post mortem examination performed by Dr. Millard revealed the fact that the man must have been murdered as his skull was badly fractured and one of his eyes knocked out before being put into the water. The jury brought in a verdict that the man had been murdered by some person or persons unknown.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT 7

Aldinos Yuzaporvich, aged 20 years, a mule driver at No. 7 mine, was killed by the train last Saturday night. It appears that the unfortunate man had come from the barn after putting his mule away, and was walking back toward the railway track, when he unknowingly stepped in front of a moving train. When seen he was found under the locomotive. He was rushed to the hospital with all possible haste, but upon arriving there, breathed his last. The funeral took place on Wednesday and was a very large one, the members of the U.M.W. of A. and the Eagles lodge.

CEMENT SIDEWALKS NOW UNDER WAY

Council has Lengthy Discussion over Septic Tank Question.

The regular meeting of the city council was held in the council chambers last Monday night, there being present Mayor McLeod, Aldermen Campbell, Beveridge, and Cessford. The city clerk read the minutes of previous meeting, which were adopted as read. Communications were received as follows:—

From Frank Monaco, making application to lease the city Park for the term of five years. This request will be considered at some future date.

The Cartier monument committee wrote asking the city to subscribe. Received and filed.

Hugh Mitchell sent in a complaint concerning Nightwatchman Thomson's chicken and automobile sheds, contending that it excluded his view and otherwise proving a nuisance. After some little discussion it was left in the hands of the boards of work and health to deal with.

The secretary of the Cumberland Fire Department communicating the names of the officers and members of the fire brigade, giving a total number of 28. It was ordered to be received and

The following bills were referred to the finance committee:—

Dominion gov. telegraph	$ 45
Fire brigade attending fire at City Hall	9 00
Fire brigade attending fire at Victor Bonora's	11 00
P. P. Harrison, costs in connection gambling raid	60 00
Inspection of weights	3 50
Total	$83 95

Chief of Police John R. Gray reported the following receipts:

Scavenger	$109 50
Police court fines	198 00
City road tax	28 00
Hall rent	40 00
Nightwatchman	42 00
Total	$418 00

Reports of committees: Ald. Beveridge reported that he would like Ald. Cessford to see the operating room at the Cumberland Hall picture show. He thought there was still room for improvements.

The mayor informed the council that Alds. Beveridge and Cessford would examine and report.

Ald. Cessford gave his report of the interview with the management of Cumberland Waterworks Company. He informed the council that there need be no alarm as to shortage of water as the dams were running over, and that the electric light power plant derived its supply from a separate dam to the one that supplied the city, and if ever it became a necessity the water supplying the power plant would be shut off and the city dam kept full. The mayor stated that the committee were received in a very courteous manner by the Waterworks Company and if ever there were any complaints would like to hear about them in all their details. The report was received as satisfactory.

The board of works reported progress only on cement sidewalks. Ald. Cessford, in the absence of the chairman, said they had interviewed Mr. Roberts, the Company's surveyor, and that he would let them know in a day or two if he could give the city the required levels and estimated cost of concrete pavement for Dunsmuir Ave.

The mayor reminded the board of works that the property holders of Dunsmuir Ave. were expecting something of a definite shape at once.

Ald. Campbell said if we can't get a man here to give us the grade and estimated cost, a surveyor from some other place must be got.

The next question that came up for consideration was the scavenger fee and the septic tank. After a great deal of discussion, which was of little or no importance, the matter was allowed to stand over until next meeting.

Messrs. Anderson and Smith proprietors of the City Hall moving picture show, were present, wondering what the council was going to do with the City Hall, they being anxious to start up in business. It was expected that Mr. L. W. Nunns, the agent for the fire insurance company, would be present to consult with the council as to the loss occasioned by the fire, but he failed to put in his appearance. The matter was finally left in the hands of the board of works.

The Trades License By-law was read and passed its third reading without a dissenting voice. It was decided that the by-law be printed and that tenders be called for the work, the tenders to be in not later than the next regular meeting night.

Ald. Beveridge asked the Mayor what news he had concerning the isolation hospital and public school addition.

The Mayor replied that he had no later news than the council were already in possession of.

Mr. Foster, through the Mayor, complained that his sewer on Maryport Ave. was not deep enough. Left with the board of works to attend to.

Council then adjourned.

WEDDING BELLS AGAIN RING

One of Cumberland's Fairest Daughters Led to Altar.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized last Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Cessford, Penrith Ave., when their eldest daughter, Ethel, was was united in marriage to Mr. Frederick Leffley.

Rev. James Hood, of the Presbyterian church, officiated at the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister, Miss Lena Cessford, while Mr. Edward Rule performed the duties of best man.

A reception was held after the pleasant event, when the happy couple received the congratulations of their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Leffly will make their future home in Cumberland.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the City Pound By-law will in future be enforced. Milch cows only, are allowed to run at large from seven in the morning until eight in the afternoon of each day. By order of City Council.

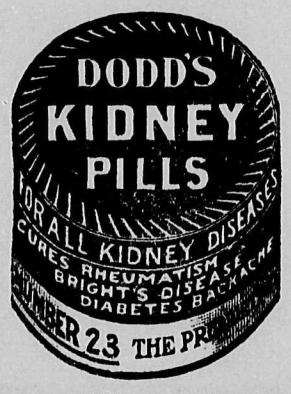
A. McKinnon, City Clerk.
City Hall, April 24th, 1912

Strengthens the Throat

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

DESTROYING RATS ON BOARDD SHIP

The recent experience in the eastern counties of the dissemination of disease by rats has resulted in an organised campaign against this pest. Unfortunately, however, at the present moment the true seat of the pestilence does not receive the attention it ought to do. Vessels are the vehicles whereby rats are mostly carried from one country to another and from port to port. If such carriers were cleared of the nuisance at frequent intervals the invasion of a district would be effectively prevented. Some time ago the port of Hamburg acquired a special vessel by means of which an incoming ship was completely fumigated with noxious gases pumped through flexible hose to all parts of the hold, especially to the aprts where the rodents gather in greatest numbers, and where they are immune from detection and destruction by ordinary means. The port of London has also a similar apparatus mounted on a small barge carrying a complete plant for generating the poisonous gas SO . The barge is brought alongside the vessel to be fumigated, and delivery-pipes are laid from the gas-generating plant through the hatches and ventilators of the ship, and a stream of noxious air containing 3 per cent. of the SO is charged at the rate of one thousand cubic feet a minute. This gas, being of a searching character, penetrates to the most inaccessible parts, suffocating the rodents instantly. The noxious gas is then cleared out by a powerful blast of pure air, and the dead rodents can afterwards be collected and destroyed in the ship's furnaces. Were such an effective appliance in use at all our large ports a severe check against the rodent invasion of thecountry would be rendered economically feasible; and it should be possible to apply the same idea ot the clearance of large warehouse which at present are overrun by these pests, since the gas, from its heavy character, would find its way into all holes and nesting-places. The cost of the operation is stated to be very low.



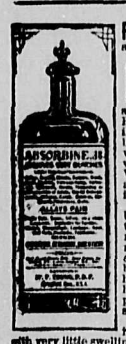
Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

JUST THE MEDICINE YOU NEED

Your color is bad, tongue is furred, eyes are dull, appetite is poor, your stomach needs tone, your liver needs *awakening. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills.* In just one night you'll notice a difference, for Dr. Hamilton's Pills search out every trace of trouble. You'll eat, sleep, digest and feel a whole lot better. You will gain in strength, have a clear complexion, experience the joy of robust health. To tone, purify and enliven system, there is nothing like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c., at all dealers.



RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and any painful affliction promptly relieved by

ABSORBINE JR.

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

A customer writes: "My wife has been troubled with a ruptured limb for 12 or 13 years—no rest day or night. We tried most every known remedy for the trouble—nothing *even gave temporary relief, one-half* bottle of **ABSORBINE, JR.** has been used by rubbing on with the hands only, she says there is no more pain and has not suffered from pain since the second or third application.

The veins were large and prominent—at this time almost invisible with very little swelling. This is almost a miracle, but it is as near the truth as I can express it. We gladly recommend it to any one who may suffer in like manner."

Safe and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin, leaving it dry and clean. Results like the above make faith unnecessary. Ask your neighbors about it. Price $1.00 a bottle, $3.00-12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1F free. Manufactured only by

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

LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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

DANCING TAUGHT

by mail at home. Waltz, Two-Step, Three-Step and Gavotte $1.00. Send for list. Success guaranteed or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials.

PROF. W. E. NORMAN

98½ Osborne Street, Winnipeg

REMEMBER **PISO'S** for COUGHS & COLDS

Storyettes

I FLATTER myself that I've made a hit with this song. Er—by the way, who was that gentleman that was moved to tears and went out?"

"That was the composer."

* * *

OH mother!" exclaimed little Raymond upon his return from Sunday School, "the superintendent said something awful nice about me in his prayer this morning."

"That was splendid, Raymond. What did he say?"

"He said: "O Lord, we thank Thee for food and Raymond."

* * *

WILLIAM B. Ridgley, former Controller of the Currency, said of a certain speculator recently:

"The man is as ingenious as a horse-trader's son who was once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces.

"As he mounted he leaned toward his father and said:

"'Are you buying or selling?'"

* * *

THE baldest man in Congress is Representative Ollie James, of Kentucky. One hot afternoon, when he was engaged in a heated colloquy with Mr. Payne, of New York, he shook his fist and wagged his head with great energy. "Will the gentleman from Kentucky allow me to interrupt him?" queried Mr. Payne politely. "For a question, of course," agreed James. "Well," retorted Payne, "shake not your gory locks at me." That ended the debate.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN society man of Buffalo recently shocked one of his lady friends by his ignorance of history. It was after a dinner party at his house, and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another, and all the time he was getting into deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring: "Now, tell me, Mr. ——, what are the Knights of the Bath?" He stammered for a while, and finally blurted out: "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."

* * *

PRIVATE John Allen has a favorite story about a Georgia bishop. One of the members of the bishop's church met the reverend gentleman on Sunday afternoon and was horrified to find the bishop carrying a shotgun.

"My dear bishop," he protested, "I am shocked to find you out shooting on Sunday. The apostles did not go shooting on Sunday." "No," replied the bishop, "they did not. The shooting was very bad in Palestine, and they went fishing instead."

* * *

ONE morning a Congressman went into a country hotel in California and gave his order for breakfast to a waitress who seemed utterly indifferent as to whether he got food or starved to death. She kept him waiting a long time, and his impatience grew until he gave it vent. Calling a waitress who passed by his table, he asked: "How long have you been here?" "Who, me?" she asked sweetly. "I've been here three weeks." "Then," said Kahn, "you are not the one who took my order. That one left here before you came."

* * *

A CLERGYMAN had been displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such unworthy stuff. He began mildly: "I've been wanting to see you with regard to the quality of the milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening!"

* * *

YES," said a travelling man last night, "I was once out of sight of land in the Atlantic Ocean twenty-one days."

There was a small-sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up.

"On the Pacific Ocean one time I did not see land for twenty-nine days," he said.

A little bald-headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I started across the Kaw River at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I had reached the other side."

"Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than three hundred feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little bald-headed man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."

* * *

THE kindergarten teacher in a certain Sunday school, who is also a Public school teacher well on in years, announced to her class of little ones that as she was very tired and much in need of rest she would not teach them during the summer.

The children's sympathies were aroused, and they collected in the class a sum of money to buy their teacher a gift.

One evening the mother of the boy who was the leading spirit in the movement asked:

"What are you going to buy for your teacher?"

"I'm not quite sure," replied the small boy, "but we saw something in the florist's window to-day that we thought she'd like. It was a pillow all made of white flowers, and right in the middle in purple flowers it said 'At rest.'"

* * *

GUSIE," said the handsome plumber, laying down his tools, which he had taken up by mistake, "Susie, I love yer!"

"Get along now, do,' sniggered the coy kitchen maid. "You're joking."

"No, I ain't," said the man of pipes and screws. "I mean it straight."

"Well, why don't you choose time for love-making when I'm not too busy?" answered the basement Venus, with a pout. "Can't you see I'm washing up?"

"All right, Susie; don't get cross. Look here, if I spins out this job so that it lasts till tomorrow afternoon, will you promise to get your work out of the way, so that we can chat things over like?"

"Tomorrow afternoon, indeed!" snapped Susie. "You ain't in a hurry, I must say. What's the matter with tonight?"

"Tonight, in my own time!" retorted the plumber, scornfully. "I don't think!"

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

THE LARGEST OIL WELL

IMAGINE a solid column of oil shooting to a height of more than 450 feet from a hole in the earth, with a mist of minute globules carried by the wind for more than ten miles, settling down upon the vegetation and forming pools of oil within that radius; then a great lake of the fluid four miles long by taree miles wide and formed by means of an earthen dam hastily thrown across a natural reservoir, and at the lowest depression of the bank of this lake a channel several feet wide leading into the Tuxpan River, through which the overflow of oil from the wonderful geyser is constantly going to waste. Add to this the outbursts of deadly gases that pour from the mouth of the well at frequent intervals, settling over the country for miles around, bringing death and desolation to all vegetable and animal life that comes within their reach. Imagine all this, and some idea may be had of that wonderful phenomenon, the oil well opened in the Potrero del Llana district, near Tuxpan, Mexico, on January 3, by an English company headed by Lord Cowdray. That this well is the largest producer in the history of the oil industry is admitted. It has demonstrated that underlying the gulf coastal region of Mexico is the greatest reservoir of oil known in the world.

The Horseman

The well-known newspaper correspondent, Tom Gahagan, who always writes entertainingly and with keen perception and intelligent views on trotting subjects, recently touched upon a matter that deserves the serious consideration of trainers and racing promoters. The subject is an old one, and Mr. Gahagan's comments are not materially unlike those which have been expressed by other writers at many times in the past, but they are always timely and in order, for the issue involved is one of the most important and vital in the whole economy of the sport. He writes:

"With blizzards raging in all parts of the country, it is refreshing to read advertisements in the turf papers of the programme of a race meeting for 1911, the first to appear this season. As the meeting in question is to be held the last week in May, naturally the uninitiated will expect that it is to take place somewhere in the South, where the climatic conditions have admitted of the horses being put in condition for early racing. Nothing like that at all. This harness meeting is to be held away up in Brandon, Manitoba, half-way up to the polar bear and walrus country. And it is no new thing, either; the meeting there commencing May 24 (Queen Victoria's birthday) is a fixed affair, and those Canadian horses go there and race their heads off for the $1,000 stakes and $400 purses which make up the programme, and appear none the worse for it, still many of our prominent trainers think that July 10 is too early to open the Grand Circuit, even with a stable of horses which has been wintered in the South. Walter Cox, who usually has his horses ready when the bell rings, who is long on conversation, and can step some in an argument, made a remark during a discussion of the early racing guestion one day last summer, which had more truth than poetry in it. Quoth Walter: 'Any man who can't take a stable up to Labrador and get them ready to race before the 1st of August can put his head in the hole of a doughnut.'

"It seems strange that in a country much colder than the States the first meetings of the year should be held, but it has been so for years. Among the noted Canadian horses which have raced not only on the ice in winter, but at the early spring meetings, and then gone on and made successful campaigns during the summer, may be mentioned those three fast pacers—The Eel, 2.02¼; Angus Pointer, 2.01¾; and Hal B., Jr., 2.10¼, the sensational half-mile track pacer of last season. The two first named horses raced in grand form year after year, and the latter won ten straight races without defeat last season, and is racing on the ice this winter. There are more ways than one to train horses, and our Canadian neighbors have a habit of getting their share of the money with theirs, both winter and summer."

