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We Have Just Opened Up Our New "Fit-Rite" For Fall at CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

New .... Fall Clothing at CAMPBELL BROS

No. 16 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1910. Subscription price $1.50 per year

LEAGUE LEADERS BEAT PILSENERS

Courtenay Now Looks Like Sure Pennant Winners.

In one of the most exciting games of the season, Courtenay Colts defeated the Pilseners on Sunday by a score of 5-4 Both pitchers were in good form but allowed six hits each, errors were responsible for most of the runs.

Courtenay 1st—Anderton hit safe to left; Martin got 1st on short stop error; J. McNeil hit fly to second who doubled on third; A.McNeil hit by ball; Thomas struck out. 0 runs Cumberland—boyd out pitcher to 1st McKay out second to first; Hamilton out on a fly to short. 0 runs Courtenay Second Innings,—Wagner struck out; Dixon hit safe to left; Faber struck out; Cliffe hit safe over short stop scoring Dixon; Anderton hit over 1st right fielder threw over catchers head allowing Cliffe to score; Martin out pitcher to first. 2 runs.

Higgins base on balls stole second but was caught trying to steal third. Robinson and Bailey struck out. 0runs Courtenay third Innings,—J. McNeil out on a fly to centre; A McNeil got 1st on first basemans error stole second but failed to reach third before Hamilton put the ball on him; Thomas struck out. 0 runs Cumberland—Stant struck out; Raines got first on third basemans error; James hit by ball. Hamilton hit safe to left; Higgins struck out. 2 runs.

Courtenay Fourth Innings,—Wagner got a base on balls; Dixon out fly to right bed; Faber hit to centre scoring Wagner; Cliffe and Anderton struck out. 1 run. Cumberland—Robinson got to first on first basemans error. Bailey struck out; Stant out fly to right who doubled putting Robinson out at first 0 runs.

Courtenay Fifth Innings,—Martin got first on a slow one to second; J McNeil got first by pitcher dropping his fly; A. McNeil hit safe to left, Martin scored; J McNeil scored on pass balls; Thomas struck out; Wagner was out on a fly to short stop, Dixon out fly to centre. 2 runs.

Cumberland—Raines hit the atmosphere three time in an endeavour to connect with Thomas curves; Jame and Boyd did likkwise. 0 runs

Courtenay 6th Innings.—Faber out to first; Cliffe struck out; Anderton out third to first. 0 runs

Cumberland—McKay struck out; Hamilton hit safe to left; Higgins hit safe to left, left fielder threw to third to catch Hamilton third baseman missed then threw wild over catcher's head Hamilton and Higgins scored; Robinson out to first; Bailey hit safe to right; Stant out pitcher to first. 2 runs

Courtenay Seventh Innings—Martin out on a fly to short stop; J McNeil out to first; A McNeil out second to first. 0 runs

Cumberland—Raines and James struck out; Boyd out catcher to first. 0 runs.

Courtenay Eighth Innings,—Thomas out short stop to first; Wagner out second to first; Dixon got first on third basemans wild throw to first Fabor hit to second, Dixon caught coming home second to catcher. 0 runs Cumberland—McKay out third to first Hamilton and Higgins struck out. 0 runs

Courtenay Ninth Innings, Cliffe got first on an easy one to second; Anderton out fly to short stop; J McNeil hit to short stop who caught Cliffe at home plate; A McNeil hit safe to left scoring McNeil; Thomas out fly to pitcher. 1 run

Cumberland—Robinson hit safe to right; Bailey hit to left; Stant was out on a fly to centre; Raines out on an infield fly; James hit by ball; Boyd out pitcher to first. 0 runs

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pilseners	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0—4
Courtenay	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	1—5

Struck out by Thomas 13 by Higgins 8

RESULT OF OF MINE EXAM.

List of Successful Local Candidates. Given Below.

The Board of examiners under the coal mines Act, consisting of Andrew Bryden chairman, Tully Boyce R Stockett Geo. Williams, David Wilson, John John, and F H Shepherd (secretary) met and gave out the list of successful canadidates for miners certificates, among these were, —Second class certificate, Frank Jaynes, Third class certificate,—D McMillan. Jas. Brown, Alex. Dewar, Geo. L Osval, Jos. Calverly, R. J. Hilton, Geo. Jarvie J. T. Sharples, Fred Harwood Robt. McNeil, Jno. Brown.

"Comrade," we are glad to see has been wise enough to withdraw some slanderous statements which appeared over his signature in a recent issue of the Cumberland News, and which reflected in a most adverse way upon the character of the editor of this paper.

We regret very much however, that "Comrade" has not been man enough to come forward and apologize like a gentleman over his own signature, and not hide his identity behind a cowardly nom de plume.

Most men, worthy of the name, after having published, even unintentionally, a damaging statement about another, would have the courtesy, or at least the decency to come out in the open and say "I did it, and I am sorry."

It is not too late yet, "Comrade," for you to prove yourself a gentleman. Try it.

Denman Island.

A dance was given in the hall on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Swan, who leaves to-morrow for Vancouver. Those present spent a very enjoyable evening.

Mr. James Piercy who for the past two weeks has been suffering from an attack of rheumatic fever was removed to the Cumberland Hospital on Tuesday last His many friends will be pleased to hear that his condition is improving.

Armed with shotguns, and accompanied by dogs, many of the local nimrods were out at daybreak on the 15th, in pursuit of the unwary "grouse," this being the first day of the season.

There was a number of hunters from Cumberland who came over in gasoline launches, and went toward the lower end of the Island where the game is said by some to be most plentiful. If the number of hunters increase, there will be few grouse left on the Island by the end of the week.

Eagles to Institute on 22nd.

Deputy Grand Worthy President F J Lynch, of New Westminster, will arrive in the city on Sept. 19th or 20th, and will institute an Aerie on Thursday 22nd inst.

THE WEEK'S ARRIVALS AT THE CUMBERLAND.

J. L. Little, J. M. Shields, M Jensen, Vancouver; H. Vaughan, J. H Renfree, Wm. Bassett, Thos. Lumsden, Victoria; Wm. Housen, Ladysmith; Norman Short, Vancouver; Mr. McRae, R F. Cooper, F. Bulby.

Union Bay.

S S Henley bunkered here on Wednesday and cleared for Victoria.

S S Lyria bunkered and cleared on Tuesday.

Tug Lorn took on bunkers on Thursday.

Queen and scows loaded for Victoria on Thursday

Mr. and Mrs. Carter arrived home on Thursday's boat after enjoying a vacation away with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W Roiston of Vancouver are visiting here this week

A few of the young people journeyed to Cumberland on Monday evening to attend the dance given by the Ladies Guild of Trinity church returning home in the wee hours after enjoying a most pleasant evening.

Mrs. Jno Stewart was an outgoing passenger on S S cowichan on Sunday.

The local baseball club are holding a dance in Humphrey's hall on Friday evening, sept 16,. Good music has been arranged for and pleasant evening anticipated.

Quite a few of the local sportmen set sail early Thursday morning for various parts of the district good bags are expected on their return home.

Mr. E Morgan and wife of Texas was the guest of his sister Mrs D Renwick on Sunday.

Mr Allen of the fit reform wardrobe Victoria was registered at the Wilson Hotel beginning of this week.

The B C Telephone Co. are arranging to have a local exchange here.

Mr G. Roe Local Customs collector is spending a few days at Hornby island for the first of hunting season. His friends hope that the wasps will avoid him so that he will not encounter another misfortune.

CITY FATHERS IN SESSION

Regular Meeting of City Council Held Last Monday Night

The regular meeting of the City Council was held last Monday evening there being present Mayor McDonald, Aldermen McLeod, Brown, Merrifield and Stewart.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read adopted and signed.

A communication from the Secretary of the Development League was on motion of Alderman McLeod and Brown received and laid on the table for discussion, as was also the one from the Secretary of the Local Option League on motion of Aldermen Stewart and McLeod.

An invitation from the Anti-Tuberculosis Society to attend the opening ceremonies of their new institution at Tranquille was on motion of Aldermen Merrifield and Stewart received and filed and the clerk instructed to acknowledge the same.

From W L Coulson re extention of City Limits, received and filed.

