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No. 96 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1912 Subscription price $1.50 per year

FIREMEN'S MASQUERADE BALL A VERY PLEASANT AFFAIR

Many Maskers make Merry amid a Scene of Cosmopolitan Splendor and Beauty.

SUM OF $75.00 DISBURSED IN PRIZES

Higland Laddies, Clowns, Jesters, Cowboys and Girls, Chinese and Japanese Ladies, Flower Girls, Cavaliers

One of the most pleasing and enjoyable affairs of the season was the Firemen's Masquerade on Monday evening. It was largely attended by spectators, and there were many masks. There were some splendid costumes, true to the life, and there were some absurdly ridiculous. Best dressed ladies waltzed with hoboes in the last stage of dilapidation. Highland laddies two-stepped with ladies of the Orient; Fower girls flitted here and there, and Night spread her mantle to hide the Spooney girl. The sophisticated country maiden made eyes, also displays, at the clowns, who tumbled and cracked their jokes right merrily. Cowboys and cowgirls chassed up and down, drawing and firing their bad guns upon the slightest provocation. Suffragettes were hunted around the hall by the phony Cop, who like all cops oftimes came to grief at the hands of the hoboes. Crinkly-curled Topsys flirted openly with Indian chiefs, and Turks, Spanish Cavaliers and Court Gentlemen passed under the sway of "Britannia" and "Our Lady of the Snows."

It was a pleasant, social, enjoyable evening.

Following are the costumes:—

Canada, Mrs. Ernest Haywood
China Ladly, Mrs. F. B. Cloutier.
Girl in blue, Miss Annie Hayman.
Best dressed lady, Mrs Grant.
New Coin, Mrs. Cook.
Sunflower, Gladys Cunliffe.
Players Navy Cut, Mable Coe.
Early Eggs, Mrs. J. Gibson.
Ireland, Ellen Reese.
Blue Label Catsup, Miss Ethel Cessford.
Cowgirl, Annabel McLellan.
Best dressed lady, Celia Aitken
Cowgirl, Hannah Cunliffe.
Nurse, Nellie Stant.
China lady, Mrs. McKay.
Nurse, Mrs. Cunliffe.
Spooney Girl, Agnes Alexander
Nurse, Kate Dallos.
Domino, Maggie Milligan.
Flower girl, Annie Reese.
Our Lady of the Snows, Marion Walker.
Best dressed lady, Mrs. Thorn.
Fireman, Mrs. T. McMillan.
Red Riding Hood, Hannah Williams.
Nurse, Mrs. Potter.
Players Navy Cut, May Palmer
Autumn. Mrs. Herd.
Cowgirl, Mrs. Bradley.
Topsy, Jean Miller.
Nurse, Euphemia Hayman.
Countess, Evelyn Williams.
Night, Mrs. Woodhus.
Mumm's Extra Dry, Mrs Murdock.
Basketball girls, Edna Millet, Mrs. McCuish, Courtenay.
School girl, Mrs. J. Gillespie.
Girl in Blue, Stella Genoni.
Britannia, Maggie Miller.
Waitress, Mrs. Clark.
Hobo, C. Stockand.
Hobo vielinist. J. Murdock.
Country maiden. A. G. Slaughter.
Hobo, F. Ritchie, Nanaimo.
Telephone lineman, Joe Willard
His assistant, Harold Wood.
Hobo, colored, Scotty Clark.
Hobo. John Potter, Courtenay.
Lumberjack, Al Piercy, Sandwick.
Grocer's clerk, A. Buaton, Courtenay.
Wild West Cowboy, Robert Somerville.
Clown, L. Palmer.
Hobo. W. Thompson.
Gentleman of Leisure, Steve Bassetti.
Sailor, Thos. R. Johnson.
Topsy, Robert Robertson.
Topsy, D. Hunden.
Bartender, Wm. Coe.
Highland dress, R. J. Good, Courtenay.
Hobo. T. Woodhus, Courtenay.
Bartender, J. Miner, Courtenay
White domino, R. McCush, Courtenay.
Court gentleman, J. Potter.
Clown, Bob Bailey.
Bartender, Matt Piercy, Sandwick.
Court Jester, Robert Gray.
Indian chief, Jack Ramsay.
Irish gentleman. R. Mellado.
Clerk, Leslie Palmer.
Spanish Cavalier, Ed Anderson
White domino, A. Walker. jr.
Ghost, Jack Davies, Courtenay
Dude, R. Thompson, Courtenay
Cumberland Band, Barnie McGuire.
Chef, Jas. Malone.
Hobo, S. A. Fraser.
Suffragettes, Adam Jack, J. Bannerman.
Cop, Fraser Watson.
Eagle Feather, W. Cessford.
London costume, W. L. Thorn.
Negro woman, John Cartwright.
Yachtman, C. H. Grant.
Mrs. Muscle, Alex. Rowan.
Mexican Scout, John McDonald
Gentleman Hobo, F. B. Cloutier.
Turk, Dan Bannerman.
Bartender, W. L. Ciardel.
Turk, T. H. Carey.
Sailor, wm. Kinnimont.
Farmers, wm. Hayman, Si Bryant.
Grand Duke cigar, Thos. Cessford.
Highland dress, wm. Shearer.
waiter, Dick Creech, Courtenay.

So high was the standard of the costumes, so keen the contest, that judges had great difficulty in arriving at decisions. Around and around the hall went the maskers, marching and countermarching in review before the judges, each doing his or her very best to present and sustain the character represented. In the main the decisions were met with applause, showing that the judges' choice was approved. The judges were:—Mesdames Jno R. Gray, W. A. Wallace, H. Winningham; and Messrs. A. Maxwell, Harry Williams, C. L. Curry and A. D. Golden.

Prizes were awarded as follows: Prize waltz, Miss Hannah Cunliffe and Wm. Shearer, $5.00 each

Best dressed lady. Mrs. Thorne. $10.00.

Best dressed gent, Joe Potter, court gentleman, $10.00.

Best national character, Mrs. F. cloutier, china lady. $5.00; R. J. Good, Highland costume, $5.00.

Best sustained character, Miss Maggie Miller, Britannia, value $4.00, A. McKinnon: Jack Ramsay, Indian chief, $5.00.

Comic lady, Mrs. Jno. Gibson, Early Eggs, value $5.00, T. E. Bate; Walter Woodhus, hobo, $2.50.

Best clown, Robert Gray, court jester, $2.50.

Topsy, Jean Miller, tea set and tray, K. Shibata.

Representing cumberland Fire Department, Mrs. T. W. McMillan, $5.00.

Representative group:—Adam Jack and John Bannerman, Suffragettes, in custody of cop, Fraser Watson, $7.50.

Best advertising costumes, May Palmer, Navy Plug cut: Thomas Cessford, Grand Duke cigar—special.

Tombola, John Clark, $5.00

Bob Grant, floor manager: Jno. Cameron, Thos. E. Banks. Harry Winningham, Andrew Thomson Fraser Watson are the committee having the dance in church.

CUMBERLAND WINS OVER NANAIMO

In a Good, Fast Foot-Ball by a Score of 2 to 1.

It seems the hoodoo followed the Nanaimo United up to Cumberland alright, alright, for they were beaten three to one and it looks as though they goi that one by grace of the wind and good luch. Still the game was fast and hard fought. For the Cumberlands Lunsden scored a penalty and Bouthman sent in a pretty shot.

After a series of postponements the Sidesteppers have carried off the Charity cup, much to the chagrin of the Heavykickers This puts the Sidesteppers on top round of Junior spotts and they are stepping high, having bested Happy Valley twice and the Heavykickers 3 out of 4. They are getting all swelled up and are beginning to boast of the base ball talent they have concealed on their various persons. Uh-huh! There's an old saw which murmurs something about pride going before a fall and—the diamond's a mighty slippery place!

Sunday the No. 7 schoolboys defeated the Cumberland boys at football, 2 to 1.

These are the days when the Lacrosse faddists are becoming fidgety. Some of them even take their sticks to dinner with them at the Star Cafe. This can mean but one thing: There's going to be some inspiring flukes, shortly.

In the finals of the billiard tournament at the Potter poolroom the player have been reduced to three, Bert Irish, Tom Robinson and Lumbsden, Irish leading in strong play.

CLEAR DOPE ON THE ELECTION

A Number of Cumberland People have it Figured Out.

This is the clear dope. All other prophets are false.

And it came to pass that Thursday, the 28th day of the month was election day. Just so; but the matter is already decided.

Go up to the conservative head quarters and to His Honor, Judge Abrams, His Worship, J. N. McLeod, Geo. Tarbell, Wes. Willard, T. E. Bate and that crowd of highbrows and patriots, who own a considerable portion of world's goods and who are for "the government as she is," and you'll find that the Hon. Mike is already elected, seated and telling Premier McBride what to do with the deposit money of Brother Lefeaux And you will find it was so from the beginning. You'll be told of an hundred reasons why; and you will find a requiem all ready and a little board bearing the legend, "Requiescat in pace." with the word Liberal in plain English You'll be taken by the hand and assured that if it wasn't for us conservatives the wild waves would be saying mighty sad things all around the Island.

If you were to start out to find the Liberal rooms in Cumberland you would need to take a lantern with you, not necessarily that of Diogenes, and then some, for there are none. Nevertheless John Bruce. Jimmy Stewart, Bob Ingram, P. P. Harrison and others who guide the destiny of the Liberal clans have a look of the eye that bodes no good to either the conservatives or the socialists If you look closely you will perceive a near chuckle lurking in the purlieus of the neck, which is as much as to say: "Who holds the balance of power in this fracas, anyway?" But Dad Wire is dubious and casts a longing eye toward the political flesh pots.

Now, if you wander down the street until you get next to the telephone exchange, you will discover the socialist committee rooms, all neatly fitted up, and you shall discover numerous gentlemen poring over the Vancouver Daily Sun, which, just now, is hot on the trail of Premier McBride. You'll find that these gentlemen are "a-gin" the conservative party; "agin" the liberal party: "a-gin" the government and have a profound conviction that the whole world needs fixing. You will be informed that if the conservatives had not disfranchised all the workers Lefeaux would win in a walk. He'll win anyway, of course.

Conservative Rally Tuesday night in the Cumberland Hall, B. S. Tait, Herbert Cuthbert, of Victoria, and others, will address the meeting. Meeting at Courtenay Monday night, same speakers.

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

FOR SALE,—Pekin duck eggs for hatching. $1.50 per dozen. Apply Mrs. J. A. Munro, Minto, B. C. Phone 9m2. 96-2

NEW $10,000 OPERA HOUSE FOR CITY OF CUMBERLAND

S. D. McLeod. of the Orpheum Management has Proposition in Hand.

SITE BETWEEN CAMPBELL'S AND MCLEOD'S

No Better Show Town on the Island than Cumberland, and Proposition Would be a Sure Winner from Day of Opening

The Spring of 1912 is bringing to Cumberland great activity in the building line and bids fair to be a banner year. Work will soon begin on a new $15,000 school building and a $5,000 hospital. The sewer system which is costing some $8,000, is nearing completion; without doubt a $6,000 Y.M.C.A. building will be erected. Some $3,000 or $4,000 is to be expended in an addition to Cumberland & Union Hospital. Plans are under way for a number of residence buildings. It is hoped some fifteen thousand dollars will be expended in laying cement sidewalks. And now comes the news that a new opera house is to be immediately erected.

The management of the Orpheum Theatre, Cumberland Hall, have met with such success as to clearly point to the possibilities of an opera house of sufficient size to accomodate the people. They have therefore decided to erect such a building, A joint stock company is being formed and plans and specifications are being drawn. The proposed building is to be 125 feet long by 33 feet in width. It will be two storeys in height. the upper floor being used for lodge rooms and dance hall. There will be a large and commodious stage, sufficient to accomodate the large theatrical companies. The management will join with the Vancouver circuit and bill the more prominent theatrical companies. The new opera house will be equipped with boxes, opera chairs, dress circle balcony and galleries, and will cost from ten to fifteen thousand dollars.

There is no doubt but that such opera house would be a profitable institution. There is no better show town on the Island. Our people have the money and liberally patronize all companies coming to town. And there have been some rot ten plays, too, much to the disappointment of the people; but with a modern stage and a building large enough to accomodate the people, these fourth class troupes will be driven from the field by the better class.

Experience in the cities and other towns have demonstrated that there is no better investment than in the modern opera house. Returns are quicker, and the rate of interest or profit on capital invested is higher, Usually a company of local people is formed, and the stock taken up by the business men and citizens. The company then issue bonds which are readily saleable, and in this way money is secured for the erection of the building, the capital stock being held in reserve for sinking fund purposes and the assurance of operating expenses.

A new opera house in Cumberland would sure be a winner. Mr. S. D McLeod, at the head of the Orpheum management, has the proposition in hand. The Islander suggests that the bonds be issued in small denomitations so that citizens of small means may share in this profitable investment.

The sale of work and entertainment in Cumberland Hall on Wednesday afternoon and evening was a great success. The supper proved up to and beyond the expectations of the many who pa took of that delightful repast. Regarded from a financial standpoint, the ladies of the Grace Methodist church are to be congratulated on the success they have attained, clearing somewhere in the neighborhood of $500.00.

The Esty pipe organ for the St. George Presbyterian church will reach Cumberland Thursday. It is hoped to have it installed in time for the Easter services The organ cost $1200 was supplied by Fletcher Bros., of Victoria and Nanaimo and is being installed by their agent Mr. D. A. A. Thomas.

Mr. J. J. Roberts, manager for B. C. of the equitable Life Assurance Society was in the city this week. He appointed Mr. E. W. Bickle district agent.

D. A. Thomas, piano tuner for Fletcher Brost., Victoria and Nanaimo is now in town for business.

BORN—To the wife of John G. Young, on Monday, March 18th, 1912, a son.

A change has been made in the B. C. Garage Arthur Denton entering into partnership with Mr. Emde.

NOTICE,

Tenders for the building of addition to the Union & Comox District Hospital, Cumberland, will be received up to April 1st, 1912. Lowest nor any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications can be seen at Mr. L. Mounce's office, saw mill.

