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No. 24 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1910. Subscription price $1.50 per year.

THE COUNCIL MEETS AT LAST

Quorum on Hand Monday Night, and Hold Meeting

After an interval of nearly five weeks, during which it was impossible to secure a quorum, the Mayor and Aldermen Stoddart, McLeod, Stewart, Hornal and Brown met at the Council Chamber on Monday night.

Mr. Sinclair, the successful tenderer for work of installing a sewerage system wrote, stating that the cost of pipe had advanced 25 per cent. and cement recently, and that it would now cost the city at least fifteen per cent. additional to install the system.

Dr. Spencer wrote the Council asking them to endorse the following:

1. An amendment giving power to any Municipal Council to reduce the number of liquor licenses by by-law.

2. That the action of the License Commissioners in any municipality and the action of the Superintendent of Provincial Police in unorganized districts should be subject to review by a County Court judge, and the decision of the County Court judge subject to review by the Court of Appeal.

3. That all License Commissioners in all municipalities should be elected by the municipal voters.

4. That all Police Commissioners in all municipalities should also be elected by the municipal voters.

Also a second list of reforms as follows:

1. To suppress the White Slave traffic and the market for its victims, viz: the Red Light District.

2. That licentiousness ought to be an offence under the criminal code, and those having in their possession immoral literature and pictures should be punished.

3. That moving picture shows be prevented from showing fights and acts of crime tending to corrupt the morals of the city, and that children under sixteen years of age be prohibited from attending any show except with their parent or gardians.

4. That the provincial Government be asked to provide for an injunction law penalizing owners of property used for immoral purposes.

Alderman Stoddart moved that the communication be consigned to the waste paper basket; this was not seconded, and it was laid on the table on motion of Alderman Stewart, seconded by Alderman McLeod.

Constable Gray's report was submitted as follows:

Scavenger	$114.50
Night Watchman	69.50
Road Tax	14.00
Sample Room	3.00
Scales	1.25
Buckets	.60
Hall Rent	25.00
	$227.85

Accounts to the amount of $70.70 were approved by the Finance Committee.

Alderman Stoddart moved that a former vote of the Council raising hall rent to $35.00 be acted upon. This was rejected

Tenders for clearing the Park were received from Messrs Allen and Hunden for $140 per acre. Laid on the table.

Alderman Stoddart gave notice of a by law to exact a $300 license from transient real estate agents.

He also asked for a further extension of time to submit his amendment to the Liquor License By-Law, which was granted. The Council then adjourned.

Owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever in town and camp, parents and guardians are hereby notified to prevent their children of ten years of age and under from attending moving picture shows' Sunday school or childrens' assemblies of any kind, until further notice.

GEO K. MACNAUGHTON M. D.
Medical Health Officer
Cumberland, B C, Nov. 11th, 1910.

Tickets are selling rapidly at Peacey's Drug Store for "Twelfth Night" which will be put on at the Cumberland Hall to-night by the talented Walker-Lyceum Co. under the auspices of the Maccabees of the World, and in aid of the local hospital. Press notices speak highly of this companys preformance and those who fail to attend to-night will miss a treat.

VAUDEVILLE CO. COMING

Will Open in Cumberland Hall, Wednesday Night

Manager McNeil of the Cumberland Hall has completed arrangements with the Dreamland Vaudeville Co. which has just completed a 16 week engagement at Albany Oregon, to show for the coming five weeks in the Cumberland Hall.

The Dreamland Vaudeville Co. which consists of 8 artists, comes most highly recommended and the patrons of McNeils show may rest assured that something extra special is in store for them in the entertainment line.

The moving pictures will be continued as a part of each evenings entertainment, and next week will show at great expense, pictures of the World's Champion Baseball series, Philidelphia Americans vs Chicago Nationals.

The players as they appear in action will be depicted on a quarter of a mile of film, and no lover of baseball should fail to witness these pictures of the game as played by the most skillful exponents in the world.

Correspondence.

To the Editor Islander.

No doubt our medical men do their best to issue a strict quarantine of the Scarlet Fever, I feel sure they impress upon the quarantined the necessity of the greatest care because of the public health. They can't do more unless they establish an outside guard, which would be an extra expense. I have heard considerable complaint that quarantine is very loosely kept, and have seen one quarantined child leaning over the garden gate onto the sidewalk where anyone passing might easily unthinkingly brush against him; also saw a motherly looking person with a baby in her arms foolishly in near proximity to the mother of the isolated family, apparently condoling with her.

I am told that the Mayor put the police unreservedly at the service of the doctors to specially watch quarantined houses; perhaps if they were sent to have glasses fitted, so that they could see more, they might notice what so many see, if they do not.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE

To the Editor Islander.

Yet another outbreak of scarlet fever in our midst. On Monday another house with that ominous notice "Scarlet Fever Here."

What an ad. for Cumberland, and a continuous one, this, coupled with that large notice that was put up at the Moving Picture Show by order of the Board of health:—"In consequence of the large number of scarlet fever cases, no children under 16 will be admitted," to say nothing of the closing of the public school, apparantly for too short a time, should produce an irresistable determination on the part of every voter at the coming election that no support shall be given to any candidate that took the LEAST PART in voting down the sewerage by-law.

There is no doubt at all that if sanitary conditions prevailed, Cumberland would be one of the healthiest cities in the province, instead of being a hotbed for fever.

You in your paper, pleaded hard for it, and the present Mayor and Council did their part by bringing in the by-law. Our doctor supported it and warned us. Dr. Fagan said "anything might happen at Cumberland under its present sanitary conditions."

The goverment generously voted $9000 to help us to remedy the danger yet we have citizens who actively and unscrupulously strained every nerve to defeat it, with the result that our children's lives are endangered, their mothers given 6 weeks worry, anxiety and isolation, with all its discomfort, the bread winner deprived of his home comforts, besides being fined by having to pay an extra board bill.

Surely this will lead us to oppose in every way those who were, and are, responsible for it.

I fear this is rather long but hope you will find room for it, if only for the sake of the children.

Yours again,
DISHEARTENED

To the Editor Islander:

Dear Sir:—May I reply through your columns to the numerous enquiries I have had as to "what is doing" about the Rifle club? I have been told by Commander Vivian, R. N. to apply to the Provincial Government for permission to use the range. In reply to my application the Lands Department referred me back to the Admiralty. We shall probably have to worry through bales of red tape, but I have no doubt that the necessary premission will be forth coming. I want to have a good list of names ready by that time and should like to see them coming from Cumberland.

Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns.

I am yours etc.
G. Llewellyn Wood

Two of the tickets in Salmons Camgridegeshire sweep which were sold here proved a fortunate investment for the buyers, Mrs E. Jack, ticket number 13159 drew a starter in Bachelors Double and is now $91 richer in consequence. Another local ticket 4019 was sold to a man giving his name as John Spears, and his postal address, as Corfields P. O. This ticket drew a non-starter in Bronzing and is good for $53, but as yet the owner has failed to put in a claim,. This he should do by applying to Mr Bruce of this city.

WITH THE CANDIDATES

Mayoralty Candidates Set Forth their Views

The municipal election pot is beginning to boil merrily, and already three candidates have declared themselves in the field, and it is rumored that a fourth is about to enter the lists, so that the electors will have a wide range of material to choose from.

Mayor MacDonald has decided to become a candidate for a third term. Seen by our reporter he stated he had not intended to be a Mayoralty candidate, but considerable pressure had been brought to bear upon him, and he was again in the field. The Citizen's League he said had stolen his platform and he claimed to be a pioneer in the reforms laid down therein, and for which he had been striving for the last two years.

Ex Alderman Bate, the Citizens' League nominee, said that he thought that the platform was good enough to appeal to all classes of the community that has the welfare of the city at heart. Personally, he would do his best to have each plank in the platform carried out successfully. He also wanted to see Dunsmuir Avenue properly gravelled, all streets in the city properly opened up, and a better lighting of the city streets at night. He stood for a clean, progressive and business administration of the city's affairs.

Alderman Stoddart, also announces his intention of being in the fight for the Mayor's seat. He has been requested to become a candidate by a large number of citizens. He is not prepared at present to state his views at any length, but the citizens will be made fully acquainted with his stand upon municipal questions before election day.

It is stated that the Local Option League will also have a candidate in the field and it is more than probable that the endorsation will be given to one of the candidates already in the field.

ANGLICAN CHURCH BAZAAR

Holy Trinity Church Workers' Annual Sale on Tuesday

What promises to be a very successfull Bazaar is being arranged by the Ladies Guild of the Holy Trinity church, to be held in the Cumberland Hall on Tuesday next.

There will be a good display of plain and fancy work for sale and afternoon tea will be served. A number of potted plants are being offered and these should meet with ready sale as they have been carefully tended for some weeks past by such experts as Mrs. Jas Stewart and Mrs Peacey and are all in hardy condition.

The supper is an annual affair and will consist of cold meats mashed potatoes baked beans, salads, jellies and other delicacies and all for the sum of 35c and children 25c

There will be a program of songs, instrumental music and recitation.

THE MIDNIGHT PHILOSOPHER'S MUSINGS

Here goes for another spasm. Talking about spasms when I heard of the doings of the Citizens' League and their ticket, (which ought to be punched in about 21 places like a meal ticket) I had about 16 fits in as many minutes. The Galaxy of local honor aspirants is a strange conglomeration of characters, and certainly has a Manhattan cocktail beat to a pulp. When the ripples of laughter had died away I began some serious thinking, and the first conclusion I came to was the need of the city to order a boat or scow load of grape nuts, also that the city install a galvanic battery, and have the Council sit in a circle holding hands, forming a circular current of energy to be instilled into that body by the battery in event of their lapsing into lethergy. It would be a good Idea to have the battery worked by the Citizens' League, this would be "string" enough and beat the one there was suggested at the meeting. Few of the Aldermen of this year can say with Wolsey "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served the king he would not have left me in my old age."

The platform of the candidates, is all right but the foundation of it rests or ought to rest on gold bullion, and I fear the said platform will have to rest on fog, or other some such material.

There has been a great hue and cry throughout the continent, headed first and formost by the "Unca truid," against the moving picture exhibitions of the Johnson-Jefferies fight. The cry of "indecent," "brutal," "degrading," have been hurled against such exhibitions Now I am not going to defend prize fights nor their exhibitions, but am going to show that there is a worse thing which should have taken up the attention of these reformers, in the same direction. The men and women who oppose prize fights and their reproductions, would not hesitate for a second to gloat over, and allow their children to revel in, a picture of a battle, where horses and men over-ride one another until their hoofs and feet are sodden in blood. They see nothing degrading in men piercing one another through the throat with cold steel, (as shown in the well known picture, "The fight for the Standard,") for a dirty rag, and its possession. These reformers do not hesitate to put books in the hands of children describing the grossest brutality, and revolting charges of heavy and light brigades of men of light heads and heavy souls. They will watch with pride the stirring of the animal instincts of the child as he reads the darkest blots on human history, and laugh loud to see him don his tin sword and ride his rocking horse in his soldiers uniform, into an imaginary mass of human beings. In a prize fight a man has little chance of losing his life and a big chance for the bigger share of the purse. In the battles of history he had little or no chance of saving his life and absolutely no guarantee of dying outside of the work house. In South Africa we saw little Tommy Atkins going to war to the tune of "hi diddle-diddle" and when he got home he had the comfort of knowing the "Money Power," like the dish, had run off with the golden spoon," and he poor fool was not even allowed at the time, to work in the mines of those who employed him to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. The press and the church, like "the little dog, laughed to see such fun" as they have ever done. When we see such thinks go by the board and nothing said or done, by the way of protest, and then see some of them yelp their heads off at prize fights, and the exhibition thereof, it is amusing in the extreme. I can scarcely refrain from entering further into this subject, but space will not allow me.

There seems to be an inclination on the part of some good intentioned people in Cumberland to poster the life out of the manager and superindent of the Collieries Company with their little petty enquiries about things that don't concern them. The world is full of people with as little brains as an average size jack rabbits who rush about and into things head first, among which are chiefly traps and snares, that end quickly their little insignificant squeaking lives. It is to be hoped this will stop as the Company will tell them what the authorities told Martin Luther when he poked his nose into things beyond his sphere i-e "go and drink beer and dance with the girls," and "forget it." If you want to get something see that *it* is good and know first what you are going to do with it.

It is a foregone conclusion that what I write from time must of necessity look as if I were trying to dictate. Now I know enough to take myself, no more serious than I ought, and I hope others will do likewise. I sneer at the wisdom of the world and laugh at its ignorance, I ridicule myself, my sentiments, and poo-poo at my best endeavour and worst accomplishments.

There is an old Philosopher, a regular Philistine, whose name I will not divulge whom I admire and emulate. He was called the laughing philosopher, one who laughed at all things, himself included.

For uprooting an outhouse belonging to Mr T. D McLean six of the rising generation were summoned to appear before Judge Abrams and were fined $2 50 and cost last night. On Monday the girls will appear to answer to the same charge.

MAY DISMISS THE POLICE

Police Commissioners Have Matter Under Consideration

A meeting of the Police Commissioners was held last Tuesday night.

Considerable time was spent discussing various complaints, re matters, that though the clear duty of the police to attend to and which they had orders to carry out, were stated to have been neglected, some of which were bicycle riding on the side walks, young boys galloping horses on them, young drunks as well as old ones singing and swearing on the streets; also it was decided that carpentering and paperhanging so extensively carried on by the Chief must cease.

The City Clerk was again instructed to notify them that the by-laws of the city must be enforced, and it was decided to have a private meeting at an early date to which the force would be summoned, so that they would have no excuse if they failed to do their duty to the citizens that paid them, after which, if the service was unsatisfactory their dismissal would be taken into consideration.

THOS. E. BATE FOR MAYOR

The Citizens' League Has Ticket in the Field.

For Mayor, T. E. Bate.

For Aldermen, south ward, Messrs McLeod and Stewart.

Middle ward, Messrs Reid and Dallos.

North ward, Messrs Harwood and Brown.

The above are the gentlemen selected as the candidates of the Citizen's League last Friday evening for the forthcoming election for Mayor and Aldermen, and pledged to support the platform of the League as follows:

1. The installation of a modern and sanitary sewerage system in the city.

2. The abolition of taxation upon improvements and the levying of all rates against land values only.

3. The abolition of the ward system.

4. The enforcement of the pound by-law.

5. The enforcement of regulations looking to the cleanliness of the city.

6. The consolidation and revision of all by-laws upon the civic statute books.

7. Cement sidewalks for Dunsmuir Avenue.

8. Park improvement.

The first six planks of this platform are the same as those laid down in our editorial columns last week, the same having been adopted by the League without amendment.