We have never yet heard a trainer who could reasonably and satisfactorily explain why trotting should be a laggard in contradistinction to almost every other form of outdoor sport. The running tracks are in operation early in April, or were until hampered by anti-betting laws. Baseball is in full flower equally as early, and yet harness racing must wait full three months later because the participants are not prepared. June is tue most attractive month in the calendar for out-of-door recreation, yet it is ruthlessly sacrificed by the purveyors to the public taste for trotting. Why cannot a harness horse be ready for a race in May as well as a runner? Why is a horse weaker than a man that he should require so much more time for preparation? Why can horses in Canada be ready so much earlier than those trained in regions of more favorable climatic conditions? These questions have often been asked, but the reasons are things that no fellow can find out. If we could start racing by July 1, even, there would be no trouble about dates enough to go around on the Grand Circuit, and everywhere else, but we must drill, drill, drill through about eight months of the best portion of the year to be prepared to race three. It is a shameful and profligate waste of time, and a great hindrance to the popularity of the sport, for which the very men who would be most benefited by more celerity in their methods are responsible.

* * *

The world's champion trotting stallion, and what is considered by many to be the greatest race trotter ever developed, is The Harvester, the handsome bay or brown stallion owned by August Uihlien of Milwaukee, Mis., and in the stable of the G.O.M. of the trotting turf, Edward F. Geers. The Harvester is now a 6-year-old. He was foaled in 1905 at the Walnut Hall Farm, Lexington, Ky., and, as every reader of harness horse topics knows, he is by Walnut Hall, 2.08¼, son of Conductor, and his dam is Notelet, by Moko. As an unbroken 3-year-old he was purchased by his present owner for $9,000, and was then placed in Mr. Geers' hands. The result was that from that time until this he has lost but one race, and then only when he was taken sick after winning the first two heats of the race. The Harvester's list of victories includes three Futurities and eighteen other important events, many of which were valuable stake races. During the season of 1910 he successfully reduced the stallion record for trotters, 2.02¼, held by Crescus, to 2.02 (at Fort Erie), and then to 2.01¾, and finally to its present figure, 2.01, and it is safe to say that the limit of his speed has not yet been reached, as he is a young horse, and is possessed of that bulldog tenacity characteristic of the greatest track performers.

The Harvester is a grand looking animal, aside from his racing qualities, and he would be hard to beat in the show ring if he were prepared for showing. His deportment is perfect, and he has the true trotting action that is most pleasing to the eye. It was August 17 last at the Buffalo Driving Club's Grand Circuit meeting, held on the Fort Erie, Ont., track, that The Harvester trotted in 2.02, which is the Canadian record for a mile trotting, and which is likely to stand for some time. This took place in the 2.07 trot, in which he had for competitors Wilkesheart, Baron May, and Tom Axworthy, which, of course, were entirely outclassed by the superb son of Walnut Hall. It might incidentally be mentioned that outside his one defeat, which occurred at Lexington in the fall of 1909, The Harvester lost but one heat during his extensive racing career, and that was to Bob Douglas, 2.04¼, in the Charter Oak Stake for 2.09 class trotters, at Hartford, Sept. 6, 1909. Subsequently he repeatedly demonstrated his superiority over the grey son of Todd, that is now in Europe.

In connection with The Harvester it is interesting to know that Maggie Leazer, the dam of his sire, cost L. V. Harkness, proprietor of Walnut Hall Stock Farm, but $180, and this goes to show that the unpretentious breeder has a chance of producing a world's champion.

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

Problem for the Editor

It has been asked whether stepping on a man's corns is sufficient provocation for swearing. The editor advises, keep your toes clear of corns by using Putnam's Corn Extractor, always best, painless and prompt. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

SIR JOHN AIRD

Of Nimrod, the builder of Nineveh, it is written in the Old Book that he was a mighty hunter before the Lord. Of Sir John Aird, who died on January 6, at the age of seventy-eight, it might with justice be said that he was a mighty builder before the Lord. What region of the earth is not full of his labors? At this moment the people in the capitals of Germany, Denmark, Holland, England, Corsica and India draw the supply of water for drinking and sanitation from works which he was employed to execute. If the people of London, Moscow, Bahia, Copenhagen, and Constantinople have today light in their dwellings and in their streets, it is due largely to his energy and his skill. All kinds of civil engineering work seemed natural to him. Was Manchester to be made a seaport? Aird was called in to cut the canal. Were railways to be built in the Scotch Highlands, in Yorkshire, or in London, Aird was the man who was ready and able to do the work. As an excavator of docks he had few rivals and no compeers. He created great docks at Bristol, Hull, Southampton, Tilbury, Avonmouth and Singapore. But his greatest work—that by which his name will live in history—was the construction of the dam at Assouan, the greatest and most beneficent of all the engineering enterprises by which the desert has been made to blossom as the rose. In three years and a half this great captain of industry, with the aid of an army of 10,000 to 20,000 free laborers, completed the great dam designed by Sir B. Baker which, by conserving the water of the Nile, rendered possible the profitable cultivation of thousands of square miles of what had otherwise been but barren sand. Seldom has the hackneyed line, that "peace hath her triumphs not less renowned than war," been better applied than when used to describe the work and labors of Sir John Aird. "His word was as good as his work"—the verdict of an official—might serve as an appropriate epitaph of one of the most successful of the artificers of the fabric of our modern world.

For Frost Bites and Chilblains.—Chilblains come from undue exposure to slush and cold and frost-bite from the icy winds of winter. In the treatment of either there is no better preparation than Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, as it counteracts the inflamation and relieves the pain. The action of the Oil is instantaneous and its application extremely simple.

Sir John Aird was born of humble parents. He never went to public school, college or university. His grandfather was just an ordinary workingman, who was killed during the building of the Regent's Canal. His father at first held a minor post in a London gas company. John Aird got such schooling as he ever had at a private school at Southgate, and was soon sent out into the world to make his living. He was bright, energetic, industrious, and ambitious. He joined his father in business as a contractor. His first important job came before he was twenty. The Crystal Palace had to be transferred from Hyde Park, where the first Great Exhibition was held in 1851, to Sydenham. Aird and Son were employed in this undertaking, and made their mark. From that time onwards John Aird marched from one success to another. Whether it was Aird and Son, or Lucas and Aird, or John Aird and Co., it was all the same. When heavy work was to be done, and done well, Aird was the man for the task. A good employer of labor, he was a careful and conscientious contractor, nor did any government or municipality ever regret that it had trusted to John Aird for the execution of its enterprises.

He made a great fortune, and he has left a great name. He sat for North Paddington as a Conservative member for 1887 to 1905. He served as the first Mayor of Paddington in 1900, and was re-elected in 1901, in which year he was knighted by Lord Salisbury. He was an enthusiastic collector of pictures, and personally was deservedly and universally popular. But his great work, with which his name will ever be associated, was the building of the great Egyptian dam.

To have bridled the Nile and submerged the Isle of Philae were but incidents in the life work of this master builder. Engineering, with admiration, puts on record the leading facts and figures about this colossal dam:

In the early summer of 1899 the number of men employed on the undertaking reached a total of 13,000. The dam has a length of about 2,200 yards; it has 180 sluice-gates, and its maximum height from the foundation is about 130 feet. The total amount of granite masonry its construction involved was about one million tons. The effect of the dam is to convert the River Nile above Assouan into an immense reservoir, which, when full, contains about 38,000 million cubic feet of water. Its construction took about four years only. This, as has been correctly stated, is certainly "one of the grandest engineering undertakings of our time."

Great as it is, Sir John Aird spent the last years of his life heightening the dam at Assouan and in constructing a barrage at Esneh. These are the mighty works by which we approve ourselves veritable sons of Asgurd, kinsman of Thor with his thunder hammer, the tamers of the wilderness, the bridgers of rivers, the makers of homes. Yet, although we enter into their labors, how soon do they die and are forgotten! Of the millions of fellaheen whose humble homes are made more comfortable and whose daily life is made easier by the dam which this man builded, how many have so much as heard of him or even whispered his name? All they know is that the English builded it, but that a certain long-bearded baronet, who was Moyad of Paddington, supplied the brain and organized the labor no man knoweth. What matters that to him or his? Fame, in the sense of the praises of the men he worked for, was not in the wages of his day's work. He is dead, and in a few years will be forgotten. But his works remain as a lasting monument of a workman's life.

CARRIED GLADNESS TO THIS HOME

MRS. ANNIE VANVORST'S HEART DISEASE CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

She foundq quick relief in the old reliable Kidney remedy, and advises all her friends to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

St. Benedict, Sask., Mar. 20—(Special).—Gladness has replaced the anxiety that reigned in the household of Mrs. Annie Vanvorst of this place. For some time past Mrs. Vanvorst had suffered from Kidney Trouble and palpitation of the heart, and fears were entertained of those terribly sudden fatalities that so frequently accompany affections of the heart. But relief from both ailments was quickly found in the old reliable remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. In an interview Mrs. Vanvorst says:

"I had palpitation of the heart and my Kidneys were out of order. I took one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and found great relief. For a Kidney Pill Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot be beat. You may publish what I say as it may be the means of benefiting others who suffer with Kidney Trouble or Heart Disease."

Pure blood is the basis of all health, and you can't have pure blood unless your Kidneys are in good working order. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to put the Kidneys in perfect working order.

Canada's Champion Dancer

Cured of Piles by Zam-Buk

Mr. Thomas J. Hogan, Champion Clog and Pedestal Dancer of Canada, who resides at 59 Chambord St., Montreal, writes: "It gives me much pleasure to let you know my opinion of your wonderful Zam-Buk. For some time past I have been troubled with piles, but this year I suffered so much that I was obliged to cancel a number of engagements. I tried all the so-called remedies that were recommended, but they seemed to do me no good. Having been advised to try Zam-Buk I purchased a box, and after applying it a few times I felt marked relief. I continued with the Zam-Buk treatment, and the relief was extended into a permanent cure. I gladly permit you to use my experience as an illustration of the great value of Zam-Buk for piles."

Another illustration of how Zam-Buk cures long-standing cases of piles is provided by Mr. William Kenty of Upper Nine Mile River, Hants Co., N.S. He says: "I suffered terribly from piles, the pain at times being almost unbearable. Zam-Buk was recommended to me so I procured a supply and commenced with the treatment. After a very short time Zam-Buk effected a complete cure."

Zam-Buk is also a cure for ulcers, abscesses, eczema, cold sores, chapped hands varicose ulcers, rashes, blood-poison, ringworm, cuts, burns, bruises, children's abrasions, tetter, salt rheum, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Zam-Buk Soap, which may be had from any druggist at 25c. per tablet, should be used instead of ordinary soap in all cases of eruptions and skin diseases.

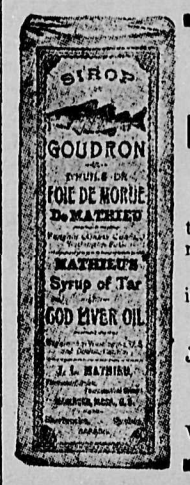
A TREE WHICH SUPPLIES RAIN

One of the botanical curiosities of Peru, which offers a protection against drought, is the rain-tree. This tree, which grows to large proportions, is supplied with large leaves which have the property of condensing the moisture of the atmosphere and precipitating it in the form of rain. When the rivers are at their lowest during the dry season, and the heat is intense, the condensing capacity of this tree is apparently at its highest, the water falling from the leaves and oozing from the trunk in a steady, continuous stream, flowing over the immediately surrounding ground, and nourishing the parched soil. This water can be collected and carried by ditches to distant parts for irrigation purposes. It is stated that a single tree will yield on an average nine gallons of water per day. It is computed that if a plot of ground a kilometre square is planted with ten thousand trees, a daily yield of nearly thirty thousand gallons of water available for irrigation, with due allowance for evaporation, can be secured. The rain-tree appears to be indifferent as to the soil in which it grows, can withstand extreme climatic fluctuations, needs but little care in its cultivation, and grows rapidly. It would seem that under these circumstances nature has provided a simple and effective means of reclaiming the desert, and that the widespread outlay amply repaid, inasmuch as there are vast tracts of country in all the five continents which at present have no economic value owing to absence of water-supplies for nourishing the soil, which might be easily secured by systematic culture of this tree.

"Will the cashier be away long?"

"It depends entirely on the jury."

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.



ARRESTED COUGHS

A cough or cold is arrested at once by

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

It not only relieves instantly; it cures the trouble, and puts the system in better shape to resist future attacks.

The most successful Cough Remedy in Canada is Mathieu's Syrup.

Large bottle 35 cents, from all dealers.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Prop., SHERBROOKE, Que.

Western Distributors

FOLEY BROS., LARSON & CO.

Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and Saskatoon

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

The Vagabond

Upon that day, in the torpor of a hot afternoon, interest languished in the court-room at Villefranche. The court-crier rose, with seeming regret in his demeanor, and called n a mild tone of voice: "Antoine Jean, come froward!"

At that name a big fellow, wrapped from head to feet—in spite of the hot weather—in a trailing cloak of indefinable color, a garment which must have been worn for many a year, pulled himself together and quietly obeyed.

"Your name?" said the presiding judge, in a weary voice.

"Antoine Jean."

"Your profession?"

"Independent gentleman."

The judge, although quite accustomed to the fanciful replies often made by prisoners, gave the vagabond a lustreless look, and said in a tranquil tone, as if merely wishing to satisfy his conscience: "Have respect for the court!"

The man smiled and made no reply; but his blue eyes were fixed upon the judge with a strange intensity.

Judge Bouchard, however, now resumed his examination, mildly accompanied by the gentle snoring of his two assistants upon the bench.

"Very well, Antoine Jean, I open the judicial account of you, and here is what I find about you."

"It is needless to tell it to me, sir, for I am quite as well aware of the facts as you can be!"

"This is what I find," repeated the judge, as he placed upon his nose a tortoise-shell eyeglass. "You were sentenced to two months in jail at Johnerre for vagrancy; three months at Dijon for the same cause; then at Bourges, at Nevers, etc. You have made the circuit of France, as far as I can see. Then, undoubtedly, you are finding your way back to your original point of departure. I see here, seven months at Tarascon, eight months at Orange, nine months at Valence; the charge against you is always vagrancy. At last you stop close to Villefranche. Now, Jean Antoine, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Nothing whatever to you, as a judge," said the vagabond with his calm voice, "but to thee, my old chum Bouchard, I'll tell everything."

By what phenomenon could this very simple phrase, spoken in an almost inaudible tone, have aroused all these people from slumbers which a salvo of artillery would scarcely have disturbed? Such was the mysterious result! But it is certain that those few words uttered by the vagabond suddenly brought back a new life to the old court-room. The two associate judges sat bolt upright with indignant flashes in their eyes yet heavy with sleep. The deputy, swaying to and fro on his little rostrum, prepared to launch all his accustomed thunders. The court-crier, standing, rigid with anger, below the bench, shouted: "Silence." in a stentorian voice, although nobody had said another word.

"My old chum, Bouchard," those few words carried with them a year in prison at the very least, and the presiding judge, quickly recovering from his state of stupefaction, was turning gravely to the deputy, when the prisoner's voice was raised again, louder, less sardonic, almost sorrowful in its tone.

"Bouchard, Bouchard, don't you remember my nickname, Rabelais?"

