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No. 97 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1912 Subscription price $1.50 per year

THE CONSERVATIVES WIN WITH OVERWHELMING MAJORITY

Hon. W. Manson Endorsed by the People of Comox District. Wins by Immense Majority.

NO LIBERALS, TWO SOCIALISTS ELECTED

Capable, Business Management of Provincial Affairs Unanimously Returns the McBride Government.

The elections yesterday contained but little of interest or excitement. It was known, as absolutely as such things can be known, that Mr. Manson would carry the district by an immense majority, It was conceded the Socialists would carry the city of Cumberland and, under the circumstances, the Conservatives made no strenuous fight. On the other hand, the Socialists had many workers in the field, working hard and, after all, came out with the very slim majority of 53. Undoubtedly the Socialists gained some of the Liberal vote. Thus it is very apparent the Socialists are losing ground, and Socialism is on the wane.

In the province the Conservatives win a sweeping victory. The McBride government is unanimously returned, there being no liberals and but two Socialists elected.

This shows that the thorough, capable, up-to-date business administration of the affairs of the province by the McBride government has gained the hearty approval of the people. And the people are right. Nowhere are there better business and financial conditions, so healthy a growth and progress, than in the province of British Columbia; and this is wholly due to the sound, conservative sense of the people, and the admirable policies and administration of affairs by the Conservative government.

In our own district a deserving representative has met a just reward. Mr. Manson has labored faithfully; has accomplished results which the people of Comox are pleased to acknowledge and have acknowledged by their votes.

The Socialists elected are Parker Williams, of Ladysmith, and Place, of Nanaimo.

Following are the returns to date:

Station	Manson	Lefeaux
Denman Isl.	17	3
Hornby "	17	1
Ccurtenay	90	37
Cumberland	119	173
Comox	63	6
Union Bay	43	17
Heriot Bay	17	6
Manson's L'nd'ng	5	1
Lund	29	10
Quathiaski	16	4
Campbell River	14	16
Powell "	39	2

Band Concert.

In honor of W. L. Coulson and in recognition of the interest he and the aid he has given to the band, the Cumberland band will give a concert Sunday afternoon in front of the hospital. The following program will be rendered:

March.....Heroes of the mine
Anthem.....Cecil
I Will Arise.
Hymn.....Wesby
Angel of the Lord.
Cornet Solo.....Farrell
Skylark.
Chorus.....Mason
Jerasalem, My Glorious Home,
Hymn.....Smart
Hark, Hark, My Soul!
Trombone Solo.....Runner
Angels's Song.
Intermezzo.....Runner
Dancing by the Moon.
Hymn.....Anon
Edminston.
March.....Moorhouse
Conqueror
Hymn.....Purday
Sandon.

The new pipe organ for the Presbyterian church has just been installed in the church and will be heard by the congregation for the first time to-morrow morning. It is a very handsome instrument, with a beautiful tone, and will very much improve the inside appearance of the church.

COURTENAY NEWS.

The Courtenay Debating Society was addressed this week by Mr. Compton who gave a very interesting lecture on "Man's Place in Nature,"

The courtenay Social Club is now about to be opened. The furniture has all arrived and president colin Campbell expects to give a big time on the opening night with dance and reception. The club is holding a mock trial for breach of promise. The young man is wellknown as is also the young lady. Mr, Colin Campbell and Rev. T. Menzies are the lawyers in the case and a good legal(?) fight is expected.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church at Courtenay are preparing an excellent concert to be held about the first week in May. The choirs of both Courtenay and Sandwick are getting up some fine chorus numbers including the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust.

The Courtenay Debating club are giving a debate on Woman Suffrage.

The Rev. S. J, Thompson, Chairman of the Nanaimo District, will preach in Grace Methodist church to-morrow, both morning and evening, Mr. Thompson is one of the foremost men of British Columbian Methodism and cumberland is glad to welcome him.

In China, through drought and flood 2,700,00 human beings are starving and will perish this spring and summer unless relief comes. In Canada foodstuffs worth millions of dollars are spoiling because the crops were too heavy for the railways to ship to the east. And this is happening while the Chinese nation is in the throes of a new political birth. The generosity of the Americans who refunded a large part of the

NEW SIDEWALK TO WEST CUMBERLAND

Also Movement on foot to Secure Electric Street Lights.

A movenment by the people of West Cumberland and Jap town has been quietly on foot for some time. looking to the lighting of the streets of these suburbs by electricity, A proposition is soon to be made to the B. C. Electric company which it is thought will be acceptable. Endeavors have been made in the past to make a deal with the company for lighting, but they failed, because the company insisted that the tolls, being small, should be paid in advance for a year. The citizens of these suburbs are close figur- They are more or less a floating population. Some of them advance as a reason for not joining with the crowd, that should they pay for the whole year and move away shortly after. they would be the loser. or. as they express it, "would be paying for the otber feller," This is repugnant to the Oriental mind.

A proposition is now to be made to the company that the tolls shall be paid monthly, in advance of course. As the company maintains a monthly collector. it is probable a deal will be made.

A new sidewalk is now being laid by the provincial government from Cumberland to West Cumberland. With a new sidewalk and electric lights the people of this thriving suburb will certainly be in "the swim:"

In a little squib marked "Adv.' the News takes occasion to belittle the efforts of certain business men who are proposing to build a $10,000 opera house. Even if this is an advertisment and the News received 25c. for it, that is a cheap price for so vicious a knock at the town. Nowadays, newspapers when they have a nasty little fling which they are secretly ashamed to father. they print it over "Pro Bono Publico," "Com." and "Yours for the Right," etc., and such subterfuges. As nothing can be printed in a newspaper without the consent of the publishers, the courts have decided, time after time, that the publisher thus becomes a party to a libel. and public opinion heartily endorses this decision. "Manager" Curtis' opinion in this matter cuts but very little ice to anyone in town. The gentlemen who are backing Mr. S. D. McLeod in this matter are financially able to build a $10,000 opera house without particularly missing the money. That they have chosen to do so through a joint stock company is their own affair.

Born—To the wife of Geo. K. MacNaughton, M.D., on March 14th, a daughter.

CUMBERLAND LURES CAPITAL

F. W. Law of Western Trust Co, Victoria In the City.

With the reports of the improvements to be made in the city, the building of the proposed government wharf at Roy's Beach, the construction of the C. N. R. from Alberni to Cumberland, the eyes of outstde capital are being attracted to our city. Mr. F. W. Law, Manager of the Canadian Western Trust Co., of Victoria, is here with his secretary. In an interview with an ISLANDER representative, he would nothing definite as to his intentions. He talked as though it would require but little encouragement for his company to build offices in this city.

While very carefully concealing the real object of his visit, he favored our representative with a free opinion of the city. He was emphatic in saying that Cumberland was backed by immense resources and had a bright future. It was destined to be an important town. But, he said you seem to be asleep. When I arrived here I asked for the board of trade. I was informed there was no board of trade. I then asked for the development league, the publicity agent. There were none. I asked for the Mayor. Oh, he lives way up on the outskirt of the town, I couldn't get a room in the hotel last night He then read quite a lecture on the value of boards of trade. etc. Look at your sidewalks, he exclaimed. This doesn't look well for a town with a payroll of $100,000 a month.

Asked point blank; Do you purpose investing in Cumberland, he replied:

"That depends. Depends upon what inducements there are."

He then told of what his company had done in Redbird. Alberta. That town was like Cumland, when his company went there, asleep. They had bought land and made an additiof to the town. They had woke the town up, Now there were six railroads in the town of Redbird.