From P P Harrison re retainer fee was on motion of Aldermen McLeod and Stewart, received and laid on the table for discussion.

Constable Grays report of August collections was received and filed.

A bill for $4.35 from H Mitchell was received and referred to the finance committee to be paid if found correct.

The City Clerk reported a shortage of funds to meet the school salaries and also payment on furnace due C H Tarbell, amounting in all to $1600. It was moved by Ald McLeod seconded by Ald Merrifield that the Mayor and City Clerk be empowered to arrange an overdraft with the Royal Bank, sufficient to meet current expenses.

Deferred buiness was then taken up

It was moved by Ald McLeod, seconded by Ald Merrifield that P P Harrison be paid $50 as retaining fee or six months as solicitor for the city of Cumberland as per communication received.

Re amendment to Liquor License By-Law. moved by Ald McLeod seconded by Ald Merrifield that the Development and Local Option Leagues be informed that it is the intention of the Council to take up the adjusting of the Liquor License Regulation By-law as soon as possible.

From Development League re sweeping the streets, moved by Ald McLeod seconded by Ald Stewart that the same be received and the League informed that the Council has taken the matter into serious consideration.

C Musatto here interviewed the Council re lowering of drain into man hole on Dunsmuir Ave so as to permit him to drain his cellar. As the Aldermen were not familiar with the circumstances it was decided to inspect the drain before any action be taken.

Ald McLeod reported progress with concert programme for Band Concert.

Attention was called to the fact that R Grant & Co's lot on Dunsmuir Ave reqnired cleaning up, and it was referred to the Board of Health.

Here entered Ald Hornal.

Re tender for cleaning Fourth St from Dunsmuir Ave to Allen Ave Ald McLeod moved that A Maxwell's tender for $110 be accepted. This motion was seconded by Ald Merrifield.

Ald Stoddard then arrived.

A discussion followed regarding swamp and Ald Stewart moved, seconded by Ald McLeod a committee be appointed to interview Government Agent Baird re opening ditch on Comox Road to relieve the pressure on the main drain. The mayor appointed Aldermen McLeod Stewart and Brown a committee to attend to the same.

Alderman Stoddard asked permission to bring in a Bylaw to amend the Liquor Regulation Bylaw on the next night of meeting, which permission was granted.

As there was on further business, the meeting adjourned.

MR. BEASLEY ON E. & N. AFFAIRS

Making Arrangements Re Site of E. & N. Station at Union Bay

Mr. Beasely, one of the district C P R officials, paid a visit to Cumberland on Monday, his object being to get signatures from the purchasers of lots on the Dunsmuir Townsite to close a couple of projected roads on it so that the company could secure two whole blocks intact to build their new railway station at Union Bay. This looks as if the C P R intends pushing construction of the E & N extension as rapidly as possible, Mr Beasley stated that instructions were to clear right of way and do the necessary burning as quickly as possible and he thought that if things went well, the line might be in operation next year, at least as far as Union Bay.

His attention was drawn to the very awkward arrival of the district mail by their boats. He suggested efforts being made to get mails forwarded by all boats, stating that practically there was a boat of one line or other arriving at Union Bay daily now, and as soon as their line was opened up we would be able to have a daily mail by that.

Colonel Gordon, representing Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, met the Courtenay Development League and such representatives of Cumberland as were able to be present at Courtenay last Thursday evening, with a view to finding out the needs of the district with respect to the C P R.

Mr. Coburn President of the Island Development League, accompanied by M Heckler, Sec'y of Nanaimo Citizens League met the Development League last night, and many matters of import nce to the dfstrict were discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Cameron returned on Sunday last from Vancouver, where Mr. Cameron had been under going treatment for eye trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mitchell came over from Vancouver by Sunday's boat and left again Wednesday morning.

Fred Pickard left on Wednesday morning for Brittania

The Rev Dr Spencer is expected tonight to hold special services here to-morrow. He will speak at the Presbyterian church in the morning and at the Methodist in the evening. The Doctor has been so prominently identified with the Local Option caused in British Columbia, that a large turn out is expected to hear him speak.

A public meeting will also be held on Monday evening and a reception for all friends of Temperance will be given on Tuesday and refreshments will be served.

A new tailoring establishment has been opened on Dunsmuir ave, Mr. Spates, the tailor, has had experience in California and in Vancouver and specializes on Ladies work.

To day is Hospital Saturday in aid of the Union and Comox Hospital and it is hoped that all will contribute generously to that worthy institution. The Ladies Auxiliary will have members posted at the Bank corner, the Big Store and McLeod's.

W. Merrifield, of the Cumberland Hotel and J M. Shields, left on Wednesday for Campbell River on a hunting expedition

Norman Short of Vancouver, and formerly of this town, arrived in the city Wednesday night.

Elliott Bros. of Vancouver, are getting their pool room in first class shape and will be open to the public to-day. They have four tables now installed.

Mr. Leonard Pike informs us that he has accepted the position of linesman for the B. C. Telephone Company here.

A party of fishermen went up the lake on Labor Day to try their luck. From accounts given their expedition proved most successful, they bringing home with them the phenominal catch of 200 speckled beauties—a pretty good showing for a day's outing. "Bob" was all in and "Jigger" caught a whale. Andrew Thomson took the party up and back with his launch.

A very painful accident occurred at No. 4 mine on Wednesday last, when Ralph Simpson was crushed between two cars, having his pelvis broken and sustaining other minor injuries.

FIGHT FANS MUST BEHAVE

Those Who Don't Will Have Exit, Assisted by Police.

Next Monday evening is the prize fight, and all lovers of the sport will have an opportunity of expressing their enjoyment, though not in too vociferous a manner.

On the occasion of the last mill here, considerable trouble was caused by the fans becoming obstreperous. This has been provided against this time, as four constables will be present in the hall, and if there is any sign of trouble the offending fan will be forcibly ejected, and if necessary, the fight stopped

Reports from training quarters show that a good stiff fight may be be looked for.

Dixon is giving away six pounds in weight tipping the scales at 128, while Wyatt will carry 136 into the ring,

Correspondence.

To the Editor Islander.

Sir.—In a recent issue of your paper you drew attention in your Editoral remarks to starting an Athletic Club for the City young men and boys.

This is a good idea, and should meet with a ready response which no doubt it would, for the youth of the city has a bent in that direction.

I understand that a few years ago this idea took root and proved a very successful experience, the club were able from various sources to realise a few hundred dollars, at least sufficient to form a nucleous to have warranted erecting a modest building as a gymnasium, but unfortunately that strike took place and upset their calculations amongst other things, indeed proved disastrous in many ways.

I understand that Dr Gillespie and Mr Carey were the moving spirits then, perhaps they would through your columns give their views and experience which would sure interesting and valuable and might lead to some thing being done in the direction you have suggested.

CLEAN SPORT

MUSINGS OF A CUMBERLAND PHILOSOPHER.

Last week I had to disappoint the editor, as some one mislaid my thinking cap. It seemed as if all my ideas took wing, or hovered just beyond my reach in the most tantalizing fashion. Knowing it to be absolutely impossible to force things in this matter, I threw my pen in to the fire to see if it could not kindle my imagination and set my think tank bubbling, all to no purpose. Now I seem to feel the spirit of the night return, and as I look up and see the great star domed canopy, with the far spread milky way arching the dark blue dome, I think I roll through space as I did many years ago with Shelley in his his Queen Mab. World after world flashes past with incredable speed and the music of the morning star comes nearer and nearer. When bang! A cow knocks down the gate, awaking the sleeping curs for miles around and mingle their many toned barks with the crickets' chirp and the old cow bell. Thus, we philosophers are subject to falls from greater heights than balloonists, but with less evil results.

It is not nice for me, I know to spoil the floral decoration that the people of Cumberland have placed around the lofty and thought-worn brow of Mr. Manson. It is surprising that a man who would oppose a bill for separate schools for Orientals, should go to the trouble of getting an appropriation for the heating of the school. It would not have been unexpected if such an advocate of Oriental amalgamation should have suggested that the white children sit up closer to their more warm blooded pig-tailed school mates for warmth in the winter, instead of incurring expenses on the Government. Rather inconsistent "Mike."