F. J. DALBY, Secretary

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued)

Plans for the Future

At any rate this was my theory and it gave a fresh inspiration to my work. Whether anything came of it or not it was something to hope for, something to toil for, something which raised this digging to the plane of the pioneer who joyfully clears his fields of stumps and rocks. It swung me from the present into the future. It was a different future from that which had weighed me down when with the United Woollen. This was no waiting game. Neither your pioneer nor your true emigrant sits down and waits. Here was something which depended solely upon my own efforts for its success or failure. And I knew that it wasn't possible to fail so dismally but what the joy of the struggle would always be mine.

In the meanwhile I carried with me to my work a notebook and during the noon hour I set down *everything* which I thought might be of any possible use to me. I missed no opportunity of learning even the most trivial details. A great deal of the information was superficial and a great deal of it was incorrect, but down it went in the notebook to be revised later when I became better informed.

I watched my fellow workmen as much as possible and plied them with question. I wanted to know where the cement came from and in what proportion it was mixed with sand and gravel and stone for different work. I wanted to know where the sand and gravel and stone came from and how it was graded. Wherever it was possible I secured rough prices for different materials. I wanted to know where the lumber was bought and I wanted to know how the staging was built and why it was built. Understand that I did not flatter myself that I was fast becoming a mason, a carpenter, an engineer and a contractor all in one and all at once. I knew that the most of my information was vague and loose. Half the men who were doing the work didn't know why they were doing it and a lot of them *didn't know how they were doing it.* They worked by instinct and habit. Then, too, they were a clannish lot and a jealous lot. They resented my questioning, however delicately I might do it, and often refused to answer me. But in spite of this I found myself surprised later with the fund of really valuable knowledge I acquired.

In addition to this I acquired sources of information. I found out where to go for the real facts. I learned, for instance, who for this particular job was supplying for the contractor his cement and gravel and crushed stone—though, as it happened, this contractor himself either owned or controlled his own plant for the production of most of his material. However, I learned something when I learned that. For a man who had apparently been in business all his life, I was densely ignorant of even the fundamentals of business. This idea of running the business back to the sources of the raw material was a new idea to me. I had not thought of the contractor as owning his own quarries and gravel pits, obvious as the advantage was. I wanted to know where the tools were bought and how much they cost—from the engines and *hoisting cranes and carrying system* down to pick-axes, crowbars and shovels. I made a note of the fact that many of the smaller implements were not cared for properly and even tried to estimate how with proper attention the life of a pick-axe could be prolonged. I joyed particularly in every such opportunity as this, no matter how trivial it appeared later. It was just such details as these which gave reality to my dream.

I figured out how many cubic feet of earth per day per man was being handled here and how this varied under different bosses. I pried and listened and questioned and figured even when digging. I worked with my eyes and ears wide open. It was wonderful how quickly in this way the hours flew. A day now didn't seem more than four hours long. Many the time I've felt actually sorry when the signal to quit work was given at night and have hung around for half an hour while the engineer fixed his boiler for the night and the old man lighted his lanterns to string along the excavation. I don't know what they all thought of me, but I know some of them set me down for a *college man doing the work for experience.* This, to say the least, was flattering to my years.

As I say, a lot of this work was wasted energy in the sense that I acquired anything worth while, but none of it was wasted when I recall the joy of it. If I had actually been a college boy in the first flush of youthful enthusiasm I could not have gone at *my work more enthusiastically* or dreamed wilder or bigger dreams. Even after many of these bubbles were pricked and had vanished, the mood which made them did not vanish. I have never forgotten and never can forget the sheer delight of those months. I was eighteen again with a lot besides that I didn't have at eighteen.

My work along another line was more practical and more successful. What I learned about the men and the best way to handle them was genuine capital. In the first place I lost no opportunity to make myself as solid as possible with Dan Rafferty. This was not altogether from a purely selfish motive either. I liked the man. In a way I think he was the most lovable man I ever met, although that seems a lady-like term to apply to so rugged a fellow. But below his beef and brawn, below his aggressiveness, below his coarseness, below even a peculiar moral bluntness about a good many things, there was a strain of something fine about Dan Rafferty. I had a glimps of it when he preferred going back to the sewer gas rather than let a man like the old foreman force him into a position where the latter could fire him. But that was only one side of him. He had a heart as big as a woman's and one as keen to respond to sympathy. This in its turn inspired in others a feeling towards him that to save my life I can only describe as love—love in its big sense. He'd swear like a pirate at the Dagoes and they'd only grin back at him where'd they'd feel like knifing any other man. And when Dan learned that Anton had lost his boy he sent down to the house a wreath of flowers half as big as a cart wheel. There was scarcely a day when some old lady didn't manage to see Dan at the noon hour and draw him aside with a mumbled plea that always made him dig into his pockets. He caught me watching him one day, and said in explanation, "She's me grandmother."

After I'd seen at least a dozen different ones approach him I asked if *they were all his grandmothers.*

"Sure," he said. "Ivery ould woman in the ward is me grandmither."

Those same grandmothers stood him in good stead later in his life, for every single grandmother had some forty grandchildren and half of these had votes. But Dan wasn't looking that far ahead then. Two facts rather distinguished him at the start; he didn't either drink or smoke. He didn't have any opinions upon the subject, but he was one of the rare Irishmen born that way. Now and then you'll find one and as likely as not he'll prove one of the good fellows you'd expect to see in the other crowd. However, beyond exciting my interest and leading me to score him some fifty points in my estimate of him as a good workman, I was indifferent to this side of his character. The thing that impressed me most was a quality of leadership he seemed to possess. There was nothing masterful about it. You didn't look to see him lead in any especially good or great cause, but you could see readily enough that whatever cause he chose, it would be possible for him to gather about him a large personal following. I was attracted to this side of him in considering him as having about all the good raw material for a great boss. Put twenty men on a rope with Dan at the head of them and just let him say, "Now, biys—altogither," and you'd see every man's neck grow taut with the strain. I know because I've been one of the twenty and felt as though I wanted to drag every muscle out of my body. And when it was over I'd ask myself why in the devil I pulled that way. When I told myself that it was because I was pulling with Dan Rafferty I said all I knew about it.

It seemed to me that any man who secured Dan as a boss would already have the backbone of his gang. I didn't ever expect to use him in this way, but I wanted the man for a friend and I wanted to learn the secret of his power if I could. But I may as well confess right now that I never fully fathomed that.

In the meanwhile I had not neglected the other men. At every opportunity I talked with them. At the beginning I made it a point to learn their names and addresses, which I jotted down in my book. I learned something from them of the padrone system and the unfair contracts into which they were trapped. I learned their likes and dislikes, their ambitions, and as much as possible about their families. It all came hard at first, but little by little as I worked with them I found them trusting me more with their confidences.

In this way, then, the first summer passed. Both Ruth and the boy in *the meanwhile were just as busy about* their respective tasks as I was. The latter took to the gymnasium work like a duck to water and in his enthusiasm for this tackled his lessons with renewed interest. He put on five pounds of weight, and what with the daily ocean swim which we both enjoyed, his cheeks took on color and he became as brown as an Indian. If he had passed the summer at the White Mountains he could not have looked any hardier. He made many friends at the Y.M.C.A. They were all ambitious boys and they woke him up wonderfully. I was careful to follow him closely in this new life and made it a point to see the boys myself and to make him tell me at the end of each day just what he had been about. Dick was a boy I could trust to tell me very detail. He was absolutely truthful and he wasn't afraid to open hi heart to me with whatever new questions might be bothering him. As far as possible I tried to point out to him what to me seemed the good points in his new friends and to warn him against any little weaknesses among them which from time to time I might detect. Ruth did the rest. A father, *however much a comrade he may be* with his boy, can go only so far. There is always plenty left which belongs to the mother—if she is such a mother as Ruth.

As for Ruth herself, I watched her anxiously in fear lest the new life might wear her down, but honestly as far as the house was concerned she didn't seem to have as much to bother her as she had before. She was slowly getting the buying and the cooking down to a science. Many a week now our food bill went as low as a little over three dollars. We bought in larger quantities and this always effected a saving. We bought a barrel of flour and half a barrel of sugar for one thing. Then as the new potatoes came into the market we bought half a barrel of these and half a barrel of apples. She did wonders with those apples, and they added a big variety to our menus. Another saving was effected by buying suet, which cost but a few cents a pound, trying this out and mixing it with the lard for shortening. As the weather became cooler we had baked beans twice a week instead of once. These made for us four and sometimes five or six meals. We figured out that we could bake a quart pot of beans, using half a pound of pork to a pot, for less than twenty cents. This gave the three of us two meals with some left over for lunch, making the cost per man about three cents. And they made a hearty meal, too. That was a trick she learned in the country, where baked beans are a staple article of diet. I liked them cold for my lunch.

As for clothes, neither Ruth nor myself needed much more than we had. I bought nothing but one pair of heavy boots which Ruth picked up at a bankrupt sale for two dollars. On herself she didn't spend a cent. She brought down here with her a winter and a summer street suit, several house dresses and three or four petticoats and a goodly supply of under things. She knew how to care for them and they lasted her. I brought down, in addition to my business suit, a Sunday *suit of blue serge and a dress suit and* a Prince Albert. I sold the last two to a second hand dealer for eleven dollars and this helped towards the boy's outfit in the fall. She bought for him a pair of three dollar shoes for a dollar and a half at this same "Sold Out" sale, a dollar's worth of stockings and about a dollar's worth of underclothes. He had a winter overcoat and hat, though I could have picked up these in either a pawnshop or second-hand store for a couple of dollars. It was wonderful what you could get at these places, especially if anyone had the knack which Ruth had of making over things.

CHAPTER X.

The Emigrant Spirit

That fall the boy passed his entrance examinations and entered the finest school in the state—the city high school. If he had been worth a million he couldn't have had better advantages. I was told that the graduates of this school entered college with a higher average than the graduates of most of the big preparatory schools. Certainly they had just as good instruction, and if anything better discipline. There was more competition here and a real competition. Many of the pupils were foreign born and a much larger per cent. of them children of foreign born. Their parents had been over here long enough to realize what an advantage an education was and the children went at their work with the feeling that their future depended upon their application here.

The boy's associates might have been more carefully selected at some fashionable school, but I was already beginning to realize that selected associates aren't always select associates and that even if they are this is more of a disadvantage than an advantage.

(To be continued)

THE FIRST OIL PAINTINGS

The curator of the Museum at Ghent has resolved one of the chief difficulties in the history of painting, namely, the attribution of the invention of painting in oils to Van Eyck in 1428. It has been known that the method of painting in oils was used by a monk named Theophilus in the twelfth century, and that statues, standards, banners, and manuscript miniatures were decorated by means of it both in Germany and Flanders previously to the work of Van Eyck. Yet a strong tradition has always associated Van Eyck with its primary discovery.

From a German writer of the sixteenth century, Carl Van Maude, who retained connections with successors of the Van Eyck school, the curator of the Ghent Museum, has, however, extracted the following paragraph:

"Van Eyck covered his paintings, executed in distemper, with a coating of his own composition, into which a particular kind of oil entered as an element. This procedure had great success, owing to the brilliance which it imparted to the works. Many Italian painters *had sought this secret* in vain, having failed in their efforts owing to ignorance of the proper process."

According to this authority, therefore, Van Eyck invented a process which had effects equivalent to those of painting in oils—namely, that of brilliant surface and that of resistance to damp and even to washing, but this process was a process of oil coating.

This interpretation of Van Eyck's secret corresponds with the known fact that Alfonso, King of Sicily, only sent Antonello of Messina to Bruges for the purpose of penetrating Van Eyck's secret after he had discovered that a painting by Van Eyck which he possessed was impervious to water. Again, Louis Dalman, a painter of Valentia, who studied under Van Eyck and assimilated his technic painted in distemper.

BISMARCK'S BOSWELL

Next to Boswell, Busch is perhaps the most faithful, watchful, and devoted biographer that ever a great man had. Indeed, the personality of Busch is almost as interesting as that of Boswell—who was a far more clever fellow than his contemporaries thought, and who was in some respects as great a man of letters as the genius whom he immortalized. Busch figures sometimes in as tender and sometimes in as grotesque relations with his chief as Boswell with Johnson. Usually he is "Little Busch"—a German term of endearment—and the great man pets him; and the great man's wife, like the good housekeeper she was and the kindly soul, sees that he gets a good room and has at dinner the special soup she has heard him say he likes. On other occasions he excites the great man's wrath, and Bismarck thunders at him with Olympian fury. And yet even in these moments, when he has given Bismarck good cause for anger by his indiscretions—for Busch had the supreme gift of the true biographer in being absolutely and incurably indiscreet—you can see that the anger of the terrible man is short-lived; that, after all, he loves Busch and is grateful to him; and moreover, you get the welcome feeling that his character, so grim, often so cynical, sometimes so terrible, is very human after all; and he has no sooner given a blow to one who loves him than he is eager to soothe and to caress him.

There was nothing of the flunkey in the attitude of Busch. For him there *was only one man, only one hero, in* this Titanic struggle; all the rest he despised, or even hated. Indeed, he loved Bismarck so much that he hated most of the people who were brought into close contact with him; all but one, and this one he loved because he knew that he was like himself in the utterness of his devotion to the Chief—as Bismarck was called. Busch speaks quite freely about even the highest royalties. He reduces the Emperor to his proper proportions as merely a super in the great drama in which Bismarck played the star role; Frederick, the next Emperor, he dismisses as an "incubus," whose death is a relief to him; the dismissal of Bismarck by the present Emperor he describes as "base." And as for the Crown Princes and King and Grand Dukes, Busch *dismisses them all as frivolous* creatures who wasted the time and tried the nerves of the great Master. Busch does not stop there; he is the chief agent in that warfare against women which Bismarck waged for so many years. He assails the Empress Augusta over and over again; he assails with even greater vehemence her who became the Empress Frederick; and no man contributed so much to create the atmosphere of unpopularity and misunderstanding in which that poor woman lived as Busch, with his eternal harpings against "die Englanderinn"—the Englishwoman—an epithet that did not help her to the scaffold as "L'Autitrichienne" helped poor Marie Antoinette, but which did make a Calvary of much of her unhappy life. I shall have to return to this important part of the life of Bismarck, and, weighing the question in the impartiality of the great Court of Literature, attempt to hold the balance evenly between the conflicting parties.