"Then you are going to make an addition to Cumberland?" sprung the representative.

"That depends upon inducements. We're coming into this section of country. Whether we come to Cumberland or go to Courtenay depends wholly upon the inducements offered us."

Mr. Law will return in about a week, meanwhile leaving a representative here.

All members of cumberland Choral Union are requested to attend a business meeting of importance Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in the Presbyterian church
ADAM JACK, Secretary

NEW RAILROAD TO COME THROUGH TO CUMBERLAND

Canadian Northern Railway Engineers Now in Field at the Head of Comox Lake.

LINE COMES DOWN SOUTH SIDE OF LAKE

Under Contract With McBride Government to Complete Road this Year, Which Means much to Cumberland.

Nineteen hundred and twelve, Anno Domini, looks like a banner year for Cumberland. Besides bringing many improvements to the city itself, it bids fair to bring to Cumberland a new railroad, a railroad from salt water on the west coast to salt water on the east coast of the Island. At both terminals there are excellent ports, water in which the largest of ocean going vessels may dock. It will bring to and through Cumberland, straight and direct, a portion of that trade, that commerce, that benefit which is to accrue to the world from the completion of the Panama canal. It makes of Cumberland an important city, places her up among the cities of the Island.

This road is the Canadian Northern Railway. It is under contract to the McBride government to begin and complete the construction of the road.

This railroad leaves Port Alberni running through the settled portions of the west coast to the summit. a low pass in the Island range of mountains. Between Port Alberni and this summit, there is a rise of 1300 feet in a distance of 32 1-2 miles. There will be two tunnels on the line. Reaching this side of the range the road touches the head of Comox lake, 12 miles west of Cumberland. thence down the south side of the lake to the city. Whether the line will proceed from Cumberland southeast 11 miles to Union Bay, or directly east 4 miles to the proposed new government wharf at Roy's Beach, is not yet definitely known, but as the line is projected to Campbell river, it is probable it will proceed direct to Roy's Beach, the nearest point to salt water, thence north to its destination.

There is now a party of 18 surveyors at the head of Comox lake in charge of Engineer Frank Bartlett. There are 17 pack horses in the outfit. Harry Reese has charge of a motor launch on the lake which conveys supplies and is at the service of the engineering party.

The length of the road from Port Alberni to Cumberland is 44 1-2 miles. In these days of quick and scientific railroad construction, the building of 44 1-2 miles of railroad is but a short job.

The building of this road means a phenominal growth for Cumberland. It means the doubling an trebbling of realty values in the city, of the farm lands surrounding us It means that those who want to get in on the ground floor in Cumberland must get a hump on themselves.

Truth, a new paper published in Cumberland, is on our desk. It is neatly printed and stands for—well it doesn't exactly say, but it seems to be willing to die in the "last ditch" for the working class. Let us hope it will not be necessary. The last ditch is a fearful place in which to die. It is edited and published by A. H. Rowan.

The finals in the English Billiard handicap at Potter'r Pool Room was won by W. W. Lansden. The trophy is a handsome quadruple plated, gold-lined silver cup, handsomely engraved. It is valued at $25.00. The engraving was done by Mr. Bert Aston.

It looks as though Comerade Lefeaux had forfeited his deposit money.

Enjoyable Smoker.

An enjoyable smoker was given in the Cumberland hall Friday evening by the U.:M, W. of A. The guests were entertained with a pleasing program.

Cornet Solo.....J. Lewis
Scotch comedian.....Alex Baird
Three round boxing contest.
Accordeon solo.....John Dibrizzi
Cake walk.....Walter Banner
Song.....A. Irish
Three round boxing contest
Speeches by prominent speakers
Refreshments.
Quartette.....Band
Song.....J. Taylar
Comic Boxing match
Song.....T. Roach
Song.....T. Douglas
Pianoist, George Lucos

Evolution of the Cow Pony

(By W. Anson)

WHEN "old man" Merchant was county treasurer at San Angelo he drove a bay horse named Charlie, a once "bad" cow horse raised near Midland. He used to drive to the court house in the morning, get out of his buggy and go in to his business, leaving Charlie to have his morning stroll. Trailing the buggy, the horse might go across the road and look into Nasworthy's stable, or perhaps he would wander down the street looking for a bite of grass growing by the sidewalk. If he came to a buggy hitched by the roadside he would carefully circle around it and never catch a wheel; but he never went very far and promptly at the stroke of twelve he would be at the south gate and, if he did not find the Old Man there he would walk round to the east gate. Here he would paw the ground and whinny, and if there was no response he would sometimes try the north side, but not very often and he would come back quickly if his master was not there. Some mornings the Old Man did not want him to wait, or maybe Mrs. Merchant, at home, would need the buggy; so Charlie would be turned around and started off for home. The old horse would sedately walk back across town, through the main street, avoiding the traffic and vehicles at rest, and eventually he would whinny at the yard gate—and keep it up until Mrs. Merchant came out to him.

One day the country treasurer was standing in front of the old Angelo stable talking to Bob Low and others, and Charlie was across the street, with the buggy blocking an alley. Suddenly a runaway team dashed around the next corner, and bore down upon the peaceful scene. It looked bad for Charlie and the buggy. Low sprang out, intending to get the horse up on the sidewalk, out of the way. But Charlie also saw the danger, and acted on his own initiative. Backing a little to get room to turn, he whirled and scampered up the alley as hard as he could run; barely in time, for the runaways swept the narrow street from curb to curb with the heavy wagon swinging wildly behind them.

I have said Charlie was at one time a "bad" horse. That was before he went to live with Mr. Merfchant. And as his case is typical as illustrating my contention that the range pony is not and never has been the vicious brute that so many would paint him, I offer him as an example. He was an ordinary cow pony when he came to San Angelo, and had been "busted" in the strenuous, old-fashioned way. A sudden movement in saddling him would start him pitching—and he certainly knew a few things about "ground and lofty" bucking. He was on the defensive always, and no doubt had it figured out in his own mind that he and the cow-punchers of his acquaintance had nothing in common. It was not to be wondered at that he was so quickly and thoroughly "gentled" by old man Merchant, who "fought it out with him with lump sugar.

In former times, we are told, it was part of every cow hand's business to sit out his buck-jumping bronco at the commencement of the day's work; nowadays the average puncher hesitates when applying for a job to inquire what horses he will be expected to ride. There was little of romance for the pony; the boy was hired to do certain work and the pony was provided as a means to the same, maybe one of seven or eight or a dozen to be ridden in their turn. A cow hand who left his mounts in reasonable flesh and with sound backs was worth more than the fellow who would be afoot after a three-week's round-up. From the moment in the chilly dawn when the lariat was dropped over his neck, till jaded and footsore he was turned loose at night, the cow pony was the slave of man and circumstances, lucky to have a master content to inflict the necessary hardships without roweling and gouging his flanks into ribbons or jerking the cruel bits till his mouth dripped foam and blood. There was small inducement for the riders to take especial pride in their mounts, an ever-watchful foreman picked up any youngster more promising than usual, and a buyer wanted to purchase the remuda at the end of the trail.

