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THE ISLANDER

MID-SUMMER
CLEARANCE SALE
Bargains in every Line
CAMPBELL BROS.
VICTORIA, B. C.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY LIBRARY
JUL 23 1912

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BOOST YOUR OWN DISTRICT

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the number of outside real estate men who are visiting this district and taking out of it good money, which, if invested locally would bring in far better returns. We have in this district a number of good reliable real estate men who have been amongst us for a number of years and in whom we have every confidence. Opportunities are here in abundance, but the residents of the district are not taking hold of them as they should. but let any smooth-talking Vancouver wild-catter, whom they do not know from Adam's off ox, come around with some junk that cannot be given away in the place where it purports to belong, and people jump in and beg of the seller to take their money. The consequence is that when a man puts up a local proposition that is good, they are too much loaded up with this class of worthless stuff to handle the other, and so miss good chances. There have been enough subdivisions added to the original townsites of some of these cities to put the whole of the cities of Vancouver and Victoria into. Evidently the old saying that the public dearly likes to be humbugged is perfectly true these days. A man who would not buy a pair of socks in a store without seeing them will invest big money in property that he has never seen, solely on the word of a man whom he never before saw in his life. Invest your money in the district and grow with it.

Montreal, July 18.---McGill matriculation results published today show that the vast majority of students who wrote in British Columbia have passed.

Sidewalk Assessment Notice.

The Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland have been petitioned that it is desirable to construct a cement sidewalk from 1st to 5th Streets, on both sides of Dunsmuir Ave., and that all the said work shall be carried out under the provisions of the "Local Improvement Act," the City Engineer and Assessor having reported to the Council upon each and every part of said works of local improvement, giving statement showing the amount chargeable in each case against the various portions of real property to be benefitted by the said works, and the reports of the City Engineer and Assessor aforesaid have been adopted by the Council.

Name of Owner.	Lot	Bl'k	feet front	Rate per foot	TOTAL Complete	Yearly Payment	Total—five years
R. Grant & Co.	12	2	60	$2.42	$145.20	$39.38	$196 90
" "	11	2	20	2.42	48.40	13.13	65 65
Campbell Bros.	11	2	40	2.42	96.80	26.26	131 30
" "	10	2	34	2.42	82.28	22.32	111 60
J. N. McLeod	10	2	26	2.42	62.92	17.06	85 30
W. O. Harrison	9	2	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
D. Kilpatrick	8	2	32	2.42	77.44	21.01	105 05
F. Dallos	8	2	28	2.42	67.76	18.37	91 85
"	7	2	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
C. H. Tarbell	7	2	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
F. Scavardo	12	7	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Jos. McPhee	11	7	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	197 90
A. H. Peacey	10	7	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
K. Abe	10	7	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
Victor Bonora	9	7	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
S. Leiser & Co.	8	7	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
T. D. McLean	7	7	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
P. Dunne	7	7	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
T. Edwards	11	11	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
E. C. Emde	10	11	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
T. E. Banks	9	11	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Eliza Banks	8	11	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Fred Richardson	7	11	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
George Richardson	12	16	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
D. Thomson	11	16	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
H. Martin estate	10	16	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Canadian Collieries	9	16	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	8	16	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	7	16	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
S. Davis, jr.	1	3	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
F. Dallos	2	3	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
W. Gleason	3	3	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Mrs. W Beveridge	4	3	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
R. S. Robertson	5	3	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
S. Leiser & Co.	6	3	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Mrs. D. Piket	1	6	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	2	6	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
S. Davis, jr.	3	6	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Mrs. E. Jack	4	6	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
W. McLellan	4	6	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
Can. Bank of Commerce	5	6	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
S. Nakano	6	6	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
W. Willard	1	10	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Socialist Hall	2	10	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
Mrs. N. McFayden	2	10	30	2.42	72.60	19.69	98 90
Clinton & Pillsbury	3	10	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	4	10	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	5	10	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	6	10	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	1	15	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
R. S. Watkin	2	15	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
F. W. Robins	3	15	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
Geo. Tarbell	4	15	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
"	5	15	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90
C. Mussatto	6	15	60	2.42	145.20	39.38	196 90

Notice is hereby given that the said reports are open for inspection at the office of the City Assessor, Dunsmuir Ave., and that unless a petition against any proposed work of local improvement above mentioned, signed by a majority of the owners of the land and real property to be assessed for such improvement and representing at least one-half in value of the said land or real property, is presented within twelve days from the date of the first publication of this notice, the Council will proceed with the proposed improvements upon such terms and conditions as to the payment of the cost of such improvement as the Council may by by-law in that behalf regulate and determine. A. McKINNON, City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., July 12th, 1912.

HEALTH OFFICER'S REPORT FOR HALF-YEAR SUBMITTED TO COUNCIL

Sanitary Inspector Instructed to Investigate Sanitary Condition of Several Properties and Report to Council.

SEVERAL NEW BY-LAWS TO BE INTRODUCED

The city council held its regular meeting in the council chambers last Monday night. Present, Mayor McLeod, Aldermen Beveridge, Campbell, and Maxwell. The minutes of the previous regular and special meetings were adopted as read.

The chief of police submitted the following report, showing his collections for the month of June:

Scavenger	$124 00
Nightwatchman	42 50
Isolation Hospital	23 00
Hall rent	40 00
Dog tax	17 00
Police court fines	26 00
City road tax	2 00
Total	$275 00

The accounts presented and read by the city clerk were:—

Electric Light Co.	$ 38 25
" "	41 05
Islander Publishing Co.	3 00
Colonist Publishing Co.	15 00
H. J. Theobald	29 00
C. H. Tarbell	34 85
Fire Brigade	18 00
Cumberland Dept. Stores	1 75
Total	$180 90

Communications:—Geo. K Mac Naughton, M.D., submitted his report for the half year ending June 30, 1912. Of contageous diseases there were: Diphtheria, 8; scarlet fever, 2; chicken pox, 3, In the report he said that diphtheria had been prevalent on both the Island and mainland, and not due to purely local conditions.

The King's Printer replied to the city's request for a copy of the revised statutes, 1911, by advising them to send a cheque for $21.70, when same would be forwarded by registered mail.

The city band made application for the $50 promised by the council.

The National Finance Co., of Toronto, informed the council that they were active dealers in government and municipal debentures.

These were all laid on the table to come up later for discussion.

Ald. Beveridge made mention of the disgraceful condition that existed around the rear of the various business houses. Rubbish of all kinds, paper boxes, etc., are left scattered around, and a match dropped by someone might cause a serious fire. He suggested that they should have a large box to keep such rubbish in.

The chairman of the board of works informed the council that there were several complaints made to him against the city scavenger and the way he was neglecting his work. The matter was left in the hands of the board of works.

The backyards and surroudings of some of the private residences according to some of the aldermen, were not what they should be, and they thought it advisable to give them notice to clean up. In the event of them failing to comply with the council's request, the city would then proceed to do the cleaning up and charge same to the property-owners. The sanitary inspector will be called upon to make an inspection and report to the council.

The chief of police will be asked to keep a keen eye on the peddlers coming to town. The council thinks the city is not getting the revenue that should come to it.

The council then considered the health officer's report. The sanitary inspector will be requested to investigate the conditions at the Matheson property, where it is said that four families use one closet; also the Webber property on which there is a well that is not fit to be used, and which he was instructed to nail down.

It was decided that the board of works be instructed to see that all sewers which are not connected up now, be done at once, and charged up to the property-owners, the city to do the work,

The city clerk was instructed to pay to the trustees of the city band the $50 donated to them some time ago by the council. He was also instructed to forward $21.75 to the King's Printer for the revised statutes.

The council, after considering the offer of a Vancouver firm of engineers to supply an expert for $200 a month to supervise the construction of the sidewalks, and who would relieve the mayor and aldermen of considerable responsibility, decided to employ him while the sidewalk was being built.

The Trades License By-law came up for further discussion, and was finally passed and ordered to be printed by the ISLANDER, which had o[illegible]t do the work for $30.

The by-law introduced by Ald Beveridge to regulate the construction of wooden buildings within the municipality of Cumberland, passed its first and second reading.

Ald Maxwell introduced a by-law to be known as the "Concrete Sidewalk By-law, 1912," authorizing the council to borrow the sum of $7000 for the term of five years, passed its first and second reading. It was mentioned that all the property-holders desirous of paying for their share of the sidewalk at once must do so before the sidewalk is commenced, and not after it is finished, as stated in these columns last week.

The benefit smoker given in the Courtenay Opera House on Thursday evening last, under the auspices of the Courtenay and Cumberland Lacrosse Clubs, proved a grand success. The program provided for the occasion was a very lengthy one and included some excellent items. The dark horse of Cumberland in his three-round bout with Slim Turner, easily outpointed him all the way.

URBAN HIGH SCHOOL EXAMS

The results of the urban high school entrance examinations were announced Tuesday by the department of education.

His royal highness the governor-general has not expressed his pleasure in respect to the number of medals which he intends to award, and announcement of the winners is deferred for the present.

CUMBERLAND CENTRE.

Cumberland---Number of candidates, 9; passed, 3. Herman Dillman, 564, Olive L. Bickle, 563: John H. Robertson, 552.

Non Municipal Schools.

Comox—Number of candidates 2: passed, 0.

Courtenay—Number of candidates, 2: passed, 0.

Sandwick—Number of candidates, 2: passed, 1, W. Drew Berkeley, 559.

Union Bay---Number of candidates, 3: passed, 2. Gerald Berry, 608; F. Desmond Roe, 585.

LOCAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

For sale:—Five mules. Apply N, McFayden, Cumberland.

Miss Pearl Wall, of Vancouver, is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Vivian Bate left Wednesday morning by the SS. Charmer for Vancouver, after spending a few weeks at Roy's Beach with her family.

F. H. Heap has purchased the Cumberland Steam Laundry, and will endeavor to give satisfaction to his customers.

Miss Hazel Whyte is spending her vacation in Nancouver.

Correction:—In our report of the death at Dempsey Camp, Hardy Bay, last week, it should have read "Charles Anderson," and not "John Pleas." Mr. Pleas is foreman of the camp.

Miss Mabel Abrams left by the Cowichan last Sunday on a visit to Vancouver.

Miss Queenie Abrams visited her parents last Saturday and left for Vancouver Sunday.

Mrs. Gillanders returned to her home in Vancouver on Sunday last.

Dr. J. A. Gillespie and family, and Miss Annie Haywood, left for Vancouver last Sunday. Miss Haywood was the recipient of a handsome manicure set, presented to her just previous to her departure by the members of the Grace Methodist church, as a token of esteem and respect.

Miss May Bate, who has been in charge of the No. Seven public school, left by Wednesday morning's boat for Victoria and Vancouver. Miss Bate will, at the end of the summer vacation, take up her duties as teacher at the East Kensington School in the municipality of Surrey, having been appointed to fill that position.

Miss Ina Whyte left by Saturday's boat for Vancouver, where she has been accepted as a pupil nurse in St. Paul's Hospital.

A benefit concert in aid of the Cumberland Junior Football team will take place in the City Hall on Monday, June 22nd. Some of the best local talent has been secured, and Pete Anderson will show three of the best films.

POLICE COURT HAPPENINGS

(Before Judge Abrams.)

John Newton, inspector of coal mines, laid information against Ed Woods, under the Coal Mines Regulation Act, for unlawfully having in possession caps and fuse while working in a coal mine. He pleaded guilty and was fined $5.00 and costs.

P. Stoddart laid a charge against Samuel McLeod for that he did unlawfully assault one Percy Stoddart by attempting and threatening to apply force to the person of the said Percy Stoddart. According to the evidence he had ordered Sam McLeod out of an office, and when the two met in the Cumberland Hotel a little later McLeod asked Stoddart to try his hand at putting him out of there. On this occasion Stoddart evidently thought it wise to seek refuge as early as possible, and went behind the bar without delay, thinking that Sam was on the warpath. The magistrate dismissed the case.

Alex Black laid an information against R. Goodwin for assaulting him while working in No. 6 mine. The two had their coats off, and seemed determined to prove which was the better man. The magistrate gave them a good dressing down, and informed them that they both ought to be fined for fighting in a coal mine. He dismissed the case with a warning.

Fatal Accident.

A fatal accident occurred at No. Seven mine last Wednesday evening, when Alex Borusewski, a Russian Pole, was killed. He had knocked the block out from a loaded car in his stall, to allow it to proceed down to the level, when by some cause unknown, the car got the best of him and he shouted for help. The unfortunate man was found in underneath the car crushed to death. At the inquest held at the court house Thursday evening the jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. The funeral took place this morning from Banks' Undertaking Parlors, to the Catholic cemetery.

Ambulance Concert.

The Ambulance concert held in the Cumberland Hall on June 24, proved a financial success. The report of the secretary, Mr J. H. McMillan, to the board of managers, shows a surplus of $121.65, which will assure the future success of ambulance work in Cumberland. The sums collected were as follows:—

Collected at the door	$ 31 90
" No. 4 mine	17 00
" No. 5 mine	16 00
" No. 6 mine	17 00
" No. 7 mine	45 00
" Union Bay	1[illegible] 50
" J. L. Brown	8 00
" J. H. McMillan	3 00
Total	$150 40
Expenses	28 75
Balance	$121 65

Tex Foster is slated to box Cyclone Scotty 15 rounds at the Cumberland Hall on August 17. Tex opens up his training quarters at the old stand on Monday next,

Chinese Reforms But Skin-Deep

A despondng account of the recent so-called reforms in China is given in the Economiste Francaise by Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu. His great work is the "Renovation of Asia," in which he discusses the present condition of Siberia, China and Japan, *where he has travelled*; so he speaks with authority when he says that as far as China is concerned *the political, social and economic* reforms are a delusion and a sham, "a facade with no solid building behind *it." The parliament is not a representative* assembly, the administration of justice and the condition of the prisons *are as bad as ever*, the railroads and telegraphs the worst in the world. Speaking of the much vaunted parliament he writes:

"It is well to investigate the composition and the character of this assembly. There is nothing democratic in it. Of the 200 members that are comprised in it 100 are the nominees of the government, namely 16 princes and dukes belonging to the royal family, 12 members of the Manchu and Chinese nobility, 16 members of various imperial clans, 14 hereditary princes of tributary provinces, such as Mongolia, 32 ministerial functionaries, 10 literary men of distinction, and 10 of the richest taxpayers in the country. The other 100 are nominated by the provincial assemblies."

This legislative body is merely, as its name imports, "an assembly for the assistance of the government." It can not impose its views on the throne. It has submitted to it the budget, taxes, public loans, and all laws excepting such as affects the constitution. Whenever the throne is displeased with the assembly or in conflict with it, it is merely dissolved for a fortnight. The monarch has reserved to himself every department of the army and navy as well as of foreign affairs. Well may Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu exclaim:

"These are powers extremely limited, and if European chambers could look forward to such frequent grounds of *dissolution, they would have to return* to their constituents pretty often."

He goes on to compare it to the *Turkish parliament, and declares:*

"While my memory as to some of these conditions may have grown some*what faint, I feel that I can safely say* that the Chinese parliament is in all likelihood going the way of the Turk*ish assembly. I mean* that it is not likely to succeed in very much improving the relations of China with foreign Western Powers nor in ameliorating the condition of foreigners resident in the Empire."

In social and political matters he roundly declares:

"Most of the ancient abuses are as rampant as ever heretofore. There are constant violations of treaty clauses, such as the illegal imposition of transit duties, the exaction of road tolls, which it was hoped the railroads would have put a stop to, but which they have caused to multiply more and more and thus hampered commerce. The administration of justice and the condition of the prisons is simply shameful, and official corruption abominable!"

In fact, China has been too hasty in her attempts to reform and has daubed her wall with untempered mortars. In the words of this writer:

"In the innovations which the Chinese have borrowed from Western nations they have been in too much of a hurry to throw away the help of their guides and counsellors. The telegraphic system in China is the worst and most expensive in the world. The new Chinese army has already become an object of contumely, although we have heard *so much bragging about it. It is said* that the spirit of the troops it not to be relied upon and they are being ap*proached by the revolutionary party.* A division of the army was recently, on this account, deported from the *capital to Paoting-fou, where the peo*ple of the place nick-named them the 'army of scoundrels.'"

This calm-minded statistician, editor, and traveller concludes these seathing strictures as follows:

"The Chinese individually may be endowed with admirable qualities, they may be excellent traders, good workmen, diligent husbandmen, and they are accomplishing on the Mongolian and Manchurian steppes an unparalled work of colonization. But is there a single class of the nation prepared to assume the task of ruling upon modern lines of government? This is the serious question before us and bold would be he who should answer it in the affirmative."

There are, however, some brighter prospects for China, and the present assembly may eventually be developed into a representative and constitutional parliament. The educated part of the population are in earnest about this matter, and we read in the London Times that recently a demonstration of students in Peking took place at the palace of the Viceroy. They demanded that the constitution pledged by the Edict of November 4 be immediately put to operation:

"The Edict promised that a full parliament should be convoked in three *years' time, and that the interval* should be devoted to the preparations —including the formation of a respon*sible ministry and the drafting of a* constitution—necessary for transforming the Chinese government into a con*stitutional monarchy on the European* model."

But, we are told, "the reform move*ment is without leaders capable of con*trolling it and of guiding it along the path of moderation and safety." To quote further:

"It is earnestly to be hoped that such leaders will soon make an appearance and establish their authority over their fellows. Without firm leadership China can scarcely hope to transform herself into a modern state without disaster. In the ranks of the government there are no statesmen capable of guiding the country through the dangers, internal and external, that are already serious enough, and that in the near future may easily become a menace to its integrity. Good will there is in plenty; but one sees nowhere the necessary combination of insight, ability, experience and influence. . . . For such a leader or leaders the task, difficult as it is, is far from hopeless. Not only is the old self-contented stagnation fast disappearing; not only is everybody convinced of the necessity of change, and of drastic change; *changes are actually taking place*, and good work is being done in all manner of directions."

THE DEAD HAND

By the late Lieut.-Gen. R. Barter, C.B. In Chambers' Journal

It beckons you to go away with it.—Hamlet, I. v.

It was the night of 20th September, 1857, the year of the great Indian Mutiny, and the scene a street in Delhi, *the city which had seen the blood* of so many of our poor, defenceless countrymen, women, and little children shed *like water only the previous* May by the ruthless villains and perjured sepoys, who had traitorously turned upon *those from whom, as a rule—and I* speak advisedly and with knowledge—they had received the greatest kindness and consideration. That there were some officers in the East India Company's army who were harsh and stern with their men, and who in turn were looked upon by them with little love, there is no denying, but these men were the exceptions, and were few and far between; for, as a rule, the officers and their wives well deserved the familiar, loving names, ma, bass ('mother,' 'father'), by which they were universally spoken of by the men before Satan entered into them, and secret agitators seduced them from their allegiance and eventually led them to do the awful deeds which made the name sepoy a synonym for all that was vile, bloody, and treacherous.

The seige was over. After four long months of never-ceasing strife day and night in the furnace-heat of the hottest part of the year, and during the stifling, enervating rainy season, the city was at last stormed, and after six days' fighting in the streets was entirely in our possession—on, as I have said, the 20th of September. The regiment to which I then belonged had been ordered that morning to occupy the Ajmere gate of the city, which we had done accordingly, and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable as circumstances would permit, our principal care being to remove to places of safety the large quantity of powder, a great deal of *which lay loosely scattered about the* place, with numbers of live shells which had been collected in the works sur*rounding the* gate to be used against any of our force who might be employed in the neighboring suburb of the *Stebzee Mundee (or Green Village)*, so called from the numerous orange-groves and other gardens with which the houses *there were surrounded.*

All day we worked, making our new quarters as safe as we could. The powder and shells *were put away into cel*lars and out-of-the-way places, while what powder was lying loosely about was deluged with water; and, all smoking having been stopped, we considered ourselves pretty safe from a blow-up, an experience which some of us had undergone a few days previously in the Moree Bastion, and had no desire to have repeated.

