Legislative Assembly
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VICTORIA, B. C.

44

LADIES'
READY TO WEAR
and MISSES' TRIMMED
HATS, at Campbell Bros.

# THE ISLANDER

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No. 42 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

## RAISING THE CITY TAXES

### Single Tax is Turned Down by Aldermen

Special meetings of the City Council were held on both Monday and Tuesday evenings to consider the assessment roll for 1911.

The City Solicitor was appointed at a salary of $150 per annum.

Mr. Curtis appeared before the Council to ask permission to remove part of the stage in the City Hall in order to increase the seating capacity. The matter was deferred till the next regular meeting.

It was decided to put double doors in the rear of the City Hall so as to allow of a safe exit in case of fire.

The Council went over the assessment roll and increased the taxes on land all round Lots on Dunsmuir Avenue from First to Fourth Streets were assessed at $600 for inside lots and $800 for corner lots. Lots in other parts of the town were raised on an average by about $150.

Improvements were also taxed more at Tuesday night's meeting.

The Mayor suggested that the meeting adjourn and that two assessors be sent around to value the land in the city and that a rate sufficient to raise the required revenue be levied accordingly, but no action was taken by the Council in the matter.

Several Aldermen expressed opinion favorable to Single Tax, but their actions did not prove their sincerity in the matter.

## Denman Island.

It is probable that a new road will shortly be built across the Id. at the South end connecting the two roads at present extending along the East and West sides. The necessity, to say nothing of the convenience, of a road at this point will be apparent to all when it is known that at present if anyone living near the lower end of the Id. wishes to go to the opposite side, he must traverse a distance anywhere between ten and fifteen miles in order to accomplish his object; notwithstanding that the Id. at this point is only about two miles in width. Further it may be pointed out that such a highway as the one proposed would soon become an important factor in the greater development of this part of the Id. For instance there are several marshes along the line of the new road that are especially adapted to vegetable growing owing to the richness and fertility of the soil. These would be opened up by the new road and no doubt would soon be under cultivation. Then too there is the possibility of coal mines being developed at the South end of the Island in the near future, in which event such a road would be imperative, but aside from this the foregoing reasons together with the fact that residents desire to have the road constructed, is to my mind sufficient in itself to justify the action of the people in seeking to obtain government aid.

The attention of the government has already been called to the matter, and it is understood that a grant of $2,000 has been promised toward the construction of this thoroughfare.

At present a petition is being circulated among the residents of the Island and is being signed by eveyone to whom it is presented, thus showing that the people are unanimously in favor of the building of this new road The petition will be place in the hands of road commissioner Pickles who will forward it to Mr Baird Dist. Gov agent with a request to use his influence in assisting the Island in this important matter.

It may be well to mention here that this grant of $2,000 will in no way effect the usual amount received annually from the government toward the maintenace of the Island. road.

The first dance of of the season was given in the hall on Monday evening Quite a number of the young people were present and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all.

## WELCOME TO PRINCESS MARY

### C. P. R.'s New Boat a Magnificent Vessel

On Tuesday night a large number of Cumberlanders went down to the wharf to welcome the Princess Mary on her initial run on the Comox-Nanaimo service.

The new boat is in command of Capt. Brown, for so many years with the S.S. City of Nanaimo.

Owing to the fact that the train pulled out about 15 minutes after the arrival of the boat a hasty examination only was possible of the vessel, but this was quite sufficient to show that she was most luxuriously fitted out.

The boat is 222 ft. in length and is practically unsinkable, being provided with 7 watertight bulkheads and 3 watertight flats.

The Princess will make the trip to the Bay on Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturday, returning on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, while Sundays she will be on the Vancouver-Nanaimo run.

### SPORTING NOTES.

It is rumored that Chris Coombs the genial proprietor of the Cozy Corner is going to enter the boxing game again.

The Jap who was so anxious to throw white men has left town. Some of the boys were after him, maybe than's why he hurried

Long Willie has been seen on the football field this week, with his shooting boots on, Three or four teams are after his services but so far no offer has been accepted.

The Mixtures and Shamrocks clash in the final of the Kesley Cup Sunday; there promises to be something doing.

Potters Big English Billiard table has brought forth some skillful players and new scores. Try it, and see the different between it and a pool table.

Boothman the No 5 Forward who was suffering from ill health last season is rapidly rounding into shape and will be a hummer for the backs to look after this season.

Stanley Warren and Isaac Dikes will be two valuable additions to sporting circles this season. swimming is their forte and they both have a good rep at their distance,

Nanaimo United seemed to benefit by the inclusion of Sutherland in their forward rank last Saturday at Vancouver. Vancouver critics seem to thimk that Nanaimo will have the Champion team of the Province this year. It says something for Cumberland football when Sutherland catches a place with the Nanaimo team.

John Bannerman our Marathoner has started his training for this season. He has a large programme to carry out this summer and it behooves him to be up and doing. His first appearance will be the 24th of May and all local meets. Labor day at Nanaimo and the Amateur Championship at Vancouver in the fall, and with the improvement he has made this last two seasons he will make the best of them go in the mile which he will specalise this year.

The meeting to Organize a Lacrosse Club was largely attendec on Thursday night. Jno. Cameron was appointed to the chair. After some discussion it was decided to form a Lacrosse Association with two teams in Cumberland and as many teams as could be got in Courtenay and Union Bay. The following officers were appointed. President, Mr Lawrence; Manager, W. Hayman and Alex Rowan Secretary. It was decided to order sticks and also to leave it to the President and Manager to call the next meeting for the purpose of organizing the teams.

## THE THOMPSON VINSON BOUT

### Bantamweight Championship Will Be Settled To-Night

The Thompson-Vinson contest for the Bantam weight Championship of Canada which takes place in the Cumberland Hall to-night is probably the best advertised bout that has ever been pulled off in this city, even the pulpit having been used for this purpose.

Thompson has been working out every day at the Cumberland Hall and looks to be in first class condition.

He has been boxing twice a day taking three and four men on in succession from heavyweights down, for three or four round apiece, and his wind is in almost perfect condition and he should be able to go the full 15 rounds without any trouble.

Vinson who arrived Thursday has many admirers and appears to be a favorite in the betting, but Thompson will have many backers and it is not likely that any Vinson money will be allowed to go begging.

Both men are absolutely certain that they can get the decision over their opponent.

The six round preliminary between Frank Dyer the Los Angeles boy who bears a good reputation, and Kid Mac Kee of this city is exciting almost as much interest as the main contest, and if Dyer wins it is probable that he will be again seen in action soon, as he is anxious to arrange a mill with some other good lightweight for the near future.

## Correspondence.

The following communication bearing the Rev Mr. McGillivray's signature was handed into this office by the Rev Mr. Freeman with the request that it be published.

To the Editor of the Islander:—

Please permit the undersigned through your columns to make absolute denial of the truth of the statement made in the ISLANDER of March 11th, to the effect that there is to be a boxing contest next Saturday between youths representing the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. Such details are given as might possibly lead those unacquainted with the attitude of these churches toward prize-fighting to give credence to the lie. To those who know the circumstances it is needless to say that neither the Methodist nor the Presbyterian Churches has anything whatever to do with the matter.

Without authorization for one to assume to represent any person or corporation is a serious matter. Neither does assumption constitute proper representation. The attitude of the ISLANDER toward prize fighting is as well known as that of the churches referred to. But such misrepresentation of so large an element of the community as is comprised in the churches reflected upon is an insult to the sense of propriety for which the public may be relied upon to mete to the offender his due.

Copies of this letter are being sent to the News and THE ISLANDER for publication.

D. MCGILLIVRAY

Cumberland, B.C.,
March 14th, 1911.

To the Editor,

It appears that certain parties of this town do not believe the statements made by Mr. Aitchison in the last issue of the New's in regard to the agreement made at time of the Band Benefit Concert in Cumberland Hall Instead of believing it they commence anew with their falsehoods, and stated that when Band Benefit was held in City Hall, the proprietor of Cumberland Hall had sent Mr Mac-

## MR. CAMPBELL ON SOCIALISM

### Midnight Philosopher Speaks Before Large Meeting

A large attendance was on hand on Sunday to hear the Midnight Philosophers' address on Socialism.

Mr Campbell, it is probable will be the Socialist candidate in this district at the next provincial election.

The speaker had evidently made a study of his subject and handled the usual Socialistic arguments, without the fire, however, usual with speakers of this kind, and his delivery was argumentative rather than bombastic.

Mr Campbell stated that he had fought against Socialism, having up till a short time ago being a Conservative, but had finally been converted by John Stewart Mills writings on Political Economy.

The Churches and Universities came in for some hard knocks, and then the speech drifted off into a lenghty distribute upon everything capitalistic.

The never failing collection brought the meeting to a close, the sum of $15 being collected toward the funds of the Socialist Party in this district.

Cash (a man well known and respected in this town) up one side of the street, and another on the other side of the street announcing that a free show was held in Cumberland Hall. Mr Murdock has given me consent to use his name in stating that on that night he never went up any side of the street, and challenges any of these liars and hypocrite to prove same. I wish to state also that since I entered the moving picture show business I have always endeavored to do my utmost to please the public, but I've never in my past life posed as a martyr, and I certainly refuse to do so in the future, and any time I have to beg and make a house to house canvas for patronage I will quit the business.

In regard to films, I always secured the best obtainable, and was always in a position to obtain them from any film exchange doing business. But my nature will not allow me to make a sensation of one of every-day pictures. Anything special that I've brought to this town was never condemned but always approved of by the people patronizing me on nights they were shown.

In regard to the statements circulated that I acted wrongly in offering $75.00 for the City Hall, I wish to inform the public (if they don't know) that a new council have a perfect right to rent anything in the City's possession. At that time no one had a lease on the Hall, any more than the police officer or city clerk had on theirs, and I suppose if I were to put in an application for policeman, scavenger or city clerk, a right which any citizen has, they would say I was acting unjustifiably.

In conclusion Mr. Editor, I wish to announce that since coming to this town I've always acted honestly to the best of my ability with everyone I came in contact with, and any time any of these low, cowering backbiters think I have to depend on their patronage or depend on the motion pictures for a living are sadly mistaken. Whilst in business in this town I may not have accumulated a fortune, but I've been educated to the point, never to trust your friends; your enemies may try all low means to drive your patronage away, but your friends are amongst the first to believe them.

Thanking you Mr. Editor in advance for space in your valuable paper.

I remain yours, etc.

M. F. MCNEIL.

FOUND—A purse containing a sum of money. Owner can have same by applying to Jas. Scott, this city and proving property.

## INTERVIEWED MR. COULSON

### Mayor McLeod Re-Assured as to Towns Future

During Mr. Coulson's visit to the mines here this week, Mayor McLeod took advantage of his opportunity to have a talk with that gentleman regarding the future of the town, and found the mine manager quite willing to talk and the message that he had to convey to the people of Cumberland was most re-assuring.

Mr. Coulson was surprised that the City had not installed a sanitary sewerage system last year, and thought it would be unwise to overlook the Government's offer of $9000 toward that project again.

In answer to a request from the Mayor, Mr. Coulson assured him that the Company would be pleased to attend to the collecting of the City Road Tax from employees at the office.

"The future of the town," said Mr Coulson, "is what the citizens make it." "Is the town any worse off now than when we took hold of the mines?" he asked, and added, "there is no reason why the town should be any worse off at any time in the future. If the citizens themselves do nothing to injure the town, the Company will certainly do nothing to retard its growth, but on the contrary may do a great deal to help it.

The case of another coal mining town in B. C. that had suddenly gone down, being mentioned, to Mr. Coulson declared that the cases were not analogous as in the one case the coal had petered out, while there was an abundance of coal on every side of Cumberland, and the Company was going to get it too.

The Mayor's action in securing these assurances from Mr. Coulson will be much appreciated by those who have hitherto been inclined to place too much oredance upon the whining of the pessimists.

A colored gentleman who went up Dunsmuir ave. in a drunken condition on Monday, cursing loudly and threatening to Jack Johnsonize any white trash in town found the trouble he was looking for when he fell into the clutches of Constable Stevenson and Gray. The Judge thought 3 months would fit the requirement of the case.

That there are those in town prepared to see that the Provincial Liquor Law is carried out in every particular, and are even prepared to go to absurd lengths in their effort to harass the licenseholders was proved this week. On Sunday last it seems that one of Mr. Dallos' bartenders was in the bar room cleaning up the premises when his presence was noticed by a passer by with the result that the City Solicitor was requested to take proceeding against Mr Dallos by a member of the Police Commissioners. This the City Solicitor refused to do on the ground that he was employed by and took instructions only from the City Council.

Mr Scott, representing the Vancouver Island Nursery Co. will be in the district next week taking orders for his firm. This firm is practically monopolising the nursery trade on the south end of the Island as stock from this company does not need to be fumigated to destroy pests which is exceedingly injurious to plant life. Mr C.M. Lane the proprietor of this nursery was formerly with Lane Bros. Berkampstead nurseries in England where the Lane family has been continuously in the nursery business for 4 generations, the Beckampstead nurseries being the second largest in England. Mr Lane is undoubtedly the foremost authority on plant life in B.C., and one placing orders with the Vancouver Island Nurseries may be absolutely sure of satisfaction.

On account of Friday, April 14th being Good Friday and a Dominion Bank Holiday, the Royal Bank of Canada's Sub Branch at Courtenay will be closed on that day, but will open on Saturday for the usual hours.

FOR SALE—Marrinelli's Boarding House. For particulars apply to the owner.

FOR SALE—A five roomed house, situated on half of lot 3. Penrith Avenue, Cumberland. Will sell for $650. Apply to Antono Ferrero at residence.

## A MEDDLESOME PULPIT POUNDER

### The Editor's Character Discussed From Pulpit.

When a preacher undertakes to dress an editor down from his pulpit we feel duly grateful for the advertising that our paper thus receives, and we feel that it is only right that we should reciprocate by giving the generous Heaven Broker a little write-up in our columns in return.

We have no doubt that we may learn a great deal from this generous sky pilot about the correct way to run a newspaper, as this talented and learned gentleman from his liberal attention to other people's business is by this time no doubt much better qualified to attend to our business than we are ourselves, if fact we are willing to believe that his knowledge of newspaper business is much more vast than that of his knowledge of the Gospel of God.

A few hours before going to press last week Mr. Jackie Thompson, who boxes Vinson to-night for the bantamweight championship of Canada, called upon us and requested us to mention in our columns that he had put up a cup to be competed for by lads representing the city churches and mentioned the names of two youths whom he stated had agreed to enter the competition.

We also had the said cup pointed out to us in Mr. Stoddart's window, together with a card stating for what purpose the cup was being put up.

We felt perfectly justified under the circumstances in complying with Mr. Thomson's request, and that gentleman has since assured us that the article as printed was exactly what he had asked us to state and no more, and we had not then, and we have not now, any reason to doubt that gentleman's veracity.

