DINNER SETS and
TOILET SETS
Just in, at
CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

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No. 34 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

UP BEEORE THE JUDGE

The Disappearance of of Laird's Watch Up for Discussion

R Patrick and Mike Powers appeared before Judge Abrams on Thursday to discuss with that gentleman the mysterious disappearance of Marshall Lairds watch.

The case against Powers was dropped.

Mr Laird called, identified Patrick. The watch had not been in his possesion since Jan. 5th. They had all been drinking and two or three companions went home with him. He was not sure of Patrick, but identified Powers as one of the men who accompanied him.

Powers sworn stated that he was slightly acquainted with Patrick. He had gone home with Laird on the evening of the 5th. Lairds watch was on the table and he had taken it off the table and given it to Patrick for safe keeping. They were all drunk. He and Patrick left the house together. He saw Patrick 2 or 3 days later and asked if he had given Laird the watch yet, and he replied he would do so as soon as the snow went away. He saw no scratches on the inside of the case.

Constable McLellan sworn said:—He knew Patrick. Laird had told him of the loss of the watch. He kept a watch on the parties who had gone home with Laird and got a slight look at the watch in the possession of Patrick. He asked him for the watch on Wednesday night but Patrick said he would give it to no one but Laird. He said nothing about waiting for the snow to melt, the constable saw the prisoners name scratched on the watch case.

The Judge said that the fact of the name being scratched on the watch showed intent of theft but remanded the case until yesterday to allow a watchmaker to examin the scratches on the watch.

100 pr. boys pants, double knee and seats. Saturday 50c pr at Cartwrights

No old Rags Bottles or Bags at Cartwrights, but good reliable goods on sale Saturday.

Correspondence.

To the Editor,

A boomerang;—an Australian missile of hard wood which can return to the thrower.

While attending a meeting called by Mr T. E. Bate, our newly elected Mayor there were questions asked by our tailor of the town, Mr. S.

If such was the case, that he, Mr. Bate was guilty in acting as agent for a Fit Reform, or in other words was he trying to help the city in having an agent of the said firm taking orders at his place of business, His Worship Mr Bate answered the silly question to the satisfaction of the questioner and the public.

Now is such the case that our tailor came to this town and solicited before he was a resident and had no licenses to do so. I think that I am right in my remarks. It takes a thief to catch a thief. I intended to mention something more but I think I have come to the point, to work a man must have tools and to be a carpenter you must have a full kit.

SHOT AND SHELL

No old Rags Bottles or Bags at Cartwrights, but good reliable goods on sale Saturday.

Found—A Collie Dog, Owner can have same by paying expense of ad. and paying for keep. If not claimed in six days, will be sold.

Apply this office

100 prs. boys pants all sizes 50c pr. at Cartwrights.

CAPTURED BY WESTERN PICTURES

The Bison Films Are Popular With Patrons

All over the country—for that matter, all over the world—comes an increasing demand for western pictures There is something irresistible in the attraction a good western picture holds for h. The Bison pictures were the first real western pictures placed upon the market, and they have had many imitators.

A true western picture, taken in the real west, with beautiful scenery for a back ground, and depicting inspiring deeds, will continue to please the public; but there is a grave danger that imitations will effect the popularity of his line of subjects.

Furthermore, there is a possibility of moving picture patrons being surfieted with too much Westren subjects. There is no doubt that the excellence of Bison pictures have been able thus far to carry inferior imitations.

Two reels per week of Bison pictures are released and are shown at the City Hall, they are taken in the West with Westren themes. Many of the scenaries are founded upon Indians legends, and the characters recuited from the tribes upon the Westren coat. The riders are splendid horsemen, and the leading parts are well acted.

There is something of interest and appeal in a real westren subject for all ages and classes and they have proven great attractions and the shrewd exhibitor is always careful to see that he gets the real unadulterated film and that it is the Bison.

ANNIVERSARY OF ROBERT BURNS

Scotchmen Will Do Honor to His Memory Wednesday

On Wednesday evening the Scotchmen of the community will celebrate the One Hundred and fifty second anniversary of Robbie Burns with a concert and dance in the Cumberland Hall.

This is an annual affair that is looked forward to not only by the Scotch element in our midst but by every one else besides.

Tickets are now on sale, and as the number is limited those who wish to do honor to the memory of Robbie Burns should procure their little bit of paste board at once.

No old Rags Bottles or Bags at Cartwrights, but good reliable goods on sale Saturday.

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE.
In effect Oct. 3rd.

Arrival
Tuesday morning
Wednesday afternoon
Friday afternoon
Saturday night overland
Sunday, about 9.30 a. m.
Departure
Tuesday—6.15 a. m.
Thursday—6.15 a. m.
Saturday—6.15 a. m
Sunday, 1 p. m sharp

Boy's High top shoes rg. $4.25 Saturday at Cartwrights $3.00

IS BATE QUALIFIED ?

Citizens Greatly Exercised Over This Question

Is Mayor-elect Bate qualified?

This has been the one topic of conversation in the city for the past few days.

As will be remembered this question was asked by Mr. Bate's opponents prior to election but as Mr. Bate had documentary evidence which seemed to prove that he was, and as he was also backed up by legal advice he decided to remain in the field, and the electors have said with no uncertain voice that they believe him to be the right man for the position.

After election Mr. Bate left for Victoria to look into the charge that his property was not properly registered in the Registry Office, and discovered that through some technical error this had not been done, but whether this is sufficent to disqualify him when the spirit of the law has being complied with is a question that is now being investigated by Mr. Bate's lawyer, and Mr. Bate is confident that he will sit.

Mr. Bate's opponents, however, not satisfied with the verdict of the people, deputed one of their number to go to Victoria to press the case against the Mayor-elect.

They are equally confident that Mr. Bate is disqualified and quote the opinion of a prominent lawyer and of the Attorney General in support of this view.

The Mayor is not bound to be sworn in until three weeks from the Monday following election, and Mr. Bate has until that time to straighten out the difficulty' if he is not sworn in by the date above mentioned the Mayor's seat becomes vacant and a new election will be necessary.

THE MUSINGS OF THE MIDNIGHT PHILOSOPHER

The political tea pot tempest has simmered down to tranquility and only few grains of mud far down at the bottom give imimation of the little turmoil The late issue was not without its humor and pathos, particularly in the youthful bespectacled Daniel Webster who beard edthe lion in his den and came out of it, inside the lion. His efforts reminded me forcibly of Don Quixote tilting with the windmill. The political fracas taught a moral lesson that should have been learned long ago by the leaders, namely that a man is often beaten through the over zealousness of his friends.

Since election I have been studying some of the English and foreign glossories by way of refreshing my memory. I was asked the other day if I would buy a ticket for the banquet on the 25th inst, celebrating the anniversary of Robbie Burns. I hesitated for a moment because the same brought happy recollections of by gone days to memory. Like a flash poem after poem of the Scottish Bard crossed my memory, poems that helped to mould mind and build character, widen my sympathies and love of nature. I passed the money over When I got home the editor sent up to me a poem which he received, signed "Caledonia" which I will insert and close my musings:

"It's comin' yet fur a' that,
It's comin' yet fur a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."
—Burns.

* *

"Hail Scotia's Bard whose deep
Prophetic soul and telescopic mind
Foretold the dawn of day in which
The human race will cease to be
Oppressors to themselves, and found
A bond of deep fraternity,
Long long before the firs faint fringe
Of high bedecked the deep
Impenetrable clouds of night
That's all the race imbued.

II.

Oh! That thou lived'st today to see
The long down trodden and oppressed
Awake from out their catskill
Mountain sleep and shake the dew
Of centuries from out their locks
And raise the back that has from time
Long immemorial the burden bourne
To see the horny hand stretched out
With open hand that will not close
Until a recompense is paid
To compensate the toil in full
And did'st thou love to day thy pet
Would cheer the toiler in his light
'Gainst fearful odds.

* *

I received a poem from a correspondent which upon reading I came to the conclusion was not at all bad. It showed that the writer will get over it in time; but if he has many more such dreams we will not be responsible for his being at large. We would advise him to cut down his opium and wake up.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

The stars shone bright with radiant light, when in the deep and silent night, the bells knelled out their tuneful lay, that told the dawn of Christmas Day. It seemed as if the earth did rock, with joy, and e'en the waves deep shock commingled with the gladsome breeze, that made a harp of leafless trees. For one brief hour the magic spell swift came and went, then rose and fell, then in a crash of thunder loud, gloom covered all as in a shroud. I stood amazed I could not tell what changed the scene from heaven to hell, when through the gloom a voice did grate: "Behold the Christ you celebrate!" I looked and saw amid a sea of gloom a golden throne, and He who should have sat thereon, prostrate with grief, and his loud sobs the gate of heaven shook, and earth and sea, rocked to and fro, aghast to see, another love and dark Gethsemane in heaven where naught but joy should be. Afresh his wounds—his brow, his side, burst forth in agonizing tide, till throne sank down amid the flood, and earth and sea grew red with blood. I heard a cry—the angels wept—and stars forsook their light, it swept the heavens wide and roll'd amain, through all below, then back again. A voice spoke out with awful doom: "Who saw the God-Man sworn e'en in high heaven, this secret know, that nor at manger tears that woe. His throne has been a cross of gold, e'er since he left Golgotha bold, a spear of gold has struck his heart and driven all his wounds apart,—has made them bleed for him who toils all unrewarded with the spoils, man's selfish avarici us greed—gold is his god and gold his creed, and gold the cross he doth impale, the human race heedless of wail, and blood and and tears; and yet he seeks while yet his hand in warm blood reeks to scatter pence in Christmas gift to those who feed him with their thrift and toil. Behold such things as seen, and felt by Him revealed in dream.

A TALK ON TEMPERANCE

Mrs. Livingston Speaks at the City Hall

Mrs. Livingston of Toronto, W. C. T. U. Lecturer, addressed a fair audience at the City Hall on Tuesday evening on the Liquor evil.

Mrs. Livingston is not a gifted speaker, and has a voice that is far too weak for public speaking, but an earnestness of manner disarms criticism and covers a multitude of imperfection in delivery, and her address was listened to with pleasure and attention by those present.

The speaker has discovered, as has almost every other intelligent citizen, that the abuse of the liquor is a grievous evil, and even those of us who cannot agree that the remedy for this evil lies in Prohibition or Local Option, must admit that a speaker like Mrs Livingston is a much more effective temperance advocate than cranks of the Spencerian variety.

At the conclusion of the address, the Rev. Mr Freeman spoke at some length after which the Rev Mr. Laffere made a few sensible remarks.

Mrs Livingston announced that the next afternoon she would address a meeting "for ladies only" in the Presbyterian Church. when the evils of prostitution would be the subject of her discourse.

LYCEUM PLAYERS NEXT WEEK

Company is Well Spoken of by the Press

On Monday and Tuesday evenings the Walker-Lyceum Co. who have been putting on a series of entertainments in this city, under the auspices of the Lady Maccabees of the World, will put on the cream of their series of entertainments when they present "The Lyceum Players" to a local audience.

This company includes the famous Signor Romanilli, the Italian harpist, who plays his native music on the harp, that sweetest and probably oldest of all instruments as only an Italian can.

If the Lyceum Players are as good as they are cracked up to be by the press in the towns where they have been appearing there is a treat in store for the music loving element of the town on Monday and Tuesday night.

Tickets are now on sale at Peacy's Drug Store where seats should be reserved early.

The regular meeting of the Citizens League which should have been held on Wednesday last was posponed until next week when business of importance will be brought up for discussion.

Local Eagles will be pleased to learn that F Lynch of New Westminster, who instituted the Comox Aerie in this city has been elected to the city council of the Royal City.

President suspenders 35c pr at Cartwrights Saturday.

Men working sox regular 35c pair 5 prs for $1.00 at Cartwrights Saturday.

HANDS IN RESIGNATION

City Clerk Resigns at First Council Meeting

With the exception of the Mayor, who was absent at Victoria, there was a full attendance at the first meeting of the Aldermanic board on Monday evening.

The session was a very short one most of the time being taken up in the wearing in proceedings, the oath being administered by Magistrate Abrams.

The City Clerk read his resignation which was laid on the table, together with a number of accounts until the next meeting of the council after the Mayor's return from Victoria.

The meeting then adjourned

No old Rags Bottles or Bags at Cartwrights. but good reliable goods on sale Saturday.

CARD OF THANKS.

I take this opportunity of thanking all those who tried to comfort me in my recent bereavement by the death of my son, Samuel McKnight.

ANDREW MCKNIGHT
and FAMILY.

WRESTLING BOUT NEXT

Tournament Being Arranged for the Near Future

The next big sporting event on the tapis is a big wrestling tournament and if negotiations are carried through we will have the pleasure of seeing one of the finest wrestling tournaments ever seen in this part of the country.

It is a long time since Cumberland had an event of this kind and if the promoters get the men they are after hooked up there should be some good sport witnessed as Sinc Swanson always puts up a great battle, no matter who his opponent is, but there are some good men in our own midst who would like a crack at the doughty Sinc, and they are no slouches either. A good card will be assure of about 5 events, and the evening will be a hummer

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

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

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

Services in the Roman Catholic Church will be held every other Sunday in Cumberland. Rev. H. Mertens, pastor.

For Sale—Thomsons Boarding House. This is furnished throughout and is in first class condition.

For particulars apply between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m. to Mrs D. Thomson.

A dance in aid of the City Band will be held in the Cumberland Hall on Friday evening next, Lewis' 6 piece orchestra will furnish the music while admission has been fixed at the low price of $1 for gentlemen and ladies free.

Don't forget the Pythian Sisters Valentine Dance on Feb. 14th. It will be the best ever.

Mrs. Simms can receive more pupils for piano lessons daily (except Tuesday) at any time by arrangement.

Camp Cumberland

Dr. D. E. Kerr, dentist, will be at Courtenay from February 1st until February 10th, and after that date at Cumberland.

The heavy snow fall of last week followed by an equally generous precipitation of rain put a weight and strain upon the roof of buildings in this city that in many cases proved too great, and a number of woodshed and stables, collapsed. The rear part of the Star Livery Stables, where the horses are housed was one of the buildings that came down, but fortunately warned by the creaking of the timber the proprietors were able to get the horses out before the roof came down. The main portion of the building also gave ample warning that it was carrying too great a load, and a gang of men were soon on top of the building removing the snow.

Penmans Natural wool underwear $2.00 suit at Cartwrights

The local Chinamen are mad. The one time in all the year when the Chink really lives, is during the week of the Chinese New Year, and when anything turns up to curtail the measure of joy at that season, there is much weeping, muck-a-hieing, and gnashing of teeth. During the cold snap of a week ago, very large shipments of delicacies of all kinds, consigned to the Chinese merchants of the city, for the New Years festivities, got frozen solid on the wharf at Union Bay, and a large percentage of the goods are practically useless.

The North Amerinan Fur Industry

A LARGE proportion of the furs which the world's people wear for garments still comes from North America, says Chambers's Journal, despite the great changes which have occurred on that continent, especially within the last fifty years, by the settling of what was formerly a wilderness. The value of the yearly fur-hunt on sea and land throughout the world is about five million pounds. Of this amount Canada and Alaska contribute nearly one-fifth, not because of the large number of skins secured by the hunters, but because so many of them are rare and valuable, for we must remember that the seals taken in the waters of North America alone represent a very large sum each year.

The history of the Hudson's Bay Company might be called a history of the American fur industry; because, since it was formed back in the seventeenth century, this corporation has had its agents and hunters scattered over an enormous territory. Over a century ago it had no less than one hundred and sixty trading-posts and "factories"—the term factories meaning stations in charge of its factors or buyers. It not only obtained furs from most of that part of Canada which is north and west of the Great Lakes, but many thousand pelts were received *from the Pacific North-West*—that portion of the United States comprising the states of Oregon, Washington, and Nevada—at that time almost unknown to the white man. In those days Winnipeg was the head-centre of the Hudson's Bay Company, the log fort which it constructed *being the foundation of* the present city. No longer is this the head-centre, for civilization has crowded the fur-hunter farther and farther north, until Winnipeg is only one of the minor stations of the great corporation.

Seven hundred miles to the north-west of it is Edmonton, the largest market for "raw" furs in the New World, *the capital of* Alberta, and the most northern point on the North American continent to be reached by a continuous line of railroad. Picturesque yet modern, and an outpost of empire, Edmonton in the old days was an important settlement in that section, the extreme *north-western* market in the fur-country. It was founded a century or so ago by the old North-Western Fur Company, for a brief time a competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The industry is now divided into branches. But few of the skins are secured by the buyers direct from the hunters and trappers, most of them being obtained through the fur-traders who yearly make expeditions into the wilderness, and obtain a "load," often *for* a supply of provisions and clothing, and perhaps no money whatever changes hands. In the spring, when the ice and snow commence to thaw, the agents of the big concerns, the free traders and the few trappers who have cared to bring their furs as far back as *Edmonton and Prince* Albert, begin to move back to the north country. The objective point of many of the traders is Fort Resolution, a post on Great Slave Lake, nearly one thousand miles north of Edmonton, as the trail leads, and something like four hundred miles *south of the Arctic Circle. Fort* Chippewayan, on Lake Athabasca is another important post, also on the edge of the fur country; and there are a number of posts in the interior and along the Mackenzie River, which flows from Great Slave Lake into the Arctic Sea. The most northerly post is Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, two thousand miles north of Edmonton, and approximately one hundred and fifty miles above the Arctic Circle.

Each company of traders takes a large supply of provisions and goods for barter, in addition to its own stock of food, guns, etc., and the journey in covering the thousand miles to Fort Resolution, *or the greater distances to* the more remote posts, is one of great difficulty and hardship. The first ninety miles out of Edmonton is overland to Athabasca Landing, on the Athabasca River, where flat boats and canoes are taken and the trip to the fur-country begins in earnest. The route lies downstream all the way, since the Athabasca flows north into Athabasca Lake, which is connected with Great Slave Lake by the Great Slave River. But there are many rapids to be avoided by means of long portages, so that even this part of the journey is not easy.

The traders come back to Edmonton more heavily laden than when they went away. The pelts obtained by barter direct from the trappers or collected from distant posts are packed in bales weighing about a hundred or so pounds each, and loaded on their canoes and flat boats. Then the fight against the current all the way back to Athabasca Landing is commenced. Tow lines are attached to the bigger and heavier of the boats, and they are pulled upstream by men who walk along the banks "tracking," as it is called. When the portages are reached the boats must be unloaded and the cargoes and the boats carried past the rapids. Going down, it is possible to *send the goods by* land and "shoot" the rapids in the empty boat sometimes. Going up, it is unload, carry, and reload from end to end.

But if the men who do this part of the work have a hard task, the lot of the trapper is infinitely harder. He must pursue the sources of his livelihood with the utmost cunning, varying his methods, from lodging a bullet in *the vitals of a bear or other* large animal in such a way as will not injure the pelt to setting the subtlest of snares for such wary ones as the little ermine, only the jet-black tail of which is visible as it whisks across the blinding snow. The ermine is very shy, and *it must be specially dealt with in order* to avoid injury to its delicate skin. Even the smallest of the steel traps are too heavy for the best specimens, which the trapper must catch in snares of tender boughs or in some such way. Sometimes he puts a little grease on his hunting knife and lays it across the succession of dots and dashes in the snow which show an ermine has passed that way. Along comes the little white form on its erratic course again. The grease appeals to it, and it begins to lick the blade of the knife; but, alas! that piece of steel is icy cold, and the tiny red tongue is instantly frozen to it so tightly as to render futile all the frantic struggling. The knife is too heavy for the little animal to carry away and in his own good time the trapper comes and finishes his work.

If he manages to take a silver fox the trapper is in great luck, for the pelt of a prime specimen of that animal is worth fifteen hundred dollars to the man who buys it down at Edmonton, and the very best will bring the buyer as much as twenty-five hundred dollars. But the trapper gets few silver foxes, and for these he receives a price much smaller than the figure at which the white trader will eventually make his sale. The animal of which the trapper will probably capture most is the lynx. One firm of traders brought eight thousand lynx into Edmonton last summer, and these formed only a part *of the total receipts.* Others which are taken in large numbers are beavers, bears, otters, wolverines, minks, martens, musk-rats, musk-oxen, fishers, weasels, and white, red, black, and cross fox. Tens of thousands are trapped during the course of a season.