At last night came on, and with it a stillness to which we had long been unaccustomed; to the roar of the guns, the screaming and bursting of shells, and the ceaseless rattle of small arms succeeded a solemn silence. We were, some of us, occupants of a kind of mosque in rear of the battery which was in front of the Ajmere gate protecting the entrance, and, sitting on the steps, had chatted quietly until the talk lapsed into whispers, and a snore here and there announced that, worn-out by the day's work, more than one had sunk under the influence of the drowsy god. At last my chum, who had been sitting near me for some time in silence, got up, saying he could not remain any longer without a pipe, and proposed that we should take a stroll through the streets and enjoy a smoke before seeking rest on the hard stones of our tenement. No sooner said than done. I jumped to my feet, and having got a corporal and four men to accompany us with loaded arms in case any lurking traitors might have remained about, off we set on our ramble. The night was calm and still; and, though there was a perceptible smack of the approaching cold weather in the atmosphere, in the narrow lanes of the vast city the air was hot and stifling, and the smell of villainous saltpetre mingled with that from the festering *corpses which lay about, some singly,* some in little heaps, did not make our walk over-plasant; so as soon as our *pipes began to wax low we began to* think of returning to headquarters. Though there was no moon, it was not *what we in England would call a dark* night; the stars shone brightly, and nights in the tropics are not so dusky *as at home, so that we could see well* eighty or one hundred yards around us, and on entering a fairly broad street leading towards the Ajmere gate we saw some little way on a pile of corpses where evidently there had been some hot contention during the street fighting. The stillness was somewhat uncanny, not a sound being heard but our own and the measured footfalls of our escort, when suddenly I felt my arm seized by my companion, who in an awed whisper said to me, "My God, did you see that?' I, too, had seen what he referred to, and we all halted, gazing at it, and I could hear the click of the locks of the men's firearms as they made ready to fire if necessary.

From the summit of the pile of corpses rose a man's hand and arm; it beckoned to us, and then dropped down; again it rose, beckoning, and fell; and again it did the same. In the solemn, drear stillness of the night, with such ghastly surroundings, it was an awesome sight, and little wonder it caused our small party to halt and our pulses to beat faster, used as we were to fearful sights and to death in many dreadful shapes. It suddenly flashed upon my mind that some poor wretch in whom life yet remained lay amongst the dead, and that he wanted assistance to get away from his fearful position; so I said, "Come on, men; it's someone wanting help," and we all moved forward. As we did so, a large pariah dog sprang from the pile of corpses and *made off down a by-lane*, and an examination of the dead bodies showed how he had been employed, and what had *caused our scare. He had been tearing* at the body to which the beckoning hand belonged, and, tugging at the *shoulder in the steady, persistent way I* had often seen others of his species employed on the carcass of a defunct buf*falo*, had caused the arm to rise and move as if beckoning to us to come on. It was a gruesome sight, and we were none of us sorry to return to our stone couches for what remained of the night.

THE CLASS IN HUMOR

The attendants carried the professor of humor tenderly into the laboratory, and after propping him up so that, even in case of a relapse, he could not by any possibility slip to the floor, left the room. The hour sounded, and the students trooped in, some of them humming such merry dirges as the Chopin "Marche Funebre," as adapted by Hinckley de Cniggles for use by college students enamored of rag-time.

"Gentlemen," said the professor, faintly, as the class seated itself, "we are to-day to consider pictorial humor. You will find upon the blackboard a picture drawn in the best manner of Mr. Charles Howard Montgomery, representing a young woman in a hobble skirt leaning against an onyx mantelpiece, while on a tiger-skin rug at her feet a young man in riding breeches is discovered. Through the open window we notice an ocean steamer on its way out to sea, while back of the young lady on the mantel a copy of Omar Khayyam is seen leaning against an ormolu clock. To the left is the eastern exposure of a divan. The problem before the class is to find a fitting joke *for the picture. Mr. Slabsides, what* would you suggest?"

"She," said Mr. Slabsides, "Did *you see Chollie off this morning, Hen*ry? He. No, I saw him off last night. She. Why, I thought he sailed this *morning. He. So he did. But he was* off last night."

The professor suppressed a groan, *and then he spoke.*

"Mr. Longears, if this picture were submitted to you for a jest, what would *you suggest?" he said.*

"Well," hesitated Mr. Longears, looking anxiously around to see if the *exits were clear, "I'd have the girl* ask, Have you a Rubaiyat, Mr. Skillington? To which the young man was *to reply, No, Miss Winkleton, I prefer* a derby."

A murmur of something went through the class.

"Order, gentlemen," said the professor. "Mr. Longear's joke is not at all a bad one, but it would go far better with what *kind of a picture*, Mr. Lynx?"

"Why, under the rules," said Mr. Lynx, "I should say that if placed under a black-and-white drawing of a young man jumping a lady over the waves at some seaside resort it would be more appropriate."

"Very good indeed," said the professor. "Mr. Blinders, have you anything to suggest in respect to this picture?"

"She," said Mr. Blinders, "Would you marry a girl for her money, Chollie? He. I don't know, Gladys; how much have you got?"

"Excellent," said the professor, nodding approval at Mr. Blinders. "Can you improve on that, Mr. Dubbleigh?"

"I think so—yes, sir," said Dubbleigh. "I'd put it this way: She. This is very sudden, Mr. Wiggles; I hardly know what to say. Tommy, Don't you believe it, Mr. Wiggles, I heard her tell ma she'd land you to-day or never."

The professor removed his glasses.

"Tommy, sir?" he frowned. "And who, pray, is Tommy?"

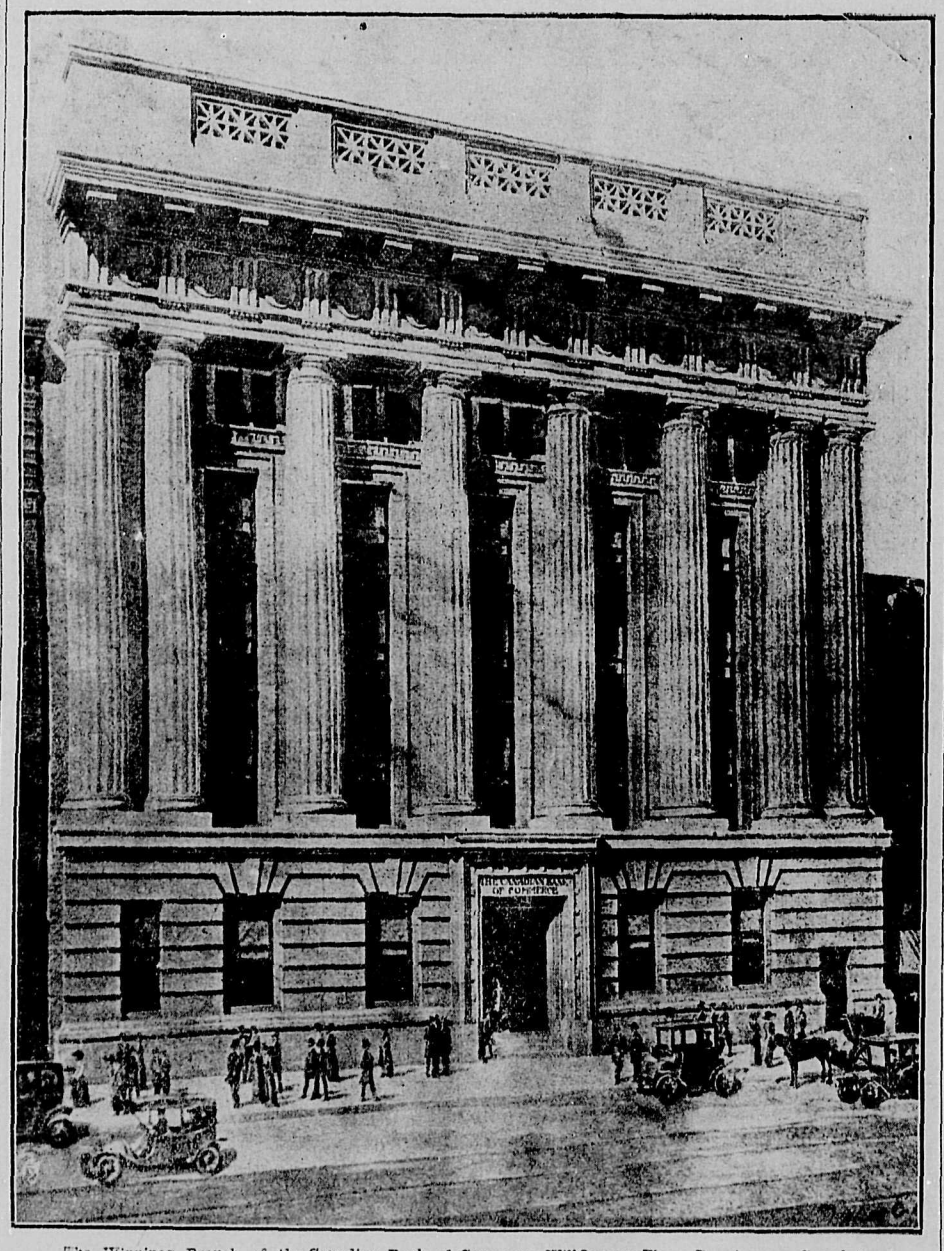
"Her small brother, sir," said Dubbleigh, meekly.

"*Ha-ham!" said the professor*, inspecting the picture closely. "That sounds meritorious, but I hardly see *where Tommy comes in.*"

"He's hidden behind the divan, professor," exclaimed Dubbleigh.

At this point the props sustaining the professor in his chair gave way, and he oppled weakly to the floor, and by the time the attendants had restored him to his equilibrium the bell had sounded, and the students rushed madly from the room.

The ropes of a first-class man-of-war cost about $15,000.



The Winnipeg Branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce Will Occupy These Premises on Completion

Safe-Maker vs. Safe-Breaker

The international rivalry between armor plate and the big guns, in which each of the great world Powers is hope*fully seeking to evolve a species of the* former that will beat a species of the latter, and vice versa, has its analogy *in the world of business, where there* is being fought, and for a century has been fought, the battle between the makers of safes and the breakers of safes. The safes are the armor plate, representing protection; the safe-breakers, the guns, representing assault. And the story of this latter conflict, that has been going on since the first receptacle for valuables was designed about one hundred years ago, shows forth as brilliant a picture of tilt between two classes of society as time's records have ever shown.

"There is nothing made by the hand of man that cannot be unmade by the hand of man." It is this familiar quotation that the makers of safes, since the first safe was made and opened, have sought to prove fallacious; and it is this same quotation that the safe-breakers, since one of their number broke open the first safe, have sought to prove correct. And although today the defensive powers appear to have the decisive upper hand, that upper hand has been gained only after a struggle of wits extending over the entire period of modern business. How long, moreover, the hand will correctly bear its present objective remains for the newspaper of tomorrow or the day after tomorrow to chronicle—maybe, indeed, for tomorrow night's special edition.

The first safe, as we know safes, was invented about a century ago by a man named Fitzgerald, and opened by a man named Reim. To be more exact, a duplicate of the initial safe, serving its purpose in a financial establishment, succumbed to the cunning of the initial safe-breaker. This first safe in the records of the safe-maker versus safe-breaker battle was, judged from modern standards, a clumsy affair indeed, and yet it marked the first step in the increasingly intricate campaign of the concealing of valuables. The Fitzgerald safe was made of iron and was built square. It was a formidable thing to look at, and appeared invul*nerable as far as the powers of the* dark were concerned. It attracted world-wide atention, and was proclaim*ed to be the undoubeted herald of a* new day in the protection of property. Imagine, then, the subsequent conster*nation when it was discovered one* morning that the criminal brain had opened the safe (and hauled away its *contents) by the simple method of* drilling a hole in the side and opening the lock from within. Here was something the safe-maker had not taken into consideration. He had worked on a lock that could not be opened from the outside, but had not thought about the possibility of opening it from the inside. As a result, there came about the second stage in the tilt. "We must make the walls of the safe of some metal that cannot be drilled," decided the makers. Steel was employed, and temporarily the breakers were nonplussed. But one night there came along a criminal brain with a new kind of drill, and safe number two fell before its cunning. Science, however, came to the aid of the safe-maker, steel of another kind was made which would withstand the drills, and again the safe-breaker was baffled.

After fighting ineffectually with their tools against the walls of these newer safes, the safe-breakers—about sixty-five years ago—figured it out that the makers, in their effort to perfect the walls of the safe, had failed to keep pace in the matter of improving the door of the safe. And the criminal brain at once began to scheme against the door, which the safe-maker had seemingly forgotten in his haste to make the sides unassailable. Then came the era of the wedge. At this stage of the tilt, the tiny cracks above and beneath the safe door were hit upon as the lines of least resistance, and, by the use of muffled hammers, drills and wedges, the safe-breakers *managed either to break open the door* or, by widening the crack above or below it, to insert saws and separate it *from the bolts. No sooner had the cri*minal brain hit upon this method, however, than its foe, the inventive brain, *designed an interlocking door*, seconded by a series of protecting flanges that eliminated the dangerous cracks. With the body of the safe proper thus protected against his skill, the safe-breaker was again baffled, until one of his number figured out that, while the body of the receptacle itself had been safeguarded in every way by the makers, the central object of the invention—the lock—still remained vulnerable. And, as a result, the era of lock attack came about. In those days the lock was built out and was a thing apart from the body of the safe. It afforded a comparatively easy attack for the criminal brain, which decided that it was not to be opened in the manner in which a lock is usually opened, but that it was to be attacked as an object separate from the body of the safe. Drills were brought into play, the lock spindles were broken, and the safe was opened. Then the locks were made part of the body of the safe and, for approximately ten years, the safe-makers had the safe-breakers outwitted.

This brings us to about fifty years ago, and to the melodramatic beginning of the more modern phase of the *conflict, to the introduction into the* battle explosives on the part of the criminals. In the period of ten years *during which the criminal brain found* itself beaten by the scientific brain it did not stop working, planning, experi*menting and scheming; and the result* of all its scheming took the form of nitro-glycerine. Here, again, was an element the safe-maker of those days had failed to take into consideration, and for many a year subsequently the battle between the two sides became fiercer and more complex than ever. Finding that tools alone would avail them nothing against the sturdy structures of steel that the safe-makers had invented, the safe-breakers enlisted, by way of what a prominent safe expert calls "secondary assault," the explosive. With the aid of drills which, while they could no longer make openings, still retained sufficient strength *to make cracks in the safe*, the explosive was given a hold and the door of the safe subsequently forced out. *Where drills proved ineffective against* the metal the criminal brain discovered that all that was necessary to circumvent the *safe-maker was to scrape* off a line of the paint on the safe and, along the scraped channel thus made, to "soup" the explosive—that is, to work the nitro-glycerine into and down the surface crack by means of a hold manufactured from some such substance as damp clay, putty, or the like. A third way was to pour the explosive in a crack, however tiny, near the top of the safe door, and, by means of suction pump, to draw it down into the safe.

If the safe-breakers believed that they had out-witted the safe-makers in turn for any length of time, they were doomed to disappointment, for here again, as before, the scientific brain out-generalled them. Paint was eliminated entirely from the surfaces of the safes and, in addition, the walls were made, not of one species of steel, but of two. Soft and hard steel, in alternate layers, that have now come to the five-ply point and will break the strongest drill, were tested and put into effective use. Thus was the drill beaten. Then the door was further protected by making it, when closed, a part of the solid, even safe surface. Every possible suspicion of crack was thus covered. The air-tight safe, against which the use of nitro-glycerine is practically impossible, sounded the *final* death-knell of the criminal brain in this one particular direction. Further protective measures in safe construc*tion were the gradual thickening of the* walls; the invention of a safe constructed of one continuous plate with *round corners and concealed lock*, resembling, in its entirety, a big boiler; the general use of chrome steel; an in*creasingly complex system of interior* arrangement that provides a double, sometimes triple, protection, even if *the outer door of the safe has been* opened; a locking device and handle covered by a plate with a key lock, in addition, *having a slip dial which may* be removed and kept separate; spindles built with offsets, so that they can neither be driven in *nor pulled out;* and, finally, absolutely perfect interlocking door-jambs that defy explosives.

Appreciating that effective obstacles had been thrown in its way and that *it was well-nigh impossible to get into* the inside of a safe from the outside, the criminal brain began to lay its *plans towards getting into the inside* from the inside. And here still another phase of the constant romance presented itself. A *number of years* ago two prospective safe-breakers succeeded in obtaining employment in two different safe factories, worked over a period of years in the various departments, gained all the information that they desired, and, subsequently working together, managed to baffle the safe-makers by their skill in opening complicated safes in different parts of the country. The police were at a loss to understand how the safes had been opened, and only upon the apprehension of the two men several years later was it learned that the jobs had not been "inside" ones, as was originally suspected, but had really been the work of two men who had been initiated into the mysteries of safecraft, and had put their knowledge to criminal use. This put the safe-makers on their guard, and an exceedingly complicated system was immediately put into force, whereby not only was the pedigree of every workman looked into closely, but the work among the employes was so separated that no one man or two men could gather enough *information about* a safe to put it to dangerous use afterwad. Furthermore, when an employe is discharged, or *when he voluntarily leaves his position*, his actions are watched, and, although the safe companies refuse to discuss *this particular point, it is a matter of* record that any former employe of a safe company, who is possessed of intimate *information regarding the se*crets of that company's safes, is kept under constant surveillance. As an illustration of the thoroughness with which this is done, there may be cited the case of a former superintendent of one of the principal safe companies, who was discharged eight years ago for intoxication, who subsequently sought and obtained a position as superintendent of an iron foundry in the Middle West, who has now held that position for the last seven years, who has done his work well, and who is yet kept under the eye of a detective in the safe company's pay. There is not the slightest reason to doubt the man's integrity, but as has been suggested by the man's employer, who knows his superintendent is being watched, the safe company seems unwilling to take the slightest chance.

These, then, are the main points thus far in the tournament of wits between the men who make the safes and the men who have tried to unmake them. In a lesser way, and not marking definite steps in the struggle between the for*ces of protection and the forces of as*sault, there have been resorts to such trickery as was evidenced in the case *of the famous robbery or the vault safe* of the National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts, thirty-four years ago, *which the safe-breakers accomplished* principarly through a set of duplicate keys that had been made from impressions taken of the *original* keys. But robberies such as these are in reality only other forms of "inside" jobs, such as already have been referred to, and are not a part of the chronicle of definite steps in the survey of the general safe-maker-breaker struggle.

I.x.

The total area under wheat in Australia this season will be 7,307,000 acres, an increase of more than half a million acres on last year's area.

If there were but one potato in the world, a careful cultivator might produce 10,000,000,000 from it in ten years, and thus supply the world with seed again.

Count Tolstoi

THE pathos of Count Tolstoi's death disarms criticism and creates compassion where it does not intensify admiration. This lonely old man, who might have lived in affluence but who chose a peasant's fare, who was fanatically devoted to liberty but lived under the despotism of a corrupt bureaucracy, who loved his fellow-men and yet was contemned by his own class and not accepted by the other, who wished for solitude and was pestered by sightseers and camera tormentors, who lived in a world of impracticable ideals of his own creation and simultaneously in a world of intolerable realities imposed upon him by others, who longed to be a reformer and knew not how to take the first practical step toward a real reform, finds the contradictions of his life too great any longer to be borne, and, like a wounded stag, goes away to die in solitude. It is a pitiful ending of a tragical career.

It is exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible, for an American to comprehend Count Tolstoi—difficult for an Anglo-Saxon to understand the Slav; difficult for one accustomed to measure philosophy by the question, Does it work well? to understand the idealist who never even considers whether his ideal could be made to work at all; difficult for one born a democrat and living in a land of free activity to understand one born an aristocrat and living handicapped by despotic law and social convention; difficult to understand a man of different epochs, who in his later life condemned with severity as great as that of his severest critics what he had written at earlier period; a man of different moods, who was now a social photographer and now a romancer, now a philosopher and now a novelist, now a moral reformer and now a painter depicting with brutal frankness facts in life which the common taste if not the common conscience of mankind leaves behind a veil; a man who combined an extraordinary genius akin to madness with an extraordinary lack of common sense; a man who chanced on the Gospels as a new discovery and interpreted them sometimes by an ideal of his imagination, sometimes as rules of life prescribed by an inspired bureaucrat, but never as the expression of a free and spontaneous spiritual life; a man who pitied men without respecting them, who hated despotism but forbade his followers to resist it, and who could find no better way to help the peasant population of his country than by playing at their employments, eating of their food, and wearing their garments.

