ANNUAL SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE NOW ON AT CAMPBELL BROS.

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THE ISLANDER

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No. 7 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1910. Subscription price $1.50 per year.

COURTENAY COLTS CONTINUE CLIMB

Won from Union Bay by a score of four to three.

Courtenay continued its climb pennantward on Sunday last, when that team won from the Bay team by a score of 4 to 3.

Courtenay broke into the run column in the second innings, when Dixon led off with a single to left, but was out when he tried to stretch it into a two bagger. Thomas was safe on a bunt which went safe, stole second, went to thirk on Curtis' scratch hit, and scored on an overthrow to first to catch a runner off the bag. Fabor was safe on a first base error; Cliffe fanned and McNeil went out third to first.

Union forged to the front in round four. Fredericks went out on a swell catch by Fabor; Clarke drew a pass and stole second; Curran hit to centre and Clark scored; Curran went to second on the throw in; Coe went out on a grounder to the pitcher; Ryan put a safe to left and another run came in; Wakefield struck out.

Courtenay took the lead again in the fifth, when two runs were scored; Cliffe went out third to first; McNeil hit to left for a double; Anderton fanned, but McNeil stole third and scored on Coe's error, when he failed to handle McGoldrick's grounder; Donnelly got on the bags on an error by Clark, but Dixon struck out.

Another was tallied in the sixth for Courtenay; Thomas was safe on a hit to first; Curtis fanned; Fabor reached first on a short stop error, and Thomas came home; Cliffe was safe on N. Balo's error, but McNeil hit into a double play—third to second—and the side was out.

Things went along quietly until the ninth when Union got one, and almost tied the score; Clark went out to the pitcher; Curran got a two base hit to left field, stole third and came home on a poor throw to third to catch him off the bag; Coe hit a safe one to third but was forced at second by Ryan, and Wakefield ended the matter by going out to the pitcher.

UNION BAY.

	AB	R	H	P	OA	E
Le Claire, l.f.	3	0	0	0	1	0
N. Balo, 3b.	4	0	1	3	4	1
Fredericks, c	4	0	0	7	1	0
Clark, s.s., 2b.	2	1	0	1	2	2
Curran, c.f.	4	2	2	0	0	0
Coe, 2b., s,s.	4	0	1	3	2	1
Ryan, r.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wakefield, 1b	4	0	1	10	0	1
E. Balo, p.	3	0	0	0	3	2
	32	3	6	24	13	7

COURTENAY.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McNeil, c.	4	1	1	9	1	1
Anderton, 1b.	4	0	0	8	0	1
McGoldrick, 3b.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Donnelly, 2b.	4	0	1	3	2	0
Dixon, s s.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Thomas, p.	4	2	2	2	4	0
Curtis, l.f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Fabor, c f.	2	0	0	3	0	0
Cliffe, r.f.	3	0	0	0	1	0
	32	4	7	27	10	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Union Bay	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	—3
Courtenay	0	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	*	—4

Shirts at 50c at McLeods.

Mine Inspector Newton went down to Nanaimo on Saturday.

Ladies Sunshades cheap on Saturday at McLeods.

The Big Store is showing this week, the largest, and best selected range of Rugs, Linoleums and Floor Oil Cloths ever shown in Cumberland. They invite inspection.

Mens Underwear at 50c a garment at McLeods.

THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

(REMAINING GAMES)

July 17—Courtenay at Cumberland.
July 24—Cumberland at Union.
July 31—Courtenay at Union.
Aug. 7—Cumberland at Courtenay.
Aug. 14—Union at Courtenay.
Aug. 21—Cumberland at Union.
Aug. 28—Courtenay at Union.
Sept. 4—Cumberland at Union.
Sept. 11—Union at Courtenay.
Sept. 18—Cumberland at Courtenay.

Mens Underwear at 50c a garment at McLeods.

LOCALS LICK LADYSMITH LADS

Pilsener ball tossers score easy win from the visitors.

The local ball team took the Ladysmith bunch into camp on Tuesday, when they scored 13 runs to the visitors 2 in a game that was characterized by hard hitting on the part of the home team, and numerous errors on the part of the visitors.

The Ladysmith boys bunched 5 errors in the very first round, and Pilsener scored 8 runs. McNeil hit the first ball safe to centre and went right round the bags without stopping, on three wild throws. Robertson was safe on an error at first, got to third on two passed balls and scored on Coe's two bagger, after Pearme struck out; Thomas was safe on an error at second, but was forced out by Piper; Gibson went down by the short stop route. Another tally came in the third on two hard hits in succession by Thomas and Piper. In the fourth 11 Pilsener came to bat, four scored and three were left on bases, but as the exhibition could not be termed baseball, the details need not be rehearsed here, Coe got one in the sixth when he hit safe to short, and scored on Gibson's clout to centre field. Pilsener took 4 more for good measure in the seventh. McKay hit safe to right, worked his passage to third and scored on a passed ball; Robertson paraded; Pearme was safe on an error at second, and Coe's drive to centre brought home the runs.

L. Evanson got one for the visitors in the fourth, through the kindness of Coe, who threw Moore's grounder away, although he could have made the third out by stepping three feet on to the bag. The same player got the second run for Ladysmith in the sixth when he walked, moved along on McMillan's safe one to left, and scored on McKay's wild heave.

The feature of the game was the swell pitching of Thomas, for Pilsener, who held the visitors to 4 scattered hits, and struck out 11 of their batters.

LADYSMITH.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Haigh, s.s.	4	0	1	3	8	1
D. Evanson, 2b.	3	0	1	4	3	3
McKay, c.	4	0	2	5	0	8
Hicks, 1b.	4	0	0	12	0	1
L. Evanson, 3b.	3	2	0	2	0	1
J. Adams, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Mould, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Moore, r.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
G. Evanson, p.	4	0	0	0	6	1
	34	2	4	24	12	10

PILSENER.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
A. McNeil, c.	5	2	2	11	0	0
Robertson, c.f.	4	2	0	1	0	0
Pearme, 3b,	4	2	1	2	0	0
Coe, 1b.	5	3	3	9	0	1
Thomas, p.	5	1	2	2	7	0
Piper, s.s.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Gibson, r.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Stant, 2b.	5	1	1	1	0	2
McKay, l.f.	5	2	2	0	0	1
	41	13	12	24	7	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Ladysmith	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	—2
Pilsener	3	0	1	4	0	1	4	0	*	—13

Denman Island.

A reception was given in the hall on Wednesday evening by Mr and Mrs Washington Scott. There was a good attendance, and all spent a very enjoyable evening.

Haying is well under way here and if the present fine weather continues for another few days most of the hay crops will be safely housed.

Fruit of all kinds will be plentiful on the Island this year.

Claman Players presented "Are You Crazy" to a well filled house at the Nelson Theatre, last evening. The play is funny and was greatly enjoyed by the audience, who roared with laughter during the three acts. The musical program given by a well trained orchestra of six men, under Prof. Wm. Saxton, added greatly to the entertainment. A return engagement will be looked forward to, and a full house will be promised this clever company. (Nelson Daily News, Nelson, B.C. June, 13th. 1910.) This company appear at Cumberland July 20 21. Courtnay 22. Union Bay, 23.

Don't miss seeing the bargains at McLeods.

CELEBRATION IS GREAT SUCCESS

Orange Celebration the best that has ever been held locally.

The two hundred and twentieth anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was celebrated in a most successfull manner by the Local Orangemen, on Tuesday last, and great credit is due the committee for the success which crowned their efforts.

A meeting of the lodge was held at 10 a.m., after which the parade was formed, being headed by Mat Piercy, representing King William, on a milk white charger.

The members of the Orange Lodge of Cumberland and Courtenay, together with the Black Preceptory and members of the Young Britons, formed the procession, which was headed by the city band, and marched to the old Recreation grounds.

Speeches were delivered by the Rev. Messrs Freeman, Laffere and McGillivary at the grounds.

These gentlmen emphasised the fact that the Orange Association was not antagonistic to any religious body, but stood for religious tolerance, and the continuance of the entire separation of church and state.

In the afternoon an interest programme of sports was disposed of as follows:— Boys Race under 8— A. Roy, 1; Hamilton Bates, 2; M. Piercy, 3. Boys under 12: George Hunden, 1; Robert Robison, 2. Boys under 16; I. Mc Murtrie, 1; R. Maleado, 2. Girls under; 7 Edith Picatu, 1; May Bono, 2. Girls under 12; Maggie Bono, 1; Jane Miller, 2. Girls under; 16 Miss Walker 1; Miss Pireoni, 2. 100 yds. dash D. Evanson, 1; F. Hicks, 2. Married Ladies Race; Mrs. Lockner, 1; Mrs Robertson, 2. Needle Threading contest; Mrs. Robertson, 1: Miss Bickle. 2. 440 yds. ;J, Bannerman, 1; J. Grant, 2. Old Mans Race ;T. Hamilton, 1; J. Stant, 2. Bicycle Race; W. Coe, 1; H. Grieve, 2. Boys Sack Race; W. Thomson, 1; R. Mellado, 2. Orangemen 100 yds.; J. Grant, 1 J. Bannerman, 2. Single Ladies Race; Miss Walker, 1; Miss Hunden, 2 One Mile Race; J. Bannerman, 1; J. Grant, 2. Marathon Race; J. Bannerman, 1; J. Grant, 2.

The prize given by Mr. Stoddard for the winner of the most events was captured by J. Bannerman, J, Grant being second.

In the evening the firemens wet fest was won by Parnhams' team in 31½ seconds, captain Hudsons team doing the work in 34 seconds flat.

Pilseners defeated Ladysmith, at baseball, by a 13—2 score; while the local school boys successfully defended the Dr Gillespie cup from the Sandwick challengers by a scori of 4 to 0,

One of the most intereting races of the day was the 100 yards dash which went to D. Evanson, of Ladysmith who won by a yard in 10½ second. For second place four men ran a dead heat, but in the second run F. Hicks also of Ladysmith took the place.

The Race of the day was undoubtedly the Marathon race for which there were seven entries. J. Bannerman beating out R. Grant on the sprint at the finish by a yard.

A most unfortunate accident occured in No. 4 mine on Saturday last, at 9.15 p.m., when Alec. Rowan, the famouse longdistance runner, formely of Nanaimo, but latterly of this city, lost his right foot beneath the cars.

Rowan, who was rope riding in the mine, tried to board the cars, caught hold of a brake that was not properly caught, with the result that he was thrown to the track.

The wheels passed over one foot, mangeling it terribly, and the other foot narrowly escaped a similar fate, the heel being torn off the shoe.

The sufferer was removed to the hospitable, where it was found necessary to amputate the foot about 2 inches above the ankle

On the morning of the accident he was out practising for the Marathon race which was held on Tuesday last.

Summer Goods at bargain prices at McLeods.

The new moving picture show opened to a good house on Thursday night.

For arguing their differences a la Johnson Jeffries, the participants in the discussion were fined $5 and costs, Monday

With his usual generosity, Mr Curtis has decided to donate the proceeds of his moving picture show on Thursday night as a benefit to Alec Rowan who met with a serious accident in the mines on Saturday. The band also, has kindly offered its services for the occasion.

CITIZENS REVIEW SCHOOL MATTERS

Member for district will apply for Government aid.

The school meeting held on Friday night was well attended, and Mr. Manson, M.P.P., was also present at the request of the School Board.

On behalf of the trustees, Secretary Cary addressed the meeting. He stated that since the change in school rating had become known through the paper, the citizens had demanded a public meeting, and the trustees were going to give all the information possible, and leave it to the meeting to decide what action should be taken.

Under the old rating the Government grant amounted to $565 for each teacher, under the new rating this was reduced to $520, or a total difference to the city, in the cost of educating the children, of $360 per annum.

The total enrolment of pupils was 327, of which 203 were from the city and 124 from the outside. The actual average daily attendance was 252¼. The act stated that when the average went over 250 the city must be rated as 2nd class. He thought that the city should still be rated as 3rd class as so large a proportion of the pupils came from the outside, and no revenue was derived from this district. The act dealt hardly with the city as the taxable area was so small — about 20 acres, and much of this (1900 feet) was exempt from taxation. To exclude outside children would greatly affect the efficiency of the school, and the trustees were loath to take such a course.

Mr. Manson promised to take up the matter with the Government, and in view of the peculiar circumstances of the case was hopeful of having the town continued as a 3rd class city.

The matter was left in the hands of Mr. Manson to do the best he could for the city.

With votes of thanks to the chairman, Mr. Abrams, and to Mr. Manson, the meeting adjourned.

MUSING OF A MIDNIGHT PHILOSOPHER

The legislature of the Thurians ordained that whosover would go about either to abolish old laws or establish new ones, should present himself with a halter about his neck, to the people, to the end, that if the innovation he would introduce should not be approved by every body he might immediately be hanged. Were this law in force today we would have less cranks running at large. Yet the change is not so great. Nowadays we put a halter round the neck of the innovation and turn it over the to people to vote on. The sewer bye law got hoistid up good and quick.

A large number of the people of Cumberland, who could not very well afford, it suffered in the recent down fall of the United Wireless Co. The number would have been much greater if all who would, could have put up wherewithall so great was the glow of the Dead Sea apple, that since has turned to ashes in the mouth. Don't look at the financial loss but at block of experience it taught and ask if it were not worth the money. When a thing looks good to the small investor it is well worth his while to step gently and leave it alone. Good thing are not peddled around.

It has been suggested, in my hearing that the Vancouver Island Development league is a new name for an ancent comedy entitled "Much ado about nothing" mixed up with "A comedy of Errors." It reminds one the poople of Delphos, who fearing the invasion of the Persians, enquiring of Appolo what should be done with the holy things of his temple whether they should be hidden or removed. He replied that they should stir nothing from thence, and only take care of themselves, for he was sufficent to look to what belonged to him. The same reply could be given to the would-be developers by the Island.

Don't miss seeing the bargains at McLeods.

ORGANIZATION OF THE F. O. E.

Eagle lodge to be instituted here during coming week.

As will be noticed in our advertising columns a meeting has been called for tomorrow evening, in the City Hall, of those intending to join the local Aerie of Eagles.

Although a comparatively young organization, the Fraternal Order of Eagles has come rapidly to the fore, and is now one of the largest and most influential lodges in America

The lodge here will have a substantial foundation upon which to grow, as over eighty seekers after the mysteries of Eaglehood have already handed in their names to organize here.

It is intended to have all the candidates undergo the necessary medical examination on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and it is expected that Deputy Grand Worthy President for Western Canada, F. Lynch, of New Westminster, on either next Thursday or Saturday will initiate the candidates into the mysteries of the lodge.

Union Bay.

Mrs. Capt. Caristerisen and Miss McQuire, of Vancouver are spending a weeks vacation, registered at the Nelson Hotel.

Mrs. Lewis of Nanaimo, is the guest of her sisier Miss Gawner, at the Nelson Hotel.

H.E. Beasbly, Supt of E.&N.Ry., spent Wednesday here.