The hunter or trapper must carry traps and supplies into the remotest regions, where even lumbermen are unknown. He builds a low, wide sled, holding three hundred pounds, and loads this with pork, flour, undercloth ing, and steel traps. And when the ice *on streams and lakes will bear his* weight he starts into the wilderness, there to lead a hermit's life for seven from the nearest habitation, the trapper tries to find two parallel streams running near each other. Here he pitches his home-camp, setting traps along both revirs. The work of taking months. Arrived at a point many miles game from the traps is varied by catching fish, snaring rabbits, and capturing musk-rats for bait and food. Now and then the hunter may kill a wandering bear—an event which may lead him to a big store of wild honey in a hollow tree. In this utter solitude lives the adventurer, perhaps forgetting the day *of the week or the month of the year.* He fixes the date for breaking up camp and turning back to civilization by the condition of the fur on the animals he takes or by the effects of sunlight on the snow. Now and then he will shoot a deer, or even a moose, for the sake *of the rawhide, meat, and fat, which* latter keeps his traps from rusting. A file serves him instead of a grindstone to keep axes and knives keen; and he washes his clothes through a hole in the ice, drying them by an open fire. The dazzling glare of February *often brings snow-blindness; and a* month or two later the fast-thinning fur on his prey shows that further work is unprofitable. He then secretes his traps in hollow logs ready for next season, packs his load of pelts on the wide sled, and trudges off through the forest to the nearest post or settlement. On arriving, the trapper sells his furs.

When the trading season is over, the trappers go back to their winter hunting grounds, which they do not leave from October till June. Here they may have a shack or hut built of logs which will enable them to withstand the rigorous weather, but the location must be near the homes of the animals, where they can frequently examine the score or more of traps and nets which are set for their capture. The extreme cold weather largely enables them to keep the skins "cached" or stored out of doors until late spring, when they prepare for their journey southward to meet the traders. The furs may be packed on ponies, on sledges, or in boats or other water-craft, for where waterways are available these are used in making the journey. As the traders *now advance further into the wilder*ness the hunters and trappers are saved many a week formerly needed in making their way to the nearest factory.

So many are now engaged at the vocation that the American fur trade is actually greater to-day than ever be*fore, in spite of the immense tracts of* wilderness formerly the home of game animals which have been settled by the white men. This is because by the present system the hunters and trappers secure much more value for their skins than in the past, and have time to cover a larger area of the wilderness. Some of the Indians in the more northerly sections, where the furs are the finest because of the greatest cold, seldom or never see a white man or any sign of civilization. They remain in the woods from year's end to year's end. The pelts which they gather and hang on trees, or "cache" in some more effective manner, are collected by half-breed *representatives of the trad*ers whenever the opportunity offers.

Many curious instances of the manner in which the honesty of the Indian manifests itself are cited in the north country. One of the tales told is of a native who, desiring food and tobacco *and blankets, broke into the store of* a remote trading-post which had been locked and abandoned for a few weeks while the white man in charge transacted business elsewhere. The Indian supplied his needs, but he left pelts for payment for what he took; and months *later he came back to ascertain if he* had left enough. Except in the matter of price, the traders deal fairly with the Indians, and ordinarily nothing but good feeling exists between the two classes. One Indian found a post closed when he went to it to dispose of his skins. *Being unwilling to wait,* he forcibly entered and left his pack, but nothing with it to indicate his identity. Then he retired, fastening the door as best he could, and not until a year later did he rturn. When he walked into the post and told his story the price of the skins was handed over to him without question. The accounts of the white man had been carefully kept, and he was certain that no claim but a just one would be made.

A REPORTER'S AEROPLANE RIDE

THERE are plenty of reporters at the aviation meets, but as their observations are usually made from terra firma, we have so far had very few accounts of how it really feels to fly. The man who runs the machine *has other things to think about,* and is not usually a graphic writer. A correspondent of the London Times, however, recently took an air trip, being invited to go because he weighed 196 pounds. The aviators were having a weight-carrying contest. The wind was blowing about twenty miles an hour, and the rest of the competitors declined to take the risk, so the aviator and the reporter had a "walk-over," but not as tame as most victories of that kind. We read:

"The worst part of such a journey for the novice is the waiting until everything is ready for the start. The sensation of anticipation is not unlike *the feeling that one has when one is* waiting for a wounded boar to break cover from the corner into which he is driven. But once the propeller starts to whirl behind you all other thoughts beyond the exhilaration of rapid motion vanish. You have gript the struts *thinking that you will have to hold on* like grim death, but you immediately find that this is not necessary. The machine moves along the ground at an extraordinary pace and I only knew that it was actually flying when I saw the elevating-plane change from the horizontal. Of the motion of flight it is difficult to speak clearly. Even in the high wind that Mr. Grace was now climbing, it was not more than the sensation of a beautifully balanced motor-car. The earth—in this case the sward of the Lanark racecourse—seemed to be racing away from under us, and in a flash we were level with the first pylon and the judge's box.

"*The machine was now up to 150* feet, and I became engrossed in Mr. Grace's method in flying. It seemed to me that his attention was glued to his elevating plane, with just momentary glances out of his eyes to judge the distance by which he had to shun each pylon in its turn. We were now crossing fields and water. I could observe the gates, the wire fences, and a man bathing in the water. Then we went around into the wind. Our pace immediately slackened, and Mr. Grace was working to keep his machine in the air. As we crossed a road we were going so slowly that I could observe the direction of the hoof marks of a *horse that had recently passed.* Here all observation ceased, as Mr. Grace was now battling with the wind. We had only 500 yards to traverse to cross the winning line, but the dead weight against the wind was bringing the machine down. Then there came a gust *heavier than them all. It took the ma*chine just up the requisite amount to cross the line, and we came gently to earth. It had only been a four minute ride, but it was certainly the most delightful ride that I have ever experienced. The only recollection that I have that will describe the general sensation is that of exquisite motion."

A YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED BY PROXY

MARRIAGES by proxy are yet allowed by law in Cuba. On Wednesday (says a Cuban newspaper, a marked copy of which has been sent us by a Toronto man now in Jamaica) one of these weddings took place in this city at the residence of Mrs. Soler on the Malecon, when her daughter, Sta. Monina Soler, became the wife of Mr. Francis Ruz, son of the well-known broker of this city, who is now in Paris.

Sr. Ruz sent a power of attorney to his friend, Speaker Orestes Ferrara, and another to Sr. Manuel Torres. Sr. Torres represented the bridegroom at the wedding, as Sr. Ferrara was away in Santa Clara.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Manual Abascal, of the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Angel. Chief of Police Armando Riva and Sr. Miguel Morales acted for the bride, while Sr. Julio de la Torre and Francisco G. Quiros acted for the bride*groom.*

The bride will in a few days start for Paris to join her husband.

QUEER FIRE TRICKS EXPLAINED

FIRE tricks were practised in very ancient times. The first known fire-breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the servile war in Sicily, 130 B.C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to accomplish this feat Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and, having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is performed today in a more approved manner. The performer rolls some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he lets burn until it is nearly consumed. Then he rolls around *it more flax while it is still burning.* By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived, and then breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales only through his nos*trils.*

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats of this sort performed by the ancients, observes Harper's Weekly. An old ordeal was the holding of a red-hot iron by the accused, who was not burned if he were innocent. Probably some protective paste was used on the hands. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and thus protected a man might walk on hot iron.

Fire-walking is an ancient Oriental custom, the origin of which is apparently unknown. It still survives in India, Japan and some of the South Sea Islands. The performance, sometimes preceded by incantations conducted by *priests and followed by a feast,* consists in walking barefoot over a bed of stones which have been made red or white hot by fire.

A tribe on one of the Fiji Islands was once persuaded to give an exhibition, and several Europeans went to *witness it. One of them,* a Government meteorologist, carried a thermometer that would register up to four hundred When the guests arrived they found hundreds of natives assembled. The oven was twenty-five or thirty feet long and eight feet broad, and was shaped *like* a saucer. The deepest part of the depression was fifteen feet in length. The preparations had been undertaken long in advance to avert any delay, and the visitors saw the stones still covered with embers.

Walking beside the pit before this was done, the man with the thermometer recorded a temperature of one hundred and fourteen degrees. After the stones were uncovered he hung his instrument out over the centre of the oven, six feet above the stones, whereupon the mercury rose to two hundred and eighty-two degrees. It is said the stones were "white-hot," and that low flames from several holes between the *stones could be seen leaping up around* them.

Two of the men who were to walk across the oven were examined by the Europeans before their daring act. They wore garments about the neck and waist. Their feet and legs were en*tirely bare. The soles of their feet were* soft and flexible, showing that they had not been rendered permanently callous in any way.

In order to detect the presence of chemicals that might have been applied for the occasion, various tests were made.

Finally, at a signal, the seven or eight natives who took part in the exhibition came down in single file to the oven and walked across the stones from one end of the pit to the other. They spent less than half a minute there.

Immediately after they emerged the Europeans again inspected their feet, but could find no sign of burning or blistering.

Several Englishmen have tried this experiment, one of them a British resident on one of the Society Islands. He stated that he felt something resembling slight electric shocks, and that the tingling sensation continued *for hours afterward, but that that was* all. The tender skin of his feet was not even hardened by fire. Yet the stones were so hot that an hour after ward green branches thrown on them caught fire and blazed up.

LITTLE TALES FROM NEW BOOKS

THE infamous Captain Morgan and his piratical crew were sometimes in tight places in Panama, and on one occasion were reduced to eating their leathern bags. "Some persons," says one of the company, Exquemelin (whose narrative is reproduced in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies"), "who never were out of their mothers' kitchens may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer: That could they experiment what hunger, or, rather, famine is, they would certainly find the manner, by their own necessity, as the pirates did. First, these took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between two stones and rub it, often dipping it in the water to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they *cut it into small mor*sels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had right at hand."

Malingering is common in jail, but surely a case quoted from his own experience by Dr. Quinton, the late Gov*ernor of Holloway, in "Crime and Crim*inals" (Longmans) is a record. The "hero" was a violent prisoner who feigned stiffness of the index finger to avoid oakum picking. He was so angry when the finger was forcibly bent that, "on returning to his cell, he promptly placed the offending finger in the hinges of his table, which was attached to the cell wall, and violently raised the leaf, with the result that the finger was absolutely shattered and had to be removed."

Another case, even more remarkable in its way, was that of the notorious American criminal, Bidwell, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life in connection with the Bank of England forgeries.

"He was in good health on convic*tion, but never did any active work in* prison. Feigning loss of power in his legs, he lay in bed from day to day, and from year to year, defying all efforts of persuasion, and resisting all unpleasant coercive measures devised to make him work. When I saw him at *Dartmoor* at the end of eight or nine years of his sentence, long disuse of his legs had rendered him almost a cripple. The muscles were extremely wasted, and both hip and knee joints were contracted in a state of semi-flexion, so that he lay doubled up in a bundle. Though he was examined time after time by experts, no one succeeded in discovering any organic disease, or any cause for his condition other than his own firmly expressed determination never to do a day's work for the British Government—a threat which I believe he ultimately carried out."

Probably the biggest cannibal orgy on record is one of which Miss Beatrice Grimshaw tells in "The New New Guinea" (Hutchinson). "In 1858 a shipload of Chinamen was being taken down to Australia. The vessel was wrecked upon a reef close to Rossel Island (New Guinea). The officers escaped in boats, *but were never after*wards heard of. As for the Chinamen, numbering 326, the natives captured them, and put them on a small barren island, where they had no food, and no means of getting away. They kept their prisoners supplied with food from the *mainland, and every now and then car*ried away a few of them to eat, until all but one old man had been devoured. This one succeeded eventually in getting away, and told something of the story, which seems to have met with general disbelief. True it is, however, on the evidence of the sons of those who did the deed."

A characteristic story of John Bright *is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her* new book, "I Myself." He was at dinner one night with an M. P: whose wife by no means shared her husband's democratic sentiments. John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him am*ong her smart guests, and thought to* give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum which he put down upon the floor and, getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up. "It is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation and the dinner went on.

THE PART PLAYED BY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

THE Crippen trial has raised once more the much debated question of capital punishment, garnished with the usual stock-in-trade of the abolitionists—the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. And yet, if the question be thoroughly probed, it will be found that many murderers would escape the just award of the avenging law if circumstantial evidence were no longer admissible. Those who premeditate murder, as a rule, take every precaution *to avoid direct evidence. In the ma*jority of cases the murderer is caught in the toils of circumstantial evidence which he alone has supplied. The pieces of underclothing, the scrap of hair, the portion of flesh with the scar of an old abdominal operation—all these might *have been destroyed by Crippen.* Murder will out. Falsehoods cannot be woven into the fine unbroken web of truth. A close examination reveals the flaws of the most adept criminal who seeks to cover his footsteps. The so called romance of crime lies in the ingenious devices by which the accused endeavors to throw the sleuth hand of justice off the scent. They spin such a mazy web that they themselves are caught in its toils.

Who has not heard of these famous partners in crime, whose figures hold a place of honor in Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors? The thrill of horror with which the public learned of their gruesome traffic led to the passing of the Anatomy Act. Here was an organized, dividend-paying partnership, syndicated for the supply of corpses to the unsuspecting anatomists, and, as a mere incident in the ungodly trade, for the forcible emigration from this world *of many poor waifs and strays, who,* despite their helpless despair, clung tenaciously to life. Having selected an easy and unsuspecting victim, Burke, the diplomatist and soft-spoken benevolent friend, tracked the quarry to his lair. Here his partner smothered the shrieks *of those who protested against* "the deep damnation of their taking off;" some, doped with drink and drugs, yielding up their spirits without struggle or alarm. The corpse was then sold to good, easy-going Dr. Perkins, who asked no questions. Old washerwomen, *idiots,* the flotsam and jetsam of the streets, arrived at this human abattoir singly on foot, and found their way to the dissecting table. Some, on the pretext of having a drink, passed into the murderers' den, never to emerge alive. They were more valuable in death than in life. Human wrecks whom no one wanted brought $50 each when ready for the hospital theatre. The very helplessness and friendliness of the classes preyed on proved to be the strong card in evading suspicion. No one wanted these poor, down-and-outs in life; in death their only market value was as subjects for the dissecting knife. The score of victims to the credit of these ghouls was forty, and all seemed well until Hare, avaricious man, took in lodgers. This proved his undoing. Even with the sworn testimony of the lodgers, who were the horror-stricken eye-witnesses of the murder of victims, the prosecution could only finally succeed in accepting one of the partners in crime, Hare, as a Crown witness, so well had the firm covered their tracks. "We always took care when we were going to commit murder," said Burke when the game was *up, "that no one should be present*—that no one should swear to seeing the deed done. They might suspect, but they never saw."

Burke, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law, has enriched the English language with a new verb. "To burke"—to smother, to get rid of noiselessly—is often used by the public speaker and Parliamentary debater, without any thought *or knowledge of* its gruesome antecedents.

The notorious case of the murderer, George Mullins, is a typical instance of the fatal tendency of the criminal to weave the noose for his own neck. Mullins was a policeman in Ireland and *also in England.* After leaving the force he did odd jobs as repairing contractor, and in this capacity did work for old Mrs. Elmsley, a penurious, suspicious old woman, whose house rents from tenants brought her in the comfortable weekly sum of $200. The murder of this lonely old woman leaked out on a Monday, and straightly pointed to robbery as the motive. It was clearly the work of *some one hungering* for the weekly rents which she had collected on the Saturday night. Mullins, the ex-policeman, was the one being she trusted. Search proved that the old miser had disappointed the hopes of her murderer. The money was afterwards found carefully *hidden away.* No clue was found to the murderer. The whole tragedy seemed wrapped in impenetrable mystery. A reward of $1,500 was offered, and the greed for money led Mullins to the scaffold. He came forward to claim the reward, informing *the police that the* crime had been committed by a friend of his, named Emms. To the latter's house Mullins and the police went, but no clue was found. Unable to resist the glitter of the big reward, Mullins cried: "You haven't half searched; look behind that *slab there,*" pointing to a large stone in the yard. Under the slab was found a parcel containing spoons belonging to the murdered woman. The *parcel* was tied with a piece of shoemaker's waxed cord. The eagerness of Mullins and his indiscretion in locating the booty led to his arrest along with Emms. The latter was a shoemaker, and Mullins, with a far-seeing cunning that failed him in the end, had *deposited the parcel* in his neighbor's yard, and to throw suspicion on an innocent man, had got possession by some means of a piece of waxed cord, with which to tie it. He went to the scaffold protesting to the last his innocence of the crime.

The mills of God ground slowly but surely in the case of Eugene Aram. He murdered Daniel Clarke, the mystery of whose disappearance was *not at the* time unraveled. Time passed, and the name of Clarke was forgotten, save by the oldest inhabitants. The lapse of years brought a sense of security, if not freedom from remorse, to the murderer. Excavations led to the unearthing of a skeleton *which set the memor*ies of the older inhabitants jogging backwards to the fatal year of the disappearance of Clarke. An accomplice of Aram's, who, like Mullins, unwisely aired his superior knowledge, stubbornly insisted that the skeleton was not that *of Clerke. To back up his* theories against some of the inhabitants, he pointed out the spot where another skeleton had been found. The second skeleton was unearthed, and Eugene Aram was placed on trial for his life. He relied, like Crippen, on the diffi*culty of identifying* the remains, but the court and jury showed sound common sense by sending him to the scaffold.

Another crime immortalized in literature was the murder of his young and beautiful bride by John Scanlon, a dashing young officer of twenty-five, of good family, and a great favorite in the highest circles. Staying over at Dublin *on his way home to Limerick,* in the days of the rumbling and uncertain stage coach, he fell in love with the niece of a rope-maker (ominous trade!) named Ellen Connedy. After the marriage they went to live at Glin, County Limerick, Ireland, where, within a few *weeks after his marriage,* Scanlon determined to get rid of his beautiful wife. He selected as his accomplice a servant man named Sullivan. Inviting his wife for a row on the broad waters of the River Shannon one quiet evening, he did had to death, and cast her body into the water. Presuming on his standing as a "gentleman," he gave out that his humbly-born wife had turned out to be of indifferent character, and *had gone* to America. How Crippen-like the story! The lady's character was too well-known, however, and few believed this story. After a time her dead body was cast up on the shore—mute witness against her cruel husband. Like Crip*pen, Scanlon had mutilated the body of* his victim so that it would be unrecognizable. Still the identity was established by a sensible jury of her countrymen. The case was tried before Baron Smith, and he, fearing the great family interest of the accused ordered Scan*lon to be hanged forthwith.* His titled relatives were unable to reach Dublin in time, and Scanlon paid the death penalty. Out of these gruesome materials Gerald Griffen wove his finest romance; Dion Boucicault his famous "Colleen Bawn," and Benedict's "Lily of Killarney."

NERVE AGONIES

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Nerves that are over-worked or weak quickly indicate their distress by pain. That pain may be neuralgia or inflamed nerves, usually affecting the head, but often the spine and limbs. It may be *nervous dyspepsia, easily started* by worry, excitement or weakness. It may be St. Vitus dance, a common affliction among children, or neurasthenia, a condition of general nervous exhaustion accompanied by acute melancholy. Worst of all the pain may signal the *early stages of paralysis or nervous de*cay. All these disorders signify that the hungry nerves are clamoring for nourishment in the form of good, rich blood. The numerous cures of the above named nervous diseases and weakness in both sexes by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are accounted for by the fact that these Pills actually make new, rich blood and so supply the starved nerves with the vital elements needed to strengthen them. Mr. Wm. G. Jones Westmead, Man., says: "A few years ago it was my misfortune to suffer from nervous debility, brought about through a severe attack of la grippe or influenza. When the first effects were felt I *used to wake up in the middle of sleep* trembling like a leaf, and in a bath of cold perspiration. Later the trouble grew so bad that I scarcely got a wink of sleep, and would toss about in bed, growing so weak that I feared for my life. A doctor was called in, and then *another, but without avail. I became* more and more low spirited, and without any apparent reason would have fits of crying. While in this condition, a pamphlet was given me telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others, and I determined to give them a trial. By the time I had finished a few boxes I began to get some sleep, and this greatly encouraged me. Then my strength began to return, my nerves grew steadier and in a few weeks more I was feeling as well as ever I did in my life, and you may be sure I will always gratefully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every one sick or ailing, as they restored me to health and strength after all other medicines had failed."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents

WEAK, SICKLY BABIES MAKE HOME WRETCHED

No home is happy where there is a sick baby. The sufferings of the little one makes the whole household wretched, for what mother or father would not rather suffer themselves than to see their little one suffer. But there is no reason for wretched homes because baby is ill. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood; not only that, but an occasional dose of the Tablets will keep baby well. Thousands of mothers have found happiness through the Tablets making their little ones well and happy. Among them is Mrs. C. C. Roe, of Georgetown, Ont., who writes: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a help to the baby during the hot summer season. We have used them and are much pleased with their results." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents, a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Distress in the Stomach

Hundreds of Thousands of Bottles of Nerviline Used Every Year for Curing Cramps, Diarrhoea, and Stomach Disorders.

