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THE ISLANDER

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No. 61 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL

After Four Weeks a Quorum Turns Out

For the first time in four weeks a meeting of the city father was held on Monday evening, there being present Mayor McLeod and Aldermen Parnham, Willard and Banks.

A letter was received from the Provincal Secretary stating that in accordance with the wishes of the council, the government had arranged for a poll to be held on Aug. 5th. of those persons whose property would be effected by the proposed extension of the City boundaries.

The Fire Brigade submitted a list of officers elected, the same being approved by the Council. The list follows.

Chief.....T.E. Banks
Ass. Chief.....Chas Parnham
Capt No.1 Team..R. Grant jr.
Capt No.2 Team..R. Webster
Treasurer.....J. Cameron
Secretary .....F. Watson.

Constable Gray,s report was submittted as follows;—

Scavaging	$103.25
Road Tax	10.00
Police Court Fines	13.00
Watchman	42.50
	$168.75

A communication was received from W.A. Matthews in reply to a notification from the city that he must clean up his premises in 10 days or the city would undertake the work and charge the expenses to him. He asked the the city to notify other property owners in the same way. His letter was handed to the City Solicitor with instructiont to take action.

The Medical Health Report was received and laid on the table for future reference.

The Mayor appointed Aldermen Banks and Parnham on the finance committee, replacing McNeil and Stewart.

The Police Commissioners were granted an additional $20 to pay for Police uniforms.

It was decided to produce a new dump cart for the city.

The board of works was instructed to produce an estimate of the cost of laying cement walks on Dunsmuir Ave. from First to Fifth streets.

Mr Slaughter will be notified to repair damages to City Hall and Band Stand caused by his runaway team.

The Pool Room By-law was finally read a first and second time.

The pound by-law was finally passed and Mr Monaco appointed pound keeper.

The matter of procuring new cells for a city lock up was left in the hands of the Board of Works.

FOR SALE

A newly built 5 roomed house with bathroom and pantry, near Mr. D. Kilpatrick's. Apply on premises or at Mrs. Watts, Camp. 2wks

An exciting runaway took place on Dunsmuir Ave Saturday night about eight o'clock, when the team attached to Slaughters' butcher wagon bolted and livened things up considerably. Part of the harness gave way allowing the wagon tongue to drop, and the occupants of the waggon were precipitated hurriedly to the street. The horses took the sidewalk and completely demolished the porch in front of the city hall, continuing down the street as far as McLeod's corner where they tried to run down a telegraph pole, but both horses were thrown violently to the sidewalk and one horse was rather badly injured.

UNION BAY WINS AGAIN

Put It All Over Courtenay On Sunday Last

Last Sunday a bunch of pill heavers representing Union Bay demonstrated to a fair crowd of fanaties that they are in a class by themselves when it comes to playing the national pastime of our American friends.

The Bay outfit put the kibosh all over the would be's, representing a town called Courtenay by a score of twelve to seven on the slack heap at the wharf village.

The first four spassams were pretty rotten specimens of baseball, as it should be played; the errors on both sides were fierce, but the safe hits predominated. At the end of the fourth the score stood nine to seven in favor of the Bays. After the fourth both team tightened up and served a generous public a brand of ball seldom seen on the Island.

The Union Bay gang were short the services of their big first baseman, as he was out picnicking, and the engineer forgot how to run the engine or something; anyhow he did not turn up.

Taylor was moved from second to first, and Sweeney to second; they both played a good game however and helped the Bay win.

The following ginks did duty for their respective teams in the following positions;—

Clark, c; Higgins, p & 2nd B; Taylor 1stB; Sweeney, cf & 2nd B; Higgins, ss. & p; Watkins, 3rd B; LeClair, cf; Ryan, cf; Gibson, rf; Cuirns, lf.

Courtenay

Ryan, c; Thomas, p & 3rd B; Donley, 1st B; Droskey, 2nd B & p; Donley ss; Dickenson, 3rd B; Big Boy, lf; Patten, rf; Faker, cf.

Joe Bing made an impartial umpire.

By H.O.B.O.

Jack Gibson is improving quite rapidly in pool playing, he ran 15 balls downs in a game the other day and he is still talking about it.

It is a durn shame that some fellows do not think twice before they go in swimming in the lake in a nude state, as there are quite a few women camping out there, and to say the least it is not very edifying to see a man stripped in swimming.

Last Sunday the Nanaimo Outlaws defeated the Hillcrest ball team of Vancouver by a score of twenty-nine to something, one team made 18 error and the other team 21 errors. Those two teams should use lacrosse nets for gloves and footballs; they might win. Better still they should take a few lessons from the teams in this neck of the woods on the finer points of the game.

Edd must think salt water is good for the hair, he has made several trips to the beach this week, he had company, two each time.

Some people can see more fun at the bay than in Cumberland.

WANTED—Holders of acreage, land in vicinity of Victoria, Oak Bay or Saanich district. Must be close in. Apply box 787 Victoria, B. C.

FOR SALE—Agreement of sale at big discount. A bargain.
Apply A.B.C.
ISLANDER OFFICE

Another of those mysterious fires occured last week at about 1 a. m. in the alleyway at the back of Simon Leiser's store. Fortunately it was discovered early and putout with a couple of buckets of water.

SPORTING NOTES OF INTEREST

What Is Doing In Local Sporting Circles

The Union Bay ball team look like winners of the District League; having only lost one game so far this year, and as there are not very many more games, it behooves the boys to be up and doing.

There must be some great attraction at Union Bay for ball players It looks fine to see four Cumberland players on the Wharf team. It either must be the Saltwater or or or—well, enough said.

All members of the Blues team are requested to turn out to practice next week, in the evenings

Joe Bailey the promising light weight of Victoria is looking for another match here. Cadman is the likeliest looking opponent and if these two hook up there should be an interesting bout.

There is some talk of a giant Swede in Courtenay wishing to wrestle Murray, and before long wrestling fans will have the pleasure of seeing this wrestler preform again.

It is reported that the Laysmith team will play here a week Sunday, and the Pilseners will travel to Ladysmith Labor Day for the return game.

The Lacrosse games seem to be losing interest with the players but not so with the fans, who are clamoring for more games; as from a spectators point of view it is by far the best game to watch. It would be a pity for Canadas' national game to die out after getting away to such a good start. The next League game is scheduled for the 11th. of August and the Whites are out to win; putting the strongest twelve in the field they are able to obtain. It is possible that arrangements will be made to make this game for the cup, which ought to have been played on the 12th. of July

Cotton, Whyte, Greaves, Raines, Grant, Cameron, Elliot, McConachie, big Jimmy Whyte and possibly Halcrow will line up with the Whites on the eleventh.

It will materially strength the White team to have Raines, and Whyte out on the 11th. and if these two players intend taking that trip below in September the games would not hurt them.

An amusing runaway took place in town on Wednesday, when two Finns from Courtenay were in town and decided to "feed their horse some water." In order that the horse might drink more easily one of the men removed the bridle, and the animal promply decamped with the second Finn sitting in the rig. The gentleman who was assisting the horse was wildly excited and declared that he feared his partner would be "spoiled," but strange to say this was not the case, although the rig belonging to the Courtenay Livery Stable was "spoiled," being deposited on top of a stump at the back of Pikets Hill.

The fire department was called out about 9 o'clock on Tuesday night to a fire in China town which destroyed two Chinse dwellings and seriously threatened the balance of Chink town. It is probable several million lives were lost, but none of them were human.

BROUGHT HOME FOR BURIAL

Mrs. Joseph Hudson Laid To Rest Here Wednesday

The death took place in Vancouver on Monday morning of Mrs. Joseph Hudson a former resident of this city and a daughter of Mrs. J. H. Piket.

The deceased was up to three years ago a resident of Cumberland, having been married in this city.

The body was brought over from Vancouver on Tuesday together with that of the dead child, and the funeral took place on Wednesday from the residence of Mrs. Piket to the Cumberland cemetery, the funeral service being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Leffere.

Besides her husband, two small children are left to mourn her loss.

The following were the floral offerings: Pillow and lillies from mother.

Sprays—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Piket, Lou Piket, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Vancouver; Miss H. Kirkwood and Miss Smith, Vancouver; Miss Aslott, Vancouver; Mrs. Nunley, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. L. W Nunns, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Abrams, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hudson, Union Bay; Misses Viola and Nellie Matthews, Mrs. and J. N. McLeod.

Wreaths—Messrs Ernest, Albert and Fred Pickard; Mr. Joseph Hudson's fellow workmen, Vancouver; Brotherhood of trainmen, Vancouver; John and Mrs. Fulcher, Union Bay; Pythian Sisters, Mrs. and R. Grant and family, Mrs. and R. Cessford.

Heart of Roses, Mrs. and J. Mateer, Vancouver.

Star. Mrs. and Noel McFarlane.

Pillow, Mr. John Bruce.

Crescents, Mr. T. Irwin, Vancouver; Mrs. and T. H. Carey.

Crosses, Mr. and Mrs. Hodson, Vancouver; Mrs. J. L. Roe, Mrs. and John Matthews; Mrs. and H. Creech, Mrs. and Chas. Whyte.

Broken wheel on easel, Miss Cleda Drew, Union Bay.

Globe, John and Mrs. Thomson.

Bouquets, Miss Maggie Richards, Dr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. and B. Mellado Mrs. and James Stewart, Mrs. and A. Cameron, Mr. George Tarbell, Mrs. and Frank Bradley.

The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers :—Messrs Jas. Turnbull, Albert Grant, Walter Woodus, George Tarbell, John Nord, Robt. Grant, jr.

Having disposed of my livery business to Messrs Cloutier & Kirkbride, I now take the opportunity to thank all my patrons for the generous support they accorded me while proprietor of the Cumberland Livery Stable, and I also bespeak for my successors the same generous patronage that has been accorded me.

D. KILPATRICK.

CARD OF THANKS

We beg to thank all the kind friends who by kind words and kindly acts tried to lessen our sorrow in our recent bereavement; also for the many beautiful floral offerings.

McKAY FAMILY.

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this opportunity of extending our sincerest thanks to all the members of the Pilsener Baseball Club for their extreme kindness in rendering assistance during our recent bereavement.

McKAY FAMILY.

The Cumberland Livery Stable changed hands yesterday, Messrs Cloutier & Kirkbride being the purchasers. The new firm will take over the business on Monday.

FUNERAL OF GEORGE MCKAY

Bourne To The Grave On Sunday Last

The funeral of the late George McKay took place from the residence of Mr. J. Stant, Camp, on Sunday last at twelve o'clock, and was largely attended.

The funeral procession was headed by the City Band.

The following is the list of floral tributes;—

Bouquets;—

Mr and Mrs F. Bradly, Mr and rs Geo. Gray, r and Mrs T. Lewis, Mr and rs J. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Westfield, Mr and Mrs D Hunden and family; iss L Cessford iss L Peacock Miss D. Balagno Miss M Walker Miss M. Gibson Miss K Dallos; Mr G Reid, Mr J Webster Mr R Webster. Globes;—

C Horne, Thomson's boarding house Star Baseball Team, Pilsener Baseball Team John Barkley, Ladysmith.

Wreaths;—

Alex Walker jr. Miss S Whyte Mr and Mrs Jno. Stant Miss E Hayman F. Lefley Mr and rs A Thompson.

Spray;—

Mr and Mrs Jno. Gibson.

Crosses;—

Miss C Aitken, Mr and Mrs D Thomson,

Horseshoe;—

Miss J Whyte.

The following were pall bearers.

A. Walker, J. Cartwright, G. Bailey G. Richardson, L Coe, A. Chaplan

Campbell River Notes.

The Vancouver Salvage & Dredging Co. are at work taking the workings out of the S.S. Cottage City

The S.S. Spokane, of the P.C.S.S. Co. which sank close to Seymour narrows is being floated this week.

Two Chinamen were arrested last Friday for selling whiskey to Indians at Quatiaski Cove, Indian agent O'Connell of Nanaimo made the arrest.

The Tyee Salmon and Cohoes' are running thick at Campbell river. Fishermen are catching over a ton a day.

Jack Wilson of Cumberland is running a gang of men fixing the McIvor lake road.

Last Saturday morning two natives of the Flowery Kingdom, Sam Wong and Lee Gong, chaperoned by Dominion Constable Tom O'Connell made their debut before a Cumberland majistrate on charge of supplying fire water to the natives of B.C. in general and to one Isack Paul in particular. From the evidence given the Celestials have been doing a wholesale business with the Indians regardless of consequences and the law.

On one of the numerous sprees, heap big brave used a knife on little squaw, and put her in the hospital to have her wound attended to. A half dozen cases of the red eye have been confiscated by the government.

As a warning to Chinemen that supplying liquor to Indians was a poor way of getting their head tax back the magistrate imposed a fine of One hundred dollars and cost on each of the defendants,

TENDERS.

Tenders will be received up to August 2nd for painting two rooms in the Public School and building an outhouse. For particulars apply to any of the School Trustees, or to T. H. Carey, Secretary.

ELECTIONEERING IN ALBERNI

Thos. E. Bate Addressed Meeting There On Monday

On Sunday afternoon a party consisting of Thos. E. Bate, W Dunne, and the editor of the ISLANDER left for Alberni by auto, where Mr Bate was to address a meeting of Conservative on Monday night.

After a series of tyre accidents which necessitated the party going to Nanaimo to have the troubles attended to, the party re embarked on Monday morning, arriving in Alberni at noon after a 3 hour run.

On Monday evening a large number of Conservatives from Alberni and Port Alberni turned out to hear Mr Bate, who has been endorsed for the Conservative nomination by the party organizations of this city and district.

Mr Bate was in good form and met with a very cordial reception.

It was decided to hold a Conservative gathering in Port Alberni on the 28th. when delegates from all parts of the electoral district of Alberni would be present, including representatives of Van Anda, Parksville and West coast points would be present and the question of falling in line with the other Conservative organizations in endorsing Mr Bate would be taken up, and there is little doubt but this action will be taken by the meeting.

The party enjoyed their trip immensely and were amazed at the prospects and possibilities of Alberni. The timber is perhaps the finest on the Island and there are thousand of acres of it; good farm land there is in abundance; coal is now being taken out of a slope that has just been opened, the mine now has a seam of 4½ feet of excellent coal; and to top all, the town has a harbour that is the envy of many a sea port town on the coast. The railway is now graded right into the towns and the rails are laid to within a few miles of Port Alberni and everything points to a bright future for that district.

The party returned here on Tuesday afternoon.

A gentleman from Courtenay met with a nasty accident on Thursday while driving into town from that thriving metropolis. While reposing peacefully in the bottom of the rig with his head hanging over the side, his nose came into contact with the moving wheel with the result that nearly a third of his probosis was ground off.

Mrs S.T. Marsden left here last week for Ladysmith, where she will reside in future, Mr Marsden, who was manager of the B.C. Telephone in this city having accepted a similar position in that place. Mrs Marsden was also accompaned by her father Mr Denton who will make his home in Ladysmith.

See G. H. Aston for "Big Ben" Alarm Clocks.

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE

Arrival

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

Departure

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

In the Interests of Science

(By Genevieve Thompson)

"Young man," said my host and employer as we sat together on his piazza the fist evening of my arrival in Greenfield, "are you of an experimental turn of mind?"

"Why, I don't believe I understand," I began in surprise. "A doctor of course——"

Dr. Leavitt shook the ashes out of his pipe and broke in: "Of course, I knew your record at the medical school ——"

"Which I wish now had been better, sir," I put in virtuously, but the doctor smiled quizzically as he returned:

"Well, my young friend, it was just because you weren't an honor man that I got you here. Wilson, do you know there is such a thing as being too scientific?"

