We have all the New Styles in Overcoats Prices ranging from $8.00 to $15 00. CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

Grateful for the liberal patronage of a public appreciative of good values and painstaking service throughout the year just closing, we desire to extend to our many friends and patrons A New Year's Greeting of Good Wishes for a Prosperous and Happy Nineteen Twelve.
CAMPBELL BROS.

No. 83 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, DEC. 30 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

1100 ACRES LAND SOLD

Near Courtenay Last Month, by one Real Estate Firm.

Interesting News Items by Islander Special Correspondent.

Courtenay, Dec. 29.—Messrs Beadnell & Thwaites sold land to the amount of 1100 acres near Courtenay last month and say there is every indication of a boom in Courtenay this Spring.

Mat Hemingston, superintendent for the Chemanius Lumber company, is putting in a camp at old Camp 8 and will clear the right of way and site for a saw mill to be erected at once. The mill will be placed where the coal company are to sink a shaft, near the Perez ranch, and will be of great advantage to Courtenay.

Local investors have purchased 604 acres adjoining headquarters camp of the Canadian Western Lumber company from a Victoria syndicate and will have the property surveyed and cut up into 10-acre blocks, which will be put on the market in the near future. This should prove a profitable buy. The deal was put through by Mr. Leo Anderton, of the Island Realty Co.

The Debating Society's debate on the Italian-Turko War was very enjoyable. The leaders were Messrs, Shepherd and Dunham. The question was very ably dealt with. The society will have a recess during the holidays, meeting again on Jan. 8

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

The B. C. Garage and Machine Shop for auto and gas engine supplies and repairing.

FOR ALF—One heavy logging horse and harness. Will take payment in any thing that grows upon the ranch Apply W. Doane Comox, B C.

The Public School will start again on January 8th, 1912.

FINE RESIDENCE FOR SALE
A seven room house in excellent location, as follows:—Three bedrooms, sitting room, big kitchen, pantry, bathroom with bathtub. Outside city limits, two lots, all cleared, price $14,50. This is a snap and a splendid opportunity for anyone in need of a nice comfortable home. For particulars apply at the Islander Office.

Mr. Montgomery, former manager of the Royal Bank here, and now stationed in Vancouver, came up on Sunday's boat and returned on Thursday morning

Miss Queenie Abrams came up from Vancouver by the Cowichan on Sunday last to spend Christmas with her parents, and returned on Wednesday morning.

PEKING GOVERNMENT HELPLESS

Chinese Revolutionists Refuse to Await a National Convention Decision.

BRITISH CONSUL IN A BATTLE

Persians Attacked the Indiau Troops Escorting Mr. Smart.

Two are Killed Amongst the Ranks of Indian Cavalrymen.

London, Dec. 27.---Yuan Shi Kai's proposal to decide the form of government which shall prevail nnder the new regime in China by means of a convention of the delegates from all over the empire is regarded here as a shrewd move, but opinion is divided here as to whether it can be successfully carried out.

Many prominent Japanese believe that the proposal will be accepted by the revolutionary leaders in order to make it easier for Yuan Shi Kai to convince the Manchus that abdication is unavoidable.

On the other hand many of the well informed here think that the great body of the revolutionists is too impatient for action to await the outcome of a national convention. The revolutionists are fully aware of the helplessness of the Peking government and insist on resumption of military activity.

BRITISH CONSUL IN FIGHT

Teheran, Dec, 27.—W. Morgan Shuster is still here awaiting the nomination of a successor to whom he can hand over the funds of the country. The populace, which holds Mr. Shuster in great esteem, is much insensed against the cabinet because of its action in dismissing him. Many protests have been sent to the authorities

Despatches from Shirus received here give further details of the attack at Caseroom. The Indian troopers were escorting W, A. Smart, British consul at Shiraz, from Bushiere to the post. In vicinity of Kaseroom, 55 miles west of Shiraz, they were attacked on all sides by the Persians, A desperate fight ensued. The persians were driven off and it is believed they carried several dead and wounded with them, while the Indian cavarly also sufiered a number casualties, including two killed.

During the fighting Mr, Smart disappeared and it is not known what became of him. His wounded horse was found at the roadside.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Mr. Bert Astou wishes to deny the report that he is in anyway connected with Mr P. Stoddart in business.

Messrs Webster & Russell will give the marksmen of Cumberland another shoot on December 31st and January 1st, on the Skid Road back of the sawmill. All you sharp shooters come and get your New Year's meal.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stevenson left this week on a holiday to Nanaimo and Vancouver.

FOR SALE—Singer Needles and Oil at the ISLANDER Office.

ANNOUNCEMENT

LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

At the request of a number of rate payers of this city, I am a candidate for Mayor in the coming municipal election. I cheerfully submit my conduct of the affairs of the Mayor's office, during my short encumbency of ten months, for your approval or rejection. If approved, I assure you I will continue to give the best of my ability and very earnest attention to the duties of the office.

Awaiting your judgment, I am,
Respectfully Yours,
JOHN L. McLEOD.

PRIZE WINNERS

The drawing for the prizes took place at the G. A. Fletcher Music Co., on Saturday, the 23rd of December and the following are the prize winners:—

First prize No. 2374.
Second prize No. 8638.
Third prize No. 3606.

Unless the tickets are presented by January the 6th, another drawing will take place.

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to the kind friends who assted us in our late bereavement.
James Baird and Family.

CARD OF THANKS.

I take this opportunity of thanking all the kind friends and neighbors who by kindly words and kindly acts tried to lessen our sorrow in our recent sad loss; also for the beautiful floral tributes.
J. Wilmshurst and Family.

HOSPITAL DONATIONS

Miss Brown, Matron of the U. & C. Hospital, desires to acknowledge with thanks the following donations for Christmas:—

Mrs. Woods, Christmas cake and pudding.
Mr. Clinton, turkey.
J. N. McLeod, turkey.
Mr. Slaughter, turkey.
Co-operative Company, turkey.
Big Store, fruit and sweets.
Campbell Bros., two hams
Mrs. F. Jayne, cake.

FOR MAYOR.

To the Electors of the City of Cumberland:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Having been requested by a requisition signed by a large number of electors to offer myself as candidate for Mayor, and after careful consideration, have decided to accept nomination I have served you seven years as an alderman. If elected, I will look after the best interests of the city and citizens, and will do my duty without fear or favor, notwithstanding what may have been said to the contrary,

I will address you publicly and go fully into the matter before election day.

Soliciting your votes and influence for a thorough business and up-to-date method of conducting the affairs of your city,

I am Yours Respectfully,

T. E. BATE.

A SHORT BUT CLASSY BOUT

Tom Tapella, the Local Boy, Wins in 35 Seconds.

In one of the shortest contests ever pulled off in this city Fighting Tom Tapella, the local boy, put it all over Richardson, he of 62 battles in England fame.

Richardson was 20 pounds heavier than the Fighting Kid, but was sadly out of shape. Tapella was in the best of condition and was never extended.

Tapella has a future in the squared circle with judicial handling, as he carries a wallop in both hands and takes good care of himself at all times. The contest is past and is now ancient history, but after a few days rest Tapella has again gone into training, as he is to box Big Clark, of Walker's boarding house, next pay. This go should be a humdiuger. Clark is no easy mark and Tapella will not have the merry ha-ha he did with Richardson. The Italians are backing Tapella to the skies, and as Clark's friends have quito a sizable wad and are game, there is likely to be quite a monetary considecation attached to the mixup.

The funeral of John Baird took place Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m. The young man was a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, which body turned out in large nnmbers to pay their last respects to their deceased brother. The Rev, Mr. Hood, of St. George Presbyterian church, performed the funeral ceremony at the house and grave. The Islander extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved family in their sad loss.

The William Yule company presented "The Rivals" Thursday evening to a packed house. The company was strong and pleased the large audience, but there was complaint over the sale of seats, it being claimed that reserved seats were re-sold to several people. A number who had bought reserved seats did not get them.

Mr. Robt. Swan of Denman Island paid Cumberland a visit this week.

CARTWRIGHT—PEACOCK.

On Friday, December 29th, Miss Lillie Peacock was united in marriage to Mr. John Cartwright, both of this city. The ceremony took place in Holy Trintity Church, and was performed by the Rev. H. Laffere. The ISLANDER extends congratulations to the young couple and wishes them long life and happiness.

NINTH ANNUAL BALL AND RECEPTION OF MASONIC LODGE

Happily and Successfully Celebrated in Cumberland Hall Wednesday Evening.

Under the Star and Square and Compass Many Dance the Happy Hours Away.

Cumberland Hall was crowded with a merry host Wednesday evening at the Ninth Annual Ball and Reception of Cumberland Lodge No. 26, A. F. & A. M, The hall was handsomely decorated in evergreen. In the East the Star made up of electric bulbs glittered and in the West the square and compass gleamed, the compass being pricked out in blue electric bulbs and the square in white The floor was in the best of condition. Roy's five-piece orchestra discoursed the liveliest of music and the merry dancers "tripped the light fantastic" till the early morning hours.

The grand march was a charming spectacle, the bright electric light glinting from jewelry and the many handsome gowns of the ladies to the sober evening dress of the men. No regalia was worn. Supper, in the Cumberland Hotel, was a feast and was served en cafetaire at 12. It was thoroughly enjoyed and all were loud in praise of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merrifeld, the caterers.

The committee, John Matthews, chairman, J. W. Cooke, secretary, Dr. G. K. MacNaughton, W. F. Ramsay, H. Winningham, J. N. McLeod Wm. Hayman, are to be congratulated upon a very happy and successful function.

I buy and sell Cleveland, Massey-Harris, Perfect and Crescent Bicycles, also guns, rifles and stoves. "Tommy's Bicycle Shop, 3rd Street, box 360, Cumberland, B. C.

FOR SALE—40 sucking pigs, $4.00 each. Apply Robert Sollan, Hornby Island.

TO OUR READERS:

A Happy New Year.

And may the God of Good Luck lie in the hollow of your hand every instant of 1912.

THE ISLANDER

Advent of the Motor Ship

No even since the introduction of the compound engine has aroused so much interest in the maritime world as the advent of the motor ship. While it might be going to far to predict that the oil motor would drive the steam engine off the sea, there is ample warrant for asserting that the new engine is destined soon to become a formidable rival to the old. Professor Stanfield recently assured the students at Leith Nautical College that "we are on the eve of an important revolution in ship propulsion." A good many eminent naval architects and marine engineers have said the same thing in effect and at greater length.

But as faith without works is dead, so prophecy without performance is not convincing. The best way to estimate the potential value of the oil motor as a marine engine is to take note of what the ship builders are doing with it. To the landlubber the results of such an investigation are nothing less than astounding.

Dr. Rudolf Diesel, of Munich, Bavaria, the inventor of the oil engine that has made the motor ship possible, recently assured the Institution of Naval Architects of Great Britain that he knew of 250 vessels fitted, or being fitted, with his engines. Even though it is backed by unimpeachable authority this statement sounds perfectly incredible until it is explained that most of the vessels are of the kind that taxpayers are expected to pay for but are not expected to know anything about.

In other words, the most important development of the marine oil engine until recently has been for submarines. France took the lead in this field seven or eight years ago. Now, all the important powers of Europe, except England, use oil engines in submarines. Thanks to Dr. Diesel, these craft are no longer uncertain weapons of defence, but have now become useful in attack, owing to their increased power and range of action.

In France, too, the sailing ship with oil engines as auxiliaries for use in calms and contrary winds is being developed. Each year some sixty sailing vessels leave Europe for Pacific ports, the voyages averaging 155 days. On so long a voyage a sailing ship is liable to many delays. The French barque Quevilly, of 3271 tons gross register, was fitted with twin screws and oil engines capabale of driving her six to seven knots an hour. A hundred tons of fuel was sufficient for a run of four thousand miles. So successful was the Quevilly that her owners are now building an auxiliary ship of 6,100 tons gross with engines of 900 horse power.

But submarines and sailing ships with auxiliary power might be built indefinitely without creating a ripple on the current of events. Not until the oil engine made its appearance as the exclusive motive power of commercial craft did naval architects, marine engineers, and shipowners begin to give it their very particular attention. The advent of the oil engine in the commercial marine was very gradual at first. It seems that some small coasters and fishing vessels were first equipped. They achieved such unheard-of economies that progress became swifter. The first commercial motor craft in Germany, for example, was the small coaster Freriehs and the fishing boat Ewersand. The former, carrying one ton of oil in a tank under the cabin, was able to make a voyage of 240 miles on this one ton at a speed of 9.5 knots an hour. The Ewersand, with an engine of 90 horse power, made a cruise of five weeks with three tons of oil as compared with the twenty tons of coal that would have been required under steam. The use of the oil engine increased the length of the boat available for cargo by thirteen feet.

Knowledge of these things getting abroad, the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co. ventured to build the first motor ship of really substantial size, the oil carrier Vulvanus. This vessel, 196 feet long, 37 feet beam, and 1179 tons gross register, was fitted with Diesel oil engines of 550 horse power, which proved to be able to drive her at a speed of 8.4 knots an hour on a consumption of 2.5 tons of oil in twenty four hours. The most interesting point about the Vulcanus was that her operating expenses were $19.50 a day less than those of a steamship of the same capacity.

The performance of the Vulcanus was the match which fired an exceedingly interesting train of events. Interest in the new marine motor became acute and widespread. Orders came in upon the naval architects thick and fast for larger and still larger motor ships, the owners of the Vulcanus taking the lead by laying down a motor ship twice the size of the successful pioneer.