Say, Mr. Manson, I would like you to remind your old running mate, at Ottawa (who is supposed to represent this district there) that if he has any old magazines, shoes or clothes, to send them on here, as we would like to get a little return for sending him to a good fat job. It looks bad for you, that stepped down to let him in, that we get nothing. When do we come in? Nuff said.

Contrasted with what Mr. Manson has done, it looks as if Mr. Templeman will not have the snap he had if these two men enter the race for Dominion honors again.

The coal that the people of Cumberland get dished out to them from the mine owners is of such a conglomerate nature as prove an insoluable puzzle what to do with it. There is too much rock in it for domestic purposes, and too much coal in it for building use. Kindly let us know by return mail what to do with same.

What is to hinder the Council providing uniforms for the stoolpigeons?

I wonder if the Government turned loose the Mongolian pheasants—I mean peasants, that are working in the mines here, if they would fly home?

The two week pay bill that was opposed by Mr. Manson, would have been of great advantage to Cumberland, as it would have baought things down to almost a cash basis, and been a benefit alike to the public and commercial men. Mr. Manson has some things to answer for, if he ever runs for this district again. How much more is he going to sacrifice to the interests of his party?

Well, the night rolls on, and like everything else has an end. Next week I will endeavor to give something good if the gods are kind and respond to my invocation with liberality.

SUCCESSFUL DANCE BY GIRLS' GUILD

Large Number Enjoy Hospitality of These Ideal Entertainers.

The Cumberland Hall was the scene of the most enjoyable affair in years last Monday evening, where the Girls' Guild of the Holy Trinity church entertained their friends at a dance.

The hall was decorated with flags, greens and flowers, and this in combination with the pretty frocks of the ladies produced a very pretty effect.

About 130 people were present dancing beginning at 9 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs Hudson lead off the grand march to the music of Roy and Morgan's orchertra, who during the evening were assisted by Mr. N. MacFarlane.

Bridge and other games were indulged in by those who did not care to dance.

Supper was served at midnight and the dance broke up in the wee small hours of the morning.

Wm. Collpitts, our popular tobacconist and dealer in fruit and candy, is having an addition put to his store in which he will install a billiard and pool table.

Mrs. Haywood, wife of Mr. Albert Haywood of this place, arrived from Pittsburgh, Penn., a few days ago to join her hu band, having had a most enjoyable trip across the continent. Mr. and Mrs. Haywood intend making their home in Cumberland.

Mr. Thos. E Banks has just received the contract for putting in two fire escapes in the public school. The public can now be at rest, in regard to safety in case of fire, as Mr. Banks is going to install the escapes immediately.

A grand concert will be given by the City Council on Tuesday, Sept 20th, for the benefit of the City Band. The programme will consist of songs, recitations, and music by some of Cumberland's most popular entertainers. It will conclude with a laughable farce, entitled "The Wrong Woman in the Right Place." There will be a dance after the concert. Come one come all and help a good cause.

In connection with their millinery opening the Big Store, will make a display of Fancy Dress Goods Ladies waists etc and invite all the ladies of Cumberland and vicinity to call and inspect their exceptionally fine showing in these lines.

Caribou Hunting in Timber and Brulee

(By H. Hesketh P[illegible])

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIKES TO BE NERVOUS

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

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

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

Certainly a modest view to take of his fame.

HE COULD GO ELSEWHERE

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

The clergyman paid no heed.

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

Still the clergyman remained silent behind his newspaper.

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

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

GETTING EVEN

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

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

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

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

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

HOW THEY DIVIDED IT

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

The *patent-medicine man laughed* good-naturedly.

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

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

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

"Possibly one," was the reply.

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

WALNUT-FED BULLS

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

SIGNING THE PLEDGE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BY COMMAND

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

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

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

"'Sergeant, let the men take it.'

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

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

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

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

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

THE MYSTIC MAETERLINCK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IN PAIN FOR YEARS

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" BRINGS RELIEF

MRS. FRANK EATON

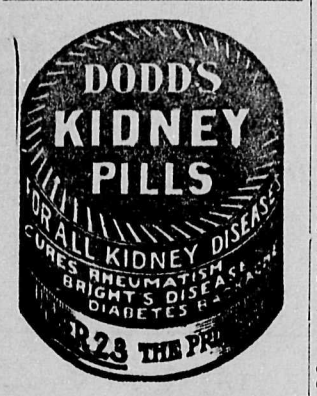
Frankville, Ont., Sept. 27, 1909.

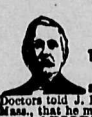
"I suffered for years from headaches and pain in the back, and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable without any relief. Then I began taking "Fruit-a-tives", the famous fruit juice tablets, and this was the only medicine that ever did me any real good. I took several boxes altogether, and now I am entirely well of all my dreadful headaches and backaches".

(Signed) MRS. FRANK EATON.

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

CRASH! Down the kitchen stairs fell the entire trayful of crockery from the dining-room. Not even the salt-cellar remained unbroken. Within the dining-room sat husband and wife, staring blankly at each other. What did it all mean? But this was a time for action, and the mistress rushed to the door. "Jane, Jane!" she cried, "whatever have you done?" Jane smiled. "Oh, mum," she replied, "it's only the dinner things, mum. What a good thing I hadn't washed 'em up!"





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That Reminds Me

A WESTERN bookseller wrote to a house in Chicago asking that a dozen copies of Canon Farrar's "Seekers after God" be shipped to him at once.

Within two days he received this reply by telegraph:

"No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

* * *

CARIO, the illustrious singer, was engaged with Grisi, his wife, at St. Petersburg. Out walking one day with their children they met the Czar. His majesty patted the children on their heads, and remarked to Grisi: "I suppose these are your little Grisettes?" "No, sire," she replied, with ready wit, "they are my little Marionettes."

* * *

THIS is an extract from a Siamese paper that has an English column for foreign readers: "Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony.—Khoon Tong was a man of Langoon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels. Untimely death, oh fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

* * *

AN aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the car as his balloon was slowly passing over a football field, overbalanced himself, and fell plump among the players. When he recovered consciousness he found several of the club officials bending over him anxiously. "Ah," said the treasurer, in a tone of relief, "I'll trouble you for your half-dollar now, old fellow!"

* * *

IN North Carolina a white man was arraigned for stealing chickens from a negro. The jury was composed of seven white men and five negroes, and one of the latter was made foreman. They came into court and the clerk demanded: "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" "Yes, sah." "What is it?" "De jury am gone Democrat, sah, and de prisoner am not guilty."

* * *

THE enthusiastic angler was telling some friends about a proposed fishing-trip to a lake in Colorado which he had in contemplation. "Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend. "Thousands of 'em," replied the angler. "Will they bite easily?" asked another friend. "Will they? Why, they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

* * *

REPEAT the words the defendant used," commanded counsel for the woman plaintiff in a case of slander being tried in the First Criminal Court of Newark recently.

"I'd rather not," bashfully replied the defendant. "They were hardly words to tell to a gentleman."

"Whisper them to the judge, then," magnanimously suggested counsel—and the court was obliged to rap for order.

* * *

ONE day a Scotch and English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scotch boy, though the smaller, being far the more pugnacious. 'What garred ye ficht a big laddie like that for?" said the mother, as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsmen wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into trousers!"

* * *

THE militia boys were going away to camp on the morrow, and as Lieut. Wellington Grant Smith parted with his sweetheart on the piazza, she said, "I shall stand here tomorrow as you march past, and throw kisses at you."

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver, and kidneys, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

But her soldier-lover said, "No, don't do that!"

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because," laughed he, "ten to one you'd hit the captain."

* * *

THE old family physician being away on a much needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned, the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy patient of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."

* * *

TWO men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long-distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed. "You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one, after a five-minute continuous performance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.

* * *

AS one of the White Star steamships came up New York harbor the other day, a grimy coal barge floated immediately in front of her. "Clear out of the way with that old mud scow!" shouted an officer on the bridge.

A round, sun-browned face appeared over the cabin hatchway. "Are ye the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then spake to yer equals. I'm the captain o' this!" came from the barge.

* * *

AT a marriage service performed some time ago in a little country church in Berkshire, when the minister said in solemn tone, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered, "Oi will."

The minister looked up, very much perplexed, and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered:

"Oi Will."

