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No. 99 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1912 Subscription price $1.50 per year

AN ERA OF GREAT DEVELOPMENT ARRIVING IN THE COMOX DISTRICT

M. Manson, M. P. P., Tells of the Great Activity throughout the Entire District, and the Rapid Influx of Settlers.

DISTRICT UNDERGOING TRANSFORMATION

The Far-Sightedness of the McBride Railway Policy Bringing Prosperity and Wealth to North Part of Vancouver Island.

Governor-General Coming Here

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaugbt, governor-general of Canada, the Duchess of Connaught. Princess Patricia, and suite, will visit Victoria about 1st of October next, and spend some days in the capital city. This information was recived by Lieut.-Governor Patterson in a notification from the secretary of state. The occasion will be made a gala one by the loyal subjects of the King resident in this province, and the period of the royal visit will assuredly be the most notable since the visit of His Majesty the King, then Prince George, some ten years ago.

Empire Reciprocity Trade

Speaking at a dinner tendered the West Indies commissioners at Toronto by business men, Hon. George E. Foster said the treaty was only the beginning of wider trade union. There was no reason why Canada and Australia could not reach an agreement and then it would be possible in a few years to bind all the outside sisterhood. They would then be ready to march on the mother country to secure one bond of commercial unity throughout the empire.

The concluding session of the trade union conference passed resolutions urging imperial aid to cable and steamship service between Canada and the West Indies.

Fiendish Crime

Winnipeg, April 12.—Wheeler Bisley and his wife are under arrest at Gadsden, Alberta, charged with incinerating Ezra Busty, a 16-year-old youth, after he had imbibed too much liquor in their alleged liquor resort. They feared he would attract attention, and so placed the drunken boy under a brush heap which they saturated with coal oil and set on fire. He received fatal burns.

Cost Not Worth the Result

London, April 12.—The figures of coal strike losses has been revised and it was found to-day that the loss in wages had been $70,000,000, half to the miners and half to other trades. The railways lost $14,000,000. The funds of the Federation of Miners have been almost exhausted.

The strike pay amounted to the sum of $7,500,000. Many district organizations are bankrupt. Men are beginning to say the result was not worth the cost; and it is prodicted that it will be a long time before there will be another national strike.

Noted Settlers Coming to B.C.

Winnipeg, April 12.—Unrest in England and inroads on settled incomes by new forms of taxation are ascribed by a passenger on the latest arrived Empress boat for the remarkable proportion of well-to-do English people among her fifteen hundred passengers, who are making their permanent home in Western Canada. A typical instance is that of Rear Admiral Storey, R.N., retired, who finds his half-pay will go a lot further in British Columbia, and has bought land at Windermere, B.C., where he will establish his entire family.

Comox District Looks Good

On a missionary expedition in support of the propaganda for good roads in his constituency of Comox Mr. Michael Manson has arrived in the capital city with a view to placing the matter before the provincial government. In response to a query as to what occasioned the urgent necessity for the new roads in the district of Comox Mr. Manson replied that there were so many industrial changes taking place that the district was practically undergoing a transformation. Quarter sections were being divided into small home lots of from one to twenty acres in order to meet the tremendous demand for locations that occurred as a result of the growing industrialism. He pointed to the increaed operations of the Canadian Collieries, Ltd., which concern is at the present time engaged upon the sinking of a shaft for their No. 8 mine, the construction of a new line to the mine and the ballasting of the old line to Union Bay, together with the erection of a hydro-electric plant for the operating of all the mine machinery by electricity instead of by steam, alterations, additions and imerovements, which mean an expenditure of something like two million dollars.

In the Courtenay valley, where it is generally conceded that the land is of a more productive character than perhaps in any other part of Vancouver Island, people with predilections in favor of agricultural pursuits are flocking in great numbers, and it is only a question of a very short time before the entire valley is taken up.—Colonist.

Sees Battle of Ocean Monsters

For many days out from St. Vincent there occurred what was perhaps the most remarkable incident of the voyagage. The weather was fine, the sea almost dead calm. Captain Napper happened to be leaning over the side of the vessel, looking into the water, when suddenly he saw, passing silently underneath, a huge shape. The exact outlines he could not perceive, but he caught a glimpse of a long protuberance from the head and recognized the creature as a large swordfish.

SHOW CHANGES HAND

Another important change in the business concerns of the city has taken place, Messrs. James Smith and P. Anderson having bought the moving picture show running in the City Hall. Messrs. Smith and Anderson are well and favorably known in Cumberland and THE ISLANDER predicts success for them. It is a case of Cumberland men investing Cumberland money in Cumberland. The moving picture show at the City Hall has been popular and largely patronized. It will retain its popularity and still be largely patronized under the management of these genial gentlemen. It is said the hall is to be enlarged, the seats re-arranged and the interior decorated.

Mr. Curtis, who has so long managed this popular place of amusement, leaves for Vancouver tomorrow.

Mr. J. A. Halliday, of Sandwick, is in town today on business.

Miss Effie McFayden spent Easter week with her parents here and returns to Vancouver Sunday.

$27.000 DEAL IN COURTENAY LAND

32 Lots Sold one Week R. R. Grading let in three Divisions

Special to the Islander

Courtenay, April 11.—Never, in the history of Comox district has there been such activity in real estate circles here in Courtenay as at the present time. The immediate building of the E. & N. railroad to Courtenay is perhaps a part of the cause, but the stragetic position of Courtenay in a large undeveloped territory of great natural wealth is tbe prime cause. Courtenay is the City of Destiny on North Vancouver Island. There is much money to be made here in the swift rise of land values in the immediate future.

That Courtenay will soon have the iron horse at her doors is shown by the way the E. & N, have let the contracts for grading. The right of way is all cleared and the contract for grading has been let in three sections of 15 miles each, which means that the work can be done much quicker under three contracting gangs than one, and that the work is to be rushed to a finish. That Courtenay is a point of importance to the E. & N. Railroad company is shown by the large land holdings which the company has purchased here at advanced prices for depot, yards and other purposes.

A little deal has been consumated here within the last few days which shows the way things are going. Thirty-six acres have changed hands at $750.00 per acre, involving the neat little sum of $27,200.00. This property lies between the railroad right of way and the town. It will be cut up into lots.

There have been 32 lots sold in Courtenay during the past week, an average of over 5 lots a day, and the daily sales are increasing

There is much activity in and around Headquarters Camp. A new school house to accommodate 40 pupils is under construction. A new sawmill having a daily capacity of 75M feet is being erected and will soon be in commission. There is a large force of men at work on a wagon road between Headquarters camp and Courtenay. The camp is connected with Courtenay by rail.

Mr. J. M. Crookstone from Glasgow, Scotland, arrived in town Thursday and will take Mr. Golden's place in the Canadian Bank of Commere.

The annual meeting of the lawn tennis club will be held in the Colliery Company's office on Tuesday, April 16th, at 8 p.m. All members are asked to attend.

The many friends of Mr. John Wier will be pleased to know that he is on the mend and is reported today to be improving nicely.

SUDDEN DEATH OF WELLKNOWN CITIZEN

Enoch C. Walker Dies Instantly of Heart Failure.

At about 8:30 a. m. Thursday, April 11. Enoch C. Walker was found by his sister, Mrs. T. H. Carey, lying across and but partly on the bed in his room, dead.

Deceased resided with Mr. and Mrs, T. H. Carey. On Wednesday evening he complained of not feeling well and decided to lay off on Thurday. Said he thought he was coming down with the grippe. He arose as usual on Thursday morning at 7:15 and lighted the fire. He then retired to his room. Not making his appearance, his sister went to the room and found him lying partly on and across the bed, where he had apparently fallen, dead. The physicians, hastily summoned, gave the cause of death as heart failure.

Enoch C. Walker was 32 years of age and was born in Nanaimo. He came to Cumberland with his father, the late Edward Walker, when a boy of 11 and has resided here for more than 20 years. He was fond of hunting and fishing, knew every trout stream for miles around and had evidently looked forward to another day of his favored sport When the dread summons intervened. He was of massive frame, weighing over 300 pounds. He was well-known and respected in Cumberland and had a large circle of friends. He was a member of the U.M.W. of A. The funeral services will be held at the residence of Mrs. T. H. Carey, on Maryport Avenue, at 2 p.m. tomorrow, Rev. B. C. Freeman officiating.

Deceased leaves a large number of relatives to mourn his loss:—Four brothers, Joseph and Harley Walker, of Cumberland; Albert Walker, of Baynes Sound, and William Walker, of San Francisco. Three sisters. Mrs. T. H. Carey, of Cumberland; Mrs. T. Sorby, of Portland, Ore., who will arrive here to-day: and Mrs. Jas. George son, of San Francisco. Mrs. Dan Dailey, aunt of the deceased, with her daughter, arrived here from Nanaimo yesterday.

The Congregational vote on the question of church union will be taken in Grace Methodist church tomorrow.

Mr. A. D. Golden, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has been appointed to the staff of that bank in Prince Rupert. He leaves for that city on Sunday.

Miss Dot Burns spent Easter with her parents at Dove creek, Dot says the fishing is pretty good.

CONFERENCE OF CANADIAN COLLIERIES DIRECTORS AT VANCOUVER

Decide to Spend Nearly Two Million Dollars in Developing the Cumberland Coal Fields this Year.

75 NEW HOUSES TO BUILD AT OLD MINE

And 200 at No. 8.—Diamond Drills Proving Large Beds of Coal at One Thousand Feet.—Bright Outlook for Cumberland.

Vancouver, April 11.—The Daily Province says: Details of extensions and improvements at the mines of the Canadian Collieries in the Cumberland field involving an expenditure of nearly $2,000,000, were discussed at a conference held here to day between Mr. A. D. McRae, managing director of the company; Mr. William Murray, a director; Mr. W. L. Coulson, of Victoria, general manager; and Mr. F. Perry, of Montreal, Canadian representative of Liard Bros., a Parisian banking house which is heavily interested in the enterprise.

Mr. Coulson stated that at least 1000 additional men will be employed in connection with the various improvements with in the next thirty days. A contract for the extension of the standard-guage railway line to the new No. 8 mine, a distance of six and a half miles, has just been awarded to Mr. Clarence Howard, of Victoria. The shaft is down 70 feet and it will be extended to a depth of 1000 feet to tap the coal seams proved up by diamond drills, three of which are still engaged exploring the field. The coal output there a year hence, it is expected, will be nearly doubled, and brought up to 5000 tons daily.

The company will build 200 new dwellings at the No. 8 mine this summer, and 75 at the old mines at Cumberland, where 25 were built last year. The hydro-electric plant on the Puntledge river will be completed next fall and will provide an electrical energy for operating all the mining plants in the field. It will furnish 6000 horsepower, the capacity of which will be doubled later as requirements justify. The fans will also be operated by electricity. It is not proposed at present to increase the output of the Extension field, which now produces 1200 tons daily. The coal bunkers and wharf capacity at Ladysmith and Comox are also being enlarged.

The Naramata Bible class of St. George's Presbyterian church gave a very enjoyable social Thursday evening in the basement of the church. Over 60 members and friends were present. Several good vocal numbers were given by members of the class and the games, including a gentlemen's sewing contest, caused much merriment. Mr. Lumsden secured first prize by a splendid effort. D. R. McDonald also moved the sympathy of the lady judges and in fact brought tears to their eyes. Several speeches were given, Dr. Hick's stunt putting Dick McBride in the shade. Refreshments were then passed around and at 11:30 Auld Lang Syne was sung, everybody voting the "Blues" as being good entertainers.

The Passion Play which was prented by the management of the Orpheum at the Cumberland hall Saturday and Tuesday nights was a treat and the people showed their appreciation by packing the hall. The films were taken to Courtenay for Sunday and Monday evenings. The hall there was well filled. The management of the Orpheum are making a warm spot for themselves in the hearts of all lovers of good pictures.

TORTURED FOR SEVEN YEARS

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SEE SALVATION.

MADAM JOSEPH LIRETTE

No. 111 George St., Sorel, Que.

"For seven years I suffered from womb disease and dreadful torturing pains, and I had constant Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation—the latter so bad that sometimes I went ten days without action of the bowels. Six different doctors treated me and for a year I was in bed, constantly facing death. Then my husband coaxed me to try "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine, and nothing else, cured me and saved my life."

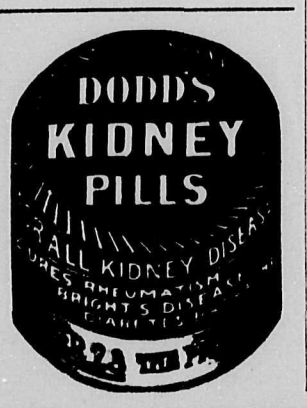
(Signed) Mme. JOSEPH LIRETTE.