Mr. Jack Danaher, of Vancouver, and Launch party, spent a few hours here Wednesday afternoon they registered at the Wilson Hotel.

Mrs. D. Grayand Mrs W K. Reynoulds of Victoria are the guests of Mr. and Mrs Geo Boothe.

Miss E B tte of the Public staff at Nelson, B C and Miss U.Bate, of Vancouver are the guests of Miss G. Brown.

Mr. John Whitefield, gardener at the Wilson Hotel has on exhibition a specimen of a rare plant, which is kind of puzzling a few of the local botanist's.

Mrs. Renwick sr of Nanaimo, is the guest of her son, D Renwick. Mrs. D. Renwick, and family, will accompany her to Nanaimo on Friday's boat

Mr. M. Manson, M.P.P. visited here on sunday and Monday,

Capt Brome and wife of tug De Roi were visiters here on Thursday.

Mrs. A Muir and son returned home on Tuesday evening from Cumberland.

Mr. H A. Glover expects, in a week or so, to move into their beautiful residence at MacKayville. Contractor Tirtan of Victoria having just about finished constructing the same.

Mr. Jas. Street has moved his family to McKayville where he intends, very shortly to build his residence.

Mrs. T.R Ray spent Wednesday and Thursday at Cumberland.

Mrs. Abe McLaughlin, of Fanny Bay was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown entertained a number of guests on Friday Evening last in honor of 25 h Anniversary of their marriage, a very pleasant Evening being spent in dancing, games and songs etc. The local orchestra furnished the music for the evening.

The work on the roads has been suspended to give the farmers a chance to get in their harvest. Expected work will be resumed in a few weeks.

It is rumored that several of the young men are thinking very seriously in regard to the matrimony policy.

A bush fire which started at Anderson's camp on Tuesday afternoon, extended over a distance of three mile, caused as far as known by sparks from the locomotive engaged in hauling logs from the camp to the salt water, alarmed the whole neighborhood, doing great damage to valuable timber. Anderson's camp was completely destroyed, including all building, three donkey engines and logging material. The loss is estimated at fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. Work is being rapidly rushed to getting things into shape and it is expected work will be resumed as quick as possible. Doanes camp, situated two miles below, was only saved by the great efforts of the men.

Cuzco bunkered last Tuesday and left for Victoria.

The Germanicus is taking on bunkers.

Str. Leelanaw is taking cargo of coal for 'Frisco.

U. S. Revenue Cutter Albatros took on bunkers and cleared on Thursday.

Hulk Case sailed Wednesday to Victoria

Tug De Roi bunkered here on Thursday, and sailed for the North.

Summer Goods at bargains prices at McLeods.

DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE MEET

Election of officers and other matters disposed of.

The regular meeting of the Development League was held at the Council Chambers on Monday evening.

In the absence of the President, Mr. Shaw occupied the chair.

The minutes were disposed of in the usual manner.

A letter from Mr. Reese, re establishment of an express office in Cumberland, was ordered filed.

The by-laws were then taken into consideration, and numerous changes adopted.

That section declaring that one third of the members might, at any time, demand the resignation of any officer, was struck out; and it was also decided to amend the by-laws so that the majority of a meeting, at which a quorum was present, might elect their officers, instead of 75 per cent of the members being required to be present, as was the case before.

A quorum was fixed at five members.

The question of securing a playground and having it cleared, at the lake, was brought up by Mr. Shaw, who reported that he had seen Mr. Manson, M.P.P., with regard to the matter. Mr. Manson was thanked for what he had already done in connection with the matter, and urged to continue the good work.

A resolution was adopted approving of the action of the Victoria Board of Trade, in endeavoring to secure a more satisfactory mail service for Cumberland and Comox, and the secretary was instructed to write the Hon. Mr. Templeman, asking for his assistance in securing the same.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was then taken up, the following being elected:—President, Mr. Shaw; vice-president. Mr. McLeod; secretary, Mr. Acton; treasurer, Mr. Rickson; executive committee, the officers, and Messrs. Smithe, Gillespie and Cartwright.

The meeting then adjourned.

Comox.

The Algerine left for the Northern fisheries yesterday, not H MS Egeria as erroneously stated.

Mr L E Harker, Assistant Operator of the D G Wireless Telegraph station Cape Lazo has been transferred to Digby Island, Prince Rupert. His great hit, "Put me on an Island where the Girls are few" has too suddenly come true, and he has our sincere sympathy.

Mr and Mrs Fitz Herbert Bullen, Victoria, Mr Coles, and Mr and Mrs J. A. Guise, of Edinburgh, arrived in Comox on Tuesday and are staying at the Port Augusta Hotel.

The Dominion Government steamer Newington was in port on Wednesday.

Be sure and see McLeods hats at 15c.

A special meeting of the Hospital board was held on Monday evening. The resignation of Miss Myles from the nursing staff was accepted, as was also that of Mrs Morrison as cook. A new white cook will be advertised for immediately. It is expected that the vacancies will be filled in a few days. The monthly report for June showed 540 days treatment.

A fatal accident was narrowly averted on Tuesday last, when a small boy, playing on the street, came within two feet of being run over by an auto on Tarbell's corner. Had not Mr. Percy Winch been an expert as well as a careful chaffeur, this would have been an obituary notice instead of a warning to parents to keep young children from playing on the streets.

The Courtenay Public School held its closing exercise on Thursday afternoon last. A number of parents and friends were in attendance. The teacher conducted various classes in reading, literature and other subjects, and many of the visitors expressed themselves as pleased with the progress manifested by the pupils. Specimens of manual work in writing, drawing, bills. maps, color work, etc. were on exhibition. Considerable care, skill, and proficiency were evidenced in the work of several pupils. Rolls of Honor were presented by Mrs. Wm. Duncan to the following pupils:— George Millard for profiency, Leila Carroll for Deportment, Thomas McQuillan for regularity and punctuality. At the close of the exercises refresements, in the shape of oranges, candies, etc were handed around. The national anthem was sung and the school then closed till the next term.

LIGHTNING

(By ZANE GREY)

REWARD: $500 will be paid for the death of Lightning, leader of the Sevier range of wild horses.''

''Utah Cattle Company.''

This notice, with a letter, coming by stage and messenger to the Stewarts, brightened what had been a dull prospect. Seldom did a whole year's work, capturing and corralling mustangs in the canons and on the plateaus, pay them half as much as the reward offered for this one stallion. The last season had been a failure altogether. A string of pintos and mustangs, representing months of hazardous toil, had climbed out of their canon corral and escaped to their old haunts. So on the strength of this opportunity the brothers packed and rode out of Fredonia across the Arizona line into Utah.

Two days took them beyond and above the Pink Cliffs to the White Sage plateau, and there the country became new to them. From time to time a solitary sheepherder, encountered with his flocks on a sage slope, set them in the right direction, and on the seventh day they reached Bain, the most southerly of the outposts of the big Utah ranches. It consisted of a water hole, a corral, a log-cabin, and some range riders.

Generally mustang wranglers, men who lived by catching mustangs, were held in contempt by the rangers and cowboys of that ironbound desert country. For mustangs were harder to catch than deer, and when captured and broken brought only a few dollars per head. The Stewarts, however, though they had never earned any money to speak of, were famous all over the two states. Stories of their wonderful pursuits, of their fleet mustangs and trailing hounds had become camp-fire gossip on the ranges, so their advent at Bain aroused interest.

Lee and Cuth Stewart were tall, lean Mormons, as bronzed as desert Navajos, cool, silent, gray-eyed, still-faced. Both wore crude homespun garments much the worse for wear; boots that long before had given the best in them, laced leather wristbands thin and shiny from contact with lassoes; and old gray slouch hats that would have disgraced cowboys. But this threadbare effect did not apply to the rest of the outfit, which showed a care that must have been in proportion to its hard use. And the five beautiful mustangs, Bess in particular, proved that the Stewarts were Indians at the end of every day, for they certainly had camped where there were grass and water. The pack of hounds shared interest with the mustangs, and the leader, a great yellow, sombre-eyed hound, Dash by name, could have made friends with everybody had he felt inclined.

''We calculated, boys,'' held forth the foreman, ''thet if anybody could round up Lightnin' an' his bunch it'd be you. Every ranger between here an' Marysvale has tried an' failed. Lightnin' is a rare cute stallion. He has more than hoss sense. It's the opinion of a good many of us fellers thet he wasn't born wild, an' thet he come into this country somewhere from Nevada. Fer two years now no one has been in rifle shot of him, fer the word has long since gone out to kill him.

''It's funny to think how many rangers have tried to corral him, trap him, or run him down. He's been a heap of trouble to all the ranchers. He goes right into a bunch of hosses, fights an' kills the stallions, an' heads off what he wants of the rest. His band is scattered all over, an' no man can count 'em, but he's got at least five hundred hosses off the ranges. An, he's got to be killed or there won't be a safe grazin' spot left in Sevier County.''

''How're we to know this hoss's trail when we do cross it?'' asked Lee Stewart.

''You can't miss it. His right foreleg hes a notch that bites in clean every step he takes. One of my rangers came in yesterday an' reported fresh sign of Lightnin' at Cedar Springs, sixteen miles north along the red ridge there. An' he's goin' straight fer his hidin' place. Whenever he's been hard chased he hits it back up there an' lays low fer a while. It's rough country, though I reckon it won't be to you canon fellers.''

''How about water?''

''Good chances fer water beyond Cedar, I reckon, though I don't know any springs. It's rare an' seldom any of us ever work up as far as Cedar. A scaly country up thet way—black sage, an' thet's all.''

The Stewarts reached Cedar Springs that afternoon. It was a hot place; a few cedars, struggling for existence, lifted dead twisted branches to the sun; a scant growth of grass greened the few shady spots, and a thin stream of water ran between glistening borders of alkali. A drove of mustangs had visited the spring since dawn and had obliterated all tracks made before.

While Cuth made camp Lee changed his saddle to another mustang and rode up the ridge. His idea was to get a look at the country. The climb was not particularly steep, but it was long and took time, as he had to pick his way and zigzag the bare, stony slopes. At last he reached the top and caught a breath of cool wind. From where he stood the ridge wound northward, growing rougher and higher. Other ridges rolled to meet it from the left; to the right shelved off the desert, gray, patched, dim. Far northward a long, black plateau leveled the horizon, and at each end a snow-capped peak shone coldly in the sun. Lee regretted that this vantage point was not higher, but he fixed in his mind as best he could the lay of the land and returned to camp.

''We're jest on the edge of wild-hoss country,'' he announced to Cuth. ''Thet stallion probably had a picked bunch an' was drivin' them higher up. It's gettin' hot these days an' the browse is witherin'. I seen old deer sign on the ridge, an' cougar, an' coyote sign trailin' after. They're all makin' fer higher up. I reckon we'll find 'em all on Sevier plateau.''

''Did you see the plateau?'' asked Cuth.

''Plain. Near a hundred miles away yet. Jest a long flat ridge black with timber. Then there's the two snow peaks, Terrill an' Hilgard, pokin' up their cold noses. I reckon the plateau rises off these ridges, an' the Sevier River an' the mountains are on the other side. So we'll push on fer the plateau. We might come up with Lightnin' and his bunch.''

All the next day they rode up the hard-packed trail winding along the base of the ridge. It was a long, gradual ascent, with the ridge ever growing rockier and more rugged and the desert slipping below. Cedar trees flourished toward the close of the day's march and then merged their yellow-green with the fresh green of the pinons. Sunset was time for camp and found them halting at a little water hole among a patch of cedars and boulders.

Cuth slipped the packs and Lee measured out the oats. On a hard trail the brothers always packed grain for their mounts. The fact that the mustangs when eating grain were also eating the profits of the trip never entered into the Stewarts' calculations. The horses first, then the hounds, and then themselves—that was the way of the ''mustang wranglers.'' Having ministered to the wants of their dumb friends, Lee and Cuth set about getting supper for themselves.

Cuth had the flour and water mixed to a nicety and Lee had the Dutch oven on some red-hot coals when, moved by a common instinct, they stopped work and looked up.

The five mustangs were not munching their oats; their heads were up. Bess, the keenest of the quintet, moved restlessly and then took a few steps toward the opening in the cedars.

''Bess!'' called Lee, sternly. The mare stopped.

''She's got a scent,'' whispered Cuth, reaching for his rifle. ''Mebbe it's a cougar.''

''Mebbe, but I never knowed Bess to go lookin' up one . . Hist! Look at Dash.''

The yellow hound had risen from among his pack and stood warily shifting his nose. He sniffed the wind, turned round and round, and slowly stiffened with his head pointing up the ridge. The other hounds caught something, at least the manner of their leader, and became restless.

''Down, Dash, down,'' said Lee, and then with a smile to Cuth, ''Did you hear it?''

''Hear what?''

''Listen!''

The warm breeze came down in puffs from the ridge; it rustled the cedars and blew fragrant whiffs of smoke into the hunters' faces, and presently it bore a call, a low, prolonged call. Cuth rose noiselessly to his feet and stood still. So horses, hounds, and men waited listening. The sound broke the silence again, much clearer, a keen, sharp whistle. The third time it rang down from the summit of the ridge, splitting the air, strong, trenchant, the shrill, fiery call of a challenging stallion. Bess reared an instant straight up nad came down quivering.

''Look!'' whispered Lee, tensely.

On the summit of the bare ridge stood a noble horse clearly silhouetted against the purple and gold of sunset sky. He was an iron-gray, and he stood wild and proud, with long silver-white mane waving in the wind.

''Lightnin'!'' exclaimed Cuth.

He stood there one moment, long enough to make a picture for the wild-horse hunters that would never be forgotten; then he moved back along the ridge and disappeared. Other horses, blacks and bays, showed above the sage for a moment, and they, too, passed out of sight.

''I couldn't never shoot thet stallion,'' whispered Lee.

''No more could I,'' replied Cuth. ''Now, what do you make of thet whislin'?''

''Jest grazin' along easy like. The wind sure favors us. He came to the hilltop an' jest snorted down, like a stallion will, to let anything as might be there know he could lick it. Thet whistle of his was jest plain fight. But, Lord! Wasn't he a beauty? I never seen such a hoss, never, an' never any as could come near him.'

''He sure was pretty. An', Lee, to my way of thinkin' he jest might hev winded our mustangs, Bess, anyhow. You know how we've hed proof of scents between hosses as passed all our understandin'. Bess might need watchin'.''

Lee shook his head gravely. ''Mebbe. It was kinder strange. But if we can't trust Bess, we can't never trust a hoss again. I reckon we'd better lay low tonight. Keep the hounds an' hosses in an' get an early start fer the next water hole. Thet bunch'll drink tomorrer or next day if they ain't scared.''

Before daylight the brothers were up and at dawn filed out of the cedar grove. The trained horses scarcely rattled a stone, and the hounds trotted ahead unmindful of foxes and rabbits brushed out of the sage.