Again the minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the groomsmen at the end of the row said:

"'Er be deaf. Oi be answerin' for 'er."

* * *

I DO think," said Mrs. McGoozle, "my husband is the most persistently argumentative man I ever saw. He'll controvert any proposition, no matter what it is. This morning, while we were waiting for a car, he saw the sign 'Out of Order' on one of those chewing gum slot machines.

"'I'm willing to bet a cent it isn't out of order,' he said.

"And he dropped a coin in the slot. He didn't get any stick of gum, and he didn't get his money back.

"'There,' I said, 'I hope you're satisfied now.'

"'That doesn't prove anything, Alvira,' he grunted. 'The machine isn't out of order; it's built that way on purpose.'

"But that's Lysander all over."

With the Horses

THE harness horse racing season is now fairly under way, and while it is unfortunate that two of the most important meetings, those at Listowel and London, clashed in their dates we have already seen some exceptionally good racing and more than one high-class horse has been uncovered.

The feature of the London meeting was the chestnut pacing gelding Tom Dillard, owned by Mr. L. H. Edmunds, of Blenheim, Ont., and driven by the young Canadian reinsman, Del Peters.

Tom Dillard was known to have a world of speed, as he has to his credit the Canadian record for a half-mile on half-mile track, 1.02, made at Thamesville last year. He was raced a little on the ice last winter, but on account of illness early in the season did not do himself justice. The fact that he won two races during the London meeting and took a record of 2.17 1-4 without getting to the limit of his speed, stamps him as one of the best pacers of the year.

Another pacer of prominence is the bay stallion Forest Pointer, owned by Arnold Bros., of Toronto, and in the stable of the well-known trainer, Jas. McPhee. This horse reduced his record from 2.18 1-4 to 2.17 1-4 at Seaforth, and was a winner again at London.

The trotting mare Mattie Bryson, owned by Prunty & Mann, South River, Ont., and that was a repeated winner on the ice last winter, has won each of her two starts to date this year and now carries a record of 2.21 1-4, which she is without doubt able to reduce materially.

The only performer during the Listowel meeting was the gelding Billy W., that took a record of 2.22 1-4, but plainly able to go much faster. This horse is owned by Messrs. Cudmore & Govenlock, of Seaforth, and as he is by that well-known sire of pacers, Sir John, and out of a mare by John Duncan, second dam of Terror (thoroughbred), thus giving him a double infusion of thoroughbred blood, and making him bred on similar lines to the dead Flora Coffee, 2.05 1-2, it is but reasonable to suppose that he will be quite prominent in his future races.

Of the Canadian horses that are racing abroad, the stallion Hal B., Jr., and the Mare Wild Patchen, have both won, and at the same meeting Pontiac, Mich. Hal B., Jr., took a select field of sidewheelers into camp, and also took a record of 2.11 1-4, which, considering it was the horse's first start of the year, and that it is his first record, is meritorious indeed. This horse is owned by Mr. P. L. Kastner, of Sebringville, and is in the stable of Jimmy Easson, who is considered one of the best of Canadian race drivers.

Wild Patchen, that took a record of 2.15 3-4 at Pontiac, is a daughter of Hal Patchen, 2.15 3-4, owned by Mr. Caleb Wheeler, of Chatham, Ont. This mare was also raced on the ice last winter, but did not meet with much success, as she did not appear to take kindly to the cold weather racing. However, her present success is no surprise to those who saw her finish second to the "cream puff" pacer Major Macgregor, when the later took a record of 2.15 1-4 at London last fall, and in which race she stood better in the summary than Hal B., Jr., that got third money.

The mile track racing has not yet begun, but, when it does, the crack Canadian representatives, The Eel, 2.02 1-4, and Darkey Hal, 2.02 1-4, will be found holding their own with the best pacers that are racing.

* * *

Our attention has been called to the fact that we overlooked a truly great Ontario bred when mentioning the names of a number of thoroughbreds that had been foaled in the Dominion of Canada and that had demonstrated more than the usual amount of quality. The horse we refer to now is the gelding Denham, a six-year-old chestnut by Derwentwater—Cottondale, owned by the Valley Farm Stable at Hamilton. Denham's sire and dam are also owned at Valley Farm where he was foaled.

As a three-year-old Denham signalized his entry into the racing game by running a mile in 1.38 4-5 at Fort Erie in 1907, and this stands as the record for Canadian bred horses. His most notable performance, however, was the defeat of the "Big Train," Jack Atkin, during the recent meeting at Hamilton, and it was at the Schreiber horse's favorite distance, six furlongs. Denham beat the big horse every inch of the way, and won comfortably, running the distance in 1.11 4-5, which is within one-fifth of a second of the Canadian record, held by Diamond, and is two-fifths of a second faster than the former track record at Hamilton.

Denham has been unfortunate in his racing experiences for the reason that it has been difficult for Trainer Nixon to get him to the post, but, as it is, he is without doubt the speediest of the many good thoroughbreds that have been foaled in the Dominion of Canada.

In this same connection it is well also to mention the grand little mare Kelpie, a product of the Valley Farm, which, although light in stature, possesses the heart of a lion and limbs of steel, for she has to her credit the Canadian record at two miles and a quarter, and has repeatedly demonstrated that she is entitled to be classed among the best of Canadian horses.

* * *

PROFESSOR WOODBRIDGE RILEY of Vassar, suggests that young women should regard marriage as a profession.

"Of course, I don't mean by that," said Prof. Riley recently, "that a young woman should sell herself. I mean that she should use her brain in marrying.

"The sentimental idea of marriage so prevalent today—letting marriage come about of itself, so to speak—that idea seems to me as shiftless and foolish and lazy as the old lady's idea of spelling.

"'You know, my dear, when I don't know how to spell a word I underscore it, like this. Then, if it is spelled wrong, it passes for a good joke, and if it is spelled right it doesn't matter.'"

* * *

TWO London speculators were discussing the rubber boom, and the question naturally arose as to how long the upward movement was likely to be maintained.

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

One of them, who has done very well, was inclined to be somewhat pessimistic.

"You know," he observed to his friend, "something will come along and spoil this boom. If it isn't home politics or an outbreak of war it will be disease among the rubber trees, which, I'm told, once started, spreads like wildfire."

"Ah," retorted his friend, "the disease question is certainly a danger point. But I'm all right as regards that. The company I'm heavily interested in hasn't started planting yet!"

NO ASPARAGUS IN THE U.S.

YES, sir," says the waiter, not the French, Italian, German or Gascon waiter, but the plain American kind, "we've got some nice grass to-day."

So, also, the plain American grocer, in taking the household's order for the day will put down on his tab "two bunches grass" without being conscious that he is using any abbreviation.

These two signs presage, we believe, the passing of the word "asparagus." Country people have called it "grass" for generations, but when it begins to take a firm root in the diction of the city, the shorter and uglier word seems to be undermining for keeps the position of its longer compeer. These symptoms tell of a ground swell of usage that is going to sweep the boards clean some day.

It may be that "asparagus" will be preserved as one of the caste words of the aristocrats. It may be used as our Very Best People use "motor" when they mean "car." But it will not retain its vigor. It will become a pale shadow, while "grass" will do its work in the every-day life of America.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

SUNBURN, BLISTERS, SORE FEET.

Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.

Druggists and Stores everywhere

Zam-Buk

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

Stop That Limp

Change that limping, useless horse into a sound, healthy horse, willing and eager to do a good day's work.

Don't let a Spavin, Curb, Splint, Sprain, Ringbone or any other Lameness keep your horse in the stable. Cure it with

Kendall's Spavin Cure

It cures without leaving a scar, blemish or white hairs—because it does not blister.

Port Kalls, B.C., June 14th 1909

"Have been using your Liniment for years and find it all that you represent. Have not been without it for 10 years."

GEORGE GORDON.

$1. a bottle—6 for $5. Excellent for household use. Sold by all dealers. Ask for free book "A Treatise On The Horse" or write us for copy. 55

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO. Enosburg Falls, Vt.