One of the earliest of the large craft to be put into commission after the Vulcanus was the Toiler, built to operate on the Canadian lakes and canals. The Toiler is 248 feet long, 42.5 feet beam, and 19 feet molded depth. On account of the speed limit imposed by canal navigation the oil engines were only 400 horse power, which is sufficient to maintain a speed of six miles an hour when fully loaded. The Toiler looks very much like an ore carrier on the Great Lakes, except that she has no funnel. The pilot house, bridge and part of the crew's accomodations are perched on the bow, while the engine room and the rest of the crew's quarters appear at the farther end of a long expanse of hatches at the extreme stern. On her trial trip the Toiler carried 2,650 tons of coal to Calais at a speed of 5.9 knots (6.75 miles) an hour. The return light was made at a speed of 8.2 knots (9.5 miles) an hour. The fuel consumption for the round trip was 6.5 tons of oil, or an average of 1.7 tons a day, worth $15.60, as compared with 9 tons of coal worth $28, which a steamship of the same capacity would have required daily. To this saving of $12.40 a day on fuel must be added $5 a day saved on stokers' wages, besides the cost of their food, and an increase in revenue earning space of 120 tons on weight saved by the absence of boilers and coal bunkers. It had been intended to employ the Toiler in the coasting trade on the other side to enable the builders to tune up the new engines; but everything worked so well that the new motor ship was sent across the Atlantic early in July, 1911.

While the Diesel engine was proving its worth European owners, taking it on faith, were busy everywhere building more motor ships. The Romagna, an Italian coaster with twin-screw oil engines of 800 horse power, was launched at Ancona, on the Adriatic, early in the spring. A freighter of 3,200 tons to be propelled by oil engines is being built in England for Lord Furness, while the first passenger-carrying motor ship, a craft of 5,000 tons with oil engines capable of developing a speed of twelve knots an hour, with small oil engines to run all the numerous auxiliaries on shipboard, such as pumps, ventilators, lights, and steering engines, for the Russian East Asiatic Steamship Company, is also on the stocks in England. The Dutch East Indian Company is building a motor ship to have oil engines of 1,500 horse power in Holland. The largest of all the mercantile motor ships yet undertaken is a freighter of 9,000 tons, which is to have oil engines of 3,000 horse power, capable of driving her at a speed of twelve and a half knots, which the Hamburg American Line is to put in commission in a few months. It is also known, despite official secretiveness, that the German warship Goeben, now nearing completion, is to have her central shaft driven by oil engines of 12,000 horse power. France is building a novel war craft, a sort of combination of torpedo boat destroyer and submarine, with oil engines of 4,000 horse power. Not to make the list of motor ships now building too long, it may be said that thirty licenses to build Diesel marine engines of large size have been issued in the last six months.

By no means all information about motor ships is accessible to the public, for a great deal of experimenting with oil engines has been carried on in secret, both under government auspices and by private firms. Developments have been so important, and the fact became so evident that Diesel engines would soon be used extensively for ship propulsion, that Lloyd's some months ago appointed a committee to investigate the new motor. The results of the investigation must have been satisfactory, judging from a paper which J. T. Milton, chief surveyor for Lloyd's, presented at a meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects last April, in which he predicted that the ensuing twelve months would be momentous in the history of marine engineering. Mr. Milton expressed the belief that it was even then possible to build marine oil engines of thirty thousand horse power.

To the patriotic American, who is convinced that nothing really worth while ever originates outside the boundaries of his native land, and who probably never heard of Dr. Diesel or his oil engine, the sudden appearance of the motor ship must be astonishing. Perhaps it may surprise him still more to be told that the Disel engine is far from being new or untried. As long ago as 1901 the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, awarded the Elliott Cresson gold medal to Herr Rudolf Diesel in recognition of the great service he had rendered mankind by his invention. Even then the Diesel engine had been in general use in Europe for seven years. Since then Diesel engines to the value of millions of pounds sterling have been built for use on land.

An account of the origin of the oil engine fails entirely to measure up to the popular idea of what the history of a great invention should be. There was no starving inventor burning the midnight oil in a garret, no miraculous discovery of an elusive secret, nothing romantic, nothing spectacular. Dr. Diesel, the inventor, is a hard-headed, sober-minded, thoroughly educated German, who knew exactly what he wanted to do before he undertook to do it. The task he set himself was the production of an internal-combustion motor which, by avoiding the troubles of other motors of that class, would be thoroughly reliable, suitable for universal use, and economical, first by using a cheap fuel obtainable anywhere; and, second, by utilizing the greatest possible percentage of the heat value in the fuel.

The next step was to work out this problem theoretically in a thoroughly scientific manner; the next was to make drawings for an engine in accordance with the theoretical study; the last was to build an engine according to the drawings. Under the circumstances, the experimental engine did precisely what it was expected to do. The first oil engine ever built marked an advance of 50 per cent. in fuel economy over the best existing internal-combustion motor. All that was left to do was to adapt the plan to constantly increase sizes until oil engines of six thousand horse power are now built and in operation, and to change the type from a four-cycle to a two-cycle and provide a method of reversing to adpt it to marine use.

It should be explained that while the Diesel engine belongs to the internal-combustion class, which makes it a first cousin to the gasoline engine, so familiar on automobiles, motor boats and elsewhere, it differs widely from its odoriferous relative. The most important difference is in the fuel used, which is crude petroleum. This completely eliminates the constant danger inseparably connected with the use of gasoline, for crude oil is non-explosive. In fact, it is as safe as coal. Another important difference is in the means of firing the charge of fuel in the engine. All automobilists are familiar with the wonderful capacity of the electric spark, which sometimes fires the charge in a gasoline engine, has for failing at the very time when it is most particularly wanted to do its work well. The Diesel marine engine is of the two-cycle type; that is, the fuel charge is compressed at one stroke and fired and exhausted in the next. In the Diesel engine the cylinder is filled with pure air which is compressed at one stroke of the piston to a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch. The sudden and high degree of compression raises the temperature of the air in the cylinder to a point more than sufficient to ignite the crude, oil, which is now injected by a jet of air from a reservoir, supplied by an independent pump, at a pressure 250 pounds above that in the cylinder. The jet of oil is finely divided by passing through a spool of wire netting so that each particle of oil is surrounded by a film of air. As there is more than enough air present for combustion, and as combustion takes place in compressed air more readily than at atmospheric pressure, the charge is instantly and completely consumed, the expansion of the gases of combustion forcing the piston forward. Near the end of the stroke a jet of compressed air blows the gases out through the exhaust ports and fills the cylinder with air again for the next compression stroke. As there is nothing to get out of order the 'firing method' never fails so long as the engine itself is in working order. It is the ideal of simplicity, efficiency and reliability.

One virtue of the Diesel engine which would commend it to a good housekeeper is the fact that combustion is so complete that the exhaust will not soil a white handkerchief held within a foot of the end of the exhaust pipe. No trace of deposit can be found on the inside of a cylinder that has been running constantly for weeks. It is the cleanest of engines.

But its special attraction for vessel owners is the ability of the oil engine to utilize from 30 to 35 per cent. of the heat value of the fuel supplied to it, as compared with 23 per cent. utilized by a gasoline engines and 13 per cent. by the best type of steam plant with superheater. A Diesel engine working at full capacity requires four-tenths of a pound of oil to produce one horse power for one hour, while a steam engine requires 1.47 pounds of coal to do the same work. An oil engine requires only 28 per cent. of the weight of fuel that a steam engine of the same capacity would require for the same length of time, according to Chief Surveyor Milton. Dr. Diesel, himself, says his engine requires only a fifth to a sixth of the weight of fuel that a steam engine would. When it is remembered that a ship's double bottom, tanks in bow and stern, and other places not available for cargo can be utilized for carrying fuel oil, and that all the space occupied by boilers and coal bunkers in a steamship is saved for revenue producing cargo in a motor ship, some idea of the advantages offered by such craft may be obtained. For example, if the Lusitania had oil engines, she could make the same speed on 280 tons of oil a day that she now makes on a thousand tons of coal. This would make a difference of 3,600 tons in the weight of fuel that would have to be carried on a voyage. Besides this the enormous amount of space now given up to boilers and funnels in the choicest part of the ship could be turned over to passengers or used for cargo.

Or, to give more precise figures, it has been calculated that in a motor ship of 5,400 tons now building for the Black Sea trade, 15,000 cubic feet space in the hold can be saved, which on four voyages a year would earn $4,380. In addition to this, the vessel would save $2,677 on fuel and $1,168 on wages of stokers and coal-passers, making a total saving of $8,225 a year as compared with a steamship of the same capacity.

Other merits of the motor ship are that oil fuel may be taken on board much more easily, quickly and cheaply than coal and that coal trimming is eliminated. As there is no steam to raise, the ship is always ready to start at a moment's notice, while there is no expense whatever for fuel while the vessel is at anchor. The work is easier for the engineers and more comfortable, too; because the engine-room is cooler. Finally, so little fuel is required that the vessel can go much farther without stopping for a fresh supply. Dr. Diesel says that a warship with oil engines could go around the world, fight battles, and return to her home port without stopping for fuel.

All the numerous auxiliaries needed on shipboard can be operated by small oil engines as readily as by steam. An electric generator driven by an oil engine will supply current for lights, for steering, for ventilation, for running winches and windlass, for operating bilge and other pumps, while the waste gases can be used for heating, and compressed air pumped by an oil engine blows the whistle. Compressed air is also used for starting the engines and for reversing.

THE FOOD VALUE OF BREAD

Although mankind has made use of bread in some form or other for several thousand years, there still remains much unknown about the food value and about the relation to digestion of this universal staff of life. An English study of the subject has just been completed, by a committee of the local government board. This committee made use of much of the work done by experts of the U. S. department of agriculture.

The old controversy between the advocates of roller-mill flour and the defenders of stone-mill flour need never again be revived, in view of the results obtained by a scientific analysis of meals produced by the two processes. Not only do the roller-mill flours show a larger percentage of available nutrients, but the best grades of wheat—the so-called "hard wheats"—cannot be utilized at all in the old-fashioned stone mill; and the flours having the best "baking qualities" are produced by the roller mills. Roller-mill flours also also the whitest flours, which appeals to many on the esthetic side.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of many apostles of whole-wheat bread, the findings of the commission will rob them of some of their converts. It is found that the presence in food of bran—the outer coverings of the wheat grain—may be advantageous under special circumstances; but that in general it is an undesirable element in bread. Not only is the bran itself indigestible, but it interferes with the digestion of other nutrient factors in the food. For example, in one set of experiments it appeared that when milk was taken with whole-wheat bread three per cent. less of the milk was digested than when it was taken alone, or with white bread.

The most important point, however, is not the manner in which the flour is manufactured, but the character of the wheat. That is, there is more difference between roller-mill, or stone-mill, flours from different kinds of wheat, than there is between the two differnt preparations from the same grain. It is at the same time in the direction of producing improved strains of wheat that the most progress has been made in recent years.

Advocates of the virtues of bran in food often recommend the mixing of a small quantity of whole-wheat flour with the white flour, in order to increase the percentage of mineral matter. The gain in salts to be obtained in this manner is, however, so slight, that a growing child would have to eat an excessive quantity of bread to derive any appreciable benefit from this method. With the mixed diet that is all but universal in civilized countries, we may well depend upon other parts of the ration to supply the additional mineral matter required by a growing child.

Contrary to very common belief, this report declares that the different effects upon the teeth produced by different kinds of bread, are altogether negligible. The possibility for standardizing flour is considered to be very slight at the present time, especially on account of the different kinds of wheat used in milling. Still, the differences between the various kinds of wheat flour on the market are not of serious importance.

That whole-wheat flours may contain substances of value—quite apart from their influence upon digestion—is believed by the committee to be a possibility worth considering; and they recommend scientific investigation upon this point as well as upon several other problems that arose in the course of the inquiry.

A WESTERN PIONEER

One of the most unique personalities in the Western provinces passed away recently in the person of Thomas Anderson, of Edmonton. He died at the age of ninety-two, and was a striking example of the physical manhood produced in the pioneer days. Born while George III. was still king, he retained to the last a certain old world courtesy of manner that made him a very dignified figure. Mr. Anderson was one of the links between the early times and the smart up-to-date West.

It was when the Canadian government was establishing its sway over the Western territory and replacing the paternalism of the Hudson's Bay Company that Thomas Anderson became crown timber agent, the leading officer appointed to represent the government at Ottawa. His forceful character, combined with an athletic frame, exercised a great influence in the life of that part of the country, and many anecdotes are told about him. One of them is well worth repeating as related by the late Charles Lewis Shaw.

"It was in the very early days, and Mr. Anderson, almost the first, if not the first, civil representative of law and order under the Dominion government, was waited upon by a deputation from Edmonton and the outlying settlements to inform him as a newcomer, a tenderfoot, as to the manner in which the people desired him to conduct his office.

"Various and original were the suggestions and instructions given by the delegates and received by Mr. Anderson, standing in a quadrangle formed by the buildings of old Hudson Bay Fort. More and more aggressive did the various speakers become, deceived by the quiet attention paid by the officer addressed, until one of the deputation with an insolent drawl in his voice remarked:

"'And see here, if this is not done, we'll throw you out of the country and do business with the government at Ottawa direct and as we think best.'

"The crown timber agent rose quietly to an athletic height of six feet two, replaced his lead pencil in his pocket, closed his official note-book, buttoned his coat deliberately, and stood before the deputation, the embodiment of virile, middle-aged manhood, the whilom champion oarsman of the St. Lawrence River.

"'Now gentleman,' he said quietly, 'the discussion has become personal as well as official. I will receive this deputation one by one or in twos and settle the personal side of the question without any parley.'

