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JUN 20 1911
VICTORIA, B. C.

Another shipment of Men's Clothing just arrived this week Owing to the late arrival a discount of 25per cent will be given on each suit for one week at
Campbell Bros.

THE ISLANDER

Special prices on all white-wear and wash suits. Three pairs Ladies' Black Cotton Stockings for 50c. on Saturday
at Campbell Bros.,

No. 55 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

SUNDAY'S DISASTERS

Stars and Pilsener Ball Tossers Lose Games

Last Sunday afternoon what was advertised as a game of baseball was played on the old grounds between Union Bay and the Pilsener teams. It surely was another exhibition of near baseball, a brand served a generous public by the ball tossers in this neck of the woods.

At the end of nine innings torture for a couple hundred patient fans, and after the smoke, or we might say dust of battle had cleared away it was found, after a patient perusal of the score sheet that the Pilsner team had lived up to their reputation for generosity and allowed the Union Bay team 8 runs while they only annexed. 3

Chas. Grant handled the indicator and had no more than the usual number of kicks registered against his decisions.

Owing to the absence of the sporting editor at the game it is impossible to give a complete synopsis of the game but here is the line up.

Union Bay		Pilsner
Clark	c.	Stanley
Balo	p.	Pearme
Abrams	1st. b.	Watkins
Taylor	2nd. b.	Freeman
Sweeney	3rd. b.	Lewis
Higgins	ss.	Hamilton
LeClaire	lf.	Hains
Gibson	cf.	Mahonik
Beck	rf.	Greaves

The game between the Stars and Courtenay was very evenly contested up till the third inning and then the ballon went up. A fumble or two a wild throw added to one or two safe hits gave Courtenay the lead and the Stars failed to catch up in the remaining innings.

Droskey pitched a slow ball that fooled some of the boys, and had them guessing for a while. Robinson pitched for the Stars and played the best game he has played yet making but one error.

Dixon, Faber and Coe proved to be the heavey hitters for the Courtenay boys.

We will refrain from publishing the error column as it would take up to much space.

On Wednesday morning the house of Mr. Dan Stewart, Penrith Avenue, was totally destroyed by fire. As yet we have been unable to find out for a certainty how the fire originated, but it believed it started from the kitchen stove. Great credit is due the Fire Brigade for their efficient work on the scene, while they were a little slow in arriving at the fire when they succeeded in getting a stream on the fire they proved their real worth.

The Big Store is showing some splendid values in whitewear for women and children.

We regret to learn that Miss Lizzie Jayne, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jayne, of No. 7, was taken to the hospital on Thursday last, suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

Dr. D. E. Kerr, dentist, will remain in Cumberland until Friday, June 23rd. Office, room 1, Cumberland Hotel.

A meeting of the congregation of St. George's Presbyterian Church was held on last Tuesday evening for the purpose of selecting a pastor. The choice fell on the Rev. Mr. Johnston, who is at present in Vancouver.

F. B. Clouthier has just received a shipment of high grade buggies, different patterns, which are up to-date in every way. They are the product of the Baynes Carriage Company, Hamilton, Ontario. Those desirous of purchasing a buggy should not fail to see these before going elsewhere. They are being exhibited on the lot adjoining Powell's audio, Dunsmuir Avenue.

MEETING OF CITY COUNCIL

City Fathers In Session On Monday Night

The city fathers held their regular meeting on Monday night last, Aldermen Stewart and McNeil were the absentees.

The minutes of last meetings were read and adopted.

The following accounts were filed;—

McPhee & Morrison	$22.50
Mennie & Potter	20.80
ISLANDER	4.00

Constable Grays' report was then read as follows.

Scavanger	$109.00
Night Watchman	65.00
Road Tax	28.00
Police court	21.00
Sample Room	3.00
Scales	1.00

Ald. Willard reported that owing to the bad condition of the drains, the sanitary condition of the city was far from what it should be.

Electric lights are to be installed in the several alleys by the fire wardens.

Ald Banks was granted permission to introduce an amendment to the Fire By-Law.

After some discussion it was decided to inform the police commissioners that the city was not in position financially to comply with their request that a police office and two cells be constructed

It was decided to appropriate $60.00 to purchase new uniforms for the police.

The sight of a woman intoxicated seemed to get on Ald. Maxwells nerves and he suggested that the bylaw prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to women be strictly enforced.

The Liquor License by law received its second reading.

F. Monico will make out a monthly report of work done other than night work.

The amendment to the pound by-law received its first and second reading, the council then went into committee of the whole on the amendment, after some additions were added, a third reading was had.

Council adjourned

You want that hat for summer comfort we have it at The Big Store.

Cumberland was visited by two notables of the wrestling world last week; Sinc and Sandy Swanson of Nanaimo. They were trying to arrange a match with Murray, but their demands were a little too steep. Murray is now dickering with Frank Venables who has scored a win over Sinc Swanson.

The Big Store is offering all Millinery at cost price pay-day.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society's Annual Strawberry and Ice Cream Festival will be held in the Agricultural Hall Courtenay, on Thursday evening, June 29th, 1911. A good and varied program Doors open at 7 30 p. m. Admission, adults 50 cents; Children 25 cents.

Special prices on all Millinery at the Big Store pay-day.

FOR SALE—8 Roomed House, almost new on Dunsmuir Ave., could be used for Boarding House or Business premises, Apply, A.B.C. this office.

FOR SALE—102 acres of the finest of land in Nelson District, two and a half miles from Cumberland; 40 acres easily cleared, 35 acres good timber close to Grant's logging camp; School at corner of place. Fine building site easy to cut into ten acre blocks.

Apply to N. Harvey, Minto, B.C

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

STRENGTH VS. SCIENCE

Bailey and Wyatt Boxing Contest Next Monday Night

Joe Bailey the speedy Victoria light weight arrived in town Tuesday night and is in fine form for his bout with Wyatt on Monday evening.

Bailey has been playing half back for Ladysmith all this season he also had a place on the all Island football team, and is a crack player at any game he has tried. Football Lacrosse Basket ball all look alike to Joe and he has made good at them all both as an amateur and professional.

In fact Bailey would still be amateur in all games if he had not boxed as a professional this breach of amateur rules making him professional in every sport. As to his ability as a boxer he has not been been beaten yet. Although meeting some of the best in the province.

He is shifty, quick and carries a punch in both hands, but that may not count for much with a man of Wyatts experience especially as Bailey will be giving away quite a few pounds and if Bailey can overcome Wyatt's experience gameness and well known stamina, he will be going some. Wyatt is training at Courtenay and is in good shape for the mill. A good crowd should witness the go as the preliminaries alone are worth the price of admission. The broadsword fighting by Japanese being a very interesting thing to watch. Doors open at 7.30 Cumberland Hall.

WHITES WIN FROM BLUES AGAIN

Interesting Lacrosse Game Last Tuesday Evening

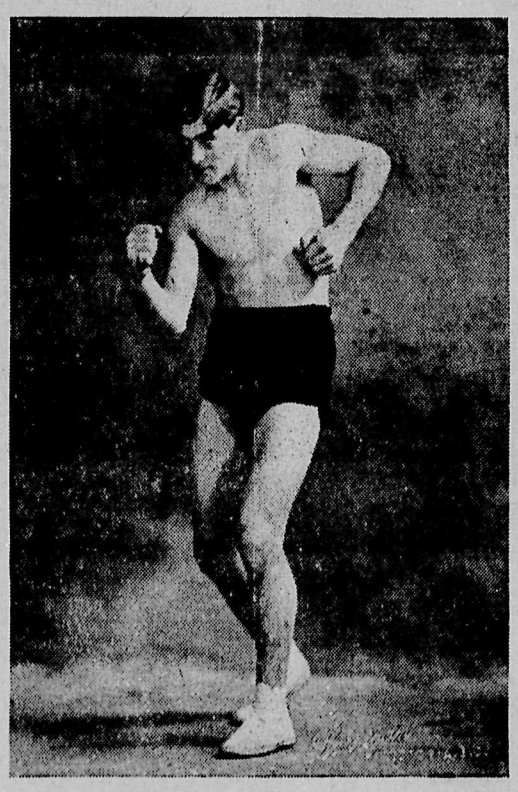
In the forth Lacrosse game for the Stoddart Cup the Whites annexed the winning point after one of the hardest fought and most exciting games seen yet.

Playing as hard as any champion teams the crowd was given a fine exhibition of Canada's national game although there were a few rough plays.

The Whites played a good game as did the Blues. The League now stands Whites 7 goals Blues 6, if space permits we will publish the schedule next week.

In the last issue of our local contemporary we read a lengthy letter from the pen of Mr Joseph Shaw re the food served in our local hospital. Our editor not being here we do not feel inclined to take the responsibility of publishing Mr Shaw's letter, nevertheless we feel it our duty to take exception to one of his statements i. e. "based on the statments of an anonymous patient is neither truthful or honest." Now in our last issue we distinctly said that the name of our informant could be had at our office by anyone wishing to ask for same, and we contend that his word is as good as any other one man in Cumberland.

LOST—On Tuesday a belt with $2 50 gold piece, made into a brooch. Finder please leave at this office



Joe Bailey the clever lightweight boxer of Victoria who will meet Wyatt in the Cumberland Hall Monday Night.

By H.O.B.O

The Editor is away on a well earned holiday; the staff expects him back to-night. If he is any longer when he comes back than he has been away, we don't known where we will put him.

One of our well known young Lacrosse and base ball players has bought a seat on the Union Bay train; some people do like to sit and gaze out over the water.

We noticed in one of the Island papers the following ad. Wanted fine board by a gentleman. Note, if he ever comes to Cumberland we will send him to the mill, they have lots of fine board there, sawdust.

We went to the football smoker last Saturday night the cigars were real good so were the songs while the wrestling and boxing were away above the standard for smokers.

Sunday evening last a couple of local sports drove to Union Bay they both played base ball in the afternoon and as the Island is dry on a Sunday it is believed that they were trying some self hypnotism in watching the schooners cross the bar.

That Pilsener team should be able to beat any ball team in the country as they are quite adept at catching high balls.

LOST—Two baseball games and one football game last Sunday.

FOOTBALL GAME LAST SUNDAY

Nanaimo Beat Cumberland By One Goal To Nothing

In the Football game between Nanaimo and Cumberland last Sunday, Nanaimo got away with the winning goal after a hard fought game.

Cumberland ought to have won by 3 goals but were not able to take the opportunities presented to them, not even being able to convert a penalty and at another time had three men right in goal and had the goal keeper beaten but they could not shoot.

The individual play of the Cumberland forwards was brilliant but their combinations were broken up every time they were started by Murray or Hewitt, Booth man played an excellent game throughout as did Brown until he had to retire from the game. Hewitt at back played his hard agressive bodying game and his strong kicking cleared Nanaimo's goal time and again. The Cumberland halves played a fine game all the time, William and Cairns showing up to perfection. Cairns was laid off in the last half but soon returned.

Hurren scored the only goal and Clarke had no chance to save his shot. Shepherd for the visitors also played a good game in goal, but had a tendency to mix things with Cumberlands centre forward who was just as anxious as he was. The game was very scattered at times and the luck was against the boys, but they showed they were in a class with the near champions and any team that can make the showing Cumberland did Sunday can with a little practise, beat Nanaimo.

Fanny Bay Notes.

Your correspondent is around again having been on the sick list for some time.

On Monday night last, the people of the neighborhood were aroused from their peaceful slumbers by unearthly yells from some parties on the government road. Not being able to sleep again quite a number arose to find out what the noise was about; to their surprise it happened to be the return of the prodigal. Needless to say they did not kill the fatted calf, but some were of the opinion that the prodigal should be killed and were angry at him for announcing his arrival in such boisterous tones

Last Sunday was Edwin's birthday, and he received many costly presents. Feeling in the seventh heaven of delight he thought he would make those around him happy and gave several of his presents to friends in Crab Lane.

A gentleman near here went fishing in Coal Creek on Sunday last: the fish did not happen to bite to his liking, and after falling in the water he thought he would go below and put some on; the water did not happen to be warm enough for him, and it was with great difficulty he reached terra firma again.

Several gentlemen returning from Union Bay, Sunday, thought that the curves should not be in the road and kept straight on, knocking down a picket fence that surrounded an acre of oats, letting in cows and horses etc. No doubt an action for damages will be brought against them

A swimming match took place on Sunday last at Mud Bay; the competitors were numberous and the costumes for the occasions were most eloaborate, Mr F Lunday displayed a lemon colored costume with dark blue trimmings. Bridge Stick Jack was also conspicuous in red silk with gold trimmings; Mr Hennessy wore a baseball suit minus the mask, owing to the express delivery being late. The race was from Mud Bay to McLaughlins Point, a distance of 840 yards. After the rubbing down with fish oil supplied by Quallicum Tom, Lacy got away for about 85 yards; then it was pretty even for awhile until Mr Bert Miller began to fall behind giving up in the next thirty yards; Bridgestick Jack here showed his ability with the side stroke and began to draw ahead at a great pace, with Mickey McNeil, second; Lundy third; Aitken fourth; Jones fifth; Keenan sixth; Hennessy at this point was noticed to be in distress and began to call for help. He was at once carried from the water suffering from cramps, and after two thirds of a bottle of brandy had been sipped by him he recovered sufficiently enough to ask for the rest of the brandy. Through this accident the race was abandoned till Sunday next.

Messrs Yanto Lewis and Spencer have had quite a busy time owing to the number of applicants for the real estate that they have for sale. Auto cars were arriving every minute at their office to secure some of the property. The lots are situated at Fanny Bay, where the large steel works, estimated at $2,000,000 are about to be built. A committee has been appointed to select a suitable place for water supply to operate the electric plant between Fanny Bay and Union Bay There will also be a Macaroni factory erected on the townsite known as Lewisville.

FOOTBALLERS ENTERTAIN

Smoker Enjoyed By All Last Saturday Night

Last Saturday night we had the pleasure of attending a smoker in the Cumberland Hall, as the guest of the Cumberland Football Association.

Needless to say we enjoyed our stay and the Club proved themselves ideal hosts, the programme as arranged was a very worthy one and there were no tedious waits.

Mr Irish rendered "Standing at the Corner of the Street" and responded to an encore. Mr McFarlane gave a Scotch dialect recitation that was well accepted.

The Mayor then presented the McLeod-Maxwell Cup to No. 5. They having won it three times out of four. J Brown received it on behalf of No 5.

The wrestling matchs between Murray and Archibald, McKay and Gray were fast and exciting and the spectators were kept at fever heat all the time, each contestant securing a fall C Morrison acted as referee for the wrestlers.

Cadman and Dixon boxed 4 fast rounds W Herd the referee declared the go a draw and pleased the house.

A duet was rendered by Messrs Irish Bros. and character songs by Carney and Segrave. The music was furnished by the Cumberland band.

Congratulations to the Foot Ball Association and all those who were instrumental in making the smoker the success it was

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LOCAL MAIL SERVICE

Arrival

Tuesday night
Thursday night
Saturday night
Sunday, per Cowichan 9 a.m.

Departure

Wednesday—6.00 a.m.
Friday—6.00 a.m.
Saturday—4.15 p.m.
Sunday, 2.15 p.m. sharp

FOR SALE—A good horse, suitable for express or buggy. age 10 years. Apply Union Bay Co-operative Company.

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

The Rings of Beatitude

One Case of American Intervention

San Carlos and Granada lie side by side. They are nations. Their people are twins, their products are the same, their territory was cut from one pattern. The capitals lie a hundred miles apart. San Carlos's bag is a tricolor; red, green and yellow. Granada's is yellow, green and red.

From these similarities a community of interest might be supposed—if you had never heard of Central America. Yet these powers—minor, but insistent on the term—were at war.

Some day a Napoleon of the tropics will arise, leave one capital, take the other, and instead of two small stamps on the map there will be one the size of a special delivery sticker.

El Presidente Juan Francisco Lerida of San Carlos, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, imagined himself *that man of destiny. Carlos Luis de la* Santa Maria Mataro, the equivalent in Granada, was in process of reaching the same faith in himself. But Lerida had been in power eighteen months to Mataro's twelve; he had ripened first. Hence, he had upheld a luxuriant tradition by marching to the gates of his rival's capital, Jimena.