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

THE day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and intrusted her savings to her keeping. "Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to get married," said her mistress. "So I is, missus, but do you 'spose I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger?"

* * *

AT a men's party the pastor cautioned his parishioners against looking at other men's wives, and onered a silk hat to the man who would stand up and say that he had not so offended. One of the confiding kind of husbands, when he got home, was innocently telling his wife about it when she interrupted, "Of course, John, you got right up." John apparently had not anticipated a personal application, but he answered guilelessly, "Of course not, Mary, you know how punky I look in a silk hat."



That Reminds Me

DRUGGIST (to his stout wife): "Don't come in just this minute. I am about to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture."

* * *

UNCLE: "*You are a very nice little* girl to ask me to have more soup. Now, why do you want me to have it?"

Niece: "So that you won't eat so much of the chicken as you did last time."

* * *

EVER been inside the House of Commons?" the country member asked his constituent.

"No," admitted the weather-beaten old farmer, "but I know how it looks. I've got a couple of farm hands who kin get as busy doing nothing as anybody in this world."

* * *

DOES your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess.

"No ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidently; "this isn't her pie."

* * *

CRITIC (as composer plays his last piece): "Very fine indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back?"

Composer: "That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him."

* * *

MISS BIKELY: "So you hove given up advocating women's rights."

Miss Passee: "Yes; I now go in for women's lefts."

"*Women's lefts? What's that?*"

"Widowers."

* * *

MRS. HENPECKE: "What do you mean, sir, by telling Mrs. Torker's husband you never ask my advice about anything?"

Henpecke: "Well, Maria, I don't; you don't wait to be asked."

* * *

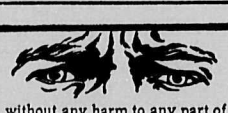
I THINK I have discovered a system to beat the bookies," remarked Mr. Gunson, looking over the top of the morning paper.

"What you need just now is a system to beat the carpets," retorted Mrs. Gunson, decidedly.

* * *

MARK TWAIN, in an after-dinner speech in Bermuda, once talked of gratitude. He didn't much care, he said, for gratitude of the noisy boisterous kind. "Why," he exclaimed, "when some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around."

The change of dietary that comes with spring and summer has the effect in weak stomachs of setting up inflammation, resulting in dysentery and cholera morbus. The abnormal condition will continue if not attended to and will cause an exhaustive drain on the system. The best available medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It clears the stomach and bowels of irritants, counteracts the inflammation and restores the organs to healthy action.

HEAD  ACHE

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

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Granite Harvester Oil

For Reapers, Threshers, Plows, Harrows

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

Gasolene and Kerosene Engines — **Standard Gas Engine Oil** is the only oil you need. It provides perfect lubrication under high temperatures without appreciable carbon deposits on rings or cylinders, and is equally good for the external bearings.

Steam Traction Engines and Steam Plants — **Capitol Cylinder Oil** delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.

Traction Engines, Wagons, Etc. — **Mica Axle Grease** makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.

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

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

THE counsel for the opposition had been bullying the witness for more than an hour when he finally asked, "Is it true there are traces of insanity in your family?" "It would be folly to deny it," replied the witness. "My grandfather, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a lawyer."

* * *

COLONEL DENNISON had become *the happy father of twins,* and his unbounded pride in this twofold blessedness found expression on every occasion. He stood with a friend on the bank steps one day as a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage containing a pretty girl baby. "Doesn't a woman look queer," said the colonel lofitly, "with only one child!"

* * *

A NURSE had been called as a witness to prove the correctness of a bill of a physician. "Let us get at the facts of the case," said the lawyer who was doing a cross-examination stunt. "Didn't the doctor make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No, sir," answered the nurse. "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

* * *

LIKE all artists, Sir Henry Irving sometimes allowed the line he was to speak to evade his memory for the moment, but so seldom his prompter grew careless. One night Sir Henry turned to the wings and said, "Line, please." The prompter was busy chattering, and Sir Henry repeated, "Line, line." There was a rustling of leaves, and then a distressed voice murmured, "Which line, Sir Henry?"

* * *

A FRIEND on a visit to Yorkshire caught a chill and was confined to bed. His hostess thought to give her sick visitor a treat during his confinement, so she baked a Yorkshire pudding and took it upstairs.

"Just try that," she said; "it'll shift yer cowd." Then she left him.

Going up some time later she inquired, "Well, ave ya etten it up?"

"Etten it? Etten it?" gasped her visitor. "No; I'm wearin' it on my chest!"

* * *

WHEN the Rev. David Short was pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist Church at Scranton, he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively, was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Baptist or a Methodist. Finally he hit upon a compromise, and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist Church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: "I regret that I can not accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing."

* * *

WHITE, of Kentucky, while speaker of the House in the Twenty-seventh Congress, was so pressed with business that, when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of *those men who are always on hand to* make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading it. When the time came, he rose, and, slowly unfolding the manuscript, read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was taken ill, and it is supposed he killed himself for shame.

With the Horses

A REGULATION of some British recording societies, is that no animal born outside of the United Kingdom and Ireland is eligible to record in their records. A Canadian, for example, may purchase a Hackney mare in England and duly recorded in the English Hackney stud book. If the day after landing on our shores that mare drops a foal, it will not be eligible to register in the stud book in which the dam is registered and the sire likewise. This looks like a very unnecessary and useless regulation. Canadian National Records are of a standard equal to the best to be found anywhere, yet an animal is eligible to register in Canadian records no matter where it is born, so long as it can qualify in other respects. So far this regulation which some of the British societies cling to, has worked no hardship to Canadians. But it is possible that it might do so. The great International Horse Show in London seeks exhibits from all the countries of the world. The average exhibitor does not go a long distance merely to exhibit his animals. He has an eye to business, and if he can sell some of his exhibits to good advantage does so. In the case of the London Show, a Canadian exhibitor might make a better sale by having his animals registered in the English stud books, but unless they are British born they would not be eligible no matter how well they might qualify in other respects.

In the interests of the interchange of good horses, the English Hackney Society should remove this antiquated regulation.

* * *

The scrub breeding animal is still doing duty in the land. Even in old Ontario, where is produced some of the best live stock to be found anywhere, scrub stallions are travelling through the country that are a disgrace to any nation. We are creditably informed that in some districts stallions are in use whose owners have put the service fee down to $3 in order to get business. And the pity of it is that farmers are using these stallions in preference to well-bred, high-class animals because they are cheap. A stallion, no matter what breed he may be, that is not worth more than $3 should not be allowed to be at large. There can be no improvement under such conditions. The service of such an animal is dear at any price, and some means should be taken to prevent stallions of this description *from travelling through the country.*

Had the report of the Horse Commission and the recommendations of the Horse Breeders' Association been acted upon by the Ontario Government there would have been no reports of this kind to make. The other provinces of the Dominion are advancing in this respect. The Western provinces have regulations in force compelling recording with the government all stallions standing for service. Something of this kind is needed for Ontario. If every kind of a stallion is allowed to do business without let or hindrance, Ontario's progress in horse breeding will be very slow indeed.

* * *

The number of Clydesdale stallions and fillies that have already been brought into Canada this year, and the number that will arrive during the balance of the season, will make 1910 one of the banner years in the importation of horses. There is room for all the good ones that may be brought over. No matter how good the demand or how scarce horseflesh may be, it is very questionable, however, whether any advantage results from the bringing in of horses of inferior quality, no matter how eligible they may be on the point of breeding. The customs regulations require that horses shall come up to a certain standard of breeding before being allowed to enter Canada duty free. They must be eligible to record in Canadian National Records, *which is a guarantee* that the breeding must be of a high order. That is as far as the government can go. Aside from the breeding end of it, everything depends upon the individual importer, as to what the quality of the importations shall be.

Canada so far has fared very well in this respect, and the chances are that we will do as well if not better this year in the quality line, provided high class ones are for sale in the Old Country. When the importations are large and the demand good there is always the chance that many inferior animals may find their way across the water.

Valuable as a pedigree is in any line of breeding, it is not alone a guarantee of the highest quality. Individuality counts for much. And because it does much depends upon the skill, intelligence and aims of the man who is importing, whether it be of horses or anything else in the stock line. So far as stallions are concerned, Canada has received the cream of those exported from Scotland. While those brought over in the past have not all been top-notchers, all have averaged up well as good, serviceable horses, of which any country might be proud. Not as much, perhaps, can be said of the fillies. While many importers have, to their credit, brought over the best fillies they could buy, there has not been as much discrimination in this particular as in the case of the stallions. Too many fillies have found their way *to this country, that have not measured* up to the quality of the good grades at home. It is safe to say, however, that things are improving in this respect, and that importers are looking more and more to quality in the breeding mares brought over. Some have learned the lesson that the bringing in of inferior stuff does not pay. Farmers are being educated up to the needs of the horse business in this respect and are more discriminating in what they buy, whether it be a pure-bred or a grade. The future of horse-breeding depends so much upon the quality of *the foundation stock that it is better* to have fewer fillies of choice quality than a large number, a great many of which are, to say the least, of only mediocre quality.

A Pleasant Purgative.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act along the whole alimentary and excretory passage. They are not drastic in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the curative qualities of which are fully tested, they afford relief without chance of injury.

SUNBURN. BLISTERS. SORE FEET.

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SAVE YOUR GRAIN

Owing to the great heat this season a great deal of grain will have very short straw, making it hard to handle. If you want a machine which will save you money and labor, get the new and improved

GLEANER AND SHOCKER

Saves all the Short Straws. Stooks the Sheaves. Operator Rides Machine. One Man Does the Work of Two.

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Bad, 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.

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Warren, Ont. Feb. 11th.

"I had a horse that had a Spavin for a long time and I had tried nearly every kind of medicine when a neighbor told me to use Kendall's Spavin Cure, which I did and it acted wonderfully."

M. ROSENTHAL.

Kendall's Spavin Cure is no untried experiment, but is the world's standard remedy for all Swellings, Soft Bunches and Lameness in horse and man.

Used the world over for 40 years.

Every farmer, stockman, expressman, livery proprietor and horse owner generally should keep it always on hand.

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VARICOSE VEINS, Varicosities, etc. promptly relieved and eventually cured by:

A mild, safe, antiseptic liniment. Takes out soreness, allays pain, stops lameness. Mr. Luke Kavanaugh, 227 Bridge St., W. Springfield, Mass., suffered 20 years with enlarged, knotted veins; his doctor advised stopping work and going to bed. Instead of doing so he used ABSORBINE, JR., and in 3 months' time the soreness and swelling had all disappeared and he was entirely cured. Removes Goitre, Wens, Tumors, Cysts and fatty bunches. Cures strains and sprains. $1.00 a bottle, $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 6F Free. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 30

A Brief for the Buck-Eye

You may think every man who smokes wants to quit and can't. The general opinion seems to be that using tobacco is a bad habit; not very bad, but so bad that men would not learn it if they were beginning over, and had their present knowledge of the weed.

But to that there is a big opposition, and not all men want to quit. And not wanting to quit, it is for them to make a defence; there are always arguments for the defence. Here is one offered by a Correspondent to the Chicago Tribune.

"You may say that the world did without smoking for a mighty long time, why not now? But you must admit that since tobacco was introduced to the world it has witnessed the greatest things done by brain power. Tobacco did it.

"Why, every conceivable invention is either perfected now or so near it that the inventive field is nearly used up and inventors are leaving the field and retiring. The brains responsible for our present civilization are found mostly in the tobacco era.

"Even the Ladies' Home Journal advises girls not to marry a man who does not use the weed in a smoky form. That paper rightly contends that the non-user *is likely to get irritated after dinner,* whereas a smoker would be quiet and behave himself, soothed by the balm of a fragrant BUCK-EYE.

"To a girl in love a smoker is more desirable because he writes a better love letter, which is more efficient than star-gazing."

P.S.--And to every smoker the BUCK-EYE is desirable, because it represents the best ten cent smoke in Canada.

Elephant Hunting in British East Africa

MR. JAMES CLARK, formerly chief animal sculptor of the American Museum of Natural History, recently returned from a fourteen months hunting trip in Africa, says the New York Herald. At a reception tendered in his honor a few days ago in the studio of his brother, Herbert W. Clark, at No. 154 West Fifty-Fifth St., Mr. Clark told this story of his remarkable escape from an herd of angry elephants:—

"Our party left Nairobi late in January last on the railroad, going to the end of the line. Then we marched into the interior for six days. We had left the last boma behind when the guides saw some elephants a long distance away on a hill slope. We left the safari to follow and made off on our mules with the guides and gun boys. The country was hilly and covered with a stubborn growth of elephant grass and bush. At times the grass was so intractable that we could do nothing but follow in the paths made by the elephants, and it was only occasionally that we could see over the grass, which was most of the time three or four feet over our heads as we sat on our mules.

