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ON VIEW AT
CAMPBELL BROS.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
DEC 23 1912
VICTORIA, B.C.

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MOTION TO EXPEL BICKLE FALLS FLAT

Some of the Aldermen Object to Islander's Report of Council Proceedings.

The City Council held its regular meeting in the Council Chamber Monday night with Mayor J N. McLeod, Aldermen Willard, Banks, Campbell, Cessford and Beveridge present. Even this meeting had its troubled waters when Alderman Beveridge addressed His Worship the Mayor, his very appearance indicating that he was offended at the reports of the proceedings of the City Council appearing from time to time in the ISLANDER.

TheCity Clerk read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were adopted as read without any comment.

There being no communications the following accounts were referred to the Finance Committee and ordered paid if found correct:

Tommy's Bicycle Shop	$1.50
A. B. Crawford	5.25
Simon Leiser and Co.	4.50
	$11.25

John R. Gray handed in his report showing his collections for the month of November, which were received and filed.

Scavenger Fees	$94.50
City Hall Rent	40.00
Police Court Fines	13.00
Pilsener Brewery	5.00
	$152.50

Ald. Beveridge, being a member of the committee to interview Chief Constable Stephenson to ascertain if it was possible to get the special police removed, reported that they had seen the chief who informed them that under present conditions it was impossible to remove any police. The silence that was maintained after Ald. Beveridge had finished his report indicated that it was only what the majority of the Council expected.

Ald. Willard, a member of the committee on sidewalks, said they had interviewed Mr. R. H. Travers, the contractor, concerning the faulty places in the concrete pavement complained of, who promised to repair such places that may arise in the spring. Ald. Willard explained that Mr. Travers had been fully paid all but one hundred dollars, and this the Council was holding until he repaired the imperfect spots on the sidewalk.

Under the heading of new business Ald. Beveridge addressed His Worship the Mayor and said he would like to make a motion that Mr. E. W. Bickle, the reporter of the ISLANDER, be expelled and not allowed to report the proceedings of the council meetings. To use Ald. Beveridge's words, and to show the ridiculousness of the request, he said: "He (Bickle) caused dissension with the government and the company, misrepresented the council, and was damaging the town at the same time.". After this ordeal Ald. Beveridge resumed his seat at the council table, which he had honored(?) by his presence in making such a motion, and proved clearly his prejudice and malice of heart towards Mr. E. W. Bickle.

The reporter complained of, who was present. rose innocently and quietly to ask permission to make a statement in his own defence when Ald. Beveridge rose abruptly and in no mild tone said: "I beg to move, your Worship, that gentleman (referring to Bickle) be not allowed to speak." There was a lull in the proceeding, some of the aldermen seemingly surprised at the absurdity of the motion.

Ald. Willard, at this point seemed to take pity on the reporter seeing that he was not allowed to appear on his own behalf, said the proceedings of the Council had been reported as they happened.

Ald. Beveridge then seemed to have only one objection to the proceedings of the Council as reported in the ISLANDER and that was to the last sentence, in the issue of the 7th inst., where the ISLANDER stated that the Council meeting held on the 2nd inst. was the most sensational meeting held during the Council's term of office.

The Mayor said there would have to be a charge laid against Bickle before the Council could deal with the motion. This Ald. Beveridge was not prepared to do.

Ald. Willard said if Ald. Beveridge had any charge to lay against Mr. Bickle let him reduce it to writing and give Mr. Bickle a chance to defend himself.

Ald. Campbell said he thought tnere was a good deal of truth in what Ald. Beveridge had said. He did not think the last meeting was sensational, at any rate we should not try to create that impression. The Press should be allowed to attend the Council meetings and report. If these reports be not true they should be censured. He then moved that the reporters be asked to be as accurate as they can in future. This was seconded by Ald. Cessford without any comment and carried. This ended another piece of sensational procedure on the part of Ald. Beveridge.

Messrs. Marrochi, Mussatto and Scaravdo, wholesale liquor dealers, appeared before the Council and asked that the cost of their licence be reduced. The applicants explained that with the commencement of 1913 they would be called upon to pay a provincial licence which, with the city licence, would make the total cost of the licence per annum six hundred dollars.

The Mayor advised them to interview the next council and lay their complaint before them in writing.

Ald. Banks suggested they petition the council, who would consider their request.

The Chairman of the Board of Works being absent from the city that committee had no report to hand in concerning street crossing. The Mayor thought a few men should be hired and complete the crossings, seeing the lumber was on the ground.

Ald. Banks reported on behalf of the Lighting Committee. Mr. Winningham, who was present, explained the additional cost of four arc lights. After considerable discussion Ald. Willard moved that the report of the Light Committee be laid over until the next Council, which was carried.

John McAllister, of the U. M. W. of A., asked the Council to give them a donation to buy Christmas presents for the children.

Ald. Banks said: Your Worship we have no money to do anything with. It may be all very well to give a donation, but you cannot give what you have not got.

Ald. Campbell said it was not not very long ago $100 was paid out for sports. They should try and do something.

Ald. Willard remarked they had no surplus money, and he did not see how the Council would be justified.

Ald. Campbell: Then let the aldermen contribute.

Ald. Willard: I am willing to contribute my share with any of the aldermen.

The Mayor: We are trying to handle money that we have not got. We don't want to make ourselves big with the next council's money.

Ald. Beveridge said: You would think it was $1000 the U.M.W. of A. was asking for. If I was not in the strike I would move that the Council vote $25 for the kids.

Its no use giving a cheque for money that is not in the bank.

Ald. Beveridge moved, Ald. Banks seconded, that the gentleman who made the request call upon the men whom he thinks he is most likely to get it from.

This saw the end of another session.

ENJOYABLE CONCERT HELD

Grace Methodist Church Scene of Merry Gathering on Tuesday Evening.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the congregation and friends in Grace Methodist Church last Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid. The banquet provided by the ladies was well up to the high standard of former years. While the tables were being cleared some twenty of the guests engaged iu a competitive trip to Klondyke for a bag of golden nuggets. Across the seas and over the mountains—down aisles and across pews—they rushed, only to find when gasping for breath that Mr. Hughes had arrived before them and carried off the prize.

The evening closed with a delightful programme of solos, quartettes, etc., agreeably interspersed with recitations which added to the general happiness of the evening by some local hits. The programme was as follows:

Ouartette, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," Messrs. MacDougall, Alexander, Robinson and Hughes.

Recitation, "Entertaining Her Big Sister's Beau," Miss Ruth Haywood.

Song, "Loch Lomond," Mr. Falcus.

Recitation, "The Ruined Merchant," Miss Edith Bickle.

Song, "My Rosary," Mr. A. J. Hughes.

Song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Mr. Falcus.

Recitation, "An Esthetic House keeper," Mrs. Ashcroft.

Trio, "Genevieve," Miss Louisa Bickle, Messrs. A. J. Hughes and Falcus.

Song. "O Happy Childhood," Miss Louisa Bickle.

Recitation, "The Student in the Tunnel," Miss M. E. Haywood.

Song, "Always I Will Love Thee," Mr. Barrant.

A number of encores were called, notably Miss L. Bickle and Mrs. Ashcroft, and Messrs. A. J. Hughes, Falcus and Barrant.

At the close of the musical programme Mr. Dewlett, on behalf of his comrades expressed their appreciation of the reception accorded them by the citizens of Camberland and his very pleasant surprise at the neat appearance of the homes of the town as contrasted with the coal towns of the Old Land whence he had come. The trick with the hat and coat which he performed at the close of his remarke left the chairman to realize that speaker had scored at his expense.

A motion of thanks to the visiting friends who had so generously assisted was proposed by Mr, J. Newton, and carried with enthusiastic applause. The assistance of Miss Frame as accompanist was much appreciated. The proceeds of the evening netted a little over fifty dollars.

HOTEL BARS RE-OPEN ON TUESDAY MORNING

The License Commissioners held their meeting in the Council Chambers Monday evening, as arranged the Thursday previous. Present: His Worship the Mayor and Commissioner Cessford.

Chief Constable Stephenson explained the trouble at the Vendome Hotel.

Mr. R. S. Robertson, proprietor, who was present, explained his side of the case, and put in an application for a transfer of the license from himself to Robert McNeil.

The City Clerk having read the application the Mayor stated he had known the applicant for a number of years and Mr. McNeil always carried a good reputation. He thought the wisest course to pursue would be to grant the transfer.

Commissioner Cessford, in moving that a temporary permit be granted to Robert McNeil to carry on the business of the Vendome Hotel until the next regular meeting of Licensing Board, said he had known the applicant for twenty years and saw no reason why a permit should not be granted. The motion carried.

Victor Trelona and Joe Demonte made application for bartender license. The Board granted their request without any discussion.

The City Clerk informed the Board that the permits granted the New England and Vendome Hotel, while under repairs to satisfy the demands of the Licensing Board, expired on the 11th inst. On motion these permits were extended until ths 1st of January. The Vendome permit extending on to the next regular meeting, the New England then receiving its regular licence.

Chief Constable Stephenson then addressed the Board and said now that the town had assumed an aspect of peace he thought the bars might be opened under certain conditions, and that was: he would like the privilege of closing up any of the bars at a moment's notice and immediately report such closing to the Licensing Board giving them the facts. He did not expect any trouble but he asked the privilege as a precaution. The Board thought that the Chief's request was a reasonable one and granted it. It was also moved and carried that the motion suspending the liquor licences some time ago be rescinded and the bars allowed to re-open on Tuesday morning at seven o'clock.

THE SITUATION FROM NANAIMO MAN'S VIEW

We take the liberty of publishing the communication addressed to the editor of the Nanaimo Free Press and signed "Nanaimo Citizen," in which the writer seems to have sized up the situation from a reasonable standpoint, although he does reside some seventy miles from Cumberland, and he realizes who has made the mistake. The article appeared in the Nanaimo Free Press of December 13th and is as follows:

Editor Free Press:—After reading the notice published in this morning's Herald that a committee of the U.M.W. of A. would take up a collection for the miners of Ladysmith and Cumberland, in this city, the following questions occurred to me, the answers to which will enable the citizens of Nanaimo to determine to what extent, if any, they should respond to that appeal. 1. Why should we be asked to contribute? 2. Is it not a fact that the miners in these places are drawing strike pay? 3. If not, why are they not? 4. If they are, does it mean that the amount being distributed is not sufficient to keep them and their families? 5. If so, what would the condition of affairs have been if the Union leaders had succeeded in dragging the Nanaimo miners out?

If the above questions are answered in a satisfactory manner and I am waited upon by a committee of local miners whose standing in the community will be an evidence that the miners and their families living in the two neighboring cities are in need of assistance, I will do my part, but I will not give one cent to the officials of the Union, who are, in my opinion, entirely to blame for the present condition of affairs, and through whose stupidity the people of Ladysmith and Cumberland are now suffering, and will suffer for months after this trouble is settled, a trouble which should never have occurred. It is a well known fact that a very large number of people affected realized long ago that a blunder had been committed, and would gladly have returned to work but for the dread of being called 'scabs.' My sympathies are entirely with the people and against the leaders.

OUTPUT STILL MAINTAINED

Mr. Foster, Nanaimo, questions Statement of Local Press Regarding Output.

Press reports say that the U. M.W. of A. held a meeting in the Nanaimo Opera House last Sunday evening, at which Mr. Geo. Foster of the Nanaimo Local Organisation, is reported as saying "that the figures appearing in the local newspapers concerning the output at the Cumberland mines were erroneous, the daily working only amounting to 500 tons."

Regarding Mr. Foster's statement THE ISLANDER is prepared to donate the sum of $250 to the Comox and Union District Hospital if the report of the output of the Canadian Collieries at this point as published by THE ISLANDER from week to week is incorrect or erroneous, as he states, and we say that the average daily output at the local mines has been over a thousand tons per day for some time now, and if there are only four or five scows leaving Union Bay, as reported, these scows must have the carrying capacity of an Atlantic liner.

The following is the output of the local mines for the week ending December 20th, 1912:

Saturday, Dec.	14	926 tons
Monday, "	16	1074
Tuesday, "	17	1105
Wednesday, "	18	1087
Thursday, "	19	1223
Friday, "	20	1077
Tototal		6492

The general delivery wicket at the postoffice will be open from 10 to 11 a.m. only on Christmas Day. Mail arriving Wednesday evening will be assorted Thursday morning.

Services will be held in Holy Trinity Church on Christmas Day at 11 a.m., and at St. Peter's, Comox, at 3 p.m. Francis Vey, Priest-in-charge.

The year is fast dying out and the books will be shut from which no "erasure" can be made, nor any "interlination" added.

LOCAL ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Mrs. W. E. Lawrence has returned home from her visit to California.

WANTED—A butcher. Apply to Island Supply Co., Cumberland, B.C,

The only police court news this week is one drunk and disorderly. He was fined $5 and costs.

Charles Trawford, Sheriff for the County of Nanaimo, visited Cumberland on Wednesday in his official capacity.

H. R. Hickling, representing the Geo. A. Fletcher Music Co., of Nanaimo, arrived by Wednesday evening's train.

The main estimates for the Dominion will be presented to parliament as soon as the House resumes after the Xmas recess.

There is at the railway station consigned to Mr. J, H. McMillan mine manager, a large upright grand piano. Something doing, if not already done.

W. E. Lawrence, of the Big Store, if he will accept the office of school trustee at the coming civic elections, will be the right man in the right place.

THE ISLANDER has recently installed additional machinery and type, which makes it the most up-to-date job printing office north of Nanaimo. No job too small or too large for THE ISLANDER, and artistic work is a specialty.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce is opening a branch of that institution at Conrtenay within the next few weeks. Manager W.T. White informs us that an office will be opened early in the New Year in the Shannon Building on Union street to serve as temporary quarters until the bank erects a permanent structure.

The public schools closed for Christmas vacation on Thursday last. The pupils before taking their leave had decorated their rooms with evergreens and pictures of the expected Santa Claus, who it is to be hoped will bring them lots of good things. They held their usual concert of songs, and recitations and left to enjoy Christmas.

We have read a communication addressed to the editor of the Vancouver World by Percy K. Winch, of Victoria, B.C., and published in that paper, on the coal strike. To a man who understands the circumstances it shows how little Mr. Winch knows about the situation. He is as far away from the truth as midday is from midnight.

It is generally understood that Mayor McLeod has declined to stand for another term of office at the coming municipal election. With that understanding the name of Thos. E. Bate is being freely mentioned as the coming candidate for the office of mayor. If he consents to run it is expected he will be elected by acclamation and be satisfactory to all parties concerned.

The sum of fifteen thousand dollars has been promised for the Nanaimo publicity fund, with only one-third of the citizens approached. The money is to be paid in monthly instalments extending over a period of two years. The committee soliciting for funds expects to raise the $25,000 set out for. But what would have been the result of their efforts if the Nanaimo miners had taken the advice tendered them by the officials of the U.M.W. of A.

Treacher's Christmas Turkey

MR. Joseph Treacher fixed his silk hat firmly on his head, turned up the collar of his overcoat, and then opening the door, took his umbrella from the stand and gloomily surveyed the scene outside.

The path down to the gate lay thick with snow, the three sets of footmarks —those of the milkman, the postman, and the paper boy—were being rapidly obliterated, and the condition of the road beyond the snow-covered privet hedge would certainly have aroused enthusiasm in the heart of a schoolboy; but it brought about an entirely different feeling in the breast of the portly, middle-aged city merchant about to venture on the mile and a half walk to the station.

"Joseph!"

The voice was that of his wife. Mrs. Treacher was seated over the fire in the dining-room with the morning paper spread out before her.

"Yes, dear!" said Mr. Treacher, choking down the remark he had been about to make.

"Make haste and shut the door, and don't forget the turkey—a plump bird of about fourteen pounds. Go to Hamson's and——"

As Mr. Treacher had heard the necessary virtues of the bird he was to purchase in the city about a dozen times within the last twenty-four hours, he saw no necessity to listen further, so he obeyed his wife's first behest, and closed the front door behind him.