If the minister of any church felt that any injury had been done to his church we would have been quite willing to have set his views before our readers in this issue.

This would have been a gentlemanly course for the preacher to have followed and would have been quite as effective as a theatrical attack upon the editor from the pulpit.

Mr. W. J. Goard, practical piano tuner of Vancouver, B. C., will be in Cumberland on or about March 20th. Reserve your piano till Mr. Goard comes, and have it put in proper shape.

For Sale,—A Piano in first class order. Cost $400, will sell for $250. Apply Potters Pool Room.

In another column will be seen the ad. of the Realty Co which has just opened in Courtenay under the management of Mr L.P. Anderton. This company does a general business, and handles insurance of all kinds.

The combined basketball teams of the district will hold a grand mask ball in the Courtenay Opera house on Thursday April 18th. Look out for this as it will be a hummer,

Owing to the fact that his offer of a Church Cup to be competed for by representatives of different churches has not been received in the spirit in which it was intended Mr. Jackie Thompson has decided to withdraw this trophy.

Complaint was made to the police this week that deer were being slaughtered out of season, and a tail picked up on the railway track was produced by the complainant as evidence. On investigation however it was found that the tail was that of a yellow dog which had the misfortune to be run over by the train. Evidently the complainant is not an experience hunter of deer.

# Motoring Notes

MOTOR cars are becoming increasingly alike. The truth of this statement will appeal to every observing visitor at the Detroit show during the coming week. The 1911 models of practically all the American factories will be on view. Superficially the differences are many; fundamentally they are few. Particularly does this statement apply when the cars are divided into three types which motorism is coming to regard as staple.

There has been no startling mechanical novelty disclosed by any of the veteran American manufacturers this year. Aside from several three-wheeled models, neither of the New York shows exhibited anything of the nature of radicalism. And even the three-wheelers hark back in a way to the old days of cycling.

Generally speaking, it will be perfectly feasible to divide the cars at the D. A. D. A. show into three types—the runabout of 20 horse-power or less; the light touring car of approximately 30 horse-power; and the large, luxurious type with accommodation for seven and a power of 40 horse, or more.

This year virtually all the American manufacturers devote themselves to a standard chassis on which they furnish a variety of body design including a runabout, close-coupled car for four, and a touring car type. Some manufacturers make two types of chassis. More than this number is unusual. The average American manufacturer makes much more of his car than has ever been the case before. In the days when motors, transmissions, rear axles and other component parts were purchased from parts-makers, an infinite variety of chassis types was feasible and implied little additional expense. With the present centralized system in vogue for manufacture, uniformity becomes a prime essential to economy.

In the runabout and light touring car classes, the four-cylinder motor is practically universal. Sliding-gear transmission is the most commonly accepted type, though planetary systems of an improved type still find friends. Water cooling will be universal at the Detroit show. Magneto ignition is a generally recognized necessity and there are but few manufacturers who do not include a magneto—usually of the high-tension type—as a part of the regular equipment, at the list price.

There is less variety than ever in the location and plan of the control system. In fact, one standard system has been evolved which makes it possible for a man familiar with any type approaching to the popular to drive any other car without difficulty. Pedals for the clutch and service brake; side-levers for the gear-shift and emergency brake; hand-levers on the steering wheel for spark and throttle, and an accelerator between the foot pedals are now almost the universal system. There is still some lack of uniformity in the location of the driver's seat. The great majority of manufacturers continue to prefer the right side, with right-hand side-levers, and there are no notable recruits to the left-hand drive this year. A development, however, has been the inauguration on several of the new models of a left-hand drive with control levers located between the passengers on the front seat. In many ways this plan seems the most logical yet.

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There is more brass than ever in the popular-priced 1911 models. Robe rails and foot-rests for the tonneau are more in evidence. In some models these are extended as added comforts to the occupants of the front seat as well, though in a modified form. There is more paint and a better grade in evidence, not only in the show models but in the standard types as well. The general lines of the touring bodies are lower than in former years. Seats are also an inch or two lower—a concession to stability and comfort combined. Inset fenders—heretofore a characteristic of the higher-priced cars—are making an appearance in the popular-priced models.

The roadster of racy type, with low seats and low rake of post, is now a standard offering of nearly all the makers. In some cases this is equipped with doors. Others cling to the scuttle-dash type, with sides prolonged to the point where they join the body.

The close-coupled four-passenger cars have apparently found friends to an extent which brings recognition from nearly all manufacturers. This car, like the roadster, is of the semi-speed type, with protected front, low rake of steering column and an abundance of room for the occupants of the front seat. The seats are even lower than those of the touring car type.

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There is still a disposition manifest on the part of the manufacturers to doubt the lasting value of the fore-door car of the torpedo type, though the makers who do not build cars thus equipped are comparatively few. Undoubtedly the fore doors add an element of comfort to the occupants of the front seat, in cold weather. Whether or not this compensates for the time expended in opening and closing the doors is a matter for each owner to decide. There is apparently an opening for a successful fore door of the detachable type, but this is a problem which the engineers have attacked with caution born of much unsatisfactory experience with detachable devices which, in the main, have proven only partly successful, as applied to other portions of the cars.

The greatest variety shown by any of the types in the show is naturally that of the high-powered class. Here the six-cylinder car still holds its own, competing on almost an even basis, numerically, with the fours. Relieved of the responsibility of building to a price, the manufacturers of this type have had free opportunity to work out their ideals of comfort, strength, speed, and luxury. Some of the enclosed types are such as to hold the admiration of the most adept of the old-time coach-builders. Equipped with every possible convenience, polished and burnished until every exterior detail glistens like a mirror, the cars in this department of the show will, as usual, be the centres of interest for those who appreciate the acme of beauty and mechanical construction.

The motor cars of 1911 are better than those of 1910, but there is no essential mechanical change which has made obsolete the cars purchased a year ago. Gradual evolution to a standard type is established. The purchaser of a 1911 model may, to an increasing degree, feel assured that his car will be reasonably up to date for many years to come.

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Lucky the man who has never been forced to obtain a "worm's eye view" of his car from the middle of a muddy or dusty country road. Fate is as uncertain in regard to motor cars as with everything else, and there is no telling at what portion of of the machine she may unexpectedly point her finger and say, "There, man, be a worm; crawl under there and sweat and swear before your car shall move one inch." And so, as long as we are subject to the uncertain moods of Fate, it is well always to be prepared for any emergency when motoring far from home, for only by this means may we hope to foil the lady. If the proper tools and spare parts, combined with a little ingenuity, are substituted for the swear words and sweat, a better job will be done. In fact, "always carry the proper tools and plenty of spare parts" might be used as a text on which to base a sermon that would keep inclement Fate at a respectful distance from the car of the man who followed its precepts.

The problem of the selection of the proper tools with which to equip a car for an ordinary trip is not a difficult one if, previously, all the parts of the car have been gone over carefully and the wrenches, screw-drivers, spanners, and pliers to fit each bolt, nut, screw, and plug have been set aside. Many of these tools will have been furnished with the car, but occasionally a nut is found which cannot well be reached with the wrenches supplied and recourse will need to be had to an automobile supply concern. An adjustable wrench will tighten a multitude of nuts, but it is well also to be supplied with the standard sizes of "end" wrenches both in the straight and "S" shapes. These wrenches are double-ended and have notches forged at both extremities to fit nuts of two different sizes. As there may be thirty or forty nuts of the same size on a single car, such a wrench will be found useful, particularly as its shape allows of its application to nuts that could not be reached with the more clumsy jaws of a monkey-wrench.

A few costly socket "wrenches" will also be found useful for setting nuts that can be tightened only by applying the tool from the top. A wrench of this type consists of a tube of steel in one end of which is forged a socket that is of the proper size to receive a certain nut. A crosspiece in the end enables the tube to be turned in order to loosen or tighten the nut, and the small side space which the tool occupies when in position makes this an exceedingly useful wrench. A set of these wrenches, consisting of removable sockets of different sizes, a shank with a universal joint in the centre, and a reversible ratchet handle makes a very useful and compact tool to have in the car at all times. The heads, or sockets, of different sizes adapt the tool to nearly all the nuts on the car, the universal joint in the centre of the shank allows the nut to be approached from almost any convenient angle, and the reversible ratchet in the handle admits of a nut being turned as many times as desired in either direction with a corresponding turn of the handle through only a few degrees.

A pair of stout pliers with a wire cutting attachment should be included in the outfit, and these might be supplemented by a small "Stilson," or pipe, wrench. A machinist's hammer, a pair of cold chisels, and a couple of files deserve an important place in the well-equipped kit, while a small vise, which can be clamped to the running-board and used to hold bolts, nuts, pins, and the like while they are being filed or hammered, may oftentimes prove a valuable instrument to have at hand. Two screw-drivers will be necessary, one light and the other heavy, and it would be better if both of these could be provided with square shanks on which the jaws of an adjustable wrench could find an easy grip when outside aid must be invoked to persuade a recalcitrant screw that it is time to move.

So much for the tools. Other devices and appliances may be added from time to time, but those described above should have a place in the tool box of every car that is to be away "from home" for any appreciable length of time, and whatever trouble and inconvenience may be caused by collecting and carrying them will be more than repaid at a time when it is least expected that such impedimenta will be of any service.

When cars were small and of simple construction, it was no difficult task to collect duplicates of nearly every bolt, nut, screw, pin and key found on the entire machine; but this procedure, of course, would be out of the question nowadays, and the autoist must be content himself with carrying those pieces which will seem to be most needed in case of a breakdown. Some of the sizes of cap-screws, bolts, nuts, and screws that are used in the greatest numbers about the machine should be carried, as well as a generous number and variety of cotter pins with which to hold the nuts in place. A roll of annealed wire, flexible but tough, may also come in handy, and it is advisable to carry one or two extra valve-springs if an extended tour is to be taken. Rubber hose and clamps of the proper size to fit the terminals of the water-circulating system may often be required, and as they are not picked up every day by the roadside they should form part of the equipment of the touring car. Candle-wicking smeared with grease, or "dope," may be made to form an effective packing for a joint in the gasoline feed-pipe, while part of a cake of soap has often served as an improvised plug for a small leak in the radiator.

The first of these accidents is not necessarily an uncommon one, as every joint in the gasoline-pipe must be packed. This packing may eventually wear out or be shaken loose or become damaged during the progress of some other adjustment or repair, and if this happens the gasoline will be sure to find its way out. In case this accident occurs the gasoline should be turned off, the nut at which the leak occurs unscrewed, and the old packing removed. This packing may then be substituted by a short length of the candle-wicking, which should have been previously covered with a good grease. By winding this greased wicking tightly around the pipe so that it fills the recess in the packing-nut when the latter is shoved over it, a tight joint will be made when the nut is screwed into position. The same improvised repair may be applied to a leak in the joints of the pipes leading to or from the water-pump.

In an unexpected encounter with a telegraph pole, a fence-post, or a rock at the side of the road, the radiator is liable to shoot water in as many directions as there are holes punctured in its tubes. Some soft, putty-like substance that can be forced into a small hole and made to stay must serve the purpose. Soap can sometimes be used if the hole is not large, but the application will have to be renewed occasionally as the water forces its way through this improvised plug.

Beware of haste in starting the motor after repairing a radiator from which the water has leaked. If the leak has been gradual, so that the motor will have been running for some time on little or no water, all parts of the jackets will be so hot that the application of cold water through the radiator will be almost certain to contract and thus crack the cylinders. If it is desired to test the repaired radiator before the motor has cooled sufficiently to permit water being used, lubricating oil may be poured in with no harm resulting so far as contraction of the cylinders and jackets is concerned, but care should be taken to see that this oil does not catch fire from the hot motor.

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A collar made of brass tubing of the proper size to fit over the valve stems may prove a useful accessory. This should be provided with two set screws to hold it in place, and in case the valve stem breaks this collar may be slipped over the fractured part and the set screws fastened in position, thus rigidly uniting the halves of the stem. This emergency collar should be cut from tubing sufficiently thin to allow enough room to enable it to be slid over any part of the valve stem that may be fractured with no interference between it and the walls of the cylinder or other parts of the motor which may be placed in proximity to the travel of the stem.

One of the most annoying accidents is the breaking of one of the leaves of which the springs are composed. The springs are built up of layers of these leaves; and, although the latter are comparatively light, it would be almost impossible to make such a replacement on the road. In case the break occurs near the end of one of the leaves, a U-shaped screw clamp of the proper width to fit over the spring may make a mend that will be almost as good as new. This should be clamped tightly to the damaged side of the spring near the end of the broken leaf, between it and the middle of the spring, and will serve to reinforce the broken portion.

Many cars are built with some nuts riveted into place by hammering on "upsetting," the end of the bolt on which each is screwed. A difficult job, therefore, is presented to the driver who desires to remove such a nut in order to make a roadside repair or replacement. Here his file will come in handy, and by a judicious use of it on the ever-spreading end of the bolt he may remove enough of the "upset" iron to allow the nut to be turned off.


## On The Verge Of A Breakdown

**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Hope for Weakened Nervous People**

This warning will be read by thousands of people who only just succeed in getting through the day's work without a breakdown. If you feel always tired out, have but little appetite, and a poor digestion, cannot sleep well, suffer from headaches, backaches and nervousness, it may mean that you are on the verge of a serious breakdown.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure weak, nervous, troubled men and women because of their direct action on the blood. Every dose of these Pills helps to make new, rich blood, which tones the vital organs, strengthens the nerves and brings renewed health and strength. Mr. Geo. Johnson, of Lequille, N.S., suffered for some years as a result of overwork and strain, but found no help for his condition until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Johnson says:—"While working on a railway handling heavy ties I hurt my back and had to give up work. Later I was able to do light work, but for about six years I suffered from dreadful pains in the back and down my legs. This condition became aggravated by indigestion and chronic constipation, and my life was one of constant misery. During those years I was treated by different doctors, but did not get any help. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and proved his faith in them by presenting me with a box. It was more to please him than from any belief that they would be of service to me that I began taking the Pills. Before the box was finished, however, they seemed to be helping me; the pains in my back and legs grew less intense and the bloating in my stomach, caused by the indigestion, disappeared. I continued taking the Pills until I had used over a dozen boxes, when I found myself fully restored to my former health. I am now able to do heavy farm work, and for the past year have not lost a day, nor had the least symptom of my former troubles, and I attribute it entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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



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


### ANIMAL LONGEVITY

ELEPHANTS are probably the longest-lived members of the animal kingdom, their life averaging between 100 and 200 years. It is said that when Alexander conquered India he took one of King Porus' largest elephants, named Ajax, and turned him loose with this inscription on his collar: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant, the story states, was captured 350 years later.

It has been claimed that, as a general rule, there is a direct relation between the duration of life and the time required to develop fully; but to this there are manifest exceptions. The cat is mature before it is a year old; yet it may attain the age of twenty years.

