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13

NEW GOODS

Our Spring Goods are now arriving and will surpass all previous ones, not only as regards extensiveness of assortments, but as to the attractiveness of the values that we shall offer.

CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

Embroideries

A large selection of Corset Cover Embroideries, just opened out. Also a wide range of Corset Covers of excellent quality to choose from.

CAMPBELL BROS.

No. 88 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, FEB. 10. 1912 Subscription price $1.50 per yaer

WEDDING BELLS IN SANDWICK

A Pretty Wedding Solemnized in St. Andrew's Church.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Andrew's church, Sandwick, on Tuesday, January 23d, when Miss Margaret Bluhm Carwithen, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Reginald Terry Carwithen and of Mrs. Carwithen, of Sandwick, was married to Mr. F. R. Fraser Biscoe, of Courtenay, the Reverend J. X. Willemar officiating.

The church, which was prettily decorated, was filled to overflowing a considerable time before the ceremony was to commence.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. G. W. Terry Carwithen, was charming in an elaborate dress of cream silk, prettily trimmed with gold braid and rich silk all-over-all, and a beautiful embroidered veil and orange blossoms and carried a shower of white carnations and lillies of the valley.

The bride was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Robina Dingwall and Miss Lizzie McQuillan. The former was very pretty in a dress of white net over blue silk, with a large picture hat. The latter was also pretty in a dress of pale blue voile, with a beaver hat to match. Both bridesmaids carried shower boquets of pale pink carnations and wore pearl brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Smith, of Nickrap, performed the duties of best man in a most able mannner.

The wedding march was played by Mr. H. Grieve during the signing of the register. A sumptuous repast was subsequently partaken of at the bride's home, after which the bride and bridegroom left by automobile for Union Bay en route to Victoria and southern California, having received a hearty send off by relations and friends and amidst the firing of guns and the noise of other musical instruments usually carried by chivari parties.

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

EDITH WILSON

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

D A. THOMAS

UP-TO-DATE PIANO TUNER

Representing The Geo. A. Fletcher Co., Nanaimo, B.C.

Orders left at T. E. Bate's Store promptly attended to.

E. W. BICKLE

Notary Public, Conveyancer. Etc.

FOK SALE—House. 5 rooms. Price, $650.00

FOR SALE—House, 7 rooms, Price, $1,000.00. Terms cash.

Apply, E. W. BICKLE.

The Pythian Sisters will give a leap year dance in Cumberland Hall on February 19, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. Tickets $1.50. Extra lady 50c.

CUMBERLAND GETS A NEW $15,000 SCHOOL BUILDING FOR A 1912 NEW YEAR'S GIFT

Mayor John N. McLeod and School Secretary T. H. Carey Successful in Victoria.

Chinese to Oppose Seggregation

Cumberland to Receive More Provincial Aid in the Completion of its Modern, Up-To-Date Sewer System.

The new year opens auspiciously for Cumberland. Not alone is there preparation for great activity, the expenditure of much money in and around our city for the development of our coal measures, our timber and the settlement of our land; but to Cumberland itself comes a new $15,000 school building to be known as public and high school. And there is money forthcoming from the provincial government for the completion of a modern up-to-date sewer system which was inaugurated last year.

Mayor John N. McLeod and School Secretary Thomas H, Carey, who had been sent as a committeo to Victoria by the Council, are to be congratulated upon the succes of their mission, and THE ISLANDER moves a vote of thanks to the gentlemen and to the council as well. The gentlemen themselves are diffident, and want to pass the credit on to, or at least to attest their very hearty appreciation of the assistance given them by the Hon. M. Manson, our sitting member, and Mr. Robert Grant, ex-member for this district, as well as to acknowledge the courtesy and consideration extended to them by Dr. Young Minister of Finance, and Mr. A. Robinson, Supt, of Education. Nevertheless, we of Cumberland are indebted to Messrs, McLeod and Carey and can heartily say, "Well done."

Our new building will be a handsome structure with concrete foundation, will contain four rooms, completely furnished with all modern conveniences, furnace-heated, and sanitary throughout. It is probable that but two rooms will be used for awhile, but with Cumberland growing as rapidly as it did last year and bids fair to do this year, it will be but a short time until the new building will be used to its capacity. It will give the new board of trustees an opportunity to effect at least a partial solution of the problem of the seggregation of the Chinese. This problem must, sooner or later be brought home to the people of Canada, and is a knotty one.

The item of the new school building will be presented in estimates for the new fiscal year, which means that in April tenders will be called for. and the Superintendent of Education expects to have the new building completed and ready for occupancy when school is called after the July holidays!

We now have a staff of eight teachers in the school, which with sundry expense, makes the cost $8,500 a year, of which the city pays $2600, In an interview with Secretary Thomas H. Cary, he estimated that the two teachers for the new building would not cost the city more than $200,00 a year for salary. That is to say, all high salaried teachers are now employed. Two teachers at $45 or $50 a month is all that is required. Here is the way it works out; By the school act a teacher receives $465.00. Therefore the provincial government pays $465.00 plus $100.00 and the city pays $100. making total to the teacher of $665.00 per year. Hence two more teachers means to the city an additional cost of only $200.00, which is not much in return for the new building and advanced school facilities.

There are now 333 pupils in the Cumberland school. The old building is crowded to its capacity. The little kiddies are sitting all around the teacher's dais. A representative of THE ISLANDER visited the old building yesterday, was courteously received and shown over the premises. The building is not so dilapidated as it has been pictured. It needs same repairs and much money could be expended. perhaps profitably so, in paint. The floors are intact. There are no cracks through which children's feet might slip and a leg be broken. So that practicolly the whole of the $10.000 may go to the new building.

Mayor McLeod did not forget to put in his oar and pull for the city. A promise has been secured that we shall receive $8,000 and possibly what more is needed. for the completion of our sewer system.

Chinese Hold Mass Meeting.

The question of seggregating the Oriental pupils has aroused the Chinese. On Wednesday evening a mass meeting of the Chinese, attended by all the Chinese merchants, was held In the Chinese Mission Hall in China town. Missionary Tai On, Sing Kee, Wing Chung and others addressed the meeting. Sing Kee said he had seen by The Islander that there was a movement on foot to separate the Chinese irom the white children. This was an important matter. Such treatment would be received by the Chinese as a mark of disgrace. There were many nationalities in Cumberland. There was no cry to separate them from the English speaking children. No. None but the Chinese, the children of the Orient. It was a shame and disgrace. We pay taxes as British subjects, licenses as business men of Cumberland. We are entitled to the public school facilities and without discrimination. Was it proposed to put the Chinese pupils all in one room, without regard to grade and with but one teacher? If so, how could the Chinese children advance? Would the teacher hear one pupil in one grade, one in another and so on? Would he do this all in a day of 4½ hours? If so, the advancement of the Chinese pupil would be very slow, We should look into this matter.

Others talked along the same lines when it was finally decided to oppose the seggregation.

BIG WRESTLING BOUT

Bevan and Thompson Soon to Meet on the Mat.

What will be the culmination of months of wrangling. sidestepping, hairsplitting and hot-air peddling, will take place next pay-day in the Cumberland Hall, when Andy Thomson our local boy of husky build trys conconclusions on the wrestling mat with Frank Bevan of Extension. Bevan is no small boy himself, and as he has been in the hands of our old friend, George Murray, who is handling Bevan's end of the match, the public can rest assured of a square deal.

The men wrestle at catch weights and should make a very interesting go, as their own money is at stake and not their friends'.

Both men are well known here and there should be a big crowd on hand to see them battle for supremacy.

LATER.

Frank Bevan, we are just now informed, met with an accident at Ladysmith this week, breaking two ribs, so the match has been called off.

PETITION FOR WHARF AT ROY'S BEACH

Reaches the Department of Public Works.

Hon. Martin Burrell Asks for an Early Consideration.

THE ISLANDER is in receipt of the following letters:

Cumberland, B. C., Feb. 9, 1912

EDITOR ISLANDER:

Dear Sir: I wrote the Hon, Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion government asking his support and am pleased to receive a reply as follows:

Department of Agriculture. Canada,
Minister's Office.

Ottawa, 30 January, 1912

HR. HARRY IDIENS. Cumberland, B.C

Dear Sir:—I have your letter dated the 7th and with reference to the petition for a wharf which has been sent to Mr. Clements. Of course this is a matter which comes under the department of public works and I am taking the liberty of sending on to the minister of that department a copy of your communication and newspaper extracts asking him to give the matter his earliest possible consideration.

Yours very truly,
M. BURRELL

It is very probable the prayer of petition will be granted. We need that wharf. It means the settlement, the development and improvement of a large section of country.

LOST—On the 17th of January, a pair of eye glasses. Finder will be rewarded on returning same to J. WELSH, care of H. L Bates, The Camp.

Messrs. Bouswheeler, Dunlop and Littrick, of the B C. Telephone Co., arrived here last Monday from Alberni by auto. on a tour of inspection of the different offices.

Mr. Thos Carey arrivod home Tuesday evening from Victoria, after a very successful interview with the Minister of Education on matter appertaining to the welfare of our local school.

Rev B C. Freeman arrived home on Tuesday from Vancouver, where he spent last week.

Mr. W. Willard arrived home from Victoria on Tuesday, after spending a week at the Capital City.

FOR SALE—Household furniture and effects of 5 roomed house, a bargain, at No. 7 mine. For particulars apply at this office.

The morning service in the Methodist Church to morrow is to be devoted to the children. A chalk talk, 'The Pilot's Flag," and singing by the children are to be the special features. The subject for the evening service will be "The Application of Power to Life." Strangers are cordially welcomed.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Margaret Bluhm Carwithen of Sandwick, B. C., occupation single woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the most southerly end of Cranberry lake, thenc E 80 chains; thence S 80 chains; thence W 40 chains; thence in an irregular line N 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 500 acres more or less.

MARGARET BLNHM CARWITHEN

Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

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

JOHN GEORGE HARDY

Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithin Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTICT.

District of Sayward.—Take notice that Frederic Harold Bates of Lytham, Eng., occupation Clerk in Holy Orders, intends to apply for permission to to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post plated at the SW corner of Lot 176 thence N 60 chains; thence W 60 chains. thence S 60 chains; thence E 60 chains to point of commencement and containing 360 acres more or less.

FREDERIC HAROLD BATES

Dated Jan. 12, 1912. Reginald Carwithin Ageat.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward:—Take notice that Catharine Alice Bainbridge of Sussex, Eng., occupation single woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands; Commencing at post planted 20 chains E from SW corner of lot 16, thence S 80 chains; thence E 80 chains; thence N 80 chasns, thence W 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 640 acres more or less.

CATARINE ALICE BAINBRIDGE

Dated Jan. 12 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

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

MARGARET CARWITHEN

Dated Jan. 11, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

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

HARRIET JANE BAINBRIDGE

Dated Jan. 11,21,1912. Reginald Carwithen, Agent.

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

EDITH LACEY BATES

Dated Jan. 11,1912 Reginald Carwithen Agent.

The board of managers of St George's Presbyterian Church have completed arrangements with the Geo. A. Fletcher Music Co., of Nanaimo, through their special representative Mr D. A. Thomas, for the installation of a beautiful Estey Pipe Organ in their church. Mr. Thomas will use his best endeavors to have the organ ready for use at the Easter Day Services.

Ideal Protection Against Inroads of Catarrh

By Breathing the Rich, Balsamic Vapor of Catarrhozone You Prevent and Cure All Head, Nose, and Throat Disease.

Remember this: You don't take drugs when using Catarrhozone; you simply inhale a healing vapor that cures every type of catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, throat and nose soreness and irritation.

No medicine brings such prompt relief, exerts such an invigorating influence, or so thoroughly and speedily cures throat troubles as "Catarrhozone." Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, all say that for those who suffer from chappeable weather, for those who are predisposed to catarrh, lung trouble, deafness, or bronchitis, no treatment is so indispensable as "Catarrhozone."

Victim of Chronic Catarrh Cured.

I contracted a severe cold while following my occupation of furniture travelling, and eventually it developed into Catarrh. The desultory mode of life I was following gave me very little chance to attend to the Catarrh condition, and at last I became a victim of Chronic Catarrh. I bought a large package of Catarrhozone, used it as per directions, and have never been bothered since. I will be only too glad to give any information I possess to any person suffering from the disease that was the bane of my life two years.

A. H. SWARTZ, Brockville, Ont.

For certain cure, for relief in an hour, use Catarrhozone, the only direct, breathable medicine. Two months' treatment guaranteed, price $1.00, smaller size 50c.; at all druggists, or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.

FOR SELLING COMPRESSED AIR

An enterprising mechanic has invented a unique device in the shape of a nickel-in-the-slot machine which will supply bicycle and motor-cycle owners with compressed air to inflate the tires quickly and at a moderate cost. The crank or lever attachment is so much more easily worked than the ordinary pump that it is meeting with general favor.

The machines are placed on telephone poles along the thoroughfares mostly frequented by cycle riders, and they are netting their owner a handsome income and providing a great convenience to the people who have use for compressed air. The reservoirs are built of iron and are not larger than good-sized mailboxes.

"The Vacuum," said a student in one of our large institutions of higher education, "is a large empty space in which the Pope resides."

* * *

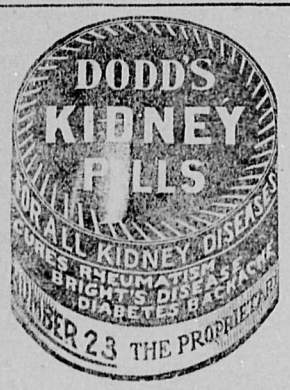
A somewhat unpatriotic little son of Italy, twelve years old, came to his teacher in the public school and asked if he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you wish to change your name?" the teacher asked.

"I want to be an American. I live in America now. I no longer want to be a *Dago*."