"'Now, step out if ye men,' he called in clarion tones that echoed through the old square that had never heard any other command for a century than that given by a Hudson Bay Factor. The men of the early West were not of the kind that hesitated at such an invitation, but in half an hour Canadian authority was established forever on the North Saskatchewan, and Mr. Anderson, with bruised knuckles, was inscribing his report to his government at Ottawa, while the representatives of the disaffected saw for the first time through blackened eyes the majesty of Canadian authority."

EASILY ANSWERED

He was only a young commercial traveller, and had not been on the road for many months. When, therefore, it chanced that he found himself short of funds, he scarcely knew what course to take.

After much hard thinking, he resolved to let the omce know his sad plight. From the nearest post office he despatched a wire:

"Have run short of ready-money. Please write me here."

But the following morning brought no reply to his appeal. Patiently he waited for the second post but nothing came.

Again he resolved to wire, this time more urgently.

"No money. How shall I act? Wire reply."

Almost before he had reached his hotel again, the telegraph boy had brought a reply. Hastily the young commercial tore open the envelope, and read:

"Act as if you were broke!"

Why Fog-Signals Fail

In a chart published by the United States Weather Bureau, and reproduced here in abridged form, Prof. A. G. McAdie discusses some of the phenomena presented by fogs and the difficulties and dangers which arise therefrom to navigating vessels, especially near shore.

The fogs of the Pacific and especially those on the coast of California, Oregon and Washington, present some characteristic features of their own. They are low-lying, dense and of frequent and regular occurrence, and have been the cause directly and indirectly of a large per cent. of marine disasters. In the vicinity of San Francisco, owing to the general movement of the air from the sea toward the land, and the climate of the great interior valley, fog is frequent and well marked. In summer the afternoon sea-fog varies in depth from 100 to 1,700 feet, but it rarely reaches far inland. On some afternoons the velocity of the wind at San Francisco rises with almost clock-like regularity to about twenty-two miles per hour, and a solid wall of fog, averaging 1,500 feet in height, comes through the Golden Gate, causing a fall in temperature to about that of the sea, namely, 55 deg. F. The upper level of the fog can be plainly seen from the hills in the vicinity, and it is interesting to note that above the fog level the air is cloudless, and the afternoon temperature ranges from 80 deg. F. to 90 deg. F.

While the Pacific fogs occur with peculiar regularity, those of the North Atlantic coast, though at times persistent, are irregular both as to the time of their occurrence and their duration. The North Atlantic coast fogs are probably due to thin strata of warm moist air passing over the cold water surface. The summer afternoon sea fogs of the Pacific are also quite different from the winter morning fogs. The latter lie low, close to the surface of the water, and do not average more than 100 feet in depth. It is nearly always possible, by sending out a look-out, to get above the level of the fog and thus obtain proper bearings. With the summer afternoon sea-fogs this is out of the question. The distance which the fog extends seaward is not definitely known, but it is thought that an average would be about 50 miles. There are instances when a fog has been reported several hundred miles off shore.

Whether a fog appears for a few hours at certain seasons, as on the Atlantic coast, or regularly through the summer afternoons and the winter mornings, as along the Pacific coast, whether it forms sharply defined streaks and strata, as at San Francisco, or lies in undefined banks, as off Newfoundland, in either case it is due to a cooling of air and consequent condensation of water vapor. The cooling may be brought about by elevation and expansion or by rapid radiation or by mixture with a cooler mass of air or contact with a cooler surface. The water vapor condenses on minute nuclei which may be exceedingly fine dust or possibly ions.

The morning winter fogs are low-lying banks of condensed vapor, which, as a rule, move from the land seaward and are probably formed by a cooling due to radiation and contact, the land surfaces being much cooler in the early morning hours than the water surfaces, owing to the high specific heat of water. The summer afternoon fogs are probably due to cooling caused in part by elevation and expansion and in part by mixing. Fogs, as a rule, form when cool air passes over warm, moist surfaces, but in the case of the fogs near the Golden Gate, San Francisco, where the surface temperature is 55 deg. F., and the air temperature, at a height of 700 feet, 80 deg. F., condensation is more probably due to a mixing of air currents having different temperatures, humidities and velocities.

The seemingly unaccountable failure of fog signals at the critical moment has been a source of much perplexity and serious disaster. It not infrequently happens that the master of a vessel will testify that the fog whistle could not be heard, while the light-house officials will maintain with equal positiveness that there was no failure to give the proper signal. It is now known that both sides may have been correct in their statements. If sound travels through a medium, such as air, the density of which varies more or less from point to point, it suffers a refraction, or, in other words, the line of propagation is not a straight line. As a result of this it may occur that a sound wave starting from some point on the surface of the earth is deflected upward, so that a person stationed at some distance on the surface of the earth will receive no indication of the sound wave, which passes over him, above his head, leaving him unconscious of the disturbance.

Another possible cause through which sound signals may become inaudible at certain points is the reflection of sound from sharply defined clouds or banks of dense fog. Such reflection may have the result that at certain points are direct wave and the reflected wave just neutralize and the sound becomes inaudible.

The troubles to which air signals are subject are completely overcome when water is used as the transmitting medium. The success of submarine bell signals has been so marked that in time the siren signals through the air will probably become of secondary importance. Where both signals can be employed and used simultaneously, a careful determination of the interval between the receipt of the two signals enables the mariner to obtain some indication of his distance from the point of starting of both signals, for obviously the time which elapses between the receipt of the two signals is the difference between the time taken for the air signal and the water signal to reach him. Now the velocity of sound in air is about 1,100 feet per second; in water about 4,700 feet per second. From these data the distances may be computed.

The same principle can be applied with still more satisfaction if one of the signals is given by wireless telegraphy and the other through the water. It is claimed that the bells used as submarine signals can be heard farther, under ordinary conditions, than the siren, and furthermore, by means of a special telephone apparatus, it is possible to determine the direction or the origin of the sound. The receiving apparatus consists of two tanks placed in the hold of the vessel below the waterline. These tanks contain microphones immersed in liquid and connected to the pilot house. An indicator box shows the side on which the responding telephone is connected, and the master is thus able to ascertain the direction from which the signals come.

SOFTNESS AS A DEFECT IN BUTTER

The manufacture of dairy products has at the present day reached a high degree of scientific perfection. This does not, of coruse, imply that every operation invariably runs without any hitch, but it does mean that the intelligent dairyman is in a better position to meet such emergencies as arise. One particular difficulty which occasionally troubles him, is that the butter fails to set with proper consistency. A very lucid discussion of this particular fault and the methods of overcoming it, is given by Francis Marre in a recent number of Cosmos, and is quoted at length below.

"A lack of firmness in butter is apt to lower its value and even, in some measure, to form an obstacle to its sale. As a rule, such undue softness is an indication of defective manufacture. It may be that the cream was insufficiently concentrated or too low in acidity. The temperature, also, has a certain influence. Special care should be taken to rapidly cool the cream when it comes from the separator, and this cooling should be carried down to about 4 to 6 degrees C., at which temperature by all bio-chemical processes are greatly slowed down. The temperature is then allowed to rise slowly until the cream is ready for churning. This operation itself is subject to the influence of temperature. If the cream is too cold, a hard and brittle butter is obtained; on the other hand, if the temperature is too high, the product is unduly soft. Experience has shown that in summer the churning should be done at 15 or 16 degrees C., in winter about 17 or 18 degrees.

"Temperature, however, is not the only circumstance which affects the churning. A lack in acidity prolongs the period required, and, moreover, leads to a soft product, lacking in consistency. Another point to which attention must be paid, is that the motion of the churn, which of course varies according to the system employed, should remain constant for any one apparatus. Experience alone can teach the particular speed to be adopted in a given case. It will often be observed that when a certain speed is exceeded the proper consistency cannot be obtained; this is another case in which a soft butter is obtained.

"On the other hand, the opposite extreme also must be avoided, for then the churning is unduly prolonged and the butter obtained is watery, owing to partial emulsification of the fat globules. It is very difficult to subsequently eliminate the buttermilk from such a product, and the kneeding operation merely renders the material homogeneous without sufficiently freeing it from milk to impart to it the proper firmness. There is thus an optimum speed for every churn, and this must not be departed from once it has been determined by trial.

"It has frequently been observed also that soft butter had been insufficiently washed. Abundant and repeated washing should be applied without hesitation in the churn, to remove impurities and the buttermilk. For this purpose water may be injected in a fairly strong jet; this watering operation must, however, not be looked upon as a good opportunity for cleverly introducing water into the fatty material for a purpose which it is unnecessary to point out. It may be just as well to mention that it is of course unlawful to remedy softness of butter by introducing into it margarine or similar materials. Butter may be hardened by placing it in a cool place, but the temperature must not be too low.

"Lastly, it is well to consider whether the fault which we are discussing may not at times be put down not so much to errors in manufacture, but to the material fed to the cow. Thus, for instance, it is well known that oil cake, Indian corn, barley, rice flour, bran, etc., cause the butter to be soft. On the other hand, vetches, peas, cocoanut and palm cakes cause the butter to be hard. Thus by a judicious diet the properties of the butter may be influenced in one direction or the other. It may be well to note, however,, that the amount of palm or cocoanut cake fed to the cows should not exceed two or three pounds per head."

HAPPY MR. TATCHER

Noticing that her husband was unusually talkative at tea, Mrs. Tatcher asked him the reason for it.

"Well," said Tatcher, "I am happier to-day than usual, and the reason is I did three good things on my way to business today. I was walking down the main street when I saw a young woman with a baby sitting on a church step weeping. Being touched by her appearance I asked her what was the cause of her distress.

"'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I have walked six miles to have my baby baptized, only to find I have lost my purse.'

I told her that was a small matter, and, handing her a sovereign, told her to get the child baptized and bring me the change afterwards, which she did. So you see, Mary, I did three good deeds. I performed an act of charity, started a little child on its way in life, and got fifteen good shillings for a bad sovereign."

BEWARE OF BLOOD-POISON

Zam-Buk Is a Sure Cure

Mr. Jas. Davey, of 786 Ellice Ave., Winnipeg, says:—"A few months since I was cured of a poisoned finger through the timely use of Zam-Buk.

"I cut a deep gash across the knuckle on the first finger of my right hand in opening a lobster can. I suffered at the time with the soreness and pain, but had no idea it would become a serious wound. However, in about two days I was greatly alarmed; as my whole hand and arm to the elbow became suddenly inflamed, and the finger was much discolored, showing signs of blood-poisoning. The pain was dreadful and I was forced to leave off my work and go home.

"The wound on the knuckle had been poisoned by dust and dirt getting into it. I then decided to start the Zam-Buk treatment, and having first bathed the cut, I applied the healing balm. It soothed the pain almost instantly, and by next day there was a great improvement.

"In a week's time, through perseverance with this wonderful preparation, a complete cure was brought about."

Zam-Buk is just as good for eczema, ulcers, scalp sores, abscesses, piles, ringworm, boils, varicose ulcers, running sores, cold sores, chapped hands, etc. It draws all poisonous foulness from a wound or sore and then heals. Use it, too, for cuts, burns, bruises and all skin injuries. Zam-Buk Soap should be used in conjunction to the balm for washing wounds and sore places. Excellent too for baby's bath.

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at 50c box and Zam-Buk Soap at 25c tablet. Post free upon receipt of price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

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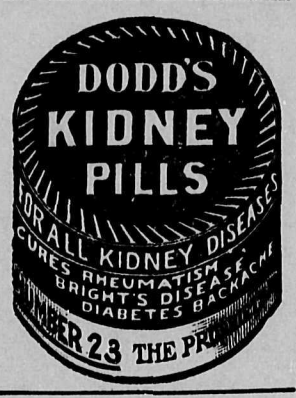

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The Violinist's Inspiration

Saalinger worshipped his mother. His heart was so filled with love for her that there was left not the smallest corner in it which could harbor the image of another. Each day, for more than thirty years, he brought to her an ever greater offering of filial devotion. Since the proud moment, when, violin in hand, he returned from abroad stamped with the approval of European audiences, he had not been separated from her for a single hour, save when he gave her, grudgingly, to sleep. With her he had traveled the length and breadth of the land, gained fame and fortune because of his wonderful performances. Not that Saalinger coveted wealth—he sought it only to shower it on the woman who had toiled and almost starved, in San Francisco, that he might sit at the feet of the masters in Brussels and Peipzig and Berlin until his fingers learned to interpret the song born in his soul.

And now he was alone. A month ago, in St. Petersburg, he had listened to her last word and kissed her for the last time. During the prolonged horror of the homeward journey he had been always at her side. Today he had followed her to the Hills of Eternity.

Abruptly, Saalinger turned and walked into his apartment, from which he came almost immediately, carrying his violin. He had not touched it since the night, in Russia's capital, that we returned from the concert with his suddenly stricken parent. No sooner had he tuned the instrument than I knew that I, who had been his accompanist *since his first public appearance, had* never heard such music.

Rapt, unseeing, he stood—swaying to the rhythm of the sacred strain—baring his heart, laying his sorrow before the Throne. As the phrases flowed beneath his bow the pent-up store of his unwilling lids gushed forth. He finished his supplication on his knees, nerveless, spent, thankful. Peace had come to his soul.

I hurried to him and helped him to his feet.

"Thanks, old friend," he whispered. "I live again. I feared I should go mad."

"It was, indeed, the effort of madness."

"Yes, an inspiration. Once before, I played like that."