The artillery—one gun—of the red, green and yellow was trained on the men, trenches, and metropolis of the yellow, green and red, and the besieged town was under martial law when the tramp ship El Almirante Espanol nosed lazily around the heads to stop in the Bay of Jimena.

No such ship ever before dropped anchor off the custom-house. Three men and a girl in pink tights hung in the rigging. Three vaudeville tramps stood arm in arm in the open side batch. Half a dozen clowns danced about a ringmaster on the main deck, and in the bow, perched atop a white horse, a *ballet dancer steadied herself with a* hand upon the rolled foresail. In the stern a five-piece band blared abominably. And on the bridge, silk-hatted and frock-coated despite latitude and sun, stood Peter J. Davenport, man*ager and press agent of the Royal Pan*-American Circus.

El Almirante Espanol warped to a berth at the one pier tediously and with bad grace. Davenport lighted a cigar, saw that the minature stars and stripes was fast in his button-hole, and started for the gang plank. At the rail he was met by a brace of barefooted gendarmes and a soldier—the latter recognized as of the army by epaulettes and a rifle. The three blocked the way.

"Good-morning," said Davenport in Spanish.

A group formed about him, with the clowns for a nucleus. The steward, at his side, vouchsafed a guess—correct—as to the situation.

"They told me above this war was likely to pop," replied Davenport. "But it'll take more'n this to stop the circus; watch me."

About to advance, he called to the ringmaster. "Sit tight," and then opened negotiations. The gendarmes and the soldier spoke at once. From the fraction he gathered, the American confirmed the steward's hazard.

"To el presidente," he ordered, tapping his boutonniere flag. "Muy pronto."

A fine air of dominance carried the day; he led the three up the pier rapidly, checking a current of browned humanity hurrying—for Central America—toward the ship of the strange crew.

President Mataro, in sash and uniform, he found at the presidential palace, distinguished from the custom-house only through familiarity. Davenport awaited no audience.

"I must thank your excellency," he opened without parley. "It was more than I expected. You Southrons know true hospitality. The beauty of your city is reward enough for coming, but to be welcomed with a guard of honor, to be brought immediately to an audience—ah, that is more than my due, senor!"

"But the—"

"Don't say it, your excellency; the occasion really doesn't warrant it. It was charming of you. Will you have a cigar? And here—I must repay you to the best of my humble resources—here is a box to our circus. You have never seen a circus?"

"It is——"

"Ours is really—I speak between friends—the most wonderful ever or*ganized. Think of a circus on the* West Coast! And such a circus!"

"It must——"

"You merit it, true. You have been neglected. But now you are to have a spectacle that has been seen——"

He rushed on with his patter steadily, insistent as a steam triphammer, splintering Spanish occasionally in his fervor. He lugged in New York, Paris, Berlin and Madrid in proof of the Royal Pan-American's success. He drew for testimonials on the Kaiser, Edward VII., Echegaray, and Nietzsche. He drew a picture of the biggest show ever seen by a press agent in a pipe dream.

At the fourth attempt Mataro accepting the situation, explained the existence of martial law. Davenport scarcely hesitated.

"But what of that? Here is the chance to show that Granada can appreciate the higher things of life. Have you ever had such an opportunity? Are you likely to have it again? Act while you have time. *Proclaim a holi*day and your people will bless you. Your excellency, it is a duty. The Royal Pan-American Circus can not come every year. And where else are you to see all the splendid features we *have? Where else, indeed, is the like* in the world? The war can wait; one can always fight. Here is an opening to earn again the gratitude of your faithful populace."

Davenport missed a move by trying to rekindle his cigar and the generalissimo took his opening to interpose: "There is much truth in what you say, senor."

"Truth? Why, man, it's gospel! Who can deny it? Do you want to compel us to go on south to Tavira, and proclaim to your enemy's capital Granada's inability to take advantage of this chance? No; I answer for you, general, knowing your spirit and progressiveness."

"It might be arranged," said Mataro judicially. "But I fear for your success. Our country is at war and the people have little money. To fight for honor is expensive. Also our exchequer is depleted. . . . We need funds. . . . But it might be——"

He paused. Davenport put his thumb under the beflagged buttonhole.

"At Acapulco," he volunteered, "we paid a tax of two and a half per cent. of the net receipts."

In turn he paused. El presidente looked blankly out of a window. After a moment he inquired casually:

"Which was."

"*Fifteen dollars gold.*"

Mataro, calm as a ward politician who knows the force of his toll demand, examined a wrinkle in his tricolor scarf.

"Granada," he began impressively, "is a great nation. It would be beneath the dignity of any nation except San Carlos to accept a tax, in such a case, at less than—a trifling hesitation gave Davenport one anxious instant—"of less than twenty-five dol*lars.*"

The American met him.

"I can guarantee twenty dollars," he replied. "The ship goes out tomorrow; today is our only chance to show. Twenty. Is it yes, or no?"

El presidente recognized an ultimatum.

"It is possible. But before lifting martial law the tax must be paid."

Davenport carelessly dropped a hand into his pocket. A jingle was simultaneous with acquiescence.

Within an hour the town was plastered with a proclamation restoring civil order for the day. By each placard was a poster of the circus—old "paper" abandoned by the shows of the States, with advertising in bad Spanish.

The generalissimo on his right and the alcalde on his left, Davenport, from his headquarters in the bar of the Splendid International Hotel (free translation) despatched couriers to the *quickly accessible settlements in the* country unaffected by the war, gave orders to his men, dazzled a crowd of cholos at the door, and listened sympathetically to Mataro.

"Ah, senor," complained the gen*eral, "those dastardly dogs of San* Carlos—what do you think they did? We were preparing for the war and would have marched on their capital, but it rained. It rained and we could not march. And while we were waiting for the sun to come out, that most despicable of all crawling things" (another free translation) "came from Tavira with his followers. One can not call them an army—poof! Terrible, was it not? But we are ready! Our trenches are prepared and they will enter Jimena only when every one of my brave fellows is dead. San Carlos can never conquer Granada, by all the saints! We are a proud nation, senor; we die but we do not surrender."

"How many are they?"

"We are besieged by five hundred, they claim but three hundred, true, but my scouts report more."

Davenport cogitated. Three hundred: were that many spectators to be sneezed at? No by a long shot.

Your excellency is valiant," he began tentatively. "But you can be magnanimous. Think of those poor fellows—for they are human after all—lying out there waiting for a chance to pot you. Would it not be the part of superiority to invite them for the day into your city, that they might share in the delights of witnessing the Royal Pan-American Circus? I, as intermediary, could make sure for you that your capital would be safe while the foe is your guest. A truce could be arranged. Come, here is a thing worth while—the code of circuses in war—of which you will be known as the author. You would be known in history—the history not only of America, but of the world—as the only commander who had ever shown generosity to invite the enemy to a spectacle. You would be unique. Nothing like it has ever happened. I will see that the press of the United States hears of this; the whole country will talk of it up there. What do you think of that? It will be carried to Europe and in all the capitals they will tell of the consideration and heroism of General Mataro in Jimena. Splendid! You could do nothing better for the fame of yourself and your ex*quisite country. Crown your great car*eer with this. Send an aide with me, and I will go to the San Carlos camp. I come as Fame asking you to have a drink. Leave it to me."

Even Napoleon succumbed to the theatrical at times; who would scoff at the chance of having his name heralded over the two continents? Mataro listened with increasing willingness.

"A truce? Good idea. Yes."

He looked at the sky.

"It looks as if it might rain tomorrow," he said, gratuitously. "H'm! I believe it would be the part of strength to do as you suggest. Do you not?" he asked the alcalde.

The alcalde did.

"But if the enemy should not agree?"

"Then, your excellency, you will **have the satisfaction and the reputation** of having been superior to your opponents. All great generals are that way."

*Carlos Luis de la Santa Maria Ma*taro looked at his scarf, finished his drink, at the peons, and summoned a colonel.

The aide received his instructions and credentials at the moment the cir*cus parade was forming by the cus*tom-house, a stone's throw from where the tent was already going up.

On the back of the elephant—the one elephant—Davenport posted the envoy, taking a place at his side under the swaying canopy. With the band's roar and to the cracking of the clown's slapsticks and bladders, the procession began the turn around the town. Jimena stared. Mataro, with his guard of honor about him, stood before the presidential palace and reviewed the line while the populace yelled "Viva!"

Three times the parade traversed the main street. Then Davenport waving his silk hat at el presidente, gave the order that started them toward the enemy's camp.

Three miles beyond Jimena's edge, strung along the bank of an arroyo, lay General Lerida's forces. All morning the soldiers had listened to occasional whiffs from the band; scouts had reported strange doings; officers and men knew that something unusual was within Jimena. What was it? The question had begun to agitate. In the ranks was more than a touch of dread—the dread of the unknown. Hour by hour it grew; by noon terror was thriving. Eighteen men quit their jobs.

It was at this juncture that Lerida, unable to stand inaction, decided that, mystery or not, the time had come for a decisive blow—the blow that would give him his place in the roll of conquerors.

There was a council of war, an inspection, and the forming of skirmish lines.

Lerida was donning his scarf—who would fight without a ribbon?—when a scout arrived with word of a strange review in Jimena. Details could not be made out at a distance of two miles, and the scout, anyhow, had been in a hurry to get back and report.

The commander was making fast his green plume—what conqueror would lead without a plume, white or green?—when another scout came to pant out a tale of fourteen devils leading a dargon and a thousand strange beasts like men.

The general was polishing the handle of his sword when a third brought word that three dreadnoughts and a troopship had arrived at the enemy's capital to aid in repulsing the brave army of San Carlos.

"Summon a second council of war," *commanded the resourceful Lerida.*"

While the officers increased their fears from the recountal of the courier's tales the other half of the army added terror to terror as the scouts repeated their reports with variations *and enlargements.*

At the end of the council, Lerida, more valiant than ever, stood before the ranks to harangue them.

"Men of San Carlos," he began. "Your nation's honor, history, and *your own welfare hang in the bal*ance."

The troopers listened without animation. From afar there came the strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," played with martial verve.

"Our traditional enemy is at our mercy. We will avenge the slights of eighteen months and enlarge the income of San Carlos. If we win you'll get paid."

The *ragamuffin crowd craned for a* glimpse down the road toward the beleaguered town.

"This is a time for patriotism and heroism. Lads, show your mettle."

Officers sauntered from their posts to points of vantage under pretense of silencing, steadying, straightening the lines. "A Hot Time" gave way to "Yankee Doodle"; the noise momentarily became louder.

"The hour has come. We will not be deterred. Follow my plume to Jimena and victory and glory!"

Lerida wheeled and drew his sword.

"Forward!" he cried, so that all heard, from flank to flank.

Behind him there was a mighty scuf*fle and the clink of arms.*

At his third stride, Lerida hesitated. Slowly around a turn in the road there came a bearded woman. At her side walked an impossibly thin devil in red tights and a Panama hat. Four *men in pantaloons, with white and red* mottled faces, cavorted wearily and cracked bladders and slapsticks. Behind them in a barouche, escorted by the vaudeville tramps, rode three men and a girl in pink tights, waving merrily. On the seat with the driver was the fat woman. The band, in purple and green, followed, and next the gem of the circus, lumbered the elephant. On his forehead squatted a red-haired mahout clad as a Hindu and clinging to the seat were Peter J. Davenport and Mataro's colonel. In the latter's hand was a flag of truce—a handkerchief tied to a stick. Its simple note was quite lost in the gaudiness of the procession.

Lerida stood still. But behind him the scuffle and the clink of arms rose, though almost drowned in yells. But all, scuffle, clink, and shouts, diminished. When Lerida looked there was none to follow his green plume of San Carlos. It was a rout.

Yet the circus still advanced. The snake-charmer coiled a pet around her neck for coolness as she sat beside the ossified man, the armless wonder, and the Circassian beauty; they had Jimena's second barouche to themselves. *A mangy tiger dreamed in his* wheeled cage and the girl dressed like a ballet-dancer clung limply to her white horse

On the march continued, while Lerida held his ground in dumb wonder, till the elephant came abreast him.

Davenport leaned over the rail of the rocking seat, the glad hand extended.

"Hello, general," he cried. "How are you? This is the Royal Pan-American Circus. A wonder, ain't it? Allow me to present Colonel Cosalda, the aide of General Mataro. Colonel Cosalda, General Lerida; General Lerida, Colonel Cosalda. We want to talk business."

The red-haired man lowered the elephant and its crew alighted. As he bowed, Cosalda waved the handkerchief ceremoniously. Leriad struggled to save his face.

"My forces have deployed," he explained.

"We saw them deploy," retorted the envoy. "They forgot to stack those guns on the ground there."

"General Mataro invites you to Jimena for the circus, under a truce," Davenport put in. "With your troops."

"My troops are engaged in man*oeuvres," Lerida answered sadly.*

"Sailed under sealed orders, as it were?" suggested the American.

Lerida was grateful: "Yes; I do not expect them to return today. Their task is preparatory."

"But, general, you can't afford to miss this circus; nobody can: Call the war off for the time being. The other side's willing. It's an eye-opener."

The three hundred extra spectators were gone, but Davenport saw possibilities for Tavira. To enter that town with the war hero of the republic riding at his side—there was a start for a two-day stand with the S. R. O. sign dug out of the hold of El Almirante Espanol. He led Lerida aside and put the case squarely.

"You are without men; make an armistice and return to your capital with us, escorted by our band. I'll start a courier after your men, if you think they can be caught, telling them to go home. Though they must be pretty far *on the way already. . . . How about* it."

"Would it be honorable?"

"Honorable? Why, man, I'll propose your name for the Nobel peace prize! Mataro has the fear of God in him. Tell him you'll spare the town and turn back your reinforcements. There's your chance to turn defeat into victory. And to think of the effect of your return to Tavira with a band, riding on an elephant! The city would go wild. Are you on?"

Lerida looked at the waiting circus line, at the scattered rifles, and the empty camp. He smiled wanly.

"Your arguments have force," he commented. "I will treat with the enemy."

Silently he walked to the elephant and clambered into the basket. Cosalda followed. Davenport put himself between them. The elephant rose, the band struck up an air, the parade turned around, and Lerida's march on *Jimena entered its final stage.*

As the mahout piloted his beast down the road, Davenport passed cigars to his companions.

"You have no idea," he began, "what really tremendous thing this circus is for the west coast. This aggregation has won the praise of Paris, Berlin, London, and New York. It has——"

And so no, ad infinitum.

M. B. Levick.

STANLEY'S ESCAPE FROM CANNIBALS

Capt. Fritz Duquesne, the African explorer, believes that Henry M. Stanley did more for the civilization of Africa than any one since his time. It was Stanley, he says, who brought the voice of God into the Dark Continent and made progress more than a meagre possibility. Captain Duquesne has writ*ten an interesting account* of some of the strange incidents of Stanley's career for a newspaper syndicate, which we find in the Pensacola Evening News. Many are familiar with the story of his obscure origin, but for those who are not we *may quote this passage:*

The first home he recalled was the poor house at St. Asaph, a sort of prison for the incarceration of social failures, known as paupers, and abandoned children. In the cold, gray, unfurnished cells of this prison-house he was given his first smattering of education.

One day a book of travel and adventures fell into his hand. How different the world outside the poorhouse seemed to be. He wanted to see that world, and one night, with a boy friend, he made his escape from the uncharitable institution. This was his first taste of danger, and the birth of his love of adventure that in its maturity was to make him one of the world's greatest explorers.

He shipped as a cabin-boy to New Orleans, where he obtained employment from a merchant named Henry Morton Stanley, who, taking more than a fancy to the young outcast, adopted him and gave him his name.

*After the merchant died Stanley en*listed in the Confederate army, and was taken prisoner in a fight with the Union troops. Later he was made an ensign of the United States Navy, being assigned to the ironclad Ticonderoga. Before the war was ended he gave up the life of a sailor and took to the newspaper as a field for his activities. He became war correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat. He went through the Franco-Prussian war as a warrior of the pen. He then went with the British expedition that was sent out under General Gordon, to punish King Theodore of Abyssinia for the assassination of some British subjects. In this expedition Stanley obtained his first knowledge of Africa, whose fascination he was never able to throw off.

His next trip into the jungle continent was made in his memorable search for Livingstone. During this journey the Stars and Stripes were carried for *the first time into the heart of Africa.* He found Livingstone and proved to the world that the newspaper man, whose efforts were bound to fail, according to the British military official, because he was not a military man, was made of exceptional "stuff."