The walk to the station proved to be even worse than he had been gloomily picturing it since rising that morning; he found that the snow, *threatening* overnight, had done its work well, and succeeded in making this Christmas Eve bear a marked resemblance to the pictures in the Christmas numbers that decorated the bookstall at the railway terminus.

"The pleasures of living in the country!" ejaculated Mr. Treacher, after extricating himself from a cunningly-concealed ditch and groping for his umbrella. "Bah! I was a fool to move from Kensington. In a civilized place the snow is cleared away before respectable people have to get about. Confound it all, I shall miss that wretched train unless I run!"

Mr. Treacher lived twenty miles out of London, in the little Surrey village of Coulsford, or, to be more correct, in a pretty little villa on a newly-opened estate, a mile and a half from the village and station. He had lived there for two years, and save on Saturdays and the three weeks' vacation that he permitted himself in the summer, had caught the 9.40 each morning, with a machine-like regularity. There was an earlier train, just berore nine, which *conveyed humbler folk to their offices*, but the train after the 9.40 was a slow one, at half-past eleven, and it took the best part of an hour to do the journey.

He broke into an awkward run, the snow got into his boots, and playfully trickled down his neck; his breath, with the unusual exercise and the lurid summing-up of the situation, came in short, panting gasps, but he arrived on the up *platform at the same moment as the* London Express, and the stationmaster bundled him into a first-class smoking carriage.

"Seasonable weather be hanged, sir!" the only other occupant of the carriage.

"Seasonable weather be hanger, sir!" cried Mr. Treacher, as he felt a little stream of melted snow running down his back, and wriggled wrathfully in his seat. "Seasonable weather be——"

The stranger buried himself in his paper, whilst Mr. Treacher continued his remarks about the weather, the gross neglect of the Rural District Council, the sinfulness of ditches that allowed themselves to be disguised into traps for the unwary, and the ultimate fate of house-agents, whose glowing adver*tisements led men, unqualified for the* occupation of Polar explorers, to come and live in the country.

Then, having exhausted himself, Mr. Treacher, feeling cold and damp, sat back and gloomily regarded the great stretches of white country and the dull, leaden sky.

But when the train, nearly a quarter of an hour late, glided into the London terminus, Mr. Treacher pulled himself together. Men who knew him well declared that he had three distinct personalities; at home he was terribly afraid of his strong-minded wife, and was a meek little man, on the journey to and from London he was in the chrysalis stage, and in the city he was a martinet. It would have been the greatest joy in some of his clerks' lives to have seen their employer in his home-life.

On this Christmas Eve morning, Mr. Treacher paid an unusual visit to the refreshment bar, had a brandy and soda, to combat the evil effects of the snow, lit a cigar, and, in a far happier frame of mind, walked rapidly along the snow cleared pavements to his offices in Bish*opsgate Street.*

There was to be little work done that day, and at one o'clock Mr. Treacher came out of his private office to go to lunch, announced to the head clerk that he would not return, and that the staff were at liberty to leave, and then, with a casual "Merry Christmas," he strode out and made his way to his favorite restaurant, and ate a good lunch.

Then came the business of buying the turkey.

From the time of their marriage, some ten years ago, Mrs. Treacher had declared always that a man who was in London almost every day, must by nature be a good shopper, and in consequence Mr. Treacher had become a sort of common carrier. He did not *appreciate the honor*, and time after time had been tempted to do something that would lose him his proud title, but at the last moment his courage had failed, and therefore this Christmas, as in years gone by, he had to buy the bird that was to provide the feast for his wife, and himself, and two brothers-in-law who were to spend the next day with them.

He made for Leadenhall Market, anxious to get his shopping done and to be free to catch the 3.10 train. The dealer whom he usually patronized came eagerly forward.

"I want a turkey," said Mr. Treacher. "It must be——"

He checked himself from repeating his wife's definition of what a turkey should be. "It must be a good bird, about fourteen pounds."

"I've got the very thing for you, a beautiful bird this; fifteen pounds, sir; and you can have it for the same number of shillings."

Mr. Treacher gingerly poked its breast.

"Grand bird, sir," said the salesman; "came from a farm in Norfolk, only yesterday."

"All right," said Mr. Treacher, "I'll take it; put it in a bag, and hurry up, please."

He fidgeted whilst the man put the bird into a mat basket, paid for it, and then walked rapidly towards the station.

It was when he was half-way up the station approach, with five minutes in which to catch the train, that Mr. *Treacher suddenly remembered to buy* his tobacco. A Christmas without tobacco would be torture; but there was only a small shop in the village, and that did not stock his favorite mixture.

There was but one thing for it; he must miss the 3.10 and go home by the four o'clock. Muttering un-Christmas-like remarks, he turned about, and went out into the snow and slush again.

*A quarter of an hour later he return*ed to find that the 3.10 had been a quarter of an hour late in starting, owing to the heavy Christmas traffic, and that he had only missed it by half a minute.

After speaking eloquently to the ticket-collector for some few minutes, he returned wrathfully away and ran into the arms of Reynolds, the junior partner of a firm with which he did a good deal of business.

"Hullo, old man!" cried his friend, joyfully. "Came up for a slack time today, and have been kept hard at it over a dispute with an inhuman wretch who has no respect for this festive season. Come and have a drink."

Mr. Treacher assented eagerly; he was a very temperate man, but he felt that he needed something after his tramp through the snow and his heated argument with the ticket-collector. Besides, Reynolds was an influential young fellow, a man to keep in with.

Treacher had plenty of time, and he talked business with young Reynolds, who seemed in no hurry to catch the local train for Sydenham, where he lived with his father.

He wished his young friend all the joys of the festive season outside the barrier of the local platform, and then hurried along to the main-line platform, from which his own train departed.

To the surprise of everyone, the four o'clock train backed alongside the platform at one minute to four, and the officials, rapidly recovering from their amazement, decided to give a similar shock to their colleagues farther down the line by getting the train off on time and hustled the passengers into their seats.

Mr. Treacher, muttering "Coulsford" several times in a somewhat excited voice to an inspector, who pleasantly demanded to know where he wished to go, got into a first-class smoker.

He sank into a corner seat, and beamed genially upon the other three occupants of the carriage, then withdrew a cigar from his case, lit it, and puffed out a cloud of smoke, feeling at peace with mankind.

"Right away!"

A whistle shrilled out, a green flag fluttered at either end of the train, and it began to glide from the platform.

Then Mr. Treacher's eye fell upon a turkey peacefully reposing upon the rack above a gentleman in the opposite corner, who, with his heal sunk on his breast, was slumbering.

He glanced quickly up to see if his bird were over his head, paled slightly, and looked at the seat beside him. But there was no turkey in the rack or upon the seat. Then, with a shock that caused him to drop his cigar to the floor and made him start to his feet, he realized that he must have left the bird in the refreshment room.

He let down the window, allowing a quantity of cold air and snow to come into the carriage, and fumbled for the handle of the door.

But even as he fumbled, the train drew clear of the platform, and a pair of strong arms pulled him back into the centre of the carriage.

"Let me go, you fool," he panted. "I've left my turkey behind!"

The elderly gentleman who was clasping him affectionately around the waist explained brutally that, whilst in the ordinary way he had no interest whatever in Mr. Treacher's life, he was de*termined not to be summoned* as a witness at an inquest at Christmas time, and therefore he would have to go turkey-less, at all events, so far as the next stopping-place.

By this time the train had got up a good speed, and Mr. Treacher was allowed his freedom. He picked up his cigar and sat back in his seat, glaring at his preserver, trying to think of some *causic remark*, but, instead, thinking how he would dare face his wife without the turkey.

What excuse could he make? To admit he had left the bird on a stool in a refreshment-room would be madness. His head thoroughly cleared now, he racked his brains to think of some plausible story, but without success. He knew that Mrs. Treacher was a keen cross-examiner, and that it would be easier to deceive the cleverest counsel at the Bar than his wife.

But what could he do?

The train began to slow down for the first stop at a semi-country station about twelve miles out. For a moment he thought of alighting and going back to town, but he felt certain that the turkey would have vanished, and a late return would mean almost as much trouble as to go home birdless.

The man who had prevented him alighted, and whilst Mr. Treacher was debating as to whether he should follow his example, and try to buy another turkey in the small town, the train started again on its way to Maythorpe, the station before Coulsford.

Then Mr. Treacher, staring gloomily around, rested his eye on the gentleman who was sleeping peacefully and who had a fine-looking turkey in a basket above his head.

Mr. Treacher decided regretfully that he must have been keeping Christmas already, and that he was likely to leave the bird behind, or drop it by the wayside.

To Mr. Treacher the loss of his turkey was a tragedy.

He leant across the carriage and prodded the sleeping man with the point of his umbrella.

The gentleman opened his eyes and stared blinkingly at him.

"I'll buy your turkey," said Mr. Treacher.

The sleeping man informed him, in a voice with a good deal of anger in it, that he wasn't a poulterer and had no intention of starting in the business to oblige any madman that he met casually in the train. He further informed Mr. Treacher that if he again put his umbrella anywhere in his direc*tion, he (Mr. Treacher) would have no* appetite for turkey or anything else on the next day.

"I'll give you a sovereign for it," said Mr. Treacher desperately.

"You're intoxicated," said the sleepy man with dignity, and composed himself to slumber again.

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

(By Margaret C. Hays) (Drawn by Rose O'Neill)

What funny people my folks are!
Theyse got a great big tree,
And filled it up, from top to toe,
With glitt'ry things for me.
It makes me laugh to see how bright
That big tree is, with balls and light.
(If they don't give me those balls by-m-by,
I'm goin' to cry—an' cry—an' cry.)
Jus' now I'm being played with.—Oh,
Such lots of things that please me so!—
A funny man 'at dances gay.
"Pull this string, Baby dear," 'ey say.

But I jus' laugh an' crow an' see
The children dance my toys for me.
I sit all warm on mother's lap,——
An' when I'm pleased, my hands I clap.
My little sisters laugh an' sing,
"See, Baby, see this pretty thing!"
My little brothers bring me toys—
They're pretty nice,—those little boys.
Ise had my nap an' bath an' milk,
So *now Life seems as fine as silk:*
(If I don't get those balls, though, by-m-by,
Ise goin' to cry—an' cry—an' cry.)

Mr. Treacher flushed angrily, but felt too miserable to attempt any retort, and sat back, staring enviously at the bird on the rack. A dishonest man, he told himself, could easily make off with the turkey at the next station. It was fortunate for the sleepy man that he was travelling with Mr. Joseph Treacher, of Treacher & Nield, shipping merchants; otherwise——

"No," said Mr. Treacher, firmly, as an idea leaped into his mind.

"No," he repeated less firmly a few seconds later, *as he stared longingly* at the mat basket on the rack, just such another bag as he had carried proudly from Leadenhall Market.

Suddenly he tore a leaf out of his pocketbook.

"I am leaving a sovereign to pay for the bird," he wrote; and then, wrapping the coin in the paper, he placed it in the stranger's upturned silk *hat that stood* on the seat beside him.

"I must get out at Maythorpe," he muttered, as he took the bird down from the rack, and, buttoning up his overcoat, stood ready to alight, dreading that the grinding of the brakes would wake his sleeping victim.

"Maythorpe!"

The solitary porter on duty shouted the name loudly as the train came to a stop alongside the snow-covered and ill-lighted platform, and Mr. Treacher cursed him beneath his breath as he jumped quickly out and gently closed the door.

The stranger slept on, and Mr. Treacher, who had only once or twice used this station before, saw the red lights of the train disappear into the darkness as he unbuttoned his coat to show an officious porter his season ticket.

Then, with umbrella in one hand and the mat basket in the other, he set off triumphantly for home.

True, the walk was rather over a mile more than if he had gone to Coulsford, and the roads, if anything, worse; but he did not care—he had his turkey.

He stumbled along manfully for nearly a couple of miles, and, seeing no *signs of habitation, began to think he* had lost his way. Then to his joy he espied the village constable going his rounds, and discovered that he was on the right road, and within half a mile of his residence.

The constable wished him a "Merry Christmas," and received half-a-crown, and then Mr. Treacher joyfully resumed his tramp.

Only half a mile more, then a cheery fire, something hot to keep away a possible chill, the turkey to give his wife, together with the excuse of trains being late to account for his tardy arrival home.

Then the look of joy left Mr. Treacher's face, and he stood in the middle of the dark road, white and trembling.

What a fool he had been to speak to that policeman!

Regardless of the snow that swirled and eddied around him, he stood there thinking over the desperate situation, and slowly realizing that, instead of doing all in his power to avoid detection, he had done everything to put the police on his track.

By getting out at Maythorpe, he had had to show his season-ticket; the porter may or may not have noticed his name, and *would certainly be able to* describe him. Then the constable knew him, and had met him carrying the turkey on the road from Maythorpe station to his house.

Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he slowly resumed his walk. Suppose at Coulsford or at the next station the man gave notice of the robbery, he might be arrested that *night. The stranger might even deny* that he had left a sovereign.

Christmas in jail!

Mr. Treacher told himself that he was about twenty different varieties of a fool, but it afforded him no consolation. The lights of the dozen or so villas, of which his was one, cheered him but little, though he schooled himself to show no agitation before his wife. It was possible that the man would prefer the sovereign to the turkey; he might feel that to prosecute a respectable, middle-aged city man would make him look like a fool, as it would the accused.

But the suspense was terrible.

"You're late, Joseph," said Mrs. Treacher, as he entered the snug dining-room, and laid the turkey on the table. "But I see you've got the turkey. What is its weight?"

"Fif——" Mr. Treacher checked himself, remembering that he had no idea of the weight of the bird belonging to his victim, save that it had seemed very heavy on the long tramp from the station. "I—er—think—er—it's about what you said, my dear."

"I trust it is," said his wife, shortly, and bore the bird off to the kitchen to be weighed.

"It's a very fair turkey," she said on her return, which caused Mr. Treacher to start guiltily from his gloomy contemplation of the fire; "it weighs exactly fifteen pounds."

"That's strange!" murmured Mr. Treacher—"that is," he added hastily —"it's funny I should have got such a good bird at about the size you wanted. I mean——"

"Joseph," said his wife, severely, "I don't believe you know what you do mean."

All the evening Mr. Treacher started guiltily when a knock or ring came to the door. Each moment he expected to see the portly village constable enter his sitting-room.

Two neighbors came for a game of whist, and he lost what little reputation he had possessed as a player.

Christmas Day and Boxing Day were certainly not merry for Mr. Treacher. Each mouthful he took of the stolen bird almost choked him. He pictured himself in the dock, heard the magistrate saying that the act must have been committetd as a drunken freak, and fining him heavily as a warning.

Oh, how his friends would chaff him. Coulsford would be an impossible place to reside in. His partner, already far too pushing, would take a still more prominent position.

On Boxing Night he was so miserable at the thought of the morrow that he sat up late with his two brothers-in-law, dreading to go to bed and dream of disgrace.

. . . . . .

Mr. Treacher awoke the next morning with a foreboding of ill to come. It was possible that the police might have postponed action until after the holidays, or that the victim of the robbery had not yet set them on his track.

In his misery he scarcely heard the opinions of Mrs. Treacher on his behavior in retiring so late on the previous night. He realized vaguely that he was being compared to all the criminals of recent years, greatly to the advantage of the latter.

The road to the station was, if possible, worse that when Mr. Treacher had stumbled along it on the morning of Christmas Eve, for a thaw had set in the previous day, and he had to wade through a lane of brownish white slush, that defied any ordinary boots to deny its admittance. But Mr. Treacher had no heart to be angry. Mechanically he tipped the beaming and attentive railway servants, and then stood on the platform, lost in thought, waiting for the London train, rejoiced to find that none of the men he knew were travelling by it.

The train came in sharp to time, for there was little traffic that day, and Mr. Treacher entered the first first-class smoking compartment he came to.

"—— but mind, you chaps, you mustn't let it go any farther, or I should be the laughing-stock of the place."

Mr. Treacher sat as one turned to stone.

A man sitting next but one to him was leaning forward and talking to two others, evidently friends—and the man was the man from whom he had stolen the turkey!