I modestly replied that was an aspect of the subject I had not yet seen. The old doctor did not answer right away, but a gleam of merriment shone from his eyes. We smoked a few minutes *in silence.*

It was that time between the dark and the daylight when people who can afford it take their breathing spell. The doctor informed me that it was his custom to smoke a pipe just after dinner and I might bear him company.

As I sat on the porch I had my first opportunity of looking at my new surroundings, which were most attractive. A *large white house with a porch faced* ours across the street. As I looked a fat blonde woman of about thirty rose from her porch-chair, came out through her gate and walked up and down once or twice on her side of the street. She eyed the doctor stonily, but I felt that she was trying to get a view of me without seeming to do so.

Presently she went in and Dr. Leavitt *looked very communicative.* "That," he said, "is Miss Margaret Scott. She hasn't spoken to me for twelve years. She just had to come out this evening to survey the land. Mr. Wilson, that woman caused the biggest split-up in the annals of Rye County. It's because of her that the Prices and Snows aren't on bowing terms, and the Lords and the Sanborns are at "outs." It was your predecessor, Mr. Wilson, who brought about this state of affairs. I haven't had an assistant for twelve years now. All I ask of you, Mr. Wilson, is don't be too scientific." The doctor's eyes were smiling.

"I don't believe I could be acused of that, doctor," I modestly asserted.

"Would you like to hear about it? It was this way. In the fall of '96 I wanted an assistant and I sent notice to the Baltimore College, as I did in your case. They recommended James Stillman, who had done excellent work in college, won the European fellowship, and was willing to come to this *little one-horse town to make a start.*"

"Your research work in tuberculosis ——" I interrupted.

"Had nothing to do with it," retorted Dr. Leavitt irritably. "Anyway, to make a long story short, Jim Stillman came and had the goods to show. He was *quick, bright, genial,* and had a medical grounding that was surprising. My wife took to him from the first and he continued to improve. The girls were all crazy over him, for you may imagine that a young college man, good looking and smart, who had lived in Paris, London and Vienna, was quite some in this town. The only thing about Jim was that he didn't care a rap *about the girls. He'd refuse invitation* after invitation to card-parties, dinners, and dances to stay at home and smoke with me and talk over some of the late discoveries in the medical journals. He had some very original ideas, too. He came to live at our house, and if my wife wanted to go to some party or other he'd take her and call for her, but she used to tell me she scolded him *both ways for not paying more* attention to the girls. The Price girls, the Kennedy girls, and the Lords were all on his trail, and Bessie Price was the prettiest girl in town unless it was Susan Lord. But Jim was all for business, and he and I got to be better *friends every day. Even when I was* called down to Boston for a few days, my wife said he sat and talked with her for a while every evening after dinner and then went to his room and studied.

"When Jim had been living with me for about six months, and doing splendid work, Margaret Scott came home from school. She had always been *fairly healthy and we were shocked* when her mother brought her home before the end of the term ill. Her mother called me in and asked me what I thought was the trouble with her. I never saw a girl go off so. She was pale and languid and had lost in weight. I tried the tuberculosis test, but nothing there. I suggested every ailment in the almanac, but her's was a brand new *disease.* I called regularly for a month and Margaret was no better. One day at church—I always make it a point to take my assistants to church, Mr. Wilson—I saw Margaret Scott, whose mother made her go to church if she was able to walk, and the poor girl *looked as if she could hardly hold her* head up; bloodless, weak, shaky, and thin as a rail. I pointed her out to Stillman and he had a look at her across the aisle. Next Sunday she was ill in bed and getting paler every day.

"One evening I was discussing the case with Stillman. I remember telling him I thought the girl was fading away before our eyes. He said in his quiet *way that he had a theory regarding* the case and that if I would let him put it in practice he thought he could cure her. He said he had been studying the external aspect of her case for some time. So I told him to sail right in, as I'd tried and failed. He asked that I would not interfere for two weeks. After that he said I might call every Monday and see how the patient was and if there was no marked progress at the end of three weeks he would turn the case back to me. I agreed and he took it up.

"He paid a lot of attention to it. At first he called once a day, but at the end of the week he was driving up to the Scott's twice a day. I supposed things were going pretty bad, but as I'd made a failure of the case, I didn't think I was the one to interfere.

"Monday, I called and Margaret was sitting up in bed. 'I'm a little better, doctor,' she volunteered, and she certainly looked it.

"That afternoon I congratulated Stillman on her improvement. 'Oh, it's only begun,' he replied confidently.

"The next Monday when I called on Margaret Scott I never would have known her. She was sitting up at her window in a pretty dressing-gown. She chatted about the girls and things, and told me she had been out in the doctor's rig that morning.

"In the hall Mrs. Scott accosted me *with: 'Oh, isn't it wonderful, doctor?* No drugs, either. He tells her to eat and drink what she wants.'

"I confess I was rather sore over it. But Stillman had such a frank, nice way of putting things to me. He said it was just a little experiment of his and *he hoped it would be* successful as he had been working it out for about six years.

"I was called to Boston for three days and I dropped in to see how Margaret Scott was getting on Friday evening instead of Monday. She was positively blooming! In an evening gown of some kind of pink stuff with a bunch of violets at her belt. She smiled and *looked positively charming.* I say 'charming' because any young person who is the picture of health is more or less charming. I complimented her on her looks and it seemed to please her mightily.

"'She's feeling as well as she looks, too, doctor,' her mother smiled and purred at me. The woman is a perfect cat. 'Perhaps when you come back, doctor, she'll *have something to tell you.*'

"I went straight to my train, but those words of Mrs. Scott's ran in my head all the way to Boston. If I had not had to fight death for three days and nights I'd have taken the time off to write Jim, but money now wasn't *any too plentiful* at our house and telegrams cost. I hooted the idea and dismissed it. She wasn't his kind.

"*When I got home Jim wasn't there* in the rig to meet me, but I saw a farmer I knew and he dropped me on his way home. The first thing he said was: 'I heard young Dr. Stillman's goin' to marry Widow Scott's daughter, Margie.'

"He semed to be waiting for me to say something, but I never opend my mouth on that drive. So Jim Stillman had passed by Susan Lord and Bessie Price and had been roped in by Margaret Scott. My clever Jim's career ruined by a fool of a wife. I was silently harranguing on the villianies of designing females against my unsuspecting young friend when we arrived *at our gate. Before I had reached the* house Jim came out to meet me. 'Jim,' I said, holding out my hand to him, 'it's not true, is it?'

"For answer the poor boy picked up my valise and led the way to the arbor.

"'Doctor,' said the poor chap, "I'm in a devil of a mess.'

"'I know it.'

"'The deuce you do. It is already *spread over seven counties.*'

"'Sit down, Jim.'

"'It was this way, doctor. I always had since I entered college this theory that some people need a heart interest. One of my cousins was that kind and a fellow who lived in our town, never *happy unless he had some girl he was* taking to parties, sending candy to, and who was interested in him.

"'*I saw Miss Scott, who, between,* you and me, hasn't any too much sense, moping and pining and thought I'd try my experiment on her. I felt sorry for her case and thought the cure was worth the remedy. I tried for a week being very agreeable and attentive to her and she seemed to improve. Then I took to dropping in for an afternoon chat also. And the way that girl sat up and took notice indicated that she needed the heart interest all right. Last week I got to the flower-sending stage.

"'Yesterday I wanted to test her strength. I asked her to play tennis with me all morning, lunch with me at the clubhouse, and go on a tramp in *the woods in the afternoon.* And, by Jove! even after all that she was as fresh as a daisy!' For a moment a gleam of professional pride lit up his gloomy face.

"'Look here,' said I, putting my hand on his shoulder and looking him square in the eye, 'if you made love to that girl——'

"'I suppose I was awfully nice to her,' he said, *after a pause.* 'But I never proposed. I never did do that, on my honor. Oh, it's an awful mix-up.'

"'Keep cool, Jim, and tell me this —aren't you in love with her?'

"'No.'

"'*But you certainly were in love* with her for the moment?'

"'No, I never was—not for one moment.'

"This astounding statement from Jim Stillman fell like a thunderbolt. And I knew he spoke the truth.

"'Maybe you lost your head and proposed,' I suggested inanely. 'That will happen sometimes.'

"'*Nothing like that for me,*' said Jim with fierce conviction.

"'I don't know how it was, doctor, but I felt from her manner at luncheon that she wanted the people at the clubhouse to know I was interested. She was looking as well and healthy as possible and I determined to let her down gently. For, to tell the truth, I was about sick of spending two hours a day *on giggles and gurgles.* Her little air of proprietorship made me tired, but somehow I couldn't tell her. On our walk she ran on about things and seemed to take it so for granted that I just couldn't tell her just then, but I shut up like a clam and resolved to let it die *a slow death so as not to hurt her feelings.*'

"That was so like Jim that I half smiled.

"'Well, we got through that walk and I was just shaking hands with her in her hall when her mother appeared and Margaret excused herself to take off her hat.

"'Mrs. Scott and I were alone. She made some remark about Margie and me being so suited to one another, or something like that. And the first thing I knew she was leaning on my shoulder dramatically beseeching, "Oh, doctor, *be good to my child—always, always.*"

"'I don't remember what I said just then, but if I ever longed to strangle a human being, it was that purring, clinging old cat. I suppose it was brutal, but I came out and told her that I had never been in love with her daughter, was not now, and never would be.

"'"But your attentions," she hissed. "She never had any other gentleman show her such attentions, buggy riding and violets. Your attentions—"

"'"Were in the interest of science, madame," said I cold-bloodedly. "I cured your daughter. From the sick girl she was less than a month ago she *is now the picture of health.* You will admit that."

"'"Yes," she snapped, and I never saw a human being so bottled up with rage.

"'"The case is dismissed, Mrs. Scott," said I shortly. "You forced me to this declaration. Good afternoon."

"'"Dr. Stillman," she fairly *screamed at me, "you're a brute—a* horrid brute. I shall ruin your reputation in Greenfield. I'll publish you as a trifler with my girl's affections and a murderer. I'll have this case taken up. Margie will die and you will be her murderer."

"'*Doctor,* I was so furious I never thought what I said, and I retorted and left the house. This was my parting shot: "She won't die. That's part of the theory. Pride will bolster her up." I left the house and came home, and after dinner every one in Greenfield knew all about it and more too. Isn't it a mess, though?'

"'Romance versus science,' I remarked.

"'Don't joke, doctor,' begged the poor chap. 'This morning I made my calls and the Kennedys sent their maid down with a note from Mrs. Kennedy, saying she didn't need my services any longer. Half the people I bowed to *cut me dead.* The Joneses, the Wilcoxes, and the Lords all passed me by—no, not all of them either,' he finished. 'Miss Susan Lord came up and spoke in a very friendly way.' The poor boy said it gratefully, without one glint of humor."

Dr. Leavitt paused and puffed his pipe.

"How did it turn out?" I inquired.

"Well, Dr. Wilson, it's a queer world. Science isn't as popular as romance. Will you believe it, Stillman's practice fell off and people were cutting him on all sides. All Greenfield was lined up in one faction or another and things got so hot I advised him to leave —go somewhere else—and he did. I hated to lose him, for he was a medical genius, thoroughly scientific. I believed *his story and do to this day. My wife* sides with the Scotts."

"And the cure?" I asked. "Was that permanent?"

"As you see. Margaret Scott drooped for about ten days, then pride was the best shoulder brace, and has never *been ill since.* She has put on flesh steadily. Now you know the greatest event in Greenfield history. But," concluded Dr. Leavitt, "I always regretted that fellow Jim Stillman. He was, as I said, a medical genius. And now I must get to work."

About a month later Doctor Leavitt came into the dining-room with a letter in his hand.

"*Letter from Jim Stillman,*" he cried excitedly.

"Humph!" And Mrs. Leavitt stopped pouring the tea. "I hope it is something to his credit this time."

The doctor scanned the close written page. "He's married."

"*I hope,*" remarked Rrs. Leavitt, with a malice of which I never thought her capable, "she's a widow with a *past,* with ten children for him to support."

"Listen to this?" There was triumph in the doctor's tone. "'You may be interested to know that I was married last week to Miss Regina Elizabeth Quackenbush, head of the depart*ment of science at Wellesmere College.* Miss Quackenbush recently secured her Ph.D. for her exhaustive treatise on "The Absorptive Spectrum of Chlorine and the Polybasic Acids of Mesitylene." She is a thoroughly scientific woman who——'" and here followed three-quarters of a page expounding her virtues.

"Perhaps," observed Mrs. Leavitt acidly, "*a real scientific woman can* get along with Jim, but all the same I wish she had been a ballet dancer!"

"A HOME MADE GENTLEMAN"

(By Arnold Goldsworthy)

Ruth Jordan stood hesitating for a moment outside a big, old-fashioned building in Streatham High Street, which bore in large letters the words: "*J. Magwin, Ironmonger and Blacksmith.*" For the moment she had no use for Mr. Magwin in either capacity, the attraction for her being a neatly printed card in the window of the ironmongery shop to the effect that three rooms were to be let on the first floor, *either for residential or business purposes.*

Ruth was five-and-twenty, and, though somewhat slight *and pale,* was undeniably handsome. The youngest of a large family—her father had been a country curate—she had been kept at home to mind house for her parents. Now they were both dead, her brothers and sisters were scattered over the *world, and Ruth was alone.*

That this moment in her life must come sooner or later, she had always known. Her mother had prepared her for it by providing for her lessons in dressmaking, Ruth having always shown unusual aptitude with her needle. And her knowledge of dressmaking, together with the few pounds her mother had left behind—country curates are not usually endowed with *a surplus of* material wealth—now constituted her only capital with which she was to face the world.

Never had she felt more terribly alone than as she stood there summoning her courage to inquire as to the *price of the rooms, which she designed* for both the purposes mentioned—business and residential. She had a few customers already among her friends, and she cherished the hope that, if she started in a regular way, more customers would come.

While she was hesitating, she peeped into the shop, and saw a middle-aged woman behind the counter. Encouraged by the prospect of being able to talk matters over with one of her own sex, she entered the shop nervously and asked to see the rooms that were to let.

Mrs. Magwin, the middle-aged woman in question, ran a critical eye over her prospective tenant, and then went to the back door and called to someone in the blacksmith's forge at the bottom of the yard.

"Tim! Bring me the key of the first floor. The guv'nor 'll tell you where it is."

When the key was brought, Ruth felt her heart sink as she surveyed the wild-*looking man who had handed* it to Mrs. Magwin. He was a huge fellow, about thirty, who looked as if he had never been taught the beneficent effects of a judicious combination of water and soap, and his acquaintance with the razor was clearly of an extremely fitful *kind.* But the most striking thing about his appearance was a very obvious black eye—so obvious that it proclaimed its *identity even through the* grime and grease that surrounded it.

"Here's the key, Mrs. Magwin," began Tim, and then he stopped short as if taken by surprise at the timid and gentle figure of the girl before him. For no reason that he could understand, *he turned to her and said:*

"I've just come from the smithy, miss. I didn't know there was a lady here, or I wouldn't have shown *my*self."

Ruth, quite unprepared with any suitable form of comment upon the voluntary statement that did not concern her in the least, turned with an appealing look to Mrs. Magwin, who, as she snatched the *key from the grimy fel*low, said:

"Nobody, as far as I know, Tim Dalby, asked you to put your spoke in, did they?"

"No, I s'pose not. I——" And, having no more to say, he strode off.

About ten minutes afterwards Mrs. Magwin came out of the smithy where her husband was supervising Tim's workmanship, and announced that the young lady had taken the rooms and had paid a week's rent in advance. She was going to open as a dressmaker, and would be bringing her furniture and fittings on the morrow.