Stanley's success made him looked upon as Africa's chief explorer, and he made numerous expeditions into the unknown country:

He hacked his way through the terrible equatorial forests, dodged poisoned spears, waded treacherous rivers that were the homes of thousands of crocodiles, fought the hidden pygmies in the treetops, battled with fierce lions and leopards and fiercer cannibals, that he might give the world a true map of Central Africa, now known as the Kongo.

One of his bravest officers was a young fellow named Deane, who was attacked by a band of Monongeri tribesmen while on his way up the *Kongo River* with a force of Houssas to take charge of the post at Stanley Falls. The attack was a big success, and one-half of Deane's party were captured and eaten. The following account of Stanley's attempted revenge, *and his narrow escape from death* was told by Stanley himself in the presence of Captain Duquesne, and has yet to be chronicled by historians and biographers:

This success on the part of the sav*ages was soon communicated, in various* exaggerated forms, to other villages, and a general agitation was commenced to drive out the white men. Before long news came pouring into head-quarters, at Leopoldville, that most of the river posts were being harassed by the savages and that a general wave of cannibalism had seized that part of the population in which I had suppressed it.

These were outrages which I could not permit on the chief highway of the Kongo State, so I decided to punish the savages in such a way that they would henceforth respect a friendly white man.

Getting our little steamers together, we were soon dragging the native police in tenders and huge native war canoes, up the river to where the worst outrages had been committed, and where it was rumored that Pierre Serste, an officer in the employ of the State, was a prisoner, and in the hands of the cannibals, if he had not already been devoured.

Reaching a place within a few miles of where some cannibals were said to be holding their feast, I divided my force into four parts, sending one up the river and one down the river two miles each way. These were to enter the forest and cut off every retreat in those directions, should the natives be found. The third force I left in the river to guard the boats, and the fourth *I took into the forest in a detour so* that we should have the savages hemmed in on all sides.

The country was extremely difficult to march in, for the river banks at this point were not above the water, which *ran inland* for miles, making a fetid swamp. In many places the water was so deep that we were forced to climb from one tree to another, which made our progress so slow that night overtook us while we were still in the *swamp travelling from limb to limb* like monkeys, and retarded by our arms and ammunition. There was nothing to do but halt till daylight.

We hung in the trees all night like so many gorillas. Lions and leopards *roared in the distance and insects* swarmed around us in thousands. A gorilla and his mate held animated conversation above our heads, and unseen jungle monsters splashed through the waters below. We were all nearer death than life, when the sudden sun of the tropical morning struggled to force its rays through the dismal growth that had sheltered us for the night. We ate half our emergency ration, and continued our heart-breaking journey. One after another of my faithful black soldiers slipped from the slimy trees and landed in the foul-smelling water below. I thought the journey would never end.

It was again getting toward evening when the sudden ringing thud of a native drum echoed over the verdure-blanketed swamp. The sound came nearer as we advanced. I knew, therefore, that it must be a war party, and that dry land was not far away.

With renewed energy we climbed from limb to limb and made good progress. The foliage before us changed, indicating dry ground. The drums still beat their terrible dwong, dwong, and now and again the voices of the natives reached our ears. We soon stood *on solid earth, and I prepared my men* for action. As I was giving instructions, a little pygmy arrow whistled through the air and buried itself in the breast of one of my native followers, who was not a soldier and was armed with a bow and arrow. *A cry of pain* broke from his lips. In a second he took aim with his primitive weapon, his arrow hissed through the air, and the diminutive body of a dwarf warrior tumbled through the leaves to the ground, with an arrow through his heart. I was afraid to shoot into the trees, for that would have alarmed the natives whom I especially desired to reach. On the other hand the pygmies often act as scouts for the other natives, and I was tolerably certain that the trees were full of them. There was nothing left to do but push on as fast as possible. With our arms ready, we advanced.

We had not marched more than twenty minutes toward the "dwonging" *drums when we came to some open* land, on which at least five hundred drunken, howling savages were dancing, and grinning, their sharpened teeth showing in horrible ghastliness. A dozen skulls, from which the flesh had *been recently torn, as the hosts of flies* that hung around them showed, were stuck on spear-heads and sticks around the place. Some of the dancing natives held parts of human skeletons in their hands and here or there about the ground on banana leaves were pieces of human flesh.

I was just deciding what action to take, take, so that I could bag the whole lot with my small force, when a huge brute, who was mad drunk, struck the musician's arm with a human thigh bone. This, of course, broke the rhythmic beat and the drummer objected with a threatening gesture. The big fellow laughed, danced around again and once more struck the drum with the bone. This started an altercation, and the drum-beating stopped while the men argued. As the sudden stopping of the music in the middle of a waltz would break up the dance, so the cessation of the drumbeats stopped the orgy, and the savages became interest*ed in the war of words.*

When they clustered together I saw that they were in too great number for my little force unless I gave them a surprise attack. As I contemplated the best mode of action, a noise came from *the further end of the clearing* which was out of my sight behind the bushes. The natives turned, and, setting up a howling, commenced to dance. The drum men joined and added to the hideous din. Something of great inter*est was evidently about to take place.* The natives crowded back and I saw led into their midst near the fire a naked white man, whose neck was fastened in the fork of a heavy branch. His body was covered with dried blood, and a deep wound ran down his face in such a way that his right eye was split. His left arm was swollen badly, showing that it was broken. The savages stood him before the fire and commenced to insult him. One, a chief, pricked the unfortunate with an arrow over the heart, but he never flinched. He then spat on the white and commenced to dance.

How to rescue the captive was now the question. I hurriedly examined my Remington repeater and my Luger pistol, and directed my men to prepare for action. All at once a fierce howl broke from the natives, and a huge executioner, with his terrible ax-knife, entered the opening.

"Meat! Meat!" came from the hoarse throats of the drunken mob. The captive was taken from the prong and told that his time had come. He faced his captors like a man.

The drink-crazed horde were all too interested to notice anything else but *the coming execution.*

We crept nearer and I levelled my rifle to the nearest savage. My soldiers picked out a man each, and at my signal we sent a hail of death into the ranks of the cannibals, and then rushed into their midst, the soldiers with fixed bayonets and I pouring death out of my Luger at every shot. It was a terrific fight. I was beside the white captive in a minute. He had fallen on the ground for protection. We formed a square around him and fought back the natives, who had encircled us, with bayonet charges and volleys.

I saw that we were in for a terrible time, for the cannibals were not to be beaten off. I then decided to retreat toward the water of a small river, at *the end of the clearing, so that we* should be protected on one side by the water. Back to back, with the wounded man between us, we fought our way to the water. A fierce and desperate rush drove us into the river and we *stood waist deep in the water, fighting* for our lives.

Spears rained on us, and one by one my brave soldiers fell. The savages were getting the best of us, and I feared that we were all in our last fight. I handed the wounded man my Luger pistol and loading my Remington I prepared for the last stand.

"If you ever get out of this," said the man, "my name is Pierre Serste, Brussels." He opened fire with the automatic weapon. That was the last I saw of him, for a sudden blow from sime flying weapon knocked me senseless. I did not even remember falling into the water.

When I revived I was on the beach among a hundred dead enemies and friends.

I had floated down the river out of danger. My outflanking party had been attracted by the noise of battle and had arrived in time to save my comrades from complete annihilation.

I lost four-fifths of my men. Serste, fearing recapture and torture had blown out his brains with the last shot in the Luger.

With the new arrivals at my command, I inflicted a severe punishment on the cannibals. Ten of the chiefs were hanged for their crimes, and the Kongo Free State came in once more for a storm of abuse from the enemies for its cruelty in handling the gentle defenceless savages.

THE CANTANKEROUS CAMEL

The usually patient and submissive camel, like the proverbial worm, will sometimes resent an overdose of abuse. Too dense to think of a way in which he can outwit his driver and so take him unawares, when roused to the pitch of fury he rushes at the tyrant open-mouthed and his formidable teeth and powerful jaws do serious damage.

Of this vindictiveness the camel driver is aware, and of the certainty that sooner or later the camel will seek revenge. Accordingly, it is customary for the person who fears his malice to throw his clothes before the camel, meanwhile hiding himself until the animal's fury has been expended in tossing and trampling on them, when the injury, real or supposed, is at once forgotten.

The camel will not identify himself *with his driver or rider in the smallest* way whatever. He steadily declines all advances. His eye never lights up with love of even interest at the approach of his master. Should you attempt to pat or caress him he will object in a very decided *manner.*

Good treatment or bad makes no difference to the camel. Life and its hard conditions are taken for granted. His view of things is far too serious. He is so absorbed and preoccupied that he has no time to waste in the gambols indulged in by all other young animals.

MILLIONS FOR DRAINING FARMS

The farmers of Iowa are spending on a vast *project to drain their swamp* lands three-quarters as much money as the United States government is paying to build the Panama Canal. They have already used $8,000,000 in the work, and the total cost of the improvements when finished is estimated at $307,000,000.

It is expected that hundreds of thousands of acres will be added to the tillable area of the state, acres which during ages have been accumulating richness washed down upon them from higher land as well as by decay of their own swamp vegetation, acres which need only to be released from the embarrassment of too much water to demonstrate their wonderful fertility. The millions that will thus be added to the *value of Iowa are beyond the reach of* accurate computation, although sanguine advocates declare that the state will be wealthier by half a billion dollars or more when the work is finished.

The reclamation was begun in 1904, and thus *far nearly $8,000,000* has been spent on public drainage ditches in fourteen out of the thirty counties in which the work is projected. In the remaining sixteen counties some $7,000,000 more will be expended. So that 3,000,000 acres of farms will be improved at an average cost of $5 per acre. The result is the throwing open to cultivation of swamp and flood land which will be hereafter worth from $75 to $200 an acre. The estimated total cost of the public drainage ditches is $60,000,000. These figures are supplied by the State Conservation Board, who calculate that individual owners will spend $247,000,000 more out of their own pockets in draining wet lands.

By the Iowa plan, large open drains are first built, then tiled lateral ditches leading to them, and then the small tiled drains under individual farms—some of the latter running within four rods of one another, and as small as four inches in diameter.

In many cases farmers have paid from $25 to $75 an acre to tile and drain their farms into the public drains. Where crops have been good the system has been rapidly extended, for the farmers are aware that as fast as the handicap of surplus water is thrown off their lands are greatly increased in productivity. There are thirty "wet counties" in Iowa, in twenty of which practically the entire area must be drained, while in the remaining ten only half the area needs help.

TREE PLANTING

Besides the extensive plans for sowing broadcast the seed of native forest trees on the bare patches of the moun*tains in Colorado, Wyoming, and South* Dakota, government foresters are taking steps to introduce a number of forest trees which it is expected will add appreciably to the verdure of the mountains and will eventually become an asset in the form of timber. As in the case of human immigrants only those foreigners or "exotics" that will make good citizens are to be encouraged. The species involved are Austrian pine, Corsican pine, Scotch pine, Norway spruce, and European larch.

How to Save Money

A Pointer to Housekeepers

Look at the financial side of Zam-Buk's use. A cut sustained in the home, the store, or the workshop, a sore which is unattended, results, say, in festering or blood-poisoning. You have to lay off for a day or two. What does that mean when pay day comes round? Zam-Buk insures you against that loss! A little Zam-Buk applied to such an injury prevents all danger of blood-poisoning, takes out the smarting and heals.

Heads of Families know how costly doctoring is. Be wise and act on the preventive line. A box of Zam-Buk in the home is so all-round useful. The baby's rashes, the older children's cuts and bruises, the inevitable burn, cut, or scald—for all these, as well as for more serious ailments, such as piles, ulcers, eczema, ringworm, etc., Zam-Buk is without a rival.

Dangers of Shaving.—You get a cut at the barber's shop. A little Zam-Buk smeared on the wound prevents all danger. If any ailment has been contracted, Zam-Buk cures. Mr. George Hobden, 108 Manitoba Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, says. "I contracted barber's rash, and the whole of my left cheek broke out in one mass of red, watery pimples and sores. These spread to the other parts of my face, until face and neck were covered with running sores. How far the disease would have spread had it not been for Zam-Buk, I don't know. I applied this balm, and in a short time Zam-Buk effected a complete cure."

Zam-Buk Soap is as good as the balm, but in a different way. Washed in Zam-Buk Soap the skin is disinfected and disease germs lying upon it are killed. Mothers will find it unequalled for baby's bath.

Zam-Buk Balm and Zam-Buk Soap are sold by all druggists and stores at 50c. for the balm and 25c. tablet for the soap.

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"CHAIR! CHAIR!"

"It was a red-letter day for Giles, for he had just been appointed chairman of the Mudleigh-on-Clay Pig Club for the ensuing year, and, naturally enough, he wished to show his authority. Hodge and Brew'n were having a little friendly argument, more forcible than polite, over the merits of their celebrated swine, when suddenly the new chairman rose to his feet.

"Woor yew tey rowin'?"

The culprits admitted they "woor."

"Well, then, I see we ez an orderter. Who is orderter for the year?"

The auditor stepped forward.

"Are yew orderter? Well, order them tew out. I won't hev no rowin'."

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Simon Fraser, the Pathfinder

One of the great pathfinders of the Canadian West was Simon Fraser. He belonged to that little company of brave and adventurous men of which Cook, Vancouver and Mackenzie formed the vanguard, and among whose successors were Simpson, Douglas, Thompson and Ross—a company that made known the extent and something of the worth of British possessions on the Pacific Coast, and who, by arduous and often perilous journeys took formal possession of the country for the British Crown.

The fruits of their labors form today part of the heritage of the Canadian people, and had it not been for those labors it is doubtful if that heritage would now extend westward to the Pacific Ocean.

In the lower valley of the Ottawa River, a couple of miles from the north bank, where the river begins to broaden into the Lake of the Two Mountains, stands the beautiful village of St. Andrews, one of the chief places of Argenteuil county and one of the oldest.

To the west of the village is the last earthly resting place of those whose lifes went out in this favored spot. Here, marked by a simple stone, is the grave of Simon Fraser. The inscription on the stone is already growing dim. Even should it wholly disappear the name of Simon Fraser will not be forgotten, for the great river that flows down through British Columbia to the Pacific Ocean, and which Fraser explored, bears his name—a monument to his memory "more lasting than brass."

The river will recall the life and exploits of Simon Fraser long after the monument in the St. Andrews' Cemetery has fallen into decay.

In 1772—the year in which were created the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and when representative parliamentary institutions were set up in this country, and the year before Mackenzie crossed the Rockies to the Pacific Coast—Simon Fraser, at the age of nineteen years, entered the service of the North-West Trading Company. He was evidently a faithful and industrious servant, for, ten years later he was allowed to set out on the great undertaking for which he is remembered to-day.

At the conference of the partners of the company, held in 1805 at their headquarters at Fort William, on Lake Superior it was decided to extend the operations of the company beyond the Rockies, occupy the country on behalf of Great Britain, and so prevent United States traders from extending their posts northward up the Columbia and claiming ownership of the territory by right of discovery and occupation. The carrying out of this plan was assigned to Simon Fraser.

Without delay he set out for the scene of his labors. He returned to Lake Athabasca, which was really the starting-point of his trip. From there he struck across country to the Upper Peace River, which he ascended until he was well within the Rocky Mountains. There he established a trading post to which he gave the name Rocky Mountain Portage.

Then turning southward, he came to a lake which he calls Lake Macleod, and where he erected a small fort. His journey of discovery was now really commenced.

Turning again to the west he made a portage to the great river which here sweeps southward among the mountains, and at that time was thought to be either the main stream of the Columbia river or its principal affluent. It was neither. It was the river that now bears Fraser's name and which he subsequently explored.

At this time he did not proceed far down the river, but turning aside he ascended a tributary flowing in from the west and forming the outlet of a large mountain lake, both of which he named after John Stuart, a friend in the company's service. On the lake he set up a trading post, the site of the present Fort St. James. He also penetrated to Fraser Lake, a little to the south, where another post was established.

Learning of the greater activity of the United States government with respect to Pacific Coast explorations, and especially of the sending out of Lewis and Clarke across the Rockies, the North-West Company, in 1897, sent from Athabasca two canoes with goods in charge of Messrs. Farries and Quesnel. In due time they reached Fraser, now back on the main river which bears his name, at a post called Fort George, which he had just set up. With the supplies came letters urging Fraser to continue his explorations of the river, and, if possible, follow its course downward until it emptied into the ocean.