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to contort the countenance and cause him to cry aloud for help.

LETTER No. 4877

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself felt—it cures so quickly, you would think it was made to cure cramps, and cramps only.

"Last summer I was stricken with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me.

"My eyes bulged out, and the veins in my forehead stood out like whipcords.

"My cries attracted a neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water.

"It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline.

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE,
"Williamsburg."

No home is safe or can afford to miss the manifold advantages of having Nerviline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. In two sizes, 50c and 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

HE WAS A KIND KING

THE late King Edward's good nature was illustrated recently by a London correspondent at the Press Club in New York.

"The King," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Savile, he took a walk over the preserves.

"Suddenly Lord Savile, a big, burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat.

"'Sir,' he said to the King, 'this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching.'

"But the King's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

"'Oh, let him go,' he said. 'If he really were a bad egg, you know he wouldn't poach.'"

MA, what are the folks in our church gettin up a subscription for?"

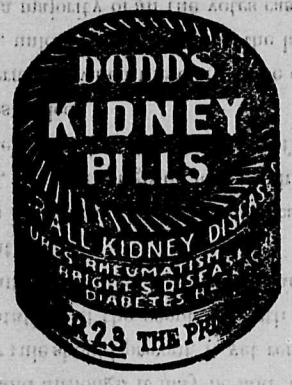
"To send our minister on a vacation to Europe."

"Won't there be no church services while he's gone?"

"No, dear."

"Ma, I got $1.23 in my bank. Can I give that?"

Death from Fright—A shunter at Clapham Junction was stated at a Battersea (Eng.) inquest recently to have died from fright caused by a coupling which suddenly snapped with a loud report.



Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

Keep "Dick" At His Best

He'll give you his sweetest song only when he's in the pink of condition. Put him there, and keep him there, by feeding him on

BROCK'S Bird Seed

He'll enjoy it more, thrive better on it, look finer and sing sweeter. The seed itself is a scientific mixture—a perfectly balanced food for song-birds in this climate—and the cake of Brock's Bird Treat in every package is a splendid bird tonic.

Give Dick a chance to prove it—at our expense. Mail us the coupon below, filled in, and we will send you, absolutely free, one full size package of Brock's Bird Seed. 33

NICHOLSON & BROCK
9-11 Francis Street, - Toronto.

For this coupon, please send me, free of charge or obligation on my part, one full size package of Brock's Bird Seed.

NAME

ADDRESS A1

That Reminds Me

PARKE: You keep a joint bank account with your wife, don't you?

Johnson: Well, yes; I deposit the money and she draws it out.

• • •

WHY are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."

• • •

GREENBAUM: I got a turrible bad coldt.

Greenberg: Vhy don't you take somethings for it?

Greenbaum: How much will you git me?

• • •

DO you understand this building-loan scheme?"

"Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place it's yours."

• • •

THEM New York folks aren't as smart as they pretend tu be," said Hiram Bush on his return from the city. "I saw a sign over a store door that read, 'Cast Iron Sinks.' Well, any kind of iron will sink, by heck!"

• • •

THE nurse was leaving her little charge and said to her: "Now don't be afraid, dear; I am taking away the candle, but God will stay with you in the dark."

"Nurse," asked the child, "won't you please leave the candle and take God?"

• • •

ONLY his legs were visible from under the automobile when a friend sauntered up. "Anything the matter with the machine?" asked the friend.

"No, indeed!" replied the voice from under the car; "I just crawled under here to get out of the sun."

• • •

THE real-estate agent had sounded his praises of the new property to the prospective buyer; and at the end he said: "The death rate in this suburb is lower than in any other part of the country."

"I believe you," said the prospective buyer; "I wouldn't be found dead here myself."

• • •

THROWN from her luxurious motor-car the fair girl had lain insensible for many hours. Now, however, the operation was over, consciousness had returned, and she spoke faintly in the darkened room.

"Yvonne."

"Yes, mademoiselle." The maid bent over her.

"Yvonne, tell me: did I or did I not have on my new silk stockings?"

• • •

PHYSICAL culture, Father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young girl just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," exclaimed her father; "what won't science discover! If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping!"

• • •

THE case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness.

"Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Well, sir," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

• • •

HE saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come.

Noiselessly he stole up behind her and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily; "I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You idiot!" she giggled. "I am."

• • •

THE conductor of the Charing Cross 'bus pulled up his 'bus at the curb and waited for the women to come down the stairs from the top. All came down briskly except one very stout lady, who had been sitting on top. She came down the steep and winding stair very slowly. Her skirt flapped around her ankles and at every step she stopped and thrust it carefully down. The conductor waited with a bored expression, his hand on the bell-rope. Finally he lost patience when the fat lady stopped for the fifth or sixth time to thrust down her billowing skirt, and he burst out angrily:

"Now, then, lydy, 'urry up, cahn't yer? Legs ain't no treat to me!"

• • •

MRS. DALTON had become very tired from shopping, and slipping on her kimono, prepared herself for a period of rest. Her colored maid appeared just at this point and announced a caller.

"No, Anne," said Mrs. Dalton; "I cannot see her. Please tell her to excuse me as I am in negligee." When the message was delivered Mrs. Dalton heard her visitor laugh so heartily that it even penetrated to her bedroom.

Calling Anne she asked the maid the cause of the hilarity.

"I dunno, ma'am, I really dunno," answered Anne.

"What did you tell her?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Why I done tole her to please 'scuse you, as you was naked as a jay."

• • •

MRS. JOHN WOOD appeared with the elder Sothern in the same company for several seasons. On one occasion, while the company was playing in Birmingham, Mrs. Wood met Mr. Sothern in the street. They were near an ironmonger's shop when he shook hands with her and bade her good-morning.

"Would you mind going in here with me? I want to make some small purchases," he said.

She accompanied him.

He went up to the counter and said: "I want 'Macaulay's History of England.'"

The assistant said: "We do not sell books, sir; this is an ironmonger's shop."

"Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf. "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia."

"But this is not a bookseller's!" shouted the assistant.

"All right," said Sothern. "Wrap it up neatly. Want to have it sent down to the hotel. It's a present I wish to make to a relative. Put it up nicely."

"We don't keep it," shouted the assistant getting red in the face, while Mrs. Wood stepped aside and took a chair in another part of the shop, almost overcome with suppressed laughter at the cheerful, frank expression on Sothern's face, and the mad, puzzled look on that of the assistant.

"Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want anything better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the flyleaf."

"Sir!" bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "we do not keep books."

"Very well," said the actor, quite undisturbed at the emotion he was creating, "I will wait for it."

Under the impression that his customer was either stone-deaf or a lunatic, the assistant bounced off to the lower end of the shop and asked his master to come, saying: "I can do nothing with the man. I think he must be off his head." Whereupon the principal marched up to the spot where Sothern was standing and asked very loudly: "What is it, sir? What do you desire?"

"I want to buy a file," returned Sothern quietly—"a plain file about four or five inches in length."

"Certainly," said the principal, with a withering look at his assistant, and producing at once the article which had been asked for.

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.

With the Horses

THE show of draft horses in harness is certainly one of the best fair attractions, and may be made useful and instructive. Exhibits of fours and sixes are not only successful drawing cards at a ticket office and of great interest to boxholders, but are object lessons to breeders and teamsters, showing the result of judicious feeding, fitting and careful handling.

There might be another class added which, while not as interesting to boxholders and casual visitors, would be of great value to breeders and men directly interested and anxious to know which breed possesses the greatest strength, most natural energy and longest endurance at hard work. Four or six horses weighing from 1,600 to 2,000 pounds manipulated by an expert driver and hauling an empty wagon do not demonstrate the full ability of those horses, nor of the breed to which they belong. A demonstration of working capacity would be of intrinsic and practical value to men who wish to invest in the most serviceable horses. The value of any race track horse, either trotter, pacer or runner, depends upon his performance or that of his get. Why should not the drafter demonstrate his value by performance in his line? A severe public test would go farther in settling the question than all the statements and flaming advertisements or partizan communications ever written.

First in such a contest should come pure-bred animals, for the reason that no animal can impart qualities which he does not possess and which do not belong to the breed which he represents. Next to pure-breds should come grades, but with them positive proof of breeding should be required, so that each breed might have due credit. Regulations safeguarding the interests of all should be made and strictly enforced. The test should be severe enough to be conclusive, in order to be of any value to men desiring an honest test.

• • •

Horses on farms are so frequently worked in pairs that it is very necessary that they should be well matched. By this is not meant that the team should be closely alike in color, size and general appearance. It is desirable that they should be so, but this is only one and by no means the most important part of the matching. It requires a good deal of skill and judgment to bring together a pair of horses that resemble each other in all characteristics sufficiently to work in harmony, and action comes first in this connection. Style is required in the action of any class of horse, and a team, each of which stands up to the bit in about the same way, is attractive to buyers, and pleasing to the man who drives it.

A team ill-matched in regard to action, strength and staying powers is a liberal source of irritation, no matter how nearly alike in color the horses may be. Proper action—that is, strong, clean, vigorous movement of feet and legs—is highly desirable, and if it can be combined with general conformation and color, so much the better. Size, to a certain extent, may be sacrificed for strength and conformation, but only within certain limits.

• • •

If a gentle horse be hitched to a tree or other immovable object and commanded to pull, he will at first pull all he can; the second time he will not pull with quite so much confidence as at first; while on the third or fourth attempt he will pull but little, or perhaps not at all. To whip and urge him to pull would only start in him the habit of balking. If a horse is overloaded or so exhausted that he cannot pull the load, and in this condition is whipped and urged to go, he will balk; or if he starts too quickly and if pulled back violently and whipped till confused and excited, the habit of balking is begun. Thus we see that this habit is purely acquired the same as kicking and other habits for which there can hardly be any reasonable excuse.

There are few men sufficiently gifted with the wisdom and patience to judiciously use the whip. The average driver appears to believe that it is the accompaniment of a loud voice and much bluster, while others use it most freely when angry, the result of which is to produce a like irritation in the horse.

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Don't let the colts and young horses run down on short pastures; it don't pay.

Colts should always be kept growing.

Good grooming improves the appearance of a horse and also helps to keep him healthy.

Style in draft and road horses means money every time.

Attend meetings of horsemen, if you can, particularly if good horses are to be on exhibition. Learn all you can about horses and the kind most needed in your part of the country, and then try to do something to supply that need.

Give the horses some carrots or potatoes two or three times a week. Some people call this fussing, but it pays.

Don't let the breeding mare get down to skin and bone. It is bad for her and bad for the colt. Give her extra feed and care.

Heavy draft teams hauling heavy loads keep in good condition when kept at the fast walking gait, and accomplish more than when trotted part of the time.

Collars should not be changed from one horse to another any more than you should change shoes with your neighbor.

A fine saddle horse was running down. His teeth were floated, made even, and in just one month he was plump and round and sleek.

CARE AND FEED IN WINTERING HOGS

UNDOUBTEDLY there are better methods of caring for and wintering hogs than some of us are practicing now, but if we all give our views and methods to the public, we can all derive some benefit from one another; for the practical hog breeder and feeder will always be on the lookout for pointers; he will sift out those good methods that best conform to existing conditions, and use the material he has on hand or that which will be cheapest for good results. None but a selfish breeder will try and keep all the good things to himself. We should all try and help out the beginners in the same business we are in, as there is nothing so detrimental to any business as to have a beginner fall flat. It is the young man that will take our places sooner or later, and if started right he will, before we know it, repay us in some way. It is useless to talk to the Young Know-It-Alls, for they will never ask for advice, but they soon learn by experience at a high cost. I consider the best way to get next to one who wants to learn is to give our views through the press, for then they can take it for what they consider it is worth or let it alone, and follow their same old ruts.

Many successful breeders and feeders are always on the lookout for a better way than the one they have, and if another method looks practical to them they will try it, and for this reason I think it advisable to pass the good method along so that all get a little benefit from them; and we certainly can all get some good by comparing notes.

One of the principal things in wintering hogs is the housing. It is not necessary to have a high priced house; many of the expensive houses will in the course of a few years turn into a breeding place for most of the contagious hog diseases, unless disinfectants are continuously used.

What I consider the best is the individual hog house—6x8 or 8x6—as they can be placed in line, and all but the front covered with straw until spring; It will make them divide up in bunches of not more than six or eight in a pen. If the doors are so that they open to the south, and a small tight fence placed not far from them, they can be left open most of the time for ventilation; if the funds or time are not available, a well-built straw shed will be better than some hog houses I have seen, but it should be built so that there is enough ventilation. The three Gilts that were in the winning Poland China herd at Winnipeg, where the females were required to be bred in Western Canada, were wintered with four others of like age in a straw shed 8x8. You should by all means see that they have a dry bed. It should be changed at least every two or three days, for the steam produced in cold weather will cause it to get wet and unhealthy much sooner than it would in warm weather.

Next in line I consider exercise. Have their feeding places some distance from their sleeping quarters, even if you have to take off your coat now and then to shovel a path in the snow to it. This is necessary especially with the sows kept for breeding. Exercise will tend to make them stronger, and then they will farrow a strong and large litter if the exercise is had long enough before breeding time.

It may be that the fall pigs will have to be kept inside all the time through the severe cold weather; if so, it will be well to have their quarters close to the cow or horse barn; then they can take a run back of the cows an hour or so every day. It will be time well spent to see that they get this run.

Before winter sets in it is well to feed a ration with a large percentage of oats and other muscle-forming feeds to make them strong. They do not need to be fat enough for market to stand the rigors of a severe winter, but a good supply of meat covering the body will help keep up the animal heat.

As soon as it is cold the feed should have more heating material in it than is contained in oats; the best available in this country is barley chop.

In the corn belt they always feed corn to supply the heat. A little taste of mangolds every day will help to keep the bowels in condition and keep the digestion in good working order. This is as necessary with live stock as oil on any kind of machinery. So always watch that part of your feeding operations.

Pigs of uniform size should be kept together, for if you have small ones among the larger ones the little fellows will have to take the outside, or cold-side, or they will pile on top of the others after they have gone to sleep.

Do not make more than eight go to sleep in one place, but make the pens small, and the extra expense of making more room will repay itself in one winter.

I would like to hear of some of the methods followed by other breeders, as we can all help one another by getting closer together and exchanging ideas. We all make mistakes now and then, but should try and profit by some of them, and those made by others.

A man only progresses as he learns from the experience of himself and others following the same line of business. This is true of hog business as well as many other lines of business.

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

WEDDED TO WOOD

IN the midst of the Bay of Bengal is a little-known group of islands called the Nicobars. It is inhabited by a half savage people who have an extraordinary taste for image making. They make images of everything imaginable, carving them out of wood, and utilizing them as fetiches to keep off bad luck and evil spirits. For this purpose they hang them up in their houses, and sometimes the rafters are fairly crowded with the wooden images.

Missionaries have made these people at least nominal converts to Christianity. They did their best for quite a while to discourage the business of manufacturing "idols"—regarding the images as corresponding to that description more or less. But the natives refuse to be broken of the habit, and, without intending any irreverence, they have not hesitated to produce carven representations of angels, and of the missionaries themselves, the latter being appropriately adorned with stove-pipe hats.

SENDING PICTURES THROUGH SPACE

A REMARKABLE development has been accomplished in connection with the telegraphing of pictures. Hitherto such work has been confined to certain newspapers possessed of the requisite financial ability and enterprise to indulge in expensive and deeply scientific devices of a delicate character, necessitating the services of a skilled operator. Now, however, it is possible for anyone to possess a picture telegraphing apparatus and thus secure quickly pictorial illustrations of far-off scenes.

This invention has been perfected by Mr. T. Thorne-Baker, whose telectrograph has superseded the Korn apparatus for the transmission of pictures between London and Paris or Manchester for the "Daily Mirror" of London. It is a simplified modification of the telectrograph, great ingenuity having been displayed in its design and operation so as to render it workable by anyone. It is completely self-contained and occupies no more space, nor weighs more, than a typewriter. Closed, and with a strap, it can be carried over the shoulder as if it were an ordinary camera.

The single apparatus can be used both as a transmitter and receiver. There is the revolving drum over which the style moves, transmitting and receiving the varied tones and shades constituting detail which build up the desired image in a multitude of lines. The apparatus works at high speed and a picture can be transmitted over two or three hundred miles of line in a few minutes.

Moreover, in order to meet special requirements the inventor has adapted it to work in connection with wireless telegraphy. In this case the picture is reproduced in broad outline by means of closely followed dots. In this phase, tone, light and shade are not essential, a bare skeleton sufficing. This application is especially useful for military and naval purposes. A plan can be secured by photography, and within a few minutes by coupling up with the wireless, an outline of the drawing of the position can be in the hands of the general.

The apparatus is similarly within the reach of private residents and commercial houses and should be useful in transmitting diagrams, sketches, and drawings which have hitherto had to be mailed or sent by train. It is only necessary to call up the number required on the telephone line and request the coupling up with the wire of the receiver, and the pictorial message can be quickly transmitted, thereby saving several hours of possibly valuable time.

STOMACH TORTURE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" BROUGHT RELIEF

DANIEL SAUNDERS

Shoal Lake, Man., June 11th, 1910

"For years I was bothered with persistent Dyspepsia and Indigestion, having severe pains after meals and I tried everything that I could get but the pain in my stomach became no better.

A druggist recommended "Fruit-a-tives." I did not give up any foods I was in the habit of eating nor stop smoking—yet "Fruit-a-tives" has done wonders for me and I strongly advise all my friends to use it." (Signed), DANIEL SAUNDERS

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50 trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns

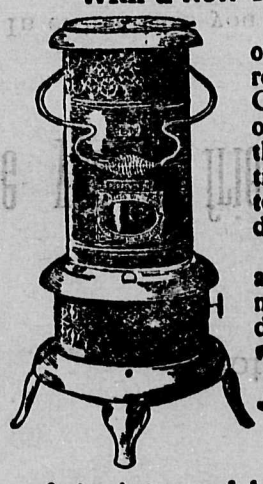
USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.

The U. S. Army authorities *know* a gun; that is why, when they decided to equip some troops with repeating shotguns, they selected the Winchester in preference to all other makes. The experts of the U. S. Ordnance Board also *know* a gun; that's why, after submitting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun to all sorts of tests, they pronounced it *safe, sure, strong* and *simple*. If you want a shotgun—buy the one whose strength and reliability led the U. S. Army authorities to select it and the U. S. Ordnance Board to endorse it—that's the Winchester.

THE RELIABLE REPEATERS

Dry Your Clothes on a Wet Washday

With a New Perfection Oil Heater



When clothes can't be hung outside, and must be dried in a room or cellar, the New Perfection Oil Heater quickly does the work of sun and air. You can hang up the wet clothes, light your Perfection Oil Heater, open the damper top, and the heat rises and quickly dries the clothes.

Do not put off washing to await a sunny day in order to avoid mildew. Dry your washing any day with hot air from a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

It gives just as much heat as you desire. It is safe, odorless and smokeless.

It has an **automatic-locking flame spreader**, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. Burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for rewicking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in japan or nickel, strong and durable, well-made, built for service and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

The North Amerinan Fur Industry

A LARGE proportion of the furs which the world's people wear for garments still comes from North America, says Chambers's Journal, despite the great changes which have occurred on that continent, especially within the last fifty years, by the settling of what was formerly a wilderness. The value of the yearly fur-hunt on sea and land throughout the world is about five million pounds. Of this amount Canada and Alaska contribute nearly one-fifth, not because of the large number of skins secured by the hunters, but because so many of them are rare and valuable, for we must remember that the seals taken in the waters of North America alone represent a very large sum each year.