CIDER EIGHTY YEARS OLD

A drink of cider eighty years old is a novelty, and when it comes out of *a keg fished out of the bottom of* Lake St. Clair it comes savored of mystery.

It was back in the very early thirties either 1830 or 1831, according to the tradition handed down by the oldest inhabitants, that the steamer Red Jacket met with disaster—went down in something like forty feet of water. The boat was a total loss and very little of her cargo of general merchandise was ever recovered. She lay there in the sand and gradually went to pieces, and as the years went by the sands covered what remained. The boat and the story of her loss became only a memory.

Early last fall Captain Miller, of Detroit, in cruising about in search of sand dropped anchor in the old north channel opposite Algonac and began scooping up great quantities of the lake bottom. From time to time he picked up pieces of an old wreck. Now it was a section of smokestack, now a part of an engine, and Thursday night the clam shell let go of an object that rolled down the sand pile to the deck, and which on inspection proved to be a five-gallon keg. Somebody started to throw it overboard, but finding it heavy and tightly sealed set it aside for further investigation. The investigation was hastened when the clam shell hit the keg and broke out a stave. The sailors smelled it, then tasted, and finding it well flavored, with a sailor's disregard of consequences, began drinking. Captain Miller came on the scene in time to save about a gallon and a half of the cider.

One would expect cider that old to be as hard as nails, with a song and dance in every glass, but it was not. The best champagne never had a finer flavor, and age had mellowed it until it was as smooth as oil. On the end of the keg was branded the words "Genuine New York State Apple Juice," and the flavor proved the statement. It would have passed inspection under the pure food and drug act.

The explanation of the cider's sweetness is found in the fact that it was practically in cold storage for all these years. It was dug out from ten feet below the bottom of the lake at a place where the water is forty feet deep. At that depth it was always kept cool, and the sand over the keg kept it from going to pieces. The keg was of oak, iron-bound, made to stand hard usage and to hold against severe pressure. Still it showed its age, and probably would not have held out for another eighty years.

THE SENSITIVENESS OF SIZE

"Big as he was," said the old circus man, "the great giant was like all the rest of us in his feelings and he was like us in his ways as far as he could be, but his great size put him to many inconveniences that other people don't have to suffer.

"For one thing, it was difficult for him to get in and out of buildings. You see? Houses, stores, churches, cars, boats and all that sort of thing are built for men of ordinary stature, and many places plenty big enough for the run of men the giant had to stoop, bend over, sometimes crawl to get into.

"Why, even in cities of considerable size the only doorways he could walk into freely were the scenery doors of the theatres; and that winter when we took him on the road, a show by himself, we had to skip many of the smaller towns because the stage in the theatre or the public hall wasn't high *enough to let him stand up straight* on it without having his head out of sight in the flies. So you see, his size, source of great pride and profit as it was to him and us, really put him into a lot of inconvenience, and he was likely any time to be confronted with this difficulty in some unexpected way.

"In our winter quarters, the giant's house had rooms that were carried up clear through two stories, and in the side of this house we cut a doorway high enough so that the giant could walk in and out without bending. There and on the grounds around he had plenty of room to walk and move about standing upright like other men, but it was different in the town nearby.

"He liked to go there, he liked to be around among folks and the folks there liked to see him. He couldn't walk in many of the residence parts *because of the overhanging boughs of* the trees—this was a very shady place, but he didn't mind that, he preferred the lively business centre, and there's where he used to go.

"He couldn't walk on the sidewalks on account of the awnings, he had to walk along in the street by the curb, and he used to find great pleasure in coming in and walking around like that, until one day when he happened to be caught there in a sudden, very heavy shower.

"When this shower broke everybody ran for cover. People rushed into stores and into doorways and into houses, and under awnings, wherever they could get out of the rain, and of course the giant's natural impulse was to do the same. But he couldn't jump in anywhere the way they could, he was too big, and he happened to be just where there wasn't any place that he could get into even half comfortably. Finally he made for the nearest doorway and crawled, fairly crawled into that and on into a hall.

"Now, you know, this is too serious a matter to make fun of, and we never made fun of the giant; but really the people, friendly as they were, had to laugh over the giant this time. You see, this hallway was narrow; it was just wide enough to let him in and he couldn't begin to stand up in it, even bent double, and of course he couldn't turn around in it, and when the shower was over all he could do was to back out, and with his head inside he didn't know as soon as other folks did when the shower was over, *and so everybody else was out again* before the giant, and the whole town saw the giant backing out of that hallway and they had to laugh over that. Friendly as they were, they couldn't help it.

"And that disturbed the giant greatly. He had a level head and he could see a joke, but nobody likes to be laughed at, and for some time he didn't go to town again at all.

"Why didn't he carry an umbrella? Well, he had one all right. The one that, when he carried it rolled up and held up straight above his head, looked like a church spire. But when he opened that umbrella it was as big as a dome; he could carry it in ample open spaces, not in the streets.

"Then the old man had an idea; he was always thinking up wise things. He reminded the giant of So-and-so's, that was a hardware store on Main street, where they had an awning that came out from over the second story windows, an awning that was almost high enough for the giant to stand up straight under. And the old man suggested to the giant that if he got caught in a shower again he make for that high awning, and the giant actu*ally did that once—got in under that* awning with a lot of other people standing around under it at the same time and looking up at him admiringly; and this experience sort of smoothed out and wiped out the recollection of that other experience of the doorway.

"But still he couldn't always be near that awning when a shower came up, could he? Certainly *not.* And he didn't know what place he might have to get into. And the upshot of it all was that after that winter, when the show was back there in winter quarters, the giant never took any chances. He never gave himself the pleasure of walking down into town except in settled fair weather."

GOOD AIR ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH

Food, water, and air are three great essentials to bodily welfare. No one would think of eating putrid food. No one would deliberately drink defiled water. Whenever the water becomes polluted and a typhoid epidemic results, there is a great outcry, and immense sums of money are spent to insure future purity of the water supply. Knowingly no one partakes of bad food or bad water. We should look with disgust upon those who did. But foul air, as filthy and as harmful as either bad water or bad food, is breathed unconcernedly day after day by the majority of people.

Bad air affects our digestion harmfully, gives us headaches, poisons our bodies by slow degrees, and makes our *children dull or altogether ruins them.* But we cannot see the foul stuff we are putting into our systems, and so we go on unconcernedly breathing in filth. Our houses are stuffy with vitiated air and the smell of cooking; our factories are filled with dust or lint or metal filings and horrible odors; our cars reek with foul air; our churches are cesspools of atmospheric filth; and the very air smells to heaven with its load of smoke, soot, stirred-up street sweepings, factory odors, and poisonous gases. The air to the right of us, the air to the left of us, the air in front of us, is filthy and putrid. Yet we immerse ourselves in it and wonder why we feel bad. Four months of the year, when it is too hot that we cannot help it, we let in fresh air, and feel fine. The eight other months we soak ourselves in dermal sewage, and die. Health statistics show that the death rate in winter is ten to forty per cent. higher than in summer. So we dread winter, and call it the "season of illness." It ought to be the season of vigor. For cold air is a tonic. But we counteract its tonic effects by overdressing, over-heating our houses, and living in vitiated air. And the measure *of our success is eloquently told by* that heightened winter death rate.

When one inquires into the part played by air in our physical scheme of life, it immediately becomes apparent why bad air is so harmful. We eat three times a day, and drink perhaps a dozen times a day. But we breathe 18 times a minute or 1,080 times an hour. The purpose of this extensive breathing is to burn up waste matter in the system. Our bodies are physical furnaces, and our physical fire will not burn without air any more than our cellar fires will consume coal without oxygen. In short, no air, no fire.

Air serves a double purpose: It helps to change food into tissue, thus becoming bone of our bones and flesh of our flesh. And it keeps our bodies free from foul and impure gases, thus saving us from being self-poisoned. But air does either perfectly only so long as it is fresh and pure. Let the air become bad and our food does not digest properly, while our bodies clog up with poisons. Any admixture of foreign gases may react directly on the blood. And the blood, as the Bible truly tells us, is the life. Poison that and our minds grow feeble and our bodies weak. As a light grows dim and flickers out for want of oil, so our lives dwindle and grow dim if we continuously breathe bad air.

SOMETHING ABOUT GLASS

The art of making glass originated a very long time ago. It is often said that a party of Phoenician merchants, while cooking their food on the sands near the seashore, noticed that the ashes of the plant with which they made their fire caused some of the sand to melt and form a vitreous substance. But it is a proven fact that more than 4,000 years ago glass bottles containing red wine were represented on monuments of the fourth dynasty of Egypt. There is apparently no record of glass being used for glazing purposes in ancient times. It was introduced into this country somewhere about 675 A. D. by the Venerable Bede, who employed it in the adornment of church windows. In 1549, however, certain Venetian glassmakers arrived in London, and it is from that date that the collector of old glass usually makes his start.

We generally find the base of an old glass to be larger than that of a modern specimen; it is also rough where the piece of metal has been broken off the pontil. Wine and similar glasses slope from the centre of the foot to the edge. The slope is sometimes very slight, but is always perceptible. The folded foot is not often found in specimens of a later date than the eighteenth century. Small chips and hair-lines will be found under the foot of an old glass which has been in constant use; also, *if the bowl be carefully examined,* it will be found to be slightly fritted with miniature air bubbles and spots. Some modern forgeries have a peculiar tinge of green. This is never seen in old glasses. In other forgeries the rim of the bowl has a harsh, sharp edge, whilst the margin, instead of being soft and more or less rounded, presents a flattened appearance. The texture of modern glass often has a cold steely hue, devoid of that mellowness characterizing the eighteenth century spirals, which up till now have never been equalled. Most modern glass looks white when placed by the side of an old specimen, the latter generally having a yellowish tinge, and in some cases a touch of sapphire blue appears, due to an admixture of lead in the manufacture. Venetian glass is noted for its wonderful lightness. Its combined lightness and strength is mainly attributable to the fact that the Ventian craftsmen allowed no lead to enter into the composition of their glass.

WHY NOT JOIN?

We are about to form the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association. Will you join? There are no dues, the only requirement being a little firmness and self-control on your part.

The idea is this:

Have you ever been called up over the telephone by some man, who, in order to save his own time, orders his stenographer, or private secretary to get you on the wire first? Then, when you are on the wire, and waiting, he saunters leisurely up and tells you what he wants.

Suppose, for example, that your name is Smith. This is what happens:

The bell rings. You answer.

"Hello?"

A young woman's voice then says:

"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes. Who——"

"Wait a moment, please. Mr. Jones wishes to speak to you."

You wait. In a moment, Jones—when he has finished what he has been doing, having been informed that you—Smith—are waiting for him, comes to the telephone.

Now, in order to become a member of the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association, all you have to do is to agree that hereafter, whenever anybody calls you up over the telephone and delegates someone else to get you first, is, immediately upon ascertaining that fact, to hang up the receiver and let him do it all over again.

This is what you should do:

The bell rings. You answer. A woman's voice.

"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Wait a moment. Mr. Jones——"

At this point you hang up the receiver and proceed with the regular order of business. In a few moments the bell rings again. Same voice.

"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Wait, please, a——"

Once more you hang up the receiver and, whistling at your wrok, proceed as before. In a few moments more the bell rings again. This time it is a man's voice.

"Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"This is Jones."

"I have been trying to get you for some time."

"Yes, Jones, I know it, but you see I am a member of the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association, and our rule is that when anyone rings us up he shall be at the 'phone before we are, on the principle of mutual courtesy, and because he hasn't really any right to take up our time."

Please pass this along.

Are You Dyspeptic?

THEN WAKE UP TO THE FACT TODAY THAT YOUR TROUBLE IS CURABLE

Thinness, tiredness, poor color, loss of appetite and despondency indicate Dyspepsia and Stomach Disorders.

You don't require a harsh, griping medicine. Best results come from Dr.

Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which contain soothing, stimulating vegetable ingredients that so strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles as to enable them to again act as nature intended. When this is accomplished all trace of stomach misery and dyspepsia disappears. You will find Dr. Hamilton's Pills a scientific cure for all forms of stomach distress, headache, biliousness, bad color, liver complaint and constipation. Not half-way measures—but lasting cure for these conditions follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

HEAVES

Heaves, so common among ranch horses, is almost wholly due to feeding too large quantities of hay. Colic and other forms of indigestion are often due to feeding large amounts of bulky food. Aside from physical injury to the horse, the feeding of excessive amounts of hay is a waste that should be conserved. A horse weighing 1,000 pounds will do more and keep in better health on fifteen pounds of alfalfa a day than on twenty pounds. In fact, fifteen pounds is sufficient bulky food for a horse of that size. A horse weighing 1,600 to 1,800 pounds does not need more than twenty pounds a day with some grain. Feed the 1,000 pounds horse ten pounds of good hay at night and five pounds in the morning, and he will perform more labor with greater ease than if hay is kept before him all the time.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

HAVE YOU A PAINFUL CORN?

What any corn needs is the soothing influence of Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor, which in twenty-four hours lifts out every root, branch and stem of corns and warts, no matter of how long standing. No pain, no scar, no sore—just clean, wholesome cure—that's the way Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor acts. Get a 25c. bottle.

Well, Well!

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 16. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

WAS A CONFIRMED DYSPEPTIC

Now Finds it a Pleasure to Enjoy Meals

Here is a case which seemed as bad and as hopeless as yours can possibly be. This is the experience of Mr. H. J. Brown, 384 Bathurst St., Toronto, in his own words:

"Gentlemen—I have much pleasure in mentioning to you the benefits received from your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and can cheerfully recommend them. I simply had confirmed dyspepsia with all its wretched symptoms, and tried about all the advertised cures with no success. You have in Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets the best curative agent I could find. It is now such a pleasure to enjoy meals with their consequent nourishment that I want to mention this for the benefit of others."