Mr. Bate, upon being tendered the nomination, thanked the members in a few graceful words for having chosen him as their nominee and promised, if elected, to do everything in his power to merit a continuance of the confidence they saw fit to repose in him, as well as that of the citizens generally.

He was in hearty sympathy with every plank in the platform just laid down and with the co-operation of his colleagues at the council board promised to carry them into effect.

Messrs Reid, McLeod and Dallos also spoke briefly, accepting nomination and approving of the platform.

A motion which provoked a great deal of discussion was then submitted to the meeting as follows: "That the League candidates be required to deposit with the executive of the Citizen's League a resignation as members of the City Council, and that in the event of them failing to fulfil their pre-election promises, that the said resignations be handed in to the Council. such action to be taken only after a majority vote of the League approving at three consecutive meetings of the League."

The motion was finally withdrawn.

Miss Dingwall's and Miss Jessie Frame's rooms at the city school have been closed till a week from Monday owing to scarlet fever.

Union Bay.

S. S. Prince Rupert bunkered here on Tuesday and cleared for the north.

S.S. Christian Boes took bunker coal on Wednesday.

Mr Kidd wife and child of Vancouver are the guests of his brother Rev C. E. Kidd at the manse

Mr Jno. Lochner has taken up his residence here, having changed positions with Rob't Abrams on the local engineering staff.

Invitations are out for the fancy dress Ball on the 25th inst. in Fraser & Bishops Hall.

A number of friends suprised Mr. and Mrs. Geo Bo othe on Monday evening last, an enjoyable evening being spent by all.

Don't forget the Walker-Lyceum players in the Cumberland Hall to-night under the auspices of the Ladies of the Maccabees.

Miss Amy's Romance

By Florence Tinsley Cox.

MISS AMY GRANT lived in the where spinsterhood is considered *where sisterhood is considered* a disgrace. To be unwed at the age of thirty argues a serious lack of personal attractiveness. An unmarried woman of thirty is on the bargain counter, so to speak; at forty she is a remnant; at fifty—

But the mind refuses to dwell on the horror of a female Meldrumite of fifty who is unwed!

Miss Amy was thirty-seven. She had a neat figure not too thin, and soft black hair that rippled a bit. She had a nervous fashion of clasping and unclasping her hands, and when a man opened a door for her, or stood aside to let her pass around the great elm that almost blocked up the sidewalk at Meldrum's busiest corner, she had a way of saying, "Thank you, sir," with an appealing upward glance of her dark eyes, that was really very pretty. One or two of the older men, who had drifted away into the busy world and returned, after ten or twenty years of struggling, to find Meldrum quiet and placid, just as they had left it, had expressed rather a pleasant *opinion of* Miss Amy.

"She is so restful," one said, mindful of the recent struggle and turmoil.

"Why didn't she marry?" a bolder one asked.

All Meldrum laughed at the suggestion.

Why, no one had ever asked Miss Amy to marry! They had never thought of it.

Younger women and older women had married. Enterprising widows had carried off two, and even three, matrimonial prizes. Miss Amy had seen red-headed women marry, and cross-*eyed women; and little Nellie Griffen's,* poor child who had lost her arm in a railroad accident, and wore a wooden substitute, had three offers in as many weeks. That was after the railroad company awarded her handsome compensation, but unsuspicious Miss Amy thought it was all love and romance and quite glowed with pleasure when she heard of Nellie's final engagement.

"But there's something seriously wrong with me," she told herself that night as she shook out her hair before the glass. "I'm the only woman in all Meldrum who has never had an offer. The only one."

It hurt. The poor little pathetic face in the glass showed that it did. Nobody likes to fail, and to marry had evidently been Miss Amy's vocation. Her mother had raised her for it.

From the time she was five she had received good advice on how to manage a husband. "For one thing you must never bring his slippers to him or wait on him," said Mother Grant. Many a good man has been utterly ruined just by the way in which his wife toadied to him and carried his slippers. Miss Amy, even when she wore pigtails, had thought, simpleton that she was, that she would rather like to fetch his slippers, but she had obediently laid away all her mother's decisions for future reference. But the time had never come for their exploitation.

It might have been her natural timidity, *the clasping and unclasping of the* nervous little fingers. Certainly the boys, and later the young men, never lingered by Miss Amy's side. They chose the bouncing red-headed girl in the games at school; they carried home with rapture, the cross-eyed's books. They forgot Miss Amy. Her father died, and she lived alone in her little house. Sometimes she used to think how lonesome it was. To be alone! To be always alone! It was fearful.

The house was evidently meant for two. There were two arm-chairs, and two foot-stools, and two sofas. One of those double rockers which you see *sometimes in girls' schools stood on the* porch. Her female friends used to sit in it with her at the twilight hour, and, as they rocked, tell her about their numerous love affairs. There was many a trouble poured into her patient sympathizing ears, for she was the natural confidente of the whole village.

Afterward she would go into her house and think how nice it would be if there was only somebody to whom she could relate her troubles, some rough, masculine shoulder, smelling strongly of tobacco, on which she could cushion her tired head. It was curious how intensely masculine she wanted him to be. When other women boasted to her of their husbands, how they never smoked or drank or swore, she would smile a faint, disparaging smile. She wanted hers to smoke, she wanted *him to swear (in a righteous cause,* of course), and she didn't think she'd mind if he drank a bit. Finer mental qualifications and the laws of retribution were unknown in her. She was the primitive woman, and she wanted the primitive man. But he never came, and she was thirty-seven.

It was in that same summer that Ida Mason made an unfortunate remark. Ida Mason was a widow just Miss Amy's age, and, in the way usual to widows, she was beginning to look about her a bit. She had almost settled on the man! He didn't know it as yet. It was mercifully concealed from him; but *that didn't matter.* Ida Mason had a chalk-mark on him and in her own good time would bring him to terms. She had gone as far as picking out the wedding dress.

"There's a gray silk with a purple flower on it in Thomas's window," she said. "It's a real neat pattern. I think Joseph would like it. But, my gracious, what does it matter whether he does or not?"

"If I were in love I think I'd like him to be pleased," Miss Amy suggested tentatively. "One does when one is in love."

Ida Mason looked at her in the twilight and laughed.

"Why, whatever do you know about love?" she questioned, a trifle contemptuously, speaking from the heights of her one and a half romance.

After that *the double rocker didn't* rock so evenly, and later Miss Amy excused herself to her visitor and went to bed. She had a bad headache, she said.

She didn't sleep much that night. She thought and thought. As a young girl she had prayed for a husband quite openly and trustfully, as a child might ask for a toy; now she prayed that the *way might be opened before her. Her* life was so narrow, so useless. There was nothing she could do in which she could take interest.

She was a survival of a class that is rapidly passing out of existence, the woman born and bred for one main purpose—marriage. She was a sweet specimen of her class. She had dear ways. She would have made any reasonable man happy if she had had a chance. But she had never had a chance.

The next day she examined the advertisements in the personal column of a certain New York Sunday paper. There was several attractive bargains offered with a naivete almost equal to her own.

"An able-bodied man aged forty-five wishes to meet a congenial member of the opposite sex. Is tall, well-built, educated, and is possessed of an ample income, and dark-brown whiskers. Fascinating in manner. Prefers a brunette."

Miss Amy examined herself palpitatingly *in the glass.* Was she a brunette? Would a tall, well-built, fascinating stranger, with whiskers, be struck by her charms at first sight? Merciful powers suppose she wrote to him, and afterward—afterward she didn't suit! What had she to offer? Gentleness, geniality equal to his own, perhaps, but nothing else. She hadn't the self-confidence of Ida Mason—the cheerful bustling important air of a widow. She looked used to rebuffs. She blinked at her reflection in the glass. She loked small and thin and scared. She looked single!

She decided not to answer the advertisement; but she watched the column after that with much interest. She had an idea that, sooner or later, she would find what she wanted.

At last one day she saw an item of quite a different tenor.

"For adoption—A beautiful male child, aged sixteen months, who is motherless. Inquire at 1450 West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City." City.'

New York was over a hundred miles south of Meldrum—New York with its Great White Way and its mighty rivers and bridges. It was the Mecca of the youthful, the promised land of the old. All her life Miss Amy had meant to visit New York. She had saved it up for her wedding trip—the wedding trip which had never come.

She hung over the advertisement. She pictured the child in her mind. Then she looked around her home.

It was a small house, but it had suggestive rooms. The window-seats were just high enough for a child to scramble into; the cushions on the *sofa were soft and billowy; there were* two low steps from the piazza floor to the white path which led to the gate. The gate had a high latch, and a low bar of wood on the inner side where wee toes could rest comfortably. Down the street, within sight of the house, there was a small snop, with candy in the window. When you went to buy, a bell jangled mysteriously overhead. Miss Amy had hung on the gate and Miss Amy had gone to the store in her own time. Now she saw another child walking in her footsteps.

She left Meldrum by the 1.45 that afternoon. She wore her best clothes, *and a necklace made of the red-seed* pods of some Indian plant which had been a present from a returned missionary's wife. She looked radiant, for a beatific composure seemed to have settled down upon her.

"It's the strangest thing I ever saw," Ida Mason said. "She's gone off—gone to New York all alone! She didn't want to talk about it. Do you know what I think? I think it's a man!"

"What!" somebody exclaimed.

"Well, it's easy to be seen that she's had experience. She's never said much but I'm just sure she's been in love. *Didn't she spend two weeks once when* she was a girl with an aunt in HaHekensack? There!"

It was all over the village by night that Miss Amy had gone to New York to meet a man! Everybody was astonished, and the youngest Thayer boy, who was brilliant and bad, misquoted Macaulay on the occasion:

"To every woman on this earth love cometh soon or late," he declared solemnly.

Miss Amy, in her seat by the car window, had forgotten Meldrum. She was in a beautiful dream, rushing forward to its completion. That night she stayed at a quiet family place that called itself a hotel only by courtesy. The chambermaid buttoned her waist down the back for her in the morning, and gave her some advice about her *hair.*

"Get yourself one of them Roman braids," she counseled wisely. "All the ladies wear them. And a good rat. My, if you'd see yourself after you *was puffed up a bit!*"

She put her head on one side with the look of an artist.

"You ain't bad-looking. You are just scrimped."

"Do you know where 1450 West Fifty-Seventh Street is?" Miss Amy asked anxiously.

"Ten blocks up and go across. Any cop will show you."

"Thank you very much," Miss Amy replied.

She glanced around the sunny room and at the wide bed.

"I may bring a small relative back with me," she added, with dignity.

The number was easily found. It formed one of the endless row of nice brownstone houses, looking like a row of grim, brown coffins set up on end. It was distinguished from its mates by its general air of neglect. A sign in its parlor window showed that the house was for sale, and another sign on the front door offered the house for rent. The door stood partly open, exposing a dusty, uncarpeted hall and *wide, gloomy rooms beyond. It was* from one of these that Miss Amy heard, in answer to the bell, a stentorian voice roaring: "Come in!"

She went in.

She saw a large bare room, with just two pieces of furniture in it—a desk and a chair. A man was sitting at the desk writing. By his side there lay a *revolver! Mercy on us!* You can imagine Miss Amy's state of mind—a strange city, an unfurnished house, a lonely room, a man, and a revolver! But still, after the first moment, she wasn't afraid, strange to relate. For one thing, the man had a nice face, a good honest, friendly sort of a face, and in the corner there was a baby asleep on a faded quilt.

"I—I came in answer to an advertisement," Miss Amy said falteringly.

She clasped and unclasped her hands.

"I thought I would like to adopt your little boy."

"Are you a mother?" the man asked *in a deep voice.*

It seemed to rumble through the empty room.

"No," Miss Amy confessed, faltering still more, "I'm—I'm single.

"But I hope that wont matter," she cried taking courage after a miserable pause. "I'd—I'd be very good to him. Not having any ties of my own, he'd be my all, you see. I'd do my best."

The man got up and silently offered her the one chair. He was good to look upon when he stood up—tall, broad-shouldered, yet agile. He wore a rough tweed suit, and he hadn't shaved in a week or so.

"Sit down," he said.

He pushed the revolver farther away from her.

"Does that alarm you?" he asked.

"No," Miss Amy answered valiantly. "I'm not afraid of things—except thunder-storms," she added upon truthful reconsideration, "and centipedes."

The man nodded.

"I suppose you live alone," he said, *"in a little house in the country. You* do your own cooking and you make your own dresses. There's a lilac bush by the back door, and a striped cat sits behind the stove, and on Sundays you teach a class in the Sunday-school."

"Why, how did you know?" Miss Amy cried.

He put his head back and laughed, a big, boyish laugh. Then he tapped the front of his forehead; which projected.

"Causality," he said. "I'll tell you one thing more—you are lonely."

The tears rose to her eyes at that.

"I know you are lonely, because I am lonely myself," he confided. "Do *you see this big house?* Three years ago I moved in, a happy fellow. I had a young wife whom I adored. I had money in the bank. I held a fine position. Now my wife is dead, the money gone, and the business future has vanished along with the rest. The bottom has dropped out of the world. I was thinking some very sad and miserable—almost desperate — thoughts as you came in.

Miss Amy laid her little hand on the revolver.

"Oh, don't!" she said earnestly, the tears still in her eyes. "It's not right. I wish I knew what to say. But it's *not right.* There's God, you know, who sees everything. You wouldn't want to disappoint Him."

She spoke as if to one of her little Sunday-school boys.

"Oh, I'm not tempted in that way," he reassured her. "That pistol belongs to my future scheme of existence. To-morrow I start for South America. I've had a position as a civil engineer offered me, and now that I haven't any family I'm going to do some other big things that a man always dreams about, and see a little of the wild side of the world. You see, my trunk is packed already."

Sure enough, half hidden by the desk, there stood a steamer trunk with the lid raised. Miss Amy noted, with indescribable emotion a small flask of brandy on the top, and a pair of huge slippers

"And there's only that little chap to be arranged for," the man went on, nodding toward the corner of the room. "I don't believe that I have introduced myself. I'm Manly Gibb, and that is Manly Gibb, Jr."

He walked over toward the quilt, and stood looking down at the sleeping child.

"Manly Gibb, Jr., has a bad temper, naturally come by through inheritance. He likes his own way, does Manly. He's a big nuisance, and a big comfort. He loves his daddy."

The gruff voice was a trifle husky now.

"What is your name?" he asked Miss Amy over his shoulder.

"Amy Grant."

"Well, Amy Grant, if I let you have *this little fellow for keeps, will you do* your best for him? Will you stand between him and all harm? Will you take him to the church in the village, and give him a corner of your lonely little heart?"

Mis Amy stifled a big sob.

"I'll give him all of it!" she cried. He turned and came back to her.

"Shake hands," he said.

They shook hands, the big man and the little woman, like comrades.