Size also seems to have a certain relation to longevity, the elephant and the whale being generally held to be the longest-lived of mammals; but here again, enters the exception, since the little beaver lives more than twice as long as the rhinoceros.

The average ages of other animals are estimated as follows: Ass, 30 years, bear, 20; beaver, 50; camel, 75; cat, 15; chamois, 25; ox, 25; deer, 20; dog, 14; fox, 14; goat, 12; guinea-pig, 14; hare, 8; hippopotamus, 20; horse, 25; hyena, 25; jaguar, 25; leopard, 25; lion, 40; monkey, 17; moose, 50; mouse, 6; pig, 15; rabbit, 7; rat, 7; rhinoceros, 20; sheep, 10; stag, 50; squirrel, 8; tiger, 25, and wolf, 20 years.

While the average age of the whale is somewhere between one and two hundred years, Cuvier asserted that it is probable that some whales attain the age of a thousand years.

Some thirty years ago one of the Rothschilds installed in the Zoological Gardens in London an animal then described as "the oldest living creature in the world." It was one of the giant tortoises of the Aldabra Islands, off the coast of East Africa, and at that time it had had a recorded existence of 150 years, in addition to the unknown increment of its age previous to its transportation to the Island of Mauritius. This was, it was thought, the same tortoise that was mentioned in the treaty between Great Britain and France when the island was ceded by the former country in 1810, and it had therefore changed its status as a national heirloom four times in a century. When the length of the life of other animals is contrasted with that of the giant tortoise, it is clear that the latter must enjoy some special advantage either of structure or of habit conducing to longevity.

In the Bishop's garden at Peterborough, England, a big tortoise died in 1821, whose life was said to have exceeded 200 years.

The Lambeth tortoise, which was introduced into the garden by Archbishop Laud, about the year 1625, and died in 1753, owing to some neglect of the gardener, lived in its "last situation" 128 years.

In 1833 Sir Charles Colville, governor of Mauritius, sent to the London Zoological Gardens a tortoise weighing 285 pounds. It was 4 feet 4 inches long and had been in Mauritius for 67 years, having been brought to that island from the Seychelles in 1766, by the Chevalier Marion du Fresne. At that time it was fully grown, so that its real age was probably much greater.

### EXCLUSIVENESS UNPROFITABLE

APPRECIATION of correct business principles is as often forced upon men by circumstances over which they have no control as it is attained through correct foresight. Instances in proof of the assertion are innumerable. To-day scores of wealthy corporations are waxing fat by selling illuminating gas at 80 cents per thousand cubic feet. Up to the year 1828 users of gas in New York city were charged $10 per thousand. Neither the citizens nor the company grew rich under that scale. The price was lowered, consumption increased and then gas production began to loom up as a possible undertaking of profit. But in most cases the prosperity of the gas companies has been forced upon them against their will. Public consumption will be tolerant up to a certain figure and there tolerance ceases. Only men of large fortunes used gas at the $10 rate. They did it as much for vainglorious show before their less prosperous neighbors as for their own convenience, for the gas was of poor quality and the apparatus for consuming it was very imperfect in those days.

It was not until the early 80's that gas began to assume the status of a human necessity for city people. At that time the rates ranged from $1.50 to $2.50 per thousand. The use was very sparing until it dropped below $1.50. Then gas stoves began to come into use and once established the necessity for cheap fuel created pressure for a cheaper rate. Every reduction of the rate has been a cause of increased profit to the companies, yet as a rule they have been fought with all the resources of the law, lavish expenditure of money for hired lobbyists and all the corruption of legislative bodies and even executives that money could procure. And yet some of the big corporations which are now putting away millions of profit that has been forced upon them by the public demand, think that their success is all a result of shrewd management.


## AS GOOD AS HAVING A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

That is what thousands of mothers say of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly and surely cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood, and what is more they are absolutely safe—they have never been known to harm the youngest baby—they never will harm anyone—they are good for babies of all ages. Concerning them Mrs. Wm. Higgins, Karn, Ont., writes:—"I shall never be without Baby's Own Tablets in the house as long as my children are small. They are a wonderful medicine and are as good as having a doctor in the house. I gave them to my little boy for colic, and they quickly cured him. I am always glad to recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


# English Railroads---A Canadian Point of View.

OF my first sight of an English railway train, I can simply say that it struck me as being ridiculously toy-like. It was in the Lime Street Station at Liverpool, whither we had gone from the steamboat landing to get an express for London. The station itself was a fairly solid and imposing edifice, but the train—well, it was almost ludicrous. I thought of the miniature contrivance that used to circle Hanlan's Point, Toronto, and it was no if a lot of these insignificant affairs had been collected under the arched roof of the station. The funny little coaches on four wheels, with their row of open doors, seemed to stand scarce higher than a man's head, and the little engine, grandly named the Dagmar, hardly appeared sufficient to shunt a single American Pullman.

But all this I must admit was a first impression, and an impression received after a long, rough, and depressing ocean voyage, which had left me in a morbid state of mind, prepared to belittle and find fault with everything. In justice to the makers and operators of English railroads, it is only fair to say that by the time I left the country I had come to entertain a great admiration for their system and to find features which were far in advance of anything on this side of the Atlantic.

The Dagmar, despite its insignificance, was no sloth. Ten minutes after our long train had pulled out of Lime Street Station, it had attained an almost incredible speed. Only on some of the fastest trains on the New York Central and the Pennsylvania had I ever ridden so swiftly, and that was behind huge locomotives with enormous racing drivers. How that diminutive Dagmar could hit up such a speed puzzled me. Houses and yards and stations flashed by in a confused stream. And yet our light coach travelled quite smoothly. If my first impression of an English railway train had been unfavorable, my second bade fair to mend it.

Liverpool to London is about two hundred miles, and we covered the distance in four hours, including in that time three stops of at least five minutes' duration apiece. Allowing for slow-downs, this was quite an achievement, and yet it is done by dozens of trains every day. Had our train been a steamboat special, its time would have been considerably better.

One cannot spend long in travelling about in England before noticing the solid way in which the railroads are built and the complete absence of death traps of every description. A train going through on any of the main roads from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow (which constitute the longest runs in the country), would never cross a single carriage path or road, nor run along a street, nor intersect another railroad on the same level. Its right of road is absolutely clear. What this means to safety and speed in travel only those familiar with conditions in Canada can thoroughly grasp.

Almost every line of railway in England is double track, except a few roads over which the service is infrequent. Stations, at even the smallest points, are consequently built double—one-half on one side of the track and the other half on the other. The two parts are frequently complete in themselves, with waiting-room, booking office, refreshment and news stand in each. Either an overhead bridge or an underground tunnel connects the two sides, and it is a criminal offence for anyone not connected with the railway to cross the tracks.

The big metropolitan stations in London, on which there must be nearly a dozen, are most conveniently arranged. When our train pulled into Euston, we found ourselves landed on a platform along which were drawn up a long string of taxis, hansoms, and four-wheelers, the taxis being in the great majority. A porter hauled out our luggage from the baggage car with great expedition, and in a twinkling had piled it on a taxi, and, giving directions to the driver, we were whirled out of the station before we could catch our breath. People who talk to me now of the slowness of the English make me tired. Just contrast such an arrival in the biggest and most congested city in the world with an arrival in Toronto. By running roadways in between platforms, where vehicles can line up, it is possible for a traveller to transfer from train to taxi with the utmost expedition. There is no bother about luggage. Polite porters handle it for you; and there is no delay in getting a carriage.

"Why do you English people stick to these antiquated compartment coaches?" I asked one day.

"Why don't you Americans adopt them?" he retorted.

"Well, now," said I, "you must surely admit that the American coach is a saner contrivance."

"Not a bit," he replied. "It may be for you. It may suit conditions over there better, but for us the compartment car is the thing. You see, our journeys are usually short ones. We wish to travel quickly, and in order to load and unload our cars expeditiously, we use the side doors. A compartment holds eight or at most ten people. Suppose you have a crowded train. We could empty it and fill it again before you people could even empty yours."

This is quite evidently the reason for the peculiar arrangement of English coaches. Everything is done to facilitate ingress and egress. Station platforms are built high, so that there is only one step up to the level of the floor of the coach, and there are always plenty of porters waiting to open the doors and assist passengers in and out.

That the English people are not slow to adopt improvements, when it is shown that they are worth while, is quite clear. On the longer runs, corridor trains are now operated. But even these trains are constructed with the side doors. The corridor runs along the side of the coach, and, opening from it are a row of compartments. Doors open from the corridor to the side of the train and from the compartments to the other side. These corridor cars were put on to admit of passengers proceeding to and from the dining coaches.

An English railway train of the latest type is quite a handsome affair. The engine, of which I saw some fairly large examples, is a beautiful piece of mechanism, oftentimes painted some color, such as purple, dark red, green, or dark blue, and always polished up to the nines. Its surface is quite smooth, all the rods, cylinders, and other contraptions which figure the Canadian locomotive being concealed under its body. I was sorry to find that on many engines there is still no provision made for the protection of the driver and his fireman from the elements, but this defect seems to have been repaired on the majority of the English railroads.

Expedition seems to be one great object on all English roads, and one day I was fortunate in being provided with an example of up-to-date methods, which would put even a Yankee to shame. We were waiting at Leamington, rather an important junction point on the Great Western, for a train for Oxford, when along came one of the famous London to Birmingham flyers. These trains make a remarkably fast run between the two cities and cannot afford to lose a minute, if they are to hold their schedule. As it roared through Leamington station, I was surprised to note a big burst of steam pouring from the rear coach. I turned to a porter standing near by for an explanation.

"Oh," said he, quite calmly, "they've dropped a couple of slip coaches. Here they come now."

As he spoke, a couple of cars came rolling down the track and stopped at the platform. They had been detached from the moving Birmingham train a short distance outside the station, and then stopped by hand brakes. Quite a number of passengers descended, having come down from London in quick time, and without having delayed the Birmingham train one instant! I had noted references to slip-coaches in the railway timetables before, but never understood what was meant until I had had this demonstration. It is a practice quite generally followed in England by the railroads.

A noticeable difference between English and Canadian methods is to be found in the handling of tickets. These are bought after the same fashion in both countries, but in England they are not taken up by a conductor. Indeed, the word conductor is unknown. The train is in charge of a guard, who carries a green flag by day and a green lantern by night, and rides in a little compartment of his own at the rear end of the train. Coming into a large city like London, the train is usually stopped at some convenient suburban station, and a horde of officials pour down upon it and collect tickets. This is done very quickly. Landing in a smaller place, a special exit from the station is arranged through which all passengers must pass, and as they go through the gate they present their tickets.

As most people are aware, baggage is seldom checked in England. Some roads now do this, but it is rare. The reason, of course, is that luggage can be handled much more quickly without checking. On arriving at a station a passenger does not have to go through the sometimes slow formality of having his trunk checked. He merely entrusts it to a porter, and, if he is of a nervous disposition, he can follow it to the baggage car, and see it safely deposited there. Then, on his arrival at his destination, he does not have to go to a baggage room, and wait until the trunk turns up there. He simply gets another porter to secure it for him. The present method seems best suited to conditions in England as the checking system fits in probably better with Canadian conditions.

There is nothing decadent about England, so far as railways are concerned. In speed, safety, and comfort they hold their own remarkably well.

### AN UNLOOKED-FOR ANSWER

DR. PEREIRA, the Bishop of Croydon, whose remarks on Sunday observance have been widely quoted, was, until his present appointment, vicar of Croydon, England. Like a great many Anglican clergymen, his lordship is an Irishman, and a Trinity College, Dublin, graduate.

Dr. Pereira is one of the most outspoken, as well as the most unconventional, of clergymen. His sermons were once described by Dr. Creighton as models of what a "priest of the world should deliver."

He is a strong advocate of temperance reform, and in this connection he relates an amusing story of an occasion when he was asked to examine the children belonging to a Band of Hope in South London.

In putting them questions, Dr. Pereira asked:

"Please look upon me as a total stranger without any knowledge of what temperance reform means. I ask you what drink you recommend best. What would you say?"

Immediately a forest of hands went up.

"Well?" he asked one.

"Beer," was the prompt reply.

"I should have liked," says the bishop in telling the story, "to have seen the face of the superintendent of the Band of Hope had he heard that answer given."

A girl belonging to a wealthy Geneva family has just threatened to bring about a referendum in Switzerland. Her fiance has been arrested on what she considers unjust grounds, and she threatens, if he is not released, to obtain the necessary 30,000 signatures, and refer the matter to the entire nation.


Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

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# FASHIONS AND FANCIES

THE gowns worn at this moment in several new plays present a richness of detail, a wealth of ideas that makes the study of them intensely interesting and valuable at this time of year, when women are preparing new costumes for late winter and early spring.

All the work of Paquin are the four new costumes that the wonderful Polaire wears during the four acts of her new play, Montmartre. Each gown expresses different qualities; each one is a lesson in the science of beauty, the value of correct lines, and all are elegant; not with the elegance of Montmartre, but the elegance of the rue de la Paix, and, while expressly adapted to the strange personality of Polaire, the supple slenderness of her figure, these gowns are the latest of the present fashions, with hints of those to follow. How simple the first gown of royal blue voile, hung over blue Liberty silk, with touches of red on the corsage, and for trimming only a collarette of fine Maline lace and a belt of black patent leather. The skirt shapes a tunic, cut square at one side. Marked with French taste and smartness is the gown of the second act of exquisite, wood colored velvet. The upper part of its short tunic skirt points in the back. As simple in outline as the other, it is more elaborate in effect, with a yoke-shaped collar of splendid Venice lace framing the throat in a little square partly filled with a tiny, collarless guimpe of flesh colored, unlined, mousseline de soie.

Black Velvet Hat

At the elbows the small sleeves are divided by pointed pieces of the lace of the collar, and her slender waist is bound by a narrow belt of wood colored satin. At the end of the act she throws over this gown a stunning wrap of matching velvet, trimmed with fur oddly striped in two shades of brown, and thrusts her head into a little velvet, fur-trimmed toque with a soft crown dropping towards the back. The third gown—a sumptuous creation of white tulle gleaming with embroideries of white pearls and jet tubes and strass stones. It hangs over a sheath gown of white satin trimmed at the hem with a wide band of Venice lace. The corsage is covered with bead embroidery and trimmed with silver-embroidered lace, hung in squares over a satin girdle. At each side the tunic skirt is caught under a jeweled ornament, and a narrow line of pearl embroidery edges the short, unlined tulle sleeves. Through their transparency shine the jewelled bracelets that bind her arms above her elbows, and her ungloved hands are all ablaze with jewels. As splendid, but quite different, is the fourth and final gown. Of vivid Empire green mousseline de soie, it has a slender, twining train—like a scarf; half-way to the waist the front of the skirt is embroidered with gold and hemmed with a narrow band of chinchilla fur. A heavy gold cord marks the high waistline. Simple in outline as the others, it is strikingly brilliant in color, and in richness of the gold decoration all topped by a big black hat trimmed with an immense black cock's feather that droops at one side in a manner that becomingly frames her expressive face. At the end she wraps herself in a great cloak of white and taupe colored satin, with a big Capuchin hood caught in front by a brass buckle. The fur adornment is achieved by two bands of different fur set close together—one of ermine, one of taupe; arranged thus it borders the hem, the hood, and the sleeves.