"We had come to within several hundred yards of a herd of elephants feeding among some trees. We were unconscious of the presence of the animals, but the keen vision of the native guides spied the familiar color of their hides and sent up a shout, 'Elephants!'

"The guides pointed, and we looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. Steadily fixing our gaze at the place designated, however, we at last saw a slate colored mass moving, which to us seemed to be a part of the foliage. It was the immense ears of elephants chasing away tormenting flies.

"At this juncture another herd of elephants loomed up to the right of us. Then we looked carefully around to see if any more were in sight, and, finding none, we dismounted and made our way through the grass and down the wind of the last lot of elephants and started for our stalls. We were then only one hundred and fifty yards from the tuskers, but the animals were screened by the tall grass and trees.

"At this point we decided to leave our mules and steal up on the elephants. Occasionally we would climb a tree to try to locate them, but we could not. Finally we thought that we must be near them, when we were startled by an awful rumble. We thought that the elephants had got our scent and had bolted, and that the stampede had caused the sound.

"We then kept very quiet for a while. When we resumed our approach we heard the sound again. We halted and at intervals the same rumble came to our ears. We then concluded—and that was later verified—that the sound was not one of suspicion or apprehension, but the peculiar noise of satisfaction made by the animals when feeding. This was gratifying, too, for it indicated to us that the elephants were at ease and unaware of our approach.

"I ascended a big tree to locate the herd before going further, and saw the wonderful sight of ten elephants feeding not more than a hundred yards away. There were about five very big tuskers to pick from, and I studied for fifteen minutes before deciding which one to shoot.

"I thought my perch on the tree was out of the danger zone in case of a charge by the elephants, but when I saw the bull which I had selected for extermination reach up eighteen feet into the branches of a nearby tree for forage and bring down a big branch without any trouble I thought it best to mount a little higher. I did, but as the tree was not a very high one I could not go up very far. I felt, though, that I was out of the range of the elephant's trunk should he see me. This incident impressed me with the mighty power locked up in an elephant. I recalled how exhibitions of strength given by elephants in circuses had impressed me but I shuddered at the thought of a power that might be directed against me later.

"I then drew a bead on this big fellow's brain and fired. The brain is a very small area in the wide expanse of an elephant's head, and is about as difficult to hit as the bull's-eye of a target. The big bull turned and bolted, and I knew I had missed his brain.

"Members of the rest of the party on the ground nearby took shots at the fleeing animal. One of the shots took effect in the back of the elephant's neck, as a small cloud of dust ascended from his hide when the bullet struck, but neither shot seriously wounded him.

"By chance we happened to look on the opposite hillside and were astonished to see the whole hillside moving with a herd of more than two hundred elephants, their white tusks glistening in the sun as they moved along. In a short time they were out of sight. We sent a guide after them and in a few minutes he returned saying they were coming back. We prepared to meet them and could hear the crashing of the branches as they ploughed along. We had moved about a hundred yards from the dead elephant and could hear the herd thundering nearby. But it was impossible to see them on account of the heavy foliage.

"I climbed a tree and saw the whole herd pass not more than a hundred and fifty yards from me, but could not get a line on any choice tuskers on account of their being massed. I got down from the tree, joined the party and followed along to one side in the rear of the flying herd. After travelling some distance I climbed another tree and could see them about five hundred yards off, down a hollow packed with dense bush and trees.

"We decided it would be folly to go into such a place for the elephants, where we couldn't see six feet ahead. While I was watching from the tree I saw a cow and a calf just across a little opening and the heads and hats of three white men occasionally bobbing up. I thought they would get into trouble with the mother cow. Then I lost sight of elephants and men. A little later I saw the men stalking a single young bull.

"We mounted the mules and were taking a last look at our dead elephant when several shots rang out. We realized that other hunters had got on to the herd. We galloped to a high point and could see the big herd all massed, but could not see the men, although the firing continued. The elephants turned and came our way, and we saw it would be a good chance to look them over for fine tusks. We gave the mules to the boys and told them to make for safety, while we went for the trees.

"I climbed the tree from which I had previously watched the elephants. The tree had a smooth trunk for about eight feet up. I could hear the elephants crashing my way not more than a hundred yards away. I had taken both my guns, but decided to use my big one as a step in order to reach the first limb. I then slung the other over my shoulder. I wasn't sure about getting up the tree. I did get up, however, and that is about all. I had to draw breath before going higher. At last I reached a branch about six inches in diameter, and there I stayed.

"The front of the herd had just come to a stop about one hundred yards away from me, and the others came crashing through the bush and massed with the head of the cavaleade. It was a wonderful sight to see the vast body of elephants. The grass was long, but I was high up and not far off, so could see them and their movements well.

"The animals were infuriated. Their trunks were in the air swaying and searching for scent and screeching and bellowing. I waited to get the range on a good tusker, but they had packed so tight I could not at first see one. I finally got a glimpse of one as he put his head up, and fired. At the shot they again stampeded, and Barker, one of the party, from another tree, put a shot into the leader.

"At this the leader wheeled about and the others, like trained soldiers, massed in a long line and followed her. She came straight for my tree, which stood rather alone. At first I was glad of this, as it would give me an excellent chance to pick a good bull. But as the excited herd of elephants drew closer, with their trunks in the air and trying to locate the danger which had caused them so much trouble, I grew very anxious.

"I was well up in the big tree. But I had just seen a big bull reach to where I had thought no elephant could reach, and I did not feel so safe. This mass of elephants, which made a line about two hundred feet long and about ten yards wide, came filing past me only thirty feet away. Some had their trunks up and were pointing at me, and even went so far as to leave the line and come toward me to try to get my scent. I was in plain view of them, and am sure some of them saw me, but not having my scent they could not make me out.

"As they continued to pass I was comparatively easy, but when I chanced to look around and saw the front of the column swing and come straight back toward my tree, I became somewhat uneasy. There they were on two sides of me, coming straight for the tree. I felt sure they had sighted me and came to get me out. The front of the column came eight abreast, trunks on the ground as if following my trail. The ones back had their trunks high in the air and were pointing them directly at me.

"While I did not lose my nerve, I realized how helpless I was, all alone, with but a little gun. I confess I was a bit shaky. I knew I must keep perfectly still, but this was almost impossible, as I had to turn to watch on both sides of me to see which would reach me first.

"I could have shot many bulls with fair tusks, but dared not at this critical moment. My only thought was to stand ready and pump lead into the first elephant that touched the tree. As the front of the column was gradually drawing closer to the tree my heart beat faster and faster, and I wondered if they would try and pull me out, or mass and push over the tree.

"Closer they came, and twice I put the gun to my shoulder to fire down on them, but took it down again to wait for the last moment. Would they get my gun which I had used as a step and smash it to pieces, not liking the scent of man? I reasoned if they came as far as that, they surely would know the object up the tree was a man and then attempt to pull me out.

"They came to within twenty feet of the tree, and for some inexplicable reason, turned, as if at a signal, and joined the rest of the herd, which was now headed in a direction a little off from my imperiled sanctuary.

"With great relief I watched them gradually recede farther and farther, and I gave a sigh of relief when I saw they were well away from hearing distance. They went off at a sort of a fast walk, and everything went down before them as if an immense steam roller had gone over the ground.

"Their formation was wonderful to watch. They all moved with such decision, and when they started to form columns they kept perfectly straight, and nothing changed their course. In a short while they were lost to view."

THE DIAMOND RING

LONDON thieves are very clever, but sometimes the biter gets bit. The following story told me by a correspondent is perfectly true:

Mrs. Smith was on her way home after a day's shopping. She still had two orders to give at Harrods', and she took a Brompton Road omnibus on her way there. She sat down, hardly noticing the man beside her till the conductor came round for fares, and then, as her companion held out his penny, she did observe that he wore a really magnificent diamond ring. So fine was the stone that she glanced involuntarily at his face, a remarkable one and not easily forgotten, and it was only when she observed his gaze fixed with interest upon herself that she turned aside in some confusion.

A few minutes later, Harrods' was reached, and she hurriedly descended and made her way to the department she required.

Just as she had completed her purchase, she noticed, with a rather unpleasant shock, that the man of the omnibus was standing close beside her. However, she slipped into the crowd and made her way quickly to the other department. Here again, as she finished, she became aware of the same man close behind her.

Now thoroughly alarmed she made her way to the costume rooms, where he could hardly follow her, and threw herself upon the mercy of the shopwalker, explaining that she feared she was shadowed, and begging him to get her out of the shop by a back way. This he did, called a cab for her and sent her safely home.

Having an account at Harrods', she had not needed to pay there for the things she had ordered, and it was only when she reached her own house that she put her hand in one of the pockets of the coat she wore. As she did so, she found no purse, but—the diamond ring!

Evidently that, too, had been a theft, was too big for its illicit wearer, and had dropped off when he dived for Mrs. Smith's purse. He had discovered this almost immediately, and haunted her in the vain hope that he might yet recover it. She took it next day to Scotland Yard, and though assured that it would never be claimed, left it there for some months, and then had it sold for a good sum. As there were only a few shillings in her own purse, the thief had in this case got well sold for his pains.

MEDICINE MYSTERY

AN incredibly large number of otherwise intelligent human beings have the most profound and unshakable belief in the power of medicine to effect a cure, and, usually, the less they know of the compound they swallow the greater their confidence in its efficacy. If one particular medicine fails, they are ready to try another, believing, with the most solemn, childlike, even touching reliance upon the unknown, that there is, there must be, a sovereign remedy for every human ill, to be expressed in pill, capsule, or dose, if one could only discover what it is.

These good people are willing to try, and to keep on trying while life lasts, and to devote their entire physical machinery to the sacred cause of medicinal experimentation, confident, despite repeated disappointments, that some day in the course of their faithful daily sacrifice to the god of chance they will hit upon the elixir or life which will at once remove them from the peril of the particular distemper they fancy they have been burdened with. There are those who find delight in the discovery of a new author, others whose joy is intense upon hearing a fresh musical composition of great merit, but the satisfaction of him who has found a new and untried medicine, potent for good, surpasses that of all others. At last his patient prospecting in the inexhaustible mine of drugs is about to be rewarded, and until he has tried the new remedy and discarded it for something still newer, he is in a state of feverish happiness.

For such trustful souls, the druggist's shop with its rows of bottles bearing cabilistic labels, its drawers full of pills and plasters, its showcases stocked with ready-made cures, and its pungent odor, compounded of exhalations from roots, herbs, oils, and essences, has a lure unsurpassed by any other establishment. It is potent in vast possibilities. Here, to the mind of the votary of medicine, may surely be found relief from every ache and pain, and certain specifics which may be relied upon to check instantly the insidious attack of disease. Without a druggist's glittering sanctuary to flee to life would be a desert of lurking danger to a very large proportion of the human family which now finds its stay and comfort in physic.

Physicians themselves are well aware of the comparatively limited curative power of medicines. They know how little reliance may be placed upon the prescription alone, and how much nature, the slow, recuperative force of right living and the observance of the simple rules of diet, with fresh air and exercise, contribute toward curing people and keeping them in good health. The best doctors are slow to administer medicine of any great strength, except in serious emergency. They earn their fees, and earn them well, not by dosing their patients with strong drugs, but rather by advising them as to their habits of living, insisting upon pure air, good water, proper diet, and reasonable exercise.

Most of them would give even less medicine if they dared, and many of the more successful practitioners would gladly throw a large part of the physic to the dogs, relying more upon natural agencies for cure, were it not that the average patient would rebel. He demands something more tangible than good advice—something to take that will make him well; a specific, a panacea, and the physician would be bold indeed who had the courage to tell his patient to quit dosing himself entirely and seek recovery by observing certain rules of living. The prescription therefore ordinarily accompanies the good advice, but doubtless it is frequently innocuous, and the cure, if effected, is due far more to observing the advice than taking the medicine.

It is the mystery of medicine that appeals to the believer in it. The unknown has a charm which the familiar lacks. The great popularity of patent medicines lies in the secrecy which attends their manufacture. The gullibility of the public in this regard is undoubtedly a survival of ancient barbaric faith in the potency of the witch's brew for evil and the power of the love philter to bring happiness. Civilization and enlightenment spread from age to age, but always there is a large proportion of the world's population, outwardly, perhaps, above the influence of superstition, yet nevertheless invariably clinging with stubborn tenacity to fragmentary instincts inherited from ancestors, ages back, who attached great importance to medicinal concoctions brewed in remote caves or hidden glens by mysterious wizards and witches reputed wiser than their fellow-beings in the secrets of root and herb. "Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and caldron bubble," chanted Macbeth's witches, the patent medicine manufacturers of their time, and then, as now, there were not lacking those willing to accept their mysterious compounds.