What a combination of paradoxes the old-time cow pony presented; distrustful and fearful of mankind, using every artifice and dodge to escape capture; resenting the saddle and cinch, bucking and squealing and doing his best to get rid of his rider; nervy and game to his last atom of strength, ready to drop dead sooner than shirk one iota of his day's work, and then perhaps to be ridden to town to stand outside the saloon, meek and innocent till all hours of the morning, to carry a spiritually elated or bibulously somnolent rider back to camp with not so much as a sidestep or a stumble. Riders and riders there were, also ponies and ponies; some men naturally kind and sympathetic with all dumb brutes, some horses instinctively kind and trustful of mankind. Not that the riders were wantonly cruel or by nature brutal, but work is work, and the work of the trail hand was hard and trying. Scorching and blistering under a cruel sun; dreaded drives across treeless plains, with starving cattle and dried-up water holes; swimming icy rivers; drifting in blinding, smothering sand storms; sleepless nights herding frightened cattle in furious thunder storms and pelting rain, and perhaps anxious hours guarding against marauding Indians—such experiences do not develop the tender side of a man's nature.

Most of the old-time cow ponies originated in the Southwest—Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. Accompanying the vast herds of steers which were annually driven north over the great trails, they were usually sold with the cattle at the end of the journey and supplied to a great extent the vast ranching country of the Northwest. The mustangs, or genuine wild horses, were not used to any great extent for cow ponies. The noble mustang, as a servant of mankind, is more or less of a novelist's myth. Few of them made useful cow ponies, and while it is true that there were many exceptions the proportion of serviceable mounts obtained from their numbers is so insignificant that it is hardly worthy of mention. Proof of this lies in the fact that they have been for the last thirty years shot down as nuisances instead of being caught and broken for man's use. They were generally captured by relays of riders—called mustangers—who took up the chase in turn and allowed the poor beasts neither rest nor opportunity to quench their thirst; those captured as colts were more likely to give good service and were more easy to domesticate. Their height was 14 hands or under; instances of larger and finer individuals is usually traced to the influence of escaped domestic horses. Both the Mexican and the Indian horses were descendants of the mustang, but they were distinct breeds, possessing common only a mutual ancestry; the one the result of human selection, the other the evolution of the genuine wild animal, bred according to nature's methods, which in this instance certainly do not demonstrate the survival of the fittest. In the springtime the strongest and boldest mustang stallions were perpetually fighting, and many of them succumbed to the ravages of screw-worms, and the weaker horses, which did not engage in combat, were left to propagate the species.

Nearly all Mexican ponies show certain marked characteristics: a line down the back and a cross over the shoulder which we associate with the humble donkey, frequently also the bars on the fore legs. Browns, duns, and grullas are common colors, the latter being the Spanish name for the sandhill crane, a sort of smoky lavender color. They seldom exceed 14½ hands, the majority being under 14, but they are capable of great endurance, carrying a man and the additional fifty pounds of saddle and blanket through many a day's work of over fifty miles between sun up and sundown. As a rule narrow, angular, droop rumped and light boned, judged from our standpoint, it is the exception to find a well shaped Mexican pony. Curiously enough, though we find excellent cow ponies among them (though I never knew one to make a champion roping horse), they have never furnished first-class polo ponies. They all lack that courage and nerve, that something which enables the well-bred pony to endure the intense strain of the game without flinching and to give up his last ounce of strength under punishment.

The Indian pony is a very decided improvement on the Mexican both in looks, conformation and disposition, which rather proves that the red Indian was a better horseman than the Spanish Indian. Circumstances favored the former, however; his horses had the choice of some of the richest grazing lands in the world, while those of the latter very frequently faced periods of drought when actual starvation was only averted by such scanty browsing as the scrub and chaparral afforded. Your typical Indian pony is a very compact, blocky little animal, quite good looking, and he makes an excellent children's pony. It is a pity that in his purity he is hard to obtain nowadays. The Indians were partial to "paints."

Improved sires were from time to time imported from the East, until we had that useful animal commonly known as a Texas horse. He was hardy and sound, but possessed no particular type and no very great commercial value. Thoroughbreds, saddle horses, trotters and other breeds of driving horses, and latterly horses of draft blood were introduced, but to none of these breeds is the country indebted for great improvement in her cow ponies and it was left to a comparatively unknown race of ponies to effect a lasting benefit.

The American quarter horse has no stud book, but it has nevertheless preserved its individuality and its marked characteristics from the time when we first find a record of the breed in the notes of an Englishman visiting America before the War of Independence. He mentions them in southern Virginia and North Carolina, and calls attention to their racing qualities and to the fact that they made excellent saddle horses for the road (Wallace's Horse of America, page 115). Since that time we get occasional glimpses of their history. They are mentioned in the American Stud Book, Vol. 2, and quarter horse names occur in the pedigrees of some trotting horse families. Their influence on the ponies of the Southwest in especial and on Western ponies in general, has been to impart symmetry, weight, docility and speed, resulting eventually in the high-class polo pony which now brings such fabulous prices.

Thus as lightly sketched above we have arrived at the modern cow pony. The ranchman of today with his smaller acreage and his fewer stock can afford to pay individual attention to his saddle horses. He knows each pony and his idiosyncracies, likewise each man. He does not allow Pete to ride SP-Cross because he knows Pete and the sorrel don't get on together. He lets Pete ride that big Staple-O bay, and Jake, who never fights a high-strung horse, gets the sorrel. As far as possible each hand is allowed to ride the horses of his individual fancy. The boys learn to regard their ponies with a certain amount of affection and pride, and are always ready to bet on their particular favorite.

A young range horse when first caught fights wildly to escape the dreaded rope, which cuts off his wind and galls his tender hide. His rushes and plunges are like the efforts of a salmon which feels the restraint of the angler's hook for the first time. He is in a state of overpowering fear; the loathsome smell of man, the needless, and to him, meaningless cruelty arouses his every atom of fighting instinct. He regards the approach of the othaur of this misery as an indication of further torture, therefore avoids personal contact by every means in his power.

There were, and still are, however, horses which would fight from a purely vicious desire to inflict injury. I bought a large number of cow ponies from the King ranch in southwest Texas several years ago. The hands, all Mexican vaqueros, handled them with marvelous skill; they caught one, however, by mistake which proved too much even for them; he was an "outlaw," and he gave them a lively twenty minutes before they could turn him loose again. He no sooner felt the rope tighten round his neck than he charged every two-footed enemy in sight, and in a minute he had us all up on the fence. He was too wise to choke down, to approach him was impossible, and the third alternative of catching him by the fore-feet and thus throwing him was much easier to advise than to accomplish. He would rise on his hind legs and blindly paw the air the moment he imagined a man was in striking distance. And this reminds me that, in former times when every cow pony was on the defensive, one seldom saw one of them attempt to fight a man with its heels.

It is ordinarily a comparatively simple matter for a good roper to catch a horse by the fore feet, but it is a different job to accomplish in a big pen when it is impossible to get within reasonable throwing distance. A dexterous twist of the wrist as the rapidly circling lariat leaves the hand causes the upper side of the loop to drop abruptly under the front feet; the under side simultaneously swings upward, striking the forearm above the knee; the man instinctively raises his right hand, and the horse, being in rapid motion, it can perhaps be understood that he, so to speak, really steps into the snare thus presented and his impetus tightens the loop automatically. The puncher immediately throws the horse. And that is how we eventually got rid of my outlaw.