The history of the Hudson's Bay Company might be called a history of the American fur industry; because, since it was formed back in the seventeenth century, this corporation has had its agents and hunters scattered over an enormous territory. Over a century ago it had no less than one hundred and sitxy trading-posts and "factories"—the term factories meaning stations in charge of its factors or buyers. It not only obtained furs from most of that part of Canada which is north and west of the Great Lakes, but many thousand pelts were received from the Pacific North-West—that portion of the United States comprising the states of Oregon, Washington, and Nevada—at that time almost unknown to the white man. In those days Winnipeg was the head-centre of the Hudson's Bay Company, the log fort which it constructed being the foundation of the present city. No longer is this the head centre, for civilization has crowded the fur-hunter farther and farther north, until Winnipeg is only one of the minor stations of the great corporation.

Seven hundred miles to the north-west of it is Edmonton, the largest market for "raw" furs in the New World, the capital of Alberta, and the most northern point on the North American continent to be reached by a continuous line of railroad. Picturesque yet modern, and an outpost of empire, Edmonton in the old days was an important settlement in that section, the extreme north-western market in the fur-country. It was founded a century or so ago by the old North-Western Fur Company, for a brief time a competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The industry is now divided into branches. But few of the skins are secured by the buyers direct from the hunters and trappers, most of them being obtained through the fur-traders who yearly make expeditions into the wilderness, and obtain a "load," often for a supply of provisions and clothing, and perhaps no money whatever changes hands. In the spring, when the ice and snow commence to thaw, the agents of the big concerns, the free traders and the few trappers who have cared to bring their furs as far back as Edmonton and Prince Albert, begin to move back to the north country. The objective point of many of the traders is Fort Resolution, a post on Great Slave Lake, nearly one thousand miles north of Edmonton, as the trail leads, and something like four hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. Fort Chippewayan, on Lake Athabasca is another important post, also on the edge of the fur country; and there are a number of posts in the interior and along the Mackenzie River, which flows from Great Slave Lake into the Arctic Sea. The most northerly post is Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, two thousand miles north of Edmonton, and approximately one hundred and fifty miles above the Arctic Circle.

Each company of traders takes a large supply of provisions and goods for barter, in addition to its own stock of food, guns, etc., and the journey in covering the thousand miles to Fort Resolution, or the greater distances to the more remote posts, is one of great difficulty and hardship. The first ninety miles out of Edmonton is overland to Athabasca Landing, on the Athabasca River, where flat boats and canoes are taken and the trip to the fur-country begins in earnest. The route lies downstream all the way, since the Athabasca flows north into Athabasca Lake, which is connected with Great Slave Lake by the Great Slave River. But there are many rapids to be avoided by means of long portages, so that even this part of the journey is not easy.

The traders come back to Edmonton more heavily laden than when they went away. The pelts obtained by barter direct from the trappers or collected from distant posts are packed in bales weighing about a hundred or so pounds each, and loaded on their canoes and flat boats. Then the fight against the current all the way back to Athabasca Landing is commenced. Tow-lines are attached to the bigger and heavier of the boats, and they are pulled upstream by men who walk along the banks "tracking," as it is called. When the portages are reached the boats must be unloaded and the cargoes and the boats carried past the rapids. Going down, it is possible to send the goods by land and "shoot" the rapids in the empty boat sometimes. Going up, it is unload, carry, and reload from end to end.

But if the men who do this part of the work have a hard task, the lot of the trapper is infinitely harder. He must pursue the sources of his livelihood with the utmost cunning, varying his methods, from lodging a bullet in the vitals of a bear or other large animal in such a way as will not injure the pelt to setting the subtlest of snares for such wary ones as the little ermine, only the jet-black tail of which is visible as it whisks across the blinding snow. The ermine is very shy, and it must be specially dealt with in order to avoid injury to its delicate skin. Even the smallest of the steel traps are too heavy for the best specimens, which the trapper must catch in snares of tender boughs or in some such way. Sometimes he puts a little grease on his hunting knife and lays it across the succession of dots and dashes in the snow which show an ermine has passed that way. Along comes the little white form on its erratic course again. The grease appeals to it, and it begins to lick the blade of the knife; but, alas! that piece of steel is icy cold, and the tiny red tongue is instantly frozen to it so tightly as to render futile all the frantic struggling. The knife is too heavy for the little animal to carry away and in his own good time the trapper comes and finishes his work.

If he manages to take a silver fox the trapper is in great luck, for the pelt of a prime specimen of that animal is worth fifteen hundred dollars to the man who buys it down at Edmonton, and the very best will bring the buyer as much as twenty-five hundred dollars. But the trapper gets few silver foxes, and for these he receives a price much smaller than the figure at which the white trader will eventually make his sale. The animal of which the trapper will probably capture most is the lynx. One firm of traders brought eight thousand lynx into Edmonton last summer, and these formed only a part of the total receipts. Others which are taken in large numbers are beavers, bears, otters, wolverines, minks, martens, musk-rats, musk-oxen, fishers, weasels, and white, red, black, and cross fox. Tens of thousands are trapped during the course of a season.

The hunter or trapper must carry traps and supplies into the remotest regions, where even lumbermen are unknown. He builds a low, wide sled, holding three hundred pounds, and loads this with pork, flour, undercloth ing, and steel traps. And when the ice on streams and lakes will bear his weight he starts into the wilderness, there to lead a hermit's life for seven from the nearest habitation, the trapper tries to find two parallel streams running near each other. Here he pitches his home-camp, setting traps along both revirs. The work of taking months. Arrived at a point many miles game from the traps is varied by catching fish, snaring rabbits, and capturing musk-rats for bait and food. Now and then the hunter may kill a wandering bear—an event which may lead him to a big store of wild honey in a hollow tree. In this utter solitude lives the adventurer, perhaps forgetting the day of the week or the month of the year. He fixes the date for breaking up camp and turning back to civilization by the condition of the fur on the animals he takes or by the effects of sunlight on the snow. Now and then he will shoot a deer, or even a moose, for the sake of the rawhide, meat, and fat, which latter keeps his traps from rusting. A file serves him instead of a grindstone to keep axes and knives keen; and he washes his clothes through a hole in the ice, drying them by an open fire. The dazzling glare of February often brings snow-blindness; and a month or two later the fast-thinning fur on his prey shows that further work is unprofitable. He then secretes his traps in hollow logs ready for next season, packs his load of pelts on the wide sled, and trudges off through the forest to the nearest post or settlement. On arriving, the trapper sells his furs.

When the trading season is over, the trappers go back to their winter hunting grounds, which they do not leave from October till June. Here they may have a shack or hut built of logs which will enable them to withstand the rigorous weather, but the location must be near the homes of the animals, where they can frequently examine the score or more of traps and nets which are set for their capture. The extreme cold weather largely enables them to keep the skins "cached" or stored out of doors until late spring, when they prepare for their journey southward to meet the traders. The furs may be packed on ponies, on sledges, or in boats or other water-craft, for where waterways are available these are used in making the journey. As the traders now advance further into the wilderness the hunters and trappers are saved many a week formerly needed in making their way to the nearest factory.

So many are now engaged at the vocation that the American fur trade is actually greater to-day than ever before, in spite of the immense tracts of wilderness formerly the home of game animals which have been settled by the white men. This is because by the present system the hunters and trappers secure much more value for their skins than in the past, and have time to cover a larger area of the wilderness. Some of the Indians in the more northerly sections, where the furs are the finest because of the greatest cold, seldom or never see a white man or any sign of civilization. They remain in the woods from year's end to year's end. The pelts which they gather and hang on trees, or "cache" in some more effective manner, are collected by half-breed representatives of the traders whenever the opportunity offers.

Many curious instances of the manner in which the honesty of the Indian manifests itself are cited in the north country. One of the tales told is of a native who, desiring food and tobacco and blankets, broke into the store of a remote trading-post which had been locked and abandoned for a few weeks while the white man in charge transacted business elsewhere. The Indian supplied his needs, but he left pelts for payment for what he took; and months later he came back to ascertain if he had left enough. Except in the matter of price, the traders deal fairly with the Indians, and ordinarily nothing but good feeling exists between the two classes. One Indian found a post closed when he went to it to dispose of his skins. Being unwilling to wait, he forcibly entered and left his pack, but nothing with it to indicate his identity. Then he retired, fastening the door as best he could, and not until a year later did he return. When he walked into the post and told his story the price of the skins was handed over to him without question. The accounts of the white man had been carefully kept, and he was certain that no claim but a just one would be made.

NERVE AGONIES

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Nerves that are over-worked or weak quickly indicate their distress by pain. That pain may be neuralgia or inflamed nerves, usually affecting the head, but often the spine and limbs. It may be nervous dyspepsia, easily started by worry, excitement or weakness. It may be St. Vitus dance, a common affliction among children, or neurasthenia, a condition of general nervous exhaustion accompanied by acute melancholy. Worst of all the pain may signal the early stages of paralysis or nervous decay. All these disorders signify that the hungry nerves are clamoring for nourishment in the form of good, rich blood. The numerous cures of the above named nervous diseases and weakness in both sexes by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are accounted for by the fact that these Pills actually make new, rich blood and so supply the starved nerves with the vital elements needed to strengthen them. Mr. Wm. G. Jones Westmead, Man., says: "A few years ago it was my misfortune to suffer from nervous debility, brought about through a severe attack of la grippe or influenza. When the first effects were felt I used to wake up in the middle of sleep trembling like a leaf, and in a bath of cold perspiration. Later the trouble grew so bad that I scarcely got a wink of sleep, and would toss about in bed, growing so weak that I feared for my life. A doctor was called in, and then another, but without avail. I became more and more low spirited, and without any apparent reason would have fits of crying. While in this condition, a pamphlet was given me telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others, and I determined to give them a trial. By the time I had finished a few boxes I began to get some sleep, and this greatly encouraged me. Then my strength began to return, my nerves grew steadier and in a few weeks more I was feeling as well as ever I did in my life, and you may be sure I will always gratefully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every one sick or ailing, as they restored me to health and strength after all other medicines had failed."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Shiloh's Cure

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

Rev. Father Manual Abascal, of the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Angel. Chief of Police Armando Riva and Sr. Miguel Morales acted for the bride, while Sr. Julio de la Torre and Francisco G. Quiros acted for the bridegroom.

The bride will in a few days start for Paris to join her husband.

QUEER FIRE TRICKS EXPLAINED

FIRE tricks were practised in very ancient times. The first known fire-breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the servile war in Sicily, 130 B.C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to accomplish this feat Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and, having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is performed today in a more approved manner. The performer rolls some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he lets burn until it is nearly consumed. Then he rolls around it more flax while it is still burning. By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived, and then breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales only through his nostrils.

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats of this sort performed by the ancients, observes Harper's Weekly. An old ordeal was the holding of a red-hot iron by the accused, who was not burned if he were innocent. Probably some protective paste was used on the hands. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and thus protected a man might walk on hot iron.

Fire-walking is an ancient Oriental custom, the origin of which is apparently unknown. It still survives in India, Japan and some of the South Sea Islands. The performance, sometimes preceded by incantations conducted by priests and followed by a feast, consists in walking barefoot over a bed of stones which have been made red or white hot by fire.

A tribe on one of the Fiji Islands was once persuaded to give an exhibition, and several Europeans went to witness it. One of them, a Government meteorologist, carried a thermometer that would register up to four hundred

When the guests arrived they found hundreds of natives assembled. The oven was twenty-five or thirty feet long and eight feet broad, and was shaped like a saucer. The deepest part of the depression was fifteen feet in length. The preparations had been undertaken long in advance to avert any delay, and the visitors saw the stones still covered with embers.

Walking beside the pit before this was done, the man with the thermometer recorded a temperature of one hundred and fourteen degrees. After the stones were uncovered he hung his instrument out over the centre of the oven, six feet above the stones, whereupon the mercury rose to two hundred and eighty-two degrees. It is said the stones were "white-hot," and that low flames from several holes between the stones could be seen leaping up around them.

Two of the men who were to walk across the oven were examined by the Europeans before their daring act. They wore garments about the neck and waist. Their feet and legs were entirely bare. The soles of their feet were soft and flexible, showing that they had not been rendered permanently callous in any way.

In order to detect the presence of chemicals that might have been applied for the occasion, various tests were made.

Finally, at a signal, the seven or eight natives who took part in the exhibition came down in single file to the oven and walked across the stones from one end of the pit to the other. They spent less than half a minute there.

Immediately after they emerged the Europeans again inspected their feet, but could find no sign of burning or blistering.

Several Englishmen have tried this experiment, one of them a British resident on one of the Society Islands. He stated that he felt something resembling slight electric shocks, and that the tingling sensation continued for hours afterward, but that that was all. The tender skin of his feet was not even hardened by fire. Yet the stones were so hot that an hour after ward green branches thrown on them caught fire and blazed up.

LITTLE TALES FROM NEW BOOKS

THE infamous Captain Morgan and his piratical crew were sometimes in tight places in Panama, and on one occasion were reduced to eating their leathern bags. "Some persons," says one of the company, Exquemelin (whose narrative is reproduced in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies"), "who never were out of their mothers' kitchens may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer: That could they experiment what hunger, or, rather, famine is, they would certainly find the manner, by their own necessity, as the pirates did. First, these took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between two stones and rub it, often dipping it in the water to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had right at hand."

Malingering is common in jail, but surely a case quoted from his own experience by Dr. Quinton, the late Governor of Holloway, in "Crime and Criminals" (Longmans) is a record. The "hero" was a violent prisoner who feigned stiffness of the index finger to avoid oakum picking. He was so angry when the finger was forcibly bent that, "on returning to his cell, he promptly placed the offending finger in the hinges of his table, which was attached to the cell wall, and violently raised the leaf, with the result that the finger was absolutely shattered and had to be removed."

Another case, even more remarkable in its way, was that of the notorious American criminal, Bidwell, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life in connection with the Bank of England forgeries.

"He was in good health on conviction, but never did any active work in prison. Feigning loss of power in his legs, he lay in bed from day to day, and from year to year, defying all efforts of persuasion, and resisting all unpleasant coercive measures devised to make him work. When I saw him at Dartmoor at the end of eight or nine years of his sentence, long disuse of his legs had rendered him almost a cripple. The muscles were extremely wasted, and both hip and knee joints were contracted in a state of semi-flexion, so that he lay doubled up in a bundle. Though he was examined time after time by experts, no one succeeded in discovering any organic disease, or any cause for his condition other than his own firmly expressed determination never to do a day's work for the British Government—a threat which I believe he ultimately carried out."

Probably the biggest cannibal orgy on record is one of which Miss Beatrice Grimshaw tells in "The New New Guinea" (Hutchinson). "In 1858 a shipload of Chinamen was being taken down to Australia. The vessel was wrecked upon a reef close to Rossel Island (New Guinea). The officers escaped in boats, but were never afterwards heard of. As for the Chinamen, numbering 326, the natives captured them, and put them on a small barren island, where they had no food, and no means of getting away. They kept their prisoners supplied with food from the mainland, and every now and then carried away a few of them to eat, until all but one old man had been devoured. This one succeeded eventually in getting away, and told something of the story, which seems to have met with general disbelief. True it is, however, on the evidence of the sons of those who did the deed."

A characteristic story of John Bright is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her new book, "I Myself." He was at dinner one night with an M. P: whose wife by no means shared her husband's democratic sentiments. John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him among her smart guests, and thought to give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum which he put down upon the floor and, getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up. "It is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation and the dinner went on.

THE PART PLAYED BY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

THE Crippen trial has raised once more the much debated question of capital punishment, garnished with the usual stock-in-trade of the abolitionists—the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. And yet, if the question be thoroughly probed, it will be found that many murderers would escape the just award of the avenging law if circumstantial evidence were no longer admissible. Those who premeditate murder, as a rule, take every precaution to avoid direct evidence. In the majority of cases the murderer is caught in the toils of circumstantial evidence which he alone has supplied. The pieces of underclothing, the scrap of hair, the portion of flesh with the scar of an old abdominal operation—all these might have been destroyed by Crippen. Murder will out. Falsehoods cannot be woven into the fine unbroken web of truth. A close examination reveals the flaws of the most adept criminal who seeks to cover his footsteps. The so called romance of crime lies in the ingenious devices by which the accused endeavors to throw the sleuth hand of justice off the scent. They spin such a mazy web that they themselves are caught in its toils.

Who has not heard of these famous partners in crime, whose figures hold a place of honor in Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors? The thrill of horror with which the public learned of their gruesome traffic led to the passing of the Anatomy Act. Here was an organized, dividend-paying partnership, syndicated for the supply of corpses to the unsuspecting anatomists, and, as a mere incident in the ungodly trade, for the forcible emigration from this world of many poor waifs and strays, who, despite their helpless despair, clung tenaciously to life. Having selected an easy and unsuspecting victim, Burke, the diplomatist and soft-spoken benevolent friend, tracked the quarry to his lair. Here his partner smothered the shrieks of those who protested against "the deep damnation of their taking off;" some, doped with drink and drugs, yielding up their spirits without struggle or alarm. The corpse was then sold to good, easy-going Dr. Perkins, who asked no questions. Old washerwomen, idiots, the flotsam and jetsam of the streets, arrived at this human abattoir singly on foot, and found their way to the dissecting table. Some, on the pretext of having a drink, passed into the murderers' den, never to emerge alive. They were more valuable in death than in life. Human wrecks whom no one wanted brought $50 each when ready for the hospital theatre. The very helplessness and friendliness of the classes preyed on proved to be the strong card in evading suspicion. No one wanted these poor, down-and-outs in life; in death their only market value was as subjects for the dissecting knife. The score of victims to the credit of these ghouls was forty, and all seemed well until Hare, avaricious man, took in lodgers. This proved his undoing. Even with the sworn testimony of the lodgers, who were the horror-stricken eye-witnesses of the murder of victims, the prosecution could only finally succeed in accepting one of the partners in crime, Hare, as a Crown witness, so well had the firm covered their tracks. "We always took care when we were going to commit murder," said Burke when the game was up, "that no one should be present—that no one should swear to seeing the deed done. They might suspect, but they never saw."

Burke, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law, has enriched the English language with a new verb. "To burke"—to smother, to get rid of noiselessly—is often used by the public speaker and Parliamentary debater, without any thought or knowledge of its gruesome antecedents.

The notorious case of the murderer, George Mullins, is a typical instance of the fatal tendency of the criminal to weave the noose for his own neck. Mullins was a policeman in Ireland and also in England. After leaving the force he did odd jobs as repairing contractor, and in this capacity did work for old Mrs. Elmsley, a penurious, suspicious old woman, whose house rents from tenants brought her in the comfortable weekly sum of $200. The murder of this lonely old woman leaked out on a Monday, and straightly pointed to robbery as the motive. It was clearly the work of some one hungering for the weekly rents which she had collected on the Saturday night. Mullins, the ex-policeman, was the one being she trusted. Search proved that the old miser had disappointed the hopes of her murderer. The money was afterwards found carefully hidden away. No clue was found to the murderer. The whole tragedy seemed wrapped in impenetrable mystery. A reward of $1,500 was offered, and the greed for money led Mullins to the scaffold. He came forward to claim the reward, informing the police that the crime had been committed by a friend of his, named Emms. To the latter's house Mullins and the police went, but no clue was found. Unable to resist the glitter of the big reward, Mullins cried: "You haven't half searched; look behind that slab there," pointing to a large stone in the yard. Under the slab was found a parcel containing spoons belonging to the murdered woman. The parcel was tied with a piece of shoemaker's waxed cord. The eagerness of Mullins and his indiscretion in locating the booty led to his arrest along with Emms. The latter was a shoemaker, and Mullins, with a far-seeing cunning that failed him in the end, had deposited the parcel in his neighbor's yard, and to throw suspicion on an innocent man, had got possession by some means of a piece of waxed cord, with which to tie it. He went to the scaffold protesting to the last his innocence of the crime.

The mills of God ground slowly but surely in the case of Eugene Aram. He murdered Daniel Clarke, the mystery of whosedisappearance was not at the time unraveled. Time passed, and the name of Clarke was forgotten, save by the oldest inhabitants. The lapse of years brought a sense of security, if not freedom from remorse, to the murderer. Excavations led to the unearthing of a skeleton which set the memories of the older inhabitants jogging backwards to the fatal year of the disappearance of Clarke. An accomplice of Aram's, who, like Mullins, unwisely aired his superior knowledge, stubbornly insisted that the skeleton was not that of Clerke. To back up his theories against some of the inhabitants, he pointed out the spot where another skeleton had been found. The second skeleton was unearthed, and Eugene Aram was placed on trial for his life. He relied, like Crippen, on the difficulty of identifying the remains, but the court and jury showed sound common sense by sending him to the scaffold.