The morning passed and the afternoon waned. Green willows began to skirt the banks of a sandy wash and the mustangs sniffed as if they smelled water. Presently the Stewarts entered a rocky corner refreshingly bright and green with grass, trees, and flowers and pleasant with the murmur of bees and fall of water. A heavily flowing spring gushed from under a cliff, dashed down over stones to form a pool, and ran out to seep away and lose itself in the sandy wash. Flocks of blackbirds chattered around the pool and rabbits darted everywhere.

''It'd take a hull lot of chasin' to drive a mustang from comin' regular to thet spring,'' commented Cuth.

''Shure, it's a likely place, an' we can make a corral here in short order.''

They hobbled their mustangs and then set to work on the corral. The plan was to drop cedar trees around the pool and leave an opening at the most favorable point, which was a wide-beaten trail. By nightfall they had the pool inclosed, except on the upper side where the water tumbled over a jumble of rocks, a place no horse could climb out, and on the lower side where they left the opening for the gate. The gate was the important part and now presented a problem.

''We can't do no more tonight,'' said Lee, ''an' we'll hev' to take chances on the stallion comin' down to drink. Mebbe it'll be a couple of days before he comes, an' thet'll give us time to fix up a gate an' strengthen the weak places in the fence.''

All that night Lee and Cuth lay under the shadow of the corral, waiting and watching. The next morning they climbed the ridge and brought down three long pine poles. These they fashioned into a gate, and as it was found impossible to swing such a ponderous affair they concluded to let it lie flat before the opening, to be raised quickly after the wild mustangs had gone in to drink. In the afternoon the hunters slept with only Dash on guard; at nightfall they were ready and waiting for their quarry.

What little breeze there was favored their position, and the night promised to be clear and starlit. In the early hours a prowling coyote howled lonesomely and deer came down to drink. Later, soft-footed animals slipped with padlike tread over the stones to the spring. At midnight the breeze failed and a dead stillness set in. It was not broken until the afterpart of the night, and then, suddenly, by the shrill, piercing neigh of a mustang. The Stewarts raised themselves sharply and looked at each other in the starlight.

''Did you hear thet?'' asked Lee.

''I jest did. Sounded like Bess.''

''It was Bess, darn her black hide. She never did thet before.''

''Mebbe she's winded Lightnin'.''

''Mebbe. But she ain't hobbled, an' if she'd whistle like thet fer him she's liable to make off after him. Now, what to do?''

''It's too late. I warned you before. We can't spoil what may be a chance to get the stallion. Let Bess alone. Many's the time she's had a chance to make off an' didn't do it. Let's wait.''

''Reckon it's all we can do now. If she called thet stallion, it proves one thing—we can't never break a wild mare perfectly. The wild spirit may sleep in her blood, mebbe fer years, but some time it'll answer to——''

''Shet up—listen!'' interrupted Cuth.

In the strained moments following there was no sound, and no movement till Dash put his nose high and turned slowly in a circle. His significant action meant to the hunters that he had passed the uneasy stage prior to the certainty of a scent and was now baffled only by the direction.

''There!'' whispered Lee.

From far up on the ridge came down the faint rattling of stones.

''Mustangs — an', they're comin' down,'' replied Cuth.

Long experience had brought the brothers patience, but moments such as these, waiting in the shadow, had never come to be tranquil. Presently sharp clicks preceded the rattles, and when these sounds grew together and became louder the hearts of the hunters began to quicken. The sounds merged into a regular rhythmic tramp. It came down the ridge, softened in the sandy wash below the spring, opened up again with a steady click and thump, and came straight for the corral.

''I see 'em!'' whispered Cuth.

Lee answered by a pressure of his hand. It was an anxious moment, for the mustangs had to pass hunters and hounds before entering the gate. A black bobbing line wound out of the cedars. Then the starlight showed the line to be the mustangs marching in single file. They passed with drooping heads, hurrying a little toward the last, and unsuspiciously entered the corral gate.

''Twenty odd,'' whispered Lee, ''but all blacks an' bays. The leader wasn't in thet bunch. Mebbe it wasn't his—''

Among the cedars rose the peculiar halting thump of hobbled horses trying to cover ground, and following that snorts and crashings of brush and the pound of plunging hoofs. Then out of the cedars moved two shadows, the first a great gray horse with snowy mane, the second a small, graceful, shiny black mustang. Lightning and Bess! The stallion, in the fulfillment of a conquest such as had made him famous on the wild ranges, was magnificent in action and mien. Wheeling about her, whinnying, cavorting, he arched his splendid neck and pushed his head against her. His importunity was that of a master.

Suddenly Bess snorted and whirled down the trail. Lightning whistled one short blast of anger or terror and thundered after the black. Bess was true to her desert blood at the last. They vanished in the gray shadow of the cedars, as a stream of frightened mustangs poured out of the corral in a clattering roar.

Gradually the dust settled. Cuth looked at Lee and Lee looked at Cuth. For a while neither spoke. Cuth generously forebore saying, ''I told you so.'' The failure of their plan was only an incident of horse wrangling and in no wise discomfitted them. But Lee was angry at his favorite.

''You was right, Cuth,'' he said. ''Thet mare played us at the finish. Ketched when she was a yearling, broke the best of any mustang we ever had, trained with us fer five years, an' helped down many a stallion—an' she runs off wild with thet big white-maned brute!''

''Well, they make a team an' they'll stick,'' replied Cuth. ''An' so'll we stick, if we have to chase them to the Great Salt Basin.''

Next morning when the sun tipped the ridge rosy red Lee put the big yellow hound on the notched track of the stallion, and the long trail began. At noon the hunters saw him heading his blacks across a rising plain, the first step of the mighty plateau stretching to the northward. As they climbed grass and water became more frequent along the trail. For the most part Lee kept on the tracks of the mustang leader without the aid of the hound; Dash was fused in the grass and on the scaly ridges where the trail was hard to find.

The succeeding morning Cuth spied Lightning watching them from a high point. Another day found them on top of the plateau, among the huge brown pine trees and patches of snow and clumps of aspen. It took two days to cross the plateau—sixty miles. Lightning did not go down, but doubled on his trail. Rimming a plateau was familiar work for the hunters, and twice they came within sight of the leader and his band. Once a bunch of mustangs trooped out of a hollow and went over the wall, down on the back trail. The stallion was not among them, and Dash did not split but kept straight on into the timber.

''He's broke up his band—cut out some,'' commented Lee.

''Wait till he takes to weathered stone, then we'll see,'' replied Cuth.

Lightning crossed the plateau again and struck down into the valley. The trail was a long steep slope of weathered stone, and the pursuers zigzagged it with the ease of long practice in the canon country. Many times the great stallion could be seen looking back. Evidently this steady pursuit puzzled him. After these surveys he always plunged away in a cloud of dust. He crossed the Sevier valley to the river and turned back. The river was raging from thaws in the mountains. Then he struck up the valley.

Another day put his pursuers high up among the slides of snow and silver spruces, and another across a divide into a rugged country of bad lands where barrens began to show and high mesas lifted flat heads covered with patches of sage and gray-green cedars. So it went on day by day, but Lightning turned back no more. He had marked a straight course, though every mile of it grew wilder. Sometimes for hours the hunters had him in sight, and always beside him was the little black they knew to be Bess.

There came a day when Lightning cut out all of his band except Bess, and they went on alone. They made a spurt and lost the trailers from sight for two days. Then Bess dropped a shoe and the pursuers came up. As she grew lamer and lamer, the stallion showed his mettle. He did not quit her, but seemed to grow more cunning as pursuit closed in on them, choosing the open places where he could see far and browsing along, covering rods where formerly he had covered miles.

One day the trail disappeared on stony ground, and there Dash came in for his share. Behind them the Stewarts climbed a very high round-topped mesa, buttressed and rimmed by cracked cliffs. It was almost insurmountable. They reached the summit by a narrow watercourse, to find a wild and lonesome level inclosed by crags and gray walls. There were cedars and fine thin grass growing on the plateau.

''Corralled!'' said Lee, laconically, as his keen eye swept the surroundings. ''He's never been here before, an' there's no way off this mesa except by the back trail, which we'll close.''

After fencing the split in the wall the brothers separated and rode around the rim of the mesa. Lightning had reached the end of his trail; he was caught in a trap. Lee saw him flying like a gleam through the cedars, and suddenly came upon Bess limping painfully along. He galloped up, roped her, and led her, a tired and crippled mustang, back to the place selected for camp.

''Played out, eh?'' said Cuth, as he smoothed the dusty neck. ''Wal, Bess, you can rest up an' help us ketch the stallion. There's good grazin' here, an' we can go down for water.''

For their operations the hunters chose the highest part of the mesa, a level cedar forest. Opposite a rampart of the cliff wall they cut a curved line of cedars, dropping them close together to form a dense, impassable fence. This inclosed a good space free from trees. From the narrowest point, some twenty yards wide, they cut another line of cedars running diagonally back a mile into the centre of the mesa. What with this labor and going down every day to take the mustangs to water nearly a week elapsed. But time was of no moment to the Stewarts. Every day Bess was getting better, and Lightning more restive. They heard him crashing through the cedars, and saw him standing in open spots, with his silver mane flying and his head turned over his shoulder watching, always watching.

''It'd be somethin' to find out how long thet stallion could go without waterin','' commented Lee. ''But we'll make his tongue hang out tomorrer! An' jest for spite we'll break him with Black Bess.''

Daylight came cool and misty; the veils unrolled in the valleys, the purple curtains of the mountains lifted to the snow peaks and became clouds; and then the red sun burned out of the east.

''If he runs this way,'' said Lee, as he mounted Black Bess, ''drive him back. Don't let him in the corral till he's tired.''

The mesa sloped slightly eastward and the clear cedar forest soon gave place to sage and juniper. At the extreme eastern point of the mesa Lee jumped Lightning out of a clump of bushes. A race ensued for half the length of the sage flat, then the stallion made into the cedars and disappeared. Lee slowed down, trotting up the easy slope, and cut across somewhat to the right. Not long afterwards he heard Cuth yelling and saw Lightning tearing through the scrub. Lee went on to the point where he had left Cuth and waited.

Soon the pound of hoofs thudded through the forest, coming nearer and nearer. Lightning appeared straight ahead, running easily. At sight of Lee and the black mare he snorted viciously, and, veering to the left, took to the open. Lee watched him with sheer admiration. He had a beautiful stride and ran seemingly without effort. Then Cuth galloped up and reined in a spent and foaming mustang.

''Thet stallion can run some,'' was his tribute.

''He shure can. Change hosses now an' be ready to fall in line when I chase him back.''

With that Lee coursed away and soon crossed the trail of Lightning and followed it at a sharp trot, threading in and out of the aisles and glades of the forest. He passed through to the rim and circled half the mesa before he saw the stallion again. Lightning stood on a ridge looking backward. When the hunter yelled, the stallion leaped as if he had been shot and plunged down the ridge. Lee headed to cut him off from the cedars, but he forged to the front, gained the cedar level, and twinkled in and out of the clump of trees. Again Lee slowed down to save his mustang.

Bess was warming up and Lee wanted to see what she could do at close range. Keeping within sight of Lightning the hunter chased him leisurely round and round the forest, up and down the sage slopes, along the walls, at last to get him headed for the only open stretch on the mesa. Lee rode across a hollow and came out on the level only a few rods behind him.

''Hi! Hi! Hi!'' yelled the hunter, spurring Bess forward like a black streak. Uttering a piercing snort of terror the gray stallion lunged out, for the first time panic-stricken, and lengthened his stride in a way that was wonderful to see. Then at the right moment Cuth darted from his hiding place, whooping at the top of his voice and whirling his lasso. Lightning won that race down the open stretch, but it cost him his best.

At the turn he showed his fear and plunged wildly first to the left and then to the right. Cuth pushed him relentlessly, while Lee went back, tied up Bess, and saddled Billy, a wiry mustang of great endurance. Then the two hunters remorselessly hemmed Lightning between them, turned him where they wished, at last to run him around the corner of the fence of cut cedars down the line through the narrow gate into the corral prepared for him.

''Hold there!'' cried Lee at the gate. ''I'll go in an' drive him round an' round till he's done; then when I yell you stand to one side an' rope him as he goes out.''

Lightning ran around the triangular space, plunged up the steep walls, and crashed over the dead cedars. Then as sense and courage gave way more and more to terror he broke into desperate headlong flight. He ran blindly, and every time he passed the guarded gateway, his eyes were wilder and his stride more labored.

''Hi! Hi! Hi!'' yelled Lee.

Cuth pulled out of the opening and hid behind the line of cedars, his lasso swinging loosely. Lightning saw the vacated opening and sprang forward with a hint of his old speed. As he passed through, a yellow loop flashed in the sun, circling, narrowing, and he seemed to run right into it. The loop whipped close around the glossy neck and the rope stretched taut. Cuth's mustang staggered under the violent shock, went to his knees, but struggled up and held firmly. Lightning reared aloft.

Then Lee, darting up in a cloud of dust, shot his lasso. The noose nipped the right foreleg of the stallion. He plunged and for an instant there was a wild straining struggle, then he fell heaving and groaning. In a twinkling Lee sprang off and, slipping the rope that threatened to strangle Lightning replaced it by a stout halter and made this fast to a cedar.

Whereupon the Stewarts stood back and gazed at their prize. Lightning was badly spent, but not to a dangerous point; he was wet with foam but no fleck of blood appeared; his superb coat showed scratches, but none cut the flesh. He was up after a while, panting heavily and trembling in all his muscles. He was a beaten horse, but he showed no viciousness, only the wild fear of a trapped animal. He eyed Bess, then the hunters, and last the halter.

''Lee, will you look at him! Will you jest look at thet mane!'' ejaculated Cuth.

''Wall!'' replied Lee, ''I reckon thet reward, an' then some, can't buy him.''

Memorial Service at the Amphitheatre, Winnipeg, Friday, May 20th.

THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL CLOCK

THIS clock, according to Joseph B. Baker, who writes in Popular Electricity (Chicago), is not in Strasburg, or in any Old-World city, but in ''little old New York,'' on or near the top of the so-called Metropolitan Tower in Madison Square. New Yorkers, Mr. Baker assures us, take pride in showing visitors the tall white tower and its clock—especially at nightfall, when to the music of the chimes is added the flashing of the time from the lantern at the top, 700 feet above the street. He goes on:

''By day and night, from as far as they can be seen at all, the four giant dials can be read, and far above the city's din every fifteen minutes the bells announce the flight of time to all within earshot. And the red and white flashing beacon sends the same message far afield, readable on a clear night by all within a radius of fifteen miles. The whole constitutes quite the most remarkable clock system that has ever been built.