The fact that a lot of prescriptions or so-called "cures" have failed to help you is no sign that you have got to go on suffering. Try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and see how quickly this sterling remedy will give you relief and start your stomach working properly. If it doesn't help you, you get your money back. 50c a box at your druggist's. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 141

Do You Know Your Vibrations, If Not, Read This, and Learn

A sage has said that the "fullness of life is measured by the number of vibrations one gives and receives." We have heard a great deal of late about personal vibrations, and the subject seems to be in the air. We never knew that we had such things until a little while ago, and now it seems, according to the scientists, that that is all we are—just vibrations; and the reason that Mary Jane is different from Ellen Louise is simply because her vibrations are different.

We are a success or a failure according to our vibrations and the way we use them; for we are learning that we can make changes in our own personal vibrations just as we may modify our health by a matter of diet.

Now it seems that there are a lot of good people in the world to-day just wallowing around in a slough of trouble and sorrow just because they don't know they possess such a thing as vibrations, so that they might manipulate them and change their situation into a sort of paradise.

This vibration business, however, was known to the ancient Greeks, who made life about as they liked for a while—or until they lost the combination.

Now, it seems that when we become acquainted with our own vibrations we must do certain things to fulfil the purpose of our life here, and that purpose, it seems, is indicated by our vibrations. By following them, and not going contrary to their intent, we can have just about what we want here on this little old earth. We can acquire the Kingdom of Heaven in fact, and that, according to Scripture, is within us.

Scientists tell us that everything exists because of vibration, and that the solid granite ledge, the steel bar, and marble monument are pulsating with quivering rhythmic motion incessantly, for they would no longer exist if vibration ceased.

Furthermore, human beings are highly vibratory, and as we vibrate so is our disposition, our temperament, our good looks, etc.

But we don't vibrate any old way; there are set rules and a fine lot of regulations for each of us, and for our peculiar vibrations. We may learn just what these rules and regulations are, and in just what key our own personal quiverings are pitched, and what they mean.

As I have said, this sort of thing is an old, old science. Pythagoras was a pastmaster at propounding it, and five hundred years before Christ was born was teaching men how to know a little of themselves.

Pythagoras connected the vibrations with the science of numbers, and worked it all out so beautifully that we today have been able to add little to his plans.

Now, according to the mystic philosophers, these vibrations mean everything to a person, and by holding the key to his own vibrations he can save himself a lot of sorrow, for he learns to know what nature intended in giving him just that particular kind of vibrations. If he lives so that he does not keep them jangling out of tune all the time, but in harmony, he can bring joy and success to himself and to those about him.

It is very easy to learn just what one's vibrations are if one is shown the key. They are founded on the birth numbers and on the name numbers; and, according to Pythagoras, the heavens and earth vibrate to single numbers or digits of numbers, 1 to 9 being digits, and vibrations are found in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, and 22.

This is the way one goes to work to find one's vibrations. First the alphabet is arranged as follows, under a row of digits:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	

If your name is Mary Jane Smith, for example, this is the way you get the digit of your vibration:

M—4	J—1	S—1
A—1	A—1	M—4
R—9	N—5	I—9
Y—7	E—5	T—2
		H—8
21	12	24
2	1	2
1	2	4
3	3	6

Three is the digit of Mary and of Jane, and 6 is the digit of Smith. These three numbers must be added and reduced to get the final digit, thus:

3
3
6
—
12
1
2
—
3

Thus, the name digit of Mary Jane Smith is 3. Later I will tell you what it means to vibrate to 3. But first we will proceed to get Mary Jane's birth digit.

Suppose she is born September 18, 1870.

September is the ninth month.

The digit of the eighteenth day is 9, 1 and 8 added together, and the digit of the year, 1 plus 8 plus 7 plus 0, equals 16, equals 7.

The digit of the whole date, then, is:

9 — ninth month
9 — digit of day of month
7 — digit of year
—
25
2
5
—
7

Thus the birth vibration of Mary Jane is 7.

And her individual key-note is B, for the musical keys are arranged thus:

c	d	e	f	g	a	b
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9					

Mary Jane Smith, or anyone else whose name digit is 3, is emotional and impressionable, according to the scientists, and is given to expression; but care should be taken what is expressed, as unless a 3d vibration lives up to his ideals, he is apt to be swayed by the people of his environment. People like Mary Jane, who vibrate to 3 either in name or birth digit, are apt to turn to music, literature, and the arts, as the intent of their vibration is expression; and those in 3 who do not give expression in some creative way are apt to be unhappy and restless; and when giving full expression to the highest ideals, a 3 is very happy and contented, radiating love and sweetness and making many friends.

Mary Jane's birth vibration of 7 means that things come rather easily to her in life. Those who are in this vibration do things in a finished manner and very quickly; they are what is called capable.

They are dainty and nice about their persons; dress well and in excellent taste on all occasions, even when roughing it. They are usually refined and elegant, if living up to the intent of their vibrations. People of this vibration are usually keenly musical, and have within themselves the element of harmony and of music.

A 7 is not very successful in partnership with anyone. He can do things best by himself, unhampered by the assistance of others. He is usually alert and frequently nervous.

Now, let us go back to the vibration of 1 and explain all of the digits so that anyone finding his vibration digit according to the directions given can learn what such vibrations mean, and what is expected of him.

Numbers 1, 2 and 3 are higher vibrations than 4, 5, 6, 7, which are vibrations in which a person has to struggle more or less with himself, and the so-called free vibrations which are the highest and best of all are 8, 9, 11, and 22. People bearing these are not found in such places, the reason is that they have not led a life harmonious with their vibrations. The consequent chaos has made them fall below their natural heritage of place.

If one is in the vibration of 1 by birth or name, unity is the chief thing. One must hold oneself well together and be steadfast. A 1 should not be resentful, even if injustice is done him.

Many who are born in this vibration are mystics, as will be proven by some of the most famous ones of history, such as Maeterlinck, Emerson, Socrates, Browning, and others. Those in the 1 vibration seem to have a cosmic understanding of life, a mystical, natural knowledge.

When a person in this vibration does not follow this line of thought he becomes the most miserable of mortals. When the thoughts and feelings are turned toward mystic philosophical things and perfect unity is maintained, the person passes into the free vibration of 11 later in life.

If one does not live in perfect unity he is subject to disaster of some sort, financial or social, every seven years.

One of the least interesting vibrations is 2. That does not mean that people in this vibration are not interesting personally. People are often very changeable who are in 2, for they are either very spiritual or very animal, or waver from one to the other.

If the physical life is followed too closely and one eats, drinks and is too merry, much of the time, a 2 becomes a physical wreck, much more quickly than the average person. People in this vibration are either very strong or very weak; they go to extremes, and are never in a medium state.

When they are ill they are very, very ill. They are very sensitive to smells.

Three has already been explained. Those in the 4th vibration have to be very energetic. They cannot depend upon others to help them along through life. They must face things alone.

They must never be in debt, never ask favors, and should always pay more than they receive if they hope to get the full benefit of life. This is really a wonderful vibration, as many who are born in it become great and famous.

Patriots and statesmen and great philantrophists are in 4. They are physical and mental giants usually. They should be great students.

They should never cease to study and to be their best should take the highest college and university courses, and all through life should continue studying. Such people usually understand and enjoy music.

Those in the 5th vibration are tremendously strenuous. They are the most active and healthy people in the world. Their energy knows no bounds if they are living up to the intent of their vibrations. They have clear memories, good intellect, and are bold and daring.

Events follow each other quickly in their lives, they are frequently great travellers, and get more out of life than any other people. They do not generally care very much for money, and it comes and goes with them; they are usually more interested with life itself.

Their minds are alert and vitally interested in everything. They are always looking for something to instruct and entertain them. They have a taste for about everything in the world and are apt to have a smattering of knowledge of every kind.

They are usually very fascinating and charming people. They generally like people and rarely hate deeply. They should not live alone. They are intended for companionship, and solitude is very bad for a 5. They are mildly religious, have respect for customs and conventions to a certain degree, and are wholesome, likable people.

Theodore Roosevelt is a 5 in both name and birth and he lives up to the last letter of his vibrations usually. Whenever he does not disaster threatens.

Those in the 6th vibration make good parents generally. They are not generally among the hard-working people like the 4th vibration people, or even the 5, who are so strenuous. They are intended for positions of lighter work. Hard work depresses these people.

Such people should be carefully dressed, be very neat and dainty, and study color effects. Sloppiness is usually foreign to a 6. The people of this vibration usually love children.

Care should be taken to keep cheerful, for depression with a 6 is deeper and more disastrous than with those of other vibrations. Life will be a failure unless a cheerful spirit is kept. Scolding upsets a 6 terribly, either given or received.

Seven has already been described.

We now begin on the so-called free numbers—8, 9, 11, and 22. These are the strongest numbers and are usually signs of great character and intense individuality. Great souls are found among the people bearing these numbers.

They are usually the people whom weaker souls turn to in time of need. But when the people of these vibrations do not lead the sort of lives that their vibrations intend, they are the most pitiful creatures, and are wretchedly unhappy, misunderstood and full of suffering.

An 8 is often the head of some great banking institution maintained for the benefit of the poor. Great organizers of charitable societies are often in 8. They give their services freely, and without return.

They work for the good of the race. Many times one finds that great physicians and ministers and charity lawyers are in 8. They usually seek with great conscientiousness and care to provide for their family's welfare. They give largely and without any expectation of gratitude.

A person in the 9th vibration is usually a person of mental force, but high as a 9 is he is frequently surrounded with many temptations, and when he falls, he falls further than anyone else. Many a person born to the strength and power of 9 has become a debauchee; when, however, a 9 lives up to the perfect intent of his vibrations he becomes a fine specimen of humanity.

It is the intent of 9 to deal largely with humanity. Such people come very near to realizing the sense of a universal brotherhood of man. They feel a great kindness toward their fellow man. A 9 who is a judge is always the most just and humane of his profession.

Such people are usually magnetic and are beloved. As physicians they are a great success and very dearly beloved. If clergmen, they are apt to be very broad and sweeping in their views and rather unorthodox. They are good at expression of any sort, and make good artists, musicians, and writers.

They have a natural understanding of occult things. Every form of excess must be avoided by a 9, as he or she cannot indulge as those in lower vibrations can. The penalty is much greater and much more swift and sure.

Eleven is one of the greatest of all numbers. Some of the greatest souls of earth are among the people of this vibration. But it is not always an easy life that an 11 lives. He must watch himself, for there are many pitfalls for the great ones. But when an 11 lives up to his vibrations in perfect harmony, he creates a life full of beauty in every hour of its duration.

Such people are a vast help to others; they are, indeed, intended as God's messengers to help humanity in every way. They sometimes fail to understand themselves, and if they permit themselves to feel injustice or injury they will become miserable beyond words.

THE EGG—A MODERN MYSTERY

In the good old days on the farm, an egg was an egg. There never was any question about it. It remained an egg until consumed, shipped to the market or given a course of treatment that evolved from it a chicken.

The modern egg is a mystery. It travels under as many aliases as a successful sneak thief. It has attained the added dignity of caste. Even India has not more different classes of people than there are varieties of eggs.

Recently one of the industrious press agents who write market news for The Times, mentioned no less than five different kinds of eggs, each of which had a separate price.

Those that brought the best prices were "fresh ranch eggs." However, the names and prices ranged downward as follows: "Best Eastern eggs," "guaranteed eggs," "good eggs," and "good cooking eggs."

It will be perceived there are two classes not mentioned in this remarkable list—plain eggs, without any title of one sort or another, and bad eggs.

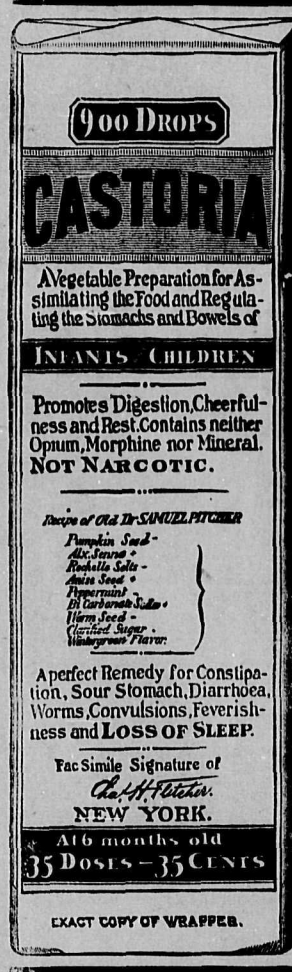
Possibly they do not class in the latter because they fear someone might try to buy a gross of produce dealers for the price quoted in the advertisement.

What is an egg? Anyone who can tell after reading this voluminous list, would score heavily—as a successor to the late lamented Lloyd of puzzle fame.

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

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Some day, a merchant of the old school is going to start in selling eggs—plain, unadorned eggs and either win recognition as a captain of industry or go to the poorhouse.

CONSERVATIVE CHINESE

Chinese farmers are very conservative; they are using the old methods of farming handed down to them by their forefathers, and have made hardly any improvement within the last 3,000 years. The Chinese Government it not at all active in encouraging the adoption of modern machinery. The small farmers cannot afford to buy machinery, and the rich landlords are not particular about introducing reforms. China is, however, awakening, and in recent years there has been more talk than ever before about introducing reforms, but so far little practical action has been taken. In the whole empire there are only two agricultural colleges, while there is said to be no special agricultural paper, although a few papers have devoted a few pages to agricultural topics now and then.

CURED ACHES AND PAINS LIKE MAGIC

WHEN HE USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR RHEUMATISM

Saskatchewan Man Tells of Quick Relief After Three Years of Suffering.

Holbeck, Sask.—(Special)—Among the many on the prairies who are shouting the praises of Doan's Kidney Pills none speak with more enthusiasm than Mr. Matt. Syverson, a well-known resident of this place.

"I suffered from rheumatism for three years," Mr. Syverson says; "and I was also troubled with an acute pain around my heart. My case was a severe one and several times I doubted if recovery was possible. But seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely.

"I can truly and honestly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for cases like mine. They surely cleared out all my aches and pains as if by magic."

Rheumatist is caused by uric acid in the blood. When the kidneys are right they strain all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right. That's why they never fail to cure rheumatism and kindred diseases.

WHEN ABOUT TO PROPOSE:

Don't mention the weather.