Another crime immortalized in literature was the murder of his young and beautiful bride by John Scanlon, a dashing young officer of twenty-five, of good family, and a great favorite in the highest circles. Staying over at Dublin on his way home to Limerick, in the days of the rumbling and uncertain stage coach, he fell in love with the niece of a rope-maker (ominous trade!) named Ellen Connedy. After the marriage they went to live at Glin, County Limerick, Ireland, where, within a few weeks after his marriage, Scanlon determined to get rid of his beautiful wife. He selected as his accomplice a servant man named Sullivan. Inviting his wife for a row on the broad waters of the River Shannon one quiet evening, he did had to death, and cast her body into the water. Presuming on his standing as a "gentleman," he gave out that his humbly-born wife had turned out to be of indifferent character, and had gone to America. How Crippen-like the story! The lady's character was too well-known, however, and few believed this story. After a time her dead body was cast up on the shore—mute witness against her cruel husband. Like Crippen, Scanlon had mutilated the body of his victim so that it would be unrecognizable. Still the identity was established by a sensible jury of her countrymen. The case was tried before Baron Smith, and he, fearing the great family interest of the accused ordered Scanlon to be hanged forthwith. His titled relatives were unable to reach Dublin in time, and Scanlon paid the death penalty. Out of these gruesome materials Gerald Griffen wove his finest romance; Dion Boucicault his famous "Colleen Bawn," and Benedict's "Lily of Killarney."

A REPORTER'S AEROPLANE RIDE

THERE are plenty of reporters at the aviation meets, but as their observations are usually made from terra firma, we have so far had very few accounts of how it really feels to fly. The man who runs the machine has other things to think about, and is not usually a graphic writer. A correspondent of the London Times, however, recently took an air trip, being invited to go because he weighed 196 pounds. The aviators were having a weight-carrying contest. The wind was blowing about twenty miles an hour, and the rest of the competitors declined to take the risk, so the aviator and the reporter had a "walk-over," but not as tame as most victories of that kind. We read:

"The worst part of such a journey for the novice is the waiting until everything is ready for the start. The sensation of anticipation is not unlike the feeling that one has when one is waiting for a wounded boar to break cover from the corner into which he is driven. But once the propeller starts to whirl behind you all other thoughts beyond the exhilaration of rapid motion vanish. You have gript the struts thinking that you will have to hold on like grim death, but you immediately find that this is not necessary. The machine moves along the ground at an extraordinary pace and I only knew that it was actually flying when I saw the elevating-plane change from the horizontal. Of the motion of flight it is difficult to speak clearly. Even in the high wind that Mr. Grace was now climbing, it was not more than the sensation of a beautifully balanced motor-car. The earth—in this case the sward of the Lanark racecourse—seemed to be racing away from under us, and in a flash we were level with the first pylon and the judge's box.

"The machine was now up to 150 feet, and I became engrossed in Mr. Grace's method in flying. It seemed to me that his attention was glued to his elevating plane, with just momentary glances out of his eyes to judge the distance by which he had to shun each pylon in its turn. We were now crossing fields and water. I could observe the gates, the wire fences, and a man bathing in the water. Then we went around into the wind. Our pace immediately slackened, and Mr. Grace was working to keep his machine in the air. As we crossed a road we were going so slowly that I could observe the direction of the hoof marks of a horse that had recently passed. Here all observation ceased, as Mr. Grace was now battling with the wind. We had only 500 yards to traverse to cross the winning line, but the dead weight against the wind was bringing the machine down. Then there came a gust heavier than them all. It took the machine just up the requisite amount to cross the line, and we came gently to earth. It had only been a four minute ride, but it was certainly the most delightful ride that I have ever experienced. The only recollection that I have that will describe the general sensation is that of exquisite motion."

A YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED BY PROXY

MARRIAGES by proxy are yet allowed by law in Cuba. On Wednesday (says a Cuban nawspaper, a marked copy of which has been sent us by a Toronto man now in Jamaica) one of these weddings took place in this city at the residence of Mrs. Soler on the Malecon, when her daughter, Sta. Monina Soler, became the wife of Mr. Francis Ruz, son of the well-known broker of this city, who is now in Paris.

Sr. Ruz sent a power of attorney to his friend, Speaker Orestes Ferrara, and another to Sr. Manuel Torres. Sr. Torres represented the bridegroom at the wedding, as Sr. Ferrara was away in Santa Clara.

The ceremony was performed by the

Shiloh's Cure

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

WEAK, SICKLY BABIES MAKE HOME WRETCHED

No home is happy where there is a sick baby. The sufferings of the little one makes the whole household wretched, for what mother or father would not rather suffer themselves than to see their little one suffer. But there is no reason for wretched homes because baby is ill. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood; not only that, but an occasional dose of the Tablets will keep baby well. Thousands of mothers have found happiness through the Tablets making their little ones well and happy. Among them is Mrs. C. C. Roe, of Georgetown, Ont., who writes: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a help to the baby during the hot summer season. We have used them and are much pleased with their results." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Distress in the Stomach

Hundreds of Thousands of Bottles of Nerviline Used Every Year for Curing Cramps, Diarrhoea, and Stomach Disorders.

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to contort the countenance and cause him to cry aloud for help.

LETTER No. 4877

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself felt—it cures so quickly, you would think it was made to cure cramps, and cramps only.

"Last summer I was stricken with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me.

"My eyes bulged out, and the veins in my forehead stood out like whipcords.

"My cries attracted a neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water.

"It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline.

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE,
"Williamsburg."

No home is safe or can afford to miss the manifold advantages of having Nerviline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. In two sizes, 50c and 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

HE WAS A KIND KING

THE late King Edward's good nature was illustrated recently by a London correspondent at the Press Club in New York.

"The King," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Savile, he took a walk over the preserves.

"Suddenly Lord Savile, a big, burly man, rushed forward and seized a shabby fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat.

"'Sir,' he said to the King, 'this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching.'

"But the King's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh.

"'Oh, let him go,' he said. 'If he really were a bad egg, you know he wouldn't poach.'"

MA, what are the folks in our church gettin up a subscription for?"

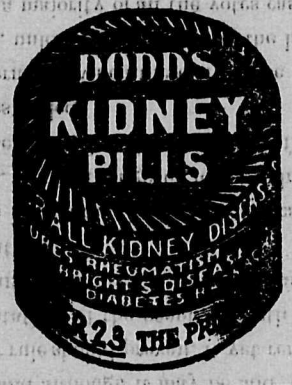
"To send our minister on a vacation to Europe."

"Won't there be no church services while he's gone?"

"No, dear."

"Ma, I got $1.23 in my bank. Can I give that?"

Death from Fright—A shunter at Clapham Junction was stated at a Battersea (Eng.) inquest recently to have died from fright caused by a coupling which suddenly snapped with a loud report.



Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

Keep "Dick" At His Best

He'll give you his sweetest song only when he's in the pink of condition. Put him there, and keep him there, by feeding him on

BROCK'S Bird Seed

He'll enjoy it more, thrive better on it, look finer and sing sweeter. The seed itself is a scientific mixture—a perfectly balanced food for song-birds in this climate—and the cake of Brock's Bird Treat in every package is a splendid bird tonic.

Give Dick a chance to prove it—at our expense. Mail us the coupon below, filled in, and we will send you, absolutely free, one full size package of Brock's Bird Seed. 33

NICHOLSON & BROCK
9-11 Francis Street, - Toronto.

For this coupon, please send me, free of charge or obligation on my part, one full size package of Brock's Bird Seed.

NAME

ADDRESS A1

That Reminds Me

PARKE: You keep a joint bank account with your wife, don't you?

Johnson: Well, yes; I deposit the money and she draws it out.

* * *

WHY are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."

* * *

GREENBAUM: I got a turrible bad coldt.

Greenberg: Vhy don't you take somethings for it?

Greenbaum: How much will you gif me?

* * *

DO you understand this building-loan scheme?"

"Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place it's yours."

* * *

THEM New York folks aren't as smart as they pretend tu be," said Hiram Bush on his return from the city. "I saw a sign over a store door that read, 'Cast Iron Sinks.' Well, any kind of iron will sink, by heck!"

* * *

THE nurse was leaving her little charge and said to her: "Now don't be afraid, dear; I am taking away the candle, but God will stay with you in the dark."

"Nurse," asked the child, "won't you please leave the candle and take God?"

* * *

ONLY his legs were visible from under the automobile when a friend sauntered up. "Anything the matter with the machine?" asked the friend.

"No, indeed!" replied the voice from under the car; "I just crawled under here to get out of the sun."

* * *

THE real-estate agent had sounded his praises of the new property to the prospective buyer; and at the end he said: "The death rate in this suburb is lower than in any other part of the country."

"I believe you," said the prospective buyer; "I wouldn't be found dead here myself."

* * *

THROWN from her luxurious motor-car the fair girl had lain insensible for many hours. Now, however, the operation was over, consciousness had returned, and she spoke faintly in the darkened room.

"Yvonne."

"Yes, mademoiselle." The maid bent over her.

"Yvonne, tell me: did I or did I not have on my new silk stockings?"

* * *

PHYSICAL culture, Father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young girl just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," exclaimed her father; "what won't science discover! If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping!"

* * *

THE case concerned a will, and an Irishman was a witness.

"Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Come, come, you don't know, and yet you pretend that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Well, sir," said Pat dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

* * *

HE saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come.

Noiselessly he stole up behind her and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily; "I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You idiot!" she giggled. "I am."

* * *

THE conductor of the Charing Cross 'bus pulled up his 'bus at the curb and waited for the women to come down the stairs from the top. All came down briskly except the very stout lady, who had been sitting on top. She came down the steep and winding stair very slowly. Her skirt flapped around her ankles and at every step she stopped and thrust it carefully down. The conductor waited with a bored expression, his hand on the bell-rope. Finally he lost patience when the fat lady stopped for the fifth or sixth time to thrust down her billowing skirt, and he burst out angrily:

"Now, then, lydy, 'urry up, cahn't yer? Legs ain't no treat to me!"

* * *

MRS. DALTON had become very tired from shopping, and slipping on her kimono, prepared herself for a period of rest. Her colored maid appeared just at this point and announced a caller.

"No, Anne," said Mrs. Dalton; "I cannot see her. Please tell her to excuse me as I am in negligee." When the message was delivered Mrs. Dalton heard her visitor laugh so heartily that it even penetrated to her bedroom.

Calling Anne she asked the maid the cause of the hilarity.

"I dunno, ma'am, I really dunno," answered Anne.

"What did you tell her?" asked Mrs. Dalton.

"Why I done tole her to please 'scuse you, as you was naked as a jay."

* * *

MRS. JOHN WOOD appeared with the elder Sothern in the same company for several seasons. On one occasion, while the company was playing in Birmingham, Mrs. Wood met Mr. Sothern in the street. They were near an ironmonger's shop when he shook hands with her and bade her good-morning.

"Would you mind going in here with me? I want to make some small purchases," he said.

She accompanied him.

He went up to the counter and said: "I want 'Macaulay's History of England.'"

The assistant said: "We do not sell books, sir; this is an ironmonger's shop."

"Well, I'm not particular," said Sothern, pretending to be deaf. "I don't care whether it is bound in calf or Russia."

"But this is not a bookseller's!" shouted the assistant.

"All right," said Sothern. "Wrap it up neatly. Want to have it sent down to the hotel. It's a present I wish to make to a relative. Put it up nicely."

"We don't keep it," shouted the assistant getting red in the face, while Mrs. Wood stepped aside and took a chair in another part of the shop, almost overcome with suppressed laughter at the cheerful, frank expression on Sothern's face, and the mad, puzzled look on that of the assistant.

"Do it up as if it were for your own mother. I don't want anything better than that," said Sothern. "I would like to write my name on the flyleaf."

"Sir!" bawled the assistant at the top of his voice, "we do not keep books."

"Very well," said the actor, quite undisturbed at the emotion he was creating, "I will wait for it."

Under the impression that his customer was either stone-deaf or a lunatic, the assistant bounced off to the lower end of the shop and asked his master to come, saying: "I can do nothing with the man. I think he must be off his head." Whereupon the principal marched up to the spot where Sothern was standing and asked very loudly: "What is it, sir? What do you desire?"

"I want to buy a file," returned Sothern quietly—"a plain file about four or five inches in length."

"Certainly," said the principal, with a withering look at his assistant, and producing at once the article which had been asked for.

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.

With the Horses

THE show of draft horses in harness is certainly one of the best fair attractions, and may be made useful and instructive. Exhibits of fours and sixes are not only successful drawing cards at a ticket office and of great interest to boxholders, but are object lessons to breeders and teamsters, showing the result of judicious feeding, fitting and careful handling.

There might be another class added which, while not as interesting to boxholders and casual visitors, would be of great value to breeders and men directly interested and anxious to know which breed possesses the greatest strength, most natural energy and longest endurance at hard work. Four or six horses weighing from 1,600 to 2,000 pounds manipulated by an expert driver and hauling an empty wagon do not demonstrate the full ability of those horses, nor of the breed to which they belong. A demonstration of working capacity would be of intrinsic and practical value to men who wish to invest in the most serviceable horses. The value of any race track horse, either trotter, pacer or runner, depends upon his performance or that of his get. Why should not the drafter demonstrate his value by performance in his line? A severe public test would go farther in settling the question than all the statements and flaming advertisements or partizan communications ever written.

First in such a contest should come pure-bred animals, for the reason that no animal can impart qualities which he does not possess and which do not belong to the breed which he represents. Next to pure-breds should come grades, but with them positive proof of breeding should be required, so that each breed might have due credit. Regulations safeguarding the interests of all should be made and strictly enforced. The test should be severe enough to be conclusive, in order to be of any value to men desiring an honest test.

* * *

Horses on farms are so frequently worked in pairs that it is very necessary that they should be well matched. By this is not meant that the team should be closely alike in color, size and general appearance. It is desirable that they should be so, but this is only one and by no means the most important part of the matching. It requires a good deal of skill and judgment to bring together a pair of horses that resemble each other in all characteristics sufficiently to work in harmony, and action comes first in this connection. Style is required in the action of any class of horse, and a team, each of which stands up to the bit in about the same way, is attractive to buyers, and pleasing to the man who drives it.

A team ill-matched in regard to action, strength and staying powers is a liberal source of irritation, no matter how nearly alike in color the horses may be. Proper action—that is, strong, clean, vigorous movement of feet and legs—is highly desirable, and if it can be combined with general conformation and color, so much the better. Size, to a certain extent, may be sacrificed for strength and conformation, but only within certain limits.

* * *

If a gentle horse be hitched to a tree or other immovable object and commanded to pull, he will at first pull all he can; the second time he will not pull with quite so much confidence as at first; while on the third or fourth attempt he will pull but little, or perhaps not at all. To whip and urge him to pull would only start in him the habit of balking. If a horse is overloaded or so exhausted that he cannot pull the load, and in this condition is whipped and urged to go, he will balk; or if he starts too quickly and if pulled back violently and whipped till confused and excited, the habit of balking is begun. Thus we see that this habit is purely acquired the same as kicking and other habits for which there can hardly be any reasonable excuse.

There are few men sufficiently gifted with the wisdom and patience to judiciously use the whip. The average driver appears to believe that it is the accompaniment of a loud voice and much bluster, while others use it most freely when angry, the result of which is to produce a like irritation in the horse.

* * *

Don't let the colts and young horses run down on short pastures; it don't pay.

Colts should always be kept growing.

Good grooming improves the appearance of a horse and also helps to keep him healthy.

Style in draft and road horses means *money every time.*

Attend meetings of horsemen, if you can, particularly if good horses are to be on exhibition. Learn all you can about horses and the kind most needed in your part of the country, and then try to do something to supply that need.

Give the horses some carrots or potatoes two or three times a week. Some people call this fussing, but it pays.

Don't let the breeding mare get down to skin and bone. It is bad for her and bad for the colt. Give her extra feed and care.

Heavy draft teams hauling heavy loads keep in good condition when kept at the fast walking gait, and accomplish more than when trotted part of the time.

Collars should not be changed from one horse to another any more than you should change shoes with your neighbor.

A fine saddle horse was running down. His teeth were floated, made even, and in just one month he was plump and round and sleek.

CARE AND FEED IN WINTERING HOGS

UNDOUBTEDLY there are better methods of caring for and wintering hogs than some of us are practicing now, but if we all give our views and methods to the public, we can all derive some benefit from one another; for the practical hog breeder and feeder will always be on the lookout for pointers; he will sift out those good methods that best conform to existing conditions, and use the material he has on hand or that which will be cheapest for good results. None but a selfish breeder will try and keep all the good things to himself. We should all try and help out the beginners in the same business we are in, as there is nothing so detrimental to any business as to have a beginner fall flat. It is the young man that will take our places sooner or later, and if started right he will, before we know it, repay us in some way. It is useless to talk to the Young Know-It-Alls, for they will never ask for advice, but they soon learn by experience at a high cost. I consider the best way to get next to one who wants to learn is to give our views through the press, for then they can take it for what they consider it is worth or let it alone, and follow their same old ruts.

Many successful breeders and feeders are always on the lookout for a better way than the one they have, and if another method looks practical to them they will try it, and for this reason I think it advisable to pass the good method along so that all get a little benefit from them; and we certainly can all get some good by comparing notes.

One of the principal things in wintering hogs is the housing. It is not necessary to have a high priced house; many of the expensive houses will in the course of a few years turn into a breeding place for most of the contagious hog diseases, unless disinfectants are continuously used.

What I consider the best is the individual hog house—6x8 or 8x6—as they can be placed in line, and all but the front covered with straw until spring; It will make them divide up in bunches of not more than six or eight in a pen. If the doors are so that they open to the south, and a small tight fence placed not far from them, they can be left open most of the time for ventilation; if the funds or time are not available, a well-built straw shed will be better than some hog houses I have seen, but it should be built so that there is enough ventilation. The three Gilts that were in the winning Poland China herd at Winnipeg, where the females were required to be bred in Western Canada, were wintered with four others of like age in a straw shed 8x8. You should by all means see that they have a dry bed. It should be changed at least every two or three days, for the steam produced in cold weather will cause it to get wet and unhealthy much sooner than it would in warm weather.

Next in line I consider exercise. Have their feeding places some distance from their sleeping quarters, even if you have to take off your coat now and then to shovel a path in the snow to it. This is necessary especially with the sows kept for breeding. Exercise will tend to make them stronger, and then they will farrow a strong and large litter if the exercise is had long enough before breeding time.

It may be that the fall pigs will have to be kept inside all the time through the severe cold weather; if so, it will be well to have their quarters close to the cow or horse barn; then they can take a run back of the cows an hour or so every day. It will be time well spent to see that they get this run.

Before winter sets in it is well to feed a ration with a large percentage of oats and other muscle-forming feeds to make them strong. They do not need to be fat enough for market to stand the rigors of a severe winter, but a good supply of meat covering the body will help keep up the animal heat.

As soon as it is cold the feed should have more heating material in it than is contained in oats; the best available in this country is barley chop.

In the corn belt they always feed corn to supply the heat. A little taste of mangolds every day will help to keep the bowels in condition and keep the digestion in good working order. This is as necessary with live stock as oil on any kind of machinery. So always watch that part of your feeding operations.

Pigs of uniform size should be kept together, for if you have small ones among the larger ones the little fellows will have to take the outside, or cold-side, or they will pile on top of the others after they have gone to sleep.

Do not make more than eight go to sleep in one place, but make the pens small, and the extra expense of making more room will repay itself in one winter.

I would like to hear of some of the methods followed by other breeders, as we can all help one another by getting closer together and exchanging ideas. We all make mistakes now and then, but should try and profit by some of them, and those made by others.

A man only progresses as he learns from the experience of himself and others following the same line of business. This is true of hog business as well as many other lines of business.

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

WEDDED TO WOOD

IN the midst of the Bay of Bengal is a little-known group of islands called the Nicobars. It is inhabited by a half savage people who have an extraordinary taste for image making. They make images of everything imaginable, carving them out of wood, and utilizing them as fetiches to keep off bad luck and evil spirits. For this purpose they hang them up in their houses, and sometimes the rafters are fairly crowded with the wooden images.