"Now that that's arranged," he declared with an air of great relief, "we'll get down to business. I'm a poor man, poorer than I've ever been before, but perhaps I may make some money out in the wilds. If I do it's all for him. I haven't any relations. I don't believe that I'll ever come back. At least it's not a part of my present plans. So if I do make money I'll send it to you. Give him as good a schooling as you can. Make a college man of him if you must, but not unless he shows a decided bent for that form *of life. I'd like him to be something* bigger, broader."

He had settled down on the edge of the desk in front of her. Miss Amy could see how thick his hair was, how strong his shoulders. A very tower of strength he seemed to the little woman. As she looked a desperate resolve was forming itself in her heart.

"Do you think," she asked timidly, "do you think you'll ever marry again?"

He looked at her.

"Never," he said.

"Then if you never mean to marry and you never mean to come back," she went on desperately, "would you mind marrying me before you go?"

Oh, poor Miss Amy, poor Miss Amy! The words were out even while her lips trembled to hold them back. The *next moment her crimson face* was hidden in her hands.

"Oh, don't remember what I said," she begged. "Oh, don't remember it! Don't remember it!"

"If you were another kind of woman," he replied slowly, "I'd think you were laying some trap for me. But I've seen your sort before. You're *like my mother. What is it?*"

How she ever told him Miss Amy never knew; but somehow, some way, the words came, halting at first, then more eloquent, as she poured out her heart to this man, a stranger an hour ago, and now so close that he seemed the very keeper of her soul.

"So all you want is the shelter of my name?" he asked.

"That's all. I'm so tired of being single. I want to belong," she sobbed.

He laid his hand on hers.

"How old are you?"

She told him quite honestly.

"Five years older than I am. But *what's five years? Or ten, for* that matter, if it's the right woman? I've seen girls half your age that I'd consider it hell to be married to. Excuse my French."

Miss Amy laughed hysterically. He had sworn!

"If there had been anyone like you in Meldrum," she cried, "I would have done my part. I never did my part. I see that now. But there never was anyone in my town like you."

They talked a good while together, planning out things. Then they woke up Manly, Jr., and Miss Amy carried him back to the hotel with her. She found that he had his father's eyes. That evening she bought a rat, one of the circular, wire kind, and in the morning the friendly chambermaid helped her to arrange an elaborate tower of hair. It was a great improvement.

At ten o'clock there was a brief ceremony at a neighboring church, and at half-past eleven they were on the train bound for Meldrum. All Meldrum saw them alight at the station, and as they walked up the village street there was a wondering Meldrum head at every window. Manly Gibb stayed two hours, and then took the express southward. Miss Amy saw him off again, *standing on the platform to the last* with his child clasped in her arms.

"Good-bye," he said, "is there anything more I can do?"

"Would you—would you give me one *of your cigars—for a keepsake?*" she faltered.

He felt in his pocket, and slipped a battered old pipe into her hand.

"I'll send up a box of my things. Put them around the house."

The express was thundering along the level track while they looked at each other. They drew together very close, eyes seeking eyes.

"Good-bye," he said again. "I'll write. It's nice to have someone to write to—someone who will care."

He started toward the car, and wheeled again, to stoop and kiss her squarely on the lips.

Miss Amy watched the train out of sight, watched until the very smoke had disappeared behind the distant hills, and then turned toward the village street, still carrying Manly, Jr. There were tears in her eyes, but she held her head erect, for she was now a wife and a mother.

THE INDIAN AND THE FRYING-PAN

THE Indian, however averse he may be to any kind of useful labor, is not slow to avail himself of a new source of amusement. This was evidenced some years ago, when among the supplies sent by the government to a certain agency in the West, were several hundred large frying-pans with long handles. These the Indian agent found in stock when he took possession, and at the end of a year the number had not been diminished.

Thinking that perhaps he had not discharged his whole duty in the matter *of supplying Uncle Sam's wards with* these culinary articles, the agent began making special efforts to induce the red men to use them. At first it was hard work, but by the time he had given out about two dozen there came a sudden change. Not a day passed in which the agent did not have applications for at least half a dozen, and some days he disposed of twice that number.

When the supply was nearly exhausted, he noticed among the applicants some to whom he had previously given pans, and naturally enough, he became a trifle curious to know what use they were making of them. He questioned several of the men to no purpose, but at length a young buck, more communicative than the rest, gave him to understand that if he would visit a certain part of the reservation, not far away, he would find his inquiry answered.

The next day, therefore, the agent rode out in the direction indicated. About two miles from the agency he noticed on the crest of a narrow spur of the mountain three or four Indians who suddenly disappeared on the opposite side of the ridge. At the same time he heard, faintly, the cry of many voices.

On turning the point of the ridge, he saw a crowd of several hundred Indians, who were shouting as if greatly excited. He noticed also several objects, which he at first supposed to be boulders, descending the side of the mountain with frightful rapidity. Instead of fleeing from these moving objects, the Indians simply applauded and shouted. Soon he saw other objects, like the first, descending, and in *a short time the situation* was plain to him.

Having selected a long, smooth slope of the mountain, where there were no stones, the Indians had converted it into a sort of earthern toboggan slide, and were utilizing the frying-pans as toboggans. Seating themselves in the pans, they grasped the handles with both hands. Then, crossing their legs over their arms, they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity.

The agent let them have the few pans that remained in the storehouse, but did not order a new supply.

HOW TO GET A MOTOR'S BEST

Here are three good fundamental rules for getting the best work with the least consumption out of your engine: 1. Drive with ignition advanced to the utmost short of getting engine knock; 2. Admit as much air to the carburettor as possible short of getting misfires; 3. Never let the engine run hot or in want of the proper supply of lubricating oil.

First Girl: "I want to give my sweetheart a surprise for a birthday present. Can't you suggest something?"

Second Girl: "You might tell him your age."

MOTHER-OF-PEARL

A Curious Industry of the Society Islands.

CONSUL JULIUS D. DREHER, of Tahiti, furnishes the following information concerning the mother-of-pearl industry in the South Seas, especially that of the Society Islands:

Mother-of-pearl shells are found on *the Pacific coasts of North and South* America, in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, in the Philippines, on the coasts of Australia and in the adjacent islands, on the coasts of India and in the islands of the East Indian Archipelago, in the Persian Gulf, in the Red Sea, and in Zanzibar. These shells, which form an important article of commerce, are largely used for making buttons and the handles of fruit, dessert, and pocket knives; for inlaying furniture, musical instruments, Japanese and Chinese lacquer work, European lacquer, and papiermache work; in manufacturing a variety of small and fancy articles. In *Russia mother-of-pearl* is used for ornamenting church vestments, and in Austria for making beautiful jewelry; in Italy high-relief cameos are carved on mother-of-pearl shells, and in Turkey allegorical and ornamental designs are engraved on large polished shells which are known as Jerusalem shells. Natives of a number of tropical islands make ornaments of the shells and in the south Pacific they use mother-of-pearl fishhooks, which are *so bright that no* bait or other lure is necessary.

In the colony of Tahiti mother-of-pearl shells are found chiefly in the Tuamotu (or Low) Archipelago, which embraces the Tuamotu (or Paumotu) and the Gambier Islands, and extends in a southeasterly and northwesterly direction for 1,000 miles, the greatest width of this belt of islands being 300 *miles.* With *only* a few exceptions the 82 islands composing this Archipelago are now low-lying atolls of coral formation, narrow stripes of land forming a chain of islands and islets, in most cases separated by passes of water and stretches of partially submerged coral reefs. These islands and coral reefs together inclose lagoons, some of which are of considerable extent, the largest, that of Rangiroa, being 40 miles long and 20 miles wide. At *nineteen of* these islands are passes which enable schooners of ordinary size to enter the lagoons. The total land area of the eighty-two islands is 345 square miles and the population is a little more than 5,000, which is scattered over about half the number of islands, the rest not being permanentently inhabited. The cocoaunt palm flourishes throughout the archipelago, and other trees of small size and a good deal of shrubbery are found on most of the islands. The soil being unfit for cultivation, the people for the most part live on cocoaunts, fish, and bread of American flour, except during *the diving season, when other articles of* food, including canned meats, are consumed. The natives have an ingenious method of catching fish in June, July, and August by building narrow passes with coral stone pens, which the fish enter through long narrow openings.

While the shells are produced in all the islands, they are found of good quality and in paying quantities in fewer *than one-fourth of the lagoons.* The most productive of the Tuamotu Islands are Mikueru, Takume, Takaroa, and Takapoto, of the first rank; Marokau and Ravehere, of the second rank, and Hao, Motutunga, Manihi, and Raroia, of the third rank. Of the Gambier Islands, Mangareva, Akamaru, and Akena produce shells which are large and heavy, but their quality not very good. The time for the opening and closing of the *diving season, which usually lasts from* the first of May to the first of November, and the names of the islands open for the season are published months in advance in the Official Journal of Tahiti, together with the regulations to be observed and the penalties for their violation. The large islands are divided into three sections, only one of which is open during a season, and the small lagoons also are open only once every three years. This year there will be open thirteen sections and lagoons, some of the latter being insignificant. Before the opening of the season Papeete merchants send to the islands schooners *laden with supplies which are stored in* portable houses built chiefly of corrugated iron. The shells in the lagoons are regarded as the property of any natives of the colony who will dive for them, but as almost all the good divers live in the Tuamotus they reap the profits of the diving season. The schooners transport the divers and their families from other islands to those open for taking the shells. These people carry with them pigs and hogs, bread, and other things to give to the islanders among whom they are to live for some months. The merchants advance supplies to the divers and also furnish them *lumber to make their boats, each of* which is constructed of three boards of California redwood and provided with an outrigger to steady it in the lagoon. For an anchor a piece of lead fastened to a small rope is used. If an open island fails to yield satisfactorily, the houses, supplies, and people are removed to other islands where better results may be obtained. During the season a favorite island presents a lively scene, with its encampment of as many as 1,000 men, women, and children.

The hours for diving are from 9 to 2.

The diver paddles his canoe out into the lagoon and anchors it, and, if he happens to hit upon a good place, he may not move his boat during the five hours. A basket to hold the shells is let down by a rope tied to the boat. On the end of another small rope, also tied to the canoe, is a piece of lead weighing from 15 to 20 pounds. The diver, who wears a narrow loin cloth, places one foot upon the lead, with the rope between his toes, stretches the rope *with one hand held against his chest,* utters several loud yells to empty his lungs, refills them quickly with pure air, and descends rapidly, feet foremost, to the bottom of the lagoon. His goggles exclude the water and enable him to see from 12 to 15 feet. He tears the shells from their support, usually apiece of dead coral, to which they are firmly fastened. He may fill thebasket with 30 to 35 pounds of shells at once, and he may have to dive several times to fill it. When his time is up the diver ascends by means of the rope and immediately wipes himself dry with a towel. He rests and warms himself in the sun from 10 to 15 minutes before going down again. A good diver will go down from 20 to 25 times in the five *diving hours. As the basket is filled* it is drawn up and the shells are emptied into the boat. The man's wife or some other member of his family, who accompanies him in the canoe, occupies herself by opening the shells, putting the contents into a bucket and washing the shells from which she also removes the barbs. Having finished the diving for the day the man assists the woman in her work. The matter in the bucket is crushed in the hands and then thrown overboard. A part of the mollusk is good to eat when thoroughly boiled, then fried in canned butter, and served with a wine or white sauce, but the natives care little for it, *especially as they have* plenty of money during the season to buy other food. While he is gathering the shells the diver often comes up to get a harpoon to spear some fish, which he is easily able to do, as the fish seem to pay no attention to his presence and movements in the water. In this way he helps out his scanty larder. After a good breakfast the diver eats very little until 6 o'clock, when he is ready for a substantial meal and sound sleep.

This colony has the best divers in the world. They dive all the way from 6 to 120 feet (rarely more) in their work and remain under the water a minute and a half for the average man, two or two and one-half minutes for a good diver, and three minutes for a few exceptional experts. . Among the pearl divers of Ceylon the highest record is 110 *seconds. Diving for shells is hard* and wearing work. Like many other industries, it exacts its toll of human life. At the beginning of each season the nose and ears of the diver bleed when he comes up out of the water, and sometimes he vomits blood. His eyes become affected and paralysis of the arms and legs is not uncommon. He is at his best between the ages of 20 and 25; after 30 he begins to decline and is able to dive less and less as he grows older. Boys who wish to become divers for shells begin to practice soon after-ing their teens. Between 5 and 17, when they have not yet learned the limit of their capacity, they occasionally stay down a little too long and give out before the boat is reached by the rope. It is said by those well informed that half a dozen men usually lose their lives in this manner during each season.

More than 30 diving machines were imported from the United States and used during the seasons of 1903 and 1904, but the authorities feared that the supply of shells migat be depleted and the use of the machines was interdicted before the merchants realized any net profits from their use. Two years ago 10 machines were sent back to San Francisco, 10 others are stored in an old cotton-gin house in Papeete, while the rest are in different places in Tahiti. A large number of efforts have been made to increase the quantity of shells by cultivation, just as oyster banks are set out in the United States, but these efforts have been unsuccessful.

HORSE DENTISTS

IN every large city there are now dentists who devote their entire attention to horses, and they are kept surprisingly busy the year round. The *equine dentist is, of course, provided* with special instruments for the extracting and filling of the teeth of animals needing attention. It is rather interesting to observe an operation in horse dentistry.

One of the instruments, called a speculum, presents the appearance of an ivory handle and four small bars of nickle, working on a ratchet and crossing one another in such a manner as to form a hollow square that can be made large or small by the turning of a screw.

Setting this device to the proper size, the horse dentist will slip it gently into the suffering animal's mouth, which, during the operation, is kept partly open by a groom, and when the instrument is fitted upon, say, one of the back teeth, the beast's mouth is kept open as wide as possible. The groom now takes hold of the handle of the speculum with one hand and the horse's tongue with the other, enabling the dentist to obtain a good view of the *damaged molar. It may be that, after* careful examination, the dentist decides that a "splinter" should come off. Taking up a cutter, a scissors-shaped instrument two feet long and with saw-like edges, he applies it to the tooth and with a quick movement snaps off the offending corner.

Just as careful attention is given the process of filling a decayed tooth of a *horse as is accorded any* human being. The operation is pretty much the same in both cases. The finest electric drills, together with the most improved instruments, are employed, and antiseptics are as generously used in the one instance as in the other.

Gold, as well as aluminum and amalgam, are the materials used in the filling and crowning of horse's teeth. The fee charged varies greatly, ranging anywhere from $5 to $125. Where gold is employed, it is, of course, the most expensive item in the operation, for the back tooth of an equine measures an inch in breadth and three inches long, and it requires, therefore, a larger quantity of the valuable metal to fill up these molars.