Fraser at once proceeded to carry out the instructions contained in the letters from his superiors. Accompanied by John Stuart, Jules Quesnel and a crew of nineteen whites and two Indians, all embarked in four well-furnished canoes, Fraser set out from Fort George on May 26, 1808.

Carried by the current and propelled by paddles, the canoes, for a few days made rapid progress. The party were now in that part of the river which, fifteen years before, Alexander Mackenzie had navigated before taking the overland route to the Coast. Mackenzie had been warned of the dangers of the lower part of the Fraser, and the Indians met with now gave Fraser similar warnings. The warnings were unheeded, and Fraser continued on his way down the unknown river. The dangers that had been foretold were soon encountered.

In his journal Fraser sets down a simple narrative of his journey. About twenty years ago that Journal was published by the late Senator Masson. A few extracts from the Journal will best describe the nature of Fraser's trip and the perils he encountered.

"On June 1, five days after they started, the river narrowed to a canyon, in which they lost one of their canoes." Farther on the river again widened and then it contracted to a width of not over thirty yards with precipices rising on either side, between which the waters rushed, "turbulent, noisy and awful to behold." Then there was a portage of a mile, and then more rapids and a whirlpool. On June 9 they came to a part where "the channel contracted to about forty yards, and is enclosed by two precipices of immense height, bending towards each other, and which make it narrower above than below." Through this gorge the waters rushed with great velocity, but as it was absolutely impossible to carry canoes by land, Fraser and his party ran the rapids. "Skimming along as fast as lightning," wrote Fraser in his journal, "the crews, cool and collected, followed each other in awful silence, and when we arrived at the end, we stood gazing at each other in silent congratulation on our narrow escape from total destruction."

Coming four days later to a part of the river which it was impossible to navigate, the canoes and such of the cargo as was not absolutely necessary, were abandoned, and the party set out to follow the rugged bank on foot, each man carrying on his back a load of eighty pounds. For nine days the toilsome march was continued along mountain sides, the party climbing and descending rugged rocks and forcing their way through deep ravines filled with tangled brush and fallen timber. On the ninth day they came to a large river flowing in from the east. It was named the Thompson, after David Thompson, astronomer to the North-West Company, who, a few years later, ascended it and established Fort Kamloops, some distance above its junction with the Fraser.

On June 20 the party came to that part of the bank now known by the rather remarkable name of Jackass Mountain. "The ascent," wrote Fraser in his Journal, "was dangerous; stones and fragments of rock were continually giving way from our feet and rolling off in succession. The ascent was perfectly perpendicular; one of the Indians climbed to the summit, and by means of a long pole drew us up one after the other. The work took three hours. Thus we continued our course, up hills and down, and along the steep declivities of mountains, where hanging rocks and projecting cliffs at the edge of the bank of the river, made the passage so small as to render it at times difficult for one person to pass sideways."

And as they toiled on through the rugged wilderness that skirted the banks of the river they were following, finally emerging from the canyon on June 2. Here they once more came upon Indians from whom they were fortunate enough to obtain a canoe. Once more they embarked on the river, and two days later it bore them to tide Fraser and his companions reached the waters; and so on July 1, 1808, Simon mouth of the Fraser River. The instructions of the company had been carried out.

The Indians at the coast did not seem well disposed towards the explorers. They became very troublesome, and fearing attack Fraser decided to cut short his stay. Two days after his arrival he set out on his return journey, and following the route by which he had come, he reached Fort George, on the upper part of the river, on August 6.

Fraser's exploration demonstrated to the North-West Company that a considerable portion of the river he had followed was not navigable, and that travellers on the lower sections were dependent on the Indians for food, which consisted of dried fish, berries, and roots. The Indians along the upper river had seen Mackenzie fifteen years before, but Fraser and his companions were the first whites ever seen by the Indians along the southern banks. The tact and prudence of the explorer are shown by the fact that he led his party up and down this district without hindrance from the savage natives and without awakening their enmity.

To-day the transcontinental traveller by the Canadian Pacific Railway can, from what he sees from the window of his comfortable car, form some idea of the difficulties Fraser overcame and the dangers with which his journey was beset. From the confluence of the Thompson River the railway runs southward along the Fraser, and not far distant are the frowning precipices along which Fraser and his party made their toilsome march until they came to the end of the canyon where the canoe was obtained that bore them to the mouth of the river.

For several years after his notable trip to the coast Fraser remained in the service of the North-West Company. Shortly after his retirement he was offered the honor of knighthood by the British Crown in recognition of his services to the empire by reason of his explorations beyond the Rockies. He declined the title on account of his rather limited means.

After his retirement he lived at the little village of St. Andrews, Que., where he died in 1863, at the ripe age of eighty-four. In the little cemetery about a mile west of the village on the road to Carillon, is his grave; and it is not too much to say that it contains the remains of a man who deserves to rank among the makers of the Canadian West. In a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada on May 8, 1889, Sir Sandford Fleming stated that Simon Fraser died poor, practically leaving no provision for his family, the surviving members of which at that time were a daughter, Catherine Harriet Fraser, who resided in Cornwall, Ont., and two sons, William, who lived in Hamilton, and Roderick, who lived at St. Andrews Stormont County, Ontario.—Montreal Standard.

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CLAIM THEY HAVE LAID BARE AGE-OLD MYSTERY OF THE SPHINX

The mystery of the Great Sphinx of Egypt, which has been a puzzle to the wise men of the earth for countless generations, has been pushed into the limelight again by the bringing to America of the fruits of an archaelogical expedition, which, under the auspices of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, has been digging in the desert sands around the third pyramid near Gizeh, for several years, directed by Dr. G. A. Reisner, of Harvard. The expedition now lays before the world the claim that it has read the riddle.

The concrete results of this joint expedition were seen for the first time in the Egyptian department of the museum of the Fine Arts recently by the annual subscribers and the press. Among these treasures was seen for the first time one of the greatest historical and archaelogical treasures that ever came out of Egypt, the group statue of Mycerinus, builder of the third pyramid, and his queen, carved from life about 5,000 years ago in hard slate. The figures are about five feet in height.

This wonderful group is in a most perfect state of preservation, in fact, it is doubtful if there is in the whole world a statue of such antiquity in such a perfect state, and its possession, added to the other treasures that have come to the museum from this last expedition and from former expeditions, gives the Boston Museum of Fine Arts a standing in the world of archaelogy that is very nearly unrivaled in its ancient Egyptian treasures.

This group statue was carved when Egypt was yet young and about 1,500 years before Moses led the Hebrew hosts out of bondage, it is the portrait statue of the great king, who was regarded by his subjects as divine and who inscribed on the third pyramid the words "Mycerinus is Divine." Beside him stands the queen, who shared his glory, clad only in what would be termed to-day the first "hobble skirt."

The modelling of the faces is very remarkable and the cutting in hard slate is extraordinarily well done.

This pair statue of Mycerinus and his queen was found under the floor of the valley temple of the third pyramid, where it had evidently been hidden to preserve it from the vandalism of invaders at some time of the dim past.

In this temple they found a splendid slate triad which is also in the museum of Mycerinus, Hathor and a nome. Also a great portrait statue of Mycerinus in alabaster and a portrait head of the crown prince Shepses-kaf in alabaster, an unusually fine bit of work.

He was the successor of Mycerinus and began the building of a pyramid which he never finished, as he was the great fourth dynasty—the dynasty of pyramid builders.

This dynasty began with Cheops who built the first pyramids at Gizeh about 2,800 B.C. He was succeeded by his son, Cephren, who built the second pyramid, and who, it has been discovered, had the great sphinx carved out of solid rock with his own portrait on the head and attached to the body of a lion.

It was erected by Cephren outside the valley temple of the second pyramid to show to the world that the pyramid and the temples and the graves about the pyramid were under the protection of the great Cephren, who had the power and strength of a lion. And all subsequent sphinxes, wherever built in Egypt, were symbols of protection.

The great sphinx is 140 feet long and the head of Cephren from the crown to the chin is 30 feet and 14 feet wide. The extended front paws are 50 feet long and between these paws there was at one time a small temple.

It was thought by Hedodotus and Mentho and other ancient historians that the sphinx dated back more than 5,000 years before Christ to the first Egyptian monarch known to history—Menes. It has been conjectured that it even antedated that monarch.

What its real purpose was nobody knew until the present time. Even Napoleon when he was in Egypt attempted to solve the riddle of the sphinx, but he gave it up and turned his attention to the conquest of Egypt and the rest of the world.

This last expedition under Dr. Reisner discovered and explored every part of the valley temple of the third pyramid, built by Mycerinus, who was the fourth monarch of the fourth dynasty. The third monarch Dedef-Ra built his pyramid some miles to the north of Gizeh at Abu-Roash.

One of the triad slate groups brought back by Dr. Reisner is almost as interesting as the large group of the king and queen and is equally well preserved.

There are also five small vases of alabaster with the name of Prince Kai, one of the sons of Mycerinus, incised on the edge.

But one of the most interesting of the treasures is the Mastaba wall of a tomb with complete hieroglyphics cut in relief from the fifth dynasty. It is one of the finest specimens in existence and is in many respects superior to the Mastaba tomb in another gallery.

There is a portrait head, cut in limestone found in the Cheops cemetery of Gizeh which antedates any of the sculptures of Mycerinus by 50 years or more and near it is a portrait group in limestone of the fifth dynasty. It shows three brothers. It was also found in the Cheops cemetery.

There are a great many other statuettes, vessels of all kinds cut out of solid stone and alabaster in a most ingenious way, and there are a great many of the tools and instruments used by the craftsmen 5,000 years ago—the men who had the skill to make all these things, and who had the skill to build the great pyramids. It is a wonderful collection, and one of which Boston may well be proud.

HE REVOLUTIONIZED THE BRITISH NAVY

To democratize the British Navy and lear it of snobbery and favoritism was no small undertaking when John Fisher entered the service a little over fifty years ago. All the forces of aristocracy were against him, for he was without "pull" or position. His best friend was his own sheer ability, but that was enough. January 25 was his seventieth birthday, and he retired from the service as Lord Fisher, laden with honors. "No man in modern history," says the London Daily News, "ever went into private life with a vaster record of public achievement." Beginning without friends or social influence, "with nothing but his grim resolution and his torrential high spirits, he emerged from obscurity to the head of his profession." And once there, "he swept the Augean stables with such a broom as the navy had never seen."

In six brief years he wrought a revolution. He created a new system of training, invented a new type of ship, revolutionized all the theories of gunnery, reformed the lower deck, altered all the strategic ideas of the Navy, scrapped all the lame ducks and saved millions of money by the transaction, blotted out all the axioms of the service and wrote new ones, stopt the scandal of the stores, left no corner unswept by his formidable besom. He was hated and feared and traduced by the comfortable incompetents who found all their sacred habits ruthlessly upset. He did not mind. He only laughed and went his shattering way. He found a navy paralyzed by dead formulas; he left it vibrating with a new and intense life.

It was as "Radical Jack" that Lord Ripon first heard of him and gave him his chance as chief of the ordnance, and a radical he remains to the end—one who brushes aside all forms and conventions and lays bare the root, fearless of consequences.

"I am told you are a socialist," said a great personage to him on one occasion. "Well," he replied, "I never believed that all the brains went with a white shirt." "But you are so violent." "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence," he replied—he quotes scripture like a puritan divine—"and the violent man takes it by storm." "Why should I waste my time looking at all sides when I know my side is the right side. The cleverest man we ever had at the Admiralty was Goschen, and he was the worst failure of all. He was always looking at all sides and we never got anything done."

What can you do with such a man—except obey him or stab him in the back. Buggins, in his white shirt stabbed him in the back in a hundred newspapers. For Buggins heard in him the voice of doom. Here was a man who did not respect Buggins—who respected only brains and rewarded only brains. "Buggins' turn," he said, "is the curse of the navy, Buggins is first cousin of the Duke of Dankshire, and can't be passed over. He is an ass, but he must have his turn." He changed all that. He brought men out of the merchant service; he bauled men up over the heads of their seniors, not because they had distinguished uncles, but because they had brains; he started the Osborne training as the beginning of a scheme for democratizing the navy. "We want to draw on the best brains of the forty million, not on the best brains of the money class," he says.

He talks like a torrent, and coins all his experience into phrases—"Life is phrases," he says. "Go at your zenith, Nelson."—Nelson's name is always on his lips—"went at his zenith. Wellington ought to have died at Waterloo He lived on and did immeasurable mischief. Elijah went at his zenith; his mantle fell on Elisha, and he did the work of Elijah better than Elijah could have done it. I resolved to go at my zenith. My mantle fell on Wilson—ten times better a man for the work that remained than I should have been."

Further realization of Fisher's religious bent and of his turn for epigram may be gained from the following:

"We are the chosen people, and our God is the God of the Israelites. He sees the cloud by day and the pillar of flame by night. He points to the map and shows the strategical supremacy of these islands. Has it ever occurred to you that there are five keys to the world—the Straits of Dover, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, the Straits of Malacca, the Cape of Good Hope? And we hold every one of them! Didn't I say we were the lost tribes.' He laughs, but there is a touch of seriousness, too.

"Isn't it wonderful!" he will say as he tells of some coincidence, some personal episode, some new invention, like wireless or submarines, that works to our advantage. "Isn't the hand of Providence in that?"

And he is a man of omens, too, like most men who go down to the sea in ships. When he became First Sea Lord he refused to take up his duties until the twenty-first of October—the anniversary of Nelson's death. All his fancies centre round that great name He entered the navy as the nominee of Nelson's last captain. He served his apprenticeship on the Victory. And on the Victory as Commander at Portsmouth he finally hauled down his flag "Isn't it wonderful?"

His eye is undimmed, his natural force unabated. He has recently returned from a visit to America, glowing with the idea of a federation of the English-speaking races which he is sure is coming, and which is to lead the world into paths of peace.

GENIUS AND MADNESS AGAIN

After being confined in an insane asylum for over a quarter of a century, Vincenzo Gemito, the "most remarkable of Italian sculptors," has once more come into his own. Strangely enough, the hiatus of his career has in no wise dimmed this artist's fame, we are assured, and through the influence of Queen Margherita he continues his work from the point where he left off more than twenty-five years ago. Says a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press:

"Gemito, a Neapolitan by birth, was at the height of his fame in 1885. The house of Savoy, of which the murdered King, Humbert I., father of the present King, was a representative, encouraged all Gemito's endeavors. His consort, Queen Margherita, has always been the devoted patron of the arts, and when she discovered the phenomenal ability of this young sculptor at Naples she extended her royal favor to him. Immediately the then unrecognized artist was made, for the Queen's cue was taken by all the court circles, and orders poured into the humble studio if Vincenzo Gemito.

Was it this sudden popularity that made the poor artist's brain snap? Was it the result of a long fight to work out his lofty ideals, a mental strain that covered the years of his student life? One can only conjecture. The fact remains, however, that this handsome young Italian was stricken with a terrible nervous disease, accompanied by melancholia to such a degree that it was deemed wise to put him under treatment in an asylum.

At the time his madness was imminent Gemito had been proclaimed the master of his contemporaries. Even in 1872, the year before Fortuny died, his genius was recognized by the celebrated Spanish artist. Fortuny had his atelier in Rome, where Gemito was also stopping for a time, and was painting diligently the picturesque scenes in the environs of the eternal city. On these tramps in search of paintable subjects Fortuny often was accompanied by the young Neapolitan, who would stand for hours watching the effects obtained by the rapid brush strokes of the Spanish artist.

The stricken genius entered the doors of a sheltering retreat in the heydey of life, and emerged from it an old man. During all these years of confinement the Queen-mother has never lost interest in the clever sculptor, and kept in touch with his slow awakening to a normal condition. Gemito's recovery is a weird resurrection of a buried talent.

In these few months of freedom Gemito has just finished a beautiful little statue of the "Fisher Boy," which has been cast in silver and already is in possession of Queen Marguerita.

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YOUNG BUT WISE

In a school in a western Ontario town is a little girl who has not taken quickly to the mysteries of addition. "One an' one?" asked the teacher, while putting the class through the easiest of the addition tables. The little girl referred to was the only person in the class who couldn't give the answer. "Two'n one?" asked the teacher. The little girl smiled confidently, put up her hand and when noticed by the teacher, said, "shoe polish."