''The tower clock dials, iluminated at night by many incandescent lamps, are 26 feet 6 inches in diameter, with numerals 4 feet high and minute marks 10½ inches in diameter. The hands, driven by an electric motor, are 17 feet and 13 feet 3 inches long, respectively, and weigh, together, 1,700 pounds. The four bronze bells, constituting the hour strike, and the chimes have an aggregate weight of 13,500 pounds and the flashing lantern is equipped with red and white incandescent lamps mounted in an octagonal lantern of an aggregate candle-power of over 22,000. The clock system includes, besides the four tower dials, hundreds of other secondary clocks distributed throughout the offices and other rooms of the building. All of this mighty horological equipment is electrically actuated and controlled from a single 'master-clock,' which is itself electrically self-winding, requiring no touch of human hands from one year's end to the other.''

This master-clock is situated in the directors' room of the company, on the second floor of the building. On the twenty-sixth floor of the tower is what is called the ''clock-room,'' behind the west dial. Here are delicate relays, operated from the master-clock and themselves actuating heavy magnetic switches near by. We read further:

''The front of the room opens out in to a ferro-concrete casing, some 30 feet square and projecting out about 30 inches from the wall of the tower. This is the tower dial, with its numerals and minute-marks cut through the front wall and glazed with heavy plate wire-glass through which a bird's-eye view may be obtained of the city and Hudson River and the distant Jersey hills . . . Sliding shutters at the dial centre give access to the backs of the monster hands—of steel-frame construction with copper casings—and through a slide in each hand near the point of attachment to its arbor the lamps which light the hands up at night may be reached. The hands are faced with polished wire-glass, and each is fitted with a pair of ingenious rolling carriages on which are mounted 'linolite' lamps, giving the effect of a nearly continuous double line of light. The lamp carriages run on rails on a track in the structure of the hands, and are hinged together in sections, so that they may be withdrawn through the slide for the purpose of renewing the lamps. At the centre of the minute-hand is a glass-faced boss containing a centre cluster of ordinary bulb lamps. The illumination of the dial itself is by an indirect method designed to give the most brilliant and at the same time the most distinct tower-clock lighting in the world. The entire interior of the dial casing is painted a permanent dead-white, having high reflecting power for diffused light. Two concentric circular rows of 20-candle-power tungsten lamps, 200 in all, are mounted in front of curved reflectors of corrugated, silvered glass, which throw all of the direct rays against the rear wall of the casing. By this means the glass fronts of all of the numerals and minute-marks are strongly and evenly lit up, yet without any glare or blurring of the dial as seen from the outside of the tower at night. By day also, when the space back of the dial is unlighted, the numerals cut through the dial contrast well with its white surface.

''The massive hands of each tower dial are carried on a set of 'dial works' consisting of a steel shaft and sleeve running on ball-bearings and driven by an electric motor. The 'dial movement,' containing the motor and its gearing, is also equipped with an automatic cut-out device which turns the illumination off at 20 minutes before sunrise and on at 20 minutes after sunset, with the progressive advance of the season. There are no cumbrous weights and pulleys to operate the hands of the clock—the little electric motor, obedient to the control of the master-clock, and its relays and switches, starts up once every minute and runs for 50 seconds, driving the minute-hand through one minute-space on the big dial during each run. Two motors are employed in each tower movement, either one alone being well able to drive the hands, and a centrifugal tell-tale device, mounted on the shaft, being used to signal to the chief electrician's office in case of 'trouble' on either motor.''

The electric ''torch'' on top of the tower is also turned on and off by the automatic device that controls the dial illumination. From the magnetic switches in the clock-room heavy cables carry the current which flashes the time all through the night—red flashes for the four quarters and one white flash for each stroke of the hour. The white light, given by 88 large incandescent lamps, burns continuously except just before the time to announce each quarter-hour. The writer adds:

''When one has gone all over the building and seen the various parts of the clock system in operation, one is better prepared to examine the master-clock, with its faithful pendulum, the prime mover of all these wonderful horological details. In charge of so many functions as the master-clock is, there is 'something doing' all the time in the array of beautifully finished gleaming mechanism. Let us watch the chimes transmitter, which consists of a little brass cylinder with four pairs of accurately adjusted platinum contacts bearing upon it and arranged to be closed in a certain order by the rotation of the cylinder. Once every 15 minutes, and a sufficient time before the even quarter-hour, a rod moved by the main transmitter releases the cylinder, allowing it to rotate and close the contacts for the proper quarter-hour chimes. The timing of these contacts is such as to cause the first stroke of the hour bell to occur accurately on the hour, allowing plenty of time beforehand for the chimes to strike their four 'measures' and get through. The hour-strike transmitter is mechanically operated from the chimes transmitter.

''Suppose the time is a little before two. As we watch, the drum of the chimes transmitter begins to turn, and, one after another, all of the four contact fingers are kicked up into the air. The sound of the answering tower bells comes down to us but tardily, on account of the great distance, but it is a kind of music simply to watch the changing measures marked by the dancing bits of metal. Before we realize it, the motion ceases, and we turn our glance to the hour-strike mechanism. Its contact fingers close and open twice, in leisurely succession, followed by the booming notes from the 7,000-pound B-flat 'announcing bell' from its place on the forty-fifth story.''

WHEN you are grown up,'' queried the visitor, ''will you be a doctor, like your father?''

''Oh, dear me, no!'' Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit,'' replied the boy with great frankness.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

THE quotation, "Of making many books there is no end," can in these days be changed to "Of making hats there is no end," for not only every month and every week, but every day are new styles in headgear exhibited to a credulous public, which, after the severe training of the past few years, meekly accepts every atrocity as quite possible. Such numbers of millinery establishments a have started since last season would seem to indicate that the millinery business held marvellous possibilities, and certainly the average woman demands more than the average (hitherto considered to be the average) number of hats in her spring, summer, autmun and winter outfits.

Fashion demands and commands many hats—the one expensive creation can no longer be made to do duty for all occasions; but it is conceded that a certain style of dress calls

Black Taffeta and White Lace Hat

for a certain style of hat, and while some are simpler in dehigh than others, there are few, if any, that are so simple as they appear.

Like the simple gowns, every line and detail has been most carefully thought out in the individual wearer and the hat has been most carefully constructed before it can pass the gauntlet of the master milliner's scrutiny. All of which takes time and skilled labor, and, although the prices asked and obtained are fabulously high, time and skilled labor are expensive and must be reckoned with in calculating the cost.

* * *

The constant change of style is terribly trying, not only to the woman who has to calculate closely what she spends, but to the woman who is intent upon always being well groomed and who, having spent many hours in selecting hats, suddenly discovers that a new importation has arrived in which each and every model is entirely different from any she has in her present collection. It requires considerable self-control not to be swayed by the continual change, and to continue to wear the originally chosen hats with that serenely conscious, self-possessed manners that a thoroughly satisfactory hat bestows upon the wearer thereof.

Are large or small hats the most fashionable? is a question continually asked and one that is hard to answer.

Never was there a season when smaller or rather more close fitting hats were worn, and yet never was there a season when such immense ones were fashionable, and also the medium sized hat is eagerly sought for. At one time it was emphatically stated that small hats in the daytime and large hats in the evening solved the problem, but now, with the Oriental style of wrapped turban shape chosen for the evening and the enormous, all-enveloping hat made of crin or straw, trimmed with bows of tulle or ribbon and many flowers and unmistakably intended for day wear, all ideas are changed again, and it is indeed a difficult task to steer correctly along the winding path that Dame Fashion elects her subjects shall tread.

Toques and turbans are tremendously popular, but quite distinct in shape and style from what were called by those names a year ago. The general outlines are quite unlike. The head size is always large so that the hat goes down far on the head, and as this sometimes is unbecoming, an inside band, or halo, as it is called, has to be put in to raise the hat from the head and show at least a glimpse of hair and features.

Fancy straw, wonderfully soft and pliable and in every conceivable color, is used in these hats, and, treated as though it were tulle or silk, is folded and pleated and fairly wound around the frame. A stiff aigrette or bow of tulle, silk or velvet or a jewelled ornament is the trimming thought the smartest, but within the last fortnight have been seen hats of this description where stiff sprays of roses have been the trimming. The hats are soft in outline, but the trimming is always stiff and hard, in sharp but most effective contrast. There are toques made with brim of flowers and crown of malines, plain or figured; these are round in shape, quite large, and the flowers are of the small blossoms; the crown is extremely full, with many loops and bows, generally black, although there are many with the crown of silk bows to match the gown, while the flower brim may be a lighter or darker shade of the same color.

With the street costume, the simple tailor gown, is worn this season a much plainer, more suitable style of hat than was seen last year. Medium sizes and small shapes are the best, although there are few of the larger shapes that are included in the latest exhibitions.

A hat, something between a toque and turban in shape, that is popular, fits quite close to the head, is apparently small, although in reality it is of medium size; it has a brim of hemp braid or crin that turns down; the crown is of satin or silk, quite high and full, and at the left side is a large stiff bow of the silk or satin. Another of the same description has a black velvet crown with white straw brim and a bow of white straw that looks like a piece of lace. Then there is a modification of one of last year's most popular walking hats, with the brim rolled back toward the front and caught with a fancy bow or stiff feathers. This year the shape has a higher crown and a stiffer brim, but the lines are almost the same. Rough straw and with the satin finish is smartest for this style of hat, and in all colors, as well as in black and white, it is in constant demand, for it is generally becoming and most practical.

Lace is one of the most fashionable trimmings this season, both white and black, and most beautiful pieces of lace have been taken from the family treasure chest and made up into the lace hats that are so effective and becoming, or twisted around the crown in most graceful style.

A flat band of white lace on the brim inside of a black crin hat is extremely smart and the sharp contrast of the white against the black challenges attention at once. Then when combined with roses, pink, yellow, red and white, there is no material that is so satisfactory. A burnt or Tuscan rough straw with the lace around the crown and a spray of pink roses at the side looks equally well with a light or dark gown and is invariably becoming, while the white or black entire lace hat with aigrette or roses bestows the finishing touch to a dainty and picturesque summer frock.

* * *

An almost overpowering, but it cannot be denied a most picturesque hat, is of black crin trimmed with black lace, pink roses and aigrettes or ostrich plumes. Larger than any of last year's shapes, with higher crown than has been considered in style in years, this remarkable construction nevertheless challenges admiration and recalls the enormous picture hats of the Gainsborough era, when powdered hair, puffs and ringlets were the accepted headgear of the day.

And this shape makes its appearance just when we are told that smaller hats are to be worn, but the lace softens the hard outlines and the general effect is becoming, and it is certainly unlike anything yet attempted. Only a word of warning. The fashion is one that requires everything in keeping—the most expensive and picturesque gowns, a perfect figure, fine carriage and great beauty—otherwise the result will be disappointing.

The touches of color in the new hats are most attractive and often make the hat becoming when, because of shape or color, of the straw, it would not be. A burnt straw with a touch of pink or with brim faced with black is at once smart and attractive and extends these same two qualities to the wearer, when if left to only its natural color the hat would have been too trying, except to perfect coloring of hair and complexion. All these are the details that have been patiently studied and worked out to make the expensive hats of this summer.

The double skirt has come into fashion once again, and once again must the question of the underskirt or lining be most carefully considered, or the gown will be a failure. Soft silk or satin or silk finished linings are chosen preferably and then a deep facing or flounce of the material is put on, over which falls the gown, and if the lining is not perfectly cut and fitted then the task of making the gown is most difficult, of not impossible. With the transparent materials often two and sometimes three are used in order to gain the desired shade of color, but this again is so difficult a task that the amateur dressmaker will secure much better results if she uses a more expensive lining of silk or satin and a more closely woven fabric, not so close but that the color and sheen of the satin will show through.

For the moment the exaggeratedly tight skirts are in style, and even when the upper skirts are full the linings are still extremely scant, so that the same effect is given, especially when the fulness is gathered with the bias fold or band around the ankles. This fashion requires to be most carefully dealt with, or the gown will look vulgar and ugly; in fact, too much care cannot be given to copying the original models, as the fashions of the moment are so exaggerated as to be unbecoming to the majority of women. The lining for the waist must be cut to fit tight around the waist, but must have sufficient width across the bust and directly beneath the bust, for otherwise the lines of the figure will be completely spoiled. The seam from shoulder to waist line is now thought better in the lining than the two darts, and it is easier with it to give the desired breadth.

* * *

Since the exaggeratedly large hats show small sign of dying out, the hat box, large and clumsy as it is, must certainly be reckoned with if a girl cares to have every detail of her private sanctum perfect. Even if a pretty paper covered box is thought sufficiently attractive for a closet, it certainly will not do if the box is to be kept on one of the new hat racks, which are now resorted to in small rooms where the closet room is so small as not to admit of more than two or three hat boxes on its shelves.

These new hat racks, or, rather, hat box racks, are really excellent in a small room. Made triangular in shape, they will fit into an unused corner and can be made with enough shelves to hold as many hat boxes as desired. The plain wooden frame can be either painted the color of the woodwork or of the room, or else rendered still more inconspicuous by being covered with a bit of the same paper as that which adorns the wall. The hat boxes are then covered with the same cretonne with which the room is hung. A French print framed with gold or silver metal lace placed in the centre of one panel of the box is most attractive.

These hat boxes are already much in demand for prizes, while for gifts or for sale at a fair they are still sufficiently original to be eagerly sought. When not planned for any special room or rack there is, of course, greater freedom in the choice of material and color.

For a rose colored boudoir, a Du Barry pink moire bordered about the box itself, as well as the lid, with a good sized French print placed both on the top of the box as well as on one or all panels is really beautiful. A well made hat box with wooden frame must be procured to cover, for an ordinary cardboard box is not sufficiently strong to be worth the covering. All the more expensive hats are now generally sent home in these boxes having wooden framework, and if

Green Voile de Soie Gown Over Silver Satin

a girl is not so fortunate as to possess such a box herself she surely can beg, borrow or steal one from some friend or relative.

The prints, of course, must be pasted to the material before the box itself is covered. The braid can be either pasted or sewed on, the latter method being a little more trouble and infinitely more satisfactory in the long run. To buy the correct quantity of braid the box itself must first be measured, for every hat box today is a different size. The round boxes, of course, take much less material, and for the square box each side should be treated as a panel and adorned down each edge. The braid employed should be about an inch in width.

STIRLING

IN SUNNY SOUTHERN ALBERTA

The new town of Stirling is growing by leaps and bounds. Last June it was open prairie; to-day a thriving town, with local and long distance telephone. A newspaper, "The New Stirling Star," has just been established.

Lots from $75 to $300 Each

Registered Plan "STIRLING 4347Y"

$10 CASH A MONTH

Torrens Title

Buy to-day and get the beneft of the tremendous movement. Your money invested in New Stirling works twenty-four hours a day. Send for maps, plans, blue prints and views.

The following form may be used:

STIRLING TOWNSITE SYNDICATE, STIRLING, ALTA. OR STIRLING TOWNSITE SYNDICATE, UNION BANK BUILDING, WINNIPEG.

Gentlemen,—

Enclosed you will find $.....being cash payment on.....lots in the townsite of Stirling (Registered Plan 4347 Y), and I hereby agree to pay the balance at the rate of $10 a month on each lot. Kindly allot me those closest in till I get the plans, when I am to have the privilege of changing to any unsold if I wish.