He dried his eyes and seated himself before the fire. At first his speech was halting, but with the breaking of the drouth of tears came an end to the famine of words which had so long endured. Seeming to find pleasure in the sound of his own voice, he went on:

I was so intent upon my work when in Europe for the first time that I found no opportunity for becoming acquainted with my kinsfolk there until after I had completed my studies. Even then I should have lacked the money to pay railway fares had it not been for the kindness of my preceptor, who put me in the way of prosperity by almost forcing me upon the concert stage. You may remember the trip I made to Austria immediately after completing the series of performances in which I made my professional debut. I recall that you awaited my return, in Paris, and then accompanied me to America.

After leaving you I journeyed to Vienna, where I spent three happy weeks with the hospitable Jews of my father's family. From Vienna I followed, into the foothills of the Matras, a letter notifying the Magyar relatives of my mother of my intended visit.

There were few persons at the railway station when the train passed at Nouma—the locomotive panting as if eager to leave so uninviting a spot—but had there been a hundred I would have picked out my mother's brother as readily. He stood at the edge of the little platform, his sallow countenance gleaming like old ivory, in the failing light of late afternoon. The military bearing of the man, his unusual height, the aggressive poise of his chin, compelled my regard. The empty sleeve, pinned to the breast of his coat; the up-pointing, gray moustache, waxed to sharpness at the ends, convinced me of his identity.

Alighting, blithely, from the carriage, I approached him, hand extended. The immobility of his pose, the hostile light in his eyes, repelled me. My hand dropped to my side.

"Are you not my Uncle Ottokar?"

His face bushed and the big scar left by the sabre of the Austrian, who laid open his cheek at the battle of Temeswar, grew livid.

"I am Ottokar Benedek," he announced, coldly.

The rebuff surprised and confused me. Dimly, it came to my mind that my mother was not on good terms with her people. She had never said as much, but now I remembered with what reserve she had ever referred to them, even when she suggested this visit. I could find no words in which to address him. Before I could decide upon a plan of action, he turned to the succession of dust-filled ruts which answered for a road.

"This way," he commanded, gruffly.

One is easily influenced at twenty. Obediently, I followed.

My timid advances toward friendliness were received in silence, so, tiring of the monologue, I held my tongue. It were better, too, that I conserve my breath, for I was burdened with my violin and music roll and a large and heavy valise. Soon I grew weary. The unusual labor made my untried muscles ache, and heartily I regretted having accompanied him. We had covered what seemed to have been an interminable distance when I resolved to bid him good-bye.

"I see that I am unwelcome here," I began, lamely. "I only came because my mother——"

"Her name had not been heard here in years, until your letter arrived," he interrupted. "When she, a Benedek, wedded the Jew, we forgot her."

He halted and sneered down at me.

"How like him you are. Your every feature bears the mark of Israel. I have not heard; I hope he is dead?"

How I hated him! But I restrained myself. I remembered that he was my mother's only brother—that wild, vindictive warrior—and, of all her blood, the one she loved the best.

"He passed away many years ago, but my mother lives. She bade me see you before returning to her," I informed him.

He picked up my satchel and resumed the journey, without replying. My determination cooled before this apparent concession and again I followed him, but only pride kept me from yielding to fatigue ere we reached our destination.

Sprawled on a hillside at the end of a bypath, the tumble-down place was *quite in keeping with its impoverished,* rock-strewn surroundings. The slopes once green and fruitful, were scarred by gullies, cut by the waters of the cloudburst of 'seventy-eight, which carried into the valley of the Szinva the soil stripped from the hills. The outbuildings lay in ruins and the portions of the patched and ancient pile which *did not shelter the family were given* over to the domestic animals.

"My mother will hardly prove your friend," he warned me as we approached the door.

The aged woman leaned forward from a high-backed chair, her hands clutching its arms. Her elder daughter stood at her side. The crone fixed me with angry eyes and seemed about to spring at me. "So . . . . . you are here . . . . a dog!"

"Mother! Mother! He is our Lena's son." My aunt knelt at her parent's feet and with arms about her sought to soothe her.

"We own no Lena here," she snarled.

Ottokar Benedak interposed. His tone was that of one accustomed to obedience. "The boy has a right to be with us. We will live in peace with him while he stays. We are hungry; let us dine."

The dour looks of my relatives proved poor sauce for the food, but even so, my hunger was unappeased when we had finished the one chicken, the black bread, and thin, sour wine which made up the meal. But it was apparent from the manner of my hosts that the dinner was better than the ordinary. My heart went out to these uncompromising folk, who though so proud were yet so poor.

When the lone serving woman had cleared the table my aunt removed the linen covering from a little old melodeon which stood in a corner.

"Shall we have the music?" Appealingly, she looked at her brother, who sat apart, his back half-turned.

"Tonight, there is none in me," he grunted, over his shoulder.

"I am learning the violin; perhaps *I might please you," I suggested.* The Hungarian passion for music, I hoped, might soften their attitude toward me.

My uncle nodded, somewhat reluctantly I thought.

"Perhaps my sister will accompany you——" He paused as if inquiring my name.

"Aaron."

He leaped to his feet.

"Always the Jew," he exclaimed, in disgust.

Disconcerted by the unexpected outbreak, I fumbled over my selections and took the first which presented itself that would do for violin and organ. I chanced upon "Kol Nidre" and tremblingly began it. He stamped from the room, grumbling: "Jew music! Jew music!"

I could stand no more.

"Sweet little mother," I thought, "I would do anything for you, did it but give you an instant's pleasure, but for what do I submit myself to the insults of these boors?"

Laying aside my violin, I followed my relative out of doors. The chill of the night was as nothing to that in my breast.

"I think it best that I should go—now," I told him.

He showed no emotion, not even relief, at my decision.

"I will accompany you to the railway," he offered, and added: "The train is not due until midnight; there is no need for haste."

Surprised at this belated concession to courtesy, I re-entered the house to assemble my belongings. At my heels the door opened and a band of Gipsy musicians trooped in. They seemed well acquainted with my uncle, but looked me over, curiously. One of them, sighting my violin case, whispered *loudly:* "Who's the Jew? Does he, by chance, sell fiddles?"

Ottokar Benedek ignored the question and the questioner. Neither did he so much as look in my direction nor give sign that he knew me. My boyish heart sank, but I bit my lip when I felt it quiver. How utterly alone I was!

The old servant made hurried trips and piled fuel into the big fireplace. The flames roared in the chimney and their light brightened the dark stretches of beamed and smoke-stained ceiling. The fantastically garbed visitors found fitting setting in the quaint, old-fashioned room, with its time-worn drapes and heavy, carved furniture. Unnoticed, I retired to a shaded corner, when the music began.

As they warmed to their efforts the gipsies worked like mad—the tempo of their numbers beat fast and ever faster; the notes of the reeds swelled and sighed and died away; the strings shrieked and laughed, joyously, hysterically—but my listless ear would have none of it. I was waiting for the train.

"And these are my mother's people," I mused, contemptously.

Unconsciously, there stole into my bitter thoughts a new, sweet leaven. As one just awakened, I realized that the Romany leader was playing—alone. His deep-toned violin sang like a human voice—a voice I remembered, vaguely. The low notes lulled my tired nerves.

Suddenly it came to me. My mother! How often had I, a sleepy child, heard her croon that folk song of the Magyars.

I recognized it then—a message to her homesick boy!

Stumbling to my feet, my arms went out, beseechingly, to the gipsy. Smiling, he placed the violin in my hands. It snuggled to my shoulder.

My eyes closed. The music poured from the throbbing wood, lading the winds with the answer for the hungering heart beyond the sea. I felt her arms about me, holding me to her breast. I gazed into her gentle eyes. *Her lips brushed mine—then lids and* brow and hair.

Ah. God was good to me!

The Romany, with one bound, gained my side. He wrung my hands and kissed my cheeks. "Child of my dreams, who are you?"

Ottonar Beneden thrust him aside, rudely. His one arm encircled my *shoulders. His tears flowed free.* There was pride in his voice as he cried: "He is my nephew: son of Lena, my sister."

Some persons are more susceptible to colds than others, contracting derangements of the pulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should always have at hand a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign remedy for coughs, catarrh and inflammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure no matter how severe the cold may be You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickle's, for it is the best.

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Children like Pinex Cough Syrup—it tastes good and is a prompt, safe remedy for old or young. Stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative—both good features. A handy household medicine for hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, etc., and unusually effective for incipient lung troubles. Used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy.

Pinex has often been imitated, but never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will gladly get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

A NATIONAL HIGHWAY

In the Canadian Century of October 21, it was pointed out that the Canadian people would expect the new goada, *something that would take the* popular fancy and advertise Canada throughout the world while increasing the population and industries of the country. We received, some days ago, the following telegram from W. J. Kerr, first vice-president of the Automobile Association of New Westminster, British Columbia:

"The answer to your leading editorial October 21st, is a Canadian highway from Halifax to Alberni, B.C. The first convention for this movement will be held in New Westminster, B.C., on November 3rd and 4th."

The convention referred to in the telegram has already been held and was very enthusiastic. While we look to the new government to give us something bigger than this for the advancement of Canada, we think the movement for a national highway from ocean to ocean is a good one and well deserving of substantial support. Sir James Whitney has announced that Mr. Borden has promised that the Dominion will assist in the construction of roads for farmers in Northern Ontario.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes

AND GRANULATED LIDS

Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain

Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00.

Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00

EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Hon. W. T. White, the Minister of Finance, speaking at Lansdowne, Ont., on November 2nd, said:

"The duty of the government is to *provide national machinery of every* sort to aid and assist the people in developing the resources and trade of their country. And in this connection I desire to draw attention to one of the planks of Mr. Borden's platform. It is to assist in the good roads movement. The cost of haulage along a highway is of as much importance as the question of railway freight rates. It is as desirable to save money on the one as on the other. So far as I am concerned, I am as strongly as possible in favor of any measure which, in co-operation with the province or otherwise, will give the farmers of Canada in time the great boon of good roads over which the produce may find its way to market with the minimum of trouble and expense."

What better beginning could there be for such a policy than the construction of a great national highway from ocean to ocean. Each province of the Dominion would get its share. The work could be undertaken in co-operation with the provincial governments.

TRANSPORTATION OF FISH

The announcement made at Halifax by Premier Borden that the new government will provide cold storage and cheap transportation for fish from the Maritime Provinces to Ontario, Quebec, and even to the western provinces will be received with general approval in *Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and* New Brunswick, and it should be equally gratifying to the consumers in the central and western provinces. A market in Canada will be surer and more staple than any foreign market.

At the same time it would be well to encourage the development of a market for Canadian fish in the British *West Indies and Spanish America.* If there were steamships with cold storage facilities running regularly from St. John or Halifax to the principal ports of the West India Islands, Central America and South America, a very profitable trade might be developed in those southern countries.

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

THE POLICEMAN'S FRIEND

Likewise the friend of every man and woman who is kept constantly on their *feet, and suffers from callouses and* corns. The one painless remedy is Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor; it acts in twenty-four hours, and never fails to uproot the corn, roots and branch. Satisfaction guaranteed with a 25c bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

USUALLY THE WAY

The noted actor, who had consented to give a reading for the benefit of a certain charity, arrived home late that night with a very worried look on his face.

"Why, my dear," said his wife. "wasn't the reading a success?"

"No. Didn't do it at all," he replied, dropping into a chair moodily.

"Didn't read it at all?"

"No. You see, the chairman of the reception committee first made a speech introducing the chairman of the managing committee. He got up and told about the excellent work of the honorary treasurer, who got up and made a speech about the plans for next year, and introduced the president of the association, who told all about the work of the concern, and then introduced the chairman of the meeting, who was to introduce me, but by that time the audience was leaving. So I slipped round to the door and came out with them."

JOHN REBELLED

Mrs. Richquick: "John, I want you to buy a new parlor suit."

Mr. Richquick: "Maria, I've been agreeable enough so far as to get different *clothes for morning, noon, after*noon, and night, but I'm consarned if I'll change 'em every time I go into a different room."

Shiloh's Cure

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

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The "Empire" brands of Woodfiber and Hardwall Plaster for good construction.

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

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

THE conservation proposition seems to have struck us amidsh ps and suddenly, as it were. There is much talk of a forest bureau for British Columbia, and an effort is to be made to have laws enacted therefor at the coming session at Victoria. Conservation of public utilities is all right, but is more glittering in the abstract than it has panned out in actual practice, so far as the world's experience to date goes.

Naturally, no one wants to see our timber wasted No one wants to see it destroyed, carelessly, by fire; nor does anyone want to see our water powers or other public utilities, hogged by the few to the detriment of the many. But—and yet again but--- Not all the value of the timber today used in the manufacture of lumber goes to the great lumber companies or the holders of large timber areas At least fourfifths ef the value of all timber cut must of necessity go to the labor employed in the manufacture and marketing of lumber. A matured tree standing in the forest is worthless to our day and generation, from an economic view point. It is a drone, taking up the space that would be the better occupied by a growing tree,

It follows, then, that true forest regulation should not only provide against waste and fire, but should demand and urge the largest and most immediate use of the forests. in order that we of today may realize upon our inherent interest in the forests.

The Islander contends that the forests of today belong to the people of today, When. sometime in the misty future, the timber shall become exhausted, posterity will simply grow its timber as we now grow our wheat Conditions are likely, in this dim and mystical future, to be such that timber will not be used as to day. Wonderful changes are taking place in economical conditions. It is not too great a strain upon the imagination to fancy that cement and steel will supplant lumber? To fail to use the timber in our own day is, therefore, likely to be a useless bit of self-denial.

The same applies to our coal resources. If there is no coal to burn, posterity will find some other method of generating heat. Not to rely upon this is to argue that industrial science and invention is at the limit of accomplishment.