"What American name would you like to have?"

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a dirty scrap of paper on which was written—Patrick Dennis McCarty.



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Winnipeg Business College

ESTABLISHED 1882.

Cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St.

Awarded first prize at World's Exposition on its work and methods.

Write for a free catalogue. We also give instruction by mail.

SHIP YOUR

RAW FURS

and

Beef Hides

to us and get 20 per cent more for them than at home. Write to us for our new price list S and we will mail you one free. Watch this ad. weekly.

We solicit your shipments for Beef Hides, Raw Furs, Wool, Tallow, Seneca Root, Horse Hair, Sheep Pelts, etc.

North-West Hide & Fur Co.

278 Rupert St. Winnipeg, Man.

That Reminds Me

"What is it," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets," said a wise little girl of eight.

* * *

"What is the matter with your wife? I see she's got her hand in a sling."

"Reckless driving."

"Automobile?"

"No; nail."

* * *

Owner—"How did you come to puncture the tire?"

Chauffeur—"Ran over a milk bottle."

Owner—"Didn't you see it in time?"

Chauffeur—"No, the kid had it under his coat."

* * *

Oliver Herford once entered an uninviting restaurant in a small New York town, and ordered a lamb chop. The waiter returned, bearing a plate with a dab of mashed potatoes and a tiny, much overdone chop, with a remarkably long and slender rib attached.

"See here!" called Herford. "I ordered a chop."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, "there it is."

"Ah, so it is," mused Herford, peering at it closely. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

* * *

"*That member of Congress says you* have voted for him for the last fifteen years."

"That's right," replied Farmer Corntossel.

"You must think a lot of him."

"Well, I dunno. You see, fifteen years ago I had a couple o' horse trades with him, an' since then I've allus felt safer with him spendin' so much of his time in Washington."

* * *

A Northerner riding through the West Virginian mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. *It saves a lot of time.*"

"Yass, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But what's time to a hawg?"

* * *

Associate Justice Charles E. Hughes of the United States Supreme Court, tells this story:

"*In a Jacksonville, Florida, court* presided over by a deaf judge," said he, "a lawyer quoted the line from Shakespeare—'Who steals my purse steals trash.'

"'What's that?' the judge demanded.

"'"Who steals my purse steals trash,"' the lawyer repeated.

"'"'Twas something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave—"'

"'Louder! I can't hear you,' said the judge irritably.

"'"Who steals my purse,"' repeated the unfortunate lawyer, '"steals trash. 'Twas—"'

"'Can't you speak up?' growled the deaf judge.

"At this point the crier thought it time to interfere. He bent over the judge and shouted in his ear:

"'"He just says, sir, that anybody what steals his pocketbook, won't get nothing."'

* * *

Judge Henry A. "Plupy" Shute was being introduced as an after-dinner speaker at one of the recent reunions of the New Hampshire Bar Association. The toastmaster, Arthur O. Fuller, of Exeter, N.H., had long been victimized by Judge Shute, who, in order to find more time for the writing of his boy stories, would run across the street to where Fuller sold his law and propound his knotty legal problems in a hypothetical manner, obtain some first-rate law, second-hand, and with no more than a "thank you" to pay for that which had been delved out by the light of Fuller's sixty-cent gas, would trot back across the street and satisfy some waiting bumpkin with the musty tit-bit, pocket his fee, and turn to his more remunerative quill. Fuller had long awaited the opportunity to throw a barb at his literary friend. Clearing his voice, Fuller began: "I will now introduce to you one Judge Henry A. Shute, in his boyhood days known as 'Plupy,' but now a great literary and legal light. He will speak to you of the 'Law and the Prophets.' The Law, as you are all aware, he gets from my office. The profits he gets from his little books."

* * *

Henry Wallace, President of the National Conservation Congress, was a member of a motor party that was pursuing its leisurely way along a delightful country road up near Luzerne, when they came to a particularly well kept garden. A patch of most interesting growing things ran beside the fence for a distance of forty feet. There were innumerable stalks bearing aloft globes of twenty different exquisite shades of grayish-green and grayish-purple, which were so striking that the party brought their big car to a stop.

"How decorative!" said one of the men.

"What lovely color!" said one of the girls.

"They would do to paint," said the artist.

"Won't you please tell us what those beautiful things are?" asked Mr. Wallace.

The old gardener glanced around in amazement, and then simply said:

"Which?"

"Why those things growing along the fence here. I never saw anything like them."

A pitying smile spread over the gardener's features.

Complete in itself, Mother Graves Worm Exterminator does not require the assistance of any other medicine to make it effective. It does not fail to do its work.

"Them?" he answered with a chuckle. "Them's onions gone to seed."

* * *

President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, is responsible for the following:

"A lady living on the hill in the vicinity of the college was approached the other day by a student-lodger.

"If you can find the right kind of a fellow,' said he, 'it would be agreeable to have a roommate to reduce expense.'

"Accordingly, the lady came over to the college and made the proposition known.

"'We have just the man for you,' our secretary told her. 'You will find him at this address. Just say we sent you.'

"Highly elated, the good woman went at once to the given number and found the man in question.

"'I was told at the college,' said she, 'that you are looking for a roommate. Now, I—'

"'I was,' broke in the young fellow desperately, 'but—er—I—I wanted a gentleman, you know.'"

* * *

Secretary of State Knox has found a colored messenger in his new office who knows something of geography.

Alongside the Secretary's desk is a great globe, standing over six feet high. The other day, Mr. Knox consulted it to see if it were really true that the sun never sets on our dominions nowadays, or to learn something else of equal importance. The Pennsylvania statesman is the pink of neatness, *and was somewhat irritated to* find that the big revolving ball soiled his coat sleeve.

"William," he said sharply to the messenger, and laying a finger on the globe, "there is dust a foot thick here."

"It's thicker'n dat, Mr. Secretary," replied the negro, with that familiarity that comes of mingling with greatness.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Knox.

"Why you'se got your fingah on the desert of Saharah."

Mr. Knox did badly at trying to suppress a smile.

"You'll find some on the Atlantic Ocean, too," he remarked as he turned to his desk.

* *

The Pennsylvania Dutch have the reputation of being very economical, and very careful in watching the details of domestic affairs, no matter how small.

"Heiny!" called the father.

"Vat?" answered the son.

"Run an' count dem geeses again, Heiny."

"All right."

Heiny went; Heiny returned.

"Heiny!" said the father.

"Vat?" said the son.

"Did you count dem geeses again, Heiny?"

"Chess."

"How many vas dey, Heiny?"

"Vun."

"Dat's right, Heiny."

With the Horses

The report that Darkey Hal 2.02¼ is owned by American parties and that she will be raced down the Canadian ice circuit this winter, has been going the rounds and has drawn the attention of John E. Swartz, of Wingham, her present owner.

Mr. Swartz states that he still owns Darkey and, as he puts it, 'will own her until the sheriff takes her away," in return for what she has done for him in the past. He also states that she is at the home of Hal B., Jr. 2.03 and has been bred to the famous little pacing stallion.

Now that the game little black mare's racing career is over, a review of the same would prove very interesting to admiring horsemen.

Darkey Hal commenced racing in 1905, when a four-year-old, and made five starts and took a record of 2.19¼ at Preston. She won one race, was once second, once third, once distanced and once unplaced.

She was very fast in 1906 and near the latter end of the season raced a little over the big tracks. She opened the season at London, Ont., and was distanced. At both Seaforth and Listowel she was second and at the latter place reduced her record to 2.15¼ in the first heat. From Listowel she went to the Buffalo grand circuit meeting and was second to the fast pacer, Wilson Addington 2.07¼. She made her next appearance at Windsor, and won from a field of twelve in 2.08½, 2.07¾ and 2.09½. From Windsor she followed the circuit to Readville, and made her final start for the year; finishing third to Prince Hal 2.06¾ and Red Bird.

In 1907 an extended campaign was mapped out for Darkey over both mile and half mile tracks. She went through the Canadian circuit racing against Gallagher 2.03¼, Byrl Wilkes 2.05¼, Captain Sphinx 2.06¼, Geary 2.06, etc., and won four races before going to Erie, Pa., where she was defeated by Aileen Wilson 2.02¼ and Gallagher 2.03¼. At Port Huron she turned the tables on Gallagher, stepping one mile in 2.09.

At Utica, N.Y., she was victorious again and put in two miles in 2.10½ and 2.10. At Wheeling, W. Va., she won again in 2.13, 2.09¼ and 2.11¼ and from that place she was shipped to the Columbus grand circuit mile track, where she met the famous Hedgewood Boy 2.01 and finished second to him in 2.05¼, 2.05¼ and 2.04¼. The second week of the Columbus meeting, Darkey was started back and finished third to Aileen Wilson 2.02¼ and Danna Patch 2.05¼, in 2.05¼, 2.05¼, 2.04¼, 2.06¼ and 2.09¼. In eleven starts in 1907, Darkey Hal was seven times first, once second and three times third.

In 1908 she made only five starts, but won a large amount of money. Her star performance of the season was at Detroit where she won the $3,000 2.07 pace from a large field including such noted performers as Copa de Oro 2.01, George Gano 2.02, Major Mallow 2.03¼, Judex 2.04, etc. Her positions were 1-3-5-1-1, and the time of the heats 2.04¼, 2.04¼, 2.04¼, 2.05¼ and 2.09¾. At Kalamazoo she topped the summary of the 2.08 pace, purse $2,000, and in a race against Dewey G. 2.07¼ at Port Huron, she won and set the Michigan half mile track race record at 2.07½. Out of five starts Darkey won four races and was once third.

The daughter of Star Hal had an easy season in 1908 and was in good shape for a long tour in 1909. She started in nine races and at Syracuse, N.Y., reduced her record to 2.02¼ in a winning race. She won five races from the best pacers of the year, was once second, twice third and once fourth, and won a larger amount of money than in any previous season. Race-goers will never forget her remarkable races down the big line in 1909. In the Syracuse race mentioned above, she set the season's record at that time for pacing mares. She won her heats in 2.03¼ and 2.02¼ and was driven out both trips by the old Canadian warrior, Major Brino 2.04¼. At Columbus, Ohio, in the Tennessee 2.05 pacing stake, value $3,000, she defeated one of the best fields of horses that ever turned fot the word on the grand circuit. Nine steeds faced the starter and among them were the noted pacers, Lady Maud C. 2.00½, George Gano 2.02, Dan S. 2.04¼, Brenda Yorke 2.05¼ and Major Brino 2.04¼. Darkey's positions in the race were 1-1-2-1, and the time of the heats 2.04¼, 2.05¼, 2.04¼ and 2.06¾. The *first week of the Columbus meeting she* started in the 2.05 pace, purse $1,200, and defeated practically the same field in 2.04¼, 2.04½ and 2.05¼.

Darkey Hal opened the season of 1910 with a race record of 2.02¼ and was compelled to meet the fastest pacers out. Even though she raced against such horses as Ross K. 2.01½, Giftline 2.02¾, Aileen Wilson 2.02¼ and The Eel 2.02¼, she managed to win two races, come second twice and fourth three times.

Darkey was taken out to Winnipeg early in the past season with the intention of racing her again, but one of her legs threw out danger signs and Mr. Swartz wisely retired and bred her to Hal B. Jr 2.03.

Darkey Hal has been handled by different reinsmen, and has added additional proof to the old saying "Good horses make good drivers." She gave a good account of hersolf no matter who held the reins. Jack Rombough, the noted Canadian trainer, drove her in most of her engagements over the half mile tracks and Bill Snow, of Hornell, N.Y., the pacing wizard, teamed her down the big line.

Darkey Hal was one of the gamest race mares that ever went down the grand circuit and possessed a lot of speed and the ability to carry it. She is a mare built somewhat on the thoroughbred type, small boned and slender waisted.

Darkey was foaled in 1901 and is by Star Hal 2.04¾. Her first dam, Brownie (dam of Charley B. 2.07¾) by Hamlet a son of Highland Boy 1320. Second dam, Brown Lady, by Don Juan. She was bred by Wesley Smith of Ryckman's Corners, Ont., and as stated above, is now the property of John E. Swartz, of Wingham, and will remain so until she dies.

HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHTS

TILL HE FOUND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Fred. Swanson, of Saskatchewan, sends a message of cheer to those who feel the weariness and discouragement that comes from broken rest.

Macklin, Sask., December 30.—(Special).—Those who suffer from sleepless nights and get up in the morning feeling tired and discouraged will find renewed hope in the staement made by Fred. Swanson of this place. He could not sleep at nights. He discovered the cause. It was Kidney trouble. He discovered the cure. It is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Yes," Mr. Swanson says in an interview regarding his case, "I was troubled with my Kidneys for over a year, so bad that I could not sleep at nights. After using one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found great relief. Four boxes removed all my pain and now I sleep well and I am as *strong in my Kidneys as any man.*"

If the Kidneys are wrong the blood becomes clogged with impurities and natural rest is an impossibility. Strong, healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, new life all over the body and that delightful rest that is the sweetest thing in life. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make *strong, healthy Kidneys.*

WHEN THE THAMES FROZE HARD

London winters are more remarkable for dismal drizzling rain and impenetrable fog than for snows and ice; but about half a dozen times in the last three hundred years truly arctic conditions have prevailed in that metropolis, and the River Thames has been frozen over so firmly that men and horses could go upon it. Each of these periods has been the occasion of a "frost fair"; booths have been erected on the ice; printing presses set up, various sports and games indulged in; and the whole population has joined in *celebrating the rare event.*

The first great frost fair was held in January, 1608; but the most famous of all was that of 1683-4, which lasted from the beginning of December to the 5th of February. Evelyn gives the following description of this fair in his "Diary"; "The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnish'd and full of commodities, even to a printing presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and yeare set down when printed on the Thames: this humour tooke so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gain'd £5 a day, for printing a line onely, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, etc. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other staires, to and fro, as in the streetes, sleds sliding on skeetes, a bull-baiting, horse *and coach races, puppet-plays, and interludes,* cookes, tipling, so that it seem'd to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water." King Charles II. and his family visited the fair, and had their names printed on a quarto sheet of Dutch paper, which is still extant.

