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No.37 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL

School Trustees Present Estimates for Year

The Council met at the Council Chambers on Monday night, with Alderman Stewart in the chair, Aldermen Parnham, Banks, and Maxwell also being present.

The minutes of two special meetings were read and adopted.

A communication was read from the Ambulance Class requesting the use of the Council Chambers on Wednesday nights. The request was granted.

A communication was read from the Anti-Tuberculosis Society requesting a grant of money. The communication was laid upon the table for two weeks.

The trustees estimates for the coming year were presented as follows;—

Teachers	$7200.00
Janitor	510.00
Fuel	175.00
Repairs to Buildings	300.00
Incidentals	250.00
Fire Escape	200.00
Insurance (3 yrs. premium)	120.00
Medical Inspector	125.00
Library	25,00
	$8905.00

The estimates were laid on the table.

The Salaries of City employees for January were ordered paid.

On motion it was resolved to advanced the School Trustees $700 for teachers salaries for January.

Alderman Stewart and the City Clerk were authorised to sign cheques for the city until such time as a new Mayor be sworn in.

An application from the Development League for the use of the Council Chamber every second Monday evening was granted

Constable Gray submitted his report for January as follows;—

Scavanging	$103.25
Night Watchman	68.50
Sample Room	5 00
Police Court	3.00
	$179.75

The following bills were referred to the Finance Committee;—

P. Tarinelli	$15.00
Electric Light Co.	42.60
A. H. Peacey	60.05
J T. Palmer	10.00
The Islander	31.80
	$159.45

The Council then adjourned

Courtenay.

Mr. Wm. Herdman, who has been engaged with McPhee & Morrison, for the past ten months leaves on Sunday's boat for Victoria where he has accepted a position as manager in a shoe store in that city. We wish him success.

A large number of passengers left on the steamer Otter on Tuesday, amongst the number were Mr. and Mrs. Wm Duncan Mr. and Mrs. Joe McPhee, Mr. Richard Carter.

Real estate is booming around Courtenay. Some very fancy prices being paid for close in property.

At a special meeting of the F O E. on last Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Past Worthy Pres., P Stoddart Worthy Pres., Jas. Smith; Worthy Vice Pres., Jno. Liddle; Chaplain, J. Spencer; Secretary, Jas. Peacock; Treasurer Jno. Bigge: Conductor, A. Thomson; Inside Guard, A. Bradley; Outside Guard, Isaac Dykes. After the meeting the members proceeded to the Cumberland Hall where a social session was held.

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

MEETING OF THE LEAGUE

Development League Met Last Monday Night

At the conclusion of the session of the Council last Monday, a meeting of the Development League was held.

The Secretary was instructed to notify members that election of officers would take place at the next meeting.

The question of amalgamation with the Citizens' League was again taken up and divergent opinions expressed as to the advisability of so doing, it being felt by some that as the Citizens' League was a political organization the only form of union possible would be for the Citizens' League to disband and its members join the Development League.

On motion it was decided to lay the whole question over till the next meeting when there would probably be a larger number present to discuss it.

A number of enquiries for land were received and handed over to the committee to take action.

Mr Jno. Bannerman left on a business trip to Vancouver on Saturday

In a recent issue of THE ISLANDER we printed a report of the raiding of a "blind pig" down Camp. In this report it was stated that a young man was chased by four Italians with knives. We have been asked to state by several Italians that this report is absolutely not true, and from what we can learn there is absolutely no truth in this part of the story.

DEATH OF MR. MCKINNELL

Passed to Long Rest on Saturday Last

One of Cumberland's most popular citizens passed away at the local hospital on Saturday last, when John McKinnell of the firm of McKinnell & McKinnell, died after a lingering illness at the age of fifty years.

The deceased was a native of Santhingham, Ayrshire, Scotland, and before entering business here was for many years a resident of Nanaimo, where the funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, the Reverend R. J. Robertson conducting the services.

The late Mr. McKinnell is survived by a wife, two sons and a married daughter while two brothers living in Nanaimo and Ladysmith, respectively, survive him.

The shareholders of the Pilsener Brewing Co, are considering a proposition to allow that company to become absorbed in the British Columbia Brewing Combine. The matter will probably be settled to-day, but in all events the brewery here will continue to run full blast.

Union Bay.

(Last week's notes.)

Str. M. S. Dollis in for cargo.

Str. Cosco bunkered and cleared this week.

Mrs. T. L. Ray is visiting her son Mr F. Ray at Comox.

Quite a number of residents have had a touch of "grippe" lately.

Miss Jennie MacLennan, of Calumet, Michigan, is paying a visit to Mr. J. A. Fraser of the firm of Fraser & Bishop.

At a meeting of the club last night a committee was selected to line up the teams in city league so there will be war and rumors of war soon.

On Feb., 14th the Union Bay atheletic and social club intend to hold their opening affair, a good working committee has been selected and a swell affair is expected.

Jackson Arthurs had his thumb nearly taken off last Sunday while working on the wharf dumping coal. He got his hand caught in a wire cable on one of the chutes; he was rushed to the hospital at Cumberland at once.

Miss Emily V. Hobbs, of Victoria, has been the guest of her aunt, Miss Faulkner, of the Nelson Hotel for the past two weeks. She leaves for Victoria by the S S. City of Nanaimo, Saturday, Feb., 4th.

Mr. Herbert Glover met with a very painful accident last week being struck on the eye by a branch of a tree which cut the eye ball quite severly causing him to leave off work for a few days he is improving very well now and is still in the ring.

Through some unforseen circumstances the team from Cumberland failed to put in an appearance, last Friday night so the Basket Ball scheduled for that night did not come off. But the dance given by the club was a decided success, altho rather late in starting but once started was kept up until a late hour.

The burning question of the day is this: one man asked another "if he were good at mathematics?" On being assured that he knew more than the man that invited figures he asked him to figure out the following: "If it takes 1700 yards of cheese cloth to make a baby elephant a sheath gown, how far would an eight penny nail have to be dropped to break a pane of quarter inch plate glass?" Several hundred quires of foolscap have been used so far and no answer.

Some one in a joking mood placed a quantity of pepper on the stove in the sitting room at Wilson Hotel, Tuesday, which certainly caused some fun; everybody around was sneezing and coughing each apparently trying to out-sneeze the other; one man going for lunch walked unexpectingly into the fumes, a look of horror spread over his features he sneezed, he coughed, and made a dive for the dining room door he burst into the room as though a goat had butted him suddenly in the rear and he caused a man who was eating at the time to bolt his food so quickly that he nearly choked. His soup got tangled up with a laugh, and the snort he let off sounded not unlike a 16 inch gun and the poor parrot had to take all the smudge but he soon raised his voice in protest and he wanted to know who the blankety blank blank did that. He promised several hundred different kinds of torture for the offender in language that could not be put in print, and all this because of a few Hindoos, who moved out of the room rather quickly.

Latest Notes

The house occupied by Jno Donaldson was completly destroyed by fire last Thursday. The fire had gained such headway before being noticed that nothing could be saved all his household effects were lost.

On Tuesday a Basket Ball team from Cumberland played with the Union Bay team resulting in a win for the home team by the close score of 8 to 9 The game was clean and fairly fast the Cumberland team having considerable the best of the argument during the first half The Union Bay team meanwhile playing very ragged ball the first ½ closed Cumberland leading 7-2. On play beingresumed the game brightened considerable the Bay team taking the offensive and some very good passing being done Both teams however were checking rather fiercely and the referee's whistle being much in evidence and at this stage the score being 8-7 in Cumberlands' favor, The supporters of the Green and Red were doing some great rooting for the home team, by some quick passing on the part of the Union Bay forwards a shot from centre gave them the lead and Cumberland fought bravely but could not keep going with the Bay.

The teams lined up as followed with the scores each made.

Cumb.		U. Bay
C. Grant 4	centre	E. Clark 5
Warren 2	R Forward	Hill 2
McNeil 0	L "	Work 2
Chambers 0	R Guard	Allen 0
Hayman 2	L "	Humphrey 0
Total— 8		— 9

For Cumberland Hayman and Warren played the best game. U Bay won by Humphrey and Allen's great defence work. After the game a dance was held, about 80 from Cumberland attended, refreshments being served at midnight. A. Thomson refereed to the satisfaction of both team.

MR. STODDART FOR MAYOR

Petitioned to Run and Will Do So

In response to a petition requesting him to be a Mayoralty candidate at the election on Tuesday next, Mr. P. Stoddart has consented to do so, and announces that he is out on the same platform as that upon which Mr. Bate was elected last month.

The name of Mr. Bate stands at the head of Mr. Stoddart's requisition paper and he feels confident that as the standard bearer of this party he will pile up the same majority as elected Mr. Bate recently.

Interviewed by our reporter Mr. Stoddart stated that everybody knows where he stands, and anyone who does not will have an opportunity of becoming posted on Monday night when he will hold a public meeting and invite his opponent to be present and declare on which side of the hedge he wishes to take his stand.

As announced last week ex-Alderman McLeod will also be in the running, having resigned his seat on the Council to seek higher honors.

Mr. McLeod was the second of the Aldermen elected at the last election, polling 179 votes and his friends believe that he can do as well this time, while Mr. Stoddart expects to poll practically Mr. Bate's vote over again.

Someone must necessarily be disappointed, and who it will be will be better known on election night.

The locals are loud in their praise of the splendid manner in which their boys were treated by the Union Bay basketballers this week, and wish to have their appreciation made known through these columns. Union Bay sportsmen are always 18 karats fine, no matter what the game they play.

To-day is Nomination Day.

Tuesday is St Valentines' Day. Don't forget the dance in the evening given by the Pythian Sisters.

J Thompson of this city and Vincent of Vancouver will sign up for a fight to be pulled offeither here or at Courtenay on the 18th of next month.

MANAGING MILDRED

Sparkling Musical Comedy Here Next Week

On Saturday next the best of the Walker-Lyceum attractions which are appearing here under the auspices of the Ladies of the Maccabees will be presented when the three-act musical comedy Managing Mildred will be played.

Not only is the play one of the most popular successes of the English stage last year but the cast of players is far above the average seen in these parts.

Miss Jaunita Rush will play in the title role and the important roles that have been assigned to her in New York and Chicago are enough to stamp her as an actress of the first water.

Supporting her is Mr Chas Wesley Picquet who, no doubt, is well known by name to those who have followed the doings of stage favorites in the magazines,

Don't fail to take in this treat and reserve your seats early.

TO PAY AT THE NEW BANK

New Bank Building Will Be Ready Saturday

Next Saturday will be pay-day, and on that day the payment of the miners will take place at the Canadian Bank of Commerce, instead of at the Royal Bank of Canada.

Although nothing but the foundation of the new bank is now in place the actions of the new bank, which is one of the portable variety, is now on the ground and the citizens will have the pleasure of seeing the new structure literally "grow in a day"

J Haggart was time keeper for the game and everyone voted it a record evening for the U.B.A. and S. Club.

S. S Knight of St George and Blue Funnell Liner, Ning Chow bunkered this week.

Quite a number of young people attended a party at Muscamps last Friday night and a good time is reported.

J Humphrey of the Wilson house left last week for Pittsburg Kansas owing called to the bed side of his wife who is very sick with pneumonia; she has been visiting her parents since Sept. last, a later report is that Mrs Humphrey is doing very well.

The U.B.A. and Club will hold a whist party entertainment and dance Tuesday Feby. 14th Humphreys' Hall.

Denman Island.

Mr Tom Chalmers is wearing a very pleasant smile these days; for on Thursday of last week the stork visited the Chalmers home, and left a young son. Congratulations.

Considerable is being done here at present in the way of local improvements. Mr Jno Wood has his donkey engine at work pulling stumps, and clearing off his little ranch of four acres, on which he erected a house about a years ago It is to be hoped that others will follow the example of Mr Wood in this respect, and that before long green fields may take the place of black stumps, and logs, which at present renders unsightly a locality that would otherwise be beautiful.

Mr. Sandy Swan has also some improvements in view. It is his intention to slash about thirty acres of bush land, that lies between his house and the north west road. The work was commenced last week, and is progressing favorably. Most of the merchantable timber was removed from this property last season, by McFarlan & Wood.

Jno McMillan who was taken ill with typhoid fever about three weeks ago, and removed to the Cumberland hospital, is reported to be improving.

(Last week's notes.)

The Denman Id. stone quarry resumed operations to-day, after having been closed down for three weeks on account of the recent cold weather. The company is making preparations for handling a large out put this coming season.

At present the large air drill is being used on top of the face to remove a heavy seam of conglomerate. Owing to the peculiar formation of this substance, cutting it with the channeller is so slow a process as to make the use of this machine inadvisable; though in the sandstone, which is much softer, the channeller gives excellent satisfaction.

The new residence of Mr. S.J. Dumaresq is rapidly nearing completion; and will, it is expected be ready for occupation in about two weeks. Get in line for the "house warming."

Mrs Dr. Peacock of Portland, Oregon, daughter of Mrs T.H. Piercy of this place was a passenger on the City of Nanaimo on Friday last. Mrs. Peacock's arrival was a complete surprise to her friends, as none of them had been made aware of her intended visit. She intends to spend a month at her old home here.

Miss Alma Graham who has been staying in Vancouver for the past seven months, returned on Friday.

Miss Graham will remain at home with her mother Mrs. Jas. Graham, at the Denman Id. Grocery store.

Mrs. Simms can receive more pupils for piano lessons daily (except Tuesday) at any time by arrangement.

Camp Cumberland

The values offered by the Big Store in their Great Clearance Sale are the best ever offered to the people of this vicinity.

FOR SALE—A five-roomed house situated on corner of Maryport Avenue and Fourth Street. Hot and cold water in connection. For particulars apply to F. Horwood, at residence.

MASS MEETING ON SUNDAY

Colliery Employees Discuss Many Matters

A mass meeting of the employees of the Canadian Collieries Co., was held in the Cumberland Hall, last Sunday.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. James Smith, while Mr. Biggs acted as Secretary.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting which stated that the management would give $100 to the relatives of any employee, should such employee meet with a fatal accident in their mines providing the employees would work on the day of the funeral. This, however, would not compel anyone to work if they wished to attend the funeral.

A committee was appointed to interview the management and endeavor to secure $250 instead of the $100 offered. The minutes were adopted.

The Committee gave their report stating that Mr. Stewart refused to offer any more than the $100 mentioned and a resolution was carried that the offer be rejected and attendance at funerals be carried on as usual.

The question of the Medical Board was then brought up, and it was argued by some present that by-laws could be changed by a joint meeting; one of the Medical Board was present however, produced a copy and showed that such action was impossible.

It was resolved that a meeting be held in two weeks' time for the purpose of amending by-laws and that Medical Board pay for hall and printing.

MENTAL MADE GREAT HIT

Is Supported by a Very Capable Company

For once the alluring pictures on the bill boards spoke the truth and the performance put at the Cumberland Hall on Wednesday and Thursday by the great Mental, Psychic and Mistic, was an unqualified success.

There was variety enough to suit every one, and it apparently did suit everyone,—Hypnotism, Mind Reading, Juggeling, Slight of Hand, Ventriloquism etc. etc.

To-night the company will make their last appearance and none who have failed to see either of the first two performance should fail to witness this one.