* * *

New gowns that have appeared at recent new plays are extraordinarily graceful in their straight, long lines of skirt, and the loose-shouldered fit of corsage. The Grecian tunic and the full-belted tunic are each weighted with the desired close effect by handsome fringes.

Striking is a recent one-sided effect of the corsage. One short sleeve, with the shoulder line in one with it, may be of heavy lace, while the other shoulder may be covered with the graceful draping of the tunic. This example is prettier than most, having this effect, for it gives the idea that the tunic has been dropped from one shoulder of a lace undergarment, otherwise quite hidden. An overdress of square meshed white tulle bordered with a ten-inch wide band of white bead embroidery that weights it, is hung over a big, bright-flowered brocaded silk; the skirt of it is circled three times at equal distances, with four-inch wide jet fringe. The corsage of the beaded net is cut into a nearly belt-deep square, revealing an under corsage to match the skirt. This idea may be elaborated on and made with various colors and materials.

The shoulder of an evening corsage cut in a wide, deep square of silver lace with raised silver embroidery, has one shoulder and one side of it covered by a five-yard long scarf of thinnest black tulle that is carried to the opposite hip and caught there by a large silver ornament, and silver fringe weights it at the hem. It is really beautiful on a tall figure.

As the season advances new stoles and scarfs are constantly appearing. Those made of black and colored chenille are the latest fancy and extremely pretty they are. At a smart charity sale last week a woman wore a long, wide stole of black chenille grille work lined with iron grey satin. It had a wide border of seal fur, and trimmed with a narrow band of skunk fur set at the joining of the seal to the chenille. A huge muff matched the stole. Stoles of chenille lattice work, edged with jet, and heavily fringed, are arranged on the figure to simulate a short cape by being gathered under a handsome ornament in the middle of the back, or on one shoulder; in the latter case one end is flung over the shoulder.

* * *

Quaint and pretty is the latest cut of corsage below a little guimpe; beginning at the height in front of the little hollow in the throat it reaches in a straight line to the top of the shoulder; the lengthened line of the guimpe on the shoulder thus achieved is particularly becoming.

There is at present a curious period of indecision—of tentative attempts in one direction and another, interesting to those who follow the fashions. In coats, hats, and gowns this hesitating note is seen.

While coats of all lengths are worn, women are turning more and more to the very long coat for afternoon wear over long-tailed daytime calling gowns. Long and close, in either sack shape or cut on more circular lines, these coats are preferred, at this season, built of the lovely satin-faced cloth, that hang so beautifully, with the thinnest of linings. When the sleeve is cut in one with the shoulder it is left three-quarters long; if set into an armhole it is generally in plain long coat-sleeve form, and finished with a wide cuff of the velvet, that faces the revers.

Of great elegance is a long, satin-faced cloth coat, trimmed with an immense velvet collar that at one side of the back stretches into a long point, dragged longer by a heavy silk tassel.

* * *

The most conspicuous difference between the American school girl and her English cousin of the same age is in the method of arranging the hair. Long after the American girl has donned trailing skirts and wears her hair high on her head her sister across the seas is still wearing her skirt a little below her knees and her hair loose down her back.

This difference is typical of the whole race of English and American girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years. The former is looked upon and feels herself to be a child until the schoolroom door has closed upon her for all time.

The American girl, on the other hand, all her life is treated as a being of importance, and at the age of sixteen considers that she should emphasize in every way possible the dignity which she feels and the deference which should be accorded to her. Hence up goes her hair and down goes the length of her skirts, and the simple schoolgirl is changed into a miniature woman of the world.

It is a pity that there should not be a happy medium in this state of affairs. The tall, lanky English girl of seventeen or eighteen would not appear so ungainly or self-conscious if she were dressed with an idea of making the long limbs less conspicuously awkward by simply extending the skirts to her ankles and pinning up the hair to the nape of the neck.

But the American girl, generally less tall for her years, should not at the age of fifteen be gowned in models much like those of her mother wears and arrange her hair in a manner that would be equally becoming to a woman of fifty. Unless she is exceptionally tall, her hair should not go up before she is seventeen. It may be worn in some pretty fashion low on the neck with a soft pompadour at front and sides, but no massing of puffs and false curls in imitation of the present unhappily exaggerated method of arrangement.

Velvet Hat with Grey Feathers

As with the correct length for her skirts, the psychological moment for "putting up" the hair must depend largely upon the size of the girl in question—how tall she is for her age and whether the hair worn up on top of the head is decidedly more becoming or not to her profile and full face.

At all events, the hair must not go up before the skirts have reached the ankles and should not be arranged in any elaborate, really grown-up way until she is old enough to wear a real train gown. The process should be gradual and worked out together, so that there shall be no sudden transformation in a day and the hair be worn suddenly up while all the skirts are still far off the ground.

* * *

In the evening there is naturally a desire to arrange the hair in a more elaborate manner than is suitable with a school dress. As a rule, however, if a becoming means of arranging it has been found, it is best to keep to it until the fashion has been outgrown, and the bright colored ribbons will dress it up nicely.

When the hair has been regularly put up a simple twining of ribbon about the knot is attractive in the evening or a cluster of tiny rose buds may be placed at a becoming angle against the knot. It is a fashion of the moment, however, to wear no ornament or flowers in the coiffure save a costly jewelled band or really handsome ornament, such as would be most inappropriate for a girl not yet "out," and at the smartest dances the majority of girls present wear no ornaments, not even the pretty flower wreaths in their hair.

Ribbon run through pieces, or, rather, strands of hair, has gone out of vogue, but narrow bands of silk or satin twisted about the knot give an undeniably pretty touch of color just where it will show most becomingly. White is not, as a rule, so becoming against the hair as a brighter shade, but any pale shade which matches the gown will carry out the color effect of the dress attractively.

## NEW JOURNALISM IN CHINA BRIDGES THE GULF BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

IN the chronicles of the Tang dynasty, which flourished in China from 618 to 907 A.D., reference is found to a daring innovation introduced by certain hangers-on of the imperial court, writes Franklin Oblinger in the World Work. Taking advantage of their opportunity for securing first-hand information, these mountebanks had made a practice of parading the streets of the capital bearing placards whereon they had inscribed the august doings of the Son of Heaven and the latest news of his court. Incidentally they did not fail to gather an ample revenue from the crowds that were allowed to read the placards, and whose curiosity they thus satisfied.

Though severely condemning the practice as wholly lacking in propriety, the Imperial Government never suppressed it, and these pioneers of "the fourth estate" were permitted to ply their nefarious trade unmolested. Finally it occurred to some journalistic genius that instead of exhibiting placards indiscriminately to the crowds and depending upon their uncertain gratuities, the same result could be better attained by printing the news and selling copies. This scheme had at least the advantage of confining the scrutiny of imperial doings to the educated, and the government had no objection to granting a franchise for the purpose.

Such is the origin of the Ti Chau, or, as it is better known, the Peking Gazette It is undoubtedly the oldest newspaper in existence, antedating by several centuries the first journals published in Venice. Its twenty-odd octave pages still make their regular appearance, filled with imperial decrees, notices of appointments, and memorials from such high dignitaries as have been accorded the privilege of addressing the throne. These leaves are loosely stitched together in a cover of imperial yellow, which distinguishes the publication as the official organ of the government.

But beyond merely stumbling upon the idea, the Chinese did little, if anything, in the way of developing the art of journalism. The Gazette had its imitators in the provincial capitals, and in these official announcements about local affairs were recorded. Of comment and criticism, there was nothing, much less any effort in the direction of moulding public opinion or of giving general information. The arbitrary habits of Oriental rulers may have made such attempts hazardous, if not impossible, or it may be that the Chinese attitude toward such innovations was correctly expressed by Commissioner Yin. On being asked whether he did not wish to have the latest dispatches from Europe translated to him, he quietly replied that "one on whose belly reposed the five books and four classics felt no need for the latest dispatches."

At any rate, it was not until Christian missions were established that newspapers, in our sense of the word, came to be printed in Chinese. The missionaries were active in literary work, and from the publication of religious books soon branched out into journalism. Their periodicals contained much general information in addition to news of a religious character, and were circulated extensively outside of their congregations. Of these religious papers, the Chinese Christian Intelligencer and the Christian Advocate, both published in Shanghai, are the best known. Following their success, the Sin Wan Pao, or Daily Chronicle, the Tung Pao, or Eastern Times, the oldest daily papers of Shanghai, were established.

But by far the most decisive impetus to journalism was furnished by the results of the uprising of 1900. The occupation of Peking by foreign armies, the flight of the imperial court, and the terrible punitive expeditions, all combined to shatter the traditional notions of their own superiority which had so long been entertained by the Chinese. They were now willing and anxious to learn the sources of Western efficiency. They became intensely interested in Western arts and sciences. In 1905 it was estimated that no less than six hundred treatises on scientific subjects had been translated from foreign languages into Chinese. Students were sent abroad in great numbers. In 1897, Commissioner McLeavy Brown had established the Chinese imperial post and had put into effect a schedule of postal rates which was probably the lowest in the world. Thus both the demand aand the facilities for a secular press had come into being.

The Japanese were the first to appreciate the opportunity which the new conditions afforded. For a number of years, the chambers of commerce of the principal Japanese cities had maintained in Shanghai a commercial college. Here Japanese youths were instructed in the geography, resources and commerce of China. They were taught to speak the principal native dialects, and were made familiar with the customs of the people. These men were, therefore, admirably equipped for acting as intermediaries between the Chinese and the new learning. For some time the Japanese interests had owned and published the Tung Wen Hu Pao, or Universal Gazette, of Shanghai. Similar journals were now started by Japanese enterprise in many of the provincial capitals, such as Foochow, Hankow, Ichoufu, and other important cities. These papers were well edited, but both news and comment were colored by Japanese views. Other nationalities with interests in China began to appreciate the importance of the newspaper as a political factor. The British and Germans each now control a newspaper in Pekin, and the French have a semi-official organ in l'Impartial, published in Tientsin.

The Chinese, however, are not the people to allow foreign influences to permanently shape their views, and the great majority of periodicals are now published under native auspices. In view of the arbitrary manner in which the officials have, during the past, suppressed unfavorable comment, most of these publications are issued under the protecting name of some foreigner who enjoys extra-territorial rights.

Most of the newspaper equipment comes from Japan. The presses used are cheap cylinders manufactured after European and American patents. As human power is the cheapest, they are equipped with treadmills. These are operated by men who are paid at the rate of two dollars a month in our money. The type constitutes a proportionately larger part of the initial outlay than is necessary with us. The Chinese have no alphabet, and every idea is represented by a separate ideograph. The system is not, however, as complicated as suggested by Mark Twain's statement that it required forty years to sort a "pi" of Chinese type.

The paper is usually the poorest quality of tissue that will hold ink; it is also manufactured in Japan. Even with this saving the poverty of the people often makes original methods of circulation necessary. In some places the same editions are successively distributed to different sets of subscribers, boys being employed to gather up the papers as soon as they have been read and carry them to another set of readers. Perhaps the most cosmopolitan newspaper service in the world is that which is found on the Tientsin-Pekin Railway. The Chinese newsboy will supply you with anything from Fischietto and Fliegende Blatte to the San Francisco Call. The Chinese dailies usually sell for seven or eight cash a copy—a little less than half a cent.

## MADAME DE THEBES, FAMOUS NECROMANCER, SEES BIG DISASTERS AHEAD

MME. DE THEBES, the famous necromancer, of Paris, who has studied the palms of every ruler in Europe, and who has foretold the future of most of the present-day celebrities on the old-world side of the water, predicts awful things for 1911.

France, she says in her "Almanac," is treading, as it were, upon the crest of a mountain from which, on either side, precipitous walls fall downward. A false step and she is lost. Floods will continue to threaten the country, and the Government is bound, head first, into deepest mourning.

England will see the great transformation into which she has already entered brought up in the gravest crisis. These will not necessarily prove fatal to her.

Germany "is not what she seems, and her chief seems what he is not. She has grown too swiftly, and, in the drunkenness of her luck, which her variety of purpose will destroy, will come the death or incapacity of her master."

Austria has a brilliant future before her. Vienna will come into a splendor never seen before, but at the expense of St. Petersburg, which city Mme. De Thebes wholly condemns.

Italy will see wonderful and unlooked for changes. The ancient regime will be restored, even to the making of peace with the Roman church. This will cause the warmth which now exists between France and Italy to wane, and even a reaction to the point of enmity is likely to set in.

In Spain, "the King has escaped, as I predicted, the gravest personal perils, and now, if he would vanquish, he must trust to his own intelligence and will power. May he rest master of himself and not permit himself to listen to retrograde influences.

For America, Mme. De Thebes' "Almanac" of the future contains little, albeit she is conversant with American matters. The workingmen's movement which seems growing at the present time in the United States, will not meet with any great degree of success. The political crisis now on will peter out sooner or later, like a damp firecracker.

The famous woman's specialty, of course, is to foretell the future for the individual. She every year "tells the fortunes" of France's high and mighty whose futures she has not previously foretold, and of each of these she keeps copious notes. And it is from these notes that she is able to "tell the fortune" of France, and of Paris particularly. The lives of her people, of course, make the life of a nation.

Thus, Paris is to be plunged into mourning three times. Mme. De Thebes says this because she read the future for three people high in public life whom she found were to be taken off during the year. Two captivating stage favorites of Paris, she says, are to meet tragic ends before the end of 1911. A prominent statesman is to have "a romantic departure" or disappearance from view. Whether he is to die or wed is not stated.

The world at large is to see strange moral lapses and many peculiar love affairs of universal interest; scandals among high families, and deaths of some famous "old boys" while playing at Romeo.

Some people seem to lose sight of the fact that it's the night before that makes the morning after.

**Pills that Have Benefited Thousands.**—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmalee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

**A Pill That is Prized.**—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

**Try Zam-Buk For Piles**

**Read How This Sufferer Benefited!**

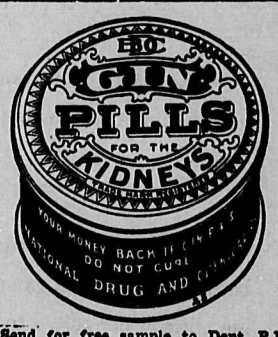
Don't you believe that experience is better than hearsay? If you suffer from piles, just try Zam-Buk. You can do so at our expense. So assured are we of the result that we will send you a free trial box if you send to our Toronto offices full name and address and a one cent stamp to pay return postage.

Scores of people daily acquaint us with the benefit they have derived from the use of Zam-Buk. Mr. F. Astridge, of 3 St. Paul St., St. Catharines Ont., says: "For five years I have suffered untold agony with protruding piles. The pain was so great at times I would almost scream.