From Toronto Canadian Courier.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

THE ISTS

Mother is a Suffragist,
Brother is an atheist,
Sister's a Theosophist,
Grandpa is a pessimist,
Grandma's a Christian Scientist,
Uncle Bill's an Ultramontanist,
Aunt Jane is a pantheist,
Cousin Joe's an optimist,
Cousin Sue is an artist,
The baby is an oppositionist,
The hired man is an Anarchist,
The hired girl is a Socialist—
In fact,
Everybody is an "ist"
But FATHER.

Avoid drinking water that has been standing some time in an open vessel. Draw it as required.

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And Take Mrs. Ripley's Advice

Lots of women are suffering tortures with their backs, when they need not do so. Mrs. Ripley had such frightful pains in her back that she could not do her housework. She tells how she cured herself. Williamsdale East.

"I cannot refrain from writing you about the benefits I have received from taking GIN PILLS. I suffering dreadfully with my back and have suffered with it for twenty years. I tried everything but got no relief, until I bought GIN PILLS. I have taken six boxes of GIN PILLS and now I have not the sign of an ache or pain in my back. I am now 48 years of age and feel as well as I ever did in my life. There is nothing that can hold a place with GIN PILLS for curing Pain In the Back to which women are subject."

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Try GIN PILLS at our expense. Write for free sample box. Dealers sell GIN PILLS at 50c. a box—6 for $2.50 and money refunded if they fail to cure. National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. R.P. Toronto 55

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE,

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

Our editorial remarks in last week's issue re certain complaints that had been made by an ex-patient of the hospital seems to have stirred up a "stink," to use a vulgar expression, in certain quarters, and before leaving town for a week's vacation last Saturday, we were made acquainted with our manifold sins and wickedness in daring to suggest that there was anything wrong with the food supplied to patients.

Our interviewer, who happens to be also a prominent member of the Hospital Board, informed us that in his opinion there was not another newspaper in the province that would have printed such an article, to which we replied that it was our belief that any editor who was not a spineless scribbler, or who was acquainted with the duty which an editorial writer owes to the public and to his readers, would not have refused to deal with a matter of such importance that was brought to his attention in the way this was to ours.

The fact of the matter is simply this; reports have been current in this city for months that the food supplied to patients was not as good as should be, and if the hospital board was not aware of this fact it is not our fault; if the complaints made are not well founded, it is up to the Board to prove that reports circulated by this patient, AND BY NUMEROUS OTHERS are not warranted, and we believe that instead of being abused by the Board, that body should feel grateful to us for allowing them to put at rest a rumour that has been as persistant as this is.

If, on the other hand, the grounds for complaint are justified, it is up to the Board to afford a remedy, and the public will not hesitate to give us some credit for our vigilance on their behalf, while we will feel gratified to know that we have been the means of affording some measure of relief to future patients in the hospital.

It has been suggested on this occasion, as it has on numerous others, when we have dared to criticize the actions of public or semi-public men, that our action is likely to result in an injury to our business. In reply to this we may say that while we have never hesitated to criticize any man or body of men when we felt it was our duty to do so; we have nevertheless always been able to keep our job presses running merrily, and as for the paper itself—well, look at our circulation; furthermore we may say that when we find it necessary to curb our pen in defense of what is right for the sake of business interests, the business can go to that region which somebody says is "paved with good intentions."

We do not care to intrude ourselves in other people's affairs but we cannot refrain from making a comment on the sidewalks on some of the principal streets of our city.

We realize the fact that everything cannot be accomplished at once, but we are of the opinion that if a little more energy and money were expended in the laying of new sidewalks and the fixing of those already down, that the efforts of the Council would be greatly appreciated by the general public

On our way to the fire on Wednesday morning we met several people who were hurt by tripping over loose boards in the sidewalks. Now we do not wish to put ourselves up as prophets, but unless this evil is remedied at once, we fear the city may have several damage cases to contend with.

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The above well-known Stewart property, Little River Road, about one mile from Comox Bay, blocks one, two and three, as shown in plan, bulk of land cleared and underdrained, soil a deep black loam, which produces heavy crops. Ideal building sites on smaller lots. All property facing on good Government roads.

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District of Sayward

TAKE NOTICE that George Porier, of Vancover occupation barber, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the S. E corner of T. L. 27115 thence about 50 chains west; thence about 140 chains north to shore line; thence southeast, following shore line to point of commencement containing 640 acres more or less.

George Porier
Earl Cline, Agent
Date March 16th. 1911. (apl 1)

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

TAKE NOTICE that Alfred Cautanche of Vancouver. B.C., occupation plasterer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands—

Commencing at post planted about 20 chains north *of the S W corner of T L 27195; thence west 80* chains; thence north 40 chains; thence east 40 chains thence north 40 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 80 chains to point of commencement containing 640 acres more or less

Alfred Cautanche
Earl Cline, Agent
March 16th 1911 (apl 1)

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

TAKE NOTICE that William Maddison Frasor, of Vancouver B.C. occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands—

Commencing at a post planted about 20 chains north of the S. W. corner of T. L. 27195; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

William Maddison Fraser
Earl Cline, Agent
Date, March 16th. 1911 apl 1)

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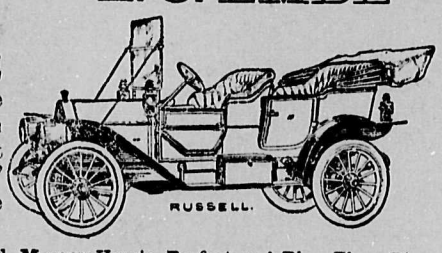

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UNION LODGE No 11, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at 7 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brethern welcome.

JAS. E ASTON, SECRETARY

Baseball Schedule for 1911

June 4. Courtenay vs Union Bay at Union Bay.

June 4. Stars vs. Pilseners at Cumberland.

June 11 Union Bay vs Pilseners at Cumberland.

June 11. Stars vs Courtenay at Courtenay.

June 18. Pilseners vs Courtenay at Cumberland.

June 18. Stars vs Union Bay at Union Bay.

June 25. Union Bay vs Courtenay at Courtenay.

June 25. Pilseners vs. Stars at Cumberland.

July 9. Pilsener vs Union Bay at Union Bay.

July 9. Courtenay vs Stars at Cumberland.

July 16. Courtenay vs Pilseners at Courtenay.

July 23. Union Bay vs Stars at Cumberland.

July 30. Courtenay vs Union Bay at Union Bay.

July 30. Stars vs Pilseners at Cumberland.

Aug 6. Union Bay vs Pilseners at Cumberland.

Aug 6. Stars vs Courtenay at Courtenay.

Aug 13. Pilseners vs Courtenay at Cumberland.

Aug 13. Stars vs Bays' at Union Bay.

Aug 20. Union Bay vs Courtenay at Courtenay

Aug 27. Pilseners vs Stars at Cumberland.

Sept 3. Pilseners vs Union Bay at Union Bay.

Sept 10. Courtenay vs Stars at Cumberland.

THE CORNER STORE

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WE HAVE A GREAT RANGE of Summer Suits at $15.00. They are the latest in style and best in quality.

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Call and See Us For Particulars.

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Attacked by Bronchial Catarrh

Bound Brooke P.O., Port Antonio, Ja., June 4, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering from dreadful attacks of Catarrh and Bronchitis for a period of one year and four months, during which time I spent most of my earnings in trying various remedies, but, alas! without any satisfaction. I was just about giving up hope of enjoying life for the future when in our Daily Telegraph papers of Jamaica I saw your advertisement for Catarrhozone, and tried one bottle. That was sufficient. I now know Catarrhozone is the best and only medicine for my trouble. It has made a thorough cure.

(Signed) T. C. White.

Large size sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, price $1; smaller sizes 25 cents and 50 cents. Beware of imitations and substitutors, and insist on getting "Catarrhozone" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

WOODEN CLOTHES

These are not yet upon the market, but they soon may be, should the experiments of cotton spinners along these lines prove as successful as is expected. Bleached cotton is almost pure cellulose, and proceeding upon that basis the investigators have discovered a method whereby thread may be manufactured from cellulose extracted from spruce wood. The cotton-spinners expect in time, it is said, to produce with this material clothing at extremely low prices. The finest product, it is averred, will be cheaper than cotton in the bale; and there is no reason why the material may not take a "fast" dye. The wood-cloth would, of course, wear well, and it could be made non-inflammable.

HIS POINT OF VIEW

"I notice that the society women of New York have begun a crusade against long hatpins," said the tall man in the crowded streetcar.

"Absurd!" growled the dark stranger next to him.

"Eh!"

The tall man looked around in some surprise.

"Don't you consider the long hatpin a dangerous menace?"

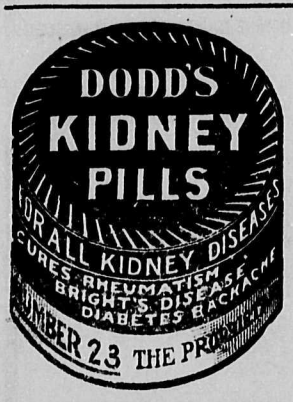
"Stuff and nonsense!" snorted the stranger.

The tall man spoke with much deliberation.

"Don't you know," he demanded, "that hatpins are dangerous the way they are made?"

"I know nothing of the sort," the dark man spluttered; "I make 'em."

Under the force of great gales, large lakes and tideless seas, like the Caspian, have been observed to experience surprising changes of level, as if they were huge basins of water tipped by the hand of a giant.



RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and any painful affliction promptly relieved by

ABSORBINE JR

a safe, pleasant, antiseptic liniment. Penetrates to seat of trouble, healing and soothing. Also removes soft bunches such as goitre, wens, cysts, weeping sinew; heals cuts, sores, wounds; reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele; cures strains and sprains. Takes out soreness and inflammation—stops lameness.

A customer writes: "My wife has been troubled with a ruptured limb for 13 or 15 years—no rest day or night. We tried most every known remedy for the trouble—nothing even gave temporary relief, one-half bottle of ABSORBINE, JR. has been used by rubbing on with the hands only, she says there is no more pain and has not suffered from pain since the second or third application.

The veins were large and prominent—at this time almost invisible with very little swelling. This is almost a miracle, but it is as near the truth as I can express it. We gladly recommend it to any one who may suffer in like manner."

Safe and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin, leaving it dry and clean. Results like the above make faith unnecessary. Ask your neighbors about it. Price $1.00 a oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1F free. Manufactured only by

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also Furnished by MARTIN ROLE & WYNNE CO., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HENDERSON BROS. CO., Ltd., Vancouver.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

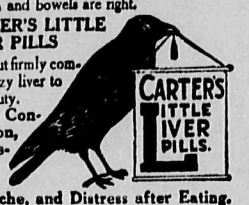
Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Storyettes

The chief of the clan of McIntosh once had a dispute with a cabby over the fare. "Do you know who I am?" said the Highlander angrily. "I am the McIntosh." "I don't care if you are an umbrella," retorted the cabby. "I'll have my rights!"

* * *

Two bricklayers had a disagreement, and in a few minutes were fighting furiously. One finally got the other down on the ground and began jumping on his opponent. "Here, Bill," gasped the latter, "that ain't fair! This is a fair fight—it ain't football!"

* * *

Dr. Victor Kutchen told about a collie dog, which he brought from a German family, in the course of a lecture before the Social Economics Club. "The dog was like some college students I have heard tell of," said the doctor. "He could understand German perfectly, but he couldn't speak it."

* * *

Charles Smith a jovial negro, was arraigned before Judge Fawcett, in the county court, Brooklyn, on a minor charge. "Smith," asked the court, "did you ever commit a crime before?" The negro pondered for a moment. "Well, yo honah," he answered slowly, "Ah can't 'zactly say, but Ah done got married, one time."

* * *

The Feildings are an ancient race, and the Denbigh earldom dates from 1622. The author of "Tom Jones" was one of the race, and the then Lord Denbigh said to his relative: "Why don't you spell youre name 'Feilding,' as the rest of us do, and not 'Fielding?'" The writer made answer: "Because I am the first of the family who learned to spell."

* * *

Senator Tillman tells of an old man he used to know who drank too much. He said: "He was a fine old fellow in other respects, and it was pitiful to see him disgracing himself. One day I read him a long lecture on the sin of drunkenness. 'Water,' I said, 'is the thing. Stick to water, James.' 'Well,' the old man answered, 'there's only one place in the Bible where a man asked for water, and I guess you know where he was.'"

* * *

Bishop Chatard of Indianapolis and Bishop O'Donaghue of Louisville compared watches once upon a time. "It is just three minutes to nine," said Bishou Chatard. "It is exactly four minutes and a half to nine," retorted Bishop O'Donoghue. "I know the exact time," exclaimed Bishop Chatard, "for my watch is one in which I have the utmost faith." "Ah, bishop," replied the prelate from Louisville, "we must not hope to succeed through faith alone. I have not only faith in my watch, but I know of its good works."

* * *

The burglar came into contact with a chair and overturned it. A sudden movement above, a hurried descent of stairs, and Sikes found himself staring into the business end of a revolver. "Now, then, hands up!" cried the aroused householder. "What have you stolen?" "Only your wife's pug dog." "If that's all you may sneak out quietly." "Your mother-in-law's parrot." "You don't say so? Here's some money for you. Nothing else?" "Your daughter's phonograph." "Good! Here's a dollar for you!" "And your son's punching bag." "Splendid! I shall have peace in the house at last. Will you have a cup of coffee with me before you go?"

* * *

They were very young, and very happy, and very foolish, and very newly wed. And they kept a kitchen garden. "Angelina, darling," said the youthful husband, "as I was passing through the garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking. Perhaps you'd like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?" She would love to, but she wasn't expert in horticulture, and didn't want to "let on." If she went alone she might commit some egregious blunder. "I tell you what, Edwin," exclaimed the girl-wife enthusiastically, "we'll go out together. You shall pluck it and I will hold the ladder!"

* * *

Jacob Hope, Philadelphia's famous bird and animal expert, was strolling out Walnut Street when a bird faker accosted him. The faker drew from his pocket the usual painted sparrow—a gorgeous thing of blues and golds and green—and, evidently, taking Mr. Hope for one of the millionaires of Kittenhouse Square, he said: "I jest nabbed this bird off that there walnut tree. Can't I sell her to ye cheap. Look at her—ain't she a beauty? I never seen nothin' like her before. What kind of a bird is she, do you know?" "Young man," said Mr. Hope, "if it's true that birds of a feather flock together, then I should say that, undoubtedly, she is a jail-bird."

* * *

Sir Charles Dilke once spoke with admiration of an American he had met in San Francisco. The American told him he would be coming to England in a year. Dilke invited him to lunch, and gave him a day fourteen months later, assuring him he would give him a distinctively English lunch, begging him at the same time to be punctual. "If you will give me the hour I'll be on hand," replied the American. Dilke gave one o'clock. As the clock struck one on the day in question fourteen months afterward Dilke walked downstairs to the dining-room, which was on the ground floor of his house, just as the American walked in.

* * *

Many exclusive clubs do not have so ingenious a test: "How," the president of the Fat Man's Club was asked, "did you prevent fraud among your applicants for membership? Didn't some men try to get in that weren't up to the standard weight?" "Yes," the portly officer replied, "but it was no use. Applications had to be presented in person at the Polk Building, fifth floor. There was no elevator. The applicant climbed the five flights of stairs. At the top he met a man who asked, "Weren't you looking for the Fat Man's Club?' 'Yes.' 'The main office is on the first floor,' the man said. 'Your application is rejected. We receive no man who can climb five flights of stairs.'"

LENGTH OF THE STRIDE

It has been estimated that the average length of a man's stride is 31½ inches, and that the distance an average traveler can cover at this rate is 7,158 yards an hour, or 119 yards a minute. The number of strides would be 7,500 an hour, or 125 a minute. The length of the stride in the various armies is as follows. United States, 30 inches; German, 31½ inches; Austrian, 29½; Italian, 29½; French, 29½; British, 30 inches.