There will also be a matinee to witness for this afternoon, while on Monday the company is billed for Union Bay.

The Rage of the Wild Boar

By W. R. Gilbert

THERE is a certain individual, or was some years ago—he is probably alive and well at the present moment—whose name has escaped my memory, but whose office it was to look after one of the numerous rest-houses in the Naini Tal district which are built at distances of about ten miles from one another for the convenience of travellers in the Kumaon Hills. He rejoiced in the title of "chowkidar"—that is, caretaker, or watch—and was paid a small monthly stipend by a considerate if impecunious government, to collect from travellers stopping there the payments at a fixed rate (one rupee for twenty-four hours' lodging), by which these dak bungalows or rest-houses are kept up.

At this dak bungalow (which, out of consideration for the character of the worthy custodian, I shall call Siwari) is some thirty miles or so from Naini Tal, and in the heart of a big jungle, it follows that no khansamah holds sway therein; and what travellers require in the way of food they must bring with them, for, beyond grain and grass for one's horse, chappatis and milk for one's self, and coarse dal for one's servants, nothing is forthcoming. These necessaries of life are furnished by the local buniah, or merchant, who lives in what is perhaps best described as a hovel, and who, in partnership with the chowkidar, does his best to add to a limited income by cheating, as much as he dare, all whom circumstances compel to partake of his wares.

The chowkidar in question, not being, perhaps, quite such an adept in the art of cheating as his friend the buniah—or, not to do him an injustice, being perhaps of a more enterprising spirit—occasionally volunteers to act the part of shikari, and will tell you that he knows the jungle by heart, and that, whatever it may be to others, to him it is an absolute impossibility to lose his way. More he does not say, being of a modest disposition.

It was for once my fate to stop at Siwari on my way down to the plains, and to enlist the services of the chowkidar as shikari for the nonce. It was about three in the afternoon when I arrived, wet through, as the rains were in full swing, it being the end of July. By the time I had changed my clothes and refreshed myself with a cup of tea and a biscuit, the rain had stopped; and, as it showed signs of clearing up altogether, I hastily got into a pair of Wellington boots and started with my gun in the hope of knocking over a cock-pheasant for dinner. Just as I was leaving the bungalow, it occurred to me that I might possibly come across a khakur (barking deer) towards evening, so I went back for my rifle—a converted Martini-Henry, shortened in the barrel and fitted with sporting sights.

I may mention here, that this rifle (which, I am sorry to say, I no longer possess) was a little gem in its way. It was very accurate up to 150 yards, and very light, as the stock under the barrel of an ordinary Martini-Henry had been removed. Its drawback was that I could only use the government charge (about 3 drs.); a heavier charge would have spoilt the accuracy of the rifle, especially as it was so light. I used to saw a transverse cut for about a third of the length down the bullet, which I filled up with melted beeswax and fat stirred into a stiff paste; this ensured the bullet exploding after slight penetration. As a rifle to be used against dangerous game, it was, of course, useless; but I have shot several bear with it, and have never known it fail against blackbuck, and small deer of all kinds. But this is a digression for which I apologize.

Armed with this rifle, which I gave to the chowkidar to carry, we made a fresh start, and had barely left the bungalow when we plunged into jungle. We were on a huge plateau, which, thickly wooded, extended for miles—an unusual feature of ground in the Kumaon Hills, where, as a rule, if one is not climbing up a hill, one is climbing down. Here we might have been in the plains, for, although we were 7,000 feet above them, the ground was almost level, except for gentle undulations here and there.

Suddenly the chowkidar, who was in front of me, came to a dead stop, and pointed with outstretched arm at something I could not see. He was evidently excited, and, fearing that he might begin to whisper, I signed to him to be quiet, and cautiously took my rifle from him, at the same time peering over his shoulder. What I saw was more than sufficient to justify his excitement. Underneath a large oak, more than half concealed by the trunk, and not fifteen yards from where we were, stood a huge boar, facing us, but so engaged in rooting up acorns that not only had he not heard the noise of our footsteps, but was even now absolutely unconscious of our presence. There was no time to lose; another minute, and he would be bound to see us! Giving my gun to the chowkidar, I slipped a cartridge into the chamber of the rifle, hoping devoutly that I would be able to close the breach without any click. It was all right, and, not daring to wait for the chance of a shot broadside on or behind the shoulder, I took him as he stood, and, aiming at the junction of the neck and shoulder, let drive. There was a scurry of feet, and as the smoke cleared, there was our pig making tracks for all he was worth.

"Nahin laga, nahin laga!" (he is not hit) says the chowkidar consolingly; and I was too mortified, not to say flabbergasted, to make any reply. To have missed him at that distance was impossible, and yet to have hit him and not even apparently lamed him was strange, to say the least of it. However, when I had got back my wind, metaphorically speaking, I determined to go after him, for if he was hit I should probably find blood, and I could not bring myself to believe that he was not. The chowkidar continued to croak in my ear that I had missed him, till I could have wrung his neck with pleasure. I think now that the possibility of a sudden meeting and consequently infuriated boar had something to do with his frequent and unappreciated observations; but I had no time to listen to him, and pressed on, vainly looking for blood or the pig, the chowkidar reluctantly following.

We had gone on like this for quite three-quarters of a mile, examining every yard of the ground, when suddenly I noticed a faint splash of blood on a withered leaf. The ground was very wet, and the blood had run, which was probably the reason why we could not find it before. Hope, which up to now was almost extinct, revived with a vengeance, and we began to look about anxiously for our spoil. We found more blood farther on, but it was by no means plentiful. The ground here was more or less ploughed up, and there was spoor in almost every direction; we had evidently disturbed a "sounder," which had dispersed. While we were hesitating, uncertain which line to take, I caught a glimpse of our friend slowly making his way over some high ground, to our right, and looking very sick indeed. I let him have another bullet, aiming at his retreating hindquarters, and this time the thud of the bullet told me I had scored a hit. He caught sight of us at the same moment, and came down on us at a tremendous pace. I had no time to reload, and did the next best thing under the circumstances, viz., bolted. There was no lack of trees, and I dodged behind one to reload as the boar came thundering past. He went straight on and was lost to sight among some bushes behind me. As for the chowkidar, he had vanished. When I had reloaded, I sang out to him that it was all right. After some little time, he emerged from his niding place, about a quarter of a mile off, and entreated me to leave the animal alone. He called it a devil, and said it would assuredly slay us both. However, the promise of baksheesh somewhat mollified him, and he consented to help me to follow it up. If he had bolted back to the bungalow, I do not know how I should have found my way there again.

On arriving at the spot where the pig had disappeared, we found the tracks so numerous that we were completely fogged as to which to follow; and, to add to our uncertainty, there was no sign of blood. Most of the tracks were to the right, but a few went off towards the left, so I decided to separate here, and to send the chowkidar to follow those on the left, taking the right myself. I asked him if he had ever fired a gun. "Never." "Nor a rifle?" "No; Sahib." Here was a dilemma! If we both followed up the tracks on the right, and the boar had gone away towards the left, he would doubtless make good use of the time we were wasting, and would probably give us the slip altogether. On the other hand, if I sent the chowkidar in one direction, while I went in the other, and the boar happened to be lying in wait, as was very probable, and suddenly attacked him, I felt certain that this valuable shikari would throw down whatever he had in his hands, and trust to his legs alone to help him to the nearest tree—thereby running the risk of being badly mauled, perhaps killed, before I could come to his assistance. I had to decide quickly. The chances were that I should find the pig on the right, as nearly all the tracks were in that direction. Then I thought of the boar as I had seen him under the oak—a fine, massive beast with a magnificent pair of gleaming tusks. And risk losing him after all our trouble! No, it wasn't good enough; and I finally determined to separate, sending the chowkidar to the left. I daresay I was wrong, but when one's blood is up it is difficult to weigh all the pros and cons—more so than if one were sitting in an easy chair with a cheroot and a whisky peg to help one think it out.

The next consideration was as to who should take the rifle. That didn't bother me much, for, as I was quite sure that the chowkidar would put faith in neither rifle nor gun, it did not matter much which he flung away. And if the pig came out at me suddenly, it was more than likely that I should miss him with the rifle, but I couldn't very well with the gun, which would probably turn him, even if it didn't seriously hurt him. So I took the gun, and it was just as well I did, as the sequel will show. Having given the chowkidar the rifle and half a dozen cartridges, and explained carefully how to load and fire it, I sent him off, taking the right tracks myself and loading the gun with No. 4.

I was hardly gone two minutes when I was arrested by the most blood-curdling yell from the chowkidar. This was followed up by agonizing cries for help. "Come, Sahib, come quickly; he is killing me!" Down I rushed to the scene of murder, and there beheld a sight well calculated, if it were not so serious, to raise a smile in a dying man. Hanging from the stem of a bamboo sapling, his legs curled desperately round the trunk, about the height of four feet from the ground, was the unfortunate chowkidar. Just below stood the pig, churning foam and blood on his tusks and eyeing his adversary as only a boar at bay can, while he made desperate efforts to reach his prey. One arm of the chowkidar was round the tree, and the other, down which blood was running, was outstretched in the action known as "pushing off," in Rugby football, to fend himself from his formidable opponent. I blazed off both barrels in the boar's face at a distance of a couple of yards, whereupon he turned sharply round and rushed into a nullah, a few yards off, too done to fight any more. The animal being out of sight, the man cautiously uncurled his legs and dropped to the ground, where he stood, green with terror and shivering in every limb.

It appears that the pig had been lying up on the left after all, and with a savage grunt suddenly came out of a bush at the unfortunate chowkidar, who was bending down examining the trail. With a yell he flung away the rifle and took to his heels. He managed to reach the tree, but the boar jumped at him and ripped his arm as he was clambering up. The next instant he was for the time being out of danger; but so slender was the sapling, that it was bent double with the man's weight, and it was most fortunate that the boar was too badly hit to jump to any height. If the tree had broken, the chowkidar would probably have been killed on the spot by the infuriated beast. I bound up his arm with my pocket handkerchief and then had to search for the rifle. I found it under a bush, the muzzle choked with dirt, but otherwise uninjured. I promised the chowkidar an extra rupee to stay where he was, and, after wiping out the rifle and reloading it, went down very warily to the nullah. There I found the boar almost gone, unable to stand, but struggling to get on his legs. I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, and with a mighty heave and a grunt he rolled over dead. A grand animal, if ever there was one, and game to the last.

The chowkidar was quite himself now, and volunteered to go back to the bungalow and get half a dozen coolies to bring the boar back. I gave him there and then the extra money I had promised him, telling him to be quick, as the sun had almost disappeared. He went off in the highest spirits, and I verily believe that, for another rupee, he would have undergone the whole process again, though the gash on his arm was an ugly one, but luckily not very deep.

On examining the boar I found that my first bullet had struck the shoulder blade, which it had smashed. The bone had stopped the bullet and prevented it penetrating; the same charge behind the shoulder would have made all the difference. As it was, it was marvellous that he was able to get over the ground at such a rate, and to charge on apparently three legs. The second bullet caught him in the quarters, just behind the hip bone, but had missed the leg. I found that the shot I had fired in his face had taken the skin and flesh off his forehead, but had failed to penetrate his thick skull, though one eye was blinded. This goes to show that a .450 express bullet with 3 drs. of powder is not good enough even for a pig if he happens to be a wild one and a boar to boot; and could I choose my weapon when I expected to meet with wild pig, I would carry a double-barrelled .500 express taking 5 drs. of powder.

The coolies turned up presently, armed with hatchets, and, after admiring the boar, proceeded to lift him out of the nullah. It took five men to do it, and it was not easy work at that. As we were a couple of miles from the bungalow and it was fast getting dark, I decided, in order to save time, to chop the carcase up, giving a piece to each coolie to carry it. They set to work with a will, and five minutes more saw us on our way to the bungalow, each man carrying a huge chunk of flesh, the chowkidar in the centre, the hero of the hour, talking nineteen to the dozen, and, I regret to add, telling most awful lies. His account of the afternoon's proceedings was, indeed, a graphic one. Never had he seen such a pig. It was a devil, nothing could subdue or kill it. It had charged ten times, knocked down the sahib, and had then pursued him (the chowkidar). He had fired at it, but it was no good. (Rather rich this, considering that I had just taken back the six cartridges I had given him, and they were in my possession at that moment.) It had received at least twenty bullets, but all in vain. Finally it had charged out of a bush where it had been sitting waiting for him. On it came, and knocked him down, and was in the act of killing him when, by the favor of God, the Sahib arrived and fired two shots, and thus drove it off. It had then gone into the nullah, and was charging again when the Sahib shot it in the act, etc., ad infinitum. In confirmation of his assertions he proudly showed his wounded arm, which piece of evidence was conclusive.

On reaching the bungalow I had two or three chops cut off for my own consumption, which my servant cooked for me, and which, though tough, were very acceptable. The rest of the meat was devoured by my coolies and the gallant chowkidar, regardless of caste—if any existed. Unfortunately, I had no time to take out the tusks properly, as my leave was almost up, and I had to start at daybreak next morning for the plains. All I could do was to hack them out of the skull with a hatchet. One of the best ways of securing them intact is to boil the skull till the tusks are loose and can be drawn out by the hand; but I had nothing to boil the head in, and had to do the best that I could under the circumstances. The tusks, broken away as they were at the base, were yet the heaviest for their length I have ever seen. I did not take the measurement of the boar, but he was a splendid specimen, and his tusks were worthy of him.

I took a touching farewell of the chowkidar, enjoining him, if he wished his arm to get well, to keep it clean—which he promised to do; and, with mutual good wishes, we parted, both, I think, equally well pleased with our day's sport.

I went up to Siwari the following year, and was cordially greeted by this worthy, who showed me his arm with great pride. The wound had healed completely, and the only visible sign of his narrow escape was a long white scar—a memento of our hunting experiences, which will only disappear when the final obsequies of the burning khat shall have converted his body into ashes.

Shiloh's Cure

START THE HOGS RIGHT

IF the sow has been properly cared for so that she has been able to have a successful farrow, her pigs are then ready for attention and care of the feeder.

There is more difference in feeders than one who has not given overmuch thought to it would believe. We know a number of successful hog men who will admit that they are not good in starting the pigs. They want to be, but they have not got the knack of making a success of this part of the breeding business. It would be worth a great deal to them if they only could do as well on this part as they can on feeding and handling after the pig is three to four months old.

The feed of the sow is just the same as feeding the pigs; if the wrong feed is given or an overfeed is given, it is just as quickly shown in the pigs as in the sow. For the first few days the sow needs very little and then only enough milk-producing feed to supply what the pigs will draw clean from her. Milk remaining in the udder soon spoils and causes scours or other troubles to the pigs. For this reason, anything that would cause an overflowing of milk is to be avoided.

The pig is supposed to start in with health. Now, it is easier to preserve health and prevent sickness than it is to cure it after it has attacked them. A sick pig is a losing business from the start. Therefore, avoid sickness.

The nest or bed of the sow should always be clean and dry. A wet bed is an incentive to trouble causing scours. It should be entirely free from all other pigs outside of the mother and the litter. Care should be taken that there are no sore mouths by snapping off the little sharp tusks at once; also that they are not bothered with lice, which would prevent their growth and otherwise injure them.