The water powers of British Columbia have been running to waste since the world began. If any capitalist or corporation will harness them for the benefit of mnnkind, let him be called blessed. The Islander favors no legislation that would hamper the good work. Few of us could develop these utilities, and no capitalist or corporation can harness the water powers of British Columbia without putting thousands of men to work and vastly benefitting the Province.

Mr. Thos. E. Bate and Mr. John N. McLeod are before the people as candidates for Mayor of Cumberland. Both are good men and the city's interests will be safe in the hands of either.

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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

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SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., PRESIDENT
ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER

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

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

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

THE VANCOUVER ISLAND NURSERY CO. regret that owing to the recent heavy falls of snow, they have been unable to make their fall delivery as early as promised. They hope, however, to have their full shipment made in course of a week or so.

It is not too late to order NOW for this shipment.

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

320 Acres of Good Land

Five minutes from school, postoffice and store, one mile of road frontage, one-fourth mile from beach, three miles from Comox. Price, $35 00 per acre Easy Terms Apply to

The Island Realty Co.

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

CUMBERLAND LIVERY STABLES

CLOUTIER & KIRKBRIDE
PROPRIETORS

All Kinds of Hauling Done
FIrst Class Rigs For Hire.
Orders Promptly Attended to

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for
The London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.
Get rates before insuring elsewhere
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A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE
Up-to-date Merchant Tailor
DUNSMUIR AVENUE

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Pilsener Beer

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

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

FANCY CHINAWARE

A good assortment of Berry Sets, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Mugs, etc. just opened out, also an assortment of Toilet Sets.

A Full Stock of Furniture Beds and Bedding Always on Hand.

"The Furniture Store"

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CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND AND LOTS

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

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.. W. Colpitts ..

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

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

The Club Cafe

Courtenay, B. C., Next Door to Opera House
CAMERON & McKENZIE, Props.

White Cooking

and White Help Only, Everything First Class

The right place for a good square and DAINTY LUNCH.

209

Christmas Gift Free

Christmas Gift Free

TO ALL

Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas

Coming into my premises during the month of December, will receive a

Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas
Merry Christmas

FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT

whether a purchase is made or not. Gifts are worth $1. to $5.

My advice is buy early and get selections

Watches, Clocks, Diamonds
SILVERWARE
Cut Glass, Jewellery of all kinds.

STODDART
Jeweller

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

. . NEXT TO TARBELL'S, . .
Dunsmuir Ave ::: Cumberland

H M Haggerstone

Painter and Decorator

Satisfaction Guaranteed

All Work Done under Personal Supervision

Orders may be left at John Jack' store,
Dunsmuir Avenue Cumberland

The Star Livery Stable

Third St. & Penrith Avenue
A. MAXWELL
Proprietor

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

THE BIG STORE

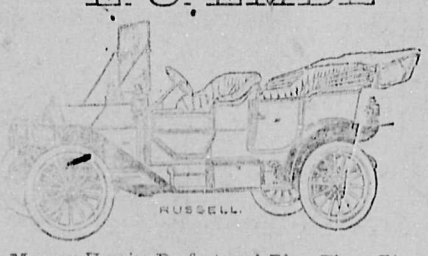
We wish all our many Friends and Patrons

A Very Happy New Year!

SIMON LEISER & CO., LIMITED.

STRICT AGENT
. . FOR . .
The Russell AUTOMOBILE
The only Car Made in America with the "Silent Knight Valveless Engine," Also made in valve . . . style . . .

E. C. EMDE



Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris, Perfect and Blue Flyer Bicycles; Fairbanks Morse Gas Engines; also the Moore Gasoline Lighting Systems. Oliver Typewriters. Repairing of all kinds.

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Guns, etc. Scissors and Skates ground
Rubber Tires for Baby Carriages. Hoops for Tubs
THIRD STREET, CUMBERLAND.

SOCIETIES

UNION LODGE No 11, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Friday evening at 7 o'clock in I. O. O. F Hall Visiting brethren welcome.
JAS. E. ASTON, SECRETARY

Marocchi Bros.
Grocers & Bakers

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

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL
JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

THE ISLANDER

$1.50

a Year

THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL
W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.
The finest hotel in the city.

A Traveller's Experience

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

HE SETTLED THEM

It was a railway carriage, and the occupants were several travellers and a staid, pompous old gentleman. Various and unsuccessful efforts were made to draw him into conversation. At length one of them said:—

"Come, Sir, I know you are one of us. Tell us what you are travelling in."

"Young man," answered the tormented one, glaring at his interlocutor. "I am travelling in very objectionable and inquisitive company, and the carriage is full of samples."

He wasn't disturbed after this.

THEY ACT QUICKLY AND ALWAYS CURE

Postmaster Tells of Quick Relief Dodd's Kidney Pills Give

Two of them taken before going to bed clears away his Pain in the Back—Why they always cure more serious Kidney Diseases.

Buck Lake, Ont. (Special).—How quickly Dodd's Kidney Pills relieve pain in the back when taken in time is evidenced by Mr. James Thomas, the well known and highly respected postmaster here.

"I wish to inform you that I always find relief for pain in the back by taking Dodd's Kidney Pills," says Postmaster Thomas. "Sometimes in the mornings I cannot straighten up for hours, but if I take two Dodd's Kidney Pills before going to bed the pain all disappears and I have no trouble in the morning."

Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the Kidneys. Where pain in the back is caused by slight Kidney disorders the pain is relieved at once. Where the complaint is of longer standing and the Kidneys are diseased the cure takes longer, and Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail. Thousands of Canadians tell of the cure of Kidney Disease of all forms, from pain in the back to Bright's Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is not on record a single case of Kidney Disease or of Diseases resulting from diseased Kidneys, such as Rheumatism or Dropsy which Dodd's Kidney Pills have failed to cure if taken regularly and according to directions.

Chilliwack, British Columbia

The Garden of B.C., in the famous Fraser Valley. Finest farming and fruit land in the world. Irrigation unknown. B.C. Electric Ry from Vancouver; C.N.R. transcontinental and G.T. Northern building. Chilliwack a modern city—waterworks, electric light, etc. Green grass the year round. The Prairie Man's Paradise—no frost, no four months' snow Write H. T. Goodland, Secy. Board of Trade, Chilliwack, for all information, book lets, maps, etc —THEN COME.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief and prove its merit. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 210 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg the National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg & Calgary & Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver

WOMEN NEED GIN PILLS

"Port Dufferin, N.S.

"I was troubled with Kidney Disease for several years. My back was weak. I had terrible headaches, and was so restless that I could not sleep at night. At last a friend told me about Gin Pills. I at once got a box, and after taking them I felt better—after three boxes I was cured.

ETHEL BALCOMBE."

Write us for free sample of Gin Pills to try. Then get the regular size boxes at your dealer's or direct from us—50c a box, 6 for $2.50. Money refunded if Gin Pills fail to cure. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. R.P., Toronto.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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

That Reminds Me

"She left me for some motive or another."

"Probably another."

* * *

"Does your wife want a vote?"

"She wants two," replied Mr. Meekton; "mine and her's."

* * *

"Did he speak in high terms of the doctor?"

"Yes; he said he charged ten dollars a visit."

* * *

Jennie — "Everything he touches seems to turn to gold."

Jim—"Yes; he touched me to-day for a sovereign."

* * *

"Do you know of any good remedy for a deadlock?"

"I should suggest a key to the situation."

* * *

He—"They asked me to their reception, but it wasn't because they like me; it was only because I can sing."

She—"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken."

* * *

"Daughter, has the duke told you the old, old story as yet?"

"Yes, mother. He says he owes about two hundred thousand plunks."

* * *

"Aren't you afraid you will catch cold on such a night as this, my boy?"

"No, sir. Selling papers keeps up the circulation."

* * *

Foozle—"Doc Woozle wants ter sell his auter."

Biff—"What's the reason?"

Foozle—"He figgers that the one that buys it will be a steady patient ever after."

* * *

"In straitened circumstances, is he not?"

"Yes. He confesses that it is about all he can do to keep the wolf out of the garage."

* * *

"So you are a bill collector?"

"Yes. Here is one——"

"Keep it, my boy, keep it. You seem to have a nice collection there. Far be it from me to break it up."

* * *

"If St. James's Bible was good enough for St. Paul, it is good enough for me." This was the emphatic protest of a New England deacon against the reading of the Revised instead of the King James version.

* * *

"Well, boy, what do you know? Can you write a business letter? Can you do sums?"

"Please, sir," said the applicant for a job, "we didn't go in very much for those studies at our school. But I'm fine on bead-work or clay modeling."

* * *

"What is your idea of patriotism?"

"Patriotism," replied Senator Sorghum, "is what inspires a man to point out many needs for reform in his country, but causes him to resent an indorsement of his views by a foreigner."

* * *

"How were you on athletics in college, son?"

"I was good at relay events, dad."

"That's what I understood. Well, you kin just relay all the carpets your ma took up last spring."

* * *

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Here's an item which says the swan outlives any other bird, in extreme cases reaching three hundred years."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"And, remember, John, the swans live on water."

* * *

"Yes," remarked the telephone girl as she gazed out at the waves and wondered what their number was, "I am connected with the best families in our city."

* * *

Sharpe—"On his birthday before their marriage she gave him a book entitled 'A Perfect Gentleman.'"

Whealton—"Any change after a year of married life?"

Sharpe—"Yes; on his last birthday she gave him a book entitled 'Wild Animals I have Met.'"

* * *

"You'd better fumigate these bills before you go home. They may be covered with microbes," said the druggist one Saturday evening as he handed a few faded, worn, and soiled silver certificates to his clerk.

"No danger from that source," responded the latter, "a microbe could not live on a drug-clerk's salary."

* * *

There were some questions in geography required in the preliminary examinations for law students who aspired to admission to the bar. Among them was —"Name ten animals that live in the Arctic zone." One young man wrote: "Five polar bears and five seals. N.B.—Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the question does not specify that the animals should be of different varieties." He passed.

* * *

Henry Clews, at a dinner in Newport, said of American travelling:

"It is delightful to travel in America, but I think that American porters handle our luggage a little too roughly.

"Once, at a certain station, I was amazed and pleased to hear a uniformed official shout to a burly porter:

"'Hi, what are you knockin' them trunks about like that for?'

"The porter had been lifting great trunks above his head and hurling them down onto the floor furiously; but now he stood stock-still in astonishment.

"'What's that, boss?' he said.

"'What do you mean by knockin' trunks about like that?' repeated the official, 'Look at the floor, man. Look at the dents you're making in the concrete. Don't you know you'll lose your job if you damage the company's property?'"

Shiloh's Cure

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

Doctor—"I must forbid all brain work."

Poet—"May I not write some verses?"

Doctor—"Oh, certainly!"

* * *

"That's a smart thing I've done," said the doctor to his assistant.

"What's that, doctor?"

"I have put my signature in the column 'cause of death' in this death certificate."

* * *

The young man was disconsolate. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her home."

"Why, certainly," she answered; "I will send you a picture of it."

* * *

Rastus—"What yo' tink is de mattah wif me, doctah?"

Doctor—"Oh, nothing but the chicken-pox, I guess."

Rastus (getting nervous)—"I 'clare on mah honah, doctor, I ain't been nowhar I could ketch dat!"

* * *

"What sort of a ticket does your suffragette club favor?"

"Well," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "if we owned right up, I think most of us would prefer matinee tickets."

* * *

"I asked your husband last evening if he had his life to live over again if he would marry you, and he said he certainly would.

"He certainly wouldn't."

With the Horses

Bland S., 2.03½, will go to the stud at Vancouver, B.C.

* * *

Nat Fay won ten $1,000 stakes during the past season withm Knight Onward.

* * *

It is reported that Brace Girdle, 2.05¼, by Tregantle, will be raced by Tommy Murphy in 1912.

* * *

U.S. Consul General Wm. H. Michael, Calcutta, reports that American Horse Breeders are overlooking a market in India. He reports: "The breed of horses to be had in Oregon, Wyoming and Texas would be well suited to hack uses and for saddle purposes in India. Dealers in horses might avail themselves of cheap freights in filling out short cargoes of vessels returning direct to India from New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans. One owner of large stock farms in Texas wrote me that he could supply any number of such horses as I describe, but he let the matter drop at that point. If Argentina can supply horses suitable for use in India, either by the army or individuals, the United States ought to be able to do the same thing."

* * *

The performance of the double-gaited horse Scapegoat at Philadelphia on Nov. 4, when he won the free-for-all pace and the Class C trot on the same afternoon over the Chamounix Speedway, is made more remarkable when it is known that, for lack of time to change shoes, the horse was changed from pace to trot merely by putting four-ounce toe weights forward and a shift in boots—bell quarter boots and scalpers in place of the usual quarter boots worn when on a pace. To balance the horse just right for trotting James Brown, his driver, has found that it is best to rig Scapegoat with a ten-ounce shoe on the off hind foot and wear two-ounce toe weights forward, but with the races coming so close together he was forced to put on the heavier toe weights and let the hind feet remain as they were in the pacing race.

* * *

After shipping his stable to Poughkeepsie from Lexington and buying Prof. Sphinx, Tommy thought it time to have his bones examined, and the result showed that since his spill at Columbus, nearly six weeks before, he had been winning races and travelling around with a dislocated hip bone. This was set in place, as were also his broken ribs, but he had hardly discarded the plasters from his body when a horse kicked him and displaced one of his ribs. This injury was also quickly remedied, when lately another horse's kick broke his arm, so that once more he is plastered up pretty liberally. He says he is doing fairly well now, and hopes to take his annual vacation in the form of duck shooting on Long Island. This certainly looks like some bad luck, but then Murphy must by this time be used to broken bones and occasional shake-ups.