Praises this Asthma Remedy. A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. *Years of needless suffering may be prevented* by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

RHEUMATISM

13 Months' Suffering

"Dear Sir:

"I wish you to put my letter on record for the sake of suffering humanity. I have suffered 18 months with Muscular Rheumatism in my back. I have spent at least $20.00 on pills and liniments during that time, but nothing would ease me of the pain—in fact it was a chronic pain. For those long 18 *months it stayed right with me,* sometimes convulsive and cramp-like, causing me to groan and cry aloud. Every moment was torture. I could not turn in bed without yelling out. Now I will always bless the day when I first started to rub in, and to take internally, 'Nerviline.' After using four bottles *my pains have left me. I shall always* take off my hat to 'Nerviline' and can honestly say it's the poor man's best friend, because it will always drive away from you the Demon—Pain.

"Yours truthfully,

"Thomas Goss."

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

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STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE. 25 CENTS

WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

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

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those not experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain, therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after and selling of his grain, that he does this season

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

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

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

THOMPSON SONS & CO.

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703 Y Grain Exchange Winnipeg

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THREE DAYS ONLY — NO HYPODERMICS

INCREASE your business value by divorcing yourself from liquor. ¶ Alcohol decreases the Brain Efficiency of every "moderate" drinker. It will lower your mental powers in exact proportion to the amount you drink. ¶ *Drinking is but a habit: not* a disease, but the outgrowth of the social system. If drinking was a disease, it could not be cured in **three days.** Patients from high walks of life are being cured in three days at the **Neal Institutes,** and cured perfectly. ¶ Wives, mothers, fathers, relatives, employers, friends—give up the hope that the drinker will stop liquor some day of his own will. He has no will to help him to stop—it was destroyed long ago by alcoholic poison. Coax, urge, **Force Him,** if necessary, to take the **Neal Treatment.** When he is again a normal man after **three days** at the **Neal Institute,** he will thank you. It is the only salvation, the only way for you to save him from mental and physical ill-health, and from bankruptcy or worse. You must do the thinking. These men cannot think for themselves. Coax them to take the **Neal Three-Day Treatment** now and give them a fresh start for the New Year. It will only take **three days,** and any man can spare just seventy-two hours to regain his health and neutralize all alcoholic poisons out of his system. Call, write, phone or wire for booklet and fullest information. Everything confidential.

YOU ARE LOSING MONEY EVERY TIME YOU TAKE A DRINK

NO HYPODERMIC INJECTIONS. Refuse to take any treatment for the drink habit where hypodermic injections are given, for they are so liable to result in blood poison from an infected needle, through carelessness of others. Each patient is given a plain contract, agreeing to effect a perfect cure in three days. Write to-day for a copy of this contract. ¶ **Cocaine** and **Morphine** users are also treated at the **Neal Institutes.** Although the drug treatment is entirely different from the three-day liquor cure, it is, nevertheless, just as effective. The **Neal Drug Treatment** has cured hundreds of poor souls who have everlastingly craved for these deadly poisons. Only a few days ago a morphine user told of her harrowing experience with drugs before a police magistrate in Winnipeg. The drug was responsible for so much of her sin and suffering that finally it landed her behind prison bars. Morphine was wholly responsible for her downfall. ¶ We urge every morphine or cocaine user to take courage *and come to the Neal Institute and be cured of this* awful habit. The strictest privacy and comfort is maintained, medical care is given every patient. Write to-day for booklet and full information; it will be mailed to any address, under plain cover, free of charge.

NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY, LIMITED

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Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil very useful *in camp. When the feet and legs are* wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of pains in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion, or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

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SIMON LEISER & CO., LIMITED.

ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Thirty Dollars a Week.

AFTER he began to go to school, Ruth and I seemed to begin another life. In a way we felt all by ourselves once more. I didn't get home until half past seven now and Dick was then abed. He was abed too when I left in the morning. Of course he was never off my mind and if he hadn't been asleep upstairs I guess I'd have known a difference. But at the same time he was, in a small way, living his own life now which left Ruth and me to ourselves once more. She used to go over for me all the details of his day from the time *she took him up in the morning* until she tucked him away in bed again at night and then there would come a pause. *It seemed as though there* ought to be something more, but there wasn't. The next few months it seemed almost as though she was *waiting*. For what, I didn't know, and yet I too felt there was a lapse in our lives. I never loved her more. There was never a time when she was so truly a wife and yet in our combined lives there was something lacking. After a while I began to notice a wistful expression in her eyes. It always came after she had said,

"So Dicky said, 'God bless father and mother,' and then he went to sleep."

Then one night it dawned on me. *Hers was the same heart hunger that* had been eating at me. Dick was a boy now and there was no baby to take his *place. But, good Lord, as it was* I hadn't been able to save a dollar. I knew that we were simply holding on tight and drifting. The *boat was loaded to* the gunwales even now. And yet that expression in her eyes had a right to be answered. But I couldn't answer it. I didn't dare open my mouth. I didn't dare speak even one night when she said,

"He's all we have, Billy—just one."

I gripped her hand and sat staring into the little coal hod fireplace which we didn't light more than once a month *now. Even as I* watched the flames I saw them licking up pennies.

Just one! And I too wanted a house*ful like Dick.*

I had to see that look night after night and I had to go to town knowing I was leaving *her all alone with the one* away at school. And what a mother she was! She ought to have had a baby by her side all the time.

As the one grew, his expenses increased. The only way to meet them was by cutting down our own expenses still more. I cut out smoking and made my old clothes do an extra year. Ruth spent half her time in bargain hunting and saved still more by taking it out of herself. Poor little woman, she worked harder for a quarter than I did and I was working harder for that sum than I used to work for a dollar. But we were not alone in the struggle. As we came to know more *about the people in that group* of snug little houses we knew that the same grim fight was going on in all of them. *Some of them were not so lucky as we* and ran into debt while a few of them were luckier and were helped out with legacies or by well-to-do relatives. We were as much alike as peas in a pod. We were living on the future and bluffing out the present. You'd have thought it would have cast a gloom over the neighborhood—you'd have thought it would have done away with some of the parties and dances. But it didn't. In the first place this was, to the most of us, just life. In the second place there didn't seem to be any alternative. There was no other way of living. The conditions seemed to be fixed; we had to eat, we had to wear a certain type *of dress;* and unless we wished to exist as exiles we had to meet on a certain plane of social intercourse. The con*ventions were as iron clad here as* among the nobility of England. No one thought of violating them; no one thought it was possible. *You had to* live as the others did or die and be done with it. If anyone of us had thought we might have seen the foolishness of this but it was all so manifest that no one did think. The only method of escape was a raise and that meant moving into another sphere which would cover that.

A new complication came when the boy grew old enough to have social functions of his own. He had made many new friends and he wanted to join a tennis club, a dancing class and *contribute* towards the support of the athletic teams of the school. Moreover he was invited to parties and had *to give parties himself. Once again* I tried to see some way out of this social business. It seemed such a pitiful waste of ammunition *under the circum*stances. I wanted to save the money if it was possible in any way to eke it out, for his education. But what could I do? The boy had to live as his friends lived or give them up. He wasn't asked to do more than the other boys of the neighborhood but he was rightly asked to do as much. If he couldn't it would be at the sacrifice of his pride that he associated with them at all. And a just pride in a boy is something you can't safely tamper with. He had to have the money and we managed it *somehow.* But it brought home the grim old fact that I hadn't as yet saved a dollar.

I clung more than ever now to the one ray of hope—the job ahead. It was the only comfort Ruth and I had and *whenever I felt especially downhearted* she'd start in and plan how we'd spend it. It took the edge off the immediate thought of danger. In the meanwhile I resigned even from the Neighborhood Club and let the boy join the tennis club. I noticed at once a change in the attitude of the men towards me. But I was reaching a point now where I didn't care.

In this way, then, we lived until I was thirty-eight and Ruth thirty, and the boy was eleven. For the last few months I had been doing night work without extra pay and so was practically exiled from the boy except on Sundays. He was not developing in the way I wanted. The local *grammar* school was almost a private school for *the neighborhood. I should have pre*ferred to have it more cosmopolitan. The boy was rubbing up against only his own kind *and this was making him* soft, both physically and mentally. He was also getting querulous and autocratic. Ruth saw it, but with *only one* . . . . Well, on Sundays I took the boy with me on long cross-country jaunts and did a good deal of talking to him. But all I said rolled off like water off a duck. He lacked energy and initiative. He was becoming distinctly more middle-class than either of us, with some of the faults of the so-called upper class thrown in. He chattered about Harvard, not as an opportunity, but as a class privilege. I didn't like it. But before I had time to worry much about this the crash came *that I had not been wise enough to fore*see.

CHAPTER III.

The Middle Class Hell

One Saturday afternoon, after we had been paid off, Morse, the head of the department, whose job I had been eyeing enviously for five years now, called me into his office. For three minutes I saw all my hopes realized; for three minutes I walked dizzily with my whole life justified. I could hardly catch my breath as I followed him. I didn't realize until them how big a load I had been carrying. As a drowning *man is said to see* visions of his whole past life, I saw visions of my whole future. I saw Ruth's eager face lifted *to mine as I told her the good news;* I saw the boy taken from his commonplace surrounding and doing himself proud in some *big preparatory school* where he brushed up against a variety of other boys; I saw—God pity me for the fool I was—other children at home to take his place. I can say that for three minutes I have lived.

Morse seated himself in the chair before his desk and, bending over his papers, talked without looking at me. He was a small fellow. I don't suppose a beefy man ever quite gets over a certain feeling of superiority before a small man. I could have picked up Morse in one hand.

"*Carleton,*" he began, "I've got to cut down your salary five hundred dollars."

It came like a blow in the face. I don't think I answered.

"Sorry," he added, "but Evans says he can double up *on your work and of*fers to do it for two hundred dollars more."

I repeated that name Evans over *and* over. He was the man under me. Then I saw my mistake. While watching the man ahead of me I had neglected to watch the man behind me. Evans and I had been good friends. I liked him. He was about twenty, and a hard worker.

"Well?" said Morse.

I recovered my wind.

"Good God," I cried; "I can't live *on any less than I'm getting now!*"

"Then you resign?" he asked quickly.

For a second *I saw red. I wanted* to take this pigmy by the throat. I wanted to shake him. He didn't give me time before exclaiming:

"Very well, Carleton. I'll give you an order for two weeks' pay in advance."

The next thing I knew I was in the outer office with the order in my hand. I saw Evans at his desk. I guess I must have looked queer, for at first he shrank away from me. Then he came to my side.

"Carleton," he said, "what's the *matter?*"

"I guess you know," I answered.

"You aren't fired?"

I bucked up at this. I tried to speak naturally.

"Yes," I said, "I'm fired."

"*But that isn't right, Carleton,*" he protested. "I didn't think it would come to that. I went to Morse and told him I wanted to get married and needed more money. He asked me if I thought I could do your work. I said yes. I'd have said yes if he'd asked me if I could do the president's work. But—come back and let me explain it to Morse."

It was white of him, wasn't it? But I saw clearly enough that he was only fighting for his right to love as I was fighting for mine. I don't know that I should have been as generous as he was—ten years before. He had started toward the door when I called him back.

"Don't go in there," I warned. "The first thing you know you'll be *doing my work without your two hun*dred."

"That's so," he answered. "But what are you going to do now?"

"Get another job," I answered.

One of the great blessing of my life is the fact that it has always been easy to report bad news to Ruth. I never had to break things gently to her. She always took a blow standing up, like a man. So now I boarded my train and went straight to the house and told her. She listened quietly and then took my hand, patting it for a moment without saying anything. Finally she smiled at me.

"Well, Billy," she said, "it can't be helped, can it? So good luck to Evans and his bride."

When a woman is as brave as that it *stirs up all the fighting blood in a man.* Looking into her steady blue eyes I felt that I had exaggerated my mis*fortune. Thirty-eight is not old and I* was able-bodied. I might land something even better than that which I had lost. So instead of a night of misery I had actually felt almost glad.

I started in town on Monday in high hope. But when I got off the train I began to wonder just where I was bound. What sort of a job was I going to apply for? What was my profession, anyway? I sat down in the station to think the problem over.

For twenty years now I had been a cog in the clerical machinery of the United Woollen Company. I was known as a United Woollen man. But just what else had this experience made of *me? I was not a bookkeeper. I knew* no more about keeping a full set of *books than my boy.* I had handled only strings of United Woollen figures; those meant nothing outside that particular office. I was not a *stenographer,* or an accountant, or a secretary. I had been called a clerk in the directory. But what did that mean? What the devil was I, after twenty years of hard work?

The question started the sweat to my forehead. But I pulled myself together again. At least I was an able-bodied man. I was willing to work, had a record of honesty and faithfulness, and was *intelligent* as men go. I didn't care what I did, so long as it gave me a living wage. Surely, then, there must be *some* place for me in this alert, hustling city.

I bought a paper and turned to "Help Wanted." I felt encouraged at sight of the long column. I read it through carefully. Half of the positions demanded technical *training;* a fourth of them demanded special experience; the rest asked for young men. I couldn't answer the requirements of one of them. Again and again the question was forced in upon me—what the devil was I?

I didn't know which way to turn. I had no relatives to help me—from the days of my great-grandfather no Carleton had ever quit the game more than even. My business associates were as badly off as I was and so were my neighbors.