Mr. Magwin made no comment. He was the *cipher in the establishment.* Tim Dalby ventured the remark that she seemer a nice quiet sort of girl, and then he began to hammer a piece of iron with such vigor that Mr. Magwin felt constrained to remind him that "there was no need for to go and try *and smash* the bloomin' anvil."

Tim accepted the reproof in silence and worked on with a diligence that was almost sullen. He was by *nature* really a cheerful sort of man, but the lack of any very great success in life brought upon him periodical fits of depression, especially when he found himself suddenly contrasted—as had been the case a moment or two ago—with an *attractive sample of the results* of earnest endeavor and clean living.

Tim, although an excellent workman, was troubled by two *serious defects* which had always stood in his way when he set out—as he had done time and again—to better his position in life. One defect was a marked partiality for beer; and another was a hobby for fights. The second defect arose from *the first, for in his* sober moments Tim was as gentle as a lamb; and it was a cruel irony that made the fighting instinct most prominent in him just at the moment when his head was hardly clear enough to enable him to do justice to his superior size and weight. The black eye from which he was so obviously suffering at the moment had come to him under these disadvantageous *conditions.*

On the following morning, Ruth arrived to announce that her furniture was on the way. Tim had had orders to stand by so that he might lend a hand in getting some of the things upstairs, and he was in the shop when *Ruth came in.*

For the moment she could hardly believe he was the same man whose appearance had scared her *so much the* day before. To begin with, Tim had washed his face, and although the lurid black eye still continued to speak for itself with no uncertain sound, the change in the rough fellow's appearance was decidedly for the better. Fur*thermore, Ruth was agreeably* surprised to find that, in spite of his rough and burly appearance, his manner was gentle to a degree.

As she came into the shop, Tim strode forward and caught hold of the heavy bag that Ruth was carrying.

"I'll take that bag upstairs, miss," he said quietly, but in a tone that was rather too authoritative to suit Ruth. "*The missis said* I was to help, and, besides, I don't wait for her to tell me what I ought to do. I know it's a gentleman's place to help a lady."

"A gentleman would ask a lady's permission before forcing his services upon her," she replied with quiet firmness as she nervously tightened her hold of the bag, and wondered that she could have the courage to talk to this huge *creature so boldly.*

To her surprise, Tim said nothing. As he kept silent she turned to look at him. *He seemed to have been struck* dumb with wonder and dismay, and he looked at her a little reproachfully with eyes that—as one of them at least clearly demonstrated—were large and bright and brown. In the surprise of having come off victorious, in an encounter from which she had apprehended the worst kind of defeat, Ruth felt she could afford to be generous.

"*I am sorry if I have said* anything to hurt you?" she said quietly. "I don't think I quite understood. It will be very kind of you to carry my bag upstairs for me."

Tim followed her upstairs with the bag which he deposited tenderly just inside the large room on the first floor. He had begun to descend the stair again when, on a sudden impulse, he *turned back.*

"Anyone can see you're a lady," he said with quiet admiration. "It didn't take you long to find out that I'm not a gentleman."

"Oh, please, don't think that," she said, looking at him a little apprehen*sively as if she hardly knew whether* to be afraid of him or not. "I'm sure you accepted my apology as generously as *any gentleman could have done.*"

Tim thought over her words for the moment, and then, deciding apparently that he had no compliment equally graceful to retort with, he bowed clumsily, and, deciding to let well alone, hurried downstairs.

When *the furniture arrived, Tim* constituted himself master of the ceremonies with an eagerness that was so apparent that Ruth could only with difficulty keep from smiling at his well meaning officiousness. While the undersized carrier was appealing for a helping hand to enable him to get a large *box into the front room, Tim took* the thing up bodily and ran in with it.

When the last of the furniture had been brought up, Tim *motioned* the carrier to take his leave as quickly as possible. He was about to follow, when, seeing that Ruth was watching him, he ventured to come back a step or so.

"With regard to this eye of mine, *miss,*" he said in the tone of one who has been waiting impatiently for an opportunity to make a necessary explanation, "I shouldn't *like you to think* I got it fighting, or anything like that because it was nothing of that kind at all. I tripped up in the smithy, and fell up against the anvil, and——"

"I am very sorry, indeed, to hear of your accident," interrupted Ruth, not altogether relishing this quite unwarranted manner of taking her into his confidence. "Will you please tell Mrs. Magwin *that I am ready for her* now? She promised to help me get straight."

Ruth hardly knew what to make of the man. However benevolently she might feel towards him, it was clear that she could not afford to encourage *his conversational gifts,* which threatened to be overwhelming on the slightest provocation. She did not want to hurt his feelings, but she felt obliged to give him an occasional hint that his room was preferable to his company. On the other hand, she derived a certain amount of satisfaction from the reflection that in this rough but well-meaning man she had at least one friend in *her loneliness whose fidelity* she thought she could rely on if occasion required.

On his side, Tim would not have felt it easy to explain even to himself, the strange impression this timid and gentle little lady had made upon him. Perhaps *it was her helplessness* that appealed to him, or it may have been the charm of her undoubted refinement which awoke a new aspiration in him, and reminded him that he too was capable of better things. Certain it was that the good impression was there.

About a fortnight after Ruth's arrival, Tim's black eye was, well, This auspicious circumstance, added to the *fact that when he was not in the smithy* Tim had taken to wearing a collar and tie, made such an improvement in his appearance that Ruth, catching sight of him one day, wondered what there could have been about him to frighten her so much on the day of her arrival. Mrs. Magwin, noting the great change, would have it that Tim was in love; and Tim replied rather curtly that, even if *that were the case, it was no one's busi*ness but his own. Mr. Magwin, with a view of making peace, suggested that Tim was trying to become a gentleman, to which Tim retorted that there was room for improvement in the manners of other people besides himself.

As a matter of fact, the worthy couple were not mistaken. Tim's chief trouble was that, although he desired most ardently to become a *gentleman,* he had so little opportunity of meeting with individuals of the class he desired to imitate. Gentlemen, as a rule, are not much addicted to friendly chats with either an ironmonger or a blacksmith.

Some days after that, Tim was sent upstairs to make a slight repair to one of the locks. With the exception of a rather lurid *necktie, his appearance* was quite neat and becoming, and Miss Jordan meeting him on the landing, smiled graciously and wished him good-morning.

This was Tim's cue. She could see what progress he had made towards be*coming a gentleman. Putting* his hands in his pockets, and, leaning against the wall, he said:

"Good mornin'. Jolly fine day, what? We had some pretty rotten weather to begin the season with, but if we get weather like this for long, the roads 'll be in a rippin' condition, demitall, what?"

Miss Jordan stared at him rather *fiercely for a few moments, and then,* blushing crimson, turned on her heel without a word.

Tim could not understand it.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said in a penitent voice, "but have I said the wrong thing? I'm trying so hard *to become a gentleman,* and I got that little lot straight from a real gentleman who belongs to some of the biggest people about here."

Ruth smiled—she could not help herself. It was clear to her that Tim was not making game of her—as she had been afraid was the case. So long as she was sure that Tim's attitude was sincere, she felt genuinely interested in *him as a man who was making* a strong effort to improve his condition in life. And besides, as things were going with here there was no reason for her to emphasize the social distinction between herself and a man who was probably earning more than she herself could hope to do.

"Oh, I see," she said, as she came back. "I wondered what the matter was. A *gentleman does not use that* sort of language in the presence of a lady."

"Oh!" said Tim, looking a little perplexed. "Well—I'm really sorry if I said anything to hurt your feelings."

"Thank you," said Ruth, holding out *her hand.* "The first gentleman in the land could not have said a nicer thing."

"You see, miss," continued Tim, growing as usual more confidential on slight encouragement, "I'm doing all I know to become a gentleman. I'm going to leave here next week.

"To leave here?" echoed Ruth, betraying by her voice the interest she clearly took in him. "Why?"

"*Well, you see, miss,*" *he went on* hurriedly for fear she should run away before he had quite explained, "this place was good enough for me once. I got pretty good wages for a single man, and I've got no expenses. But lately I've got a bit ambitious. When I saw what a lady you were, I wanted to make myself a gentleman."

"I've got a very good place at Redhill, miss," he continued. "I'm not a blacksmith any more. I'm a motor mechanic. A man I know got me a show with a good firm, and I put a car together quicker than any other man they had got. I'm starting with them at good wages."

"*I am so glad!*" *said Ruth.*

"When I get settled at Redhill," Tim went on, speaking now more slowly and with greater care, "I should like to write you a letter now and then. If I did, would you answer it? I've got no one else in the world to send a letter to."

"Of course I will answer it," said Ruth. "A lady will always answer the letter of a—gentleman."

Tim went downstairs in high spirits. So high were his spirits, in fact, that when Mr. Magwin suggested that he was not treating them fairly in leaving *them,* Tim very *nearly asked* him if he wanted to come outside and fight. But he checked himself just in time, and merely replied that we must all do what we can to better ourselves in this world.

Ruth was agreeably surprised at Tim's first letter to her. He wrote a very fair hand, and it was clear that at some time or another he had had the rudiments of a tolerable education. He *wrote to say that his new employment* left him plenty of leisure, and he was much interested in the study of mechanics, in which he was associated with several other—gentlemen. The significance of this reference to his improvement was unmistakable.

After he had been away six months, Ruth had a letter from him to say he was going to call on the Magwins, and *that if she could be persuaded* to receive him for a few moments, he would be very pleased. It was quite a graceful letter, and she could not help wondering at the quiet strength of the man who, under some sudden impulse or other, had so resolutely fought his way into *a better and more wholesome* environment.

Tim's appearance was a surprise to his old employers. He was *neatly and* quietly dressed in a well-fitting suit of clothes, and a bowler hat; and his friends—and enemies—of the neighborhood would never have recognized him if they had met him in the street. Ruth herself had to look twice at him as *he stood hat in hand on the threshold* of her workroom, and said he hoped she would not mind if he told her he was very pleased to see her again.

"I am pleased to see you, Tim—I mean Mr. Dalby——" Ruth began, and then, for some reason she could not explain, she blushed.

"It used to be 'Tim,'" he said quietly.

"*Whatever could* have happened to make such a great change in your ideas of life?" she asked, ignoring his remark.

"I was satisfied enough with what I was doing till I saw—you," he replied. She turned as if to go, but he held out his hand frankly. "Let me say it, do!" he appealed. "The day I saw you I fell in love with you. I knew that was foolish, *because the man who could* marry you would have to be a gentleman. Ever since then I've tried to be a gentleman—and I'm going to keep on trying. Won't you wait for me, and give me a chance?"

Ruth gave him her hand, and smiled *when he seized it* and kissed it fervently. And then they went downstairs together to tell Mr. and Mrs. Magwin.

THE "SUFFRAGETTE" EARRING

An enterprising jeweler who makes a specialty of earrings has put a new one on the market, which he calls the "Suffragetts earring."

"A lot of young women wore earrings," he explains, "but they were not all the right sort. With tailor-made togs and for *suffragette meetings* there is only one style of earring permissible, that is an ornament without any pendant, flat against the wearer's ear.

"The particular style dubbed Suffragette is a carefully selected baroque *pearl, irregular shape, without any* visible setting. The earring screwing on the unpierced ear.

"Of course, there are a lot of Suffragettes who have their ears pierced because they belong to a generation who believed in that, but they are in the minority. Women no longer have to submit to that form of barbarism, for you can get any style of earring *you want with the so-called "unpierce*able setting" which holds the article firmly against the lobe of the ear."

As the earring expert went to the case to take out some tailor-made ornaments, he continued his dissertation.

"There is nothing that is quite so *feminine as the earring, and if* properly selected it will give the most commonplace face an interesting look. There is no doubt that whatever the sort of earring worn, it gives a delicate look to many faces."

"But doesn't the earring make the face look older?" asks an undecided customer. "That is the usual criticism."

"I think that is *so in many cases,* but you will find that it is because the wrong style is selected and that a certain line has been accentuated which gives the face character," and to many strength and years are synonymous."

One of the most effective of the *"tailor-made" earrings exhibited* on a small white velvet puff is a beautiful sapphire, cushion shape, set in platinum, with a small French white stone at the top. It fits closely against the ear and just gives the bit of deep color necessary to bring out the tint of the eyes and to relieve the masculine severity of a shirtwaist suit.

THE MUSKRAT AS A DELICACY

The trapping of muskrats is the *means of livelihood for a great many* persons in this country, and the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay, in the State of Maryland, is probably the most fertile field for that industry. In that section alone the sale of skins this season will amount to nearly $500,000. But the pelt is not the only value connected with the taking of the muskrat, because it is frequently used for food. Practically every *restaurant on* the Maryland peninsula serves muskrat when in season, and it is a favorite dish at midnight suppers.

The majority of persons are disgusted by the mere thought of eating muskrat, but undoubtedly this is due to the *prejudice against the name of rat.* However, they are greatly mistaken in disliking this rodent, for it is one of the cleanest of living animals, and is delicious when properly cooked.

The muskrat's home is built of marsh grass heaped into a mound and situated above the level of high water. This house is dry and warm and the interior is always spotlessly clean. Feeding entirely upon *tender roots and herbs,* this peculiar little animal invariably scrubs thoroughly in the water every bit of food before it is eaten.

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Outdoor Sport and Zambuk

Every athlete, every ball-player, every swimmer, every canoeist, every man or woman who loves outdoor life and exercise, should keep a box of Zam-Buk handy.

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal preparation, which, as soon as applied to cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, blisters, etc., sets up highly beneficial operations. First, its antiseptic properties render the wound free from all dangers from blood poisoning. Next its soothing properties relieve and ease the pain. Then its rich, herbal balms penetrate the tissue, and set up the wonderful process of healing. Barbed wire scratches, insect stings, skin diseases, such as eczema, heat rashes, ringworm, babies' heat sores, chafed places, sore feet—are all quickly cured by Zam-Buk. It also eases and cures piles. All druggists and stores. Use Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. per tablet.

Do not let a cold settle on your lungs. Resort to Bickles's Anti-Consumptive Syrup at the first intimation of irritation in the throat and prevent disease from lodging in the pulmonary organs. Neglected colds are the cause of untold suffering throughout the colunty, all of which could have been prevented by the application of this simple but powerful medicine. The price, 25 cents, brings it within the reach of all.

DESCRIPTIVE TITLE

He—"I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and maiden are in a tender attitude."

She—"Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture?"

He (looking about)—"Oh, I see. It's written on a card at the bottom of it—'Sold.'"

TRY THIS

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS.
Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain
Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00
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For Married Men Only

If you find your razor as dull as a hoe, ask your wife if she wasn't paring her corns. You can surely remove your corns quickly, painlessly, and promptly by using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Unequalled as a painless remedy. Remember the name, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists, price 25 cents.

FIRST BOX CURED HIS LAME BACK

High Praise for GIN PILLS

"Southville, Ont.

"I suffered for three years with a Pain in My Back. I am now taking GIN PILLS and find a great relief after taking only one box."

W. J. BALDWIN.

Is it any wonder that we sell GIN PILLS with an iron-clad guarantee of money back if they fail to give relief? We know that GIN PILLS will stop the pain in the back—relieve the bladder—and cure every trace of Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism.

GIN PILLS have cured thousands of cases of Kidney Trouble that were regarded as hopeless.

We don't ask you to buy GIN PILLS to find out what they will do for you. Simply write us, mentioning this paper, and we will send you a sample box free. Then, if you are unable to get the regular size boxes at your dealer's, write us, and we will supply you at the retail price—50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. GIN PILLS are made and guaranteed by the largest wholesale drug house in the British Empire.

National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. R.P. Toronto. 47

Attach cut to this reader.

The original Gin Pills made by National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto, are sold only in this box.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Kills Bone Spavin

Rich Valley, Alta, May 20th, 1909

"I have used your Spavin Cure for a long time and would not be without it. Have killed a Bone Spavin by its use."