Furthermore, they need exercise. The early part of the season they are inclined to lie in their nest and in this way become fat and subject to thumps, which is very detrimental, if not fatal.

To take proper care of them you should see them every day regularly and look over their sleeping quarters to see that they are comfortable and clean.

A dry, dusty bed is a continual threat against health. It causes a hacking cough, which leads to all troubles. Sunlight is a natural tonic for little pigs, and they enjoy it. It agrees with them and is a germ dispenser and cleanser. It is an invigorator of health.

The pigs, as they grow and strengthen, are better able to take care of themselves, and when they are three weeks old will take all the milk the sow will supply, and if they have sufficient exercise they will grow, develop, strengthen, and carry their pig fat right along.

After they have reached their fourth week they commence eating and learn very fast, and by permitting them to have a little place for eating separately from the sow they will gradually wean themselves without any ill effects or loss of growth or flesh.

The man who is a success is one who is interested in them. He makes pets of his pigs; he looks after them with more real interest; nothing escapes him. He supplies their wants, he prevents what should not happen, and is on the alert at all times to make them grow; sees that they have what they need in feed, exercise, sunlight, and attention.

Sixty years ago in the dairy there would be two cows side by side receiving the same feed, one of them would give us five pounds of butter a week, while the other would give fourteen pounds of butter per week.

We were paying just as much, therefore, to the cow for her five pounds of butter as to the cow that furnished us fourteen pounds. This was poor business on the part of the dairyman. There are some dairymen who are still following this method; but the progressive, up-to-date, money-making dairyman is keeping only the cow that gives him the big returns.

It is just the same way in the hog business, as hogs are built on different plans with different capacities and qualities the same as the cow. One hog will give you six pounds of pork for a bushel of grain, another one eighteen to twenty pounds. No one should be long in determining which was the money-making hog, and select him to market their feed grasses and grain through.

It is the same with everything; one man is worth three times as much as a laborer on the farm as another. The indifferent man has a hard time to get a job and doesn't hold it long, while the other man always is in demand at better price.

There is a growing interest in providing a hog equipment that may be moved from place to place and from field to field; with this end in view a breeder constructed two new houses this spring. He aimed at securing the maximum size that might prove practicably portable under average conditions, and at the same time be adaptable to the miscellaneous uses that general farm conditions demand, when not needed for hog shelter. One of the houses is six feet at the plate, the other four and one-half feet. Both houses are sixteen feet long and eight feet wide, with shingle roofs. These houses have a 2x6 foot door in the end, and two smaller doors in one side, to provide for three sows at farrowing time, temporary gates being used for inside partitions. They are moved on flat bob sleds coupled by a chain, horses having been used for draft.

These houses have proved satisfactory, but experience with them has suggested criticism. If made sufficiently strong the houses prove too heavy; for a short move of 200 feet one team is sufficient, but not for long pulls. The insertion of the bobs requires two men, and this has proved an objection. This sized pen is for accommodating our shoats in winter, for the man who finds a smaller house sufficient these pens might be found too unwieldy.

WORLD'S BIGGEST EGG PLANT

THE largest poultry plant in the world is at Little Compton, Rhode Island, and is owned by Isaac Wilbur, who ships about 150,000 dozen eggs a year from his hens. Mr. Wilbur builds his houses 8x10 feet in size and houses forty hens in a house this size. He has a hundred of these houses, and they are set 150 feet apart in rows over sloping fields. The food is hauled to each house in a wagon; twice a day this wagon makes the rounds, morning and evening. In the morning it is a mash made of cooked vegetables and different kinds of meats; in the evening, or rather, late in the afternoon, only in this case, it is whole corn the year round. The eggs are gathered when the afternoon feed is given. Different fields are given over to these houses. As the grounds need cleansing they are moved to renewed grounds.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

Milking by Gasoline Engine Power

IT was rather an odd company that gathered about a table in a C.P.R. dining car one day last August as the train zigzagged its way down precipitous mountain slopes and crawled warily along the edges of dizzy chasms. A deep pall of mist enshrouded the majestic peaks and a dismal rain began to fall. Weary of endeavoring to discern objects through the impenetrable haze, the passengers gladly turned their steps toward the dining car intent on counteracting the depressing effects of the weather by indulgence in the good cheer with which the company usually regale their guests.

"Talk about baseball being the national game," exclaimed a rubicund wayfarer who sat opposite me, as he carefully adjusted his napkin. "In my opinion the national and international game from which the greatest enjoyment is derived is eating."

"Tut, tut!" remonstrated a literary looking man with a becoming wave in his auburn hair, who sat upon my right. "In my opinion the old axiom should be revised to read, 'If a man eat not neither need he work,' for after all Nature's primal curse bears down on man merely because he is under the necessity of eating; and he could, to a great extent evade the painful necessity of labor by abstaining from the unnecessary luxuries in the matter of food in which he is so prone to indulge."

My right-hand neighbor was a character, as I afterwards learned: a graduate and honor post-graduate in several subjects of Glasgow University; he was also an ardent disciple of the principles of plain living and high thinking, and had, previous to leaving the old country, added to his other accomplishments a course in domestic science. Then, armed with an expert knowledge of food values, it was his intention to avoid as far as possible the necessity for labor by living as was consistent with the maintenance of health. He had carried out his design by pitching a tent on the prairie, watching the buds unfold and the blossoms fade until he was so well acquainted with the wild-flower folk that had he, like Rip Van Winkle, fallen asleep and slept for years he could, when he awoke—which, of course, he wouldn't do if he slept a winter on the prairie, but just suppose—have been able to tell the day of the month and hour of the day by the flowers then in bloom. During the time he was so engaged he subsisted for the most part on stewed wild roots, fried young puff balls, grilled mushrooms and similar dainties of Dame Nature's provision.

But now the auburn-haired gentleman's sentiments regarding plain living were received with a snort of disapproval by my rubicund vis-a-vis.

"It is usually the brute who requires his three square meals a day by whom the world's work is done," he asserted pugnaciously, and just when it looked as though we were in for a heated argument, the waiter arrived bearing a tray whereon were arranged several portions of very tempting looking chicken, this toothsome bird happening to have been the unanimous choice of the party.

Now I have been served with "chicken" on these same dining cars, the flesh of which possessed such elasticity and such powers of resistance that I was not very certain whether it was that of a real fowl or an indiarubber imitation; but on this occasion it was, sure enough, chicken, and no mistake!

"By Jove!" exclaimed the fourth, or travelled member of the party, as his teeth closed over the savory morsel; "this is not bad chicken, is it? This must be one of the season's buds from the company's ranch at Strathmore."

"By the way," he continued, turning to his rubicund neighbor, "if eating is, as you say, our national game, there is nothing adds to the pleasure of it like knowing one's food is absolutely clean and wholesome. Ever since I visited the Canadian Pacific Company's demonstration farm south-west of Calgary, where a creamery and poultry ranch is maintained, to furnish supplies for these cars, I have always dined on them with added zest. Their poultry farm and creamery are about the slickest in the Dominion.

"The former is in charge of a young woman who, from the moment she puts the eggs into numerous incubators with which she experiments until she skilfully entangles the bird's leg in a string suspended for the purpose, inserts a sharp-pointed knife in the roof of its mouth, and with one dexterous twist, severs an artery, and before the bird has time to even flutter despatches it by a swift and practically painless route, there isn't a thing that she doesn't know about chickens. They are bred with special care in order to produce a full-fleshed, well-rounded bird instead of a rack of bones, their food ration is considered with due regard to the production of firm flesh and a pleasing color; and when the young birds attain a certain age they are confined in fattening coops, and at the expiration of a couple or three weeks of scientific feeding, they graduate ready for the butcher's knife and in prime condition for the table.

"But the dairy was what I began to talk about. It was enough to put any man to seriously considering the profits of dairy farming. As you doubtless know, this demonstration farm was established in connection with the ready-made farms in the irrigated tracts just out of Calgary, and fulfils the double purpose of being a model farm for the instruction of the colonists of the ready-made farms, and a source of supply for the dining-car. The farm consists of 320 acres and is divided into little experimental plots for the testing of different varieties of grasses and grain. A large dairy herd of great sleek, handsome Holsteins is maintained in connection with the farm. These by day browse knee-deep in alfalfa pastures (which, by the way, is a long suit on these farms) and toward four o'clock in the afternoon are driven into the barn to be milked. By great good luck, I happened along one day at milking time, and if the process of milking employed there were in more general use it would have little terror for the hired man, and dairy farming would be immensely more popular than it is. The work is performed entirely by machinery, and if there are other dairies where this method is employed I had not heard of them—in fact, I had an idea that the milking machine was yet scarcely past the experimental stage. But the apparatus in use here seems to be entirely satisfactory—even to the cow—who chews her cud in a contented way that gives one the idea that the operation is entirely painless, and a great improvement on even the energetic ministrations of a bumptious calf.

"The apparatus is a bit difficult to describe, but it consists of a hollow iron tube which runs along in front of the rows of cows (the cattle standing face to face), a little higher than their heads. The milking machine consists of two rubber tubes about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and long enough to reach from the hollow iron tubes to the cow's udder. The end of each tube terminates in two rubber vacuum cups that just fit over the cow's teats; and from just below the vacuum cups smaller rubber tubes conduct the milk to a covered milk bucket, and just as the tubes enter the bucket, little glass slides are arranged so that the operator may see the milking operation is complete.

When the milking is about to begin a gasoline engine in an adjoining shed is set in motion and exhausts the air in the hollow iron tubes. The operators then go along and attach the rubber tubes of the milking machine to little taps made for the purpose on the hollow iron tube, and then attach the vacuum cups to the cow's udder, and presto! at once you see the milk spinning into the covered bucket, while the cow chews her cud apparently unconscious that anything is going on. The milking process is accomplished by a little attachment in the cover of the milk bucket which alternately maintains and destroys the vacuum in the cups, thus duplicating the action of the hands or of the calf's mouth. The advantages of the milking machine are many: in the first place, the cow is milked much more quickly than by hand, and as one man can attend to the milking of two cows at once, a couple of men will in a very short time complete the task of milking a whole herd; then, too, with these covered buckets it is absolutely impossible for milk to become contaminated by stable odors. I, at least, had never seen such a cleanly and expeditious method of milking.

"As soon as the buckets of the milking machine become filled they are emptied into large covered tin receptacles, and these, as soon as they were full, were hurried off to a dairy where, in a separator sterilized with live steam, the cream is separated from the milk, and the cream in due course transformed by means of churn and butter worker, also sterilized with live steam, into these delicious little golden pats."

Naturally during this recital dinner was progressing, and at this juncture the dessert and coffee arrived, and as my epicurean vis-a-vis drowned the blushes of the strawberries, which had been his choice, in a flood of delicious cream, of which in compliment to our friend's story a double portion had been ordered, he murmured:

"Right you are, boy; life would be deprived of a deal of its charm if we were denied the pleasures of the table." And then, as the delicious flavor of his strawberries seemed to appeal to him more strongly sighed, "Just think of having an unlimited supply of cream like this always! Of a truth, thou almost persuadest me to be a dairy farmer!"

SALA'S FAST IN PARIS

THERE is much talk about the superiority of French cooking, and no doubt George Augustus Sala had something to do with promoting talk of this kind in London. At one time he was sent to Paris by the Daily Telegraph to write on the subject of French cooking and French restaurants. Such praise of Parisian kickshaws was never lavished before, and the extolling, to the complete discomfiture of English cooks, lasted for fully six weeks. Everything in the cooking line in Paris was grand, everything in England in the same line was horrible. At the end of the six weeks Mr. Sala returned to London, went immediately to the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet street, and said to the head waiter:

"William, bring me a beefsteak, some potatoes in their jackets, and a pint of ale. I've had nothing to eat for six weeks."

SHE COULD NOT HOLD A CUP OF TEA

DOCTORS AGREED TORONTO NURSE HAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her After Five Years' Suffering—Felt a Benefit After First Box

Toronto, Ont.—(Special)—Mrs. Alberta Goffin, a nurse, living at 40 Wright Ave., this city, has been interviewed in regard to her reported cure of nervous or Kidney Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills. She states that the report is true in every particular.

"My sickness," Mrs. Goffin says, "was caused from a nervous breakdown and what the doctors called incurable Bright's Disease brought on by cold and long weeks of nursing. I suffered for five years.

"I was treated by three doctors and was a patient in two hospitals but gradually got weaker. Reading the experiences of other sufferers like myself lead me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. At that time I was so weak and nervous I could not hold a cup of tea without spilling some of its contents.

"I felt a benefit after taking the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and eight or nine boxes cured me so completely I can now walk a mile without fatigue."

If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills yourself almost any of your neighbors will tell you they always cure Kidney Disease in any form.

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
Does not contain Alum

DAME FASHION'S DECREES

EVENING gowns are all important at this time of the year and every week sees new models exhibited, most of them quite unlike the styles that have been accepted as the very latest fashions. At first this seems somewhat disheartening, not only to the woman of limited means, but quite as much to the woman who has ordered without counting the cost, but a careful consideration of the subject discloses the fact that these latest gowns do not make the others seem out of date, but are in themselves just the very latest ideas and are intended for the more elaborate entertainments given when the social season is at its height and when opera, ball and musicale afford the opportunity for the wearing of the most costly and superb gowns possible.

Gown of Mousseline and Tulle Trimmed with Pearl and Jet

Spangled and jewelled trimmings are always effective, and, while beauty of line and material have an irresistible attraction for the cultured taste, it must be admitted that sometimes their great charm fades into insignificance when seen side by side wih the more striking appearance presented by glittering spangles, paillettes and jewelled passementeries. Seen in an opera box, for instance, the spangled, jewelled robe is more brilliant and effective from a distance than the velvet, brocade or satin gown of perfect cut and design. Change the scene to a banquet or private dance, and the latter style will be the smartest. The tunic overdress of this winter affords opportunity for an endless variety of evening gowns, and the cost is as varied as the wearer could possibly desire. The really cheap spangled and embroidered robes are not to be depended upon for durability and should be most carefully selected. There should not be too much dressing in the net itself, neither should it be too soft, and whether beaded, spangled, or with paillettes or embroidery, there must not be loose threads or defects. It could not be expected for the small cost that anything but machine work, and not by any means the best machine work either, could be obtained; but there is a wide choice and it is well worth taking time to select the best. A defective robe is not worth buying at any price, for the first time of wearing it may fall to pieces.

* * *

Among the expensive robes there are most exquisite designs in crystal, pearl, and diamante effects, often combined with silk embroidery of the finest hand work. White, in the numberless shades—the oyster white, with its tone of pearly grey, being especially smart—all light colors and black with jet, silver, or gold embroidered tunic, are all most popular. Combining a color with white is effective and smart. The palest pink with white, the lining of white veiled in pale pink chiffon and then covered and again covered with pearl or crystal embroidered net, gives a delightful shimmery appearance quite unattainable if only the one shade of material is used. A good effect is obtained by combining beads of different sizes. Small crystal beads and the long bugle bead, as it is known, spangles or paillettes, also combined with crystal, are far more effective than when only one kind is used. Rhinestones and silver paillettes with jet beads and spangles cannot be included in the newest fashions, but the combination has been tried too often and its value is too well determined for it to go out of fashion, and there have been new ways discovered of combining them differently than heretofore.