During the first opening of Indian lands for settlement, in the famous Cherokee Strip run, many horses of different breeds were brought down to race for the choice locations. The distance varied up to fifteen miles and more, and the best of the cow ponies proved to be faster over the sandy, treacherous footing than even the thoroughbreds in training, of which a number were on hand. The latter, of necessity not of a very high class, were probably racing for higher stakes than they had ever contested for on the race track. It is true that the men riding cow ponies knew the country and the lay of the land better than the others, and it is also true that they knew better themselves how to get over such a country. A man who won a very choice location not far from the present town of Alva, on which was situated a valuable never-failing spring, told me that he used two Texas cow horses, under 14 hands high. He changed onto the lead horse, ready bridled and saddled, about half-way, jumping from one to the other as they galloped at full speed. He said there were probably fifty other men racing for the same prize. The distance was sixteen miles, which he covered in 48 minutes. His was by no means an unique experience; there were many prizes to be won, and it is a matter of record that the Texas cow ponies distinguished themselves.

The incomparable lope, extended for mile after mile without fatigue to horse or rider, which is neither a trot nor a canter but a mixture of both, is a gait seldom acquired by any but Western ponies. Many of them also develop a fox trot to perfection. The latter, I noticed, puzzled folks in England, who cannot understand how a pony can distance their hacks at a walk and can keep pace with a slow trot without moving or jolting his rider in the saddle.

Humanely speaking, a horse's intelligence and docility are developed in proportion to the extent of his contact with mankind. In the old days, when cow ponies were caught, saddled and ridden to be turned loose again without other handling, it is natural that these qualities were not in evidence. It was owing to their treatment and not to their disposition that they acquired a bad name. Nowadays more civilized methods are employed and a horse is gentled and broken instead of being busted, and consequently acquires a very different disposition.

The Western pony possesses an individuality and self-reliance uncommon in horses raised more or less in confinement. It is not necessary to guide him around treacherous holes when galloping full speed across a prairie dog town, neither is it necessary to look out for stones and rocks along the road. When he is led to a strange watering place he is very careful to satisfy himself that the bank is not boggy, and before he will trust his weight in the mud he will test it with first one foot and then another. Dozens of times I have driven my buggy team over wooden culverts from which a plank had been torn loose without checking or warning them.

The most reliable, the most trustworthy and the most intelligent horse in the world is perhaps to be found in the Western pony as used for family purposes. He is a friend of the family, a companion for the children. It is a common occurrence to see two or three and even four little tots riding along bareback and threading their way through the traffic of the county town on the old family buggy horse—a former cow pony. I remember two youngsters not over eight years old galloping across lots to see a polo game at Fort Worth, just as hard as their roan mare could lay foot to ground. Round the corner went the mare and off flew the children. But that roan pony would no sooner run away from those children than would their old dog. She sidled up to a fence to allow them to remount, laying back her ears and pretending to bite a chubby calf, the yellow dog enjoying the fun and jumping at her nose with joyful barks. A friend from San Angelo shared my amusement, and said:

"That old mare must be a sister of old man Merchant's Charlie."

She probably was not a blood sister, but she was a real Texas cow pony, and no doubt someone had "fought it out with her with lump sugar."

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

A Personal Appreciation

DURING the minority of the Duke of Cornwall, heir apparent to the throne, the Duke of Connaught is destined to take a conspicuous place in public duties and ceremonials. Already he has been named successor to Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada and as representative of the King at the opening of the first federal Parliament in South Africa.

For both of these tasks the Duke of Connaught is admirably equipped by nature and by training. Like his brother, the late King Edward, he has tact and capacity and industry that would fit him for any position. A correspondent in Ottawa recently hinted that the duties of the Viceroy in Canada were more onerous than ornamental. Had he known the Duke of Connaught he would not have felt it necessary to utter this warning, for his Royal Highness has shown in a long and busy career that he is no idler and has no ambition to occupy a sinecure.

From the day—forty-two years ago—when he entered the Royal Engineers he has worked at his profession, not as a dilettante but as a serious and practical soldier. The record of his services is in itself a proof. He passed through every branch of the Army—from sapper to gunner, from infantry to cavalry. He commanded the Guards at Tel-el-Kebir in the Soudan campaign of 1882, and shared with the Duke of Cambridge the distinction of a Royal Prince who had been under fire. Twice he has held a command in India, twice in England and once in Ireland. Perhaps the severest test of his military capacity was made in India, where he remained for six years. The first three years were spent in Bengal with the rank of major-general and the last three in command of the Bombay army. Only a man who is a born soldier and a hard and conscientious worker can control a great Indian military district. The Duke of Connaught in those years established his military reputation on a firm basis and confirmed the impression which the people had already formed of his earnestness and capacity.

Those who imagine that no disabilities attach to royalty know nothing of the Duke of Connaught's bitter disappointment when he was forbidden to share with his comrades the risks of war in South Africa. But Queen Victoria was adamant, and her widowed daughter, Princess Henry of Batteuberg, was at hand to remind her that death knocks at the door of the palace as well as at the door of the cottage.

A strict disciplinarian and a diligent officer, the Duke of Connaught commands the respect of the soldiers, while his good nature and his sense of humor win their affection. Only of a commander with these human qualities could be told this anecdote for which his Royal Highness is the authority. A young subaltern putting a company of infantry through their drill managed to get them into a terrible muddle. The Duke, who was watching the effort, called the subaltern to him and asked, have you any idea what your men are supposed to be doing?" The boy saluted and replied, with a confiding smile, "Not the slightest, sir. Have you?" There is also the story that illustrates both his humor and one of the difficulties of his position. It is related that at a reception at the Horse Guards the Duke asked an officer who had been presented what he wanted. "Nothing, thank you, sir,' was the modest reply. "My dear sir,' exclaimed his Royal Highness, shaking the astonished officer vigorously by the hand, "I am really glad to meet you. It is a long time since I met an Army officer who wanted nothing."

These anecdotes indicate characteristics that will appeal to Canadians, who, while they love a Governor-General who is royal, delight especially in one that can unbend and divest himself of ceremonial. And the Duke of Connaught can do both, for though born in the purple he has little taste for its formalities and knows the virtue of camaraderie. No Governor-General, we venture to predict, will prove more popular or more efficient in the discharge of his official and social duties. These qualities will commend him to the people of South Africa also. His visit, it is true, will be one of ceremony, for it marks a new epoch in the new Dominion. But his Royal Highness will give to the ceremony an intimate personal note. A great traveller, he has by instinct and experience the sympathetic understanding that puts him at once into harmony with his surroundings. No one can feel long a stranger in his presence or can withhold his innermost confidence. And he has, too, that broad and imperial outlook which is the gift of temperament and of travel. Many people have perhaps forgotten the sacrifice he made in order to retain the nationality which is his pride. Without hesitation he gave up his claim to the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and left to his nephew, the Duke of Albany, the honors and emoluments of this great position.

Another qualification the Duke of Connaught has to commend him to Canadians and South Africans as well as to Britons in every part of the world. He is a famous sportsman. As everybody knows, he has lately returned from East Africa, where for the second time he appeared as a hunter of big game. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than these visits to the wilds in search of adventure, and his delight, as well as his success, is shared by the Duchess of Connaught, who is a keen sportswoman and a splendid shot. If a Prince of the Royal House had the liberty of a private individual his Royal Highness would have limited his activities to sport and soldiering, for in these he recognizes his true metier. But the conditions of his birth have imposed upon him duties in other spheres, and in the discharge of these duties he has displayed conspicuous abilities and unselfish patriotism. No stronger proof of these qualities and of his active temperament could be found than in his resignation of the Mediterranean command. At Malta he had a sinecure to which were attached both dignity and emolument, and he had the conscience and courage to abandon it and to give his reasons. This bold step has confirmed the popular judgment of his character and has strengthened his reputation in the Army.