That Splitting Headache

will vanish if you take

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists'.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 26

There's Strength in "CANAWELLA" TEA

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 38

The Kind that Mother Used to Make

Her smiles? Ah, they are mighty sweet!
They fill my days with sun and shine,
They gild the paths before my feet
With glory golden and divine.
They fill me with ambitions fair
For tasks immortals undertake,
And spur me ever on, for they're
The kind that Mother used to make.

Her eyes? Ah, they are deeply blue.
How I rejoice to watch their light
As they flash out on care and rue
And drive all worry out of sight!
And when she uses them—ah me!—
To stir me, how my pulses quake,
For they're again the kind, you see,
The kind that Mother used to make!

Her cooking? Ah, what genius lies
Behind each culinary scheme!
Such rabbits rare, such pumpkin pies,
Each dish a sweetly dainty dream.
It matters not what she may do,
Whatever she shall mix or bake,
There is not one unequal to
The kind that Mother used to make.

And when at night, returning late,
From business cares—and other things—
I find her waiting at the gate,
Or upstairs, full of murmurings,
I think of many a bygone day,
And how my daddy used to shake,
For her remarks are, sad to say,
The kind that Mother used to make!

But, never mind, there is a charm
Which puts all railing to the rout,
Initiates a peaceful calm,
Gives peace within, and peace without.
And when rebukes like Mother made
Assail the ear, both near and far,
Just crawl outside—invoke the aid
Of one ten-cent BUCK-EYE cigar.

P.S.—In the midst of misfortune, when all seems lost, never despair. There is still the BUCK-EYE—and it is the best ten cent cigar you can buy.

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C., by
ORMOND T. SMITHE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.
The editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by correspondents.

SATURDAY, SEPT., 17, 1910.

What the Editor has to say.

Next Friday will be Show Day. What are you doing to help make this annual affair a success?

Sometimes a farmer is heard to remark, that he does not enter anything at the Show, because the prize is not worth the bother of showing the produce.

Often, we hear people at the Show remark, "oh, we would have taken the prize for potatoes, carrots or something else, if we had only known."

There wouldn't be much interest taken in a Show if it were known beforehand who was going to take the prizes, and anyone who leaves anything at home that might have taken a prize, should be ashamed to say anything about it on Show Day.

The Secretary and the Committee of the Agricultural Society have done their share already towards making this year's Show a success, and it is now up to the farmers to fill up their entry lists and show that their efforts have been appreciated.

If one half the farmers in the District will act upon this suggestion there is no doubt that this year's Show will far surpass any of those that have gone before.

"Where is my wandering cow to-night?" That is a question that some of the owners of the troublesome bovines which wander the streets of our town at night, opening gates, destroying lawns and gardens, might ask, if the example of Nelson were followed in this city.

Last week a Nelson man was hailed into court and ordered to pay damages to the extent of over $100 for the damage his cow had caused to his neighbor's garden.

If a little more of Nelson spirit in regard to such matters was to pervade this town it would be a fine thing for this City.

Wanted

Canvassers to solicit subscriptions to THE ISLANDER on commission

Only hustlers need apply

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

FRUIT TREES

Not the Cheapest, but the Best

Catalogue Free

Vancouver Island Nursery Co.,
Ltd.
Somenos, V.I.

Sale of Lands for Unpaid Delinquent Taxes in the Comox Assessment District. Province of British Columbia.

I hereby give notice that, on Wednesday, the 12th day of October, 1910, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Cumberland, B. C., I shall sell by Public Auction the lands hereinafter set out of the persons in the said list hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on the 31st day of December 1909, and for interest, costs and expenses, including the cost of advertising said sale, if the total amount due is not sooner paid. LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

NAME OF PERSON ASSESSED.	SHORT DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY.	DELINQUENT TAXES			Statutory Costs and Expenses	TOTAL
		TAXES	School TAX	Int. to Date of Sale		
Bishop of Vancouver Island	40 1-2 acres of Sec 1 and 2, Comox	10 80	.84	.54	2.00	14.18
Robert Scott's Estate	2 acres in N. W. corner of Sec. 42	9.20		.96	2.00	12.16
Sloan, William	Lot 250, Horne Lake	4.80		.38	2.00	7.18
	NELSON DISTRICT.					
Wilson, J. B.	Lot 10	32.80	.91	1.68	2.00	37.39
Wilson, J. B.	Fr. N. W. 1-4 & N. E. Sec. 27, Tp 11	10 00	.29	.51	2.00	12.80
Fraser River Lumber Co.	Lot 27	53.00		2.65	2.00	57.65
McNeil, John	N. E. 1-4 Sec, 29, Tp. XI	4.80	.89	.28	2.00	7.97
Union Brewing Co.	Part 2 acres of S. E. 1-4 Sec 33 Tp.X	60		.03	2.00	2.63
	HORNBY ISLAND.					
Herbert, D. L.	S. E. 1-4 Sec., 4a	5.36		.26	2.00	7.62
	HERNANDO ISLAND					
Hayes, Catherine Stewart	S. 1-2 of Sec., 4	4 20		.21	2.00	6.41
	CORTES ISLAND.					
Padgett, H. H.	Fr. S. W. 1-4 Sec., 3	3.00		.15	2.00	5.15
Vroom, J. P.	Undivided 1-2 of N. 1-2 of Sec 22,	1.80		.09	2.00	3.89
	SAYWARD DISTRICT.					
Johnson, Ellis J.	That part of S. W. 1-4 of Sec., 17, lying W. of river, S. W. 1-4 of N. W. 1-4 of Sec., 17, S. E. 1-4 of N.E.1-4 Sec., 18, Tp. 3	3.90		.19	2.00	6.09
	RUPERT DISTRICT.					
Stephens, E.	Undivided 1-3 of Sec. 15	367.26		136.61	2.00	505.87
Hunt, George	6 acres in N. W. corner, Sec., 18	3.00		.15	2.00	5.15
Jonckau, Rev J.J. Estate	Mission Island	14.72		.73	2.00	17.45
Fell, Elizabeth Ann and John B. H.	W 1-2 Sec., 19, Tp. 2	24.48		1.22	2.00	27.70
Scott, John R.	N.W.1-4 of N.W.1-4 of S.W. 1-4, Sec., 21, Tp. XI	.80		.04	2.00	2.84
Shuttleworth, Henry	Fr. S. W. 1-4 Sec. 17, Tp. 35	1.80		.09	2.00	3.89
	COAST DISTRICT RANGE 1.					
Forrest, James M.	Lot 113	28 20		1.41	2.00	31.61
McIntosh, Finley	Lot 283	3.60		.18	2.00	5.78

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor, Comox Assessment District,
Cumberland P. O.

Dated at Cumberland, B. C., September 6th, 1910.

Advertise in The Islander

THE ISLANDER

$1.50

a Year

in advance

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Are you

A JEWELLER

If not

Have you a friend who is?

In either case you should be interested in this

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

AN OLD ESTABLISHED BUSINESS

Carrying a full line of the very best

Clocks,
Watches
and Jewellery

Also a

BOOKSTORE IN CONNECTION WITH THE BUSINESS

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

AGE AND ILL HEALTH

Will sell on the buyers own terms

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

Full particulars may be learned by communicating with

"M" The Islander Office
Cumberland, B.C.

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IS A GREAT BENEFIT

To the printer who does good work.

Good printing is the only kind we do, and our prices are reasonable

See us about your next printing job

THE ISLANDER

Prints everything

Prints it well

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

75 cents per column inch per month.

Special rate for half page or more.

Condensed Advertisements

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

No accounts run for this class of advertising

FOR SALE.

114 acres on Denman Island immediately opposite Union Wharf; ½ mile sea frontage; good harbor and good beach. Plenty of good water; creek and splendid well on property. The land has been logged off. A quantity of good cedar on the property. A snap at $3000. Apply

H. BEADNELL,
Comox, B. C.

Cumberland & Union Waterworks Co., Ltd.

Sprinkling will be allowed only between the hours of 7 to 8 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m.

Leaking taps must be attended to.

Any changes or additions to existing piping must be sanctioned by the company.

A. McKNIGHT,
Manager.

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods

Best Bread and Beer in Town

Agents for Pilsener Beer

CONDENSED ADS.

Advertisements under this head 1 cent, 1 word, 1 issue; strictly in advance.

Furnished Rooms to Let, opposite the Hospital.