Don't select a chair on the other side of the room.

If you hold her hand, don't keep swinging it up and down while talking to her as if you were hammering something.

Don't mutter to yourself.

Don't begin by saying that you have something on your mind.

Don't be impulsive and try to force her head on your shoulder before the psychological moment.

Don't address the window pane.

Don't pace the floor.

Don't clasp your hands together. Same with your lips.

Don't talk between your teeth.

Don't take one of her hands in both of yours.

Don't keep your eyes fixed persistently on the end of her nose while you are talking.

Don't refer even remotely to the cost of living. It is bad taste to imply that love in any sense is bound by natural laws.

Don't pull the braid off the best sofa pillow.

Don't sit for a long time without saying anything.

Don't pant.

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

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise water damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables, by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after selling of his grain, than he does thi sseason.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired, on receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped. We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1c. per bushel.

We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in makng settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us to write to us for shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our standing in the Winnipeg Grain Trade, and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada, and any of its branches, also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreets and R. G. Dun & Co.

THOMPSON SONS & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C.,

Islander Printing & Publishing Company.

W. R. Dunn & Company, Proprietors.

W. R. Dunn, Manager.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1912.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance

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

What the Editor has to say.

Thursday, March 28, is election day. In this, the last issue of The Islander before that date, it seems meet that something should be said of the issues to be decided by the votes of the people on that day and of the men who are to be voted for.

It is not an unimportant election. All elections are important. This election is of particular importance to us here in Comox district. It is not merely a decision as to whether the Conservatives, the Liberals or the Socialists shall carry the day. It is far more than that. It is absolutely a business proposition. Comox district is large; it is sparsely settled; it contains great natural resources, unlimited natural wealth. We need the assistance of the provincial government in the developing of these resources; we need new roads; new docks; new railroads. We who have settled and built our homes here, who have invested our capital here, have done so through business motives, a desire to better ourselves financially. It is of much importance to us that new roads be built, transportation and access to every part of our district made easy, in that settlers and capital may be attracted. Thus may the district progress, the value of our property and holdings advance. We are a business community, meeting on the 28th day of March to vote for and choose a business representative. We should therefore choose that man who knows this district thoroughly, who knows our needs and who has the ability to get us what is coming to us in the way of aid from the provincial government. This is not a time for dreams, for half-baked, untried theories of government. It is time for practical business action.

The Hon. M. Manson has proven his ability. He has gotten for Cumberland a $15,000 school house; a $5,000 isolation hospital; some $7,000 or $8,000 for our sewer system. Messrs. McLeod, Abrams, Carey and Bate, our delegates, cheerfully give to Mr. Manson the credit for these results, He has procured $130,000.00 for new roads. He has aided in fisheries, schools and other matters, always securing relief.

Is not this an honorable record? Does not it speak loudly for Mr. Manson's ability? Does not it give assurance of what we may expect of him in the future? We have no feeling against his opponent, Mr. Lefeaux, but the plain facts are: He does not live in the district; he knows nothing of the district or its needs. He has had no parliamentary experience so far as we are able to learn. He lives in Vancouver. The facts are againts Mr. Lefeaux.

As plain, common sense business people, and for plain common sense business reasons, it is a duty the people of Comox district owe themselves to return Mr. Manson on the 28th day of March.

In Marysville, California, a jury of women is to try a man for striking a woman. It is easy to see where that feilow gets his.

During the past week over 10,000 immigrants landed in Canada from the old country and headed west. Now is the time for Cumberland to throw out the life line.

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

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

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

FARMERS' BUSINESS

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

BANKING BY MAIL

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

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

BUY A 'SINGER,'

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

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

W. R. Dunn, Local Representative

10 Acre Blocks

On Little River Road Five minutes walk from school, postoffice and store. Ten minutes' walk from beach. All have a Good Frontage on a good government road. Land is Good, surface Level, and not stony. Price $40 per acre, Very easy term.

The Island Realty Co.

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

CUMBERLAND LIVERY STABLES

KIRKBRIDE & POTTER

PROPRIETORS

All Kinds of Hauling Done

First Class Rigs For Hire.

Orders Promptly Attended to

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

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

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops
Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture
Bottled Beer Supplied to the Trade Only.

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

Fawcett's STOVES AND RANGES

Are the Best, and Fully Guaranteed.

A full line of Furniture, Housefurnishings, Linoleums, Wallpapers alway son hand.

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

H. H. M. Beadnell

Real Estate Agents

Offices: Comox & Courtenay.

FOR SALE

CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND AND LOTS

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

H. H. M. Beadnell

W. Colpitts

"Leading Tobacco King."

Better known as "LONG WILLIE"

Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.

Billiard Room in connection

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

The Club Cafe

Courtenay, B. C., Next Door to Opera House
CAMERON & McKENZIE, Props.

White Cooking

and White Help Only, Everything First Class

The right place for a good Square and DAINTY LUNCH.

38

H. M. Haggerstone

Painter and Decorator

Satisfaction Guaranteed

All Work Done under Personal Supervision

Orders may be left at John Jack' store,

Dunsmuir Avenue Cumberland

FIRE!! FIRE!!

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

TOTAL ASSETS, $26.788.93

WESLEY WILLARD, Local Agent

Have Your

Cleaning Pressing and repairing done at

NICK'S PLACE

Plain Sewing.
Fancy Dressmaking

N. HIRANO

Fashionable Tailor

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

Phone 52 CUMBEBLAND

Candies, Fruits, Tobaccos and Cigars at

BANNERMAN'S

Candies of all descriptions—THE VERY BEST.

FRUITS of all kinds—Best quality grown.

TOBACCOS of all strengths.

CIGARS—The best variety of the choicest flavors.

G. H. ASTON

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

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .

Dunsmuir Ave : : : Cumberland

AN INTERESTING LETTER

GENTLEMEN:

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS, PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

LAND ACT.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

BEN ROBERTS.
Dated January 30th, 1912.
Eric R Brobeck, agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward:—Take notice that John George Hardy of Courtenay, B, C., occupation auctioneer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N bank of Cranberry lake and at the SE corner of Timber Limit 30612 thence W 40 chains; thence S 40 chains; thence E 20 chains: thence NE 10 chains to point of commencement and containing 110 acres more or less.

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

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that George William Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permisston to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S.W. corner of Timber Limit 42068, thence west 80 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east 60 thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 340 acres more or less.

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Saywaad.

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward

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

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

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

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

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

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.

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

REGINALD CARWITHEN
Dated January 13th, 1912

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Margaret Bluhm Carwithen of Sandwick, B. C., occupation singie woman. intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the most southerly end of Cranberry lake, thenc E 80 chains; thence S 80 chains; thence W 40 chains; thence along the boundary of Lot 36, Sayward District, in a general north and west direction, to a point due south of the point of commencement, thence due north to the point of commencement and containing 500 acres more or less.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. J. Theobald

Practical Painter

Decorator, Paperhanger and Kalsomining.

All Work Promptly ... Attended to ...

Residence, Penrith Avenue
Cumberland,

D A. THOMAS

UP-TO-DATE PIANO TUNER
Representing The Geo. A. Fletcher Co., Nanaimo, B.C.
Orders left at T. E. Bate's Store promptly attended to.

E. W. BICKLE

Notary Public, Conveyancer. Etc.
District agent The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada.
Fire Insurance. Accounts collected
FOR SALE—House, 5 rooms, price $650
FOR SALE—House, 7 rooms, Price, $1,000.00. Terms cash.
New house, including two full-sized lots, price $1200.
House in centre of city, price $1250 cash
Apply, E. W. BICKLE.

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

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

I LOVE MY TAMALES,
But Oh, you Meat Pie! At the Cumberland Cafe. The best in town. The place where Home made bread is sold
RICHARDS & JACK

Palace Livery and Feed Stable

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

E. T. WHELAN, Proprietor
COURTENAY, B.C.
nov. 18

The Star **Livery Stable**

Third St & Penrith Avenue
A. MAXWELL
Proprietor

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

Subscribe For The Islander

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

New Material and Better Equipment

Means that all work can be turned out much more satisfactorily to the purchaser of good printing, both as regards punctuality and appearance. We mean that we are prepared to do all kinds of job printing such as Billheads, Letterheads, Statements, Envelopes, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Visiting cards etc., and all kinds of Blank and Ruled forms, etc, and have it ready when promised, and guarantee a good job in appearance and finish,

THE ISLANDER PUBLISHING CO'Y.

RHEUMATISM

13 Months' Suffering

"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 $20.00 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,
"Thomas Goss."

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

FOR DRIVERS TO REMEMBER

Provide your horse with a large, warm blanket for such times as he is standing still and exposed to the cold.

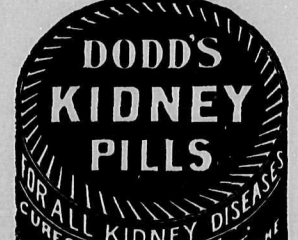
Don't neglect the shoeing. It is vital on a slippery pavement.

Don't ever use the whip simply because you have it. It is a very poor *driver who makes a blow the starting* signal.

Give the horse an occasional full day's rest. It will add to his value and capacity for work.

Always be kind to your horse. It pays.

If you are a good driver, your horse will show it.



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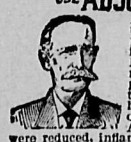
USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT



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FOUR BOXES CURED HIM

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"I suffered from Kidney Trouble for several years, and tried numerous remedies and doctors' prescriptions without permanent relief, my case being chronic. After seeing about Gin Pills, and as it is a well known fact that Juniper without alcohol is excellent for the Kidneys, I decided to try Gin Pills. One single pill gave me great relief. I have now taken almost four boxes of Gin Pills and find myself completely cured. No more bad humor—increase in weight—clear eyes—fresh color—more strength and vigor. This is what Gin Pills have done for me.

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Gin Pills will do the same for you—if you have any trouble with your Kidneys or Bladder—or if you suffer with Pain in the Back or Rheumatism. Try them before you buy them. Write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. R.P., Toronto, for free sample. Then get the regular size boxes at your dealer's—50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. 91

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

That Reminds Me

The teacher asked the class to give a compound sentence, and one girl offered the following:

"The girl milked the cow and strained it."

* * *

The passengers in the Pullman were commenting on the winding river.

"Porter," inquired a lady, "is that the Missouri River?"

"Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, a portion of it," he replied.

* * *

"I beg pardon," said the reporter, "but are you Mr. Spuddle, the Potato King?"

"Yes, but I don't like that term," replied Murphy Magnate, testily. "Oil kings and cattle kings and the like are so common. Call me the potatentate."

* * *

Donald, aged five, and his three-year-old sister Henrietta were allowed very little candy. One day the former, on receiving a single chocolate bonbon, devoured it greedily. Later Henrietta was given one, and as she put it in her mouth Donald lisped, excitedly, "Now remember, Henrietta, if you thwallow it you can't get it up again."

* * *

Two little sisters had been quarreling just at bedtime. As the older one said her prayers she ended with, "Please, God, make little sister a good girl." The younger one was indignant, and, kneeling down hurriedly, said, "God, don't listen to her." Then turning to her sister she said, "You pray for yourself; I pray for me."

* * *

Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darky with his arm around his daughter Mandy's waist.

"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Mandy, haughtily. "He's a puffect stranger to me."

* * *

Little Bryda had been naughty and was going to be punished. She asked leave to go to her room for a few minutes first, and this was granted. *Her father followed, curious to know* what she was going to do, and found her kneeling beside her bed looking earnestly up at the ceiling.

"Please, God," she said, "I've been told you are good to little children. Well, now's your chance."

The punishment was not inflicted.

* * *

Tommy had partaken so freely of every course of grandmother's Thanksgiving dinner that at the close of the meal he more resembled a stuffed anaconda than a little boy. Sometime after dinner his mother found him asleep on the couch. She wakened him, and for the first time in his short life Tommy welcomed bedtime.

"Put I to bed," he requested, wearily, "but don't bend I."

* * *

A farmer of the old school was inveighing against cream-separators.

"I tell you they ain't no good," he said.

"But," replied his more progressive neighbor, "they do save cream. You can make more butter. Anyone can tell you that."

The farmer was not convinced.

"If I wanted to get more cream," he said, "I'd rather get another cow."

* * *

The school-teacher had punished Tommy so often for talking during school and the punishments being apparently without effect, that as a last resort she decided to notify Tommy's father of his son's fault.

So, following the deportment mark on his next report were these words, "Tommy talks a great deal."

In due time the report was returned with his father's signature, and under it was written, "You ought to hear his mother."

* * *

Down in Georgia a negro, who had his life insured for several hundred dollars, died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning outfit.

Showing her purchases to her friend, she was very particular in going into prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked:

"Them sho is fine clocs, but, befo' Heaven, what is you goin' to do wid all dis black underwear."

The bereaved one sighed:

"Chile, when I mourns I mourns."

* * *

A party of Manila army women were returning in an auto from a suburban excursion when the driver unfortunately collided with another vehicle. While a policeman was taking down the names of those concerned, an "English-speaking" Filipino law-student politely asked one of the ladies how the accident had happened.

"I am sure I don't know," she replied; "I was asleep when it occurred."

Proud of his knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, the youth replied:

"Ah, madam, then you will be able to prove a lullaby."

* * *

A little Central American republic was busily preparing for war, as a neighboring republic was daily threatening an invasion of her territory; and all available peons were being picked up and "recruited" in order that they might learn to fight and die, if need be, for their beloved country. A batch of twenty had just arrived on the scene and their leader handed a note to the general in command of the government troops, which read as follows:

"Illustrious General:

"The bearer of this note will have the honor to turn over to you twenty volunteers. Please return the ropes."

* * *

The man who sometimes spoke his thoughts aloud had been more concerned with the things of the world than with things spiritual. One day by chance his hand fell upon a book containing the catechism of a certain Protestant church, and he was soon earnestly engaged in reading the Ten Commandments. For some time he pondered over the "Thou shalts" and "Thou shalt nots," which had been forgotten almost since childhood. Then, laying down the book with a sigh, he muttered, *"Well, I've never killed anybody, anyway."*

* * *

A stranger in Boston was once interested to discover, when dining with friends, that the dessert he would have classed as cream layer-cake at home, was known in Boston as Washington pie. *The next time he lunched* at a restaurant he ordered the same thing; but the waiter put before him a rather heavy-looking square of cake covered with chocolate. A puzzled expression came over his face as he said reprovingly: "I ordered Washington pie, waiter."