With trembling hands he held up his *newspaper in front of him*, and listened eagerly to what his victim had to say.

"Rummiest thing going," he went on. "I had a pretty busy time on Christmas Eve; started early in the morning, and felt tired out by lunch-time, and I had only just time to get a drink in the refreshment-room before catching the train. Now, my wife had *asked me to get a turkey in town, so* knowing that my memory's rotten, I bought it early and sent my office-boy down with it; but, hang me, if I didn't forget all about it. As I finished my drink, I saw a turkey on a stool beside me, and picked it up and walked off with it, thinking it was my own."

"Awkward for the other chap!" said one of the men.

"Rotten. I wish I could find him and explain; but, listen, here comes the joke. In the train a fussy little chap offered me a sovereign for the bird!"

A roar of laughter came from the other men. Mr Treacher's face became crimson, his eyes were staring from his head, and he seemed on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"I was half asleep and I don't know what I said to him; but, of course, at the time, I thought the turkey was mine, so I choked him off, and must have gone to sleep again. Anyhow, just before we got to our station I woke up, and when I looked for the turkey it was gone, but in my hat was a sovereign done up in this piece of paper."

He passed the paper around.

Mr. Treacher, deeply interested in the leading article, had the newspaper spread upside down in front of him. He had stolen his own bird; he had paid a sovereign to obtain it from the man who had no right to it; he had spoilt his Christmas day——

The paper was read with amusement by the two men, and then passed back.

"I tell you the shock woke me up thoroughly, and when I got home and found that my boy had brought the turkey I had ordered down all right, I was beastly worried. I'd done some poor brute out of his Christmas dinner, and stood a good chance of being run in or something unpleasant, but there was nothing to be done. I'm going into the refreshment-room to see if the chap left his name. Probably he'll call in today, and they'll take his name and address, and let me know. I can't remember what the wretched little scoundrel who pinched the bird was like so I can't hand him the balance if there's any due."

Mr. Treacher sat very still as the train rolled onwards; he was not taking any risks, and kept the paper before his face.

"Suppose no one claims the money?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, I shall wait a week, and if nothing happens, I shall give the quid to the local hospital."

. . . . . .

The local hospital benefited to the extent of one pound.

Shiloh's Cure

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

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mothers having once used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones would not be without them. These Tablets are a never failing remedy for the little ills such as constipation, colic, worms, colds, etc., that afflict so many little ones. And then, too, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest child for they are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Concerning them Mrs. Chas. Whatley, Peterboro, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl and have found them to be of great value. Others to whom I have recommended the Tablets say they would not be withoue them." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LOVELY WATCH FREE

A Solid Gold Watch for ladies or gentlemen, costs $25 to $50. **Don't waste your money.** If you wish a watch to keep time equal to any **solid gold watch**, with genuine American lever movement full jewels, send us your name and address immediately and agree to sell 12 boxes only, at 25c. each, of our famous **Canadian Pink Tablets**, which are an excellent remedy for the blood, nerves and tissues of the entire system, thereby curing nervous debility or prostration, anemia, brain fag, nervous headache, female weakness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sleeplessness, mental depression, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, female complaints, and all diseases arising from excesses, overwork, worry, and deficient nutrition. The use of these tablets will change the pale and sallow complexion into the ruddy glow of health. They are easily sold as each box contains a valuable Premium coupon. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Send us your order and we will send you 12 boxes by mail prepaid. When you have sold them, send us the money, $3.00, and we will send you a watch for **ladies or gentlemen with Chain or Fob** (new design), the same day the money is received.

We give these lovely watches to introduce our Tablets and all we ask of you, when you receive the watch is to show it to your friends. Hundreds of persons have received our watches and they are more than pleased with them. It is a rare opportunity to secure a lovely watch without spending a cent. This watch is a stem winder and set and not a common clock watch as given by most premium concerns. **These beautiful Rings Free.** They are **solid gold** Shell Rings Warranted, set with various colored, sparkling jewels. We will give any one Free for selling 6 Boxes only at 25c. each of our Pink Tablets. Order the Tablets without delay. Address **CANADIAN MEDICINE CO., Watch Dept., 27 MONTREAL.**

THE OLDEST ROSE-BUSH

SO far as is known, the oldest rose bush in the world is the one on the cathedral wall at Hildesheim, Germany. It can be traced back with certainty to the eleventh century, when the cathedral records show that an item of expense to the caretakers of the ancient edifice. The main trunk of the bush is twenty inches through, and the branches spread over the wall to a height of twenty-five feet.

Though the oldest, this is by no means the largest rose-bush in Germany. The largest one in that country, and very likely in all Europe, is the one in the Wehrle Garden in Freiburg. This runs up to a height of one hundred and fifteen feet. The stock is wild rose, and the graft, made thirty years ago, a tea rose of the Chromatella variety. There is an enormous Banksia rose at the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, that is better known to tourists than either of these, though, as a matter of fact, it is exceeded in size by the one of the same variety in the Marine Gardens of Toulon. This one spreads over a space of eighty feet wide and fifteen feet high, and has as many as fifty thousand of its flowers in bloom at once.

AN ANCIENT LIZARD

THE tuatara lizard, found in New Zealand, is one of the most ancient forms of animal life now found on earth. Originally this lizard possessed four eyes, but in the course of the ages it has lost one pair and must now get along with two. The tuatara lays eggs which are remarkable in that they require fourteen months to hatch, the embryo passing the winter in a state of hibernation.

These small survivors of past ages are found only in a few localities and are becoming very scarce, collectors from every part of the world being continually on their trail. They are about two feet in length, and, in common with other lizards, have the fortunate characteristics of being able to replace portions of their limbs or tails which have been destroyed. It is asserted that one of these lizards, owned by a naturalist had the misfortune some time ago to lose an eye, and that a complete eye, perfect in every way, has grown in the place of the old one.

In view of the fact that it has been decided to abolish the red trousers of the French soldiers, it is interesting to note that one British regiment, the famous 11th Hussars, still wears this colored article of dress.

People speak scoffingly of the possibility of a serious epidemic of plague in England, basing their belief on the long immunity from the scourge. We *ought to remember, however*, that previous to the recent great outbreak in Bombay there had not been a single case of plague in that city for 184 years.

MAKE YOUR CROPS PAY

We all know that the seeding conditions in the Northwest are peculiar and trying. Sometimes the soil is so dry that it blows over into the adjoining county, while on the other hand, when wet, it is as sticky as glue. The large acreages sown demand the use of the largest size drills, and the draft of the machine should be such that ordinary teams will be able to do the work without undue exertion. The furrow openers, whether single disk, double disk or shoe, must be of a pattern that will work properly. Under all conditions the drill must be able to plant the seed at an even depth. This is imperative because even sowing means even growing, uniform ripening and high grading of the grain. This is especially vital to the Northwestern farmer, on account of the short growing season, the frost *leaving the ground late in the spring* and coming early in the fall. The feed must be able to handle in wide range of quantities all seeds that are sown with a grain drill, including flax, treated wheat, etc. It must be a positive force feed. The frame should be able to support its load and not sag. All of these conditions are fully met in the Light Draft Roller Bearing Kentucky Drill. This drill was made especially for the Northwest, after years of experience in the fields. It is decidedly a Northwestern machine—nothing else. It is a drill that can and will do your work as it should be done—a drill that will stand hard usage. The double disks and single disks have bearings that will last and that are properly lubricated. These bearings are dust-proof and make the disks very lively in action. The shoe has a tool steel removable and renewable heel that readily securs and has long wear in it. The hoppers have large carrying capacity. The frame is of choicest steel, thoroughly braced and trussed. Go to your local dealer and see one. Send for a Kentucky catalogue to The American Seeding-Machine Co., Incorporated, King and James Sts., Winnipeg, and go to your local dealer and insist on seeing the Kentucky. Remember, this drill is sold under a broad guarantee and liberal warranty that means much to you.

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.

205

We guarantee the perfect quality and absolute purity of the tobaccos used in the manufacture of

SWEET CAPORAL Cigarettes.

Catching a Tiger Shark on the South Carolina Coast

HE was called **Spotted Jack, from** the numerous **splotches of dark** color that adorned his huge body from head to tail. His size, too, had increased from the moderate length of sixteen feet to that of forty, as yarn after yarn would be spun by the excited fishermen concerning the depredations committed by his lordship among the fishing tackle on the reef and also among the set lines put for his capture.

I saw him once, while fishing for red bass on the shallows. It was only a glimpse of two huge fins protruding some two feet out of the water and the porpeller-like motion of the big tail as it worked—forcing the long, dark body swiftly across the treacherous shoals into the deep and safer waters of the channels.

There was no denying it. He was a nuisance and a menace to the fishing interests of the season, and, unless some means were adopted to rid the beach of his presence, our favorite pastime would be at an end, for this summer at least. Several attempts had been made to catch him—big set lines being used, baited with full-grown mullets. But the fishermen never seemed to consider his great size and strength, or the rigs put out may have been old and rotten. Some reason was always advanced by way of explanation by those whose repeated attempts had always resulted in complete failure, and still he lived and spread havoc along the fishing grounds. He invariably came off victorious—each time leaving three or four expensive rigs smashed at the end of the fight. It was useless to attempt to land him with the ordinary line. Something stronger must be used—a strong quarter-inch line and two hundred feet in length. Steel hooks, too, with chain leaders to match. This would be my outfit. And I lost no time in getting it up. Big lines they were and beauties, but I needed just such a rig. Fourteen or perhaps fifteen feet in length, he would prove an ugly customer, even with the aid of steel and hemp, backed by three strong men and a big stake or log conveniently near at hand, to take a turn around when the strain proved too great.

Thus I figured out the cost of battle, as we went into camp that night. It was late—too late on the tide to put out the big lines then. So we contented ourselves, my man and I, with discussing our plans for the following day, while we carefully examined our fishing gear.

The streaks of early dawn found us up and on the move. Assigning to Dave the task of putting out and staking the big lines, I pushed on to the slough that separated the fishing grounds from the main beach, and, crossing waist-deep, found myself on the big reef known as Southest Breaker—a long, low sand-bar that reached far out to sea and which was covered only by the highest tides. Gazing at the endless white fringe of pounding breakers, I selected the calmest spot, and, whirling my heavy sinker three or four times around my head, I hurled it far out into the creamy white waters of the shoal—there to stay until lifted by some of the scaly inhabitants of the reef.

Dave, having now finished his task of putting out the shark lines, arrived upon the scene. He was very much concerned at having seen the big spotted fish, he said, some distance down the beach and heading our way. He was sure of trouble, for his right ear had been ringing all the morning, "and dat shore am an onfailing sign." Accordingly, as is the custom of the superstitious blacks, he made a cross upon the sands, spat upon his line, and heaved it far out—intent upon getting the first bite and landing the first bass.

I now searched every inch of the white sweeping waste before me for the big fins and mottled body of Spotted Jack; but, as it was still dark, I saw nothing to alarm me; so hopefully surmised that he had taken some other route—leaving us to enjoy our fishing without interruption.

The flood tide flowed in sluggishly, taking a long time to cover the tail of the reef and fill the slight depression thereon, in which we expected to have the best sport and catch the most fish. Consequently we had a long time to wait—patiently standing in the chilly water at four o'clock in the morning, with a raw breeze blowing from the south-east which penetrated the innermost recesses of the body and caused one to sigh for the sheltered seclusion of the ever warm myrtle thicket and protected sand dunes of the Point. This was a job for which we had no liking, and Dave showed signs of weariness as he rolled up his line and yawned, while walking to his fishing-box for the purpose of replacing the bait stolen by the annoying crabs and small fish. Another hour passed, and still our lines rode straight out in front of us. This was discouraging. As for me, my legs gave out and I was tired and disgusted with the monotonous routine of throwing out and winding up again, without a single bite to encourage me. Where the fish had gone to I knew not.

However, the water on the bar was not yet deep enough for bass, and, after all, we had the whole day ahead of us and the best of the tide to fish out. So, with these cheering reflections, I retreated to higher ground, and, being somewhat exhausted, sat on my box and dozed—lulled by the soothing sound of rippling water that unceasingly swept in and as unceasingly retreated, carrying with it the annoying little minnows that viciously nibbled at my white toes as they lay half-submerged in the soft sand and shallow water of the reef. Fifty yards away, like a statue cut out of ebony, stood Dave, my faithful friend and servant, with drooping head and closed eyelids—himself a victim to the seductive influence of the hour and the narcotic effects of the salt sea air.

Away out, somewhere in the mysterious depths of that great heaving mass of waters, lay our lines. Armed with six big steel hooks, each baited with a mullet and anchored with great sinkers of some two pounds each, and so constructed as to withstand the undertow and thus keep the rig in position. Fearing that I might lose my line by having it jerked out of my hand during one of my cat naps, I made a noose, through which I inserted my hand; then, tightening it somewhat around my wrist, I once more gave way to the drowsiness that for the last two hours had taken complete possession of me. Turning up the collar of my coat to protect my neck and throat, I endeavored to keep awake awhile—heartily wishing myself ensconced amongst the blankets of my tent, nestling snugly amid the distant sand dunes of the Point. The crash and roar of the breakers grew fainter and more remote. My senses grew confused, and soon I was dozing soundly—only to be ruthlessly awakened by a jerk that almost dislocated my arm. The next moment I found myself pulled from my seat into the shallow water and being rapidly towed to sea at a rate that almost took away my breath. At first I attempted to make a stand—digging my toes into the sand and bracing for dear life. But I might just as well have pitted my puny strength against that of a tugboat as to attempt to turn the big fish at the end of my line.

It did not take me a second to realize what had happened. I had hooked many a shark, clam-cracker and other heavy and hard-pulling fish frequenting this coast-line, but nothing whose strength could approach that of this rampant monster that was surely and swiftly taking me out beyond my depth. Shark or devil fish—judging from his towing powers—one was as bad as the other. It all happened in a second. Yelling for Dave, and vigorously contesting every inch of my seaward journey took up all my spare time. My fish was fighting to gain deep water while I strained every nerve in my body to turn his head and coax him shoreward. The line cut into my wrist fearfully, and I made several fruitless attempts to loosen up the slip knot, but never succeeding in accomplishing anything, gave it up and exerted all my strength in trying to part it. In this I likewise failed. Things were now taking a serious turn. Unless I could detach myself from the line, I would surely be carried beyond my depth and drowned. Even now, I was half strangled by the ducking I got every few minutes; for the short rollers, racing shoreward, would hit me a slap that would completely submerge my entire body from head to foot. Then I would pop up on the other side, only to see a straight bar of white line cutting deeply through the next wave—a line, too, made of our famous long-stapled Sea Island cotton, strong and tough as a bar of steel wire. I groaned in spirit, for I well knew that it would cut through my wrist, even to the bone, before there would part one fibre of the tough and closely spun cotton cord. No—there was no earthly chance of its parting. This I knew, and my heart almost stopped beating as I thought of what the very next few minutes might bring about. Die? Heavens? I could not die with just a small line, a mere cord, between me and freedom. Break it I would, even if the blood flowed and the flesh tore apart. Thoroughly excited, I continued to yell at the top of my voice for Dave, hoping he would come to my rescue. Deeper and deeper grew the water, as the great fish slowly forced me out into the great swash of big, choppy seas, each of which lifted me clear of the beloved bottom and so deprived me of foothold—my only means of retarding his seaward progress.

Turning my head to one side, to avoid the fearful slap and buffet of an incoming wave, I caught sight of an object struggling amid the flying spray and yelling as only an excited black can yell. Ah! the sweet music of those yells! Oh! the love that welled up in my heart when I heard David's cheery voice shouting words of encouragement as he flourished aloft a big sheath knife and breasted the short waves of the bank, on his way to the swash beyond. "Hold um, Boss!" he yelled, between gasps. "Try for turn um, Marse Cecil. Dah big spotted debil! He shore done got you dis time! I'm comin' all I kin!" These words came to me across a vast field of whirling white foam and broken water, but oh! the music of it all!