The eight-months-old baby of Mr. Edward McLean, who will inherit $100,000,000, takes its airings at Bar Harbor, a summer resort in Maine, in a steel cage on wheels. The cage is lined with *eiderdown, and has a complicated set of* locks. This strange form of perambulator has been devised as the outcome of what was believed to be an attempt some time ago to kidnap the baby, who will some day inherit the Walsh millions.

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SCIATICA

EXPECTED DEATH ANY DAY

Another Case Where Life Was Saved and Health Restored by "Nerviline"

We have all read and heard of the agonies of Sciatica, but only those who have been tortured by this dread malady can fully appreciate what it must mean to be cured after years of suffering.

It is because he feels it his solemn duty to tell to the world his faith in Nerviline that Victor P. Hires makes the following declaration: "For three years I was in the Royal Mail service, and in all kinds of weather had to meet the night trains. Dampness, cold and exposure brought on sciatica that affected my left side. Sometimes an attack would come on that made me powerless to work. I was so nearly a complete cripple that I had to give up my job. I was in despair, completely cast down because the money I spent on trying to get well was wasted. I was speaking to my chemist one day, and he recommended 'Nerviline.' I had this good liniment rubbed on several times a day, and got relief. In order to build up my general health and improve my blood I used Ferrozone, one tablet with each meal. I continued this treatment four months and was cured. I have used all kinds of liniments, and can truthfully say that Nerviline is far stronger, more penetrating, and infinitely better than anything else for relieving pain. I urge everyone with lumbago, neuralgia, rheumatism or sciatica to use Nerviline. I know it will cure them."

CURED SIX YEARS

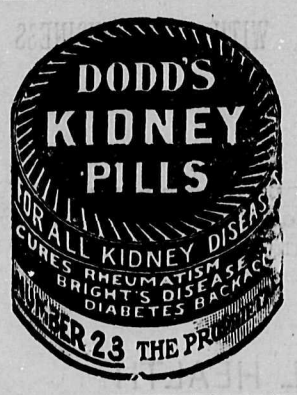
There isn't a more highly-esteemed citizen in Westchester than Mr. Hires. What he says can be relied upon. For six years since being cured he hasn't had a single relapse. Don't accept anything from your dealer but "Nerviline." In two sizes, 50c., and 25c.; sold everywhere, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

A GATE TO STOP RUNAWAYS.

A DEVICE to check runaway horses has been devised and put in successful operation on the Williamsburg Bridge, New York, which on account of its wide roadways and lack of trolley-cars seems to have acquired an unusual record in the matter of runaways, far exceeding the number on the Brooklyn Bridge. In four years 185 runaways took place, 53 horses were killed and 47 injured, while at the same time 96 persons were injured. Says Popular Electricity:

"On April 14, 1910, a 'runaway gate,' the idea of a laborer on the bridge, was put into operation. The device consists of two leaves built of plank as shown, 40 feet long and 6 feet 9 inches high, mounted on wheels. The officer in charge needs only to close a switch which sets in operation motors which cause racks and pinions to push the two ends of the leaves toward each other, forming a V with the opening facing the direction from which the traffic is coming, except that a space . . . through which a man may pass is left at the apex. In the one runaway which occured since its installation the horse started 150 feet distant, and by the time it had reached the gate the leaves were nearly closed. The horse breaking away from the harness passed through the opening without injury, leaving the wagon in the apex of the V. The leaves swing back parallel with the sides of the bridge when not in service."

How Horse Thieves are Treated—Sixteen horse thieves have been lynched by peasants in the village of Smirnovo, Russia. They were thrashed and beaten by the owners of the horses, three of them killed, and thirteen severely mutilated. Cossacks arrived the day after the lynching and arrested forty-three of the villagers.



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FASHIONS AND FANCIES

THE hat plays so important a part in the dress question of today that the autumn and winter styles in headgear are eagerly sought for weeks before it is time to make the change from the summer fashion. The leading milliners, with designers and workers, have been hard at work for a far longer period than the general public can conceive of, studying out what shall and what shall not be worn, while the buyers have been on the lookout for anything smart and original since long before the summer hats were first displayed. So much depends upon the hat that all this preparation, all this expenditure of time, thought and strength is absolutely essential, for the effect of the smartest and most becoming of gowns can easily be ruined by an ugly hat, while an ugly, ineffective, shabby costume will look well if the hat is up-to-date and becoming.

And what are the new hats to be, large or small? This is the question most important of all. Both large and small will be fashionable is the somewhat guarded answer, which may be taken to indicate that for certain occasions the small hat

Hat of Black Velvet with Blue Ribbon and Silver Fringe

and for others the large must be worn. Never were there so many toques and turbans as this autumn, but never were there so many large, exaggeratedly large, shapes exhibited and in all the details, such as the size of the crown and the width of the brim, is there the same diversity of choice, but there are many more small crowns to be seen than there were last year, small in the head size, that is, and the hats, while many turn down around the face, do not have the all-concealing big crowned effects, and more of the hair, in consequence, is shown. The smartest and most becoming toques are draped in folds of soft material or two or three different materials are combined, as well as different colors. After having admitted velvet and satin to the list of summer fabrics suitable for hats, lace and tulle are permitted for winter and the tulle and velvet theatre and restaurant hat now exhibited is most charmingly dainty. In the autumn the entire satin hat or the satin trimmed with velvet is also immensely popular.

* * *

Flowers for some time to come will be fashionable as trimming and will undoubtedly be fashionable all winter for what are known from the business standpoint as dress hats. The flowers are velvet or satin and velvet combined, and are most gracefully and cleverly put on to stand up, either straight or at a becoming angle, and have long stems that are marvellously like the real stems, while, except as to texture, the flowers are also wonderfully true to nature. Calla lilies are fashionable, and black and white, with the yellow stamens, are most charmingly attractive on the black hats, whether of tulle or velvet. They are rather hard combined with satin and it is best to use instead on the satin hat a softer silk flower or a fantasy of feathers, as is called the spray of strangely doctored ostrich or coque feathers that bear no resemblance to any feathers growing on any bird known to the naturalist.

Extreme simplicity and beauty of line characterize the smartest hats, so simple are they often, with no trimming but a bow of velvet, that it would seem as though they could be made by the most inexperienced of amateur milliners, and the stupendous prices demanded appear extortionate to the last degree, as, in fact, they often are. But the lines have been most carefully thought out by some artist in the business and the merest too much or too little in crown or brim will utterly change the effect. A hat of medium size, small crown, brim not more than six or seven inches at its widest, and turned up slightly at the left side is trimmed only with a bow of velvet at the left side of the crown, the bow not standing high but rather lying flat—the material satin in the crown, but bow and brim of velvet. But let no one attempt to make it without being quite sure that the shape is becoming and frames the face picturesquely. Another favorite style is a large hat of fine all over lace, black or white, as desired; this has quite a high, not wide crown. The brim is bound with black velvet. There are two or three folds around the crown and one or two on the unlined brim. A spray of velvet flowers, black or white, or a "fantasy" at the left side of the crown is so arranged as to give more height; the brim is quite wide and does not turn up at the side, but at the same time it is not a straight, flat brim, as it rounds out back and front.

* * *

The woman who has a talent for tying bows will be especially fortunate this autumn and winter, for bows of all kinds are extremely fashionable as hat trimmings. The fashion has been so very popular all summer that there is no certainty of its being long lived, but for the moment it is with us and is to be highly recommended. Satin, moire, velvet and, for mourning, crepe bows are in many different shapes and sizes, and can be so adjusted as to make the most demure and severe hat look smart and coquettish, and also to make an ugly hat becoming. The velvet, satin, felt and even the flower toque can be immensely improved by the bow put on at a becoming angle, but care must be taken that the angle is really and truly becoming, and the profile no less than the full face must be carefully considered. A charming hat on the old English walking hat order, so far as the dimensions and general style are concerned, but with the brim turned up only at one side, is made of black satin; around the crown is a twist of satin on the bias, and then at the left side is a most smartly tied bow of satin cut on the bias, and so placed that from the side as well as in front the hat is becoming. This to wear with a tailor street costume is one of the latest styles and is bound to be popular.

* * *

The newest hats display much more of the hair, and there are many more shapes that turn up sharply at the side, but there are also a great number of the mob caps on the Charlotte Corday order, and these are worn not only by children and young girls but by older women, who contend that the soft irregular brim is more becoming than the harder lines given by the stiffer, more conventional hats. At the same time they are not so generally becoming and, strangely enough, do not look so smart as those that are more severe. The large Russian toque is a happy compromise, for its brim is softer and fuller around the face, whether it is of fur, velvet or even cloth, and cloth is to enter into the list of materials for millinery this season. It is too early to select the entire outfit of hats for the winter, so the hats made of fur or trimmed with it need not be chosen at the moment, only, in planning out the entire winter outfit it is advisable to provide for at least one fur hat if one wishes to be in the height of fashion.

While the large shapes are considered correct style for the theatre or restaurant, there are seen the most attractive hats so small that they might reasonably be called headdresses, made for the more elaborate style of dress. A small, close fitting cap of fancy net or of open work jewelled bands covering the top of the head, with a large white or black aigrette, is immensely smart and becoming for theatre or restaurant, and the aigrette poised at just the right angle gives height and style in a most effective manner. It is on the theatrical order, but it is one of the few things that can be theatrical without the background of the stage. It is said the same style of hat or bonnet in black velvet with a large, high aigrette will be worn with an elaborate street costume this winter, the aigrette wide enough to be branched out across the hat. Ostrich feathers and aigrettes are still in fashion. In the most elaborate and expensive hat trimmings the shaded ostrich feathers are extremely effective, the feathers long and drooping and with the shading of color most artistically arranged so that the deepest color shades at the ends into the very light, this being more generally becoming. Colored feathers on black hats are also in style, and not only ostrich plumes but all other kinds, including stiff wings. Black hats are most popular, both all black and with the colored or white trimmings, and although the hat to match the costume is still to be seen, the all black hat is permissible with any and every color of gown.

The taffeta hats are among the latest between season fashions and both the high toque and mob cap shape are popular. The great danger of this fashion lies in its comparative cheapness, but it must be understood that a cheap taffeta silk hat is an impossibility for any well gowned woman, and these are almost luxuries, just to be worn when straw hats are for the moment out of season and before the season has begun for velvet and felt and fur, velvet, in spite of its having been worn this summer, not being really a summer fabric, in America, at all events.

The fashion of the wide scarf continues popular, and there are new designs being exhibited with the latest styles in hats; in fact, often hat ad scarf are chosen together. One of the most becoming designs is the wide unlined chiffon scarf trimmed with bands of shaded ostrich feathers. In mauve, with the black and white ostrich feather trimming, is a most charming scarf to be worn with a mauve hat of the same shade trimmed with black and white ostrich plumes, while another rendering of the fashion has the feathers in different shades of purple. Then the unlined chiffon cloaks and coats are also very smart, with deep yoke collar of lace or embroidery, the collar lined with satin, making a garment more practical as a wrap. Worn over a chiffon form of bright cerise or blue, one of these cloaks in black is extremely effective, and if worn over a gray gown then the cloak of the same color in chiffon is most attractive and becoming, while if the all gray is too trying a lining over the shoulders of pale rose pink or deep cerise under the lace or embroidery will provide the required note of color. Attention to all such details is what makes modern dress so finished and, incidentally, adds to the expense.

* * *

When one considers that women and men of native ability and many years' training in the art of dressmaking are obliged to keep up their studies of new styles constantly if they do not want their costumes to deteriorate and become commonplace the amateur dressmaker need not condemn herself as stupid if her efforts are not always rewarded with success. The best way to assure one's self of a triumph sartorially is a faithful study of the styles as shown in the best published photographs of the new fashions and in the shops of the fashionable modistes or upon the happy owners of elegant costumes who are to be seen in public on certain occasions. Often this will give the amateur a very distinct idea of what she should strive for in her finished product, and in dressmaking as in all other arts one should see the end from the beginning. It is not often that the paper pattern, although it gives the necessary plan on which to work, supplies detailed instruction for making a truly smart creation. In fact, such instruction can hardly be given in words. It is dependent so largely on line and on the perfection of details that it is necessary for the dressmaker to be fully conscious of what constitutes the style of the particular model which she wishes to copy before she starts her work. There are usually also certain points to be observed in the making of any one of these models which are much more important than the choice of any particular design, and these points can be best learned by the faithful study of the season's models which come from the best houses.

Just now the principal point to be borne in mind when one is about to make a frock is the necessity for a pliable and graceful waist effect. A stiff looking waist will utterly de-

Lace and Velvet Hat

stroy all claim to style, and somehow or other, whether a woman is stout or not, she must be made to look sinuous and graceful at the waist. The size of the waist does not so much matter, although, of course, the more slender the better, provided the suppleness of the figure is not destroyed. The drooping shoulder effect is only second to the imperative need of a sinuous waist; in fact, the whole gown should appear to droop gracefully from the shoulders, being caught in only by the soft folds of the draped girdle. All stiff, hard and sharp lines are avoided in present day fashions. The idea of drapery is everywhere prevalent. The amateur dressmaker who bears these points in mind will be apt to come much nearer to a triumph in her new gown than will she who proceeds on the simple theory of a faithful following of the fashion, regardless of where, on some particular figure, it may lead.

"Won't you please give me an order?" pleaded the persistent drummer.

"Certainly," replied the crusty proprietor—"Get out!"

Vicar's Daughter: "I suppose the rain kept you from the funeral last Tuesday, Mrs. Bloggs?"

Mrs. Bloggs: "Well, partly, miss; but, to speak true, wot with the rheumatiz and doin' away with the 'am and the cake afterward, funerals ain't the jaunts they used to be for me!"

QUEEN MARY'S ATTENDANTS

TO Americans who are not involved in the chase after titles of nobility the phrases "keeper of the royal seal," "privy councilor," "lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty," and "mistress of the robes," seem hardly to belong to the modern history. One expects to find models of them in historical museums labeled "Seventeenth Century" or "From the reign of George III." But the accession of a new monarch in Great Britain and the consequent cnanges in the personnel of the royal household arouses a new interest in the attendants on royalty. A writer in The Gentlewoman (London) indicates the duties of the Queen's attendants and sketches those who are at present filling these offices under Queen Mary.

"The ladies of Queen Mary's household are divided into four classes. First comes the mistress of the robes, then ladies of the bed-chamber, usually styled ladies-in-waiting, women of the bed-chamber, and maids of honor. Queen Victoria as a reigning sovereign had eight ladies of each class in her household.

"The number retained by a queen consort, however, varies according to her pleasure and convenience. Queen Mary has at present in her service only one lady-in-waiting. three extra ladies-in-waiting, and four women of the bed-chamber. Maids of honor had not been appointed at the time of writing.