* * *

A press despatch from Detroit under recent date says that the officials of the Windsor (Ont.) Fair Grounds and Driving Park Association will try to obtain Grand Circuit dates in 1912. As the Detroit Driving Club and the state fair will both probably apply again, there will be three Grand Circuit meetings in Michigan if all are successful. As one turf correspondent said last summer, it would seem that the state of Michigan could support the Grand Circuit itself if need be. As it was, four of the 1911 Grand Circuit meetings were within the Wolverine state.

SIR EDMUND CARSON

Sir Edward Carson, who is very much to the fore in Old Country politics just now, as the leader of the militant Ulstermen, addressed recently probably the largest public meeting that has ever been held in Ireland. There were 100,000 Orangemen and Tories in the procession that welcomed him to Craigavor, near Belfast. Needless to say, the meeting was held in opposition to the promised Home Rule bill of the Liberal government. Sir Edward, who met with a rapturous reception from the vast audience, made a most menacing speech—and he is one of the best platform speakers in the Old Country—in which he foreshadowed a determination on the part of Ulster Unionists not to submit to Home Rule in any shape, and to refuse to pay taxes to any Home Rule government. One of the English Tory papers gleefully says that: "Sir Edward Carson has not promised more than he is able to perform." If that be so, he must accept the responsibility of bringing about in Ireland a state of affairs which may become indistinguishable from civil war. For the bigotry which supports him there may be some excuse, because it is associated with ignorance.

But Sir Edward Carson himself, as an ex-law officer of the Crown, knows full well that the right way to treat a law of which one may not approve is to agitate for its repeal. However, it is possible that the programme of rebellion, inflammatory as it is, and is intended to be, may, by its appeal to racial and sectarian animosity, succeed in defeating the Home Rule policy. If so, it will be a curious commentary on civilization in the United Kingdom when force has to be recognized as the only unanswerable argument.

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

LAUGHS WITH JOY! NO MORE INDIGESTION

Montreal Man So Ill, Thought He Would Die Of Stomach Disorders

Just read what Mr. Larose says of the curative powers of Dr. Hamilton's Pills:

"I suffered from dyspepsia and indigestion for five years. I suffered so much that I could hardly attend to my work. I was weak and lost all courage. I enjoyed no rest until I decided to follow your treatment. To my great surprise I immediately began to feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia. Your grateful servant D. R. Larose, 338 Joliette St., Montreal, P.Q.

All who have weak stomachs, and those who suffer from indigestion, headaches, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Successfully used for many years, mild and safe, 25c per box, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE ARMY'S CHIEF

Commissioner Rees, the local head of the Salvation Army, has a very extensive sphere of oversight. He is the commissioner not only for Canada, but for Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska as well. A Welshman by birth, he has been an officer in the Salvation Army for about thirty years and has served in various parts of the world. For some time he was in charge of the Army's operations in Sweden. He had a great deal to do with the inauguration of the Training House system which has proved so marked a success. One of his most marked characteristics, says one of his officers, is that he is a thorough man among his officers—he lives with his people. "He would think nothing of sweeping a hall for his lieutenant." In addition, the Commissioner has the advantage of a singularly attractive and sympathetic personality. He knows instinctively how to make anyone feel at home with him.

A WASTE OF MONEY

Of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the famous British composer, who recently celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday, Mr. Cyril Maude tells an amusing story. Sir Alexander composed the music for Mr. Maude's production of "The Little Minister," at the Haymarket, and he found the rehearsals very trying. One day he came up to Mr. Maude, despair written all over his face. "I say, Maude," he stammered, "do you—do you—confound it, do you mind if I smash my hat?" At the end of the run of "The Little Minister," nowever, the management, to show their appreciation, sent Sir Alexander a very handsome present. The composer has an old and privileged servant, and when the present arrived she was sent for to inspect it. She looked at it unmoved. "Deary me!" was her only comment. "What a waste of money!"

THE UNEVEN SETTLEMENT OF A TALL BUILDING

Uneven settling of a tall building on a floating foundation in Chicago has caused the building department of that city some apprehension, particularly on account of the fact that the columns are of cast iron. The Unity Building is sixteen stories high, was erected in 1891, rests on a grillage of I-beams 30 to 40 feet below street grade, and has settled 9 inches more on the south side alongside an alley than on the other side adjacent to lower structures. The uneven settlement has thrown the top 30 inches out of plumb. On June 10th, 1910, records indicated the building was 13 3-8 inches out of plumb at the twelfth floor. Levels five days apart, beginning August 14.. showed a slight settlement, but for the next ten days little movement was detected. While the building commissioner, Mr. Henry Ericsson, says he does not believe there is any immediate danger, he had an investigation made by Messrs. E. C. Shankland, Louis Ritter and Karl L. Lehman, who reported that the building was not in a safe condition. In consequence the owners were notified by the building department that the building was in such an unsafe condition as to endanger life, but by the immediate application of precautionary measures danger might be averted. Such measures were ordered put into effect as would place the building in a safe condition. Arrangements have already been made by the owners to straighten the building.

Makes 'Breathing Easy.—The constriction of the air passages and the struggle for breath, too familiar evidence of asthamatic trouble, cannot daunt Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This is the famous remedy which is known far and wide for its complete effectiveness even under very severe conditions. It is no untried, experimental preparation, but one with many years of strong service behind it. Buy it from your nearest dealer.

WATERPROOF CEMENT

Mr. Logan W. Page, director of the United States Office of Good Roads, Department of Agriculture, is the inventor of another new waterproof cement. This cement, says the Scientific American, is made by mixing oil with the ordinary cements. The principle also applies to mortars and concretes. It produces a cement that, in the first place, will hold water and may be used for such structures as water-tanks. Concretes that are otherwise easily penetrated by water become waterproof. A lining of waterproof cement or concrete will make an otherwise porous structure watertight. Last May streets were constructed of oil-mixed concrete, one in New York city, one in Washington, and two bridge surfaces in Ridgewood, N.J. A few months ago a vault one hundred and five feet long by eighteen feet wide was constructed of this material in the Treasury Department. The top was a flat reinforced concrete arch, and as sufficient tests in bond had not been made, ordinary concrete was used to surround the reinforcement. After it had set, three inches of a 10 per cent. oil-mixture was placed above. The vault has been perfectly waterproof under very trying conditions. A large watertank constructditions. A large water-tank constructed in the Good Roads Laboratory with a 10 per cent. oil-mixture is absolutely waterproof. Extensive experiments made with oil-concrete in basement floors have given excellent results up to the present time. No moisture enters the walls of houses built of this waterproof. Water poured on a basement floor made of it will roll up in globules instead of entering the cement. Colonel Goethals, of Panama Canal fame, is experimenting with it as a material for building locks. It promises to find extensive use in the building trades. As a new method of roadmaking is urgently wanted in the United Kingdom, now that the motor has come to stay, the results of this oil-mixed concrete will be watched with interest by all concerned.

Stops a Cough IN ONE NIGHT

CATARRH AND WEAK THROAT NOW CURED WITHOUT SWALLOWING DANGEROUS DRUGS. By Breathing the Soothing, Healing

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It's simply wonderful to think how quickly a bad throat or catarrh can be cured with Catarrhozone. Its rich balsamic vapor is carried along with the breath into the innermost recesses of the lungs, bronchial tubes, and chest, making it impossible for the germ of any disease to live. Thus soreness in the chest is at once alleviated—phlegm is loosened and ejected from the throat, old-standing coughs are removed.

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REMEMBEER THIS—You breathe Catarrhozone and it will cure any throat, chest or bronchial cold. Large size, guaranteed, costs $1.00, and lasts two months; smaller sizes, 25c and 50c. Beware of imitations and insist on "CATARRHOZONE" only. By mail from the Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

A TIP TOP FIRM

Two boys were discussing a map of Ireland which they had been examining. Said Harry: "But I think Dublin should be higher up than they have it there—don't you think so?"

George replied: "Oh, no; you must be mistaken. These maps are quite reliable. They're all done by latitude and longitude, you know."

Harry gave a doubtful assent. "I suppose they're a tip-top firm, and they ought to know."

ALL SCRAPPERS

Callahan: "Oi want to git a book to put th' photographs av all me relatives in. Oi think this wan will do."

Shopman: "But that isn't a family album, sir; that is a scrap-book."

Callahan: "Oh, that's all right, young man; all av me relatives were scrappers."

Doria Palace in Genoa, where Verdi lived at one time, is little associated in these days with the sea rover who gave the palace his name. Andrea Doria, supposed to have been a native of Genoa, fought against his country in the service of Francis I. of France. Subsequently he deserted the French and went over to the Spanish-Austrian party, thereby checking the progress of French arms in Italy. He drove the French out of Genoa in 1528, and was made doge, or chief magistrate.

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

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WHEAT, BARLEY OATS, FLAX

Owing to so much unfavorable weather, many farmers over Western Canada have gathered at least part of their crop touched by frost or otherwise weather damaged. However, through the large shortage in corn, oats, barley, fodder, potatoes and vegetables, by the unusual heat and drought of last summer in the United States, Eastern Canada and Western Europe, there is going to be a steady demand at good prices for all the grain Western Canada has raised, no matter what its quality may be.

So much variety in quality makes it impossible for those less experienced to judge the full value that should be obtained for such grain therefore the farmer never stood more in need of the services of the experienced and reliable grain commission man to act for him, in the looking after and selling of his grain, than he does this season.

Farmers, you will therefore do well for yourselves, not to accept street or track prices, but to ship your grain by carload direct to Fort William or Port Arthur, to be handled by us in a way that will get for you all there is in it. We make liberal advances when desired, on *receipt of shipping bills for cars shipped.* We never buy your grain on our own account, but act as your agents in selling it to the best advantage for your account, and we do so on a fixed commission of 1c per bushel.

We have made a specialty of this work for many years, and are well known over Western Canada for our experience in the grain trade, reliability, careful attention to our customers' interests, and promptness in making settlements.

We invite farmers who have not yet employed us to write to us for *shipping instructions and market information, and in regard to our* standing in the Winnipeg Grain Trade, and our financial position, we beg to refer you to the Union Bank of Canada, and any of its branches, also to the commercial agencies of Bradstreets and R. G. Dun & Co.

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A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gasses, causing pains and oppression in the stomach region. The belching or eructation of these gasses is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

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"Tay-Pay" on Smoking

I take up now a comparison suggested by Mr. Edison's views between the American and the Englishman as a smoker. Here, I think, the Englishman is much more rational and self-controlled than the American. I understand from his own account that Mr. Edison is what is called in America a "chain smoker." I never saw an Englishman who was a "chain smoker"—not one. I have known several who smoked a good deal, but never one who lit one cigar after another, and then went on continuously for hours. The tobacco heart, which helped, I believe, to kill poor President McKinley, is not a disease known much in England—except among Jews, especially of German origin, who have an incessant desire for smoking.

I don't suppose the time ever existed in America when smoking was regarded with horror, but I remember the time well in Ireland when a young man who began smoking was regarded as taking the first step towards the ruin of his body and his soul. The pipe and the beard came in together in England, they both made themselves from the necessities imposed on the British officer and soldier by the terrible hardships of the winter campaign in the south of Russia. In the old House of Commons every man was clean-shaven except the soldiers. To wear a moustache was to announce to the world in those days that you belonged to the army. Daniel O'Connell had a very fierce opponent—an Orangeman—called Colonel Sibthorpe.

One day it occurred to Sibthorpe to cut off his moustche. O'Connell retorted to an attack of Sibthorpe's by professing not to recognize him now that he had "taken down his signboard." And similarly there were probably few men in the old House who ever touched tobacco.

There survived to my day some of the old Parliamentarians who never would look at a cigar. Gladstone was known to have smoked only one in his life, and that was when King Edward—then Prince of Wales—was dining with him. And Gladstone then made a pretence of smoking a cigarette; it was a polite way of telling the prince, who loved tobacco, that he was free to enjoy himself.

Tobacco was one of the things that helped to kill the late King, but, all the same, it should be remembered in compensation that it was his introduction of the cigar immediately after dinner that helped to redeem English society largely from the habit of over-drinking at dinner time.

Before his day, the guests at a dinner used to remain drinking for a long time after the ladies had left the table. The Prince of Wales, lighting up the moment dinner was over, broke down this habit, and in that way arrested greatly the huge consumption of port which then used to follow aftre eating was over. And this reform the late King helped to make has extended so far that the army has become now intensely sober. In one of the Guards' clubs in London, barley water used to be supplied gratis, but the demand for it became so great among these modern Guardsmen that now barley water is charged for.

Lord Salisbury also shared Mr. Gladstone's dislike for tobacco. There was not, I believe, till his dying day a smoke-room at Hatfield. In the case of Hawarden Castle there was never a smoke-room till Herbert Gladstone came of age, and he, being an inveterate smoker and a modern young man, managed to rig up a small smoke-room in some remote part of his father's house. Mr. Frederic Harrison, one of our greatest men of letters today, preaches against tobacco as one of the great curses of society.

One day, some months ago, I entered a carriage in a railway train, in which sat the great essayist. He asked me anxiously before I entered whether I smoked, and was not happy till I informed him that smoking was not among my many vices. John Bright, on the other hand, was all his life a very determined smoker. He usually smoked a big merschaum pipe, but he also loved a cigar. When he was in the House of Commons, you very seldom found him in the chamber itself. For years before his death he had that curious nervous horror of speaking which overcomes ever men of great oratorical ability after a certain time of life. Once after his fierce fight against the Crimean War, when he was mobbed in several towns, Bright was for a while threatened with softening of the brain, and he never, I believe, got over the injury to his nervous system, though he did not make many of his greatest speeches after that epoch.