My *relations* with the latter were peculiar, now that I came to think of it. In these last dozen years I had come to know the *details of their lives* as intimately as my own. In a way we had been like one big family. We knew each other as Frank, and *Joe, and* Bill, and Josh, and were familiar with one another's physical ailments when any of us had any. If any of the *children* had whooping cough or the measles every man and woman in the neighborhood watched at the bedside, in a sense, until the youngster was well again. We knew to a dollar what each man was earning and what each was spending. We borrowed one another's garden tools and the women borrowed from each other's kitchens. On the surface we were just about as intimate as it's *possible for* a community to be. And yet what did it amount to?

There wasn't a man-son of them to whom I would have dared go and confess the fact that I'd lost my job. They'd know it soon enough, be sure of that; but it *mustn't come from* me. There wasn't one of them to whom I felt free to go and ask their help to interest their own firms to secure another position for me. Their respect for me depended upon my ability to maintain my social position. They were like steamer friends. On the voyage they clung to one another closer than bark to a tree, but once the gang plank was lowered the intimacy vanished. If I wished to keep them as friends I must stick to the boat.

I knew they couldn't do anything if they had *wanted to,* but at the same time I felt there was something wrong in a situation that would not allow me to ask even for a *letter of introduction* without feeling like a beggar. I felt there was something wrong when they made me feel not like a *brother in hard* luck but like a criminal. I began to wonder what of sterling worth I had got out of this life during the past decade.

However that was an incidental matter. The only time I did such thinking as this was towards the early morning after I had lain awake all night and exhausted all other resources. I tackled the problem in the only way I could think of and that was to visit the houses with whom I had learned the United Woollen did business. I re*membered the names* of about a dozen of them and made the rounds of these for a starter. It seemed like a poor chance *and I myself did not know* exactly what they could do with me but it would keep me busy for a while.

With waits and delays this *took me* two weeks. Without letters it was almost impossible to reach the managers but I hung on in every case until I succeeded. Here again I didn't feel like an honest man offering to do a fair return of work for pay, so much as I did a beggar. This may have been my fault; but after you've sat around in offices and corridors and been scowled at as an intruder for three or four hours and then been greeted with a surly "What do you want?" you can't help having a grouch. There wasn't a man *who treated my offer* as a business proposition.

At the end of that time two questions were burned *into my brain:* "What *can* you do?" and "How old are you?" The latter question came as a revelation. *It* seems that from a business point of view I was considered an old man. My good strong body counted for nothing; my willingness to undertake any task counted for nothing. I was too old. No one wanted to bother with a beginner over eighteen or twenty. The market demanded youth—youth with the years ahead that I had already sold. Wherever I stumbled by chance upon a vacant position I found waiting there half a dozen stalwart youngsters. They looked as I had looked when I joined the United Woollen Com*pany. I offered to do the same work at* the same wages as the youngsters, but the managers didn't want me. They *didn't want a man around with wrink*les in his face. Moreover, they were looking to the future. They didn't intend to adjust a man into their machinery only to have him die in a dozen years. I wasn't a good risk. Moreover, I wouldn't be so easily trained, and with a wider experience might prove more bothersome. At thirty-eight I was too old to make a beginning. The verdict was unanimous. And yet I had a physique like an ox and there wasn't a gray hair in my head. I came out of the last of those offices with my fists clenched.

In the meanwhile I had used up my advance salary and was, for the first time in my life, running into debt. Having always paid my bills weekly I had no credit whatever. Even at the *end of the third week I knew that the* grocery man and butcher were beginning to fidget. The neighbors had by this time learned of my plight and were gossiping. And yet in the midst of all this I had some of the finest hours with my wife I had ever known.

(To be continued)

PERTINENT TO PERSIA

Persia is a Mahometan country, with an area of 628,000 square miles and a population estimated at about 9,500,000. So much of Persia is absolute desert that the population averages only about fifteen to the square mile. There are only about six miles of railroad in Persia. The highways, save those built by the Russians (expense charged to Persia), are of the most primitive character. In large areas *there are no roads whatever, only* trails. The public debt, which is a tremendous burden to the country, is only $27,000,000 *in our money. Persia's principal* creditors are Russia and Great Britain.

Such in brief is the condition of Persia, financial and commercial. *Brief as* the statement is, it is luminous of the troubles in which Persia is plunged today. If Persia were not poor, sparsely populated, backward in all its industries, it would not have got itself into the hands of its creditors in a snap mortgage, for the sum of $27,000,000 which many a minor European country would consider a bagatelle to be easily taken care of in the routine of its finances. The trouble with Persia is that it is one of the "has beens" among the nations. It is more correct to say "Persia was" than "Persia is," for the once great Empire of the Shahs has fallen so low that it exists only in for*mality. Become merely a* "geographical expression," it survives only because Russia and Great Britain cannot agree to *pick the pear now.* Russia has got the more space within the radius of the pear tree's branches, and it has been intelligently selected with reference to the fruit. Great Britain is rather poorly placed, for while the pear might be deflected in its fall by judicious shaking of the tree, Russia is alert against any such contingency. To leave metaphor for plain facts, the Russian sphere of influence takes in the greater part of northern Persia from the Caspian downward, and has nearly 7,000,000 inhabitants, while that of Great Britain is in the extreme south, and has only 690,000 population. The neutral sphere, kindly left to Persia, *contains* about one-fifth of the population nominally subject to the Shah, and has about three-tenths of the area of *geographical Persia.*

That Persia has sadly fallen from its high estate everybody must realize who recalls his schoolboy days when he was compelled to memorize the achievements and fates of Xerxes, Cyrus and Darius. But probably few persons appreciate the rapidity of the descent of Persia to its present pitiable plight. The world-shaking monarchs of Persia are in the dim, misty past. Only the historian sees them clearly; but there have been Persian rulers and statesmen within two hundred years who made their Asiatic contemporaries uneasy, and even fixed the attention of Europe for a time. A hundred years to a West*ern nation is a very long period; to an* Oriental nation it is but a watch in the night. A century ago Persia was not *to be ignored by European statesmen* working out schemes of colonial expansion or playing for influence in Asia. Persia had, it is true, begun to decline then, but Powers with "interests" in the East had not altogether forgotten that Nadir Shah had conquered India, and feared that again a sudden revival of the old national spirit might bring about a quick, if only temporary, change on the map. The dream of a Persian army marching into India today never enters upon the slumbers of the timidest Hindu, but a Persian host put a mark upon Delhi in the eighteenth century which all its subsequent progress has not erased. King George is *the sovereign of one of the Powers now* practically partitioning Persia. When he stood before his Indian lieges; in all *the glory of the Delhi durbar, did he* reflect that only a little more than 170 years before a Persian monarch on the same spot, *at the head of a great and* victorious army, laid down the law to trembling India? That is what Nadir Shah, whom historians now call "the Napoleon of the East," did in Delhi in 1739, and he did more. He caused the streets of Delhi to run with blood, he robbed the capital of the Moguls of its choicest treasures, and he marched back to Persia with a loot his contemporaries thought worth $625,000,000 to enrich his subjects, whose descendants to this day call him "the great Shah." That was the apex of modern Persia's glory, but when the nineteenth century was young Persia had still vigor enough left to be courted by European mon*archs. Georgia had gone to Russia,* which from the days of Peter the Great had marked Persia for its quarry, but *Persia could still be a valuable ally.* Great Britain, France and Russia all schemed to control Persia's resources; Napoleon, always dreaming of a march on India, sent General Gardane and a staff of officers to reorganize the Persian army and give effectiveness to its masses. Unfortunately for Persia, it was in virtual alliance with France when the catastrophe of 1812 came. Russia, freed from the mighty antagonism of Napoleon, turned all its wrath and all its force upon Persia. From that period the descent of Persia towards the abyss has been rapid, and it has been accelerated by Persian mistakes. Persia has fought the British, the Russians and the Afghans, always to be worsted, until to-day a brigade of the czar's troops is force enough to *compel it to yield even the right to* make its own selection of an agent to manage its own finances.

*The student of morbid political psy*chology will find Persia interesting ground. He will not be long at work before he will see that Persia's misfortunes are due to the maintenance of a militarism become degenerate. Leaders like Nadir Shah, who was an Oriental despot, but a soldier and statesman, have been succeeded by men who were Oriental despots who were useless on the battlefield and in the council. The shahs of Persia have been clad in gorgeous uniforms, and have carried sabres they were afraid to draw against any but their slaves. They have been indolent, savage and sensual at the same time. They have drained both the vinage and the treasury. Some of them, like the late Nasr-ed-din, got a glimmering notion that Persia needed to be *put in touch with the contemporary* world. Nasr-ed-din thrice visited Europe and thrice came back after negotiating loans and granting concessions that were the earlier seeds of Persia's present difficulties. Five years ago the more intelligent of the Persian classes and the most wretched of the Persian masses combined to overthrow the despotism of the shahs and introduce a constitutional regime. Ever since there has been fighting within and fear without. The Persian Liberals retained the monarchy. There is a shah on the throne, and a deposed shah who wants to get back and who is never far from the Russian outposts. The official end of Persia has not come, but it is to be feared that it is not far distant.

GUNPLAY IN WASHINGTON

Five out of the nine well groomed and gentlemanly private secretaries of members of President Taft's cabinet keep loaded revolvers handy in their desks every day of the year. They do not often use them, but there are just enough cranks around Washington and its departments to make a revolver feel good to the touch occasionally.

Mr. Robert O. Bailey, private secretary to Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury, keeps his even handier than a desk-drawer. If you were to step back of the big mahogany desk at which Mr. Bailey works you *would find a small shelf to the right* beside his knee. Upon it there is a business-like looking .38 calibre revolver. *It has been there ever since* Mr. Bailey was visited last summer by a man who demanded to see Secretary MacVeagh that he might get "a license for free speech."

Mr. Bailey was alone in the office on a midsummer day. Into it dashed a dishevelled individual who had long neglected the art of the safety razor and who was plainly looking for trouble. He rushed up to the desk and, crowding close to Mr. Bailey, brought his fist violently down upon the blotter and shouted:

"I demand a permit for free speech."

"All right," said Mr. Bailey; "go ahead."

This seemed to be a surprise to the man, who showed a desire to shoot up the place. He recovered himself and *stepped back a few paces.* Then he began an oration. It lasted ten minutes. At a halt Mr. Bailey put in: "Fine; *that's the way. You are all right.*"

The crank accepted the verdict, made a deep bow and walked out of the room.

DUEL OF BLANKETS

The Indians of Southeastern Alaska have a curious custom in their "duel *of blankets.*"

When a friendly difference between two of them arises and a friendly set*tlement seems impossible, one of them* threatens the other with dishonor. He will cover the face of his foe with shame. He executes his threat by tearing up a certain number of his own blankets. The only way whereby his antagonist may "get even" with him is by tearing up a greater number of his own.

If the contest be prolonged it results in the destruction of all the blankets they have, each Indian destroying his own. The one who destroys the greater number is regarded as having won the fight.

ABE MARTIN'S VIEWS ON WIVES O' GREAT MEN

It seems that th' greater a feller is *th' harder it is for his wife t' live* with him. Look at Art Smiley. He's a great business man an' owns a *big tile mill an' is a director of a bank* an' th' auditor o' his county. Now his poor little thin wife comes along an' gits a divorce, th' custody o' th' children, th' old home place an' fifty dollars a week alimony. Art is a great success at ever'thing but bein' a husband. If he had used th' same tactics at home that he used while campaignin' fer auditor he'd be there this minute settin' by his grate covered with children an' tryin' t' smoke an' listen t' his wife read th' society page out loud. But he used his tile mill system.

Most any kind o' a feller kin git along with a wife if he half way tries. Jist look at a dressmaker's husband. *Ther haint nothin' in th' world as* triflin' an' lazy as a dress-maker's husband, an' yet he kin give most any *man cards an' spades when it comes t'* bein' pop'lar around home.

Have you ever noticed how a intellectual giant's wife sticks around th' background? Her husband found it very easy t' act like a human bein' while he wuz sparkin' her an' burnin' her father's coal in th' dimly lighted parlor. She never knew what a really great man he wuz until she married him, an' now she feels like a odd cuff button.

A great feller never gits it rubbed off fer even one evenin'. He never looks right in a theater er laughs when other folks do. He thinks he's pop'lar when folks er only afraid o' him. You kin tell by th' way a great feller pays his car fare er buys a newspaper that whoever married him is tremblin' an' won*derin' what he's goin' t' hop her* about when he gits home. Th' only time most great men ever refer t' their wives is when they tell how they cook somethin', an' th' only time ther ever seen with 'em is when they bring 'em down town t' sign some property away er appear with 'em at some high brow function where it's necessary fer th' looks o' things. Then all th' women'll say, "What on earth do you suppose he ever seen in that little dried up thing?" er, "I wonder how her father made his money?" A great feller's wife never gits any credit. Occasionally her name gits in th' paper in connection with some charitable affair, but that's only t' boost her husband.

Some new phase o' a woman's character pops out ever' day an' I don't *care how great her husband thinks he* is he ought t' remember that it'll soon be to-morrow an' he kin go down town *agin.*

A few little kind words mean a whole lot more to th' average woman than *any* great problem er business deal her husband may be absorbed in while he ought t' be entertainin' her. But he never finds it out till she's packed up an' gone back t' her folks an' th' newspapers print her side first. Ther's lots o' difference between a good husband an' a good provider.

If your wife is fond o' musical treats an' settlement work you ought t' be willin' t' make a few concessions. If she objects t' gittin' breakfast 'cause she looks so ugly in th' mornin' you should be able t' see where she's right.

O' course ther's some women that even a dressmaker's husband couldn't please, but how very easy it is t' git a travelin' position. Most any woman 'll be kind t' you occasionally. Nobuddy ever ought t' git too great t' be gentle around home. Men kin even git along happily with trained seals by handin' em' a fish ever' time they balance a torch on ther nose.