Still I tugged and fought—now strangling, now gasping, as each giant wave would deluge me on its way to the distant beach. A minute more, and I see David's black hands grasping the stout cord and feel his big shoulder as it jostles against mine in a frantic effort to stay the outward rush of the now thoroughly frightened fish.

"The first chance you get, Dave, for God's sake give me the knife!"

"Yes, Boss. I ready, sah. Shore, dat chance!" he replied, as we doggedly fought and tugged, while the cross-seas of the bank buffeted us about ad libitum. Giddy from the whirl and swish of the onrushing breakers, our heads swam and we felt weak and faint from the strain of the heavy pull. Up and down the big reef we raced. Out to the surf line; then in again we worked panting. Now almost drowned by an avalanche of spray from some unperceived wave; anon gasping for breath, as the salt spray would be forced into our heaving lungs. All the while losing ground, foot by foot we advanced further into the great stretch of moving, swaying green water of the channel, with never the ghost of a chance to check his outward run and make a stand for even a moment. Oh! for the knife in the darkie's hand! I had not time to reach for it and he less to let it go and hand it to me. My left hand was always employed in easing the strain on my right wrist; otherwise the line would have soon cut clear through to the bone.

Now a jerk throws us forward on our faces, far beneath the surface of the tide. Dave is the first to regain his feet and I see him fumbling for the weapon I am so anxious to possess. I muster up enough breath to shout out, "Quick! The knift!" Then down again we go together. A moment of fearful ear-ringing and again we are up, frantically coughing the water from throat and lungs. I feel that this cannot last long. "Try for turn um, Boss! Try for turn um! We gwine ter drown!" comes in gasps from my dusky companion, and I know that he, too, is failing. Even now I am on the point of giving up and quietly drowning, just as a puppy or kitten would if repeatedly pushed beneath the surface by the hand. I feel weak and dazed. But, even as I give up, my fish seems to weaken for the first time since hooked. The great strain of a moment ago suddenly relaxes and the white streak of line falls and disappears in the whirl and sweep of white water that rushes across the great bank; my fish, to all appearances, has escaped; but, experienced as I am, I know the contrary. No such good luck! He is merely running in with the line and in all probability will be amongst us in a jiffy. Apprehending being torn to pieces by his sharp teeth, we beat a hasty retreat shoreward — straining waist-deep against the undertow and making a fearful outery, to intimidate him if possible. Our progress, of course, is slow and tedious, while his would be as swift as a swallow's.

Now, too, was my chance for cutting my wrist clear. Calling for the knife (which was handed me before the words were out of my lips), I quickly slashed the stout cord and was once more free. I had had enough fishing for one day; so I fought my way steadily through the surf for the beach, some seventy-five yards away and glistening in the noonday sun.

Being now free, I direct my attention to lengthening our lines, thereby adding a hundred and fifty feet to my already long rig and proportionately increasing our chances of landing him safely ashore without the former risk of being obliged to follow him into deep water. My arm being also released, I could let go when the strain grew too great for my hands. Yes; I was now safe and bent on revenge! With two long lines—some 350 feet—and my hand free, I felt sure that he was mine. Now, catch him I would. So, letting the coil drop in the tide, I grasped the end firmly and awaited the outward rush that I knew would come, sooner or later, as he shoaled. But the swash still separated us from the mainland and I felt I was crowing too soon. Waist-deep still, with plenty of water to float a big fish all around us and with my skin creeping and momentarily expecting the grip of his powerful jaws, we struggled on. Suddenly there arose close by a great whirlpool of white water and a cloud of spray, out of which popped two enormous dorsal fins. A piercing yell from Dave and a freezing of my heart's blood! But just then, thank heaven! something alarmed him, and he was off again—taking the slack as he goes out. Out seaward he darts, while we tug and strain at the long line that burns and gnaws at our hands like heated wire.

"Let go, Boss! for Gora'mighty's sake, let go! He too much for me!" pleads Dave, disheartened at this new reverse.

But I refuse to quit; my blood is up and I am determined to fight it out to a finish. For a second I get a glimpse of his ugly body as he glides through a great, glassy roller—only to be lost the next moment in a seething smother of foam as the big sea breaks. What a beast he is! and so hideously mottled! Ugh! the sight of his baleful goggle eyes and shovelling snout! Out, out to the end of 350 feet of good stout line he swims, churning the sea into foam as he feels the check. Ah! now he starts shoreward again and we pull him in quickly, doing our best to get him shoaled. This time I feel sure he's ours—but again he stops, working the dead-weight tactics on us and refusing to budge a single inch. Ere long he heads shoreward once more and I am pulling him in through a big wave when up goes his tail and down goes his head. There is a whirl of white water and a great volume of spray shoots skyward. The whole sea seems full of sharks, so quick is he in his movements. He must have struck the sand in his downward plunge and thus become frightened into a renewed effort to escape. Back to sea he goes with remarkable rapidity, in spite of our united efforts—taking the skin off our hands with the slack as he flies.

"Dave," I cried, "haul in with all your might! This is his last spurt. Don't quit me now," I pleaded, as my companion grumblingly berated the hot cord which had burned into his tough palm.

Once more, waist-deep in the heaving water, shoulder to shoulder we jostle and bump each other. Now jerked almost on our faces; now buffeted about by the angry cross-seas that came in threes and fours, until I felt beaten and ready to throw up the sponge in despair, while Spotted Jack sailed serenely through the green seas, apparently as fresh as when first hooked. The entire length of two long lines had been paid out; the water was getting deeper; and it was now simply a matter of the strength of the harness. Stop we must—and stop we did. Stretch, stretch, stretch! while we hung on and dug our toes into the soft sand of the bottom. Would he never stop? Minutes seemed like hours. I could not stand it much longer, and still the line stretched and grew taut as a harpstring.

Our feet fairly plough the bottom, as we are ruthlessly dragged seaward. Now we come in contact with some huge slippery obstacle, deeply imbedded in the ever-changing quicksand of the blue. To this I cling with a deathlike grip and call upon Dave to do the same. A quick turn around one of its projections and the job is complete.

"Dat stop um!" cries Dave, between gasps, as the mammoth shark swings side on and makes a mighty dive—to soon vault high above the horizon line. Up! up! into the blue air he flies. Then down again into his native element, amidst a cloud of feathery spray, he sinks from sight. Once more we start landward, across the vast expanse of seething water—waist-deep and putting forth the best we have in us. Taking in the slack as we hustled; again getting miserably entangled in the heavy line that wound itself around our feet; staggering against each other in our mad haste, and all the time fearful of seeing two big fins and goggle eyes pop up again from the tumbling foam around us. Now we've only a few yards; then the deep swash. Ugh! that deep water! What might not be waiting therein for us? Where was the shark?

Ah! a jerk answers the question. The line again runs out. Feebly this time—giving us no trouble to check it. Yes; there he is, slowly swimming in—worn out or drowned, as the fishermen style it. Now, for the first time, we note his huge proportions, as he shoals in three feet of good green water and rolls sluggishly about in the shallow sweep of the surf line. How the water flies, as he raises his big tail and brings it down again.

"Wait on de tide, Boss. We can't move um, sah," pants Dave, as he sits at rest, while little rills of perspiration chase each other down his ebony cheeks and fall into the shallow sweep of sea around his feet. As for me, I am harmless. The reaction has set in, and I am glad to drop flat on the hard sand beach and gasp for the breath that was so badly needed in my exhausted lungs. The question now arises, How to despatch him? We dare not approach the fish; he is cross and still very much alive, and I would not venture within ten feet of him, shoaled as he is, for all the money in the country. Ever and again he makes feeble efforts to turn seaward, but his day has come and we are masters of the situation. Dave proposes going to camp for the Winchester. A wise suggestion, to which I readily agree, and after a few minutes he is back again and anxious to shoot the big fish, for he is fearful of its getting away and equally desirous of getting the liver to use as a charm against evil spirits. So, taking a careful aim, he sends a bullet ploughing through the big head and another into the body. A few convulsive shivers, and thrashings of the huge tail, attest Dave's true eye and steady hand. I now decide to leave the carcass where it is until the receding tide should leave it high and dry. Then, after refreshing the inner man at camp, we are to return and measure our prize, and, if possible, remove the lower jaw, to take home as a trophy of war.

In two hours we are back, to find our fish some twenty feet on dry land. He is a monster all right, and curiously mottled, being different from any specimen I have ever seen. His jaw I hacked away, and succeeded in laying open my hand in two places while doing so. He had evidently strayed afar from his native waters—probably the Carribean sea or Gulf of Mexico—and had taken up his abode around our fishing grounds. I should have liked to weigh the body, as he appeared to have the girth of a small pony, and, upon measuring, proved to be sixteen feet five inches—a length twice as great as any usually met with around our coast. There are no doubts of his having been able to drown us both, within ten minutes of our hooking him, had the hooks not entered high up in his upper jaw, very close to the shovel-shaped part of the head—a place known to every fisherman as a tender spot in a shark's head. This chance hooking, I believe, saved my life, as he was not able to put forth a half of the prodigious strength at his command and thus got worn out by his own exertions.

Since then, I have never attached my line to any part of my person. One such experience is certainly enough for me, and I have learned wisdom at the cost of a nerve-racking adventure.

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

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

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

WARS OF THE INSECT WORLD

THE insect world sounds peaceful enough when the whole earth vibrates with its monotonous songs; yet these insect melodies which make the summer days seem so drowsy and peaceful to the human mind are, in reality, making insect life what it is: one continual civil war. These songs are prompted by deadly sexual rivalry, and a merry tune will often end in the singer's death if his more powerful neighbor happens to be within fighting distance.

However, it must not be supposed that all insect conflicts are started in this way. Battles which start through the songs of insects are always confined to one species, for there would be no sexual rivalry, for instance, between a spider and a grasshopper.

So far, from personal observation, I have found that the grasshoppers are by far the most irritable class of insects among themselves. They seem to enjoy fighting better than eating, and frequently fight until each has lost one or more limbs, and sometimes until one succeeds in killing the other. So great is their interest in these deadly battles that they will allow themselves to be picked up and carried about, continuing the conflict in one's hand in the most unconcerned manner imaginable.

The katydids constitute the less quarrelsome members of the grasshopper family. Their fights are far and few between, but extremely violent when once started. I remember vividly a battle between two of these insects which I witnessed several years ago. It happened close to the edge of a small patch of woodland where several trees had been cut and the stumps left standing from two to three feet above the ground. To the top of one of these stumps a large katydid and his mate had crawled, perhaps to enjoy their honeymoon. As I stopped to watch their actions for a minute, a third katydid, seeing the happy couple, and feeling somewhat jealous, shrieked an insult to them from a nearby stump. The offended insect never uttered a sound, but, leaving his mate, flew directly to the other stump, where a fierce conflict ensued, ending only when the insulting one had been torn to pieces by his more powerful rival, much to the satisfaction of the female katydid.

The most furious of all insect battles take place between colonies of the mound-building ant. Their huge nests are situated close to the edges of shaded wood paths, sometimes near together and at other times not within several hundred feet of one another. Here the same colonies will live, year after year, at peace or at war with one another, until nature's own forces wipe them out of existence. Picture to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about one hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two capitals. The whole space that separates them, of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The following account was given by M. Huber of a battle which he witnessed a great many years ago:

The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize one another with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, as if conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about three feet in dimensions; a penetrating odor exhales on all sides, and numbers of ants are here lying dead covered with venom, while others, composing groups and chains, are locked together by their legs or paws, and drag one another alternately in opposite directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind legs, mutually spurt their acid; then, closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavors to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable until a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succored at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken until a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retires to its own city; but before the following dawn the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of the ground. These daily fights continue until heavy rains separate the combatants, and they forget their quarrel, and peace is finally restored!

The anger of honey-bees is frequently excited against their own species, many a mortal combat taking place, sometimes within the hive, sometimes without. During these battles the bees, like the grasshoppers, are so eager, that it is impossible to stop them without administering a comparatively hard blow of the hand. Their one object in these civil broils is to pierce their enemies with their stings, the stroke of which, if it once penetrates to the muscles, is mortal. The conqueror is not always able to extricate his weapon after one of these engagements, and, when this is the case, both insects perish. General actions sometimes take place between two full swarms.

Friendly intercourse will sometimes prevail between the bees of two different hives for several days at a time, but sooner or later one will become irritated with the other, and again a deadly battle will be the result of the well-meant friendship.

Many death-struggles take place between insects of different families. The mud-wasp stores her nest with young spiders for her own young to feed upon; but let the little spiders grow up, let them build their powerful webs, and if a wasp becomes entangled among the silken strands a battle ensues which results in the wasp's death more often than the spider's.

So it goes throughout the insect world, the strong preying upon the weak and the cunning upon the simple.

JOINING LEATHER TO IRON

TO glue leather to iron, paint the iron with some kind of lead color—say white lead and lampblack. When dry, cover with a cement made as follows: Take the best glue procurable; soak it in cold water till soft; then dissolve in vinegar with a moderate heat, and add one-third of its bulk of white pine turpentine. Thoroughly mix, and by means of vinegar make it the proper consistency to be spread with a brush. Apply the cement while hot; draw the leather on or around quickly, and press into place. In case of a pulley, draw the leather around tightly as possible; lay and clamp.

BLOOD-POISONING FROM CUT FINGER

Serious Condition Relieved by Zam-Buk

Mr. Jas. Davey, 786 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, says: "A few months since I was cured of a poisoned finger through the timely use of Zam-Buk. I cut a deep gash across the knckkle of the right hand, in opening a lobster can one evening. I suffered at the time with the soreness and pain ,but had no idea it would become a serious wound. However, in about two days I was greatly alarmed, as my whole hand and arm to the elbow became inflamed, and the finger was much discolored, showing signs of blood-poisoning. The pain was dreadful, and I was forced to leave off my work and go home.

"The wound on the knuckle had been poisoned through the dust and dirt about the furnaces and boilers. I then decided to start the Zam-Buk treatment and, having first bather the cut, I applied the healing balm. It soothed the pain almost immediately, and the next day there was a great improvement. In a week's time, through perseverance with Zam-Buk, a complete cure was brought about."

Scores of similar cases could be quoted, and the wisest precaution is to keep a box of Zam-Buk handy and apply it immediately a cut, or burn, or bruise is sustained.

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, ulcers, eczema, blood-poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ring worm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse imitations and substitutes.

SMALL, SWIFT, SURE

THE power pulley is an electrically operated winch recently designed to enable quick coaling of warships. Apart from its original destination it may, however, be used for a multitude of other purposes both on land and on board ship.

This pulley is designed for a load of sixty pounds at a lifting speed of six feet per second. Four seconds are thus required for lifting the whole basket to a height of twenty-three feet—taking into account the acceleration in starting and the slackening in stopping. The motor is sufficiently strong to stand temporary overloads up to one hundreds pounds.

Apart from its simplicity in operation, and high working speed, the power pulley is especially valuable because of its ease of transport, the more so as on the modern ships of the Dreadnought type the deck should be cleared as far as possible for military operations.

The motor is started by a simple switch without a starting box. A simple device allows the hook when empty to be lowered as far as desired, so that packages at any depth may be reached.

THE RAVENOUS RAT

A RECENT flood in the Ohio River drove the big, grey river rats from its shores and retaining walls through sewers to the stores and residences of Middleport, Ohio.

The morning after the flood had reached its highest point, a stream of water broke through the ceiling of a meat shop in that town from a residence above. A hurried investigation showed that a rat had gnawed away more than half of a two-inch lead pipe leading to a sink above. The cuttings were left on the ceiling where the rat had firm footing and a good place to work. Evidently the rat was after the grease lining the inside of the pipe. To reach that it was but necessary to cut a small hole in the pipe. Why did the rat go on and cut the pipe more than half in two and for several inches up and down?

A careful examination of the section of damaged pipe shows conclusively that the rat went at the job in a workmanlike way. After cutting a hole through to the cavity, it cut from each side with upward strokes from the lower jaw, each stroke of the sharp teeth leaving distinct marks.

ONE BETTER

WHEN a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaperon.