CINCINNATUS

THE first person to inaugurate the baneful theory that the office should seek the man, a theory which has caused more unhappiness than any other ever advanced in the great realm of politics, was a party called Lucius Quintus, or Cincinnatus, because he wore his hair in curls; also because he had at one time resided in Cincinnati.

It was the fall of 458 B.C., after a long, dry season and a prolonged and futile bull movement, in which Cincinnatus went forth to summer-fallow the west field, hoping by that process and a judicious rotation in crops to head off the chinch-bug and the bears. He was a good deal depressed mentally and physically. He had been trying to break a new pair of wild and fractious four-year-old steers, and it had required a good deal of firmness and perspiration to accomplish this. He had not yet fully succeeded, in fact, for every little while the steers would light out for the marsh at a high rate of speed, and Cincinnatus would have to follow them through the dewberry patch in his bare legs, for Cincinnatus did not wear trousers winter or summer.

Cincinnatus was the man who first advanced the doctrine that the office should seek the man, and ever since that time it is no uncommon thing to see a man, holding on by the plow-handles and looking over his shoulder, expecting that a good office will climb the fence pretty soon and kidnap him.

The day came at last when a dark horse was needed, and the Chairman of the Roman Central Committee went to Cincinnatus to seek out the great man. The chairman got over the barbed-wire fence and addressed the eminent Roman agriculturist.

It was but the work of a moment to unyoke old Brin and Bally and accept the office of dictator. Putting on his toga, the great man began to dictate in less than forty-eight hours. He went to the house, washed his hands in a tin basin of cistern water with soft soap, put some fresh fine-cut in the inside pocket of his toga, and was drawing a salary on the following Monday at nine o'clock.

The first thing he did was to call for more troops. He then marched against the enemy and captured everybody. He then returned, having been dictator sixteen days at two dollars per day. He drew his pay and resigned to accept the portfolio of buck-wheater on his own property.

We have no American to-day who could accept the command of our regular army, waip the Apaches, and be back on the farm in sixteen days. And yet Cincinnatus conquered a hostile nation, paid the public debt, and got home in time to do his fall plowing.

If we read the history of Cincinnatus carefully we are forced to admit that he was either one of the greatest men of whom we know or that he wrote the matter up himself for one of the Roman magazines.

REHEARSING A PLAY

ALL had talked themselves to the verge of nervous prostration, when the director suddenly called for the act all over again. This time it went with snail-like slowness, feeling its way over the stage with sensitive antennae waving in every direction till it was stopped abruptly by a small, but apparently insurmountable, obstacle. That was the breakfast scene. It was all too brief for versimilitude, and the burden of breaking it up fell upon the child actor.

The manager rose in his seat, with arms extended like a prophet of evil, and shouted:

"That scene will fall dead flat if the boy can't choke on his glass of milk hard enough to make everyone jump up from the table!"

Immediately everyone jumped up from the table and gathered around the child actor, to show him how to choke.

"Perfectly," exclaimed the author, "if they were only trying to stop instead of start him."

"Yes," retorted the manager, "they'll never do it that well to-morrow night, even if the poor kid should choke to death by any chance."

But the child actor proved incapable of more than a mild cough or two. The little director, extending one hand and running the other through his hair, descanted shrilly, down in front, on the art of choking as distinct from coughing. Then he himself rushed through the box door, up on the stage took the child actor's seat at the table, and gave a perfectly horrifying exhibition of choking. The more the director choked, the less could the child actor, till he began to choke down tears, and then, in sheer desperation, and some pity, the director clambered over the footlights into the orchestra, and said, resignedly:

"Well, go on with the act!"—Robert Sloss, in Harper's Weekly.

FOILING SIR WILLIAM

A NEW and amusing story of Sir William Van Horne is told by Norman Rankin in the July issue of Canada Monthly. It seems that when Sir William was constructing the Cuba Railroad he decided to install a typical railroad hotel in Camaguey, midway of the island, and with his keen eye for detail he had an idea as to its decoration.

"Why not fit up one of the parlors," said he, "with panellings of the beautiful native woods of the island? It seems to me that such a room would interest visitors greatly, and give a handsome effect."

"Fine," said everybody, and his suggestion was carried out to the letter.

Next time he arrived in Camaguey, the hotel was practically complete, and Sir William recollected his hardwood room.

"Yes, it was there," said everybody, but with a singular lack of enthusiasm.

"I should like to see it," suggested Sir William mildly.

"Certainly, oh certainly," said everybody, and hastily changed the subject.

Sir William was deaf, dumb and blind to the beauty of the weather, the excellence of the service, and the sudden death of everybody's grandmother. He wanted to see that hardwood roon, and with drooping ears everybody, checkmated, led him to it.

It had been panelled in all the different varieties of beautiful native hardwoods, according to schedule, from ceiling to floor. It had given a beautiful effect, as Sir William had foreseen. And then a gang of painters, putting finishing touches on halls and corridors, had wandered in, observed its paintlessness, and given it two heavy coats of ivory white.

Like the black on the darky, it wouldn't wash off, and ivory-white that parlor is to this day.

Ten Thousand Miles of Stolen Rides

(By Rinaldo, the Wandering Violinist)

I DO not think anyone will dispute my claim to the title of "Wandering Violinist" when I say that during the five years between the ages of eleven and sixteen my violin and I must have travelled at least ten thousand miles. ten thousand miles, too, of which every inch was "stolen."

I was born in New York twenty-five years ago, both my parents being Russian. My musical career began at the early age of five, when one day I managed to get hold of my mother's violin and made a tremendous fuss when it was forcibly taken from me. A few years later, however, I was put to study music under the great Professor Brodsky, who was then in New York, and I made such progress under him that at the age of eleven I was earning $15 a week in an orchestra.

The comparative sameness of things week after week, however, soon began to weary me, and I longed for fresh worlds to conquer. Two other boys I knew, one a singer and the other a pianist, were going off free-lancing—if one may borrow a journalistic phrase—through the States. They had no plans and no real prospects, but were just to go from town to town picking up any work in the musical line that happened to be going.

Their travelling expenses were to be nil, for they were to "steal rides" on railway trains.

"Stealing rides" is occasionally heard of in Britain, but it is an institution in America, and though a penalty of something like thirty days' imprisonment hangs over the head of the free-rider, it is regarded more in the light of a forbidden sport than a crime.

The excitement and adventure of the expedition appealed to me, and I decided to follow my friends' example. I strapped a suit case with a few necessary things on my back, and with my violin case slung over my shoulder I set forth to see the world.

It was a very dark night, I remember, but when I got to the station the place seemed to be full of people watching me. They were doing nothing of the kind, of course, but it seemed to me that the eyes of all the officials and half the passengers were upon me.

A freight train with a few empty vans was getting ready to go out. I waited till it had started and was slowly gliding off; then, taking a little run, I jumped on the footboard and slipped inside the car. I had many narrow escapes during the following five years, but nothing ever equalled for crowded excitement the first five minutes of my first "stolen ride."

I did not always ride in freight trains, but there is less room and less concealment on a passenger train. In the latter, of course, the free-rider has to be much more on the look-out.

The favorite hiding place on a passenger train is in front of the first car, where the unused gangway juts out towards the tender. Here a certain amount of heat comes from the engine, and the tender affords protection against wind and cold, but woe betide the luckless free-rider when the engine starts taking water up from the trough as it goes along. He suddenly finds himself enveloped in a shower-bath, and he may have to travel all the rest of the night soaked to the skin.

The railway companies do their best to check free-riding, of course, and employ special watchers. As these men are paid so much for every free-rider they catch, when one falls into their hands one cannot expect much mercy from them, but the actual guards of the trains are not, as a rule, very hard on anybody they happen to discover stealing a ride.

For my own part I never had to suffer the threatened thirty days' imprisonment, though once or twice, in spite of all my precautions, I was caught.

The first time, I remember, was during a journey in an empty freight car. I was travelling through the night, as usual, but I had been unable to fall asleep, so believing that all the railway men would be in the caboose at the end of the train, I took out my violin and began to tune up. Unfortunately, however, one of the men happened to have come along into the next car, and when his ear caught the notes of the violin above the rumble of the train he thought it was something that called for immediate investigation.

I was caught red-handed, of course, and taken to the caboose. They were very good fellows, however, and instead of handing me over to the authorities they gave me a good supper and made me comfortable for the rest of the night.

Another time I had a still narrower shave. I was caught and taken to the police station. The sergeant asked all about me, what I did for a living, where I was going, and so on.

"I like to hear a good violin," he said, when I told him I was a violinist. "Let me hear you play."

I was only too anxious to oblige him in any direction, and by a most extraordinary coincidence one of the airs I played had been composed by the sergeant himself. After that we got so friendly that he let me go.

In the course of my wanderings I arrived in Chicago, where I seemed to fall in luck's way. I had a continuous run of engagements, and I began to get known. As a consequence when I left Chicago I bought my first railway ticket. It was a curious experience, for I scarcely knew how to behave as a legitimate passenger, and it was something of a shock to find myself sitting on soft cushions instead of clinging to the gangway and ready to jump at any minute.

It was a still greater shock when the conductor came along and called me—"Sir!"

THE POPCORN KING

He Started in Iowa on a Very Small Scale, Worked Hard and Made a Fortune

THE Louisville Courier-Journal gives this description of the prosperous career of the principal popcorn man of America:

A good many persons might be disposed to look upon the industry of popcorn growing as a small business. However, there is a lot of popcorn consumed in the United States, and somebody has to raise it—else the devotees thereof will experience a long-felt want.

These facts were realized a number of years ago by an Iowa man, A. H. Reuber by name, and he set about making a specialty of popcorn. He planted twenty-five acres to start with, and he result was so satisfactory that he steadily increased the size of his crop from year to year. He acquired more land and planted more popcorn, and found no trouble in disposing of all he could raise at a good price.

Some of Mr. Reuber's neighbors observed that he seemed to be making a good thing out of his venture and they set about trying it on their own account. By that time Reuber had established a reputation as a popcorn grower, and was receiving more orders than he could fill. So he bought the crops of his neighbors as they matured.

People kept on getting interested in popcorn until the little town of Odebolt, with a population of only 1,600, claims to be the popcorn centre of the world. Last year 15,000,000 pounds were produced within a radius of fifteen miles of the town, and more of it is being grown every year. Reuber is popcorn king and Odebolt is headquarters for popcorn.

The average profit of the crop is said to be about $50 to the acre, though there are instances of larger profits being made. One farmer near Odebolt received $3,780 for the output of forty acres and others have done approximately as well. In the meantime Mr. Reuber is handling vast quantities of the grain and is encouraging all his farmer friends to raise more of it, as the demand is constantly increasing. Popcorn has now been introduced in Europe, and the people over there like it. Foreign orders are piling up at Odebolt, and if the excitement keeps up the whole State of Iowa is likely to catch the infection and go to raising popcorn for the crowned heads, and for the crownless ones at home as well.

The farmer who adopts a specialty and devotes thought and energy to it is a level-headed man, and will more than likely reap the reward of his efforts. There is more money in a field of popcorn well tended than in a large volume and variety of products which must needs suffer at times for lack of proper cultivation. To one who would make farming a life vocation there is a good deal in the career of Iowa's popcorn king that may be profitably studied and emulated.

PHOTOS AND PICTURES

The Difference Between Them is Very Clearly Given in an Article in the London Times

THE essential difference between a photograph and a picture has never, probably, been stated more clearly than it was in an article on "Photographs and Pictures" in a recent number of the London Times, and in the following words:

There is, of course, no absolute standard of truth in representation. But photography has supplied us with a kind of representation in which the mind of man, with its preferences, its emphasis, and its inaccuracies, plays no part; and we are growing to regard its standard as absolute, and to test what we call the truth of pictures by it. In this we are wrong, for the truth of all art is in its essence emotional, not representative; the truth of a picture is sincerity, like the truth of music. Its value consists not in trustworthiness of information, but in genuineness of emotion. Certainly the sincere artist will not pretend to greater powers or representation than he possesses. Like the sincere writer, he will not set down more than he knows; for in representative art expression is only possible through knowledge. Therefore, in sincere art we always find an accuracy and precision of statement which we call truth. But the artist is really telling the truth about himself rather than about the world outside him.