For many years Count Tolstoi has been the foremost figure in the world of letters—a prominence due not only to his genius, but also to his isolation, his lonely apostleship, his intellectual and moral independence, his loyalty to his ideals. But he has not been a leader. In his theory of society, as in his theory of religion, he went back to elemental conditions. He endeavored to promote progress by going back to the past; to re-create society by returning to nature; to convert the world to the method of Jean Jacques Rousseau. His stories are not mere pieces of brainwork; he is more than a literary artist. writes with his instincts, his senses, his intellect, his emotions. He has passion, sentiment, feeling, observation, thought. And yet, despite his tremendous vitality, he remains individualistic and idiosyncratic; interesting as a great dramatic author, inconclusive, impracticable, ineffective as a moral reformer.

Nevertheless, Count Tolstoi is more than an interesting personality. He has also been a real moral force.

He has done more than any other writer to make the rest of the world acquainted with Russia. No foreigner can see it as he sees it; no native writer has described it with the graphic power and the terrible frankness with which he has described it. If you wish to know Russian life, not merely its organization and outward manifestation, but its innermost spirit, read, not Wallace, or Leroy-Beaulieu, or Walling, or even George Kennan—read Tolstoi. The Russian's spirit of stolid endurance, unhesitating courage, blind obedience and equally blind revolt, Oriental fatalism and assertive individualism, inhumanity to man and sporadic and impracticable moral reform, social splendor and social corruption, are nowhere in literature more graphically portrayed than in "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." If he tells some truths that had better not be told, he tells them truthfully. Whether the reader will regard him as always moral or not will depend on the reader's answer to the question whether the passions of mankind should be so frankly exploited.

In describing Russia to the world, Count Tolstoi has also described Russia to the Russians. He has put an astonishingly truthful mirror before the Russian reader. In "Anna Karenina" he has made it possible for Russian noble society to see how ignoble it sometimes is; in "War and Peace" he has enabled Russian militarism to see with what sordid and fatuous cruelty war is generally carried on. Whether his fatalistic theory of the battlefield is true or not, his pictures are photographic in their realism. No Peace Society has ever issued so forceful a document against militarism as the one which, in this historical novel, Tolstoi has given to the world.

At the same time, even more effectively than Tourgueneff, he has introduced the different sections of Russian society to each other. Nowhere in Europe, probably nowhere in the world, is the chasm between noble and peasant so broad and deep as in Russia. Nowhere is it so true that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Tolstoi has enabled reading Russia to know how illiterate Russia lives. He has not only made such knowledge possible, he has made ignorance difficult. We doubt whether any one man has done so much as Tolstoi to create the humanely revolutionary spirit in the Russian universities or more, to make possible that political revolution, the most manifest though not the most important effect of which is the Duma.

And in thus interpreting Russia to the world and Russia to itself he has carried a message to Russia the value of which only the future can reveal. He has portrayed vice with shocking plainness; but he has not revelled in it. He has been always a moral reformer even in those writings which, judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, are immoral. He has sometimes familiarized his readers with an experience better left unportrayed, but he has not attracted them to it. If his writings were sometimes immoral, it is because they are sometimes morbid; but, in the main, the message of his pen is a call to liberty and justice, peace and humanity. We are not sure that it may not prove all the more effective because it is the message of a doctrinaire. If his theories of life had been as practical as his descriptions of life are realistic, the bureaucracy would probably have silenced him. Nor is it at all impossible that his somewhat theatrical assumption of the garb and habit of a peasant, which in America could not have been taken seriously, may have added to the effectiveness of his message.

A prophet must speak to his people in their own dialect and according to their own fashion. Count Tolstoi is a Russian speaking to Russians. To forget that is to forget the elemental fact in his picturesque career. If he be judged by American standards, it is impossible for us to join in the chorus of indiscriminating praise which his followers demand. But it is not impossible that the future, judging him as a Russian speaking to Russians, will find that his work has been made more effective by the defects which it shares with the people and the age to which it was addressed.

SHORTHORN AND HIGHLAND CATTLE

THE Durham or Shorthorn breed of cattle is said to have had its origin in the blending made over two hundred years ago of two sorts of large cattle, formerly found in the valley of the Tees in England. But perhaps the real foundation of the breed ought to be set down as having been made in the last quarter of the eighteenth century at Ketton and Bramptoa, in the county of Durham, by the Messrs. Charles and Robert Colling These enterprising brothers, although quite young, had the sagacity to adopt the original methods of breeding which Robert Bakewell, the celebrated improver of Longhorn cattle and Leicester sheep had, for some time previous, been so successful in making use of; and their skill in applying his methods soon raised the Shorthorns to a pitch of excellence among British breeds of cattle. which the breed has ever since retained. There are several famous strains of Shorthorns, each known by the name of its founder, namely, the "Booth,' the "Bates," and the "Cruikshank.' The Booths derive their name from Thomas Booth, who lived at Killerby and Warlaby, in Durham, about the end of the eighteenth century, and from his two sons, John Booth, of Killerby, and Richard Booth, of Studley, in Yorkshire. The "Bates" family derive their name from Thomas Bates, of Kirklevington, in Yorkshire, whose improvements were begun about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The "Cruikshanks" derive their name from Amos and Anthony Cruikshanks, of Sittyton Aberdeenshire, who began their work about 1838. Shorthorns make good use of the food given them, "fattening as they grow," as the phrase is, and are not excelled for their early maturing qualities. Probably, of all cattle, they attain to the heaviest weights. Moreover, when bred for the purpose, they prove very good milkers. They are also remarkable for the ease with which they adapt themselves to changes of climate or food. The standard color of the Shorthorn is red, white, and roan.

The West Highland cattle of Kyloes are found in all the Highlands of Scotland, but in greatest perfection in the larger Western Islands. Bred from time immemorial in the cold, humid climate and on the coarse pastures of the bleak hills and glens of their native country they have developed great hardiness of constitution and the ability to thrive and fatten on meagre fare, such as some of the other breeds would starve upon. In symmetry of form, nobleness of bearing, and picturesque beauty, they are unequalled by any other breed, and they are so highly prized for their appearance that they are often kept instead of deer in the parks of noblemen. In color they are generally black, but sometimes they are of a tawny yellow color, or light dun, and these are the colors preferred. Their hair is thin and shaggy, and their horns are wide and set well apart. Their meat is of excellent quality. Owing to their capability of enduring all sorts of weather with little or no artificial protection, and also to their staying power as travellers, and their ability to turn coarse and meagre fodder into the best quality of meat they are becoming favorites with the ranchmen of our Northwest and Western Provinces. They are not, however good milkers, and mature rather slowly They are also somewhat small in size.

THAT HEATHEN CHINEE

EVERY one who knows American poetry is familiar with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," written in the early seventies at the time when feeling on the Pacific Coast ran high against the mild-eyed Celestial, and voicing that feeling by portraying the hero, if such a term may be applied to "As Sin," as a crafty card-cheating villain who outwits the sharps of the California mining camps.

It is not generally known, however, that the poem is unique in that it contains an error which the author failed to detect when reading the galley proots, and which survived, and still survives, all attempts at correction. Perhaps it is the only instance in literature where a grossly patent error in the copy reading of an afterwards famous article, whether prose or poem, has persisted through numerous editions, despite all efforts of author and editor to kill it.

The poem was written while Bret Harte was employed on a San Francisco daily, and, to him, was merely a part of the day's work. It tells of a Chinee, Ah Sin, who, "with a smile that was childlike and bland," sat in a game of euchre with "Truthful James" and "Bill Nye."

At a crucial point of the game, the artless Chinee plays the winning card, "which," says Truthful James, the narrator of the catastrophe, "the same Nye had dealt unto me!" Whereupon Nye and Truthful proceeded to "go for that Heathen Chinee." The damaging evidence disclosed by their rough and searching investigation is told as follows in the poem as it was printed—and has been printed ever since the initial publication:

"In his sleeves, which were long, there
were twenty-four packs;
Which is coming it strong, yet I state
but the facts."

In this form the busy Bret Harte let the proofs go down to the printer, and it was not until some time later that he recalled having overlooked an error in it. He hurried down to the press, but already several hundred copies had been struck off and were being distributed about the city to the morning subscribers. Bret Harte, attaching no importance to this bit of fugitive verse which had merely oozed from his pen the afternoon previous, made no effort at correcting them. When, however, the Eastern press enthusiastically copied it, and publishers and illustrators rang all manner of comic changes on it, he tried to substitute the correct phrase, but without avail, and "The Heathen Chinee" has persisted in its original form through numberless editions ever since.

What Fred Harte wrote was:

"In his sleeves, which were long, he
had twenty-four jacks."

Now in the game of euchre, as all card players know, the jacks are of great value, and the stuffing of numberless jacks up his flowing sleeves, as the poet intended to sing, showed great astuteness on the part of Ah Sin. The uncorrected error of the compositor, who set up "packs" instead of "jacks," still left enough sense to pass muster when embodied between the contexts.

The poet, after years of fruitless endeavour, finally gave up all hope and resigned himself to the butchered reading. And today, every copy of Bret Harte's poems sold for a Christmas gift in gorgeous de luxe editions, contains that error of the inky compositor made years ago.

"Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," by Reynolds. One of the productions given in the Living Picture Exhibition by the Western Art Association this week.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

FROM the time of the late King's death down to the break-up of the Veto Conference, a spirit of moderation prevailed among politicians, both in Parliament and in the country. For a time the voice of the partisan was hushed—or almost hushed. Political meetings were of rare occurrence, and statesmen of divergent views spent their holidays together. Paternal newspapers, ever ready to improve the occasion, proclaimed that a new era of rest from partisan strife had at length dawned, and that for the future none would be for a party, but all for the State. And, indeed, it certainly seemed as though the period of truce must, from the nature of things, have had a beneficent effect on the national life. The leaders of the two great parties had enjoyed many opportunities of learning, from the inside, so to speak, one another's views. It was only natural to surmise that in their conference they would have learned, if not mutual tolerance, at least mutual respect for honest views honestly held, and that their respective followers would have followed their example.

But alas! for expectations of this kind! No sooner had the doors of the conference chamber, which had been so long closed, opened, than a perfect babel of discordant and raucous political cries arose. The bitterness—and even hatred—which seemed to have been conspicuous by its absence from public life during the last few months, broke forth with redoubled violence, as though, throughout the sessions of the conference, it had been merely "bottled up" and in no sense allayed. And once again the country is plunged into all the turmoil of a general election which bids fair to surpass in violence of invective, and in imputation of evil motives, even the epoch-making election of a year ago.

If ever there was a time in British history when there was need for calm and dispassionate thinking, on the part of those whose duty and privilege it is to exercise the franchise, that time is now. If ever the nation needed leaders who can look to the future welfare of the country, and not to any momentary advantage for their party at the polls, it needs them to-day. Vast constitutional changes are impending, and whichever party wins this election, we have come to the parting of the ways. The old order of things must pass away. At such a crisis in its history, the country requires for its guidance men with brains; but seemingly all that the politicians care for is to count noses.

The press certainly adopted a dignified and conciliatory attitude while yet there seemed some prospect of the efforts of the Veto Conference being crowned with success. But now it has reverted to its worst. The two great issues before the country are the questions of the Lords' veto abolition and Home Rule. On neither side has there been, in any newspaper, an attempt to place either of these issues fully and fairly before the electors. And yet both are subjects on which much can be said, both pro and con. Appeals to class prejudice, to party venom, to race hatred, there have been in plenty. But one looks in vain for any fair treatment of the two great questions that are involved in the election. Indeed, the attacks which the opposing party newspapers are making on their political opponents are devoid, not merely of common justice, but even, in many cases, of common decency, too.

When one turns from the party newspapers to the party leaders, one notices the same thing. Of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour, it is true, it may be said that each of them has made some serious attempt to deal fittingly with the political problems which confront the nation. They have both, of course, endeavored to present their own cases adequately, but they have scrupulously refrained from villifying their opponents. They have descended to no personalities, they have given those who differ from them credit for honesty of intention and integrity of purpose. They have relied on argument, and not on abuse. And with what result? Neither of them rouses much enthusiasm among his followers. The public screams for leaders who show more sport—who will, in fact, elevate faction to the dignity of a political virtue. It asks for fighting men, and if the fighting men hit below the belt, why, so much the better, shouts the generous British public.

And for such leaders it does not call in vain. The days of Gladstone, who appealed invariably to the eternal principles of righteousness and equity, are not the days in which we live. The politician who is supposed to cherish the ambition of emulating the success of Gladstone's Midlothian campaign makes fresh and frantic appeals to class hatred. He is not content with demonstrating that the position of the peers is, in these democratic days, untenable. He goes on to hold up their mode of life, and, in some instances, their characters, to popular execration. The chief Scotch Liberal audaciously asserts that the Unionists, if returned to office, will repeal the Old Age Pensions Act, although he must be fully aware that no conceivable government would dream of venturing on such a step. And what those men say before the world, hundreds and thousands of their supporters are repeating in every village and hamlet in the land.

On the Unionist side, it is precisely the same. It is the custom to decry the Liberals from the Unionist platforms as a gang of traitors. And recently we had the edifying spectacle of three ex-Ministers addressing a turbulent meeting in Belfast, and actually urging their audience, in the event of home rule, to resist the law! Other speakers at the same meeting enlarged on the fact that Ulstermen were ready to arm themselves, and to fight in defence of their views against the British Government, and it is not reported that either of the three ex-Ministers present offered a single word of remonstrance.

Now, can it be seriously contended that an election held under such conditions and conducted by such methods, is really expressive of the considered judgment of the nation? It is rushed through, amid shouts of "Traitor!" "Liar!" and "You're another!" To speak of it as one of "the noble conflicts of our public life"—as is sometimes done—is to be bitterly ironical. As regards the conflict, there can be no doubt but the nobility of it all is open to the greatest doubt. It is the boast of the British people that they have been accustomed for centuries to the handling of complex political problems, and on that score they frequently arrogate to themselves to look down on younger countries. But I do not think that a British general election ever presents a very elevating spectacle at which the rest of the world may look on.

THE SUMMER MEAT MARKET

HEREAFTER the cattle feeder, the packer, and the trade in general must reckon with vacation time. July markets have manifested an unpleasant disposition to go to pieces in recent years. Beginning with school closing until the return of myriad resorters to their urban homes in August, complaint of congestion in meat outlet channels is audible. When a drought causes glutted markets at this period, results are more demoralizing than otherwise.

In recent years Americans have become a nation of summer vacationists, and during that season they consume little meat. Spring chicken, fish, vegetables, fruit and eggs displace beef, pork and mutton at the resorts. Scattered all over the United States are summer cottages by the hundred thousand. Every inland lake and navigable river, boasts fringes of these temporary habitations, and even if in meat-eating mood their occupants could not secure a supply, as cooling and retailing facilities are impossible. On this account the summer resorter changes diet for a brief season and meat trade suffers.

How the annual hegira from the cities and towns has swelled in recent years is indicated by the mass of railroad and steamboat literature on the subject. Where one passenger steamer ploughed the great lakes ten years ago, a dozen palatial crafts make regular trips now. Railroads compete and co-operate with lake carriers in swelling the movement. Lakes that formerly had no summer population now resound with the laughter of children. The great lakes have become a natural summer sanitarium. In August, the throng that fled the city in June and July, comes trooping back meat hungry, and the butcher welcomes his customers.

This summer movement of population can be depended upon to swell rather than contract in coming years and producers may govern themselves accordingly. June and July live stock markets are always on a fresh meat basis and contracted consumption at that stage means lower prices.

The upward price movement is in evidence. The ebb tide is in motion, and now all the summer resorts are deserted. Meat eating and meat wasting (for waste exerts no small influence on demand, and American cooks and housewives are notoriously wasteful), are again restored to normal proportions.

Early in August las year the best cattle on the Chicago market sold at around $7.50 per cwt., and encountered no keen demand at the price; but when the resorters returned, demand reasserted itself. Six weeks later such cattle were worth $9.25 and a little later $9.50 per cwt. was paid.

DOUBLE PURPOSE CATTLE

THE advantages of cross breeding cattle in order to combine in the offspring some special quality which one of the breeds possesses in a marked degree, and the other does not, and vice versa, is usually the basis of these experiments. Thus we observe the present-day advocacy of the cross breeding of the Scotch Highland cattle onto the Shorthorn and other popular beef breeds, with a view of securing a type or class of cattle that will be better fitted to stand exposure and starvation conditions on the western range, and also improve the beef quality of the present cattle now in use.

This system of acquiring the strong, special characteristics of two breeds in one has been pretty thoroughly tried out in the crossing of the beef and dairy breeds to get a good, all-purpose animal. These experiments of creating a dual purpose animal from the crossing of distinct breeds of beef and dairy cattle, has failed and has proven unsatisfactory. The breeding of milk or beef quality into the beef breeds, the intensifying of either of these qualities in the animals at the sacrifice of the other, has not been a failure.

It has been established by breeders of beef breeds of cattle that the milking quality or tendency in a herd of Shorthorns, Herefords, or other breed may be greatly increased by selection; or, on the other hand, the beef quality of the animal may be increased and the milking quality decreased by selection. In other words, the carrying forward of these two properties in the same animal does not prevail.

The idea of cross-bred cattle for dairy purposes is not a new one, and has to some extent been practised for years by those who are engaged in the production of milk and butter. The facts are, there is more of this crossing of breeds being done than appears on the surface, or more than is published in the papers. The tendency to build up distinct dairy and beef breeds of cattle has been the popular idea among the practical and scientific breeders.

The experimenter in crossing, or the advocate of the dual purpose cow, has been obliged to keep pretty well out of sight in the matter of advocating any advantages or benefits claimed by cross-breeding. The creation of a new breed by crossing, which is intended to lay claim to the good qualities of two existing specialty breeds, is very dangerous ground for the experimenter to be on.

The crossing of the Highland cattle with the range cattle of the western part of this country is an experiment which will be watched with a great deal of interest by all the cattle fraternity, cattle growers, cattle feeders, cattle breeders and beef eaters.

TO TREAT A STOPPED TEAT

A VERY common trouble in the ordinary dairy is to find an animal with the point of the teat closed, either due to a bruise of the teat itself, or to infection of the milk duct which causes a little scab to form over the point of the teat, and unless this is properly handled with care and cleanliness, the infection is apt to cause a loss of the entire quarter.

The proper manner in which to handle and treat such cases is to thoroughly wash the teat in an antiseptic solution, then dip a teat plug into a healing ointment and insert it into the point of the teat, allowing same to remain from one milking to another. In this manner closure of the point of the teats can be overcome in a very simple and satisfactory manner.

Never use a milking tube if it can possibly be avoided, as there is much danger of infecting the entire quarter by the use of the tube.

BEADLE'S SENSELESS FRIGHT

AN umbrella caused a panic in the Church of the Sacred Heart in Montmartre, Paris, a short time ago.

The beadle found the umbrella, which had a curiously large knob on the handle, and saw that the knob unscrewed. He opened it, then put the umbrella down with the utmost care, and rushed out of the church, shouting, "Fire! murder! dynamite! a bomb!"

The congregation dispersed quickly, giving the umbrella a wide berth. The police arrived, telephoned for a water cart, put the umbrella carefully into it, and took it to the municipal laboratory. There it was examined. The hollow knob on the handle contained a packet of needles, a bobbin of red silk, and a silver bottle of holy water.

DUMPED THE CZAR OUT OF A BARROW

A CURIOUS picture of court life at Wolfsgarten is drawn by the Vossiche Zeitung's Darmstadt correspondent. He shows the Czar and the Grand Duke of Hesse trundling one another about in the park in wheelbarrows, and attempting to upset one another out of these humble vehicles. In this effort the Grand Duke was successful, while the agility derived from his devotion to sport enabled him to defy the endeavors of his Imperial brother-in-law to take his revenge upon him

It is stated that the visit to Germany has proved so beneficial to the Russian Imperial family that it is likely to become an annual appointment. In any case, the Czarina will next year undergo a similar cure at Nauheim, having obtained considerable relief from her recent treatment there.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Report of Annual Meeting

The ninety-third annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held at the head office of the company on December 5th, with Mr. R. B. Angus, the president, in the chair. The annual statement submitted was one of the best in the history of this financial institution. The Bank of Montreal, which is so ultimately bound up with the financial history of this country, has become the strongest of our financial institutions. At the present her total assets have reached the enormous sum of $240,000,000. With her 147 branches scattered throughout the country, the bank is able to keep in close touch with the business interests of every community, and is doing her full share in promoting the financial and industrial development of the country.