OLE CARLSON.

That tells the whole story. And hundreds of thousands have had the same experience in the past 40 years.

For Spavin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Swellings and all Lameness,

Kendall's Spavin Cure cures the trouble—makes the horse sound and well—and saves money for the owner because it removes the cause of the trouble.

Keep a bottle always at hand—$1 or 6 for $5. Good for man and beast. Ask your dealer for free copy of our book "A Treatise On The Horse" or write us.

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

The Rocking Chair

MISS Marshall Saunders, of Halifax, although a Canadian, divides her time between her native city and Boston; her life work being international and knowing no political boundaries.

She first became prominent as the author of "Beautiful Joe," which won the prize in the story contest opened by the late Geo. T. Angell, of Boston, all stories to deal with animal life and to be of a humane nature. "Beautiful Joe" is known all over the English speaking world and has been a great factor in promoting humane feeling and education.

"My Pets," another story by Miss Saunders, is principally a story of birds, while the other books deal largely with dogs and other domestic animals. Birds have always been her especial pets, and she has a farm where, besides a great variety of animal boarders, she has an aviary. For years Miss Saunders kept a careful record of the lives of her pets, and she has combined this record with an explanation of her methods of keeping and caring for pets, both tame and wild. This story is fascinating and practical. She says:

"One thing I have become persuaded of in my study of bird life. This nation must protect its birds or the consequences will be serious. We annually sustain an immense loss through insect pests on account of the lack of protection of bird life. Our birds, our forests, and our children—let us protect all three, and we shall be a happier and a more prosperous people."

Miss Saunders has long advocated the protection of birds, for economic as well as humane reasons, and when she was in Winnipeg a year ago expressed her surprise that we were so far behind the times in our protection of one of the most useful forms of animal life.

Having made a special study of birds in their relations to insects, she says "they are the hardest workers on the face of the earth. If you do not believe this, count the number of trips yonder father or mother bird makes to the nest in the course of the morning, the beak dripping with insects."

People are becoming more and more alive to the value of birds to the nation, and even the callous, selfish money-makers realize that the crops and gardens would suffer were it not for the help given by the birds in keeping down the insect pest.

MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS
Of Halifax, Author of "Beautiful Joe"

For this reason the native birds in most communities are gradually winning protection—but the foreigners, the caged birds—Miss Saunders says her heart is wrung with pity for the little slaves.

"Foreign birds not only suffer untold misery after coming to our shores, but their sufferings begin immediately upon their capture. I am assured that some bird-dealers give the prisoners plenty of fresh food and water, and good-sized cages, but these comforts are not what the bird wants—he wants his liberty.

"I appeal to humane workers to do something for the foreign birds—the pitiful little captives, upraising their suffering voices in protest all over this continent. We let our black slaves go—let us set the bird slaves free also."

* * *

The last number of Current Literature publishes a review of G. R. Stirling Taylor's "Teachings of Mary Wollstoncraft," which is of special interest at this time when the "new woman" is rampant. Although Mary Wollstoncraft lived over a hundred years ago, her theories and teachings were, in the main, the same as those of our ultra-modern Olive Schreiner, particularly with regard to woman's right to be regarded as a rational being, and not to have concessions granted her as a privilege, but as a right; equal right with man to both work and pleasure, the same freedom, the same law and equal pay for equal work.

"After a hundred years of comparative neglect and sometimes misunderstanding," Mr. Taylor declares, "Mary Wollstoncraft, as a pioneer, stands far before all her fellows; she grows in greatness still; perhaps she had never so much pre-eminence as today. What she taught at the end of the eighteenth century is yet in front of the every-day social philosophy at the beginning of the twentieth."

Up to the age of twenty-nine she was merely an obscure provincial governess, but at this age she went to London, where she began her journalistic career as reader and translator for Johnson, the radical publisher.

There had been a few women writers before her, but they had imitated men, whereas Mary Wollstonecraft claimed her right as a woman, to write as a woman and to have her work judged on its merits.

We quote Mr. Taylor again: "It is the lesson of history that example alone does not bring about reform; there is always need for an intolerable amount of preaching about it. It was not only necessary for women to show by actual deeds that they had 'rights' of intelligence, it was necessary also that someone should begin to put those 'rights' into theoretical form.

"She was the first Englishwoman to put her declaration of independence into the form of a precise statement. No one has denied to Mary Wollstonecraft the title of pioneer. If anyone struck out a new path, beyond all manner of doubt she did. Of course, there are very different opinions as to whither her path led. Many think and say very vigorously that it must end in fire and brimstone; a few have more hopeful views. But a new path it certainly was, indeed, so new that it still remains untrodden by the large majority. In other words, this pioneer of the eighteenth century is still clearing a way for the twentieth."

As a proof of her quality it is only necessary to state that she was received as a friend and equal by the most brilliant minds in England and France, men who were leading the advanced thought of their day.

She wrote a "Vindication of the Rights of Men"—that is, of mankind as a whole, and "her reply to the narrow class-pleading of Edmund Burke was a passionate assertion of the rights of the vast majority of men and women against the petty tyranny of the few, who claimed that the world was made for the satisfaction of their insignificant minority . . . . Her protest against Burke's defence of the nobles and royalties of France would today be called the preaching of a class war, and be labelled with the name of Socialism."

In her "Vindication of the Rights of Men," she held up to scorn Burke's defence of the French nobility "in such an outburst of intelligence," that "it is one of the most dashing political polemics in the language."

The pamphlet was written at the very height of her indignation, and was published before anyone else had a chance to answer Burke.

Her biographer insists that Mary Wollstoncraft was no sex fanatic, but like Ellen Key, Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Olive Schreiner today, "her philosophy was based not narrowly on women's rights, but on the world-wide foundation of human rights."

She was a woman of remarkable intelligence, keen insight and indomitable courage, and when she saw the rational way did not hesitate to tread therein. She refused to accept an opinion or a condition, simply because it was sanctioned by age, without any common-sense foundation, and she did not hesitate to rise in rebellion against accepted tradition."

Her "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters," published while she was still a governess, show her to have had the scientific outlook. She says, "the first thing to attend to is to lay the foundation of a good constitution; the mind is not, and cannot be, created by the teacher, though it may be cultivated and its real powers found out."

To women both "new" and "old" her most interesting work is the "Vindication of the Rights of Women," which is not, as everyone seems to imagine, so much an attack on the male sex as it is an attack on women, and is written in defence of mankind. Mr. Taylor puts her preachings in a nutshell:

"Indeed, the first fact which one must grasp in Mary Wollstoncraft's advocacy is that, far from being a sex-plea, it is quite the contrary. It is a plea to abolish sex as an important and radical dividing line in the affairs of society, leaving its distinctions as a somewhat minor matter to which far too much attention has been given. It is not a plea for the granting of sex privileges; it is rather a passionate demand that her sex shall be obliterated by the larger claim to be considered a human being. The note which sounds throughout her book is that the 'privileges' of women are their chief disabilities. . . . They are not privileges at all, but a code of prison rules; and the women not queens, but prisoners. . . . In other words, this vindication of woman, which some have hastily thought a bitter demand for sex privileges, is, in reality, a very 'wild wish' that sex privileges should cease altogether. . . . It is a vindication of woman's right to be unprivileged. She would solve the sex-problem by abolishing sex. . . . Plan all your social arrangements so that women shall become intelligent beings; and all the other problems of sex are of very little importance and will solve themselves. That seems to be the summary of this teacher who wrote to vindicate the rights of women. So that the very noteworthy fact is that whereas Mary Wollstonecraft is usually held up to ridicule or esteem (according to the taste of the disputants), as being absorbingly interested in the problems of sex in the narrowest meaning of the word—the physical attractions that bring man and woman together, with all the psychological phenomena which result from that attraction—yet truly she clearly considered this aspect of the case as a rather trivial matter to which far too much attention is given."

To Rousseau's saying: "Educate women like men, and the more they resemble our sex the less power will they have over us," Mary Wollstonecraft replied: "This is the very point I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men, but over themselves." She discovered what is the very essence of the most advanced section of the "woman's movement" today—that the fundamental need of women is economic independence. The ballot follows as a practical necessity. "But all these matters are only details," concludes her biographer, "which follow naturally from her main argument that women are human beings; when once her central thesis is acknowledged to be true, then the rest of the argument must fall into its place inevitably without much waste of time." He states finally:

"A man writer in the United States set out to observe the styles, or to search for what he calls the "style motif" of the present day, and chose for his point of investigation the Easter parade at Atlantic City.

"The result of his observations was that he was moved to pity for the unhappy state of the fat woman in this hipless age. He laments her fate from first to last of his article, and so loud are his lamentations that one is forced to conclude that his own better-half must be a sufferer and he is merely rehearsing her woes.

"I grant you no man or woman has a right to be fat; but that doesn't get us anywhere, for many men are fat and many women.

"What chance has a fat woman in this present age, period and trend of fashion? A fat man can wear anything with impunity except a frock coat, and most fat men do. Nor will it excite other than passing remark. I once knew a man who weighed four hundred pounds and dressed in a suit made of blue-and-white bed ticking. The stripes ran up and down, and he was quite an addition to the rural scenery. But what happens when a fat woman, anxious to be in style, tries to dress in the present mode—in those clinging, scant, ethereal adaptions of the sort of gowns they tell us the ladies used to wear in Grecian and Empire days? What would happen to a fat woman who tried a jupe-culotte in other words, a harem skirt—or, to be frank, a French dressmaker's idea of a feminized pair of pants? I pause for a reply. Bearing in mind that the style motif is the high waist and the scant skirt, and bearing in mind the various physical formations of the ladies of our times, it may be necessary only to say that a hundred thousand women, seventy-five per cent. of whom are wearing high waists and scant skirts whether or not they are high-waisted or scant themselves—wearing all sorts of combinations of colors—are likely to foster the opinion that, so far as freakishness in women's clothes goes, there cannot be much farther for the style-motif gentlemen to go. Still, if there is any farther they can go, undoubtedly the women will go with them, provided poor old father can furnish the wherewithal.

"The conclusion, after arduous investigation, is that the style motif is the scant skirt, the long, attenuated gown, the high waist, the delirious hat; and that on this motif, owing to the ingenuity of the dressmakers, there can be built almost anything in the way of a freak gown that may be desired. Further, that on this motif there has been built this spring an astounding array of attire that causes mere man to wonder hopelessly where it will stop. The answer is that it isn't going to stop so long as poor old father can continue to finance it, and that next spring it will be something else—probably something worse. Meantime let us hope the fat woman will have a look-in then. She certainly was shabbily treated this spring."

* * *

Aunt Mary gives this week, recipes for picnic dainties:

Cold Pigeon Pie.—Cut dressed pigeons in halves; add strips of veal steak, lardoons of bacon and seasoning. Simmer until tender. Put in a pie-dish with cooked mushrooms. Reduce the broth freed of fat; add to each cupful one-fourth of a package of softened gelatine, and strain over the meat. When the broth begins to jelly, press upon it a cover of cooked puff-paste.

* * *

Pressed Chicken and Eggs.—Simmer a fowl until tender; remove skin and bones; let cool, then cut in bits. To the liquor, freed of fat and reduced to a cupful, add one-fourth of a box of gelatine soaked in cold water. Season with salt, paprika, mushroom ketchup and lemon juice. Add the meat, then pour into buttered baking-powder boxes decorated with hard-boiled egg. Let stand to become firm.

* * *

Banbury Tarts.—Chop a cupful of seeded raisins and two ounces of citron peel. Add a cupful of sugar, grated rind and juice of a lemon, little salt and a beaten egg. Place on rounds of pastry. Brush half the edge with cold water, bring the other half over the mixture and press the edges together with the tines of a fork dipped in flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

* * *

Devilled Eggs.—Let eggs stand half an hour in water just below the boiling point; cool, remove shells and cut in halves crosswise. Rub the yolks to a paste with mustard, oil, lemon juice and salt, and mix with chicken, ham, tongue or sardines pounded smooth. Press together corresponding halves filled with this mixture to form a band between them. Roll each egg in confectioners' paper, twisting the ends.

NEW STANDARD GAGE ELECTRIC RAILROAD

The new standard gage railroad which will be opened in Sweden in 1914 presents a considerable interest. It belongs to the state railroad lines, and runs from the mining district of Kiruna to the frontier. Recently the contract was awarded for part of the electric locomotives to the German Siemens-Schuckert firm, and these are now building at the Berlin works. However, the Swedish company is constructing two high-speed passenger locomotives and two freight locomotives, while eleven freight locomotives will be built in Germany. These last are of the double type and consist of two separate units coupled together. Each unit or half-locomotive has three bar-coupled axles operated from a single electric motor. Transformers on the locomotives are used for lowering the voltage. As each half of the locomotive is independant, this gives a good means of guarding against accidents. The motor is mounted inside the locomotive cabin and drives the wheels by crank drive, so that a large sized motor can be used and there is given better air cooling. The Porjus Falls will be called upon to furnish the current for the electric railroad.

MOVING GUNS BY MACHINERY

The British military authorities have been experimenting with a new and novel oil-fuel traction engine designed for hauling artillery of the heaviest type over all kinds of roads and across rough country and up hills. The engine weighs eight tons, and is of seventy horse-power, with a maximum speed of eight miles an hour.

What appears to be quite a new principal in locomotion is applied in this engine, which, instead of travelling in the ordinary way, rolls along on an endless track that it lays for itself. This track is something like a great chain of steel links, the outside of each being shod with blocks of wood, which act like the sleepers of a permanent way. This track enables the engine to pass with great ease and little propulsive power over any kind of rough ground, rocky area, soft sand and bog, safely negotiating the very stiffest gradients and crossing ditches and gullies.

It was tested across the soft sand of one locality, drawing a six-ton field-gun, and succeeding in getting it up and down the hillsides about Aldershot, over deep watercourses, the banks of which were very steep. Then it was taken across a wide stretch of boggy ground, which was by far the severest test of all, the gun at times sinking in up to its axles.

CATCHING THE COBRA

It is said that of all reptiles the cobra is the most passionately fond of music, and that it may easily be enticed from its hiding-place by the notes of the violin or of a bagpipe. In India it very seldom hears any but the first instrument, and those bent upon its capture take advantage of the cobra's weakness for the violin.

When a cobra is found to have taken up its abode in the neighborhood of an Indian dwelling, it is customary to send for professional snake-charmers, who at once proceed to work upon the snake's love of music.

One man will play a tune near the place supposed to be occupied by the cobra. It slowly emerges from its hiding-place, and takes up a position in front of the player. It then becomes the business of this man to hold the attention of the snake while a companion undertakes his capture.

The second man, with a handful of fine dust, creeps up behind the cobra. The casting of the dust upon the snake startles it, and for a moment it falls its full length upon the ground. Brief as this period may be, however, it suffices for the purpose of the assistant snake-charmer, With a lightning-like movement he seizes the cobra by the neck just below the head.

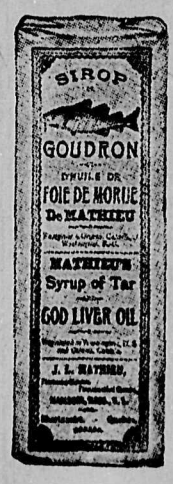
If it be deemed desirable to extract the fangs at once, the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the snake, thus compelling it to open its mouth when the fangs are drawn with a pair of pincers.

Should, however, as not infrequently happens, the operator desire to keep the cobra intact for the time being, the musician comes to his fellow's aid, forcibly unwinds the coils, and places the body of the cobra in a basket. The head only is left protruding, this being held by the other man. The lid is then pressed down to prevent the cobra from wriggling out. Then, suddenly, the captor thrusts the head in, and bangs down the lid.