Kindly send plans, maps and views of Stirling by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

ORIGIN OF JACK'S HOUSE

THE original idea on which the familiar nursery legend of "The House That Jack Built" is founded is said to be a hymn sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover. It commemorates, in the form of a sort of parable, the principal events in the history of the Jews, and the original is in the language of the Chaldeans, who were associated in history with the Jews at an era as remote as the early days of Babylon. This is the translation:

1. A kid, a kid my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
2. Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
3. Then came a dog, and bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
   That bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
   That beat the dog,
   That bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
   That burned the staff,
   That beat the dog,
   That bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
   That quenched the fire,
   That burned the staff,
   That beat the dog,
   That bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
8. Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
   That drank the water,
   That quenched the fire,
   That burned the staff,
   That beat the dog,
   That bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
   That slew the ox,
   That drank the water,
   That quenched the fire,
   That burned the staff,
   That beat the dog,
   That bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought,
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.
10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!
    And killed the angel of death,
    That killed the butcher,
    That slew the ox,
    That drank the water,
    That quenched the fire,
    That burned the staff,
    That beat the dog,
    That bit the cat,
    That ate the kid,
    That my father bought,
    For two pieces of money:
    A kid, a kid.

The following is P. N. Lebercht's interpretation:

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.

The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents Himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation.

The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Jews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land and live under the government of their long expected Messiah.

TAROLEMA CURES ECZEMA

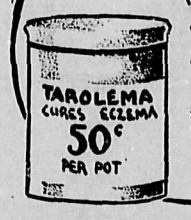
AND MOST OTHER GERM SKIN DISEASES.

TAROLEMA Consists of COMPOUNDS WITH COMBINED OILS-OF-TAR

FOR CHILDREN and Mild Cases or Wet Eczema, use TAROLEMA No. 1.
FOR DRY ECZEMA and Eczema of the Head, use TAROLEMA No. 2.
FOR SEVERE CASES, Generally Pronounced Incurable, use TAROLEMA No. 3.

50c Per Pot at All Druggists.

If your Druggist does not sell TAROLEMA, order direct and address Dept. P 4



Carbon Oil Works, Limited
Winnipeg

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

No bottles—liquids—mops—or hard work. "2 in 1" shines instantly and gives a hard, brilliant, lasting, waterproof polish. Contains no Turpentine, Acids or other injurious ingredients.

ALL DEALERS, 10c. 1

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y.

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.

Brass Band *This is the Time to Organize*

Instruments, Drums, Band Music, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, over 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Limited
Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

RUSSELL
AUTOMOBILES

WE HAVE SECOND-HAND CARS ALSO MOTOR SUNDRIES

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO.
144 Princess St., Winnipeg

July Clearance of Muslins, Whitewear, etc.

CAMPBELL BROS.

July Clearance of Boots & Shoes, Clothing, Hats, &c.

SECOND ANNUAL JULY CLEARANCE SALE

FOR THIRTEEN DAYS

COMMENCING SATURDAY, THE 16TH

Tremendous reductions in Every Department. The reductions are very sweeping in All Lines of summer Merchandise, Wearables and Home Furnishings. The greatest array of Good Values we have ever shown.

Summer Undervests, Underpriced.

Women's Cotton Undervests, in good qualities, ... July Sale, 2 for 25c.
Women's Knitted Undervests, short sleeves, regular value, 35c. ... ... July Sale, 20c.
Women's Lisle Thread Undervests, lace trimmed, regular value, 75c. ... ... July Sale, 37½c.

$1.75 Boy's Duck Wash Suits, $1.

A Splendid assortment of Boy's Wash Suits in Plain and Striped Ducks.

Regular value, $1.75 ... ... July Sale, $1.00
" " $2.00 ... . " " $1.25
" " $2.50 ... ... " " $1.65

75c. Men's Bathing Suits, 50c.

Men's 1 Piece Bathing Suits, in all sizes, regular value, 75c. ... ... July Sale, 50c.
Boy's and Youth's 1 Piece Bathing Suits, all sizes, regular value, 50c. ... ... July Sale, 35c.
Men's Cashmere Underwear, rogular value, $3.00 suit ... ... July Sale, $2.25

White Muslin Petticoats

A Pronounced Value in Women's Extra Good Quality White Underskirts, cut in full widths, well tailored, and trimmed with lace and embroidery, regular value, $2.50 ... .. July Sale, $1.75

18c. White and Fancy Dress Muslins 10c.

Fancy Colored and White Spot Muslins, regular 15c. and 18c., ... July Sale, 10c.
Regular values, 20c. to 30c. ... ... " " 15c.
" " 35c. to 40c. ... ... " " 25c.

Men's White Canvas Gloves, 3 pair for 25c.

Men's Black Cashmere Hose, regular value, 35c. and 50c. ... ... July Sale, 25c.
Men's Fancy Lisle Hose, reg. 50c " " 35c.
Men's Dark Color Working Shirts, regular value, $1 and $1.25 ... ... July Sale, 65c.

$1.50 White Muslin Waists at 85c.

3 Doz Dainty White Muslin Waists, in fine quality muslin, with embroidered fronts, tucked backs, embroidery and lace edging on collars and cuffs, regular value, $1.50 ... ... July Sale, 85c.

= = Lace Curtains below Cost = =

Nottingham Lace Curtains, in a variety of Patterns and Sizes

45in. x 3yds. long, regular $1.25 ... July Sale, 75c.
50in x 3½yds. " " $1.75 ... " " $1.00.
White Frilled Muslin, in spots and scroll patterns, regular, 35c. ... ... July Sale, 20c.
White and Ecru Scrim ... ... " " 10c.

: : 35c. Embroideries 10c. : :

The greatest values we have ever been able to offer in Embroideries and Insertions. All our 15c., 20c., 25c. and 30c. values ... ... July Sale, 10c.

The balance of our Men's Clothing reduced to clear

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

Hundreds of Dollars Worth of Women's and Children's Shoes to be slaughtered within the next few days - - - - - Come early and get your choice

Ladies' $3.50 Tan Blucher Oxfords, July Sale, $2.50	Children's $1.25 Dong. Bals., sizes 5 to 7½. July Sale, 90c.	Misses' $2.50 Dong. Blucher Bals. Pat. Tip, sizes 11 to 2 July Sale, $1.50	Ladies' $2.50 White Canvas Blucher Oxford, plain toe, July Sale, $1.50
Ladies' $4 Patent Oxford, Grey Suede Tops, July Sale, $2.50.	Ladies' $3.50 Tan Ankle Strap Slipper, July Sale, $2.50	Men's $2.50 Brown Canvas Bals., July Sale, $1.65.	Children's $2.25 Dong. Blucher Bal. Pat. Tip, sizes 8 to 10½. July Sale, $1.35
Boy's $2.50 Box Kip Blucher, sizes 11, 12 and 13, July Sale, $1.50.	Ladies' $5 Ox Blood Blucher Bals., July Sale, $3.	Ladies' $3.50 White Canvas Oxfords, white and tan toecaps and trimmings, July Sale, $1.90.	Boy's $2 Brown Canvas Bals., sizes 1 to 5, July Sale, $1.35. Men's $5 Pat. Button Boot, July Sale, $3.75.

CAMPBELL BROS.

22

Special Notice ! !

As we have decided to go out of Crockery, Enamelware, Notions, etc., and devote all our time and attention to Gent's Furnishings and Children's Wear, we are making great reductions in the following articles, and advise anyone requiring any of these lines to act quickly :—

432 Yds. of SILK RIBBONS, in all Colors, 3 to 5in. in width. Regular 20, 25, 30, 35 and 40c. yard.

YOUR CHOICE 15C. YARD.

200 Pairs only of WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BLACK and TAN COTTON HOSE, sold regularly at 25 and 35c, pair.

WHILE THEY LAST 15C. PAIR.

WHITE WEAR AT COST

LADIES' DRAWERS

75c. for 45c. 50c for 30c. 40c. for 25.

LADIES' NIGHT DRESSES

$1.50 for $1. $1.25 for 75c. $1 for 60c,

SMALL WARES BELOW COST

LINEN THREAD, regular 10c. spool, 2 for 5c.
NEEDLE, all sizes " 5c. pkg., 2 for 5c.
PINS, best make " 5c. " 2 for 5c.
TAPE, in large bunches, reg. 5c bunch, 2 for 5c.
SAFETY PINS " 5c. pkg 2 for 5c.
COTTON THREAD, all colors, reg 5c spl., 40c dz..

We cannot begin to tell you the bargains that are here waiting for you, but Come and See for Yourself.

"REMEMBER THE PLACE"

RICKSON & CARTWRIGHT

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : : CUMBERLAND, B.C

THE ISLANDER

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE AND FREDERICK J. GILL.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.
Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.
The editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by correspondents.

Ormond T. Smithe, Editor.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1910.

What the Editor has to say.

Owing to the demand for advertising space this week, our editorial column has been temporarily transferred to page 5.

The Victoria Board of Trade has taken up the matter of an improved mail service to Comox and Cumberland.

It is proposed to take advantage of the E. & N. railway extension to the north, and to have the mail sent overland, as the railroad extensions will allow of good stage connections with the two districts mentioned.

The matter has been referred to J. O. MacLeod, Superintendent of Railway Mail Service, and further action by the board will be delayed until a reply is received from that official.

It is a matter for congratulation that some influential body has taken up the matter of an improved postal service, and we are glad to see that our local Development League has also taken up the matter in an energetic manner, for this is the district that is most vitally affected.

Local self government is usually looked upon as a very desirable thing.

When, then, it is considered that the people of Comox, Courtenay and surrounding districts might have such local self government for the asking, it is surprising that the opportunity has never been embraced to organize the district into a rural municipality.

The advantages of self government are so apparent that it seems almost unnecessary to state them here.

With a council of five, elected from amongst the residents themselves, all vexatious delays from lack of knowledge of local conditions, or other reasons, would be done away with.

Grievances with which the residents are now powerless to deal could then be righted through municipal by-laws.

All taxes raised in taxation could be spent in local public work, after the necessary running expenses of the municipal government were provided for.

The assesssd value of any given area in the district could easily be learned at the local Government Agents office, and that known it would be a simple matter to find out how large a rate of taxation would be necessary to raise sufficient revenue to administer the affairs of the municipality and provide for the necessary public work.

If a public meeting were called, and the facts of the case made thoroughly well known, we believe there would be little delay on the part of the residents of these districts in seeking local self government.

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

CUMBERLAND COLLECTION AND COMMISSION AGENCY. Rents and Debts Collected, Brokerage, Real Estate and Auctioneers, Thomson Building, Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland. Phone 17. John Thomson, Manager.

TENDERS.

Tenders will be received up to July 15th for the hay on H. Martin estate Lot 96, about 5 acres more or less on Courtenay road.

Wesley Willard,
Official Administrator.

NOTICE.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up till and including Monday the 25th., July next, for the purchase of the following mineral claims, which were forfeited to the Crown, at the Tax Sale held at Comox, on the 4th., November, 1907, namely:-

"Theodosia" Mineral Claim, Lot 1831, Group 1., New Westminster district.

"Silver King" Mineral Claim, Lot 1832, Group 1., New Westminster district.

"Blue Jacket" Mineral Claim, Lot 1833, Group 1., New Westminster district.

Any tender for a less amount than $175 00 will not be considered.

Tenders must be sealed, and plainly indorsed on the outside, "Tenders for overdue Mineral Claims.

ROBT A. RENWICK
Deputy Commissioner of Lands.
Lands Department, Victoria, B. C, June 6th., 1910.

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.

Found—Silver Brooch, engraved with initials "M H." Owner may obtain same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement.

Everything cheaper at McLeods on Saturday.

TOWN TOPICS.

Be sure and see McLeods hats at 15c.

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

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

Don't miss seeing the bargains at McLeod.

"Are You Crazy" The funniest farce comedy ever written will soon be here, wait for it. Watch for the band concert. Have your seats reserved early.

A new boarding house, of forty rooms, is planned for Cumberland, and will probably be erected this summer.

Cumberland has certianly got "some runner" in J. Bannerman. He showed up as a runner of class in the Marathon race on Tuesday. But who would not "go some" to get one of these famous Hobberlin suits of clothes made to order, and sold by Rickson & Cartwright. Like the runner these clothes are "winners" and worn by men who are particular about their appearance.

Half Price on all Wall Paper, for payday, at the Big Store.

The firemen held a special meeting on Saturday night, and decided to enter two teams for the firemens' race at the Orange Celebration. It was also decided that no matter which team won the prize money was to be put into a social fund, and spent in a spread for all the firemen. The team selected were as follows:- No. 1, Parnham (capt.), A. Thomson, R Grant, A Grant J. Cameron, J. Grant, J. Bannerman, J. Harris, D. Sommerville M, Brown, F watson and A. McNeil. No. 2 team Hudson (capt), F. Pickard, H. Winningham. T. Picket, C. Grant, R. Sommerville, M. Hennessy, W. Hayman, R. Webster H. Walker, G. Tarbell and P. Dematis.

Shirts at 50c at McLeods.

A good house greeted the Claman Players in "Are You Crazy" last evening It is many years now since all London laughed at this absurd farce, and time has not withered its side-splitting humor. The performance was on the whole creditable, and judging from the continuous merriment of the large audience, well appreciated. A feature of the evening was the playing of the six piece orchestra which the company carries with them. (Moose Jaw, Sask. Times). This company will appear at Cumberlanp, uly 20 21. Courtnay, 22. Union Bay, 23 change of play at Cumberland on second night.

Everything cheaper at McLeods on Saturday.

"Putting off advertising," says a writer in Printers' Ink, "is putting off a debt that you owe to your business. Every day the interest mounts Every day because of added competition the debt becomes harder to meet" Many non-advertisers no doubt postpone the debt settlement of this obligation because they do not realize how easy it is to discharge it in small instalment. The little "ad" in the daily newspaper leads by gradual and convenient stages to the half-page and full-page spread, paying its own way as it grows. The big advertiser of to-day sang small at the beginning. The success they have achieved is open to merchants of very moderate capital who back up brains and energy with advertising.

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

Autos for Hire
and
Motor Launches on the Lake
Terms reasonable. Phone 68.
DENTON & ANDERSON

Advertise in The Islander

The
Corner Store

On Saturday, July 16th, we start a

SPECIAL SALE FOR 8 DAYS ONLY

Everything in the Store will be reduced in the following departments :

Men's and Boy's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Shirts and Ties
Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods and Dry Goods

Come early and see our Stock, and remember the prices we are offering will be for

8 DAYS ONLY

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

Another Large Consignment of New Goods Just Arrived . . .