"But I go one better, auntie!" twittered the pretty girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?"

"Yes. Does it contain perfume?"

"No; it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

IT IS NEWS WORTH GIVING TO THE WORLD

HOW RAVAGES OF KIDNEY DISEASE ARE CHECKED IN QUEBEC.

Mrs. Julien Painchaud, for seven years a suffered, finds quick relief and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Whitworth, Temiscouata Co., Que., Nov. 28 (Special)—With the coming of winter the ravages of Kidney Disease are again felt in this province, and the fact that a sure cure is vouched for in this village is news worth giving to the world. Mrs. Julien Painchaud is the person cured, and she states without hesitation that she found her cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For seven years my heart and Kidneys bothered me," Mrs. Painchaud states. "I was always tired and nervous. I could not sleep. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. My eyes had dark cricles under them and were puffed and swollen. I was so ill I could hardly drag myself around to do my housework.

"A neighbor advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I found relief in the first box. Six boxes made me perfectly well."

If you have any two of Mrs. Painchaud's symptoms your Kidneys are diseased. Cure them and guard against serious, if not fatal results by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

THE ISLANDER

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

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W. R. Dunn, Manager.

Edward W. Bickle, Editor.

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

What the Editor has to say.

THE ISLANDER and staff wishes all its subscribers, old and new, a Right Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

"CO OPERATION with autonomy." This phrase taken from the speech of the Right Hon. R, L. Borden in the introduction of the naval emergency bill, defines the principle upon which is based the course of action of the Canadian Government in dealing with the intricate problem of Imperial defence. "It seems most essential," Mr. Borden told the House, "that there should be such co-operation in defence and in trade as will give to the whole Empire an effective organization in these matters of vital concern. On the other hand each Dominion must preserve in all important respects the autonomous government which it now possesses." The memorandum prepared by the British Board of Admiralty and read by Premier Borden in Parliament, contained this expression of opinion in reply to a question as to the form in which temporary and immediate naval aid can best be given by Canada:—

> "We have no hesitation in answering after a prolonged "consideration of all the circumstances that it is desirable "that such aid should include the provision of a certain "number of the largest and strongest ships of war which "science can build or money supply."

Here is the Government's proposal as communicated by Premier Borden to Parliament:—

"Upon enquiry as to the cost of such a battleship we are informed by the Admiralty that it is approximately two million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, including armament and first outfit of ordnance stores and ammunition. The total cost of three such battleships which when launched will be the most powerful in the world would be approximately thirty-five million dollars, and we ask the people of Canada through their Parliament to grant that sum to His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Oversea Dominions in order to increase the effective naval forces of the Empire and to safeguard our shores and our seaborne commerce and to make secure the common heritage of all who owe allegiance to the King. These ships will be at the disposal of His Majesty the King for the common defence of the Empire. They will be maintained and controlled as part of the Royal Navy; and we have the assurance that if at any time in the future it should be the will of the Canadian people to establish a Canadian unit of the British navy these vessels can be recalled by the Canadian Government to form part of that navy, in which case of course they would be maintained by Canada and not by Great Britain. In that event there would necessarily be reasonable notice, and indeed Canada would not desire or suggest the sudden withdrawal of so powerful a contingent from any important theatre in which the naval forces of the Empire might be exposed to severe and sudden attack. In the meantime, I am assured that special arrangements will be made to give Canadians the opportunity of serving as officers on these ships."

A BILL far-reaching in its effects will be introduced by the Hon J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, this session dealing with with wire ess telegraphy. Canada wi l not be be hindhand in adopting every modern method to safeguard the lives of passengers on ships plying not only on the high seas but on the inland lakes. The bill will provide principally that compulsory "wirelrss" be introduced on passenger vessels, which carry fifty or more passengers, plying between points two hundred miles apart.

A Few Suggestions for Xmas and New Year Gifts

For Ladies

Chatelaine Bags - - from $1 to $4
Handkerchiefs, Irish Linen both plain and fancy from 25c to 75c
Children's Picture Handkerchiefs 5c each and 2 for 5c
Fancy Handkerchief Holders from $1 to $2.50 each
Hemstitched Linen Table Covers $3 to $4 each
" Tray Cloths - - 75c
" Table Napkins - $4 per dozen
D'Oilies and Centre Pieces from 5c to 75c each
Ladies Umbrellas - from $1.25 to $2.50
Ladies Dressing Jackets, White Wool - $4
Papateries, Holly Designs, - at 50c per box
Ladies Felt Shoes and House Slippers $1 to $2.25

For the Home

1 only, Grafonola - regular $65, now $45
1 only, Graphophone - " $45, now $30

For Gents

Hair Brushes - $1 each and $2 50 pair
Smoking Jackets - regular $5 50 now $3
Wool Mufflers, in cream and mauve shades, 65c
Sets of Suspenders, Armlets and Garters, $1.25

For the Children

A nice assortment of Toys at prices to suit all

Macfarlane Bros.

Phone 10 P.O. Box 100

"The Corner Store," Cumberland, B. C.

The Builders' Supply Co.

Limited

COURTENAY, B. C.

Phone 66 P. O. Box 230

OUR :: SPECIALTY

Kiln Dried Flooring, V. Joint, Finish and Mouldings Window and Door Frames made to Order; Windows and Doors; Paints, Oils and Varnishes; Lime, Bricks, Cement, Lath and Plaster; Builders' Hardware; Plumbing Supplies

As good as the best and better than the rest

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

K. Abe & Company

DEALERS IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boot & Shoes, Hardware, etc., at the lowest possible prices

Ten per cent discount for one month on all Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

K. ABE & COMPANY

Dunsmuir Avenue

Cumberland, B. C.

MANY EXCELLENT POSITIONS OPEN

New Federal Law Compels Vessels to Have More Wireless Operators.

Many good positions are open to young men and women in the field of "Wireless" and commercial telegraph service. The passage of the new federal law, effective October 1st, compelling all sea-going vessels to be equipped with wireless instruments and manned by two competent operators, has created a great demand for operators in the marine wireless service. Federal laws now require railways use more operators than ever before. The Morse Telegraph company, opposite the Orpheum Theatre, Seattle, operates in close connection with wireless and commercial officials, and can place graduates in good positions. It will pay you to write for full particulars.

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the reserve existing by reason of the notice published in the British Columbia Gazette of December 27th, 1907, is cancelled in so far as the same relates to the following described lands so as to permit of the sale of the timber standing thereon:—

Commencing at the northeast corner of of Lot No. 2849, Redonda Island, New Westminster District; thence east 13 chains; thence north 4 chains; thence east 19 chains; thence south 25 chains; thence west 32 chains, more or less. to the east boundary of Lot No. 2849; thence northerly along the east boundary of said lot to the point of commencement; containing by admeasurement 75 acres more or less.

ROBERT A. RENWICK,
Deputy Minister of Lands.
Department of Lands,
Victoria, B.C., December 11th, 1912
Dec 21 3m

FOR SALE

FIFTEEN ACRES OF GOOD LAND, Six acres cleared. Three acres in Market Garden containing Raspberries, Strawberries, etc.

A NEW EIVE-ROOMED HOUSE Chicken House, Barn etc.

A Good Running Stream of Spring Water right at the door.

Also 200,000 feet of standing Fir timber.

A good road will be built through the property.

A SNAP—$3 000. $1,000 cash
Balance on very easy terms.

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

Edward W. Bickle

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER,
and REAL ESTATE
CUMBERLAND, B. C

SALE OF GOVERNMENT LAND

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be offered for sale at PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Court House, Cumberland, on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1912, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the undernoted parcels of land situated in Lot 194, May 442, Comox District:—

Block C.....comprising 14 acres
S.W. quarter of the N. half of Block E, comprising 4 1-16"
Lot 3 of Block A " 5 "
S. half of Block E " 16¼"

The said land will be offered for sale subject to a reserved bid. Terms of sale—Cash.

JOHN BAIRD,
Government Agent.
Government Agent's Office,
Cumberland, B. C.
13th December, 1912.

MAIL SERVICE

MAILS FOR DISPATCH:—Vancouver, Victoria, Nanaimo, etc.: Tuesday, 7.15 p.m.; Thursday, and Saturday, 6 a.m.

Comox and District:—Tuesday, 12.15 p.m.; Wednesday and Friday, 4.30 p.m.

Per SS. Cowichan, Sunday, at 2 p.m., and Sunday 6 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVING:—Vancouver, Victoria, Nanaimo, etc.: Tuesday afternoon; Wednesday and Friday nights.

Comox District:—Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Per SS. Cowichan, Tuesday noon and Sunday morning.

COURT OF REVISION

COMOX ASSESSMENT DISTRICT

A Court of Revision and Appeal, under the provisions of the "Assessment Act" in respect of the assessment roll for the year 1913, will be held at the Court House, Cumberland, on Wednesday, 18th December, 1912, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated at Cumberland, the 6th day of December, 1912.

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor.

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

FOR SALE—Holstein Bull, very quiet. Price moderate. Apply: MRS. DAVID PICKLES, Denman Island.

FOR SALE—Cheap, One Monarch Range, one year's use. Also one heater. Apply Mrs Heatherton. Happy Valley.

WANTED TO RENT—A five roomed furnished house for three months or more, and within city limits. Apply by letter to "M," Box 430, Cumberland, B.C.

FOR SALE—A number of registered Yorkshire small pigs, white. Price $3.00 each. For particulars, write Arthur Dumaresq, Denman Isl.

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

MarocchiBros.

Grocers & Bakers

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

FIRE!! FIRE!!

For absolute protection write a Policy in the LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Liverpool, England.

TOTAL ASSETS, $26.788.93

WESLEY WILLARD,
Local Agent

LAWRENCE & WRIGHT

Cement Blocks, Concrete Chimney Blocks a Specialty. Samples can been at McKean & Biscoe store, Courtenay.

For Estimates and particulars write

J. Lawrence,
COMOX, B.C.

206

TOYS

"The Magnet Cash Store"

TWO VALUABLE

PRIZES

Given away

TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 31st
For every 50 cts. cash paid for everything or anything you buy from us entitles you to one ticket after December 1st.

1st Prize, Edison Phonograph, value $28
2nd " Oxford Double Heater " $16

T.E.BATE

Phone31 Cumberland, B.C.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

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

BANKING BY MAIL

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

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

NEW GOODS

ARRIVING BY EVERY BOAT AT THE

IDEAL STORE

Ladies' Waists, Sweater Coats, Rain Coats, Wrappers, Nightgowns, etc.

Men's and Children's Boots and Shoes, Sweater Coats, Hosiery and Underwear.

BLANKETS and SHEETING

You should see our range in these two lines before buying your winter supply, and compare our values. We have the best line of Blankets on the market for the price.

THE "IDEAL" STORE

DALLOS BLOCK Dunsmuir Ave.

Synopsis of Coal Mining Regulations

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. BARRIE,

Successor to A. McKinnell.

Confectionery,
Ice Cream,
Fruits,
Cigars and Tobaccos

McKinnell's Old Stand,
Dunsmuir Ave., CUMBERLAND

THOS. E. BANKS
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND UNDERTAKER
CUMBERLAND, B.C.
Phone 67

Agent for the NANAIMO MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS
Alex Henderson, Proprietor
Estimates and Designs furnished on Application

John Westfield

Better known as "Peg"

GENERAL TEAMING

Wood and Coal Hauled

Palace Livery and Feed Stable

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

JAS. CAIRNS & SON, Props.
COURTENAY, B.C.
nov. 18

H. J. Theobald

Practical Painter

Decorator, Paperhanger and Kalsomining.

All Work Promptly ...Attended to...

Residence, Penrith Avenue
Cumberland, B.C.

LAND ACT.
Sayward Land District
District of Sayward

Take notice that Leland Paul Covert, of Courtenay, B.C., occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at head of Plumper Bay, thence south 12 chains, thence west 50 chains more or less, thence following shore line to point of commencement, 160 acres more or less.

LELAND PAUL COVERT,
Applicant

Dated October 3rd, 1912. 28 12

The Star **Livery Stable**

Third St & Penrith Avenue
A. MAXWELL
Proprietor

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

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The North Amerinan Fur Industry

A LARGE proportion of the furs which the world's people wear for garments still comes from North America, says Chambers's Journal, despite the great changes which have occurred on that continent, especially within the last fifty years, by the settling of what was formerly a wilderness. The value of the yearly fur-hunt on sea and land throughout the world is about five million pounds. Of this amount Canada and Alaska contribute nearly one fifth, not because of the large number of skins secured by the hunters, but because so many of them are rare and valuable, for we must remember that the seals taken in the waters of North America alone represent a very large sum each year.

The history of the Hudson's Bay Company might be called a history of the American fur industry; because, since it was formed back in the seventeenth century, this corporation has had its agents and hunters scattered over an enormous territory. Over a century ago it had no less than one hundred and sixty trading-posts and "factories"—the term factories meaning stations in charge of its factors or buyers. It not only obtained furs from most of that part of Canada which is north and west of the Great Lakes, but many thousand pelts were received from the Pacific North-West—that portion of the United States comprising the states of Oregon, Washington, and Nevada—at that time almost unknown to the white man. In those days Winnipeg was the head-centre of the Hudson's Bay Company, the log fort which it constructed being the foundation of the present city. No longer is this the head-centre, for civilization has crowded the fur-hunter farther and farther north, until Winnipeg is only one of the minor stations of the great corporation.

Seven hundred miles to the north-west of it is Edmonton, the largest market for "raw" furs in the New World, the capital of Alberta, and the most northern point on the North American continent to be reached by a continuous line of railroad. Picturesque yet modern, and an outpost of empire, Edmonton in the old days was an important settlement in that section, the extreme north-western market in the fur-country. It was founded a century or so ago by the old North Western Fur Company, for a brief time a competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The industry is now divided into branches. But few of the skins are secured by the buyers direct from the hunters and trappers, most of them being obtained through the fur-traders who yearly make expeditions into the wilderness, and obtain a "load," often for a supply of provisions and clothing, and perhaps no money whatever changes hands. In the spring, when the ice and snow commence to thaw, the agents of the big concerns, the free traders and the few trappers who have cared to bring their furs as far back as Edmonton and Prince Albert, begin to move back to the north country. The objective point of many of the traders is Fort Resolution, a post on Great Slave Lake, nearly one thousand miles north of Edmonton, as the trail leads, and something like four hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. Fort Chippewayan, on Lake Athabasca is another important post, also on the edge of the fur country; and there are a number of posts in the interior and along the Mackenzie River, which flows from Great Slave Lake into the Arctic Sea. The most northerly post is Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, two thousand miles north of Edmonton, and approximately one hundred and fifty miles above the Arctic Circle.

Each company of traders takes a large supply of provisions and goods for barter, in addition to its own stock of food, guns, etc., and the journey in covering the thousand miles to Fort Resolution, or the greater distances to the more remote posts, is one of great difficulty and hardship. The first ninety miles out of Edmonton is overland to Athabasca Landing, on the Athabasca River, where flat boats and canoes are taken and the trip to the fur-country begins in earnest. The route lies downstream all the way, since the Athabasca flows north into Athabasca Lake, which is connected with Great Slave Lake by the Great Slave River. But there are many rapids to be avoided by means of long portages, so that even this part of the journey is not easy.

The traders come back to Edmonton more heavily laden than when they went away. The pelts obtained by barter direct from the trappers or collected from distant posts are packed in bales weighing about a hundred or so pounds each, and loaded on their canoes and flat boats. Then the fight against the current all the way back to Athabasca Landing is commenced. Tow-lines are attached to the bigger and heavier of the boats, and they are pulled upstream by men who walk along the banks "tracking," as it is called. When the portages are reached the boats must be unloaded and the cargoes and the boats carried past the rapids. Going down, it is possible to send the goods by land and "shoot" the rapids in the empty boat sometimes. Going up, it is unload, carry, and reload from end to end.