"That is Washington pie, sir."

"Well," expostulated the disappointed man, "I did not mean Booker T. I want George."

* * *

A large crowd was gathered waiting for trolley-cars. A fat man was the recipient of several vicious jabs as an elderly woman, red in the face, very much flustered and fussy, kept digging her elbows into the convenient ribs of those about her.

Finally a particularly vicious jab caused him to wince, and he moved to one side as far as possible. She followed him and thumped him on the back. He turned, and she said:

"Say, *does* it make any difference which of these cars I take to go to Swan Point Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," he answered as he slipped through an opening in the crowd.

* * *

At an artists' club in London they tell the following, touching an eminent portrait-painter of American birth:

During the days when this portraitist was just beginning to "find himself," one of his patrons was a social leader, who, as her portrait progressed, professed to be quite satisfied with the outlook. She had but one criticism to offer, "The mouth is a trifle too large," said she. "Please make it small and curved. Of course, I am quite aware that in reality it is a straight, long mouth; but in this portrait I should like, if you see no objection, to have it very tiny."

"Not the least objection, madam, so far as I am concerned," said the painter, with no trace of sarcasm in his tone. "I'll leave it out altogether if you wish."

* * *

There is a big-hearted man editing a paper in Iowa who ever tries to say something eulogistic about every citizen of his town both during the subject's life and at his death. On one occasion he was much perplexed to know what to say in the case of a man, a resident of the town for many years and an excellent citizen. For the life of him the editor could think of nothing that his friend had done to entitle him to distinction. The following was the only fact that the writer could produce from the recesses of his memory as a climax for the eulogy that appeared in the paper:

"Mr. Jones was once prominently mentioned for the nomination as alternate delegate for the annual conclave of the Order of the Sons of America."

* * *

Bill Jones was a resident of Baltimore, who, notwithstanding an impediment in his speech, prospered in his business as a broker. He moved to New York City and prospered even more. A friend from Baltimore called on him one day, and, after some familiar conversation, remarked:

"I say, Bill, it seems to me that you stutter worse here in New York than you did in Baltimore."

"V-v-ery l-l-likely; it's a b-b-bigger city."

"But I say, Bill, you have made a lot of money here and I want your advice. I have sold almost everything I had in Baltimore and I have the cash in my pocket. I want you to tell me how to invest my money to the best advantage. I have even mortgaged my house and have the money here. What would you advise me to buy for a good, safe investment?"

"B-b-buy the m-m-mortgage," replied Bill.

* * *

A recent remark by the ten-year-old son of a Cleveland engineer would indicate that the youngster had been more or less conscious of the "shop talk" wherein his father naturally indulges from time to time at home.

A pug-dog belonging to neighbors who were away for the summer was intrusted to the care of this boy. The pug was so old and fat that he experienced great difficulty in breathing, a circumstance that caused him to snore when he slept.

Now the first night the dog spent in his new quarters he snored so frightfully that practically the whole family was kept awake all night long. The engineer and his wife were much perplexed for they had agreed that their boy should care for the dog until the return of its owners. They felt, however, that they must sleep; and so after breakfast a council of war was held, during which the cause of the disturbance lay contentedly on a rug with his flat nose between his paws.

Finally the ten-year-old ventured an observation.

"I know why that dog snores," he said.

"Well, why?" asked the father.

"*His nose is so short* that there's no draught."

Headaches Over the Eyes Mean Frontal Catarrh

APT TO GET INTO EARS, CAUSING DEAFNESS, OR TO REACH THE LUNGS AND END IN CONSUMPTION.

You Can Cure Catarrh in Any Stage by Breathing the Healing Balsamic Fumes of Catarrhozone, and Here is Proof.

Mr. Uric Berault, a young gentleman who has lived for years in Sweetsburg, Que., inherited catarrh from his mother. The disease spread through his system till he was a physical wreck.

"As a child," said Mr. Berault, "I was prone to an ulceration of the mucous lining of the throat and nasal passages.

"I grew pale and emaciated, lost all desire for food, and got into such a dreadful condition that my friends said that catarrh was fairly eating me up.

"Every organ of my body seemed affected, and the doctor said it was the first stage of consumption. He advised Catarrhozone and I inhaled it ten minutes at a time every few hours, and was rewarded in a few days by a wonderful improvement.

"Catarrhozone pleased me and the doctor so well that I used it continually, and took Ferrozone Tablets after each meal to build up my strength. In about three weeks I was quite recovered, and the doctor says no remedy *but Catarrhozone could work such a* miracle.

"Everyone in town knows I was just about dead with catarrh, and my cure is an evidence of what Catarrhozone can do. It is a pleasure to recommend Catarrhozone."

Two months' treatment, large size, price $1, and guaranteed. Small size, 50c., all reliable dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont. Beware of dangerous substitutes and imitations for "Catarrhozone."

The Oil for the Athlete.—In rubbing down, the athlete can find nothing finer than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It renders the muscles and sinews pliable, takes the soreness out of them and strengthens them for strains that may be put upon them. It stands pre-eminent for this purpose, and athletes who for years have been using it can testify to its value as a lubricant.

With the Horses

SOME FAMOUS HORSES

Abakur (Celtic)—One of the horses of Sunna. The word means the "hot one." (Scandinavian mythology).

Abaster (Greek)—One of the horses of Pluto. The word means "away from the stars" or "deprived of the light of day."

Abatos (Greek)—One of the horses of Pluto. The word means "inaccessible," and refers to the infernal realm.

Abraxas (Greek)—One of the horses of Aurora. The letters of this word in Greek make up 365, the number of days in the year.

Actaeon (Greek, "effulgence")—One of the horses of the Sun.

Aethe—Agamemnon's mare, given to him by his vassal, Echepalus of Sicylon.

Aethon (Greek, "fiery red")—One of the horses of the Sun.

Aeton—One of the horses of Pluto. Greek, "swift as an eagle."

Agnes (or Black Agnes)—A palfrey of Mary Queen of Scots.

Alborak—Also called Borak, the mythical milk-white mare said to have carried Mahomet from earth into the seventh heaven. She had the "wings of an eagle and a human face, with a horse's cheeks. Every pace she took was equal to the farthest range of human sight." In Arabic the word means literally, "the lightning."

Alcides—The horse that devoured. Diomed, Tyrant of Thrace (not Diomede, son of Tydeus), who taught him to devour strangers that visited the kingdom.

Alfana—The clever mare mentioned in Aristo's* "Orlando Furioso" as belonging to Gradasso, King of Sericana, "the bravest of the Pagan Knights." She played an important part in the war against Charlemagne. The word means "a mare."

Aligero Clavileno—A winged horse with a wooden pin in its forehead which Don Quixote rode on the occasion of his rescue of Dolorida and her companions.

Alsvidur—One of the horses of Sunna. The word means "all scorching." (Scandinavian mythology).

Altobello—A Barb ridden by Henry VIII.

Amethea (Greek)—One of the horses of the Sun. *The word means "no loiterer."*

Aquiline—Raymond's steed in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Bred on the banks of the Tagus and had a Roman nose. The word means "like an eagle."

Arion—A mythical horse that saved Adrastos at the siege of Thebes. Was given to Adrastos by Hercules. Created by Neptune, who caused it to rise from the earth, using his trident as a magic wand. The name is Greek for "martial," i.e. "war horse." Its right feet were those of a human creature, it spoke with a human voice and ran with incredible swiftness.

Arundel—"Swifter than the swiftest swallow," belonged to Bevis of Southampton, in Drayton's "Polyobion."

Arvakur—One of the horses of Sunna. The word means "splendid." (Scandinavian mythology.)

Aslo—One of the horses of Sunna. (Scandinavian mythology).

Babieca—The Cid's horse.

Bajardo—A bright bay, ridden by Rinaldo. Formerly belonged to Amadis of Gaul. Discovered by Malagigi, the wizard, in a cave guarded by a dragon which the wizard slew. Like the wandering Jew Bajardo was thought to possess eternal life.

Balios—A wonderful mythical horse owned by Archilles, which Neptune had first given to Peleus. Was sired by the West Wind, its dam the harpy "Swift Foot" (Podarge).

Bayard—A mythical steed of the four sons of Aymon that used so conveniently to grow larger when more than one of the sons wanted to mount it at the same time. The name is said to signify the color of bright bay and the legend still obtains that a hoof mark of this mythical horse remains to this day in the forest of Soignes, while another of its hoof marks may be seen on a rock near Dinant. Also the horse of Fitz James, mentioned by Scott, in "The Lady of the Lake."

Bevis—The horse of Lord Marmion. The word is Norse, and means "swift." (Sir W. Scott).

Black Bess—The famous mare ridden by the highwayman Dick Turpin, which, tradition says, carried him from London to York.

Black Saladin—The Earl of Warwick's coal black charger, sired by Malech, famous in the wars of the Roses. Both man and horse were killed *in the great conflict* at Barnet.

Bonzomatte (2 syl.)—The horse of Sir Launcelot Greaves. The word means "a mettlesome sorrel."

Breigadore (or Brigliadore)—Belonging to Sir Guyon, in "The Faerie Queene."

Brigliadoro—"The horse of the golden bridle," ridden by Orlando or Ronald.

Bronte (2 syl.)—One of the horses of the Sun. The word means "thunder."

Bucephalos—The renowned steed of Alexander the Great. One of the most famous horses of history. From Aristotle down, most of the famous Greek writers enthuse over him. He was tall, well shaped and coal black, had good shoulders, small ears and a white star in the middle of his forehead, a mark characteristic of certain Libyan breeds of old. Bucephalos was purchased for the youthful Alexander by his father, King Philip, for a fabulous sum, sometimes estimated as high as $17,500 in *our money, the latter figure probably* exaggerated. Alexander, then a boy of twelve, conquered Bucephalos, after all others had failed, in the presence of his august father and court. Plutarch gives a lengthy account of the incident. Bucephalos, like other horses of old, could crouch for his master to mount. Bucephalos was killed in action at thirty years of age and his owner built a city (Bucephalos) to his memory.

THE DESTROYING ARAB

Capricious, changeable, unstable, the prey of random impulses, the slave of his own whims, the Arab least of all men is capable of persevering permanently in any undertaking which requires methodical co-operation, and demands, as a first requisite, the ordering of society on a stable and permanent basis. The mess the Arabs have made of North Africa, the gradual passing of the continent under the ever-extending dominion of the sand, is due first and before all to the incorrigible volatility and restlessness which seem ingrained in the very temperament of these children of the shifting sand, and which render it physically impossible for them to perservere beyond a certain time in any accustomed round of tasks and duties. They were not made for agricultural routine, or the fixed laws of settled communities. These things weary them, and by and by the paraphernalia of civilization crumbles under their touch. Their cities become *nests of depredators or strongholds of* pirates; their aqueducts and irrigation works dissolve in ruin; their fields and groves wither and languish. Babylonia and Syria have the same tale to tell as North Africa. Wherever the Arab settles anarchy creeps in. He feeds, like ivy, on decay, and today of the many Asiatic and African states that were prosperous before his coming, not one but since that visitation has fallen to cureless ruin.

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

REWARD.

WHEREAS five years ago the word Zam-Buk was unknown in Canada, and Zam-Buk is to-day admitted to be the finest cure for skin injuries and diseases;

AND WHEREAS it has been represented to us that there are still some good Canadians, and even some mothers and heads of families who have not yet tried this great balm, we hereby offer a REWARD of one free trial box of Zam-Buk to every person who has not yet tried this wonderful balm;

PROVIDED they send by mail to us this proclamation together with one-cent stamp to pay return postage of such box;

AND FURTHER PROVIDED that they address such application to our offices at Toronto.

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ZAM-BUK.

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Angelina Spinello, organist of St. Michael's Catholic Church, New Haven, Connecticut, is said to be the youngest organist in the world. She is ten years of age, and a wonderful future is predicted for her.

After 10 Years of Asthma Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy proved the only relief for one grateful user, and this is but one cure among many. Little wonder that it has now become the one recognized remedy on the market. It has earned its fame by its never failing effectiveness. It is earning it to-day, as it has done for years. It is the greatest asthma specific within the reach of suffering humanity.

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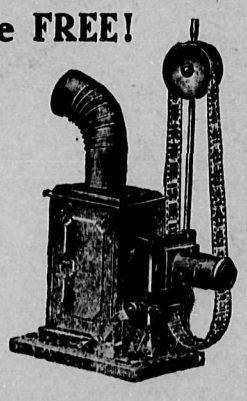

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We have agents all over Canada who are now enjoying this dandy machine and other premiums they have received from us. It costs you nothing to have cards sent to you and a few hours after you have received them you will have earned your choice of a long list of premiums we are giving to our agents. Write us to-day and cards will be sent by return mail, post paid, also catalogue with pictures and description of premiums.

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NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

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WALL PLASTER

Plaster Board takes the place of Lath, and is fireproof.

The "Empire" brands of Woodfiber and Hardwall Plaster for good construction.

SHALL WE SEND YOU PLASTER LITERATURE?

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A Trial Honeymoon

(By Thomas L. Masson)

"We should never be able to get along on a honeymoon," said Gerty, almost tearfully.

"Why not cut out the honeymoon?" I suggested.

"As if I hadn't been setting my heart on it for years—I mean, of course, ever since I was engaged!"

Gerty is the most lovable creature in the world, and I have always been lenient to her whims, but at times she has tried my patience. The idea of being in love with George—such a sterling fellow as George—and then calmly discussing the question of his desirability on a honeymoon!

"Why shouldn't you get along with George on a honeymoon?" I asked sharply. "I'm sure he yields to you in everything. He has spoiled you already. I should be ashamed, Gerty, to say such a thing, if I were you!