Missionaries have made these people at least nominal converts to Christianity. They did their best for quite a while to discourage the business of manufacturing "idols"—regarding the images as corresponding to that description more or less. But the natives refuse to be broken of the habit, and, without intending any irreverence, they have not hesitated to produce carven representations of angels, and of the missionaries themselves, the latter being appropriately adorned with stove-pipe hats.

SENDING PICTURES THROUGH SPACE

A REMARKABLE development has been accomplished in connection with the telegraphing of pictures. Hitherto such work has been confined to certain newspapers possessed of the requisite financial ability and enterprise to indulge in expensive and deeply scientific devices of a delicate character, necessitating the services of a skilled operator. Now, however, it is possible for anyone to possess a picture telegraphing apparatus and thus secure quickly pictorial illustrations of far-off scenes.

This invention has been perfected by Mr. T. Thorne-Baker, whose telectrograph has superseded the Korn apparatus for the transmission of pictures between London and Paris or Manchester for the "Daily Mirror" of London. It is a simplified modification of the telectrograph, great ingenuity having been displayed in its design and operation so as to render it workable by anyone. It is completely self-contained and occupies no more space, nor weighs more, than a typewriter. Closed, and with a strap, it can be carried over the shoulder as if it were an ordinary camera.

The single apparatus can be used both as a transmitter and receiver. There is the revolving drum over which the style moves, transmitting and receiving the varied tones and shades constituting detail which build up the desired image in a multitude of lines. The apparatus works at high speed and a picture can be transmitted over two or three hundred miles of line in a few minutes.

Moreover, in order to meet special requirements the inventor has adapted it to work in connection with wireless telegraphy. In this case the picture is reproduced in broad outline by means of closely followed dots. In this phase, tone, light and shade are not essential, a bare skeleton sufficing. This application is especially useful for military and naval purposes. A plan can be secured by photography, and within a few minutes by coupling up with the wireless, an outline of the drawing of the position can be in the hands of the general.

The apparatus is similarly within the reach of private residents and commercial houses and should be useful in transmitting diagrams, sketches, and drawings which have hitherto had to be mailed or sent by train. It is only necessary to call up the number required on the telephone line and request the coupling up with the wire of the receiver, and the pictorial message can be quickly transmitted, thereby saving several hours of possibly valuable time.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

STOMACH TORTURE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" BROUGHT RELIEF

DANIEL SAUNDERS

Shoal Lake, Man., June 11th, 1910

"For years I was bothered with persistent Dyspepsia and Indigestion, having severe pains after meals and I tried everything that I could get but the pain in my stomach became no better.

A druggist recommended "Fruit-a-tives." I did not give up any foods I was in the habit of eating nor stop smoking—yet "Fruit-a-tives" has done wonders for me and I strongly advise all my friends to use it." (Signed), DANIEL SAUNDERS

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold at 50c a box, 6 for $2.50 trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Shiloh's Cure

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

WINCHESTER

Repeating Shotguns

USED IN THE U. S. ARMY.

The U. S. Army authorities *know* a gun; that is why, when they decided to equip some troops with repeating shotguns, they selected the Winchester in preference to all other makes. The experts of the U. S. Ordnance Board also *know* a gun; that's why, after submitting a Winchester Repeating Shotgun to all sorts of tests, they pronounced it *safe, sure, strong* and *simple.* If you want a shotgun—buy the one whose strength and reliability led the U. S. Army authorities to select it and the U. S. Ordnance Board to endorse it—that's the Winchester.

THE RELIABLE REPEATERS

Dry Your Clothes on a Wet Washday

With a New Perfection Oil Heater

When clothes can't be hung outside, and must be dried in a room or cellar, the New Perfection Oil Heater quickly does the work of sun and air. You can hang up the wet clothes, light your Perfection Oil Heater, open the damper top, and the heat rises and quickly dries the clothes.

Do not put off washing to await a sunny day in order to avoid mildew. Dry your washing any day with hot air from a

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

It gives just as much heat as you desire. It is safe, odorless and smokeless.

It has an **automatic-locking flame spreader,** which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. Burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for rewicking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in japan or nickel, strong and durable, well-made, built for service and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

THE ISLANDER

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE,

Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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

SATURDAY, JAN., 21, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

Although our Canadian Election law is generally looked upon as one of the best systems in the world it is yet far from perfect, and although it may be laid down as an axiom that majority rule should prevail, it yet remains a fact that many representatives of the people in both Dominion and Provincial houses and on Municipal Council boards, are really minority representatives.

As an illustration let us take the case of Mayor Morley of Victoria, who, although he led his highest opponent by 500 votes, never the less fell 800 short of having a majority of all the votes polled.

In Germany, when there are three or more men running for an office, unless the man polling the largest number of votes receives a majority of all the votes cast, the candidates receiving the lowest number of votes is dropped from the contest and another contest held, in which the electors have the privilege of voting for the men receiving the most votes in the first polling,

This system insures that every man elected to office must be a majority representative.

Had the citizens of Victoria the privilege of choosing their mayor under a system such as we have outlined, it is a certainly that Mayor Mosley would not be the Chief Magistrate of that city today.

Last year ex-Mayor Macdonald of this city was elected in a three cornered fight, and was a minority representative, and had it been necssary for him to have secured a majority of all the voter cast, it is probable that he would have failed, and another man would have occupied his seat as a Majority represtatives and as Mayor.

It is high time that the law was changed in the manner we have suggested, so that the wishes of the majority should prevail as to who should represent them.

The Victoria Board of Trade is urging the Post office authorities at Ottawa to repeal the departments regulations regarding the Sunday closing of Post Office lobbies in this province.

The departments promise to send a man to investigate the matter "in the Summer" is not very satisfactory, and stamps the officials responsible as being about as sensible as the Lord's Day Alliance fanatics, at who's request the abnoxious law was put in force.

We would like to suggest to our newly elected Aldermen that the first work that should engage their attention is the consolidation and revision of the city by-law.

This is one of the planks of the Citizens League candidates elected, and as they constitute a majority of the members on the Aldermanic board it is up to them to carry out this promise to the electors.

The by-laws of the City are in a disgraceful condition and there are hardly any of them that will stand a Police Court trial.

It would cost something of course, but it would be economy in the end for the city to have the various by-laws revised and placed in legal form by the City Solicitor, and then have them passed in their revised from by the council and the old ones repealed, and in future they might submit any proposed municipal by-law to their solicitor to see that it is put in legal form.

Cumberland City Council

Statement for the year 1911

Receipts.

Cash Balance Brought Forward from 1910	$333 90	
Dog Tax	77.00	
Drain Account	15.00	
Hall Account	298 50	
Police Court	523.00	
Real Estate Tax	3099.75	
Road Tax	662.00	
Scales	18.50	
Scavanger	1845.30	
Trade Licenses	3097.50	
Watchman	881.50	
Sundries, Band Hall Rent	6.00	
		$10857.95

Expenditure.

Advertising Account		$52.50
Fuel		14.50
Drain Account, (Sewer Bye Law $80.50)		234.20
Tool Account		19.72
Dog Tags		3.25
Salaries		
W. McLennan		1020.00
J.R.Gray		960.00
W.Brown		720.00
C.Krause		267 00
J.Abrans		300.00
A.McKinnon, Salary 360.00 Extra Grant 1910 25.00		385.00
Election Account (Two Elections)		79.40
Fire Protection Account		33.15
Road Tax—Refund		34.00
Real Estate—Refund		9.00
Health Account		
Dr MacNaughton	125.00	
A H.Peacey	40.90	165.00
Hall Account		13.00
Scavanger Account		
News	5.00	
K Able	16.00	
C.H.Tarbell	31.70	
		52.70
Isolation Hospital		
A.E.McQuarrie		169.40
Incorporation Account		
P.P.Harrison		66.00
Office Account		79.65
Police Court Account		
Witnesses' Expenses	15.00	
W.McLennan	30.30	
P.P.Harrison	47.50	92.80
Loan Account		1000.00
Schol Account		2396 00
Trade License—Refund		25.00
Light & Repairs		466.90
Scale Inspector		4.00
Sidewalk A/c.		68 60
Interest A/c		279·45
Stable A/ct		
B.Crawford	128.46	
S.B.Ward	61.91	
Campbell Bros.	19.70	
Sundries	71.14	281.25
Sundries-		
A.Maxwell	180.00	
P.P.Harrison	50.00	
Insurance Premium	46.50	
Donation 24 May fund	25.00	
C.H.Tarbell	22.55	
T.E.Bate	10.50	
B.C Municipalities	10.00	
Sundries	95.57	890.12
Balance in hand		381.41
Total		10857.95

ASSETS

City Bldg. and Lots	3000.00	
Central School	5000.00	
Fire Hall and appaaatus	1000.00	
Safe	250.00	
Horss Waggon & Cart	250.00	
Isolation Hospital	500.00	
		14000.00
Real Estate arrears	571.14	
Scavanger	21.00	
Mrs Funk Sewer Repairs	31.25	
Sewer Pipes on hand	277.52	
		901.71
		14901.00

LIABILITIES

Sewer Loan Unpaid	1000.00	
Overdraft on Royal Bank	2000.00	
		3000.00

Certfied as Correct
J.T.E.Palmer
City Auditor for 1910

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

FRUIT TREES
Not the Cheapest, but the Best
Catalogue Free
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A JEWELLER
If not
Have you a friend who is?

In either case you should be interested in this

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

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Carrying a full line of the very best

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

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

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Cumberland, B.C.

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This Month is Stock-Taking . . Time . .

WE OFFER A
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Greatly Reduced

LADIES' COATS—The very latest in style, finish and material. A special reduced price on every one.

This is a genuine offer and a splendid chance to get exceptional values at lowest prices, as our stock must be reduced this month.

We want your Grocery Order

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The Russell AUTOMOBILE

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

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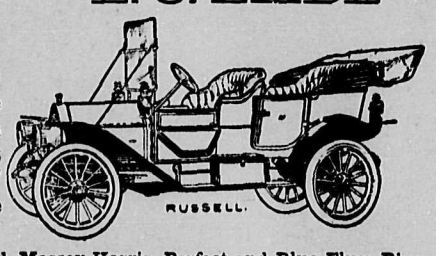

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Rubber Tires for Baby Carriages. Hoops for Tubs
THIRD STREET, CUMBERLAND.

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SEWING : MACHINE

BUY A SINGER

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

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

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Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.

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If you wish to make your piano or furniture appear just like new, try a bottle of Boyle's Piano and Furniture Polish. It is an exceptionally good polish and you will not use any other after having tried it once. It is put up in 75c and $1.25 bottles—For sale by Chas Segrave at "the Islander" office Cumberland

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Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

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The finest hotel in the city.

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Grocers & Bakers

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

H. M. Beadnell,

Comox, B. C.

Agent for E & N. Lands Comox District.

$75.00 DOLLARS REWARD.

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

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

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Rubber Footwear
Gum Boots

IN KNEE, SPORTING and HIP LENGTHS

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

AGENTS FOR
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if you use a LEGGETT SPRING and a "RESTMORE" MATTRESS. We carry a full line of BLANKETS, COMFORTERS and FLANNELETTE SHEETS, PILLOWS and PILLOW COVERS.

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McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops

Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

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Valentine Dance

Cumberland Hall
February 14
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE PYTHIAN SISTERS

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS, PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

CONTAINS NO ALUM

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
IS THE FAVORITE
AND COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

It is amusing to note the seemingly authoritative statements that are made from time to time, to the effect that the hobble skirt is dead and consigned to the curiosity shop for good and all; then probably the week after we find the same authority hedging on the previous statement and asserting that, foolishly enough, fashionable women seem still to wear it. The fact of the matter is that the hobble skirt is not merely an eccentricity; it is a style—the style of the long, straight lines. Exaggerated, of course, it has been by the placing of two obvious extreme bands around the lower part of the skirt, but one must not lose sight of the purpose of it all in condemning the means used.

Black Velvet Coat with Chinchilla Collar and Cuffs

Now these bands are not used, but the effect they produce is still there, and skirts are as tight as ever they were. There is even less, too, of the gathered fullness of a skirt of light material like mousseline de soie, pinched in by the broad band completing the foot of the skirt, which was introduced some weeks back for the alleged purpose of giving greater ease. This could not be a successful innovation, for it never looked really nice, and the full upper part of the skirt has a tendency to bag and appear still more full when the wearer was walking.

* * *

Thus, while the winter fashions are still undecided, we can be sure of one thing. No matter what varieties of detail may be seen, the general lines of the figure will be slim and straight. Thus apart from the cut of the skirt new tailor-mades will differ very little in appearance from those of last year. At the same time we will have a return of draped and tucked corsages instead of the kimona blouse, which has held sway so long. These will be cut with the sleeve in the piece, a short sleeve without joining at the shoulder.

Before going any further, it may be as well to mention a few of the latest novelties. In the first place, a new and exceedingly smart trimming for tailor-mades is dressed sheepskin. The sheepskin is divested of its wool, and is scraped down with knives in the same manner as kidskin is prepared for gloves. The result is a soft, snow-white leather, something like suede. This shows up with remarkable effect when used as revers and facings upon a jacket of black velvet or as an edging to a tunic.

Again, we have the long, close-fitting mantle of silk or satin in very high favor until the time of furs comes round, and perhaps even after that. These garments, which reach practically to the foot of the skirt, are in the one piece, and are loosely adjusted at the waist. They are plain and flat, without any adornment whatever beyond the big buttons of the same material in front, the fancy collar, and the lining, usually made of black silk or satin, as soft and supple as possible. They are lined with the same material, but in some delicate shade, such as fawn, cerise, pale grey, or white, which may be seen in the revers, or not openly shown at all, but merely disclosed by glimpses as the mantle swings open. The broad sailor collar still appears in these, but the most fashionable style of the moment is to have enormous revers in front, entirely covering the breast and falling in folds and gathers like a huge ruffle.

The latest idea in millinery also is to trim hats with the entire skins of small animals like the muskrat, marmot, or polecat, the pelt being laid on flat over crown and brim, usually without any artificial embellishment, such as a head. Of course, with fur in such demand, it is inevitable that imitations should be largely introduced, and of these the common rabbit provides the most usual basis. They can do up rabbit skins so skilfully now as almost to defy the detection of any but experts. Very much of the sealskin used is made in this way, which no doubt accounts for the fact that this fur will be less fashionable this winter than it was this time last year, when it was all the rage. Rabbit skins, too, may be made to imitate many other kinds of fur, and, when well made up, fetch quite a high price, even among the wholesale dealers.

TWO THOUSAND PHOTOGRAPHS A SECOND

Will the problem of aerial flight be finally solved by the cinematograph? To the average person, perhaps, there seems no possible connection between the two. When it is explained, however, that an apparatus has recently been invented which will enable cinematograph pictures to be taken at the rate of two thousand a second, affording opportunities of fully investigating the flight of insects, and thus arriving at a true understanding of the many problems met with in aviation, the value of the cinematograph to the aviator will be readily understood.

This cinematagraph is the outcome of experiments on the part of a French scientist—Lucien Bull, of Paris—who has developed a most ingenious method, which greatly increases the scope of the cinematograph by augmenting its speed. Whereas the ordinary apparatus takes from thirty to fifty pictures during a second, this high speed cinematograph enables as many as two thousand views to be taken during this short interval.

The apparatus consists mainly of a pasteboard roll bearing on its circumference a photographic film, which, under the action of an electric motor, rotates with extreme rapidity. No mechanical apparatus, of course, is able to open and close the shutter of a photographic camera 2,000 times a second. Moreover, the ordinary illuminants are far from possessing the intensity required for producing a sufficient impression on the film during so short an interval. The inventor therefore avails himself of the electric spark, which unites two most essential properties, viz., instantaneous irradiating and enormous photographic efficiency. After starting the apparatus the sparks are seen to pass the more rapidly as the speed of rotation of the roller becomes higher, and each spark produces a photographic picture on the portion of the film which happens to be in front of the object being operated upon.

Black Velvet Hat with White Aigrette

WOMEN IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

"Flaming marvel of womanhood!" is what Lawson, the Copper King, calls the lady whose insidious intrigues on behalf of the Oil Trust have lately been agitating the financial world of the United States.

This red-haired siren, whose red-gold hair and exquisite complexion are her principal claims to beauty, is said to receive a big salary from the Standard Oil magnates to act as spy upon rival financiers. She meets them at supper and wheedles their secrets from them. Her beauty is only matched by her knowledge of big affairs, and her discretion in dealing with them. She is already one of the great powers behind the scenes in Wall Street.

The public at large is hardly yet awake to the fact that woman has arrived in the world of money making. It is, of course, an old story that there is hardly a profession or industry which is still sacred to the mere man. What is not yet realised is that woman has turned gambler, and that there are many who dare to pit their brains against the most astute financiers in the world.

An example in point is the famous Mrs. Rawles Reader. Miss Rawles, as she was till 1901, was the daughter of a fine old Virginian family, descended from Elizabethan settlers, but who, like many other Southerners, had lost their fortune and become impoverished.

Miss Rawles made up her mind to restore them, and some fifteen years ago went to New York, starting as stenographer and typist. Her talents soon brought her out of the ruck, and she was appointed secretary to President McKinley's Campaign Bureau, and afterwards official reporter to the Venezuela Boundary Commission.

Next, we find her in London arranging contracts for the Central London Railway, and living in great style at the Savoy Hotel, where she gave splendid entertainments.

In London she met and married Mr. Atholl Reader, an Englishman who had held important diplomatic positions. Mrs. Reader continued her career by taking up the Sultan of Lahore's railway projects and financing them, and soon afterwards became interested in Peruvian mining concessions. She is said to have settled a South American revolution in one day, and to have successfully fought that king of high finance, Pierpont Morgan himself. She is now president of a mining company with a capital of two millions sterling.

FREAKISH HARNESS INVENTIONS

In no other place in the world can one see such evidences of the immense amount of energy wasted over impossible or impracticable schemes as in the Patent Office at Washington. Two of these inventions have reference to the safety of those that ride behind horses.

The first is an expedient to prevent horses from running away. The contrivance consists of a strong chain passed about the forelegs of the animal, and kept supported against his chest by a line secured to the dashboard. If the animal takes fright and runs away, the line is simply loosened, allowing the chain to fall to the horse's knees. This is expected to throw him down and break his legs.

Another still more ingenious expedient aims not only at keeping the horse from running away, but at protecting him from exposure to storms and to the rays of the sun, and at saving the energy wasted in descending hills.

With a bold stroke the inventor left all conventional methods behind. He placed the horse under the wagon instead of before it, arching the vehicle above him. Thus the animal is protected from the weather and he does not obstruct the view.

A strong canvas and leather band encircles the horse's body, the ends of it being passed upward through the bottom of the wagon and attached by chains to a windlass above the flooring. With this device, should the horse attempt to run away, or have to descend a steep hill, the driver calmly turns the crank and lifts the animal off his feet.

WHY I WAS NOT ASTONISHED

An Eastern Newspaper Man's Impressions of the West

(By T. W. King, in Canadian Courier)

Everyone who visits the Canadian West seems to have an obsession that he has discovered the country. This is quite trying to our friends who have to listen to us upon our return. Indeed, no one, not even the volunteer who fought in South Africa, or the man who once lived in the Yukon, is so liable to take the floor and keep it as the traveller returned from the West. But published accounts are apt to be somewhat uniform in expressing astonishment and admiration. Much as I admire the West, I cannot say that I was greatly astonished. I think before going West that I had a pretty fair idea of its condition and prospects. I was not stunned by the sight of Winnipeg, having been long familiar with the City of Toronto. I was not amazed by the great fields of grain on either side of the railway track, because I was quite prepared to believe that one hundred and twenty million bushels of wheat produced in three provinces must naturally grow in the fields and be quite visible to persons passing through that part of the country. I think I had a fairly accurate idea before leaving the East of the size of the various cities and towns between Winnipeg and Vancouver, although I had lumped Regina, Edmonton and Calgary in my mind as being about the same size, which was quite unfair to one of the three. I will not say which, as I may have occasion to go West again. I can quite understand that people who have seen a town founded must exult in its growth and returning after a time be astonished to find a substantial city of twelve or fifteen thousand where they had left a few straggling houses. But the traveller who arrives for the first time at Saskatoon or any other "toon" sees only a city of so many people, neither larger nor better, although younger than many other cities which he has visited.