But if the men who do this part of the work have a hard task, the lot of the trapper is infinitely harder. He must pursue the sources of his livelihood with the utmost cunning, varying his methods, from lodging a bullet in the vitals of a bear or other large animal in such a way as will not injure the pelt to setting the subtlest of snares for such wary ones as the little ermine, only the jet-black tail of which is visible as it whisks across the blinding snow. The ermine is very shy, and it must be specially dealt with in order to avoid injury to its delicate skin. Even the smallest of the steel traps are too heavy for the best specimens, which the trapper must catch in snares of tender boughs or in some such way. Sometimes he puts a little grease on his hunting knife and lays it across the succession of dots and dashes in the snow which show an ermine has passed that way. Along comes the little white form on its erratic course again. The grease appeals to it, and it begins to lick the blade of the knife; but, alas! that piece of steel is icy cold, and the tiny red tongue is instantly frozen to it so tightly as to render futile all the frantic struggling. The knife is too heavy for the little animal to carry away and in his own good time the trapper comes and finishes his work.

If he manages to take a silver fox the trapper is in great luck, for the pelt of a prime specimen of that animal is worth fifteen hundred dollars to the man who buys it down at Edmonton, and the very best will bring the buyer as much as twenty-five hundred dollars. But the trapper gets few silver foxes, and for these he receives a price much smaller than the figure at which the white trader will eventually make his sale. The animal of which the trapper will probably capture most is the lynx. One firm of traders brought eight thousand lynx into Edmonton last summer, and these formed only a part of the total receipts. Others which are taken in large numbers are beavers, bears, otters, wolverines, minks, martens, musk rats, musk-oxen, fishers, weasels, and white, red, black, and cross fox. Tens of thousands are trapped during the course of a season.

The hunter or trapper must carry traps and supplies into the remotest regions, where even lumbermen are unknown. He builds a low, wide sled, holding three hundred pounds, and loads this with pork, flour, underclothing, and steel traps. And when the ice on streams and lakes will bear his weight he starts into the wilderness, there to lead a hermit's life for seven from the nearest habitation, the trapper tries to find two parallel streams running near each other. Here he pitches his home-camp, setting traps along both revirs. The work of taking months. Arrived at a point many miles game from the traps is varied by catching fish, snaring rabbits, and capturing musk-rats for bait and food. Now and then the hunter may kill a wandering bear—an event which may lead him to a big store of wild honey in a hollow tree. In this utter solitude lives the adventurer, perhaps forgetting the day of the week or the month of the year. He fixes the date for breaking up camp and turning back to civilization by the condition of the fur on the animals he takes or by the effects of sunlight on the snow. Now and then he will shoot a deer, or even a moose, for the sake of the rawhide, meat, and fat, which latter keeps his traps from rusting. A file serves him instead of a grindstone to keep axes and knives keen; and he washes his clothes through a hole in the ice, drying them by an open five. The dazzling glare of February often brings snow-blindness; and a month or two later the fast-thinning fur on his prey shows that further work is unprofitable. He then secretes his traps in hollow logs ready for next season, packs his load of pelts on the wide sled, and trudges off through the forest to the nearest post or settlement. On arriving, the trapper sells his furs.

When the trading season is over, the trappers go back to their winter hunting grounds, which they do not leave from October till June. Here they may have a shack or hut built of logs which will enable them to withstand the rigorous weather, but the location must be near the homes of the animals, where they can frequently examine the score or more of traps and nets which are set for their capture. The extreme cold weather largely enables them to keep the skins "cached" or stored out of doors until late spring, when they prepare for their journey southward to meet the traders. The furs may be packed on ponies, on sledges, or in boats or other water-craft, for where waterways are available these are used in making the journey. As the traders now advance further into the wilderness the hunters and trappers are saved many a week formerly needed in making their way to the nearest factory.

So many are now engaged at the vocation that the American fur trade is actually greater to-day than ever before, in spite of the immense tracts of wilderness formerly the home of game animals which have been settled by the white men. This is because by the present system the hunters and trappers secure much more value for their skins than in the past, and have time to cover a larger area of the wilderness. Some of the Indians in the more northerly sections, where the furs are the finest because of the greatest cold, seldom or never see a white man or any sign of civilization. They remain in the woods from year's end to year's end. The pelts which they gather and hang on trees, or "cache" in some more effective manner, are collected by half-breed representatives of the traders whenever the opportunity offers.

Many curious instances of the manner in which the honesty of the Indian manifests itself are cited in the north country. One of the tales told is of a native who, desiring food and tobacco and blankets, broke into the store of a remote trading post which had been locked and abandoned for a few weeks while the white man in charge transacted business elsewhere. The Indian supplied his needs, but he left pelts for payment for what he took; and months later he came back to ascertain if he had left enough. Except in the matter of price, the traders deal fairly with the Indians, and ordinarily nothing but good feeling exists between the two classes. One Indian found a post closed when he went to it to dispose of his skins. Being unwilling to wait, he forcibly entered and left his pack, but nothing with it to indicate his identity. Then he retired, fastening the door as best he could, and not until a year later did he return. When he walked into the post and told his story the price of the skins was handed over to him without question. The accounts of the white man had been carefully kept, and he was certain that no claim but a just one would be made.

NERVE AGONIES

ALL NERVOUS DISEASES CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Nerves that are over-worked or weak quickly indicate their distress by pain. That pain may be neuralgia or inflamed nerves, usually affecting the head, but often the spine and limbs. It may be nervous dyspepsia, easily started by worry, excitement or weakness. It may be St. Vitus dance, a common affliction among children, or neurasthenia, a condition of general nervous exhaustion accompanied by acute melancholy. Worst of all the pain may signal the early stages of paralysis or nervous decay. All these disorders signify that the hungry nerves are clamoring for nourishment in the form of good, rich blood. The numerous cures of the above named nervous diseases and weakness in both sexes by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are accounted for by the fact that these Pills actually make new, rich blood and so supply the starved nerves with the vital elements needed to strengthen them. Mr. Wm. G. Jones, Westmead, Man., says: "A few years ago it was my misfortune to suffer from nervous debility, brought about through a severe attack of la grippe or influenza. When the first effects were felt I used to wake up in the middle of sleep trembling like a leaf, and in a bath of cold perspiration. Later the trouble grew so bad that I scarcely got a wink of sleep, and would toss about in bed, growing so weak that I feared for my life. A doctor was called in, and then another, but without avail. I became more and more low spirited, and without any apparent reason would have fits of crying. While in this condition, a pamphlet was given me telling what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others, and I determined to give them a trial. By the time I had finished a few boxes I began to get some sleep, and this greatly encouraged me. Then my strength began to return, my nerves grew steadier and in a few weeks more I was feeling as well as ever I did in my life, and you may be sure I will always gratefully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every one sick or ailing, as they restored me to health and strength after all other medicines had failed."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Shiloh's Cure

A REPORTER'S AEROPLANE RIDE

THERE are plenty of reporters at the aviation meets, but as their observations are usually made from terra firma, we have so far had very few accounts of how it really feels to fly. The man who runs the machine has other things to think about, and is not usually a graphic writer. A correspondent of the London Times, however, recently took an air trip, being invited to go because he weighed 196 pounds. The aviators were having a weight-carrying contest. The wind was blowing about twenty miles an hour, and the rest of the competitors declined to take the risk, so the aviator and the reporter had a "walk-over," but not as tame as most victories of that kind. We read:

"The worst part of such a journey for the novice is the waiting until everything is ready for the start. The sensation of anticipation is not unlike the feeling that one has when one is waiting for a wounded boar to break cover from the corner into which he is driven. But once the propeller starts to whirl behind you all other thoughts beyond the exhilaration of rapid motion vanish. You have gript the struts thinking that you will have to hold on like grim death, but you immediately find that this is not necessary. The machine moves along the ground at an extraordinary pace and I only knew that it was actually flying when I saw the elevating-plane change from the horizontal. Of the motion of flight it is difficult to speak clearly. Even in the high wind that Mr. Grace was now climbing, it was not more than the sensation of a beautifully balanced motor-car. The earth—in this case the sward of the Lanark racecourse—seemed to be racing away from under us, and in a flash we were level with the first pylon and the judge's box.

"The machine was now up to 150 feet, and I became engrossed in Mr. Grace's method in flying. It seemed to me that his attention was glued to his elevating plane, with just momentary glances out of his eyes to judge the distance by which he had to shun each pylon in its turn. We were now crossing fields and water. I could observe the gates, the wire fences, and a man bathing in the water. Then we went around into the wind. Our pace immediately slackened, and Mr. Grace was working to keep his machine in the air. As we crossed a road we were going so slowly that I could observe the direction of the hoof marks of a horse that had recently passed. Here all observation ceased, as Mr. Grace was now battling with the wind. We had only 500 yards to traverse to cross the winning line, but the dead weight against the wind was bringing the machine down. Then there came a gust heavier than them all. It took the machine just up the requisite amount to cross the line, and we came gently to earth. It had only been a four minute ride, but it was certainly the most delightful ride that I have ever experienced. The only recollection that I have that will describe the general sensation is that of exquisite motion."

A YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED BY PROXY

MARRIAGES by proxy are yet allowed by law in Cuba. On Wednesday (says a Cuban nawspaper, a marked copy of which has been sent us by a Toronto man now in Jamaica) one of these weddings took place in this city at the residence of Mrs. Soler on the Malecon, when her daughter, Sta. Monina Soler, became the wife of Mr. Francis Ruz, son of the well-known broker of this city, who is now in Paris.

Sr. Ruz sent a power of attorney to his friend, Speaker Orestes Ferrara, and another to Sr. Manuel Torres. Sr. Torres represented the bridegroom at the wedding, as Sr. Ferrara was away in Santa Clara.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Manual Abascai, of the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Angel. Chief of Police Armando Riva and Sr. Miguel Morales acted for the bride, while Sr. Julio de la Torre and Francisco G. Quiros acted for the bridegroom.

The bride will in a few days start for Paris to join her husband.

QUEER FIRE TRICKS EXPLAINED

FIRE tricks were practised in very ancient times. The first known fire-breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the servile war in Sicily, 130 B.C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to accomplish this feat Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and, having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is *performed today in a more approved* manner. The performer rolls some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he lets burn until it is nearly consumed. Then he rolls around it more flax while it is still burning. By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived, and then breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales only through his nostrils.

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats of this sort performed by the ancients, observes Harper's Weekly. An old ordeal was the holding of a red-hot iron by the accused, who was not burned if he were innocent. Probably some protective paste was used on the hands. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and thus protected a man might walk on hot iron.

Fire-walking is an ancient Oriental custom, the origin of which is apparently unknown. It still survives in India, Japan and some of the South Sea Islands. The performance, sometimes preceded by incantations conducted by priests and followed by a feast, consists in walking barefoot over a bed of stones which have been made red or white hot by fire.

A tribe on one of the Fiji Islands was once persuaded to give an exhibition, and several Europeans went to witness it. One of them, a Government meteorologist, carried a thermometer that would register up to four hundred When the guests arrived they found hundreds of natives assembled. The oven was twenty-five or thirty feet long and eight feet broad, and was shaped like a saucer. The deepest part of the depression was fifteen feet in length. The preparations had been undertaken long in advance to avert any delay, and the visitors saw the stones still covered with embers.

Walking beside the pit before this was done, the man with the thermometer recorded a temperature of one hundred and fourteen degrees. After the stones were uncovered he hung his instrument out over the centre of the oven, six feet above the stones, whereupon the mercury rose to two hundred and eighty-two degrees. It is said the stones were "white-hot," and that low flames from several holes between the stones could be seen leaping up around them.

Two of the men who were to walk across the oven were examined by the Europeans before their daring act. They wore garments about the neck and waist. Their feet and legs were entirely bare. The soles of their feet were *soft and flexible, showing that they had* not been rendered permanently callous in any way.

In order to detect the presence of chemicals that might have been applied for the occasion, various tests were made.

Finally, at a signal, the seven or eight natives who took part in the exhibition came down in single file to the oven and walked across the stones from one end of the pit to the other. They spent less than half a minute there.

Immediately after they emerged the Europeans again inspected their feet, but could find no sign of burning or blistering.

Several Englishmen have tried this experiment, one of them a British resident on one of the Society Islands. He stated that he felt something resembling slight electric shocks, and that the tingling sensation continued for hours afterward, but that that was all. The tender skin of his feet was not even hardened by fire. Yet the stones were so hot that an hour afterward green branches thrown on them caught fire and blazed up.

LITTLE TALES FROM NEW BOOKS

THE infamous Captain Morgan and his piratical crew were sometimes in tight places in Panama, and on one occasion were reduced to eating their leathern bags. "Some persons," says one of the company, Exquemelin (whose narrative is reproduced in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies"), "who never were out of their mothers' kitchens may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer: That could they experiment what hunger, or, rather, famine is, they would certainly find the manner, by their own necessity, as the pirates did. First, these took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between two stones and rub it, often dipping it in the water to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had right at hand."

Malingering is common in jail, but surely a case quoted from his own experience by Dr. Quinton, the late Governor of Holloway, in "Crime and Criminals" (Longmans) is a record. The "hero" was a violent prisoner who feigned stiffness of the index finger to avoid oakum picking. He was so angry when the finger was forcibly bent that, "on returning to his cell, he promptly placed the offending finger in the hinges of his table, which was attached to the cell wall, and violently raised the leaf, with the result that the finger was absolutely shattered and had to be removed."

Another case, even more remarkable in its way, was that of the notorious American criminal, Bidwell, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life in connection with the Bank of England forgeries.

"He was in good health on conviction, but never did any active work in prison. Feigning loss of power in his legs, he lay in bed from day to day, and from year to year, defying all efforts of persuasion, and resisting all unpleasant coercive measures devised to make him work. When I saw him at Dartmoor at the end of eight or nine years of his sentence, long disuse of his legs had rendered him almost a cripple. The muscles were extremely wasted, and both hip and knee joints were contracted in a state of semi-flexion, so that he lay doubled up in a bundle. Though he was examined time after time by experts, no one succeeded in discovering any organic disease, or any cause for his condition other than his own firmly expressed determination never to do a day's work for the British Government—a threat which I believe he ultimately carried out."

Probably the biggest cannibal orgy on record is one of which Miss Beatrice Grimshaw tells in "The New New Guinea" (Hutchinson). "In 1858 a shipload of Chinamen was being taken down to Australia. The vessel was wrecked upon a reef close to Rossel Island (New Guinea). The officers escaped in boats, but were never afterwards heard of. As for the Chinamen, numbering 326, the natives captured them, and put them on a small barren island, where they had no food, and no means of getting away. They kept their prisoners supplied with food from the mainland, and every now and then carried away a few of them to eat, until all but one old man had been devoured. This one succeeded eventually in getting away, and told something of the story, which seems to have met with general disbelief. True it is, however, on the evidence of the sons of those who did the deed."

A characteristic story of John Bright is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her new book, "I Myself." He was at dinner one night with an M.P. whose wife by no means shared her husband's democratic sentiments. John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him among her smart guests, and thought to give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum which he put down upon the floor and, getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up. "It is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation and the dinner went on.

THE PART PLAYED BY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

THE Crippen trial has raised once more the much debated question of capital punishment, garnished with the usual stock-in-trade of the abolitionists—the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. And yet, if the question be thoroughly probed, it will be found that many murderers would escape the just award of the avenging law if circumstantial evidence were no longer admissible. Those who premeditate murder, as a rule, take every precaution to avoid direct evidence. In the majority of cases the murderer is caught in the toils of circumstantial evidence which he alone has supplied. The pieces of underclothing, the scrap of hair, the portion of flesh with the scar of an old abdominal operation—all these might have been destroyed by Crippen. Murder will out. Falsehoods cannot be woven into the fine unbroken web of truth. A close examination reveals the flaws of the most adept criminal who seeks to cover his footsteps. The so called romance of crime lies in the ingenious devices by which the accused endeavors to throw the sleuth hand of justice off the scent. They spin such a mazy web that they themselves are caught in its toils.