The annual report showed a balance of profit and loss on Oct. 31, 1909, of $603,796. The profits for the year ended Oct. 31, 1910, after deducting charges of management and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, was $1,797,992, making the total profits $2,401,789. From this was deducted four quarterly dividends at 2½ per cent., amounting altogether to $1,440,000, leaving a balance of profit and loss carried forward at the end of October, 1910, of $961,789.

A further examination of the report shows that the bank has deposits bearing interest of over $154,000,000, while considerably over $43,000,000 is on deposit not bearing interest. During the year the deposits had increased by $18,000,000, an indication of the bank's growth. The note circulation of the bank amounted to $14,502,000, being slightly larger than the paid-up capital. The bank has a rest or reserve account of the large sum of $12,000,000. The amount of call and short loans in Great Britain and the United States was reduced by $14,000,000 during the year and now amounts to $61,918,000. This amount of money is kept on call in New York and London at a low rate of interest, as the bank finds it less disturbing to Canadian business interests to have it on deposit in foreign centres. If it were on deposit in Canada, and were demanded at a few hours' notice, it might seriously embarrass local institutions.

The loans and advance made by the bank during the year show an increase of $21,000,000, indicating that the bank is doing its full share in assisting in the development of our rapidly growing country. Altogether the financial statement is one of the most creditable ever presented by Canada's premier financial institution. The business transacted has been large, the profits to the bank have been satisfactory, the deposits, loans, circulation, as well as the assets, have all increased throughout the year. To-day the bank is in a better position than ever to cater to the needs of the business communities, and better able to assist in the financial development of the country than ever before.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

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

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C.,

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SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1912.

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

What the Editor has to say.

The fellowship of humanity is being taught us in more speedy fashion these days than ever before. We are all concerned in each others' welfare whether we will have it so or not. It is being brought home to us now that when the laborer cries out that the high price of food compels him to demand more wages we cannot look on unconcerned as though it were simply something for the masters to settle; and that there must always be something like a fight between capital and labor. We are having it plainly demonstrated that high wages mean higher prices to be paid for what the wage-earners make. These wage questions are ours as much as those who make the demands and those who have to meet them. Of course the higher prices are passed on to the consumer, who must have those manufactured articles and foodstuffs. In fact there is no living without them. So it comes that we are being driven to recognise in the mill operative and the general laborer, one whose interests are bound up with ours in the great bundle of humanity. The great fact our fathers tried hard to make men realize was: that the education of the masses is the vital concern of all; and that we cannot afford to allow any class, or in some sense even an individual, to grow into manhood without some comprehension of the duties men owe one to another.

At a meeting of the Board of Trade during the last week statemente were made to the effect that the S.S. Charmer takes a day and a night to carry freight from Victoria to Union Bay, a distance of somewhere near 150 miles, by water, and it was stated that it takes just about four days to travel eleven miles by rail from Union Bay to Cumberland over the line of the Canadian Collieries (Dunsmuir) Ltd. That is to say, freight which arrives at Union Bay on Tuesday night's boat arrives in Cumberland sometime on Saturday. Surely the man who has the managing of this little bit of a short line can give the business men of this community a better service. In all probability it the Board of Trade were to send a deputation to Mr. W. L. Coulson, the general manager, and explain the state of affairs as they exist, and he would undoubtedly find the cause of the trouble and give them relief.

The Waterworks Company are evidently afraid of there being a scarcity of water in Cumberland. At a meeting of the board of directors, so we are informed, they decided that all consumers of water having a motor washer must pay 50c. per month extra over and above the regular rate. It is said that some of the ladies of Cumberland take such a pleasure in washing that they run their washer day andnight. We suppose it makes them believe that they have an electric light plant running by water power.

The Board of Trade is a terrible place to hear about complaints. A subject that one of the members brought up was the telephone service. One business man said he ordered the telephone company to put in a phone three months ago and he has seen nothing of it yet. "Don't let that trouble you," another man got up and said, "I ordered mine out three months ago, on account of the service received, but the phone is still there." It would pay the general manager to visit Cumberland and interview the business men regarding these complaints and we feel assured he would be able to remedy the matter.

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

75 cents per column inch per month.
Special rate for half page or more.

Condensed Advertisements

1 cent 1 word, 1 issue; minimum charge 25 cents.
No accounts run for this class of advertising

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

CAPITAL, $15,000,000 REST, $12,500,000

BANKING BY MAIL

Accounts may be opened at every branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce to be operated by mail, and will receive the same careful attention as is given to all other departments of the Bank's business. Money may be deposited or withdrawn in this way as satisfactorily as by a personal visit to the Bank. 8.4

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

BUY A 'SINGER,'

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

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

W. R. Dunn, Local Representative

BUY A LOT IN Terminal Subdivision

Centre of Town

Prices: $200 and up.

The Island Realty Co.

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

The 'STAR' Cafe

ADAM JACK, Proprietor.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

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

DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND

Victoria, B.C. Phone 964 — THOMAS' CROSSING, Sidney, B C., Phone F 36. — Cumberland, B.C. Phone 33

S. NAKANO & COMPANY,

REAL ESTATE AND COMMISSION AGENT

Head Office: 518, Fisguard Street, VICTORIA, B.C.

THE VENDOME HOTEL,

R. S. Robertson, Prop.

Situated in the Centre of the Town, and First-class in every Respect. Meals, Rooms, Liquors, Cigars and Treatment always the best.

LIST YOUR PROPERTY

If you have anything to sell in Fruit and Farm Lands with us. We have a large connection in the prairie provinces, and can get you quick results.

TOOMBS, WOODWARD & TOOMBS,
P.O. Box 179 NANAIMO, B.C. Phone 439

Ice! Ice! Ice!

The Pilsener Brewing Co. are prepared to supply the Public with ICE.

Orders to be delivered the same day must be in NOT LATER THAN 10 A.M.

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

NEW GOODS

Sea Grass Chairs In Brown, Green and Natural Colors

Go-Carts In a Lare Range of Designs Prices From $6.00 to $18.00

A full line of Furniture, Beds and House-furnishings, always on hand. Linoleums, and Wa lpapers.

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

Beadnell & Callin

Real Estate Agents

Offices: Comox & Courtenay.

FOR SALE

CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND AND LOTS

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

Beadnell & Cllin

IMPORTANT!

Investigate Before Purchasing.

—We have just received a car-load of—

Rubber-tire Buggies, Two-seated Carriages, Delivery Wagons, and Democrats, (With two and three seats)

DIRECT from the FACTORY

LEIGHTON & ADEY,
General Blacksmiths, COURTENAY

W. Colpitts.

"Leading Tobacco King."
Better known as "LONG WILLIE"
Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.
Billiard Room in connection

J. BARRIE,

Successor to A. McKinnell.

Confectionery, Ice Cream, Fruits, Cigars and Tobaccos

McKinnell's Old Stand, Dunsmuir Ave., CUMBERLAND

MarocchiBros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Home Bakery

Lunches Served at All Hours. : :

UNION BAY.

117

RAILWAY ADDITION

COURTENAY, B.C.

Subdvision of Part of Lot 127, Comox District.

These lots are adjoining the proposed site of the E. & N. Railway Co.'s Depot at Courtenay, B.C., and have 41.6 feet frontage on the E & N R right-of-way. They are 190 feet deep to a 66 foot road, making them first-class lots for business purposes.

There only 20 lots in this Subdivision, and they will sell quick; so Get Busy and secure one at once before the railway is built, when prices will surely advance. Values in the Berkely Subdivision adjoining this have increased **50 per cent** in three months, and we claim these are equally as good a buy.

$500 per Lot $100 down; balance in 6 and 12 months, with interest at seven per cent.

FOR SALE ONLY BY—

CAMERON & ALLAN, Real Estate Brokers, Courtenay, B.C.

And F. R. F. BISCOE, Real Estate Agent, Courtenay, B.C.

BEADNELL & CALLIN,

Real Estate, Financial and Insurance Agents.

THE GREATEST MONEY-MAKING CHANCE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC IN COMOX DISTRICT

THE STATION LOCATION HAS BEEN SETTLED AND IS BEYOND DISPUTE AND CAN BE SEEN ON THE BLUE-PRINT OF THE SUBDIVISION.

We are exclusive agents in this district for the sale of the **HEISTERMAN SUBDIVISION** in Courtenay, on which it has been definitely decided that the **C.P.R. Station is to be built.**

BLUE PRINTS, showing the size of the lots, etc., may be seen at our office in Courtenay in a few days.

We have also a fine selection of cleared and uncleared farm lands for sale at reasonable prices and within easy distance from Courtenay, Cemox and Cumberland.

GOOD TERMS: DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY AS IT CANNOT REMAIN OPEN LONG. THESE LOTS WILL ALL MAKE MONEY FOR YOU.

RIVER & SEA FRONTAGE

Also lots in the **Orchard Subdivision,** and on the Main Street in Courtenay.

ALL MONEY-MAKERS

Make it your business to call and inquire into some of the above. It will pay you.

Beadnell & Callin

Courtenay and Comox.

Phone 2-4.

Local Agents for the E. & N. Railway Co. Lands in the omox District.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

AGENTS:—Commercial Union Assurance Co., of England.
Norwich Union Insurance Co., of Eng.

The Theory of a Hound

Not many days ago my old friend from the tropics, J. P. Bridger, United States consul on the island of Ratona, was in the city. We had wassail and jubilee and saw the Flatiron building, and missed seeing the Bronxless menagerie by about a couple of nights. And then, at the ebb tide, we were walking up a street that parallels and parodies Broadway.

A woman with a comely and mundane countenance passed us, holding in leash a wheezing, vicious, waddling brute of a yellow pug. The dog entangled himself with Bridger's legs and mumbled his ankles in a snarling, peevish, sulky bite. Bridger, with a happy smile, kicked the breath out of the brute. The woman showered us with a quick rain of well-conceived adjectives that left us in no doubt as to our place in her opinion, and we passed on. Ten yards farther an old woman with disordered white hair and her bankbook tucked well hidden beneath her tattered shawl, begged.

Bridger stopped and disinterred for her a quarter from his holiday waistcoat.

On the next corner a quarter of a ton of well-clothed man with a rice-powdered, fat, white jowl, stood holding the chain of a devil-born bulldog whose forelegs were strangers by the length of a dachshund. A little woman in a last-season's hat confronted him and wept, which was plainly all she could do, while he cursed her in low, sweet, practised tones.

Bridger smiled again—strictly to himself—and this time he took out a little memorandum book and made a note of it. This he had no right to do without due explanation, and I said so.

"It's a new theory," said Bridger, "that I picked up in Ratona. I've been gathering support for it as I knock about. The world isn't ripe for it yet, but—well, I'll tell you; and then you run your mind back along the people you've known and see what you make of it."

And so I cornered Bridger in a place where they have artificial palms and wine, and he told me the story which is here in my words and on his responsibility.

One afternoon at three o'clock, on the island of Ratona, a boy raced along the beach screaming, "Pajaro, ahoy!"

Thus he made known the keenness of his hearing and the justice of his discrimination in pitch.

He who first heard and made oral proclamation concerning the toot of an approaching steamer's whistle, and correctly named the steamer, was a small hero in Ratona—until the next steamer came. Wherefore there was rivalry among the barefoot lads of Ratona, and many fell victims to the softly blown conch shells of sloops, which, as they enter harbor, sound surprisingly like a distant steamer's signal. And some could name you the vessel when its call, in your duller ears, sounded no louder than the sigh of the wind through the branches of the cocoanut palms.

But to-day he who proclaimed the Pajaro gained his honors. Ratona bent its ear to listen; and soon the deep-tongued blast grew louder and nearer, and at length Ratona saw above the line of palms on the low "point" the two black funnels of the fruiter slowly creeping toward the mouth of the harbor.

You must know that Ratona is an island twenty miles off the south of a South American republic. It is a port of that republic; and it sleeps sweetly in a smiling sea, toiling not nor spinning; fed by the abundant tropics, where all things "ripen, cease and fall toward the grave."

Eight hundred people dream life away in a green-embowered village that follows the horseshoe curve of its bijou harbor. They are mostly Spanish and Indian mestizoes, with a shading of San Domingo negroes, a lightening of pure-blood Spanish officials, and a slight leavening of the froth of three or four pioneering white races. No steamers touch at Ratona save the fruit steamers which take on their banana inspectors there on their way to the coast. They leave Sunday newspapers, ice, quinine, bacon, watermelons and vaccine matter at the island, and that is about all the touch Ratona gets with the world.

The Pajaro paused at the mouth of the harbor, rolling heavily in the swell that sent the whitecaps racing beyond the smooth water inside. Already two dories from the village—one conveying fruit inspectors, the other going for what it could get—were halfway out to the steamer.

The inspectors' dory was taken on board with them, and the Pajaro steamed away for the mainland for its load of fruit.

The other boat returned to Ratona bearing a contribution from the Pajaro's store of ice, the usual roll of newspapers, and one passenger—Taylor Plunkett, sheriff of Chatham County, Kentucky.

Bridger, the United States consul at Ratona, was cleaning his rifle in the official shanty under a bread-fruit tree twenty yards from the water of the harbor. The consul occupied a place somewhat near the tail of his political party's procession. The music of the band wagon sounded very faintly to him in the distance. The plums of office went to others. Bridger's share of the spoils—the consulship at Ratona—was little more than a prune—a dried prune from the boarding-house department of the public crib. But $900 yearly was opulence in Ratona. Besides, Bridger had contracted a passion for shooting alligators in the lagoons near his consulate, and he was not unhappy.

He looked up from a careful inspection of his rifle lock and saw a broad man filling his doorway. A broad, noiseless, slow-moving man, sunburned almost to the brown of Vandyke. A man of forty-five, neatly clothed in homespun, with scanty light hair, a close-clipped brown-and-grey beard and pale blue eyes expressing mildness and simplicity.

"You are Mr. Bridger, the consul?" said the broad man. "They directed me here. Can you tell me what those big bunches of things like gourds are in those trees that look like feather dusters along the edge of the water?"

"Take that chair," said the consul, re-oiling his cleaning rag. "No, the other one—that bamboo thing won't hold you. Why, they're cocoanuts—green cocoanuts. The shell of 'em is always a light green before they're ripe."

"Much obliged," said the other man, sitting down carefully. "I didn't quite like to tell the folks at home they were olives unless I was sure about it. My name is Plunkett. I'm sheriff of Chatham County, Kentucky. I've got extradition papers in my pocket authorizing the arrest of a man on this island. They've been signed by the President of this country, and they're in correct shape. The man's name is Wade Williams. He's in the cocoanut raising business. What he's wanted for is the murder of his wife two years ago. Where can I find him?"

The consul squinted an eye and looked through his rifle barrel.

"There's nobody on the island who calls himself Williams," he remarked.

"Didn't suppose there was," said Plunkett mildly. "He'll do by any other name."

"Besides myself," said Bridger, "there are only two Americans on Ratona—Bob Reeves and Henry Morgan."

"The man I wants sells cocoanuts," suggested Plunkett.

"You see that cocoanut walk extending up to the point?" said the consul. And he waved his hand towards the open door. "That belongs to Bob Reeves. Henry Morgan owns half the trees to loo'ard on the island."

"One month ago," said the sheriff, "Wade Williams wrote a confidential letter to a man in Chatham County, telling him where he was and how he was getting along. The letter was lost, and the person who found it gave it away. They sent me after him, and I've got the papers. I reckon he's one of your cocoanut men for certain."

"You've got his picture, of course," said Bridger. "It might be Reeves or Morgan, but I'd hate to think it. They are both as fine fellows as you'd meet in an all-day auto ride."

"No," doubtfully answered Plunkett—"there wasn't any picture of Williams to be had. And I never saw him myself. I've been sheriff only a year. But I've got a pretty accurate description of him: About 5 feet 11; dark hair and eyes; nose inclined to be Roman; heavy about the shoulders; strong white teeth, with none missing; laughs a good deal, talkative; drinks considerably, but never to intoxication; looks you square in the eye when talking; age thirty-five. Which one of your men does that description fit?"

The consul grinned broadly.

"I'll tell you what you do," he said, laying down his rifle and slipping on his dingy black alpaca coat. "You come along, Mr. Plunkett, and I'll take you up to see the boys. If you can tell which one of 'em your description fits better than it does the other you have the advantage of me."

Bridger conducted the sheriff out and along the hard beach close to which the tiny houses of the village were distributed. Immediately back of the town rose sudden, small, thickly wooded hills. Up one of these, by means of steps cut in the hard clay, the consul led Plunkett. On the very verge of an eminence was perched a two-room wooden cottage with a thatched roof. A Carib woman was washing clothes outside. The consul ushered the sheriff to the door that overlooked the harbor.

Two men were in the room, about to sit down, in their shirt-sleeves, to a table spread for dinner. They bore little resemblance one to the other in detail; but the general description given by Plunkett could have been justly applied to either. In height, color of hair, shape of nose, build, and manners, each of them tallied with it. They were fair types of jovial, ready-witted, broad-gauged Americans who had gravitated together for companionship in an alien land.

"Hello, Bridger!" they called in unison at sight of the consul. "Come and have dinner with us."

And then they noticed Plunkett at his heels, and came forward with hospitable curiosity.

"Gentlemen," said the consul, his voice taking on an unaccustomed formality, "this is Mr. Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett—Mr. Reeves and Mr. Morgan."

The cocanut barons greeted the newcomer joyously. Reeves seemed about an inch taller than Morgan, but his laugh was not quite as loud. Morgan's eyes were deep brown; Reeves's were black. Reeves was the host, and busied himself with fetching other chairs and calling to the Carib woman for supplemental table ware. It was explained that Morgan lived in a bamboo shack to "loo'ard," but that every day the two friends dined together. Plunkett stood still during the preparations, looking about mildly with his pale blue eyes. Bridger looked apologetic and uneasy.

At length, two other covers were laid and the company was assigned to their places. Reeves and Morgan stood side by side across the table from the visitors. Reeves nodded genially as a signal for all to seat themselves. And then suddenly Plunkett raised his hand with a gesture of authority. He was looking straight between Reeves and Morgan.

"Wade Williams," he said quietly, "you are under arrest for murder."

Reeves and Morgan instantly exchanged a quick, bright glance, the quality of which was interrogation, with a seasoning of surprise. Then, simultaneously, they turned to the speaker with a puzzled and frank deprecation in their gaze.

"Can't say that we understand you, Mr. Plunkett," said Morgan, cheerfully. "Did you say 'Williams'?"

"What's the joke, Bridgy?" asked Reeves, turning to the consul with a smile.

Before Bridger could answer Plunkett spoke again.

"I'll explain," he said quietly. "One of you don't need any explanation, but this is for the other one. One of you is Wade Williams of Chatham County, Kentucky. You murdered your wife on May 5th, two years ago, after ill-treating and abusing her continually for five years. I have the proper papers in my pocket for taking you back with me, and you are going. We will return on the fruit steamer that comes back by this island to-morrow to leave the inspectors. I acknowledge, gentlemen, that I'm not quite sure which one of you is Williams. But Wade Williams goes back to Chatham County to-morrow. I want you to understand that."

A great sound of merry laughter from Morgan and Reeves went out over the still harbor. Two or three fishermen in the fleet of sloops anchored there looked up at the house of the "diablos Americanos" on the hill and wondered.

"My dear Mr. Plunkett," cried Morgan, conquering his mirth, "the dinner is getting cold. Let us sit down and eat, for I am anxious to get my spoon into that shark-fin soup. Business afterwards."

"Sit down, gentlemen, if you please, for I am sure that Mr. Plunkett will not object," added Reeves, pleasantly. "Perhaps a little time may be of advantage to him in identifying—the gentleman he wishes to arrest."