* * *

The spangled and embroidered materials are wonderfully beautiful this season, and it is often possible to turn out a smarter gown made from material by the yard than from the ready made robe. The net, covered with gold, jet, steel or silver beads, is wonderfully light and most exquisite in texture. Embroidered on the sheer, transparent net any color shows through it, while on the heavier mesh it is sufficiently strong to be made into coats and wraps. Veiling light colors with black plain chiffon or net has been popular too long to be strictly fashionable, and yet there are numberless smart gowns of this description; and there is the embroidery of the jewelled beads or spangles that is different again and one of this season's styles. Among the very newest models, are most charming gowns of black or dark color veiled in light color or white net covered with beads—gold, silver, or jet—and then with either a design worked on for border or finished with embroidered bands. This is another treatment of the eternal black and white combination.

Lace is playing a most important part in the newest evening gowns, and the spangled and embroidered lace tunics and flounces are marvellous in design and workmanship. White lace with black and black lace with white (the changes are endless and rarely ineffective), black and silver, gold and black—it is inconceivable what a variety of effect can be obtained by these combinations. No wardrobe is complete without an all black gown, and a jet trimmed black gown is rarely unsuitable for any occasion, but the combining of lace with tulle, chiffon, and satin makes a lighter appearance than when the heavier materials like satin and velvet have only jet as trimming. Jetted lace does not sound like a new trimming, but the jetted laces of to-day are quite unlike the jet lace that was formerly used. Now the finest of lace mesh is embroidered with cut beads; then it was a heavier lace with a closed pattern worked out in much heavier beads, and consequently lacking the transparent light effect of the embroidered lace of to-day.

Combining brocade with embroidered lace or spangled trimmings is most successfully carried out in this winter's fashions. The beauty of the brocade is not hidden or interfered with in any way by the bands or even by the tunic, and when the material by the yard is used it is most gracefully draped or caught up over the brocade gown. One of the most striking gowns of the winter is a blue and silver brocade. The skirt, narrow, but not exaggeratedly scant, has no trimming. The upper part of the waist and the sleeves are of silver net embroidered in crystal and rhinestone beads. On the front of the waist is a soft bow of blue velvet, but for this can be substituted a spray of artificial roses in dull pink shades or a bunch of orchids. Another gown of brocade—this one of rose pink and gold—has a draped overskirt of the sheerest white net with gold beads. The low-cut waist is covered with the net, which also forms the sleeves, and the folds of material are drawn down into the belt and fastened with a superb buckle of jewels and gold.

There is a question as to whether it is not a mistake to cover so beautiful a material as this costly brocade with anything. On the other hand, this is an age of the world when it is the very height of fashion to combine as many expensive materials as possible, as though to emphasize the fact that the gown is costly. These two models, however, furnish examples of both styles, the blue and silver, with no veiling and the pink and gold with its draperies of gold embroidered net.

* * *

The muff plays such an important part in this winter's dress that it is imperative to devote time and attention to choosing not only the fur but the shape and style. There are some comparatively small muffs of fur of the conventional shape and size, but these are only carried with the simplest of street gowns of cheviot and serge.

White Satin Gown with Gold Embroidered Tunic of Blue Velvet

The muff for afternoons is a most elaborate affair, and often there is only a small amount of fur used in its construction. Velvet, satin, silk chiffon, lace brocade and cloth are all utilized, often two and three are combined. A charming design in brocade is trimmed with bands of fur at either edge and the material between the fur is gathered into a sort of rosette of lace and velvet. Another design is of a plain flat piece of brocade bordered on either edge with fur and with a bow of lace at one side in the centre of which is a bunch of artificial flowers.

Old brocade is chosen in preference and the more unusual the coloring the more effective it is considered.

Black satin and velvet with fur is always a good combination; one popular design has bands of fur or satin, another, made entirely of velvet, is trimmed around with the fur and hangs in a point. The all fur muffs are large in size.

BUILDING A LANGUAGE

GILBERTESE," the written tongue of the Gilbert Islanders, is the work of one man, Dr. Hiram Bingham, who died some years ago, after having devoted the greater part of his life to missionary work in those islands.

When Dr. Bingham went out to the Gilbert group many years ago, he soon found that one of the chief difficulties before him in his mission was the fact that the islanders had no written language. Accordingly, the ingenious missionary set about to supply the deficiency and to build a language, being obliged to collect his own vocabulary and construct his own grammar.

The good doctor experienced much difficulty in finding the Gilbertese equivalent for "prayer," a circumstance that led him into a ludicrous mistake. The word he did use meant "to practise incantations," a meaning precisely the opposite of what the missionary intended to convey.

He had the New Testament about three-quarters translated when, by reason of ill-health, he was compelled to return to this country. Ten years later, however, when he had gone back to the Gilberts, he was persuaded to undertake the task of translating the Old Testament into the new language. At that time he was quite advanced in years, and the work involved a direct translation from the Hebrew, with which the doctor had not been familiar for a long time.

In 1890 he was enabled to read the proof of the last chapter of the last book of the Bible as done in Gilbertese.

Even this laborious task did not end the missionary's labors. He started to write a Gilbertese dictionary. When it was ready for publication, a messenger to whom the work was entrusted for delivery to the printer lost the manuscript, and the work had to be done all over again.

A NEW METAL FOR TOOLS

APPARENTLY we need not fear that the world will be deprived of cutting-tools when the supply of iron gives out. It has been discovered that an alloy of cobalt and chromium is an excellent substitute for steel and has, in addition, one valuable property that steel does not show—it will not tarnish or rust. Elwood Haynes, the inventor, describes this interesting alloy, which he has named "stellite," in the Scientific American Supplement. It is apparently not yet in shape to be manufactured commercially, but has fascinating possibilities. Mr. Haynes notes at the outset that there is just one serious objection to steel, as an element for cutting-instruments, and that is its susceptibility to corrosion or rust. No matter how highly finished a steel tool may be, constant vigilance is necessary to protect it from rusting. There is thus plenty of room for Mr. Haynes' new metal. We read:

"There has been much discussion regarding the conditions which bring about the rusting of iron and steel, but it is not my purpose to consider these conditions, but to consider a new alloy which not only rivals steel in cutting qualities, but also possesses a resistance to atmospheric influences which is perhaps equalled only by gold and the metals of the platinum group.

"When the arsenide (of cobalt) was found in large quantity in and about the town of Cobalt, Ont., in connection with the mining of silver, an over-production of cobalt ore soon occurred, as this substance became a by-product in the mining of silver. An outlet for this material was sought in vain, as no practical use could be found for either the metal or its compounds, aside from those mentioned above."

About 1895, Mr. Haynes goes on to say, he made some experiments on alloys of nickel with iron, chromium, etc., and a few years later he added a small amount of aluminum, making a hard, brittle metal, which could not be worked under the hammer, although he made from it a pocket-knife blade which showed fair cutting qualities, and considerable resistance to atmospheric influences. A little later he produced a combination of chromium and cobalt, which, notwithstanding great hardness, showed considerable malleability, and it occurred to him that the alloy would be suitable for cutlery, if it could be obtained in sufficient quantity. To quote further:

"Shortly after making these experiments I was called actively into the automobile business, and did not make further experiments on either of these alloys for the next three or four years. I then took the matter up for ignition metal, and succeeded in making both alloys in considerable quantity. The fusions were first made in an electric furnace, but afterward I succeeded in melting the metal in a small furnace of special construction, operated by natural gas. After some experimenting I became able to melt the metal to a perfect fluid, and cast it into bars ranging from ¼ inch to ½ inch square. I found that the metal worked readily at red heat, although it showed a tendency to check at the edges when hammered out into strips.

"After some experimenting, I was able to produce metal that would forge out perfectly into thin strips, which showed no tendency to check. After cooling, these strips were as hard as mild-tempered steel, and could scarcely be scratched by a file. A kitchen knife-blade was made from this material, and used for all sorts of purposes, such as are known only to the culinary art. After two years of use, it showed not the faintest sign of tarnishing, and if held in the sun, it produced a reflection that would dazzle the eye.

"In color, the metal stands between silver and steel, and if suitably polished, it shows a high lustre. I have thus far made no physical tests of the forged metal, but a cast bar showed an elastic limit of 79,000 pounds, an elongation of 3 per cent., and an ultimate strength of 96,000 pounds to the square inch, cross section. A test was also made of the modulus of elasticity of the material, which was found to be fully equal to that of steel. These tests were made on one of the first bars produced, and I am pretty well satisfied that much higher results could now be obtained.

"Notwithstanding the great hardness of the alloy, it not only forges readily at a red heat, but can be bent at a right angle cold, either in the form of a cast or forged bar, provided the dimensions do not exceed one-fourth inch square. Its elastic limit is not quite equal to that of tool steel of the same hardness, but it is much tougher. Samples can also be made showing much greater hardness than those described above, but the breaking strain and elastic limit will, under these circumstances, closely coincide.

"Blades made from the alloy take a fine cutting edge, which is particularly smooth, although capable of excellent cutting qualities. A razor was made of the cast material, which has now been employed for nearly two years, and has been used for shaving purposes hundreds of times, but shows no signs of wear. It is not equal to a good steel razor, since it requires more frequent stropping. It takes, however, a very smooth, keen edge. I am satisfied that the metal I am now able to make would show considerably better results for this purpose.

"While I do not recommend the alloy as yet for cutting metal, it has shown some remarkable capabilities in this line, especially for a non-ferrous alloy. A small chisel, about one-fourth of an inch square, will readily cut a twenty-penny wire nail in two, without marring the edge of the tool. A lathe tool made from the alloy with certain modifications, is capable of cutting ordinary steel at a very high rate of speed. A test was made against high-speed steel, and it was found that the stellite tool would cut a continuous shaving from the bar, at the speed of 200 feet per minute, while the high-speed alloy steel tools failed almost instantly. It does not, of course, follow from this that the alloy is better suited for high-speed lathe tools than good alloy steel, but simply that it will stand a higher speed without 'burning.'

"The coefficient of expansion of the alloy has not yet been determined, but it is probably quite low, approximating pretty closely that of glass, since a small stellite wire can be sealed into a glass tube, making an air-tight joint, without cracking the glass."

ARIZONA'S PETRIFIED FOREST

THE petrified forest of Arizona is the only one of its kind. For miles around the ground is covered with enormous logs petrified to the core which lie as they fell centuries, perhaps ages, ago. On a fine day they dazzle the eye with the most beautiful colors. Some resemble the amethyst, some smoky topaz, while others appear as pure and as white as alabaster. At times the chips of agate cover the ground to the depth of a foot, and it is easy to pick from them cross-sections showing distinctly every vein and even the bark of the original wood. One gigantic tree spanning a gulch forty feet wide is undoubtedly the only bridge of agate in the world.

Geologists have offered various speculations as to why such a large area of forest became petrified. The most plausible theory is that the great plain, now five thousand feet above sea-level, was at one time covered by a forest that became submerged in water strongly charged with minerals, so that at last the fibres of the trees became thoroughly soaked and so transformed into agate. Even at this day there may be seen many trunks that are packed in a deposit of fine clay. This, it is conjectured, was left by the receding waters. The erosion of the wind has, however, pulverized much of this clay and carried it away in the atmosphere.

Some of the finer specimens of agate are mounted by jewelers, but by far the greater quantity of the petrified stone is converted into table-tops and similar articles.

PISO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
for COUGHS & COLDS

THE KAISER'S HORSE PALACE

IT is claimed that the German Emperor has the most splendid stable in the world. It is situated in the outskirts of Berlin. Outwardly it resembles a palace, and inwardly it has many of the appointments and characteristics of one. It is asserted that horses were never more palatially lodged than they are here.

The stable was erected by the imperial architect. It occupies a superficial area of more than two acres. There are roomy and comfortable box-stalls for two hundred and seventy horses, and carriage-house space for more than three hundred carriages.

In the centre of the whole there is a two-storey building where the imperial coachmen, grooms, stable-boys, and so forth, with their families, are lodged. Eighty families have quarters in the building; the drivers and coachmen are about fifty in number.

This unique stable is provided with horse elevators, telephones and electric lights, and the walls of the carriage houses and other portions of the building are beautifully decorated.

The cost of the stable was about a million dollars.

UNWISE TO LIVE BELOW THE GROUND

The most wholesome room in the house for use as a sitting-room is an upper room of southern exposure. People who make it a practice to sit in basement rooms finally become rheumatic; they take cold easily and their general vitality becomes lowered. It is unwise to live below the surface of the ground. All physicians are of that opinion.

SPICE POULTICES

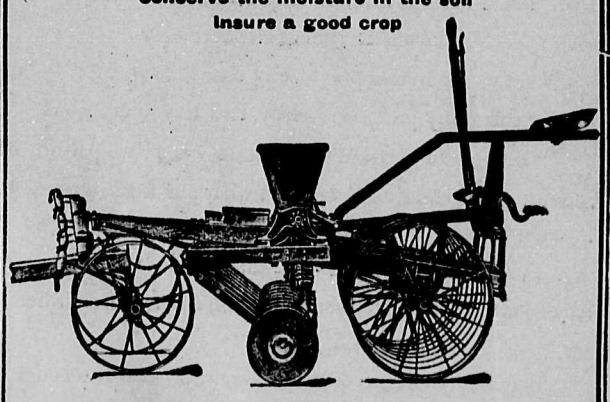
One tablespoonful of ground spice, one of black pepper, one of cloves and one of ginger mixed together in a bowl; put in a flannel bag and quilt across twice each way to keep it in place; sew up at the end, wet with alcohol, heat and apply; save the bag and use when needed.

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

Requisite on the Farm.—Every farmer and stock-raiser should keep a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil on hand not only as a remedy for ills in the family, but because it is a horse and cattle medicine of great potency. As a substitute for sweet oil for horses and cattle affected by colic it far surpasses anything that can be administered.

That Splitting Headache
will vanish if you take
"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers
Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists.
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 24

HOOSIER PRESS DRILLS
Plant at an even depth
Conserve the moisture in the soil
Insure a good crop



HOOSIER PRESS DRILLS conserve the moisture in the soil, because they pack the earth over the seed when it is sown. This is why the Northwest farmers are more certain of a good crop. The Hoosier gets the seed in the ground at an even depth and covers it. The Hoosier is Light Draft, has a positive force feed, never skips, never chokes. Has the greatest possible strength and will stand up under the severest strains. Absolutely guaranteed. Send for catalogue, and go to your local dealer and insist on seeing the Hoosier.

The American Seeding-Machine Co., Inc.
King and James Sts., Winnipeg, Man.

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE
Sackett Plaster Board
The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster
Manufactured only by
The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

THE ISLANDER

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE,

Editor and Proprietor.

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

SATURDAY, Feb., 11, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

From reading various papers and opinions, says the Greenwood Ledge, we have come to the conclusion that the new tariff between the Canucks and Uncle Sam will ruin both countries.

The amount of revenue derived in this city last year from real estate taxes was $3099.75, while $3097.50 was raised from trade licenses.

Of the latter amount the greater proportion was raised from liquor licenses.

If temporance reformers of the Spencerian type had their way this revenue would be lost to the city, and would have to be replaced in some other manner.

It would mean that the taxes of the city would go up, those with an alcoholic thirst would be supplied with an abundance of wood alcohol and other more or less slow poisons at a price double that now paid for pure liquor, and many who are now good law-abiding citizens would become chronic violators of the law.