A great man really ought t' be tickled t' death t' git out o' th' limelight an' away from th' friends that er usin' him, an' spend a few hours with th' girl that really knows him an' remem*bers when he turned his cuffs,* used perfume an' depended on his father fer a shave.

Very few great men would know ther wives if they seen 'em in congenial society.

A TAOIST TEMPLE

The temple grounds cover an area of about six or seven acres, and are surrounded by a wall fourteen feet high. They are subdivided into three enclosures, in the principal of which stands the main temple, surrounded by avenues of trees and a granite pavement, on either side of which, instead of a grass sward, the space is given over to half-bricks, ash-heaps, potsherds, broken glass, and other indications of untidi*ness and neglect.* Sundry pigs, dogs, and fowls roamed at will.

Round the temple enclosure were pil*lared cloisters in a similar state of dirt* and disorder, even to the ashes and bits of charred sticks remaining from the *fires made against the cloister wall by* the pilgrims of the past season. The temple itself stands upon a raised foundation, and is surrounded by a colonnade. On the face of the raised foundation and on the walls of the temple are carvings of white marble in relief. Access to the temple is obtained by a double flight of granite steps, and crossing the colonnade, we enter through a small door. The interior is gloomy and cavern-like, and until the eye gets accustomed to the darkness little is seen. Opposite the main entrance is the shrine, in which is seated a massive gilded figure supported on either side by others standing. In front of the *shrine is the altar, upon which is a* bowl of burning incense and a lighted lamp of antique make. In front of the *altar is a table upon which are carved* bamboo vases and curiously carved staves, part of the stock-in-trade of the priest-soothsayers. Ranged round the walls at varying distances are other gilded figures, some gigantic and of ferocious appearance. Of the other three temples we visited but one, that containing an ancient monument. This was a representation in stone of a gigantic tortoise. On its back stood a stone pillar tapering a little towards the top.

OUR SHRINKING EARTH

During untold ages the earth has been slowly contracting, is still slowly contracting, round its central, ever-hardening core. True, its density is four*fifths that of hammered steel; but what* steel could stand the contracting force—or, in other words, the weight—of all that goes to form our globe? Now, as the earth contracted mountain masses were thrown up in ridges, and long, sinuous valleys dipped in folds. To-day the same process is still going on. Slowly certain shores are rising out of the deep, and thus towns that two thousand years ago stood by the seashore are now inland villages; slowly, but certainly—for no buttress can stay the coming calamity—other shores are dis*appearing beneath the waves, and thus* over what was once populous land the sea rolls. There is no quarter of the world where this secular movement, this slow unrest, due to a contracting earth, is not manifest. We do not speak of those creases on the earth's surface which we call the Andes, the Himalayas, the Alps, wrinkles on the face of our good green earth, telling that it is no longer young—slowly these were thrust *up in a far-past age as the crust drew* together; but we do insist that in the present day in England and in Scotland, *in Norway and in Holland, in Australia* and in New Zealand, by inland seas and by wide-stretching oceans, some lands are slowly upheaved one foot a century, while other lands, again, are subsiding imperceptibly but surely.

While no instruments, however sensitive, could respond to this slow folding, producing mountains, or to this age-long swinging, producing ocean and conti*nents, of their existence we have abund*ant *evidence. Why, much of the story of* geology is a tale of vast earth movements! Now and again the enormous pressure of a cooling and contracting globe gets too great for even the solid rocks to bear the stress and the strain of it, and snap goes a rocky stratum. Then over the wide earth the jar is felt, in every observatory the delicately poised needles vibrate to the seismic waves that radiate from the centre of disturbance: while over the spot where the earth's crust has given way—perhaps only a few inches—devastation *and death, such as we witnessed recent*ly at Messina, mark one of nature's most awesome phenomena.

NEW USE FOR NETTLES

The search for a cotton substitute has been going on in Europe for a long time, and many experiments have been made with the common nettle which has been a promising plant on account of the strength of its fibre and its ready growth while under the most discouraging conditions, with a large yield per *acre. The great difficulty has been in* separating the fibre from the woody stem. In a method of treatment that *has been worked out in the last two or* three years, the dried nettle stems are boiled about half an hour in dilute soda *lye, and loosened* fibres are then separated in a machine with revolving brushes. The material is then subjected to a number of alternate boilings in dilute lye and thorough washings, both under high pressure. The product is a mass of yellowish fibres, free from gum, that can be bleached, combed and spun into lustrous white yarn. This is claimed to have the smoothness and softness of flax, with the strength even greater than that of hemp. The yarn has been made into brilliant damask, and can be used—alone or with other threads—for upholsteries, ribbons, and a variety of fabrics.

The Seven-Stone Charm

(By Colonel Stanley Paterson)

Over the jungle-clad Ghats, across the hot, dry plains of Central India, through the prosperous cultivation of the United Provinces, away into the arid Punjab, heedless alike of the dark, stuffy night, the cool, gray morning haze, and the flaming heat of the midday sun, the mail-train steamed steadily northward, carrying the weekly news, good or evil, of friends in far-away England to the weary sojourners in the uttermost outposts of our Eastern Empire.

In our carriage all the windows were tightly closed; the well-soaked tatties were drawing freely, filling the confined space with a pungent smell of cuscus; five of the six venetians were drawn up to exclude the blinding glare, leaving but one blue glass window available for inspection of the burning world outside; while we four passengers—three old stagers (yellow and drawn) and a pink-and-white, full-blooded "griffin" (an earnest young M.P. freshly out of London by the last boat)—lay stretched in our respective corners attired in the airiest possible clothing common decency would permit, languidly helping ourselves at intervals to the contents of the indispensable ice-box that lay handy under the seat, the "griffin" panting and dripping in the unaccustomed heat. As it was certain he would follow the way of his kind, and on return to England pose as an authority on all matters appertaining to India, or in all probability write (from the ripe experience of a six weeks' tour along the beaten track) a book dealing with the many complicated questions of our rule in the East, the Commissioner and I, suppressing the lurking twinkle in our eyes and our fearful joy when pencil and note-book came rapidly into requisition, were relating to him many remarkable facts regarding the ways, manners, religion, etc., of the natives, our tyrannical methods of rule, and anything else that came into our heads to while away the tedium of the journey. We stopped at a station, an ordinary wayside station. How irritatingly alike all these stations are to the fagged Anglo-Indian traveller, with their crowd of sweating, chattering, quaintly robed natives struggling for places in the semi-cattle-carriages already packed to thrice their carrying capacity, into which the station officials have to shove them by sheer force through a dense array of heads and forms at every window shouting to the station water-carriers or trying hard to buy from the platform hawkers some of those sticky, unappetising sweets so dear to the native palate! All over the platform another crowd lay or squatted, patiently awaiting the arrival of a train due probably in four or five hours' time, while in a more secluded corner, apparently utterly oblivious of the bustle around him, sat an old ash-smeared fakir, begging, bowl in hand, and with a peculiar silver ornament hung by a cord round his neck.

We were just beginning to relate for the benefit of our "griffin" some highly imaginative tales regarding these yogis or holy men, when we were astonished to see the Public Works official, a grave man who seldom spoke, staring intently through the window at the unconscious fakir, and then, as the train moved on, sink back in his seat, saying, "I never heard of but one other charm like that, and it had a queer story—I don't know if it is ended yet."

We immediately stopped our banter, and begged the yarn, settling ourselves comfortably down to listen, well knowing that any tale the P.W.O. might tell would be well worth the hearing.

"A good number of years ago," he began—"I should not like to say how many, they do pass so quickly, somehow—my brother Sam, riding quietly home after a hard morning's pig-sticking, passed by a solitary jungle-hut, in front of which, playing with the wax-like flowers fallen from a shady mowha tree overhead, sat a small brown baby nature-nude except for a curious silver ornament secured by a silken cord round his fat little middle. Such an everyday sight would usually have passed unnoticed; but at the moment of passing Sam's quick eye detected a movement in the dry grass immediately in front of the babe; then suddenly a tall cobra reared its ugly head, hood expanded, in the attitude of striking. In a flash Sam had sprung from his horse, dragged the child toward him, and with a swift blow of his stout riding-whip laid the reptile dead at his feet. But too late. Quick as he had been, the cobra had been quicker; and, ere the child had reached safety, with all the strength of its tensely coiled muscles it struck.

"The screams of the terrified infant brought a very old man hobbling out of the hut. With a rapid glance he seemed to take in the situation, and without a word knelt beside Sam, who was vainly endeavoring to search the vigorously struggling child for the serpent-made wound. Great-grandpapa—for so he proved to be—spent no time in looking at the little lad's skin, but immediately inspected the ornament, which he detached and handed to my brother, saying, 'It is as I thought, Huzoor—the child is unhurt; this has saved him. See, here struck the snake,' he added, pointing to a tiny drop of moisture lying in a small hollow in the silver.

"The ornament was a hexagonal piece of silver about the size of a rupee. On each face of the hexagon and on the centre space was rudely embossed the figure of some god, and let into the middle of four of these figures was a peculiar small green stone; from the other three the stones were missing, a shallow cup in the silver alone marking the place where they had been. In one of these cups lay the drop of venom.

"While soothing and comforting the still-wailing babe, the old man told of the charm. It had been given to his father many years ago by a wandering yogi, who declared he had found it in one of the old Jain temples in the south, sealed up in a small copper casket along with an ancient writing which stated that so long as a stone remained in the charm death would, on one occasion, pass by the wearer; but that whenever a stone disappeared the charm must at once be passed on. Why the yogi gave the charm, or what death his father escaped, the old man knew not; but, as he said, 'Sahib, my father belonged to the Kshatriya or fighting caste, and in those days there was no lack of perils for such as he. As it was, he died in battle while I was still a boy, having some time before his death fastened the charm round my neck. There I wore it for more years than I can count; because, huzoor, though I am a Kshatriya, I am a man of peace, and have lived by tilling the ground; therefore, perhaps, deadly danger has not come nigh to me. But two years ago came the great sickness, and amongst our villagers it struck like a murrain in cattle. I was one of the first to sicken, and when death seemed certain those of my household carried me out in the night-time and laid me in the street, because, as you know, Huzoor, on account of the Government order, we people like not that any be found dead of the plague in our houses. And in the early dawn the buffaloes and cattle driven out to the grazing passed over me; for though they snorted and edged away in fear, still in the crush one put its foot lightly upon me. And at once I felt a new life come into me, and painfully crawled back to my house, where I lay all day half-conscious. That night there was no one to carry me out again; the great sickness had taken them all, man, woman and child, and only this babe was left to me. And from the charm a stone was missing. So I fastened the charm round the child, for I had no one else to give it to; but, now that his turn is past, to whom can I better give it than to you, Huzoor, whose kindness helped to save him?'

"Sam, though distinctly sceptical and inclined to laugh at the tale, accepted the trinket chiefly not to offend the old man, hung it on his watch-chain, pulled out a couple of rupees as an exchange-present, rode on his way, and dismissed the affair from his mind.

"Some five years later he was engaged as one of the engineers building the great railway bridge over the Indus. On his section the huge iron girders had been swung into position, and swarms of half-naked workers were busy riveting and making secure the superstructure. Walking along the foot-plank laid on the girders at a dizzy height above the river, he was supervising the work above, when a frenzied cry of warning made him instinctively spring back, nearly losing his balance in the act. Just in time. A whiz, a slight tug at his watch-chain, and a heavy sledge-hammer which had slipped from the hand of some careless workman, touching his clothes, went hurtling down into the roaring torrent beneath. It was a narrow escape, and somehow his thoughts went flying back to the almost forgotten charm. He looked; the chain was snapped, the charm still hanging on the broken link, but another stone had gone.

"By next mail the little bit of silver went home to our sister, to whom Sam was deeply attached, and for some years we in India heard nothing further of it. Then one day came a letter saying the sister in safe and prosaic England had barely escaped a peril so deadly that she refused to name it. But she was saved, another stone was missing, and the trinket had been passed on to her fiance, a captain in a line regiment then on its way to the war which had newly broken out in South Africa. We all know what some of the fighting in that war was like, and especially have we all heard of that awful night on Spion Kop. Well, he was there, in the front line, with men dead and dying all around him; but death and wounds passed him by; only one bullet touched and apparently should have killed him, but it struck fair on the charm which he wore round his neck, and glanced harmlessly aside, carrying the sixth stone with it.

"The charm is now worn by his brother, also a soldier; but apparently death has not yet come within striking distance of him, for, so far as I know the seventh stone still remains in its cup.

"Such is the story recalled by the sight of that old fakir, every word of which I can vouch for. It is unaccountable, I admit; though, as you know, not a few of these ascetic yogis, by some knowledge, power, necromancy, or devilry never vouchsafed to us white men, seem at times to get some faint grasp of the fringe of the inner order of things, producing results for which we can find no reasonable explanation."

We old stagers were silent, feeling that we had again been permitted a rare glimpse into the practical mysticism so ever-present as to form an integral part of native life, but that seldom approaches sufficiently near even to impinge on the outskirts of our western civilization. So we nodded comprehendingly. But to the "griffin" it was all rank superstition; therefore he talked long and loud of coincidence, auto-suggestion, and the like, and scoffed and refused belief. And when, one scorching night in the plains, we read the expected volume by the light of the punkah-lamps on the veranda of the commissioner's bungalow, and found that the one story that might have helped to some small insight into the back of the native's mind was carefully omitted, while the "facts obtained from unimpeachable sources" were all duly elaborated, we grimly smiled one to another, and more than ever questioned the utility of matters Indian being dealt with in parliamentary debate.