The photograph, if it tells truth at all, tells it about the exterior world, and we value it for the authenticity of its information. If it has any emotional effect upon us, it is only through association and because it reminds us of real things that stir emotions in us. The picture is not a reminder, but a new creation, with an original emotional power of its own that does not depend upon association. And if it does not possess this power it is nothing. If we are right in preferring the simple to the pictorial photograph, we are still more right in preferring the photograph to the photographic picture. For no picture has the authenticity of a photograph, the kind of authenticity that would be valuable as evidence in a Court of law. Therefore, when it aims at this kind of authenticity it is simply inferior to a photograph, just as a photograph that aims at pictorial qualities is simply inferior to a true picture. Photographs and pictures each have their own peculiar interest, and if we confuse them we only confuse our own minds and pervert our own taste.

DR. A. M. Worthington, of Harvard, has announced wittily to the world that the "kiss germ" is a myth. Appropos of this happy announcement, Dr. Worthington said at a dinner in Boston:

"So they who frown on the kiss are too exclusive. They are, in fact, as bad as old Dr. Thompson, of Cambridge University.

"Dr. Thompson thought that Cambridge was the finest university in the world. Her rival, Oxford, he despised and abominated.

"Once, at a dinner, a lady said to the exclusive old man:

"'I understand, sir, that the attendance at Oxford has fallen off tremendously. How do you account for it, sir?'

"'It must be due,' said Dr. Thompson, gruffly, 'to the increase of emigration among the lower classes.'"

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C.,

Islander Printing & Publishing Company

W. R. Dunn & Company, Proprietors.

W. R. Dunn, Manager.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1912.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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

What the Editor has to say.

The world has come to look upon the anonymous letter writer as the most pitiable and contemptible of objects. And rightly so.

Think of the ghastly heart and soul of the one who sends a letter, containing just enough of suspicion and inuendo to destroy the faith of one man or woman—or the community for the matter of that—in another, and yet being too cowardly to sign his name thereto. Think of the misery and anguish a plausible letter of this kind would cause a husband or wife; then think of the cowardly specimen of God's handiwork, slinking and hiding under cover of his anonymity, gloating over the suffering thus caused. Then, if you can, think of the words in the English language that would fittingly stigmatize such a wretch in the eyes of all decent men

A blood brother to such a wretch is he who attacks another in a newspaper over an assumed name. There is nothing that can justify the printing of such a letter. It is pure cowardice and a pusillanimous disposition that induces a writer to offer such an article for publication

At a meeting of newspaper publishers held in Ottawa not long since, the question of unsigned articles and articles over a nom de plume came up and was discussed at length. The above was the unanimous sentiment of the meeting. It was decided upon unanimous motion that the publishers there assembled would refuse to print any article unless it was over the signature of the writer.

The Islander is glad to note this. It is a step forward and makes for clean journalism. The present publishers have adopted and enforced this rule from the start. The Islander wants communications, but it does not want any communication which the writer is ashamed to have printed over his own name.

The following is taken from the Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald, Scotland:

"And what, after all, is this great spirit of unrest that is agitating the industrial world? Socialism does not altogether explain it. Liberalism does not cause it, nor Toryism; nor is it Terrorism; nor yet Anarchy. What, then, shall we call this great unrest? It is the unknown, the culmination, perhaps the apogee of the evolutionary process in the mind of man; It is the New and the Nameless; the bud unfolding, shattering the ancient economic shell. Call it by any name you please, it is ever the fairest flower, though oftimes watered in blood and tears.

The Islander is in receipt of the 42nd annual report of the Royal Bank of Canada It is a handsome specimen of the printing art. The report shows some interesting things. It shows the bank has grown with the growth and prosperity of the country which it has so materially aided. The deposits for 1911, in round numbers, was 87 millions as against 71 millions in 1910. The total increase of assets was over 18 millions. The net profits were at the rate of 18.58 per cent on the the paid up capital of $6,200,000. D. N. Morrison is manager of the Cumberland branch.

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

75 cents per column inch per month.

Special rate for half page or more.

Condensed Advertisements

1 cent 1 word, 1 issue; minimum charge 25 cents.

No accounts run for this class of advertising

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

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

FARMERS' BUSINESS

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

BANKING BY MAIL

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

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

BUY A 'SINGER,'

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

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

W. R. Dunn, Local Representative

Orchard Lots

30 Lots Sold within the Last Two Weeks

BUY ONE NOW

Price $200 per lot. Easy Terms

The Island Realty Co.

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

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RICHARDS & JACK, Proprietors.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL ALL HOURS

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

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COURTENAY Housefurnishing Store

Dining Room and Bedroom Suites, Sideboards and Centre Tables, Rockers, Morris Chairs, Beds and Bedding, Stoves, Ranges, and Heaters, Etc., Etc.

B. F. KRAUSE, Prop.

Sole agent for the Sherlock-Manning Pianos and Organs

Pilsener Beer

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

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

Fawcett's STOVES AND RANGES

Are the Best, and Fully Guaranteed.

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

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

H. H. M. Beadnell

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Offices: Comox & Courtenay.

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CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND AND LOTS

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

H. H. M. Beadnell

W. Colpitts.

"Leading Tobacco King."

Better known as "LONG WILLIE"

Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.

Billiard Room in connection

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

MarocchiBros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

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Up-to-date Merchant Tailor

DUNSMUIR AVENUE

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

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H. M. Haggerstone

Painter and Decorator

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Orders may be left at John Jack' store,

Dunsmuir Avenue Cumberland

FIRE!! FIRE!!

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

TOTAL ASSETS, $26.788.93

WESLEY WILLARD, Local Agent

Have Your

Cleaning Pressing and repairing done at

NICK'S PLACE

Plain Sewing. Fancy Dressmaking

N. HIRANO

Fashionable Tailor

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

Phone 52 **CUMBEBLAND**

Candies, Fruits, Tobaccos and Cigars at

BANNERMAN'S

Candies of all descriptions—THE VERY BEST.

FRUITS of all kinds—Best quality grown.

TOBACCOS of all strengths.

CIGARS—The best variety of the choicest flavors.

G. H. ASTON

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

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .

Dunsmuir Ave : : : Cumberland

AN INTERESTING LETTER

GENTLEMEN:

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

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

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

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

HYGH BROS. & YOUNG Agents for the OVERLAND Model Automobile.

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

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS, PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

LAND ACT.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that George William Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permisston to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S.W. corner of Timber Limit 42968, thence west 80 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east 60 thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains: thence north 80 chains to point of commencement. and containing 340 acres more or less.

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

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

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward

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

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

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

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

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

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.

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

REGINALD CARWITHEN
Dated January 13th, 1912

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

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

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

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Sayward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. J. Theobald

Practical Painter

Decorator, Paperhanger and Kalsomining.

All Work Promptly ... Attended to...

Residence, Penrith Avenue Cumberland,

D A THOMAS

UP-TO-DATE PIANO TUNER

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

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

E. W. BICKLE

Notary Public, Conveyancer. Etc.

District agent The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada.

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FOR SALE—House, 5 rooms, price $650

FOR SALE—House, 7 rooms, Price, $1.000.00. Terms cash.

New house, including two full-sized lots, price $1200

House in centre of city, price $1250 cash

Apply, E. W. BICKLE.

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

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

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

RICHARDS & JACK

Palace Livery

and

Feed Stable

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

E. T. WHELAN, Proprietor

COURTENAY, B. C.

nov. 18

The Star **Livery Stable**

Third St & Penrith Avenue

A. MAXWELL

Proprietor

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

Subscribe For The Islander

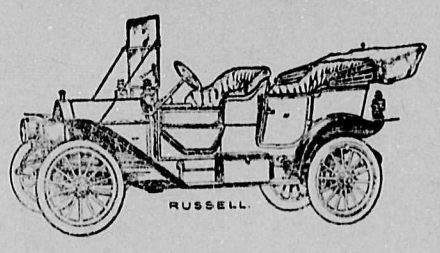
THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

B.C. Garage

For Auto and Gas Engine Supplies



District Agent for the

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

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

CARS FOR HIRE NIGHT AND DAY **EMDE & DENTON**

Phone 18 CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Hung Chong & Co.,

Branch Store from CHARLIE SING CHONG Co.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, SILKWEAR

Hardware of all kinds.

Boots and Shoes, at Lowest Prices

HUNG CHONG & Co.

No. 7 MINE

Caribou Hunting in Timber and Brulee

(By H. Hesketh Prichard)

THE determination to hunt the wood-[illegible] came to me in the shop of a taxidermist, whither we had made a pilgrimage to examine some moose trophies, and where I saw specimens of New Brunswick and Quebec caribou. There is undoubtedly to the initiated eye a peculiar charm in observing and comparing the modifications of horn growth peculiar to different localities. The caribou of the Eastern mainland is a large, greyish-brown animal, and while it cannot rival its Newfoundland cousin in grace and the number of points it carries on its antlers, it yet seems to present a strong individuality of type. One of the heads which I then saw appeared to me very characteristic. The horns, set close together, the spread being only twenty-five inches, were yet exceedingly massive, and growing as they did almost straight upwards, without much backward curve, presented a most striking appearance.

Edward Atkins, the Canadian hunter and moose-caller who has accompanied me in all my Canadian trips, had at that time never seen a warrantable caribou stag, and his one desire seemed to be to lose the least possible time in doing so. The upshot was that five days after our visit to the taxidermist we had left a good many miles of road, lake and forest-path behind us, and were camped in the neighborhood of Lac des Nieges.

Part of our journey had been made in company with a buckboard, while we walked ahead between the living walls of bush, which formed the borderline of our hunting ground, and where here and there at long intervals a soft dell might show us the tracks of deer that had ventured into the outer marshes. In this connection a disastrous experience fell in the same year to the lot of a friend, who, after spending ten blank days in the woods without sight of game, was driving out along the road, when he came suddenly within shot of a band of caribou, including five stags—this when the rifles were put away and the cartridges reposing in the packs! One of the men, however, had a .303, which he thrust into my friend's hand. The cartridge misfired and jammed. Time itself cannot obliterate the scar of such an episode, which, indeed, has since compelled my friend to carry his rifle along some hundreds of miles ofote-road and bush-path, without ever again coming face to face with such an opportunity.

During the earlier stages of our journey we passed the wooden houses of the small farmers who make up the major part of the population in this part of Canada, and who cultivate little clearings beside the forest track. These people have an excellent life—they fulfil the dream of George Borrow, who saw himself in imagination, assisted by an enormous progeny, felling the trees and tilling the soil in the virgin woods of America. The French-Canadians are extraordinarily prolific, and in this connection I can remember arriving at a house and being offered, with Ed., the hospitality of the family bed, which, unless some of the family accepted the alternative of the stable, had already seven claimants.

The French-Canadian family, which lives in or upon the skirts of the woodland, invariably possesses one or more guns, generally muzzle-loaders of the kind that cost from $5 to $8, and without which no member of the household above the height of four feet or so ever seems to move far from the door. The result is that the ruffed and Canada grouse which haunt the edges of the bush-roads, and which these folk always shoot sitting, are being sadly thinned.

Recently some speculative individual has introduced five thousand Swiss rifles into the province of Quebec alone. These weapons, which carry a very killing cartridge, are retailed at about $3.50 apiece, and at this not exorbitant price the original stock of five thousand has been nearly sold out, so that, although it is to be doubted whether the majority of purchasers will ever push far afield, it yet is certain that any person walking in the "bush" near a village will be well advised for the future to proclaim his presence by whistling, or song, or in some other definitely human manner. Should he fail to do so, the consequences may easily be disastrous, as the temptation to try his rifle on any creature that moves in the woods may prove irresistible to the local pot-hunter, especially as moose very occasionally, and white-tail almost habitually, wander about the isolated dwellings of man.

Having up to this time had no experience with caribou except in Newfoundland, it was difficult to allow at once for the different conditions now to be encountered. Most of our hunting led us into woods where in Newfoundland one would never look for caribou, but would endeavor to pass through them as quickly as might be in the hope of finding "barrens," or open ground above. But here all the high ground was densely wooded, and caribou hunting, for the first week, resolved itself into the watching of marshes, none of which were more than a mile in extent, and all of which gathered around the inlet and outlets of a chain of lakes. After spending some fruitless days at this dull form of sport, I decided to leave these marshes, upon which most of the caribou which had been killed in recent years were obtained, and to strike out to the north west of Snow Lake. Here I was informed by Mr. J. W. Baker, who rents the sporting rights, that the country became more open, until forest merged into brulee (the district having been devastated of forest by fire years before), especially in the neighborhood of the lake of that name.

Two days later we portaged across, and set our canoe upon the waters of Lac Brule, and on the following day having at last arrived at our chosen hunting ground, we were up before the dawn. Hitherto travelling had occupied a large portion of our time, for the river up which we had just journeyed had not been traversed by canoe before, at least, we could gather no rumor of its having been done; and where the stream narrowed a number of deadfalls made it clear that no one had passed that way for, at any rate, a number of years.