Apparently because there are some forty cases of smallpox in Vancouver the police of this city have received word from the Provincial Health Department that every man, woman and child in this city must be vaccinated.

One writer in this province in commenting upon the dangers of this filthy practice recently, had this to say:

"We bow to medical superstition when we permit ourselves and our children to be filled with pus from a sick cow in order to believe that we can dodge the smallpox by so doing. Vaccination is one of the dirtiest and most dangerous delusions that has ever been foisted on a fear-stricken humanity."

Before any citizen of Cumberland is foolish enough to submit to being vaccinated we would like him to know what the British Medical Journal has said with regard to this subject: "In addition to the fact that people are often ill after vaccination, it is important to remember that people die after the operation, if not from the disease itself, at least from its sequela, notably erysipelas."

It is also a well established fact that syphilis, cancer, lock jaw and other diseases can be traced in numerous cases to vaccination.

We will quote from a famous specialist on the first mentioned of these diseases as follows: "It is impossible for the most careful doctor to tell when syphilis is present in vaccine lymph."

Another great surgeon, Sir Thomas Watson describes the danger as "a ghastly risk."

Another authority says, "a large proportion of the cases of apparently inherited syphilis are really vaccinal."

MENTAL

Psychic and Mystic

Cumberland Opera House To-Night

Beadnell & Biscoe

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Not the Cheapest, but the Best

Catalogue Free

Vancouver Island Nursery Co.,
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Miss Billie Dare

with Mental.

Opera House To-Night

Are you

A JEWELLER

If not

Have you a friend who is?

In either case you should be interested in this

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

AN OLD ESTABLISHED BUSINESS

Carrying a full line of the very best

Clocks,
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Also a

BOOKSTORE IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS

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

AGE AND ILL HEALTH

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THE BIG STORE

GREATEST
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Special Prices

Special Prices on all Rubbers, Hip Boots, Shoes, Ladies' Skirts and Coats, Men's Hard and Soft Felts, Clothing, Dress Goods, etc.

OUR TABLES ARE CROWDED WITH

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This is a Genuine Offer We Do What We Say All Goods Mark-in Plain Figures NO GOODS EXCHANGED Come With the Crowds Our Grocery Dept. is stocked with the Choicest, We would appreciate your order and Guarantee Satisfaction.

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The Russell AUTOMOBILE
The only Car Made in America with the "Silent Knight Valveless Engine," Also made in valve . . . style . . .

Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris, Perfect and Blue Flyer Bicycles; Fairbanks Morse Gas Engines; also the Moore Gasoline Lighting Systems. Oliver Typewriters. Repairing of all kinds.

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Guns, etc. Scissors and Skates ground. Rubber Tires for Baby Carriages. Hoops for Tubs
THIRD STREET, CUMBERLAND.

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SEWING : MACHINE

BUY A SINGER

The BEST Machine on the Market and sold on EASY TERMS .....

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OFES:- OPERA HOUSE COURTENAY

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

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Agent for E & N. Lands Comox District.

$75.00 DOLLARS REWARD.

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

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Laundry
P. O. BOX 294
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Near the Saw Mill

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

AGENTS FOR
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FURNITURE STORE

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A FULL RANGE OF PATTERNS AND PRICES

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Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture

Best on the Coast

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February 14
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE PYTHIAN SISTERS

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL
JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR

THE POOREST OF WINES, LIQUOR & BEER
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DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Do You Value Your Health

Regulate and Cleanse your System

Spring cleaning does not answer the body. The prime element in the maintenance or in the recovery of health is activity of liver, kidneys and skin. Not occasionally but only by weekly stimulation of these functions can poisons, waste matter, and accumulations within the body be drawn out so that the blood and inward parts be purified and kept wholesome. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the mildest laxative medicine known; they purify the blood, fortify the activity of liver and kidneys, increase the eliminating power of the skin and create a general feeling of well-being—the outcome of wholesome conditions within. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a general tonic to the digestive system; they restore functional effectiveness to all the organs of secretion and contribute in this way enormously to the stability of health.

For general family use in all cases of biliousness, bad blood, indigestion and disorders of the stomach, Dr. Hamilton's Pills have no equal. Sold in yellow boxes, 25c, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

THE SUICIDE OF A SCORPION

PLINY believed that the scorpion pierced his body with his sting when ringed about with fire. This ancient idea has been substantiated by a priest stationed on the Island of Rodriguez, off the east coast of Africa, who proved its truth by placing a young scorpion within a large circle of lighted charcoal. Hardly had the insect been set at liberty when he ran straight forward until close to the burning wall of charcoal. Then he turned and ran in the opposite direction. When stopped by the wall of flame he came to a halt *and plunged his sting into his neck.* He struck but one blow, but that one was a deep, determined thrust. As he struck he worked his tail as a cobbler works an awl when piercing a hole in hard leather. Then the tail relaxed and the insect died without a movement, almost instantaneously. The little drama lasted less than a minute.

A WELL-KNOWN public man was travelling over a line of railway with which he was unfamiliar. At a certain point the road passes a fertilizer factory, the odor from which is offensive. It is particularly disagreeable to a lady who is compelled to make the journey daily. As a protection from the obnoxious atmosphere, she is accustomed to carry a bottle of lavender salts.

As the train approached the factory, she produced the phial as usual, unstoppered it, and applied it to her nostrils. Presently the odors from the factory began to permeate the car.

The man endured it as long as he felt that he could. At last, he rose to his feet, and, approaching the lady, said in his most polite manner:

"Madam, may I request you to replace the stopper in that bottle?"

* * *

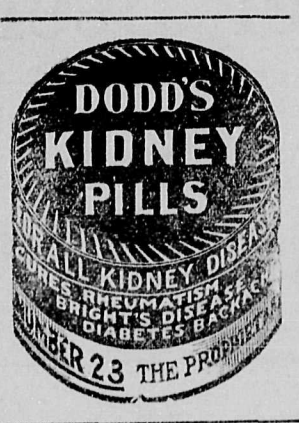
JOHNNIE POE, one of the famous Princeton football family, and incidentally a great-nephew of Edgar Allan Poe, was a general in the army of Honduras in one of their recent wars. Finally, when things began to look black with peace and the American general discovered that his princely pay when translated into United States money was about sixty cents a day, he struck for the coast. There he found a United States warship and asked for transportation home.

"Sure," the commander told him. "We'll be glad to have you. Come aboard whenever you like and bring your luggage."

"Thanks," said Poe warmly. "I'll sure do that. I only have fifty-four pieces."

"What!" exclaimed the commander, "what do you think I'm running—a freighter?"

"Oh, well, you needn't get excited about it," purred Poe. "My fifty-four pieces consist of one pair of socks and a pack of playing-cards."



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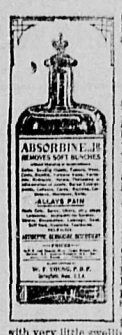
SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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



RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA and any painful affection 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 sinew, heels, cuts, sores, wounds, reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, cures strains and sprains. Takes out soreness and inflammation—stops lameness.

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

Safe and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin, leaving it dry and clean. Results like the above make faith unnecessary. Ask your neighbors about it. Price $1.00 oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 2F Free. Manufactured only by

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LYMAN'S, 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.

Storyettes

"WE were waiting for the elevator to come down," said a commercial traveller, "after discussing the probability of an aeroplane's crossing the Atlantic within a year, when, just as the cage was about to ascend one of the party said, 'I'll bet ten thousand dollars it won't be done—and the elevator boy took him up.'"

* * *

IN a great deal of trepidation a diffident young man called at the office of the father of the girl he was smitten with, and stammered:

"Sir, I—I—pardon me, but I want to marry your daughter."

"I'm busy; go and see her mother, young man," said the father.

"I have already seen her mother, and I still wish to marry your daughter."

* * *

A MODERATELY fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villain!" the detected boy thundered, "or there will be bloodshed!"

"No," said the father grimly, tightening his hold on his son's collar. "Not bloodshed—woodshed."

* * *

TWO young lovers in a good-night embrace in the entrance hall were surprised by the girl's elder sister coming in.

"We were seeing which is the taller," the young man explained in some confusion.

"You are about ten inches taller," said the sister, "and she is at least ten shades redder than you."

* * *

A CERTAIN Buffalo man sent his son out to get a morning paper, to *learn the news of the recent* United States election.

The boy—a lad old enough to be in the night school—returned with the paper, the headline of which read:

"Pendulum swings back hard."

"Well, what's happened?" said the father.

"Why, Pendulum's elected," said the messenger. "Who's Pendulum?"

* * *

IS that you, dear?" asked a young husband over the telephone. "I just called up to say that I'm afraid I won't be able to get home to dinner to-night, as I am detained at the office."

"You poor dear," answered the wife sympathetically. "I don't wonder. I don't see how you manage to get anything done at all with that orchestra playing in your office. Good-night!"

* * *

ONE of his friends once asked Mr. Darwin's gardener about his master's health, and how he had been lately.

"Oh!" he said, "my poor master has been very sadly. I often wish he had something to do. He moons about in the garden, and I have seen him stand doing nothing before a flower for ten minutes at a time. If he only had something to do I really believe he would be better."

* * *

SOON after the arrival of his first *baby, his wife went upstairs one* evening and found him standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. She was touched by the sight, and tears filled her eyes. Her arms stole softly around his neck as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. He started slightly at the touch.

"Darling!" he murmured dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they get up such a crib as that for ninety-nine cents."

* * *

AN English writer tells this story:

I knew at Oxford the new King of Siam, young Vajiravudh, twenty-fourth of the late Chulalongkorn's ninety children.

Vajiravudh was a pleasant, hospitable lad, but not a very brilliant student. I remember his saying to me one night:

"Dine with me to-morrow at the Mitre, will you?"

"Can't, old man," I answered. "I am going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"Bring him along," said Vajiravudh.

* * *

A NIGHT CLERK in a hotel sat dozing at his desk at about one a.m., when a man in evening clothes came in as if laboriously trying to walk a crack, and said:

"I'm Ferguson—key to Room 44."

The guest disappeared in the direction of his room, one flight up. In a few minutes a man in his shirtsleeves, with a flattened hat on the side of his head, and with one shoe on a foot and the other in his hand, came in and said to the clerk:

"I'm Fershon—key to for'-for'."

"Mr. Ferguson just took his key and went up."

"Mr. Fershon just fell out window 'n' left key inside. Kindly lemme have 'nother."

* * *

THE court room was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling-pins and stinging invectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand, undergoing a gruelling cross-examination. The examining attorney said:

"You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Everyone expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out:

"I sneezed."

* * *

DURING the recent campaign in Maine, Asher Hinds, who was running for Congress from the First Congressional District, was speaking to a small audience in one of the farming communities. In an offhand manner he asked whether there was a Democrat in the room. When no one responded to the question Mr. Hinds remarked that it was no disgrace for a man to be an honest Democrat, adding that if there was one in the room he would like to have him show his colors.

After a little wait a slow moving and lengthy man deliberately unfolded himself, as though he were a big three-jointed rule, and in measured words announced that he was a Democrat.

Mr. Hinds, in his suave manner, said that he would like to ask him one question. It was this:

"Why are you a Democrat?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "my grandfather was a Democrat and my father was a Democrat, and I am a Democrat."

"That," said Mr. Hinds, "is not a very good reason for a man's party *preference. I wonder—personalities* aside—if your father and grandfather had been fools, what would you be?"

The man looked Mr. Hinds all over.

"I suppose," he drawled out, "I should have been a Republican."

* * *

A CERTAIN Dr. C—— was once reading a very strenuous paper on total abstinence before a clerical club (so the story goes), when the entertainer went out to tell his wife how many she was to provide for at supper.

"What are they doing?" she asked and was told the subject of the essay. "What shall I do?" she cried. "Here I have brandied peaches and it is too late to make a change."

"Make no change," said her husband. *"It will be all right."*

The essayist had the post of honor at the right of the lady of the house, and she presented him with a dish of the peaches. After a while she said to him:

"Dr. C——, won't you allow me to give you some more of these peaches?"

"Thank you!" he replied. "They are *excellent!*"

A little later she said:

"Dr. C——, may I not give you another peach?"

"No, thank you," he said apologetically, "but I will take a little more of the gravy!"

* * *

JESTING about railways of the South is rather an overworked profession. Before mason-jarring the crop, however, let Senator Burton of Ohio have the floor.

"Speaking of railways," he says, "the ultimate word, in my experience, was a 'limited' on which I travelled in Georgia last summer. At a point where we were making our greatest speed, a man stood at the side of the track with a moving picture machine, and I leaned out of the window and called to him:

"'How are you getting on?'

"He stopped turning the crank, and spoke with an expression of deep disgust.

"'It don't seem to be no use,' he said. 'Hold your head still, please. I want to take a *time exposure.*'"

* * *

PROFESSOR TURNER had been spending the Christmas vacation in Egypt to supervise the erection of a telescope at Helouan. Capt. Lyon, who was in charge of the instrument, said that he had found that at noon every day a gun was fired, and was anxious to know how the system worked. Accordingly, he interviewed the gunner and asked how he knew when to give the signal.

"Oh, I look at my watch," said the official.

"And how do you correct your watch?" asked the captain.

"I take it to the maker in Cairo and he tells me the error."

Forthwith Capt. Lyon interviewed the watchmaker and asked him how he checked the error of the watch.

"I get the correct time from the gun," said that simple craftsman.

And thus time was told in Egypt.

The Horseman

LADY Brant is a trotter that has rapidly come to the front during the past year, and one that may reasonably be expected to improve. This mare is by the noted sire, Dr. John, that was owned by the late R. C. Stinson at Brantford, and out of a daughter of Geneva, 2.11¼, the latter well known throughout Canada and the United States. Geneva was also owned by Mr. Stinson at one time, and later became the property of Mr. C. A. Burns of Toronto, by whom he was sold for export.

Lady Brant is owned by Ald. Samuel McBride, president of the Toronto Driving Club, an enthusiastic amateur reinsman. In fact, the alderman would rather be in the sulky than have a turkey dinner. He loves his horses as companions, and has the utmost confidence in Lady Brant, and from what has been seen of this mare hereabouts, this confidence is not likely to be misplaced.

Lady Brant is a well-made animal. In conformation and color she resembles Geneva very much, and the earnest wish of the alderman's friends is that she develops into a trotter equally as good as Geneva was.

* * *

COMPARING the figures of the recent sale of thoroughbred stock which took place at Lexington, Ky., with the sale of standard-breds, that was held at Madison Square Garden, New York, there is a vast difference in favor of the harness horse. At Lexington during the three days of the sale, 318 horses were sold for $48,230, making an average of $151.66 for the lot. At New York 769 head sold for $319,655, an average of $415 per head. Some difference. The reason for this vast difference is obvious. The racing of thoroughbreds is confined to narrow bounds. It is limited to a very small number of tracks compared with those where harness horse racing exists, and while it is popular with the people it is a sport that has been badly handled. Just as it is enjoyable to watch field sports of all kinds, so it is to watch horses race. It is only the conditions that surround the sport of horse racing that keep the general public from becoming interested. Those conditions can, and will, be removed in time, but it will take time to bring about the change.