"I lost weight and had no appetite I tried everything I ever heard of for piles, as I was willing to take anything to get relief. It was useless, however and I almost gave up in despair.

One day a friend gave me a sample of Zam-Buk, and told me of a friend of his who had been cured. I decided to try Zam-Buk, and the relief I got was encouraging. I used three boxes and at the end of that time I was completely cured. I wish I could have got Zam-Buk years ago; it would have saved me a great deal of misery."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, blood-poison, varicose sores, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk," on every package.




Send for free sample to Dept. R.P. National Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto

**You Cannot Forget Your Corns**

They pain too much. Perhaps you have tried this, that and the other remedy—you still have them. You do not experiment when you use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. In twenty-four hours the soreness is removed. In a day or two you are rid of them, root and branch. Keep the name in sight because it tells the story. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

**Shiloh's Cure**

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

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light giving device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

**A New Head In 30 Minutes**

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

**NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer**

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

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

**Sackett Plaster Board**

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

**The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.**

WINNIPEG, MAN.

# THE ISLANDER

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE,

Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1911.


## What the Editor has to say.

The season of the year has arrived when every good citizen should at least make an effort to clean up his premises.

---

The Provincial government is importing wild turkeys to be turned loose as a game bird in such part of the province as are climatically suited to the requirements of the bird

Vancouver Island is said to present conditions most suitable for wild turkey, and if this is the case, the Development League might very well try to secure a few of these birds for this district as they succeeded in doing in the case of the Mongolian pheasants. turned down in this neighborhood last year.

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Those citizens who went to the poll a few weeks ago believing when they cast their vote that they were voting for Single Tax in this city are doomed to disappointment.

The City Council called a special meeting last Monday night for the purpose of discussing Single Tax but the result of their deliberations has merely been a very substantial increase in the taxes of the citizens.

It is true that the Council has raised the valuation of all land in the city, but they have not reduced the valuation on improvements and in fact in many instances the valuation of improvements has been INCREASED, the very antithesis of Single Tax.

Some of our councillors appear to believe that Single Tax is a very good thing in other cities, but would prove unworkable in Cumberland, giving the limited area of taxable land in the city as a reason.

No one can deny that the city is sadly in need of money and that an increased revenue for the year was necessary, but this could still have been accomplished, and at the same time the burden of taxation upon the owners of homes have been very materially reduced by resorting to Single Tax.

The Councillors seem to believe that the only way to get more money from taxation is by way of a general increase in assessments, and it does not appear to have occured to these gentlemen that by increasing the assessment on lands, reducing the assessment on improvements and by raising the RATE of assessment the same revenue might be derived and considerable of the burden of taxation now resting upon the shoulders of the home owners be transferred to the land speculator who is merely holding on to vacant property waiting for his neighbor to build up around him and render his speculative holdings more valuable.

This, indeed, would not have been single tax either, but it would at least have been a substantial step in that direction.

The only sensible suggestion we heard at the meeting was one emanating from the Mayor; that two assessors be appointed to reassess city property and after their report had been handed in that a rate of assessment be struck.


**Beadnell & Biscoe**

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

**Comox, B.C.**

Sea frontages and farming land for sale

**FRUIT TREES**

Not the Cheapest, but the Best

Catalogue Free

Vancouver Island Nursery Co., Ltd.

Somenos, V.I.

**15 Round Glove Contest**

**J. Thompson** of Cumberland

VS

**Kid Vinson** of Australia

*for the Bantamweight Championship of Canada*

CUMBERLAND HALL, MARCH 18

Ringside $1.50 First 4 Rows $1

General Admission 50c.

**WATCH**

THIS SPACE FOR

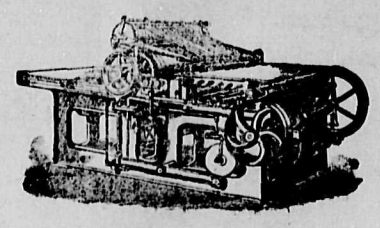
**Island Realty Co's. Ad**

**NEXT WEEK.**

Little cubes of metal
Little tubes of ink;
Brains, and the printing presses
Make the millions think

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

**The Islander**



Are you

**A JEWELLER**

If not

**Have you a friend who is?**

In either case you should be interested in this

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

**AN OLD ESTABLISHED BUSINESS**

Carrying a full line of the very best

**Clocks, Watches and Jewellery**

Also a

BOOKSTORE IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS

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

AGE AND ILL HEALTH

Will sell on the buyers own terms

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

Full particulars may be learned by communicating with

**"M" The Islander Office**

Cumberland, B.C.

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# THE BIG STORE

*Millinery Openings Pay-Day*

*We extend a cordial invitation to all to visit our Show-Rooms and see our display of*
*TRIMMED AND FASHION HATS*
*The newest and daintiest of Spring Creations.*

*New Spring Goods Arriving Daily*

*All we ask you is to examine ovr values before purchasing elsewhere . . . . .*

## Choice selection of Fresh Groceries.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

# Simon Leiser

& CO. LTD.

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DISTRICT AGENT .. FOR ..

**The Russell AUTOMOBILE**

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

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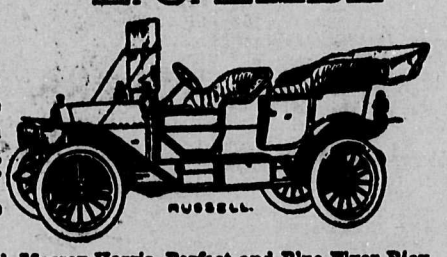


**Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris, Perfect and Blue Flyer Bicycles; Fairbanks Morse Gas Engines; also the Moore Gasoline Lighting Systems. Oliver Typewriters. Repairing of all kinds.**

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

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IF YOU ARE THINKING OF BUYING A

## SEWING : MACHINE

# BUY A SINGER

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

**JEPSON BROS., District Agents, Nanaimo, B. C**

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

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# G. H. ASTON

*Practical Watchmaker*
*All Work Guaranteed*

## English Watches a Specialty.

**. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .**

**Dunsmuir Ave : : : Cumberland**

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# .. W. Colpitts ..

**"Leading Tobacco King."**

**Better known as "LONG WILLIE"**

**Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.**

**Billiard Room in connection**

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**P. PHILLIPS HARRISON**

*Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.*

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THE
**CUMBERLAND HOTEL**
**W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.**
*The finest hotel in the city.*

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# Marocchi Bros.

**Grocers & Bakers**

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

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**H. M. Beadnell,**
Comox, B. C.

**Agent for E & N. Lands Comox District.**

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# Mah Lee Laundry

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

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# B. Cloutier

**GENERAL BLACKSMITH**

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

**C. 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
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Beaver Creek f
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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.**

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THE
# CORNER STORE

PAY DAY SPECIALS

**SPRING SUITS FOR MEN**

**All the Latest Patterns & Styles.**

**PRICES :—$8.50. 12.50, 15.00 & up**

# J. N. McLEOD

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# C. H. TARBELL

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

AGENTS FOR

The McClary Manufactuing Co.
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AT THE **FURNITURE STORE**

## just Arrived

A CONSIGNMENT OF SIDEBOARDS
**in GOLDEN and SURFACE FINISH,**
RANGING FROM $20.00 TO $25.00

**SPECIAL VALUES**

**"The Furniture Store"**

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

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# Pilsener Beer

**The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops**

**Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture**

**Best on the Coast**

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

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## 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

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# Subscribe For THE ISLANDER

## $1,000 REWARD

**For a Case of Incurable Constipation**

To a person who can't be cured of constipation by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the above reward will be paid. No cathartic medicine gives such lasting satisfaction or effects such marvellous cures as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Relief immediately follows for headache, biliousness and stomach disorders. No griping pains, no burning sensations, nothing but the most pleasant relief attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—others not so good. Price 25c. a box, at all dealers.


## Storyettes

THE preacher had been eloquent in his remarks concerning the young girl over whose remains the funeral services were being held. Tears were in the eyes of all present. Even the speaker's voice trembled with the force of his emotion.

He concluded his sermon with this outburst.

"Can anyone doubt that this fair, fragile flower has been transplanted to the hothouse of the Lord?"

* * *

ONE morning last summer President Taft, wearing the largest bathing suit known to modern times, threw his substantial and ponderous form into the cooling waters of Beverly Bay.

That afternoon a newspaper correspondent sent the following to his paper:

"There was mighty little swimming along the north shore to-day. The President was using the ocean."

* * *

A DISTINGUISHED Irish prelate was by nature a very keen sportsman, and though he never allowed his tastes in this direction to interfere with his many duties, there was nothing he enjoyed more than a day's shooting.

On one of these occasions he was met by an old lady, who strongly disapproved of any members of the clerical profession, and especially one of the heads of the church, indulging in such pursuits.

"I have never read in the Bible that any of the apostles went out shooting, my lord," she observed severely.

"Well, you see," returned his lordship cheerfully, "all their spare time they spent out fishing."

* * *

HARVEY W. WILEY, the government's brilliant food expert, was talking about a notorious case of food adulteration.

"The morals of these people," he said; "it is incredible. But I know of a little boy who will grow up and join them some day. I was walking one morning in a meadow when I saw this little boy gathering mushrooms.

"'Have you had good luck?' I asked.

"'Fair,' he answered, showing me his basket.

"But I gave a cry of alarm.

"'Why, my lad,' I said, 'those are toadstools you've got. They're poison, deadly poison.'

"He tipped me a reassuring wink.

"'Oh, they ain't fer eatin', sir,' he said; 'they're fer sale.'"

* * *

OVER the dessert a magazine editor reproached the author for the awful way he roasts the morals and manners of our millionaires in "The Jolly Corner." The author said that they deserved roasting—and to prove it he told a story.

He said that a New York multi-millionaire got converted one night at a revival meeting, and, standing up in his place, the rich convert declared that his conversion was retroactive, and he proposed to make restitution to anyone he had ever wronged.

Well, about two o'clock that morning the millionaire was awakened by a long ring at the bell. He put his head out of the window.

"Who's that?" he said.

"I am Thomas J. Griggs," was the reply. "I heard about your conversion and I'd like you to pay me back $200,000 you cheated me out of in the U. B. D. receivership."

"All right, I'll pay you," said the millionaire; "but why the deuce," he added angrily, "do you want to ring me up at this hour?"

"Well, you see," was the reply, "I thought I'd come early and avoid the rush."

* * *

THE hour was one a.m. Inside the dimly lighted hallway stood Mrs. Dorkins with a grim smile on her face. The front door was bolted.

"John," she said, in cutting accents, "you have been dissipating at the club again!"

"Maria," spoke a voice outside, rapidly, clearly, and distinctly, "he blew lugubriously on the blooming bugle!"

Instantly she unfastened and opened the door. Mr. Dorkins had not been dissipating.

* * *

A DETROIT millionaire gave his little daughter, last Christmas, a superb doll's house—a doll's house lighted with electricity, that had baths and a gar ge and even, in one corner of its garage, a tiny doll monoplane.

"Well, my dear, do you like your new doll's house?" the little girl's father asked her one day during Christmas week.

"Oh, yes, papa; tremendously," she replied. "But I've let it furnished to Cousin Angela for ten dollars a month."

* * *

THIS is an extract from the diary of the little heroine in Kate Trible Sharber's story, "The Annals of Ann," which proves the sharpness of youthful observation:

No matter how fine a doctor a lady's husband is, she is never permitted to mention it to her friends, for this is called "unethical." But if she's expecting company of an afternoon she can happen to have a bottle with a queer thing inside setting on the mantelpiece, and when the company asks what on earth the thing is she can say, "For goodness' sake! My husband must have forgotten that. Why, that's Senator Himuck's appendix!"

* * *

ONE of the cleverest bits of electioneering dodgery was devised by an agent who had been forbidden to corrupt the electors. He called a meeting and attended with his pockets full of gold.

"I have to inform you, gentlemen," he began, "that there is to be no bribery on our side during this election. (Hear, hear!) For my part I do not intend to give away a penny piece. (Uneasy silence.) But I am afraid that there are some d——d rascals in this room, and that presently they will lay me on the table and take 500 sovereigns out of my pockets."

The next few minutes he spent upon the table.

* * *

GOVERNOR MARTIN F. ANSEL, of South Carolina, and Governor W. W. Kitchen, of North Carolina, recently met at Louisville, Kentucky, and issued the following joint statement:

"It has been the legend that the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina: 'It is a long time between drinks.' No such statement was ever made. The facts as told by an eyewitness of that famous meeting brand the whole story as a fabrication.

"This is what really happened: the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina, 'Remember the fate of Montgomery?' 'Well, who in h—— was Montgomery?' asked the governor of South Carolina. 'He was the man who died between drinks,' replied the governor of North Carolina."

* * *

IN Kentucky is a quaint character named Ezekiel Hopkins, who once gained local fame by discovering a piece of broken railway line and warning an excursion train in time to save disaster. So it was decided to present Ezekiel with a gold watch.

The head of the presentation committee, approaching Ezekiel with a grave bow, said:

"Mr. Hopkins, it is the desire of the good people of Kentucky that you shall, in recognition of your valor and merit, be presented with this watch, which they trust will ever remind you of their undying friendship."

Without the least emotion, Ezekiel ejected from his mouth a long stream of tobacco juice, took the watch from its handsome case, turned it over and over in his wrinkled hand, and finally asked,

"War's the chain?"

* * *

A PRETTY schoolma'am once taught school in a Long Island village. All the young fellows for miles around were mad about her, but the schoolma'am was proud, and none of the boys seemed to stand the ghost of a chance.

Young Jim Brown, the judge's son, was the best-looking chap in town, and probably loved the schoolma'am more than any of her other swains, but he never had the pluck to declare himself.

One day the schoolma'am being away on a visit to New York State, Jim asked advice of the editor. The editor said:

"Take the bull by the horns and insert an announcement of your forthcoming marriage in my society column. It will cost you only fifty cents."

So Jim inserted an announcement to the effect that the schoolma'am and he would spend their honeymoon at Atlantic City. A short time after the announcement appeared the schoolma'am came back home. Jim heard on all sides how furious she was. For several days he kept away from her. Then, one afternoon, as she was coming home from school, he ran plump into her in the lane.

She let him know at once what she thought of him and his outrageous conduct. She stormed and raged and her pretty eyes flashed fire.

Jim stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally he blurted out:

"Well, if you don't like it I can have the announcement contradicted."

"Oh, bother it!" said the schoolma'am, "it's too late now!"

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Fishing for compliments seldom lands a husband.

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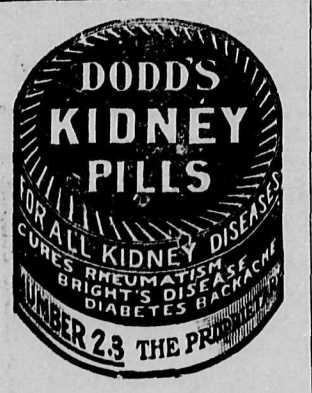
Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.