Sometimes music is employed to draw from the cobra its venom, needed for medicinal or experimental purposes. The musician's assistant arms himself with a large plate covered with a thick plantain leaf. While the snake is engaged with the music, he sits down immediately in front of the cobra. It is too much engrossed to notice the man until such time as the music abruptly ceases. Then the snake, recalled to existing surroundings, strikes at the man who is nearest.

But the snake-man has been waiting for this. Swift as the thrust may be, he is just as swift. interposes the plate, and receives the blow on it. The poison goes through the puncture in the leaf and is deposited on the plate. It is a thick, albuminous fluid, resembling the white of an egg. One drop of it communicated to the blood is enough to cause death within a very short time to any warm-blooded creature.

CANCER Old Sores, Lumps in Breast, Growth, removed and healed by a simple Home Treatment. No pain. Describe the trouble, we will send book and testimonials free.
THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, Limited
10 Churchill Ave., Toronto



Stops the Cough and Builds Up the System

When you are all "run down" you catch cold easily, and your cough "hangs on." By taking

MATHIEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

you not only cure the local trouble but also permanently strengthen the whole body.

The Beech Tar in the Syrup is soothing and healing while the Cod Liver Oil stimulates the appetite and increases the weight and bodily vigor. Both are united in the pleasant tasting syrup.

Mathieu's Nervine Powders which sell in boxes of 18 for 25c. are the best treatment for any fever or feverish cold, as well as the best cure for headaches.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Prop's. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Western Distributors
FOLEY BROS., LARSON & CO
Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and Saskatoon

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

are new and entirely different from ordinary preparations. They accomplish their purpose without disturbing the rest of the system, and are therefore the ideal laxative for the nursing mother, as they do not affect the child.

Compounded, like all NA-DRU-CO preparations, by expert chemists. If unsatisfactory we'll gladly return your money.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 24

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, - - - Montreal.

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

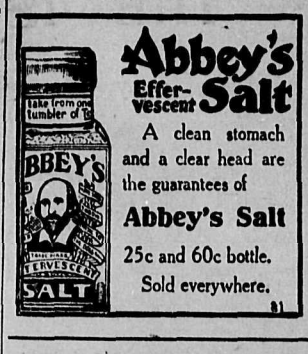
Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

Manufactured only by

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.



Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

A clean stomach and a clear head are the guarantees of

Abbey's Salt

25c and 60c bottle.

Sold everywhere. 91

MY VARICOSE VEINS
WERE CURED completely by
ABSORBINE JR

says W. M. PRATT, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. and will do the same for you in a pleasant manner; allay the inflammation, kill pain, heal and restore them to a normal condition; reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Synovitis, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Sprains of the muscles or ligaments. Heals cuts, old sores, wounds, etc. Costs only $1.00-4 oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at your druggists or delivered. Book 2F Free.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also carried by MARTIN BOLE & WYNNE CO., Winnipeg; THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Winnipeg & Calgary; and HENDERSON BROS. CO., Ltd., Vancouver.

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

Faultless in Preparation.—Unlike any other stomach regulator, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at the normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain, for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

THE ISLANDER

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

ORMOND T. SMITHE,

Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

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

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

With this issue we sever our connection with the editorial columns of THE ISLANDER, and on August 1st our interests will be taken over by THE ISLANDER PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY, with Mr. Chas. Segrave, of this city, as managing editor.

During the past fourteen months that we have occupied the editorial chair we have found the business a both pleasant and profitable one; the business men of the town and district have been generous in their advertising patronage, and our subscription list shows that our paper has been appreciated by a large proportion of the residents, and in retiring from the editorship and proprietorship of THE ISLANDER we would ask for our successors the same measure of support that has been meted out to us.

It has been our policy to criticize freely any person or persons who have been in our opinion deserving of criticizm, with out fear or favor, and that policy has no doubt resulted in earning for us a few enemies, but on the other hand this policy has commended itself to the broader minded members of the community, and has at the same time proved profitable to us, as is proved by the fact that our circulation is double that of any other paper in the district, notwithstanding the short time THE ISLANDER has been in existance.

If in our criticisms we have at any time wounded the feelings of anyone, we wish now to assure them that we have not done so intentionally, and in retiring from all business counection with the paper we do so without any feeling of animosity toward anyone in the community.

In conclusion we would again bespeak for our successors the support that we feel certain they will deserve.

The cow and horse nuisance in Cumberland is not the only thing to cause people to complain—there is the dog nuisance. In the vicinity of Penrith Avenue there are a few useless brutes which make the hours of night hidious by their howling and barking, and which seem to live for no other purpose than to keep peaceful citizens from getting their night's rest. We would like to know, is there any way of remedying this nuisance?

NOTICE.

Having disposed of my interests in THE ISLANDER from August 1st, 1911, I am desirous of settling all accounts in connection with the paper up to that date as soon as possible.

All accounts owing by THE ISLANDER up to the above date will be paid by the undersigned, and all accounts owing us (except subscriptions) are requested to be paid as soon as possible to ORMOND T. SMITHE.

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

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

Condensed Advertisements

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

FRUIT TREES

Not the Cheapest, but the Best

Catalogue Free

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

18 Courtenay Lots

CLOSE IN. MUST BE SOLD QUICK
Price for the Whole 18 lots is only $1,400 $500 down
Balance easy terms.

The Island Realty Co.

Fire, Life, Live Stock
... Accident ..
Phone 22.
P. L. ANDERTON,
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Real Estate Agents

Offices: Comox & Courtenay.

FOR SALE
CLEARED FARMS, BUSH LAND
AND LOTS
Agents for E. & N. Lands,
Comox District.

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Phone 42

Carriages, Wagons, and Farm Implements

Buggy fittings of all kinds

-F. R S. BISCOE-

REAL ESTATE

Well known Martin Farm, close to Courtenay on Cumberland Road.
HOUSE AND SMALL ORCHARD.
To be subdivided, 5 acre lots or less, $300 an acre.
PHONE 2 COURTENAY

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.
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Furniture — Summer Furniture Offerings for the .. Floor .. — Furniture

Linoleum, Carpet Squares and Rugs.
For the windows – Blinds, Tapestry and Lace Curtains and Curtain Poles. For the kitchen = Ranges, Cupboards, Chairs and Tables,. For the bedroom—Iron Beds, "Restmore" Mattresses, Springs, Dressers and Stands.

Full Line of Dining Room Furniture on Hand

"The Furniture Store"

McPhee Block A. McKINNON Cumberland, B.C

A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

P. DUNNE
Up-to-date Merchant Tailor
DUNSMUIR AVENUE
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THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL
W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.
The finest hotel in the city.

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Wesley Willard

Local Agent for
The London & Lancashire
Fire Insurance Co.
Get rates before insuring elsewhere
Office: Cumberland

.. W. Colpitts ..

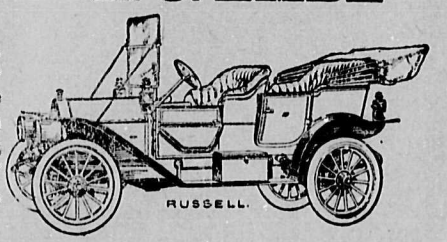
"Leading Tobacco King."
Better known as "LONG WILLIE"
Dealer in Fruits, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco.
Billiard Room in connection

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS
Horseshoeing a Specialty
Third Ave., Cumberland

DISTRICT AGENT .. FOR ..
E. C. EMDE

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



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.

G. H. ASTON

Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

English Watches a Specialty.

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Dunsmuir Ave ::: Cumberland

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THE BIG STORE.

The Store of Quality

DO NOT FORGET !

We have a large and exceptionally well assorted range of Misses and Children's Duck and Muslin Dresses, Underskirts Gowns, Slips etc.

which we must clear this month at prices that will suit all.
You cannot make them at these prices,
So come early before stock is broken.

Our Grocery Department is always stocked with the Choicest of Groceries, and we would like a trial order from you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SIMON LEISER & CO., LIMITED.

ICE The Pilsener Brewery

ARE PREPARED TO SUPPLY ICE IN ANY QUANTITY TO THE TRADE AND PUBLIC.

NOT LESS THAN 25c WORTH SUPPLIED. To Ensure Delivery the same day orders must not be later than 11 a. m.

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE

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

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

Marocchi Bros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

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

WILLIAM MERRIFIELD.
Dated this 15th day of May 1911.

SOCIETIES

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

THE ISLANDER

$1.50 a Year

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Public Highways in unorganized districts, and all Main Trunk Roads in organized Districts are sixty-six feet wide and have a width of thirty three feet on each side of the mean straight centre line of the travelled road.

THOMAS TAYLOR,
Minister of Public Works
Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B. C., July 7th, 1911.
jy15 3m

The Star **Livery Stable**

Third St. & Penrith Avenue
MAXWELL & HORNAL
Proprietors

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

CORNER STORE

Gents : Suits

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

DON'T FORGET—we are agents for Coppley, Noyes & Randall Clothing.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT

Our Ladies' Waists have arrived and are open for inspection.

J. N. McLEOD

Subscribe for The Islander.

C. H. TARBELL

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

AGENTS FOR

The McClary Manufactuing Co.
Sherwin-Williams Paints

j5

Will Old Age Find YOU Still Drudging Along?

What is life going tomean to you ? Is it Going to mean comfort and prosperity, or is lack of training going to condemn you to hard labor for the rest of your days?

FOR YOU, THERE IS A ROAD TO SUCCESS. Let Geo. Shaw, Nanaimo, tell you all about it.

The International Correspondence Schools

. . NANAIMO REALTY COMPANY . .

Fredericton Sub-Division, Edmonton

Some of the leading business gentlemen of this city are putting this sub-division on the market, and a lot bought on this valuable property cannot help but net you a handsome profit in a short time on a very small amount of capital. This property is situated on Alberta Ave., adjoining the city limits. It is intersected by the St. Albert road, making access to city easy

To give you an example of the rapid increase in value of this property, we need but say that Fredericton was bought in November last, and re.sold a few months later at over double the purchase price.

Can you afford to miss this opportunity to invest a small amount of capital in this sub-division ?

Lots on Alberta Avenue are 50 x 125, *the others* 50 x 140.

Prices range from $100 *to* $400, *terms 1-3 cash, balance* 6, 12 *&* 18 *moths.*

Agents for Columbia Fire Insurance Company

Noel McFarlane, manager. BOX 786. Cumberland, B. C.

CURED IN BEAMSVILLE, ONT.

"After a long experience with different pain remedies, I am convinced that none are equal to Nerviline. I was taken with a cold in my chest, which later developed into a sort of chronic bronchitis. Every time I coughed it seemed to rack and tear my whole chest. I was also subject to a great stiffness in my joints, especially about the knees and shoulders, and experienced much pain in my muscles. To cure my chest troubles I first rubbed on 'Nerviline' copiously for two days, and then put a Nerviline Porus Plaster over the sore region. I got quick relief. Rubbing the sore muscles and aching joints with Nerviline did more than all other treatments combined. By the aid of Nerviline and those wonderful Nerviline Porus Plasters almost any ache, and cerainly any kind of inflammatory cold can be cured.

(Signed) "Mrs. W. J. Sharpe,
"Beamsville."

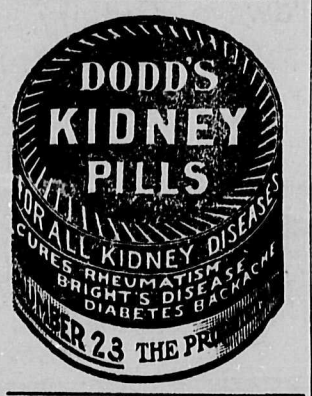
All druggists sell Nerviline in 25c. and 50c. bottles. Get it today.

Andrew D. Davidson, "the father of the American invasion" which has taken thousands of American farmers from the United States into Canada since 1902, was born on a Canadian farm, where his boyhood days were spent. He came over the border, however, before he was twenty, and began railroading. Later he went into land and lumber, became very wealthy, and is now president of ten banks. At one time his land-selling organization numbered 3,000 agents. He is a born manager of men and money, and is always on the lookout for young, capable lieutenants.

There are now no wolves in France, but the positions of "lieutenants de la louveterie" are still in existence and are eagerly sought. The lieutenant has no work to do, but he wears a uniform adorned with wolves' heads, and he has the right to shoot in all the state's preserves.

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven, where, for a small fee, housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

All the principal departments of a Dreadnought are connected by telephone, and on each is a telephone exchange with about fifty members, and a man in charge.



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 Gt. Northern building. Chilliwack a modern city—waterworks, electric light, etc. Green grass the year round. The Prairie Man's Paradise—no frost, no four month's snow. Write H. T. Goodland, Secy. Board of Trade, Chilliwack, for all information, booklets, maps, etc.—THEN COME.

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.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Our large illustrated catalogue is now ready for mailing. The catalogue contains over 500 half-tone engravings and two handsome photographs, one in Sepia Tone, and the other in black and white. This catalogue is the most up-to-date in photographic supplies, and the goods are listed at prices that cannot be beaten.

Send 10 cents in stamps, for mailing, and we will mail you the catalogue, and one exposure meter free.

Amateur developing and finishing at reasonable prices. Films developed, 10 cents per roll, any size.

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Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
Genuine must bear Signature
Brent Good

Storyettes

IN 1888 Mark Twain received from Yale College the degree of master of arts; the same college made him a doctor of literature in 1901. A year later the university of his own State, at Columbia, Missouri, conferred the same degree, and then, in 1907, came the crowning honor, when venerable Oxford tendered him the doctor's robe. "I don't know why they should give me a degree like that," he said, quaintly. "I never doctored any literature. I wouldn't know how."

* * *

The late Lord Young, of the Scottish bench, was responsible for enlivening many a dull case. One of the best remarks that ever fell from his lips was the reply to a counsel who urged on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance:

"My client, my lord, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position; he is manager of some water works."

After a long look the judge answered: "Yes, he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

* * *

The city couple vacationing in a country cottage decided to have a late supper, and called at the little store and roused the proprietor from his nap on a bench at the door. They followed his lumbering footsteps into the building and told him that they wished a pound of cheese and some large, square crackers for a Welsh "rabbit." The old man tapped his wrinkled brow reflectively.

"Got the cheese all right," he said, "but hain't got no large square crackers. Won't yer rabbit eat the small ones?"

* * *

Thomas A. Edison was explaining to a reporter the part played by M. Branly, the new French academician, in the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The poor reporter a little bewildered by all the talk about Hertzian waves, transmitters, volts, ohms, and so forth, ventured on a question that made Mr. Edison smile.

"That question," he said, "reminds me of the city father who rose and said, 'Mr. Chairman, I'd like to know, for my constituents' benefit, whether this here proposed hydraulic pump is to be run by steam or electricity.'"

* * *

The late Charles Pelham Villiers, the "father of the House of Commons," used to tell a story of how he had been asking a Radical elector to support him.

"Yes, I'll support you. But, Willars, we must have a diwision of property!"

"Certainly," replied the diplomatic candidate; "I should be quite in favor of such a measure. But I am afraid if property is divided, there will not be enough for you and me and the rest of us."

After a momentary embarrassment the cheerful and resourceful Socialist hit on a remedy: "Why, then, Willars, we must diwide again!"

* * *

In one of the provincial appeal courts in France a boy, about fourteen, was summoned to give evidence, and his appearance was such as to move the whole court to laughter. He was small even for his age. He wore a long redingote, peculiar to the Basque country, and immense boots. His trousers, collar, and hat were unquestionably those of a man. The court was convulsed, and the president asked the boy how he dared to treat the court in such a manner. The boy seemed as surprised as the president, and taking out the citation from his pocket, read the formula inviting him, "Comparaitre dans les affaires de son pere." (To appear in his father's suit.)