"No objections, I'm sure," said Plunkett, dropping into his chair heavily. "I'm hungry myself. I didn't want to accept the hospitality of you folks without giving you notice, that's all."

Reeves set bottles and glasses on the table.

"There's cognac," he said, "and anisada, and Scotch 'smoke,' and rye. Take your choice."

Bridger chose rye, Reeves poured three fingers of Scotch for himself; Morgan took the same. The sheriff, against much protestation, filled his glass from the water bottle.

"Here's to the appetite," said Reeves, "of Mr. Williams!"

Morgan's laugh and his drink encountering, sent him into a choking splutter. All began to pay attention to the dinner, which was well cooked and palatable.

"Williams!" called Plunkett, suddenly and snarply.

All looked up wonderingly. Reeves found the sheriff's mild eye resting on him. He flushed a little.

"See here," he said with some asperity, "my name's Reeves, and I don't want you to——"

But the comedy of the thing came to his rescue, and he ended with a laugh.

"I suppose, Mr. Plunkett," said Morgan, carefully seasoning an alligator pear, "that you are aware of the fact that you will import a good deal of trouble for yourself into Kentucky if you take back the wrong man—that is, of course, if you take anybody back?"

"Thank you for the salt," said the sheriff. "Oh, I'll take somebody back. It'll be one of you two gentlemen. Yes, I know I'd get stuck for damages if I make a mistake; but I'm going to try to get the right man."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Morgan, leaning forward with a jolly twinkle in his eyes. "You take me. I'll go without any trouble. The cocoanut business hasn't panned out well this year, and I'd rather like to make some extra money out of your bondsmen."

"That's not fair," chimed in Reeves. "I got only $16 a thousand for my last shipment. Take me, Mr. Plunkett."

"I'll take Wade Williams," said the sheriff, patiently, "or I'll come pretty close to it."

"It's like dining with a ghost," remarked Morgan, with a pretended shiver. "The ghost of a murderer, too! Will somebody pass the toothpicks to the shade of the naughty Mr. Williams, please?"

Plunkett seemed as unconcerned as if he were dining at his own table in Chatham County. He was a gallant trencherman, and the strange tropical viands tickled his palate. Heavy, commonplace, almost slothful in his movements, he appeared to be devoid of all the cunning and watchfulness of a sleuth. He even ceased to observe, with any sharpness or attempted discrimination, the two men, one of whom he had undertaken with surprising self-confidence to draw away upon the serious charge of wife murder. Here, indeed, was a problem set before him that if wrongly solved would have amounted to his serious discomfiture, yet there he sat puzzling his soul (to all appearances) over the novel flavor of a broiled iguana cutlet.

The consul felt a decided discomfort. Reeves and Morgan were his friends and pals; yet the sheriff from Kentucky had a certain right to his official aid and moral support. So Bridger sat the silentest around the board and tried to estimate the peculiar situation. His conclusions were that both Reeves and Morgan, quickwitted as he knew them to be, had at the moment of Plunkett's disclosure of his mission, conceived—and in the brief space of a lightning flash—the idea that the other might be the guilty Williams, and that each of them had decided in that moment loyally to protect his comrade against the doom that threatened him. This was the consul's theory, and if he had been a bookmaker at a race of wits for life and liberty he would have offered heavy odds against the plodding sheriff from Chatham County, Kentucky.

When the meal was concluded, the Carib woman came and removed the dishes and cloth. Reeves strewed the table with excellent cigars, and Plunkett, with the others, lighted one of these with evident gratification.

"I may be dull," said Morgan, with a grin and a wink to Bridger; "but I want to know if I am. Now, I say this is all a joke of Mr. Plunkett's, concocted to frighten two babes-in-the wood. Is this Williamson to be taken seriously or not?"

"Williams," corrected Plunkett gravely. "I never got off any jokes in my life. I know I wouldn't travel two thousand miles to get off a poor one as this would be if I didn't take Wade Williams back with me. Gentlemen," continued the sheriff, now letting his mild eyes travel impartially from one of the company to another, "see if you can find any joke in this case. Wade Williams is listening to the words I utter now; but out of politeness I will speak of him as a third person. For five years he made his wife lead the wife of a dog—no, I'll take that back. No dog in Kentucky was ever treated as she was. He spent the money that she brought him—spent it at races, at the card table, and on horses and hunting. He was a good fellow to his friends, but a cold, sullen demon at home. He wound up the five years of neglect by striking her with his closed fist—a hand as hard as a stone—when she was ill and weak from suffering. She died the next morning; and he skipped. That's all there is to it. It's enough. I never saw Williams; but I knew his wife. I'm not a man to tell half. She and I were keeping company when she met him. She went to Louisville on a visit and saw him there. I'll admit that he spoilt my chances in no time. I lived then on the edge of the Cumberland Mountains. I was elected sheriff of Chatham County a year after Wade Williams killed his wife. My official duty sends me out here after him; but I'll admit that there's personal feeling, too. And he's going back with me. Mr.—er—Reeves, will you pass me a match?"

"Awfully imprudent of Williams," said Morgan, putting his feet up against the wall, "to strike a Kentucky lady. Seems to me I've heard they were scrappers."

"Bad, bad Williams!" said Reeves, pouring out more Scotch.

The two men spoke lightly, but the consul saw and felt the tension and the carefulness in their actions and words. "Good old fellows!" he said to himself, "they're both all right! Each of 'em is standing by the other like a little brick church."

And then a dog walked into the room where they sat—a black-and-tan hound—long-eared, lazy, confident of welcome.

Plunkett turned his head and looked at the animal, which halted confidently, within a few feet of his chair.

Suddenly the sheriff, with a deep-mouthed oath, left his seat and bestowed upon the dog a vicious and heavy kick with his ponderous shoe.

The hound, heart-broken, astonished, with flapping ears and incurved tail, uttered a piercing yelp of pain and surprise.

Reeves and the consul remained in their chairs, saying nothing, but astonished at the unexpected show of intolerance from the easy-going man from Chatham County.

But Morgan, with a suddenly purpling face, leaped to his feet and raised a threatening arm above the guest.

"You—brute!" he shouted passionately, "why did you do that?"

Quickly the amenities returned, Plunkett muttering some indistinct apology as he regained his seat. Morgan, with a decided effort, controlled his indignation, and also returned to his chair.

And then Plunkett, with the spring of a tiger, leaped around the corner of the table and snapped handcuffs on the paralyzed Morgan's wrists.

"Hound-lover and woman-killer!" he cried, "get ready to meet your God!"

* * * * *

When Bridger had finished, I asked him:

"Did he get the right man?"

"He did," said the consul.

"And how did he know?" I inquired, being in a kind of bewilderment.

"When he put Morgan in the dory," answered Bridger, "the next day, to take him aboard the Pajaro, this man Plunkett stopped to shake hands with me, and I asked him the same question. 'Mr. Bridger,' he said, 'I'm a Kentuckian, and I've seen a great deal both of men and animals; and I never yet saw a man that was overfond of horses and dogs but what was cruel to women."

FARM VALUES AND WAGES IN CANADA

The Census Monthly for January says that values and wages in Canada make a good record for 1910. The total value of live stock on the farms is $593,768,000, which is $34,979,000 more than in 1909. The price per head of horses is $132.50 as against $130.72 in 1909, of milch cows $42.60 against $36.36, of other cattle $30.90 against $28.81, and of sheep $6.00 against $5.89. Swine alone show a drop in average price, being $11.30 per head against $11.80. The total value of horses is $293,398,000 against $278,789,000 for 1909, of milch cows $121,613,000 against $103,601,000, of other cattle $131,781,000 against $126,326,000, and of sheep $15,819,000 against $15,735,000. The value of swine, however, fell from $34,368,000 in 1909 to $31,157,000 in 1910.

The highest average price of horses was in Saskatchewan, of milch cows, other horned cattle and sheep in Ontario, and of swine in Quebec. Horses, three years old and over, reached the highest prices in British Columbia, where the average was $225. Swine, per 100 lb. live weight, ranged from $6.50 in Manitoba to $9.62 in Quebec. The price of unwashed wool was 18 cents in 1910 and 17 cents in 1909, and of washed wool 24 cents for each year.

The average value of occupied farm land in the Dominion was $38.45 per acre, or 15 cents less than for the previous year. It was highest in British Columbia, where the cost of clearing is heavy and the land is largely occupied for fruit growing; the average being $74 per acre, or 56 cents per acre more than in the previous year. Ontaario comes next with $48 per acre, which is $2.22 less than in 1909.

Farm help for the summer season shows an average of $35.15 per month for males and $20.70 for females, counting board, as compared with $33.69 and $19.08 respectively in the previous year. Males have an average of $347.10 and females $209.69 per year, counting board, as against $336.29 and $206.08 respectively for 1909. The highest prices per month in summer are paid in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, where they are $40 and over for males and $25 and over for females, counting board. The average rate of board per month ranges from $8 for males and $6 for females in Prince Edward Island to $20 and $17 respectively per month in British Columbia.

The rates of wages and board are quoted for the farm, where males are employed on the land and females in the house. They are averages computed from a large number of returns by farmers to the Census Office.

CONCERNING LONELINESS

The trite description that is given of man as a gregarious animal is historically and philosophically true. The records of the remotest past and the traditions of the most primitive ages do not even shadow forth an impression of a time when any human being loved to be alone. Isolation, seclusion, loneliness are at variance with every instinct of the race, and had they ever existed as motives in the human mind, all civilization would have been impossible. Man shrinks from solitude as he shrinks from death. And, in fact, the underlying thought which makes death seem most dreadful is the thought that it may perhaps mean an eternity of infinite isolation, which would be more terrible even than the absolute extinction of all consciousness.

Both men and women have, to be sure, at times shut themselves apart from even the most casual association with their fellows; yet this has been unerringly the symptom of a mind made morbid by remorse, by fanaticism, or by despair. A normal man and a normal woman look on loneliness with a feeling that approaches horror; and in prisons where solitary confinement is enforced its long continuance almost always means insanity.

There are, however, various kinds of loneliness, of which the first is almost physical rather than mental or spiritual. It is the loneliness which one feels in the absence of friends, of acquaintances, or, if you please, of other human beings. This is, of course, the usual form of it, and perhaps the only form of it that ever rises to the consciousness of seven-tenths of all mankind.

The usual person is lonely when there is no one near him. He misses a friend and he misses an associate; and, for that matter, he misses the presence even of those who are unknown to him. But, on the other hand, his loneliness is easily dispelled. To drive it away, one person is almost as good as any other. So that he is not driven back upon himself, so that there are life and motion and sound about him, he will always be, if not contented, at least quite free from loneliness.

In the absence of a human being, even the presence of an animal will serve his purpose. His horse, his dog, will take him out of his own thoughts and give him something of the sense of real companionship. There is, indeed, the classic instance of that celebrated Frenchman whose long imprisonment was made endurable to him by the presence in his cell of a small brown spider.

This, then, is the simplest and most obvious form of loneliness, and one that can be terminated by mere contact and association with anyone or anything that lives and breathes and possesses even the most shadowy kind of personality. It is, therefore, as I said, an elemental sort of loneliness and one that borders on the physical.

A second and a higher form of loneliness is that which is chiefly mental, and which is experienced by those whose mental traits are marked by individuality, who think for themselves, and who have opinions and prejudices and standards that are the result of serious thought. To persons such as these it is not sufficient that they should be surrounded by a throng of men and women, nor does close contact with any and every mind suffice to free them from the consciousness of isolation. If you meet a person whose ways of thinking are at variance with yours, so much so that you have no common basis and no common standards, or if this other person is impenetrably dull or incurably wrong-headed or fatuous or foolish, there can exist between you no companionship; but the very presence of another so absolutely out of touch with you brings with it an impression of remoteness and, in fact, of loneliness far stronger than that which springs from solitude itself.

External loneliness may be irksome, but it is as nothing to that inner isolation which comes when all that is best in your thought goes out from you and meets with absolutely no response. In one case your solitude can but oppress you; in the other it humiliates and hurts.

Last of all, there is the solitude of the soul, the inevitable and invincible loneliness which envelops every human being who has a brain to understand and a heart to feel. This is the solitude from which there can be no escape, and it rests upon the fact that no one of us can ever in reality come into full and free and perfect intimacy with any other. In what concerns the life of the world without, we can exchange ideas with one another; we can give and receive all sorts of confidences; but when it comes to the inner life, where lie the secret springs of belief and feeling and desire and yearning—that life we must all go through quite alone. There is no medium whereby one human being can perfectly and absolutely understand another, for each of us, as it were, speaks a different language from all the rest. You may clothe your most secret thoughts with words, and you may tell them with the utmost frankness to your closest and most sympathetic neighbor, and still in something he or she will fail to understand you in quite the same way as you understand yourself. It is all blurred somehow in the transmission; it is warped, distorted, and misinterpreted. And at the last you retire into the innermost sanctuary of your heart and soul with a feeling that you have stretched out your hands in vain, since there is no one who can really know.

It is strange, this loneliness—so persuasive, so profound, so eternal and unbroken. The father and the mother, with all their love and their devotion, cannot understand the child who is their own flesh and blood. He must grow up quite alone, leading his own subjective life with a whole world of thoughts and fancies and beliefs that cannot be communicated lest they be misunderstood and taken lightly. And when one comes to realize how utterly inevitable this loneliness must always be it hurts, and if one dares to think of it too much it frightens. To realize that in the whole wide world there does not anywhere exist a single soul that you can really touch to its very core, that there is none which can enter into yours in turn and share with you the things that weigh so heavily, is sometimes almost unendurable.

This sort of loneliness is only emphasized and stressed by casual companionship. One feels it most in the midst of crowds and where the laughter is loudest and mirth is at its height. For it is then that you seem to be surrounded by the blind—by those who cannot see what you are seeing, and, therefore, who never feel what you are feeling.

The closest contact of soul with soul comes through the love of man for woman. Love is a divine thing, and here for the moment it almost works a miracle. For the essence of love is self abandonment, and its gifts are the choicest gifts which those who feel it have to offer. It breaks through all reserve, it illumines, and it suffuses through the hearts that feel it, something which, in the hour of its radiance, seems to come very near to perfect understanding. For the time one is lifted up in an exaltation that is not of the heart alone, but of the brain and the intelligence and the instincts; so that feeling gives to thought a marvellous penetration. Intellect and emotion for once go hand in hand and are not at variance; both strive for once to see, to feel, to touch, to be at one; and, therefore, just for a little while the veil is sometimes drawn aside and loneliness transformed into the joy of a companionship than which our poor, imperfect human life has nothing else more wonderful.

The loneliness that is of the soul is felt, I think, far more by women than by men. Man's life has so much more to do with what is casual and external; his hopes and his ambitions are so much more material, so much less fine than those of woman, that his thought and energy are first of all, and often last of all, objective, while his sensibilities are blunted by the rougher life he leads.

It is woman who is naturally introspective, who is thrown more on herself, and whose whole life centres more around herself and what immediately is hers. She feels this loneliness unspeakably, and this, I think, affords the real explanation of why woman's love is far more constant and far harder to destroy than is the love that man can give.

It is, as I have said, through love that perfect understanding comes; and this perfect understanding means more to a woman than it can mean to almost any man. To be understood, to have someone near her who can really know, who can lighten and perhaps dispel her loneliness—this, to a woman, is the sweetest thing that life can give; and so, when she has found the one who for the time has understood and whom she has once admitted to the perfect knowledge of her, and with whom she has once walked hand in hand through all the secret chambers of her soul, she cannot lightly give him up. His faults and his defects may be innumerable. He may be fickle and untrue; but if he has ever really understood her and she has felt the beauty of it, she will pardon all and forget all, because with him alone has she been led up into the light, so that to lose him would be to turn again to what would be, far more than ever, the chill and shadow of an everlasting, unendurable loneliness.

MEAT SCARCITY AND MEAT PRESERVATION

Even in uncivilized times and regions man has been taught by experience to provide against famine by preserving food in seasons of abundance. Although successful methods of preservation have been in use for centuries in all parts of the world, no really rational process could be developed before the cause of putrefaction had been discovered in bacteria, and means of preventing the growth of those injurious organisms had been found by experiment. The art of preserving food, including meat, which is especially prone to decay, has been so highly developed, chiefly by the labors of the bacteriologists, that food preservation has become an important factor in maintaining the balance between demand and supply.

The International Hygienic Exhibition, to be held in Dresden this year, will devote a large amount of space to this subject of paramount economic, as well as hygienic, interest, and will reserve a special section for exhibits illustrating the theory and practice of meat preservation. This information is given by the journal Hygieia, the official organ of the exhibition, which summarizes as follows the various general methods of preserving meat.

The methods are four: dessication, cooling, heating and sealing, and treatment with chemical agents. Drying is a very old and good method, which is still practised by primitive races and to some extent, in civilized countries. The method of drying meat which is used by the Laplanders, for example, will be illustrated at the exhibition. The special advantage of drying is that the meat loses none of its nutritive value, and it is neither leached nor chemically altered. The efficacy of the widely used process of salting and pickling, especially dry-salting, depends partly upon the fact that salt and saltpeter extract water from the meat and thus prevent the growth of bacteria, but these salts also destroy the bacteria by chemical action. In smoked meat, likewise, the putrefying organisms are killed by the creosote and other ingredients of the smoke.

The preservation of meat by cold storage is now practised on an immense scale, with the aid of elaborately equipped and carefully managed refrigerating and cold-storage rooms, which will be well represented at the exhibition. Frozen meat can be carried around the world without losing any of its freshness, and cities can be abundantly supplied with fresh meat in the hottest weather.

Of still greater practical importance is the method of preserving by heating or cooking it, and sealing it in air tight tins. Not only have the commercial canned meats and meat products become very popular, owing to their cheapness, convenience and palatability, but the small and very efficient forms of sterilizing apparatus, which are now made for household use, are beginning to appeal to many persons who are still suspicious of commercial canned meats, despite the skill, care, and governmental control which are applied to their production. Any householder can now preserve meat in perfect condition.

As the use of canned meat continues, the often recurring rise in the price of meat will rapidly lose its terrors, and gradually become imperceptible. When strict control of food supplies shall have been established by every government, and the restrictions which now hamper international commerce in meat shall have been abolished, all local and temporary variations in production will be compensated by imports and exports.

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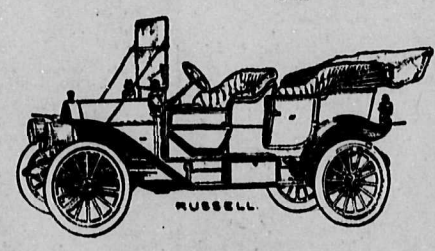

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SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
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Take notice that William H Hoff, of Courtenay, B C., occupation bank manager, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the most southerly end of Duck Lake, thence west 60 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 60 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 480 acres more or less.

WILLIAM H. HOFF,
Reginald Carwithen, Agent.
Dated May 30th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that William G. McKean, of Courtenay B C., occupation merchant intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the most northerly end of Duck Lake, and on the creek flowing out of said Duck Lake, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, and containing 480 acres more or less. WILLIAM G McKEAN,
Reginald Carwithen, agent
Dated May 30th, 1912.

LAND ACT.
Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

Take notice that Ethel Hardy, of Merchington, England, occupation single woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner Timber Limit 38102, thence south 40 chains; thence east 80 chains thence north 20 chains; thence in an irregular line north and west along the beach 80 chains to point of commencement containing 300 acres more or less.

ETHEL HARDY, applicant.
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated May 28th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward

Take notice that Annie Hardy, of Merchington, England, single woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted on the beach about 40 chains in a northwesterly direction from the northwest corner post of Timber Limit 38102; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence in an irregular line along the beach south and east 60 chains to point of commencement, and containing 100 acres more or less. ANNIE HARDY,
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated May 28th, 1912

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Sayward.

Take notice that F. R Fraser Biscoe, of Courtenay, B. C., occupation real estate agent, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted near the bank and about 40 chains south from the most northerly end of Duck Lake, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 480 acres more or less. FRANCIS RAMSEY FRASER BISCOE
Reginald Carwithen, Agent.
Dated May 30th, 1912.

Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

Take notice that Thomas Holmes, of Tunbury, Eng. occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the most southerly end of Duck Lake, thence south 80 chains, thence in an irregular easterly direction 80 chains thence at right angles north 80 chains, thence at right angles west 80 chains, to point of commencement and containing 500 acres more or less THOMAS HOLMES,
Reginald Carwithen, agent
Dated May 30th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.

Take notice that Bertha Holmes, of Tunbury, England, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted one mile west and 20 chains north from the south west corner post of T L. 39750, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less.

BERTHA HOLMES,
REGINALD CARWITHEN, agent.
Dated May 30th, 1912

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Edward Watson, of Newcastle on Tyne, England, occupation land surveyor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted 5 chains from the northwest corner of T. L. 39752, thence north 20 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less. EDWARD WATSON,
Reginald Carwithen, Agent.
Dated May 31st, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward

Take notice that Katie Watson, of Newcastle on Tyne, Eng., occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands,—Commencing at a post planted 20 chains south from the southwest corner post of T L. 39750, thence east 80 chains thence north 20 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less. KATIE WATSON.
Reginald Carwithen, Agent.
Dated May 31st, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT
District of Sayward.

Take notice that J. R. Johnson, of Courtenay, B.C., occupation hotelkeeper, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted on the easterly bank or side of Duck Lake and about 80 chains north from the most southerly end of said Duck Lake, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the said southerly end of Duck Lake, thence in an irregular line north 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 600 acres more or less.

J. R. JOHNSON,
Reginald Carwithen, agent.
Dated May 30th, 1912.

KNIGHTS ERRATIC

THIS is the rambling tale of Mudhead Morrison and Iowa Davis of cow-chasing fame and attainments, as *enacted on and in the vicinity of* Steve Allen's UY ranch, in the valley of the Arkansas River, present-day chronology.

A man, take him by and whichever, summer or winter, bilious or bibulous, is a large, foolish, gregarious animal proposition of sensitiveness, humors and preferences; what he wants, he desires, if no more than a certain brand of tobacco. When you've galloped along the gamut of his emotions until you reach the supreme expression of his obstinacy and sagacity, as Siwash Stewart says, *namely, his choice of a woman creature,* you've about unraveled his textures; the rest of him is unimportant and of an irrelevant or irreverent nature.

The emotion that moves a man to inveigle, win, obtain, hoodwink, or otherwise bamboozle a certain woman into a matrimonial contract is supposed to be overpowering. He may be induced to lay down a pat hand before the draw, let his life insurance lapse, or part with a horse he's raised and nurtured from its colthood; but give him the least, tiny little snip of encouragement and he'll contest to the last ditch for his ladylove.

Now, therefore, when a live, mature, male human person deliberately and without invidiousness or inducements resigns, removes and effaces himself from the field where he still has a fair chance, leaving the girl of his choice to the next fellow, who happens to be his best friend, why, there's your demonstration of the foregoing quotation as quoted.

Ab Kennedy's girl Pearl was the lady in the case. Ab owns the Lazy B ranch, which joins the UY ranch on the north. *Ab himself is kind of spavined,* lop-eared and freckledy, but Pearl didn't inherit a solitary blemish; she's the image of a deario. When she was a little kid she rode range with Ab on a little woolly Indian pony, and she'd whip and kick like grown folks.

Four or five years ago Pearl went back East to school a few. They turned her out all polished and trigged up, and she came tripping back to the Lazy B ranch in long dresses, with her hair festooned up and surcingled with a pink *ribbon. The Arkansas River valley tipped* sideways when she stepped on it, and the men inhabitants gravitated toward her from afar.

Ab bought her a bay stepper and a new, high-backed, rubber-tired, cut-under buggy so that she might drive to town after the mail. Whereupon every cow-punch within two days' journey felt called upon to make more or less trips to town. The roads became dusty with much travel. Bolder spirits among them invaded the sacred precincts of the Lazy B itself on multitudinous and trivial pretences, among whom may be mentioned Mudhead Morrison and Iowa Davis.

There never were two chummier chums than Mudhead and Iowa. Theirs was the steel-riveted devotion of a mutual understanding and fraternization that made those ancient pals, David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Thomas and Jeremiah, etc., look like the merest kind of chance acquaintances. Mudhead and Iowa were time-proven, solitude-tested, rancor-immune, and soul-welded; their lives were a duet, their ideas twins and their work team-work; a slur at Mudhead offended Iowa; when Iowa sniffed, Mudhead sneezed.

In the natural obtuseness of things, each saw in his friend what he thought he lacked himself; the virtues of each were magnified through the eyes of the *other. A fine sentiment and poetic,* but lacking in the small measure of self-conceit which is now and then essential to the normal development of individual prowess.

Take a man like Steve Allen, for instance. He came out to the Arkansas River valley country when only a strip of a youngster, but he brought along an overwhelming opinion of himself in particular; and when the echoes died away and the haze lifted, lo and behold! there sat Steve with four or five thou*sand acres of grass land covered with* beef critters. Not but what a friend was a friend with Steve—he'd "howdy" and "so long" with everybody—but he never overlooked any bets, nor did he fail to remember for a minute that he was the fellow Steve Allen was working for.

He gathered around him the best talent to be had—Mudhead and Iowa and Siwash Stewart; Buckaroo Jarvis, Sam McGuire, Whistling Ed Smithers, Skyhawk Hoover and others—the pick of the West—and he paid them well. Steve brought the first white-faced cattle to the valley, and after eight years in the business, *when he had reached the ma*ture age of thirty, he was doing some reaping. When he made one of his periodical loots of the Chicago market with a couple or three train-loads of broad-hipped beauties, he usually came back chuckling. Men swore by Steve—and his own hands proclaimed him king. Story writers, please note.

But on a dulcet evening in rare old, fair old June, when one would think no man would have the nerve, Mudhead Morrison quit. Mudhead tramped heavily around the corner of the ranch-house and lounged beside Steve, who sat, at peace with the universe, his unsocked feet elevated *properly to the end of a* pork barrel, the while he burned a contemplative cigarette and admired the *stars, spangling the fatigue-blue dome* above him. Mudhead springled a pinch of yellow crumbs on the diminutive film of rice-paper, rolled it between thumb and forefinger dexterously, and applied the moisture for sealing with the tip of a silent tongue.

In the west, Mudhead struck a match on his hat-band taciturnly.

"Ye'eh," he was moved to say, barely within the bounds of that period which the usage of politeness has defined.

"Iowa *got his saddle fixed yet?*"

"Ye'eh." And, after an interval: "I 'low I'm on my way tonight, Steve."

"What?" The cattleman spoke with sudden emphasis; then, more mildly: "Not quitting me, Mudhead?"

"Ye'eh. That's about the size of it; I'm going away for good."

"But I can't spare you, man. What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," Mudhead said wearily. '*Nothin' against nobody. Just pullin'* my freight. New Mexico, maybe. Maybe Montana. I hate to leave you, Steve—I shore do. And Iowa—don't tell Iowa, Steve——"

"Iowa?" Steve echoed. "Has anything gone wrong between you and Iowa?"

"No, nothin'. Him and me won't never fall out in this world. We cain't, Steve, but——"

"You've got to tell me, man. You know me. I'm your friend. Out with it. What's bothering you?"

It was a long and tedious process, the loosening of Mudhead's tongue. The primitive animal, when wounded, chooses to creep away silently and combat his sickness in some hidden nook, patiently *and alone.* But Steve *wrung it from* him at last.

"Iowa and me," said Mudhead, "have been *courtin'* Miss Pearl Kennedy pretty free these here last couple of months. It lays between us. If anything, I've got him beat—by a nose, you might say. She let me hold her hand, whilst she's only give Iowa a flower. But Iowa's crazy about her, Steve. If I'd take her away from him, it'd wreck his life, maybe kill him, or drive him off his canoodle. It does sometimes, *don't it, with a high-strung, nervous* temperature like Iowa's?"

He paused, awaiting Steve's confirmation of this startling hypothesis by word of mouth.

"I've read so," Steve equivocated. "I never *knowed* a case of my own personal knowledge."

"And look at me as compared to *him," went on Mudhead eloquently.* "What am I, to conspire to a lady's hand of the refulgence and opprobium possessed by Miss Pearl Kennedy? An ugly toad, a reptilious insect, a vile and measly worm, crawlin' across the face of the earth, while Iowa's a smooth, handsome, well-spoken young man of investigation and refinements. A gent of etiquette, Iowa is, and a man any woman would be proud to point the finger of pride at.

"Not that I don't worship her—I'd fight an army barehanded for her, and if it was any other man but Iowa there'd be fur flyin' in the air around *here before I'd lay down the cards I'm* holdin'. But the trail looks plain to me this way. If I stay in, Iowa can't win; but I believe he can if I drop out. He's worthy of her; I ain't. They'll make about the sniptiousest team, harnessed together, that ever was hooked to a doubletree.

"For these several and sufficient reasons I shove back my chair. That two-year-old heifer of mine, Steve—the three-quarter Jersey that I got down to the stock-pens when it was a couple of days old—and its mammy died, I'm going to leave with your bunch. When Pearl and Iowa*y* stand up to get mar*ried, give 'em that cow, with old Mud-*

Cause and Cure of Rheumatism

Due to Impurities in the Blood—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

The most noticeable and immediate result of rheumatism is a marked thinning of the blood, and in no disease does it develop more rapidly. Not only does the blood become weak but it is soon filled with impurities, which the different organs of the body have been unable to throw off. One of the most harmful *of these impurities is uric acid, which is* formed from the waste products of the body. In health it is readily passed off by the kidneys with the help of oxygen from the red corpuscles of the blood. Without oxygen the kidneys are unable to rid the system of this acid and it is retained by the blood and distributed to all parts of the body. The weak back, pains across the kidneys and thin scanty, highly colored secretions which follow, show that the acid is already in the blood and often *leads the sufferer to think* he has kidney trouble. If the disease is not driven out of the blood, rheumatism can never be cured, and the sufferer will always be subject to attacks, whenever exposed to damp or cold. With each returning attack the pain becomes more severe and complications often arise making necessary the use of habit forming drugs to relieve pain.

It is readily seen that the only way to cure rheumatism is through the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills afford such a treatment, as they contain all the elements necessary to build up and purify the blood. They increase its *oxygen carrying capacity enabling* the kidneys to pass the uric acid from the body and the other organs to do their work. Thus rheumatism is reached at its root and permanently cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely free from all habit-forming drugs, and are not an experiment, as the following case will show:—Mr. W. Studley Lewis, Pilot Mound, Man., says:—"I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always keep some by me in case of need. A few years ago while teaching school I *suffered so much with rheumatism in* my arms and shoulders that I had the greatest difficulty in writing on the blackboard, and after trying a number of remedies without benefit, I was almost in despair, and felt inclined to abandon teaching. But one day I happened to pick up one of Dr. Williams' almanacs, and read of the cure of a number of severe cases of rheumatism through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This decided me to give the Pills a trial, and I had only taken them a *few weeks when I felt much better. In* the course of a few weeks more the pains and stiffness had all left me, and I had no more difficulty in doing my work. I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they and they alone cured me of my rheumatism."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

*head's compliments and the importuni*ties of the season. I believe she'll make a milker from the Milky Way."

Mudhead's renunciation, humbly tragic, quaintly imbued with a pathos and fervor of its own, was complete. No amount of argument, pleading or banter would move him from the course he had chosen. Steve, crestfallen, annoyed, regretful, amused, gave it up, wrote out a cheque, and shook his hand, with a "Good luck" and "Hurry back." They had been long associated—Mudhead *would return; perhaps in a few days*—assuredly within a week.

The cowboy rode slowly, sadly away under the sentinel stars, a blurred shape, crawling farther and farther across the shadow-strewn plain. Steve sat again, with feet perched on pork-barrel, and pondered upon the infinite variety and aspects of human philosophy. The summer night, a short one at the most, deepened, but the sleep-god was engaged elsewhere.

The cattle—his cattle—lay contented*ly inert, silent, upon the warm,* grass-carpeted earth. The ranch cock, stirring upon his perch among the sleeping wives of his household, listened, and issued a tentative challenge to whomsoever, friend or foe, cared or dared to accept.

The figure of a man on horseback loomed suddenly near the corral-gate. The cattleman's bulk, in the starlight, did not escape the keen eyes of this late comer and for that presence he steered. He dismounted, and clumped toward the house.

"Howdy, Iowa," Steve said. "Help yourself to a drink. I just drawed some fresh, in the bucket there."

"That's first-rate," commented Iowa, after doing so. "Strikes the spot. I wasn't expecting to find you up so late," he added.

"You never know what you'll run across when you haven't got a gun," Steve said, facetiously. "I'm settin' up thinkin' about all the meanness I ever done. But you're gaddin' about *pretty late yourself, Iowa.*"

"I wanted to see you about a little matter. I—I want to settle up. I think there's a little coming, whatever it is. I guess I'll have to quit the old UY, Steve. I've decided to try it out West." To the Westerner there is ever another and more remote West.

"What? You, too, Iowa?" Steve caught himself quickly, turning the sentence into: "Why, every spring some of the boys go West. They always come back to get a drink of Arkansas River water before they're through, though. Ain't we treatin' you right on the UY, Iowa, old-timer?"

"Never a *holler on that score,* Steve. But the fact is, it's a private and personal matter. And don't tell Mudhead. Just say I went down to Houston, or El Paso, or somewhere, to look at some calves for you, until he gets accustomed. Mudhead's powerful—what do you call it? Susceptible to whims and notions. It'd be just like him to quit, too, right when he's prosperous. Mudhead's saved his dough and 'tended to his business, and he's young and good-lookin', and sharp as a carpet tack. I wouldn't *be surprised if he don't get married and* settle down and be some account to his country, one of these days."

"Has Mudhead got a girl, Iowa?"

"Has he? You've said it! And the finest girl, Steve, that ever made a man throw out his chest. Why, Miss Pearl Kennedy, Steve, is forty-leven kinds of a jewel rolled into one; and that's no dream! Heigh—hum."

"Why that graveyard sigh, Iowa?"

"Oh, nothing at all, Steve. I like her myself, a little—that's all. She pre*fers me to Mudhead, too; anybody can* see that when the three of us is together. She don't especially say anything—a woman don't have to, you know, like a durned, flat-faced man, but she looks it. And she gives me a rose, Steve. I've got it here in my shirt-pocket. Still, I can't marry her——"

"I don't see why not——"

"Because it'd ruin Mudhead's life. He's wrapped up in her. And they're suited to each other as natural as honey and a bee. Why should I, a low-down, ignorant, ornery good-for-nothin' keep stickin' around to hoodoo a couple like them? I'll tear out of here and let him have her. You don't need to waste no wind, Steve; I've done decided. I'll go away. Montana, or New Mexico, *maybe. I'll write you a picture card* when I get settled.

"And, Steve, I'm going to leave that sorrel colt of mine with you. He's got good saddle stock in him. When—Mudhead and Miss Pearl Kennedy get hitched, tell her I want that she should have that there colt for her own riding horse. You'll do that for me, Steve, won't you?"

"Iowa, I shorely will." In the vibrant moment of Iowa's closing appeal, Steve forgot that Mudhead was gone, that the girl was being bereft of both swains, that there was naught but humor in the situation as it stood. Such *is the power of eloquence over the grop*ing minds of men.

It was only when Iowa, with his *cheque in pocket and gray Stetson pull*ed low over his clouded eyes, rode forth and was lost in the night, that Steve reviewed the complete thread of the comedy drama in all its tragic absurdity.

"I'm a son of a gun!" was his comment. "I'd better go to bed and sleep it off. I wonder if Siwash and Buckaroo will quit in the morning?" But he found consolation in the thought that Mudhead and Iowa wouldn't fare far. "They'll be back by sun-up," he thought, as he dropped into dreamland.

Mudhead and Iowa did not return as expected. Days marching in orderly se*quence became numbered by weeks, then* weeks in tallies of four, but the knights rode not, returning a-weary from farfaring in lands of strangers. July, August, September. Came the fall round-up, and Steve Allen was short-handed. It had been a busy summer for Steve, marked by repeated absences and a notorious inattentiveness to ranch responsibilities.

For a month, or thereabouts, he had been doing better, however. The round-up spelled work, but he plunged into it *singing. In the mail one day came a* chromatic card from Mudhead. He was as far away as Albuquerque. Mudhead was neither scribe nor Pharisee, but albeit a reckless mutilator of words, from the scholastic viewpoint, his missive conveyed certain ideas, thus succintly accomplishing his purpose. He wrote, in brief:

deer Stev i am here fir a day or too an Brok this is a punk plaice i am reddy to com Back to work on the u y rainch wenever you say the Word Let me no an i will Bum it Back I solld my hors love to the Boys yors truly

M Morrison.

As an evidence of good faith he appended a street address. Steve telegraphed a ticket.

It happened to be Buckaroo who was detailed to drop by the station with a mount for Mudhead—Buckaroo, the uncommunicative.

"If he don't 'light off the noon train, wait for the five o'clock," said Steve. "And keep sober, you rounder, and take Mudhead over to help out with the East *End outfit when he does come. Under*stand?" Buckaroo did understand, and overcome by the weight of his instructions, fell garrulous. He grunted an unusually long and clearly enunciated grunt.

Mudhead came on the noon train. It was good to feel the rocking lope of a tough cow-pony under a fellow again, and the cool flutter of Arkansas River valley air on the temples, after Albuquerque. There was a host of things about which Mudhead felt a poignant *curiosity, too.*

"How's everybody? Steve and the boys and—Iowa? How's Iowa?" he queried, as they rode.

"Ain't seen him lately," quoth Buckaroo.

"Where is he? West End bunch?"

"Maybe."

"Is Iowa married now, I wonder?"

"Maybe. I ain't seen him lately."

Mudhead relapsed into silence and surrendered himself wholly to the sheer joy of living. He hoped Iowa was mar*ried; he'd be the sincerest and heartiest* of all when it came to his turn to wish Iowa and his beautiful bride health, wealth and unending bliss. The afternoon passed like a puff of smoke—smoke that lingered in the distance, a purple haze of Indian summer, on the knolls.

Mudhead and some of the others rode in to the ranch-house for supper at twilight. The West End outfit arrived at one and the same moment, with a pounding of hoofs and a dust-cloud. There was Skyhawk and Siwash and—lean-*jowed, unshaven, travel-stained* and grinning sheepishly—Iowa Davis, that day returned, riding his good steed from remote Montana.

Steve pulled both wanderers from their horses at the corral-gate in the extravagance of his jovial, rough and ready welcome.

"Get down, you globe-trotters, and hug one another," he shouted. "We'll kill a fat cow and celebrate the prodigals' return."

Mudhead, marking no fine distinction *of singular and plural in the statement,* thought he was the prodigal, while Iowa of the same mind, accepted the ovation as his own. Neither dreamed that the other had been absent. Each observed his friend covertly and noted the familiar lines of his personal appearance hungrily, but each stifled certain questions he would have liked to ask.

Mudhead decided that marital responsibilities set lightly on Iowa, but that he needed a razoring; that stubble on his chin struck Mudhead as cause suf*ficient for a family row. Iowa thought* Mudhead, as a young married man, had a care-free look to him and an utter boyishness of manner, but that he seemed to have lost weight; he was as thin as a rawhide halter strap. The first out and out reference to the important subject came from Steve as the three ambled toward the house side by side.

"I 'tended to the awardin' of that Jersey heifer of yours, Mudhead," he said, meaningly, the same being Greek to Iowa.

"*That's good,*" said Mudhead heartily, stealing a glance at Iowa, whose arm was on his shoulder. "I only wish it'd been a autymobile or somethin' of some account."

"It was all O.K., Steve went on. "And that sorrel colt of yours, Iowa"—it was now Mudhead's turn to be mystified—"that there colt of yours is now in the possession and custody of the aforesaid lady, in concordance with your predisposition and general orders, all signed up and sealed, ess ess."

"*I'm much obliged, Steve,*" breathed Iowa. "It wasn't much for a weddin' present, but when a feller's a poor dog, he can't do no better."

"Your apologies are accepted, gents," said Steve. "And if I ain't mistaken, that looks like somebody on the porch awaitin' for us all this time." Which latter could not be gainsaid. The figure was feminine. It was the round-faced, smiling, dimpled, arms-bare-to-the-elbow, altogether lovely daughter of Ab Kennedy.