* * *

The insurance company's doctor had reported that the man seemed to be all right, and the man himself had certified that he was not engaged in any dangerous occupation. "I lead a sedentary life," he told them. "I work in an office and we have no danger or excitement." "How about sports?" asked the examiner. "Do you play football? Baseball? Do you box? Belong to an athletic club?" "No—none of that stuff. I guess I'm a safe risk." "Do you scorch?" "What do you mean?" "Do you drive your car faster than the speed limit?" "I have no car." "What? how do you get about?" "I walk." "Risk refused. A scorcher is a dangerous risk, but a pedestrian has no chance at all. Buy a car, old chap. Sorry—good-night!"

* * *

The professor of shorthand in a Boston business college adduced this unanswerable argument in an address to a new class the other day: "We are told that it took Gray, author of the well-known 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' seven years to write that famous poem. If he had known stenography he could have done it it seven minutes. We have graduates who have done that same poem in that length of time."

* * *

Stringent laws prevent the serving of liquor even in dining-cars on trains in North Dakota, but the waiters have exact knowledge of the State boundary lines. They had been rolling through that interminable State a long time, when the W. C. T. U. delegate from the East came into the car for her dinner. Casting her eye out of the window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she remarked to the waiter: "Are we still in North Dakota?" "No, ma'am," answered George alertly, with a hospital grin, "what'll you drink, ma'am?"

* * *

A Pennsylvania sportsman was recounting the experiences of his latest hunting expedition. "The guides up in Maine where I went gunning last fall," said he, "formed a kind of union to keep the reckless hunters from potting them for deer. The uniform they wore was of striped goods, the same as mattress ticking. "Surely," they said, "no one will potshot us for deer in these striped suits.' But one day a city huntsman heard a noise in the bushes and let drive, and when the rest of the party investigated they found one of the guides lying in the underbrush. At the inquest the coroner asked the man who did the shooting: 'Tell me, in heaven's name, man, how you mistook that guide for a deer when he was dressed in a striped suit?' 'I didn't take him for a deer,' said the prisoner. 'I thought he was a zebra.'"

* * *

The two brothers had been apart for years, but Jack had contrived to return from the colonies in time for the family reunion. After the dinner, which was of such a kind as to make the wanderer realize that there is indeed "no place like home," Jack drew his brother aside, and over a big cigar produced a photograph and said somewhat sheepishly: "You see that group? You see that little girl in the front row? Well, it's on her account that I've come home. Man, she's perfect. Her face has been before me in all my wanderings, and I determined that I would make a fortune and then come home and lay it at her feet. Yes, I know it was an odd fancy to take, but there, I am like that. And now that I've made the money I've come to you to help me to find her." "My dear fellow," said Fred, kindly, "don't take it to heart; but——" "She's married?" "It's not that; but that is a photo of young Tom Mason. He's a member of our amateur dramatic club; and when that was taken he was filling a gap by taking a girl's part."

Shiloh's Cure

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

The Horseman

A study of the way the Grand Circuit officials, including the Columbus meetings, have divided their early closing stake moneys will be of interest. The following table is self-explanatory:

Class—Trotting	No. opened.	Total value.
Free-for-all	3	*$ 2,500
2.07 trot	1	2,000
2.08 trot	3	6,000
2.09 trot	1	3,000
2.10 trot	1	3,000
2.11 trot	1	2,000
2.12 trot	8	39,500
2.14 trot	3	30,000
2.15 trot	2	20,000
2.16 trot	1	3,000
2.18 trot	3	6,000
2.20 trot	3	6,500
2.24 trot	1	2,000
Handicaps	2	8,000
Three-year-old	3	5,000
Two-year-old	1	2,000
Total trotting	37	$140,500
Pacing—		
Free-for-all	6	$ 7,500
2.04	2	5,000
2.05	1	3,000
2.07	3	7,000
2.08	1	2,000
2.09	1	2,500
2.10	3	10,000
2.11	3	13,000
2.12	2	8,000
2.13	3	9,000
2.15	3	6,500
2.17	1	2,000
2.18	2	4,000
Handicaps	2	4,000
Total pacing	33	$ 83,500
Total trotting	37	140,500
Total both gaits	70	$224,000

*To most of these events there are added moneys.

It may be noted that the trotting events average practically $3,800 each and the pacing $2,530.

* * *

At a meeting of horse breeders held in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 3, one of the subjects discussed was "Draft vs. Standard Bred Horses." One of the gentleman having this topic in hand argued in favor of standard bred on the grounds that great sums of money are spent annually in Europe in securing the best breeds of draft horses and that not one cent of the amount spent there ever returns. On the other hand, the standard bred horses raised in America are shipped to all parts of the world and the revenue coming to this country from this industry runs into many millions of dollars.

* * *

The holder of the stallion mile record of Great Britain, 2.19, and English record 1½ miles, 3.33, is Baron Alfred 34504, brown horse, foaled 1899, by Baron Review, dam Dewey G., by Alfred G., second dam Dewey Eve, by George Wilkes, third dam Lady Frank, by Mambrino Star, fourth dam Lady Franklin, 2.29¾, (dam of Jay Bird). add fillers

* * *

Horsebreeding is more systematized and more State-aided in France than anywhere else. The three great categories of French horses are thoroughbreds, half-bloods, and draught horses. The first have the reputation of being the best in the world; the second are indefatigable for saddle and light harness, while French draught horses whether Percheron, Breton, or Nivernais, Boulogne or Arden, are known and admired far and wide.

Though Franch is the playground of the motoring world and leads in the application of the motor to industry, nevertheless her horses have increased in quantity and have grown better in quality. Here are the figures as to quantity: In 1876 France had 2,800,000 horses, in 1906 3,165,025. About 300,000 colts are foaled every year, and last year about 30,000 horses were sold to foreign countries. Belgium, the horse dealer of Europe, is France's greatest customer. In 1908 the purchases were: Belgium 10,000; Germany 7,000; Switzerland, 5,500; Spain, 3,000; Italy, 2,000, England, 1,000. England doubtless bought many more French horses through Belgium.

The nation encourages the breeding of horses in a variety of ways and the administration of the State stables forms an important part of the Ministry of Agriculture.

The horse-breeding of the whole country is divided into twenty-two administrations. For purposes of supervision these are subdivided into six general inspections, while a Director-General is responsible for them all to the Minister of Agriculture. There is also a Supreme Council of the national stables, consisting of twenty-four members named by the President of the Republic from men who have distinguished themselves as horse-breeders. The chief officials of the national stables are recruited from the great Stable School of Le Pin in Normandy, where they receive technical training.

While the defences of the nation is constantly kept in view when there is question of encouraging horse-breeding, nevertheless the stallions are selected from a commercial and agricultural standpoint as well as from a military point of view.

There are four categories of stallions in France. The first and most important are those which belong to the State and are called national stallions. The second, third and fourth categories are called approved, accepted and tolerated stallions respectively.

These three classes are owned by private individuals. The owner of an approved stallion receives an annual bonus varying from $8 to $12 a year. The owner of an accepted stallion receives no bonus. Tolerated stallions are those of which an official statement is made that they do not suffer from eye trouble, and are not roarers. The result of official control is that these hereditary diseases have almost entirely disappeared.

In the report of the year 1908, published by the general manager of the State stables the figures as to the number of State stallions are as follows: Thoroughbreds, 567; half-bloods, 2,214; draught horses, 644. Of the thoroughbreds 239 were English and 228 Anglo Arabs. These 3,425 stud horses were distributed over the 22 establishments of the National stables, and stood at 750 stations, serving 151,049 mares.

Besides these there were 1,700 approved, 208 authorized and a number of tolerated or accepted stallions, the property of private owners.

A brevet of approval or of authorization or of mere toleration is issued by the officials of the national stables. In all classes there are thoroughbreds, including English, Arab and Anglo-Arab; half-blood and draught horses. And all stud horses of whatsoever class are examined by sanitary commissions appointed for this purpose. Horse-breeding in France is well described as a quasi enterprise of the state. It sends the national stallions into every commune. The farmers can take their choice of thoroughbreds or half-bloods or draught horses. If they choose the first the fee never exceeds $20, and for the second or third it varies from $2.50 to $5. Yet the fees last season amounted to over $200,000. What the State horses mean to the farmer may be understood from the fact that the service of a winner of the Grand Prix when he becomes the property of the State, will not cost more than $20, whereas if owned privately the fee might be $1,000 or more.

Horsebreeding is also greatly encouraged by prizes given at shows. There are shows for stallions, broodmares, colts, fillies, and all sorts and conditions of horses. Five hundred such reunions were held last year. In addition to these fourteen special shows for saddle horses were organized by the State. Though the generous support of the Stables is largely in view of furnishing horses for the army, there is a special society for the encouragement of breeding war-horses.

The Jockey Club takes the technical direction of flat-racing and the Society of French Steeplechases does the same for the races after which it is named. But the State co-operates with both. All over France there are minor societies which control about 300 race courses. In no other country has racing become such a popular form of amusement. Book-betting is forbidden in France, and the parimutuel system works with the mathematical honesty of a machine. Seven per cent. is deducted from the total amount. Of this percentage three goes to the Charities Department of the Government, two to the society who owns the race-course, and two for staff and other purposes. French race-courses are all admirably kept and the flat race-course at Longchamp and the steeplechase course at Auteuil, the latter being the form of an S, are the finest in the world. The Grand Prix de Paris, run at Longchamp in the month of June, and supposed to close the fashionable season, is for $12,000 sterling, the largest prize anywhere.

The enormous sum of $4,200,000 is spent annually for the encouragement of horse-breeding in France. The lion's share goes to the races. Here are the figures:—

For races, $3,475,000; prizes for fillies, colts, broodmares, stallions, $365,000; bonuses for approved stallions $140,000; prizes at training shows, $210,000; prizes for thoroughbred mares, $12,000.

The breeding of the pure Arab is not a national industry, and is confined chiefly to the Pyrenean region. France boasts of only 125 Arab Stallions, but their importance is considerable in the south-west. For they give to their gets sobriety, endurance, character and courage.

A Powerful Medicine.—The healing properties in six essential oils are concentrated in every bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, forming one of the most beneficial liniments ever offered to the use of man. Thousands can testify as to its power in allaying pain, and many thousands more can certify that they owe their health to it. Its wonderful power is not expressed by cheapness.

SHE SCORED

The clock on the mantelpiece had already struck one. At least, it would have done had clocks been invented then. Still the noble knight lingered, thinking of something to say, although the baron's daughter was obviously half asleep.

"I'm afraid," he ventured at last, "that I am like an auger."

"And why, Sir Knight?" she asked, talking in her sleep.

"Because I bore you," he exclaimed, in triumph.

The shock roused her.

"Nay, then," she retorted, "but you remind me of an ancient flint-lock gun."

"Aha, fair lady" he queried, scenting a compliment, "in what manner?"

"It takes you so long to go off," she murmured, as she settled down for another nap.

At 1.15 a.m. the porteullis fell with a clang, the cat was put out for the night, the drawbridge raised, and all the castle slept.

CANNOT FAIL TO INTEREST WOMEN

ALBERTA LADY TELLS OF HER CURE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Was Weak, Nervous, Run-Down and Suffering from Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Her a New Person

Beauvallon, Alta.—(Special). — Women who are nervous, run down and suffering from Rheumatism cannot fail to be interested in the case of Miss Gertrude E. Reyome of this place. She was exactly in that condition. To-day she is as she puts it herself "a new person." Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured her. Here is her statement given for publication:

"My Kidney Disease started from a cold two years ago. Rheumatism set in, and I was weak and nervous, and in a run down condition. I was attended by a doctor who did not appear to understand my case. Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new person of me."

Is not Miss Reyome's condition an exact description of nine-tenths of the ailing women of Canada? The doctor did not understand her case. It was simple enough. It was Kidney Trouble. And Kidney Disease is the one great cause of women's troubles. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it.

A Traveller's Experience

"My one wish will be," writes Harry P. Pollard, a well known boot and shoe traveller of Hartford, "that everyone with a bad stomach may learn as I did, before it's too late, that Nerviline is the one remedy to cure. Why, I was in mighty bad shape, my digestion was all wrong, and every night I would waken up with a start and find my heart jumping like a threshing machine. This was caused by gas in the stomach pressing against my heart. When I started to use Nerviline I got better mighty fast. It is certainly a grand remedy for the travelling man, keeps your stomach in order, cures cramps, prevents lumbago or rheumatism, breaks up chest colds and sore throat—in fact there hasn't been an ache or pain inside or outside for the past two years that I haven't cured with Nerviline. Do you wonder I recommend it?"

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a costly canopy
The village blacksmith sits;
Before him is a touring car
Broken in little bits—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee,
As he lights his fat cigar—
He tells his helpers what to do
To straighten up the car—
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
Stand humbly where they are.

The village blacksmith puffs his weed
And smiles a smile of cheer
The whiles his helpers pump the tires
And monkey with the gear—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Stand reverently near.

Behind the village blacksmith is
The portal of his shop;
The shop is very large in size,
With a tiled roof on top—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
At it were glad to stop.

The children going home from school
Look in at the open door;
They like to see him make his bills,
And hear the owners roar—
And the chauffeurs weep as they declare
They ne'er paid that before.

He goes each morning to the bank
And salts away his cash;
A high silk hat and long frock coat
Help him to cut a dash—
But the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Their teeth all vainly gnash.

The chestnut tree long since has died,
The smith does not repine;
His humble shop has grown into
A building big and fine—
And it bears "Garage" above the door
On a large electric sign.

NEW DANGER FOR CRIMINALS

The impossibility of detecting human bloodstains has been a rock in the path of many criminal prosecutions, but the legal authorities of Germany, France, and Austria have now accepted the test perfected by Dr. Uhlenhuth, and it was employed also in England during a recent murder trial. Until now it has been impossible to distinguish between the stains of human blood and those of the blood of other mammals with the exception of the camel tribe.

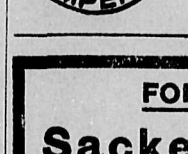
The first step is to inoculate a rabbit with human blood. A serum is then prepared by means of a slight scratch in the rabbit's ear. The material with the suspected bloodstains is then separated into threads, soaked in a saline solution to give it density and the serum from the rabbit is added. If there is any trace of human blood a milky ring almost immediately forms in the test tube.

Queen Mary's Coronation Fan, which will be presented by the Worshipful Company of Fan-Makers, will be composed of the finest Honiton lace, mounted on yellow tortoise-shell brought from India. The long mounts will be inlaid with gold.

It takes about twenty seconds for a short message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other. This is about 100 miles a second.

Before laying carpets cover the floor with newspapers, which are a preventative to moth.

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.



For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic, Shipping Fever, and Catarrhal Fever.

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep, and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle; $6 and $11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show it to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

The Vagabond

Upon that day, in the torpor of a hot afternoon, interest languished in the court-room at Villefranche. The court-crier rose, with seeming regret in his demeanor, and called n a mild tone of voice: "Antoine Jean, come froward!"

At that name a big fellow, wrapped from head to feet—in spite of the hot weather—in a trailing cloak of indefinable color, a garment which must have been worn for many a year, pulled himself together and quietly obeyed.

"Your name?" said the presiding judge, in a weary voice.

"Antoine Jean."

"Your profession?"

"Independent gentleman."

The judge, although quite accustomed to the fanciful replies often made by prisoners, gave the vagabond a lustreless look, and said in a tranquil tone, as if merely wishing to satisfy his conscience: "Have respect for the court!"

The man smiled and made no reply; but his blue eyes were fixed upon the judge with a strange intensity.

Judge Bouchard, however, now resumed his examination, mildly accompanied by the gentle snoring of his two assistants upon the bench.

"Very well, Antoine Jean, I open the judicial account of you, and here is what I find about you."

"It is needless to tell it to me, sir, for I am quite as well aware of the facts as you can be!"

"This is what I find," repeated the judge, as he placed upon his nose a tortoise-shell eyeglass. "You were sentenced to two months in jail at Johnerre for vagrancy; three months at Dijon for the same cause; then at Bourges, at Nevers, etc. You have made the circuit of France, as far as I can see. Then, undoubtedly, you are finding your way back to your original point of departure. I see here, seven months at Tarascon, eight months at Orange, nine months at Valence; the charge against you is always vagrancy. At last you stop close to Villefranche. Now, Jean Antoine, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Nothing whatever to you, as a judge," said the vagabond with his calm voice, "but to thee, my old chum Bouchard, I'll tell everything."