All the morning we walked from [illegible] ground to vantage-ground, carefully examining the wide expanses which stretched beneath us. The country was beautifully open, and we saw many horns which had been cast in previous years. But of living caribou we failed to catch the remotest glimpse. To make a long story short, we travelled to our hearts' content, finding at least an exhilaration in rapid movement, which we should hardly have believed possible had we not recently spent many wearisome days watching the empty marshes about the Lac des Nieges.

So the day passed almost without incident until late in the evening, when, within a mile of camp, we picked up the trail of a little band of caribou. The trail headed towards the lake, and disappeared into a large thicket of spruce and alder close to the water. The chance seemed to have come at last, and, advancing cautiously, we had already, without knowing it, come within eighty yards of the deer, while we still had a quarter of an hour of shooting light left. We paused several times to ensure ourselves against error, and, in fact, heard the animals feeding and moving, when, to my horror, our two Frenchmen suddenly appeared in the canoe and began breaking the ice close to the farther shore. They were more than a mile away, but their voices carried with appalling distinctness through the quiet evening, and in another instant there was the sound of a stampede and, running forward, we found ourselves staring at the slots of the little band of caribou which a minute before had been almost at our mercy.

One of them certainly was a stag; whether his horns would have satisfied either of us it was impossible to say. Very likely not, yet we walked back to camp without any stirring of forgiveness in our minds towards the over-energetic cook and his companion.

It may truly be said that failure is the salt of sport, but salt alone makes a poor meal, and luck at this period really seemed to have deserted us. Search as we might we saw no more caribou until, coming reluctantly to the conclusion that these most elusive animals had moved on elsewhere, I began to turn my eyes towards England, where it was absolutely necessary that I should arrive by a certain date. Owing to carelessness, I had been under the impression that the steamer by which I meant to travel started on a Saturday, which would leave me just enough time to make my way out from Lac Brule by forced marches. The particular piece of country through which we had to pass was unknown to any of us, so that when I suddenly, through the medium of an old newspaper, discovered that my steamer left on the Friday afternoon, we lost no time in breaking camp, and by two o'clock set out to strike the nearest trail to civilization. The first part of our way led us along a portage through a belt of green wood, the very portage upon which the Frenchmen were working when their return to camp proved so disastrous to our hopes.

About four o'clock, when it was rapidly growing dusk, Edward, who was leading along the side of a knoll, suddenly threw down his pack and pointed across the valley. "A caribou stag and a good head on him. I saw the top half of his horn as he moved," he said. The place indicated was about three-quarters of a mile away. Telling the Frenchmen to set down the canoe and to wait for us in absolute silence until either we returned or they heard a shot, we ran down the hill and along a narrow savannah in the direction of the caribou. After we had covered half a mile we found to our disgust that a river lay between us and the caribou. Its edges were frozen, and no more than a dark stream flowed in the middle, but luckily we had struck it at a point where the water was not very deep; it was, however, exceedingly cold, and the current quite strong enough as it swirled to our armpits, but we soon broke through the ice, and were climbing the bank upon the further side. Here we found ourselves in what must have been either one large marsh dotted with trees, or in a series of little ones. Edward made for a point which should bring us within fifty yards of the spot where he had seen the caribou, but when we arrived there the stag had disappeared. As he was not certain in which direction he was travelling, the only thing to be done was to take our chance of picking up his tracks. This we did with as little delay as possible, and, finding that they led across the wind, circled a little to the left, and, passing by a couple of clumps of balsam and juniper, we perceived ahead of us a large fallen tree, and beyond the fallen tree the caribou stag lying down in the open, at a distance of about 150 yards. We saw him, and he gained some hint of our presence at almost exactly the same instant. He sprang to his feet as I dropped on my knee and fired between the roots of the dead tree. I heard the bullet tell, and the caribou staggered, but running round to get a clear view I saw he was still going, and fired again twice, when the animal fell.

He had been standing broadside on with his head slightly turned when I fired the first shot, which I afterwards found had hit him in the neck. As he dashed forward my attention had been fixed upon making sure of him, so that beyond the first glance I had given no more thought to his head. When he fell we both ran up. He lay upon his right side, quite dead. Edward seized his horn to turn him over, and then for the first time we became aware that the right antler was missing. As the date was November 1st it was unlikely that he had dropped his horn, though at the same time it was quite possible, since it is not uncommon for caribou, and especially the larger stags, to lose both antlers by this date. This is, however, a matter both of individual and seasonal variation, as in some years many retain their horns as late as the 15th and even the 20th of the month, though by that time it is probable that the really fine heads, which are always the first to become clean of velvet, have fallen. Of course, in the present instance we were bitterly disappointed, but there was no help for it, and the trophy would at least serve as a memory of the trip.

Having skinned the stag we once again crossed the river and continued our journey. It was almost dark when [illegible] waters of the river, and [illegible] we should meet with [illegible] water on our downward journey, we concluded that [illegible] might safely push on after dark. As a matter of fact, until half-past ten [illegible] several of which in the darkness necessitated wading or portage, so that it was an uncommonly chilly party which finally built a large fire upon the bank, round which we crouched till dawn. As the night had been very still and cold it was no surprise to us in the morning to find the still water, which now became more frequent, frozen to a depth of some inches. The ice was too thick to break, so we were forced to cache the canoe and to pursue our journey on foot. It had previously been arranged that a buckboard should be in waiting at a spot where a permanent camp was pitched some thirty miles nearer to our hunting ground than the nearest village. Between six and seven hours' walking along the open hillsides brought us to the tent, about which we found a number of men, among them our driver, who, it appeared, had met with an accident and injured his eye in an altercation with a compatriot. From him we learned that Mr. Baker had shot a fine caribou on the trail near the camp a few days previously.

Leaving my French-Canadians behind at the camp, Edward and I set out in the buckboard, and as, with the exception of the time we had spent by the fire during the night, we had been continuously on our feet for twenty-eight hours, we were extremely glad of the lift. It was nearly 2 a.m. when at length the seemingly endless road wound into a clearing, from which the sound of cattle feeding was one of the most welcome we had ever heard.

Refreshed by food, we pushed forward, leaving the buckboard to follow, and by four o'clock the same afternoon I was aboard my steamer. As I bade Ed. farewell, we agreed that, as it was obviously impossible to accept defeat, we would do our best to retrieve our failures in the following September.

This plan was much in my mind during the intervening months, but l'homme propose, and the September trip was ultimately made impossible owing to an invitation to play cricket in Philadelphia and Canada. As the dates of our matches covered the whole of the month of September, it was not until October 6th that Edward and I once more found ourselves on the road for the arena of our return match with the caribou. This time fortune had been our friend, and thanks to the kind help of Mr. F. W. Ross, I had received permission to hunt over a new country. My only regret was that Mr. Ross was not able to accompany me, as was originally intended.

On October 10th Edward and I had everything "straightened away to rights," and by three o'clock of a beautiful autumn afternoon we set forth to look over the ground. Chastened by the experiences of the previous year, neither of us hoped for any immediate success.

Our way to the north-east of our camp led us through a wide valley shut in to the west by a high ridge of mountains and to the east by a smaller range. Not far from the centre of it rose three mounds excellently suited for reconnoitring purposes. The low ground was brulee, and among the grey barkless masts which stood or leaned at every conceivable angle, young trees—spruce, juniper, maple and poplar—had grown to a height of some ten to twenty feet.

It was quite late, and the sun had already sunk, when from the top of the first of the woody mounds Edward spied six caribou. The glass showed us that there was not a shootable stag among them, which, however, did not prevent our approaching and watching them while light lasted. Then we crept away leaving them undisturbed, and returned to camp, where I fear we slept little, so eager were we for the coming day, the upshot, of course, being that when morning actually came we did not awake until the sun struck on a large new kettle and reflected a blinding beam across my eyes. Breakfast was swallowed in double quick time, and immediately after it we were on the move through the glorious upland air. There had been a frost during the night, so that the sun sparkled upon a thousand, thousand points of crystal light, as though some giant hand had flung a shower of diamonds across our little portion of the world. The sky was deep blue, the air mounted to one's brain; it was good to be alive.

Of course, our objective was the first look-out, as we named the spot from which we had sighted those six most inspiring caribou on the previous evening. We spent a blank hour there, and afterwards walked on from knoll to knoll without a glimpse of deer, but passing, nevertheless, a couple of torn and broken trees upon which big stags had cleaned their horns only a matter of six weeks or so before.

At length, after a long walk, we climbed the rocky backbone of the hill which shut in our valley, an ideal place for spying, and soon both glasses were at work. At first the wide vista seemed tenantless, but after half an hour I saw something move, found it again with my telescope, and made out a doe caribou advancing up a savannah about half a mile away. Seven does soon appeared following the first, and then a stag, obviously young, lastly the tops of a pair of large horns, slowly rising until the whole body of the stag was visible. I pointed him out to Ed, and we slipped over the open rock, unobserved, and commenced to run down the fissure on the farther side. As we did so I felt Ed's hand catch my shoulder.

"Look there! There upon the hill!" he whispered.

I looked, and I do not think I have seen a more splendid sight. Down the steep slope on the opposite side no less than eighteen caribou were galloping. At first I thought something must have frightened them. But no, evidently they had seen their friends in the valley, and were rushing down to join them, or I should say the does were endeavoring to do so, for on the outskirts of the herd a great heavy-bodied stag, whose horns seemed to touch his flanks, was struggling to check the revolt of his harem. But no sooner had the eighteen reached the level ground in the gut of the valley than the leading doe slowed to a walk. They moved on, and in the neighborhood of a little pool of dark water, which lay at the head of the savannah, the whole herd were lost to sight.

We immediately pushed on under the kindly cover of the ridge, the wind seemingly nearly in our faces. But this happy state of things was, as usual, of but short duration. To the north-east lay the bare hill-side, where the eighteen had come upon the scene, and the ridge under which we were creeping formed, as we soon discovered, a mere tongue of rock that must be crossed. As we climbed it I felt that ominous tickling of the wind, first on the cheek, and then upon the back of the neck, which means an eddy. The herd we had first seen were, or we judged ought to be, about two hundred yards away over the ridge and about abreast of our position; the eighteen at an equal distance straight ahead of us. If either band were startled, both would in all probability stampede. We therefore scrambled down from the ridge and began to circumvent its base. I was sure the deer must have been startled, but no, in another twenty yards I caught a glimpse of the white hind-quarters of a doe. I saw that her head was down, and that she was feeding So far good, but the wind was shifting more and more to the side, and, as it seemed, must carry the taint of our presence to the herd we had seen first. No cover was now left to us but the final knob of the ridge, a bare hummock of reindeer moss, and at the very moment we attempted to crawl to it the wretched doe raised her head. We both lay still and were making up our minds to a long wait when, to our relief, she fed quietly out of sight.

The course was at last clear, so we closed in rapidly, and in few moments were lying panting against the soft mossy side of the hummock. Before I looked over I knew that we were near our quarry—the peculiar clicking noise that caribou make with their hoofs was startlingly distinct. As I peered over the top of the hummock my eyes met those of the doe with no more than eight paces between us. Her companions were all round her, and she at once gave the warning, half cough, half snort. As they ran off, look as I would I could not see the stag. I imagined he might be behind, but no, there he was at last. Not in the marsh by the pool as I had xpected, but standing apart about forty yards away to the left. He was startled, but uncertain in which direction to break, and with his head turned from me.

He sprang forward as I fired, fled with great strides across the savannah, and the spruces shut him in. At the same instant I caught side of Edward tearing across to the right, as it seemed, in pursuit of the does. I ran to the left, and immediately overtook the stag. He had come to a standstill, and was swaying as he stood. A second shot passed through his heart, and I soon was beside him, admiring the massive round horns of a very heavy head.

While thus pleasingly engaged I heard a shot, followed by five more, and, running over the ridges towards the sound, I soon saw, about three hundred yards off, a big stag twisting round and round, and finally falling with a crash among some big stones on the top of the hard ground on the other side of the savannah. Half a dozen does were galloping wildly round, but they all disappeared as Ed came out from among the trees. It appeared that as I fired at my stag he had perceived the second herd of caribou breaking back, and slipping along the ridge, got in a shot at the master stag at three hundred yards. The stag, not knowing where the bullet that struck him came from, ran in towards him, when he fired at him again as he galloped, hitting him twice and bringing him down. All the shots were long, and rendered difficult by the bush through which the stag was charging.