Then there was a general explosion. Evidently this was the case of a poor, unfortunate lunatic, and any severity would be quite out of place. Such was, manifestly, the opinion of the presiding judge, for a slight discomposure which he had shown disappeared at once, and he looked furtively at the prisoner, whose deep-set eyes never left his own for a moment. Then, as if annoyed by the man's persistent stare, he said to him in a gentle tone: "Go, and sit down."

After a brief conference with his two associates, he murmured, in the midst of the general surprise: "Two months' imprisonment. Officer, bring forward the next."

The sitting of the court came to a close, and Judge Bouchard, in his long frock coat, and wearing his silk hat, thoughtfully went down the broad flight of stone steps leading to the street. His face was sad, and his piercing glance, accustomed to learn the minds of men by scanning their faces, seemed to veil itself ,as though wishing to escape from some painful sight. Upon reaching the street he shook hands with his two colleagues, who had come down the steps with him, and who went away in an opposite direction. Then, after a momentary hesitation, he went toward the prison with a quick, firm step. The jailor was smoking his pipe, as he enjoyed the fresh air in front of the prison door.

"Perrin," said M. Bouchard, "you have among your prisoners one who is named Antoine Jean."

"Yes, judge."

"I wish to see him."

"Nothing is easier, sir, if you will do me the honor to——"

"No," interrupted M. Bouchard. "I wish to examine this man at my own house. Be so good as to bring him to me at——" He hesitated for a moment, evidently trying to set a time when he could be sure of privacy, and at last said: "Please bring him to my house, yourself, at five o'clock."

Perrin bowed, somewhat surprised at this complete derogation from all the ordinary usages of the prison.

At five o'clock the magistrate, still pensive, but now showing considerable nervous impatience, was pacing up and down in his office, where the window-shades had been drawn down, so that only a subdued light entered the room. Presently the bell rang, and there was a confused sound of steps and a murmur of voices in the antechamber. The door opened, and the jailor brought in the prisoner.

"Here, sir," the jailor began, "is the man named——"

"Yes, yes, my friend! Thank you!" M. Bouchard interrupted. "Leave us. I will call you back before long."

He closed the door, over which he drew a heavy curtain, and turning suddenly, he ran to the vagabond, holding out his hands, and with his eyes full of tears.

"It is you, my Chabert! You, my poor Rabelais, and in this dress, and in such a sorry plight!"

"So you recognized me at last!" said the prisoner in his gentle voice, and without lowering his eyes before the sorrowful gaze of the judge, who brought a chair and made the vagabond sit close beside him, while he tried to read in that mysterious face the secret of so complete a downfall, and tried to find underneath that wretched mask the features of his old friend. "Yes; it's I myself, sure enough!" the vagabond answered. "It's I, Chabert, the Rabelais, who by wrinkling his big, classic nose used to set the whole class a-laughing."

The magistrate listened with a tender smile, not daring to check him.

"My poor friend! But how——"

"Speak lower," said the man. "Suppose they should hear you! How have I come to this? Good heavens, as naturally as you have come to your seat upon the bench. Everybody has his own part to play, here below. Yours was to preside over a court. Mine to appear before it. Everything holds together. Take away one of us, and the other has no reason for his existence."

"And to think," continued M. Bouchard, "that I was obliged to sentence you—you, my poor Chabert, whom I always knew as such a good fellow, so gentle, so sensitive—ah, too much so, no doubt," the judge added, with a penetrating look. "What a continual, cruel irony is life! Bouchard judging Chabert! Rabelais! Ah, my poor fellow, when you said that word, which brought back to me so many happy memories, that word which saved you—for it made them all believe that you were insane—I felt as if a stiletto had been plunged into my heart. Then, indeed, I recognized you—you whom your own father would not recognize, if he were still alive. You have lost him, have you not? And your mother, too? If it were not so, you would not be in this condition."

"Yes, my friend," said Chabert in a grave tone. "Yes, I have lost them all, and there is nobody to blush for me—not even my wife, who will never know what has become of me."

"Your wife! Ah, yes, the very last token of friendship which I received from you, was your enthusiastic letter, telling me of your marriage with Mlle. Dina, who is now one of the brightest lights of the Theatre Francaise."

The magistrate, looking searchingly into Chabert's eyes, asked him sadly, and in a very low tone: "Was it a woman?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the vagabond. "When a man falls as I have done, it is because he has leaned upon a woman's arm, and that arm has been suddenly withdrawn from him. A love-match," he continued, "without money is bound to come to grief. I adored my wife, but I could not support her decently, and she was unfaithful to me. When this happens, some men kill themselves. Others take to drink. Still others bury themselves in some kind of work. As for me, I suffered far less than these, for I became insane. One fine morning I left the home where I had lived so proudly and happily for three years. Taking nothing with me, and without looking back, I tramped over the highways and over the footpaths, in rain and sunshine, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, and only stopping at night when my swollen and bleeding feet would carry me no further. How far I tramped over those highways! My hat was full of holes, and my clothes could not have been at all creditable to me, for two policemen who saw me sitting on the opposite side of a ditch motioned me to come to them, and asked for my papers. My papers, indeed! Their question seemed so funny to me that I laughed in their faces! I suppose that they deemed my company pleasant, for they set me between their horses and graciously escorted me to the city, which was near at hand. The next morning Jean Antoine—for a remnant of sanity had made me conceal my true name—was committed for two months.

"What shall I say? Those two months must have been the beginning of a complete change in my whole physical and moral being. In the solitude of the prison, my reason came back to me, and I meditated. And about what, do you suppose? About my wife's unfaithfulness and crime? No, about the happiness which she had brought me, my three years of earthly paradise while I lived with her! Her perfidy and my despair had disappeared; my thought did not rest upon them for a moment. That is the happiness which I owe to my prison life. When my two months were over I took my staff and wallet like any self-respecting tramp—and I continued my tour of France. It has taken me ten years to find you. After two months I shall continue my journey."

Chabert had told his story deliberately, with neither anger nor sorrow, in the same gentle and monotonous tone of voice. Now he was silent, and the judge, looking him full in the face and grasping both his hands, exclaimed passionately: "My dear Chabert, I want to save you!"

The vagabond looked at him in surprise.

"To save me? From what?"

"From yourself, and in spite of yourself, if it must be so," said the judge, firmly. "As to the imprisonment for two months, I shall not permit you to endure it. I can arrange the matter. And, little by little, I want to see Jean Antoine disappear, and Chabert come to the front."

"Begin my life over again! Oh, no!" exclaimed the vagabond, as he rose from his seat. Then taking the judge's hands in his own, he said: "My poor Bouchard, you are kind and good, and you love me; yet my cruelest enemy could not propose anything worse than you have done. I am speaking to you now with all my former good sense, and I tell you that no place but the prison is gentle and pitiful to me. There only I can really live again, without thought of the present, without care for the future. And you would snatch this dream from me, and would kill me forever! Why, can't you see that my body is a mere rag, a thing which does not count at all, and which I no longer regard? What does it matter that this worn-out body should appear before judges, should be sentenced, despised, branded! My friend, my dear old friend, call in the jailor who brought me here, and let me go!"

"So be it!" said M. Bouchard in a sad tone. "But at least," he added gently, "this must not be until I have embraced you!"

"Surely!"

And the judge and the vagabond embraced each other fraternally. Then Chabert said, freeing himself and turning away: "Now, judge, do your duty."

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

ODD LAWS ABOUT ENGLISH COINAGE

It is the duty of each loyal subject in Britain not merely to refuse gold coin that is under a certain weight, but to break it.

"Every person," so runs the Act, "shall, by himself or others, cut, break, or deface such coin tendered to him in payment, and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss."

The weight at which a sovereign ceases to be good as currency is anything below 122½ grains, and as one sovereign in thirty-three, and one half-sovereign in ten are under their legal weight, it would seem that we ought, each of us, to provide ourselves with a delicate set of pocket scales and weights unless we remain content to be inveterate breakers of the Act of 1870.

But in spite of this Act it is a risky business interfering with coins which you may suspect to be under weight or spurious. Some months ago, a Grimsby woman offered a half sovereign in payment of goods to a local shopkeeper. The latter put the coin in a testing-machine, and, as it broke in two, refused to take it.

The coin, however, was pronounced by experts to be perfectly genuine, and when the case was taken into a court of law the shopkeeper was ordered to refund ten shillings to the customer.

Money, both gold and silver, wears out at a startling rate. It is reckoned that there is usually a hundred million pounds in gold coin in this country, a very large proportion of which is locked in the strong rooms of banks. Yet of that which is in active circulation the wastage is so great that during every twelve months seventy thousand pounds-worth of gold and silver are rubbed off into fine dust in John Bull's pockets.

The Coinage Act of 1870 empowers the Sovereign to determine the design for any coin—gold, silver or bronze. Had it seemed good to George V. to desire that sixpenny-bits should be made with a hole in the centre the Mint would have had no choice but to comply.

The jury who actually try the coins are "twelve competent freemen of the mystery of goldsmiths of the City of London."

Every one knows that it is an offence to deface a coin of the realm. Yet jewellers melt up thousands of them every month of the year. On the face of it the practice seems illegal, yet it is not really so, for the law only steps in if a person attempts to pass a coin after tampering with it.

Jewellers find sovereigns the best of all gold to work with, for, owing to the tremendous pressure they have to bear in the Mint, they are more ductile than any other gold. Besides, a sovereign melted down is still worth 19s. 10d.

ROYAL PETS I'VE PAINTED

Miss Frances Fairman, the Most Famous Living Painter of Dogs, Tells How She Painted "Caesar"

For several years now I have been honored by receiving commands to paint Royal pets, for I commenced painting dogs belonging to members of the Royal Family at the end of Queen Victoria's reign, and I have continued to receive similar commands at various times ever since.

Are dogs bad sitters? Well, just as in the case of human beings, it depends on the dog. Some dogs make excellent sitters, some dogs are very troublesome; but, as a general rule, the older a dog is, the better sitter he makes. I have noticed this point especially when I have been asked to paint the same dog at different times—first, when he was a puppy, and again when he had grown up.

I have generally found that I have allowed myself too little time in which to paint the puppy, but, on the other hand, when he had grown up, I have found my picture finished much sooner than I had expected.

I have just finished my latest painting for Queen Alexandra, a picture of two red and white Japanese spaniels, called Togo and Haru.

They are great favorites with her Majesty, and in return they simply adore their mistress. Togo was a present to Queen Alexandra from the Emperor of Japan, and he is, of course, a perfect specimen of the Japanese spaniel. The Emperor sent her Majesty eight, I believe, but the long journey to England, and the sudden changes of temperature they had to pass through on the way, proved too much for the strength of some of them, and Togo is the only survivor.

Togo and Haru, being frisky little fellows, full of life, were frankly bored by my efforts to get them on canvas.

Togo, in particular, seemed to feel it beneath his dignity to sit to an artist in whom he was not in the least interested. They had to be coaxed to keep their pose by servants, and were bribed to be good with biscuits or anything else they might fancy.

Togo has the sweetest little habit of looking up at the Queen with his head a little on one side, and I wanted to get just that expression in the picture. It was extremely difficult, however, for I could never get him to look at me or at anyone else, except the Queen, in just the same way. It was, in fact, only when her Majesty was in the room that he would do it, and I had to make the most of her visits in order to catch the expression.

The dogs sat to me at the Palace, of course, and this was particularly helpful, because the Queen came frequently to see her pets and made suggestions for the picture. The Queen is such a true artist herself that I have always valued her criticisms very much.

When her Majesty entered the room the sitting, in the strict sense of the word, always ended for a time; the joy of Togo and Haru was unbounded, and nothing would induce them to continue their pose.

I was specially honored, in November, 1908, by the Queen's command to paint a portrait of the famous wire-haired fox-terrier Caesar, King Edward's constant companion.

This portrait had to be done very quickly, for I only received the command a very short time before November 9th, and the Queen wished the picture to be a birthday surprise for the King.

Soon after I had commenced the picture, the vet. came to say he had to take Caesar away as he was unwell, and required treatment. As the picture was then a secret, it was impossible to appeal to his Majesty for permission to continue the sitting, and there was some delay before I could get Caesar again.

At the next sitting, however, he posed beautifully, but just when everything seemed to be going smoothly he dropped down and went off to sleep, absolutely refusing to be roused.

I succeeded, however, in having the picture ready for presentation to King Edward on his last birthday.

ROYAL GEORGE AND LOYAL GEORGE

The proposal that people in every part of the British Empire who bear the Christian name of George should unite in presenting a coronation gift to the King has met with such wide acceptance that full arrangements have now been made for carrying it into effect.

Subscriptions are to range from a penny to a pound, and a list of the donors, though not the amount given by each, will be presented to the King.

Thirty-five district representatives have been appointed for England and Wales, and any one willing to collect from those of his own acquaintances named George can receive collecting cards on application to the representative of his district, whose name can be obtained from the bankers, Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph & Co., 43 Charing Cross, London, S.W., or from the Earl of Stradbroke, Henham Hall, Wangford, Suffolk.

Sir George Reid is to receive contributions from the Australian Georges, Earl Grey from the Georges of Canada, Mr. George St. John Mildmay from those in British East Africa, Zanzibar, and Uganda, and Sir G. T. Goldie from those in Nigeria.

The bankers will also receive contributions, but not stamps. All contributions are to be sent by June 1st.

The executive committee consists of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Earl Grey, the Earl of Stradbroke, Lord George Hamilton, Sir George Reid, and Sir George Warrender.

GOLD BRICKS

Gold bricks, real ones, may be the means of restoring the ancient fame of Golconda, near Hyderabad, in southern India, once known all the world over for its gold mines, but now a decayed city. The natural pits from which many centuries ago the precious metal was extracted have in course of time filled up with water. A contractor recently obtained permission to make bricks near the place and ten kilns were erected. The first finished bricks aroused curiosity by their yellowish tint, and analysis proved that they contained gold dust. On the basis of the yield of the sample bricks, the ten kilns will aggregate in weight about 12,587 pounds of gold worth over $50,000,000. The site of the find belongs to the Nizam, or native ruler, whose affairs are administered by a British secretary, who has worked hard for nine years to produce a surplus in the Nizam's last annual budget of $15,000,000. It looks insignificant now compared with the result of nine days' brickmaking.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Fishing in the Thames at night-time from a boat, punt, or house-boat is illegal.

By climbing the great Schreckhorn a height of 9,000 feet, Miss Barnicoat a Swiss journalist, has accomplished the most difficult ascent in the Alps this season.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, who is well known as the ex-Sussex county amateur is to captain an Indian team which is to tour England next summer.

The Billiard Association have refused to alter their rules so as to bar the "losing hazard" strokes of George Gray, the wonderful young Australian professional.

When a boxer is in difficulties about reducing his weight he "drys himself out," abstaining from all liquids for a given period, and merely moistening his mouth.

Mr. Frank Baylen, of the Hull Northern Union Rugby team, possesses every honor that is possible for a Rugby football player to win. He has altogether eight caps.

Although it is supposed to be unclimbable, two motor-cyclists have succeeded in climbing Honister Pass, the worst hill in Westmoreland, and as steep as any in England.

An old-age motor car competition is being held in France, the record up to now being held by a Panhard car which was built as far back as 1891, thus having been on the road twenty years.

Cross-sea flying is one of the most expensive forms of aerial sport. It costs a flying man $250 a day for one tug alone to follow his flight across the water, and often as many as six vessels are hired for this purpose.

Sir John Macdonald, a pioneer Scottish motorist, has made an interesting experiment. He stood outside Charing Cross station for thirty-five minutes, and during that time counted 935 motor vehicles as against only 115 drawn by horses.