"The office of mistress of the robes to a queen regnant is a political one and changes with the government; but that of a queen consort is in her own gift, and may be held for an indefinite period. The mistress of the robes must always be a duchess, whereas in case of a queen consort a widowed duchess may be appointed if more convenient.

"The duties of a mistress of the robes are limited to state occasions. This high official is in the royal suite at courts, palace balls, and at the meeting of Parliament. At such times she stands behind the queen, and she walks behind her royal mistress in any state procession. Also when a procession drives through the streets the carriage in which she is seated follows next after the state carriage of the sovereigns.

"Her duties are many at the time of a coronation, and during the ceremony she is in close attendance on her royal lady. When their majesties are in London a mistress of the robes resides in her own house, and is conveyed to and from the scene of her duties in one of the royal carriages. But if the court is at Windsor she remains under the roof of Windsor Castle.

The Duchess of Devonshire, who has been chosen to fill this high post, is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. She is tall and fair, and dignified, fond of home life, and a devoted mother to her seven children. She has the grand manner and will no doubt be one of our leading hostesses, but on account of mourning Devonshire House has not as yet under her reign been the scene of any society entertainments.

A lady of the bed-chamber to either a queen regnant or a queen consort must be a peeress. Her "wait" varies from three weeks to a month, according to the queen's convenience. And whether she is at her own home in London or staying at Windsor Castle, she must always hold herself in readiness and consider her time as entirely at her royal lady's disposal. She would be in attendance on the queen at balls, dinners, weddings, or any other formal entertainment, and, of course, at all state ceremonials.

"Extra ladies of the bed-chamber are appointed according to the royal pleasure, but they have no salary and no fixed "waits" in attendance. Ladies who take office as women of the bed-chamber must have rank, but they need not be peeresses. Their "waits" are arranged in the same way as those of ladies-in-waiting.

"Maids of honor are usually the ladies youngest in age in the queen's household. They must be either the daughters of viscounts or barons, or else the granddaughters of peers. The daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, are of too high rank for the position.

"Maids of honor do duty in couples. The time of waiting is four weeks, and each maid is in attendance for that period about three times in the course of twelve months. When the court is in London the maids of honor reside in their own homes, and not at Buckingham Palace; but, as in the case of the other court ladies, a royal carriage is sent to convey them to and from the scene of action.

"If a maid of honor chances to be a peer's daughter, she, of course, bears the courtesy title of "honorable," but if not she is invested with that style and title immediately after her appointment. And this she bears for life, whether single or married. And she receives a badge of office, which takes the form of a miniature of the Queen set in diamonds.

"In everyday life this can be worn as wished, but when its owner is in waiting it must be attached to the left side of the bodice, and used as a decoration. And the badge is retained for life, and not given up on marriage or when leaving the royal service. The office of maid of honor is highly esteemed, as it gives much social status, and in the end often leads to a successful marriage.

"Queen Mary has appointed Lady Shaftesbury as her lady of the bed chamber. Lady Shaftesbury has many charms and graces, and as Lady Grosvernor's daughter it may be guessed that she is clever and cultured beyond the average. She likes books and reading, is fond of music, and, when in town, may often be seen at the opera and at concerts, both public and private. She is young and beautiful, and her face is framed in a cloud of soft gray hair, and she has a gentle and most attractive personality. Some time ago she went to South Africa to visit the grave of her husband, as he was by his own wish buried where he fell on Diamond Hill. Lady Airlie is fond of flowers, and at her Scotch home has made a garden of friendship, where every flower has been planted by a personal friend or a visitor of distinction.

Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

MAGISTRATE CURED OF
PILES
&
ECZEMA

One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam Buk's favour is Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Here is his opinion of Zam-Buk. He says:—

"I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of Eczema on my ankle which had been there for over 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had applied various ointments and tried all sorts of things to obtain cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike everything else I had tried, proved highly satisfactory and cured the ailment.

"I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, and it has cured them completely also. I take comfort in helping my brother men, and if the publication of my opinion of the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the relief of suffering caused by Piles or Skin Diseases I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk cures ulcers, abscesses, blood-poison, ring-worm, festering or running sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, salt rheum, prairie itch, cuts, burns, bruises, baby's sores, etc. Purely herbal. 50c box, druggists and stores. Refuse imitations.

Zam-Buk

FAREWELL GIFTS

COMPACT farewell gifts for the traveller who dislikes to be burdened with surplus baggage are in substantial cases of morocco, leather or pigskin. There are dressing rolls which have special pockets for each toilet necessity as well as complete manicure sets, cases containing brushes with folding handles or for handkerchiefs, gloves and veils and boxes holding all manner of mending utensils.

A unique contrivance to be strapped to the outside of a suit case holds a skirt, wrap or steamer rug and may be used for a bag, seat pad or umbrella case.

Smaller sized contrivances which any tourist will be glad to have are pelt-protected cases, holding a pocket sized alcohol stove, collapsible drinking cup, tiny sifters for pepper and salt, a folding knife, spoon and fork; two miniature packs of playing cards or a small correspondence pad equipped with sheets, envelopes and ink pencil.

In rubber lined leather envelopes are face cloths, paperweight sandals and small sized hot water bottles.

JOHNNY: "Pa, when is the freedom of the City given to a man?"

Pa: "When his wife goes to the country for a few weeks' holiday."

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

THE ISLANDER

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

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SATURDAY, NOV., 12, 1910.

What the Editor has to say.

The people of this district have every reason to feel satisfied with the generous manner in which the Provincial Government has dealt with this district in the matter of appropriations for road building since Mr. Manson has been representing us in the local legislature, but our observations have led us to the conclusion that as good work and more of it could be secured by substituting the contract system for the day work method at present in vogue in this neighborhood.

We believe in the principle of a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, and it is a certainty that this is not always forthcoming under the day work system of road building in this district.

Were the contract system substituted, a road boss could be appointed to draw up specifications and to lay off the work in short sections, thus allowing those who benefit at present from the work on the roads to continue to benefit from this work, if they are competent road makers and willing to do the work laid down in the specifications at its market value.

It would, of course, be the duty of the road boss to examine the work done, upon completion, and to approve the same only when the contract had been carried out according to the specifications.

It is our opinion that half as much again, could be accomplished with the same appropriation, if the work were let out by tender.

As a correspondent in the News this week dares us to tell the truth in answer to a number of questions, we take up the challenge.

He wants to know why, in his first question, we omitted all questions of morality from our platform? We have always found Cumberland a very moral town, and therefore regarded such a plank as quite unnecessary. It may be possible that our questioner is acquainted with the haunts of women of the underworld and resorts of unsavory reputation—quite possible indeed—but if such exist, we must confess that we are not "in the know."

Question 2. "Why did not the Citizen's League hold a public meeting for the naming of candidates for the municipal election?" We are not the Citizen's League. Ask a policeman.

Question 3. "Have any of the men proposed and accepted by them been at any time convicted for violation of the law?" Yes.

Question 4. "Is a law-breaker a fit representative for the city?" It depends upon the seriousness of the offense. If he has suffered the penalty for his offense he is in precisely the same position as any other citizen. The rest lays with the electors.

Question 5. "Were not two of the candidates responsible for the defeat of the By-Law?" A fool can ask a question that a wise man cannot answer. We cannot answer this one.

Question 6. "What grudge does he (we) owe the Temperence Cause?" None.

Question 7. In this question he wants to know if the temperance man skips out on pay-day without settling his bills?" Very frequently he does. This answer is given after having been assured of its correctness by a number of business men.

Question 8. "Who pays the board bills, the printers' bills, the store bills, or any other bills? Does the drunk?" As the drunks of the town can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand, we would say "probably not." If our questioner means those citizens who indulge in intoxicating liquor, and at times possibly to excess, we would answer that they pay their fair share.

Question 9. "Do the owners of property advertise for drunks to rent the same." Rats! McCarthy.

Question 10, is merely an assertion that Midnight Philosopher and the editor of this paper are one and the same. In reply we may state that we have never found it necessary to write in our own paper, or for that matter in any other under a nom de plume. There are, however, in this city, empty-headed, low-browed, narrow-minded, fossil-brained, sneaking old women in pants, who, not having enough business of their own to attend to, are generous enough to give us voluminous advice as to how to conduct our paper and to deluge us with questions which will in future remain unanswered unless the author has the courage and manhood to ask his questions or make dirty insinuations over his own signature.

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, Ironmonger . .
Dunsmuir Ave ::: Cumberland

Beadnell & Biscoe
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
Comox, B.C.
Sea frontages and farming land for sale

FRUIT TREES
Not the Cheapest, but the Best
Catalogue Free
Vancouver Island Nursery Co.,
Ltd.
Somenos, V.I.

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

Wanted
Canvassers
to solicit
subscriptions to
THE ISLANDER
on commission
Only hustlers need apply

Are you
A JEWELLER
If not
Have you a friend who is?
In either case you should be interested in this
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
AN OLD ESTABLISHED BUSINESS
Carrying a full line of the very best
Clocks,
Watches
and Jewellery
Also a
BOOKSTORE IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS
The present owner is making lots of money, but will sell at a sacrifice on account of
AGE AND ILL HEALTH
Will sell on the buyers own terms
The building and lot are also for sale cheap, or will rent on reasonable terms
Full particulars may be learned by communicating with
"M" The Islander Office
Cumberland, B.C.

THE BIG STORE

Wonderful Clothing Offer

During the month of November we give a Special Price on every Suit in our store.

300 suits must be sold.

This is a genuine offer. Our stock is too large and MUST BE REDUCED. We would be very glad to have you inspect for yourself the clothing we are offering and see as to our values.

DON'T FORGET

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO GET QUALITY STYLE IN UP-TO DATE CLOTHING AT BARGAIN PRICES.

Simon Leiser Co., Ltd.

POOR PRINTING

IS A GREAT BENEFIT

To the printer who does good work. Good printing is the only kind we do, and our prices are reasonable

THE ISLANDER

..W. Colpitts..

"Leading Tobacco King."

Better known as "LONG WILLIE"

Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.

Billiard Room in connection

Cumberland & Union Waterworks Co., Ltd.

Sprinkling will be allowed only between the hours of 7 to 8 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m.

Leaking taps must be attended to.

Any changes or additions to existing piping must be sanctioned by the company.

A. McKNIGHT,
Manager.

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods

Best Bread and Beer in Town

Agents for Pilsener Beer

CONDENSED ADS.

Advertisements under this head 1 cent, 1 word, 1 issue; strictly in advance.

Furnished Rooms to Let, opposite the Hospital.

Wanted—Three Young Pigs; send price and particulars. T. A. L. Smith, Hornby Island. j19

Two Light Draft Teams, weight about 1400lbs. Apply Shopland Bros., Sandwick. j11

For Sale—9 Milk Cows and 3 Heifers Apply H. S. Porteus, Hankshaw, Courtenay. j18

8 Roomed House and Double Lot for Sale, cheap; or will rent furnished Mrs. Roe.

For Sale—Chicken Ranch 3 acres, Good House (recently renovated), 300 laying hens, brooder house and outhouses, orchard, good garden. Apply Mrs. Hill, opposite Dr. Beadnell's, Comox.

Lost—A Lady's back comb set with diamonds. Reward on returning to L

$75.00 DOLLARS REWARD.

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

NOTICE

Any person or persons wishing to cut any fallen timber on City Park Lots are at liberty to cut and cart same away for their own use.

Any standing timber must not be cut or destroyed.

Any person or persons found dumping garbage or refuse on same will be prosecuted.

By order of the City Council.

A. McKINNON,
City Clerk.

City Hall, Aug. 19th, 1910.

Notice to Advertisers.

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

THE CORNER STORE

The store is stocked full.

SPECIALS

Boys' sailol suits, 2 pieces, slightly soiled, reg. price $3,50 going at $1.00

Girls' sailor suits, 1 piece, re. price $3.50 going at $1 25

Japanese Matting 15c. yd.

English Oxford Sheeting reg. 15c & 20c yd going at 12½c

These are a few of the specials that will be on during the coming week

J. N. McLEOD

C. H. TARBELL

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

AGENTS FOR

The McClary Manufactuing Co.
Sherwin-Williams Paints

j5

The Furniture Store.

OUR SHOP IS NOW FULL OF NEW GOODS

We have just received another large consignment of Dressers, Chiffonieres, Buffets, China Cabinets, Diners, Music Cabinets and Rockers in quarter cut oak and mahogany.

You Are Invited to call and Inspect our Stock.

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops

Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture

Best on the Coast

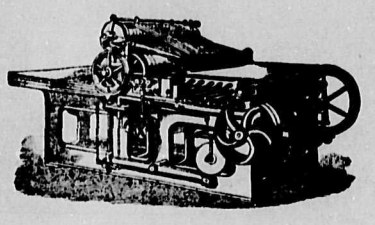
Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

j2

See us about your next printing job

Prints everything

Prints it well



The Islander

GIVEN UP BY HIS PHYSICIAN

"FRUIT-A-TIVES", THE FAMOUS FRUIT MEDICINE, SAVED HIS LIFE.

JAMES DINGWALL, Esq.

Williamstown, Ont., July 27th, 1908.

"I suffered all my life from Chronic Constipation and no doctor, or remedy, I ever tried helped me. "Fruit-a-tives" promptly cured me. Also, last spring I had a bad attack of BLADDER and KIDNEY TROUBLE and the doctor gave me up but "Fruit-a-tives" saved my life. I am now over eighty years of age and I strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Constipation and Kidney Trouble".

(Signed) JAMES DINGWALL.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50—or trial box, 25c—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

QUARANTINE REGULATIONS

THAT foot and mouth disease should break out in England notwithstanding the stringent regulations maintained regarding the admittance of live stock from other countries shows the need of watchfulness on the part of those who have control of quarantine regulations. Not since the embargo was placed against Canadian cattle entering Great Britain, has any outbreak of disease among Canadian live stock of a serious nature occurred. At all events none of the diseases, given as an excuse for the placing on of the embargo have broken out. A few years ago when foot and mouth disease broke out in some of the Eastern States, Canadian quarantine regulations were sufficient to prevent that disease from getting across the boundary. So far as freedom from injurious contagious diseases among live stock is concerned, Canada's record is a very good one and equal to that of any country the world over. The outbreak in Great Britain serves to emphasize this fact, as the one reason why the embargo is maintained against Canadian cattle is the danger of bringing contagion into the United Kingdom.

A THIEF BETRAYED

A WOMAN was recently arrested outside a Parisian shop and charged by one of the shop's private detectives with stealing some cheap jewelry. She denied the theft indignantly. Unfortunately for her, an alarm clock which she had stolen went off at this moment. She was searched, and three alarm clocks of small size, two watches, and eight brooches were found in a specially-made pocket inside her skirt.