Like his nephew, King George, the Duke of Connaught is devoted to his home and his family, and loves to have his children about him. In the Duchess he has a real comrade, eager to share his pursuits and his travels. A daughter of the "Red Prince"—the hero of Koniggratz—Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia was married at the age of nineteen, and since the year 1879, when she arrived in Britain, has established herself in the esteem of the people. Whether at Bagshot Park or at Clarence House, she takes keen interest in everything that concerns the welfare of tenant or neighbor. Prince Arthur of Connaught, their only son, follows the profession of arms like his father. Princess Margaret, their eldest daughter, is the wife of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and is destined to occupy a throne, while Princess Victoria Patricia continues to be the constant companion of the Duke and Duchess, both at home and abroad.

Marvellous Feats Performed by the Dead

A RECENT American newspaper tells of an express train, carrying scores of passengers, running for miles with the cold hand of the dead engineer grasping the throttle.

Like many other true incidents, the story is more weird than any fiction. The engineer was at his post on his side of the cab, his head out of the window, his hand on the throttle. The fireman was attending to his duties, tossing coal into the furnace, and now and then giving a blast of the whistle. Once or twice he spoke to the engineer and got not answer, but he supposed his mate was not in a talkative mood.

As the train approached a station where it was wont to stop the fireman gave a long blast on the whistle, the signal that a halt was to be made. But the train sped on with unslackened speed. Not until it had gone past the station like a flash did the fireman's suspicions become aroused.

"What's the matter, Bill?" he asked. "We ought to have stopped there."

There was no response, and the now frightened fireman placed his hand on the engineer's shoulder. He withdrew it with a yell when he found the man's body stiff in death. With a presence of mind born of a life of danger, the fireman quickly reversed the lever and brought the train to a stop.

How long the engineer had been dead is not known, but it was probably half an hour or more. A weak heart, a slight convulsion unnoticed by the busy fireman, and the engineer was dead at his post, while death's hand held the throttle.

Several years ago a Russian cemetery was the scene of a weird wedding. A young woman who had been betrothed died suddenly on the eve of her marriage. Great preparations had been made for the wedding, and the bridegroom and his friends determined that the intervening hand of death should not interfere with the ceremony.

The funeral cortege then became a bridal party. The bridegroom walked beside the coffin containing the body of his fiancee as it was borne to the cemetery. At the grave the marriage ceremony was performed, after which the body of the bride, clad in her wedding garments, was lowered into the grave.

The story of the Phantom Ship or the Flying Dutchman, who for blasphemy was condemned to try in vain to beat around Cape Horn until the Day of Judgment, has its modern example in the fate of the ship "General Siglin," about ten years ago. The "General Siglin" sailed from San Francisco for Alaska, but never reached her destination. Months later the sealing schooner Arietis was cruising about 200 miles off the coast of British Columbia when she sighted a ship. The Arietis signalled the schooner, but got no answer. Running closed to the vessel, the crew of the Arietis made out the figure of a man at the helm, grasping the wheel, his gaze apparently fixed intently ahead. The man at the wheel was hailed, but returned no answer.

The story of the ship's fate can only be conjectured, as none of her crew was ever seen alive. It is supposed that the vessel was caught in a storm and began to leak badly, and the crew deserted her, the captain refusing to leave his vessel.

Not many years ago a valuable cup was won in a bicycle race in Australia by a man who was dead when he passed the winning-post. The race took place before a crowd estimated at 10,000 persons. The betting was lively and the contest close, and the spectators were worked up to a high pitch of excitement. In the last lap James Somerville, one of the riders, forged ahead and got such a lead that victory was assured. When within twenty-five yards of the finish those nearest to him saw him relax his hold on the handle bars and lose his footing on the pedals. Amid frantic cheers of the spectators he sped past the goal, winning the race by a few yards, and pitched forward from his machine. When he was picked up he was dead, and doctors declare the spark of life left his body when he was seen to lose his grip on the handle bars. It was a lifeless body that had crossed the line a winner.

Many sportsmen will recall the part which the proprietor of a London gambling house was made to play after death. The man's name was Crockford, and he owned many race horses. The day before the Derby one of Crockford's horses was poisoned, and the misfortune brought on an attack of apoplexy which caused his death late that night. Many of his friends had staked large sums on Crockford's horses, which were disqualified by the death of the owner. Only a few knew of his sudden death, however, and these were sworn to secrecy.

On the day of the race Crockford's body was made to look as lifelike as possible and was placed in a chair at an upper window of his home, partly concealed by the lace curtains. People going to the Derby and passing the house saw the figure at the window and cheered him. It was said that Crockford was not well and was unable to attend the race. His horses won, and the next day it was announced that Crockford was dead. It was several years, however, before the true facts leaked out.

Of all the stories of the days of chivalry none is more interesting than how the Cid Campeador, "God's scourge upon the Moors," won a battle after death. The Cid died at Valencia, and before death directed that his body be taken to Castile. Just about this time a mighty army laid seige to Valencia, but the story is best told in the quaint language of the chronicler:

"All this while the company of the Cid were preparing all things to go into Castile, as he had commanded before his death, and his trusty Gil Diez did nothing else but labor at this. And the body of Cid was prepared after this manner: First, it was embalmed and anointed as the history has already recounted, and the virtue of the balsam and myrrh was such that the flesh remained firm and fair, having its natural color, and his countenance as it was wont to be, and his eyes open, and his long beard in order, so there was not a man who would have thought him dead if he had seen him and not known it. And Gil Diez placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle, with the body upon it, he put upon a frame; and he dressed the body in a gambax of fine scudal next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders. These were so hollowed out and fitted that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one came up to the poll and the other up to the beard, and these boards were fastened to the saddle so that the body could not move.

"Now, Alvar Fanez Minaya had set the host in order, and, while the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diez led the way with the body of the Cid and Dona Ximena and the baggage, he fell upon the Moors. And so great was the uproar and confusion that few there were who took arms, but instead thereof they turned their backs and fled toward the sea.

"And when King Bucar and his kings saw this they were astonished. And it seemed to them that there came against them on the part of the Christians full 70,000 knights, all white as snow, and before them a knight of great stature upon a white horse with a bloody cross, who bore in one hand a white banner and in the other a sword which seemed to be of fire, and he made a great mortality among the Moors."

"DR. JEKYLLS" IN REAL LIFE

THE interest which has been aroused in London by Mr. H. B. Irving's masterly impersonation of the dual role of the high-minded Dr. Jekyll and his other self, the villainous Mr. Hyde, led to the asking a West-end specialist in diseases of the brain whether there were any such cases of dual personality in real life.

"Quite a number," he promptly replied; "although I have never heard of such striking contrasts as those of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. On several occasions, however, I have come into contact with men who, with a reputation for kindness and geniality, would do the most cruel things at times. A curious kink in the nature of a West-country farmer whom I knew led him to treat dogs and cats with abominable cruelty. He took fiendish delight in torturing and starving them, and yet this same man was exceedinly popular with everybody in his neighborhood and continually doing acts of kindness towards the children of the village near which he lived. He candidly confessed to me that the sight of a cat or dog seemed to arouse every savage instinct in him, and he came to me to see if I could do anything for him. I could only suggest that he should rigidly exclude cats and dogs from his home. This, I believe, he has done.