DUKE ON SHIPBOARD

It's great to be the only duke on shipboard. The last time the Duke of Manchester returned to England from an American visit he had the lead in all the fun that a voyage affords. As practically everyone was incapacitated the first four days, a great deal had to be concentrated in the last three. The Duke not only presided at the deck sports, but he won the fat men's running prize, helped to pull the English team to victory in the tug of war and had several other athletic victories to his credit. Afterward he had the privilege of bestowing the prizes upon the winners, and whenever one fell to his own lot he would pocket it with the exclamation "Meh!"

He was the most energetic and conspicuous figure in the deck dances, being especially enthusiastic in barn dances and other lively dances. "Shake a leg, Billy," he would shout as he swung from one person to another, exhorting all to join in the merriment.

Again, at the "concert" given by the ship's men, he made neat little speeches and introductions and heard harmless jokes aimed at him.

On the last day he passed around the hat for contributions for the band and smiled amiably as snapshots were made of him by tourists wishing to add a duke to their collection of foreign views.

HOW TO MAKE SKIS

The construction of a good ski is not an easy task, for it involves a number of delicate problems.

Skis intended for use in the mountains must be both strong and supple. These two qualities are associated in the wood of the ash, of which most good skis are made. Because of the high price of ash, many mountaineers substitute spruce or larch, which abound in the Alps. Skis are sometimes made of two kinds of wood, a heavy, close-grained species being employed for the lower, and a light wood for the upper part. Very hard and heavy oak is used for the bottoms of leaping skis. A ski made entirely of oak would be too heavy for use. White ash presents the best construction of the four desired qualities of elasticity, strength, lightness and moderate cost. The trees are felled in winter before the sap has started and are cut into planks eight feet long, four and one-half inches wide and one and a half inches thick. Knots are carefully avoided and the planks are so cut that the grain of the wood will run obliquely downward from front to rear of the ski. The planks are seasoned in the air for one year. The skis are then cut out with the aid of models and the bottom is planed to perfect smoothness. The desired curvature is usually obtained by soaking the ski in water and bending it with the hands or by pressing it in a mold. Dr. Paulcke advises the mountaineer to support the ski, in an oblique and inverted position, with its front end over a charcoal fire. A wet cloth is placed on the part to be bent, and the point of the ski is drawn downward by means of a cord until the desired curvature is obtained. The cord is then fastened to a fixed object, the wet cloth is removed and the ski is allowed to dry over the fire.

At the normal military school at Briancon, in the Hautes Alpes, the wet planks are clamped between forms and thus dried in a warm, well ventilated room or in a moderately heated oven. This process is expeditious, but is apt to cause brittleness.

In the Hagen ski factory, which turns out 100 skis per day, the ash planks, which have been kept one year in the storehouse, are soaked ten minutes in boiling water. This treatment makes the wood so pliable that it can be bent by hand on a form. The ski is allowed to dry in the air during two weeks, after which the final curvature is given to it by hand.

The desired curvature having been produced by any of these methods, the longitudinal groove and the transverse mortise are cut, and the ski is polished and varnished.

The problem of attaching the ski to the foot is much discussed and many different methods are employed. The attachment should be strong and simple and should assure easy and perfect control of the ski, without unduly restraining the freedom of the foot. Above all, it must be easy to adjust even with fingers stiffened by cold. It is also desirable to be able to disengage the foot quickly in emergencies to prevent breaking the ski or the leg.

GEORGE WILLIAM HILL

Once upon a time—the date is unimportant, but it was not far from the middle of the last century—a man and a boy went forth from an American farm-house at the break of dawn. The man carried an old-fashioned tin clock.

"Father, what are you going to do with our clock?" said the boy. And the man answered:

"I'm going to set it when the sun rises."

"But how do you know the right time when the sun rises?" queried the urchin.

"I'll find it in my Old Farmers' Almanac," replied the father.

"But how does the almanac man find out when the sun rises?" persisted the son.

"I don't know," came at last—the usual final answer of parents.

Such is substantially Hill's own story, given verbally some years ago in explanation of the beginning of his interest in astronomy. And he added: "I made up my mind right then I'd find out how the almanac was made."

Many years later, so runs the tale, a middle-aged man who looked like an American farmer, and who carried in his hand an old carpet bag of the model of the '60's, entered an inn near the most famous university of England; that one, let us say, which Thackeray has called the University of Camford. He left his bag in a small back room which was assigned to him, and went away about his business. He must have visited the university, for soon great university dons began to arrive at the inn, for the purpose of leaving cards upon the distinguished American astronomer, and to beg an opportunity of entertaining him with that splendid courtesy which—Thackeray again tells us—characterizes the English college magnate, when he takes the trouble to be polite, and rustles and swells in his grand robes of state.

When Hill came back to take his comfort in his inn, he found his "traps" moved into one of the very best rooms, himself the guest of honor, and the landlord chopfallen through having mistaken the great man. It is said that Hill never noticed the change of rooms.

However this may have been, it is certain that he had by this time learned how the almanac man made his calculations, or the great English university would not have summoned him to receive its honorary degree.

Our readers will wish to know about Hill's work: they will not be contented with a mere collection of anecdotes about the man himself, though such a collection could be made a large and interesting one. Nor is it possible to explain in a few words and in a manner intelligible to the general public just what Hill's principal contributions to science are. Of course, his official work in the Nautical office was necessarily of a somewhat routine character: his great reputation rests upon a very long series of memoirs which he produced in his spare time and published in scientific journals. Many of these are in the domain of the so-called pure mathematics, but more often his taste led him to the study of planetary and lunar complexities of motion. Ever since the time of Newton mathematicians have continued the endeavor to explain these motions as necessary consequences of the law of gravitation alone. As the power and accuracy of instrumental appliances has gradually improved, observational astronomers have constantly brought to light small new inequalities in these motions; it is believed that such small discrepancies as still remain unexplained by the law of gravitation would disappear if man's powers of mathematical analysis were perfect. Especially in the case of the moon, due to its proximity to our earth, has it been possible to extend observational inquiry into the most minute inedicacies of motion; and it is in the lunar theory, perhaps, that Hill's most significant and most difficult work has been done. Certain it is that he has here brought about a real extension of human knowledge, one that will stand for all time, if we may trust the best contemporary critical judgment.

IN AN OLD ECRITOIRE

I have long had a passion for antiques, furniture especially, but my finances will not permit of much indulgence along this line. My friends all know of my hobby and often tell me of new places where I may secure treasures, and it was from one of them that I learned of a little shop on one of the lower side streets where bargains in great variety were to be had. "Everything you could possibly want seems to be there; from the seeds of the first apple to a tooth of Jonah's whale," added my friend, laughingly.

One afternoon I went down to the little shop and was well repaid. Such a delightful, heterogeneous collection of the past I have not seen in many days, and especially was I taken with an old desk or secretary of rosewood with carved and inlaid top, odd little nooks and corners, and—perhaps I imagined this—the scent of roses still clinging to it. Easily persuading myself that I could afford and really needed a desk exactly like this, I had it sent home with some few other things.

Such a happy time as I had that evening arranging my new possessions, and what pleasant anticipations I wasted on that desk. Such a dear little piece of furniture it was, with so many delightful drawers and cute cubbyholes, I pulled them out again and again—when by accident I touched a secret spring and opened at the side a tiny compartment which I had not noticed before.

Again the scent of roses greeted me and I could not resist putting in my hand as if to receive a cluster. My fingers closed on a piece of paper—old and yellowed—with a single faded rose thrust through it. The petals fluttered to the floor, as rising I went toward the light. I found I had a letter. With fast dimming eyes I read it and here set it down for you. Perhaps you can offer some explanation, perhaps you know a story of which it could be a part.

These questions now confront me: Have I the desk of the recipient, or did the writer never send the letter but fold it away in her secret drawer? Can you help to solve this mystery?

It has no title nor date other than "The Day" and begins simply:

"Is is in truth The Day, the great day. The sun peeped in my window this morning to awaken me, but found me waiting for him, as I have not slept. Alas, I fear I shall make but a sorry looking bride. How pale I am! Therese came to help me dress and I have been to matins, made my confession and received the communion, so now I am ready to be married—or die.

"Mother came in last night to talk with me and tell me how lucky I am, and warned me that I must not think of you nor breathe your name again. I said nothing. How could I tell her you are my mind, my soul, my life, and that it is impossible not to think of you? Dear, these are forbidden subjects; many things are often done for the good of the family, I am young and one's mother knows best—yes?

"He came also last night, but I would not see him. He is a very good man, and he, too, will be sacrificed. I am sorry, but why? Oh, wonder-man, is it given to him to have much of this world's good and my body, and you are denied of all save my heart? Your roses have just come.

"During my sleepless night I have read and re-read your dear letters. I suppose I must destroy them — I could not do it before. Is it wrong, I wonder, for one to worship another as I do you? I wish you had not written me such letters.

"Therese interrupts me. She says it is time to go down. The minutes are flying. I have put my slippers on and they hurt me. You know the old saying, 'If a bride's slippers pinch or hurt she will walk a stony path.' Is it true, do you think? Therese is alarmed at my lack of color, she has gone downstairs to get me some wine. This is right. The condemned criminal is always left alone a few minutes before the end.

"And this is the End! I cannot, will not do it. Heart-of-my-heart, I am always yours and you are mine. Nothing but life can part us, and so I will come to you in death. Everything is ready. I can hear the bells—surely that is a dirge they are chiming. Therese is coming with my mother, I must hurry. Good-bye, my love, for a while. The little knife is near my heart one last word to you, a kiss, now another—Oh, my love, I——"

Thus it ends abruptly, with but a dark red spot as a possible answer. I have put the yellowed paper and the rosedust back into their resting place, and the little desk remains a thing apart.

GAME LOSERS

There's no way of telling in advance how a man is going to take his complete wiping out in game of chance.

"There's no rule about it," declared an old gambler. "I've seen men of long tested gameness go all to pieces after big losings; seen them suddenly struck speechless, as weak as children, with their lips trembling like those of women who are about to cry.

"On the other hand, I've seen chaps with low foreheads and weak chin, and reputations for crawfishing and backing water in tight places, stand four square to the finishing wrenches of long runs of devilish luck, and take their bitter medicine with hearts apparently as brave as their faces were weak. Probably the best educated and the most highly organized men are the hardest losers.

"The gamest loser I ever saw was a sheep herder, who didn't look to have enough character in him to stuff a gnat pelt. He was bunching sheep on the Idaho ranges for $25 a month and his grub when an aunt in Connecticut, whom he had scarcely ever heard of, much less seen, died and left him $18,000.

"He didn't have to come east to get the money. A lawyer handed it to him in a bundle at Pocatello. He went to Jim Hosford's faro bank and told Jim that he wanted to make a few thousand dollar bets. Hosforth told him that he'd better hang on to his money. The herder told Jim that he wanted action on his money, and that if he couldn't get it at Hosford's layout, why, there were others.

"So Hosford dealt them from the box himself with a $1,000 limit. I saw the whole play. It only lasted 45 minutes. The herder wasn't in it at any stage of the game. Coppered or open, he couldn't land right. It was the fiercest run of evil luck I ever saw a man have at faro. When the herder had lost $13,000 Hosford said to him:

"'You'd better pinch out that remaining $5,000, Ombrey; give yourself a chance.'

"'You hand me out another box full,' replied the herder. 'When I get enough I'll quit.'

"The man was perfectly cool and collected and laid down his last five $1,000 bills without a tremor. He picked four straight losers. By that time the box was out, and Hosford riffled 'em and started another one. The herder watched them slip for a minute and then he put his last $1,000 on the high card. That kind of a long-shot playing don't do for cinch work, and the bet trimmed him out. There wasn't a particle of contraction to his features when he struck a match and coolly lit a cigar. I think those who saw the play felt a good deal sorrier for him than he did for himself.

"'Bud,' said Hosford to the herder, 'I'm no hog. I'll just split the difference with you, and he began to count out half the money he had won from the sheep man.

"'No, you won't,' replied the herder, 'but you can give me a drink and a bottle to put in my pocket.'

"'Better take a couple of thousand and run to 'Frisco or Denver and have a whirl out of it, anyhow,' persisted Hosford.

"'I've had my whirl,' was the man's reply.

"He wasn't sulky at all, and he didn't look abused. He was simply all man and all game.

"'Where are you bound for now?' asked Hosford after settling for the drinks.

"'Back to the old G—S, said the herder, and he started for the ranch an hour later. He had bought three flannel shirts, a pair of top boots and a poncho, and he took those things along with him in a bundle. They were all he got for his $18,000.

"Then I recall the game lose made by an Irish coal miner named Larkin, in Leavenworth, in 1881. He had been making $2 a day in the mine and was unmarried. He wasn't a drinking man. When he knocked off work on summer evenings he would bat a ball around a lot for the young fellows until darkness came on. Some near relative left Larkin $3,000. Larkin washed up and took the money over to one of the priests.

"The priest told him he'd better bank the money. Larkin got inside the bank, and there was a big line of depositors before the window of the receiving teller. Instead of taking his place in line he waited at the door. Across the street he saw the attractive window of Col. Jamison's bon-bon gambling layout, which was wide open at that time.

"He drifted across the street to look on for a while until the line at the receiving teller's window should become reduced somewhat. He dropped the whole $3,000 at a stud game in less than an hour and he walked back to his boarding house whistling 'The Rakes o' Mallow.'

"He finished out the afternoon batting the ball round the lot for the youngsters, and the next morning, with his tin lamp in his hat and his dinner bucket, he set out for the mines, still whistling merrily."

SIGNAL-CHARTS FOR AIRMEN

The French army is studying a practical means of making aviation at once less difficult and less dangerous by means of aerial charts. Atwood in his flight from St. Louis followed the line of railroad, and the delays he met with are well known. The French idea is to have before the compass a card which the airman should be able to read at a glance, no matter what his speed, confirming its information by a glance at the earth over which he is passing.