By what phenomenon could this very simple phrase, spoken in an almost inaudible tone, have aroused all these people from slumbers which a salvo of artillery would scarcely have disturbed? Such was the mysterious result! But it is certain that those few words uttered by the vagabond suddenly brought back a new life to the old court-room. The two associate judges sat bolt upright with indignant flashes in their eyes yet heavy with sleep. The deputy, swaying to and fro on his little rostrum, prepared to launch all his accustomed thunders. The court-crier, standing, rigid with anger, below the bench, shouted: "Silence." in a stentorian voice, although nobody had said another word.

"My old chum, Bouchard," those few words carried with them a year in prison at the very least, and the presiding judge, quickly recovering from his state of stupefaction, was turning gravely to the deputy, when the prisoner's voice was raised again, louder, less sardonic, almost sorrowful in its tone.

"Bouchard, Bouchard, don't you remember my nickname, Rabelais?"

Then there was a general explosion. Evidently this was the case of a poor, unfortunate lunatic, and any severity would be quite out of place. Such was, manifestly, the opinion of the presiding judge, for a slight discomposure which he had shown disappeared at once, and he looked furtively at the prisoner, whose deep-set eyes never left his own for a moment. Then, as if annoyed by the man's persistent stare, he said to him in a gentle tone: "Go, and sit down."

After a brief conference with his two associates, he murmured, in the midst of the general surprise: "Two months' imprisonment. Officer, bring forward the next."

The sitting of the court came to a close, and Judge Bouchard, in his long frock coat, and wearing his silk hat, thoughtfully went down the broad flight of stone steps leading to the street. His face was sad, and his piercing glance, accustomed to learn the minds of men by scanning their faces, seemed to veil itself as though wishing to escape from some painful sight. Upon reaching the street he shook hands with his two colleagues, who had come down the steps with him, and who went away in an opposite direction. Then, after a momentary hesitation, he went toward the prison with a quick, firm step. The jailor was smoking his pipe, as he enjoyed the fresh air in front of the prison door.

"Perrin," said M. Bouchard, "you have among your prisoners one who is named Antoine Jean."

"Yes, judge."

"I wish to see him."

"Nothing is easier, sir, if you will do me the honor to——"

"No," interrupted M. Bouchard. "I wish to examine this man at my own house. Be so good as to bring him to me at——" He hesitated for a moment, evidently trying to set a time when he could be sure of privacy, and at last said: "Please bring him to my house, yourself, at five o'clock."

Perrin bowed, somewhat surprised at this complete derogation from all the ordinary usages of the prison.

At five o'clock the magistrate, still pensive, but now showing considerable nervous impatience, was pacing up and down in his office, where the window-shades had been drawn down, so that only a subdued light entered the room. Presently the bell rang, and there was a confused sound of steps and a murmur of voices in the antechamber. The door opened, and the jailor brought in the prisoner.

"Here, sir," the jailor began, "is the man named——"

"Yes, yes, my friend! Thank you!" M. Bouchard interrupted. "Leave us. I will call you back before long."

He closed the door, over which he drew a heavy curtain, and turning suddenly, he ran to the vagabond, holding out his hands, and with his eyes full of tears.

"It is you, my Chabert! You, my poor Rabelais, and in this dress, and in such a sorry plight!"

"So you recognized me at last!" said the prisoner in his gentle voice, and without lowering his eyes before the sorrowful gaze of the judge, who brought a chair and made the vagabond sit close beside him, while he tried to read in that mysterious face the secret of so complete a downfall, and tried to find underneath that wretched mask the features of his old friend. "Yes; it's I myself, sure enough!" the vagabond answered. "It's I, Chabert, the Rabelais, who by wrinkling his big, classic nose used to set the whole class a-laughing."

The magistrate listened with a tender smile, not daring to check him.

"My poor friend! But how——"

"Speak lower," said the man. "Suppose they should hear you! How have I come to this? Good heavens, as naturally as you have come to your seat upon the bench. Everybody has his own part to play, here below. Yours was to preside over a court. Mine to appear before it. Everything holds together. Take away one of us, and the other has no reason for his existence."

"And to think," continued M. Bouchard, "that I was obliged to sentence you—you, my poor Chabert, whom I always knew as such a good fellow, so gentle, so sensitive—ah, too much so, no doubt," the judge added, with a penetrating look. "What a continual, cruel irony is life! Bouchard judging Chabert! Rabelais! Ah, my poor fellow, when you said that word, which brought back to me so many happy memories, that word which saved you—for it made them all believe that you were insane—I felt as if a stiletto had been plunged into my heart. Then, indeed, I recognized you—you whom your own father would not recognize, if he were still alive. You have lost him, have you not? And your mother, too? If it were not so, you would not be in this condition."

"Yes, my friend," said Chabert in a grave tone. "Yes, I have lost them all, and there is nobody to blush for me—not even my wife, who will never know what has become of me."

"Your wife! Ah, yes, the very last token of friendship which I received from you, was your enthusiastic letter, telling me of your marriage with Mlle. Dina, who is now one of the brightest lights of the Theatre Francaise."

The magistrate, looking searchingly into Chabert's eyes, asked him sadly, and in a very low tone: "Was it a woman?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the vagabond. "When a man falls as I have done, it is because he has leaned upon a woman's arm, and that arm has been suddenly withdrawn from him. A love-match," he continued, "without money is bound to come to grief. I adored my wife, but I could not support her decently, and she was unfaithful to me. When this happens, some men kill themselves. Others take to drink. Still others bury themselves in some kind of work. As for me, I suffered far less than these, for I became insane. One fine morning I left the home where I had lived so proudly and happily for three years. Taking nothing with me, and without looking back, I tramped over the highways and over the footpaths, in rain and sunshine, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, and only stopping at night when my swollen and bleeding feet would carry me no further. How far I tramped over those highways! My hat was full of holes, and my clothes could not have been at all creditable to me, for two policemen who saw me sitting on the opposite side of a ditch motioned me to come to them, and asked for my papers. My papers, indeed! Their question seemed so funny to me that I laughed in their faces! I suppose that they deemed my company pleasant, for they set me between their horses and graciously escorted me to the city, which was near at hand. The next morning Jean Antoine—for a remnant of sanity had made me conceal my true name—was committed for two months.

"What shall I say? Those two months must have been the beginning of a complete change in my whole physical and moral being. In the solitude of the prison, my reason came back to me, and I meditated. And about what, do you suppose? About my wife's unfaithfulness and crime? No, about the happiness which she had brought me, my three years of earthly paradise while I lived with her! Her perfidy and my despair had disappeared; my thought did not rest upon them for a moment. That is the happiness which I owe to my prison life. When my two months were over I took my staff and wallet like any self-respecting tramp—and I continued my tour of France. It has taken me ten years to find you. After two months I shall continue my journey."

Chabert had told his story deliberately, with neither anger nor sorrow, in the same gentle and monotonous tone of voice. Now he was silent, and the judge, looking him full in the face and grasping both his hands, exclaimed passionately: "My dear Chabert, I want to save you!"

The vagabond looked at him in surprise.

"To save me? From what?"

"From yourself, and in spite of yourself, if it must be so," said the judge, firmly. "As to the imprisonment for two months, I shall not permit you to endure it. I can arrange the matter. And, little by little, I want to see Jean Antoine disappear, and Chabert come to the front."

"Begin my life over again! Oh, no!" exclaimed the vagabond, as he rose from his seat. Then taking the judge's hands in his own, he said: "My poor Bouchard, you are kind and good, and you love me; yet my cruelest enemy could not propose anything worse than you have done. I am speaking to you now with all my former good sense, and I tell you that no place but the prison is gentle and pitiful to me. There only I can really live again, without thought of the present, without care for the future. And you would snatch this dream from me, and would kill me forever! Why, can't you see that my body is a mere rag, a thing which does not count at all, and which I no longer regard? What does it matter that this worn-out body should appear before judges, should be sentenced, despised, branded! My friend, my dear old friend, call in the jailor who brought me here, and let me go!"

"So be it!" said M. Bouchard in a sad tone. "But at least," he added gently, "this must not be until I have embraced you!"

"Surely!"

And the judge and the vagabond embraced each other fraternally. Then Chabert said, freeing himself and turning away: "Now, judge, do your duty."

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

ODD LAWS ABOUT ENGLISH COINAGE

It is the duty of each loyal subject in Britain not merely to refuse gold coin that is under a certain weight, but to break it.

"Every person," so runs the Act, "shall, by himself or others, cut, break, or deface such coin tendered to him in payment, and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss."

The weight at which a sovereign ceases to be good as currency is anything below 122½ grains, and as one sovereign in thirty-three, and one half-sovereign in ten are under their legal weight, it would seem that we ought, each of us, to provide ourselves with a delicate set of pocket scales and weights unless we remain content to be inveterate breakers of the Act of 1870.

But in spite of this Act it is a risky business interfering with coins which you may suspect to be under weight or spurious. Some months ago, a Grimsby woman offered a half sovereign in payment of goods to a local shopkeeper. The latter put the coin in a testing-machine, and, as it broke in two, refused to take it.

The coin, however, was pronounced by experts to be perfectly genuine, and when the case was taken into a court of law the shopkeeper was ordered to refund ten shillings to the customer.

Money, both gold and silver, wears out at a startling rate. It is reckoned that there is usually a hundred million pounds in gold coin in this country, a very large proportion of which is locked in the strong rooms of banks. Yet of that which is in active circulation the wastage is so great that during every twelve months seventy thousand pounds-worth of gold and silver are rubbed off into fine dust in John Bull's pockets.

The Coinage Act of 1870 empowers the Sovereign to determine the design for any coin—gold, silver or bronze. Had it seemed good to George V. to desire that sixpenny-bits should be made with a hole in the centre the Mint would have had no choice but to comply.

The jury who actually try the coins are "twelve competent freemen of the mystery of goldsmiths of the City of London."

Every one knows that it is an offence to deface a coin of the realm. Yet jewellers melt up thousands of them every month of the year. On the face of it the practice seems illegal, yet it is not really so, for the law only steps in if a person attempts to pass a coin after tampering with it.

Jewellers find sovereigns the best of all gold to work with, for, owing to the tremendous pressure they have to bear in the Mint, they are more ductile than any other gold. Besides, a sovereign melted down is still worth 19s. 10d.

ROYAL PETS I'VE PAINTED

Miss Frances Fairman, the Most Famous Living Painter of Dogs, Tells How She Painted "Caesar"

For several years now I have been honored by receiving commands to paint Royal pets, for I commenced painting dogs belonging to members of the Royal Family at the end of Queen Victoria's reign, and I have continued to receive similar commands at various times ever since.

Are dogs bad sitters? Well, just as in the case of human beings, it depends on the dog. Some dogs make excellent sitters, some dogs are very troublesome; but, as a general rule, the older a dog is, the better sitter he makes. I have noticed this point especially when I have been asked to paint the same dog at different times—first, when he was a puppy, and again when he had grown up.

I have generally found that I have allowed myself too little time in which to paint the puppy, but, on the other hand, when he had grown up, I have found my picture finished much sooner than I had expected.

I have just finished my latest painting for Queen Alexandra, a picture of two red and white Japanese spaniels, called Togo and Haru.

They are great favorites with her Majesty, and in return they simply adore their mistress. Togo was a present to Queen Alexandra from the Emperor of Japan, and he is, of course, a perfect specimen of the Japanese spaniel. The Emperor sent her Majesty eight, I believe, but the long journey to England, and the sudden changes of temperature they had to pass through on the way, proved too much for the strength of some of them, and Togo is the only survivor.

Togo and Haru, being frisky little fellows, full of life, were frankly bored by my efforts to get them on canvas.

Togo, in particular, seemed to feel it beneath his dignity to sit to an artist in whom he was not in the least interested. They had to be coaxed to keep their pose by servants, and were bribed to be good with biscuits or anything else they might fancy.

Togo has the sweetest little habit of looking up at the Queen with his head a little on one side, and I wanted to get just that expression in the picture. It was extremely difficult, however, for I could never get him to look at me or at anyone else, except the Queen, in just the same way. It was, in fact, only when her Majesty was in the room that he would do it, and I had to make the most of her visits in order to catch the expression.

The dogs sat to me at the Palace, of course, and this was particularly helpful, because the Queen came frequently to see her pets and made suggestions for the picture. The Queen is such a true artist herself that I have always valued her criticisms very much.

When her Majesty entered the room the sitting, in the strict sense of the word, always ended for a time; the joy of Togo and Haru was unbounded, and nothing would induce them to continue their pose.

I was specially honored, in November, 1908, by the Queen's command to paint a portrait of the famous wire-haired fox-terrier Caesar, King Edward's constant companion.

This portrait had to be done very quickly, for I only received the command a very short time before November 9th, and the Queen wished the picture to be a birthday surprise for the King.

Soon after I had commenced the picture, the vet. came to say he had to take Caesar away as he was unwell, and required treatment. As the picture was then a secret, it was impossible to appeal to his Majesty for permission to continue the sitting, and there was some delay before I could get Caesar again.

At the next sitting, however, he posed beautifully, but just when everything seemed to be going smoothly he dropped down and went off to sleep, absolutely refusing to be roused.

I succeeded, however, in having the picture ready for presentation to King Edward on his last birthday.

A Safe Pill for Sucering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

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

ROYAL GEORGE AND LOYAL GEORGE

The proposal that people in every part of the British Empire who bear the Christian name of George should unite in presenting a coronation gift to the King has met with such wide acceptance that full arrangements have now been made for carrying it into effect.

Subscriptions are to range from a penny to a pound, and a list of the donors, though not the amount given by each, will be presented to the King.

Thirty-five district representatives have been appointed for England and Wales, and any one willing to collect from those of his own acquaintances named George can receive collecting cards on application to the representative of his district, whose name can be obtained from the bankers, Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph & Co., 43 Charing Cross, London, S.W., or from the Earl of Stradbroke, Henham Hall, Wangford, Suffolk.

Sir George Reid is to receive contributions from the Australian Georges, Earl Grey from the Georges of Canada, Mr. George St. John Mildmay from those in British East Africa, Zanzibar, and Uganda, and Sir G. T. Goldie from those in Nigeria.

The bankers will also receive contributions, but not stamps. All contributions are to be sent by June 1st.

The executive committee consists of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Earl Grey, the Earl of Stradbroke, Lord George Hamilton, Sir George Reid, and Sir George Warrender.

GOLD BRICKS

Gold bricks, real ones, may be the means of restoring the ancient fame of Golconda, near Hyderabad, in southern India, once known all the world over for its gold mines, but now a decayed city. The natural pits from which many centuries ago the precious metal was extracted have in course of time filled up with water. A contractor recently obtained permission to make bricks near the place and ten kilns were erected. The first finished bricks aroused curiosity by their yellowish tint, and analysis proved that they contained gold dust. On the basis of the yield of the sample bricks, the ten kilns will aggregate in weight about 12,587 pounds of gold worth over $50,000,000. The site of the find belongs to the Nizam, or native ruler, whose affairs are administered by a British secretary, who has worked hard for nine years to produce a surplus in the Nizam's last annual budget of $15,000,000. It looks insignificant now compared with the result of nine days' brickmaking.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Fishing in the Thames at night-time from a boat, punt, or house-boat is illegal.

By climbing the great Schreckhorn a height of 9,000 feet, Miss Barnicoat a Swiss journalist, has accomplished the most difficult ascent in the Alps this season.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, who is well known as the ex-Sussex county amateur, is to captain an Indian team which is to tour England next summer.

The Billiard Association have refused to alter their rules so as to bar the "losing hazard" strokes of George Gray, the wonderful young Australian professional.

When a boxer is in difficulties about reducing his weight he "drys himself out," abstaining from all liquids for a given period, and merely moistening his mouth.

Mr. Frank Baylen, of the Hull Northern Union Rugby team, possesses every honor that is possible for a Rugby footballer to win. He has altogether eight caps.

Although it is supposed to be unclimable, two motor-cyclists have succeeded in climbing Honister Pass, the worst hill in Westmoreland, and as steep as any in England.

An old-age motor car competition is being held in France, the record up to now being held by a Panhard car which was built as far back as 1891, thus having been on the road twenty years.

Cross-sea flying is one of the most expensive forms of aerial sport. It costs a flying man $250 a day for one tug alone to follow his flight across the water, and often as many as six vessels are hired for this purpose.

Sir John Macdonald, a pioneer Scottish motorist, has made an interesting experiment. He stood outside Charing Cross station for thirty-five minutes, and during that time counted 935 motor vehicles as against only 115 drawn by horses.