* * *

Hearing a noise at midnight in one of his rooms, a gentleman tiptoed to the spot, thinking to take the burglar unawares. Sikes, however, was not to be caught napping and before the owner of the house fully realized what was happening he was looking down the muzzle of a revolver.

"You realize that you are at my mercy?"

"Ye—s" replied the house-owner.

"And also realize that I could shoot you dead if I wished?"

Another trembling affirmative.

"You did not hear me enter the house?"

"No."

"Well, if you had your windows fitted with one of Ketchum's new patent burglar alarms, this wouldn't have happened. I am an agent for the——"

But the house-owner had swooned.

* * *

King Louis of Bavaria was much annoyed on one occasion when the soldier on guard at the palace gates neglected to present arms. The soldier did not know his majesty by sight.

"Why don't you present arms?" the latter asked, angrily. "Don't you know to whom you are indebted for your daily bread?"

The sentry glared angrily at the king, and, imagining him to be the army baker, replied: "So you are the miserable son of a baker who furnishes the soldiers with bread, are you? Well, I should like to have you by yourself in some quiet place. I'd spread your ungainly anatomy over three kingdoms! I'd make dough of you!"

* * *

The insurance company's doctor had reported that the man seemed to be all right, and the man himself certified that he was not engaged in any dangerous occupation.

"I lead a sedentary life," he told them. "I work in an office and we have no danger or excitement."

"How about sports?" asked the examiner. "Do you play football? Baseball? Do you box? Belong to an athletic club?"

"No—none of that stuff. I guess I'm a safe risk."

"Do you scorch."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you drive your car faster than the speed limit?"

"I have no car."

"What? How do you get about?"

"I walk."

"Risk refused. A scorcher is a dangerous risk, but a pedestrian has no chance at all. Buy a car, old chap. Sorry—good-night!"

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

RACE PROBLEM

Those people who have contributed to the Industrial School at Winston-Salem, N.C., will be interested to know that its work has so impressed the State authorities that they have offered the school $12,000 if it will raise a like amount., The authorities consider this sum well spent, as the school has eliminated race feeling and negro crime in its vicinity. Mr. William A. Blair, Vice-President of the People's National Bank of Winston-Salem, who is receiving contributions writes:

As treasurer of the Slater Industrial and State Normal School for colored people located here, I beg to thank you most sincerely for your past favors to the school, and wish to ask you to show this letter to the good people of the North, who would cheerfully aid the most worthy cause the United States has on its hands to-day.

The educating and Christianizing of the colored people is not a local matter but a national one. It is positively the only solution of the race problem.

The influence of this school has eliminated every vestige of race friction in the entire vicinity. The institution is not an experiment, but a splendid reality, being the most important one in the entire South for colored people, save Tuskegee and Hampton. The lands, buildings, appliances, etc., cost $50,000, all owned by the institution.

One of our citizens tendered the trustees $5,000, provided they would raise same amount for a hospital, where colored girls could be educated for trained nurses, thus introducing an employment for colored women which is peculiarly well adapted to the Southern ideas of propriety. His offer was accepted; we raised $5,000 and with $10,000 we have built a hospital worth almost double this amount, as students and friends of the school did much of the manual labor.

The State officials, seeing the salutary effect upon the colored people, have offered the School $12,000, provided the trustees raise the same amount. We have strained ourselves to the superlative degree, and have raised only a small part of this amount to meet the offer of the State, and, I may say, it is totally impossible for us to raise it here.

The State has already generously advanced a part of the $12,000, and it is hoped you will do your utmost to help raise the $12,000. Thus, with $24,000 cash in hand, we can increase the plant at least $48,000, as the colored people will do the manual labor free.

Every dollar given by your friends now means four dollars to the school.

The Horseman

It seems that before shipping from Memphis to Indianapolis, Geers worked The Huguenot a mile in 2:08½, which equals Lady Green Goods' sensational mile at Lexington.

To quote from Frank G. Trott: Still those 2:08½ trips make The Huguenot and the Lady the most-talked-about trotters now before the public. Lady Green Goods took a record of 2:30 as a yearling, and was then only a little short of being a champion. As a 2-year-old she was laid over for the futurities of last season. Against Colorado E and Grace she had no chance, but did show her ability to race in 2:07½ and several times gave evidence of having a terrific brush.

She was very long striding and carried so much weight that few fancied her. Bob Grady and his father have used the winter in getting rid of the weight and improving her gait so that she goes light and moves in a pleasing way.

Wintered at Macon she touched 2:20 before going to Lexington early in April. Her work from then on has shown that she should be up to hiles better than 2:10 the last of May, so that her performance of last Tuesday was no tax. With her racing experience she very properly will have a larger following from now on til race day than The Huguenot.

The Huguenot, the son of Chimes has never raced, infact has displayed habits that made most every one lose faith in his ever getting to one. Passed up by some excellent judges, he seems capable of rewarding the man who has maintained he would some day be a useful trotter. When he became the property of Arthur Parker he was a stallion, but in the hopes of changing his sour disposition he was gelded.

Trained at Readville last summer by his owner and Eddie McGrath, he stepped around 2:12, but never a friend did he make. He was turned over to Geers in September, and it was not until after the master had tutored him at Memphis in the fall that he showed any signs of being a stake trotter.

Today he is not perfectly mannered, but his trainer says he is learning and that no better gaited horse lives.

* * *

Breeding horses for a certain purpose, as for cavalry use, is not different from breeding any other domestic animal, as a cow, a hog, dog or a sheep for a certain purpose, and every experienced domestic animal breeder knows that class improvements and perfections do not come from abrupt outcrosses, or, indeed, of outcrosses of any kind. Among breeders of every class, except horse breeders, or rather would-be horse breeders, these principles are well or generally recognized, but the outcross for perfection horse breeders is continually springing up anew—not new innovations, as a rule, but the reapplication of old, and proven bad ones, by new experimentors, or theorists.

The thoroughbred running horse has been proposed and tried over and over again as an improving and perfecting factor in about every class of horse breeding, except for draft, and he has as often been dropped as impractical as an improving factor. Yet the national government now proposes to make extensive use of thoroughbred sires in an effort to produce, uniformly, the ideal cavalry horse. While this operation will, undoubtedly, produce an occasional useful cavalry mount, we very much doubt if there is a practical and successful experienced horseman in the land who would undertake, as a personal business enterprise, the breeding of cavalry horses along this line.

There are, or at least, there used to be, families of thoroughbred horses, such as the Bostons of the earlier generations, from which, through a proper selection of both sires and dams (thoroughbred sires and thoroughbred dams) from which an ideal breed of cavalry maunts could have been established, and that quite readily. But to build up such a breed from the material now at hand would be quite an undertaking.

A real cavalry mount, as our horses are now bred, is an accident, and with thoroughbred sires, on the class of mares likely to be used, he would be still more of an accident, we think. The cavalry horse must be a pliable horse in disposition, and this the thoroughbred horse, as now bred, is not—even in grades.

* * *

Look out for Uhlan. The world's champion trotting gelding is on the warpath this season and unless misfortune befalls him Father Time is goingto be given an awful beating before the snow flies next fall.

On June 8, Uhlan was given his stiffest work of the season. Six heats, the slowest in 2:51 and the fastest in 2:10½, were asked of the champion, and in doing these miles, Tanner let the dashing black step parts of most of them at a merry clip. The final quarter of the fifth mile, which was in 2:10½, was trotted in :30¼, while the final mile was in 2:11¼, and the last quarter of it being in :29¼.

Mayor Shank stepped Hannah Louise, Thistle Doune farm's M. and M. candidate, a mile in 2:14½, her fastest mile of the morning. The M. and M. entrant stepped to the three-quarters in 1:40, but appeared to tire as she trotted the final quarter in :34½. Previous to this Hannah stepped a mile in 2:23½ and one in 2:15¼, and in both she acted very nicely.

* * *

For almost fifty years French breeders of trotters have been in the habit of giving their foals names which begin with a certain initial each year.

For instance, in 1878, the letter "A" was used, in 1879, "B," and so on until "Y" was reached in 1899. Then in 1900 a new start was made with "A."

This system has many advantages. It prevents duplication of names. For instance, after the name Lou Dillon was used it would be 23 years before it could be used again.

BLOOD, PURE, RICH, RED

Rosy glow in the face, sparkling eyes, vivacious spirits are all the outcome of good blood. No surer way exists of purifying and enriching the blood than to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. By their gentle action on the bowels, kidneys and liver they filter every impurity from the system, leaving it wholesome and able to do the work necessary for the maintenance of health.

To be well, look well, and feel always at your best, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, a truly wonderful medicine for young and old. Price 25c. at all dealers.

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.

HE'S A CONVERT TO A GROWING BELIEF

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS ARE THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASE

Mr. Renie Moulaison was treated by two doctors, but found his relief and cure in six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Surette Island, Yarmouth, N.S.—(Special).—Renie Moulaison, a fisherman of this place, is a convert to the growing belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the sure cure for Kidney Disease.

"My trouble started with a cold," Mr. Moulaison states. "My muscles would cramp, I had backache and I had dizzy spells. My head often ached and I had a tired, nervous feeling while specks of light flashed in front of my eyes.

"I suffered in this way for over two months and was treated by two doctors but they didn't seem to be able to do much for me. Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and soon started to improve. I took six boxes in all and now I am glad to say I am cured."

If you have any two or three of Mr. Moulaison's symptoms you may be sure your Kidneys are not in good working order. Bad Kidneys mean Backache, Rheumatism, Heart Disease or Bright's Disease unless attended to. The one sure way to cure these is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Attacked by Bronchial Catarrh

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

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

(Signed) T. C. White.

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

Another advantage of the system is that you can always tell a colt's age by his name. All the starters in this year's French Trotting Derby for three-year-olds had names which commenced with "I," because they were all foaled in 1908.

The system is in use in America on several farms. On one farm we have in mind, all 1911 colts will have names commencing with "K." What an advantage it would be if all 1911 foals throughout the United States were given names commencing with "K," or any other initial which would be used by all alike.

Nelson's biggest gun had an extreme range of one mile.

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER

How many times can a spider rebuilt its web? This question seems to have been answered with reference to at least one species of spider, the trap-door spider.

These spiders are very plentiful in California. They construct their nests, consisting of a mammoth tube lined with silk of their own manufacture, in the ground in situations protected from the washing effects of rain. Then they cover the nests with a woven trap-door supplied with a hinge.

The upper surface of the door is made to resemble the surface of the ground. If any insect disturbs the door the owner instantly opens it, and if the disturber is not too large and strong, the spider seizes it and drage it into the den. If, on the contrary, the stranger is a formidable enemy, the spider claps the door to and holds it down with all its strength.

The result of many experiments, as reported by a naturalist of San Diego, shows that if the trap-door is destroyed the spider can reconstruct it just five times and no more; but each time there is evidence of a greater economy in the use of silk, and although the spider will attempt the renewal the sixth time, it invariably fails because its silk has been exhausted.

It would appear, however, that after the lapse of a considerable period, the spider acquires a fresh supply of the fluid from which it spins its web. Then it is able to resume the construction of silk-lined dens and trap-doors.

No left-hand batsman has ever made a century for England in a Test Match.

On Sale Everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, though they are few and far between, and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing as good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows that it is the only popular oil.

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Our Contract Department is prepared to figure with you on your building wants for summer and winter houses.

We can save you large sums of money. All our work carries our guarantee. Our draughtsmen are at your service free.

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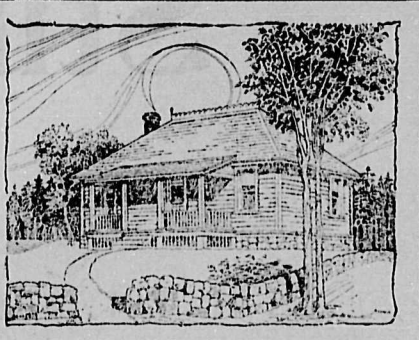
and every description of Sectional and Ready-Made Buildings



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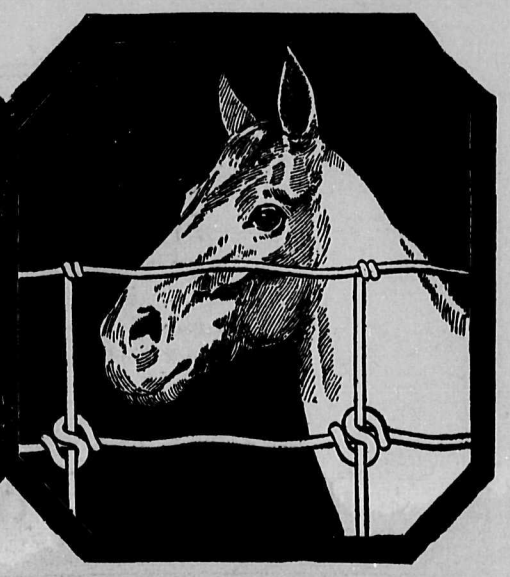
If not, there is a splendid chance for someone to increase his income. IDEAL fence is an easy seller. Its weight, quality and strength are appreciated by every man who is looking for a permanent fence investment.

IDEAL FENCE CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.



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LIAN-TI-SHAN

WE are, as I write this, steaming along in a north-westerly course close to the Lian-ti-shan promontory. We are some ten miles off the land; but with the aid of a good telescope all its chief features are distinctly visible.

Lian-ti-shan—or the Old Iron Mountain, as the Chinese call it—stands at the south-western corner of the circle of hills surrounding Port Arthur. It is practically on the extreme end of the Kwang-Tung peninsula, and, being fifteen hundred feet high, forms the most prominent feature of a barren and desolate-looking coastline. A solitary gun perched on its highest part, and pointing out over the sea in mute defiance, remains as a relic of the battery which was erected with the idea of preventing the Japanese men-of-war from bombarding the town of Port Arthur from under the cover of the land.

The rugged slopes of the mountain itself, destitute of all vegetation, and bathed in the rosy stream of the setting sun, form a picture which impresses one with its terrible grandeur. It could not be called beautiful, as the foreground—the mud-colored water of the Gulf of Pechili—has not enough life or color in it to show off the dull gray and purples of the coast it encircles.

It is a dead calm, and the monotonous glassiness of the water, is only broken by the brown sail of an occasional junk and by a few touches of crimson reflected from the glory of the dying sun. The sky has little color in it, and except at the spot where the sun is setting in its vivid halo of scarlet and orange, is of a dull, uniform gray. A particularly black and heavy-looking cloud is poised over Lian-ti-shan itself, and the rugged mountain looks as if it were in mourning for the vast number of men who have died in its vicinity.

Monotonous as this picture is, there is still something about it that holds one's thoughts; and it is not its actual beauty, it must be its associations that have this effect. In the dim distance, and behind the lower portion of the promontory, a series of hills are visible. These, with the aid of a glass, resolve themselves into the well-known shapes of 203 Metre Hill, Akasakayama, and the 174 Metre Range, all well known to those who have studied the siege of Port Arthur. These dull-purple battlegrounds, although they look ordinary and commonplace enough from here, have associations which render them famous. The wholesale slaughter that took place in their vicinity during the war of 1904-5 has made their names memorable as one of the greatest battlefields of modern times.

Although the fighting in this particular locality was more severe than at any other place, the whole of the Kwang-Tung peninsula was in reality one vast battlefield. Practically every hill is pitted with shell-craters and every boulder is splashed by bullets. An observer stationed on the summit of Lian-ti-shan during the eventful period between January, 1904, and the same month of the following year would have witnessed a series of scenes which would have given him an excellent opportunity of forming realistic impressions of the terrible grandeur of modern war. He would have seen the sinking of the Russian battleship, Petropavlovsk, when one of the few efficient sailors that Russia produced in the Far East, Admiral Makarov, was drowned. He would have witnessed the storming and capture of 203 Metre Hill and of many other positions too numerous to mention. Every night during the earlier months of the war he would have seen the blue-white rays of the searchlights slowly sweeping the harbor entrance; a burst of wild firing would herald the approach of Admiral Togo's blocking vessels, and the vivid flashes of the guns would illuminate the blackness of the night and the snow-clad slopes of the neighboring hills with momentary flashes of rosy light. He would have seen the irresistible but gradual advance of the Japanese army, and the result of their valor as hill after hill and position after position passed into their hands. Everywhere he would have seen the blue saltire of St. Andrew gradually being pressed back as the Rising Sun banner pursued its victorious progress.