An American man and woman were married the other day in a balloon by the Rev. J. H. Adams. After the ceremony the young couple enjoyed a honey moon for about forty miles across the country before the balloon was brought to the earth.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

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

FROM ALL OVER

A German patent has been secured for the manufacture from the Soya bean a product to take the place of rubber. The process consists in the reduction of the oil of the Soya bean to a thick, tough liquid through the addition of nitric acid. After further treatment with alkaloid solutions the mixture is heated to 150 deg., giving a tough, highly elastic product similar to rubber, which can be vulvanized by the same process as rubber.

Mme. Rodier, wife of a landowner at Borne, in Holland, had a rather peculiar experience some time ago. The good lady, who rejoices in the possession of a large picture-hat of realistic floral design, was sitting dozing in her garden when a swarm of bees surrounded her and settled on the hat. Waking up and realizing the danger of the situation, with great presence of mind she went over to an empty hive and shook her hat into it, whereupon the bees took possession. Mme. Rodier escaped scathless.

A romantic little story comes from Fulham. Six months ago an aged lady took lodgings in a modest house in Lin ver Road, Parson's Green, Fulham, and recently became ill and died. Before death she announced that she had appointed the landlord, a young married man named Gladstone, as her sole executor. When the will was read it was found that she had left personal property and all the money in her rooms to Mrs. Gladstone, who had shown her some kindly attention. Search in the room resulted in the discovery of a hoard of bank-notes and gold, of the total value of about $5,000. Consols and other securities were willed to two nephews.

New York is the most cosmopolitan city of the world. In point of fact, it is the second German town of the world. Berlin has a population of 2,000,000, Hamburg 730,000, Munich 520,000, and Dresden 500,000. The Germans in New York number 737,447 true Americans, infants and parents, born in America, and 639,000 German-born. There are 595,210 Irish, and these outnumber their countrymen in Belfast. New York is a true Israelite metropolis with 672,776 Jews, for Warsaw has only 262,884 Hebrews in her midst. New York is, moreover, the fifth Swedish town, the sixth Norwegian, the seventh Italian, and the eighth Russian town from the point of view of population.

ROMAN TOOTH-ACHE CURES

If it be true that ancient remedies are always the best, it may be of interest to those afflicted with dental troubles to know how the ancient Romans dealt with such ills. The Quirites recognized two types of treatment, the magical and the medical. The following are some of the prescriptions advised by the magicians: Take the head of a dog that has died of rabies, mix the ash with oil of Cyprus and inject the product into the ear of the affected side. A water-snake's vertebra will serve to scarify the gum, provided that it be obtained from a white-skinned snake, Or for the same purpose may be used a lizard's frontal bone obtained when the moon is full, or, if that fail, a chicken bone will do, provided that it be dried in a hole in a wall and thrown away immediately after use. It is good treatment to inject into the ear oil of lemon in which has been macerated either mallow bugs or sparrows' dung, even should this last give rise to itching. A worm fed on a particular herb, or a cabbage caterpillar, can conveniently be placed in a hollow tooth, but it is equally simple to chew an adder's heart. Prevention being better than cure, a sovereign preventive will be found in the eating of two rats per month.

COMPLICATED DRESS SCHEMES

A skull-cap as closely fitting as can be is made of silk, and to wear it effectively the hair must be swathed round and round the head. Then comes the veil, which in such a case as this may be of a scarab blue color or brown to match the coat and intenseify the mummy idea. A near one-piece frock, of sacking cloth to match the coat in color with introductions of scarab blue on the corsage is a suitable complement to the frock, and the boots and gloves worn are brown.

While the new tailor-made suits become more and more severely simple, the visiting frocks reveal complications that almost baffle description. Some of these salient features are a considerable amount of fulness at the foot of the skirt, where looped draperies are arranged and a tendency towards lop-sided arrangements, by the scarf-like train that falls at the side of the skirt, nearer the front than at the back, where it ought to be, and by the net fichu scarf that is draped round the neck, and ends with a flounce of lace placed across the corsage.

The gown is made of blue foulard, bordered with ecru rings and mounted upon a much more closely patterned foulard of a bright brown shade, and yet a third color is introduced by means of narrow bands of old-rose velvet fastened with flat rose pearl buttons, placed round the waist to hold the fulness of material in check at the side of the tunic and on the corsage and sleeves.

Guipure lace epaulettes of a soft ecru shade define the sloping shoulders, and more lace appears beneath the velvet bars on the bodice.

The pleatings and guagings that the thin materials of the summer are to be given upon the waist-line will add to Fashion's programme yet another complete change of treatment.

SURPRISE FOR JOHN

That there was at least one Scotsman who could appreciate a joke—at somebody else's expense—is shown by the following story told by Mr. S. B. Crockett in "Raiderland."

"A country laird with his man John was riding to market. The laird and John were passing a hole in the moor when the laird turned his thumb over his shoulder and said:

" 'John, I saw a fox gang in there!'

" 'Did ye indeed, laird?' cried John, all his hunting enthusiasm instantly on fire. 'Ride ye your lane to toon; I'll howk the craitur oot.'

"Back went John for pick and spade, having first, of course, stopped the earth. The laird rode his way, and all day was foregathering with his cronies at the market town—a business in which his henchman would ably and very willingly have seconded him. It was the hour of evening, and the laird rode home. He came to a mighty excavation on the hillside. The trench was both long and deep. Very tired and somewhat short-grained in temper, John was seated on a mound of earth, vast as the foundation of a fortress.

"There's nae fox here, laird,' said John, wiping the honest sweat of endeavor from his brow.

"The laird was not put out. He was, indeed, exceeding pleased with himself. ' 'Deed, John,' he responded, 'I wad hae been muckle surprised gin there had been a fox in the hole. It's ten year since I saw the fox gang in there.'"

MARKS ON OLD SILVER

While the marks or lack of marks on Sheffield plate keep us guessing with a deep uncertainty as to their meaning or lack of meaning, the marks on old silver tell a definite story, especially those on English silver. In England and continental countries silversmiths were forced not only to mark their wares with their own names, but to submit them at an assay office or guild hall to receive the official stamp. Thus the expression "hall-marked silver" originated.

On the back of an old piece of English silver—and most of our old silver is either Colonial or Old English—we will find from one to five different kinds of marks, each one giving definite information to the initiated. Moreover, lists of these marks are published so that a little study will easily initiate the possessor of an old piece of silver into their mysteries.

Before 1300 the initials of the Christian name and surname of the maker constituted the only mark. These indicated no standard of alloy, however, and dishonest workers made the creation of this standard necessary. In 1300 a law was made establishing a standard, and requiring each silversmith to submit his work to an assayer at the guild hall before putting his own mark on it. There his mark and the King's mark, a crowned leopard's head, were set by the assayer. Silver of this period, then, has two marks. Frauds and abuses still continuing, a new law was passed in 1438 forcing each assayer to set a mark of his own in addition. This mark was the one known as the "Annual Letter." This letter indicates the exact year, and is still in use. In 1545 the lion passant was added.

These four marks remained unchanged until 1695, when the figure of a woman called Britannia replaced the leopard's head. This lasted until 1720. Then the old standard was restored with its old marks. In 1784 the sovereign's head was added.

DARING BRIDGE BUILDERS

Notwithstanding the great height at which the men worked in replacing the Niagara Suspension Bridge above a maelstrom from which escape would have been impossible, most of them soon grew unconcerned, and some of them, indeed, vied with one another in reckless daring.

So many valuable tools were dropped from the bridge that some of the more careless were discharged. Consequently, one day, when a man dropped a wrench 200 feet to the water's edge, he foolishly started to recover it by climbing down hand over hand on a steeply inclined thin wire cable nearly 500 feet long. He had no sooner begun his insane exploit than a rival, not to be out done, started out of sheer bravado to descend an adjacent rope.

After going down a few feet they tried in vain to return, and it seemed to their horrified companions on the bridge above that human muscles could not endure the increasing strain of their long journey. The foreman instructed them how to climb more easily and what to do at the bottom, accompanying his orders with violent abuse, wisely bestowed to divert them from the fright that added to their danger. By nothing less than a miracle both men held out until they had crossed over the water. Then one of them, watching his chance, dropped safely into a tree top. The other finally gave out and fell a considerable distance to the ground, but both escaped practically unhurt.

WONDERFUL LUCK

Once when Mr. Frank Gardner, the well-known London Stock Exchange magnate, was in Australia, excitement was high over a great annual racing carnival, and everyone was "talking horses."

While reading over a new sensational play to his leading lady Mr. Gardner (who was in the theatrical business then) came on the line, " 'Vengeance is mine,' said the Admiral, and he rushed for his carbine." In an instant Miss Carrie Swain jumped to her feet and said, "It's a tip for the treble. Take it!"

Mr. Gardner took her advice, put all the money he had on Vengeance, Admiral and Carbine respectively for the Caulfield Cup, the Victorian Derby, and the Melbourne Cup, and when Carbine clinched the triple event by winning the Melbourne Cup in record time and with a record weight Mr. Gardner was a wealthy man. A lucky investment of this win in New Zealand and Australian stocks soon made him a millionaire.

AN EYE-OPENER

Speaking of the scarcity of domestic servants, a certain blue-blooded county family, in whose household there had been something in the way of a strike, were, several months ago, perturbed to receive an intimation, at a very short notice, that they were to expect a visit from some most distinguished people whose acquaintance they had long sought.

With great pluckiness two of the three pretty daughters of the house turned to and cooked the luncheon, and the third, disguised in a cap and apron, posed as a parlormaid.

Weeks after, at a function in town, both families met, and the head of the distinguished branch expressed to the third sister his regret that she had not been at home on the occasion of his visit.

"Ah, but I was at home," the little rogue admitted; "it was I who smacked your face when you tried to kiss me behind the hall door."

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C.,

by the Islander Company

W. R. Dunn & Company, Proprietors.

W. R. Dunn, Manager

SATURDAY, MAY 11 1912.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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

What the Editor has to say.

Our attention has been drawn to the inconvenience, and at times loss, suffered by the merchants of this city on account of their freight not being delivered promptly, or within a reasonable time, at the station here. We are told it is not an unusual occurrence to have goods arrive at Union Bay on Tuesday's boat and not reach Cumberland until Friday or Saturday, taking sometimes four or five days to come a distance of twelve miles, which is, to say the least, ridiculous.

We cannot account for this state of affairs, unless perhaps, the rapid increase in trade in this city and district is more than the Colliery Company can handle with its present staff. If such is the case it is their duty to employ more men, so that the merchants here can receive their freight within at least twenty-four hours after its arrival at Union Bay. We trust, in this age of civilization and progress, that those who are responsible for this lack of keeping up with the times will wake up and give the merchants prompt delivery of their freight, which they look for, expect and are entitled to.

There is to-day in this city, in the opinion of The Islander, an opportunity for some active person to start a cigar factory. The large numbers of people who have come, and are still coming to this city and district daily, make it possible for an industry of this kind to be a profitable investment. A cigar factory here would have, practically speaking, control of the north end of the Island, from Union Bay to Campbell River, which would mean a good thing for the first one who invests in this business.

The mayor and council, when they have a little leisure time, should take a walk up and down Derwent, Dunsmuir and Maryport Aves, and allow a good big fat man to go in front of them. They will then be able to see the sidewalk go up and down. One stranger wanted to know if we had springs in the sidewalks. "I came pretty near breaking my leg last night through that hole in the sidewalk," is a common report from ladies of the city. If we can do nothing else with them, tear them up.

The mayor at the last meeting of the council instructed Aldermen Beveridge and Cessford to inspect the moving picture shows and make a report to the council. The following is what the National Board of Fire Underwriters require with regard to the operator's booth in a town such as Cumberland:

"Size of booth to be 6x8 for one machine and 7 ft. high.

Construction: Two by fours sheeted inside and outside with 7-8 T. and G.; all the interior to be lined with sheet asbestos covered with galvanized iron not less than 20 B. and S. Lock joints to be used; nails not more than 5 inches apart; door to be similarly covered to open outward, and to have substantial spring and latch to ensure being closed. Ventilation direct to the outside.

Opening in booth: All openings into hall to be protected by shutters of not less than 14 B. and S., strengthened by $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ angle iron riveted to bottom of same; all to be vertical sliding. Guides for shutters to be steel not less than 3-8x1, grooved to receive shutter; or strap iron built up to the equivalent; all shutter to slide easily. Shutters to trip by the agency of standard fusible links so arranged that they will close automatically in emergency."

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

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

Condensed Advertisements

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

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER

CAPITAL, - $10,000,000 REST, - $8,000,000

FARMERS' BUSINESS

The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

BANKING BY MAIL

Accounts may be opened at every branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce to be operated by mail, and will receive the same careful attention as is given to all other departments of the Bank's business. Money may be deposited or withdrawn in this way as satisfactorily as by a personal visit to the Bank. 4231

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

BUY A 'SINGER,'

The Latest and most Up-to-date Sewing Machine on the market to-day. Sold on Easy Terms which places it within the reach of all.

Jepson Bros., District Agents
NANAIMO, B. C.

W. R. Dunn, Local Representative

WATCH THIS SPACE

The Island Realty Co.

Fire, Life, Live Stock .. Accident .. Phone 22. P. L. ANDERTON. Courtenay, B. C.

The 'STAR' Cafe

RICHARDS & JACK, Proprietors.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL ALL HOURS

When you want a good choice meal cooked to the King's taste give us a call . . . .

DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND

COURTENAY

House Furnishing Store

Tents, Stoves, Ranges
Camping Outfits.

B. F. KRAUSE, Prop.

Phone 55 SINGER Sewing machines always in stock.

Ice! Ice! Ice!

The Pilsener Brewing Co. are prepared to supply the Public with ICE.

Orders to be delivered the same day must be in NOT LATER THAN 10 A.M.

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

Fawcett's STOVES AND RANGES

Are the Best, and Fully Guaranteed.

A full line of Furniture, Housefurnishings, Linoleums, Wallpapers always on hand.

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

H. H. M. Beadnell

Real Estate Agents

Offices: Comox & Courtenay.

FOR SALE

CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND AND LOTS

Agents for E. & N. Lands, Comox District.

H. H. M. Beadnell

W. Colpitts.

"Leading Tobacco King."

Better known as "LONG WILLIE"

Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.

Billiard Room in connection

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE

Up-to-date Merchant Tailor

DUNSMUIR AVENUE

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

H. M. Haggerstone

Painter and Decorator

Satisfaction Guaranteed

All Work Done under Personal Supervision

Orders may be left at John Jack' store,

Dunsmuir Avenue Cumberland

FIRE!! FIRE!!

For absolute protection write a Policy in the LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Liverpool, England.

TOTAL ASSETS, $26.788.93

WESLEY WILLARD, Local Agent

Have Your

Cleaning Pressing and repairing done at

NICK'S PLACE

Plain Sewing. Fancy Dressmaking

N. HIRANO

Fashionable Tailor

Ladies' and Gents' Tailor-made Suits. Cleaning and Pressing Done at Reasonable Rates.

Phone 52 CUMBEBLAND

Candies, Fruits, Tobaccos and —Cigars at—

BANNERMAN'S

Candies of all descriptions—THE VERY BEST.

FRUITS of all kinds—Best quality grown.

TOBACCOS of all strengths.

CIGARS—The best variety of the choicest flavors.

G. H. ASTON

SILVER NOVELTIES
At Bert Aston's
The "JEWEL BOX."

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .

Dunsmuir Ave : : : Cumberland

AN INTERESTING LETTER

GENTLEMEN:

We beg to inform your patrons brough your columns of the fact that the firm of HYGH BROS. & YOUNG, of Nanaimo, B.C. are this year handling the various *Overland* models of automobiles in three grades and powers as follows:

30 H.P.	$1,450	
35 H.P,	$1,850	
40 H.P.	$2,250	F.O.B. Victoria.

The above cars are made in all the latest models and are the buy of the season at anything like the price, with beautiful lines and design.

We beg to inform the prospective purchasing public in this line of the fact that we will visit your district in the near future, and that they will be well repaid by waiting a very short period to inspect the *Overland* and get a demonstration as well.

HYGH BROS. & YOUNG Agents for the OVEERLAND Mocel Automobile.

P.O. Drawer O NANAIMO, B C. Phone 97

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS, PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

LAND ACT.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Ben Roberts, of New Westminster, B.C., lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted 20 chains North of Timber License No 40780 thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence east 25 chains more or less to the shore of Dow Passage Calm Channel; thence following shore in in a South-easterly direction to place of commencement, containing 200 acres.

BEN ROBERTS.
Dated January 30 h 1912
Eric R Burbeck, agent

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward:—Take notice that John George Hardy of Courtenay, B. C., occupation auctioneer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N bank of Cranberry lake and at the SE corner of Timber Limit 30612 thence W 40 chains; thence S 40 chains; thence E 20 chains; thence NE 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 110 acres more or less.

JOHN GEORGE HARDY
Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithin Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward —Take notice that Margaret Carwithin of Sandwick, B. C., occupation widow, intends to apply for permission to purchase the followingdescribed lands: Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Trout lake and about one mile west from the SW corner of Timber Limi 37470 thence N 40 chains, thence W 40 dhains, thence S 40 chains to the north bank of Trout lake; thence along the north bank of Trout lake E 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

MARGARET CARWITHEN
Dated Jan. 11, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that George William Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S.W. corner of Timber Limit 42968, thence west 80 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east 80 thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence north 60 chains to point of commencement, and containing 240 acres more or less.

GEORGE WILLIAM CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen. agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Henry Luder Carwithen, of Sandwick, B C., occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N.W. corner of Timber Limit 1958, thence north 80 chains; thence east 60 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 60 chains to point of commencement, and containing 480 acres more or less.

HENRY LUDER CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that ALFRED JOHN CARWITHEN of Sandwick, B.C., occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N.E corner of Timber Limit 40774, thence north 40 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 60 chains thence east 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 280 acres more or less.

ALFRED JOHN CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Mabel Hardy, of Courtenay, B. C., occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post planted at the N.E cnaner of Timber Limit 30611, thence south 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 80 chains thence west 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 320 acres more or less.

MABEL HARDY
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 14th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Herbert Howarth Bates, of Lytham, Eng., occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post plonted on the north bank of Trout Lake and at the S W corner of Timber Limit 37470, thence north 20 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south to the bank of said Trout Lake 20 chains; thece along bank of said Trout Lake east 80 chains, to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less.

HERBERT HOWARTH BATES
Dated Jan. 11th, 1912. Reginald Carwithen agent

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Louisa Marion Woodcock, of London, Eng., occupation single woman, intends to apply for peamission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Trout Lake, and 1½ miles west from the S W corner of Timber Limit 37470, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less LOUISA MARION WOODCOCK
Reginald Carwithen, agent
Dated January 11th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward

Take notice that George Robert Bates of Courtenay, B C, occupation real estate agent, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S. E. corner of Timber Limit 40775; thence north 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 60 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence west 20 chains, to point of commencement, containing 300 acres more or less.

GEORGE ROBERT BATES
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated Jan. 13th, 1912.

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

Take notice that Louisa Sophia Bates, of Sandwick, B.C, occupation, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner Timber Limit 40775, thence north 80 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 20 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

LOUISA SOPHIA BATES
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 13th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Reginald Carwithen, of Sandwick, B C, occupation, farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Timber Limit 40775, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less.

REGINALD CARWITHEN
Dated January 13th, 1912

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

Take notice that Christian Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S W. corner of P.R. 2800, thence north 20 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

CHRISTIAN CARWITHEN
Reginald Carwithen, agent
Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Margaret Bluhm Carwithen of Sandwick, B. C., occupation single woman intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the most southerly end of Cranberry lake, thence E 80 chains; thence S 80 chains; thence W 40 chains; thence along the bank of Lake 36 Sayward District, in a general north and south direction, to a point due south of the point of commencement, thence due north to the point of commencement and containing 5 0 acres more or less

MARGARET BLUHM CARWITHEN
Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT District of Sayward —Take notice that Edith Wilson of Lytham, Eng., occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted about one half mile E from south bank of Trout lake and about one mile south from the most northerly end of Trout lake, thence south 80 chains thence E 40 chains, thence N 80 chains, thence W 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 320 acres more or less

EDITH WILSON
Dated Jan. 11, 1912 Reginald Carwithen, Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward.—Take notice that Edith Lacey Bates of Lytham, Eng., occupation widow, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Trout lake and about two miles from the most northerly end of said lake, thence E 80 chains, thence N 40 chains, thence south along bank of said lake 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 80 acres more or less.

EDITH LACEY BATES
Dated Jan. 11,1912 Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward —Take notice that Harriet Jane Bainbridge of London, England, occupation single woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands- Commencing at a post planted on the N bank of Trout lake and about one mile from the most southerly end of said lake thence along the bank of said lake southerly 80 chains, teence N 80 chains, thence E 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 100 acres more or less.

HARRIET JANE BAINBRIDGE
Dated Jan. 11 21 1912. Reginald Carwithen, Agent.

H. J. Theobald

Practical Painter

Decorator, Paperhanger and Kalsomining.

All Work Promptly ...Attended to...

Residence, Penrith Avenue Cumberland,

D A THOMAS

UP-TO-DATE PIANO TUNER

Representing The Geo. A. Fletcher Co., Nanaimo, B.C.

Orders left at T E. Bate's Store promptly attended to.

E. W. BICKLE

Notary Public, Conveyancer. Etc.

District agent The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Fire Insurance. Accounts collected

FOR SALE—House, 5 rooms, price $650

FOR SALE—House, 7 rooms, Price, $1 000 00. Terms cash

New house, including two full-sized lots, price $1200

House in centre of city, price $1250 cash

Apply, E. W. BICKLE.

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

Mrs. Simms will give lessons on the piano at her house in Jerusalem, formerly owned by Mr. James Stewart, on and after Monday, March 4th—until then in Cumberland as usual.

Palace Livery and Feed Stable

THE BEST of HORSES and FIRST-CLASS BUGGIES FOR HIRE.

E. T. WHELAN, Proprietor

COURTENAY, B. C.

nov. 18

The Star **Livery Stable**

Third St & Penrith Avenue

A. MAXWELL

Proprietor

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

Subscribe For The Islander

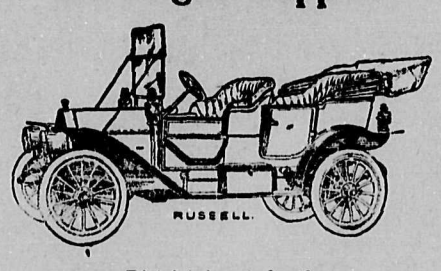
THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

B.C. Garage

For Auto and Gas Engine Supplies



District Agent for the

Russel, E M.F. 30 Flanders 20 and McLaughlin-Buick automobiles

Fairbanks-Morse Stationary and Marine Engines, Oliver Typewriters, Moore's Lights, and Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris and Perfect bicycles

CARS FOR HIRE NIGHT AND DAY **EMDE & DENTON**

Phone 18 CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Hung Chong & Co.,

Branch Store from CHARLIE SING CHONG Co.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, SILKWEAR

Hardware of all kinds.

Boots and Shoes, at Lowest Prices

HUNG CHONG & Co.

No. 7 MINE

The Rings of Beatitude

One Case of American Intervention

San Carlos and Granada lie side by side. They are nations. Their people are twins, their products are the same, their territory was cut from one pattern. The capitals lie a hundred miles apart. San Carlos's bag is a tricolor; red, green and yellow. Granada's is yellow, green and red.

From these similarities a community of interest might be supposed—if you had never heard of Central America. Yet these powers—minor, but insistent on the term—were at war.

Some day a Napoleon of the tropics will arise, leave one capital, take the other, and instead of two small stamps on the map there will be one the size of a special delivery sticker.

El Presidente Juan Francisco Lerida of San Carlos, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, imagined himself that man of destiny. Carlos Luis de la Santa Maria Mataro, the equivalent in Granada, was in process of reaching the same faith in himself. But Lerida had been in power eighteen months to Mataro's twelve; he had ripened first. Hence, he had upheld a luxuriant tradition by marching to the gates of his rival's capital, Jimena.

The artillery—one gun—of the red, green and yellow was trained on the men, trenches, and metropolis of the yellow, green and red, and the besieged town was under martial law when the tramp ship El Almirante Espanol nosed lazily around the heads to stop in the Bay of Jimena.

No such ship ever before dropped anchor off the custom-house. Three men and a girl in pink tights hung in the rigging. Three vaudeville tramps stood arm in arm in the open side hatch. Half a dozen clowns danced about a ringmaster on the main deck, and in the bow, perched atop a white horse, a ballet dancer steadied herself with a hand upon the rolled foresail. In the stern a five-piece band blared abominably. And on the bridge, silk-hatted and frock-coated despite latitude and sun, stood Peter J. Davenport, manager and press agent of the Royal Pan-American Circus.

El Almirante Espanol warped to a berth at the one pier tediously and with bad grace. Davenport lighted a cigar, saw that the minature stars and stripes was fast in his button-hole, and started for the gang-plank. At the rail he was met by a brace of barefooted gendarmes and a soldier—the latter recognized as of the army by epaulettes and a rifle. The three blocked the way.

"Good-morning," said Davenport in Spanish.

A group formed about him, with the clowns for a nucleus. The steward, at his side, vouchsafed a guess—correct—as to the situation.

"They told me above this war was likely to pop," replied Davenport. "But it'll take more'n this to stop the circus; watch me."

About to advance, he called to the ringmaster. "Sit tight," and then opened negotiations. The gendarmes and the soldier spoke at once. From the fraction he gathered, the American confirmed the steward's hazard.

"To el presidente," he ordered, tapping his boutonniere flag. "Muy pronto."

A fine air of dominance carried the day; he led the three up the pier rapidly, checking a current of browned humanity hurrying—for Central America—toward the ship of the strange crew.

President Mataro, in sash and uniform, he found at the presidential palace, distinguished from the custom-house only through familiarity. Davenport awaited no audience.

"I must thank your excellency," he opened without parley. "It was more than I expected. You Southrons know true hospitality. The beauty of your city is reward enough for coming, but to be welcomed with a guard of honor, to be brought immediately to an audience—ah, that is more than my due, senor!"

"But the—"

"Don't say it, your excellency; the occasion really doesn't warrant it. It was charming of you. Will you have a cigar? And here—I must repay you to the best of my humble resources—here is a box to our circus. You have never seen a circus?"

"It is——"

"Ours is really—I speak between friends—the most wonderful ever organized. Think of a circus on the West Coast! And such a circus!"

"It must——"

"You merit it, true. You have been neglected. But now you are to have a spectacle that has been seen——"

He rushed on with his patter steadily, insistent as a steam triphammer, splintering Spanish occasionally in his fervor. He lugged in New York, Paris, Berlin and Madrid in proof of the Royal Pan-American's success. He drew for testimonials on the Kaiser, Edward VII., Echegaray, and Nietzsche. He drew a picture of the biggest show ever seen by a press agent in a pipe dream.

At the fourth attempt Mataro accepting the situation, explained the existence of martial law. Davenport scarcely hesitated.

"But what of that? Here is the chance to show that Granada can appreciate the higher things of life. Have you ever had such an opportunity? Are you likely to have it again? Act while you have time. Proclaim a holiday and your people will bless you. Your excellency, it is a duty. The Royal Pan-American Circus can not come every year. And where else are you to see all the splendid features we have? Where else, indeed, is the like in the world? The war can wait; one can always fight. Here is an opening to earn again the gratitude of your faithful populace."

Davenport missed a move by trying to rekindle his cigar and the generalissimo took his opening to interpose: "There is much truth in what you say, senor."

"Truth? Why, man, it's gospel! Who can deny it? Do you want to compel us to go on south to Tavira, and proclaim to your enemy's capital Granada's inability to take advantage of this chance? No; I answer for you, general, knowing your spirit and progressiveness."

"It might be arranged," said Mataro judicially. "But I fear for your success. Our country is at war and the people have little money. To fight for honor is expensive. Also our exchequer is depleted. . . . We need funds. . . . But it might be——"

He paused. Davenport put his thumb under the bellagged buttonhole.

"At Acapulco," he volunteered, "we paid a tax of two and a half per cent. of the net receipts."

In turn he paused. El presidente looked blankly out of a window. After a moment he inquired casually:

"Which was."

"Fifteen dollars gold."

Mataro, calm as a ward politician who knows the force of his toll demand, examined a wrinkle in his tricolor scarf.

"Granada," he began impressively, "is a great nation. It would be beneath the dignity of any nation except San Carlos to accept a tax, in such a case, at less than—a trifling hesitation gave Davenport one anxious instant—"of less than twenty-five dollars."

The American met him.

"I can guarantee twenty dollars," he replied. "The ship goes out tomorrow; today is our only chance to show. Twenty. Is it yes, or no?"

El presidente recognized an ultimatum.

"It is possible. But before lifting martial law the tax must be paid."

Davenport carelessly dropped a hand into his pocket. A jingle was simultaneous with acquiescence.

Within an hour the town was plastered with a proclamation restoring civil order for the day. By each placard was a poster of the circus—old "paper" abandoned by the shows of the States, with advertising in bad Spanish.

The generalissimo on his right and the alcalde on his left, Davenport, from his headquarters in the bar of the Splendid International Hotel (free translation) despatched couriers to the quickly accessible settlements in the country unaffected by the war, gave orders to his men, dazzled a crewd of *cholos at the door, and listened sympathetically* to Mataro.

"Ah, senor," complained the general, "those dastardly dogs of San Carlos—what do you think they did? We were preparing for the war and would have marched on their capital, but it rained. It rained and we could not march. And while we were waiting for the sun to come out, that most despicable of all crawling things" (another free translation) "came from Tavira with his followers. One can not call them an army—poof! Terrible, was it not? But we are ready! Our trenches are prepared and they will enter Jimena only when every one of my brave fellows is dead. San Carlos can never conquer Granada, by all the saints! We are a proud nation, senor; we die but we do not surrender."

"How many are they?"

"*We are besieged by five hundred,* they claim but three hundred, true, but my scouts report more."

Davenport cogitated. Three hundred: were that many spectators to be sneezed at? No by a long shot.

Your excellency is valiant," he began tentatively. "But you can be magnanimous. Think of those poor fellows—for they are human after all—lying out there waiting for a chance to pot you. Would it not be the part of superiority to invite them for the day into your city, that they might share in the delights of witnessing the Royal Pan-American Circus? I, as intermediary, could make sure for you that your capital would be safe while the foe is your guest. A truce could be arranged. Come, here is a thing worth while—the code of circuses in war—of which you will be known as the author. You would be known in history—the history not only of America, but of the world—as the only commander who had ever shown generosity to invite the enemy to a spectacle. You would be unique. Nothing like it has ever happened. I will see that the press of the United States hears of this; the whole country will talk of it up there. What do you think of that? It will be carried to Europe and in all the capitals they will tell of the consideration and heroism of General Mataro in Jimena. Splendid! You could do nothing better for the fame of yourself and your exquisite country. Crown your great career with this. Send an aide with me, and I will go to the San Carlos camp. I come as Fame asking you to have a drink. Leave it to me."