"I'm not! And I mean every word of it. You see, George is awfully peculiar about some things, and so am I. When he travels, he wants everything his own way. I know just how it will be. He will not even ask me what road to take, but he will go off and buy the tickets, an dannounce that everything is ready. Now I want to know exactly where we are going, and just how we are going, beforehand—and if I don't know, it upsets me completely. I don't like things settled for me in an offhand way, just as if I were a child."

"Well, if you can't get along with George when you travel, how do you expect to manage it when you are still?"

"That's quite different. At home we shall understand each other perfectly. George is justice itself. I am quite sure that he will never interfere in my province. It is only when some one has to drive ahead that he wants to hold the reins."

"It will be a good lesson to you," I replied, rather warmly. "Besides," I continued, "how do you know that George is so bad as you make out? You've never been on a honeymoon with him, have you?"

"Of course not! But I have been on short trips, and I assure you, Jo, it was all I could do to stand it."

"Well, then," I said sternly, "why do you bring up such an impossible question, with no solution? You say you want to go on a honeymoon with George, that you have counted upon it, and in the next breath that you won't do it."

"Jo," she said, "have you ever been to Washington and Old Point?"

"Certainly not."

"Will you go—with us?"

"How? When?"

"Right away, of course. On a trial honeymoon as a chaperon. You see, I want to try it out beforehand. After we are married, of course, it will be too late. George will have me then, and all the advantage; but if we can go now, as sort of test, why, it may have an effect upon our whole future. You know, dear, I am so anxious to have our married life a success."

"Indeed!" I said with a satirical smile. "You mean that you want to get George placed!"

At this moment there was a cheery whistle in the hall, the door opened and George came bustling in. His face fell as he saw me, but I determined to hold my ground. Besides, I had a record of never making a gooseberry out of myself.

"Shall I tell him?" I said to Gerty.

"Certainly."

"Listen attentively, my dear George," I said. "You two are to go on a trial honeymoon — Washington and Old Point. I am to go along as chaperon. The idea is, briefly, that when you travel, you are an autocrat; you do everything, decide everything. Gerty thinks this will make her unhappy—"

"Well, I can't help it," said George. "I'm built that way."

"Can you start tomorrow morning?" I continued, disregarding his interruption. "Washington and Old Point—and return?"

"I am your slave. What's business compared with orders from you?"

"Don't be silly," said Gerty. "Well, then, that's settled. We go!"

"And Gerty does everything—that's your idea, Gerty, isn't it?" I asked.

"That's exactly my idea," said Gerty.

"How about the expenses?" said George.

"I'll furnish you a bill when we get back. It's understood—we are to go on a trial honeymoon. I am to manage the whole affair and if you let me do it all, I am to marry you."

"And if not?" asked George.

Gerty frowned at him.

"We won't cross that bridge until we come to it, sir," she said.

"All right!" said George.

The next morning, he was on hand at the station at the appointed time, with handbag and stick, and with a flower in his buttonhole—at which Gerty gazed rather ruefully.

"Everybody who goes on a honeymoon wears flowers in his buttonhole," he whispered to me, while Gerty bought the tickets. "By jove! I came near wearing a frock coat, pearl-colored trousers, and a silk hat!"

"If you had!" I exclaimed.

"Come on!" said Gerty, leading the way.

We pressed through the gate, and into the train.

"I call your attention, lady and gentleman," whispered Gerty, "to the fact that these seats are on the shady side."

"Great system!" muttered George.

"I insisted upon it; said I knew the president of the road personally, and—"

"Nonsense!" broke in George. "Haven't I travelled? They did it because you were a woman. A woman can get anything she wants in these days. If she doesn't, what does she do? Appeals to Congress—gets up a delegation—"

"First call for the dining-car!" called the porter.

Gerty did not respond.

"Second call for the dining-car!" called the same ebony gentleman, a little later.

George and I were getting nervous. He leaned over to Gerty.

"Excuse me for mentioning it," he whispered, "but, my dear girl, everything will be eaten up. Hadn't we better stand up in the aisle? You know they never reserve anything—it's against the rules of the company. I—"

At this moment the parlor-car conductor leaned over and murmured something in Gerty's ear. He was a handsome young man; he knew beauty when he saw it.

"Come on!" said Gerty, grabbing me by the hand. "Our table is ready."

It was.

"It's easy enough," said Gerty, when she had given the order. "You see, I have a way of getting things done. What's a company's rule, anyway?"

"Nothing!" replied George. "Not with your face and figure!"

When we reached the big station at Washington, it seemed as if a mile of people were ahead of us, all making a bee-line for the cab-stand. Gerty sang as she went along.

"Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed. "And such a lark! My! But when you leave home, responsibility ceases."

"I hope," growled George, "the responsibility of getting a cab to take us to the hotel is still weighing on you. Don't you see that we arrived at the same moment with a whole medical convention? Look at 'em! We may as well take a car. Better let me—"

By this time we had reached, amid great confusion, the narrow circle of the taxicabs. Gerty made a talismanic sign to the man in charge. George said afterward that she hypnotized him. The functionary made a secret signal in return. In a moment we were all sitting in a buzzing cab, while Gerty looked nonchalantly at the receding Capitol.

That night we had seats in the fourth row, centre, at the theatre. After it was over, we had the best table in the hotel supper-room—in spite of the combined moral influence of the whole medical profession, which was apparently staying at the same hotel.

The next morning we visited — but those are details. Two days later, as we lounged on the hotel piazza at Old Point, Gerty said to me nonchalantly:

"Do you know, I believe, if I had asked for them, I could have taken away the entire contents of George Washington's home at Mt. Vernon!"

"When do we return?" I asked.

The fact was, it had been rather hard on me. After the novelty of the first two or three hours had worn off, I found that it was better to flock by myself, and a long line of soliloquies had not improved my temper. Gerty and George were both nice about it; they insisted on my being near them, though they meant exactly the opposite.

Gerty held up the steamer tickets.

"Tonight," she replied.

The next day, as we filed solemnly into the room where the compact had been originally made, we all of us seemed simultaneously to realize that the crisis had come. I was about to leave them to fight it out, but Gerty sternly held me back.

"Now, Jo," she said, "you must be a witness. Have I carried out my contract?"

"You have, dear," replied George. "Not a hitch anywhere. Never had a more perfect trip! And how about me? Did I do my part of it? Did I prove that I am a good travelling-companion? Did I let you do everything?"

"Practically everything—once or twice you got nervous—"

"But I didn't—"

"No, dear boy, you didn't, and I am satisfied—more than satisfied!"

She went up to him, and I knew what would have happened if I had not been there, and felt correspondingly guilty. But suddenly George drew up.

"You'll never do it again," he said firmly.

"What do you mean? Why, of course I shall! Hasn't it been established?"

"Not much! When you travel with me again, you travel under my orders. You don't suppose, do you, that I would marry a girl and be tagging around behind her all the rest of my life? Not much! I've been taught to obey orders, and I have obeyed this time; but never again!"

Gerty looked serious. She clasped and unclasped her hands. Then she began to use the same tactics she had used with the officials on the road.

"But, George, dear," she whispered, "wasn't it beautiful? Wasn't it perfectly lovely?"

George bowed.

"Delightful," he exclaimed, "as a memory. Nice thing to look back on. You couldn't duplicate a trip like that. I don't propose to try. Next time you travel with me, or else—"

Gerty's eyes flashed. There was a dead silence. I bent all my will upon her, to get her to yield; and of course I knew she must yield. Gerty always had too much inherent sense to be unjust.

"Or else—" she repeated at last.

"Or else—"

George smiled.

"Or else I'll tell Jo," he said, catching her in his arms.

"Tell me what?" I cried, springing up.

My suspicions were now fully aroused. Gerty caught my hand.

"We were married," she whispered, "the night before we left."

"Then why in the world," I snapped, as the whole miserable plot began to dawn on me, "did you want me along?"

"You don't suppose, do you," replied Gerty reproachfully, "that I would go to Washington on a honeymoon with George alone, do you? Why, everybody would have known we had just been married!"

IS NEVER TURNED DOWN

There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chance to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the farmers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he goes there's the welcoming hand—He's The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

The failures of life sit around and complain; the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas wherever there's rain; and they haven't their lanterns at night; men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there's the man who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

One fellow is lazy, and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells the story of woe; and one, if requested to travel a mile, will measure the perches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile—he's The Man Who Delivers the Goods.

One man is afraid he'll labor too hard—the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is ever alert, on his guard, lest he put in a minute too much; and one has a grouch or a temper that's bad, and one is a creature of moods, so it's hey for the joyous and rollicking lad—for The One Who Delivers the Goods!

WHEN CHOPIN COMPOSED

The recent death of Ziem, the noted French artist, in Paris in his ninetieth year, has produced the usual crop of anecdotes, many of which, however, were printed some months ago when his death was prematurely reported. Chopin's "Funeral March," which was played in the church at Montmartre at Ziem's funeral service, was composed in Ziem's studio. One night after supper Ziem and his friends amused themselves by draping themselves in the oed sheets and performing an impromptu spectre ballet. But Chopin did not join in the laughter and fun. He sat down at the piano and soon the strains of his now well-known dirge reduced the noisy crowd to silence. The dancers stopped dancing, the laughter was stilled, and thus the "Marche Funebre" was born.

COLORED MAN 114 YEARS OLD

The oldest man in the United States is an Indian negro of Grand Junction, Col., known as Cherokee Bill. His age is given as 114. He was born one year before Washington was appointed Commander in Chief for the apparently inevitable war with France, at the beginning of the administration of John Adams. He was eighteen years old when Waterloo was fought, and a man of twenty-three when George III. gave place to George IV. He now announces that, having completed a round century of labor, he intends to retire.

The one regret of the man is that he has not quite succeeded in laying aside $1,000 for each year of the one hundred of his active occupation, for not until he had reached the mature age of ninety-nine did he "strike it rich." Then he found paying ore and gravel at Leadville and Cripple Creek and along the Grand River, and in fifteen years he laid aside 300 pounds of gold, valued at $80,000.

Bill's affluence, albeit rather tardy in the arrival, proves again what persistent and sedulous industry will accomplish. Let not those who at seventy-five or eighty think of selfish indulgence and a life of ease grow weary in well doing. They are young yet, as compared with Bill. Sir Joseph Hooker, the botanist, who has just passed away at ninety-four, was a stripling beside this veteran. Lord Strathcona, at ninety-one, and Sir Charles Tupper, at ninety, are eight and nine years behind the age at which the perennially youthful Bill began to accumulate his fortune. Let them not be discouraged if life has not yet brought them all that heart could wish—there is still twenty years to the retiring age of their fellow plutocrat in Colorado, and much may happen in two decades. Let any loafing near-centenarians take notice and profit by the example of one who thinks a century is not too long for a man to keep at work.

COMPETITION MADE TRUSTS

Competition, while it kept down profits, kept up production-costs and, by its own intensity, eventually compelled the competitors to become co-operators—in trusts.

Trusts reduced the costs of production and distribution, and retail prices, but enormously increased profits—the proportion of selling price that represents no real value to the purchaser.

Trusts also, by establishing monopolies, use their monopolistic powers, in some instances, to charge more than was formerly charged by competitive producers. The Beef Trust is a case in point.

Do not these facts throw a little light upon the causes that underlie world-wide increases in the cost of living at a time when the world has produced plenty of food? Business has become organized and centralized until a few men may be said to hold the power of life and death over all the others. They tell us whether we may work or not. If we work, they tell us how much money we shall receive for our work. They offer us a sum that represents the lowest sum upon which we will consent to exist, and we take it because we know there are plenty of idle men willing to work for a bare living. And when we buy back from them the goods we have made, they tell us how much we must pay. We have nothing but wages with which to buy, and our wages for making a thing are never as much as the price they charge for the thing. Their profit must be added—that something for nothing.

We pay something for nothing as long as we can, but periodically times come when the system breaks down. Such a time is called an industrial depression. The whole game goes to smash. Nobody can revive business, because nobody wants business revived except upon the old profit basis. If we were willing to eliminate the profits for a few capitalists, business could be revived at once, because we have millions of idle men eager to work and plenty of machinery and land upon which they might work. But nobody is permitted to work with machinery unless the men who own the machinery think they can see a profit in his work. So we flounder around for a varying number of years, during which millions of men are out of work, and eventually slowly get on our feet again. The old something-for-nothing game is then resumed and continued until it breaks down again.

Are Your Children Ashamed of You?

You know, just as well as anybody else, that your chi'dren simply CAN'T RESPECT YOU, when you're not yourself. (And you are certainly NOT yourself when you've been drinking.)

As long as they're laboring under the **disgrace** of a drunken father they simply **can't** get the benefits that your neighbor is giving **his** children, and the money you are squandering may deprive them of the education to which they are entitled.

Your children are afraid to have their friends come to see them in their own home because they're afraid you'll come home drunk. It isn't you they are afraid of, and ashamed of—it's the other man—the man that drink makes you. Your disgrace is not yours alone—**they have to bear it, too.** Then why don't you quit? You can—there's an easy, sure, safe, sane way of quitting. And you can't quit too soon. To-day—right now—send your name and address for fullest information about it.

THE NEAL 3 DAY LIQUOR CURE

There is only one real way to get rid of the craving for alcohol. Maybe you can swear off for a time, but the crave will gradually come back. The Neal three day **Treatment eliminates** all traces of alcoholic poison from the system, rebuilds your system, makes you a new man. Phone, write or call at the nearest Neal Institute for full particulars.

If you know of anyone suffering from the terrible results of Drug addiction—no matter how long the standing—be sure and get them to write for the fullest information on the Neal Drug treatment. As in the Neal Liquor cure, this treatment removes the cause. Send at once for information.

THE NEAL INSTITUTE CO. LTD.

820 Thirteenth Ave., W. CALGARY, ALTA. | **405 BROADWAY WINNIPEG, MAN.** | **2244 Smith Street REGINA, SASK.**

CURIOSITIES OF WILL MAKING

It is with a feeling of some fear that a man to-day writes a will without the advice of a lawyer. Therefore quaint and picturesque last testaments are becoming more uncommon. Actual wills are even more interesting and absorbing than the wills of fiction.

Paul Revere cut off his grandson Frank, "who now writes his name Francis," with one dollar.