From a commercial standpoint there is no reason why young thoroughbreds should not bring as much at auction as young standard-breds. The one is as useful as the other. The average thoroughbred is as heavy as the average standard-bred. He equals the latter in conformation, and is generally as useful. It is only on account of the prevailing idea that the thoroughbred is useful only as a racing machine that his price suffers in comparison with his near relative, the harness horse. When racing is under a cloud the price is affected. At present harness horse racing enjoys the bright sunshine.

* * *

DURING the recent meeting at Phoenix, Arizona, Will Durfee drove the black pacing stallion Copa de Oro a mile in 1.59, and while it was without doubt a brilliant performance, it by no means constitutes a record. Still, that does not keep M. W. Savage and his press agent, M. E. Harrison, from being jealous of the performance. Savage is the owner of a string of fast pacers, Minor Heir, George Gano, Hedgewood Boy, and Lady Maud C., that have been giving exhibitions during the past season, and while any one of the four pacers named would doubtless beat Copa de Oro in a race of mile heats, three in five, Harrison, acting for his employer, protested against the mile going on record, on the ground that for part of the distance the runner or prompter was directly in front of the pacer. Whether this is true or not matters but little, for it is admitted that there was no wind-shield attached to the pacemaker's sulky, and as Savage is the owner of Dan Patch, 1.55¼, the world's champion pacer, it seems unreasonable that either he or his press agent should begrudge Copa de Oro's owner what little honor there would be resulting from the horse's Phoenix performance.

Verily the green-eyed monster looms up also in the horse game.

ODD WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING

IN addition to being the life of trade, the competition that has grown more and more heated in every channel of business activity during the last few years has proved itself to be the life-giver, or mother, of a number of queer sustenance-gaining professions. In witness whereof, and by way of primary concrete illustration, there is "Cinder Ella," as she is best known—an aged woman with a knack of removing cinders from one's eyes, who ekes out her living in this fashion in the downtown section of New York. The *curb market traders are her most* lucrative patients, and it is said her revenue sometimes amounts to a dollar and a half a day.

Near the Five Points, in lower New York, there is an undertaker who, having failed to gain a living through ordinary undertaking methods, has had better financial luck since he inaugurated what he calls "home burials." The section in which his shop is located is inhabited by Chinese, Italians, and persons of half a dozen other nationalities, and when one of these dies the undertaker gives him a burial ceremony as nearly like that of his own people as he can. The ceremony goes gratis with the price of the casket, which is collected from the relatives of the departed.

The so-called "window vaudeville" performers are another result of the competition that drives individuals to make a living in odd ways. The comely woman attired in a bathing-suit who "demonstrates" a patent shower-bath in the window of one of the New York drug stores, the young man who gets six dollars a week for showing the passing *crowds the way to manipulate a new* style of easily-tied neckwear, and the woman who sits in a shop window demonstrating on her own bare feet the relief-giving effect of a certain brand of talcum powder, are illustrations. One of the oddest of all the more recent "window vaudeville" performers is a man who disguises himself to represent Theodore Roosevelt and who gets eight dollars a week for standing in a shop window back of a placard that announces prizes for any passers-by who are able to detect the slightest movement in his rigid body.

A score or more of different so-called "human dolls" have followed the footsteps of the Roosevelt man in their effort to gain a livelihood by posing in store windows. Following the victory of Johnson in the fistic arena at Reno, negro boys by the hundred swarmed into Coney Island to take advantage of the fifty cents a day increase in pay that was advertised by those in charge of the booths where five cents allows one to throw three balls at a negro's head. So great was the popularity of this amuse*ment on the part of the white brethren* at this particular time, that many hard-up negroes availed themselves of the means thus afforded to make a living.

The man in evening clothes who flashes out the name of a certain brand of liquor on his transparent shirt-front as he saunters down the street by night is an oddity in quest of a living not less queer than the man who recently advertised in the London Times that, for a small remuneration, he would impersonate any wealthy man who cared to engage his services, and in his disguise would meet all the "cranks" who might come to bother said wealthy man. "I can save my client's time and maybe his life," the advertisement was worded.

In Chicago, there was chronicled the case not long ago of a man who was earning his living, at the rate of about four dollars a week, by getting tips from men whose hats he ran after at a particularly windy corner of one of the busiest sections of the city. And there is an aged woman in Philadelphia who ekes out a living by loitering around *the walks of Fairmount Park and mend*ing the dolls and toys of the little girls who go there for their daily airing. She carries a cement preparation with her, and her income is estimated at about five dollars a week.

THE VICISSITUDES OF A PICTURE

THERE is a certain Scottish picture that has undergone striking vicissitudes of fortune.

In 1834 the work was presented to Bishop Carruthers as a testimony of gratitude. It was the sensation of the year at the Royal Scottish Academy. It was engraved in mezzotint by Hodgetts, and the print enjoyed prenomenal popularity. The picture itself became part of the altar-piece of the Roman Catholic Church in Lothian Street, Edinburgh.

During the seventies the Catholic community moved to a new church. The canvas of the altar-piece was rolled up and left lying in the schools, where it was eventually forgotten. When thickly encrusted with dirt, the whole thing was sold for a trifle to a broker, who thought so little of his prize that for a time he used it as a tarpaulin, covering an outhouse with it.

A travelling showman made a bid for the canvas, thinking it would do to ornament the front of his booth, but he did not get it. A last indignity was contemplated by the broker, who was seriously considering the advisability of cutting off the heads and making of them pictures of a convenient size for selling, when an art collector spied the treasure and secured it for a small sum. The church authorities made vigorous efforts to recover the masterpiece, when, after careful restoration, the value of the picture was disclosed. Their efforts were without avail, however, for the sale had been a valid one.

NAMES AND EPONYMS

THERE is a story to the effect that Brougham, on being chaffed by the Iron Duke as a man whose name would go down to posterity as a great lawyer and statesman, but who would be best known by the name of the carriage that had been christened after him, retorted that the Duke's name would no doubt be handed down to future generations as that of a great general, but that he would be best remembered by reason of a particular kind of boot named after him. This little story serves to illustrate the fact that many names, illustrious and otherwise, are saved from oblivion by comparatively trivial circumstances.

It is probable, for instance, that sailors will never let die Admiral Vernon's nickname "Old Grog," derived from his breeches, which were of grogram, but applied to the rum that the Admiral ordered to be served out to them.

The name of another drink—negus—has survived from the time of Queen Anne, when it was the favorite beverage of one Colonel Negus.

More common, however, than either of the above, is the name "sandwich," which commemorates the Lord Sandwich who invented it as a means of taking a hasty lunch while engaged in his duties at the Admiralty.

Certain towns and districts, such as Xeres, Oporto, Champagne, and Burgundy, are probably best known through the productions named after them.

Cayenne is probably better known outside France for the red pepper it produces than for being the locality to which French convicts are transported; while the town of Cognac, in France, owes its celebrity solely to the brandy distilled from its grapes.

Cologne is, perhaps, more famous for *its manufacture of eau de cologne* than for its splendid cathedral. Spa, in Belgium, has provided a common name, applicable to most inland watering-places, while Guingamp, a small town in Brittany, is totally unknown to the large number of people who used the material named after it—gingham.

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

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged. A sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking, are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken. They are the leading *liver pills and they have no superiors* among such preparations.

Earache, Toothache!

To Cure the Pain in Ten Seconds and Get Instant Relief Nothing Equals

NERVILINE

Fifty years ago Nerviline was used from coast to coast and in thousands of houses this trusty liniment served the entire family, cured all their minor ills and kept the doctor's bill small. To-day Nerviline still holds first rank in Canada *among pain-relieving remedies* — scarcely a home you can find that doesn't use it.

TESTIMONIAL No. 4398

From Port Hope, Ont., Mr. W. T. Greenaway, of the Guide newspaper staff, writes: "For twenty years we have used Nerviline in our home, and not for the world would we be without it. As a remedy for all pain, earache, toothache, cramps, headache and disordered stomach, I know of no preparation so useful and quick to relieve as Nerviline."

Let every mother give Nerviline a trial; it's good for children, good for old folks—you can rub it on as a liniment or take it internally.

Wherever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse anything but Nerviline. In two sizes, 50c and 25c, all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE SIAMESE CAT

SIAMESE cats, with their curious markings and loud, discordant voices, are favorite pets both here and abroad.

In *many respects these animals of* Siamese breed are unique among felines. They follow their owners like dogs; they are exceedingly affectionate and insist upon attention, and they mew loudly and constantly, as if trying to talk. They have more vivacity and less dignity than usually falls to the lot of cats.

In color they vary from pale fawn through shades of brown to chocolate. There are two varieties, the temple cats and the palace cats, the principal difference between the two being that the palace breed is darker in color.

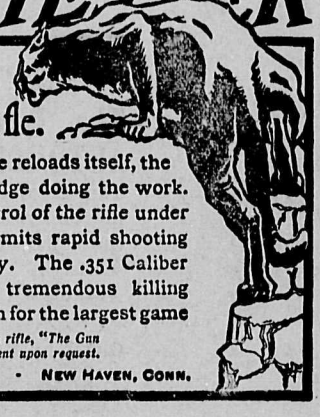
A GOOD EYE LOTION

A good eye lotion, suitable for all *simple cases of inflammation of the eyes,* is made by diluting witch hazel with an equal part of water and soaking a bit of lint in the fluid. The lint must be laid on the eyelid and kept moist by the solution.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is *no ailment so harassing and exhausting* as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

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

WINCHESTER



.351 CALIBER

Self-Loading Rifle.

As its name indicates, this rifle reloads itself, the recoil of the exploded cartridge doing the work. This places the complete control of the rifle under the trigger finger, which permits rapid shooting with great ease and accuracy. The .351 Caliber High-Power cartridge, has tremendous killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game

Catalogue fully describing this rifle, "The Gun that shoots Through Steel," sent upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., . NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fresh Air in Winter

In winter, it is hard to get fresh air in certain rooms. Some rooms in a house are usually colder than others, and if you open the windows it is hard again to heat the room properly.

If you keep the windows closed you don't get fresh air; if you keep them open you cannot quickly reheat the room. The

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

solves the difficulty. You can leave the windows in a room open all day in winter, and when you close them apply a match to a Perfection Oil Heater and heat the room to any temperature you desire in a few minutes.

The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in japan or nickel. It burns for nine hours. It has a cool handle and a damper top. It has an **automatic-locking flame spreader,** which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that the wick can be quickly cleaned. An indicator always shows amount of oil in the font.

The filler-cap does not need to be screwed down. It is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain.

The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and consequently, it can always be easily unscrewed in an instant for rewicking. The Perfection Oil Heater is strong, durable, well made, built for service, yet light and ornamental.

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

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

SPINNING TOPS

FOR Old Crutcher perseverance was neither a virtue nor euphemism; it was a mania, barren of praise and productive of scoffing. In the beginning he had minded the jibes; by the time he was sixty-five he had been long inured, even feeling grateful for them in a way. For he was an inventor, and can one who fashions things quite new escape obloquy? Is not slander, indeed, the tribute of the vulgarians to ability? The admission of genius? The truest, albeit unconsciously rendered, honor to be expected?

"Some day——" he would mutter to himself, philosophically if vaguely, when he had gained his little room after running the gauntlet of gamins. "Some day——"

He had been comforting himself with those words, pregnant with future recompense, for a score of years now. The children who had followed him in the first days of his labor, babbling ridicule after the fashion of babes in the street, had begot another generation, that chided him now with more vehemence for the instinct that was their heritage. Only to children is such a game ever fresh.

For two decades harried by doubters, his own faith in himself had thrived and flourished the lustier because of his lack of someone with whom to share it. Carefully he had nourished it from the moment he first became engrossed in his problem; with all the force of his will had he preserved that faith through disappointment, till finally there was no longer need for him to guard it; so powerful had it grown that it overmastered the man, forcing him on in spite of defeat, gripping and swaying him as can only a passion. There was no retreat for Crutcher now.

His mania was perpetual motion.

"An' how's the machine to-day?" asked the Irishwoman on the second floor as Crutcher passed her open door, the uneven boards creaking beneath his steps. It was always the machine, and not the man, that people asked of. Crutcher himself had forgotten the man.

"It's getting along, thank you," he answered. "It's very slow work, you know. But then, big things can't be done in a day."

The old man spoke glibly, because he had been making much the same answer through many years: he spoke with a touch of gaiety, for he was ever pleased to find one who would talk of his invention. This the Irishwoman knew. Nevertheless, her charity was limited to one question on wash day.

"Sure, an' I'll bet thot's y'r dinner in th' bag," she said reproachfully, going to the door and pointing to his small package with a great, square hand, red and puckered by hot water. "Now, why don't you take care of y'rself, Misther Crutcher? Thot's no way for a mon to ate; I got a bit o' soup left on the stove here—you take some of it." She turned back and ladled out a heavy fluid into a cracked plate. "There, thot's good f'r what ails ye. Take it!" she commanded.

Crutcher obeyed. He carried the plate very carefully to the fourth floor, spilling only a few drops, but, his room gained, he set it down and forgot it in contemplation of his machine.

The room was in front of a rear tenement, its one window giving out on a vista which ended, twenty feet away, with the back of the house that fronted the street. No other outlook had Crutcher; in that room he lived and worked, leaving it only to buy his meagre meals or, rarely, for a stroll to the square near by. As a rule, the persecution of the children spoiled these little excursions, which to the inventor had the infrequency and all the importance of holidays. The room was not quite square. Large irregular stains were the sole decoration of the plastered walls save for a two-foot shelf, on which were a bottle of oil, a book dealing with mechanics, and a few stray tools. Almost opposite the door was a small, full-bellied coal stove—a forge as well—its pipe running into the chimney behind it, which ate into the scanty space of the room. In the corner farthest from the window was a cot, with its soiled linen and a quilt whose grimy, motted cotton showed through rents, lying as they had been tossed by Crutcher that morning. At the foot of the cot was a large soap box, standing on end and furnished with shelves in the form of a cupboard. On its top stood a big pitcher; a wash-basin was on the floor beside it. Crutcher's dishes were strewn in an irregular line along the mantelpiece in back of the stove. Straddled over a small box, half filled with coals and kindling wood, was a chair. Directly under the window was Crutcher's work table, plain and strong, battered and grimed. At one corner was clamped a vise; about it were strewn tools, nuts, bolts, odds and ends of accumulated litter.

He unlocked the drawer of the table even while he still held the bag. There, on top of a mass of creased and soiled papers and mechanic's refuse, was his pride, his ambition, his hope—the machine.

It was elliptical, of steel, no longer than four inches, bound at its circumference with a girdle of bright nickel. It was studded with nickelled screws and from each end protruded a pole of brass, tapering almost to a point. In that creation of metal, shining, sinister looking as an engine of war, were bound and riveted twenty years of John Crutcher's life; a bauble, in looks the toy of a child of Mars, it contained the ambitions of a human soul and the love and passion of a man.

"My beauty!" Crutcher murmured.

Eternal movement, everlasting life, embodied in a bit of transient metal—Crutcher saw nothing ridiculous in that. It was well he did not, for man can do better, even at the cost of sanity, than to see the absurdity of his reason for being.