**VARICOSE VEINS, Varicosities, etc**

promptly relieved and eventually cured by:

ABSORBINE JR

A mild, safe, antiseptic liniment. Takes out soreness, allays pain, stops lameness. Mr. Luke Kavanaugh, 57 Bridge St., W., Springfield, Mass., suffered 30 years with enlarged, knotted veins; his doctor advised stopping work and going to bed. Instead of doing so he used ABSORBINE, JR., and in 8 months' time the soreness and swelling had all disappeared and he was entirely cured. Removes Goitre, Wens, Tumors, Cysts and fatty bunches. Cures strains and sprains. $1.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 4F Free.

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

LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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

**Dr. Martel's Female Pills**

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.

PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE

for COUGHS & COLDS



## Strengthens The Throat

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


### CLOCKS THAT STRIKE THIRTEEN

AMONG the most curious clocks in the world are two in Worsley, Lancashire, England, that never strike one. Instead they strike thirteen at 1 a.m. and 1 p.m. One of them is over the Earl of Ellesmere's place called Worsley Hall, and is the original clock which the Duke of Bridgewater had placed in the tower. It is said that the duke had the clock made to strike the "unlucky" number so as to warn his workmen that it was time to return after dinner, some of them having excused themselves for being late on the ground that they could not hear it strike one.

This recalls the incident when the big clock of the Houses of Parliament saved a man's life. A soldier in the reign of William and Mary was condemned by court martial for falling asleep while on duty on the terrace at Windsor. He stoutly denied the charge, and by way of proof solemnly declared that he heard Old Tom (the predecessor of Big Ben) strike thirteen instead of twelve. The officers laughed at the idea, but while the man was in prison awaiting execution several persons came forward and swore that the clock actually did strike thirteen, whereupon the soldier was pardoned and released.

Wells Cathedral contains one of the most interesting clocks in the whole world. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, in 1320, and embraces many devices which testify to the ancient horologist's ingenuity. Several celestial and terrestrial bodies are incorporated in the interesting movement and relationship. They indicate the hours of the day, the age of the moon, and the position of the planets and the tides. When the clock strikes the hour two companies of horsemen, fully armed, dash out of the gateways in opposite directions, and charge vigorously. They strike with their lances as they pass as many times as correspond with the number of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet, and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into twenty-four hours, and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the universe.

An oddity in clocks is the invention of a Frenchman, M. Paul Cornu. It consists of a dial mounted above a reservoir and having a sort of a seesaw mounted upon its support. The reservoir holds sufficient alcohol to last for a month, and this serves as fuel for a small flame that burns at one end. The heat from the flame causes the air to expand in the bulb of the seesaw directly above it. As a result the seesaw moves every five seconds. This movement is the sole motive power that actuates the hands.

In Switzerland clocks are now being made that do not require hands and faces. The timepiece merely stands in the hall, and one presses a button, which, by means of the phonographic internal arrangements, calls out, "Half-past four," or "Five minutes to ten," or whatever the time may be.

A Munich professor has invented a remarkable sick-room clock. When a button is pressed an electric lamp behind the dial throws the shadow of the hours and hands, magnified, upon the ceiling, so that invalids can see it from bed without craning their necks or putting themselves to any inconvenience.

A German shoemaker spent fifteen years of his leisure moments in constructing a clock of the grandfather shape nearly six feet high, made entirely of straw. The wheels, pointers, case and every detail are exclusively of straw. The most remarkable fact is that it is reported to keep perfect time.

The Czar of Russia is the possessor of a unique clock that records not merely the passing seconds, minutes and hours, but the days, weeks, months and years. The clock was invented and manufactured by two peasants, who presented it to the Emperor as a token of their loyalty. In St. Petersburg, too, is to be seen a clock having ninety-five faces, indicating simultaneously the time at thirty different spots on the earth's surface, besides the movements of the earth and planets.

The clock of Lyons Cathedral is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and the legend describing it is as follows: The cock crows; the bell sounds the hours; the little bells the Sancta Spiritus; the angel opens the gate to salute the Virgin Mary. The heads of the two lions move the eyes and the tongue. The astrolabe shows the hours in its degrees, and the movements of the moon. Moreover, the perpetual calendar shows all the days of the year, the feast days and the bissextile. The hours at which the chimes are complete are five and six in the morning, midday, and one and two o'clock in the afternoon. The chimes at the other hours are restricted so as not to interfere with the cathedral service.

Complicated, indeed, is the clock of the Beauvais Cathedral. It is said to be composed of 92,000 separate pieces, according to a French statement. One sees on the fifty-two dial plates the hour, the day, the week, and the month, the rising, the setting of the sun, the phases of the moon, the tides, the time in the principal capitals of the world, together with a series of terrestrial and astronomical evolutions. The framework is of carved oak, eight by five metres, or twenty-six by sixteen and one-quarter feet. When the clock strikes all the edifice seems in movement. The designer wished to depict the Last Judgment. This wonderful clock is the work of a Beaubaision, M. Verite. He died in 1887.


**Shiloh's Cure**

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


### THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

OF the many Anglo-American peeresses, quite one of the most distinguished is the Duchess of Marlborough. She has been making some outspoken remarks on the question of marriage and education. Ever since she came to England as a bride, she has thrown herself body and soul into social work of every description.

But long before that even her Grace was already a social force in New York, where she put many of her organizing talents to practical purposes. She was instrumental, for instance, in founding the first club for workroom girls in the States, a club which has since prospered, and which now numbers some hundreds of members.

Upon Blenheim Castle, the Duchess has brought to bear much of her artistic personality. Among the many innovations she has introduced is an American bower, which, perhaps, would be better described as a floral tunnel. It is very long and narrow, and arched over with honeysuckle, clematis, and clustering rambler rose.

At intervals, the bower is widened to form alcoves for seats, and one can imagine nothing more delightful than to sit among the honeysuckle and watch, between the cluster of roses, the river which winds its way through the greensward below.

The duchess also introduced a small menagerie of wild animals, and has special cages and heated kennels built for them. Gazelles, vultures, snakes, chimpanzees, and pelicans were introduced, and, after her Grace's tour to the Nile district some years ago, a number of other rare animals were added to the collection, making it now one of the best private zoos in England.

### LORD BRASSEY AS A YACHTSMAN

THERE are few men who carry their years lighter than Lord Brassey, who, at the age of seventy-four, is shortly to start upon another trip to this country in his yacht, the Sunbeam. The Sunbeam has already, if she never sailed another knot, a record career in sea annals, having covered considerably over 300,000 knots. Many of her voyages have been made famous by the pen of Lord Brassey's first wife, the gifted writer who died at sea under poignant circumstances many years ago.

Nor is this to be Lord Brassey's first trip to Canada; he accomplished a similar trip some years ago, on that occasion travelling a distance of 7,085 miles of sea in a few hours less than thirty-five days.

"To lovers of sailing," his lordship wrote on his return home, "yachts capable of cruising under sail offer great advantages over full-powered vessels. Whether in the navy or the pleasure fleet, rigged vessels serve to rear up seamen of that hardy breed which we see disappearing with so much regret."

After yachting, Lord Brassey's favorite recreation is cricket. On the magnificent grounds surrounding his beautiful Sussex seat matches are frequently held during the season.

Of one of these fights he once told a capital story. It appears that there was a scarcity of available talent, with the result that it was necessary to secure one of Lord Brassey's footmen as umpire. In due course, his lordship himself went in, and a local bowler was put on. The second ball he stopped with his leg, and the cry was raised, "How's that?" for being out leg before wicket.

It was the footman who had to answer, and, turning to his master, he exclaimed, in a half-apologetic tone, "I'm afraid that I must say, 'Not at home,' your lordship."

"Not at nome?" cried Lord Brassey. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, then, if you will have it," the footman made answer, "I mean you are hout!"

### HIGH PRIEST OF THE BURNS CULT

RECENTLY, Lord Rosebery opened the renovated Auld Brig of Ayr, which had been closed for more than two years, undergoing the repairs necessary to secure its safety and stability as part of a public highway. One of Burns's best poems was on the "Brigs of Ayr," and the success of the preservation scheme owes much to the eloquent pleading of the Laird of Dalmeny.

Lord Rosebery has well earned the title to be regarded as orator-in-chief and high priest of the Burns cult; for, during the last thirty years, no ceremony connected with the poet's memory has been considered complete without his inspiring presence. As far back as April, 1882, we find the noble lord unveiling a Burns statue—by Mrs. D. O. Hill, sister of Sir Noel Paton—in the town of Dumfries, where the poet died in July, 1796.

London has two memorials of Burns. There is the familiar statue on the Victoria Embankment, which was the gift of a London Scot, and executed by Sir John Hull. This was unveiled by Lord Rosebery on July 26th, 1884. In March of the following year he was called upon to unveil a bust of the Scotch poet in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

In July, 1896, the centenary of the death of Burns, was celebrated by the Burns Clubs of Scotland. Lord Rosebery, on that occasion, delivered two magnificent orations on the genius and memory of the poet—beginning his theme in Dumfries in the afternoon and completing it in Glasgow at a big public gathering in the evening. In September of the same year he unveiled a statue (by Pomeroy) in the town of Paisley.

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The faster a young man is the more difficulty he has in keeping up with his running expenses.

A woman's reason is "because," but it sometimes happens that a man hasn't even that one.

A good motto for the bridge player is, "Never double trouble till trouble doubles you."

A friend of mine says he can tell any woman's age by simply looking at her. I wouldn't be so mean.

It is just as well to look a gift automobile in the gasoline tank.

When a fool and his money are parted there is seldom any alimony.

It is impossible to make a lion of a man who persists in making an ass of himself.

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If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

## The Horseman

THAT whirlwind from the western part of Ontario, G. A. Brown, known in Canada as the "Speed Merchant," and in Michigan as the "Canadian Wonder," arrived in Toronto recently with a car-load of twenty harness horses, trotters and pacers, of known and unknown quantity, and made the Repository his headquarters.

G. A., or Art Brown, as he is better known, occupies a unique position in the realm of harness horsemen. He claims, and I think he is justified in making the claim, that he buys and sells each year more trotters and pacers than any individual in the world—and this surely entitles him to distinction. During the past two or three years Brown has disposed of a large number of horses in Toronto, some of which remained there and others were sold for shipment to outside points; and while, as he says, it is impossible to pick "all peaches" without getting an occasional "lemon" in the horse garden, many of the horses he sold to parties in Toronto more than made good for their new owners. The pair of Roadmaster mares, Pansy and Violet, that he sold to a Toronto horseman, proved even better than they were represented. The former won two heats in the big 2.35 class pacing stake at Ottawa the winter before last, and although the best that fell to her lot was second money, she demonstrated in that race her ability to win with more favorable treatment.

Violet is known to be better than a 2.15 pacer on a half-mile track, as she was only last week beaten by a small margin in 2.19¼ over the ice, and there are many seconds difference between a "dirt" track and one that is made of ice.

Another mare that came from the same source that proved a real prize is Nettie Ethan, now away on a winter campaign. The mare was raced extensively during the past summer season, and has already been to the races this winter, and all with a large amount of credit to herself.

Paymaster, a gelding, by Roadmaster, was sold to a Toronto horseman a couple of years ago and was turned down as lame, but the horse was re-sold to a party in the west, who raced him with more than ordinary success, and gave him a record of 2.17¼ on a half-mile track. The new owner of Paymaster considered this pacer good enough to take to the Grand Circuit, and although he did not land any purses, was timed separately several times in 2.08 or better.

The same Brown is undoubtedly the world's champion horsedealer. He buys and sells horses with as little concern as a merchant would deal in so many potatoes, and the price never stops him. It was only last winter about this time that he extracted a roll from his hip pocket and offered Nat Ray twenty crisp one hundred dollar notes for the pacing gelding John McEwen, and in view of the fact that Nat cleaned up nearly that amount when his old favorite won the now famous free-for-all race at Ottawa a few weeks later, Brown would have been justified in giving the additional five hundred, as the horse was offered to him for $2,500.

It is just three years ago this winter since the lanky horseman calmly wrote out two checks which aggregated close to $4,000 for the two pacing mares, Maud Keswick and Lady May, and he made the deals after very little ceremony. He had his mind made up that he would own the two fastest pacing mares in Canada, and he went through with it, and when they became his property it gave him the distinction of being the only man in the world to own two mares with records as fast as those two had. And his judgment was good in buying two such fast record pacers, for, like the owner of John McEwen, he took Lady May to Ottawa the week after he bought her and in the hands of Dan McEwen, the veteran reinsman of The Eel (2.02¼) fame, this mare won the free-for-all of that year on the Ottawa River, and incidentally beat John McEwen. Upon the result of this race Brown won the mare out, and inside of two weeks sold her for $3,800.

Gallagher, the famous pacer that hails from Blenheim township, is another of the headliners that went through Brown's hands, but not until after his days of usefulness at the racing game were supposed to be over. However, the astute dealer could see a lot of good in the gelding, and in this he was again right, for Gallagher not only held his own racing with the fast class pacers on the Grand Circuit after Brown got him, but he actually paced a public trial at Columbus in 2.02½, after which he was bought by J. S. Strosneider of New York for $3,500.

Such deals show that the Canadian speed merchant does not put a limit on the price he will pay for a trotter or pacer, although he handles hundreds of the cheaper variety. Horses are his stock-in-trade, and he handles them like a drover does sheep. This Canadian has earned the title of "Champion Speed Merchant of the World."

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Some people are only contented when they have more than they can possibly use.

The trouble about beginning at the bottom of the ladder is that you may have to do it so often.

Some men impress us as being successful in spite of themselves.

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**It Will Cure a Cold.**—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.


## RHEUMATISM

**13 MONTHS' SUFFERING CURED**

Dear Sir:

"I wish you to put my letter on record for the sake of suffering humanity. I have suffered 18 months with Muscular Rheumatism in my back. I have spent at least $20.000 on pills and liniments during that time, but nothing would ease me of the pain—in fact, it was a chronic pain. For those long 18 months it stayed right with me, sometimes convulsive and cramp-like, causing me to groan and cry aloud. Every moment was torture. I could not turn in bed without yelling out. Now I will always bless the day when I first started to rub in, and to take internally 'Nerviline.' After using four bottles, my pains have left me. I shall always take off my hat to 'Nerviline' and can honestly say it's the poor man's best friend, because it will always drive away from you the Demon—Pain.

"Yours truthfully,

"Paris, Ont. "Thomas Goss."

Use only Nerviline. Sold in 25c and 50c bottles the world over.