Dressers and Stands ranging from $65 to $15.
Sideboards " " $50 to $20.
A Large Assortment of Chairs and Rockers
New Styles
Extension Tables from $10 up
We carry a Choice Selection of Wall Papers and Linoleums

"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

Try a bottle of Elderweiss Cream for Sunburns and Roughness of the Skin

We have a Full Stock of Nyal's Remedies, which are always reliable - - - - Ask for Nyal's

The Best and Cheapest Supply of Brushes, Combs and Toilet Articles : : : : Give us a call

A. H. PEACEY

Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing

Cumberland Tailor

S. ISAKA, Proprietor

Ladies' and Gents' Fashionable Tailor

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C. j9

CUTS & SORES.

Apply Zam-Buk to all wounds and sores and you will be surprised how quickly it stops the smarting and brings ease. It covers the wound with a layer of protective balm, kills all poison germs already in the wound, and prevents others entering. Its rich healing herbal essences then build up from the bottom, fresh tissue; and in a wonderfully short time the wound is healed!

Zam-Buk's popularity is based on merit. Imitations never work cures. Be sure and get the real thing. "Zam-Buk" is printed on every packet of the genuine. Refuse all others, 50c all druggists and stores or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

ZAM-BUK

Ring-Bone

There is no case so old or bad that we will not guarantee

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 15-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a start beginning by sending for this book.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 83 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

Special Offer of

HAVANA CIGARS

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NORAH had been guilty of what was considered an indiscretion, so the mistress of the house called her to "step the carpet." "If such a thing occurs again, Norah," said the mistress, "I shall have to get another servant!" And Norah said: "I wish yer would—there's easily enough work for two of us!"

* * *

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE was talking of a notorious financier the other day: "He got rather a setback in a talk he had last session with one of his auditors. 'Money?' he said. 'Gah! There are thousands of ways of making money.' 'Yes, but only one honest way,' our man remarked. 'What way's that?' 'I thought you wouldn't know it,' was the reply."

That Reminds Me

ASTRONOMER — "Wouldn't you like to take a look through this telescope at the comet I discovered the other day?"

Second Astronomer—"No, thanks, I only look at my own comets."

* * *

THEY were looking at a famous collection and had stopped in front of a "Portrait of a Lady." "Why, that's a Rembrandt!" delightedly exclaimed Mrs. Upsome. "I'm not so sure about that," said Mrs. Gaswell, bringing her lorgnette to bear upon it. "It looks to me more like a Merry Widow."

* * *

A DISTINGUISHED foreigner visiting Epsom Downs in Thackeray's company noticed many men dressed as sailors who were not, to native and experienced eyes, the real article. "Ah," said the visitor, "these are, I suppose, what you call your British tars." "Oh, no," replied Thackeray. "Only Epsom salts."

* * *

AN Irishman visited a tuberculosis exhibit, where lungs in both healthy and diseased conditions were displayed preserved in glass jars. After carefully studying one marked "Cured tuberculosis lung," he turned to the physician and said: "Perhaps it's because Oi'm Irish, but if ye cured th' patient how th' devil could ye have his lung in a bottle?"

* * *

THE elevator conductor of a tall office building, noticing that the colored janitor had ridden up with him several times that morning, remarked: "Sam, this is the fifth time I have taken you up, but you have not come down with me." "Well, you see," Sam replied, "Au been washin' windows on de 'leventh floor, and every now and agin Ah misses mah hold and falls out."

* * *

AN Irish politician had just returned from a trip abroad. A friend met him and inquired: "Did you have a fine time, Mike?" "Of course I did," "Did you visit the theatres in Paris?" "Sure, I saw all the plays." "And did you go to the cafes?" "Sure, I was in all of 'em." "Well, tell me, Mike, and did ye see any 'pommes de terre'?" "No, I had the wife with me all the time."

* * *

HAVE you any children?" demanded the landlord.

"Yes," replied the would-be tenant solemnly, "six—all in the cemetery."

"Better there than here," said the landlord consolingly; and proceeded to execute the desired lease.

In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whither they had been sent to play.

* * *

THOMAS A. EDISON was discussing with a reporter a criticism of his wonderful storage battery. "The criticism is very laudatory," he said, "but it is the opposite of scientific. It really makes me think of a dialogue I once heard in a museum. Two young men stood gazing at a mummy. 'What makes him look so brown and dried-up-like, all the way through, Bill?' the first young man asked. Bill replied with this scientific information: 'In them days, George, they took the blokes they killed in battle and kippered 'em for export to the cannibal trade.'"

* * *

IT was married men's night at the revival meeting.

"Let all you husbands who have trouble on your mind stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasm.

Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at the lone sitter, who occupied a chair near the door apart from the others, "you are one in a million.

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly, as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up—I'm paralyzed."

* * *

A STORY about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong. When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit propped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that the bigger of the two would make suggestions for the make-believe games, and insist that they be carried on, too. One day Austin had arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he, standing on the front, was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked the deck of his vessel, encountered pirates and weathered all kinds of storms until he felt the floor positively heave under his feet. Mr. Stevenson looked on in perfect silence, but complete absorption, no doubt playing the whole thing over the harder of the two. Finally Austin got tired of his vessel, climbed off his chair and began walking across the room to some object which had attracted his interest. This was too much for his uncle. Still deep in the game, Mr. Stevenson rose in his sick bed and shouted excitedly at the recalcitrant sea captain, "Swim, d—— you; swim!"

A CIGAR shop man for many years employed in New York not so far from Mark Twain's home in Fifth Avenue, was talking of the humorist. "He used to be a remarkable smoker," he said, "but I don't think he had any taste to enjoy the best tobacco. Again and again I have seen him buy some of the most villainous cigars that were ever built. We did stop him once though, with some goods with which we had been stuck. These cigars had attractive labels and a Spanish name, but they were unspeakable when they began to burn. One day Mr. Clemens bought a pocketful and went off. The next time he came in I asked him what he thought of the cigar—naming the brand. 'Young man,' he said, 'they smoked like a clergyman's discarded habits.'"

MASTERPIECES WRITTEN IN HASTE

IN one year Dryden produced four of his greatest works, "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "The Religio Laici," and "Mac Flecknoe." He was only six months in writing "The Hind and Panther," three years in translating the whole of "Vergil," and twelve mornings in composing his "Parallel between Poetry and Painting." The original draft of "Alexander's Feast" was struck off at a single sitting.

Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a single week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Dr. Johnson frequently indulged, however, in extensive rewritting.

Sir Walter Scott's rapidity is one of the marvels of literature. He wrote literally as fast as the pen could move, and when he dictated, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with him. The original manuscripts of the "Waverley Novels" may still be seen. They are frequently for many pages undeformed by a single blot.

William Beckford's "Vathek" was completed by the unbroken exertion of three whole days and two whole nights, the author supporting himself during his unnatural vigil by copious drafts of wine; and what adds to the wonder is that the work was written in French.

Steele and Fielding wrote many of their essays while the press was waiting.

Johnson, like Gibbon, wrote at first with labor, but afterward found that, with practise, a stately and highly finished style came as naturally as ordinary expression comes to ordinary people. Forty-eight octavo pages of the "Life of Savage," a singularly polished work, were completed at a sitting, and the "Lives of the Poets" cost him no more trouble than a slipshod article costs a professional journalist.

Ben Jonson tells us he wrote "The Alchemist" in six weeks; Fenelon, that "Telemaque" was produced in three months.

The most portentous example of literary fecundity on record is beyond question to be found in the person of Lope de Vega. He thought nothing of writing a play in a couple of days, a light farce in an hour or two, and in the course of his life he furnished the stage of Spain with upward of two thousand original dramas. Hallam calculates that this extraordinary man was the author of at least 21,300,000 lines.

THE ELECTRIC "MARY ANN"

NUMEROUS efforts have been made to popularize the utilization of electric power in the house; and although small, serviceable, and reliable motors have been devised for the driving of the knife-cleaner, the mincer, coffee-mill, and what not, the main drawback has been that each machine required its own motor, which became a fixed attachment. It is aparent that under such circumstances the cost of fitting electric motors to the various domestic machines in an average household would be somewhat prohibitive. This risadvantage, however, has been ingeniously and successfully overcome by the production of the electric "Mary Ann," which is the invention of a well-known consulting electrical engineer, Mr. R. Borlase Matthews, A.M.Inst.C.E. This machine comprises an electric motor which can be attached and detached from any apliance in the house within a few seconds, and, weighing only seventeen pounds complete, while it is no more bulky than a typewriter, can be easily carried from room to room as required. The motor is small, strongly built to withstand rough wear, and so designed as to prevent breakdown. The motor is fitted with a counter-weighted projecting arm which caries a large pulley. On the inner side of the shaft of this latter is mounted a small drum, and a belt passes over the large pulley and a small one mounted direct on the motor-shaft. In addition there is a large, light rim-wheel which is attached to the particular machine to be operated. For instance, say a knife-cleaner is to be electrically driven. The wing-nut on its shaft is released, the detachable rim-wheel placed on the shaft, and the nut replaced. The knife-cleaner is clamped firmly in position in such a way that the rim-wheel comes into contact with the drum on the shaft of the outer motor-pulley. When the motor is set in motion the rotary action of the pulle yis transmitted to the wheel on the knife-cleaner by friction-drive. If a coffee-mill or mincer is to be used the rim-wheel is similarly set in position. The attachment and detachment take only a few seconds, and by electric power what is generally regarded as an arduous, protracted task is achieved with ease and no physical effort in a few seconds. The motor is fitted with a switch, a short length of flexible wire, and a plug. All that is necessary is to withdraw an electric lamp from its holder and insert the plug, switching on and off as required. The motor will drive any machine in the house that is ordinarily turned by hand, and the list of such appliances runs well into fifty. It can be adapted to the cleaning of grates, boots, and silver-plate. For this work there is provided a short flexible shaft, coupled to the shaft of the motor and fitted with a polishing-bob on the outer end. In cleaning, it is only necessary to pass the bob over the surface to be cleaned, and the high speed at which the bob revolves accomplishes the cleaning operation in a few seconds. Rotary washing tubs, wringers, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, etc., can all be driven in turn by this electric servant, and at the minimum of expense. The cost of electric energy is half a cent per hour actual working time; and when it is finished with, the motor is packed in a box and stowed away. Householders already using electric light will find this little apparatus of great value, and it will be found to be a successful solution of the problem of accomplishing distasteful work in a highly satisfactory manner in the minimum of time.

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With the Horses

An addition to rule 72 is an exceedingly strong one and puts a heavy responsibility upon every trainer and driver. It is evidently meant as an extra guard against ringing or driving suspended and expelled horses. The terms are very explicit:

"A driver or rider shall not drive or ride a horse in a race without personal knowledge as to the eligibility of the horse to compete in said contest. A driver or rider violating this rule shall be subject to the penalty, if any, that follows the horse, except where the driver or rider is substituted or appointed by the judges."

We have our doubts as to whether it is fair to put the whole responsibility on the driver, but in the absence of a compulsory registration law desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and this is certainly one which will have its effect.

Then comes the famous anti-hopple rule which, if trainers, owners and breeders will all unite to support, will in five years get rid of the evil and double the value of every unhoppled pacer on the track. So far as the breeders are concerned, they should not only support the new rule, but strictly instruct their trainers not to use the straps. No great pacer who made a record with the aid of hopples was ever sold at a good figure. If he is a stallion it is fatal, if a mare, equally bad, for no fanatic has ever yet been bold enough to assert that you could transmit artificially manufactured speed. As for the geldings they are simply worthless when their racing days are over. Fortunately the prejudice against natural pacers has passed away. Twenty years ago the gentleman amateur did not care to drive a pacer. Now they are popular as roadsters and hold their own on all the speedways of the continent, but the strapped section is severely ignored. They are simply artificial gambling machines and when they have gone to their limit, they can finish a miserable existence in a delivery wagon or a peddler's cart. The rule is short, gradual, but far reaching and if the delegates are true to their own interests it will pass.

"Hopples shall not be used in races or performances against time on two-year-olds in 1910, or three-year-olds or under in 1911; on four-year-olds or under in 1912; on five-year-olds or under in 1913; or on six-year-olds or under in 1914, after which date hopples are barred."

Rule 77—Amend rule so as to read:

"No horse shall wear hopples in a race unless he starts in the same in the first heat, and having so started, he shall continue to wear them to the finish of the race; and any person found guilty of removing or altering a horse's hopples during a race for the purpose of fraud shall be suspended or expelled. Any horse habitually wearing hopples shall not be permitted to start in a race without them, except by permission of the judges."

If the average trainer will only get over his scare he will see that he has five years to get rid of the straps. There are few owners or trainers who have two-year-old pacers and the purses are few and small. The two-year-olds all start with an equal chance, and though three-year-olds are allowed to use them this year, they cannot do so next, so that they would be foolish to try and develop them in that way. The whole question resolves itself into whether the trainers and racing secretaries will realize that there will be just as many pacers or more probably in five years from now as there are at present, and that though the straps may be absent and the time made may not be quite as fast, there will be as many purses offered and just as good racing. If there is a trainer who is so devoid of ability that he can only get speed by the aid of the straps, he is unworthy of the business, and if the great sport of light harness racing is to be controlled by a small tail attached to a strap, the breeders will have to govern themselves accordingly.

That hopples are a potent source of fraud or can be made such is shown by amended rule 77, which insists that if a horse starts in hopples he shall wear them to the finish, and they shall not be removed or altered, nor shall a horse which usually wears them be allowed to start without them except by permission of the judges. This rule alone is sufficient for their condemnation when a slight manipulation of the straps can produce victory or defeat. The race ceases to depend upon natural speed and the driver's ability, but is determined by the harness. Why not give the purse to the maker of the straps? This is an extreme view of the case, but it is equally true. We sincerely hope that congress will at least pass the rule and see how it works for two years. By that time both trainers and the secretaries of small associations will have got over the scare and will realize that the new rule is better for all parties.

As to the duration of races, rule 104 as amended reads as follows, and so far as two in three races are concerned, it is a highly important one. It says:

"Unless otherwise expressly stated in the published conditions, in all races of mile heats, best two in three, the race must not be continued after the end of the third heat; and in all races of mile heats, best three in five, the race must not be continued after the end of the fifth heat. In such cases the premiums shall be awarded in accordance with the positions in the summary at the close of the last heat; except in the event of a tie for first money or where two horses have won an equal number of heats, in which event the race must continue for the heat winners or horses tied until one horse has won two heats in a "best two in three" race, or three heats in a best "three in five race."

This is an important alteration. The rule is peculiar. It first states that in a two in three race that it must finish with the third heat, and then later on says that a horse must win two heats. It does not state that the third heat is limited to the two winners of the previous heats, and if in a third heat a new winner turns up, what then? It also throws out the old five-heat system, as if two horses have two heats each to their credit, they must go another heat.

There are other small alterations to the rules of a very minor character, but taken in the aggregate, they represent a substantial advance. The leading minds of the association are at the head of the column, but they are well aware of the fact that it is impossible to advance very far beyond the opinion of the interests involved. The secretaries would like to do all they could to elevate the sport, but ninety per cent, of them are face to face with the problem of how to make their meetings pan out even. They are hungry for entries, for they know full well that a large proportion of the purses must come from them. While we all have our ideals, they are seldom obtained quickly and the only consolation we have is that with each year we see an upward tendency in the growth and management of the sport.