The head had fine tops and bays, and was beautifully palmated, and of quite a different type to my rugged specimen. Curiously enough we each preferred the other's trophy; this did not, however, prevent our feeling to the fullest that sense of satisfaction resulting from success that is one of the few joys that has absolutely no reaction.

Having made so lucky a start, and having, by the terms of our license, only the right to shoot one more stag apiece, we now, as was to be expected, at once set our standard very high, a fact to which a fine stage which we sighted next day probably owed his continued lease of life.

That evening heavy snow fell. The first snow, which, in the case of moose and whitetail, is the hunter's greatest opportunity, is, as regards caribou, of less aid. It is, of course, possible by systematically following caribou tracks to come up with deer from time to time, but as a rule in open country it is hardly worth the trouble to do this. The reason is that caribou are such insatiable travellers that in eleven instances out of twelve the hunter gains nothing by tracking them but a good appetite and an extended knowledge of the country.

Next day we at first hunted separately, and Edward saw, but did not shoot at, a young stag of nineteen or twenty points, while I had to be content with watching a small herd of does. About three in the afternoon, however, having once more joined forces, we were shivering in the lee of a rock upon the second lookout when a stag appeared moving through the "brulee" at a distance of about a mile and a half. A transient gleam of sunlight showed up his horns, and after making a detour to clear the wind, we set about the business of the stalk. The country in which we had seen him was tolerably thick, that is, one might pass within forty yards of a stag and remain quite unaware of his presence. As we had a long round to make we were lucky to see anything of him again, and in all probability should not have done so had he not been accompanied by three does and two fawns, one of which gave us the line just as we were on the point of getting to windward of them. As it was, a doe with her fawn became alarmed and made off followed by the rest. The stag, however, happened to have wandered some two hundred yards away from the others, which just enabled me to run across, cut him off, and fire a bullet which broke his shoulders. He carried a nice even head of twenty-five points, and had—a very rare merit of the mainland stags—two fairly developed brow antlers.

After the death of this stag our good fortune seemed to desert us, for hunt as we would, either singly or together, neither of us came upon a shootable beast of any kind. But a second fall of snow helped us once more to see what game was about, and this time our suspicions became certainties, for the only tracks to be found were those of does, and all headed in one direction. We consequently decided to forsake the high ground, where we had been so successful, and to descend to the lower levels.

No sooner were we settled than a gale accompanied by snow began to rise, and blew so fiercely that it brought us out of our blanket in the small hours to cut away all overhanging branches and to lop the surrounding trees.

Day after day passed fruitlessly until there remained but one before that on which I had arranged with Mousqueton—our carter — to come out with his wagon and a horse that he described as "good and confiding," to convoy us back to civilization. We determined to make one final effort, although it seemed that the caribou had migrated some days earlier towards their winter quarters.

In the morning, however, Ed woke strong in the belief that the gods would send us adventures, because he had dreamed a lucky dream. Sure enough, about eleven o'clock, as we walked through a grove of young birch which grew upon a steep hillside, we cut a broad trail evidently made by a band of some twenty caribou. It was clear from the tracks that they were feeding, and consequently our hopes became very bright. Amongst a medley of small slots ran a series of large ones, that could have only been made by a big stag.

After some twenty minutes' tracking, during which the herd most considerately travelled in a straight line up-wind, a dozen grey shapes sprang out of the bushes above us, immediately followed by three more from some spruces and alders in front. One of these three was the stag. Ed fired at him three times without hesitation. It was not an easy chance, but another shot rolled him down the hillside among the bushes. He carried beautiful horns, and it was, as can be imagined, with much rejoicing that we bore him back to camp, where we arrived about four o'clock. Two hours later we heard the voice of Mousqueton hailing us from the darkness across the river.

LIKES TO BE NERVOUS

SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO, who, it is rumored, is shortly to marry a beautiful Sicilian girl, is a great sufferer from stage fright. As a matter of fact, he hardly ever appears in public without experiencing the most acute nervousness.

Curiously enough he delights in this, for he believes that it eggs him on to do his best.

"There is only one kind of trouble that I adore," he has said; "it is the trouble that takes me in ambush when I go on the stage. I am then seized with nervousness, and the anguish alone makes my voice what it is. . . . This fever reveals itself to the public by many mysterious effects, which fill it with emotion; but let it be known that Caruso on the boards is not responsible for the pleasure he may give to others, and that everything is due to that redoubtable deity called 'stage fright.'"

Certainly a modest view to take of his fame.

HE COULD GO ELSEWHERE

A DRUNKEN carter came into a Greenock train and sat opposite a clergyman who was reading his paper. Recognizing the profession of his fellow-passenger the carter leaned forward and in a maudlin way remarked: "I don't believe there's any Heaven."

The clergyman paid no heed.

"Do you hear me?" persisted the carter. "I don't believe there's any Heaven."

Still the clergyman remained silent behind his newspaper.

The carter, shouting his confession this time loudly, said: "I tell ye to your face, and you're a minister, that I don't believe there's any Heaven."

"Very well," said the clergyman; "if you do not believe there is a Heaven go elsewhere; but please go quietly."

GETTING EVEN

MR. HARRY FURNISS must have a greater stock of anecdotes about famous men than almost any other writer in London. He relates a very funny one about Sidney Cooper, the artist.

Cooper was so easily copied that many spurious Coopers flooded the market, and the wary old painter made a charge for giving his guarantee to his own works. One dealer to whom he owed a grudge travelled down to Canterbury with a "Cooper" under his arm.

He had just sold it for a good price, but wanted a guarantee.

"You have no objection to oblige me," asked the dealer.

"Not at all," replied Cooper, "but first pay my fee—$25—thinks. Now, sir, you go home and burn that, for I never painted it."

HOW THEY DIVIDED IT

THE proprietor of a well-known patent medicine and a doctor of great learning once fell into conversation. The physician asked: "How is it that you, without education, skill, or the least knowledge of medicine, are able to live in the style you do? You have your country house, your carriage, your motor car and your town house, while I can little more than pick up a bare subsistence."

The patent-medicine man laughed good-naturedly.

"Look here," said he, "how many people do you think have passed us while we have been talking?"

"Well," said the doctor, "about one hundred."

"And out of that hundred how many do you think possess good commonsense?"

"Possibly one," was the reply.

"Well," said the quack, "that one comes to you, and I take care of the ninety-nine."

WALNUT-FED BULLS

MANY of the vessels from Spain that unload in Mexican ports carry cargoes of walnuts from Bilboa and Santander. The nuts are sent to Mexico City and thence find their way to ranches all over the country, being used exclusively for feeding fine fighting bulls.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE

THE Rev. F. B. Meyer has just returned to England after a trip abroad. The deservedly popular minister has had many curious experiences, but he considers that the most embarrassing one occurred some years ago at Leicester.

As is well known, Mr. Meyer is a staunch advocate of temperance, and on the occasion referred to he met a discharged prisoner whom he offered a meal at a neighboring coffee-house. When it was over the minister asked the ex-gaol-bird to sign the pledge.

"Yes, I will," he replied; "but I must have a pint of porter first. I vowed I would have one the very first morning I came out of prison, and I must keep my vow."

"You ought to break a bad vow," urged Mr. Meyer, but the man was obdurate, saying a vow was a vow and ought to be kept.

"Very well," went on the clergyman. "If you have it, will you sign the pledge immediately afterwards?"

The man promised, but then arose a difficulty about fetching the porter. Mr. Meyer considered it would be unwise to let the man go out for it himself, so as there was no one else immediately available he realized that he would have to get it himself.

At that time he was the best-known teetotaller in Leicester, and the surprise of the barman when he entered the nearest public-house to ask for a pint of porter may well be imagined. However, he got the beer and carried it back to the coffee-house, where he gave it to the ex-prisoner after carefully blowing off the head.

The man drank it eagerly, but after he had finished he remarked, with a wry face:

"That's the worst pint of porter I've ever tasted. Where's yer card, sir? I may as well sign it as drink any more."

The pledge was duly signed, and the man, touched by the trust that Mr. Meyer reposed in him and by his braving the jeers of the foolish by fetching the porter himself, became a reformed character.

BY COMMAND

WHILE looking for pirates along the Chinese coast, Admiral John Moresby encountered some very strange adventures and some that were ludicrous. One of his experiences he describes in his recently published book, "Two Admirals":

"When visiting the mandarin of Tien Pach, he, with his blue button, robes, and attendants, I with our paymaster, gunner, and a guard of ten marines and a sergeant, tea was offered to us and accepted as a matter of course. Then, in an access of politeness, the attendant proceeded with the tea to the guard, stiffly drawn up in the courtyard, the men with rifles shouldered.

"The sergeant looked round distractedly for guidance; he had no precedent for a tea-party on duty. The men stared with cool contempt at the spoonful of acid tea. Fearing lest a refusal might be an offence, I hastily said:

"'Sergeant, let the men take it.'

"He looked at me for an instant with a long, horrified look of remonstrance; then, stepping to the front as if drilling he gave the word:

"'Order arms! Ground arms! Take the cups! Drink the tea!'

"Like Wordsworth's 'forty feeding like one' they grasped the cups and with a single gesture emptied the contents down their throats. Next came the stately command:

"'Return the cups! Take up arms! Shoulder arms!'

"It was done. The sergeant was himself again; he felt he had been equal to the occasion, and I stifled my unseasonable laughter in a cough and a handkerchief."

THE MYSTIC MAETERLINCK

THERE is scarcely a more interesting personality in the present-day world of letters than that of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird."

Born in Belgium, it seems almost incredible that this quiet mystic was once a lawyer, and, what is still more extraordinary, practised as such. A deplorable lack of clients gave him ample time to write articles for newspapers and periodicals, with the result that he gradually abandoned law and drifted into the realms of literature.

Maeterlinck abhors publicity, and will have no dealings with interviewers. In the earliest days of his fame he once wrote to a friend in comic horror at the visit of a "couple of reporters who suddenly tumbled into my soup."

His writings have assured to him a very comfortable existence, and he works with his pen only when he feels like it. Still, writing or not writing, Maeterlinck knows no idle season, no idle hour. He tends his bees, his orchard, his garden. A tremendous reader, he also takes a keen delight in outdoor exercise.

Saint-Wandrille, where he and Mme. Maeterlinck gave a realistic performance of "Macbeth" a few months ago, and where they invariably spend their summer, is a fine old Norman Abbey, purchased by the dramatist after it was vacated by a company of four hundred monks.

It is a confusion of the architectural styles of all centuries—from the 12th to the 18th. It possesses a wonderful chapel of the 14th century, cloisters of the 15th, an infinity of deserted chambers, and a labyrinth of silent corridors—all important for a "Macbeth" production.

Maeterlinck's "savoir faire" is proverbial. A distinguished French politician, who once sat next to him at a banquet, tells a characteristic little story bearing on this.

In the middle of a conversation there was a clattering fall, and a clumsy waiter upset a plate of clear soup down Maeterlinck's back.

Directly the consternation was over, he turned round, and in a slightly reproachful voice remarked to the offender: "It was thick soup I asked for."

Amington Hall, a country seat near Tamworth, England, which has just been sold, was the seat of the Repington family for 488 years. The family shows an unbroken descent from father to son for more than twenty generations.

Two thousand one hundred children were entertained to tea by Mr. F. J. Benson, a London banker, at the People's Palace, Mile End, London, England, in celebration of his little daughter's seventh birthday.

DAME FASHIONS DECREES

IF there is one thing that can make the heat of midsummer bearable this year it is the charm of the lingerie gowns that are designed for the warmest days. In the thinnest frocks it has been impossible to carry out many of the eccentricities which prevail in all other styles of dress. The material probably would not allow of the skirt being so narrow that the wearer is forced into a mincing step curiously different from the long, vigorous stride one has grown accustomed to in the modern woman. Nevertheless, there are no suggestions of flare or fulness in this dress, only a trifle greater width at the feet, and it is this scarcely appreciable difference which makes the lingerie gown so much more attractive than any other dress of the moment.

The newest lingerie frocks are all adorned with either ribbon or satin, or even velvet, the simplest showing a sash and various rosettes, etc., of a bright colored ribbon, while the more elaborate models are really combinations of silk or satin with embroidered batiste or French mousseline. The principal trimming is still generally on the underskirt; tucks, lace insertions, flat bands of ribbon or bias silk, all made to show through the transparent outer covering, really force a lining to be attached to the gown. The more heavily em-

Embroidered Handkerchief Linen Gown with Flowered Satin Belt

to show trimming once more on the outside of the gown, and in many of the models the lower half of the skirt will be of plain satin of an exquisite shade of rose pink or brilliant blue, while a wide girdle of the same carries the color up on the waist. This band is perhaps one-half a yard in width and does not appear but much more than that in its length about the feet (although one yard is professed to be the narrowest possible for a skirt in which the wearer can walk Broidered and lace incrusted batiste frocks are commencing without aid).