Mudhead and Iowa stood awkwardly abashed, painfully self-conscious, before her; they swept their broad-brimmed *hats from devoted heads, as true knights* should, when in the presence of the lady of their affections.

"Howdy do, Mis'is D——" stammered Mudhead.

"Mis's M-M——" murmured Iowa, at the same instant.

"Mistress Stephen Allen, boys," said the cattleman, sonorously.

Mudhead and Iowa regarded each *other at length. The girl laughed*—silvery, liquid notes that rose and fell musically, blended presently with Steve's *booming merriment.*

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" said Mudhead.

"I'm right in that class myself," said Iowa, devoutly.

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

"BOY SCOUTS" AND THE WAR SPIRIT

MANY *of the highly organized insti*tutional churches are confronted with a problem arising from the popularity of the Boy Scout movement. Shall the veiled influence of militarism, as this is seen by friends of peace, be encouraged by giving aid to this diversion of the young? The Advocate of Peace (Boston), the organ of the American Peace Society, writes in answer to many inquiries. The subject is not an easy one on which to give advice, it admits, "because there are so many *features of the Scout programme* which commend themselves to all friends of boys; and, second, because there are several organizations calling themselves Boy Scouts which differ much in character." The movement, as it was started in England by Sir Baden-Powell, had, as its express purpose, the preparation of younger boys to become soldiers when older.

"Its purpose was *distinctly militaris*tic, but in order to deceive the people and close their mouths about the military aim, a number of unobjectionable and even commendable features were put in, including many of the outdoor exercises which the boys are expected to perform. But these features did not blind the English pacifists to the fact that the central aim of the organization was to promote the militarizing of the English people and to open the way for universal conscription, just as were the rifle clubs and other similar things. The Scout movement was a distinct and cunning device of the military party.

"The friends of peace in England saw, however, that many of the features could be used in an opposite way, and so Peace Scouts have been organized, and we believe with considerable measure of success, just as were the Life-saving Brigades, which were created in order to counteract the evils of the Boys' Brigades."

The *same objection seems to hold* against the Boy Scout movement in this country, says this journal. Thus:

"It is distinctly militaristic in its purpose. It means to catch the boys and fill their minds with the love of military performances before they are old enough to discriminate, and thus to foster the war spirit in the nation and promote the further growth of the Navy and the Army.

"With the movement in this form peace-workers can, of course, have noth*ing to do, except to expose it and oppose* it at every turn. Nothing could be more deadly and disastrous than to have a whole generation of boys brought up to feel that war is still the same necessary and supposedly glorious thing that it was held to be in the past. The more prominent the unobjectionable and valuable features may be, the more insidious and mischievous the movement is sure to become. Our friends should not be led astray by the fact that ministers of the gospel are approving the *movement and assisting in creating* Scout Troops. The boy problem in the churches is an extremely difficult one and ministers often jump at the opportunity to introduce anything that seems to render its solution more easy. Many ministers did the same thing some two decades ago in regard to the Boys Brigade movement, but most of them afterward discovered their error and were heartily ashamed of themselves. It will be so finally in this case, after however, a lot of irreparable mischief *has been done.*

"Wherever the Scout movement is organized on a purely non-militaristic basis, with everything excluded that tends to cultivate the love of 'the pomp and circumstance' of war and through that the warlike spirit, with all that that means in the perversion of the spirit of the boys, there the friends of peace should lay hold and help wherever they are able to do so, or make a sincere effort to do something for the boys in directions which will attract and in*terest them, and at the same time lift* and ennoble their spirits in truly Christian and humane ways."

TOLSTOY'S TRAGICAL PILGRIMAGE

SOMETHING like the Doukhobor frenzy for going out to meet the Lord without scrip for the journey seemed to overtake Count Tolstoy some weeks ago, with disastrous results. With no other explanation of his purpose than *that he intended "to retire from the* world," he left his home and embarked on a journey toward a vague destination. The rigors of the march quickly told upon his feeble frame, and death came at a small station barely eighty miles from his home at Yasnaya Poliana.

Dispatches during November reported the Count "broken down by the hardships of a winter journey, mental strain, and a rupture with his family." One rumor had it that he and the Countess *Tolstoy disagreed on the subject of* "luxurious" living. Another rumor that was quickly contradicted bore the tidings that the aged philosopher's wife attempted death by suicide immediately after the departure of the Count from his home. Count Tolstoy's secretary, says a Russian now traveling in this country, forecasted the separation from the "violent differences" between the Count and Countess over the way she spent money for what Tolstoy considered luxuries. The New York Tribune *prints this:*

"Tolstoy had hoped to escape notice after his hasty departure from Yasnaya *Poliana and spend a week of quiet fare*well with his sister Marie, a nun in the ancient cloister of Shamardino, in the *province of Kolnya,* but he insisted on leaving immediately when he found his retreat had been discovered. He drove in a carriage last evening from Shamardino to Kozelsh, accompanied by his daughter Alexandra and Dr. Makovetsky. In order to cover his movements he announced that he was going to Moscow, where he has a house. Later, however, the party changed cars and boarded a slow local train *proceeding in the* direction of the Caucasus.

"Tolstoy, with his two companions, made his way to an unventilated third-class compartment, which already was crowded with peasants. The atmosphere was stifling and he developed such a fever that Dr. Makovetsky thought it unwise to attempt to reach Dankov, the first town of any considerable size along the railroad. They left the train at Astapova, which is merely a little flag station. There is no hospital there, and only a few peasant huts. The Count was taken into the station building, where he remained during the night.

"On the way to *Shamardino* Count Tolstoy stopped overnight at the monastery of Optina. Before entering the place he announced:

"'I am the excommunicated and anathematized Leo Tolstoy. Is there any objection to my stay here?' The reply was, 'It is both a duty and a pleasure to offer you shelter.'

"Tolstoy spent the day in the dis*cussion of religious subjects with an* aged monk whom he had met on a visit to the monastery seventeen years ago."

A letter *said to have been* left behind for Tolstoy's wife contained this message:

"I can not continue longer to live a life of luxury, and, like many other old men, I retire from the world to complete my life in solitude.

"I ask that you do not seek my place of sojourn, and that you do not come to it if it is discovered. I beg forgiveness for the grief that I may cause you."

Pastor Arpad, editor of Az Est (Budapest) and now at Pittsburg, claims to have had the latest interview of any newspaper man or magazine writer with Count Tolstoy, and that in his talk "the separation of the great Russian writer from his family was foreshadowed." The Tribune reports this writer's further observations:

"So opposed was Tolstoy to luxuries that he would not publish two books for fear his wife would spend the receipts from them on luxuries for their home. But beyond their disputes over household economy, the Tolstoys did not disagree and would probably have been happy had it not been for Tolstoy's eccentricities."

HOW RADIUM WAS ISOLATED

THE fact that metallic radium has now been extracted from its salts was briefly announced in the Literary Digest some time ago. We are now able to supply details from an article in The Scientific American (New York, October 15). *As is well known, until a* few months ago what was popularly called radium was merely some one of the salts of this substance, generally the bromid or chlorid—the binary compound of radium and bromin or chlorin. To get the chlorin away from the radium, leaving the pure metal, was a task whose difficulty was increased by the very small quantities of the salt that were available. It has finally been accomplished by Madame Curie, the discoverer of the new metal, working in collab*oration with E. Debierne. These two* experimenters availed themselves of a method suggested by Gunz for the production of metallic barium involving the separation of the metal by first combining it with mercury, forming an amalgam, and then expelling the mercury by distillation. We read:

"After some preliminary experiments on barium . . . Mme. Curie and M. Debierne proceeded to prepare the amalgam of radium by the electrolysis of a perfectly pure solution of radium chlor*id, using a mercury cathode and a plat*inum-iridium anode. . . . The amalgam was found to decompose water and to be extremely inconstant in contact with air, being perfectly liquid, in opposition to barium amalgam, which under identical conditions contains numerous crystals. After being dried, the amalgam was rapidly introduced into an iron vessel, previously reduced in pure hydrogen. After placing this vessel into a quartz tube, the whole apparatus was evacuated.

"*The distillation of mercury is an* extremely delicate operation which should be so conducted as to avoid even a moment's boiling, lest some particles of the substance projected. The experimenters carried out distillation in an atmosphere of pure hydrogen, keeping the pressure of that gas permanently above the pressure of saturated mercury vapor at the temperature of the iron vessel as determined by the aid of a thermo-electric couple.

"In view of the very minute quanti*ties of material at the disposal of the* two experimenters, care had to be taken to warrant an absolute purity of the hydrogen. As hydrogen purified according to the ordinary process is still acted upon by the amalgam and metal, the gas, before entering the apparatus, was made to pass through a platinum tube heated in the electric furnace."

The writer describes at some length the process of distillation, which was both delicate and tedious, and which was carried forward until the metal *began to give out vapors which would* attack the quartz tube. To quote again:

"The iron vessels were then found to contain a brilliantly white metal which at about 700 deg. C. would begin to melt suddenly and which, in the experimenters' opinion, is practically pure radium. The metal would adhere strongly to the iron, being separated therefrom with some difficulty.

"Metallic radium is altered very rapidly at the contact with air, being blackened instantaneously, in conse*quence, it seems, of a nitrogen com*pound being formed. Some metal particles having been scratched off with a small metal tool, one of them, on being dropped on white paper was found to produce a dark spot as by combustion. On coming into contact with water, these metal particles instantaneously decomposed, the latter most energetically, dissolving the greater part of it, which would seem to show the solubility of the oxid. A blackish residue, which doubtless is the nitrogen *compound produced by the reaction of* the metal and air, would be dissolved nearly completely after adding a very small quantity of hydrochloric acid. Having been dissolved practically completely in the diluted acid, the metal could not contain any appreciable amount of mercury.

"The iron vessel containing the remainder of the metal was then introduced into a tube which was sealed in the vacuum. This is to serve in measuring the penetrating radiation of the *metal and ascertaining whether its* radio-active properties really correspond to theoretical calculations.

"Though the radio-active equilibrium has not yet been reached, the first tests would seem to show the increase of activity to occur in accordance with the law of the production of emanation, the limit of radio-activity of the metal being about normal.

"As metallic radium is much more volatile than barium, the two experimenters expect to purify it by sublimation in the vacuum on a *cooled metal* plate."

COLIN KEMPER and Lincoln Wagenhals, of the theatrical firm, are enthusiastic automobilists. While neither is in the habit of exceeding speed limits, each is fond of boasting the relative speed capacity of his respective machine.

"Did you say that you will race me any distance on my own terms in your new red machine?" Mr. Wagenhals demanded *a few days ago.*

"I do!" asserted Kemper eagerly; "and I will beat you. Name any *handicap whatsoever!*"

"Make it without wind shields, then," said Wagenhals triumphantly.

"Why without wind shields?" asked Kemper curiously.

"Behind a wind shield," retorted Wagenhals, "you could demolish any record by using it for a sail!"

Shiloh's Cure

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

Funeral Effigies of Our Kings and Queens

(By Mrs. Sarah Wilson, in Chambers' Journal)

In a small upper chamber in the Islip Chapel in Westminster Abbey were put by and locked up some of the figures that were laid upon the coffins of former kings and queens in the ceremonies attending their funerals. As these presentments or likenesses were of no particular use after the occasion for which they were made, it is not singular that many have disappeared; but it is a matter for congratulation that some have been preserved. Before their use was prevalent the faces and forms of personages of high degree were left exposed to view; after it was discontinued these figures were exhibited, with additions of later date, as a means of raising remuneration for the choir. For many years they were withdrawn from public gaze and carefully guarded from destruction or removal; but they are now removed to the Norman undercroft. A short time ago a committee of the Society of Antiquaries was allowed to make a close examination of them, and the secretary, Mr. St. John Hope, was enabled to draw up a precise record of their present number and condition, to which Lord Dillon contributes descriptive notes, and Dr. Robinson, Dean of Westminster, adds information concerning their identification. The result of this union of scholarship, observation, and research has now been issued in the most recent of the publications of the society, illustrated with photographs of the relics.

Some of these images or representations of pictures, as they are variously called in old documents, are stripped of the robes and appurtenances with which they were once provided; others have fragments and items adhering to them. The earliest are made entirely of wood; those of later date have wooden cores or framework covered with canvas padded with hay, on which in some instances a coating of plaster was laid. The latter have jointed limbs. And there are a few loose items not yet assigned to their original owners. Readers of Pepys will remember he wrote in his Diary, February 23, 1669, that he kissed the mouth of Queen Katherine de Valois when he was shown her parched remains in a chest as a particular favor when viewing the Abbey on the day he was thirty-six years old. Among the effigies still left to us is that of this queen. It is carved out of a block of wood hollowed at the back. We learn from it that she was five feet four inches in height, and wore a tightly fitting dress cut square at the neck, and shoes enriched with gold and color. The earliest of these relics is considered to represent Edward the Third. It is in one block of hard oak, five feet ten and a half inches in height. The hands are gone and the feet broken off, yet it is not without an expression of kingliness. The latest is that of James the First. The other royalties represent Philippa, wife of Edward the Third; Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard the Second (of which the body has disappeared, leaving only the head, covered with paint and gesso); Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry the Seventh; her husband (the height of the latter is six feet one inch); Queen Elizabeth; Henry, Prince of Wales, and his mother and father (Anne of Denmark and James the First). The feet and hands of some are missing. The Prince of Wales and his father are both headless. On account of its more modern make, the figure traditionally known as Queen Philippa is thought more likely to have originally represented Queen Mary in 1558. The body is of oak, the legs of pine or deal, and the limbs are jointed to admit of being moved. A double chin is clearly indicated, though the features are somewhat damaged. There are two sets of accounts extant relating to the funeral of this "most excellent princess Queen Mary." They state that Nicholas Lisarde made her presentment, and furnished the numerous items required for it.

In turning from these figures so fraught with pathos and so touching in their contrast to the pearl-gray splendour and serenity of the surrounding masonry, it is pleasant and of possible interest to numerous descendants to find ample mention in the public records of the clever carvers, joiners, and painters who made and embellished them. Edward the Third's similitude or image was made by Stephen Hadley, who was paid twenty-two pounds four shillings and elevenpence for it. The name of the artist who made the figure of Henry the Seventh has not been ascertained; but Thomas Mountey was paid six guineas for satin to put on it, and Stephen Jasp six shillings and eightpence for making it up. Three persons were engaged upon the effigy of his wife, Elizabeth of York:

Item, to Mr. Lawrence for kerving of the hedde with Frederick his mate.. xiij s.

Item, to Wechon kerver and hans van hoof for kerving of the twoo haunds iiij s.

Item, for ij joyners on friday at night to frame the body .....xvj d.

The figure of Queen Elizabeth, the fair virgin throned in the west, was made by John Colte, who was paid ten pounds for it; her robe was made by William Jones, and her sabbatons and coif by William Marshall. These articles may have been renewed when James the First brought the King of Denmark to see the Abbey, as there is a note that he gave Dean Neale fifty pounds to have the clothing of the figures renewed; and in 1760 another renewal was recorded.

The face and hands of the representation of the son of King James, "being very curiously wrought,' were the work of Abraham Vanderdort, and the rest of it was made by Richard Norris. A State paper dated April 9, 1616, records that this figure was robbed of its rich robes when it had been in the Abbey but three years and a half. The image of Anne of Denmark was made by Maximillian Coulte, a relative, it is presumed, of the John Colte who made the effigy of Queen Elizabeth. King James's effigy was also made by Maximillian Coulte. It is five feet seven inches in height.

The Dean quotes a work by Henry Keepe, published in 1682, in which ten of the curiosities in question are catalogued. It is entitled, Statues of our Kings, Queens, and Princes of the Blood Royal which lay on their cenotaphs when their exequies were celebrated in this church, being here preserved in the Robes of Estate with their Royal Habiliments and other Ensigns of Majesty, in the Presses of Wainscote—viz. Edward III., King of England, and Philippa his Queen; Henry V. and Queen Katherine; Henry VII., with Elizabeth his Queen, and Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, in one Press; with Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Queen Anne his wife, in the other. He points out another testimony as to their history in a work by Dort, forty years later, who says, in relation to their condition at that date, "the ancientest have escaped best." He described the crimson velvet robe of Edward the Third as looking like leather, and doubted whether the wooden presentment of Henry the Fifth was the original one, which was made of tanned leather. He mentioned that Queen Elizabeth was entirely stripped; and that, with the exception of James the First, the rest of the figures were past identification. In Horace Walpole's day they were "a ragged regiment."

Of the figures in these lists, that of Henry the Fifth is the only one not now in evidence. But there is the testimony of Thomas of Walsingham that when the body of that king was brought from France there was an image of him upon the chest containing it, arrayed in purple furred with ermine, with a sceptre in one hand, and a round gold ball with a cross infixed in it in the other. There is documentary evidence, too, of several more of these royal images than have been preserved. We learn from accounts of payments that the mother of Henry the Eighth had one; his queen Jane Seymour had another. Mary Queen of Scots had one when her remains were removed from Fotheringay to Peterborough (the head resting on a pillow of purple velvet fringed with gold). The widow of Charles the First was also represented in this way, and is thought likely to have been the last of the queens so honored. Curiously, there does not appear to have been an effigy of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward the First, though her funeral was conducted with so much ceremony in the long journey from Harby to Westminster. There was "a personage lyke to the symilitude of ye kinge" above the coffin containing the remains of Edward the Fourth in the journey to Windsor.

The association of ideas called forth by these relics of departed kings and queens, as to their joys and sorrows, aims and ends, the long past and the hereafter, seem to make the vistas of the magnificent Abbey more glorious, the long lines of uplifting arches more aspiring, the lights and shadows more delicate, and the deep silence more fraught with reverence.

WHY LIGHTS SHOULD HANG HIGH

Should the lights in a room hang high or low? This depends partly on whether each lamp is intended to illumine a special object or is simply to contribute its part to a general ilumination of the room; and partly on whether the surrounding surfaces and objects are good reflectors of light. In certain conditions it may greatly improve the general illumination to raise all the lamps so that they are nearer the ceiling and farther from the objects they are intended to light, paradoxical as this may seem. The subject is discussed in Factory (New York) with special view to factory practise. Says the writer of the article, James R. Cravath, an illuminating engineer:

"There is much misunderstanding as to the effect of placing lamps high as against hanging them low in the room. Many remember the old law of physics that the illumination varies inversely as the square of the distance from the lamp; even if one never heard of this law, every one knows that the farther one gets from a lamp the less light he obtains on what he wants to see.

"When, therefore, a man is told by a specialist in illumination, that with proper design it will make no difference in the measured amount of light obtained on the working-tables of a factory, whether the lamps are hung three feet or ten feet above those tables, the average layman looks skeptical, and even if he is too polite to say so, probably thinks that the expert is basing his statement on some theory rather than on known every-day facts.

"Nevertheless, it has been proved many times that with the proper equipment of the lamps in a large room, the height of the lamps makes little difference in the amount of light obtained on the working-tables.

"As far as the eyes of the workers are concerned, the effect is much better with the lamps hung high, so that if the actual measured illumination on the tables is the same, with the lamps hung high, there is every reason for placing them high, because there will be less sharp shadows and less glare in the eyes, or, if the lamps are shaded, less strong contrasts.

"Why is not light necessarily lost by hanging lamps high in a large room? To explain this simply, we must go back again to our analogy of light being given from reflectors in the same way as water issues from a nozle.

"Suppose we want to spray a certain number of gallons of water per minute over each square foot of a certain room; suppose also, for our first example, that we suspend a number of nozles at regular intervals over the room at a height of four feet, while as a second example, we suspend them at ten feet.

"Now, if we hang them four feet high, each nozle must spray over a much wider angle than if suspended at ten feet, or if the nozles are not changed when the height of ten feet is reached, each part of the room will be receiving water from several nozles. The amount of water falling on the floor would not be changed by the height at which the nozles are hung; the height only affects the area over which the water is being sprayed.

"In the ordinary case in which lamps equipped with reflectors are hung at regular intervals over a large room, the effect of raising the lamps is simply to increase the area over which the light from one lamp is spread. When the lamps are high, the light from the various lamps overlaps at many points, but the total light is the same.