An American man and woman were married the other day in a balloon by the Rev. J. H. Adams. After the ceremony the young couple enjoyed a honey moon for about forty miles across the country before the balloon was brought to the earth.

FROM ALL OVER

A German patent has been secured for the manufacture from the Soya bean a product to take the place of rubber. The process consists in the reduction of the oil of the Soya bean to a thick, tough liquid through the addition of nitric acid. After further treatment with alkaloid solutions the mixture is heated to 150 deg., giving a tough, highly elastic product similar to rubber, which can be vulvanized by the same process as rubber.

Mme. Rodier, wife of a landowner at Borne, in Holland, had a rather peculiar experience some time ago. The good lady, who rejoices in the possession of a large picture-hat of realistic floral design, was sitting dozing in her garden when a swarm of bees surrounded her and settled on the hat. Waking up and realizing the danger of the situation, with great presence of mind she went over to an empty hive and shook her hat into it, whereupon the bees took possession. Mme. Rodier escaped scathless.

A romantic little story comes from Fulham. Six months ago an aged lady took lodgings in a modest house in Liner Road, Parson's Green, Fulham, and recently became ill and died. Before death she announced that she had appointed the landlord, a young married man named Gladstone, as her sole executor. When the will was read it was found that she had left personal property and all the money in her rooms to Mrs. Gladstone, who had shown her some kindly attention. Search in the room resulted in the discovery of a hoard of bank-notes and gold, of the total value of about $5,000. Consols and other securities were willed to two nephews.

New York is the most cosmopolitan city of the world. In point of fact, it is the second German town of the world. Berlin has a population of 2,000,000, Hamburg 730,000, Munich 520,000, and Dresden 500,000. The Germans in New York number 737,447 true Americans, infants and parents, born in America, and 639,000 German born. There are 595,210 Irish, and these outnumber their countrymen in Belfast. New York is a true Israelite metropolis with 672,776 Jews, for Warsaw has only 262,884 Hebrews in her midst. New York is, moreover, the fifth Swedish town, the sixth Norwegian, the seventh Italian and the eighth Russian town from the point of view of population.

ROMAN TOOTH-ACHE CURES

If it be true that ancient remedies are always the best, it may be of interest to those afflicted with dental troubles to know how the ancient Romans dealt with such ills. The Quirites recognized two types of treatment, the magical and the medical. The following are some of the prescriptions advised by the magicians: Take the head of a dog that has died of rabies, mix the ash with oil of Cyprus and inject the product into the ear of the affected side. A water-snake's vertebra will serve to scarify the gum, provided that it be obtained from a white-skinned snake. Or for the same purpose may be used a lizard's frontal bone obtained when the moon is full, or, if that fail, a chicken bone will do, provided that it be dried in a hole in a wall and thrown away immediately after use. It is good treatment to inject into the ear oil of lemon in which has been macerated either mallow bugs or sparrows' dung, even should this last give rise to itching. A worm fed on a particular herb, or a cabbage caterpillar, can conveniently be placed in a hollow tooth, but it is equally simple to chew an adder's heart. Prevention being better than cure, a sovereign preventive will be found in the eating of two rats per month.

COMPLICATED DRESS SCHEMES

A skull-cap as closely fitting as can be is made of silk, and to wear it effectively the hair must be swathed round and round the head. Then comes the veil, which in such a case as this may be of a scarab blue color or brown to match the coat and intensefy the mummy idea. A near one-piece frock, of sacking cloth to match the coat in color with introductions of scarab blue on the corsage is a suitable complement to the frock, and the boots and gloves worn are brown.

While the new tailor-made suits become more and more severely simple, the visiting frocks reveal complications that almost baffle description. Some of these salient features are a considerable amount of fulness at the foot of the skirt, where looped draperies are arranged and a tendency towards lop-sided arrangements, by the scarf-like train that falls at the side of the skirt, nearer the front than at the back, where it ought to be, and by the net fichu scarf that is draped round the neck, and ends with a flounce of lace placed across the corsage.

The gown is made of blue foulard, bordered with ecru rings and mounted upon a much more closely patterned foulard of a bright brown shade, and yet a third color is introduced by means of narrow bands of old-rose velvet fastened with flat rose pearl buttons, placed round the waist to hold the fulness of material in check at the side of the tunic and on the corsage and sleeves.

Guipure lace epaulettes of a soft ecru shade define the sloping shoulders, and more lace appears beneath the velvet bars on the bodice.

The pleatings and guagings that the thin materials of the summer are to be given upon the waist-line will add to Fashion's programme yet another complete change of treatment.

SURPRISE FOR JOHN

That there was at least one Scotsman who could appreciate a joke—at somebody else's expense—is shown by the following story told by Mr. S. B. Crockett in "Raiderland."

"A country laird with his man John was riding to market. The laird and John were passing a hole in the moor when the laird turned his thumb over his shoulder and said:

"'John, I saw a fox gang in there!'

"'Did ye indeed, laird?' cried John, all his hunting enthusiasm instantly on fire. 'Ride ye your lane to toon; I'll howk the craitur oot.'

"Back went John for pick and spade, having first, of course, stopped the earth. The laird rode his way, and all day was foregathering with his cronies at the market town—a business in which his henchman would ably and very willingly have seconded him. It was the hour of evening, and the laird rode home. He came to a mighty excavation on the hillside. The trench was both long and deep. Very tired and somewhat short-grained in temper, John was seated on a mound of earth, vast as the foundation of a fortress.

"There's nae fox here, laird,' said John, wiping the honest sweat of endeavor from his brow.

"The laird was not put out. He was, indeed, exceeding pleased with himself. 'Deed, John,' he responded, 'I wad hae been muckle surprised gin there had been a fox in the hole. It's ten year since I saw the fox gang in there."

MARKS ON OLD SILVER

While the marks or lack of marks on Sheffield plate keep us guessing with a deep uncertainty as to their meaning or lack of meaning, the marks on old silver tell a definite story, especially those on English silver. In England and continental countries silversmiths were forced not only to mark their wares with their own names, but to submit them at an assay office or guild hall to receive the official stamp. Thus the expression "hall-marked silver" originated.

On the back of an old piece of English silver—and most of our old silver is either Colonial or Old English—we will find from one to five different kinds of marks, each one giving definite information to the initiated. Moreover, lists of these marks are published so that a little study will easily initiate the possessor of an old piece of silver into their mysteries.

Before 1300 the initials of the Christian name and surname of the maker constituted the only mark. These indicated no standard of alloy, however, and dishonest workers made the creation of this standard necessary. In 1300 a law was made establishing a standard, and requiring each silver smith to submit his work to an assayer at the guild hall before putting his own mark on it. There his mark and the King's mark, a crowned leopard's head, were set by the assayer. Silver of this period, then, has two marks. Frauds and abuses still continuing, a new law was passed in 1438 forcing each assayer to set a mark of his own in addition. This mark was the one known as the "Annual Letter." This letter indicates the exact year, and is still in use. In 1545 the lion passant was added.

These four marks remained unchanged until 1695, when the figure of a woman called Britannia replaced the leopard's head. This lasted until 1720. Then the old standard was restored with its old marks. In 1784 the sovereign's head was added.

DARING BRIDGE BUILDERS

Notwithstanding the great height at which the men worked in replacing the Niagara Suspension Bridge above a maelstrom from which escape would have been impossible, most of them soon grew unconcerned, and some of them, indeed, vied with one another in reckless daring.

So many valuable tools were dropped from the bridge that some of the more careless were discharged. Consequently, one day, when a man dropped a wrench 200 feet to the water's edge, he foolishly started to recover it by climbing down hand over hand on a steeply inclined thin wire cable nearly 500 feet long. He had no sooner begun his insane exploit than a rival, not to be out done, started out of sheer bravado to descend an adjacent rope.

After going down a few feet they tried in vain to return, and it seemed to their horrified companions on the bridge above that human muscles could not endure the increasing strain of their long journey. The foreman instructed them how to climb more easily and what to do at the bottom, accompanying his orders with violent abuse, wisely bestowed to divert them from the fright that added to their danger. By nothing less than a miracle both men held out until they had crossed over the water. Then one of them, watching his chance, dropped safely into a tree top. The other finally gave out and fell a considerable distance to the ground, but both escaped practically unhurt.

WONDERFUL LUCK

Once when Mr. Frank Gardner, the well-known London Stock Exchange magnate, was in Australia, excitement was high over a great annual racing carnival, and everyone was "talking horses."

While reading over a new sensational play to his leading lady Mr. Gardner (who was in the theatrical business then) came on the line, "'Vengeance is mine,' said the Admiral, and he rushed for his carbine." In an instant Miss Carrie Swain jumped to her feet and said, "It's a tip for the treble. Take it!"

Mr. Gardner took her advice, put all the money he had on Vengeance, Admiral and Carbine respectively for the Caulfield Cup, the Victorian Derby, and the Melbourne Cup, and when Carbine clinched the triple event by winning the Melbourne Cup in record time and with a record weight Mr. Gardner was a wealthy man. A lucky investment of this win in New Zealand and Australian stocks soon made him a millionaire.

AN EYE-OPENER

Speaking of the scarcity of domestic servants, a certain blue-blooded county family, in whose household there had been something in the way of a strike, were, several months ago, perturbed to receive an intimation, at a very short notice, that they were to expect a visit from some most distinguished people whose acquaintance they had long sought.

With great pluckiness two of the three pretty daughters of the house turned to and cooked the luncheon, and the third, disguised in a cap and apron, posed as a parlormaid.

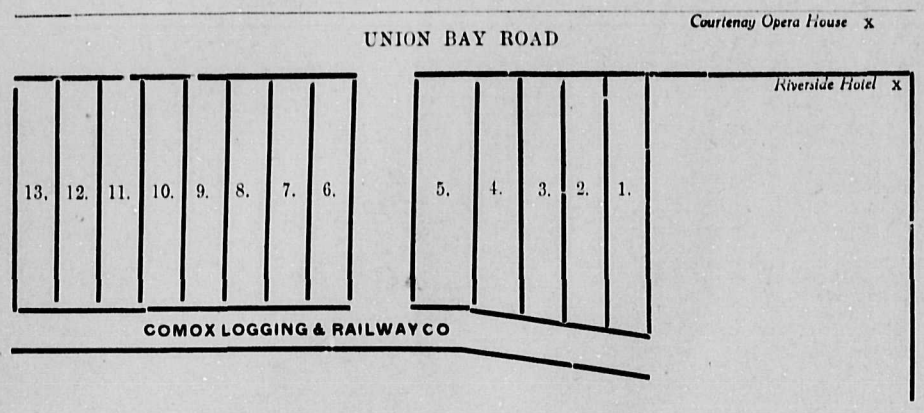
Weeks after, at a function in town, both families met, and the head of the distinguished branch expressed to the third sister his regret that she had not been at home on the occasion of his visit.

"Ah, but I was at home," the little rogue admitted; "it was I who smacked your face when you tried to kiss me behind the hall door."

SOME FINE LOTS IN COURTENAY

On The Road to Union Bay.

☞ LOOK AT THE SIZE AND LOCATION



PRICES

Lot 1, $300 Lots 3 and 4, $250 Lot 5, $325 Lot 6, $375 Lot 7, $250
Lots 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, $250 Lot 13, $275

Situate about 300 yards from Courtenay Opera House. ALL LOTS CLEARED. Terms, Third Cash, Balance, 6, and 12 Months.

G. R. Bates, EXCLUSIVE ...AGENT... **Courtenay**

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STANDARD & REGISTERED

KING ARNOLD

NO. 45712

WILL BE FOR SERVICE DURING THE SEASON

TERMS:-$25 TO INSURE, $10 AT TIME OF SERVICE, BALANCE WHEN MARE IS KNOWN TO BE IN FOAL.

APPLY: DAN. KILPATRICK.

THE People's TEA

is sold by

McPhee & Morrison

GENERAL MERCHANTS

Courtenay B.C.

at 40c Per lb.

This TEA is a Special Blend and well worthy of a trial, so do not fail to TRY IT.

PUBLIC SERVICE ACT.

THE qualifying examinations for Third class Clerks, Junior Clerks, and Stenographers will be held at the following places, commencing on Monday the 3rd July next:—Armstrong, Chilliwack, Cumberland, Golden, Grand Forks Kamloops, Kaslo, Kilowna, Ladysmith, Nanaimo, Nelson, New Westminster, North Vancouver, Peachland, Revelstoke, Rossland, Salmon Arm, Summerland, Vancouver, Vernon, and Victoria.

Candidates must be British subjects between the ages of 21 and 30, if for Third class Clerks; and between 16 and 21, if for Junior Clerks or stenographers.

Applications will not be accepted if received later than 15th June next.

Further information, together with application forms, may be obtained from the undersigned.

P. WALKER,
Registrar, Public Service

Victoria, B. C., 27th, 1911. ap27

NOTICE is hereby given that the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the New England Hotel, situated on the east half of lot 3, in block 3, Cumberland Townsite.

JAMES WALTERS.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1911.

-F. R S. BISCOE-

REAL ESTATE

CHEAPEST LOTS IN COURTNAY,- A FEW LEFT

$85 CASH $100 EASY TERMS $25 DOWN. WHY PAY RENT? OWN YOUR OWN LOT.

PHONE 2 COURTENAY

The Star Livery Stable

Third St. & Penrith Avenue

MAXWELL & HORNAL
Proprietors

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

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the reserve existing by reason of a notice published in the British Columbia Gazette of the 27th. day of December, 1907, over lands situated on the East side of Texada Island, lying to the south of Lot No. 26, formerly covered by Timber License No. 13450, which expired on the 7th day of May, 1908, is cancelled, and that the said lands will be open for location under the provisions of the "Land Act," after midnight on June 16th. 1911.

ROBERT A. RENWICK,
Deputy Minister of Lands-
Lands Department,
Victoria, B. C.
9th. March, 1911

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for

The London & Lancashire
Fire Insurance Co.

Get rates before insuring elsewhere

Office: Cumberland

NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that, under the authority contained in section 131 of the "Land Act," a regulation has been approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council in fixing the minimum sale prices of first and second-class lands at $10 and $5 per acre respectively.

This regulation further provides that the prices fixed therein shall apply to all lands with respect to which the application to purchase is given favourable consideration after this date, notwithstanding the date of such application or any delay that may have occured in the consideration of the same,

Further notice is hereby given that all persons who have pending applications to purchase lands under the provisions of sections 34 or 36 of the "Land Act" and who are not willing to complete such purchases under the prices fixed by the aforesaid regulation shall be at liberty to withdraw such application and receive and refund of moneys deposited on account of such applications.

WILLIAM R. ROSS,
Minister of Lands.

Department of Lands,
Victoria, B C, April 3rd, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of the City of Cumberland, I intend to apply for a renewal of the hotel license held by me for the Cumberland Hotel, situated on lot 1, block 6, Cumberland Townsite.

WILLIAM MERRIFIELD.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1911.

Dont Marry unless you feel like it but if you do, be sure to order your wedding invitations at THE ISLANDER Office. Samples at this office.

MAGNET CASH STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Furniture
Wallpaper
Crockery
Etc., etc.

A nice line of Iron Bedsteads

$4. to $40.

just arrived

T. E. BATE.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF BUYING A

SEWING : MACHINE

BUY A SINGER

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

EPSON BROS., District Agents, Nanaimo, B. C

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

Capital $6,200,000 Reserve $7,000,000

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

Joint Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, to be operated by anyone of them, and in the event of death to be paid to the survivor, without any formality.

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

H. F. Montgomery, Manager

When You Want a HIGH GRADE

PIANO, PLAYER PIANO, ORGAN or GRAPHOPHONE,

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GET OUP PRICES.

We carry the Largest and Best Selected Stock on the Island.

FLETCHER BROS.

The Music House **NANAIMO, B. C.**

T. E. BATE, LOCAL AGENT, Cumberland

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL

JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

OUR $20 SUITS

Are made by the same tailors who make the ones at $25 $30, and $35. You will get as good tailoring as in the higher-priced ones. Also bear in mind we are the firm who guarantee a perfect fit or refund your money.

WE ARE SHOWING SOME SPLENDID QUALITIES IN THE CHEVIOTS AND WORSTEDS.

Made to Measure at $20.

UNION BAY CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY

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