Wanted—Three Young Pigs; send price and particulars. T. A. L. Smith, Hornby Island. j19

Two Light Draft Teams, weight about 1400lbs. Apply Shopland Bros., Sandwick. j11

For Sale—9 Milk Cows and 3 Heifers Apply H. S. Porteus, Hankshaw, Courtenay. j18

8 Roomed House and Double Lot for Sale, cheap; or will rent furnished Mrs. Roe.

For Sale—Chicken Ranch 3 acres, Good House (recently renovated), 300 laying hens, brooder house and outhouses, orchard, good garden. Apply Mrs Hill, opposite D. Beadnell's, Comox.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until 6 p m., Saturday, September 10th, 1910, for the exclusive right to sell light refreshments on the Agricultural grounds, Fair Day, September 23rd, 1910.

M. B. BALL,
Sandwick, B. C., Aug., 31st.

NOTICE

Any person or persons wishing to cut any fallen timber on City Park Lots are at liberty to cut and cart same away for their own use.

Any standing timber must not be cut or destroyed.

Any person or persons found dumping garbage or refuse on same will be prosecuted.

By order of the City Council.

A. McKINNON,
City Clerk.

City Hall, Aug. 19th, 1910.

Notice to Advertisers.

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

THE

Corner Store

Shipment of New Fall Goods arriving almost every day . .

As the seasons change, so the progressive merchants begin to fill their stores with New Goods. The Fall is rapidly advancing and we already have a large quantity of Fall Goods here and on the way.

Now is the time to stock up on your Winter Goods, you have the advantage of selecting from all new goods, whereas if you wait till the cold weather comes, you will not have quite as large an assortment to choose from. Among the latest goods to arrive are :—

New Flannelettes and Wrapperettes, 12½c to 35c
White Wool Blankets, 3.00 to 9.00 per pr.
White and Grey Flannelette Sheets, in three sizes.
Canadian Wool Blankets, best quality, 5.00 to 8.00 per pr.
36 in. Stripe Flannelette, in various stripes, 15c per yd.
Real Down Comforters in large sizes, 6 50, 8.50 to 14.00
New Chenille and Tapestry Table Covers, from 75c up
New Tapestry Curtains, in all colors
New Dress Goods, in the latest weaves and colors
New Japanese Silk, 27 in. wide, all colors, at 50c per yd.
Ladies' Hand Bags and Purses, in latest styles and shapes
Ladies' Cravenette & Parametta Rain Coats, latest styles 7.50 up
New Bedspreads, in all sizes and qualities
Special value in Feather and Wool Pillows, at 1 85 per pr.
Ready-made Sheets from 1.75 pr Pillow Cases, extra good 30c ea.
Ladies' and Children's Natural Wool Underwear, in all sizes
Children's Apron Bibs, the new style to work.

We have a large stock of Cushion Frills, Coronation Brand, Japanese Gold, Peri Lustre, Crochet Silk, Filo Sella & Roman Floss for fancy work.

A large and new stock of Corsets, latest styles, just arrived.

New Hats for men, latest shapes, also Ties in the latest patterns.

Men's Pit Shoes and Socks in good variety; Heavy underwear from $1.50 to $7.00 suit, Black Cashmere Socks for Fall 35c & 50c, Fancy Colored Heather Mexican Socks, new patterns . . . . . .

Our stock of Boots and Shoes is too large for us to enumerate. We have some splendid values in these, and they only need to be seen to be appreciated.

We respectfully ask our patrons to visit our store and see the New Goods for themselves, as it is impossible for us to specify them all.

May we take your measure for your New Fall Suit or Overcoat?

McLEOD & BAILEY

C. H. TARBELL

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

AGENTS FOR

The McClary Manufactuing Co.
Sherwin-Williams Paints

j5

HAND PAINTED CHINA

. . A Fine Assortment of China at Moderate Prices . .

Our stock is now complete in all lines of Furniture, Beds, Springs & Mattresses . . .

A fine line of Couches and Bed Lounges from $7.00 to $20.00 NOW ON SALE
You are specially invited to call and inspect our stock at

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Pilsener Beer

The product of Pure Malt and Bohemian Hops

Absolutely no chemicals used in its manufacture

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co. Cumberland, B.C.

j2

DAME FASHION'S DECREES

WHEN a flouncing or narrow edging of embroidery is used to trim a gown it must not be gathered too full so as to hide the pattern or make the material hang thick.

Once and a quarter more than the space to be covered is sufficient for a ruffle and a dainty Swiss edging can even take a trifle more, but not a heavy cambric design. The gathers should be done with two rows of stitches evenly spaced and the material "stroked" between the stitches to have the ruffle hang even.

Large-holed designs do not iron well, being apt to pull out or a sharp-pointed iron will tear the hole larger. Long overlay stitches will pull out easily. A heavy pattern is apt to pull out the foundation if handled roughly in the wash.

All embroidery should be ironed on the wrong side on a folded bath towel to bring out the pattern and it needs very little starching. In cutting out the edge leave a trace of the plain material which will soon wear off and to cut it closer means cut threads that soon pull out the work.

* * *

Insertion edges must be evenly turned and laid flatly, neither slackened or tightened; cutting the material out back of insertion shows off the design better. Applique figures require the edges to be closely sewed down, using fine cotton.

In machine stitching keep a loose tension and fine cotton for embroidery. Use too fine rather than too coarse an embroidery. An over-waist, sleeves, etc., require bound or French seams.

Sometimes a scalloped edge with a vine-like or running design above can be appliqued on as a trimming with excellent effect, cutting out the foundation close to the vine so as to disguise the application of it. Lace and embroidered motifs are used together partly overlaying the lace with the motif.

Charlotte Corday Hat of Black Lace

Embroidery for ladies and children's dresses, coats, parts of costumes, trimmings, parasols, hats, etc., is now in the zenith of fashion and cannot be too much worn.

* * *

As to footgear the English woman this year has blossomed forth in very smart low shoes and colored stockings. Some of the mummy dresses being very short, feet and ankles are exposed to public view, so sombre black hosiery has been more or less discarded and scarlet, old rose, aeroplane blue, smoke gray and even white stockings are worn.

Of course, the really smart thing is to match the frock exactly in hosiery and then wear pumps with large black bows, but some English women go their French sisters one better and exhibit remarkable contrasts.

Hand-painted stockings, slippers and gloves from France are much in favor. At several smart weddings recently the brides have worn satin slippers edged with Valenciennes lace on the toes of which were painted sprays of myrtle or clusters of orange blossoms, the same design being carried out on the gloves.

The Parisian always bravely defies convention in regard to the blending of colors and mates purples and reds, and yellows and pinks with sometimes beautiful effects which are very becoming to her creamy pallor. The English woman has made up her mind to do the same, and this season's gowns show French color schemes which may or may not suit her very different style.

As for jewelry, the English woman has gone gem mad. At the recent courts, at race meetings, small dinners and luncheons and bridge parties superb jewelry has been in evidence. Of course, at the courts this is not extraordinary, as when the king and queen receive all those invited make themselves as resplendent as possible; but this year it was noticed that the display of precious stones was more magnificent than ever, while indoors with morning gowns and outdoors with rich furs a rich profusion of jewelry was worn.

Long earrings still have a certain prestige. They seem to go with mummy dresses and turban coiffures. Cameos, discarded since early Victorian days, have come back. A cameo brooch can be of shell or the more costly onyx, and it can have belonged to a maternal grandparent or have been recently purchased, but it must be present in some form. Pendants of these ornaments in their original massive and florid settings are seen, while impossibly large cameos are set in bonbon boxes and hung from neck chains or waistbands.

Bangles are numerous in all styles, from plain gold to gem starred, and dozens are worn on each wrist.

It is always said, of course, that this craze for jewelry was imported by the American contingent in London, but if it was the English woman has certainly adopted it with as much facility as she has recently adopted the bizarre and extreme French styles which a few years ago would have aroused her disdain.

* * *

A wide border of wild geese done in satin stitch, Kensington outline and long and short stitch make a handsome portiere.

Drapery effects are progressing in dressy costumes, taking the form of real or simulated tunics, long full draperies, panniers, scarflike folds, etc.