Even Napoleon succumbed to the theatrical at times; who would scoff at the chance of having his name heralded over the two continents? Mataro listened with increasing willingness.

"A truce? Good idea. Yes."

He looked at the sky.

"It looks as if it might rain tomorrow," he said, gratuitously. "H'm! I believe it would be the part of strength to do as you suggest. Do you not?" he asked the alcalde.

The alcalde did.

"But if the enemy should not agree?"

"Then, your excellency, you will have **the satisfaction and the reputation** of having been superior to your opponents. All great generals are that way."

Carlos Luis de la Santa Maria Mataro looked at his scarf, finished his drink, at the peons, and summoned a colonel.

The aide received his instructions and credentials at the moment the circus parade was forming by the custom-house, a stone's throw from where the tent was already going up.

On the back of the elephant—the one elephant—Davenport posted the envoy, taking a place at his side under the swaying canopy. With the band's roar and to the cracking of the clown's slapsticks and bladders, the procession began the turn around the town. Jimena stared. Mataro, with his guard of honor about him, stood before the presidential palace and reviewed the line while the populace yelled "Viva!"

Three times the parade traversed the main street. Then Davenport waving his silk hat at el presidente, gave the order that started them toward the enemy's camp.

Three miles beyond Jimena's edge, strung along the bank of an arroyo, lay General Lerida's forces. All morning the soldiers had listened to occasional whiffs from the band; scouts had reported strange doings; officers and men knew that something unusual was within Jimena. What was it? The question had begun to agitate. In the ranks was more than a touch of dread—the dread of the unknown. Hour by hour it grew; by noon terror was thriving. Eighteen men quit their jobs.

It was at this juncture that Lerida, unable to stand inaction, decided that, mystery or not, the time had come for a decisive blow—the blow that would give him his place in the roll of conquerors.

There was a council of war, an inspection, and the forming of skirmish lines.

Lerida was donning his scarf—who would fight without a ribbon?—when a scout arrived with word of a strange review in Jimena. Details could not be made out at a distance of two miles, and the scout, anyhow, had been in a hurry to get back and report.

The commander was making fast his green plume—what conqueror would lead without a plume, white or green?—when another scout came to pant out a tale of fourteen devils leading a dargon and a thousand strange beasts like men.

The general was polishing the handle of his sword when a third brought word that three dreadnoughts and a troopship had arrived at the enemy's capital to aid in repulsing the brave army of San Carlos.

"Summon a second council of war," *commanded the resourceful Lerida.*"

While the officers increased their fears from the recountal of the courier's tales the other half of the army added terror to terror as the scouts repeated their reports with variations and enlargements.

At the end of the council, Lerida, more valiant than ever, stood before the ranks to harangue them.

"Men of San Carlos," he began. "Your nation's honor, history, and your own welfare hang in the balance."

The troopers listened without animation. From afar there came the strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," played with martial verve.

"Our traditional enemy is at our mercy. We will avenge the slights of eighteen months and enlarge the income of San Carlos. If we win you'll get paid."

The ragamuffin crowd craned for a glimpse down the road toward the beleaguered town.

"This is a time for patriotism and heroism. Lads, show your mettle."

Officers sauntered from their posts to points of vantage under pretense of silencing, steadying, straightening the lines. "A Hot Time" gave way to "Yankee Doodle"; the noise momentarily became louder.

"The hour has come. We will not be deterred. Follow my plume to Jimena and victory and glory!"

Lerida wheeled and drew his sword.

"Forward!" he cried, so that all heard, from flank to flank.

Behind him there was a mighty scuffle and the clink of arms.

At his third stride, Lerida hesitated. Slowly around a turn in the road there came a bearded woman. At her side walked an impossibly thin devil in red tights and a Panama hat. Four men in pantaloons, with white and red mottled faces, cavorted wearily and cracked bladders and slapsticks. Behind them in a barouche, escorted by the vaudeville tramps, rode three men and a girl in pink tights, waving merrily. On the seat with the driver was the fat woman. The band, in purple and green, followed, and next the gem of the circus, lumbered the elephant. On his forehead squatted a red-haired mahout clad as a Hindu and clinging to the seat were Peter J. Davenport and Mataro's colonel. In the latter's hand was a flag of truce—a handkerchief tied to a stick. Its simple note *was quite lost in the gaudiness of the* procession.

Lerida stood still. But behind him the scuffle and the clink of arms rose, though almost drowned in yells. But all, scuffle, clink, and shouts, diminished. When Lerida looked there was none to follow his green plume of San Carlos. It was a rout.

Yet the circus still advanced. The snake-charmer coiled a pet around her neck for coolness as she sat beside the ossified man, the armless wonder, and the Circassian beauty; they had Jimena's second barouche to themselves. A mangy tiger dreamed in his wheeled cage and the girl dressed like a ballet-dancer clung limply to her white horse.

On the march continued, while Lerida held his ground in dumb wonder, till the elephant came abreast him.

Davenport leaned over the rail of the rocking seat, the glad hand extended.

"Hello, general," he cried. "How are you? This is the Royal Pan-American Circus. A wonder, ain't it? Allow me to present Colonel Cosalda, the aide of General Mataro. Colonel Cosalda, General Lerida; General Lerida, Colonel Cosalda. We want to talk business."

The red-haired man lowered the elephant and its crew alighted. As he bowed, Cosalda waved the handkerchief ceremoniously. Leriad struggled to save his face.

"My forces have deployed," he explained.

"We saw them deploy," retorted the envoy. "They forgot to stack those guns on the ground there."

"General Mataro invites you to Jimena for the circus, under a truce," Davenport put in. "With your troops."

"My troops are engaged in manoeuvres," Lerida answered sadly.

"Sailed under sealed orders, as it were?" suggested the American.

Lerida was grateful: "Yes; I do not expect them to return today. Their task is preparatory."

"But, general, you can't afford to miss this circus; nobody can: Call the war off for the time being. The other side's willing. It's an eye-opener."

The three hundred extra spectators were gone, but Davenport saw possibilities for Tavira. To enter that town with the war hero of the republic riding at his side—there was a start for a two-day stand with the S. R. O. sign dug out of the hold of El Almirante Espanol. He led Lerida aside and put the case squarely.

"You are without men; make an armistice and return to your capital with us, escorted by our band. I'll start a courier after your men, if you think they can be caught, telling them to go home. Though they must be pretty far on the way already. . . . How about it."

"Would it be honorable?"

"Honorable? Why, man, I'll propose your name for the Nobel peace prize! Mataro has the fear of God in him. Tell him you'll spare the town and turn back your reinforcements. There's your chance to turn defeat into victory. And to think of the effect of your return to Tavira with a band, riding on an elephant! The city would go wild. Are you on?"

Lerida looked at the waiting circus line, at the scattered rifles, and the empty camp. He smiled wanly.

"Your arguments have force," he commented. "I will treat with the enemy."

Silently he walked to the elephant and clambered into the basket. Cosalda followed. Davenport put himself between them. The elephant rose, the band struck up an air, the parade turned around, and Lerida's march on Jimena entered its final stage.

As the mahout piloted his beast down the road, Davenport passed cigars to his companions.

"You have no idea," he began, "what really tremendous thing this circus is for the west coast. This aggregation has won the praise of Paris, Berlin, London, and New York. It has——"

And so no, ad infinitum.

M. B. Levick.

STANLEY'S ESCAPE FROM CANNIBALS

Capt. Fritz Duquesne, the African explorer, believes that Henry M. Stanley did more for the civilization of Africa than any one since his time. It was Stanley, he says, who brought the voice of God into the Dark Continent and made progress more than a meagre possibility. Captain Duquesne has written an interesting account of some of the strange incidents of Stanley's career for a newspaper syndicate, which we find in the Pensacola Evening News. Many are familiar with the story of his obscure origin, but for those who are not we may quote this passage:

The first home he recalled was the poor house at St. Asaph, a sort of prison for the incarceration of social failures, known as paupers, and abandoned children. In the cold, gray, unfurnished cells of this prison-house he was given his first smattering of education.

One day a book of travel and adventures fell into his hand. How different the world outside the poorhouse seemed to be. He wanted to see that world, and one night, with a boy friend, he made his escape from the uncharitable institution. This was his first taste of danger, and the birth of his love of adventure that in its maturity was to make him one of the world's greatest explorers.

He shipped as a cabin-boy to New Orleans, where he obtained employment from a merchant named Henry Morton Stanley, who, taking more than a fancy to the young outcast, adopted him and gave him his name.

After the merchant died Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army, and was taken prisoner in a fight with the Union troops. Later he was made an ensign of the United States Navy, being assigned to the ironclad Ticonderoga. Before the war was ended he gave up the life of a sailor and took to the newspaper as a field for his activities. He became war correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat. He went through the Franco-Prussian war as a warrior of the pen. He then went with the British expedition that was sent out under General Gordon, to punish King Theodore of Abyssinia for the assassination of some British subjects. In this expedition Stanley obtained his first knowledge of Africa, whose fascination he was never able to throw off.

His next trip into the jungle continent was made in his memorable search for Livingstone. During this journey the Stars and Stripes were carried for the first time into the heart of Africa. He found Livingstone and proved to the world that the newspaper man, whose efforts were bound to fail, according to the British military official, because he was not a military man, was made of exceptional "stuff."

Stanley's success made him looked upon as Africa's chief explorer, and he made numerous expeditions into the unknown country:

He hacked his way through the terrible equatorial forests, dodged poisoned spears, waded treacherous rivers that were the homes of thousands of crocodiles, fought the hidden pygmies in the treetops, battled with fierce lions and leopards and fiercer cannibals, that he might give the world a true map of Central Africa, now known as the Kongo.

One of his bravest officers was a young fellow named Deane, who was attacked by a band of Monongeri tribesmen while on his way up the Kongo River with a force of Houssas to take charge of the post at Stanley Falls. The attack was a big success, and one-half of Deane's party were captured and eaten. The following account of Stanley's attempted revenge, and his narrow escape from death was told by Stanley himself in the presence of Captain Duquesne, and has yet to be chronicled by historians and biographers:

This success on the part of the savages was soon communicated, in various exaggerated forms, to other villages, and a general agitation was commenced to drive out the white men. Before long *news came pouring into head-quarters,* at Leopoldville, that most of the river posts were being harassed by the savages and that a general wave of cannibalism had seized that part of the population in which I had suppressed it.

These were outrages which I could not permit on the chief highway of the Kongo State, so I decided to punish the savages in such a way that they would henceforth respect a friendly white man.

Getting our little steamers together, we were soon dragging the native police in tenders and huge native war canoes, up the river to where the worst outrages had been committed, and where it was rumored that Pierre Serste, an officer in the employ of the State, was a prisoner, and in the hands of the cannibals, if he had not already been devoured.

Reaching a place within a few miles of where some cannibals were said to be holding their feast, I divided my force into four parts, sending one up the river and one down the river two miles each way. These were to enter the forest and cut off every retreat in those directions, should the natives be found. The third force I left in the river to guard the boats, and the fourth I took into the forest in a detour so that we should have the savages hemmed in on all sides.

The country was extremely difficult to march in, for the river banks at this point were not above the water, which ran inland for miles, making a fetid swamp. In many places the water was so deep that we were forced to climb *from one tree to another, which made* our progress so slow that night overtook us while we were still in the swamp travelling from limb to limb like monkeys, and retarded by our arms and ammunition. There was nothing to do but halt till daylight.

We hung in the trees all night like so many gorillas. Lions and leopards roared in the distance and insects swarmed around us in thousands. A gorilla and his mate held animated conversation above our heads, and unseen jungle monsters splashed through the waters below. We were all nearer death than life, when the sudden sun of the tropical morning struggled to force its rays through the dismal growth that had sheltered us for the night. We ate half our emergency ration, and continued our heart-breaking journey. One after another of my faithful black soldiers slipped from the slimy trees and landed in the foul-smelling water below. I thought the journey would never end.

It was again getting toward evening when the sudden ringing thud of a native drum echoed over the verdure-blanketed swamp. The sound came nearer as we advanced. I knew, therefore, that it must be a war party, and that dry land was not far away.

With renewed energy we climbed from limb to limb and made good progress. The foliage before us changed, indicating dry ground. The drums still beat their terrible dwong, dwong, and now and again the voices of the natives reached our ears. We soon stood on solid earth, and I prepared my men for action. As I was giving instructions, a little pygmy arrow whistled through the air and buried itself in the breast of one of my native followers, who was not a soldier and was armed with a bow and arrow. A cry of pain broke from his lips. In a second he took aim with his primitive weapon, his arrow hissed through the air, and the diminutive body of a dwarf warrior tumbled through the leaves to the ground, with an arrow through his heart. I was afraid to shoot into the trees, for that would have alarmed the natives whom I especially desired to reach. On the other hand the pygmies often act as scouts for the other natives, and I was tolerably certain that the trees were full of them. There was nothing left to do but push on as fast as possible. With our arms ready, we advanced.

We had not marched more than twenty minutes toward the "dwonging" drums when we came to some open land, on which at least five hundred drunken, howling savages were dancing, and grinning, their sharpened teeth showing in horrible ghastliness. A dozen skulls, from which the flesh had been recently torn, as the hosts of flies that hung around them showed, were stuck on spear-heads and sticks around the place. Some of the dancing natives held parts of human skeletons in their hands and here or there about the ground on banana leaves were pieces of human flesh.

I was just deciding what action to take, take, so that I could bag the whole lot with my small force, when a huge brute, who was mad drunk, struck the musician's arm with a human thigh bone. This, of course, broke the rhythmic beat and the drummer objected with a threatening gesture. The big fellow laughed, danced around again and once more struck the drum with the bone. This started an altercation, and the drum-beating stopped while the men argued. As the sudden stopping of the music in the middle of a waltz would break up the dance, so the cessation of the drumbeats stopped the orgy, and the savages became interested in the war of words.

When they clustered together I saw that they were in too great number for my little force unless I gave them a surprise attack. As I contemplated the best mode of action, a noise came from the further end of the clearing which was out of my sight behind the bushes. The natives turned, and, setting up a howling, commenced to dance. The drum men joined and added to the hideous din. Something of great interest was evidently about to take place. *The natives crowded back and I saw* led into their midst near the fire a naked white man, whose neck was fastened in the fork of a heavy branch. His body was covered with dried blood, and a deep wound ran down his face in such a way that his right eye was split. His left arm was swollen badly, showing that it was broken. The savages stood him before the fire and commenced to insult him. One, a chief, pricked the unfortunate with an arrow over the heart, but he never flinched. He then spat on the white and commenced to dance.

How to rescue the captive was now the question. I hurriedly examined my Remington repeater and my Luger pistol, and directed my men to prepare for action. All at once a fierce howl broke from the natives, and a huge executioner, with his terrible ax-knife, entered the opening.

"Meat! Meat!" came from the hoarse throats of the drunken mob. The captive was taken from the prong and told that his time had come. He faced his captors like a man.

The drink-crazed horde were all too interested to notice anything else but the coming execution.