Far away out at sea the dull shapes of Admiral Togo's battleships, staining the sky with their black smoke, would have been visible. Inside them again there would be a cordon of cruisers and destroyers zealously guarding all the means of exit from the doomed fortress. Turning his eyes to the harbor of Port Arthur itself, the observer would have seen the Russian fleet totally unable, through lack of training, efficient leadership, and morale, to cope with the victorious Japanese. He would have seen these ships starting out for the memorable battle of August 10, and their return the following with the gaping holes in their sides, testifying to the superiority of the Japanese gunnery. He would have noticed with dismay the total inactivity of this collection of ships and their ultimate bombardment and destruction by the Japanese land forces. Think of it! Think of a squadron cooped up inside a harbor, afraid to go out and fight their battle, and being slowly but surely destroyed by land artillery! The watcher would have been amply repaid for the trouble of watching; and he could not have been impressed by this display, so dazzling in all its splendor and horror.

Although he would not be able to see it, men were dying horrible deaths every minute—blown to pieces by shells or hand-grenades, or being frozen to death in icy water. To him, watching from so great a height, it would all seem so futile, and the proverb, "He who sees men dancing far off, and cannot hear the music to which they dance, must think them mad," would seem to him to be very true.

And yet, when one looks at this historic place, Port Arthur, which since 1894 has been twice captured by the same people from a different enemy in the short space of ten years, one cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of the honor due to the brave Japanese and their gallant foe. The town of Port Arthur stands, as it were, in a huge circular basin surrounded on all sides by hills except at its sea-front. It has enormous natural strength, if defended properly, and on looking at it one wonders how it was ever captured. For the first time in modern history modern weapons were pitted against permanent fortifications, and with what result? The fire of the Japanese did not destroy the forts to any great extent, and the positions were only captured after months, by what was practically hand-to-hand fighting. The terrific shell-fire did not even render the forts untenable, as the infantry found to their cost when they advanced to the assault. The procedure of the siege was exactly the same as it was a century ago, although, of course, the rifle was used instead of the musket, and the long-range howitzer and field-gun instead of their short-ranked counterparts of a hundred years before.

Months of weary sapping against permanent fortifications, the final mine laid under the counterscarp of the fort, the explosion, and the desperate rush of the infantry in close formation to the attack were all exactly the same as they were in the time of Napoleon. It only shows that the method of conducting a siege where both opponents are determined must, and always must, remain the same.

Port arthur, the place where the empire of China, Russia, and Japan have lost so many of their soldiers, stands alone in the history of the world as regards the awful ferocity of its fighting. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that one gazes at the place with a certain spell-bound interest. It has passed through troublous times, and Lian-ti-shan raises its mighty head as an everlasting monument to the souls of thousands of human beings who have died in its vicinity.

War seems so very futile that one wonders why civilized human beings should descend to such a means of settling their disputes. It is an evil, however, which may take long to eradicate, and whilst arbitration may, we hope, succeed it, the old primal fighting instinct of man himself will always assert itself, and will continue so long as this world of ours continues its existence.

A MECHANISM FOR TESTING SKY-SCRAPERS

The United States Geological Survey is erecting at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, one of the most remarkable machines ever invented. It will be unique in that it is intended, by means of destruction, to prove indestructibility.

The object of the great machine is to determine certain things that have remained mysteries to the greatest engineers of the world from the days when the Pyramids first reared their heads in the then fertile plains of Africa to the time when the great steel spans of the Williamsburg Bridge at New York were swung into place. Among the problems which have perplexed the builders of the centuries are the determination of how much weight a granite or brick column will suport, and how much strain may be safely be applied to an iron or steel bar or cable. That these quantities are still undetermined will probably strike the lay reader as astonishing—an engineer will admit that he simply has to guess them.

The lack of this information caused the collapse of the great steel bridge at Quebec last year, with a consequent sacrifice of months of labor, thousands of dollars, and eighty lives. For lack of such information a great building every now and then, for no appreciable cause, simply tumbles down.

Engineers have attempted to get at the strength of a large steel beam by measuring that of a small one of the same proportions and multiplying, but experience has proved that these calculations are utterly unreliable. They have undertaken to estimate the resistance of a pillar of stone or brick by placing a fragment under pressure, building according to the results—and reaping disaster. In the end they have been forced simply to guess; and, as a rule, to multiply many times the amount of material they think would be sufficient, so as to be on the safer side.

The Geological Survey, however, now proposes to measure the strength of material as accurately as the chemist measures his drugs, using a titanic machine such as has never before been seen. Stripped, it stands a structure of steel eighty stories high. A building ten stories high must be erected to house it. On each side elevators will run up and down, carrying the experts who will note the effects of the test. The building must be made so strong that the falling of great masses of crushed stone and other material will not injure it.

The framework of the machine consists of four great vertical screws, 13½ inches in diameter, with the strongest possible foundation, and huge steel heads above and below, between which the material to be tested will be placed for the application of pressure. If it is a pillar of concrete, this will be built upon the lower head to the height desired, and with a breadth up to six feet, which is the capacity of the machine. The upper head will then be adjusted and the power applied by the means of a triple plunger pump, the machine in this way becoming simply a large hydraulic press.

As the pressure is increased its amount will be recorded by an automatic gauge. The tension of the press may be increased until the capacity of the machine is reached, the enormous figure being 10,000,000 pounds. This is an almost inconceivable pressure and probably greater than that borne by any pillar or beam ever placed in a structure.

The same method is to be followed in testing steel beams and structural steel in all its forms, particularly in the great beams that are built up of many parts. This is probably where the greatest immediate demand for the machine will be found. Builders are developing all manner and form of these beams, and want them tested in order to determine just what forms are most satisfactory. There has been no method hitherto, except the uncertain "calculations," or the actual placing of the material in the building, to determine just what the performance of a specified design would be. This new machine, however, will receive and test any form of beam up to sixty-five feet in length.

TONGUE-TWISTERS

It is told of a distinguished professor of history that, in an address before a woman's club on "Obscure Heroes of the French Revolution," he had reached the point where one of them, nobly resolved to essay the rescue of a friend doomed to the guillotine, sought a parting interview with his sweetheart before making the almost hopeless attempt. The professor had a moving voice, and was eloquent; the assembly of women, many of them already near tears, hung breathless upon his words.

"Biddy diddy," said he, pathetically, then coughed slightly and went back: "Hiddy biddy—" Something was evidently amiss. He tried again.

"Biddy hiddy diddy doo."

By this time the ladies looked puzzled and the orator desperate. Drawing a long breath and speaking with painful deliberation, he at length conquered the elusive syllables, and said:

"Did he bid adieu?"

A speaker in the interest of foreign missions had, not long ago, a similar experience. He had related the conversion of two natives on a savage island, and after narrating the acts by which they signalized their abandonment of their old religion, he tried to conclude a sentence with the words, "thus totally' repudiating their two tutelary duties."

It was a simple enough phrase to the understanding; it proved otherwise to the tongue. Two, tutelary and totally together were quite too much for him.

"Thus tutelly repudiating their toe toe—" he began, confidently, when a titter in the audience checked him, and threw him into such confusion that his second effort only made matters worse.

Thus tutelary perudiating their tee-totallary deities," he blundered; and the laughter increased. With the perspiration starting on his forehead, he dashed once more wildly at the obstacle, but failed to clear it:

"Thus teetelly terupiating their too-too-too-toot—"

"Toot! toot! toot!" cried a voice in the gallery. "Three warning whistles and now she comes!"

"She came," indeed, as the burst of hilarity, under cover of which the speaker had time to collect himself, subsided; and he was enabled intelligibly to repudiate those two tutelary deities at last.—The Youth's Companion.

THE SOAP-NUT TREE

Mr. E. Moulie, acksonville, Florida, who has been greatly interested in the cultivation of the soap-nut tree, and has been distributing seeds for its propagation, has written to the Scientific American on the subject. The kernel of the nut makes a good substitute for cotton-seed oil for soapmaking, and has other by-products. The Rev. Benjamin Helm, a Chinese missionary, is credited with first bringing seeds of this tree to the United States, from which only one fully developed tree was reared in Florida. It has been the parent of many others, along with seeds from Algiers and those distributed by the Bureau of Industry; the product being some half a million trees. The soap-nut and the kernel of the seed furnish raw materials for a score of toilet articles of commercial value. The kernel furnishes a fixed oil equal to olive-oil for culinary purposes, while it can be used for making a soap equal to the best Castile. The soap-nut has also internal uses in cases of salivation and epilepsy, and as an expectorant; the leaves are fodder, and the cakes from which the oil has been extracted are eaten by poultry and cattle. Once the tree is started the cost of production is practically nothing.

OUR GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES

While most of the states of the Mississippi Valley, besides countless rivers and lakes in all parts of the country, bear Indian names, but a small number only of the towns that are the work of the white man have adopted names borrowed from the original owners of the land. Not one in ten, it has been pointed out, of the one hundred and fifty large cities has an Indian name, and among those that have it is usually lake or stream.

The early explorers and settlers have left their racial marks. Up the Hudson and Mohawk the trail of the Dutchman is pretty clear. The French influence in Northern New York and Vermont and along the line of the Great Lakes is familiar in many names. Mississippi has no "saints" in its list, whereas, across the river, Louisana, by nine parishes and many towns, rivers, and lakes, perpetuates the religious tenets of its early settlers. Kentucky and Tennessee evidence the vocabulary of the hunter and trapper; Montana and Idaho that of the miner. All the region acquired from Mexico, particularly Southern California, maintains in its place-names the memory of the Spanish explorers and settlers. There are relatively few Indian names on the Pacific coast. North of the Spanish belt capes and towns frequently reflect the loyalty of the early settlers to the older states of the Union.

CROOKED GAMBLING EXPOSED

Over a door in Fleet Street, London, appears the above sign. Within, John Philip Quinn, the reformed "King of American gamblers," has opened a room for the purpose of teaching Britishers the foolishness of gambling. In appearance, the London correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer tells us, Quinn resembles a minister, wearing "plug' hat, frock-coat, and neckwear almost clerical in it sseverity."

At the door is a "spieler who dissolves into tears at the mere mention of Broadway, New York, which, he says, is the home of white men." Besides, "it hurts his pride to have to spiel for men who, though English, can not understand the English language." But his efficiency does not seem to be diminished by his homesickness. For there is, we are informed, a steady stream of Londoners coming in, "who pay sixpence admission to see the "king of gamblers' show how it is done."

According to the Plain Dealer story, Quinn hasn't touched a card for money in twenty-three years. Of his missionary efforts in London we read further:

He delivers pithy points on poker. The dice are unveiled. Rouge et noir is ruthlessly rent. There are revelations on roulette. Baccarat busting has a prominent place on the program. The swindles of the spindles are severely served.

He gives a plain talk in rasping United States.

"Shuffle the cards," he says, and it is done. "Here's a poker hand for you and one for me. If I know what cards you've got it's a cinch I can beat you, ain't it? Of course it is. An ace of spades, a queen of diamonds, a ten of diamonds and two deuces—a club and a spade. Am I right?

"You Britishers think you're smart," he goes on, rattling the dice box and throwing five aces. "You're chock full of confidence that you can do everything a leetle mite better than anybody else can. And right there, gents, you make one big mistake.

"For one thing, you're the worst gamblers on earth, and I've gambled with all kinds of folks. Why? Because you've got grit—bulldog grit—British grit. When you start a thing you don't like to quit. Gamblers get rich on folks like you—that don't know when to quit.

"Spin the spindle, my friend. I'll give you $10 if it doesn't stop at six. Something seems to tell me this isn't the first time you've spun a spindle. I told you—six. You've bet money on spindles and you thought they were honest. They weren't; they were crooked. Now, weren't you a fool to bet good money on another man's game? I reckon you dropped your roll?"

A sheepish grin.

"Of course you did. You thought you were slick enough to know if there was any crooked work going on. The fellers you played with were nice, pleasant 'chaps,' eh? Sure they were. They let you examine the spindle as much as you liked to see that there wasn't any hokus-pokus about it. You bet they did. And it was a crooked spindle all the same, only you didn't know it. My, but you Britishers are fools when it comes to gambling."

He lets them try to guess which shell the little pea is under, and of course they never guess right. He lets them drop marbles into perfectly innocent devices, to rattle through forests of pegs, to finally come to haven in little compartments numbered or lettered to correspond with charts on the wall.

"This here gent," indicating an elderly and respectable middle-classer wearing dundrearies and a monocle, "this here gent is my confederate. I'm going to let him win. Drop the marble, my friend.

"Aha! he wins £10."

The crowd edges away from the middle-classer as though fearing he may pick their pockets.

"Extrawd'nary!" ejaculates the middle-classer, looking uncomfortable.

"You try it, brother," to a pale-faced cockney. "You'd like £10, I guess. You think you can win something, too. Aha! he gets a star number. You'll have to double your money to stay, my friend. Once more. Goodness, gracious! another star number. Eight bob, this time.

"Don't you see, my friend, that you can't win unless I let you? Don't gamble, my boy. Never play with strangers. Never back another man's game. It's rotten all through. Horse-racing's crooked. Monte Carlo's crooked. Roulette, faro, rouge et noir, poker, baccarat, dice—they're all crooked. And when you see a man who makes his living by gambling, it's the one best bet, my friends, that he's crooked, too.

"Oh, yes, I know what you're thinking of," and here he startles the middle-classer by shaking a finger under his nose, so that that good man jumps back with a muttered "my word!"

"You're thinking about some professional gambler you know who is a good feller. He is kind to his wife, square with his pals, and generous to the poor.

"I know that kind, too. I was one once myself. And there was Pat Sheedy that died a while ago. Good feller, as gamblers go. Thought a lot of his wife, everybody said. Nothing was too good for her. And that's all right, my friend, as far as it goes. He was good to his wife, but how about the other fellers' wives—the wives of the fellers he skinned?

"No, brother, there din't any good fellers in the gambling business. Leastways they ain't making a living at it."

With that he thanks them, in good showman fashion, for "their kind attention," and will they please pass out of the side door? They go, numbed and thoughtful, for it is more than likely that every man in that little audience is a confirmed, if unsuccessful gambler.

"I don't like 'em," says the spieler. "I can talk and talk and talk till I'm blowin' dust, and they just bung out their eyes and stare. They're thick. Did you see the old gick in the knee pants? I'll bet if you was to cut his head open you'd find his brains was a suet pudding. Gee, I wish I was back in little old New York!"

"No," says Quinn, the "king of gamblers," "it ain't that. They're smart enough, give 'em time. . . . . .

"You see I've known these people a long time. I was over here in the days when I was gambling for a living, before I got converted and saw that it was my duty, not to show people that gambling is wrong—but that it's foolish. I got plenty of high play in the West End Clubs that you have to have an introduction to get into.

"And let me tell you, sonny, that there were just as many crooks in those swell clubs as you'd find in the crookedest joints in New York or Chicago.

"So, when I got on religion, I made up my mind I'd come to England again before I died and make up a little for the wrong I did the first time. It's the biggest field in the world for my sort of reforming. Everybody gambles. Royalty, nobility, gentry, middle-class, common people—everybody. . . . . .