"Another case was that of a man who had periodical fits of moroseness, and absolutely declined to speak to his wife or children for days together when the attacks seized him; and yet, when they had passed away, he was the best of husbands and fathers, and was continually expressing his sorrow to his wife and children for the pain he caused them. They recognized, however, that he was the victim of some psyschological trick which medical science could not fathom, readily forgave him, and endeavored to take no notice of his attacks. But they grew worse, and at last I advised him to go away whenever he felt them coming on, and stop until the attack was over. He adopted this plan, and I had a letter from him a short time ago in which he said that he thought he was getting much better.

"It is the case of a woman, however, that one finds some extraordinary cases of dual personality. One of the most remarkable cases I have ever met with was that of a young woman who had a very fine voice. Her parents were anxious to have it cultivated, and placed their daughter under the tuition of a vocal instructor, who promised a brilliant future for the embryo singer. But the young woman said she could not sing a note, did not want to sing, anyway, and distracted her parents and instructor with her fits of melancholy and stubbornness, in which she refused to take the slightest interest in her vocation, and yet she could sing like a lark.

"Personally I believe that a good many cases of kleptomania are due to a dual personality which forces a woman to steal against her will. Then, again, very frequently imaginary love affairs between married men and strange women they meet are caused by a dual personality. A man of a religious turn of mind, quite home-loving and for years a family man, will suddenly be obsessed by a personality that is unaccountably attracted to a type of woman from whom he would turn in horror under ordinary circumstances; but during the obsession this creature appeals to him as the highest type of femininity, for whom he is willing to sacrifice wife, home, children, and honor.

"I remember a short time ago the case of a woman was brought under my notice who was frequently obsessed by a cringing and fearful nature that led her to believe her husband had determined to poison her. So fixed was the idea that, taking her children, she abandoned her husband and went to America. In her normal state she laughed at the idea, but under the influence of the detached personality she could not free herself from the obsession.

"As a rule the transition from one of these phases of personality to another is preceded by grave nervous symptoms, and accompanied by interrupted digestion and sleeplessness. What is the method of cure? One can only advise change of air and scenery, mode of living, etc., in such cases, for the simple reason that so much depends upon the will of the patient. At the same time, much may be done by quiet reasoning and suggestion."

HEAR about Perkins? Pretty tough."

"No. What?"

"The poor fellow dropped into the vernacular, bumped against a hard word and split his infinitive."

New Christian Scriptures?

THERE has been put forth recently from the Cambridge University Press a work in two volumes which may embody one of the most remarkable corroborations of Biblical history that has ever been made. The author is Dr. Schechter, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York City, and he discovered the document which has now been made public in the Genizah, or manuscript store-room of the synagogue at Cairo; and if the opinion of one authority may be accepted we have in this fragment a record of the activities of the early Christians which antedates the Gospels.

That is, using the word "Christians" in the significance of "followers of Christ." For the first disciples did not condemn the Jewish law, but superadded to their acceptance of it belief in Christ's Messiahship. It was Paul who placed the new worship upon an independent basis; and the New Testament bears ample record of the antagonism between the Judaizing Christians and those who no longer bound themselves by the Mosaic ritual. Had the Jewish nation retained its independence the triumph of the "independents" might have been less easy; but the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70 overthrew the priestly hierarchy and left the way clear for the foundation of the new faith upon the principles set forth by Paul.

This document has reference to a sect of Jews who, if they accepted Christ, had so little conception of the revolutionary change to be wrought by his teachings, foresaw so little the results of Paul's activities, that the record affords no certain clue to the personality of any of the religious teachers to which it alludes. Professor Schechter, indeed, puts forth the theory tentatively that this was a sect which broke away from the main body about the year 290 B.C., and that their document is a commentary upon the Grecian persecutions. It is Dr. Margoliouth, of the British Museum, who reads into it an anti-Pauline message and ascribes its date to the time of the destruction of the Temple by Titus, some forty years after the death of Christ.

The discovery of this document is the result of a journey made by Dr. Schechter to the Cairo synagogue some years ago, on the occasion of which he succeeded in obtaining permission from the authorities to examine their store-room, in which for centuries discarded manuscripts, considered too holy to be destroyed, had been deposited and forgotten. Dr. Schechter, who was at that time Reader of Rabbinic at Cambridge University, took home with him a vast quantity of manuscripts of ancient date, in every condition of decay, for examination. One of these manuscripts proved to be the Hebrew text of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus, for whose discovery, made "not without dust," as the Latin text of the university's address quaintly says, he received the degree of Litt.D. The manuscript now under consideration is the further result of an examination of Dr. Schechter's discoveries.

In this "Document of Jewish Sectaries," as the author calls it, Dr. Schechter sees an account of the beliefs of a body of Jews who formed a schism about the year 290 B.C., and migrated to Damascus, where they founded a cult of their own, based on the Mosaic laws, but containing, in addition, a belief in the appearance of a Messiah, who had died, but whose return was confidently anticipated.

"The defective state of the M.S.," writes Dr. Schechter, "and the corrupt condition of the text in so many places makes it impossible to draw a complete picture of the Sect. Yet what remains offers us a few distinct features and salient points enabling us to catch a few glimpses of the history of the Sect, its claims, and its relation to the rest of the nation.

"After the completion of 390 years, forming the End of the Wrath, or, as it was termed in another place, 'the end of the desolation of the land,' begun with the delivering of Israel into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar the King of Babylon, God, we are told, made bud from Israel and Aaron a branch to inherit his land. This would bring us to within a generation of Simon the Just, who flourished about 290 B.C. For twenty years, however, closely following the End of the Wrath, Israel was blind, groping its way, because of the evil effects of the erroneous teachings of the Man of Scoffing, who led Israel astray. This brings us into the midst of the Hellenistic persecutions preceding the Maccabean revolt (about 176 B.C.). But at last, as it would seem, this scion from Aaron and Israel overcame all difficulties and was recognized as the Teacher of Righteousness whose mission is to make Israel walk in the ways of God and to undo the evil wrought in a former generation.

"This Teacher is also called the 'Only Teacher' or the 'Only One' and is identical with 'the Lawgiver who Interprets the Law' referred to in connection with the princes and nobles 'who went forth out of the land of Judah.' The activity of these latter, though representing both Aaron and Israel, consisted only in continuing and carrying out the precepts of the Lawgiver, in which they were 'to walk in them for the end of all wickedness.' This seems to be the period intervening between the first appearance of the Teacher of Righteousness (the founder of the Sect) who was gathered in (or died) and the second appearance of the Teacher of Righteousness who is to rise in 'the end of the days.' Apparently this Anointed One was rejected by the great bulk of the nation who 'spoke rebellion' against him.

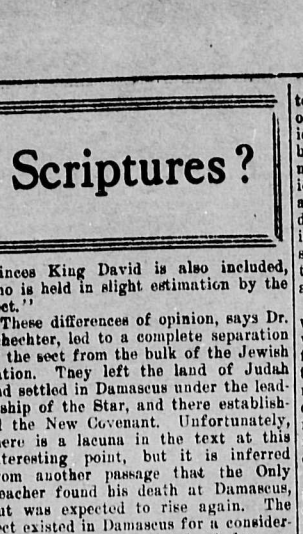
"What must be especially noted is that the Messiah of the Sect is a priest, a descendant from Aaron and Israel. Of a Messiah descending from Judah there is no mention in our text. Indeed, 'after the completing of the end, one shall not join the house of Judah' whilst the princes of Judah will be visited by the wrath of God. Among these princes King David is also included, who is held in slight estimation by the Sect."