Aviators consider that characters in white spread over the green surface of the earth are most serviceable for identification. From the height of 9,000 metres white lines were distinguished last April by two aviators sent up for purposes of observation. From this height villages appeared as dark spots and waters reflecting the sunlight as brilliant white sheets. From this height railroad lines, because of their neutral tint, were largely indistinguishable. At the height of 200 metres belfries of small churches were confounded with houses, but large churches isolated themselves admirably.

The French army's idea is to isolate on the proposed chart those objects which naturally detach themselves most visibly on the earth. Towns are to be indicated by vivid red, with a difference in shade to indicate the relative sizes. Sheds for dirigibles, aerodromes, and depositories for hydrogen are to be marked with convenient signs. Vines, gardens, and slopes of country are also to be indicated.

With such a system of signals, the French think that greater security should follow flight, largely by giving the airman additional confidence and also by saving him time and worry. By this means also, after a little practice, he will be able to lay out his route with tolerable precision—for the outcome of flying is expected to show that airmen will keep in certain currents precisely as sea pilots learn to avoid danger marks in harbors.

The Aero Club of France has also taken up the question of charts. But this club has decided that neither compass nor chart will answer all purposes; the aviator must be able to see dangerous obstacles—and to this end it is not unlikely that in time each municipality will go to the expense of erecting danger signs in its vicinity, as well as marking points of location within certain well-defined distances. The president of the French Aerial League has come out with a proposition that poles be erected on all high towers, etc., with letters traced upon them to show distances. The figures, the league says, should be two in kind: one to represent the distance, north or south, in kilometres between any given place and the parallel of Paris; and the other, the distance east or west from the meridian of the French capital. For example, if an aviator reads the figures 431.340 he will know that he is 431 kilometres to the south of the parallel and 340 from the meridian of Paris, and by consulting his annual register can easily get his bearings for the next lap in his flight.

CAESAR'S TRIUMPH OVER POMPEY

Supplies were so difficult to obtain that at one time Caesar's soldiers had to subsist on roots and grass. For some months, Pompey withstood all provocations to pitched battle, and he would actually have destroyed Caesar without fighting, had not the Roman nobles in his camp, rendered impatient by inaction, anxious to return to the capital, and emboldened by Caesar's difficulties, obliged him to give battle. The two armies came to blows on the fields of Pharsalia, August 9, 48 B.C., and Caesar's veteran infantry, seasoned by a decade of wars in Gaul, undid in a few hours all the advantage of Pompey's great numbers. With the defeat occurred a general disbanding of Pompey's party.

Fortune had once more favored Caesar; and once more he showed himself proof against self-deception, perceiving that, notwithstanding the victory, his foe could still command forces greater than his own. He gave another wonderful exhibition—his last—of moderation and tact: he clemently invited to his side the uncertain and those who had followed Pompey from timidity or gratitude, or because of family or social connections, and graciously received the surrender of many of Pompey's illustrious partisans, among them, Marcus Junius Brutus. He sent to Rome no official announcement of the victory, no suggestion of celebrations, but dispatched Anthony thither merely with the duty of directing his party, which was again master of the comitia and of the senate.

Meanwhile Pompey fled with a small following to Egypt, where he had once conferred benefits upon the father of the reigning monarch, and where some thousands of his soldiers were stationed. Knowing that his rival had probably gone to Egypt in order to contrive the renewal of he war, Caesar pursued him with two legions to capture him and so conclude the struggle. When he arrived, he discovered that Pompey was already out of reckoning; he had been killed by the ministers of King Ptolemy. But there wanted little of his dragging Caesar, too hot in pursuit, to ruin in Egypt with himself, for on reaching Alexandria, the latter engaged with his legions in a national civil war, in behalf of Cleopatra, against the party of the king's ministers, who were opposing her joint rule with her brother Ptolemy.

SOME USES OF SNAKES

What is the use of snakes? In their "going on their belly," the circumstance that so offended Bacon, lies one of their greatest uses, because that, together with their internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog-jungles, swamps amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature..

Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes.

The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, peccary, badger, goat, hog, and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limits, while the latter perform their part among the grain-devouring and herbevorous lesser creatures.

Ella—That young farmer tried to kiss me, saying that he had never kissed a girl before.

Stella—What did you tell him?

Ella—That I was no agricultural experiment station.

He sang about the "good times,"
With all his heart and soul;
No matter how the world behaved,
He still cried, "Let 'er roll!"

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C.,

Islander Printing & Publishing Company

W. R. Dunn & Company, Proprietors.

W. R. Dunn, Manager.

SATURDAY, FEB, 9, 1912.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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

What the Editor has to say.

With this issue W. R. Dunn & Co. assume the management and direction of The Islander.

The Islander is first, last and all the time a business proposition, a business venture, just as any other business house in town is In the past it has enjoyed a good patronage We hope to retain every patron and, by strict attention to business, prompt service and obliging courtesy to all, to increase our business and make of The Islander a splendid representative of the community and a necessity to all.

In politics The Islander will be Conservative. While according to each and every man the right to that political opinion that shall seem good to him, we believe the doctrines of the Conservative party are the better for the welfare of Canada. And we believe in the men whom the people, through the Conservative party, have elected to office, They are broad fair-minded business men, and are giving the nation and the province a business administration of affairs.

The Islander will be critical of no man, nor body of men. To err is human, but we believe everyone strives to do the right as they see it. Where error, or at least, what we believe to be error, does exist, we shall endeavor to point it out, but courteously and in dispassionate manner. No man, nor body of men need fear abuse at our hands.

Recognising that there are as many shades of thought almost as there are individuals, the columns of The Islander are open to all for the discussion of public questions Each such communication, however, must be brief, courteous in tone and language, and must appear over the writer's name. Our space is limited.

We believe in this district—in Cumberland, Courtenay, Comox, Union Bay and all this section of country. We know its great natural resources. We know there is wealth and success to be found, happy homes to be made here. We shall not only strive for our own fair share of success and wealth, but shall give what influence The Islander may possess to the best interests of the district.

Respectfully,

W. R. DUNN & CO.

It is matter for congratulation that the naval resolution passed the house at Victoria with so little opposition. In fact, the only objector was Mr. Williams, a Socialist member. The resolution asks for the better protection of the Canadian Pacific coast. Surely we all desire this in view of the world-wide changed conditions, the unkowable possibilities, to be brought about by the completion of the Panama canal. Canada must protect and strengthen herself against all hazard. The being prepared and able to defend oneself often times obviates the necessity.

If Vancouver had Cumberland's police force and system possibly there would be fewer hold-ups and the city on the inlet would not be let in so often.

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The right place for a good square and DAINTY LUNCH.

Health for Every Woman No More Headaches

From Weakness and Despair Thousands Have Been Restored to Robust Good Health by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

That sick women are made well by Dr. Hamilton's Pills is proved in the following letter:

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them, and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared, and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all.

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known citizen in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25c. per box. All dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

STIMULANTS SOMETIMES GOOD

Alcohol is consumed as a table beverage chiefly in the form of light wines and malt liquors such as beer, ale, and stout, and the common alkaloids are the caffein of coffee and tea and the theobromin of chocolate, if we exclude nicotine from consideration.

The comparatively modern science of physiological chemistry has devoted much attention to these substances in the effort to determine their precise effect on bodily functions and their potential value or harmfulness. Are they mere extravagrant luxuries, not only useless but actually injurious to the human organism? Or do they have under proper circumstances a definitely beneficial effect?

Modern physiologists very generally declare in favor of the latter view, subject to certain restrictions. The eminent authority Pettenkofer sums the matter up very neatly by saying such things are "like the oil to a machine—they can't take the place of the steam that drives it, but they can make the action smoother and the running better. Only the oil must not corrode the machine!"

Here we have the crux of the matter. The healthy body may be able to make use of minute quantities of stimulants at moderate intervals without harm and even with benefit. But if the doses be too large or too frequent, a toxic quality manifests itself, or if the machine be already injured or weakened—i.e., if organic trouble exists—an extra strain is put on deteriorated tissues which they are unable to support. Hence the doctor's commands to give up coffee, wine, tea, or tobacco.

CORNSTALK PAPER

Experts have demonstrated that a very fair quality of paper can be manufactured from the common cornstalk.

Paper suitable for books, magazines, and for a very fair quality of writing paper has been made, and the experts declare it would be possible in any corn-growing community for a paper mill to secure sufficient material of this character to keep the mill busy throughout the entire year.

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Antiquity of Inventions and Stories

(By Wendall Phillips)

I have been somewhat criticised, year after year, for this endeavor to open up the claims of old times. I have been charged with repeating useless fables with no foundation. To-day I take the mere subject of glass. This material, Pliny says, was discovered by accident. Some sailors, landing on the eastern coast of Spain, took their utensils and supported them on the sand by the stones that they found in the neighborhood; they kindled their fire, cooked the fish, finished the meal, and removed the apparatus; and glass was found to have resulted from the nitre and sea-sand, vitrified by the heat. Well, I have been a dozen times criticised by a number of wise men, in newspapers, who have said that this was a very idle tale; that there never was sufficient heat in a few bundles of sticks to produce vitrification—glass-making. I happened, two years ago, to meet on the prairies of Missouri, Professor Shepherd. I happened to mention this criticism to him. "Well," says he, "a little practical life would have freed men from that doubt." Said he, "We stopped last year in Mexico to cook some venison. We got down from our saddles, and put the cooking apparatus on stones we found there; made our fire with the wood we got there, resembling ebony, and when we removed the apparatus there was pure silver gotten out of the embers by the intense heat of that almost iron wood. "Now," said he, "that heat was greater than any necessary to vitrify the materials of glass."

Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates to invention, to use, or beauty, or form, we are borrowers.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and when you have fixed the shape and form in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came somewhere from the banks of the Ganges, or the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before. Indeed, Dunlap, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. If this were my topic, which it is not, I might tell you that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. Take Maria Edgeworth's essay on Irish bulls and the laughable mistakes of the Irish. Even the tale which either Maria Edgeworth or her father thought the best is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows: "My dear friend, I would write you in detail more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder, reading every word." "No, you lie; I've not read a word you have written!" This is an Irish bull, still it is a very old one. It is only two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. Horace Walpole dissented from Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and thought the other Irish bull was the best—of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man, but they changed me in the cradle." That comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; but Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greeks stole it from the Egyptians hundreds of years back.

There is one story which it is said Washington has related, of a man who went into an inn and asked for a glass of drink from the landlord, who pushed forward a wine glass about half the usual size. The tea-cups also in that day were not more than half the present size. The landlord said, "That glass out of which you are drinking is forty years old." "Well," said the thirsty traveler, contemplating its diminutive proportions, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw." That story as told is given as a story of Athens three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ was born. Why, all these Irish bulls are Greek—every one of them! Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who bought a crow, alleging that crows reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend who said to him, "Why, sir, I thought you were dead." "Well," says the man, "I suppose you see I'm not.' "Oh, no," says he, "I would believe the man who told me a good deal quicker than I would you." Well, these are all Greek. A score or more of them, of a parallel character, come from Athens.

Cicero said that he had seen the entire Iliad, which is a poem as large as the New Testament, written on a skin so that it could be rolled up in the compass of a nutshell. Now, this is imperceptible to the ordinary eye. You have seen the Declaration of Independence in the compass of a quarter of a dollar, written with glasses. I have to-day a paper at home as long as half my hand, on which was photographed the whole contents of a London newspaper. It was put under a dove's wing and sent into Paris, where they enlarged it and read the news. This copy of the Iliad must have been made by some such process.

In the Roman theatre—the Coliseum—which could seat a hundred thousand people, the emperor's box, raised to the highest tier, bore about the same proportion to the space as this stand does to this hall; and look down to the centre of a six-acre lot was to look a considerable distance. ("Considerable," by the way, is not a Yankee word. Lord Chesterfield uses it in his letters to his son, so it has a good English origin.) Pliny says that Nero the tyrant had a ring with a gem in it which he looked through and watched the sword-play of the gladiators—men who killed each other to amuse the people—more clearly than with the naked eye. So Nero had an opera glass.

So Mauritius the Sicilian stood on the promontory of his island, and could sweep over the entire sea to the coast of Africa with his nauscopite, which is a word derived from two Greek words, meaning "to see a ship." Evidently Mauritius, who was a pirate, had a marine telescope.

You may visit Dr. Abbot's museum, where you will see the ring of Cheops. Bunsen put him five hundred years before Christ. The signet of the ring is about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the engraving is invisible without the aid of glasses. No man was ever shown into the cabinets of gems in Italy without being furnished with a microscope to look at them. It would be idle for him to look at the mwithout one. He couldn't appreciate the delicate lines and expression of the faces. If you go to Parma, they will show you a gem once worn on the finger of Michael Angelo, of which the engraving is two thousand years old, on which there are the figures of seven women. You must have the aid of a glass in order to distinguish the interlacing muscles and count every separate hair on the eyebrows. Layard says he would be unable to read the engravings on Minervah without strong spectacles, they are so extremely small. Rawlinson brought home a stone about twenty inches long and ten wide, containing an entire treatise en mathematics. It would be perfectly illegible without glasses. Now, if we are unable to read it without the aid of glasses, you may suppose the man who engraved it had pretty strong spectacles. So the microscope, instead of dating from our time, finds its brothers in the books of Moses—and these are infant brothers.

Costiveness and Its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure. At the first intimation of this ailment the sufferer should procure a packet of the pills and put himself under a course of treatment. The good effects of the pills will be almost immediately evident.

THE KING OF CORN REMOVERS

Is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Forty years' success in many lands proves the superiority of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor over every other remedy. Safe, painless, prompt. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor absolutely certain to remove corns. Sold by druggists, price 25 cents.