"And it's funny, too, that the English should be so crazy to gamble. Why? Well, I told you they were the worst gamblers on earth. They're the hardest losers, too."

PORTUGAL'S LEAKY SHIP OF STATE

As people forsake a sinking ship or a burning house, so the best elements of Portugal are getting out of the country as fast as they can, says the Lisbon correspondent of The Outlook (London). They take shelter in Spain, France, and England. The Republic has disappointed them. Its leaders are "pot-house politicians" who have not kept their promises. We have quoted this correspondent a number of times on Portugal's shaky condition, but his statements merely echo what we find in the press of Paris, Berlin and London. Optimistic views of the new Republic are ominously absent. Portugal's "unrest" is the constant theme of German correspondents. Thus we read in the Hamburger Nachrichten:

"The Provisional Government is daily unearthing fresh monarchist plottings. Local centres are being found in Leiria, Alcobaca and Coimbra. Many civilians and soldiers, mostly petty officers, have been arrested. The trains from Oporto recently brought a number of prisoners arrested for conspiring against the Republic. The movement of the Monarchists have been carried on with such wonderful rapidity that the Government is at a loss which way to turn."

This paper in a second article calls the Provisional Government "a Punch and Judy show, in which Punch (the people) gives the devil a beating at last, the Devil in this case having eight heads, each bearing the name of a Minister, beginning with Braga." "The Minister of the Interior has been burned in effigy by the students of the University of Coimbra." "The laborers in the arsenal at Lisbon made a demonstration against the Minister of Marine in front of his hotel," says the Vossiche Zeitung (Berlin). These are but straws in the wind, but much more specific is the news given by the correspondent of The Outlook in his series of letters on Portugal. In one of these we read:

"Nothing is now spoken of here but the Royalist conspiracies which undoubtedly honeycomb the country. Although an attempt is made to conceal the fact, there is no doubt that Portugal is, at the present moment, undermined in every direction by conspirators, incessantly reenforced by crowds of the discontented, the disappointed, and those whom the incredibly autocratic methods of the Provisional Government have driven almost mad with indignation. From north to south, civil and military conspirators draw up their secret plans and discuss in their mysterious haunts the possibility of an insurrection. The vast extent of these conspiracies naturally makes absolute secrecy difficult, and there is nothing surprising therefore in the fact that some clues have been discovered here and there by the Government, which is industriously trying to follow up those clues, though it certainly does not possess the necessary strength to crush the insurrectionary forces, even if the latter are discovered. The Republic is in the position of a man with his back to the wall and a loaded revolver in his hand. He knows that he is surrounded by enemies whom he can not see, and he knows that it makes little difference so far as the final result is concerned whether he discovers one or two or even a dozen of his unseen foes."

Of the general desire for a restoration this writer uses the following confident language:

"Two years have not yet elapsed since King Manuel left Lisbon; nevertheless the capital is already tired of the Provisional Government and would like to see its youthful Sovereign back again. The Republic has not come up to the general expectations, to the chimerical ideas that were formed of it among the lower classes, and suggested by mendacious demagogues. The common people were left, for example, under the impression that the new Government would not only solve the political problem, but would also resolve with miraculous suddenness the economic problem.

"This illusion did not last long. It was soon seen that so far as the economic question was concerned, there was little to distinguish the Republic from the Monarchy, excepting only the cynicism with which the latter went back on all its promises. The influential Republicans who seized various portfolios had had no previous experience of the work which they then took up and were quite incapable of settling the grave questions which account for the present misery of the country."

The blue and white flag of Portugal is again seen in the streets and people are cursing the Republic, as we are told in the followoing sentences:

"The people, properly so called, have received not one of the loaves or fishes. Beyond windy rhetoric and eloquent exhortations to self-abnegation, they have received nothing. For the resources of the State are not illimitable. There is not enough (especially here in Portugal) to satisfy all. This abandonment by the Republican leaders of their most solemn engagements, coupled with this administrative nepotism, has profoundly irritated the populace. All over the country they have broken out in strikes—it was the only kind of protest that was open to them. In some instances, at Setubal, for example, these strikes were stained by the blood of the strikers. And it would be a mistake to imagine that this industrial revolt was devoid of political significance. On the contrary, there were to be seen in the streets of Lisbon four laborers, clad in workmen's blouses, who waved the blue and white flag of the old regime. And in front of the Ministry of the Interior, in the faces of the cavalrymen who protected that building, and who made believe as if they were dispersing the mob by force, other strikers raised a unanimous shout of 'Death to the Republic!' ('Morra a Republica!')."

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER

Sometimes the formal correspondence of government secretaries is varied with a stroke of wit or an odd show of politeness. A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George III. It read, "His Gracious Majesty has been pleased to issue a new Commission, in which your name does not appear."

A sacristan of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the King of Prussia this note:

"Sire: I acquaint Your Majesty, first, that there are wanting Books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint Your Majesty, second, that there wants wood to warf the royal seats. I acquaint Your Majesty, third that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

"SCHMIDT
Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The reply of the king was as follows:

"I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

THE WORKERS

Their day is night, their lot severe,
Their boasted freedom, but to slave;
Their youth is age, their age a waste
Of blighted days; and then the grave.

A grave, perhaps, that no stone marks,
No font, no urn, no line of fame.
Living: their life was but a strife;
Dead: and they sleep without a name.

Dead, and their place is quickly filled.
Life's endless chain doth never yield;
The work goes on; one takes his post
By the shaft's mouth or in the field.

The work goes on, one woman weeps,
One woman who has ne'er known rest,
Weeps, but toils on, for who shall feed
The helpless babe upon her breast?

The work goes on, the daylight fades,
And drakness slips across the sky.
No peace is theirs, no rest from cares:
Another day is nigh again.

—John Law Dallam.

A GOOD REASON

My Mabel can not sing a note,
She writes no verses free,
She can not paint a little boat
Upon a waveless sea.

But friend, I bid you, do not pause
And say with knowing look:
"He loves his Mabel just because
She certainly can cook!"

it is not that she cooks, O no!
That wins her place so high—
I can and do love Mabel so
Because she doesn't try!

AERO-WORSHIP

Ere reckless mortals risked their necks
By vying with the swallow,
Admiring members of the sex
That's weak were wont to follow
My movements with an interest
That parents thought unseemly,
But which, if truth must be confessed,
Delighted me extremely.

They came in crowds to see me act,
Braved blizzards at the stage-door
(Oblivious of the painful fact
That I was middle-aged), or
Solicited an autograph
Or lock of hair to treasure—
A state of things my better half
Regarded with displeasure.

Alack! My fascination palls,
And they transfer their passion
To men in dingy overalls
Who pay scant heed to fashion.
No longer does the matinee
Allure, and I depend on
Mere man to patronize the play,
His sister goes to Hendon!

DEER DESTROYING THE CROPS

A large herd of deer, nearly four hundred in number, have been roaming over a small district in western Iowa and greatly damaging the farmers' crops in that locality. There is no open season for deer in Iowa, and the penalty for killing one is a fine of $100 and costs, so the animals appear to have the law on their side.

These deer are not from wild stock, but are the increase of a private herd that was collected by Wiliam Cuppy, a wealthy pioneer farmer living near the town of Avoca. Upon the death of Cuppy the estate was divided and the property was sold in small sections. The deer were forgotten, apparently, and, being allowed to wander as they pleased, gradually reverted to the wild state.

CANADIAN SOD HOUSES

The traveller in the Canadian provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta is astonished at the great number of sod houses which are scattered throughout the prairie farming district. These do not occur in the vicinity of the towns, but are out about ten miles or more. One might suppose that such rude structures were the result of poverty. On the contrary, the sod houses denote advancing prosperity.

When the homesteader takes up a section of that wonderful wheat land in Western Canada he plants his crop at the earliest possible moment in order that he may not miss a harvest. Often he is occupied to such an extent with these agricultural operations that he neglects his dwelling-house and hurriedly throws together a rude makeshift of sod. Even though it were desired to erect a frame- house this could be done only with great difficulty because of the scarcity of lumber. It is far better to live in temporary quarters until the railroad pushes out into that territory and brings the comforts of civilization. However, these sod houses are by no means uncomfortable, for they are wonderfully cool in summer and correspondingly warm in winter.

In Berlin a novel insurance scheme is being introduced, recommended by the Kaiser, having for its chief feature insurance against accidents to school children on their way to and from school. The policy covers all accidents to children within the walls of the schools, as well as on the playgrounds, as during lessons in physics and chemistry. The premium is 40 cents a year and in case of death a sum of 3,000 marks ($750) is paid to the parents, while total disability entitles the child to an amount of $1,500. For temporary disablement the company pays all doctors bills and 75 cents a day.

If a Chinese sailor rescues a drowning man, he is bound by Chinese law to keep him and feed him for the rest of his life.

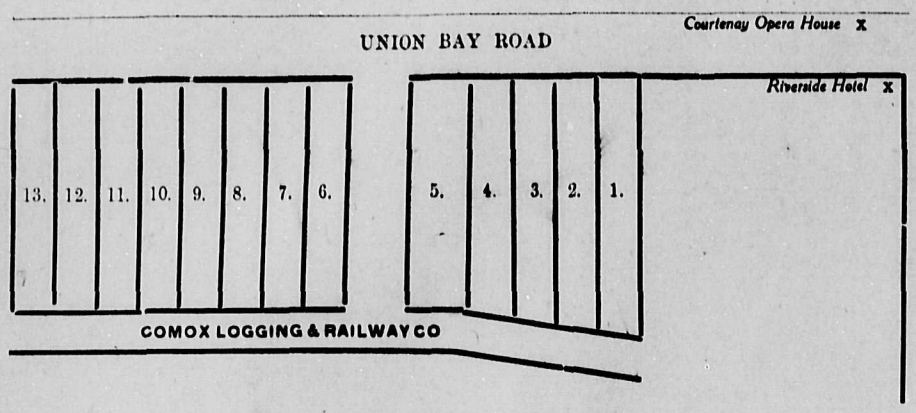
Over 200,000 seamen, of whom 128,000 are British and the remainder lascars and foreigners, are employed in British merchant vessels.

Each Dreadnought has a bakery, a barber's shop, a tailor's shop, a boot repairer's, a canteen, and a hospital holding about 60 patients, with two surgeons.

A new naval dock is to be constructed on the Clyde, and provision is to be made for the stationing of a battleship and a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers.

SOME FINE LOTS IN
COURTENAY
On The Road to Union Bay.

☞ LOOK AT THE SIZE AND LOCATION



PRICES

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

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

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

AT STUD
STANDARD & REGISTERED
KING ARNOLD
NO. 45712
WILL BE FOR SERVICE DURING THE SEASON
TERMS:-$25 TO INSURE, $10 AT TIME OF SERVICE, BALANCE WHEN MARE IS KNOWN TO BE IN FOAL.
APPLY: DAN. KILPATRICK.

THE People's TEA
is sold by
McPhee & Morrison
— GENERAL MERCHANTS —
Courtenay B.C.
at 40c Per lb.

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

A DOLLAR

SPENT AT HOME REACTS IN ITS BENEFITS WITH UNCEASING GENERAL PROFITS, SENT OUT OF TOWN ITS LIFE IS ENDED KEPT WITH THE HOME MERCHANTS IT IS A MESSENGER OF CONTINUOUS BENEFIT BUSINESS MEN SHOULD AWAKE TO THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING THIS DOLLAR AT HOME AND MAKE A BID FOR IT BY JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING

Mah Lee Laundry
P. O. BOX 294
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Near the Saw Mill

NOTICE.

All permits for burning are cancelled. No more issued until further notice.

J. W. GRIEVE,
District Fire Warden.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Public notice is hereby given, that on Saturday, August 5th. a poll shall be taken at the City Hall, Cumberland, B C. for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the owners of land to be included within the proposed extension of the city limits. Such poll shall be open from 9 a.m. until 7 p.m.

By order in Council dated July 22, 1911.

A McKINNON,
Returning Officer.
City Hall, Cumberland, B.C.,
Juld 25th. 1911.

FOR SALE—Forty-two acres of hay by acre or ton; if hauled by purchaser $20 per ton; if delivered by seller $22 per ton. Good Clover, and Timothy. Apply to Chiu Yeuk, Westwood Farm, Sandwick, B. C. jy-15

PUBLIC SERVICE ACT.

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

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

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

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

P. WALKER,
Registrar, Public Service
Victoria, B. C., 27th, 1911. ap27

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the reserve existing by reason of a notice published in the British Columbia Gazette of 27th December 1907, over a parcel of land situated on Read Island known as Lot No. 452 Sayward District, formerly covered by Timber License No. 36862 which License expired on the 20th November 1909 is cancelled, and the said lands will be opened to location by pre-emption only at midnight on Friday 15th October 1911.

ROBT. A. RENWICK.
Deputy Minister of Lands.
Department of Lands,
Victoria, B. C., 5th July 1911.
jy15-3m

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

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for School-house, Denman Island," will be received by the Honourable the Minister of Public Works up to noon of Thursday, the 10th. day of August, 1911, for the erection and completion of a large one-room frame school-house at Denman Island in the Comox Electoral District.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 17th. day of July, 1911, at the office of the Government Agent, Cumberland, B. C.; Geo. Dalziel, Esq., Secretary of the School Board, Denman Island; and at the Department of Public Works Victoria.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $250, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenders will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J.E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.
Department, of Public Works
Victoria B.C.
14th. July, 1911. Jy. 15-Aug. 10

TO THE FARMERS OF COMOX DISTRICT.

The Pilsener Brewing Company, of Cumberland, has a quantity of grains to dispose of weekly, and would like tenders for the same. Apply to the Sec'y.

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

FOR SALE—Three excellent business locations on Dunsmuir Avenue.
Apply Mrs. A. Jones.

We are prepared to sell acreage large or small tracts, on the Harry Martin ranch, one mile south of Courtenay on the Cumberland road. D. Martin, Bruce Towler, Courtenay, B. C.

MAGNET CASH STORE

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Furniture
Wallpaper
Crockery
Etc., etc.

A nice line of Iron Bedsteads
$4. to $40.
just arrived

T. E. BATE.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF BUYING A
SEWING : MACHINE
BUY A SINGER
The BEST Machine on the Market and sold on EASY TEMRS .....
JEPSON BROS., District Agents, Nanaimo, B. C.
C. Segrave, Local Representative, Cumberland, B. C.

Capital $6,200,000 Reserve $7,000,000
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
Drafts issued in any currency, payable all over the world
SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, and interest at highest current rates allowed on deposits of $1 and upwards
CUMBERLAND, B.C., Branch— — — OPEN DAILY
UNION WHARF, B.C., Sub Branch—OPEN THURSDAYS
H. F. Montgomery, Manager
COURTENAY, B. C. BRANCH OPEN DAILY
R. E. Culbert, Manager.

When You Want a HIGH GRADE
PIANO, PLAYER PIANO, ORGAN or GRAPHOPHONE,
IT WILL PAY YOU TO GET OUP PRICES.
We carry the Largest and Best Selected Stock on the Island.
FLETCHER BROS.
The Music House NANAIMO, B.C
T. E. BATE LOCAL AGENT, Cumberland

THE NEW ENGLAND HOTEL
JAMES WALTERS,
PROPRIETOR
THE POOREST OF WINES, LIQUOR & BEER
ALSO THE BEST OF CIGARS.
DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

OUR $20 SUITS
Are made by the same tailors who make the ones at $25 $30, and $35. You will get as good tailoring as in the higher-priced ones. Also bear in mind we are the firm who guarantee a perfect fit or refund your money.
WE ARE SHOWING SOME SPLENDID QUALITIES IN THE CHEVIOTS AND WORSTEDS.
Made to Measure at $20.
UNION BAY CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY
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