He used to say that when he was tempted to speak he always was frightened by the thought that he would fall down the moment he got on his legs—a not unusual terror with men who have to do an excessive amount of speaking. Many old electioneers have told me of the same terror, and it is one from which I myself have suffered when long months of campaigning have brought me down to nervous weakness. Bright was naturally a man to love smoking.

He was a lethargic man—never was capable of drudgery, and he used often to say that the one ambition of his life was a passionate desire to do nothing. He never read a bill through and ever mastered the details of anything. Thus he was a failure as a minister, and thus also he was the greatest orator of modern times in England—for it added to his effectiveness, especially as a platform orator, that he drew all his pictures in simple, broad lines, easily understood by the people.

Today the majority of politicians are smokers, and often political teetotalers compensate for their abstemtion from alcohol by extra devotion to tobacco. Mr. Lloyd George is a great smoker, so is Winston Churchill, and the one man who smokes bigger cigars than Mr. Asquith is Lord Rosebery. Joseph Chamberlain used to be an immense smoker and alway smoked great big cigars. I believe excessive use of tobacco, as well as hard work and excitement, helped to break down his health. But the most constant smoked of my time in the House of Commons was Labby. He never had a vigarette out of his mouth if he could help it.

It was, curiously enough, his one passion, and one self-indulgence. The extraordinary man, always wealthy and always able to have anything he liked, had simpler tastes than most peasants. He rarely touched wine, and when he did it was a glass of claret and water, and this he took with palpable dislike and unusually either because he was ordered by his doctor to do so, or because on the Continent he thought wine less dangerous than water. As to food, he best described his feelings by this anecdote. He returned unexpectedly home to the charming riverside house he had on the Thames—Pope's famous villa—and found that there was no dinner ready for him. "Go to the nearest ham-and-beef shop,' he said, quite serenely to the affrighted butler, "and get me some slices of ham and beef."

And then he said, "I enjoyed this so much that I seriously thought of dismissing my cook." I have seen him, when I stopped with them in Pope's villa, gulping down an egg and a cup of tea in two minutes and then immediately put a cigarette in his mouth, and a cigarette was there every moment afterwards throughout the day. When he was a member of the House of Commons he never could remain in his seat more than a quarter of an hour; he had to rush off to the smoke-rooms to have a whiff of his cigarette. It is his temperance in eating and drinking that accounts for the astonishing fact that he is still alive and well, and enjoying himself after his fashion in Florence, for he has buried two generations of hard livers.

It is difficult to realize, but it is true, that this man knew Daniel Webster intimately before the war, and gives some inside stories of that brilliant orator that do not figure in print. And it is also incredible, but true, that Labby knew Bismarck in the days when as Prussian Minister in Frankfort, Bismarck was unknown outside the world of diplomacy, and Labby gives racy descriptions of Bismarck when the obscure Prussian squire was chiefly remarkable for his contemporaries by his love of all-night sittings and copious mugs of beer.

It is perhaps even more incredible, but it is also true, that Lady Labby knew the debauche nobleman who stood for the portrait of the Marquis of Steyne in Thackeray and Lord Monmouth in Disraeli's novels. Finally Labby was the employer and manager of a theatre in London, of Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham, Ellen Terry, and scores of others. "And to think," said Henry Irving to Labby one night when, at the very top of his profession, Irving sat at the head of a banquet he was giving to all who were distinguished in London, "that I was once getting five pounds a week from you." "Three pounds, Henry," said Labby.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Early-day settlers in any state were a litigious lot, and a search of old records produces plenty of evidence that they were continually suing about trifles which are seldom brought into court nowadays. Nashville, in 1794, gave Andrew Jackson plenty of court work. Out of 397 cases he acted as counsel in 228, while at the same time practicing his profession in the courts of other counties. Curiously enough, the musty tomes of many frontier communities reveal the penchant which many had for libel and slander suits, based upon evidence which today would be considered ridiculous.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF PRIMEVAL MAN TO DATE

"There are no fossil men," exclaimed the great Cuvier just a century ago, and with this dictum settled definitely, as he supposed, the question of man's origin. How far we have progressed in the century that has since passed is well set forth in a summary of archaeological discovery, appearing serially in recent numbers of the Naturwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift, by Dr. H. von Buttel-Reepen of Oldenburg.

The foundations of modern archaeology may, indeed, be said to have been laid only with the discovery of the Neandertal skull in 1856, so that our entire knowledge of prehistoric man is actually but fifty years old. This discovery, one of the most important of the kind ever made, was nearly coincident with the publication of Darwin's work, so that the progress of archaeology and of modern biological science can be said to have moved hand in hand. The Neandertal skull was a most remarkable specimen, in that it was clearly the skull of a man, while more ape-like than that of any existing man, and having a brain capacity about midway between that of man and that of the higher apes. Its peculiar physical features, differentiating it from those of any previously known human skull, were the extraordinary arbital ridges, the low retreating forehead, and its long narrow shape. Derided at first as merely the skull of a modern degenerate, its discovery was followed in succeeding years by that of a whole race of Neandertal men, and as the mists which enshroud recent geological time have cleared away, we have come to distinguish successive epochs more on less closely correlated with those of the Quaternary and Tertiary periods, in which one race after another occupied the European lands, and one of the longest of which, covering 200,000 to 500,000 years, is allotted to the Neandertal race.

But long before that time, far back into the Pliocene, and, as it is claimed by some, even into the Miocene and Oligocene divisions of the Tertiary—a time when the face of land and water presented an utterly different aspect from the present, when a great sea extended across the centre of Europe and Asia, when none, or few, of the present mountain systems had begun, and when the now temperate lands were tropical in their fauna and flora—relics have been found which surely indicate the existence of the tool-making animal—chipped flints, termed eoliths, many of which are unquestionably of artificial origin, while many others no doubt are purely accidental. Some more or less human race must have inhabited Europe throughout the Pliocene; and here we fall upon the remarkable Java find of Dubois, consisting of the remains of the so-called ape-man of Java (Pithecanthropus erectus), which is assigned to the end of the Pliocene, or beginning of the Pleistocene; and which is far more primitive in character even than the Neandertal type, having but two-thirds the brain capacity of the latter, in so much that it is still disputed whether the remains are that of an ape-like man, or of a man-like ape. And this is not all, for a new and strange anthropomorphous form was recently found by M. Schlosser in the Oligocene of Egypt, a form which he calls Propliopithecus, and pronounces "ancestral not only for all the Simnus (true apes), but presumably also of the Hominus (ancestors of man)." The Oligocene is reckoned to have closed around 6,000,000 years ago, and it these deductions are correct our ancestry is traced back into prehistoric ages a far greater period of time than even most scientists have hitherto dared to imagine.

Late in the Quaternary, at the close of the third ice-invasion, the Neandertalers are first seen to be on the decline, and were superseded by a succession of other races, one of which, the so-called Loess-hunters, have been found abundantly fossilized in Europe. This race was much more modern than the Neandertal tribe, being about the same average height (5 feet 7 inches), but more lightly and gracefully built; they are known to have lived largely on meat, and to have hunted and fed especially upon the wild horses which then covered the plains. The Neandertal race had been a stationary one, making no sensible progress, and their later eoliths are practically indistinguishable from the earlier ones; but from this period on, we see a development becoming more rapid, first of art, and then of industry. To about the same time as the Loess-hunters belong the Grimaldians, found in southern France and the Pyrenees, to whom are ascribed certain carved images of human beings having physical characteristics markedly in common with the modern Hottentots. The Loess-hunters are not supposed to belong to the same stock as the Neandertalers, and the Cro-Maknonians, which in turn superseded the former, are supposed by some to have been a cross between the Loess-hunters and Neandertalers. This last race, assigned to the last ice-period, is known by many finds in central and southern France and the Pyrenees, and is responsible for the remarkable cave-drawings of mammoths, bisons, and other contemporary animals which have been long known to archaeologists, and reproduced in text-books as the work of palaeolithic man.

BRILLIANT IDEAS

"I've found a new use for those gramophone records you bought last week, and which cost such a lot of money," said his wife.

"How clever you are!" he exclaimed. "What is your latest?"

"In the first place," she began, "I hold a skein of wool over my arms, tie one end of the wool on a reel, place the reel on the gramophone pin, and then start the machine. The wool is wound up in no time."

The fond husband gasped in admiration.

"But that it not all," she continued. "To-morrow I shall place a little bathbrick on one end of the records, start the gramophone, and so clean the knives."

He is still gaping.

"DEAD ONES" THAT ARE OBSTRUCTING INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN CHINA

Four hundred millions of Chinese contribute heavily to the undertaker every year. Railway constructors are especially aware of this, for one of the most troublesome obstacles in the way of industrial progress in China is the presence of the old graveyards. A Chinaman reveres his ancestors in direct proportion to the time they have been dead and some of them, if the translations of inscriptions are to be believed, have been dead for a prodigious while.

The man who can go out and claim as his own a mound that bears an inscription ante-dating the Christian era a few hundred years has no need to seek distinction through literary or official channels. He is a made man, and his descendants will continue to be "made," until some railroad comes along and obliterates his "maker."

There are no condemnation proceedings in China, however, and the man who doesn't care to accept a monetary salve for the injury to his feelings caused by the obliteration of his ancestral tablets, cannot be forced by "public expediency" to move the sacred ashes by which he sets so much store.

The instance of the Russian railroad from Harbin to Port Arthur, which made a twenty-six mile detour to avoid the ancient Manchu tombs at Mukden, has often been cited to show the expense and trouble that may arise from this cause. This was many years ago, and there seems to be a popular idea, even among the old foreign residents of China, that the way of the builders of railways is much easier now than then. As a matter of fact, since people are dying right along and the number of graves increase as a consequence, it is very doubtful if the conditions are not becoming worse rather than better. The Chinese have accepted the railroad as a convenience in transportation, not as a destroyer of their beloved graves. They have shown the greatest readiness to patronize, once it is built, but they never have, and never will, cease putting obstacles in the way of a line that disturbs so much as a single isolated ancestral resting place.

Most of the concessions granted by the Chinese government stipulate that, as far as possible, graves of all classes shall be left undisturbed, and to the credit of the foreign concessionairies, it may be said that, even when involving heavy losses of time and money, these agreements have been, for the most part, scrupulously observed in spirit as well as in letter.

The Kowloon railroad will presently give the hinterland of Hong Kong rail communication with Europe, via Pekin, Manchuria, and Siberia. It is the most expensive piece of railway construction in the east, its twenty-two miles of almost continuous cuts, fills, and tunnels having cost in the vicinity of thirteen million dollars (Mexican) per mile.

Sir Frederick Lugard, the governor of Hong Kong, tells the following story of one of the bridges which was built higher and longer than to the Westerner would seem necessary.

"A little cluster of horseshoe-shaped hollows faced with concrete were a couple of hundred yards on the downstream side of the bridge. They were the earthly resting-places of the ancestors of the headman of the little village around the bend, and the oldest of them dates back I don't know how many centuries. Now, on the other side of the bridge, there was a temple and a nine-story pagoda. So the "fengshui" has it that unless a man sitting on the topmost grave down there has a clear view from the bottom to the top of that pagoda, none of the spirits of the departed housed thereabouts can have rest. By an unlucky chance the bridge comes in between, and because we couldn't build it low enough for them to see over it, we had to built it high enough for them to see under it. The change cost in the vicinity of $50,000."

At Soochow, all of the ground necessary for the erection of railway shops was secured, with the exception of a single small square in one corner, the owner of which steadfastly refused to sell for any consideration on the plea that the building to be erected would cast an "unlucky" shadow on some houses in the adjoining compound, which he also chanced to own. The right of way man had about given up in despair, when the Chinese vice-president of the company heard of the difficulty and promptly stepped in and took a hand. He visited the geomancer himself, to return with a rough drawing of a cheap frame building which he ordered to be put up at once on a spot which he selected only after a whole day of pacing, calculating, and measuring.

The new building, tall, slender, and very shaky was erected in a couple of days, and no sooner was it completed than the owner of the desired property called on the right of way man and offered to sell out at once. The latter, having had his instructions from the vice-president, began scaling his offer, ultimately buying the land for less than half of his original bid. The reason for the owner's change of mind was that the new building was so placed and designed as to cast an "unlucky" shadow on the house which occupied the desired lot, making it impossible for him either to live in it himself or to find a tenant to occupy it.

Of course, when it is imperative, for topographical or other reasons, that a line should take a certain course, means have to be adopted which will render the owners of conflicting graves willing to sell. A hundred dollars is considered a fair price for an "unimproved" grave of no special antiquity, and if the owner of one which stands in the way of a railroad seems disposed to stand out for a higher figure, he is quietly ignored, while the grading is carried up to both sides of his holding and stopped. Then the constant passing to and fro of the workmen, the screech of the construction engines and the presence of the "foreign devils" seem never to fail to convince the recalcitrant that the spirits of his ancestors will rest more quietly in a cheaper and less crowded locality.

Many of the foreign educational institutions of China have been years acquiring the land for their grounds, on account of the reluctance of certain grave owners to sell, and the blue print maps of some of their holdings remind one of the drawing of the original "Gerrymander" Congressional district in Massachusetts. The Canton Christian College, in South China, has a striking monument to the obduracy of a solitary grave holder in the form of an upright cylinder of yellow clay in the middle of the basketball field. Not the desecrating touch of the feet of the hated "foreign devils," not the turmoil of the mad games that surge around it, not even the fact that its elevated crest is occasionally utilized by an irreverent student as a coign of vantage from which to toss a goal, has led the old woman who owns it to accept the generous offer made her by the college authorities for her little "six feet of soil."