We crept nearer and I levelled my rifle to the nearest savage. My soldiers picked out a man each, and at my signal we sent a hail of death into the ranks of the cannibals, and then rushed into their midst, the soldiers with fixed bayonets and I pouring death out of my Luger at every shot. It was a terrific fight. I was beside the white captive in a minute. He had fallen on the ground for protection. We formed a square around him and fought back the natives, who had encircled us, with bayonet charges and volleys.

I saw that we were in for a terrible time, for the cannibals were not to be beaten off. I then decided to retreat toward the water of a small river, at the end of the clearing, so that we should be protected on one side by the water. Back to back, with the wounded man between us, we fought our way to the water. A fierce and desperate rush drove us into the river and we stood waist deep in the water, fighting for our lives.

Spears rained on us, and one by one my brave soldiers fell. The savages were getting the best of us, and I feared that we were all in our last fight. I handed the wounded man my Luger pistol and loading my Remington I prepared for the last stand.

"If you ever get out of this," said the man, "my name is Pierre Serste, Brussels." He opened fire with the automatic weapon. That was the last I saw of him, for a sudden blow from sime flying weapon knocked me senseless. I did not even remember falling into the water.

When I revived I was on the beach among a hundred dead enemies and friends.

I had floated down the river out of danger. My outflanking party had been attracted by the noise of battle and had arrived in time to save my comrades from complete annihilation.

I lost four-fifths of my men. Serste, fearing recapture and torture had blown out his brains with the last shot in the Luger.

With the new arrivals at my command, I inflicted a severe punishment on the cannibals. Ten of the chiefs were hanged for their crimes, and the Kongo Free State came in once more for a storm of abuse from the enemies for its cruelty in handling the gentle defenceless savages.

THE CANTANKEROUS CAMEL

The usually patient and submissive camel, like the proverbial worm, will sometimes resent an overdose of abuse. Too dense to think of a way in which he can outwit his driver and so take him unawares, when roused to the pitch of fury he rushes at the tyrant open-mouthed and his formidable teeth and powerful jaws do serious damage.

Of this vindictiveness the camel driver is aware, and of the certainty that sooner or later the camel will seek *revenge. Accordingly, it is customary* for the person who fears his malice to throw his clothes before the camel, meanwhile hiding himself until the animal's fury has been expended in tossing and trampling on them, when the injury, real or supposed, is at once forgotten.

The camel will not identify himself with his driver or rider in the smallest way whatever. He steadily declines all advances. His eye never lights up with love of even interest at the approach of his master. Should you attempt to pat or caress him he will object in a very decided manner.

Good treatment or bad makes no difference to the camel. Life and its hard conditions are taken for granted. His view of things is far too serious. He is so absorbed and preoccupied that he has no time to waste in the gambols *indulged in by all other young animals.*

MILLIONS FOR DRAINING FARMS

The farmers of Iowa are spending on a vast project to drain their swamp lands three-quarters as much money as the United States government is paying to build the Panama Canal. They have already used $8,000,000 in the work, and the total cost of the improvements when finished is estimated at $307,000,000.

It is expected that hundreds of thousands of acres will be added to the tillable area of the state, acres which during ages have been accumulating richness washed down upon them from higher land as well as by decay of their own swamp vegetation, acres which need only to be released from the embarrassment of too much water to demonstrate their wonderful fertility. The millions that will thus be added to the value of Iowa are beyond the reach of accurate computation, although sanguine advocates declare that the state will be wealthier by half a billion dollars or more when the work is finished.

The reclamation was begun in 1904, and thus far nearly $8,000,000 has been spent on public drainage ditches in fourteen out of the thirty counties in which the work is projected. In the remaining sixteen counties some $7,000,000 more will be expended. So that 3,000,000 acres of farms will be improved at an average cost of $5 per acre. The result is the throwing open to cultivation of swamp and flood land which will be hereafter worth from $75 to $200 an acre. The estimated total cost of the public drainage ditches is $60,000,000. These figures are supplied by the State Conservation Board, who calculate that individual owners will spend $247,000,000 more out of their own pockets in draining wet lands.

By the Iowa plan, large open drains are first built, then tiled lateral ditches leading to them, and then the small tiled drains under individual farms—some of the latter running within four rods of one another, and as small as four inches in diameter.

In many cases farmers have paid from $25 to $75 an acre to tile and drain their farms into the public drains. Where crops have been good the system has been rapidly extended, for the farmers are aware that as fast as the handicap of surplus water is thrown off their lands are greatly increased in productivity. There are thirty "wet counties" in Iowa, in twenty of which practically the entire area must be drained, while in the remaining ten only half the area needs help.

TREE PLANTING

Besides the extensive plans for sowing broadcast the seed of native forest trees on the bare patches of the mountains in Colorado, Wyoming, and South Dakota, government foresters are taking steps to introduce a number of forest trees which it is expected will add appreciably to the verdure of the mountains and will eventually become an asset in the form of timber. As in the case of human immigrants only those foreigners or "exotics" that will make good citizens are to be encouraged. The species involved are Austrian pine, Corsican pine, Scotch pine, Norway spruce, and European larch.

A Traveler's Experience

"My one wish will be," writes Harry P. Pollard, a well known boot and shoe traveller of Hartford, "that everyone with a bad stomach may learn as I did before it's too late, that Nerviline is the one remedy to cure. Why, I was in mighty bad shape, my digestion was all wrong, and every night I would waken up with a start and find my heart thumping like a threshing machine. This was caused by gas in my stomach pressing against my heart. When I started to use Nerviline I got better mighty fast. It is certainly a grand remedy for the travelling man, keeps your stomach in order, cures cramps, prevents lumbago or rheumatism, breaks up chest colds and sore throat—in fact, there hasn't been an ache or pain inside or outside for the past two years that I haven't cured with Nerviline. Do you wonder I recommend it?"

AN ENGLISH CAGLIOSTRO

French essayists have sometimes said that the overthrow of the French monarchy began in the machinations of the wizard, charlatan, and so-called impostor, the Count Cagliostro. He broke through "the divinity that doth hedge a king" in bringing to light the levity and vanity of a French queen, Marie Antoinette, and the diamond-necklace affair, as is often averred, sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold. The French writers and editors of the present day are now speculating upon what they call "the decay of the monarchical sentiment" in England. A recent incident in the experience of King George V. is made to serve as the text for a discourse or two upon the alleged weakness of the throne in the British Isles. Not only do papers of extreme Socialistic opinions, like the Humanite, predict the establishment of a republic in England, but calm and thoughtful conservative journals like the Paris Gaulois can not conceal their forebodings of a change. A king, nowadays, it appears, can not live above public opinion and order his critics' heads off, but must hunt down through the law courts any one who ventures to accuse him of immorality or violation of the law. An apparently absurd story was trumped up by a newspaper editor, Mylius by name, to the effect that the present King of England had secretly married a daughter of the English Admiral Seymour eighteen years ago, and that the present Queen of England was not his only wife. This tale was published in the revolutionary Liberator (Paris) and was translated and printed in a London paper of the same character. Mylius was tried on the suit of the King, found guilty, and condemned to a period of imprisonment.

Mylius is Cagliostro come back to life, exclaims the great Conservative paper of Paris, the Gaulois. The editor asks:

"Why is this Mylius? I remember him perfectly, and he is indeed a very ancient figure in history. He first appeared on the stage about a century and a quarter ago. He began his operations in France, and at that epoch bore the somewhat celebrated title of Count Cagliostro. The result of his appearance among Frenchmen was the disgrace of a cardinal, the dragging of a queen through the mud, and the befouling of a throne. . . .

"I always look out for number one," said the selfish man; "don't you?"

"Well, hardly," said the person so addressed, who happened to be a widow. "You see, I am looking out for number two."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes
AND GRANULATED LIDS
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00.
Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00.
EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

A POST CARD BRINGS HELP FOR THE KIDNEYS

GIN PILLS SENT FREE

We want all sufferers from Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Lame Back and Rheumatism, to test GIN PILLS, and see for themselves that GIN PILLS will really cure all these troubles.

If your kidneys are weak—if it pains you to urinate—if your back aches—if hands and feet are crippled with Rheumatism—give GIN PILLS a chance to prove that they will relieve you and cure you. It won't cost you a cent. You don't have to buy them. Simply write us for a free sample.

"A short time ago, I received a free sample of GIN PILLS which I have taken with such good effects that I herewith enclose 50c. for a box of them. I believe GIN PILLS are just the things for me."

RICHARD HAMLYN,
French River.

GIN PILLS are so called because they contain the medicinal principle of Juniper berries, the essential principle of Gin, but do not contain alcohol. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50—at dealers, and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Sample box free if you write us. National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. R.P. Toronto.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.
Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

Street gowns are the first to demand attention in the Spring, and just what is best to buy is not always easy to determine. Unfortunately, in spite of the Weather Bureau and the wise predictions of almanacs, there can be no positively reliable information that will help solve the problem of whether a medium or light material shall be selected, so often does winter cold linger, only to change within twenty-four hours to semi-tropical heat, when even a light weight cloth costume is quite impossible, and this same temperature will continue until the summer season is firmly established. Again will come a season when furs will not be uncomfortable and when spring gowns of anything but heavy material will be equally impossible.

* * *

Prudent, and rightly known as economical, women contend that the purchase of a medium weight street costume late in the winter is essential. They look askance at the light weight and light colored gowns that on a typical spring day

Pink Liberty Satin Gown with Gold Embroidered Tunic

are so fascinatingly attractive, knowing that on a bleak, cold day the same gown will be hideously ugly and unbecoming. An all-wool material of medium or really light weight can be worn in quite cold weather if a thin knitted sweater or sacque be worn underneath, but this will not be necessary often. The plainer models of skirt and coat are the best to choose for the spring street costume, as this will be used later for travelling and always for some practical purpose.

Silk, satin or voile are better adapted to the more elaborate styles, and this year there is a satin finish extremely light weight cloth that will be included in the latter category.

Jackets are to be much sherter, and already the return of the bolero and Eton jacket has been more than indicated in many of the newest models. In the everyday first spring gown the short or rather medium straight coat is the best, more in keeping with the straight plain skirt. With the more elaborate skirts the shorter, more fanciful coat is the more appropriate.

Straight lines for coat and skirt are to be the rule, and, while the achieving of just the right effect is difficult at first, the fashion is not an impossible one to copy if it is realized that the finish must be perfect and that there must be sufficient width across the shoulders to give this straight loose appearance that is required.

* * *

A large flat hat covered with black satin is trimmed with a square of heavy white lace smoothly laid over the crown; the four corners are attached to the brim below a wreath of small rose-tinted silk flowers that circle the crown. This hat sits flat on the head, nearly to the eyebrows. A wide hat, all of Venise lace, its brim faced with white silk, is trimmed with a tuft of airy black aigrettes set at each side of the crown; and the favorite black and white mingling I have seen in a small dish-shaped hat of fine white straw. Beginning at the ears the edge widens into a long, dull point at the back which curves over to be attached to the crown. Lined with black velvet this turned-over portion gives it an air of extreme smartness. It is trimmed only with a tuft of white ostrich feathers that start from the back.

* * *

Rich satin, black, taupe gray, or darkest blue, much trimmed with white lace, with a touch of color in the trimming of the corsage, is the favorite visiting gown of the moment. With one of the new round, or pointed, shoulder capes made of heavy lace, edged with velvet, the street costume is complete. There are little Eton and bolero lace jackets, also, that while they are similar to those of other times, seem novel by reason of a new manner of adjustment. The back is held by a wide belt fancifully composed of two materials, while the fronts are left loose to curve from the throat, or to fall in points over the belt in front.

* * *

The belt marks a deal of smartness on a gown. A description of their variety seems hopeless. Indeed, the variety is the result of the fancy of the designer. Ribbon, silk, velvet, lace, and metal embroideries, and a mingling of two or three materials in one belt, all help in the achievement of this bit of ornamentation. At a recent wedding the little alms bag carried among the guests was made of a fragment of an old chasuble, and other fragments of it formed the side portions of the wide belt that trimmed the parchment colored gown of its owner. The remainder of the belt was of gold and silver embroidery, and all of it was veiled with cream colored mousseline de soie. The richness of recent wedding gowns is in strong contrast to the traditional plain white satin gown. The bride that day wore a gown, simple in form, of splendid silver brocade richly embroidered in silver at the hem of the front breadth and in slenderer lines, it trimmed the edges of the round train, shaped a round belt, and edged the simple corsage and short chemise sleeves.

* * *

Signs of attempts to introduce new sleeves are noted in recent gowns. To a sleeve cut on the long familiar lines of the kimono sleeve, a touch of novelty is given by a slit at the back; the edges are rounded and the opening filled by a lace flounce. The sleeve of an afternoon gown, cut in one with the bodice, turns up at the elbow in a narrow, flaring cuff over a long extremely tight under sleeve of the material of the guimpe. It is fastened from the wrists to elbow with a thick set line of small buttons.

The sleeve of a new evening gown is simply of a small half square of white lace, the point hanging at the back of the arm, silver frings trims it. On another, the deep lace bertha widens a little over the top of the arm, supplying the only sleeve. This gown is altogether unique in its pretty mingling of lace and white crepe de chine. The plain skirt that drags slenderly in the back, is slightly gathered and attached by a large, silk-covered cord to the plain, round-waisted lace corsage, laid smoothly over a lining of white mousseline de soie. The lace bertha narrows to the belt line, shaping revers, over them turn narrower revers, of turquoise blue satin embroidered with white beads, framing a tiny chemisette of beaded lace.

A new silk, soft lightly ribbed, in white and in charming shades of color, promises to lend itself delightfully to summer gowns in combination with lace and ribbon ruches.

THE LIGHT OF THE SKY

YNTEMA has made a series of investigations of the brightness of the sky, which may be summarized as follows: On some nights, when there is no visible moon or aurora, and the sun is more than 18 degrees below the horizon, the sky, whether clear or cloudy, is distinctly luminous, as a whole or in parts. The brightness of the sky, which usually increases toward the horizon, is sometimes equal to that of the diffused light of the half moon. Printed letters and the figures of a watch can be read with ease, and comparatively small objects at considerable distances can be seen—telegraph poles more than 300 feet away, for example. If the sky on these nights is clear, it appears white or pale blue, so that the Milky Way can scarcely be distinguished. On the other hand, there are clear nights when the sky appears almost black.

The brightness of the sky cannot be caused by the stars alone, for in this case it would be the same every night and would not increase toward the horizon, but would rather be diminished there by atmospheric absorption. The variation in the light of the sky suggests a terrestrial cause. Only a very small fraction of the luminosity can be explained by dispersion of light in the atmosphere, as is proved both by theory and by experiment. Yntema assumes that the earth is always surrounded by an aurora, which illuminates the entire sky to a greater or less degree. It is well known that the characteristic green line of the aurora often appears in the spectrum of the sky light, even when no aurora is visible to the naked eye.

THE KING AND LONG SERMONS

THE recognized time for a preacher to occupy the pulpit when preaching before the late King Edward was ten minutes. King George, however, has never quite approved of these very short sermons, and it has been intimated to the chaplains in ordinary attached to the Royal household, from whom the preacher for the morning service at Buckingham Palace is usually selected, that their sermons may be lengthier than they were customarily in the last reign.

An intimation of this sort amounts practically to a command, but it is doubtful if it will be very welcome to some of the chaplains who were in the late King's household, who have, during the past years, rarely preached a sermon of more than ten minutes' duration.

When the King is at Buckingham Palace on Sunday, the preacher for the morning service is selected by his Majesty; the selection is usually made on Friday, and the chaplain who has been chosen is notified of the fact by the Sub-Dean.