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**Conserve the moisture in the soil**

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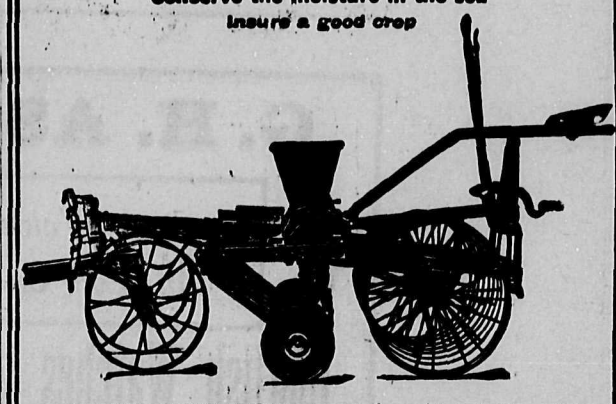

HOOSIER PRESS DRILLS conserve the moisture in the soil, because they pack the earth over the seed when it is sown. This is why the Northwest farmers are more certain of a good crop. The Hoosier gets the seed in the ground at an even depth and covers it. The Hoosier is Light Draft, has a positive force 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.**

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# The Pirate with a Conscience

By John Lang

IN the early days of the eighteenth century, few parts of the world formed a happier hunting ground for pirates than the Guinea Coast in West Africa. Its creeks, bays, and rivers formed secure harbors of refuge where pirate ships might careen in safety; along the coast was no lack of prizes bearing rich cargoes of all things desired by pirates—wine, rum, and gold dust—to be picked up almost for the asking, with small risk of interruption from ships of war; and the few inhabitants who dwelt permanently in those latitudes ("private traders" they called themselves) were themselves for the most part either retired pirates or were—from fear, or possibly from diplomatic reasons—friendly to the pirates.

Old charts of the coasts, with their sailing directions, read for all the world as if they had been taken direct from the pages of some boy's romance. "Pyrate's Bay," the "Cape is known by a single Tree much larger than the rest and high Land on the back of it," "Plenty of Oysters on ye Mangrove Trees along this River," are entries that one finds in those charts.

Near Pyrate's Bay in Sierra Leone River dwelt alone one Ben Gunn, a name familiar to lovers of "Treasure Island"; and not far distant lived a hearty villain, John Leadstone (Old Cracker he was called), who devoted the last of his evil days to rum and to the keeping up of a battery of brass guns at his door wherewith to salute his friends the pirates as they came sweeping from sea. Many a man bearing a name notorious in criminal history ran in there to drink and carouse and rout with Old Cracker. There came England, and Avery (who robbed the Governor of San Thome and paid him with a bill drawn on the pump at Aldgate), Davis, Roberts, Cocklyn, La Bouse, and half a score of others, most of them men with hardly a redeeming point except that of reckless courage.

Davis was the exception to the general rule; "a generous and humane" man he is described by one who saw much of him during a month's captivity—a man who "kept his crew in good order." But there was another exception to this rule, a man who never fell in with any of the notorious crew already mentioned, and who perhaps would never have become a pirate but for that famous exploit by Davis, the capture of Fort James in the Gambia River, "the next best fortification to Cape Coast Castle of all that are to be found on either the north or south coasts of Guinea."

Captain John Massey's reign as a corsair was singularly brief, unstained, too, by bloodshed or by other crime common to the vile brotherhood that served under the black flag. He seems, indeed, to have embarked on the life more in a fit of anger at his real or supposed ill-treatment by the Royal African Company than from any attraction that such a career presented to him. He was a man entirely unused to seafaring life—a soldier, in fact, sent out from England in 1721 in command of a detachment under orders to garrison Fort James. This was some months after its capture and destruction by Davis, but at a time when all London yet rang with news of the exploit.

When Massey, in the ship "Gambia Castle," arrived in West Africa, there landed at Fort James from another ship, but almost at the same time, the new Governor, Colonel Whitney. Now Massey and his superior officer had scarcely been ashore a single day ere they discovered that, instead of being respectively "Governor" of a rising settlement and "officer in command of the troops" of that settlement, titles usually indicative of position and authority, they were in effect nobodies, a sort of superior servant, indeed, at the beck and call, as it were, of the merchants and factors of the Gambia.

The position was intolerable, and both officers were roused to just anger, Massey especially so. Colonel Whitney himself, who was at the time seriously ill of a fever, stated his intention of immediately throwing up his appointment and returning to England. "He resolv'd not to stay in a Place where there was so little Occasion for him, and where his Power was so confin'd." It may perhaps have been but a sick man's fractious and irritable chatter; but it served no doubt further to inflame Massey, who, when he found later that the provisions and liquor supplied to his men by order of the merchants were inadequate as well in quantity as in quality, gave free rein to his indignation. He had not come here to be a Guinea slave, said he; he had promised his men good treatment and good and sufficient food. He was responsible for the soldiers under his command, and if things were not mightily improved he would "take suitable measures for the preservation of so many of his countrymen and companions." It all sounds eminently reasonable, and the chances are that some one of the merchants or factors in reality was feathering his nest at the expense of the garrison.

The question of what are "suitable measures" in such a case is where one may quarrel with Massey. What he really did do was almost certainly very much more than he had in his mind when the threat was made.

It chanced that on the "Gambia Castle" was a certain George Lowther, her second mate, with whom during the voyage Massey had become very friendly. Now, Lowther, who was a great favorite with the crew, had had, as is not uncommon, some misunderstanding with his captain, or had committed some breach of discipline, from the consequences of which—namely, being put in irons—only the intervention and the threats of the men saved him. He who laid hand on Lowther might chance to find himself knocked on the head with a handspike, said they.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the case, Lowther had, or thought he had, a grievance against his captain, and he and Massey, in listening to the tale of each other's wrongs, became even more intimate and friendly than before had been the case, and no doubt each by his talk inflamed the mind of the other, and swelled the spate of his indignation. Massey wished himself away from the miserable hole where he and his men were starved on bad rations. If he could only get home again!

"Nothing easier," suggested Lowther. "There's the ship. The crew will stick to me to a man. Why not seize her and go home?"

Why not, indeed? The seed fell on favorable soil, put out root, and sprang to quick maturity.

The plot made rapid headway. Massey sounded his men, whom he found eager to follow his lead in any direction he pleased. Lowther let the foremast hands of the "Gambia Castle" into the secret, and the crew, by little signs—insolent manner, slovenly work, neglect of orders, and that indescribable something which in such cases is always apparent—plainly showed Captain Russel that some untoward event was in the wind. He went ashore to consult the council, and by the same boat Lowther secretly sent a letter to Massey.

"It is high time," wrote Lowther. "Now or never!"

At once Massey hastened to the barracks.

"You men that have a mind to go to England, now's your time!" cried he.

They were all of a mind to go to England. How could it well be otherwise? So a message was sent back to Lowther that all was well; and he, taking time by the forelock, at once put the mate in irons and seized the ship. Meantime Massey and his men broke open the storehouse, and sent on board of the "Gambia Castle" all the provisions and nearly all the wine (eleven pipes) found there. Then Massey, going to Colonel Whitney's quarters, packed up that officer's bed, baggage, plate, effects, and had them also conveyed to the ship, being under the belief that the colonel meant to come with them, according to promise. The latter, however, now declined to have any hand in this particular way of settling their grievances. It was nothing short of piracy, he said.

However, not to be deterred by any seeming change of front on the part of his senior officer, Massey came on board in the afternoon, having first dismounted all the guns in the fort so that the ship might not be fired on. Then, lest time should be wasted in weighing anchor and daylight fail them ere they cleared the treacherous river-shoals and made sufficient offing to give them sea-room, the cable was hurriedly slipped. Down stream she drifted with the tide; but there was no wind to give her steerage-way, and the current set her on to a mud-bank, where she remained fast.

There were other armed ships in the river; here was the chance for a man of action, here the opportunity for the "Gambia Castle's" ex-captain. But whilst Lowther took charge of the ship, Massey with sixteen hands returned to the fort, remounted the guns, and kept strict guard till morning. No one should interfere with the ship if he could help it. By daylight the "Gambia Castle" was once more clear of the ground, so Massey carefully spiked and again dismounted the fort's guns, and rejoined her ere she stood out to sea, exchanging shots as she went with various craft lying in the channel.

And now that they were safe in blue water, Lowther showed his real hand; he admitted that his intention throughout had been to take to piracy, and not a man of his crew hesitated to join him. Whatever the intentions of Massey had been, however comparatively innocent his original plan, he and his soldiers were now in a tight corner, with small chance of escape. A few days later the "Gambia Castle," now rechristened the "Delivery," captured and plundered a brigantine. Massey also bore some part, a prominent although not a brutal part, in the subsequent taking of a wine-laden French sloop. The fact that she was French, his country's hereditary enemy, no doubt might incline him to think that in helping to capture her he was doing no more than his bounden duty. But in any case, with his will or against it, he was now a pirate, liable to be hanged if captured.

Massey tried, poor simple man, when they reached West Indian waters, to persuade Lowther to send him ashore with thirty men to attack the French settlements. He had been a soldier all his days; this sea-fighting was not to his taste; for his part, let him fight on dry land. There was plunder in plenty to be had from the Frenchmen, legitimate plunder, at the cost of a few hard knocks. Let them so gain both profit and glory.

But Lowther refused, and this led to a hot quarrel. Massey persisted; but Lowther showed, to his own satisfaction, how hopeless such an expedition must be. Massey appealed to the ship's company, amongst whom he found some—probably his own soldiers whom he had brought on board—who favored his scheme, who preferred fighting the French to plundering and burning ships. Lowther still refused, and the quarrel between the two spread to the men. Both parties were at white-heat, and in another minute would have been at each other's throats when "Sail ho" from the mast-head turned their thoughts to other things. In a few hours the chase was overhauled—a Jamaica ship bound to London. Lowther helped himself, as usual, out of her cargo, and then proposed sinking her with all her passengers on board. Hereupon the quarrel of the morning broke out afresh. At any cost Massey would have no murder done, and the majority of the crew backing him up, the ship was let go. It was impossible now, however, for Massey and Lowther to remain on the same vessel; there must be a final separation.

Accordingly some days later Lowther, finding that Massey still remained troublesome, still from a piratical standpoint was hopelessly unbusinesslike, put him, with as many hands as chose to accompany him, on a small sloop lately captured, and left them to shift for themselves.

Massey, accompanied by ten men of like mind with himself, headed straight for Jamaica, where he gave himself up to the Governor, Sir Nicholas Laws, telling him the entire story from first to last, concealing no part of his own guilt in helping to take the "Gambia Castle," but saying "'twas to save so many of His Majesty's Subjects from perishing; and that his Design was to return to England, till Lowther, conspiring with the greater Part of the Company, went a pyrating with the Ship."

The Governor, a wide-minded man, had no difficulty in understanding how Massey had been duped. The latter's guilt in the business did not seem to him to be very black, and he gave the poor man his liberty, even permitting him to cruise off Hispaniola with Captain Laws in the armed sloop "Harpy," in an unsuccessful attempt to capture Lowther.

Most men, one imagines, would have been content henceforward to let sleeping dogs lie. So far as lay in Massey's power, he had made amends. He had voluntarily delivered himself into the hands of the law, and the law, in the person of the Governor of Jamaica, had acquitted him. At the worst, what the law said was, "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

Massey was not content with this; he must needs keep on pulling the tails of the sleeping dogs.

"My conscience hath a thousand tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

That was Massey's point of view. "O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!"

His conscience, indeed, was now a constant source of misery, an endless affliction to him, and to let that inconvenient "conscience have vacation" was to him an impossibility. There are men built in that way, but they do not usually adopt piracy as a career, nor even, it may be said, achieve notable success as men of business.

A sensitive, hysterical, highly strung pirate is a hopeless anomaly, and Massey was that strange product. Having failed to salve a red-hot and gnawing conscience by catching Lowther with the help of Sir Nicholas Laws, he took passage to London, and there continued his career of self-accusation.

Letters took a deal of writing in those days, and we may imagine the painful, conscientious zeal with which Massey indited a lengthy despatch to the deputy-governors and directors of the African Company, wherein he set forth his entire story, concealing nothing, extenuating nothing, rather insisting on his own participation in guilty misdeeds, explaining his motives, and excusing the whole as "Rashness and Inadvertency in himself, occasioned by his being ill-used, contrary to the Promises that had been made to him." He owned, poor man, that his crimes merited death. "Yet," he said, "if they had Generosity enough to forgive him, as he was still capable to do them service as a Soldier, so he would be very ready to do it; but if they resolved to prosecute him, he begged only this favor, that he might not be hang'd like a Dog, but suffer'd to die like a Soldier, as he had been bred from his Childhood"—that is, that he might be shot.

Poor Massey! he was not now dealing with a single man, who might well have inclined to leniency, but he had to do with a bowelless board, which knew not so much as the name of mercy. A speedy answer reached him that "he should be fairly hang'd."

He knew now what to expect. Why did he not take himself out of the way? But not he! Not Don Quixote himself ever more valorously and recklessly ran amuck at a windmill than now did Massey play for his life against Fate's cogged dice. That there might be no question as to his whereabouts, the unhappy man took lodgings in Aldersgate Street, London, and the following day posted off to the Lord Chief Justice's chambers.

"Has a warrant yet been granted by my Lord against Captain John Massey for piracy?" asked he.

The clerks had no knowledge either of such a man or of such a warrant.

"Ah, well," said Massey, "there will be one soon, and I am the man in question. I lodge at So and so's in Aldersgate Street. You will make no mistake when you want to find me?"

It was a new experience for the clerks, but they took down the address in writing. In a few days the African Company did take out a warrant, and Massey was found readily enough in his lodgings. But nothing whatever could be proved against him; there was not any person in London who could so much as charge him with any fact outside his own statement, and the statement even could not be proved to be in his writing. So that still he might well have gone free if only he had been able to hold his tongue. But in reply to a question, he not only owned that the letter written to the African Company was his, but he insisted also on retelling the whole story to the magistrate. He was, in fact, a sort of early "Mr. Dick," and his King Charles's head was the not very blighting list of his own crimes.

They committed him to Newgate after this; but there being no witnesses in England to testify against him, he was let out on bail until such time as witnesses could be brought from Africa.

On the 5th July, 1723, Captain Russel of the "Gambia Castle" and others—one, the son of Colonel Whitney, whom Massey had taken with him on board the ship and set ashore again on learning definitely that the boy's father was certainly into coming—gave evidence. Three weeks later Execution Dock saw the last act in the life of Captain John Massey.

He was of that stamp which produces martyrs. One can conceive such a man dying for his faith; had he been a Scottish Covenanter, one can see him, to use a phrase employed by Lord Lauderdale, "glorifying God at the Grassmarket." But it is not understandable how in any possible circumstances a man of the disposition and temperament of Massey could for a moment have permitted himself to be hurried into piracy, even into such modified piracy as that with which he did get mixed up. That he rushed open-armed into death, entreating to be taken, was the almost inevitable outcome of a conscience so abnormally morbid.