Crutcher's idea was simple. His initial motive power was a spring—a tiny coil for a man of machines to love. This acted on a propeller, sunk in the belt of nickel. The poles fitted two cups of steel, attached like the bowls of opium pipes to a pair of upright rods. Accurately adjusted, the invention, once started, would run forever—some day. Crutcher had only to overcome the troublesome friction.

"Here is the germ!" said the old man, his voice low but quivering with the ardor of exultation. "Only a little more!" He put into place the upright rods. Then he wound the spring, arranged his invention, and started the propeller. "Ah! That's it! Go it!" he cried excitedly, as it whirled rapidly, giving forth a shrill hum, the bright studs forming lines almost as solid as the belt about the circumference. He knew that, alone, the spring would run itself out in twelve minutes. The inventor took out his watch. He tried to suppress his enthusiasm. Now and then he leaned forward, his face aglow, as if he were the spectator of a race. "Go it! Go it!" he cried softly again and again.

Nine minutes passed, ten, twelve—and still the machine whirled. By and by it slowed, lurched around spasmodically for a bit, and then stopped, seemingly with reluctance.

"Twenty-two minutes and a half!" Crutcher whispered in suppressed delight. "More by a full half-minute than ever before."

Thus he was found by his nephew an hour later. Crutcher's dinner was still in his bag, where he had thrown it to one side of the work-table. The soup was cold, and on its surface lay an icing of thick, yellowish fat.

"Hello!" said the youth as he entered the room.

The old man was surprised; the nephew had not knocked.

"Hello, Danny! The machine's just run twenty-two minutes and a half! What do you think of that? I've almost got it, I know. It won't be long now, and then you'll see! Just a few more changes; but I know what has to be fixed. It won't be long now."

"'Sthat so?" was the answer. Danny was indifferent. "Fine, ain't it?"

The nephew looked around Crutcher's room, then walked across it and sat on the tangled bedclothes of the cot.

"Yes; twenty-two minutes and a half. That's in the stand, of course. Perpendicularly she'll go nearly as long. Come here; I'll show you. You just watch now."

With great pride he wound up the contrivance again and prepared to spin it on the table surface.

"Oh, I ain't got time to-night," objected Danny. "We had a big order to get out and I got stuck at the shop—got away late. I'd like to see it," he added, a bit sorry for having caused the disappointment that was so clear on the old man's face. "But I got to meet a feller in a few minutes."

He paused for a moment; then, trying to convey the impression that the idea had just occurred to him, he continued, "Oh, say, did you get yuh pension money on time? I'm a bit shy this week and I thought maybe you c'd help me out."

He waited anxiously.

"Why, yes, Danny," faltered Crutcher. "You know, though, it's all I got. And my work takes up a lot of money—a whole lot. But if you—that is, maybe——"

"Well, if you don't want to," said the youth in an aggrieved tone, after a while of silence.

"Why, Danny, now," pleaded Crutcher, hurt. "You know you're welcome to it. I'd be glad to have you take it. I can make it up some other way till you get ready to pay it back. And if you can't——Here."

The boy, the son of his sister, was his only relative, his only connection with real life and with the past.

Crutcher pulled a thin roll of bills from his pocket.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, three dollahs will do."

"All right, Danny; be a good boy. I wish you could stay. I'd like to have you look at the machine and tell me what you think of it. She's a little beauty, eh? Not much more, Danny, and then we'll show 'em."

But the youth, the money safe in his pocket, cut the old man short and hurried away.

Crutcher ate the contents of his paper bag, and then went back to play with the germ of eternal motion.

Two weeks later the boy was called to the bare room. Crutcher lay on his cot. The Irishwoman was hustling about. When Danny entered she gave him a look fraught with the news of a crisis—an appealing look tinged with hopelessness.

Crutcher's voice was thin and his tone was that of an old man who feels that he has not been treated fairly and yet knows the futility of protest.

"Now, what do you think of this, Danny?" he asked. "Just when I almost had it, here I am laid up and no one knows how long I'll be in bed."

He reached out with one scrawny hand and picked up the machine from where it lay at his side on the chair.

"And she ran twenty-four minutes just before I fell ill. I found two screws that needed fixing, and that helped a lot. But now I can't work it—isn't that a shame? Isn't it, honest? But I've almost got it, Danny—just a little while now."

He stroked the bauble of bright metals occasionally.

"A beauty, isn't she?" he demanded, holding it toward the light. The laundry hung from the lines of the front tenement reflected the sun brilliantly, almost gaily, into the room. "If anything should happen—you know—of course it won't, but if something should, you understand, Danny, before I finish, I want you to take the machine. The plans are in the drawer. The patent papers are there, too. Take it, Danny, and make it your life work. There's big things in it, boy, big things. It's yours."

Crutcher never sat down to his work-table again. When he died, Danny examined his room curiously. He rummaged through the table, the soap-box cupboard, and along the mantel. He was surprised to find many things that he did not remember ever having seen before, though they must have been in plain sight. But he found nothing of value. He picked up Crutcher's invention, the fruit of two score years, the product of much misery. It glistened prettily, the nickel screws contrasting with the darker steel. Danny set it going on the table, for a time listening to its high-pitched hum, and wondering what he would do with it. But he had not the patience to wait for the whirl to end itself; he caught the machine up, gripping it tight, and let the propeller die out furtively. After he had taken it to his own room, he occasionally would set the contrivance spinning its span of twenty-four minutes out of eternity. Sometimes he would set it in the upright bars, but oftener he did not bother, letting it whirl on the edge of his washstand.

"I wonder what good that'll ever do me," he would mutter. Less frequently he would add, "He was a good old guy, anyway." Then Danny would toss the machine back into the drawer of the washstand.

By and by he almost forgot it entirely, forgot the patent papers, forgot even his uncle. Christmas drew near. Danny, on his way home, now and then stopped to look in store windows, festooned, crowded with many hues and shapes, some speckled with hard glittering imitation snow or tufts of cotton, all brightly lighted, as brilliant as prosperous saloons. As he gazed idly at the display of a toy shop, his eye was caught by a large placard hung in the centre of the pane. "The Latest Novelty" (it proclaimed) "The Scientific Wonder of the World, the Auto-Propelling Top. Runs Fifteen Minute Without Stopping. Take One Home to the Children. 25 Cents."

"Huh!" said the youth. "The old man did better than that by ten minutes!"

He read the sign again. Then he ejaculated, "Why, say—— Suppose, now, there may——"

With the glowing excitement of an inspiration Danny rushed home. He tried the perpetual motion machine—it ran for twenty-four minutes. He read the dusty patent papers. The next day he saw a manufacturer.

"There might be something in it, if it were made cheap," admitted the business man, figuring as he talked. "In tin, yes; there ought to be money in it."

So they took Crutcher's machine—his germ of eternal movement, sinister looking as an engine of war, the bit of metal in which were bound and riveted a score of years of a human life and the love and ambition and passion of a man, and of it they made a novelty, a toy, a plaything of gaudy tin.

—M. B. Levick.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Cure offers a speedy, sure, and satisfactory relief.

WHERE CHESS RULES

CHESS is king in the German town of Strohbeck. All the inhabitants, young and old, men and women, boys and girls, play at the ancient game with a skill and assiduity that are more than remarkable. Youngsters absorb the intricacies of the royal game just as they learn their A B C, and the Strohbeck child is ever a match for the average player elsewhere.

Chess is taught in the schools of Strohbeck and the pupils carry chess-boards as the American school-child carries his satchel of books. The whole town breathes an atmosphere of chess.

Visit any local shops, and the shopman will lay aside his chess-board in order to attend to your wants, and pick it up the moment these are satisfied, to renew attention upon some problem or to continue an exciting game with his assistant. At the cafes and other places of refreshment chess-boards and chessmen are provided for the entertainment of visitors.

Should you visit one of the old inns of the place called "The Chess-Board," the genial landlord will show you, should you appear worthy of the honor, a set of chess-men presented to it in 1650. Two princes, the story runs, played upon this board and with these chessmen. The inscription on the board itself confirms all the town's privileges, so that, in a way, it may be said that the charter of the place is engrossed upon a chess-board.

The extraordinary popularity of chess in Strohbeck is accounted for by a tradition concerning a certain Graf Gunnelin who was imprisoned in a tower there in the year A.D. 1011. He chalked out a chess-board on his dungeon floor and made some rough pieces. In time the jailer became interested in the Graf's manoeuvres on the checkered field, and the two played together. The jailer ultimately taught the game to others, and it won a popularity which it has never lost in the quaint German town.

THE STORK'S TRAVELS

IT has been ascertained, by marking storks with numbered rings, that these birds migrate from Europe to South Africa for the winter. A number of marked storks have been captured at various points in South Africa, and last spring one was caught near Jerusalem. It had come originally from Hungary, and was apparently on its homeward journey from South Africa, with four companions. This incident is regarded as showing that storks, in passing between Europe and Africa, avoid crossing the Mediterranean Sea, taking by preference the longer journey by land around its eastern end. The question yet remains whether the storks breed during their winter season in Africa.

ENGLISH PARTY NAMES

THE name "Unionist," as now applied to one of the leading parties of Great Britain, had its origin in the split of the Great Liberal party in 1885-86, over Mr. Gladstone's proposal to grant Home Rule to Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain and the late Duke of Devonshire, who were leading lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone, left the Liberal party on that issue and formed a coalition with the Conservatives, then led by Lord Salisbury. The Chamberlain group called themselves "Liberal Unionists," because they were Liberals who insisted that the union between Great Britain and Ireland should be maintained in its present form. The coalition of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives thus came to be known simply as Unionists, and, as the coalition has continued to the present day, so has the name. "Liberal," as applied to one of the political parties of Great Britain, came into general use in the second half of the last century, after the several great extensions of the franchise had made the old Whig party, the historic foe of the old Tories, or Conservatives, far more democratic in its membership. The word "Whig" is still sometimes used to describe aristocratic members of the Liberal party who inherit their politics from their Whig ancestors.

DOLLS

THE doll has been used in the symbolical and ceremonial rites of all nations. Its first use was for worship or incantation, not for juvenile amusement. In certain countries the transition from the symbol to the child's toy was direct, as in the case of the dolls of the Moqui Indians. These, after playing their part in the religious ceremonials, were given to the children. In the Island of Malta children's dolls always represented different saints and are still called by saints' names.

From remote times dolls have been in evidence as symbols, the earliest illustration of real religious symbolism being found in ancient Egypt some two thousand years before Christ. When any one of importance died, there were placed in the tomb with him a number of doll-like figures of stone, wood or clay called "ushabti," or "answerers," whose duty it was to attend upon the deceased. Today at the rising of the Nile a doll is thrown into the river to bring about a "good Nile." In former times it would have been a human sacrifice.

As marionettes dolls may be found not only over Europe, but in China, Japan, India, Africa and elsewhere, the details of the performance varying considerably, but the general idea of some form of moral representation being practically the same. Instances in which a doll figure acts as the receptacle of the spirit of the dead, or of a part of it, exist in such widely separated places as China, New Guinea, and Central Africa.

Dolls are perfect reproductions in miniature of the people who make them, not only in type of face, but also as regards costume.

The materials employed in the manufacture of dolls vary to a remarkable extent, those from the Arctic circle being made of walrus ivory or drift-wood, those from the Congo of iron, while others from Central and South Africa are made of gourds. Indian and Burmese dolls are usually of the rag type gaudily dressed, and some from Mexico are of burnt clay. Special interest attaches to the dolls of European countries, as in many instances they illustrate unique and picturesque national costumes too often, unfortunately going out of fashion.

VOLCANIC SEA-WAVES

OCCASIONALLY there appears a great wave sweeping across the calm surface of the ocean in the fairest weather and when no wind is blowing. There are few perils of the sea to be more dreaded than such a wave. Fortunately these are very rare, yet more than once a ship has encountered one. Only a short time ago a vessel of a British line was met by a wave of this kind, which rolled upon her like a wall of water, and, breaking against her sides, swept the deck with irresistible force, killing one sailor and seriously injuring others.

The cause of these singular waves is believed to be some disturbance of a volcanic nature at the bottom of the sea. Volcanoes exist in the ocean as well as on land; in fact, nearly all the volcanoes known are on or near the sea-coast. It is easy to see that an upheaval at the sea-bottom may start a billow at the surface of the water, when we remember that huge waves have been sent clear across the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco by volcanic shakings of the earth on the borders of Asia.

The world underwater is not only three times as extensive as that which is covered only with air, but it possesses many of the same great natural phenomena on a scale which is perhaps proportionately vast, but of whose existence we are only made aware by such indications as the volcanic ocean waves that ships occasionally encounter.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

"Christmas gift, Missie?" I hear them yet.
How the roses were blooming on Christmas Day!
And the waves dashed up with the foam and fret,
On the shingle, like waves on a summer's day.
The dear black people who thronged me 'round—
Li'l pickaninny and Mammy Jean,
And Uncle Jacob, with bow profound,
And tall Aunt Hannah, as proud as a queen.

"Christmas gift, Missie?" with hands outstretched
And eager eyes, and their looks of love,
And the presents forth from the great house fetched,
While the sun laughed down through the cypress grove;
Li'l pickaninny and Mammy Jean,
And Missie, a child among them all,
And oh! but the Christmas was glad, I ween,
With its gift of love unto one and all.

Gone are the days, and the roses are dead.
There's a trail of trade where the big house stood.
The old sweet friendship for aye hath fled,
Like Mammy Jean and her dusky brood.
Li'l pickaninny and nut-brown queen,
You throng no longer your Missie's door,
It would make her young if the holly green
Could echo your "Christmas gift" once more.

CAVE-DWELLING SNAKES

UNTIL recent times no reptiles were known to have adapted themselves to existence in the darkness of caverns. Now, however, it is known that in the Malay Peninsula a species of coluber inhabits certain caverns, feeding upon the bats.

These cave-dwelling snakes attain a length of between eight and nine feet, and their coloring remarkably resembles that of the walls of the caverns. The rock is a yellowish crystalline limestone traversed with blackish veins, and these markings and colors are curiously reproduced in the snakes, many of which lurk on the ledges, in the semi-darkness, near the entrances, watching for bats.

By Cable to the Arctic

A NEW story of man's struggle with the wild forces of the frozen North comes out in the account of the construction of the Alaskan Government telegraph line by the United States Signal corps, as told by Mr. George E. Walsh in "The Scientific American" Supplement.

"Almost insurmountable difficulties" were conquered on land and sea, and for years the men battled with the climate and other perils "until their resources and nerves were taxed to the utmost." So while the completion of this line is a triumph in many ways, it shows particularly "what a small body of plucky individuals can do in a short time."

It must be remembered, Mr. Walsh reminds us, that prior to the Spanish-American War the United States had no cable whatever, and the Signal Corps men had no experience with cable-ships or grappling-machines. The world's cables were handled by English, German, or French ships and workmen. When the war broke out with Spain, the navy and army immediately felt the need of cable-cutting and cable-laying ships. The need was met in a strange way.

"The converted cruiser Yale one day captured the Spanish merchant ship Rita off the coast of Cuba. This minor incident of the war may have left no impression upon the minds of readers of the papers; but the Rita was destined to figure as a most important factor in the future triumphs of peace.