THE MOTHER BEAR'S MISTAKE

A WASHINGTON man relates how, on one occasion in the West, when he was on his way back to camp after a day's shooting, he suddenly came in sight of a big she-bear with two cubs following her in single file. They were proceeding along a ridge, the forms of all of them sharply defined against the evening sky.

Nattier Blue Silk Voile Gown

It was a long range for a shot, but the sportsman drew a bead on the old she-bear and fired. The result was amusing. The procession stopped; the she-bear scratched herself hastily, then turned round, and, regarding the cub immediately behind with severe disapproval, boxed its ears soundly.

Mother Bear then went on her way, her back uncommonly rigid and unrelenting, and it was clearly apparent to the sportsman that she was under the impression that her frolicsome offspring had been up to some mischief that must not be repeated.

THE TERRIBLE TAX LEVIED BY SICKNESS

Sickness reduced to terms of dollars and cents gives totals which quite take one's breath away. Secretary J. N. McCormack, of the Kentucky State Board of Health, in the course of a recent address, estimated that eight diseases levy an annual tax upon the Blue Grass State of nearly double its entire revenue.

"The estimate of our reporters of an average of $94 for the medical care, drugs, nursing and loss of time for each case of sickness, is certainly a very conservative one," he said, "places the total yearly tax upon the people of Kentucky for eight diseases at $12,911,398. But the actual loss is far beyond this. Professor Fisher, of Yale, the world's greatest authority upon the subject, tells us that the value of a human life gradually rises from $90 in the first year to $4,200 when in full vigor, remains nearly stationary for a long time, and then gradually declines until it becomes negative. He places the average value of lives sacrificed by preventable disease in this country at $1,700.

"Making this the basis of the calculation and applying it to the 13,337 deaths from eight diseases last year, gives the sum of $22,672,900. Adding this to the $12,191,398 which it costs in various ways to care for those sick of them, gives a total loss for the year of $34,864,298.

"Enormous as these figures may seem at first sight, it is believed that they under-estimate the money-saving which is entirely possible every year if all the people of Kentucky could and would observe the laws of health as now known to the scientific world in their daily lives. This cost of sickness is just as much a tax upon the people as if paid into the county, municipal and state treasuries, but no benefits are returned from it as is the case more or less with other taxes. It will be noted that preventable sickness is discussed here purely as a business matter, no consideration being given to the inconvenience, suffering and sorrow it brings into the homes of the people."

Eight years of smallpox epidemics in Kentucky, covering a period from 1898 to 1906, cost the State a million dollars, "to say nothing of the distress, suffering and loss of life."

In Germany, Dr. McCormack pointed out, vaccination has long been compulsory, and smallpox has disappeared. In the last reported year, there was but one case in Germany's 63,000,000 population. "The average cost of a successful vaccination is 40 cents, the average expense of caring for a case of smallpox for the public is $40, and yet in the face of this experience, over 40 per cent. of our people remain unvaccinated."

BURMESE WOMEN THE MATRIMONIAL LEADERS

There is an oriental race, as yet little heard of, which has developed ideas about the relations between the two sexes, which would set the most advanced people of today thinking. The ideas which prevail in Burma about women upset a great many notions which man has formed about woman from the earliest times, declares a writer in the Westminster Review.

A Burmese woman, for example, makes love to a man first. It sounds strange, not to say unnatural, to most European ears, and yet this frankness on the part of women toward "mere" men is greatly desirable among women of other countries. A Burmese marriage is civil, and not religious. They cannot understand what religion has to do with marriage. They look upon it as a pure and simple partnership, which if not happy might be dissolved at any time.

With such ideas, it is natural that they should hate the "ceremony" of marriage. After marriage there is no outward symbol like a wedding-ring on a Burmese woman's body. She does not even adopt her husband's family name, but retains her own. As religion is concerned with the soul only, the two sexes are on equal terms in life.

They do not possess two laws, one for men only, and the other for women, as in Europe. As Burma was absolutely free from any kind of feudalism, women were never looked upon as the "weaker sex," and therefore the criminal law is the same for men and women there. The Burmese women have always been free from sacerdotal and secular dogmas alike. They do what they like, according to their own sweet will. They like to work, even if they are not obliged to do so.

The husband has no right over the property which his wife might have possessed before marriage, nor over the property which she might acquire after marriage. The Burmese woman can appear in law courts to represent her husband. In contracts with a third person she and her husband sign their names together. They can borrow money on joint security. Both husband and wife can sign deeds and lend money.

Finally, if there is no longer any love between a married couple in Burma, they get the divorce even more quickly than they do in the United States. A great many ideals of the modern Western woman have been put into practice for centuries in Burma, where many a woman divorces her husband against his will.

Make a point never to wear a new pair of gloves till the buttons are resewn. This avoids dropping them at moments when one's reputation for neatness may suffer.

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

EYES CURED

WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Grateful Patients Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and all Eye Diseases—many have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy one week. Send your name and address with full description of your trouble to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 5290 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., or fill out the coupon below, and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

FREE. This coupon is good for one trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Remedy sent to you prepaid. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 5290 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Here's a Home Dye That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

DY-O-LA
ONE FOR ALL KINDS

Send for Sample Card and Dainty Booklet to The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

JUST THINK OF IT!
With DY-O-LA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

A Pill that Proves its value.—Those of weak stomach, will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

A Cure for Rheumatics.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

are new and entirely different from ordinary preparations. They accomplish their purpose without disturbing the rest of the system, and are therefore the ideal laxative for the nursing mother, as they do not affect the child.

Compounded, like all NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. If unsatisfactory we'll gladly return your money.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 24

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, . . . Montreal.

BRUCE'S SEEDS

BRUCE'S BIG FOUR FIELD ROOT SPECIALTIES

BRUCE'S GIANT WHITE FEEDING BEET—The most valuable Field Root on the market, combines the rich qualities of the Sugar Beet with the long keeping, large size and heavy cropping qualities of the mangel. ¼ lb. 13c, ½ lb. 19c, 1 lb. 30c, 4 lbs. $1.10, postpaid.

BRUCE'S MAMMOTH INTERMEDIATE SMOOTH WHITE CARROT—The best of all field Carrots. ¼ lb. 23c, ½ lb. 39c, 1 lb. 60c, postpaid.

BRUCE'S GIANT YELLOW INTERMEDIATE MANGEL—A very close second to our Giant White Feeding Beet, and equally easy to harvest. ¼ lb. 13c, ½ lb. 19c, 1 lb. 30c, 4 lbs. $1.10, postpaid.

BRUCE'S NEW CENTURY SWEDE TURNIP—The best shipping variety, as well as the best for cooking: handsome shape, uniform growth, purple top. ¼ lb. 18c, ½ lb. 24c, 1 lb. 40c, 4 lbs. $1.40, postpaid.

FREE—Our handsomely illustrated 104-page catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1911. Send for it.

John A. Bruce & Co., Ltd. Hamilton, Ontario
Established Sixty-one Years.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE

STOVES, RANGES, FURNITURE

AND A COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD

Furnishing Establishment

T. E. BATE

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

The Big Store

We have just received a full line of Cushion Tops, in all dainty designs and patterns. Prices range from 40c. to $2.00.

We are showing Centre Pieces, Tray Cloths, Table Covers, Pillow Cases and Towels, stamped in dainty patterns on best quality of Linen.

Stamped **Blouses and Corset Covers in fine Nainsook; assorted designs, 45c. to 75c.**

Come in and look through these lines and you will be sure to see something you want.

Simon Leiser & Co, Ltd.

VICTORIA DAY CELEBRATION

NANAIMO

MAY 24th and 25th

BIG DAYS

$2,000 IN PRIZES

Field Sports, Regatta, Football, Baseball, etc.
Five-mile and Twelve-mile road races for Silver Trophy.
Excursion Rates from all Points.
EVERYBODY COME!
All sports events must be handed in to the Secretary not later than Monday, May 20th.

MAYOR SHAW, Chairman. ROBERT NAYLOR, Secretary.

PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS ACT.

COMOX ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

TAKE NOTICE that I have received objections in writing to the retention of the following names on the Register of Voters for the COMOX ELECTORAL DISTRICT on the grounds stated below

AND TAKE NOTICE that at a Court of Revison to be held on the 20th day of May, 1912, at the Court House, Cumberland, at ten oclock in the forenoon I shall hear and determine the said objections, and unless such named persons or some other Provincial voter on their behalf satisfies me that such objections are not well founded, I shall strike such names off the said Register.

JOHN BAIRD, Registrar of Voters

Dated this 12th day of April, 1912.

The following persons are reported absent from the Distric:

NO.	NAME	PLACE
11	Aitchison, Thomas	New England Hotel, Cumberland
15	Alexander, John	Lot 153, Minto, Comox
37	Andrews, William James	Section 18, Comox
46	Armstrong, Wilbert Frank	Heriot Bay
53	Ashley, Harold Ormsby	Cumberland
112	Beech, Jonathan	Comox
114	Belair, Joseph	Lot 12, Valdez Island
177	Bowler, James Samuel	Lot 179, Comox
226	Buckley, Philip	Union Bay
313	Chapman, Alexander	Comox
368	Cowie, David	Mud Bay, Comox
369	Cowlin, Charles	Sandwick
378	Crafter, Gilbert Alfred	Sandwick
382	Creech, Richard K.	Lot 166, Comox
420	Davis, Leonard	Lot 33, Sec. 61, Courtenay
436	Day, James S	Lot 12, Nelson District
445	Denton, John	Cumberland
462	Dobson, Stephen F.	Lot 87, Comox
12	Ellis, Charles John	Allen Avenue, Cumberland
530	Faulds, Alexander	Union Hotel, Union
571	Fraser, John	Lot 153, Comox
579	Fulton, Arthur C,	Sandwick
602	Gatz, Adolph	Cumberland
609	Gibson, George Roy	Cumberland
630	Glennon, William Edward	Heriot Bay
641	Gordon, Harry	Denman Island
679	Grieve, Henry Isaac	Lot 162, Comox
720	Hamilton, Angus	Comox
739	Harwood, John	Section 5, Nelson District
758	Hawkins, Charles Henry	Comox
772	Hayes, Joseph	Cumberland
797	Hillier, William Thomas	Cape Lazo
815	Hudson, Richard Henry	Union Hotel, Union
824	Hood, John	Heriot Bay
877	Hutchinson, John	Cumberland
969	Kesley, John	Main Street, Union
1077	MacFarlane, Adelbert	Comox
1056	Little, Francis Dean	Union
1079	Mackie, John	Cortez Island
1177	Mills, Bobert	Courtenay
1238	McBride, Robert Albert	Comox
1240	McCaw, George	Grant & Co. Farm, Comox
1263	McDonald, Daniel	Union Bay
1297	McGuire, James	Maryport avenue, Cumberland
1358	McLean, Arthur S.	Cumberltnd
1394	McNiven, John	Cumberland
1476	Palmer, John Thomas Edward	Cumberland
1524	Pidcock, William E.	Quathisaka Cove
155-	Pollock, John B.	Courtenay
1557	Popham Home C. V.	Lot 208, Comox
1605	Reid, Samuel	Hornby Island
1649	Rogers, John	Union Hotel, Union
1650	Romo, Ole	Read Island
1748	Slater, William	Surge Narrows
178	Smith, George C,	Lot 202, Comox
1801	Sollan, Micheal	Hornby Island
186	Sutton, Albert	Hornby Island
1866	Sutton, Frederick James	Hornby Island
1888	Teed, Harlan	Sandwick
1996	Webster, Robert Dunn	Cumberland
205	Williams, Gwilyn P.	Hornby Island

The following persons are reported deceased:

NO.	NAME	PLACE
17	Allen, Wilfred C.	E½ of SW¼ Sec. 34, Cortez Island
74	Baker, Charles N.	Lund
118	Bellamore, Issadore	Sec. 20, Salmon River
1516	Petch, Thomas Chambers	Elk Bay
1966	Wallace, James	Shushartie Bay

NOTICE is hereby given that the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the New England Hotel, situated on the east hal of lot 3, in block 3, Cumberland Town site.

JAMES WALTERS.

Dated this 11th day of May, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for the City of Cumberland I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the Waverl hotel, situate on Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, FRANK DALLOS,

Dated this 11th day of May, 1912

TO RENT.—Nice quiet rooms. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Walker, Cumberland. 96-3

A. R. KIERSTEAD

(Late Mennie & Potter)

Horse-Shoeing and General Blacksmith

Wheel-wright, Repair Shop and Rubber Tire Setting.

THIRD ST. Cumberland

5 and 10 ACRE BLOCKS

of good land, mostly alder, less than one-half mile from new mine, No. 8. $100 an acre; one-third cash, 6 and 12 months. Apply

F. R. F. BISCOE

Agent, office next Royal Bank, COURTENAY, B, C

LAWRENCE & WRIGHT

Cement Blocks, Concrete Chimney Blocks a Specialty. Samples can been at McKean & Biscoe store, Courtenay.

For Estimates and particulars write

J. Lawrence,

COMOX, B.C.

FOR SALE—9¼ *miles from Cumberland*, 58 acres of good land; 18 acres slashed; school on the upper corner; good road to place; and would be easily subdivided. Apply N. HARVEY Minto District, for terms.

P. O. Box 100 Phone 10

CUMBERLAND DEPARTMENTAL STORES

Late J. N. McLeod

THIS Store will be extended and several new departments added, and will shortly re-open with a large and complete stock of everything appertaing to a general business, and will be run on the lines of

HIGH-GRADE GOODS AT POPULAR PRICES

W. A. Wagenhauser F. P. Onate

Proprietors.

WAVERLY HOTEL

FRANK DALLOS, Prop.

Good Meals Comfortable Rooms
Fragrant Cigars Choice Liquors
Courteous Treatment.

Dunsmuir Ave. Cumberland

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

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world
SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, and interest highest current rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards

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

D. M. Morrison, Manager

COURTENAY, B. C. BRANCH OPEN DAILY

Wm. H. Hoff, Manager.

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 royalties 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 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.

"CIVIL SERVICE ACT."

The qualifying examinations for Third-class Clerks, Junior Clerks, and Stenographers will be held at the following places, commencing on Tuesday, the 2nd July next:—Armstrong, Chilliwack, Cumberland, Duncan, Golden, Grand Forks, Kamloops, Kaslo, Kelowna, Ladysmith, Nanaimo, Nelson, New Westminster, Peachland, Prince Rupert, Penticton, Revelstoke, Rossland, Salmon Arm, Summerland, Vancouver, Vernon, and Victoria.

Candidates must be British subjects between the ages of 21 and 30, if for Third-class Clerks; and between 16 and 21, if for Junior Clerks or Stenographers.

Applications will not be accepted if received later than the 15th June next.

Further information, together with application forms, may be obtained from the undersigned.

Section 7 of the "Civil Service Act" provides that temporary clerks and stenographers, who have not been regularly appointed by Order in Council must pass this examination.

P. WALKER.
Registrar, Civil Service,
Victoria, B.C., 1st May, 1912.

MAIL CONTRACT!

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 31st day of May, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, at the frequency descsibed in the notices issued, between CUMBERLAND POST OFFICE and RWY. STATION of the CANADIAN COLLERIES CO. LTD., from the 1st July next.

Printed notices conaaining further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms obtained at the Post Offices of CUMBERLAND and at the office of the undersigned.

Post Office Inspector's Office
Victoria, B. C., 12th April, 1912.

E. H. FLETCHER,
P. O. Inspector.