Black and white are attractively combined in many of the new jabot effects, the black usually taking the form of satin pipings, jet buttons and tiny buckles.

Roman and Italian blankets are used partly as a decoration and partly as a necessity. They are obtainable in college colors. A girl having a blanket kimono last year while at college said it proved the most useful article she had. Often while studying the room would not be warm and she found the big kimono was cosy and warm, so she often donned it when studying.

Every girl likes to wear thin lingerie waists, and only the cost of having them laundered prevents the majority from wearing them constantly.

And yet, if a girl will give time to the task, such waists may be washed and ironed at home for comparatively little money.

Of course, tailored waists that require starching must be sent to the laundry, but such fabrics as madras and cotton crepe are not difficult to launder at home, because no chemicals which lessen the strength of the threads are used. In the average laundry the aim is, of course, to get best results with a minimum of time and labor, consequently chemicals for preserving the whiteness of the fabrics are employed.

It goes without saying that sheer waists washed and ironed in a laundry will be injured still more than substantial fabrics, so for this reason alone girls should make the attempt at home cleaning.

For a trial at home laundering wash and iron a mull waist. It requires no starch, and after a little practice with unstarched waists a person gains a little knowledge of how to iron starched blouses. For example, a girl discovers the knack of getting the iron into the tops of the sleeves and how to press tucks and hems, besides a few minor points, all without injury to the garment being ironed.

Experimenting with starched clothes is rather difficult, because the iron sticks, "smuts" are apt to transfer themselves from iron to waist, and other ills often happen.

The first step in the laundering process is to soak the garments. If they can lie in the bath over night so much the better, because then less rubbing will be needed. Into this bath put suds made from a good, white soap, that has been melted into a jelly. A few drops of ammonia may be added to destroy any odor of perspiration.

Next morning the waists should be squeezed through the hands and moved up and down in the suds to release the soil.

Then prepare a second bath the same as the first, using borax instead of ammonia (this for whitening purposes). Squeeze as before. Soap must not be rubbed directly on the fabric because this thickens the threads and consequently the waist shrinks, besides losing the sheer effect of the goods.

SILK AND CRETONNE TOILET CASES

FOR the dressing-table or travelling bag a compact little hairpin case can be easily made that will prove most useful for any one who cares to keep all her belongings in neat order.

A small, round box, not more than three inches long by two in diameter, is first covered with a pretty chintz or silk, all joining of the material hidden with a narrow gilt braid or lace. Inside the box are next fitted snugly seven little round hairpin boxes, the lids, of course, being left off. These cases are all of material which carries out the color scheme of the room. One of the newest of these boxes is a double glove case; in other words, a long box, with a partition in the centre, so that long and short gloves may be kept separate, or the white gloves kept neatly on one side and the dark ones in their own partition.

Any cardboard box of right proportions (about seven by fourteen inches) can be divided by placing a strip of cardboard cut from another box down the centre, gluing it firmly at both ends. This box is then lined with china silk or with chintz and covered on the outside with whatever material is desired.

Even if there is no space for a bookcase in her room there is surely space on some shelf or table where some few books can be kept. Instead of just piling them together a wooden rack should be bought and covered with either wall paper or, preferably, chintz or silk. This rack with its little row of books that are being read will be an ornament wherever it stands, whether shelf, table or desk.

There are two things more which a girl should make for herself from the pieces of chintz or cretonne left over from the hangings of her room. One of these is a bag for stockings yet to be darned, the other a small bag in which soiled handkerchiefs can be kept neatly together and not lost or mixed with those of the other members of the family when sent downstairs to the laundry.

A girl whose room boasts of a large, light hanging closet with a number of conveniently placed shelves is much to be envied, for it is easy to be orderly when there is a place to put everything. If the hanging closet is not large it is to be hoped that there are at least two chests of drawers in the room so that plenty of space can be set apart for the boxes containing all the necessary accessories—collars, belts, veils, stockings, gloves, ribbons, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., all of which are so important to the girl who delights in being as well gowned as her allowance will permit.

If there is not sufficient space in the high chest of drawers or on the closet shelf for all her boxes, then a utility case or stand of boxes should be bought. These stands are to be had in practically any width and height desired, so that often such a stand will fit in a corner that could be used for no other purpose. The frame part of white enamel and the boxes all of the chintz with which the room is hung make an extremely pretty piece of furniture. While some of these stands are made only for the size boxes in which veils, gloves, etc., can be kept, others, again, are large enough to hold waists, and perhaps underclothes, while some of these stands are fashioned with boxes of varied size, one large enough for a hat, others for the small accessories, and, below these, two or three long boxes for the separate bodices and the lingerie.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

A HOT bath quiets the nerves and does much to clear the complexion. Cold baths are invigorating, but they do not cleanse the skin and its pores to any great extent.

So many women have developed foot troubles during recent years that more attention is paid to the subject, and it is recommended that the feet be massaged carefully at night with certain exercises to make them supple, that will overcome the effect of the shoes that women are now compelled to wear.

Few women are aware that one of the best remedies for the teeth is common baking powder. It is used like any tooth powder, on a wet tooth brush. Be careful to scrub well inside the mouth, especially at the back. The taste of the soda is unpleasant at first, but great improvement can at once be noticed on the teeth.

Power to see things clearly at a distance is impaired by

Straw Hat with Ostrich Feather

devoting the eyes too greatly to reading or other pursuits in which the objects seen are close to the eyes. All persons who use their sight in this way should try to counteract the effect by striving to distinguish distant objects. Neither in short sight nor long sight is there of necessity any inferiority of the eye tissues. The fault is solely in the shape of the organs, which changes after the focussing power. Too much reading presses the eye out of shape.

A CASE FOR OVERSHOES

THE modern girl knows well the risk in ever getting her feet wet, and always keeps a pair of rubbers or tips near at hand. In travelling it is especially necessary to be provided against a sudden shower, and there must surely be space left in the suit case or hand bag for a pair of overshoes. Neat little cases can now be bought in which the rubbers can be most conveniently packed, and these bags are infinitely better than wrapping paper.

A rubbers case can be made easily of chintz or linen to correspond with the rest of the cases in the bag. If intended for tips a small square envelope shaped bag is best, but overshoes take up less room if laid flat. An oblong envelope like that for the brush and comb is best. The chintz, linen or whatever material is used is first lined with a rubber sheeting and then the two bound all around with ribbon or silk.

Often in travelling it is not possible to wash off the overshoes before putting them in their case, and for this reason rubber lining is used, which can be washed off. Oil silk can also be used for the lining, and is, of course, lighter in weight than the rubber sheeting.

A loop and large button fasten the flap of the envelope. If there are many cases of different kinds in the bag then each case should have written on it what it is to contain.

TOBACCO FORTUNES

In recent years the public has gained some idea of the immense fortunes made by the best-known tobacco manufacturers, but the will of Sir Edward Wills, just proved, with its total of over $12,500,000, stands an easy first, with the exception of that of his brother, the late Sir Frederick Wills, who left nearly $15,000,000. Mr. G. Hatfield, of Taddy's, died worth over $6,500,000; Mr. John Higuett left nearly $2,500,000, and Mr. George Cope made $1,250,000 out of tobacco.

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Does not contain Alum

Canada will some day stop by legislation the use of alum in baking powder. Alum powders injure digestion. Great Britain already prohibits alum in foods.

Made in Canada

MAGIC is better than any food law requires.

MAGIC insures healthful, wholesome food. Brings success to you in baking light, flaky biscuits, cake and pastry.

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Full Pound Cans, 25c.

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No. 268 FREE COOK BOOK If you have not received a copy of Magic Cook Book, send name and address on postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed free of charge.

UNITED STATES NEW INFANTRY EQUIPMENT

THE new equipment for the United States Infantry will prove a boon to the soldier in the field. This has been the study of the special army board for the several past months, and a practical test at field manoeuvring by the soldiers equipped with the new outfit has thoroughly demonstrated its worth.

The equipment has been devised with every consideration of economy in cost and reduction in weight, and adds materially to the soldier's personal movements, while at the same time means have been adopted for relieving him of that part of the burden from which he needs to separate himself in the field.