Who has not heard of these famous partners in crime, whose figures hold a place of honor in Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors? The thrill of horror with which the public learned of their gruesome traffic led to the passing of the Anatomy Act. Here was an organized, dividend-paying partnership, syndicated for the supply of corpses to the unsuspecting anatomists, and, as a mere incident in the ungodly trade, for the forcible emigration from this world of many poor waifs and strays, who, despite their helpless despair, clung tenaciously to life. Having selected an easy and unsuspecting victim, Burke, the diplomatist and soft-spoken benevolent friend, tracked the quarry to his lair. Here his partner smothered the shrieks of those who protested against "the deep damnation of their taking off;" some, doped with drink and drugs, yielding up their spirits without struggle or alarm. The corpse was then sold to good, easy-going Dr. Perkins, who asked no questions. Old washerwomen, idiots, the flotsam and jetsam of the streets, arrived at this human abattoir singly on foot, and found their way to the dissecting table. Some, on the pretext of having a drink, passed into the murderers' den, never to emerge alive. They were more valuable in death than in life. Human wrecks whom no one wanted brought $50 each when ready for the hospital theatre. The very helplessness and friendliness of the classes preyed on proved to be the strong card in evading suspicion. No one wanted these poor, down-and-outs in life; in death their only market value was as subjects for the dissecting knife. The score of victims to the credit of these ghouls was forty, and all seemed well until Hare, avaricious man, took in lodgers. This proved his undoing. Even with the sworn testimony of the lodgers, who were the horror-stricken eye-witnesses of the murder of victims, the prosecution could only finally succeed in accepting one of the partners in crime, Hare, as a Crown witness, so well had the firm covered their tracks. "We always took care when we were going to commit murder," said Burke when the game was up, "that no one should be present—that no one should swear to seeing the deed done. They might suspect, but they never saw."

Burke, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law, has enriched the English language with a new verb. "To burke"—to smother, to get rid of noiselessly—is often used by the public speaker and Parliamentary debater, without any thought or knowledge of its gruesome antecedents.

The notorious case of the murderer, George Mullins, is a typical instance of the fatal tendency of the criminal to weave the noose for his own neck. Mullins was a policeman in Ireland and also in England. After leaving the force he did odd jobs as repairing contractor, and in this capacity did work for old Mrs. Elmsley, a penurious, suspicious old woman, whose house rents from tenants brought her in the comfortable weekly sum of $200. The murder of this lonely old woman leaked out on a Monday, and straightly pointed to robbery as the motive. It was clearly the work of some one hungering for the weekly rents which she had collected on the Saturday night. Mullins, the ex-policeman, was the one being she trusted. Search proved that the old miser had disappointed the hopes of her murderer. The money was afterwards found carefully hidden away. No clue was found to the murderer. The whole tragedy seemed wrapped in impenetrable mystery. A reward of $1,500 was offered, and the greed for money led Mullins to the scaffold. He came forward to claim the reward, informing the police that the crime had been committed by a friend of his, named Emms. To the latter's house Mullins and the police went, but no clue was found. Unable to resist the glitter of the big reward, Mullins cried: "You haven't half searched; look behind that slab there," pointing to a large stone in the yard. Under the slab was found a parcel containing spoons belonging to the murdered woman. The parcel was tied with a piece of shoemaker's waxed cord. The eagerness of Mullins and his indiscretion in locating the booty led to his arrest along with Emms. The latter was a shoemaker, and Mullins, with a far-seeing cunning that failed him in the end, had deposited the parcel in his neighbor's yard, and to throw suspicion on an innocent man, had got possession by some means or a piece of waxed cord, with which to tie it. He went to the scaffold protesting to the last his innocence of the crime.

The mills of God ground slowly but surely in the case of Eugene Aram. He murdered Daniel Clarke, the mystery of whose disappearance was not at the time unraveled. Time passed, and the name of Clarke was forgotten, save by the oldest inhabitants. The lapse of years brought a sense of security, if not freedom from remorse, to the murderer. Excavations led to the unearthing of a skeleton which set the memories of the older inhabitants jogging backwards to the fatal year of the disappearance of Clarke. An accomplice of Aram's, who, like Mullins, unwisely aired his superior knowledge, stubbornly insisted that the skeleton was not that of Clerke. To back up his theories against some of the inhabitants, he pointed out the spot where another skeleton had been found. The second skeleton was unearthed, and Eugene Aram was placed on trial for his life. He relied, like Crippen, on the difficulty of identifying the remains, but the court and jury showed sound common sense by sending him to the scaffold.

Another crime immortalized in literature was the murder of his young and beautiful bride by John Scanlon, a dashing young officer of twenty-five, of good family, and a great favorite in the highest circles. Staying over at Dublin on his way home to Limerick, in the days of the rumbling and uncertain stage coach, he fell in love with the niece of a rope-maker (ominous trade!) named Ellen Connedy. After the marriage they went to live at Glin, County Limerick, Ireland, where, within a few weeks after his marriage, Scanlon determined to get rid of his beautiful wife. He selected as his accomplice a servant man named Sullivan. Inviting his wife for a row on the broad waters of the River Shannon one quiet evening, he did hed to death, and cast her body into the water. Presuming on his standing as a "gentleman," he gave out that his humbly-born wife had turned out to be of indifferent character, and had gone to America. How Crippen-like the story! The lady's character was too well-known, however, and few believed this story. After a time her dead body was cast up on the shore—mute witness against her cruel husband. Like Crippen, Scanlon had mutilated the body of his victim so that it would be unrecognizable. Still the identity was established by a sensible jury of her countrymen. The case was tried before Baron Smith, and he, fearing the great family interest of the accused ordered Scanlon to be hanged forthwith. His titled relatives were unable to reach Dublin in time, and Scanlon paid the death penalty. Out of these gruesome materials Gerald Griffen wove his finest romance; Dion Boucicault his famous "Colleen Bawn," and Benedict's "Lily of Killarney."

Shiloh's Cure

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

WEAK, SICKLY BABIES MAKE HOME WRETCHED

No home is happy where there is a sick baby. The sufferings of the little one makes the whole household wretched, for what mother or father would not rather suffer themselves than to see their little one suffer. But there is no reason for wretched homes because baby is ill. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood; not only that, but an occasional dose of the Tablets will keep baby well. Thousands of mothers have found happiness through the Tablets making their little ones well and happy. Among them is Mrs. C. C. Roe, of Georgetown, Ont., who writes: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a help to the baby during the hot summer season. We have used them and are much pleased with their results." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents, a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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When the Reindeer Ran Away

(By Izola Forrester)

HELEN did not open the telegram until she had made sure that Chap was not watching her. The messenger waited in the dimly lighted hallway, his cap off, his round, boyish face alight with anticipation.

Back in the studio came Chap's rolling tones, a bit husky from the cold he had caught crossing the ferry in the storm, but still sweet and happy, with just a suggestion of a lisp. Chap was proud of that lisp. It marked an epoch in his life, when, as he had said, "a perfectly good toof dropped out." They had treated the event with the distinction it deserved, he and the girlish person he called "Muvver." They had acted quite foolishly over it, wrapped it in pink cotton and sent it off in a tiny jewelry-box as a present to the father-boy way out West, with a line to the effect that Chap had made it all himself, and it had taken him six and a half years to do it.

"Car-rull, bruvvers, car-rull! Car-rull joyfullee!
Car-rull the good tidings, car-rull merrilee!",

Somehow the tears rose quickly to Helen's eyes as she listened, and almost blinded her as she read the message from the father-boy. It was brief and most sadly to the point.

"Trains blocked by storm. Money as soon as I deliver goods at office in New York. Cheer up. Merry Christmas.
"Bob."

That was all. And it was Christmas Eve, and she had just seventeen cents on hand.

"Is—is this message prepaid?" She looked up at the boy anxiously.

"Yessum." He grinned a bit sheepishly and handed her a little dingy card with a verse printed on it.

"Christmas is coming, turkeys are fat.
Please drop a nickel in your messenger's hat."

In spite of her trouble Helen smiled and nodded. Back she went softly through the short hallway and found her purse. Five cents of the seventeen was laid in the messenger's palm and he went away whistling softly.

Chap was curled up on the window-seat. Out of doors horns were blowing, bells were chiming, even the clang of the street-car gongs sounded festive and musical. Down-stairs in the studio below somebody was singing; it sounded like the curly-haired old gentleman, Chap said—like the way he would sing if he could sing.

Helen laid the telegram on the mantel and tried to think clearly. Not that she minded for herself. So long as Bob would not be with her, all the money in the world could not make it a merry Christmas for her. He had been away two weeks, on a business trip West for the company. It was not an especially important trip, only that Bob was the latest man on the staff and, as the chief had told him before he started, "it was up to him to make good."

And she had been willing for him to go, so willing, even though New York was an untraveled wilderness to her and Christmas lay just ahead. They had come East from a little manufacturing town in Ohio, where Bob had been editor of a trade journal. His work had attracted attention in industrial circles, for while it was not brilliant, still it showed he had a good grasp on things as they are, with an excellent idea of how much better they might be. So they had given up the position on the trade journal, and their little home, and had come to New York.

"Let's not take an apartment," Helen had suggested. "There's only Chap and us, and we can easily get along with two or three rooms where I can do light house-keeping and we'll save so much right in the beginning."

It had been pure fun hunting for that studio apartment. They had reached the city in the morning, a clear, fine November morning, when winter had seemed months away. After three hours' search for a reasonable place to live in, Helen had taken Chap and had willingly rested in the ladies' writing-room of one of the big hotels, while the father-boy went forth to find a nest. And he had found one, such a pleasant, well-furnished suite that Helen looked at him doubtfully when she saw it.

"Now don't worry," Bob had told her, joyously, as he had turned on the lights and tossed Chap over on the big divan and lifted the doubtful person bodily in his arms over to a most inviting green wicker chair. "The first month's rent is paid and we're here, and you can see all the way across the square out of the front windows, and I don't have any car-fare to pay."

"I fink it's pretty nice," Chap had said politely, that first night, after Helen had prepared dinner on a two-burner gas-plate, and they were eating it picnic style on the front room mission table. "Where's the garden?"

Bob had pointed out of the window. Right before them lay Washington Square, with the Memorial Arch ahead, and beyond Fifth Avenue, with its narrowing prospective of what Chap had called "flower lights."

"That's our garden, honey-boy," said Bob, and Chap had been content.

There were quite a number of people in the quiet, five-story building, but Helen decided they were not neighborly, for nobody ever spoke to her, and nobody knocked at her door except Mrs. Dorrity, the stout, placid janitress. But Chap held a different opinion. While Helen was busy at her work, he would go around with Mrs. Dorrity from studio to studio, as she made her cleaning-up rounds. It was from him that Helen found out just who her neighbors were.

"There's a lady way up on the top floor with a typewriter, and she always says hush to me and kisses me and gives me some salted almonds. Then there's a man in the back room and he's always taking a bath, so I haven't seen him yet, but he calls out to me every morning."

"What does he say?" asked Helen.

"He says, 'Hello, buddy, how's things going?' And I tell him they're going pretty well. Then in the rooms back of us, muvver, there's two love-ly girls. And they've got a fire escape all fixed up with flowers, and a yawning over it—"

"Awning, sonny boy?"

"Yawning. And they've got a big collie in there named Tan, and they've got the front thing out of their grate, muvver."

Chap had stopped there. There was a grate in their apartment, also, but the "front thing" was fastened in, for the radiator gave sufficient heat.

"They've got it open." Chap had continued, in a secretive way, "so HE can get in without a latch-key."

"He?" Helen opened her eyes wider. Was there a mystery in the quiet, conventional studio building?

"Santa Clauth, muvver," Chap had added, his blue eyes full of anticipation. "Kate, that's the littlest girl, says he always comes down their chimney."

Helen was silent, and after a pause Chap had suggested, "Don't you think we oughter take out our grate, too? He can't get through hot-water pipeth, can he?"

Chap's voice roused her now, as he spoke to her from the window-seat.

"Muvver, can I have your latch-key juth for to-night? I want to tie it on the end of a thing and let it down from the window to the front door, tho he can get in."

The buzzer at the hall door sounded again and Helen welcomed the interruption. It was another messenger-boy. And the telegram was for Chap. She almost laughed as she read. It was so like Bob to send it to him to save the day. They looked at it together, after the messenger-boy had gone, she kneeling beside him, with one arm holding him close to her. Chap's face was intensely serious, and well it might be, for that telegram bore amazing tidings from an important personage.

"Reindeer have run away. Be at your house as soon as I catch them.
"S. C."

"Do — do you know what that meanth?" Chap's eyes were wide and startled. "That meanth HIM! 'S.C.' Santa Clauth!"

he pleaded. "'Cause she'th expecting

"I shouldn't wonder," said Helen reverently. Chap took the telegram from the table.

"I want to show it to Mrs. Dorrity," him, too."

He was gone quite a long time. Helen worked until her eyes felt tired, a little smile on her lips. It was splendid of Bob to think of sending that message. It explained the lack of toys, the lack of money, the lack of everything Christmasy. When Chap came up-stairs, sleepy-eyed, but munching on a huge square of pink pop-corn that Mrs. Dorrity had given him, she undressed him and put him to bed on the couch in the back room. Just then the buzzer sounded in the hall, so unexpectedly that it startled her. She opened the door, half expecting to see another messenger-boy, and dreading him, for a second nickel had gone to the last one. But the hall was empty. The elevator was down at the first floor. But on the floor beside her doorway, were several parcels. Wonderingly, Helen gathered them up and went back into the front studio. There were three, all good-sized bundles, wrapped in white paper and tied with holly ribbon. To each was fastened a card, and on them it read:

"I'm on the way.—Yours truly, S.C."

Helen thought. Who could have sent them? It must be Mrs. Dorrity out of her big kindheartedness, who had rummaged around and found some gifts for Chap. But before she could think clearly the buzzer sounded again.

The miracle repeated itself. The hall was empty, silent. Yet at her door were a number of tissue-wrapped bundles. And to each one a card. They were all directed to "Chap." One card broke into verse:

The reindeer have gone and I'm stranded flat.
Please drop a nickel in Santa Claus' hat.

And there was a picture went with it, a tiny sketch of the old gentleman perched blithely on a snow-drift, with his pack about him and the vanishing horns of the runaways in the distance. Helen studied it for a moment and took a step toward Chap's bed. But at the archway between the rooms she paused. He had wanted to hang up his stocking at the grate, and she had begged him not to, knowing the disappointment that awaited his faith. Yet he had hung it up, hung it on the door-knob of the wardrobe at the foot of his bed, and the unfaltering trust shown by that one lone, skinny, little black stocking filled Helen's eyes with tears. She went back to the table intending to put the smaller parcels in the stocking unopened, but again the buzzer sounded.

And as she went toward the door a bright idea came to her. She did not open the door this time. Silently she stood close to it and listened. It seemed several minutes before she caught the sound of smothered laughter, then something went skish against the door and she heard excited whispers. But at the very first hum from the buzzer she opened the door. A tree fell toward her, a short, broad, fragrant evergreen, its branches brushing the burlapped walls, and there were many parcels at its base this time, but Helen stepped by it into the hall, and faced—Santa Claus!

He was tall and in his shirt sleeves. He backed away hastily.

"Caught red-handed, Barney boy!" called a voice from the stairs, and the door of the back studio apartment opened and two heads looked out reproachfully.

"Oh, Barney!"

Barney looked confused and warm. In the gloom of the upper stairway several faces looked down. He cleared his throat and stammered.

"Why, to tell the truth, Mrs.—er—Mrs."

"Mother-of-Chap," Barney took it up happily. "We are the rescue party. The reindeer ran away, you know, and we—anyway, we went after them and we're just helping unload, that's all. Can I help you in with the tree?"

"Can't we all help?" asked a plaintive voice from the back studio, and before Helen, the stranger, could catch her breath, she found herself back in her own apartment, with a circle of her neighbors around her, all whispering, "Hush!"

They made her sit down on the divan and give orders. Barney and the man from upstairs who took baths every morning, set up the tree. Then the girls trimmed it, draped gold and silver ropes of glittering tissue over its dark rich boughs, hung dangling ornaments at every tip, tied chocolate dolls and strange candy animals and dazzling angels all around.