A Corrector of Pulomnary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

Stop That Limp

Change that limping, useless horse into a sound, healthy horse, willing and eager to do a good day's work.

Don't let a Spavin, Curb, Splint, Sprain, Ringbone or any other Lameness keep your horse in the stable. Cure it with

Kendall's Spavin Cure

It cures without leaving a scar, blemish or white hairs—because it does not blister.

Port Kells, B.C., June 14th 1909

"Have been using your Liniment for years and find it all that you represent. Have not been without it for 15 years."

GEORGE GORDON.

$1. a bottle—6 for $5. Handiest for household use. Sold by all dealers. Ask for free book "A Treatise On The Horse" or write us for copy. 16

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO. Enosburg Falls, Vt.

That Reminds Me

WHILE I was engaged to her she made me give up drinking, smoking and golf. Last of all, I gave up *something on my own account.*"

"What was that?"

"The girl."

* * *

DO you see that man going along with his nose in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes, I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone?"

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."

* * *

MRS. NEWRICH: "Suzanne, tell Robert, the butler, that if he must smoke in the kitchen he should use better tobacco."

Suzanne: "*I did tell him, but he sez* they're the best cigars master has."

* * *

I'LL *wager Nell will not give herself* away this summer in the manner she did last!"

"How was that?"

"She and Dick had their heads together so much that Nell got freckled on only one side of her face."

* * *

MR. HEAVYWEIGHT," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe $10,000 *for a church, provided* we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount."

"Yet you seem disappointed."

"Yes; I was in hopes he would contribute $100 in cash."

* * *

HALLRUME had invited his friend, Hungerford, to dinner at Mrs. Skantable's boarding house.

"*How's this for a chicken dinner,* old man?" whispered Hallrume, proudly.

"Just about it," said Hungerford, meanly; "but I usually eat more than a chicken does."

* * *

WAITER," grumbled a customer, "I should like to know the meaning of this. Yesterday I was served with a portion of pudding twice this size."

"Indeed, sir!" rejoined the waiter. "Where did you sit?"

"By the window."

"Oh, that accounts for it. We always give people by the window large portions. It's an advertisement."

you about it, for it's kind of cruel and you mightn't let me go again."

However, the desire to tell it prevailed, and in an awful voice she whispered:

"They use their own grandmother for a cook!"

* * *

THE Major (inspecting Territorials): "*I want to compliment you, sir,* on the faultless manner in which your blanket and overcoat are rolled. It is perfection."

Private Bimley: "Four years' practice in Ford and Gaylor's flannel department orter do something for a *man.*"

* * *

THE only thing I find to say againt you is that your washing bill is far too extravagant. Last week you had six blouses in the wash. Why, Jane, my own daughter, never sends more than two!"

"Ah, that may be, mum," replied Jane, "but I 'ave to! Your daughter's sweetheart is a bank clerk, while my young man is a chimney sweep. It makes a difference, mum."

* * *

IT is one mark of a quack, whatever school he may belong to, that he never admits his own ignorance. A "hedge doctor," a kind of quack in Ireland, was being examined at an inquest on his treatment of a patient who died.

"I gave him ipecacuanha," he said.

"You might as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Indade, yer honor, and that's just what I should have given him next, if he hadn't died."

* * *

FATHER S—— was remarkable for his ready wit. On one occasion, while traveling on a steamboat, a well known sharper, who wished to get into the priest's good graces, said:

"Father, I should like very much to hear one of your sermons."

"Well," said the clergyman, "you could have heard me last Sunday if you *had been where you should have been.*"

"Where was that, pray?"

"In the county jail," answered the bluff priest as he walked away.

* * *

THERE was once a playwright who sat in the front row at the first night of a new piece of his own. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully. As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, sir; but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me to return it to you."

* * *

LITTLE Alice, whose family lived in a rather large house with a comfortable equipment of servants to run it smoothly, went home one day from school with a little playmate, whose parents were in much less affluent circumstances. She had a very good time, and on coming home was telling her mother all about it, when all at once she sobered up, and said:

"But, mother dear, they do one very dreadful thing. I sort of hate to tell

* * *

THROUGHOUT the christening ceremony the baby smiled up beautifully into the clergyman's face.

"Well, madam," said he to the young wife, "I must congratulate you on your little one's behaviour. I have christened *more than two thousand babies,* but I never before christened one that behaved so well as yours."

The young mother smiled demurely, and said, "His father and I, with a pail of water, have been practising on him for the last ten days."

* * *

NO amount of argument will make me believe that women will ever *become successful politicians,*" remarked the bachelor boarder.

"What makes you think so?" spoke one of the young women present.

"Because so many of your sex don't care for public sentiment," retorted the bachelor.

"*That is quite natural,*" *replied the* young woman. "But what gentleman would make love to a woman in public, can you tell me?"

Silence followed.

* * *

A LITTLE boy, one day at dinner, *gazed at his father's face a long* while, and then said:

"Papa, what makes your nose so dreadful red?"

"The east wind, of course," the father answered, with gruff haste. "Pass that jug of beer, and don't talk so *much.*"

Then, from the other end of the table, the boy's mother said sweetly:

"Yes, Tommy, pass your father the east wind, and be careful not to spill any on the tablecloth."

* * *

TENNANT was playing nurse to the twins on the front porch. The twins were annoyed because each *wanted exclusive possession of a solitary* kitten and they were yelling.

A neighbor paused at the gate. "Well, Tennant," he asked, "what would you take for those children of yours?"

Tennant shifted in his chair. "All the *money in the world couldn't buy* them," he declared. "But," he added, thoughtfully, "I wouldn't give ten cents apiece for any more like them."

* * *

A WELL-DRESSED man entered a florist's shop, threw down a sovereign, and said he wanted some flowers to take home. He was very unsteady, and had evidently been looking on the wine when it was red. The flowers apparently were intended as a domestic peace-offering.

The florist picked out a dozen chrysanthemums, and the customer started to leave.

At the door he hesitated.

"I say," he said, thickly, "watsh these flowersh called?"

"Chrysanthemums."

The customer shook his head. "Got to have something easier than that," he said. "Gimme a dozen pinks."

With the Horses

WITH each recovering season of trotting sport comes up the old, old chorus of incompetency in the occupants of the judge's stand. This complaint is not confined to the minor or half mile tracks, but has been loud *and deep at some of the big meetings.* A common sentence in a report with regard to a horse not being driven to win a certain heat is "Every one saw it but the judges," and it is a generally accepted fact that the judges have looked with a blind eye on many leading horse*men who notoriously evade or rather de*liberately ignore the rule against laying up heats. We have for many years been opposed to the old three-in-five system with an unlimited number of heats and have had the pleasure during the last decade of seeing a variety of systems *tried, all with the same end in view,* of shortening the race, and though it has its drawbacks, probably the best practical condition is that all races should end with the fifth heat, yet even then if two horses have each two heats there is the sporting desire of the crowd to see *a final heat between the two.* But if we must have the three-in-five system and as long as we do have it, drivers will lay up heats and take chances of beating the judges. As for the public, that does not enter into the calculations at all.

Nor must it be supposed that only the unscrupulous driver who is willing to make a deal or be a helper or pull a *heat for a little sure money is the only* offender. A well known driver of high reputation who always drives to win a race, once boldly made this public declaration: "If I am compelled to win three heats in five to win the race and find I cannot do it in straight heats, I *consider I have a perfect right to pick* the three heats I can win." Now that sounds logical and honest. He possibly wins the first heat in a hard finish, is doubtful if he can keep up the clip and decides to lay up the next. His reputation is so good that the innocent betters back him for the record, the public in the grandstand are all watching him, he drives an easy mile, possibly indulges in a little break on the top turn and comes home in the field. He possibly repeats this performance in the next heat and then comes out and wins the race. The few horsemen in the inside could read the race from start to finish, but the great crowd of spectators are not satisfied. Yet it must be borne in mind that the trainer has got to think of his and his owner's interest and that the paramount object is to win the race and if he thinks he cannot win in straight heats he must drop one or two. It is the law which is in fault which at times *compels the best men to evade it,* while it enables the dishonest driver to do a great deal of crooked work.

General Grant once said the best way to get rid of a bad law was to strictly enforce it and if the judges would apply the rules strictly with regard to laying up heats, the rule would be quickly repealed, or old three-in-five would go out of existence. The difficulty *is in enforcing the rule.* The judges, as a rule, do not do it. After a score of flagrant cases have passed under the eyes of the judges some bold offender gets reckless and pulls so openly that even the programme boys notice it, and the driver is fined. The amateur judge or the judge who only goes into the stand two or three times during the season rarely sees intelligently that a driver is laying up a heat and even if he thinks, seldom has the backbone to apply the rule. It requires more genuine ability, clear eyesight, nerve and knowledge of the rules to be a presiding judge than to be the umpire at baseball games. In all other sports and pastimes known experts are employed at good salaries and the rules are enforced. A judge should be licensed by the parent associations and be responsible to them for a faithful application of the rules. He should be known and respected by horsemen, of high reputation, of keen eye and absolutely just and fearless. That he should understand the rules and their practice is understood. But in order to do good work he should be employed from the beginning to the end of the season and should go through entire circuits. No *matter how keen and clever he may be,* the first meeting will be experimental with him, but he will get some idea of the horses and a little later down the line he will have a very clear idea of the position of affairs and will be able to pick out the men who do not want *records and the clever knights of the* sulky who like to manipulate the market. Then the axe will fall and after a few examples the balance of the drivers will fall into line and he will have no trouble through the other meetings of the circuit. As to the question of ex*pense, that flag was madly waved when* a paid professional starting judge was first proposed. The small associations declared that they could not afford it. Now they all have them and would not be without them. When they get the competent paid presiding judge and *have tried him they will wonder how* they managed without him.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

SENTINELS OF THE WIRE.

By Harold Sands.

MOST remarkable in the world," is the description which has been applied to the Yukon telegraph. Even in these days of excessive use of the superlative, this is a correct saying. The thin copper wire connects the frozen wastes of the Arctic with the rest of the world. It is an important nerve of the British Empire, bringing faraway Dawson within a few minutes of Downing Street and Ottawa.

For three thousand miles it stretches, passing through magnetic British Columbia to the last lone land of the Far North. Unlike most of the telegraph lines i Canada, it is state owned, and so far no corporation has shown a desire to stretch out eager hands to take it from the government. The reason is plain; the Yukon telegraph is not a *big money-maker,* but is a *great public* convenience.

Telegraph lines generally follow railroads, but this one preceded them. Before Sir Wilfrid Laurier dreamed of a Grand Trunk Pacific or Hays figured out the cost, the copper strand was *raised in the land where "the lonely* sunsets flare forlorn."

From Ashcroft, the gateway to one goldfield, the line runs to Dawson, the hub of another treasure district. At the former it connects with the Canadian Pacific Railway telegraph lines east and west. Practically the end of the wire is in Vancouver, where the *coast offices are maintained.* Outside of Dawson, Hazleton is the principal station on the line, and from it a branch runs to Prince Rupert, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The discovery of the Klondike made the Yukon telegraph a necessity.

It was in 1897, a year after the Laurier Government took office, that the first gold ships came south from Skagway bearing the wealthy freight that started the memorable stampede to the Klonaike. Not until 1899 was the Yukon telegraph started, and it was September, 1901, before the last connection was made.

The linemen and operators are a *picturesque set, particularly the* former, who may be styled as sentinels of the wire. They are sober, steady men, ready to answer the call of the wire at any hour of the night or day. When a break occurs they must find the source of the trouble *swiftly, and they often endanger life* and limb to keep the wire open.

Winter, of course, is the season of greatest danger to them. By day they must brave the snow blindness, and at night, when the thermometer is "away below," they have to contend with that vampire, the frost fiend that bites to the bone. The early summer is almost as bad a time for the linemen. When the ice goes out of the rivers and the streams are swollen by the rapidly melting snow, the lineman takes his life in his hands when he goes to repair the not infrequent breaks.

But these sturdy pioneers on the outposts of civilization like the life in the wilds. *They are wedded to the wilder*ness. Plank them down amid the comforts of Vancouver and they will feel out of place. The noise and turmoil of the city will be far worse to them than the awful loneliness of the north. Even if the Yukon is "plum *full of hush to the brim,*" *they love* the land, and the head officials of the telegraph say they rarely care to come "outside." Most of the linemen are like the "sourdough," who wouldn't trade the Yukon "for no land on earth."

North of Hazleton, in a thickly timbered country, a good-looking Irishman looks after a section of the wire. He has no snap, for trees frequently fall on the wire and break it. Forty miles from the Irishman's little cabin is an Indian reserve, where dwells a maiden who was smitten by the charms of the man from the Emerald Isle. When breaks occured near the reserve the lineman invariably called on the maid.

After a while it was observed that breaks were very frequent in the neighborhood of the Indian village. The next time trouble was reported there, another lineman was sent in the Irishman's place. He found a pine ly*ing across the wire.* Investigation showed that the tree had been chopped away until only a gentle blow was needed to cause it to topple across the telegraph line.

"Who did this?" demanded the lineman *of some Indians* who were watching him. They smiled.

"Klootch chop 'em," they replied.

The lineman sought the Indian girl, and she confessed that, sighing for her Irish lover forty miles away, she had hit on the plan of felling trees so that he would have to come to attend to the consequent breaks in the wire.

It Is a Liver Pill.—*Many of the ail*ments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating or drinking. This ac*counts for the great many liver regula*tors now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

THE GAEKWAR

Oh, the Gaekwar of Baroda
Has a white and gold pagoda,
A white and gold pagoda with a royal purple top;
And at all the ceremonies—
All the real ones and the phonies—
They tote him in a litter till his highness bids 'em stop.

Oh, the Gaekwar of Baroda
Takes his tonic and his soda
From jewelled glasses that would bring the ransom of a crown.
Ah, it's fine to be a Hindu
When so many things you kin do—
But as for that Baroda job, the Gaekwar *holds it down.*

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

ILL HEALTH, ITS CAUSE

Sluggishness of Liver and Bowels

It took me a long time to learn, and big doctors' bills in the bargain, writes Mr. Ogilby, of Winnipeg, that the disturbance of my system was due simply to liver and bowel inactivity. A sleepiness and languor extinguished my old-time ambition. I fear irritability of temper added little to the comfort of my family, yet the headaches, general misery and melancholy forebodings that weighed me down ought to be considered. Tonics, electric treatment and mineral waters in turn failing to cure me, the advertising of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the testimonials supporting the claim of great medicinal virtue induced me to try them. The result of even the first box made clear that my own body was making its own poison, that by driving it from the system and removing the cause which undoubtedly resided in the liver and bowels, by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, my health would be as good as ever.