"This overlapping is very desirable, as it tends to eliminate shadows from any one lamp. On the other hand, if lamps are not equipped with reflectors, and do not give distribution of light mainly downward, raising of lamps causes a larger proportion of the total light to be directed toward the walls and ceilings and hence there is loss by reflection back and forth between walls and ceilings.

"The question of delivering as much light on the working-tables of factory-rooms of this kind is therefore mainly one of avoiding excessive loss by reflection and rereflection between walls and ceilings, as has already been somewhat explained. . . .

"With light, smooth walls and ceilings, indirect lighting in which all of the light is first directed to the ceiling and is obtained from there by reflection, gives very fine results because of the absence of sharp shadows and the ability to see under and around looms and other machines, just as if the light were obtained from a skylight by day."

MOTORING

Some interesting facts as to the operation of taxicabs in Paris, giving in particular the arrangements made by company owners with drivers, are given in a letter from Paris to Motor Age. Paris was the first city in the world to organize a motor taxicab service, although other cities have since put this service into larger use than Paris. Several reasons have led to this. One is that, in order to compete with horse-cabs, motors must be run, in Paris, at very low rates, and fuel is more costly in Paris than in any other city. Another reason is the difficulty of obtaining in Paris capable drivers.

In spite of these conditions, however, the horse cab in Paris is said to be doomed. Two of the largest companies have already disposed of three-quarters of their horse vehicles, replacing them with motors. No cab horses are longer bought, nor are horse cabs built any more. At present, there are somewhat more than 5,000 motor-cabs in service, and between 6,000 and 7,000 horse-cabs. Owing to the greater speed of motor-cabs, it is estimated that about three horse-cabs have to disappear in order to make room for one motor. The Paris system is known as the "one-driver one-cab-a-day" system, the vehicle being operated from six to twelve hours and remaining idle the rest of the twenty-four.' An average working day is ten hours. Experiments in using cabs for the full twenty-four hours have led to a conviction that such a system would be ruinous, drivers, when taking over a cab from another man, becoming "absolutely reckless" as to care in use of the machine, so that repairs are incessant and the responsibility for damage becomes divided. The writer says further:

"In Paris, a considerable amount of liberty is allowed the drivers regarding the time they shall leave the depot and the number of hours they shall remain on the streets. All the companies stipulate that the cab shall show a certain average income, this average varying with the class of cab—for there are three distinct sets of fares in vogue in Paris—and with the season. Thus, the average must be higher in winter and during the height of the society season of May and June than it is at the end of August. It matters little to the taxicab company whether the driver spends six of twelve hours in making his average; as soon as he has made it and returned to the garage the cab is not taken out again until the next day. If any driver persistently fails to make his average his services are dispensed with.

"In nearly every case it is stipulated that the cab shall have left the garage not later than noon; a few companies fix the hour at 11a.m. If the driver has not taken his cab out at this hour it is turned over to one of the reserve men. There is absolute liberty as to the districts in which the cab shall operate, none being rigidly attached to various hotels, theatres, or railroad depots.

"No Paris taxicab company now pays a fixed salary to its drivers. In practically every case the method is to give a percentage on the revenue, beginning at about 25 per cent, and increasing to 40 per cent. As an example, one company operating two-cylinder cabs gives its drivers 28½ per cent. on all receipts, up to $6. From $6 to $8 the driver receives 32½ per cent; on sums from $8 to $10 the percentage for the driver is 36½; above $10 the driver receives 38 per cent. The company provides the cab, together with tires and lubricating oil, and in most cases a rented uniform for the driver, while the latter has to buy his own fuel. In addition to his percentages, each driver is entitled to all the tips he receives, and in most cases he considers it his duty to dodge the taximeter and cheat his company as much as possible. Knowing that cheating is carried on to a very large degree, some of the largest companies engage a large staff of plain-clothes inspectors to look out for drivers carrying passengers with the flag up, and indulging in other practises prejudicial to the company. Undoubtedly, the smaller companies, unable to maintain large staffs of inspectors, suffer severely at the hands of dishonest drivers."

In regard to the cost of fuel, the writer gives details as to the substitution of benzol for gasoline; benzol being cheaper. Nearly all cabs use benzol. Outside of Paris benzol costs 25 cents a gallon, inside Paris 26 cents. Drivers practically force on the owners of cabs the use of benzol, the cost of gasoline being nearly twice as much. Companies, however, strongly dislike the use of benzol. While satisfactory as a producer of power, it has a destructive effect on valves and valve seatings. But drivers will not use gasoline, and hence owners must submit. As a result of the high cost of fuel in Paris, single and two-cylinder cabs are used almost exclusively, not more than 10 per cent. having four cylinders. London, however, has a "decided preference for four-cylinder cabs." Two cylinders have been used successfully in London, but they are outnumbered by the four-cylinder models. Conditions in London are different. Fares are higher there, and gasoline is cheaper, the average price to drivers being 19 cents a gallon.

* * *

In discussing the remote possibility of a famine in gasoline, The Motor World prints an article on benzol as a substitute for it. Chemically, there is not much difference in the two. Benzol is a coal-tar product and gasoline a product of petroleum. The difference in price, however, is great. Practically no benzol has thus far been used in this country for motors. At one time it was employed quite extensively for enriching coal-gas, but this is no longer done. Its use in Paris is growing. While owners have to submit to the demands of drivers for the use of benzol, they have learned that, even when the injuries to valves are taken into account, benzol is more economical than gasoline. The writer says further as to benzol and drivers:

"The system of paying taxicab drivers a percentage of their takings and charging them with their fuel, obtains in a large number of instances in Paris. Wherein the reason for the use of the cheaper fuel is made plain. With rare exceptions, drivers purchase their fuel at retail from dealers established in the neighborhood of the garages. But whether it is obtained in this way or purchased at cost from the operating companies it always is benzol that is demanded. Desultory attempts to force the drivers to use gasoline instead of benzol have failed completely, the drivers refusing even to consider the higher-priced fuel unless the owners will consent to a revision of the percentage rates.

"By reason of the fact that there is an 'octroi,' or town tax, on all hydrocarbons, lubricating oils, varnishes, colors, etc., entering the city of Paris, taxicab drivers prefer, whenever possible, to purchase their fuel just outside the city limits where most of the suburban districts are free from this imposition. This system of permitting individual drivers to purchase their own fuel has resulted in the building up of a big business in the sale of benzol and gasoline throughout the suburbs west of Paris. Practically every grocer, color merchant, bicycle dealer, and not a few restaurant proprietors and wine shops have added the sale of these two products to their legitimate business. On entering the city, the driver pays a duty of two cents a litre on benzol or four cents a litre on gasoline, and here again the economy in the use of benzol is apparent.

"When a driver is called upon to make a long trip outside the city limits he naturally takes back into the city as much fuel as he took out, without paying duty again, and thus has the advantage of using untaxed fuel for the outside trip. Some one has facetiously remarked that 'there are tricks in every trade,' and it is reasonably certain that the Paris taxicab driver is not very far behind the times when it comes to turning an extra penny; his reputation for getting the best of the 'octroi' is rather unsavory.

"Naturally, on entering the city, the driver knows exactly how much fuel his tank contains, but the civic authority is not by any means as sure and can only make an approximate estimate. Consequently, there is a great temptation to declare a lower amount than there actually is in the tank, and thereby save two cents on every litre thus smuggled in. Occasionally, however, when a doubt appears to exist, the official will pump the tank dry and if any considerable discrepancy is found between the amount declared and the amount actually found, an exemplary fine is imposed for his attempt to evade the tax.

"Contrary to popular belief, practically no change is made in the carbureter when using benzol instead of gasoline, and several types of taxicabs, equipped with the same makes of carbureters, use benzol and gasoline alternately in different sections of the country. Occasionally it has been found advantageous to raise the level in the float chamber or to increase the compression of the motor slightly, though, as a general rule, the carbureters remain unchanged."

Winnipeg's Tallest Build ing, the McArthur Block

SENSATIONAL RACING VICTORIES

It is not always the best horse that wins a race, for a ding-dong struggle that is only settled at the post the jockey who is the best rider will often snatch victory by inches.

Many consider George Fordham to have been the finest of all jockeys, and he won many a race by consummate generalship. Archer was another rider who never knew defeat until the winning-post had been reached, but once he fell a victim to Fordham.

It was at Ascot, where Fordham rode Gilbert and Archer Spiaway. The former had made the running, but as they got near home his rival drew level, and began to forge ahead. Fordham realized that his mount was done, and could not challenge Spinaway, so he eased up as if hopelessly beaten. Archer thought he had the race well in hand and relaxed his efforts somewhat; then in the last stride Fordham urged his horse forward and shot ahead, the winner.

Once, however, the great jockey lost a race by looking round, and this was on such an important occasion as the Derby. Riding Lord Clifden he was well ahead, and thinking he had the race well in hand he looked back to see who was following. To his surprise he found that Mariconi was close behind, so he at once put forth the most desperate efforts, but that second's glance was his undoing, as Macaroni rapidly drew level and just beat him on the post.

Archer once snatched victory in the same manner. This was in 1880, when Bend Or and Robert the Devil were expected to furnish the winner of the Blue Ribbon, the latter being most favored. His jockey was ordered to make the running from the start and wait for no one. He carried out his instruction to the letter, and near the finish he was a length ahead of Archer, so, thinking he had victory within his grasp, he looked back. Archer saw his chance, and, coming with one of his famous rushes, he won literally at the last stride.

Last year the season was famous for it close finishes, and one of the most exciting of these was the victory of Trigg on Cardinal Beaufort in the Great Northern Leger at Stockton. Willonyx was leading and seemed to have the race well in hand, but just before the winning-post was reached his jockey drew out from the rails to the centre of the course. Trigg was close behind, and, finding this unexpected opening, he pushed his horse through close to the rails and shot home the winner by a neck.

There was that marvellous finish to the Two Thousand Guineas when no one knew whether Lemberg or Neil Gow had won until the numbers went up. The two horses raced up to the winning-post neck and neck, so close that no one could see which was ahead. Then Frank Wootton was successful on Admiral Togo III in a desperate finish for the Newbury Cup.

All the chief races can show at least one close finish which ended in victory of a rank outsider. There can have been few more sensational St. Legers than that of 1861. Kettledrum, owned by Colonel Towneley, who had won the Derby, was a strong favorite, yet after seeming an easy winner, he was beaten on the post by Mr. William L'Anson's Caller Ou, which started at 1,000 to 15 against.

Mr. Thomas, who was famous for his fine finishes, won two notable victories in the Grand National. In 1860 he rode Anatis, as clever a mare as one could find, who took her fences with apparent ease and then at once got to her speed on the flat. Half a mile from home there were only two in the race—Anatis and Colonel Tom Towneley on The Huntsman. They took the fences neck and neck, and there was nothing between them fifty yards from home. Then the horsemanship of Mr. Thomas told, and he landed the mare in front by what looked like a neck, but which the judge gave as half a length.

A few years later he achieved another sensational victory in the same race. At the last fence a mare, Dainty, was leading, but Mr. Pat Thomas, on Pathfinder, gave her no rest, and hunting her home won on the post by half a length.

THE LUMINATOR AND PERMUTIT WATER-SOFTENING PROCESSES

The formation of scale in boilers is one of the greatest enemies against which the steam user has to contend. Softening of water is of vital importance also to the domestic user, inasmuch as thereby the consumption of soap is reduced to the minimum, and no injury is inflicted upon the most delicate fabrics, as is often the case when the water used is hard. Processes of foreign origin for achieving these desired ends have recently been introduced into Britain. The first is the "luminator" system, which is designed solely for the treatment of boiled feed-water. The water before entering the storage-tanks passes over a corrugated plate of aluminium, whereby a physical change is effected, the result of which is that the calcium and magnesium salts conductive to scale are deposited in the boiler in a slime which can be easily removed. No chemicals whatever are used, the improvement being brought about purely by physical means. Many of Britain's leading railways have adopted the system, the Great Northern having an installation at Peterborough capable of treating thirty thousand gallons per hour. The "Permutit" softening system is one of chemical application, and has proved highly successful in Germany. In this instance the water to be softened is filtered through a manufactured substance known as sodium permutit. The idea is strikingly elastic, and can be applied to a small domestic supply for treatment of only a few gallons, or to one in a large manufactory where thousands of gallons are required. In this process the calcium and magnesium salts are withdrawn from the water to combine with the sodium permutit, and are retained by the filter, while the sodium originally combined with the permutit is released and passed through the water. By this means the elements contributing to the hardness of the water are entirely eliminated. A feature of this system is that when the sodium of the permutit has become exhausted in the course of time, it can be regenerated by passing a solution of common salt through the filter. For the removal of iron and manganese and for the destruction of germ-life, manganese permutit is used in place of the sodium permutit. The regeneration in this instance is accomplished by a solution of per-manganate of potash. Over two hundred of these installations are in use in industrial establishments in Germany, and the process appears to have been a complete success, especially in establishments devoted to wool-washing, cotton-bleaching, laundry-work, dyeing, papermaking, and so on. Hotels, offices, and private dwellings have adopted the small permutit installation, and in this field there appears to be considerable scope, since pure, soft, palatable water for domestic and drinking purposes is a great desideratum. Hospitals should also find the process of distinct service.

A Lucrative Oriental Sport

Every year, according to an old custom, in the second quarter of the September or October moon, the inhabitants of the Chinese province of Shantung go to Mongolia to hunt the eagles which abound in that region strewn with bodies of animals and even of men. The huntsmen march in troops along the roads, carrying on their shoulders long poles from which are suspended their baggage and provisions, and on which are perched tame eagles to be used as decoys. Commandant Laribe, encountering such a procession, obtained photographs for L'Illustration, from which we also take the details given below.

The hunters make use of a large net, laid flat on the ground, and baited with small dried fishes, in the midst of which is placed the tame eagle. The decoy naturally begins to devour the bait and thus invites his wild cousins to follow his example. When the birds have alighted and are feeding, the hunter, from his hiding place, two or three hundred yards distant, quickly closes the net by means of a system of cords and thus captures the eagles.

Eagle hunting is very lucrative; the feathers are used in the manufacture of fans and are sold at a high price even in China.

There are three sorts: Kie-pei, black with white centres; Che-ma, white spotted with black; Tou-tsing, half white and half black. Several eagles are required to make a fan, for only a small part of the plumage can be utilized. Hence these fans are very costly. A fan made of Kie-pei feathers may cost as much as fifty taels, or about thirty dollars. A fan of Che-ma feathers is worth thirty taels. Fans made of the feathers which do not belong to any of the three sorts named are worth only a few taels. This information was obtained from a native of Kalgan on the Mongolian frontier; it is therefore probably correct.

Lord Howard de Walden is one of England's wealthiest peers. His income is $1,250,000 a year.

Chess is taught in nearly all the schools in Saxony.

That rare event, a ruby wedding, was celebrated in Balfour village, Shapansey, Orkney Islands, recently by Mr. and Mrs. John Orever. They were married in 1841, and their respective ages are ninety-one and ninety-four years.

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Dainty White and Colored Dresses, in the Newest Styles and Correct Trimmings.

SPECIAL PRICES on Curtain Muslins.

A full range of Matting Rugs — at every price

All Whitewear Goes. Everything marked in plain figures.

Simon Leiser & Co, Ltd.

PIANOS?

It would be to the advantage of intending Purchasers to inspect our large stock of well known Pianos before making a final selection. Our stock is comprised in part of the Renowned—

Gerhard Heintzman

Canada's Premier Piano.

Kohler & Campbell.
Morris, and
Weiler Pianos.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Fletcher Bros.

The Music House, Nanaimo, B.C.

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

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world

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

CUMBERLAND, B.C., Branch — — — OPEN DAILY

UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAY

D. M. Morrison, Manager

COURTENAY, B. C. BRANCH OPEN DAILY

Wm. H. Hoff, Manager.

Dency Smith

MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER,

COURTENAY,

(Opposite Courtenay Opera House.)

Latest Paris and New York Fashions.

Hats and Bonnets Executed in Any Style.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS,

SCHOOL, DIAMOND CROSSING.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for School-house Diamond Crossing," will be received by the Honourable the Minister of Public Works up to 12 o'clock noon, of Wednesday, the 12th day of June, 1912, for the erection and completion of a large one-room frame school house at Diamond Crossing in the Newcastle Electoral District, B.C.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 22nd day of May, 1912, at the offices of H. G. Shepard, Esq. Secretary of the School Board, Ladysmith; the Government Agents, Cumberland and Nanaimo; and the Department of Public Works, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $225, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer
Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B.C., May 18th, 1912.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 26th July, 1912, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, three times per week each way, between CUMBERLAND and SPRINGVALE, the residence of Mr. N. Harvey, in the Minto School District, where a post-office may be established, from the *Postmaster-General's pleasure.*

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of tender obtained at the post-office at Cumberland, and at the residence of Mr. Harvey, Springvale, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

E. H. FLETCHER,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Victoria, B.C., May 31st, 1912.

FOR SALE—Edison Home Phonograph, almost new; with 2 and 4 minute attachments; and 40 four minute records. Apply W. H. Reese, Cumberland.

Tenders Wanted.

SEALED TENDERS marked "Tender for Sidewalks" will be received by the undersigned up to Monday, July 8th 1912, at six p.m., for the construction of cement sidewalks in the City of Cumberland. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the City Clerk, Cumberland, B.C.

The work will contain 436 cubic yards of fill, and 710 cubic yards of cement, more or less.

Forms of tender may be obtained from the city clerk, and all tenders must be accompanied by a marked cheque for the sum of $100, said cheque to be returned to unsuccessful tenderers.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted

A. McKINNON, City clerk

City Hall, Cumberland, B.C, June 14th, 1912

Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 29th day of June next application will be made to the Board of Licence Commissioners for the City of Cumberland for the transfer of the licence for the sale of liquor by retail in and upon the premises known as the New England Hotel situate on Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland, B.C., from James H. Walters to Joseph B. Walker.

J. H. Walters, holder of license.
J. B. Walker, Applicant.

Dated this 14th day of June, 1912, at Cumberland, B.C.

FOR SALE—Good dairy cows; also Separator. Apply E. W. Clark, Hornby Island.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 29th day of June next application will be made to the Board of Licence Commissioners for the City of Cumberland for the transfer of the licence for the sale of liquor by retail in and upon the premises known as the Vendome Hotel, situated on Dunsmuir Avenue, in the City of Cumberland, Province of British Columbia, from Thomas Wilson and Albert Bramberg to Robert S. Robertson of the City of Cumberland, B.C.

Thomas Wilson,
Albert Bramberg,
Holders of Licence.
R. S. Robertson,
Applicant for Transfer

Dated this 18th day of June, 1912, at Cumberland, B. C.

LISTED PROPERTY

FOR SALE—Five acres at Union Bay, for $4,000. A two-story house which cost $1,500 on the property. Also 40 fruit trees. Property is 500 feet from C.P.R. Railway. Terms and particulars at this office.

FOR SALE—58 acres south ½ of section 32, Nelson District, adjoining the Minto School house. Also a Cement Block-making machine, with brick attachment. The chance of a lifetime for anyone desirous of going into the cement block and brick making business. See BICKLE, the Real Estate Man.

Fifteen acres of good land; six acres cleared; three acres in market garden containing raspberries, strawberries, etc.
A new five roomed house, chicken house, barn, etc.
A good running stream of spring water right at the door.
Also 200,000 feet of standing fir timber.
Price $3750.
E. W. Bickle,
Real Estate

FOR SALE—Two-story house, containing 9 rooms, on full sized lot, Cleared, fenced, and planted with fruit trees. A bargain. Part cash and terms to suit purchaser. Apply E. W. BICKLE.

FOR SALE—20 cows, Jersey and other breeds; good stock. For further particulars apply F. MONACO.

FOUND—A watch. Owner can have it by proving property, at No. 15 house, No. 5 Japtown.

F. PIKE,
Plastering Contractor,
Cement Work.
COURTENAY - - - B.C.

NOTICE

Cumberland & Union Waterworks Co. Limited

Sprinkling will be allowed only two nights a week, viz., TUESDAY and FRIDAY, from 7 till 9 o'clock in the evening.

Leaky taps must be attended to at once.

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

By Order,
L. W. NUNNS, Sec
Cumberland, B.C., June 29th, 1912.