Charles Dickens was probably unfair to the United States of his day in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; but the field was ripe for a satirist, and there are features of life in the Canadian West which invite some kindly, even though it may be an unwelcome criticism. One encounters, for example, what may not unjustly be termed a "pose" among certain Western people. Because they are in the West they feel that they must affect what might have been racy of the soil in either Canada or the United States fifty years ago. The pioneer who lived with his family alone in the forest, fought Indians, killed bears, and was only overtaken in old age by people and civilization, had a certain contempt for some refinements of life and a rugged independence, almost indifferently, bred by his lonely life of hardship, adventure and privation. He was a type and more or less a law to himself, and he had a certain right to be "wild and woolly" in the midst of civilization, if civilization insisted upon overtaking him. But can we look with favor upon anything crude or crass in people who "pioneered" not by blazing a trail through the forest, but by buying tickets and sleeping-car berths from the railway companies; who have never spent a day or night outside of a well populated town; who have never been in a house not equipped with plumbing and hot water, and who have found absolutely no difference in their comfort or environments by moving from Ontario to Saskatchewan or Alberta?

I must protest against the affectation of "hustle," about which we hear so much from the West. I think that people are less inclined to hurry up the farther West you go. Certainly the service found in shops and hotels would not be tolerated for an hour in the East. One is uncertain whether to be angry or amused. At a good-sized town I went into the barber shop of the principal hotel quite early in the morning. There was a gentleman ahead of me, a rather portly, fine-looking man, and in reply to his good-morning I said, looking around me, for apparently no barber was in sight: "I wonder what chance I have of getting shaved?"

"You are after me," he said laconically, removing his coat and collar. No one appearing, he then proceeded to shave himself. When he had finished and wiped his face he stepped to the back of the chair and motioned me to get in. The portly gentleman was the barber, and he naturally shaved himself before attending to a customer. At Moosejaw I asked a bootblack to shine my shoes, at the same time mounting a chair which stood on the sidewalk near a barber shop.

"All right," he said. "Just wait there a few minutes; I'm going in for a shave."

Military fever is quite acute in the West, and amusing stories are told at the expense of the newly-fledged officers. One gallant major at a church parade is said to have marched his battalion into the wrong church. But a few moments later, although the service was well under way, he re-formed his soldiers and marched them out again.

People undoubtedly have made money in the West quickly, and the opportunities there are better for many people than they are in the East. I do not doubt that some men are doing well in the West who would starve to death in the East. For a time I labored under the impression that anybody who came West and stayed long enough would automatically become a millionaire. I inferred it must be automatically because I could not see that the men who lived by their pens were any better paid—or, taking everything together, were as well paid—as their brethren in the East, who usually fall short of acquiring an even million. Still, it is disconcerting to be told "if you had been here three years ago you could have got that lot over there for three dollars and a half, and today it is worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars." You feel you would certainly have been there if you had only known it. One Sunday we were at Battleford, the old capital of the Northwest Territory. It is situated in a beautiful country, but for years had no railway connections, and meanwhile a new Battleford—North Battleford—has grown up on the other side of the river. Well, here at Battleford we were shown the first issue of the first paper printed west of Winnipeg. It preceded Hon. Frank Oliver's Edmonton Bulletin by three years. It was not a large paper then, and it is not a large paper now. It is still in possession of the family of Mr. P. G. Laurie, the able man who founded it, but other papers founded by him, in Ontario, for example, proved better money-making ventures than this first newspaper in the Canadian West. Even Mr. Oliver would probably have done as well in a financial way had he never gone West. The man who walks in midwinter from Edmonton to Winnipeg will not long remain a poor man in any part of the country.

One drawback to the Western visit is the obligation the visitor is under of looking at wheat fields and giving an opinion as to how many bushels it will run to the acre. I was honest enough to admit that I did not know wheat from oats or oats from barley, but it availed me nothing. I was called upon to hazard guesses until I was driven to frenzy. Sometimes I would guess two bushels to the acre, and if this seemed too low I would guess two hundred the next time I was asked. What I most objected to was getting out of the automobile in the dust, climbing fences and standing in the growing grain, looking at it in a vocant manner and trying to be enthused. It was a great relief to strike British Columbia, where they did not seem to have any grain. I also became somewhat nervous on the subject of real estate values. When a man would say, "Do you see that corner lot over there? It was sold for two dollars and forty cents two years ago; what do you think it is worth now?" I would be at a loss what to say. If I guessed five dollars or some like amount my interlocutor would become indignant, and yet he would seem disappointed if I named a figure like two million dollars. I finally hit upon the expedient of always saying "one hundred thousand dollars." Sometimes it seemed absurdly low and sometimes a little high, but I positively refused to become excited when a different amount was mentioned.

But the Western people are all right. If they did not boom their country no-one else would do it for them. It may not be a get-rich-quick proposition, but it is surely a get-enough-to-eat proposition, which, after all, is what we are all of us after.

MATCHES MADE BY MUSIC

"A church choir is one of Cupid's most happy hunting grounds," affirms a tenor who sings in a fashionable London church.

"I believe that if statistics were obtainable on the subject it would be found that of single people who join church choirs a larger proportion get married within a year than among an equal number of young people that might be selected anywhere else. Singing, even if about things celestial, sets the deepest of all emotions going, and hearts chord with each other just as voices do.

"If the singer doesn't discover an affinity in a fellow-singer it is pretty apt to be found in the congregation. If a woman has a sweet voice, a face to match, and a figure to go with the other two attractions, she has the best possible opportunity for displaying them, as anyone can understand; and the same principle applies to a handsome man."

KITCHEN PHILOSOPHY

A Philadelphia man was in great distress one morning not long since by reason of the delay in serving his breakfast.

"I wish you'd go to the kitchen," said he to his wife, "and see what the trouble is. I've an appointment at nine."

The wife complied with this request. When she returned to the dining-room, the husband observed a strangely melancholy expression on her face.

"Well," asked he, impatiently, "did you tell the cook that I wanted my breakfast immediately?"

"I did."

"And what did she say?"

"She said," responded the wife, "that 'we all have our disappointments.'"

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. • • • 25 cents.

"PILLS LIKE A FILE"

So Harsh and Drastic are Many Pills as to Seriously Injure Health

In a letter written from his home in Valencia, Mr. Marsh Selwyn does service to thousands by drawing attention to the injuries inflicted upon delicate people by drastic purgative pills.

"For a long time I suffered from constipation. Like many another, I made the unwise choice of using pills that were like lightning in their activity. I began to be filled with intestinal disturbances, constant rumblings, gas in the bowels and diarrhoea. I grew pale and emaciated. Then the doctor told me drastic irritating pills had caused catarrh of the bowels, an almost incurable disease. Explaining my situation to a friend, he advised a trial of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I speedily experienced the healing and curative effect they exert on the stomach, liver and bowels. The intestines, freed from irritating drugs, rapidly regained natural tone, the bowels acted as if nature and not Dr. Hamilton's Pills were at work. I know it will be of value of thousands to know that a pill as mild and curative as Dr. Hamilton's is available to the ailing."

For bowel disorders, sick headache, constipation, liver and stomach derangement, there is no pill so invariably sure to cure as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Refuse a substitute. Sold in 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

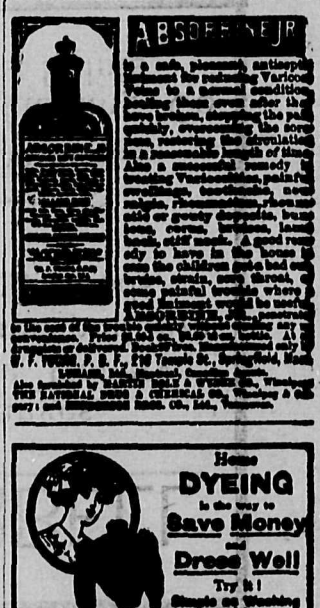
Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

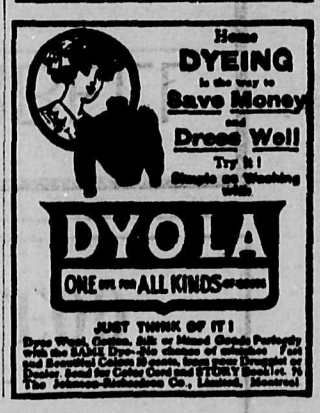
CURED OF LAME BACK WHEN 84

Mr. Samuel Martin, of Strathroy, Ont., passed twenty years of his life in misery, suffering tortures from lame back. He tried nearly all advertised remedies and household recipes, but received no benefit from any of them.

Some months ago, seeing Gin Pills advertised, Mr. Martin purchased a box. The relief, which Mr. Martin experienced after taking one box, was so great that he knew he had found the right remedy at last. He used two more boxes, and is now completely cured.

Fifty cents a box, six for $2.50. At all dealers. Free sample if you write the National Drug & Chemical Co. (Dept. R. P)., Toronto.





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WINNIPEG, MAN.

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SWEET CAPORAL Cigarettes.

Catching a Tiger Shark on the South Carolina Coast

HE was called **Spotted Jack, from the numerous splotches of dark** color that adorned his huge body from head to tail. His size, too, had increased from the moderate length of sixteen feet to that of forty, as yarn after yarn would be spun by the excited fishermen concerning the depredations committed by his lordship among the fishing tackle on the reef and also among the set lines put for his capture.

I saw him once, while fishing for red bass on the shallows. It was only a glimpse of two huge fins protruding some two feet out of the water and the porpeller-like motion of the big tail as it worked—forcing the long, dark body swiftly across the treacherous shoals into the deep and safer waters of the channels.

There was no denying it. He was a nuisance and a menace to the fishing interests of the season, and, unless some means were adopted to rid the beach of his presence, our favorite pastime would be at an end, for this summer at least. Several attempts had been made to catch him—big set lines being used, baited with full-grown mullets. But the fishermen never seemed to consider his great size and strength, or the rigs put out may have been old and rotten. Some reason was always advanced by way of explanation by those whose repeated attempts had always resulted in complete failure, and still he lived and spread havoc along the fishing grounds. He invariably came off victorious—each time leaving three or four expensive rigs smashed at the end of the fight. It was useless to attempt to land him with the ordinary line. Something stronger must be used—a strong quarter-inch line and two hundred feet in length. Steel hooks, too, with chain leaders to match. This would be my outfit. And I lost no time in getting it up. Big lines they were and beauties, but I needed just such a rig. Fourteen or perhaps fifteen feet in length, he would prove an ugly customer, even with the aid of steel and hemp, backed by three strong men and a big stake or log conveniently near at hand, to take a turn around when the strain proved too great.

Thus I figured out the cost of battle, as we went into camp that night. It was late—too late on the tide to put out the big lines then. So we contented ourselves, my man and I, with discussing our plans for the following day, while we carefully examined our fishing gear.

The streaks of early dawn found us up and on the move. Assigning to Dave the task of putting out and staking the big lines, I pushed on to the slough that separated the fishing grounds from the main beach, and, crossing waist-deep, found myself on the big reef known as Southest Breaker—a long, low sand bar that reached far out to sea and which was covered only by the highest tides. Gazing at the endless white fringe of pounding breakers, I selected the calmest spot, and, whirling my heavy sinker three or four times around my head, I hurled it far out into the creamy white waters of the shoal—there to stay until lifted by some of the scaly inhabitants of the reef.

Dave, having now finished his task of putting out the shark lines, arrived upon the scene. He was very much concerned at having seen the big spotted fish, he said, some distance down the beach and heading our way. He was sure of trouble, for his right ear had been ringing all the morning, "and dat shore am an onfailing sign." Accordingly, as is the custom of the superstitious blacks, he made a cross upon the sands, spat upon his line, and heaved it far out—intent upon getting the first bite and landing the first bass.

I now searched every inch of the white sweeping waste before me for the big fins and mottled body of Spotted Jack; but, as it was still dark, I saw nothing to alarm me; so hopefully surmised that he had taken some other route—leaving us to enjoy our fishing without interruption.

The flood tide flowed in sluggishly, taking a long time to cover the tail of the reef and fill the slight depression thereon, in which we expected to have the best sport and catch the most fish. Consequently we had a long time to wait—patiently standing in the chilly water at four o'clock in the morning, with a raw breeze blowing from the south-east which penetrated the innermost recesses of the body and caused one to sigh for the sheltered seclusion of the ever warm myrtle thicket and protected sand dunes of the Point. This was a job for which we had no liking, and Dave showed signs of weariness as he rolled up his line and yawned, while walking to his fishing-box for the purpose of replacing the bait stolen by the annoying crabs and small fish. Another hour passed, and still our lines rode straight out in front of us. This was discouraging. As for me, my legs gave out and I was tired and disgusted with the monotonous routine of throwing out and winding up again, without a single bite to encourage me. Where the fish had gone to I knew not.

However, the water on the bar was not yet deep enough for bass, and, after all, we had the whole day ahead of us and the best of the tide to fish out. So, with these cheering reflections, I retreated to higher ground, and, being somewhat exhausted, sat on my box and dozed—lulled by the soothing sound of rippling water that unceasingly swept in and as unceasingly retreated, carrying with it the annoying little minnows that viciously nibbled at my white toes as they lay half-submerged in the soft sand and shallow water of the reef. Fifty yards away, like a statue cut out of ebony, stood Dave, my faithful friend and servant, with drooping head and closed eyelids—himself a victim to the seductive influence of the hour and the narcotic effects of the salt sea air.

Away out, somewhere in the mysterious depths of that great heaving mass of waters, lay our lines. Armed with six big steel hooks, each baited with a mullet and anchored with great sinkers of some two pounds each, and so constructed as to withstand the undertow and thus keep the rig in position. Fearing that I might lose my line by having it jerked out of my hand during one of my cat naps, I made a noose, through which I inserted my hand; then, tightening it somewhat around my wrist, I once more gave way to the drowsiness that for the last two hours had taken complete possession of me. Turning up the collar of my coat to protect my neck and throat, I endeavored to keep awake awhile—heartily wishing myself ensconced amongst the blankets of my tent, nestling snugly amid the distant sand dunes of the Point. The crash and roar of the breakers grew fainter and more remote. My senses grew confused, and soon I was dozing soundly—only to be ruthlessly awakened by a jerk that almost dislocated my arm. The next moment I found myself pulled from my seat into the shallow water and being rapidly towed to sea at a rate that almost took away my breath. At first I attempted to make a stand—digging my toes into the sand and bracing for dear life. But I might just as well have pitted my puny strength against that of a tugboat as to attempt to turn the big fish at the end of my line.

It did not take me a second to realize what had happened. I had hooked many a shark, clam-cracker and other heavy and hard-pulling fish frequenting this coast-line, but nothing whose strength could approach that of this rampant monster that was surely and swiftly taking me out beyond my depth. Shark or devil fish—judging from his towing powers—one was as bad as the other. It all happened in a second. Yelling for Dave, and vigorously contesting every inch of my seaward journey took up all my spare time. My fish was fighting to gain deep water while I strained every nerve in my body to turn his head and coax him shoreward. The line cut into my wrist fearfully, and I made several fruitless attempts to loosen up the slip-knot, but never succeeding in accomplishing anything, gave it up and exerted all my strength in trying to part it. In this I likewise failed. Things were now taking a serious turn. Unless I could detach myself from the line, I would surely be carried beyond my depth and drowned. Even now, I was half strangled by the ducking I got every few minutes; for the short rollers, racing shoreward, would hit me a slap that would completely submerge my entire body from head to foot. Then I would pop up on the other side, only to see a straight bar of white line cutting deeply through the next wave—a line, too, made of our famous long-stapled Sea Island cotton, strong and tough as a bar of steel wire. I groaned in spirit, for I well knew that it would cut through my wrist, even to the bone, before there would part one fibre of the tough and closely spun cotton cord. No—there was no earthly chance of its parting. This I knew, and my heart almost stopped beating as I thought of what the very next few minutes might bring about. Die? Heavens? I could not die with just a small line, a mere cord, between me and freedom. Break it I would, even if the blood flowed and the flesh tore apart. Thoroughly excited, I continued to yell at the top of my voice for Dave, hoping he would come to my rescue. Deeper and deeper grew the water, as the great fish slowly forced me out into the great swash of big, choppy seas, each of which lifted me clear of the beloved bottom and so deprived me of foothold—my only means of retarding his seaward progress.

Turning my head to one side, to avoid the fearful slap and buffet of an incoming wave, I caught sight of an object struggling amid the flying spray and yelling as only an excited black can yell. Ah! the sweet music of those yells! Oh! the love that welled up in my heart when I heard David's cheery voice shouting words of encouragement as he flourished aloft a big sheath knife and breasted the short waves of the bank, on his way to the swash beyond. "Hold um, Boss!" he yelled, between gasps. "Try for turn um, Marse Cecil. Dah big spotted debil! He shore done got you dis time! I'm comin' all I kin!" These words came to me across a vast field of whirling white foam and broken water, but oh! the music of it all!

Still I tugged and fought—now strangling, now gasping, as each giant wave would deluge me on its way to the distant beach. A minute more, and I see David's black hands grasping the stout cord and feel his big shoulder as it jostles against mine in a frantic effort to stay the outward rush of the now thoroughly frightened fish.

"The first chance you get, Dave, for God's sake give me the knife!"

"Yes, Boss. I ready, sah. Shore, dat chance!" he replied, as we doggedly fought and tugged, while the cross seas of the bank buffeted us about ad libitum. Giddy from the whirl and swish of the onrushing breakers, our heads swam and we felt weak and faint from the strain of the heavy pull. Up and down the big reef we raced. Out to the surf line; then in again we worked panting. Now almost drowned by an avalanche of spray from some unperceived wave; anon gasping for breath, as the salt spray would be forced into our heaving lungs. All the while losing ground, foot by foot we advanced further into the great stretch of moving, swaying green water of the channel, with never the ghost of a chance to check his outward run and make a stand for even a moment. Oh! for the knife in the darkie's hand! I had not time to reach for it and he less to let it go and hand it to me. My left hand was always employed in easing the strain on my right wrist; otherwise the line would have soon cut clean through to the bone.

Now a jerk throws us forward on our faces, far beneath the surface of the tide. Dave is the first to regain his feet and I see him fumbling for the weapon I am so anxious to possess. I muster up enough breath to shout out, "Quick! The knift!" Then down again we go together. A moment of fearful ear-ringing and again we are up, frantically coughing the water from throat and lungs. I feel that this cannot last long. "Try for turn um, Boss! Try for turn um! We gwine ter drown!" comes in gasps from my dusky companion, and I know that he, too, is failing. Even now I am on the point of giving up and quietly drowning, just as a puppy or kitten would if repeatedly pushed beneath the surface by the hand. I feel weak and dazed. But, even as I give up, my fish seems to weaken for the first time since hooked. The great strain of a moment ago suddenly relaxes and the white streak of line falls and disappears in the whirl and sweep of white water that rushes across the great bank; my fish, to all appearances, has escaped; but, experienced as I am, I know the contrary. No such good luck! He is merely running in with the line and in all probability will be amongst us in a jiffy. Apprehending being torn to pieces by his sharp teeth, we beat a hasty retreat shoreward — straining waist-deep against the undertow and making a fearful outery, to intimidate him if possible. Our progress, of course, is slow and tedious, while his would be as swift as a swallow's.

Now, too, was my chance for cutting my wrist clear. Calling for the knife (which was handed me before the words were out of my lips), I quickly slashed the stout cord and was once more free. I had had enough fishing for one day; so I fought my way steadily through the surf for the beach, some seventy five yards away and glistening in the noonday sun.

Being now free, I direct my attention to lengthening our lines, thereby adding a hundred and fifty feet to my already long rig and proportionately increasing our chances of landing him safely ashore without the former risk of being obliged to follow him into deep water. My arm being also released, I could let go when the strain grew too great for my hands. Yes; I was now safe and bent on revenge! With two long lines—some 350 feet—and my hand free, I felt sure that he was mine. Now, catch him I would. So, letting the coil drop in the tide, I grasped the end firmly and awaited the outward rush that I knew would come, sooner or later, as he shoaled. But the swash still separated us from the mainland and I felt I was crowing too soon. Waist-deep still, with plenty of water to float a big fish all around us and with my skin creeping and momentarily expecting the grip of his powerful jaws, we struggled on. Suddenly there arose close by a great whirlpool of white water and a cloud of spray, out of which popped two enormous dorsal fins. A piercing yell from Dave and a freezing of my heart's blood! But just then, thank heaven! something alarmed him, and he was off again—taking the slack as he goes out. Out seaward he darts, while we tug and strain at the long line that burns and gnaws at our hands like heated wire.