It seems certain to me that more than half the sickness we see about us is caused by carelessness in keeping the bowels open and the liver active. Dr. Hamilton's Pills I found do both, and do it better than other remedies. 25c per box, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION No. 42

RINGS ON CIGARS

The practice of placing paper rings or bands upon cigars had its origin in the early days of cigar-smoking, and was designed as a convenience for Spanish and *Cuban women smokers.*

The first bands used were of plain Manila paper, which the woman smoker removed from the cigar and placed upon her finger, for use in flicking the ash from the cigar without soiling or burning the fingers.

Manufacturers later sought to improve the appearance of their cigars by substituting handsomely colored and embossed bands for the plain rings of Manila paper, and the use of these finely lithographed bands, for many years confined to the higher-priced goods, has gradually extended, until at the present time it is almost universal.

In fact, to such an extent has the cigar ring been adopted by enterprising manufacturers that its absence from a cigar is in some circles regarded as more indicative of quality than otherwise.

The BUCK-EYE does not need any artificial enhancement of this nature. The manufacturers of the BUCK-EYE decided that, as their customers did not smoke the band, it was bad business to take good money that should go towards *improving the quality of the cigar to put into ornamental bands.*

That is one reason why the BUCK-EYE makes rings around all other cigars.

P.S.--The BUCK-EYE needs no band to make it saleable. Smokers know it as the best Ten-Cent cigar sold.

There's Flavor in

"CANAWELLA" TEA

HEAD ACHE

Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers 25c. a box, at all druggists'.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL. 27

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The Death Spider

ONE time I was staying down at the Haciendo del Torreon, in the State of Durango. It belonged to my friend and my family's friend, Mariano Conde.

He and I had been out after "berendas"—lots of antelope and deer still around there—and we got back late Saturday afternoon, just as the "mayordemo" was calling the "raya." That means what we Americans would say by "giving them their time." He takes the list from the bookkeeper's figures, and compares it with the accounts kept for themselves by the people. As they can not read nor write, they use a system of lines and circles to denote a day, half-day, quarter-day, a "real" (twelve and a half cents), a "medio" (dollars), etc. If the two accounts tally and they generally do, for these rancho folk are mighty honest, then they are paid, sometimes in money, but more generally—the most part, anyway, of their wages—in orders on the "tienda." These "hacienda" stores make lots of money for the "hacendados," and keep the people in debt just about as hopeless as the old scheme of peonage. But the tienda at Torreon was very fairly managed, and the people always could have money if they preferred it to credits.

That time, after the raya was over, and most of the people had gone lounging away for their one rest of the week—for it is a great mistake to think that the "peones" are loafers—they really work like beavers—well, as I was saying, one girl walked up to the mayordomo and said something in a low tone.

"Ey? what's that?" said Don Enrique, "thou, Ysmaela, asking for the washing! Are the clouds readying to rain honey? Since when art thou tired of resting?"

We could not hear what she said, but she appeared to be insisting. Don Enrico looked a question at Mariano. Of course the mayordomo had the right to distribute the work as he thought proper, but when the "amo" was actually on the spot, it was "compromiso"—that is to say, Mexican etiquette—that the employee should consult the master. Mariano was a good fellow, and he never did or said anything to hurt the feelings of those around him. The "administrador" and the mayordomo were both of good families—lots of "gente fina," men who had spent all their money, are now glad enough to take positions that are considered inferior in Mexico—and Mariano was so good-natured that he let them run about as they pleased. You might have easily mistaken either one of them for the master. Not that he was careless about his affairs, for he was a sharp, shrewd, business fellow. But he had, as the Mexicans say, so much delicacy for them that when he disapproved of their doings, or wanted to make suggestions, he always told them about it privately, and before folks, even before the peones, he treated them very respectfully, and appeared to take their advice about everything. Of course that sort of thing is only skin deep, and you can call it insincere, if you want to, but all the same it is mighty pleasant to be treated that way.

Well, so that was why, when Don Enrique Vargas looked that way at Mariano, the "patron" shrugged his left shoulder and threw out his left hand with a gesture that meant, "Oh, I leave it all to you, my dear fellow!" But the little minx had seen the mayordomo's look, and she twirled around, as cheeky as you please, and began to discourse him.

"Yes, yes, chula! But this is an affair for Don Enrique. He will send thee to the acequia, if it seems to him well. But why wishest thou the wash? What spider has bitten thee?"

At that the girl gave a quick jump, as if something had bitten her sure enough, and she turned about the color of Manila paper, as she faced around to the door and made off in no little hurry. The last we saw of her face the color had not come back to it. We could not help talking about her and her whim, and the queer caper of her leaving like that when Mariano spoke to her. I gathered from what they said that she had known the administrador rather better than was good for her, and that her freak about the wasning was in order to get away from the house, so she would not have to see and worry over the way that gay blade was now dangling around Simeona, a pretty daughter of Damasa, the tortilla-maker.

That's one thing I never can get used to in these Mexican fellows. I'll turn to look after a woman as quick as any other man, and I don't say that I care for them too high-toned or learned, either. But these servant-women!—strapping, greasy hussies, with every pore in their skins marked out in black, like the lines of "crackle" pottery! They are supposed to have a bath every San Juan (St. John's Day), but I really think with many of them it is only "cada corpus y San Juan" (every Corpus Christi and St. John's Day), and the calendar makers say that these two feasts fall on the same day only once in three centuries.

Anyway, Simeona was worse than the ordinary servant woman, but she had a good figure, though she was very slender. She was pretty, too, all but for a wicked look in her black eyes. I've seen the same look often in bolting horses, when they cock their ears and roll their eyes back to see if you're off your guard or ready for them. I said something like that to Mariano.

"Oh, yes," he said—"you're right. I know it. The girl is dangerous, I am sure—the sort that the Spaniards describe as having 'three black boar's bristles through the heart.' But I don't know, I am sure, what I can do. I wish Cosme were way from here—he is a greater care than all the rest of the hacienda. But he will not resign, and I cannot dismiss him—por compromiso—from that conventional obligation that so fetters and hampers us Mexicans. You Americans would sever it as with a sword-stroke. His father and mine were compadres—co-sponsirs—and so I must bear with his excesses at my very life's risk. The only good thing is that the girl seems to want to keep away from him and out of mischief. Of course Enrique will let her go with the lavenderas—thinkest not that he should, Carlitos?"

Now I want to say, right here, though it has nothing to do with my story, that my name is not Carlitos, nor Carlos, nor Charles in any shape whatever. My true name is odd and uncommon, even in English, and the Mexicans are determined I shall have "a Christian (i.e., saint's) name," so they have saddled several on me. I am generally Ysac, or the diminutive or nickname of it—'Chac, and from that has become my being called 'Jack" by Americans. Mariano dislikes Isaac in Spanish as much as I do in English, and so to him I am "Carlos."

A day or two after, we rode around by the "acequia." By Jove! it was a pretty sight there—I wished I was a painter. The wide, deep ditch, with its white sand bottom, was full of rippling water, humming to itself a little song, and the poplars along the edge keeping time to it, with all their glossy leaves a-clapping like tiny hands. Along the bank, in the fringe of ferns and water-sedges, was a string of women kneeling, some in a sort of scoop made of a goods-box, but mostly in holes hollowed in the sand, for boards are boards in Mexico. Sloping into the water before them, each one had a board or a big flat stone, and on it she scraped, and thumped, and pounded, and paddled the soiled clothes, rinsed by sousing in the water, or by pouring over water with an "olla," or a painted "jicara"—a calabash. Some used the long, inch-square bars of Mexican soap, others used pounded or grated "amole" (soap-root), but this was mostly for woollens. The women looked well, moving in free, vigorous swings, with their long, black braids swaying, their blue "rebozos" catching the sun, and their bright skirts. Their brown arms and necks showed like bronze above the white chemises, for these rancho workwomen do not wear waists or jackets.

When we got to Ysmaela, we saw that she was washing her stent with some herb—a lot of green leaves, pounded.

"Hola! here is something new!" said Mariano. "What hast thou there, my daughter? Is it a weed common enough to save me a lot of soap?"

The girl mumbled something about it being scarce—a rare herb.

"Rare! yes, I warrant, your worship," said Ysmaela's right-hand neighbor, looking up with an impudent, leering grin; "too rare to be wasted on common ropa. Please, your mercy, it is a philter, a love-potion—those are Don Cosme's clothes that she is washing, to coax him away from Simeona."

Ysmaela lifted the linen shirt on her board, sodden heavy with wet, and swung it with a sweeping backhander that knocked her smart friend headfirst into the acequia. Ysmaela looked minded to hold her under water, but returned to her task, while her mates pulled out the other, caterwauling.

"I don't like that," said Mariano, as we rode on; "the girl is too quiet by half. If she would rage and storm—but you see she strikes and does not speak. She was brought up here, a baby, by a family from Sonora, and my father always believed she had blood of the Yaquis. They are like that, the Yaquis—silent, sullen, but swiftly, savagely dangerous."

To tell the truth, I did not like it, either.

Mariano liked it so little that when we went hunting again, he made Cosme de la Guerra come with us, to keep him out of mischief. He did not want to come. He disliked any work harder than giving orders or hanging about the women. We rode in buckskin, with flannel shirts. He was in "charro," it is true; but his riding-suit was elegant black cloth, with all the regulation silver braid and buttons, and he took pains to show off his white shirt and the wristlets of his silk undershirt.

Well, we pushed him hard that day, to pay for his foppery—Mariano dislikes such nonsense. We killed three antelope, and, over a spur of the foot hills, we struck a fresh bear-trail that led us up to a stony "mesa," where the trail and the light failed us together. One of the "mozos" with us was Juan Largo, and he was the worst fellow after bear you ever did see. No wonder, either. If a bear had done to one side of my face what a big silver-tip had done to Juan Largo's, I would go hot-foot after every one of the trbie that made me a sight of horror to frighten children.

"With the will of your mercy, we will camp here to-night and follow on in the morning. The oso is going home—I see that in the speed of his footprints. With the light, we can go straight to his house."

Of course we agreed. Juan Largo knew his business, and he always did as he pleased with us on a hunt. But Cosme did not like it. He made all kinds of objectiions, and Juan upset them one by one with good, common, sensible answers.

"Come, come, Cosme, be reasonable," said Mariano; "it is too dark to travel—we would go farther to fare worse. Like we others, thou art hungry. Thou wilt better appreciate Juan Largo's care for us after supper."

Cosme growled something about "rocky ground for cascabeles."

Juan Largo came over to him, grinning—a smile made that awful face of Juan's more hideous than ever.

"Oh," he said, "your mercy Don Cosme will pardon me. If I had understood that your mercy was so little a countryman, I would have set your fears at rest by lessons of the camp. I will clear the stones from a space for your honor's bed; as for the other gentlemen, and then lay this rope around it. Within its ring you may sleep as in the arms of—your mother. No snake will cross a cabriesto, and with reason—but drag your hand across it, and say if you would bear its rasp on your own belly."

It was true enough that Cosme had not known the safeguard of this expedient that every plainsman and mountaineer uses nightly. The ventral sensibility of the serpent race shrinks from the prickling bristles that stand out thickly all over the excellent "lazos" that the rancheros weave of horsehair.

Well, we had supper, then we smoked and yarned for a while, then rolled out in our "zorapes." And as for me, I knew no more until Juan Largo shook me awake in the morning. When I sat up, Mariano and I blinked sleepily at eash other, while Juan went on to awaken Cosme.

"His fear of the rattlesnakes did not make his sleep light," said the old mozo grimly; then, as he touched Cosme's hand in turning down the blanket, "Santo Dios! Come hither, quick, your honor!"

We hurried to him. No man ever was deader than Cosme de la Guerra. His light moustache showed bright yellow against his gray face. When the first shock was over—"it must have been a rattlesnake, after all," said Mariano.

"Not so, by your mercy's leave," said Juan Largo; "the reata is tight to the ground, as I pegged it down last night. Now that the light is strong—I have been waiting—we will look—I smelled him when I bent above the difunto."

"Smelled what?"

"But Juan Largo, slowly, cautiously, was opening the clothing of Cosme. Inside the neck of the shirt, far down, was nestled a big and devilish spider that is very rare in Mexico, but whose bite or sting is as deadly as a stroke of lightning.

"They are great travellers," said Juan Largo, gravely, after he had taken measures to keep the beast from future devilment. "There is," he went on, more slowly, "a strange thing about these spiders. There is a weed they love better than a babe loves the milk of its mother. No, your worship, I know not the weed by sight. I know only its smell, and that it is called the net, and that the Indians on the Yaqui River strive to rub it on the dress of an enemy—and one of the spiders will find him. Your honor, bend and smell."

We bowed above the body of Cosme, and a strange, enticing perfume penetrated to our sense, through and beyond the essences he always wore like a woman.

"Your honor, the cucumber smell of the cascabel gives warning that the rattler is nigh, and the net tells the approach of the Death Spider—to those that know its power."

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
Does not contain Alum

MARAT—"STAR VILLAIN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A SLOVENLY, unkempt dwarf—scarcely five feet tall—with bleared eyes peering forth from a blotched and pallid face. Such was Jean Paul Marat, ruler of France's destinies at a day when France was one huge slaughter-house.

The French Revolution was at its height. After throwing off the cruel bondage of royalty under which they had groaned for centuries the French people beheaded their old tyrants. Then, the thirst for blood being still unslaked, they fell to beheading each other. The "Reign of Terror" set in. First the Revolutionists who believed in higher ideals and gentler methods were slain. Then the more rabid revolutionists divided into several parites or factions. And, whichever faction chanced at the moment to be uppermost, it executed members of the other. One leader after another arose to outdo his predecessors in deeds of violence, only to lose his own life and power to some still more murderous demogague.

And the heart and soul of the Reign of Terror was Marat. He was a Swiss by birth, and had at various times been a scientist, a literary man, a physician and—so says Carlyle—a horse doctor. When the Revolution began he started a paper called "The Friend of the People." It was probably the most scurrilous bloodthirsty sheet ever published. In one of its early issues he suggested that 800 prominent French statesmen be put to death and denounced many more as traitors and scoundrels.

The Revolution at that time had not wholly thrown sanity aside. Marat's arrest was ordered. He escaped and fled to the lowest slums. There, hiding in the sewers and cellars, he spent his time making friends with the vile outcasts of the Paris underworld and in preaching to them his doctrine of wholesale murder. From time to time, as the revolution waxed more fierce, he would emerge from hiding with new plans for deeds of violence. Each time the saner leaders denounced him. But, soon or late, they followed his advices. And thus the Revolution grew daily into the Reign of Terror.