It is less than a year since Boston was startled by a posthumous joke of a Miss Cora Johnson, who left a will disposing of some $100,000 while her actual estate was less than $100.

Perhaps a more subtle bit of humor was the provision in the will of a Scotch dissenting minister who bequeathed a sum of money to his chapel at St. Ives to provide "six Bibles every year, for which six men and six women are to throw dice on Whit Tuesday after the morning service, the minister kneeling the while at the south end of the communion table and praying God to direct the luck to his glory."

A curious custom, carrying out an old bequest, is followed every Good Friday in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, London, England. After divine service one of the clergymen drops twenty-one sixpences on a tombstone to be picked up by as many poor people, widows having the preference. The will providing for this is lost and the distribution is now made out of the parish funds. The bequest dates back several hundreds of years.

Here is a pretty bit of sentiment from the will of James Gregory: "Having had my sympathies often aroused by reason of the extra burden and care entailed on loving mothers, poor in the things of earth, who have brought twins into the world, as an expression of that sympathy I leave in trust to my beloved town $1,000 with the provision that the interest be divided January first between all twins born in Marblehead during the previous year. In case no twins are born during a given year the interest shall be added to the principal."

John Sherman, the author of the anti-trust law, directed that within two years of his death his books and papers were to be placed in the hands of some competent person who should "preface and publish an impartial biography of me with selections of my speeches and writings." Ten thousand dollars was set aside for that purpose and the testator explains that this is done "not to secure a eulogy, for I am conscious of many faults, but I claim that in my duty to the public I have been honest, faithful and true."

Lord Beacon, in 1625, bequeathed his soul and body to God, while his name and memory he left to men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations and next ages.

Philip V., Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, begins his will:

Imprimir: As for the soul, I do confess I have often heard men speak of the soul, but what may be these same souls, or what their destination, God knoweth; for myself I know not. Men have likewise talked to me of another world, which I have never visited, nor do I even know an inch of the ground that leadeth thereto. When the king was reigning, I did make my son wear a surplice, being desirous that he should become a bishop, and for myself I did follow the religion of my master; then came the Scotch, who made me a Presbyterian; but since the time of Cromwell I have become an independent. These are, methinks, the three principal religions of the kingdom; if any one of the three can save a soul, to that I claim to belong: if, therefore, my executors can find my soul, I desire they wil return it to him who gave it to me.

Item: I give my body, for it is plain I cannot keep it; as you see, the chirurgeons are tearing it in pieces. Bury me, therefore; I have lands and churches enough for that. Above all, put not my body beneath the church porch, for I am, after all, a man of birth, and I would not that I should be interred there where Colonel Pride was born.

Item: I will have no monument, for then I must needs have an epitaph and verses over my carcase; during my life I have had enough of these.

Item: I give nothing to my Lord Saye, and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor.

Item: I bequeath to Thomas May, whose nose I did break at a mascarade, five shillings. My intention had been to give him more; but all who shall have seen his "History of the Parliament" will consider that even this sum is too large.

Item: I give to the Lieutenant-General Cromwell one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own.

Mr. Daniel Martinett, of Calcutta, made bequests in his will.

Fifthly—To Mr. George Grey, secretary to the presidency, I bequeath all my sincerity.

Sixthly—To Mr. Simon Drose, writer to the secretary's office, all my modesty.

Seventhly—To Mr. Henry Higgenson, also of the secretary's office, all the thoughts I hope I shall die possessed of.

Eighthly—To Mr. Thomas Forbes, all the worldly assurance which I had when I had taken a cheerful glass, though in fact a doleful cup.

The Earl of Stafford, one of the ardent followers of James II., by his will gave a permanent testimonial of his unhappy marriage.

To the worst of women, Claude Charlott-de Grammont, unfortunately my wife, guilty as she is of all crimes, I leave five-and-forty brass half-pence, which will buy a pullet for her supper. A better gift than her father can make her; for I have known when having not the money, neither had he the credit for such a purchase.

Perhaps the simplest will of all is a short will of seven or eight lines by which Senator Roscoe Conkling left his whole estate to his wife. The will of the late Edward H. Harriman is hardly any longer, and his millions were given to his wife. So, too, Russel Sage's will is a model of simplicity and brevity.

FATHER CONFESSOR OF LONDON

The offices of Sir George Lewis were the typical offices of the old-fashioned London solicitor. They were sober, rather dark, the furniture was of dark mahogany and black horse-hair, and the whole atmosphere was one of sombre and quiet though incessant activity. And yet they had a suggestion of the kind of office which figures in the books of Charles Dickens, and no dramatist or novelist could select a better scene for a story of such mysteries as London, like all cities, covers under its smooth surface. For the offices were in Ely Place—a cul de sac of intense tranquillity, and yet within a few feet of the roar and bustle of the Holborn Viaduct, an oasis of silence in the midst of London's terrific roar. One might steal into this sombre office in this hidden-away and antique corner of London as furtively and as unseen as into those little lanes which are the road to the back entrance to the pawn-office. And on the stair you might come across Cardinal Manning, the ascetic archbishop; the American millionairess troubled with an English husband; or some peer whom the sins of his youth were finding out. Sir George Lewis led the life of the Londoner whose name is in every mouth. He went to first-nights at the theatre; he was at all the private views of the picture galleries; he was invited to all great functions. But in his tastes he was simple. He exercised stern self-control in all his habits, drank only a couple of glasses of claret and a glass of port, smoked good cigars, and in society, as in his office, was the same quiet, imperturbable man. He had a beautiful house in the splendid spaciousness of Portland Place—one of London's finest streets—but he was happiest when in his home by the Thames: he luxuriated in the silence of green grass, of the slow and narrow stream, and of the ancient trees of the English country scene.

AN OLD HORSEMAN

When Budd Doble sold his last great trotter, Kinney Lou, 2:07¾, at Madison Square Garden a short time ago, it was generally believed that his long connection with the trotting horse had come to an end. It will be a surprise to many horsemen to learn that the famous driver of Dexter, 2:17¼, Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, and Nancy Hanks, 2:04, has returned to California to take up the management of an extensive breeding stud, of which he is the vice-president and general manager. This new nursery of trotters is in the Hemet Valley, in Riverside County, a short distance from Los Angeles, and the wealthy men interested are planning to make it the largest breeding stud in California, where futurity prospects will be raised for the Eastern market. Wilbur Lou, a son of Kinney Lou, that holds the world's record for yearling colts, 2:19¾, is at the head of the stud, and among the brood mares are many noted performers and producers. Though he won his first race more than fifty years ago, Mr. Doble is still active as a trainer. At the Arizona State Fair, in Phoenix, last season, he drove the yearling colt Harry R., by Armon Lou, son of Kinney Lou, to a record of 2:24¼, stepping him an eighth of a mile in :15—a two-minute clip.

THE TOMB AT NISHAPUR

Omar Khayyam's tomb at Nishapur is in one wing of the mosque erected in memory of the Moslem saint, Imamzadah Muhammed Mahruk. Although the poet's prophecy concerning his tomb—that it would be in a place where the north wind would scatter roses over it—is not literally true, the garden of the mosque is so rich in roses as almost "to make one in love with death." There is no inscription upon the tomb, a simple case made of brick and cement, to tell the story, or even the name, of its occupant, although it is well known to be Omar's grave. "Vandal scribblers," Professor Jackson, who lately visited the spot, says, "have desecrated it with random scrawls, and have also scratched their names upon the brown mortar of the adjoining walls, disclosing the white cement underneath. A stick of wood, a stone, and some fragments of shards profaned the top of the sarcophagus when we saw it. There was nothing else. It is to be regretted that some of Omar's admirers in the Occident do not provide a suitable inscription on the spot, to show the renown he enjoys in the West."

HOW AIR IS MADE DANGEROUS

Pure air, the free air of the open country, consists of 21 parts of oxygen, 78 parts of nitrogen, and one part of argon, helium, xenon, and a trace of carbonic acid. Air is not a chemical combination, but a perfect mixture. Samples of air from all parts of the world show essentially this same proportion of ingredients. Ammonia, nitrous acid, dust, salts, pollen from flowers, etc., are often met with, but they do not affect the proportions of these gases in free air. These proportions are the only healthful ones. Let the air be confined, and the proportions change speedily.

The oxygen in the air and the carbon in the tissues unite, thus burning up physical waste and keeping the body warm. The skin also gives off carbonic, from 1½ to 2½ pounds of water being evaporated daily from the surface of the body. The warmer it becomes the more abundant are the secretions of the skin, so that the higher the temperature the greater will be the vitiation of confined air in an occupied room. On the carbonic acid gas thus generated plants live. But indoors there are no plants to take up this gas, and so the air becomes laden with it. Thus the composition of the air is altered and it becomes harmful.

Furthermore, the water expired by the lungs contains, among other solids, ammonia salts, which render the condensed water a kind of bouillon in which micro-organisms can be developed. If a person stays in a confined atmosphere long enough to produce condensation, a stream of small drops charged with impurities will be deposited on the walls, furniture, and floor, and become real culture bouillon for micro-organisms, thus making possible through germ growth further contamination of the air. To these tiny drops is due the disagreeable odor that is noticeable in public assembly rooms where a number of people have been gathered together.

Unless we rid our houses, our assembly rooms, and our cars of these poisons, we must take them back into our lungs.

It is a curious thing in connection with the renewed interest regarding South America potato cultivation that along the east coast of South America the tuber is considered a European vegetable, and is cultivated only by those gaining their experience from the Old World.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE.

STOVES, RANGES, FURNITURE

AND A COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD

Furnishing Establishment

T. E. BATE

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

The 'STAR' Cafe

RICHARDS & JACK, Proprietors.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL ALL HOURS

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

DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND

The Big Store

MILLINERY OPENINGS ::

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MARCH 22ND AND 23RD

Splendid Showing of the Latest in Fashionable Millinery for Spring.

Everyone is Cordially Invited to Visit our Show Rooms and See our Display.

Simon Leiser & Co, Ltd.

TO CANADIAN ARCHITECTS

COMPETITION FOR NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED AT POINT GREY, NEAR VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Government of British Columbia invite Competitive Plans for the general scheme and design for the proposed new University, together with more detailed Plans for the buildings to be erected first at an estimated cost of $1,500,000.

Prizes of $10,000 will be given for the most successful Designs submitted.

Particulars of the competition and plan of site may be obtained on request from the undersigned.

The designs to be sent in by July 31st, 1912, addressed to

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION
Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, British Columbia.

Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations

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

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

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

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

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

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of $10.00 an acre.

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

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

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

Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife as she has left my bed and board.

CHARLES E. KRICK.

Dated February 12th, 1912.

FOUND—On beach, row-boat; keel 15 feet; beam 5 feet; built by Turner, Vancouver. Apply J. J. BANNERMAN, Comox, B.C.

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—1. Pure bred Rhode Island Reds, $1.50 per dozen. 3, Pure bred Single Comb, White Leghorns, $1.00 dozen. All eggs guaranteed fertile. Apply J. Laurence Comox, B.C.

TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa, and endorsed on the envelope "Tender for Holland Island Lighthouse," or "Tender for Point Atkinson, B.C., Lighthouse" will be received up to noon of the

TWENTIETH DAY OF APRIL, 1912,

for the construction of a wooden lighthouse and dwelling combined on a Concrete Pier and Protection Work on *Holland Island*, Chatham Sound, B.C. and also for the construction of a reinforced concrete tower, double dwelling and a fog alarm building at Point Atkinson, in the Province of British Columbia.

Tenderers may quote for one or both jobs, but in any case a separate price must be indicated for each one of the two jobs. The Department reserves the right to accept an offer for one or both stations.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Canadian bank equal to 5 p.c. of the whole amount of the offer, which cheque will be forfeited if the successful tenderer declines to enter into the contract prepared by the Department, or fails to complete the work in accordance with the plans and specifications.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender procured at this Department, Ottawa at the Agency of the Department Victoria, B.C., and at the Post Offices, Vancouver and Prince Rupert, B.C.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for same.

A. JOHNSTON,
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
Ottawaw, Canada, 1st March, 1912.

Agents for candidates nominated in the Cumox Electoral District for the election of one member to represent the electors of the said district in the provincial legislature, to be held on the 28th day of March, 1912, are as follows:—For Walter Wallis Lefeaux, Wm. Maxwell, Cumberland; for Michael Manson, James Carthew, Comox.

THOS. E. BATE,
Returning Officer.

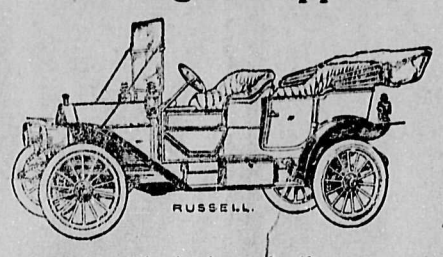
FOR SALE—3½ miles from Cumberland, 20 acres of extra good land, good for either fruit or vegetables. Will sell either whole or divide in 10 acre blocks. 16 acres cleared. Apply N. HARVEY, Happy Valley

---

EGGS FOR HATCHING—S. C. White Leghorns, Wilson-Cooper strain direct. Breeders selected for vigour and large egg production. $2.00 per 15 eggs; $6.00 per 50 eggs; $10.00 per 100 eggs. Order early to avoid disappointment. F.H. THOMASON, Courtenay, B.C.

B.C. Garage

For Auto and Gas Engine Supplies



District Agent for the

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

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

CARS FOR HIRE NIGHT AND DAY

EMDE & DENTON

Phone 18 CUMBERLAND, B.C.

THE CORNER STORE

Gre t SALE

For TEN DAYS, commencing

TO-DAY Pay-Day

MEN'S CLOTHING, HATS and BOOTS Slaughtered

Ladies' Slippers ranging from 2.00 to 4.50, Going for 75c.

Men's 3.00 Hats, going for 1.50

J. N. McLEOD

Dunsmuir Avenue *Cumberland*

H. PARKINSON

PAINTING, PAPERING, ETC.

Sign Work A Specialty. Estimates Given.

Agent for Stained Paper, a good imitation of Stained Glass. All orders receive Prompt Attention. Samples of Paper on hand.

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