THE UNION BANK A RECORD YEAR

Head Office to be Moved to Winnipeg

The Union Bank of Canada held its 47th annual meeting at the head office in Quebec on Monday, December the 18th, 1911. The meeting was a memorable one for several reasons. In the first place, the reports presented by the President and General Manager were the best in the bank's history, and revealed the fact that several progressive steps had been taken during the year. At the meeting it was also decided to remove the head office from Quebec to Winnipeg. This was deemed a wise move owing to the fact that out of its total of 242 branches the bank has 156 west of Lake Superior and 76 in Ontario, leaving only a comparatively few in the Province of Quebec and the Eastern Provinces. This decision on the part of the directors and shareholders to move the head office to Winnipeg is a recognition of the growing importance of the West.

The net profits for the year, after deducting expenses of management and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to $662,437 as compared with $451,620 for the previous year. The earnings for 1911 were at the rate of 14 per cent. on the bank's average paid-up capital for the year. The premium on new stock issued amounted to $457,000, while the balance at credit of account on November 30th amounted to $80,000. These sums, with the net earnings for the year, made a total of $1,199,000 available for distribution. Of this large sum dividends absorbed $361,000, the sum of $200,000 was transferred to the rest account, as well as $475,000 transferred to the same account from premium on new stock, making a total transferred to the rest account of $675,000. The sum of $100,000 was written off bank premises account, and the officers' pension fund received $10,000, leaving a balance carried forward of $71,975.

A further examination of the report shows that the bank is making rapid progress in every department. The amount of notes in circulation increased during the year by $1,300,000, the total deposits by over $7,800,000, which now stands at $45,232,000. The paid-up capital increased by $914,000, and the rest account by nearly $600,000. The total assets of the bank now stand at $58,434,000, as compared with $46,555,000 for the previous year. The increase in the bank's capital, deposits and assets puts it in a position to do a larger business during the coming year. These increases also show a gain in the confidence of the public.

During the year the Union Bank absorbed the United Empire Bank of Toronto, which had twelve branches in Ontario and a paid-up capital of $559,000. Later in the year it established a branch in London, England, being one of the four Canadian banks having branches in Great Britain.

Altogether the bank has been showing marked progress and enters upon the new year equipped to do even better work.

PLANTATION SONGS

A partiality for music has always been a characteristic of the negro race. In their native Africa the instruments used are of the most primitive kind, the drum generally playing a prominent part. To the untutored European such music seems more remarkable for noise than melody, though under the influence of 'tom-tom' performances the negroes in the West Indies and elsewhere have been known to work themselves up to a pitch of regular frenzy.

Negro songs have always been popular among us, and deservedly so. On what does their attraction depend? As poetical products they are generally seriously defective. The negro has been aptly described as a person with the intellect of a child and the strength and passions of a full-grown man, and these characteristics are borne out by his poetry. The language of the plantation-song is often a disjointed jumble, scarcely superior to a nursery rhyme, yet it contains a pathos which strikes the deepest chords of the human heart. This is their great merit, and it is more than sufficient to counterbalance deficiencies of rhyme, metre, grammar, and composition, and to endear them not only to the colored race but to English-speakers of all races all the world over. The phenomenally long runs made by Christy Minstrel performances in London and elsewhere bear witness to this fact.

Plantation songs have been the delight of high and low, educated and uneducated, of all ages and of both sexes. It is doubtful if there is any kind of theatrical performance that is more universally popular; nor can it be denied that, whether they strike the sentimental chord or the lighter vein of humor, they are innocent in their nature and elevating in their tendency. Would that the same could be said of all music-hall songs! Eminent statesmen, like the late W. E. Gladstone, have been listening with rapt attention to these old-fashioned ballads; while the novelist Thackeray records his impressions as follows: "I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel who performed a negro ballad that, I confess, moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy-queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them; they have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed; and, behold! a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, and strikes a wild note which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."

Mention has been made of the fondness of the negroes for music; in some cases the natural intuition or instinct is very remarkable. No better instance of this fact could be cited than the case of Black Tom, the musical prodigy. This boy, born about 1850, as a slave, in the Southern States, developed a most remarkable talent for music, although he was both blind and half-witted. Late one night, after Tom's master had retired, he heard the sound of music proceeding from the drawing-room. Some one was playing the piano with delicate touch and no ordinary skill. Dressing himself hastily, he stole downstairs, and opening the door of the drawing-room, peeped in. The sight which met his eyes almost took his breath away. The talented musician proved to be the blind black boy Tom. He played not only some of the simple songs he had already heard performed on the piano, but difficult exercises which he had heard the daughters of the house perform, exhibiting all the while an ecstasy of delight. The blind boy was playing the piano for the first time in his life! The fame of the new prodigy spread far and wide. From that time Tom was allowed free access to the piano, to his great delight, and was a source of wonder to the many visitors who flocked to hear him. Old airs which people had forgotten, and which Tom could not have heard more than once, were played with the greatest accuracy. His master was induced to make a public exhibition of the boy's talent. He performed in various cities of the Southern States (the slave-laws prevented him from touring in the North), and on the outbreak of the great Civil War he was taken to England, where he played to crowded audiences in St. James's Hall.

POOR, FOOLISH MIDAS

Why didn't King Midas, the gold lover, try to save 10 cents a week? He could have given the world a wonderful example of the value of the saving habit. Besides, he would have left money for the members of his family alive today. Midas was one of the kings of Phrygia. As the Phyrgian line was wiped out by the Cimmerians about 670 B.C., we may assume he lived about 800 B.C., or at least 2711 years ago.

If King Midas had started in saving 10 cents a week he would have saved a dime, therefore, on each of 140,870 weeks. This would make him the neat little sum of $14,097.20. Although not a fortune in these days, $14,097.20 is quite a fair sum to save by giving up one cigar a week. But there is more to follow.

In those days of political upheaval and commercial uncertainty, capital was entitled to a bigger return on its investment than it would be today. The risk was much greater. Though we have no actual records of Phrygian rates of usury, it is fair to assume that the Midas's account drew 10 per cent. interest compounded annually for at least the first 2,000 years, or until the commercial world had reached a comparatively recent stage of development.

Beginning, therefore, 800 years before Christ, Midas put into his savings 10 cents every week. At the end of the first 10 weeks he had a dollar. The interest on $1 for one year is not great, even at 10 per cent., but it adds another dime to the 10 already saved. At the end of the second year there is something more than two dimes to be added.

At the end of the first hundred years the accumulations on the first dollar, at 10 per cent. compounded, would be $13,780.66. Thus, Midas, in the year 700 B.C. would have had $13,780.66, resulting from his first 10 weeks' savings. The compounding goes on through the next century so that at the end of 200 years or in the year 600 B.C., Midas would have had $189,906,590.04 from his first dollar.

At the end of the next hundred years, or in 500 B.C., the results from those first 10 dimes put away would be $2,619,028,149,100.63. Continuing this compounding through the following 2,411 years it is not a complicated mathematical problem to arrive at the sum Midas would have today from his first $1 saved.

Remember, moreover, this sum, which would be up among the uncountable trillions of dollars, would represent the increment of only $1 put away by Midas. Midas himself, busily saving dimes, would have started a new series of dollar pyramids every 10 weeks. At the end of the first year's saving he would have started five and a half of these stupendous fortunes. To compare any one of these with the $14,097.20 he would have saved if he had received no interest, certainly presents the interest habit in a favorable light.

King Midas will be remembered as the man who loved gold so much that he asked Dionysius to turn everything he touched into gold. Dionysius did so, but at the end of the second day Midas came back and said: "Dionysius, everything I touch turns to gold, but I'm starving to death. Every time I grab a sandwich it turns 22 carat. I say, wish this gold habit off me before I starve." Dionysius therefore had Midas bathe in the river Pactolus and Midas's gold sank into the river sands and became a placer mine.

HOW HOTELS ARE HOODWINKED

The hotels of the larger cities are continually being victimized by forgers. One of these gentry, clothed and mannered as a man of affairs, will provide himself in some underhand way—perhaps by bribing an office boy, or even by having the printing done himself—with letterheads, envelopes, and blank checks bearing the name of a responsible firm of merchants or manufacturers doing business in some other town. He will then write letters addressed to a member of the firm, or a supposed confidential employee, at from two to half a dozen hotels in the city where a forged check signed, like the letter, he intends to make his coup, enclosing with the firm's name.

The forger arrives at the scene of operations on the same day as his written matter. At each of the hotels he engages more or less expensive rooms under the name of the man to whom he has addressed a letter, and asks for his mail. After running up small bills in all these hostelries, he will announce his departure. To each cashier he will offer, in payment of his account, the check he has made payable to the man whose name he has assumed, identifying himself by the letter he has addressed to himself under the same name.

These checks are seldom made out for more than a hundred dollars; and as to refuse a check from a responsible person is a serious affront, no matter how regretfully it may be done, the cashier will more often than not "take the chance" when the guest measures up to a certain standard of outward respectability. He therefore deducts the amount of the bill from the proffered check, and hands the guest the difference in cash. When he learns that the document is a forgery, he pockets the loss gracefully or otherwise, according to his temperament.

There is little risk involved, since, in the event of a hotel refusing a check, or asking too many questions about it, the guest need only assume a haughty expression, pay his bill in cash, and depart, assuring the cashier that he will thereafter take pains to recommend the house to his enemies.

It is the gangs in the big cities who flood the banks with forgeries for comparatively small amounts that make the greatest inroads upon these institutions. While many forged checks that are paid are exceedingly clumsy pieces of work, there are scores of professional penmen whose work cannot be detected by comparison with the standard signature kept in the bank. Hence the most difficult work of the gangs is to secure valid checks as models, since it is essential to have a "live" one in order to get the serial numbers and copy the style of perforation, as well as for the signature.

Jones: "I say, I heard an awfully funny thing the other day." (Proceeds to recite mild and mildewed chestnut at great length.)

Jim: "Ah! that reminds me of a man I once met in Nyassaland."

Jones (without interest): "What about him?"

Jim: "Oh, nothing; only he'd never heard that story of yours before."

Warts will render the prettiest hands unsightly. Clear the excrescences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

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For Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swelling and All Lameness

Sold by Druggists—$1.00 a Bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00. Keep it on hand always. Be ready for the emergency. Kendall's stops the pain, starts the circulation, penetrates and removes the cause of the disorders. Ask for a free copy of "A Treatise on the Horse." If not at dealers, write to— 62

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ed to himself under the same name.

These checks are seldom made out for more than a hundred dollars; and as to refuse a check from a responsible person is a serious affront, no matter how regretfully it may be done, the cashier will more often than not "take the chance" when the guest measures up to a certain standard of outward respectability. He therefore deducts the amount of the bill from the proffered check, and hands the guest the difference in cash. When he learns that the document is a forgery, he pockets the loss gracefully or otherwise, according to his temperament.

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Children naturally never think of possible strain on their eyesight when poring over a fascinating book.

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The Rayo is a low-priced lamp, but it is constructed on the soundest scientific principles, and there is not a better lamp made at any price.

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District of Sayward

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

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

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

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

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

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.

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

REGINALD CARWITHEN
Dated January 13th, 1912

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that George William Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C, occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S.W. corner of Timber Limit 42968, thence west 80 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 60 thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 340 acres more or less.

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that ALFRED JOHN CARWITHEN, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands.—Commencing at a post planted at the N.E corner of Timber Limit 40774, thence north 40 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 60 chains thence east 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 200 acres more or less.

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Thomas Holmes of Sutbury, Eng., occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S W corner of lot 177, thence south 60 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence north 60 chains; thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 100 acres more or less. THOMAS HOLMES
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated January 12th, 1912

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP

The business of general blacksmithing and horse shoeing lately carried on by George Leighton, at Courtenay, B. C., will in future be carried on by George Leighton and C. H. Adey. All business entrusted to us will receive our prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

GEORGE LEIGHTON
C. H. ADEY

LOST—A heart shaped brooch, set with turquoise and pearls. Finder please return to this office or to Mrs. John Baird, Maryport Avenue.

FOR SALE—Five roomed house, pantry and bathroom. House is situated on full lot. For particulars apply to Mrs. George Richardson, Windermere Ave.

NOTICE

I beg to announce to the public that I have severed my connection with the Islander Mines Dispatch & Co., being now in possession of same, and will conduct the paper in future. I thank my many patrons and friends for their liberal patronage in the past and bespeak for my successor a continuance of the same in the future.

CHARLES C. SEGRAVE.

LAND ACT

I, Benjamin Roberts, of New Westminster, Merchant, do solemnly declare:

1. I, Benjamin Roberts, intend to apply for permission to purchase 200 acres, more or less of unoccupied and unreserved Crown lands (not being part of an Indian Settlement) situate in the vicinity of Timber License No. 40780 on Read Island.

2. I, on the Fourteenth day of January, 1912 did locate the said land by planting at the South east corner thereof a post at least four inches square and standing not less than four feet above the surface of the ground.

3. The said post is about 20 chains distant and in a northerly direction from North-East corner of Timber License No. 40780.

4. I, on the same day, did inscribe on the said post the name Ben. Roberts and the letters S. E. Corner.

5. I, on the same day, did affix to the said post a notice with the following words written thereon:—

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

6. The purpose for which the land is required is for agricultural purposes,

7. That I am not disqualified to make this application by the provisions of subsection (11) of section 34 of the "Land Act."

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the "Canada Evidence Act."

BEN ROBERTS.

Declared and signed by Ben Roberts on 30th day of Januasy, A. D. 1912 before me at Vancouver B. C.

A, R SOWNLEY,
A Justice of the Peace in and for the Province of British Columbia.

THE CORNER STORE

LOOK OUT!

J. N. McLeod's

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For Pay-Day and Week - Following

Everything in the Dry Goods line must go regardless of cost. GREAT REDUCTIONS in BOOTS & SHOES to make room for spring orders . . . . . .

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