### TO PAINT KING GEORGE

MR. PHILIP A. LASZALO, who has recently returned to London to make his preliminary sketch for a life-size portrait of King George, is known all over the world as the Hungarian Sargent. There is scarcely a crowned head in Europe who has not within recent years been the subject for his genius as a portrait painter; and he also can boast of sitters in America, where he has painted President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt.

A good story is told of the time when, as a guest at White House, he was painting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. The President was painted in riding dress, with whip in hand and a purple cape thrown well back from his shoulders.

"Say, that's bully!" said Mr. Roosevelt admiringly. "I was going to ask you to paint the wife, but you've made such a first-hand job of this rugged subject that I'm kind of nervous about handing you over anything so delicate as a woman."

The painter reassured him.

"Well," said Mr. Roosevelt, "if you paint my wife, it's got to be a good portrait. You must bring out all her charm, because I'm in love with her, and I might get annoyed if I think you haven't done her justice.

But the President was charmed with Mr. Laszalo's sketch. He wrote in the artist's autograph book:

"With the hearty thanks and goodwill of Theodore Roosevelt, White House, March 22nd, 1908."

Mr. Laszalo was honored with several "commands" for portraits of the late King Edward, who, when he heard that the artist contemplated going to America to paint the President's portrait, said: "You will paint one of the most interesting men of the twentieth century," and gave him permission to take the portrait he had just finished across the Atlantic for the then President to see.

President Taft was first sketched under the most amusing conditions. He called on Mr. Roosevelt on some admiralty business, and, when this had been disposed of, Mr. Taft, as he then was, was asked by the President to excuse him as the artist had some very particular work to do. Accordingly, Mr. Taft retired to a table and busied himself with his dispatches.

"Now is your opportunity," whispered Mr. Roosevelt, "get him now, because his size makes him sensitive."

Mr. Laszalo's sketch was a brilliant piece of work, and, as he handed it to Mr. Roosevelt, he whispered:

"He will be the next President?"

"Sure!" answered Mr. Roosevelt.

"And then, when his term is over, you will return to office?"

Mr. Roosevelt gave one of his inscrutable smiles, but said nothing.

### "THE STUFF THAT COUNTS"

MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, a dramatization of whose story, "Helena's Path," was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in London recently, is by profession a barrister. All his life he has been more or less of a bookworm, however, and the story of how he became an author is an interesting one.

Many years ago he met a well-known editor who was struck with the way he discoursed about books that he asked him if he ever did any writing himself. Mr. Hawkins confessed that he did "something in that line," whereupon the editor desired to see some of his work.

Shortly afterwards, the young barrister produced his manuscripts.

"H'm," said the editor, after reading a few pages, "want to sell it?"

Mr. Hawkins modestly replied that he didn't mind if he did, and wondered if a pound a thousand words would be too much remuneration.

"I'll give you several pounds a thousand," replied the editor, "and will start publishing right away."

In a few days Mr. Hawkins received his first proof sheets signed "Anthony Hope."

"Shall I put my last name there?" he asked the editor.

"It doesn't matter—it's the stuff that counts," was the reply; and so was born the famous nom-de-plume that has become a household word to the English speaking world.

Mr. Hawkins is known everywhere for his genial nature, and he has a reputation for being particularly kind to struggling members of the literary craft.

But one day he came across a would-be author, who was more of a bore than a genius. He visited Mr. Hawkins, and, having unfolded his tale of woe, and been duly aided, said:

"I think, Mr. Hawkins, that Providence must have sent me to you."

"Well," replied the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" suavely, "let us hope that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."

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The world is made up of equal parts of people who have money and don't know how to enjoy it and people who haven't any and do.


## STILL ANOTHER POSTMASTER TELLS

### WHY HE PINS HIS FAITH TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

**Doctors Failed to Cure His Bright's Disease, but He Found Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy**

Clam Point, Shelburne Co., N.S.—(Special)—Joshua Nickerson, postmaster here, is among the many in this neighborhood who tell of pains relieved and disease banished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I am sixty-two years old," says the postmaster, "And I'll tell you why I think so highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Owing to a bad cold my Kidneys commenced to bother me, and the trouble developed into Backache, stiffness of the joints, and finally Bright's Disease.

"I was treated by a doctor, but that did not help me much, and it was six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills that brought me relief."

Everywhere you go in Canada people tell you of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and everyone who tells you can give the reason why. That reason simply is that there is no case of Kidney Disease Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure. These people have tried them and proved this true. Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes Lumbago, Heart Disease and Bright's Disease are some of the more serious troubles that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure, simply because these are all either Kidney diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys.


# The Great New Year White Dog: Sacrifice of the Onondagas

FAR back in old Ontario, there lives a tribe of Indians boasting the most aristocratic native blood in America. Of course, they are Pagans; no such conservative race as these Onondagas would even thing of embracing a "new" religion like Christianity within such a brief period of time, as the century and a half in which the missionaries have urged, and toiled, and pleaded with them to lend ears to the gospels. But unlike most tribes of redmen, the Onondagas will always give a spoken reason for adhering to their ancient faith; their foremost objection is that the day a Pagan joins some "Church," he is asked to contribute money thereto. Christianity costs coin, and the Onondaga dislikes this idea, not that he is less a spendthrift than his red brethren the continent over, but that his upbringing has been in a faith that costs nothing but a personal devotion. He will then tell you that another reason for his dislike for Christianity is the incessant begging and pleading for favors from the white man's God, with which His devotees are constantly harassing Him. The Pagan will say to the missionary: "You are always asking the Great Spirit for endless things. Let Him alone. He knows what is good to give you." The Onondaga is as good as his argument, but once a year, there is a Pagan rite whereat Divine favor is implored; that is at the Great Dance given after the Indian corn is planted in May. And because it is the national food, this Great Spirit is besought to bless it, to make it grow and produce strengthening food for the tribe, but no personal favors are asked, only national benefits. Every other dance in the year is of a thanksgiving nature, although oftentimes enough, the Indians have little to be thankful for. But the greatest of all these dances will be in progress as this article goes to press. It is the renowned "Sacrifice of the White Dog," one of the most imposing rituals it has been my experience to witness. That the people who participate in it are looked down upon and pitied by the Christians, is because these latter have never investigated the beauty of the Onondaga pagan faith or the innermost meaning of this most ancient dance.

It will seem strange to you as you read these lines that 60 miles west of Toronto, this mournful drum will be beating. The eerie turtle rattles will be giving time to the dancers' steps, that men with their red bodies stripped to the waist, will be dancing and chanting for three nights and three days, in this great sacrificial rite that has been their religious heritage through centuries.

Early in each New Year (the exact date depends upon certain phases of the moon) the Onondagas on the Grand River Reserve in the County of Brant, Ontario, begin preparations for the "sacrifice." The pagan holds that all human sacrifice is distasteful to the Great Spirit, but that He requires of man something that is near to his heart, that is from beneath his household roof, something that is of his everyday life. The dog to the Indian is all this, and as no impurity can enter the presence of the Great Spirit, that dog must be of spotless white, one single discolored hair would bar it from being acceptable for the rite. (I recall a year when no white dog could be secured and this sacrifice was omitted until the following year).

The honor of acting as something resembling the role of a high priest at the rite has been maintained in one family for centuries. The men of this family are also the official fire keepers of the Great Council of the Iroquois, and possess various other titles and positions that mark them as aristocrats through many generations. No hand but that of one of the "Buck" family is ever allowed to touch the white dog after it is brought to the "Long House," the tribal place of worship, back of which is a group of dense cedars. The animal is mercifully strangled, for no drop of blood must be shed. Blood is the Indian's sign of war, and "there is nothing but peace between the Great Spirit and His red children.

Priceless strings of wampum are then looped about the dog's neck, brilliant ribbons and beads are banded about his body, and he looks what he is—a production of pagan fancy. I once heard a white woman ask Chief Buck why they decorated the poor dead creature so gorgeously, and he replied in English: "Why do you paint your churches, and put red and blue glass windows in them?" She had no reply to give him.

Before the chief enters the Long House with his dead burden, he ties the forefeet together with the corner of a scarlet silk handkerchief, and with the opposite corner fastens together the hind feet, leaving a long loop of silk which he lifts to his shoulder. Then, with measured step and downbent head, he appears before the assembled tribe. Silence broods everywhere not a word is spoken, as he takes his stand at the end of the long log building. One by one, the men drop in behind him, and at a given signal, the music begins.

In the centre of the room and sitting astride a wooden bench, are the two rattle beaters, who for hours must sing the strange low-voiced chant of the ritual, and beat time with those turtle shell rattles, the melancholy sound of which no instrument ever made could imitate or produce.

Near the doorway, stands an old man with an Indian drum—for a full mile before one reaches the Long House you can hear that half wailing hollow "beat" that only can be extracted from a drum with dampened sheepskin stretched over one drum head only. At the first throb of this drum, the first beat of this rattler, a score of moccasined feet swish softly into the dance. As the men circle round the building, the women leave their seats, and join at the end of the line. Their dance step is quaint and almost silent, and even when the excitement grows great, when the warriors sing and give vent to high-throated whoops, the women maintain their noiseless step and their speechless demeanor. Some of them carry babies, huddled in a "broadcloth" looped over their shoulders, some hold tiny children by the hands, urging them to dance, and teaching them the steps. The little people are wonderfully apt and I have seen small toddlers dancing beautifully in imitation of their fathers and mothers. For three hours the dance goes on without ceasing; the wild music is augmented by the jingle of animals' teeth and claws; the tinkle of beaded fringes ornamenting the costumes of the worshippers, and yet, above it all, one can catch the soft, ewir-siver of moccasined feet and the perfect time aand rythm and swing of lithe and muscular bodies.

But at the end of the three hours, Chief Buck pauses, the limp body of the dead creature suspended from his shoulder, is pathetic in the extreme, but it, also, has a measure of crude holiness in its lifelessness, for one knows it is to be the bearer of a nation's gratitude and thankfulness to the Giver of all Good, whether that Giver be in the Heaven of the Christians or the Happy Hunting Grounds of the pagan.

Some 20 yards distant from the Long House is the small log-built sacrificial lodge. It is not regarded as a temple (although used solely for this purpose), and there is no ceremony observed upon entering it, save that the bearer of the "white sacrifice" walks first. On the ground in the centre of the lodge is a brisk wood fire, and directly above it, a large square aperture in the roof, through which the smoke ascends, leaving the air in the building comparatively clear. Above this fire, Chief Buck outstretches his arms, singing the while a mournful incantation that holds a hint of a burial service. At intervals the warriors join him, their voices blending harmoniously with his, and now and again the thin half-high tones of the women rise through the chant with unmistakable devotion. The chief then slips from his shoulder the silken brace that suspends the dog, and holding the dead creature on his upturned palms, high above the flames he chants the time-honored formula:

"This is the white sacrifice of something near to the hearts, near to the lives of the Indian people. This is to carry to the Great Spirit the thanks of His children for every gift he has bestowed upon them within the past year. As this dog is spotless, so our thanks must rise in spotlessness; as in this dog wears wampum (the Indian message of peace), so our message to the Great Spirit is one of peace; upon the smoke which arises from this sacrifice, still be lifted and carried aloft, all the good and the gratitude in our hearts, and as the smoke curls about the feet of the Great Spirit, who sits smoking His pipe of peace in the Happy Hunting Grounds, He will know that we, His Indian children, do this thing to show our thankfulness for the great peace that He has caused to dwell between us."

Then with three quick, wordless calls, the chief drops the white dog into the embers, and scatters above it an incense which his own palms have powdered, and which consists of certain leaves, roots, flowers and a touch of tobacco.

The devotees stand about in silent groups, watching with solemn eyes the ascending smoke. Each half-savage heart echoes the message it carries, each simple, faithful soul believes that the visible smoke will reach the Great Spirit—perhaps it does—no one knows.

When the white sacrifice is entirely consumed by the flames, the worshippers return to the Long House to resume the dance, and presently great iron kettles of steaming boiled mutton and beef are brought in; kettles of corn soup, kettles of beans and many loaves of "white" bread, as well as much of the "pounded" corn bread of Indian make. Then follows great feasting, for the religious rites once over, the tribe forget their mood of melancholy and for another two days they will dance, and feast, and make long speeches, and finally, when the great festival is ended, they will depart for their homes in an orderly and law-abiding manner.

There is no carousing, no drinking, no noisy hoodlumism, such as is frequently a regrettable feature amongst the Christianized tribes living at the very doors of the pagan portions of the reserve, and yet, although not 1 per cent. of the population of Toronto, or the nearer cities of Hamilton and Brantford, know of the white dog sacrifice; those who do, are scandalized that such "Paganism" should be permitted to exist in the very heart of Ontario. And still—if the citizens could attend one of these festivals, could know of the law-abiding lives, the consistent faith, and the simple devotion of the Onondagas, it would open their eyes to the beauty of an ancient belief that has wrought for its followers nothing but good.

The last time I attended the "white sacrifice," we had in our party a renowned "Indianologist," who, the year he died was president af the American Association of Science, and we were also accompanied by a very scholarly young priest from Quebec. As we entered the sacrificial lodge, and this invocation to the Great Spirit was interpreted to him, Father Francois removed h thsat and stood bareheaded through the half-hour it took for the burning of the dog. I was a young girl at the time, and afterwards I remarked to the priest on his action, and added:

"Father, I am so glad the pagan rite so impressed you."

"Pagan?" he answered, "are these devoted Indian children—pagans? I only wish that half my congregation were as close to real Christianity as these people who put up that prayer we heard an hour ago."

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

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It is one of the mysteries of life how two men can make a bargain, and both get the worst of it.

"Millions for defence," is an admirable motto for the lawyer who is retained at that end of the case.

Some men are like blotting pads in that they absorb the ideas of others without acquiring any of their own.

The cookbook may be an admirable thing in its way, but it is responsible for many an unhappy marriage.

Actions speak louder than words. A judgment is always worse than a mere dun.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but a soft snap is surer.

Blood will tell, but some people's blood is not very communicative.

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### NOTICE

Tenders will be received by the under signed up to the 22nd. day of April 1911, at 5 P. M. for the purchase of Block 27, Sub vision of Lot No. 541, Group one, New Westminster District, situated in the City of Vancouver, and being the site of the old Provincial Court House. Each tender must be enclosed in a registered letter and must be addressed to the undersigned, and plainly marked "Tenders for Old Vancouver Court House Site," and must be accompanied by an accepted cheque for ten per cent of the first payment of the purchase money. Payment for the property will be accepted in instalments of one-quarter of the purchase money. The first of such instalments to be paid within thirty days after the acceptance of the tender, and the other three, annually thereafter, with interest at six per cent per annum. In the event of the person whose tender is accepted failing to complete the the sale to him will be cancelled and his ten per cent deposit forfeited. The cheques of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned. The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. No commissions of any kind will be allowed.

WILLIAM R. ROSS,
Minister of Lands

Department of Lands
Victoria, B. C.
March 7th. 1911

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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 |
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| June | 2.00 | 10.00 |

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