One model that is extremely pretty in the lingerie frocks shows an overskirt falling just to the knees, beneath which is a tight band of satin, and then another fall of the material to the ankles. Ordinarily this could be described as a two-flounce skirt, yet the word flounce can scarcely be employed for such a strangely narrow, absolutely not flaring use of material. The ribbon which forms the band about the knees and is also introduced as a girdle about the waist is extremely smart in a bright shade of cerise or one of the season's exquisite tones of mauve or heliotrope.

* * *

Still another method of combining or introducing a color with a lingerie frock is by running ribbon or bands of silk in and out through the embroidery, by this means also holding the material in, so that it shall hang straight from waist to hem. In an effort to guard against flare at the ankles many of the skirts of the moment are caught in, so as to give a curious, balloon-like look to the figure, which is about as ungraceful as could be imagined, but is not necessary, and the effect can always be avoided by clever manipulation of the fabric.

The models of the moment are practically impossible to carry out in any unlined lingerie gown. The only way to keep the dress cool is to have the lining of as sheer a quality of lawn, or even mousseline de soie, as possible to have it fall fit well. In midsummer a silk or satin lining is well nigh out of the question, but then when it comes to making half of a lingerie gown of velvet, and black velvet at that, it would seem that comfort could not be the first consideration in the fashions of the present season.

Black is the reigning shade of the moment, there is no question of that, and were it not for the very great discomfort, it is probable that black would now be worn at all times in the day or evening. The smartest afternoon dresses are black and white, and the newest frocks of really summer material are in great majority white and black. The combination of black velvet with embroidered lawn is, however, rather too extreme to be likely to be very generally worn. And yet a gown of English embroidery finished from just above the knees with a band of black velvet, a black velvet girdle about the waist and worn with a toque of black velvet, and a parasol of the black velvet also carried, looked not too extraordinary to be delightfully smart.

* * *

Black satin is also used to make half of the new lingerie frock. Then the parasol and hat are also of the black satin, the parasol faced with chiffon to soften it. There are a few white lace gowns placed over black chiffon, just out of contrast to the multitudes of colored costumes draped in chiffon, but it remains to be seen whether the curious tone of grey thus obtained will meet with great popular approval. Separate bodices of finest applique lace made up on a foundation of black chiffon are undeniably very smart, as are also the lace waists veiled in black. It is a curious fashion to cover costly lace in this way, but then there is scarcely one feature in the entire realm of fashion at the present moment which is not curious. In the striving for the novel many extraordinary results have been arrived at certainly.

In the gowns of which half the skirt is composed of a foreign material the open English embroidery or eyelet hole work is more generally seen than the raised embroidery. Valenciennes and baby Irish are about equally fashionable, and there are many combinations of Cluny and even torchon lace that are very beautiful. Whole gowns of Irish lace are still the envied possession of all who can purchase them, but this year the beauty of the lace is shown to unusual advantage by the contrast of the broad bands of colored satin or of black velvet with which the costume is made up. A sash with a great butterfly bow and long ends at the back of black tulle was effective on one Irish lace costume, and these tulle sashes are already to be seen in the different colors.

* * *

When colors are used at all it may safely be said that brilliant blues predominate; that true rose pink is used in ribbon trimming on a large number of lingerie frocks, and that lavender, as one of the coolest, is one of the most popular of summer hues. Cerise is seen to a considerable extent, but this is not a year of color. Mourning in England seems to have cast its shadow over all the world of fashion, or perhaps the effect of black and white that prevails at every gathering of note in Great Britain has proved more artistic than gloomy, and well worthy of being copied by other nations.

Cream color and a delicate tone of corn are even smarter than white for the lingerie frock. With trimmings of rose color or mauve a pure white frock now looks almost crude beside the softer cream colored lingerie dress. The simple embroidered muslins are always best in plain white, but the very elaborate gowns, which are really in true sense lace dresses, are charming in the softer tones.

White chiffon and mousseline de soie are both worn considerably for afternoon this summer. Although made up necessarily on boned and fitted silk linings, these chiffon and mousseline gowns are to be seen in much the same models as the so-called lingerie dresses. More elaborate as regards embroidery and costliness of lace, perhaps, if this were possible, than the embroidered batiste gowns, these gowns are still not very different in character from veiled effects—chiffon laid over a really elaborate and finished underdress of silk, lace and ribbon are seen in great numbers—but whether the fashion is a lasting one is doubtful.

* * *

In all the new designs for late summer and early autumn costumes the kimono sleeve is much in evidence, and so far there is absolutely no indication of any change from the flat, long shoulder effect in any of these costumes. Even those which have the sleeve set in instead of its being a continuation of the blouse contain the drooping effect which has

Lace and Lingerie Gown

belt are even more becoming to the woman who wishes to appear well and to whom the kimono sleeves are not becoming. These bands of trimming, used in this manner are also a godsend to the home dressmaker, as they cover the part of the shoulder which it is most difficult to fit perfectly.

characterized all sleeves for some time. Nevertheless there is hope for the home dressmaker, who finds it difficult to make the kimono sleeve in many of the new designs, which show the sleeve set in and trimmed with a square cap at the shoulder, which gives the desired droop, and is not so difficult to make becoming to many figures as are the kimono sleeves. Draped pieces of the material are also set at the waist and carried over the shoulders, so as to produce the drooping effect when the sleeve is set in, and straight bands of trimming carried over the shoulders and down to a point at the

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U 2

DRY FARMING CONGRESS

AN important function for farmers in many parts of Western Canada is the Dry Farming Congress, which will be held in Spokane during the week beginning October 3.

This congress comes at a time particularly apropos to the history of agriculture in our West. The season of 1910, when figures of precipitation shall have been compiled, will prove to be one of the dryest the West has ever experienced, and many a farmer who has heretofore given the subject but casual thought, will turn with that sort of interest which is aroused by the instinct of self-preservation, to dry farming processes.

The congress which will convene at Spokane on October 3rd, will take up the matter of dry farming and will deal with it so extensively, and so much in detail, that the farmer who spends the week there will receive a fairly good education in dry farming processes.

Since the first dry farming congress was held at Denver four years ago, the process of raising crops on land where the normal precipitation is likely to be several inches less, annually, than is required to ensure a crop, has advanced from the assigned position of a fad in farming to one of an exact science. Doubtless dry farming processes will yet be greatly improved, but its advocates and demonstrators have placed this comparatively new method upon a basis of fact that entitles it to the respect of all who are engaged in farming, and particularly of those who are making their efforts to grow crops in a section which is subject to destructive droughts. Experiments conducted by agricultural colleges, government experiment stations, individual farmers and by corporations, have proven that dry farming may be carried on profitably where ordinary farming processes fail to produce a crop. That this is a matter of great importance is apparent to all who have crossed this continent on either side of the international boundary, and has seen the stretches of semi-arid country that will never produce crops of any kind without irrigation or a method of cultivation like the dry farming process. Irrigation is not always possible and is nearly always costly to instal. Dry farming is always possible, and its cost over and above that of ordinary farming is not appreciative.

By the time the Dry Farming Congress at Spokane is held it will be possible to determine in dollars and cents the loss inflicted upon the people of the United States and Canada by the dry weather that has affected some sections of both countries this year. It will be possible, also, to know how far dry farming has met the problems imposed by the drought, and if it is proved that it has solved these problems with a reasonable degree of satisfaction, dry farming will receive many accessions of territory and men. The present season has produced conditions that could not have been better for the testing and proving of dry farming methods, and the Spokane Congress will afford a splendid opportunity for putting the results before a wide circle of interested men.

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

A Thorough Pill. — To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

A PETITION IN BANKRUPTCY

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but the following comes straight from the heart of an illiterate negro, who was married in the South the other day by a white minister. At the conclusion of the marriage the bridegroom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," answered the minister, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot; then, slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes, said:

"Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure."

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 Giving in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

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PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS ACT.

COMOX ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

TAKE NOTICE that I have received objections in writing to the retention of the following names on the Register of Voters for the COMOX ELECTORAL DISTRICT on the grounds stated below

AND TAKE NOTICE that at a Court of Revison to be held on the 6th day of May, 1912, at the Court House, Cumberland, at ten oclock in the forenoon I shall hear and determine the said objections, and unless such named persons or some other Provincial voter on their behalf satisfies me that such objections are not well founded, I shall strike such names off the said Register.

JOHN BAIRD, Registrar of Voters

Dated this 15th day of April, 1912.

The following persons are reported absent from the District:

NO.	NAME	PLACE
11	Aitchison, Thomas	New England Hotel, Cumberland
15	Alexander, John	Lot 153, Minto, Comox
37	Andrews, William James	Section 18, Comox
46	Armstrong, Wilbert Frank	Heriot Bay
53	Ashley, Harold Ormsby	Cumberland
112	Beech, Jonathan	Comox
114	Belair, Joseph	Lot 12, Valdez Island
177	Bowler, James Samuel	Lot 179, Comox
226	Buckley, Philip	Union Bay
313	Chapman, Alexander	Comox
368	Cowie, David	Mud Bay, Comox
369	Cowlin, Charles	Sandwick
378	Crafter, Gilbert Alfred	Sandwick
382	Creech, Richard K.	Lot 166, Comox
420	Davis, Leonard	Lot 33, Sec. 61, Courtenay
436	Day, James S	Lot 12, Nelson District
445	Denton, John	Cumberland
462	Dobson, Stephen F.	Lot 87, Comox
512	Ellis, Charles John	Allen Avenue, Cumberland
530	Faulds, Alexander	Union Hotel Union
571	Fraser, John	Lot 153, Comox
579	Fulton, Arthur C,	Sandwick
602	Gatz, Adolph	Cumberland
609	Gibson, George Roy	Cumberland
636	Gignon, William Edward	Heriot Bay
641	Gordon, Harry	Denman Island
679	Grieve, Henry Isaac	Lot 162, Comox
720	Hamilton, Angus	Comox
739	Harwood, John	Section 3, Nelson District
758	Hawkins, Charles Henry	Comox
772	Hayes, Joseph	Cumberland
797	Hilner William Thomas	Cape Lazo
815	Hudson, Richard Henry	Union Hotel, Union
854	Hood, John	Heriot Bay
877	Hutchinson, John	Cumberland
969	Kesley, John	Main Street, Union
1077	MacFarlane, Adelbert	Comox
1056	Little, Francis Dean	Union
1079	Mackie, John	Cortez Island
1177	Mills, Robert	Courtenay
1238	McBride, Robert Albert	Comox
1240	McCaw, George	Grant & Co. Farm, Comox
126	McDonald, Daniel	Union Bay
1297	McGuire, James	Maryport avenue, Cumberland
1358	McLean, Arthur S.	Cumberland
1394	McNiven, John	Cumberland
1476	Palmer, John Thomas Edward	Cumberland
1524	Pidcock, William E.	Quathiaska Cove
1555	Pollock, John B.	Courtenay
1557	Popham Home C. V.	Lot 208, Comox
1605	Reid, Samuel	Hornby Island
1619	Rogers, John	Union Hotel, Union
1670	Romo, Ole	Read Island
1748	Slater, William	Surge Narrows
178	Smith, George C.	Lot 202, Comox
1801	Sollan, Micheal	Hornby Island
186	Sutton, Albert	Hornby Island
1866	Sutton, Frederick James	Hornby Island
1888	Teed, Harlan	Sandwick
1996	Webster, Robert Dunn	Cumberland
205	Williams, Gwilym P.	Hornby Island

The following persons are reported deceased:

NO.	NAME	PLACE
17	Allen, Wilfred C.	E½ of SW¼ Sec. 34, Cortez Island
74	Baker, Charles N.	Lund
118	Bellamere, Issadore	Sec. 20, Salmon River
1516	Perch, Thomas Chambers	Elk Bay
1966	Wallace, James	Shushartie Bay

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Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

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

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

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all direct connections of flush closets with the city sewers is strictly forbidden. Any person or persons using flush closets must provide septic tanks, the overflow of which may be connected with the city sewers.

By order of the City Council,

A. McKINNON, City Clerk.

City Hall, April 9th, 1912.

FOR SALE.—Ten pigs, 6 weeks old, $4.00 each. Apply Robert Sollan, Hornby Island.

FOR SALE—Baby Carriage, second hand; will sell cheap. Apply "M," this office.

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—1. Pure bred Rhode Island Reds, $1 50 pr dozen. 3. Pure bred Single Comb, White Leghorns, $1.00 dozen. All eggs guaranteed fertile. Apply J Laurence Comox, B. C.

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