At last it became safe for Marat to come wholly out of seclusion and to proclaim aloud, by voice and by his newspaper, his ideas for the death of his fellow men. The Revolutionary leaders feared and hated him. They held him in contempt for his squalid filth and his shrieking clamor for blood. But they could no longer send him into hiding. For the worst element of the mob now ruled Paris. And the mob adored Marat. He grew in power and his most terrible orders were obeyed.

He framed a law by which 400,000 persons were arrested on suspicion of being false to the Revolution. Hundreds more were guillotined at his command. He even gravely expressed a wish to behead an entire French army of 270,000 officers and men.

Everybody dreaded his terrible newspaper. For a denunciation in that sheet meant instant death. He wiped out a whole faction of his political enemies (the Girondists) and branded as a traitor any one who did not believe in constant executions.

With Robespierre and Danton (both of whom later fell victim to the guillotine) he formed a triumvirate to govern the French people. For a time he was the ruling spirit in this combination. All feared him—except possibly the gallant, big-souled Danton, who laughed at Fate and feared nothing. Once, when Marat asked Danton for advice, Danton replied dryly:

"Wash and put on a clean shirt!"

But sneers were lost on Marat. In vain did his opponents call him "sewer rat," and even less complimentary names. In vain did they plot for his downfall. By sheer force of evil he crushed all opposition. And the crazy mob slavishly followed his every word and wish. Honesty—of a sort—was his one virtue. By grafting, as did other Revolutionary chiefs, he might have made millions of dollars. He died with just twenty-one cents.

Nature at last did what man would not to shorten the career of this "star villain" of France's Scarlet Tragedy. Marat's health gave out. He suffered intolerable pains. The only relief he could get was to lie for hours in a tub of hot water. The Great Unwashed was actually forced to bathe!

It was while he was draped in a sheet in his steaming bathtub on the evening of July 13, 1793, that a young girl from the provinces called to see him. She said she had with her a list of traitors' names and began to read them to him. Marat listened greedily. At the end he croaked:

"They shall die! Every one of them!"

As he spoke, the girl—Charlotte Corday—stabbed him to the heart. She had hoped to free France from a tyrant. But she did more harm than good. In the first place, Marat had already been dying from disease, and at most could have had but a few weeks to live. In the second, she made the people regard a monster as a martyr. And for months the most atrocious cruelties were carried on, under the pretext that Marat would have wished them.

Instead of ending the Reign of Terror, Charlotte Corday had but increased its horrors. Hers was a wasted crime.

WHERE CHINA CARRIES ON HER FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Waiwupu

TO the student of government, China's methods are as amazing as they are unique. For three thousand years all her official business was divided into six categories which became the prototypes of six liu-pu, or boards of government, and these in turn were succeeded by the corresponding divisions made in the administrative offices down to our own day, says the American Review of Reviews. But all these had reference to internal affairs. As to a foreign office, no such thing was even thinkable in the old days; for the Emperor was regarded as the person who ruled the entire world by the decree of Heaven. It was not until 1861 that China would admit the necessity of having some fixed channels through which relations with foreign nations could be negotiated. In January of that year an imperial decree authorized the creation of the Tsung-li Yamen, or Yamen of foreign affairs. This was merely a commission, and although its first president was the celebrated Prince Kung, a brother of the reigning Emperor, yet for over thirty years after its organization the Yamen was not recognized by the official Red Book, or record of state departments. In 1901, owing to the pressure of negotiations with foreign powers, a new board of foreign affairs was created, of the constitution and head of which an account is given in the Far Eastern Review, as follows:

By the terms of the Peace Protocol of 1901, the old Tsung-li Yamen was abolished and a new ministry of foreign affairs, ranking above all other boards and called the Waiwupu, was established. The new ministry was headed by the Prince of Ching, who had been the senior member of the old Yamen, and who is still the nominal head of the board, although the actual work is carried on by two assistant presidents and two vice-presidents. . . . . Prince Ching is undoubtedly the most interesting figure in Chinese politics, and under any other government in the world he would be the strongest statesman of his country. But, although he fills the most important posts, it can hardly be stated that his abilities are on a par with his elevated positions.

In the Waiwupu there are four bureaus, three of which are the bureau of accounts and disbursements, the bureau of miscellaneous affairs (missionaries, questions of boundaries, travellers, etc.) and the bureau for the questions arising out of the employment of foreign professors and advisers. The remaining bureau is that which has to do with the appointment of envoys, audiences to foreign ministers, and treaties, and it rejoices in the delightfully suggestive title of the bureau of harmonious intercourse.

By those competent to judge, the next ten years are regarded as the crucial period of China's political existence; and the Far Eastern Review is of the opinion that "ten years from now the question as to whether China is to preserve her political entity will be settled one way or another." Her chief disadvantage is that she "has only one set of officials to direct her affairs."

Instead of political parties to which the throne can turn as a remedy for the misgovernment of incapable officials, the only alternative is to shift them around from post to post, now degrading some and elevating others. Once in official life, above the rank of Taotai, there is no rest for the official, except the period of mourniag or retirement. As the officials pass through the various grades to the higher executive posts of presidents of the boards, or seats in the grand secretariat or grand council at Peking, their provincial experience is so invaluable that retirement is rarely permitted until death finally claims them at their post. Many are degraded or dismissed on various good or trivial charges, but as long as the official fills his post with honor, and contributes his regular quota to the maintenance of the system, he is solid for life. So it is that at present the directing forces behind the government at Peking are all men well past sixty, who should long ago have retired from active life and made room for younger blood.

This would seem to be the only reason for retaining in office the present head of the Waiwupu, Prince Ching, concerning whose neglect of his high duties the following paragraph recently appeared in a prominent newspaper:

For years he has not visited the Waiwupu. He dwells in a sphere apart from his fellow ministers, and, in his private residence, reluctantly accords rare audiences to the representatives of the great powers.

MARK TWAIN'S MODEL HOTEL

HERE is Mark Twain's description of a notice he saw in a Swiss hotel:

"The Model Hotel. The comforts of home without its responsibilities. This hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of its visitors. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed higher up on the knoll, or farther down towards the village, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front rooms up only one flight for every guest.

"Baths, gas, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, fire alarm, bar-room, billiard table, daily papers, sewing machine, grand piano, clergyman, and all other modern conveniences in every room. Watiers of any nationality or color desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole, bouquet, full dress suit, ball tablets, and his hair parted down the middle. Every guest will have the best waiter in the house.

"Any guest not getting his breakfast red-hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please mention the fact at the office. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring oopsticks and shinties to bang the carved rosewood furniture, specially provided for that purpose; and peg-tops to spin on the velvet carpets. They will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, yell in the halls, slide down the banisters, fall downstairs, carry away in their pockets dessert enough for a Lord Mayor's feast, and make themselves as insufferable as the fondest mother can desire.

"A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Oddfellows, and Knights of Pythias, who was never known to tell even the time of day, is employed to carry milk punch and hot toddies to the ladies' rooms in the evening.

"Every lady will be considered the belle of the house, and boys will answer the bell promptly. Should any boy fail to appear at the guest's door with a pitcher of ice water, more towels, a gin cocktail, and pen and ink before the guest's hand has left the bell knob, he will be branded 'Sing' on his forehead, and be imprisoned for life.

"The hotel secretary has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can play billiards, lead in prayer, match worsted at the village store, dance the lancers, amuse children, is a good judge of horses, can curl hair, flirt with any young lady and not mind being cut dead when 'pa comes down,' can pack forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the communicator, and answer questions in Hebrew, Greek, Choctaw, Gaelic, or any other polite language.

"Gentlemen can drink, smoke, swear, chew, gamble, tell risque stories, stare at the new arrivals, and indulge in other innocent amusement common to watering-places, in any part of the hotel.

"The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest, on leaving, should fail to dispute the bill, tell him he is a swindler, his house a barn, the table wretched, the wines vile, that he (the guest) was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and means to warn his friends."

SOME men are so shrewd that nobody can believe them honest.

A fault is never so offensive as when it is somebody else's.

Many people are busy mortgaging the future in order to acquire a past.

A woman can get more by her weakness than a man can by his strength.

Some diseases are less fatal to the patient than to the people who have to live with him.

It is a wise man who wants only what he can get, and a lucky one who gets only what he wants.

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

In the causes of infant mortality cholera morbus figures frequently, and it may be said that complaints of the bowels are great destroyers of child life. If all mothers would avail themselves of so effective a remedy as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial many a little one could be saved. This Cordial can be given with safety to the smallest child, as there is no injurious substance in it.

Capitol Cylinder Oil

For Steam Traction Engines and Steam Plants

Delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.

Traction Engines, Wagons, Etc.

Mica Axle Grease

makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.

Reapers, Threshers, Plows, Harrows

Granite Harvester Oil

insures better work from the new machine and lengthens the life of the old. Wherever bearings are loose or boxes worn it takes up the play and acts like a cushion. Changes of weather do not affect it.

Gasolene and Kerosene Engines

Standard Gas Engine Oil

is the only oil you need. It provides perfect lubrication under high temperatures without appreciable carbon deposits on rings or cylinders, and is equally good for the external bearings.

Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circulars to

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

GOOD HEALTH FOR BABY AT VERY LITTLE COST

Baby's Own Tablets only cost 25 cents a box. A box bought now may save baby's life. Summer complaints come suddenly, and carry away thousands of little ones every year. If the stomach and bowels are kept in order there is little danger from these troubles. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for preventing and curing stomach and bowel troubles. They can be given with perfect safety to the new-born baby or the well grown child. An occasional dose of the Tablets will regulate the stomach and bowels and prevent summer complaints. The mother who keeps these Tablets on hand may feel assured her little ones are safe. If you have not got a box of the Tablets get one without delay. Do not wait until trouble comes; it may then be too late. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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H. F. Montgomery, Manager

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

give us a call.

McPhee & Morrison

General Merchants, Courtenay.

Sale of Mineral Claims for Unpaid Taxes in the Comox Assessment District

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that, on Monday, the 7th day of November, A. D., 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Cumberland, I shall offer for sale at public auction the Mineral claims in the list herinafter set out, of the persons in the said list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for the taxes remaining unpaid and delinquent by said persons, on the 30th day of June, 1910, and for costs and expenses, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

Owner	Name of Claim	Lot No.	Taxes	Costs	Total
Coulson C. Fisher C H.					
Hoare J H.....	Empress	279 Coast Dist. R 1.	11 25	2 00	13.25
DeBeck George Ward...	Copper Chief	1834 G. I. N. W. D.	11 50	2 00	13.50
Cullen James.....	Copper King	1835 G. I. N. W. D.	11 50	2 00	13.5

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor and Collector

Dated at Cumberland, B. C., 3rd October, 1910.

TOWN TOPICS.

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

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

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

The Royal Bank of Canada have decided to open their branch at Courtenay on Friday as well as Tuesday's of each week

LIQUOR LICENSE ACT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 29th day of November next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the renewal of a license for the sale of liquor by wholesale in and upon the premises known as Pilsener Brewing Co., Ltd., situated at Cumberland, B. C., upon the lands described as Sub. Lot 1, of Lot 24 Nelson District.

Dated this 29th day of October 1910.

PILSENER BREWING CO., LTD.
Per W. F. Ramsay, applicant

For Sale—One good farm horse, Enquire J H Milligan

Sandwick, B. C

For Sale—Buggy and harness both in good condition. Price $75 Apply E Whelan

Comox

DRIVING OUTFIT FOS SALE

Horse 8 yrs, kind, good driver, not afraid of autos. Harness and rubber tired buggy almost new.

Apply to, G. K. McNaughton

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership firm McLeod & Bailey was dissolved Sept. 22nd 1910 by mutual consent and the business will in future be carried on by Mr. J. N. McLeod. All accounts and debts against and due the said firm are payable respectively, by and to, Mr. J. N. McLeod

(Signed) J. N. McLEOD
B. W. BAILEY

B. Cloutier

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

TENDERS FOR CATTLE.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed, "Tender for Cattle" will be received by the undersigned up to Monday, the 14th day of November, 1910, for the purchase of the cattle formerly owned by Philip Buckley, and now running at large in the bush near Union Bay The Provincial Government will not guarantee any number of cattle, nor will they deliver any of the cattle to the purchaser who must take his chance of finding the same. Each proposal must be accompanied by a certified cheque for the full amount. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

JOHN BAIRD
Government Agent

Cumberland, B. C., 1st Nov., 1910

EXAMINATION FOR INSPECTOR OF STEAM BOILER AND MACHINERY.

EXAMINATIONS for the position of Inspector of Steam Boilers and Machinery, under the "Steam Boilers Inspection Act, 1901," will be held at the Parliament Buildings, Victoria commencing November 7th, 1910. Application and instruction forms can be had on application to the undersigned, to whom the former must be returned correctly filled in, not later than October 24th, 1910. Salary $130.00 per month, increasing at the rate of $5.00 per month each year to a maximum of $180.00.

JOHN PECK,
Chief Inspector of Machinery,
New Westminster, B.

Dated Sept., 3rd, 1910.

S. G. HANSON'S

402 pullets, hatched 1909 from Jan. 1 to May 31, laid 37580 eggs which sold at wholesale prices net $1019.12
Cost of feed for same period 211.05
$ 808.07

Average profit per bird for 151 days $2.01

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

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DUNCAN, B.C. j4

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Leave Nanaimo 5.30 p.m. Tuesday
Arrive Union Bay 10.30 p.m. Tuesday
Leave Union Bay 8 a.m. Wednesday
Arrive Nanaimo 2 p m. Wednesday
Arrive Vancouver 6.30 p m. Wednesday
Leave Vancouver 8 a.m. Thursday
Arrive Nanaimo 12 10 p.m. Thursday
Leave Nanaimo 1 p.m. Thursday
Arrive Union Bay 7.30 p.m. Thursday
Friday and Saturday repeat trips of Wednesday and Thursday
Leave Union Bay 12.15 a.m. Sunday
Arrive Nanaimo 6 a.m. Sunday
Arrive Victoria 1 p.m. Sunday

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Agent for E & N. Lands

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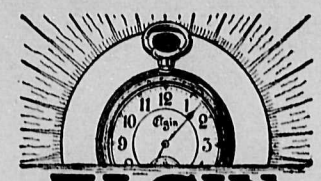
Anything in the Jewellery Line



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

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

The Islander

We sell Safety Razors

The STAR
The GILLETTE
and
The MAGNA

Also BOKER'S KING CUTTER

Shaving Soaps, Brushes and Razor Strops, Shaving Creams and Powders, Perfumes and Toilet Articles
Combs and Brushes a Genuine Quality

Call and inspect same at The Drug Store

A. H. PEACEY

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

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

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