These differences of opinion, says Dr. Schechter, led to a complete separation of the sect from the bulk of the Jewish nation. They left the land of Judah and settled in Damascus under the leadership of the Star, and there established the New Covenant. Unfortunately, there is a lacuna in the text at this interesting point, but it is inferred from another passage that the Only Teacher found his death at Damascus, but was expected to rise again. The sect existed in Damascus for a considerable period. It consisted of four estates: Priests, Levites, Israelites, and Proselytes.

The annals of Jewish history contain no reference to any sect that can be completely identified with this one, says Dr. Schechter. He considers that this may be regarded as a branch of the Zadokites, a rather obscure sect whose tenets, in general, agree with these, and related to the Dositheans.

So much for Dr. Schechter's learned exposition. It is a remarkable contribution to our knowledge of the rather obscure period of Jewish history which evened between the re-establishment of the nation and the Roman protectorate. But Dr. Margoliouth's suggestion is that Dr. Schechter had antedated his period and that the sect in question was actually one of the earliest bodies of Jewish-Christians. Here is Dr. Margoliouth's explanation:

"One of the first clear impressions



A Fragment of the M.S. found by Dr. Schechter

gained from the reading of the text is that it represents a personal address of a religious leader to his followers, laying down in the form of a manifesto the principles of belief and practice by which they were to be guided, and at the same time especially denouncing certain opponents of the religious views which he wishes established.

"We at the outset meet with the beliefs in two great personages who had been sent to strengthen and enlighten the Hebrew nation. The first of these was the Messiah (though not distinctly so styled at the beginning of the document) coming 'from the family of Aaron and from Isreal,' and the second is styled the 'Teacher of Righteousness,' who was also designated by the title of Messiah.

"These Messiahs had died when the document was composed, but they were both expected to appear 'in the latter days.' A third personage, called in one place a 'man of scoffing' and in another 'Belial,' is put forward as a special mark for denunciation. The charge made against him is that he was engaged in detaching the people from the ordinances of the Law and sound principles of morality.

"The question, then, is what historic characters are meant by these three personages. If we can succeed in finding the right answer to this question the problem will be solved. Professor Schechter's answer—which, to do him justice, is put forward with much hesitation—seems unsatisfactory on all points.

"Now, it seems impossible to read the characterization of the Messiah descended from Aaron and Israel, at the beginning of the text, without thinking of John the Baptist. John the Baptist, be it remembered, was the son of a priest. According to Lucan tradition, his mother was also of priestly descent. But this does not stand in the way of believing that there was a strain of unpriestly Israelitish blood in the family. This particular branch of the sect consisted, as we shall see later, mainly of priests and Israelites, and it was therefore necessary to assign to their Messiah an origin which would satisfy both parties.

"There seems, therefore, nothing strange in the supposition here put forward that John the Baptist, whose high mission was acknowledged by large numbers of the people, was acclaimed by the priestly party as in some sense a Messiah or 'anointed' leader of the nation.

"But a more important identification is to follow. If John the Baptist was the priestly Messiah referred to at the beginning of the document, the 'Teacher of Righteousness' who is stated to have followed him must be Jesus himself.

"A remarkable and truly surpising confirmation of the identity of Jesus with the 'Teacher of Righteousness' appears to be provided for us on page two of the document. It is there said that 'in the explanation of his name (i.e., the Messiah's name) are also their names.' What does this mean?

"Now, the Boethusians, who are commonly believed to have been a variety of Sadducees, derived their title from a priest named Boethus. But the meaning of Boethus is the same as that of the Hebrew name represented by Jesus. The inference would, therefore, be that the section of the Zadokites or Sadducees who adopted an attitude of belief toward the Baptist and Jesus were none other than the Boethusians (perhaps identical with the great company of believing priests of Acts vi., 7), who not unnaturally liked to dwell on the identity of meaning between their name and that of the 'Teacher' Unless, indeed, a better explanation of the phrase is forthcoming, it is not too much to say that we have here come upon the true key to every part of the riddle and the entire situation.

"But who is the 'man of scoffing' who is 'sent' throughout Israel to pervert the nation and turn them away from the Law? It is clear that if the two preceding identifications are correct this third personage must be none other than Paul the Apostle, who would, from the Judaizing point of view, be regarded as one of the worst enemies of the faith.

"Such are the identifications here proposed, and it is clear that if accepted they would constitute a striking reference to the sect's Christian origin by the virtually contemporary Jewish writer.

"Another apparently inevitable conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is that we have here to deal with a primitive Judaeo-Christian body of people who consisted of priests and Levites belonging to the Boethusian section of the Sadducean party, fortified—as the document shows—by a considerable Israelitish lay element, besides a real and contemplated admixture of proselytes."

If Dr. Margoliouth's interpretation be correct we have in this document a Christian record antedating that of the earliest of the Gospels—that of Mark, whose composition is generally believed to have occurred at about the end of the first century of the present era.

LONDON'S COLOSSAL WATER SUPPLY

IN Pearson's for January, Marcus Woodward gives a very vivid and picturesque account of the means of quenching London's water thirst. He says that "a year's supply of the water consumed in London would make a lake about four miles square and 76 feet deep, wherein could ride all the warships of the world." The population supplied is crowded on five hundred square miles. All the reservoirs in London are connected with each other. More than 260 engines work day and night, with the power of 40,000 horses, to raise the great mass of water that London drinks daily, weighing over 1,000,000 tons, to a height equal to that of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square. These engines consume in a year more than 164,000 tons of coal.

There are more than 3,000 workmen, and a salaried staff of more than 800 continually employed. The old Water Companies were bought out for £47,000,000, and London's water supply is owned by London, working through the Metropolitan Water Board, a trust composed of men of the widest and deepest experience in local government, including at present the Lord Mayor, twenty Coronation mayors, and the present County Council's chairman. The object of the trust is to supply the purest water at the cheapest rate. If a profit were made, the rate would be lowered. If the undertaking were run at a loss, a deficiency rate would be levied. At the present moment no profit is made.

The population supplied outnumbers the whole population of Scotland and Wales by one million, and they consume day by day about 225½ million gallons of water. Every day a barrel of water is consumed by every man, woman and child, in London—that is to say, 32 gallons per head per day. Each Londoner consumes in a day more than twice his weight in water. The cost to the consumer works out at about 1½d. for a hundred bucketsful, the expense of supplying the water at about 8d. per thousand gallons, and the gross revenue per thousand gallons is between 7d. and 8d.

The Thames yields more than half the water that London consumes. The remainder comes from the River Lea, from gravel beds beside the Thames, and at Hanworth, from natural springs and from various deep wells sunk in the chalk in the Lea Valley and in Kent. The water is stored in sixty-two storage reservoirs. For three or four weeks or more the water is stored and purified before it is passed on for consumption. It spends twenty-four hours in percolating through the filter beds. The largest service reservoir—the largest of the kind in the world—is at Honor Oak.

The Water Board probably looks further ahead and makes more plans for the distant future than any public authority in the world. Besides its ordinary staff of 4,000, there are 2,000 workmen in the pay of contractors working not only for the seven million Londoners of today, but for the sixteen million customers of the year 1941. The scheme of the future takes the form of a chain of reservoirs to be constructed in anticipation of the future need, built in the direction in which the population grows with the coming thirty years. Five or six years may go to the building of a reservoir. The reservoir now building at Chingford, in Essex, will be used only to store the surplus water of the River Lea. It will exceed in extent four hundred acres, and when completed, some time next year it will cover a larger area than the whole of Hyde Park. The Water Board's laboratory is presided over by Dr. Houston, where 13,000 samples of water are examined in the course of the year. Dr. Houston has made the extraordinary discovery that storage in itself reduces the number of bacteria of all sorts, devitalizes the microbes of water-borne diseases, and reduces the amount of suspended matter.