"Let go, Boss! for Gora'mighty's sake, let go! He too much for me!" pleads Dave, disheartened at this new reverse.

But I refuse to quit; my blood is up and I am determined to fight it out to a finish. For a second I get a glimpse of his ugly body as he glides through a great, glassy roller—only to be lost the next moment in a seething smother of foam as the big sea breaks. What a beast he is! and so hideously mottled! Ugh! the sight of his baleful goggle eyes and shovelling snout! Out, out to the end of 350 feet of good stout line he swims, churning the sea into foam as he feels the check. Ah! now he starts shoreward again and we pull him in quickly, doing our best to get him shoaled. This time I feel sure he's ours—but again he stops, working the dead weight tactics on us and refusing to budge a single inch. Ere long he heads shoreward once more and I am pulling him in through a big wave, when up goes his tail and down goes his head. There is a whirl of white water and a great volume of spray shoots skyward. The whole sea seems full of sharks, so quick is he in his movements. He must have struck the sand in his downward plunge and thus become frightened into a renewed effort to escape. Back to sea he goes with remarkable rapidity, in spite of our united efforts—taking the skin off our hands with the slack as he flies.

"Dave," I cried, "haul in with all your might! This is his last spurt. Don't quit me now," I pleaded, as my companion grumblingly berated the hot cord which had burned into his tough palm.

Once more, waist-deep in the heaving water, shoulder to shoulder we jostle and bump each other. Now jerked almost on our faces; now buffeted about by the angry cross-seas that came in threes and fours, until I felt beaten and ready to throw up the sponge in despair, while Spotted Jack sailed serenely through the green seas, apparently as fresh as when first hooked. The entire length of two long lines had been paid out; the water was getting deeper; and it was now simply a matter of the strength of the harness. Stop we must—and stop we did. Stretch, stretch! while we hung on and dug our toes into the soft sand of the bottom. Would he never stop? Minutes seemed like hours. I could not stand it much longer, and still the line stretched and grew taut as a harpstring.

Our feet fairly plough the bottom, as we are ruthlessly dragged seaward. Now we come in contact with some huge slippery obstacle, deeply imbedded in the ever-changing quicksand of the blue. To this I cling with a deathlike grip and call upon Dave to do the same. A quick turn around one of its projections and the job is complete.

"Dat stop um!" cries Dave, between gasps, as the mammoth shark swings side on and makes a mighty dive—to soon vault high above the horizon line. Up! up! into the blue air he flies. Then down again into his native element, amidst a cloud of feathery spray, he sinks from sight. Once more we start landward, across the vast expanse of seething water—waist-deep and putting forth the best we have in us. Taking in the slack as we hustled; again getting miserably entangled in the heavy line that wound itself around our feet; staggering against each other in our mad haste, and all the time fearful of seeing two big fins and goggle eyes pop up again from the tumbling foam around us. Now we've only a few yards; then the deep swash. Ugh! that deep water! What might not be waiting therein for us? Where was the shark?

Ah! a jerk answers the question. The line again runs out. Feebly this time—giving us no trouble to check it. Yes; there he is, slowly swimming in—worn out or drowned, as the fishermen style it. Now, for the first time, we note his huge proportions, as he shoals in three feet of good green water and rolls sluggishly about in the shallow sweep of the surf line. How the water flies, as he raises his big tail and brings it down again.

"Wait on de tide, Boss. We can't move um, sah," pants Dave, as he sits at rest, while little rills of perspiration chase each other down his ebony cheeks and fall into the shallow sweep of sea around his feet. As for me, I am harmless. The reaction has set in, and I am glad to drop flat on the hard sand beach and gasp for the breath that was so badly needed in my exhausted lungs. The question now arises, How to despatch him? We dare not approach the fish; he is cross and still very much alive, and I would not venture within ten feet of him, shoaled as he is, for all the money in the country. Ever and again he makes feeble efforts to turn seaward, but his day has come and we are masters of the situation. Dave proposes going to camp for the Winchester. A wise suggestion, to which I readily agree, and after a few minutes he is back again and anxious to shoot the big fish, for he is fearful of its getting away and equally desirous of getting the liver to use as a charm against evil spirits. So, taking a careful aim, he sends a bullet ploughing through the big head and another into the body. A few convulsive shivers, and thrashings of the huge tail, attest Dave's true eye and steady hand. I now decide to leave the carcass where it is until the receding tide should leave it high and dry. Then, after refreshing the inner man at camp, we are to return and measure our prize, and, if possible, remove the lower jaw, to take home as a trophy of war.

In two hours we are back, to find our fish some twenty feet on dry land. He is a monster all right, and curiously mottled, being different from any specimen I have ever seen. His jaw I hacked away, and succeeded in laying open my hand in two places while doing so. He had evidently strayed afar from his native waters—probably the Carribean sea or Gulf of Mexico—and had taken up his abode around our fishing grounds. I should have liked to weigh the body, as he appeared to have the girth of a small pony, and, upon measuring, proved to be sixteen feet five inches—a length twice as great as any usually met with around our coast. There are no doubts of his having been able to drown us both, within ten minutes of our hooking him, had the hooks not entered high up in his upper jaw, very close to the shovel-shaped part of the head—a place known to every fisherman as a tender spot in a shark's head. This chance hooking, I believe, saved my life, as he was not able to put forth a half of the prodigious strength at his command and thus got worn out by his own exertions.

Since then, I have never attached my line to any part of my person. One such experience is certainly enough for me, and I have learned wisdom at the cost of a nerve-racking adventure.

Ready-made Medicine.—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable; for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy anyone as to its effectiveness.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

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

WARS OF THE INSECT WORLD

THE insect world sounds peaceful enough when the whole earth vibrates with its monotonous songs; yet these insect melodies which make the summer days seem so drowsy and peaceful to the human mind are, in reality, making insect life what it is: one continual civil war. These songs are prompted by deadly sexual rivalry, and a merry tune will often end in the singer's death if his more powerful neighbor happens to be within fighting distance.

However, it must not be supposed that all insect conflicts are started in this way. Battles which start through the songs of insects are always confined to one species, for there would be no sexual rivalry, for instance, between a spider and a grasshopper.

So far, from personal observation, I have found that the grasshoppers are by far the most irritable class of insects among themselves. They seem to enjoy fighting better than eating, and frequently fight until each has lost one or more limbs, and sometimes until one succeeds in killing the other. So great is their interest in these deadly battles that they will allow themselves to be picked up and carried about, continuing the conflict in one's hand in the most unconcerned manner imaginable.

The katydids constitute the less quarrelsome members of the grasshopper family. Their fights are far and few between, but extremely violent when once started. I remember vividly a battle between two of these insects which I witnessed several years ago. It happened close to the edge of a small patch of woodland where several trees had been cut and the stumps left standing from two to three feet above the ground. To the top of one of these stumps a large katydid and his mate had crawled, perhaps to enjoy their honeymoon. As I stopped to watch their actions for a minute, a third katydid, seeing the happy couple, and feeling somewhat jealous, shrieked an insult to them from a nearby stump. The offended insect never uttered a sound, but, leaving his mate, flew directly to the other stump, where a fierce conflict ensued, ending only when the insulting one had been torn to pieces by his more powerful rival, much to the satisfaction of the female katydid.

The most furious of all insect battles take place between colonies of the mound-building ant. Their huge nests are situated close to the edges of shaded wood paths, sometimes near together and at other times not within several hundred feet of one another. Here the same colonies will live, year after year, at peace or at war with one another, until nature's own forces wipe them out of existence. Picture to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about one hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two capitals. The whole space that separates them, of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The following account was given by M. Huber of a battle which he witnessed a great many years ago:

The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize one another with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, as if conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about three feet in dimensions; a penetrating odor exhales on all sides, and numbers of ants are here lying dead covered with venom, while others, composing groups and chains, are locked together by their legs or paws, and drag one another alternately in opposite directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind legs, mutually spurt their acid; then, closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavors to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable until a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succored at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken until a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retires to its own city; but before the following dawn the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of the ground. These daily fights continue until heavy rains separate the combatants, and they forget their quarrel, and peace is finally restored!

The anger of honey-bees is frequently excited against their own species, many a mortal combat taking place, sometimes within the hive, sometimes without. During these battles the bees, like the grasshoppers, are so eager, that it is impossible to stop them without administering a comparatively hard blow of the hand. Their one object in these civil broils is to pierce their enemies with their stings, the stroke of which, if it once penetrates to the muscles, is mortal. The conqueror is not always able to extricate his weapon after one of these engagements, and, when this is the case, both insects perish. General actions sometimes take place between two full swarms.

Friendly intercourse will sometimes prevail between the bees of two different hives for several days at a time, but sooner or later one will become irritated with the other, and again a deadly battle will be the result of the well-meant friendship.

Many death-struggles take place between insects of different families. The mud-wasp stores her nest with young spiders for her own young to feed upon; but let the little spiders grow up, let them build their powerful webs, and if a wasp becomes entangled among the silken strands a battle ensues which results in the wasp's death more often than the spider's.

So it goes throughout the insect world, the strong preying upon the weak and the cunning upon the simple.

JOINING LEATHER TO IRON

TO glue leather to iron, paint the iron with some kind of lead color—say white lead and lampblack. When dry, cover with a cement made as follows: Take the best glue procurable; soak it in cold water till soft; then dissolve in vinegar with a moderate heat, and add one-third of its bulk of white pine turpentine. Thoroughly mix, and by means of vinegar make it the proper consistency to be spread with a brush. Apply the cement while hot; draw the leather on or around quickly, and press into place. In case of a pulley, draw the leather around tightly as possible; lay and clamp.

BLOOD-POISONING FROM CUT FINGER

Serious Condition Relieved by Zam-Buk

Mr. Jas. Davey, 786 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, says: "A few months since I was cured of a poisoned finger through the timely use of Zam-Buk. I cut a deep gash across the knckkle of the right hand, in opening a lobster can one evening. I suffered at the time with the soreness and pain ,but had no idea it would become a serious wound. However, in about two days I was greatly alarmed, as my whole hand and arm to the elbow became inflamed, and the finger was much discolored, showing signs of blood-poisoning. The pain was dreadful, and I was forced to leave off my work and go home.

"The wound on the knuckle had been poisoned through the dust and dirt about the furnaces and boilers. I then decided to start the Zam-Buk treatment and, having first bather the cut, I applied the healing balm. It soothed the pain almost immediately, and the next day there was a great improvement. In a week's time, through perseverance with Zam-Buk, a complete cure was brought about."

Scores of similar cases could be quoted, and the wisest precaution is to keep a box of Zam-Buk handy and apply it immediately a cut, or burn, or bruise is sustained.

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ring worm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse imitations and substitutes.

SMALL, SWIFT, SURE

THE power pulley is an electrically operated winch recently designed to enable quick coaling of warships. Apart from its original destination it may, however, be used for a multitude of other purposes both on land and on board ship.

This pulley is designed for a load of sixty pounds at a lifting speed of six feet per second. Four seconds are thus required for lifting the whole basket to a height of twenty-three feet—taking into account the acceleration in starting and the slackening in stopping. The motor is sufficiently strong to stand temporary overloads up to one hundreds pounds.

Apart from its simplicity in operation, and high working speed, the power pulley is especially valuable because of its ease of transport, the more so as on the modern ships of the Dreadnought type the deck should be cleared as far as possible for military operations.

The motor is started by a simple switch without a starting box. A simple device allows the hook when empty to be lowered as far as desired, so that packages at any depth may be reached.

THE RAVENOUS RAT

A RECENT flood in the Ohio River drove the big, grey river rats from its shores and retaining walls through sewers to the stores and residences of Middleport, Ohio.

The morning after the flood had reached its highest point, a stream of water broke through the ceiling of a meat shop in that town from a residence above. A hurried investigation showed that a rat had gnawed away more than half of a two-inch lead pipe leading to a sink above. The cuttings were left on the ceiling where the rat had firm footing and a good place to work. Evidently the rat was after the grease lining the inside of the pipe. So reach that it was but necessary to cut a small hole in the pipe. Why did the rat go on and cut the pipe more than half in two and for several inches up and down?

A careful examination of the section of damaged pipe shows conclusively that the rat went at the job in a workmanlike way. After cutting a hole through to the cavity, it cut from each side with upward strokes from the lower jaw, each stroke of the sharp teeth leaving distinct marks.

ONE BETTER

WHEN a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaperon.

"But I go one better, auntie!" twittered the pretty girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?"

"Yes. Does it contain perfume?"

"No; it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

IT IS NEWS WORTH GIVING TO THE WORLD

HOW RAVAGES OF KIDNEY DISEASE ARE CHECKED IN QUEBEC.

Mrs. Julien Painchaud, for seven years a suffered, finds quick relief and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Whitworth, Temiscouata Co., Que., Nov. 28 (Special)—With the coming of winter the ravages of Kidney Disease are again felt in this province, and the fact that a sure cure is vouched for in this village is news worth giving to the world. Mrs. Julien Painchaud is the person cured, and she states without hesitation that she found her cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For seven years my heart and Kidneys bothered me," Mrs. Painchaud states. "I was always tired and nervous. I could not sleep. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. My eyes had dark cricles under them and were puffed and swollen. I was so ill I could hardly drag myself around to do my housework.

"A neighbor advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I found relief in the first box. Six boxes made me perfectly well."

If you have any two of Mrs. Painchaud's symptoms your Kidneys are diseased. Cure them and guard against serious, if not fatal results by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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

give us a call.

McPhee & Morrison

General Merchants, Courtenay.

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .

Dunsmuir Ave : : : Cumberland

COMOX ASSESSMENT DISTRICT

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all assessed taxes and income tax, and school tax, assessed and levied under the "Assessment Act," and amendments, are due and payable on the 2nd day of January, 1911. All taxes collectible for the Comox Assessment District are due and payable at my office, situated at the Government Offices, Cumberland. This notice, in terms of law, is equivalent to a personal demand by me upon all persons liable for taxes.

Dated at Cumberland, B.C. the 13th day of January, 1911.

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor and Collector,
Comox Assessment District,
Cumberland Post Office.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

PC. SERVICE
S S. CITY OF NANAIMO
(OR OTHER STEAMER)
WEATHER AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES PERMITTING, WILL SALE

NORTH BOUND
Leave Vancouver 5 p m. Mondays
Arrive Nanaimo 9 00 p.m. Mondays
Leave Nanaimo 10 p.m. Mondays
Beaver Creek f
Denman Island f
Arrive Union Bay 5.30 a.m. Tuesdays
Leave Union Bay 10 30 a.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Comox 11.15 a.m Tuesdays

SOUTH BOUND
Leave Comox 1.15 p.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Union Bay 2.00 p.m. Tuesdays
Leave Union Bay 2.15 p.m. Tuesdays
Denman Island f
Beaver Creek f
Arrive Nanaimo 10 p m. Tuesdays
Leave Nanaimo 11.00 p.m. Tuesdays
Arrive Vancouver 1.30 a m. Wednesdays
f Indicates flag stop.

For rates and further particulars call or apply to

H. W. BRODIE, GEN'L. P. A., Vancouver, B.C.
W. McGIRR, Agent, Nanaimo, B.C.

Cumberland Public & High School Statement 1910

EXPENDITURE

Teachers salary	$6500 00
Janitor	480 00
caretaker	60.00
Heating Furnace	1600 00
New Desks	171 00
Repairs Printing & Sundries	460.00
Total Expenditure	$9271.00

Respectfully Submitted. T.H.Carey Secretary
Certified Correct, Jan 9 '11
J.T E Palmer, City Auditor

S. G. HANSON'S

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

Average profit per bird for 151 days . . . $2.01

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

HILLCREST POULTRY FARM
DUNCAN, B.C. j4

The Star **Livery Stable**

Third St. & Penrith Avenue
MAXWELL & HORNAL
Proprietors

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

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for
The London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

Get rates before insuring elsewhere

Office: Cumberland

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

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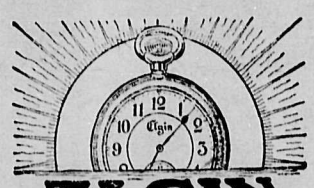
Up-to-date Merchant Tailor
DUNSMUIR AVENUE
j4

YOUR NAME IS GOOD

Anything in the Jewellery Line



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Winning Numbers
IN THE DRAWING, ON
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FIRST PRIZE 573. 2ND 850.
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CUMBERLAND, B. C.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world

SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, and interest at highest current rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards

CUMBERLAND, B.C., Branch — — — OPEN DAILY
COURTENAY, B.C. Sub Branch OPEN TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAYS

H. F. Montgomery, Manager

CROWDS CROWDS

continues with unabated fury at the International Salvage Co's selling out sale of the Model Clothing stock on Dunsmuir Ave. which continues for only a few days more. Sale For 5 Days Only. DONT DELAY, ACT QUICKLY

$15,000 Worth of Clothing Butchered

Fine Suits of Men's or Youths Clothes, all to match

$2.98

This suit is positively worth $7.50 or your money refunded any time during the sale

A fine suit of mens or youths cloth, all to match positively worth $12.50 or your money refunded at any time during the sale

4.98

Mens suits in high or dark silk mixed cheviots, best our business worth models price $18; salvage price

6.88

[illegible] what we sell for the value, hem[illegible] Models price $18

9.98

Handsome black [illegible] worth $25

Salvage Price 10.89

Particularly in this grade of suits we have the greatest surplus. Here we have prepared a line of which we are truly Proud.

[illegible] Models price $25 SALVAGE PRICE

11.48

Black suits for business or wear, [illegible] worth $20

Salvage price 11.88 and 14.98

[illegible] Models price 75 cents; salvage price twenty-nine cents.

[illegible] dozen mens shirts white and fancy patterns price 1 0 and 1.50; salvage sale price 79c

[illegible] men fancy [illegible] drawer, with [illegible] price [illegible]

Mens hose worth 25c, Salvage sale price 5

Mens and ladies handkerchiefs hemstitched, worth to 15c sale price 3c

Mens silk embroidered suspenders, worth to 35c, ... sale price 12c

Fifty doz best work and dress shirts on earth, worth to $1; .....sale 39c

Ties worth 25c..... now 5c

26 doz overalls, worth 75c, sale 29c

100 doz ties worth 50c & 75c, sale 17c

Mens wool socks worth 50c....now 19c

Hats soft and stiff worth $2; sale 68c

Big line of hats worth up to $3.50 sale price.....$1.78

Mens soft and stiff hats, Dunlap and Knox shapes, worth $3,.....sale 98c

Boys hats worth $1; ..... now 29c

Caps 39c & 50c values, ... now 14c

Mens & boys pants worth $1.50 now..... .....79c

Knee pants worth 50c to $1; now 21c

Boys overcoats worth to [illegible] now [illegible]

[illegible] $6.00; now $2 89

C[illegible] worth $8; now $8 [illegible]

M[illegible] hats, special worth $ 50, [illegible] 18

L[illegible] worth $2 50; sale price 98c

Boys' shoes worth $2; sale price 69 c

Men's high top boots worth 7 50; now $4 48

Men's Oxfords worth $3; sale price 1 48

62 doz men's and boys' ribbed underwear, broken sizes; value 50c; now only 17c

25 doz men's fancy hose, all colors, worth 25c and 35c; now selling at 11c

75 doz gloves val 50c to $1 50; now 35c

Men's fine boots worth $3 50; now $1 65

Men's boots worth to $4 50. now $2.35

Men's fine worsted pants, worth $5 50 now..... $2.85

Men's pants worth $3 50 now $1 48

Boys knickers worth 35c now pair 12c

3 only [illegible] & overcoats worth $10 now..... $1 48

[illegible] overcoats worth to $12.50;..... $1 48

Men's [illegible] overcoats worth $15 & $20 now ..... 6.89 & 12.48

Warning;—Owing to the magnitude of this selling out sale we caution you to beware of others call dealers and signs. Look for the big canvas front with our name in large bold letters above the door. Our Guarntee;—We assure each purchaser absolute satisfaction. We will exchange or refund money on any unsatisfactory purchase. Every article marked in plain figures. Come help you self.

10 Extra Salespeople here to supply your wants

THE INTERNATIONAL SALVAGE CO

The World's Greatest Bargain Givers. Selling out the Model Clothing Co's Stock, STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

DUNSMUIR AV. Two Door East of Cumberland News.