The obvious thing for the college authorities to do would be to pay a visit to the geomancers and arrange that the old lady should be instructed that the "fengshui" decreed that her late husband would rest with more tranquility in some other place; but as subtlety of this kind is hardly in the line of a Christian institution, it is not unlikely that the strange looking cylinder of yellow clay may star the campus basketball field until the game old widow is herself numbered with her ancestors.

Cremation, which, according to Marco Polo, was practised by some of the Chinese in the thirteenth century, would prove the logical and practical solution of the increasingly acute problem of the disposal of China's dead. Cremation, however, is opposed to the present principles of the general run of the people, who believes that unless the whole body goes intact into the next world it will not be able to re-assemble itself for the following reincarnation. Most of the Christian institutions are encouraging cremation quietly and unobtrusively, and it is not impossible that the adoption of the saving practice may come with the spread of the foreign religions.

The difference that the universal practice of cremation during the last couple of centuries would have made in the economic welfare of the country of today is incalculable, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it may be resorted to by high and low, by priest and layman alike, before the country's dead have crowded the living into the sea.

British Bluestockings Training to be Farmers

(Special to The Star Weekly)

LONDON, November 4, 1911.

It has long been a matter of contention among travellers as to which side of the Atlantic can boast the best out-door women. Despite the claims of France and her valiant brown peasant women, common consent has eliminated the claims of France, and premiership in this direction has never been seriously thought of for the hausfraus of Germany.

This leaves England in the field alone against the transatlantic competition. And despite the fame of the homestead girls of Western Canada, and the snow girls of the Eastern Provinces, the sporting and out door pre-eminence of the daughters of Merrie England is still unshaken. Lately they have been striding the Scottish moors in rough tweed jacket and square-toed boots, gun over shoulder, and the flush of the good Scotch wind in their faces, quickened with the sporting spirit of the great out-doors. Diana of the British uplands is claimed by her admirers on this side anyway to be the queen of the world's sportswomen.

England is fighting her claims to the vote and will fight them for a long time yet. But vote or no vote, Englishwomen are pressing forward for their "place in the sun." The extremists are still noisily demanding symbols of equality like the vote, but lots of steady, earnest Englishwomen have set out in dead earnest to win its reality by making good in the fundamental and necessary occupations of life.

The common man who does not care a rap for woman suffrage, for instance, appreciates the woman farmer tremendously. Anybody can talk to the loose-minded crowd of the modern city, but it takes pluck and health and organization and lots of other solid attributes to run a farm.

There is a farm in England where women are trying to learn these elements. It is in Checkendon, a tiny little place among the Chiltern Hills in Oxfordshire, and is known all the country round as the "women's farm." It is known all the country round, too, as a successful farm. Its milk and eggs and potatoes and poultry and what not else are reckoned as fine products as any that come out of the Thames valley through all its fruitful extent.

Miss E. Kate Le Lacheur is the principal of the women's farm, and she is a woman who is a great deal more English than her name. She is a graduate of Newnham College, the women's "annex" of Cambridge University, and her feminism is sufficiently attested by a large wooden sign marked "Votes for Women," displayed prominently on the porch—the first detail that a visitor to the farm is likely to take in. Her present occupation, however, is not in getting votes for women, but in providing work for women, and this she does with a vengeance. At present there are about 20 students at the farm—there are 50 when it is running in the regular summer term time—and their programme is a very rigorous one. Up in the morning at seven, they sit down to tea when six o'clock comes, a lot of very hungry farmers and tired enough to relieve Miss Le Lacheur of the trouble of making any social arrangements for the evening. Mind you most of these are girls of culture, "blue-stockings" from the universities or delicately reared daughters of the cities, so their grit is all the more notable.

There is not even a moving picture palace at Checkendon, no dances, no revels on the modern village green; nothing but a hundred acres of very profound silence. Some of the women farmers stay at the neighboring cottages, others fix up cots in the spacious back yard of the farm; but wherever they stay, none of them have yet complained of insomnia. They learn one thing at least at Checkendon by dint of this feminine wrestling with the bounty of the earth—how to sleep.

Miss Le Lacheur explained the women's farm. "Our original idea," she said, "was to train girls to take up farms at home, but now many of our pupils aim for America and the colonies as soon as they are finished with the course. So what the enterprise really comes to is fitting English girls for life in the new countries. And you must know at the start that they all get on; not one to my knowledge that we have really sent out thoroughly equipped has found the farming proposition too hard for her.

"Most of our amateur farmers come from the city," she continued in answer to a question. "The occupations open to women nowadays are all too sedentary, and thousands of typists and clerks 'slogging' along in their stuffy shops and offices would give anything for work that would bring them out on the green grass with a view in front of them and good, earnay work to do instead of clacking typewriters and adding up figures all day.

"Don't go away with the idea that the work at this farm is a dream. We do everything ourselves and we rely on more than our air and our view to cultivate a healthy spirit of enterprise. Exact information and hard work are our mottos. Our poultry instructor, the only man on the place, has been on the staff of the University College Poultry farm at Reading, and the women who study with us carry away an expert knowledge of incubating, breeding, feeding, and housing, laying, stock and table rearing, marketing and elementary carpentry before we allow them to take up a poultry farm.

"One of our students is soon going to Canada to start on a dairy farm in Athabaska. She had to learn how to milk five cows—she was a typist when she came to us—clean up, and get them safely in the sheds for the night within an hour before she could 'pass.' Then she learned filtering, cooling, and setting, all about cream raising, butter making, pasteurizing, the use and care of the utensils, milk testing, and finally how to make good clotted Devonshire cream and cream cheese. That is a curriculum for you, isn't it?

"These are only two departments of the work, however. Besides these the girls can also learn to repair engines and farm machines, haymaking and cutting, the cultivation of all sorts of garden truck, and several crops as well—the product of the 10-acre potato field bore this out—while cooking, cleaning, and all the other departments of country housekeeping are taught in our kitchen. Can you think of anything we don't do?"

She shouldered the sack of potatoes she had been busily sorting while talking, and marched toward a cart driven by two "mere men," who were apparently allowed to help as laborers.

WHAT WE FORGET

Lady: "What! Two and three a dozen for eggs! Why, that's more than twopence for one egg!"

Grocer: "Well, mum, you must remember that one egg is a whole day's work for one hen."

CANADA'S GREATEST SCHOOL

WINNIPEG Business College

ESTABLISHED 1882.

Cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St.

Awarded first prize at World's Exposition on its work and methods.

Write for a free catalogue. We also give instruction by mail.

STAMMERERS

can be cured, not merely of the habit, but of its cause. The Arnott Institute has permanently restored natural speech to thousands—is doing it to-day. Write for full information and references to 11

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE. BERLIN, ONT., Can.

SHIP YOUR

RAW FURS

and

Beef Hides

to us and get 20 per cent. more for them than at home. Write to us for our new price list S and we will mail you one free. Watch this ad. weekly.

We solicit your shipments for Beef Hides, Raw Furs, Wool, Tallow, Seneca Root, Horse Hair, Sheep Pelts, etc.

North-West Hide & Fur Co.

278 Rupert St. Winnipeg, Man.

Well, Well!

I used

DYOLA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 16. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

BLACK KNIGHT

STOVE POLISH

The easy-shining stove polish in the big can. Not a powder, which must be mixed with water—nor a hard cake, which must be scraped but a soft paste, ready to use, that gives a brilliant polish with a few rubs.

Equally good for stoves, pipes, grates and ironwork.

If your dealer does not carry "Black Knight" Stove Polish, send us his name and 10c. and we will send a full size tin by return mail. 36

The F.F. Dalley Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

211

Toys! Toys! Toys!

Too Numerous To mention ! ! !

.. AT ..

THE MAGNET CASH STORE

For every 50 cents cash paid entitles you to one ticket for the prizes we are giving away on New Year's Eve.

Phone 31 Dunsmuir Ave. **THOS. E. BATE**

H. J. Theobald

Practical Painter

Decorator, Paperhanger and Kalsomining.

Residence, Penrith Avenue
Cumberland, B. C.

THE CORNER .. STORE ..

CLOTHING—For one week only. Stock reduction sale continues. 20 per cent discount. Come and see the stock, nothing but the best. Coppley Noyes & Randall's Famous Clothing for men and boys, SHOES—Ladies' Gent's and Children's are offered at this great reduction.

J. N. McLEOD
Dunsmuir Avenue *Cumberland*

M[illegible] piano-forte l[illegible] by [illegible]
m[illegible] Tuesday. Address Camp
Cu[illegible] Pupils prepared for the
B[illegible]

F[illegible]—7 room house, ¼ lot.
Fo[illegible] apply to Mrs. Ellen Grief
P[illegible] Avenue Cumberland B. C.

FOR SALE—Forty hives of bees and sell cheap. Apply to Ed Creech, [illegible]

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

Notice is hereby given that the reserve existing by reason of the notice published in the British Columbia Gazette of the 27th December 1907, covering a parcel of land situated on Redonda Island, formerly held under Timber License No. 44043, which has lapsed, is cancelled, and the said lands will be open to location after midnight on the 14th December 1911.

ROBERT A. RENWICK.
Deputy Minister of Land.

Department of Lands, Victoria, B. C.
September 12th, 1911.
sep23 dec23

The annual meeting of the Comox Creamery Association Ltd., will be held in the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay, on Thursday, Jan'y., 18 h, 1912 at 8 p. m.
Wm. Duncan, Secretary

The annual meeting of the Comox Conservative Association will be held in the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay, on Monday, Jan'y., 1912, at 8 p. m.. All Conservatives in the Valley are requested to attend. Wm. Duncan, Secretary.

FOUND—Wednesday evening, on the Courtenay Cumberland road, a lady's muff. Owner can have same by applying to F N. B x 380, Cumberland P O and paying for this advertisement dec23

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

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

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

Old Newspapers for sale at The ISLANDER OFFICE. 25c. per hundred.

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE

Passenger Coach will leave as follows to connect with the C. P. R. at Union Bay.

Tuesday—5 p. m.
Wednesday—6.45 a. m.
Thursday—8 a. m.
Friday—6.45 p. m.
Saturday—5.45 a. m.

Boat leaves for Comox.
Wednesday—7 p. m.
Friday—7 p. m.
Saturday—11 a. m

Money MAKES MONEY !

The question is, where will it make the most? In a Bank at 3 per cent. first mortage at 7 per cent, or town lots in Western Canada where during the year 1911 it is estimated that property values in ten town increased 600 per cent. in seventeen towns 400 per cent, and in town twenty two towns 300 per cent!

Full particulars of an investment which will make you a property owner in three of the best towns and on the easiest of terms can be obtained by mailing a postcard to

(DO IT NOW) **D. Forde**

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 THURSDAYS

D. M. Morrison, Manager

COURTENAY, B. C. BRANCH OPEN DAILY

Wm. H. Hoff, Manager.

Cumberland Cafe.

RICHARDS & JACK, Proprietors.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL ALL HOURS

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

TRY OUR HOT TAMALES.

DUNSMUIR AVE., CUMBERLAND

NOTICE

Having sold my bicycle business, all accounts due must be paid to me. Those having accounts will render same to me,

E. C. EMDE.

Palace Livery and Feed Stable

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

DAVIS & WHELAN, Props.
COURTENAY, B. C.
nov 18

IF YOU WANT A FIRST CLASS PIANO AT A MODERATE PRICE

Buy a STANLEY

These Pianos give satisfaction in tone and touch and are built to last a lifetime.

We carry the Victor Gramophone & Victrolas and Victor Records. Call and hear the latest novelty.

The Victor Puzzle Record Price $1.00
6 RECORDS IN ONE

.. DUNSMORE'S MUSIC STORE
Church St., NANAIMO, B. C. Opposite Bank of

OUR WEEKLY

Bargain Sales

HELD

Every Wednesday

Are Worthy of Consideration

Ask Your Friends

ABOUT THE

BARGAINS

We have offered Previously

McPhee & Morrison
ourtenay B. C.

G. A. Fletcher Music Co. of Nanaimo havenow engaged their own private Tuner whose work will be strictly guaranteed by the firm, and they advise customers and friends to notify the firm when tuning or repairing is needed. The tuner will be in Cumberland early in November and orders may be left at T. E. Bates store and will be promptly attended to. G. A. Fletcher Music Co. The Sole Agents for Gerhard Heintziman Pianos and Columbia and Edison Phonographs and Records.

COMOX LAND DISTRICT
District of Comox.

TAKE notice that I, James Strickland Bevins of Comox District, occupation rancher, intends to apply for permission to lease the following described land:—Commencing at a post planted at the south-west corner close to a post marked J. R. M., N. E. C. and being the N. W. C. of Lot 129, Comox District, thence south-easterly twenty-seven chains following the shore line, thence north-easterly for five chains, thence north-westerly twenty-seven chains, thence south-westerly for five chains to commencement and containing seventeen acres more or less.

Dated October 10th, 1911.
JAMES S. BEVINS.

Dr D. E. Kerr, dentist will be in Cumberland on and after November 11th.

Subscribe For The Islander

---

100 Boxes Apples

APPLES AND Winter PEARS

The Best Varieties, Blenheirn Orange, Russets, Kirigs, Canadian Reds Bellflower, Baldwins etc.

Price for one week only in 5 and 10 box lots, per box - - $1.75

UNION BAY CO-OPERATIVE COMP'Y