The new equipment accomplishes a saving in weight in the burden of the foot soldier of ten pounds. Its principal feature is the pack, which consists of a cylindrical roll of canvas worn vertically on the back of the soldier. This contains the blanket, poncho, rations, and so on. It is adjusted so as to minimize the weight, and is affixed to the body in such a way that the "comforts" may be speedily released by pulling a string and leaving that part of the pack on the field, suitably numbered for subsequent identification. All that then remains on the shoulders is that part of the haversack containing the necessaries in the shape of food and water.

Another feature of the outfit is made up of the surplus kit, one for each squad of a corporal and seven men, and containing the extra pair of shoes, a pair of slippers or gymnasium shoes (a new article), the extra blanket, and a combination "hussif," instead of the individual article. A new bayonet scabbard has been devised and will be carried on the pack, the idea being to take away from the body all dangling articles. The soldier's blouse is to be abandoned, and in its place is suggested a moderately heavy sweater, to be made with an opening for chest exposure. It is claimed that this garment in connection with the short jacket will afford a better facility for marching than does the present uniform.

MAKING HATS FASHIONABLE

IT is said that one De Villiers, a Boer, was the man to introduce hats among the South African natives, and that profit, not philanthropy, was his motive.

It appears that, chancing to come across a consignment of damaged hats in Port Elizabeth, which were offered for a mere song, De Villiers bought the whole lot, packed them away in his wagon, and started for Kaffirland.

When he reached Tembuland he unloaded his stock, opened his kegs of liquor, without which no trade was made at that time, and began business. But he found his venture likely to prove unprofitable. The natives did not want hats; they wanted blankets and beads and looking-glasses, and above all liquor, but they looked askance at the hats. Then a bright idea came to De Villiers. He wanted to introduce those hats. He did introduce them. His simple expedient was to refuse to sell anything to a Kaffir unless he bought a hat, too. The Kaffirs wanted his goods, so they bought the hats.

When a Kaffir buys anything he feels bound to make use of it. The natives, therefore, donned their headgear and returned to their kraals. Now appeared the brilliancy of the trader's idea. Fashion rules the world. It is as strong in Africa as in America, and when those who stayed at home saw the travellers return in all the glory of this strange covering they felt behindhand and old-fashioned. Their desire to possess the latest things in hats became intense. They paid De Villiers a visit, and his stock no longer hung heavy upon his hands. The hats were soon sold.

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.— In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh. There is no other Oil that has its curative qualities.

ADVISING THE PILOT

IT is not often that the German Emperor allows himself to be snubbed by one of his own subjects, but an actual instance occurred last summer.

His Majesty was on board the Hohenzollern, and approaching a certain German port on the North Sea, the Imperial yacht took on a pilot, and this authority posted himself at the wheel.

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

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

The Emperor, who regards himself as a perfect master of steering, stationed himself in the vicinity of the pilot, and suggested giving him a hand at the wheel. The rough sea-dog, not recognizing the Emperor, turned round with a snarl.

"Are you pilot, or am I?" he growled.

Amazed, Wilhelm II. retired crestfallen to his stateroom. But he thought better of it, and in a few minutes returned to the bridge, and in great humility laid a box of cigars beside the pilot, with the remark:

"Thou art the pilot!"

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

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

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

Plows, Harrows, Drills

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

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

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

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Elephant Hunting in British East Africa

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

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

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

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

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

"At this point we decided to leave our mules and steal up on the elephants. Occasionally we would climb a tree to try to locate them, but w[illegible]. Finally we thought that [illegible] near them, when we were startled by an awful rumble. We thought that the elephants had got our scent and had bolted, and that the stampede had caused the sound.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE DIAMOND RING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MEDICINE MYSTERY

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

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

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

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

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

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

CINCINNATUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REHEARSING A PLAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOILING SIR WILLIAM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ten Thousand Miles of Stolen Rides

(By Rinaldo, the Wandering Violinist)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE POPCORN KING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PHOTOS AND PICTURES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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H. F. Montgomery, Manager j7

TOWN TOPICS.

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

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

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

Mr. J. N. McLeod drove over the road to Nanaimo on Thursday on a business trip.

The Presbyterian Church will give a concert on Oct., 20th. The young people already preparing one of their always popular plays.

At a meeting of the Licensing Board held last Wednesday evening, the request for removal of license from the present premises of C. Musatto to his new building on Dunsmuir Avenue, was granted.

Do not forget the Millinery opening at the Big Store Saturday Sept. 17th.

RALLY DAY

The Methodist Sunday School held their special service on Sunday last. The children were in force, occupying the front seats and were in every made to feel that they were an acknowledged part of the church having a day set apart for themselves, and in which they were given their own part in the service.

There was no sermon, and the order of the service followed a printed form called "Rally Day" issued by the general Board for the use of Methodist Sunday Schools for 1910, entitled "The Path of Life," which consists of specially selected hymns and readings with responses for the children as well as for the congregation.

Dr. Gillespie, the Superintendent read a report showing that they have 125 on the roll with an actual attendance that day of 107; a staff of 10 efficient teachers and officers; that financially they were prosperous, they had completed payment on a $325 piano and a $35 portable organ for the primary class; had contributed well to the missionary cause besides giving a little to conexional funds; the children had their usual Christmas entertainment also a picnic; renovated the primary class room re-stocked their library with books, all coming out of the Sunday School fund and all free of debt.

During this year an adult Bible class has been formed, which is rapidly growing in membership. There is also a Boys' Club of Tennis, Baseball, Basketball, on their own grounds.

There was a proposal that they have a reading room, and they very much wish that they could have a suitable room for indoor sports during the winter. They tender a very hearty invitaion to any other boys or men to join them in their classes and recreations.

On Monday all the members of the Sunday School were invited to sports and games with refreshments provided by the ladies, at which there was a large attendance. This was followed by a magic lantern entertainment with slides of a high order scenes of the northern portion of the Island, Indian village, the Rockies interesting Islands and glorious views of sea and land.

FARMERS ATTENTION

Tenders wanted for the malt grains from the Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland. The conditions and contract covering the above may be seen at the office of the above Company at any time.

Tenders will received up to Sept. 15th 1910.

PILSENER BREWING CO. LTD.

B. Cloutier

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

EXAMINATION FOR INSPECTOR OF STEAM BOILER AND MACHINERY

EXAMINATIONS for the position of Inspector of Steam Boilers and Machinery, under the "Steam Boilers Inspection Act, 1901," will be held at the Parliament Buildings, Victoria commencing November 7th, 1910. Application and instruction forms can be had on application to the undersigned, to whom the former must be returned correctly filled in, not later than October 24th, 1910. Salary $130 00 per month, increasing at the rate of $5.00 per month each year to a maximum of $180 00.

JOHN PECK,
Chief Inspector of Machinery,
New Westminster, B. C.

Dated Sept., 3rd, 1910.

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S. C. White Leghorns

402 Pullets laid in—
January - - 7616
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Average per bird for 90 days 58.5. This record has never been beaten on the N. American continent. These birds will make good breeding stock for 1911. Price $3 each. 3-yr-old breeders $1.50 each

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

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Leave Victoria 6 a.m. Tuesday
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Arrive Union Bay 10.30 p.m. Tuesday
Leave Union Bay 8 a.m. Wednesday
Arrive Nanaimo 2 p.m. Wednesday
Arrive Vancouver 6.30 p.m. Wednesday
Leave Vancouver 8 a.m. Thursday
Arrive Nanaimo 12.10 p.m. Thursday
Leave Nanaimo 1 p.m. Thursday
Arrive Union Bay 7.30 p.m. Thursday
Friday and Saturday repeat trips of Wednesday and Thursday
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Arrive Nanaimo 6 a.m. Sunday
Arrive Victoria 1 p.m. Sunday

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Size 20, reg. price 4.00 and 6.00, special price 3.00 & 4.50
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Size 26, reg. 7.50, **Special 6.00**

These are exceptionally good value, being finely finished tailor-made gaments and are well worth yourstime looking over, if you want a good suit for your good boy at a reasonable prices.

Girls' Sheperd's Plaid, D. B. Reefer Coats, sizes 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, reg. 6.00, - - - *SPECIAL 4.50*
Girls' Navy Serge Dresses with sailor collar, - *1.50 each*
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There are only a few of each of these and they wont last long.

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