"She was remodelled as a cable ship and rechristened the Burnside. It is this ship which has achieved such lasting glory for the Signal Corps service. After serving as a cable ship off the coast of Cuba until the war ended, she sailed for the Philippine Islands. It was imperative that cables should be laid along the different islands of our new possessions in the Far East, and the Burnside proceeded to reel out hundreds of miles of cable.

"Over 2,000 miles of submarine cable were laid around Manila and the adjacent towns of the coast. The Burnside was then brought home and finally commissioned to lay the Alaskan cable. Altogether, she has laid 1,500 miles of cable. It is estimated that at the end of 1904 the United States Government will have in operation over 3,500 miles of submarine cables, nearly one-half of which were laid by the old Spanish merchant-ship Rita, or, as she is now called, Burnside. This makes our Government the second in the number of miles of submarine wire laid and owned, exceeding the possessions of Great Britain and Ireland by over 800 miles, and about 1,500 miles less than the number owned by France. And this has all been accomplished within the few years elapsing since the Spanish-American war, and the Burnside has the glory of doing most of the work. Surely the triumphs of peace sometimes select strange agencies for the accomplishment of ends!

"The new all-American Alaskan cable was laid by the Burnside up the coast from Seattle to Skagway near the head of the Lynn canal. Branches were run to Sitka, the nominal capital of Alaska, and to Juneau, Haines Mission, and two other places along the coast.

"The Alaskan coast in winter is wild and rough, with the sea filled with great cakes of ice, and even in summer dangerous icebergs float down from the north. The Burnside encountered great difficulties in reeling out the cable. And when her work was finished, the cable was found to work perfectly, and Washington began to talk with the cities of Nome, Juneau, Sitka, and Dawson.

"Meanwhile, strenuous work on land was being performed by the Signal Corps men, who were commissioned to string wires across country to connect with the cable at different points. The difficulties of this work were in many respects greater than those encountered on the seas. Here was a wild, uninhabited country. It was thousands of miles in extent, swept by blizzards in winter, and soft and marshy in summer, across which wires had to be stretched strong enough to resist the storms of winter and withstand the floods and freshets of the short summers. The workmen had to carry their supplies of provisions with them, working weeks and months hundreds of miles away from any base of supplies. From Eagle to Valdez they followed the old Government trail 400 miles in length; but down the Tanana they broke entirely new, unexplored regions, and had to string the wires over snow a dozen feet deep, and then return in summer to erect the poles. From Yukon to St. Michael they passed on through 800 miles of the most inhospitable country, struggling against blizzards and storms that threatened to destroy them. Up from St. Michael and through the Tanana, they worked in the heat of a summer that seemed greater than any that ever visited the tropics, and then, to make matters worse, a forest fire broke out in their rear and swept hundreds of miles of newly erected poles away."

When they reached Norton Sound, within sight of Nome, a cable across the sound was suggested. But for six months in the year the water would be frozen solid, and when the cold winter came the cable would be snapped like straw. The only possible solution was by wireless telegraphy:

"So, far up there under the Arctic Circle, a wireless telegraph station was established. Long timbers were transported up the coast and across the country for masts to support the wires at the stations. Great quantities of electrical apparatus were carried to the station, and then the experiment proved a failure. The impulses across the sound were so slight that it seemed as if wireless telegrapny in that great, cold, northern country had lost its power. Other apparatus was shipped, and in time the long line to Nome was completed by the successful working of this last stretch.

"With the all-American Alaskan line completed, the question of maintaining it now comes up for solution. In the winter season the awful blizzards and snowstorms destroy the telegraph poles and snap the wires so that interruptions are common. Relay stations have to be established at frequent intervals, and repair crews are ready to hunt up troubles with the wire at any moment. These repair crews are provided with dog-trains or reindeer sleds, and on these they cross miles of frozen country in the worst sort of Arctic weather.

"In the spring and summer the snow melts rapidly on the sides of the mountains, and the swollen rivers and streams inundate the country, washing away poles and tangling fallen wires. The repair crews must then in their summer outfits struggle against water, marsh, mosquitoes, and millions of other annoying insects. Often the ground in the valleys is so soft that the crew cannot cross to reach the poles.

"Then, again, upon the bleak mountain sides, and in the passes, the wind attains a velocity frequently of sixty miles an hour, and trees and telegraph poles are swept down like chaff. How to protect the line from such storms is another problem."

THE WEALTH OF THE ROMANOFFS

THE imperial family of Russia is held to be the rishest royal family in Europe. It derives it wealth from three sources: the state treasury, the imperial domains (formerly church lands), and the so-called cabinet properties. The state treasury provides for the Czar as the sovereign; the imperial domains are the joint property of the members of the House of Romanoff, but are administered by the head of the house; and the cabinet properties are the personal possessions of the reigning sovereign.

There are available no data upon which to estimate the amount of property held by the Czar and other members of his house in their private capacity, but it is known to be very considerable, both in land and gold.

The state treasury pays out something like $7,500,000 each year for the needs of the imperial house, principally for the maintenance of the palaces and in salaries to the officials and servants attached to them. The reigning Empress, for example, has an allowance of $100,000 annually; and the Dowager Empress has the same. Every child born to the Czar receives from its birth until the age of twenty-one years nearly $20,000 a year, while the heir to the throne receives annually, in addition to maintenance of palaces, $50,000. Daughters receive a dowry of one million roubles, or about $500,000, when they marry.

The imperial domains, the chief source of the vast wealth of the Romanoffs, were originally church lands. The Russian Church is far from poverty stricken now; but the bulk of its great possessions passed to the House of Romanoff a century ago. The imperial domains comprise some 21,328,000 acres. About two-thirds of this area is forest, out of which a handsome revenue accrues. The timber from Archangel is known all over the world, while the estate of Bleovezh, that magnificent forest where are still preserved herds of the aurochs, annually provides for sale 2,000,000 cubic feet of timber. Another estate in the Vologda province produces 200,000 of the largest timber trees annually for the imperial sawmills there.

The other third of the area comprised in the imperial domains is highly cultivated land. The largest vineyards, producing the best wine in Russia, belong to the domains, and about $750,000 worth of wine is sold annually from this source, whilst in the province of Samara is a sugar plantation, the factory on which produces 1,500 tons of sugar every year.

Mineral wealth is worked in a hundred places; fifteen hundred flour-mills, a thousand fisheries, a hundred wharves on various rivers, and eight hundred and fifty trading concerns of various kinds are among the minor undertakings belonging to the imperial domain. But the greater part of the cultivated area is rented to others, fifteen thousand lots for purely agricultural purposes, and ten thousand for the higher forms of cultivation—fruit, vineyards, etc.

The clear profit from all these sources is said to exceed $10,000,000 per annum. During the last one hundred years, since the church property was converted to the imperial use, a sum of $125,000,000 has been paid out to various members of the imperial house. Under the head of imperial domains is also included certain capital accumulated by various emperors, and to this must be added the $26,000,000 received from the peasants who were serfs on the imperial domains, as the price of their freedom.

The cabinet properties comprise some 115,000,000 acres, an area about the size of France. This property is almost entirely in Siberia, but it includes the best and largest of the gold and silver mines, worked and unworked, besides a fabulous amount of unexplored wealth both above and below the surface. Copper, iron, platinum, and other ores, besides gold and silver, are only awaiting the opening up of this unexplored territory to yield many more millions annually.

AN EGYPTIAN HAIR-RESTORER

PERHAPS the most ancient medical prescription in existence is one that was deciphered by an English authority on a papyrus taken from an Egyptian tomb. It bears evidence that it was intended, not for some bald male Egyptian, but for the mother of a king of the first dynasty, who must have reigned about 4000 B.C. The prescription is as follows:

Dogs' paws (the calloused portion)	1 part
Dates	1 "
Donkeys' hoofs	1 "

Boil the whole in oil and rub the scalp actively with the mixture.

History does not record whether this hair-restorer proved efficacious enough to enable the queen to regain her lost tresses.

"Our candidate," said the politician confidentially, "will sweep the city."—"Well," rejoined the sceptical citizen, "when I see him on the street pushing a broom he'll get my vote."

Shiloh's Cure
[illegible]

We have recently received a Carload of McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES, and are prepared to quote lowest prices and best terms.

give us a call.

McPhee & Morrison

General Merchants, Courtenay.

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

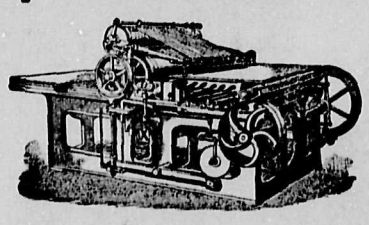
. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .

Dunsmuir Ave : : : Cumberland

Wanted

Canvassers to solicit Subscriptions to THE ISLANDER on commission

Only hustlers need apply



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Prints everything

Prints it well

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

75 cents per column inch per month.

Special rate for half page or more.

Condensed Advertisements

1 cent 1 word, 1 issue ; minimum charge 25 cents.

No accounts run for this class of advertising

COMON ASSESSMENT DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all assessed taxes and income tax, and school tax, assessed and levied under the "Assessment Act," and amendments, are due and payable on the 2nd day of January, 1911 All taxes collectible for the Comox Assessment District are due and payable at my office, situated at the Government Offices Cumberland. This notice, in terms of law, is equivalent to a personal demand by me upon all persons liable for taxes.

Dated at Cumberland, B.C the 13th day of January, 1911.

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor and Collector,
Comox Assessment District.
Cumberland Post Office.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

NEW SERVICE
S S. CITY OF NANAIMO
(OR OTHER STEAMER)
WEATHER AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES PERMITTING, WILL SALE

NORTH BOUND
Leave Vancouver 5 p m. Mondays
Arrive Nanaimo 9 00 p.m. Mondays
Leave Nanaimo 10 p.m. Mondays
Beaver Creek f
Denman Island f
Arrive Union Bay 5.30 a.m. Tuesdays
Leave Union Bay 10 30 a.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Comox 11.15 a.m Tuesdays

SOUTH BOUND
Leave Comox 1.15 p.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Union Bay 2 00 p.m. Tuesdays
Leave Union Bay 2.15 p.m. Tuesdays
Denman Island f
Beaver Creek f
Arrive Nanaimo 10 p m. Tuesdays
Leave Nanaimo 11.00 p.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Vancouver 1.30 a m. Wednesdays
f Indicates flag stop.

For rates and further particulars call or apply to

H. W. BRODIE, GEN'L. P. A., Vancouver, B.C.
W. McGIRR, Agent, Nanaimo, B.C

Cumberland Public & High School Statement 1910

EXPENDITURE

Teachers salary	$650 00
Janitor	4 00
Cavanger	60 00
Heating Furnace	1 00
Now Books	6
Repairs Printing & Sundries	4
Total Expenditure	$94

Respectfully Submitted. T H Carey Secretary
Certified Correct, Jan 9'11
J.T R Palmer, City Auditor

MUNICIPALITY OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the electors of the municipality of the City of cumberland, that I require the presence of the said electors at the Old Photograph Gallery on the 14th day of February, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating persons to represent them in the Municipal Council as mayor and alderment

The made of nomination of candidates shall be as follows; The candidates shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 P. M. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on the 16th day of february 1911, at the Old photograph Gallery, Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B. C. of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

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

The qualification as candidate for Mayor is as follows:—

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

The qualifications as candidates for Aldermen are as follows:—

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

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland this 3rd day of February, 1911.

ALEX McKINNON,
Returning Officer.

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE.

In effect Oct. 3rd.

Arrival
Tuesday morning
Wednesday afternoon
Friday afternoon
Saturday night overland
Sunday, about 9.30 a. m.

Departure
Tuesday—6.15 a m.
Thursday—6.15 a. m.
Saturday—6.15 a. m
Sunday, 1 p. m sharp

S. G. HANSON'S

402 pullets, hatched 1909
from Jan. 1 to May 31, laid 37580 eggs
which sold at wholesale price- net " " " $1019 12
Cost of feed for same period 211.05
$ 808.07

Average profit per bird for 151 days " " " $2.01

EGGS FOR HATCHING.	Per 15.	Per 100
March	$3.00	$15.00
April	3.00	15.00
May	2.50	12.50
June	2.00	10.00

HILLCREST POULTRY FARM
DUNCAN, B.C. j4

The Star **Livery Stable**

Third St. & Penrith Avenue
MAXWELL & HORNAL
Proprietors

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

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for
The London & Lancashire
Fire Insurance Co.
Get rates before insuring elsewhere
Office : Cumberland

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE
Up-to-date Merchant Tailor
DUNSMUIR AVENUE
j4

LADIES ORGANIZE AT COURTENAY

At a well attended meeting held in the Agricultural Hall at Courtenay on the 2nd inst. the ladies of Comox district fell in line with other rural districts of this province by organizing (under the supervision of Mr. J.S. Shopland president of the "Comox Farmers' Institute) a women's institute to be known as the "Comox Women's Institute." The pleasing feature of the gathering was the enthusiastic way in which the ladies took hold of the situation; there being ballots cast for every office. The following officers were duly elected:—President, Mrs Wm. Duncan; Vice President, Mrs. J. S. Shopland; Sect. Treasurer, Mrs. L Carroll, Directors:—Mrs. E. Duncan; Mrs. Parkin (sr.); Mrs A Salmond; Mrs. Wm. Grieve; and Mrs. Concenia, Auditors:—Mrs. Dingwall and Mrs. S.J. Piercy. All ladies welcome to join.

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

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

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

Dr. D. E Kerr, dentist will be in Cumberland on and after Feb. 8th.

The Big Store is offering exceptional values in all footwear. This is a chance that should not be overlooked by anyone.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND

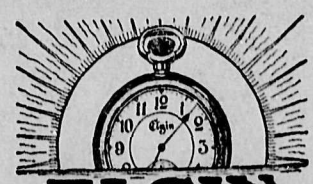
In the goods of Edward Zysseti, also known as Edward Zysset, deceased, Intestate.

TAKE NOTICE that by order dated the first day of February 1911, made by His Honor Judge Barker in the above Court. Letters of administration of the estate of the above named deceased were granted to the undersigned. All persons who are creditors or debtors of the said deceased must present their claims or pay their accounts, as the case may be, to the undersigned, on or before the 4th day of March 1911.

WILLIAM WESLEY WILLARD,
Official Administrator.
Cumberland, B.C.

YOUR NAME IS GOOD

Anything in the Jewellery Line



Sold on a Small Monthly Payment

ELGIN WATCHES

STODDART
THE JEWELLER
Next door to Royal Bank, opposite Post Office

MAGNET CASH STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Furniture
Wallpaper
Crockery
Etc., etc.

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

T. E. BATE

Capital $5,000,000 Reserve $5,700,000

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world

SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, and interest at highest current rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards

CUMBERLAND, B.C., Branch — — — OPEN DAILY
COURTENAY, B.C. Sub Branch OPEN TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAYS

H. F. Montgomery, Manager

To Percy H. Stoddart,
Cumberland, B. C.

We, the undersigned duly qualified Electors of and in the City of Cumberland beg to request that you offer yourself as a candidate for MAYOR at the forthcoming Municipal Election.

We will, in the event of you so offering yourself, give you our votes and united support.

T. E. Bate, Merchant
P. Phillipps Harrison, Barrister
P. Dunne, Merchant.
E. Jack, Storekeeper
V Marinelli, Miner
W. F. Ramsay

and many others.

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

The Islander