THE RADIOACTIVITY OF SNOW

THERE has recently been published in Paris a resume of the results obtained by French scientists from their study of the radioactivity of the snow that fell at Boulogne during the past winter. It has been known since 1904 that newly fallen snow is radioactive, but the subject has not before been so fully examined.

The investigators announce that snow quickly gathered after its descent to the earth is highly radioactive. Radioactivity disappears almost entirely after the lapse of two hours, however. Snow which has fallen on the soil appears to retain its radioactivity a little longer than that which has come to rest upon the roofs of buildings.

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION No. 32

THE BEST ON EARTH

Some years ago, the late Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, testifying in a case involving the Cataract Power Company, in answer to a question on cross examination as to who, in his opinion, was the greatest American scientist, replied, "I am."

After leaving the court room one of the lawyers ventured to criticise the answer for its effect upon the jury, whereupon Rowland exclaimed:

"Well, what else could I say? Wasn't I under oath?"

There are two kinds of swelled head. One of them is inflated with hot air, pure and simple. The other has the goods, and bulges out with them.

Modesty prevents us from placing ourselves in our correct class, but there are thousands to whom we can refer you for a true estimate of the BUCK-EYE. They are testing them daily.

Were we placed on oath, and asked which was the best ten cent cigar in the market today, we could do no otherwise than follow the Professor's illustrious example and reply——

"THE BUCK-EYE"

The Dash for Canada

(From the Narrative of Mr. David Stuart, Late Royal Canadian Rifles)

I WAS escorting ammunition from Kingston to New London when I heard of the intention of a host of discontented Fenians to steal Canada—for that was what their crazy plot amounted to. That terrible war between the Northern and Southern States was ended, and it let loose thousands of Irishmen, who had served both sides and wanted to keep their fighting hand in. They had nothing useful to do, and plenty of time to do it in; and you know how inevitably such malcontents go wrong.

On the march, we used to talk a good deal about the trouble which was brewing, but I never took it seriously. I knew, from experience at the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, what real war was, and was well aware, from hearsay, what the fierce American battles had meant. I could not imagine that even reckless Irishmen would be quite so mad as to attempt the impossible, which was to swoop on Canada and wrest the country from the British troops who, in those days, were kept there in considerable force.

There was serious trouble threatening, for about ten thousand volunteers were called out in Canada, while it was reported that in the United States the Fenians were growing to such an enormous extent that they had to be numbered by the hundred thousand.

I heard of these and other things; but they did not interfere with my night's rest. I marched and smoked and laughed and chatted with the best, and laughed all the more merrily when I was told that the Fenians were going to raid the vast continent and take and keep it. The thing seemed too mad even to be thought of, and one of the hopeless schemes that no human being could take seriously; yet it was actually attempted, and, like a thunderbolt, we got the order to go on active service, and make our way as fast as we could to a place on the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo, which we always called Pigeon Hill, but the real name of which was Fort Erie.

I was attached to the 60th Rifles, and we were hurried up to Pigeon Hill. We went by way of Niagara Falls, which, in those days, were very different from what they are now, I fancy, when they have been spoilt and disfigured by the electric power-stations; but wonderful as the cataract and the falls and rapids are, there were not many of us who talked much about them, or spent time in looking at them. We were too keenly interested in our expected fighting to trouble about the marvels and beauties of nature.

It was a hard rush, and I was glad when it was over and there was a chance of doing a real soldier's work, which is fighting. I did not suppose that it would be anything like tackling the Russians, and it was not; yet the business was exciting enough when it began, for the Fenians were in dead earnest—and so were we. They had no such thing as military discipline or real training amongst them. If they had had even one capable commander they would never have gone about their business as they did, because no sane soldier would have allowed a mere rabble ot pit themselves against trained British troops, many of whom, like myself, had learnt their trade in one of the most terrible of recent wars.

In addition to the infantry, there was at Pigeon Hill the "B" battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. They had smooth-bore, light field-pieces, which were fine weapons of their sort; but not to be compared with the deadly guns of today. If one modern gun, with its power of quick firing, had been at work, not a soul amongst the raiders would have escaped

Being on the bank of the river, we had, of course, a great advantage over the enemy, who, true to their principle of doing a wrong thing in the worst possible way, meant to assault us, not by land, but by water—and that water a swiftly-flowing stream. Their idea was to come down to us in barges, land, attack us, kill us or drive us away, and enter into victorious possession of Canada. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish? And can you wonder that the end was what it proved to be? (I am dealing now with what happened to the force to which I belonged. There was another column, of Canadian Militia, which came into collision with the Fenians, the result being a fairly heavy loss of life.)

I had seen some amazing things in the Crimea, but never anything so astounding as the sight I saw when, that fine June morning in 1866, bargeloads full of Fenians came down Niagara River to attack Fort Pigeon. The craft were very much like those you see on the Thames—grain barges, which were then in common use on the American lakes. The river was about as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, only with a very much swifter sweep of the tide. To the best of my recollection the barges were towed by tugs.

They were packed with men, and with such men, too! I saw them clearly from the fort, and had a good deal to do with them afterwards. I should say there were a dozen or more barges, and each held a hundred or a hundred and fifty men. They were old and young—but poor, ignorant, deluded wretches, who didn't know a bee from a bull's foot. Some of them were old men who ought to have known better; but they had been led astray by agitators and mischief-mongers, the sort of people who always want what other people have got, and to stick to their own possessions as well. Some of the Fenians were in a sort of green uniform, but the majority were dressed in ordinary clothes. They had rifles and shot-guns and old blunderbusses, but I don't remember seeing any swords or bayonets amongst them.

On came the barges with their would-be warriors, exposed to any fire that we in Fort Pigeon, three thousand seasoned British troops, cared to pour into them. The sight was pititful to look at, especially to me who had seen so much of the horrors of battle, and knew what a butchery an engagement would be. I was sure that a good many or the Fenians were veteran soldiers—because the American war had given them a good training, but I knew also that there would be a great number of foolish, inexperienced young fellows who would be quaking in their shoes, in the barges, and praying for the fight to be over; if, indeed, they were not earnestly hoping that it would never start. I daresay they were beginning to think it was one thing to burn and devastate farms, as they had done, and another to fight the soldiers of the Queen. They had committed some wicked outrages in the country, where they had helped themselves to horses and vehicles, and had killed a farmer who objected, naturally enough, to their robbery of his possessions.

Our guns were trained on the barges, and our rifles were loaded. Surely, I thought, the deluded creatures would not continue their attempt; surely, even at the last, they would turn and fly and save their skins. I hoped and longed and pitied vainly, for they came on to the tragic and miserable end.

Then for an hour or so, I looked on as hot a bit of work as any man could wish to see, for the field-guns boomed and the British snipers snapped from the land, while from Niagara River came the fusillade of the poor gas-pipes of the Fenians, mingled with their yells and the cries of the wounded, as they tried to get their clumsy craft to the shore and land for an assault.

One incident stands out very clearly in my mind, now that I am talking again of the raid. It was one of the most extraordinary features of the whole amazing business.

The Fenians were advancing to the strains of bagpipes!

I heard the swirl of them, and I saw the piper—a man, doubtless an Irishman, in full Highland costume, kilt and sporran and all, keeping his own spirits up and inspiring his companions with a tune. I saw him quite clearly, and heard the pipes distinctly. I believe it was "The Campbells are Comin'" that he played. Well, they came, and if they really were Campbells they went a great deal faster than they came. That was the first and last I saw of the piper in the barge, for almost instantly the flight began. I believe the kilt flapped very energetically against his bare knees as he bolted. He must have got ashore somehow and cut across country and escaped.

I was a soldier and had to do my duty, which was to help to destroy the raiders; but, believe me, as far as I am concerned, I never shared in more thankless or unwelcome work, because it was more like murder than work. I had met the grey, grim Russians time after time—poor patient fellows many of them were, too—and had no compunction about shooting and bayoneting them; but they were a natural sort of enemy, being foreigners and trained soldiers, while those deluded raiders were men who came from the same kingdom

"BUSINESS MEN'S SPECIAL" THAT TOURED THE WEST

as myself, and spoke the same language—not that I am Irish, mind you. I am Scotch, and proud of it.

To do them justice, some of the Fenians struggled desperately to carry out thir mad plot; but what could barges full of men do on a swiftly-running river and against trained, cool soldiers on the land who had everything in their favor and knew that victory was certain, although the cost might be a few killed and wounded?

It was a confused, unreal sort of battle—a merciless pounding from Fort Pigeon and a hopeless and wild confusion and dispersing of the barges. I think that many a gunner, as he trained his weapon, must have been merciful at heart and seen that the shot went wide purposely, because every barge could so easily have been sunk and every man killed or drowned. But, you see, the great object was to drive and scatter and disperse the misguided creatures, and not to massacre them. There were few, I think, amongst us, just at that time, who were not surfeited with the horrors of war, and who were not anxious to save rather than to destroy.

But murder, as some people might consider the work of our guns and rifles, or not, still the raiders were guilty of high treason, and we could not, and did not, stop until our pounding was done and the Fenians were either flying or drowned or killed, or prisoners in our hands. When the fight was over, the shore was dotted with dead or wounded Fenians, and the flotilla of barges was scattered and accounted for. I did not see any of the raiders drowned, although I was very near the river, but I was too busy in other quarters to notice much or to give any help, even if it had been wanted.

As soon as the fight was over, I was told off to guard the prisoners, of whom we had a great many. A strange, wild, excited lot they looked, too, and none more striking than the head of them, Colonel Lynch. He wore a green uniform, and was very pale—well he might be, for he had a melancholy prospect before him. As a matter of fact, he and another ruling spirit, the Rev. John McMahon, were found guilty of high treason and sentenced to death; but both were reprieved.

The march to Fort Pigeon and the fighting there had been bad enough; but the task that followed was infinitely worse. There were the prisoners to collect and look after, and send off to Kingston Penitentiary, four or five hundred miles away, and I was one of the soldiers who were told off for escort duty.

The prisoners were put into cattle-trucks. They were crowded into them, sitting and standing, and doing the best they could to make themselves comfortable for a horrible journey, which lasted two days and two nights. We had disarmed the Fenians, and mounted guard with loaded rifles, but they were quiet enough on the journey, and made no attempt either to escape of overpower u . I think by that time they had come to see how foolish they had been. They were thankful for any food or drink we gave them, and blessed and re-blessed us when two or three men of the escort managed to give them a nip of whisky. That sounds charitable, doesn't it?

I am now talking of the old Canadian rye product—the true fire-water which could be bought for a shilling a quart. It was cheap and very nasty, but it cheered them up a lot. You say that they don't give you rye whisky in America or Canada now for a shilling a quart, or anything like it? Well, I daresay not; but there it was in my time, and often enough I had it at the price, too. I have long ago learned to have to do without such luxuries as that, and to suffer pain and make the best of an old-age pension. Ah, well! I suppose there is no help for it, and that the old soldier is like a good many more old things—forgotten. However, I must go ahead with my story.

The wildest men amongst the prisoners I had anything to do with were about half-a-dozen dare-devil Irish ex-oldiers, who had served during the Civil War; but they got their spirits tamed a good deal by eighteen months of hard labor in the penitentiary. I was thankful when the miserable railway journey was ended, and the trucks were cleared of their wretched human freight. I am sure that, after such an experience on the track, they were glad to go even to gaol, although they soon got tired of sawing wood, and doing similar work. I was one of the military guard at the prison—we had to find twenty men a day for guard—and weary, monotonous work it was, although the actual control of the prisoners was in the hands of the warders, who had loaded rifles.

I got to know Colonel Lynch very well by sight, and, of course, I became intensely interested in him. He picked up very quickly after his capture, and I often watched him carrying old boots under his arm, which he was taking to mend. That was the sort of work he was put to do when it had been decided that he should not be hanged. He was a very smart-looking man, with black side whiskers, and had got his rank from, I believe, the American Army. I had a good deal of spare time on my hands, and was forced to fill it in somehow. I am afraid I took advantage of the fact that the Colonel was a prisoner in gaol, while I was a free British soldier, or it may be that I found the sentry-go deadly dull and tiring. Anyhow, one day, when the Colonel was passing with his usual bundle of old boots, I said: "How do you like it, John?"

The Colonel never answered. He gave me just one look and walked off with his boots, while I got into serious trouble with the warder for addressing a prisoner, because, of course, we were strictly forbidden to speak to the raiders. They were generally employed in the yard, cutting up wood with a two-handed saw, an arrangement which was more comfortable for us than if the prisoners had axes and hammers and other weapons with which they might have made a sudden attack upon us. But with the warder's rifles and four or five armed sentries around, the Fenians were quiet enough, although once or twice they pretended to rise in revolt in the prison; but that was only to torment us by having the guard turned out.

The time came when the raiders were released and wounded recovered. You would have thougnt that, after the lesson they had learnt in '66, the Fenians would have hesitated to try again to swoop on Canada and steal the country; but some people never get wisdom, and the Fenians were remarkably lacking in that quality. They planned their second raid for the Queen's Birthday in 1870—May 24th—and some thousands of them managed to make their way to the frontier, meaning to cross and liberate Irishmen and Ireland, as they put it; though what they meant I don't quite know; and I am sure some of the raiders themselves did not. They had taken their firearms to pieces and smuggled them through in boxes and in other ways, to escape suspicion. They showed extraordinary ingenuity in getting their weapons through; but, of course, the country is vast and it was easier in those days to do things of that sort than it is now, and infinitely easier than it would have been in any European country.

The thing was planned so openly that there was no real secret about it, yet people never seemed to believe that a second raid would be attempted. They could not credit the folly of the agitators undertaking such a scheme after the farcical fiasco of only four years earlier; but, for all that, the raiders assembled, some of them hiding in the woods and congregating in other lonely places until the signal for the swoop should be given. This time plenty of money was available, and the Fenians had uniforms and about forty rounds of ammunition each for their rifles. A good many French soldiers' caps had been got together, and most of the Fenians wore these, which reminded me of French soldiers I had seen in the Crimea.

It is strange that in time of danger so many people are fascinated by the chance of confronting it. There were many who, although they knew that shots were certain to be fired, and that there was a possiblity of serious trouble, gathered together for the purpose of witnessing what they called the fun; but there were others, and plenty of them, who got away as fast as they could, and I saw all sorts of strange vehicles hurrying off as quickly as they could travel, while folk who could not raise wheels made the best use of their legs. They flew in all directions; but most of them, I think, favored American territory, just over the frontier, feeling safer under the Stars and Stripes, for the time being, than under the Union Jack. They were secure enough with Cousin Jonathan, I know, for the American Government had shown in '66 that it would stand no nonsense from mischief-mongers. They were about tired of war and all its horrors, I think.