Helen felt swept off her feet with the suddenness of the change. When the tree was trimmed to the satisfaction of all they raised the windows and listened to the midnight bells pealing out their sweet old-world tidings to Manhattan. The same Manhattan that had seemed to Helen so lonely, so selfish, so far away in her hour of trouble. And suddenly it came to her, as she listened and looked at the eager, happy faces around her, that Christmas is not a thing of environment, of money, of locality. It is the great gladsome spirit of good-will in the hearts of men and women, the spirit that breaks down the little barriers conventionality hedges us around about with.

"I guess we'd better go so the kiddie won't wake up," whispered Nell, Kate's sister, as she put her arm around Helen and shook her hand. "Now, you cheer up, lady mother, and go to bed. I only wish we could see his eyes when he wakes up. Make him stay in bed till you light up the candles."

I WONDER WHICH CHIMNEY IT IS?

Helen promised faithfully that she would, and thanked them over and over until Barney said his ears were turning as red as his hair from embarrasment. And when it was over and she stood alone again in the studio, she knelt at the window and cried softly over their kindness.

But it was Chap who wakened her Christmas morning. She felt his warm hand on her cheek, as he knelt beside her in his flannel pajamas.

"Say, muvver," he said excitedly, "HE'S been here."

She slipped on a kimono and went out in the studio. It was still dark. And while she hunted for a match, there came the familiar click of a key in the outer lock and the sound of Bob's tread in the hall. In a moment she was infolded close in his arms, with Chap dancing madly around.

"Dear, I couldn't get in a minute sooner," Bob was saying, as he kissed her and patted her long brown hair. "The train was snowed in this side of Altoona. Don't you care, Chap, old man, the reindeer have run away, but we'll catch them to-morrow sure."

"They're caught," cried Chap, frantically. "He's been here, dad. Can't you see he has?"

As the light flared up, Bob stood and looked at the tree. Helen was lighting the little gaily-colored candles one by one, and each bit of gold and silver tinsel caught the gleam. Chap put his hands where his pockets should have been and stared with a great, marveling satisfaction at the whole proceeding.

"I knew he'd come," he said. "Gueth somebody caught the reindeer all right, dad."

"Guess he did, buddy," said Bob solemnly.

"I hope he went to everybody in the building," added Chap thoughtfully. "'Cause I showed them all the telegram, so they'd be sure and know the reason why he couldn't come."

Helen and Bob looked blankly at each other. That telegram, betraying the condition of their exchequer, had gone the rounds of the studios, as a plausible excuse of why Santa Claus was delayed.

Chap glanced over his shoulder and wondered why his father had suddenly gathered "muvver" up into his arms and seated himself in the green rocking-chair, just as if she had been a little girl, all cuddled up in her pink kimono.

But Chap was a perfect gentleman, and he said nothing to interrupt them, not even when he heard her crying softly. There was ample excuse, he considered, for even a grown-up mother to cry. It isn't every Christmas the reindeer run away.

CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

(By Lucretia M. Davidson)

AN Italian Christmas is a very different thing from the Christmas of Canada. They have a proverb in Italy, "Christmas where you like, New-Year with your family," which, perhaps, expresses their idea of the importance of the day as well as any lengthy description. Yet their own customs are very interesting.

To begin with, there is the Presipio, the Ceppo, and the Christmas dinner.

The Presipio, as almost every one knows, is the representation of the manger—a custom which is said to have originated with St. Francis of Assisi in 1223. Going from Rome to Rieti about Christmas-time, the saint halted in a wood, and in a grottto erected an altar representing at its base the scene of the manger with a heap of hay, a figure of the Bambino carved from olive wood, a canvas for background painted with figures of animals. The peasants of the neighborhood soon gathered around these outward and visible signs of the birth of the Saviour which, perhaps, increased even more the devoutness of their worship. The shepherds of the vicinity came also, their bagpipes in hand, and worshipped at the manger, incidentally increasing the realism of the representation.

Later the Lord of Valenta of the near-by castello, who had lent the saint the hay and the image, had a vision of St. Francis caressing the olive-wood Bambino, and erected on the spot the first Presipio, a chapel in memoriam. The Bambino, the image of the Holy Child as we know it to-day, is said to have been carved by a Franciscan monk in the seventeenth century out of wood taken from the Mount of Olives. The ship that brought it from Palestine was wrecked at Leghorn, but the image was miraculously preserved and brought to the Church of the Ara Coeli in 1647, where it has been kept ever since. It is greatly venerated in Rome and frequently carried to the sick for their consolation. The figure is robed in silk and diamonds, and formerly had a carriage of its own, given by Prince Torlonia, to convey it to the sick. The blessing given with the Bambino from the head of the high marble steps of the Ara Coeli at Christmas time is a great event.

During the whole of the festive season the Bambino figures in a famous crib of the church that stands on the Capitoline Hill; and throughout the octave of the feast of children of tender years recite poems or preach little sermons on a platform in front of it. The infant preachers, whose ages range from four to ten years, go through their task, one after another, without the slightest embarrassment, emphasizing their words with graceful gestures. In ordinary times the olive-wood image is shown to visitors in a small chapel near the vestry by the sacristan.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century the Presipio has been in Roman Catholic churches all over the world.

All during Christmas week many shop windows, especially those in Florence, display the Presipio in paper or composed of the same materials as those used by St. Francis. In early times artists of high renown occupied themselves with the construction of the Presipio, making the little figures of men and animals out of terra-cotta and sometimes inventing machinery for the arrangement of clouds and angels. Today these figures are sometimes to be found in the shops of anitquarians and command high prices.

The Presipio has also engaged the brushes of great painters, and we have the subject treated by Fra Angelico, Lorenzo Credi, Murillo, Ghirlandajo, Maratti, Michaelangelo, Perugino, Van Dyck, etc. Luca della Robbia, too, found in it inspiration for his genius.

In Milan, in the fifteenth century, the ducal family of Visconti established the custom of having a Presipio in the palace for the children, a fashion followed by Catherine de Medici, who had her own especial one erected in the Riccardi Palace. The wife of Cosimo I. followed also their example, and her famous Presipio in the Pitti Gallery was the work of Buontolenti, the celebrated architect, then not fifteen years of age.

In nearly all of the Florentine churches the Presipio is a most important feature at Christmas. The Italian "Ceppo" is the substitute for the Yule-log of England and the Christmas tree of Germany and America. In the north of Italy it is really a log, whose burning is watched by the family with interest, but in Tuscany it consits of three sticks arranged somewhat like an artist's camp easel. Three others are placed in a position to hold a net of paper. The whole thing is trimmed with ruffles of paper and gilded nuts, while on the net are placed the little presents, usually consisting of figs, nuts and raisins.

As to the Christmas dinner, instead of a turkey many Italians have a capon. Often these fowls are kept in a cellar, or a room, and fattened for weeks beforehand, and are usually cooked in the form of a stew, with a sauce of olive-oil, anchovies, capers, and sausage. In Naples eels also are a feature of the Christmas dinner.

If the Italians do not make merry with our excitement they certainly observe Christmas most religiously, the midnight mass being one of the features of an Italian Christmas. At ten o'clock on Christmas eve the bells begin to ring, and the function that follows in the churches is called "The Mystery." Sometimes at midnight in the Duomo or the S.S. Annunziata (Florence) a Bambino springs to life on the altar, and when the bells announce the glad tidings of the birth of the Saviour there is a wondrous blaze of light from numerous candles.

Church over, another custom in Florence is for the people to flock to the Ponte Vecchio and do justice to the national schiacciata hot from the oven of its famous baker; it is cut into thick slices well sprinkled with sugar, and is served to the purchaser at seven centimes a slice.

THE SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS GIFT

(By Sophie Kerr Underwood)

THE question that has always puzzled me when I have heard people ardently discussing the subject of the sensible Christmas present is this: What is, really, a sensible Christmas present? One good soul will tell you that it is anything which is truly useful, such as a dozen tea-towels, a box of soap, a dust-cap, a cook-book, a gingham apron, a patent can-opener. But, somehow, I can not happily put the Christmas giver so summarily into the Martha class.

Then there are good folks with floppy flowers in their hats and floppy sentiments in their heads, who say rhapsodically that one should give only the beautiful, the esthetic, to be truly sensible: "Give the poor factory girl a lovely rose," they cry. "Give your cook an exquisite French print to wean her mind away from the sordidness of her work; give the little lad who sells you your paper a beautifully bound book; give only beauty—beauty."

Of course, that's all very well, but I don't want to give my cook an exquisite French print because she'd be furious and leave, and I would much rather have helpful hints as to what to give my best friends, Alice and Mary, and my cousins and my aunts, than suggestions for the boy who sells papers and the factory girls. I know very few newsboys and factory girls, not because I am snobbish, but because I have never had the chance to meet them.

Some one else tells me "Give what you yourself want," but that's a poor rule. For instance, I would love to have a French edition of Beranger and an armful of the poems and plays and stories of the modern Irish writers, but what would it avail if I give these to Aunt Julia, who reads nothing but lives of the saints? And can I give to Louise, who wears only mannish frocks—because they are most becoming to her—the frilly jabots which I dote upon, but which make her look dowdy? Nay, nay, I must seek fresh advice.

It seems as though there must be some people somewhere, who know how to choose Christmas gifts sensibly. Yet each year I hear post-holiday wails about the quantity of useless trash, mere dust-catchers, which has been exchanged under the guise of loving Christmas greetings, and to the great fatigue of the postman. I have seen my own mother, gentle soul that she is, look with undisguised wrath on a cushion-cover reeking with raw color and garnished with screaming cord and tassels, and wender how in the world any one could dare to buy the thing, much less tie it up in a holly box and send it to her with "Merry Christmas" written on the donor's card. And I have heard a plenty of things like this: "Of course, I shall never use it, it's quite impossible, but I can give it away next year." And "That makes nine pincushions this year. I, who live in a hall room in a boarding house, have so much need of pincushions." And "I am perfectly certain that is the centre-piece Mrs. Smith gave Mrs. Jones last year—and now Mrs. Jones sends it to me." And "That's a perfectly beautiful vell-case, of course, but I never wear veils, and she knows it." And so on, and so on, and so on—you could each of you furnish a posy of such sayings, I am sure.

Perforce I must turn to my own gifts. Here is the most prized one that I ever received. It is a square of perforated cardboard with a flower neatly sewed into it with bright yellow worsted. It was made at kindergarten by my own little nephew, my godchild, and he brought it home and announced to his mother that it was for me. It certainly isn't beautiful and it certainly isn't useful, but I don't care, it is a sensible gift, and I'll maintain it so against all the law and the prophets.

Don't you understand, those little chubby hands toiled patiently at it, working the tedious thread back and forth until the thing was done, and was, in his eyes, a very beautiful and wonderful piece of handiwork. And then—why, he wanted to give it to me, and so it is the gift of a dear, loving little child, and wholly priceless.

And here is a gift which is not sensible. It is a very handsome bowl of Benares brass and it was sent to me by Emily, who visited me last summer and was not a pleasant guest. She required a great deal of attention and entertainment and she told me that she made better mayonnaise than I did and that I looked my age. Both of which statements I know to be utterly untrue. Well, I think, if she didn't want to be nice when she was staying with me, I would much rather not have an expensive gift from her. I don't think it expresses honestly her feeling for me. I would much rather have a pleasant memory of Emily's visit and a little Christmas card than to think of her unpleasantly and be perpetually reminded of her by this truly lovely gift. I shall take no pleasure from the bowl. I insist that it wasn't sensible of her to give it.

Another instance: Two Christmases ago I received a big box of candy from a very nice man. Now I never eat candy, for it makes me very sick, but I knew that he didn't know it. And I could see exactly the workings of his perfectly masculine mind. He said to himself, "I'd like to give her something. Let's see, flowers, books, candy. I can't send her flowers, for she'll be away down in the country and they'd be ruined when they got there. There's no use getting books for her, for she's so fussy about books and I'd never be sure that she really liked them. But candy—every woman likes candy—I'll send her a lot of it." And so Christmas morning when I looked at a most lovely box of sweets and at the penciled card that came with it, I liked them both very much and I think it was a perfectly sensible present.

Now as I go on, it is beginning to be borne in on me that a sensible present is a present you want to give and one which you honestly think will be appreciated. The oh-anything-will-do-for-her present is not sensible. Better a two-cent card that you really want to send than a golden platter and a feeling that you had to give something handsome.

When I see the groups of scrambling women battling about the bargain-counters at Christmas-time, I always feel that there lies a good part of the general dissatisfaction with Christmas giving. Going home on the cars, I hear: "Well, I've got all my relatives' presents purchased, thank heaven, and tomorrow I start in on Jim's. I think grandma will like that scarf, don't you, even if she never does wear anything but black? Of course, it's pink, but it's a lovely pink, and it was only ninety cents marked down from a dollar and a half, and I was so tired looking around I thought I might as well get it and have that off my mind." "Well, poor grandma," thinks I!

"But you aren't being helpful at all," somebody complains. "It's all very well to talk about other people not being able to choose sensible gifts, but I notice you haven't made a single suggestion that will help a tired and bewildered Christmas shopper with a list as long as her arm."

All right—listen. Here's the way I look at the sensible present. First off, cards for everybody you just want to say Merry Christmas to, and buy them early because you have so much better chance to get pretty ones; silk stockings and really fine handkerchiefs for girls, for no girl ever had enough of either; books that you absolutely know he wants, for a man; money for servants, but put it in a pretty envelope, and ask each member of your family for a list of the things he or she wants and stick to that list; and nothing, no, not so much as a Christmas post-card, to any one unless it is sent with hearty good-will.

Please remember, except for this last clause, I do not set up to be authority on the subject of sensible presents. I am seeking light on the subject earnestly and humbly. I have merely made this plan for myself because I am too busy a woman to fashion gifts with my own fingers, and my time is so closely occupied that I can not afford to waste it in aimless shopping through over-full shops. And when I say that I wrap up and address—and sometimes put the stamps on—each gift as soon as I buy it and everything is always ready at least three days before Christmas, you'll probably think I haven't *much holiday* sentiment. But I can't help that. I've had to work out my plan of Christmas giving to suit my own time and strength and this is what I would urge every woman who values her peace of mind to do.

The sensible Christmas gift must be sensibly selected and sensibly given. It isn't a gift of policy or obligation, but of affection. It taxeth not unduly the purse, the time or the eyesight of the giver, nor the taste and patience of the recipient. It may be beautiful or useful, both or neither. It brings its welcome with it. It is not laid away and passed on to some one else next year. It says "Merry Christmas" to you sincerely, because it can truly make your Christmas merry with kind thoughts and loving memories. Oh, dear, all this sounds so nice! Why doesn't some good fairy give us a magic wand so that, as we choose our gifts, we might be sure to understand which are the truly sensible and which are the utterly foolish and vain.

THE CHRISTMAS PLUM-PUDDING

(By Emma Richards)

CHRISTMAS without plum-pudding would seem like the play of Hamlet with "Hamlet left out," and while you can buy a fairly good pudding in a tin can, the home-made article gives far more satisfaction and a larger quantity for the same expenditure. A young English friend gave me his mother's rule some years ago, and I have used it year after year with real pleasure, and as it lasts my family most of the winter, I think it an economical dish. It will require one pound of beef suet, one pound of currants, one pound of Sultana raisins, one pound of mixed peel (lemon, orange and citron), one pound of flour, two ounces of sweet almonds (chopped fine), one half teaspoonful of mixed spice, one half a nutmeg, one pound of sugar, one small teaspoonful of salt, the rind and juice of two lemons, three soda crackers rolled fine, six eggs and one fourth of a teacupful of syrup. Thoroughly mix when dry, then wet with egg and syrup, and water enough to make very stiff, then let stand over night. In the morning put in bowls, and cover with cloths, then put in a kettle of boiling water. Boil it for eight hours. When wanted for use, boil again or steam until thoroughly heated through. Serve with either hard or soft sauce or cream. As I own a large steamer, I usually steam my pudding instead of boiling it, and I like it better that way.

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