For the second time I looked upon the Fenians advancing to the conquest of Canada, but on this occasion I felt little pity for them. I knew they were running their necks into trouble, and I thought they deserved all they were likely to get. The old school of British soldier didn't care to be humbugged. When he was called out he expected to get something for his pains, and that was the feeling of the handful of Regulars who, with the Canadian Volunteers, repelled the second Fenian raid.

The Fenians rushed from American to British territory on the morning of May 25th, and you might have fancied, from the frenzied cheers they gave and the gallant fashion in which they advanced, that they were going to wipe us out and score a swift and easy victory. They had formed a sort of advance guard, and before they started, one of their generals had appealed to them to act like true soldiers and to stand their ground. They had sworn to obey him, and, by way of showing their enthusiasm, had uttered the ringing cheers which I had heard as they rushed to the assault.

It is easy enough to cheer, especially under the influence of excitement and drink, and when the enthusiasts are wild Irishmen; but it is different, indeed, when the cheers are followed by rifle cracks which mean death or maiming.

The Fenian's rifles rattled. So did ours. There was a lull in the cheering and a sudden halt in the advance, for a general and a number of rank and file had been wounded and two of the raiders had been shot dead. It needs a veteran to hold his ground and keep his courage up when he sees a comrade thud to the earth, and knows that he will never again answer the roll-call—and there were not many veterans left amongst the raiders. There were a number of wild, harem-scarem young fellows with nothing to lose and a good deal to gain, who, perhaps, had never looked on death in any shape or form—certainly not on the field of battle.

The sight of death for the first time is generally rather a shock, and, as I have said, the Fenians had no discipline to steady them.

The advance had been checked almost as suddenly as it had been started; then, so swiftly that even the oldest soldier was amazed, it was seen that the raiders had had enough, and that they were retreating. It was clear that the swoop on Canada was a failure, and that, for the present, the Dominion would remain a part of the British Empire.

The rout was complete, and I watched the Fenians fly a good deal faster than they had come. A good many of them dispersed, scurrying off into the country and, I daresay, getting back as quickly and stealthily as possible to their homes and work; but some were made prisoners, though they were not, I think, very severely punished.

The second raid was as miserable a failure as the first, and one of the most pitiful features of it was the burial at night of a young fellow who was said to be a first-rate workman and the chief support of his mother, who was a widow. I fancy that, like a good many more, he joined the movement owing to a craving for adventure and excitement. He was dealt with just as, in the old days of military service, a disgraced soldier was treated. The buttons were cut from his uniform and his accoutrements were stripped off; then, when darkness was settling over the sombre landscape, he was buried, face downward, in a shallow grave on some rising ground not far from the main road along which he had marched in the May morning, cheering wildly and expecting victory.

We were thoroughly glad when the whole business was at an end for good and all. There is not much credit to be gained by trained soldiers from defeating a badly armed, badly-disciplined, and badly-led rabble; but the discomforts of campaigning are identical whether the fighting is hard, or whether the whole affair is a mere military promenade.

All the same, the Fenians were a very real danger. It is easy enough for professional fighting men to despise an armed mob, but the armed mob is apt to prove very dangerous to a peaceful population, and I have no doubt it would have gone hard with the inhabitants of Canada had there been no military force in the country to save them from the kind friends who were so anxious to "liberate" them.

So I have no doubt that the inhabitants were exteremly pleased that we were there to save them from their "friends."

GREAT BELLS AND NO BELLS

IN China bells have been made of enormous weight. Nankin was anciently famous for the largeness of its bells. At Peking there were seven bells cast in the reign of Zoulo, each weighing one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The sound of the largest Chinese bell was very poor, owing to its being struck with a piece of wood instead of a metal clapper. A bell given to the cathedral of Moscow by the Czar Godunof weighed 288,000 pounds, and another given by the Empress Ann, probably the largest in the known world, weighed 432,000 pounds. The great bell at St. Paul's weighs between 11,000 and 12,000 pounds, and is ten feet in diameter. On this bell is inscribed "Richard Phelps made me, 1716"; and Peter Cunningham, in his "Hand-book for London," tells us that it "is never used except for striking of the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the royal family, the bishops of London, and, should he die in his mayoralty, the Lord Mayor." We believe, however, that it tolled at the funeral of Lord Nelson, and at the deaths and funerals of the Duke of Wellington and Dean Milman. "The larger part of the metal of which it is made," the same authority informs us, "formed the celebrated 'Great Tom of Westminster,' once in the clock-tower, Palace Yard, Westminster."

Although the famous "Big Ben" of Westminster is not so large, its vibratory power is greater than that of any other bell in the kingdom. The Great Tom of Lincoln, cast in 1835, weighs 12,000 pounds; the Great Tom at Oxford, 17,000 pounds. The great bell cast in 1845 for York Minster, the heaviest in the United Kingdom, weighs upward of 12 tons, or about 27,000 pounds. This last, though so much heavier, is smaller than St. Paul's.

The same spirit which caused people to build immense monasteries, and decorate churches, induced them to vie with each other in the size of their bells. The number of bells in every church gave rise to the singular and curious architecture often found in the campanile, or bell-tower. It was a constant apendage of every parish-church belonging to the Saxons, and is distinctly mentioned as such in the laws of Athelstan.

The custom of welcoming distinguished visitors, by a joyful peal is derived from very ancient days, when abbots, emperors, kings, and bishops used to be thus greeted.

The different uses of bells have given rise to many poems, some of which are inscribed in the bells themselves. Perhaps the finest is Schiller's "Die Glocke," in which he describes the casting of the bell and its uses.

The old inscriptions on bells are in some cases of historical value. Certain bells still remaining in London have historical notes—that, for instance, at the top of the bell tower in the Tower, which was tolled at the execution of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and other state prisoners; and sounded alarms of fires and other calamities.

According to Hazlitt, the large kind of bells now used in churches was invented by Paulus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania—whence the Campana of the lower Latinity—some time in the fourth century. Two hundred years later they seem to have been in general use in all the churches. Before this time monks were summoned from their cells at the hours of devotion by rapping on their doors with a hammer. This hammer was commonly designated as the "night signal," or the "wakening mallet." In many of the old English colleges, the so-called "Bible-clerk" still raps on the door of every student with a heavy key before sounding the more modern summons by means of the chapel bell. In the Jewish church the trumpet takes the place of the bell. The Turks do not permit the use of them at all. The Greek Church, under Turkish domination, still follows the ancient custom of using wooden boards, or iron plates full of holes, which they knock with a mallet to call the people to worship.

It was in the beginning of the fourteenth century that we find bells used in lieu of clocks, and the hours of the day and night were divided and notified by this process. A decree of the Venetian Council of Ten, dated 1310, ordered "that no person whatsoever shall be suffered, without special license, to walk abroad after the third bell of the night."

THE country grocer was issuing instructions to his new assistant.

"It's only by looking closely after the trifles," said the proprietor, "that a profit can be made in these days of sharp competition."

"Yessir," came from the boy.

"For example," continued the grocer, "When you pick flies out of the sugar, don't throw them away. Dust the sugar off their feet and put 'em among the currants."

TALK No. 4

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Does not contain Alum

YOU cannot bake pure food with an alum baking powder. Alum is a dangerous acid that causes certain injury to health. It causes indigestion and disorders of the heart; and wrecks the nervous system.

Made in Canada

Food scientists everywhere condemn alum as an unwholesome chemical, unfit for use in any food preparation.

MAGIC makes pure, delicious, light bread, biscuits and pastry, insuring healthful home baked food.

MAGIC is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.

NO ALUM

Full Pound Cans, 25c.

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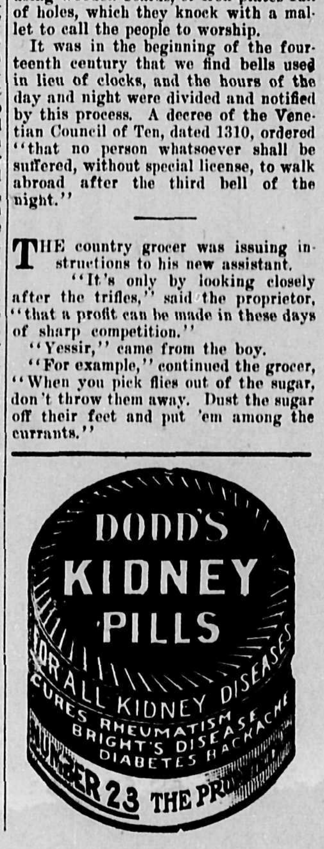


THE BIG STORE

j11

NEW ARRIVALS IN LADIES' AND MISSES' SHIRTS

THE SKIRTS SHOW A STYLE entirely advanced from other seasons. Full sweep at the bottom, with better and neater appearance at hip and waist, The materials are

VOILES, PANAMAS, BOX CLOTHS and FANCY WORSTEDS

In the Leading Shades of BLUES, BLACKS, GREENS, BROWNS & GREYS

The Finish and Workmanship are the products of the Leading Skirt House of Canada, and are exceptionable value.

Prices: $3 50, $4 50, $6, $6 25, $6 50, $6 75, $7, $8

The Summer

Style in Shoes

A Well Gowned Woman takes as much interest in her Shoes as she does in her Hat and Gloves, and to this end the lines we carry supplies the demand in all the newest styles.

PATENT STRAP SLIPPERS—Patent and Tan Blu. Oxfords, Vici Kid and Pat. Butt., with Fancy Colored Moire Top and Cuban Heel.
Prices, $2 25 to $5.

A Well Assorted Stock of CANVAS SHOES, very Cool and Comfortable for Summer Wear.

Fresh Groceries arriving by every Boat

Give us a Trial Order

Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd.

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.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Tom McMillan was a returning Cumberlander on Saturday evening's train.

Government Assessor S McB. Smith, arrived in town on Tuesday on business.

Miss Queenie Abrams came over this week from Vancouver, on a short visit.

Miss Evelyn Bate returned from Nelson this week to spend the summer holidays with her parents.

Mr. Manson, M P P, has spent the week in Cumberland looking over the needs of the district, before leaving for Victoria.

Mrs. Rowan, of Nanaimo, came up on the boat on Tuesday to see her son Alec. who lost his foot in the mine, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard went down to Victoria on Wednesday morning, where Mr. Willard was called owing to the sudden death of his mother, in the capital.

Mrs. J. Matthew, and her two daughters, the Misses Viola and Nellie who have recently returned from the Toronto Conservatory of Music, where they passed a successful examination, came up from Nanaimo on Saturday, where they spent a short visit with Mrs. Jeffrey Planta, of that city.

Mens Underware at 50c a garment at McLeods.

DEPARTMENT OF MINES.

COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

NOTICE OF EXAMINATIONS.

NOTICE is hereby given that examinations will be held for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Certificates of Competency under the provisions of the "Coal Mines Regulation Act" at Nanaimo, Fernie, Cumberland and Merritt, on the 16th, 17th and 18th days of August, 1910, commencing at 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

The subjects will be as follows:—

First Class Candidates—
Mining Act and Special Rules.
Mine Gases.
Ventilation.
General Work.
Mine Machinery.
Surveying.

Second Class Candidates—
Mining Act and Special Rules.
Mine Gases.
Ventilation.
General Work.

Third Class Candidates—
Mining Act and Special Rules.
Mine Cases and General Work.

Application must be made to the undersigned not later than Monday, August 8th, 1910 accompanied by the statutory fee, as follows:—

By an applicant for First Class Examination	$10.00
By an applicant for Second Class Examination	10 00
By an applicant for Third Class Examination	5.00

The applications must be accompanied by original testimonials and evidence stating that:—

(a.) If a candidate for First Class, that he is a British subject and has had at least five years experience in or about the practical working of a coal-mine, and is at least twenty-five years of age.

(b.) If a candidate for Second Class, that he has had at least five years experience in or about the practical working of a coal-mine.

(c.) If a candidate for Third Class, that he has had at least three years experience in or about the practical working of a coal-mine.

(d.) A candidate for a Certificate of Competency as Manager, Overman, Shiftboss, Fireboss or Shotlighter shall produce a certificate from a medical practitioner, duly qualified to practise as such in the Province of British Columbia, showing that he has taken a course in ambulance work fitting him, the said candidate, to give first aid to persons injured in coal-mining operations.

By order of the Board.

FRANCIS H. SHEHHERD,
Secretary.

Nanaimo, B.C., July 5th, 1910.

S. G. HANSON'S

S. C. White Leghorns

402 Pullets laid in—
January - - 7616
February - 7310
March - - 8606
23532

Average per bird for 90 days 58.5 This record has never been beaten on the N. American continent These birds will make good breeding stock for 1911. Price $3 each. 3-yr-old breeders $1.50 each

HILLCREST POULTRY FARM
DUNCAN, B.C. j4

E. C. EMDE

Dealer in Bicycles and Gas Engine Supplies

English and American Wheels from $40 up, also Second-hand Wheels.

THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

The Star Livery Stable

Third St. & Penrith Avenue

MAXWELL & HORNAL
Proprietors

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

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for

The London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

Get rates before insuring elsewhere

Office: Cumberland

Go to

J. JACK, Jr.

For Candy, Fruit, Ice Cream and Light Luncheons j3

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE

Up-to-date Merchant Tailor

DUNSMUIR AVENUE

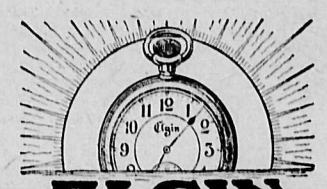
j4

Notic to Advertisers.

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

YOUR NAME IS GOOD

Anything in the Jewellery Line



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Comox, B.C.

Sea frontages and farming land for sale

F. O. E.

A meeting of those who have handed in their names as desirous of joining

A Local Aerie of Eagles

Will be held on

Sunday Evening at 8 o'clock

in the

CITY HALL

The Medical Examinations will be held on Monday and Tuesday

Folding Go-Carts $10.50

For Mixed Paints,
Floor Stains,
Wall Paper,
Furniture, etc.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE

Is the place

T. E. BATE j8

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

The Royal Bank of Canada

Cumberland, B.C.

Sub Branches at Courtenay and Union Bay

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world

Special attention paid to Savings Accounts, and interest at Current Rates allowed on Deposits of $1 and upwards

H. F. Montgomery, Manager j7

LOOK! What's Coming LOOK!

THE CLAMAN PLAYERS

In the Funniest Farce Comedy ever written

"Are You Crazy?"

Or the Three Twins, Tom, Dick and Harry — 16 PEOPLE 16 — Nothing but Fun and Music

CUMBERLAND, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 20 AND 21. COURTENAY, FRIDAY, JULY 22. UNION BAY, SATURDAY, JULY 23.

Note.—Entire change of play at Cumberland on the second night

Watch for Band Concert

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Afternoon and Evening

Prices—Reserved Seats at usual prices, $1. General admission 75c.; Children, 50c. Arrangements can be made for a dance after performance and the music furnished by our superb Orchestra of Six Pieces, reasonable.