UNCLE SAM'S PRINTING OFFICE

THE Bulletin of the Pan-American Union contains an account of the United States Government printing office. The first government printing office was established in 1860. The present one is said to be the largest printing plant in the world:

"The building is 175 by 408 feet, is seven stories high, exclusive of basement and loft, and has an actual working floor space of over six acres, the total floor space, including the basement, being not less than eight acres. The building is of the Renaissance style of architecture, and while possessing artistic merit, it was constructed with a view to the greatest possible utility. It is rectangular in form, with an inner court 30 feet wide and 167 feet long. The power house, which is located at the northwest corner, completes the rectangle. It is as nearly fireproof as any building can be made. There is an elaborate treatment of the main entrance with mosaic floors, marble walls and staircases, which are distributed in such a way as to facilitate the egress of the employees in case of a panic, whether from fire or other causes, making fire-escapes unnecessary. The basement is used for the storage of the immense quantities of paper required for the needs of the office, from forty to sixty tons being used each working day. There is here also a large plate vault with a storage capacity of approximately two million electrotype plates. Electricity drives six hundred motors attached to as many machines, lights the building, heats workmen's tools, melts binders' glue and operators' metal, rings the bells that assemble and dismiss the forces, registers the time of receipt and dispatch of copy, runs the elevators, provides the energy for mailing machines and computing devices, and supplies the power for the transmission of copy and proof through pneumatic tubes.'

The working force is found to amount in the aggregate to almost four thousand employees. The skilled workmen are, with few exceptions, members of the unions of their crafts. The expenditure for one year amounted to very nearly six and a quarter million dollars. The cost of the machinery in use is over two million dollars. Among the huge works turned out from this office is mentioned the case of the United States versus the Standard Oil Company, comprising twenty-one volumes, or more than twelve thousand octavo pages. The smartest piece of work mentioned is as follows:

"A few days since," said an official of the institution, "there was set, read, corrected, revised, imposed, printed, bound, and placed on a vessel at New York City about to sail for Europe, to be used before The Hague Tribunal, a book of 475 pages, all in the French language, the copy for which was received at the Government printing office just forty-eight hours before the completed book was placed on the steamer. The volume was of a confidential nature, its contents to be used between this country and Brazil."

The postcard branch can turn out one hundred and seventy-five millions of cards each month.

THE MOULDS WHICH MAKE GOOD CHEESE

NOT everyone knows that mould and bacteria are essential to good cheese. Of those which are ripened by mould, there are two groups, one in which mould gathers on the outside, forming a distinct rind, the other in which it occurs in green streaks inside the cheese. Camembert and Brie are in the former class, while Roquefort is the best known of the latter.

In the ripening of Camembert it was long known that moulds had some function. The French investigators, Roger and Maze, considered that this consisted in changing the reaction of the freshly made curd from acid to alkaline, after which bacteria completed the actual softening of the curd. It has been shown, however, by later investigation that a species of Penicillium (P. camemberti Thom), which has been found to be always present upon the cheese, secretes an enzyme capable of changing the hard, sour curd of the newly made cheese into the soft, ripe cheese, although without the characteristic flavor which seems to depend upon the action of "Oidium lactis" and various species of bacteria.

In the commercial handling of Camembert cheese this organism has been shown to develop best under the conditions found in the factories of Normandy. Success in the handling of this cheese seems to depend upon such a regulation of conditions as will permit

Dr. Solomon Schechter, the Discoverer of the Document

just the right development of the Camembert "Penicillium, of Oidium," and of the slime bacteria which also grow in the rind of the cheese. These conditions briefly are:

(1) A fresh cheese should contain between 55 and 60 per cent. of water, which is reduced during the ripening period of about four weeks to 48-50 per cent.; (2) a relative humidity in the ripening room of 85 to 92 per cent.; (3) temperature between 50 and 58 deg. Fahr. Within these limits a considerable variety of results can be secured by slight changes in one or the other condition.

If the humidity is too high, bacteria and "Oidium" will completely overgrow and suppress the "Penicillium"; drop the humidity 2 to 3 per cent. and they can be nicely balanced; drop it again as much, and the "Penicillium" will completely cover the cheese and smother all other growth; drop the relative humidity still again, and "P. camemberti" loses its dominance and is more or less completely replaced by green species. Success is thus seen to depend upon accurately knowing the conditions best suited to the forms to be handled.

In Roquefort and cheeses of its class, the mould "Penicillium roqueforti" is carefully inoculated from bread cultures, which are propagated by the best of laboratory methods.

The cheese is made so that it contains channels, cracks, and air cavities from the first throughout. This permits the mould to begin growing as soon as the cheese is made. The cheese is much harder than Camembert—about 40 per cent. water. It also requires a longer time to ripen. The minimum ripening period is probably at least two months, while the time actually used is generally much longer.

Stilton cheese, made from cow's milk in England, and Gorgonzola, made in Italy, are also ripened largely by the agency of the same species of mould, but in these cheeses inoculation with the mould is not generally practised. The cheeses are, however, pretty well filled with the mould in fairly pure culture. Scientists conclude from this state of affairs that the Roquefort species of mould is so well adapted to conditions found within such cheese that, once in a factory, it becomes the dominant species within such cheeses without inoculation.

TREASURE OF WAR TIMES HIDDEN IN MARSHLAND

MANY and varied are the stories of lost treasures. It would seem almost that in all the earlier settled districts of Ontario there are treasures buried, to find which would mean eternal opulence to the fortunate finder. Many of these stories are undoubtedly myths, but it is equally true that a goodly number are based upon more or less authentic facts, so that a story of a lost treasure that in itself evidences a considerable degree of reasonableness, and is substantiated by material evidence and the word of people yet living, may not be uninteresting.

About midway between the towns of Oshawa and Whitby, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, is situated what appears at the present time to be nothing more than a bleak, barren marsh, with its uninviting bogs and dense overgrowth of rushes and vegetation peculiar to such places. It was not always thus, however, for many years ago this same area was a body of water of considerable depth, being in reality a bay of the lake. The story goes that during the war with the United States in 1813 the bay afforded shelter to a Canadian schooner while engaged in carrying gold specie from Kingston for the pay of the militia stationed at York. The vessel was sailing up the lake before a brisk sou'easter late in the afternoon of a September day in the year 1813, and when a few miles west of Oshawa harbor it sighted an American boat, one of the pirate type that were prevalent on the great lakes during the war and wrought havoc with Canadian vessels. The captain knew the coast fairly well, and he immediately thought of the bay as a means of escape, reckoning that the American boat, being of greater draught, would be unable to navigate the comparatively shallow entrance. With all haste he put into the bay, and his surmise proved to be correct, for, while he was able to work up the bay till he was a considerable distance from the lake, the gunboat, by reason of its draught, was unable to enter. Not to be daunted, the Americans stood on as close to the shore as they dared and commenced to bombard the Canadian boat. The captain, fearing lest they might land and attack him on shore, thought it best to unload his cargo and endeavor to conceal it in the woods back from the shore. The task was extremely arduous because of the absence of any semblance of a dock, involving the necessity of carrying the gold in small boats as far inshore as possible, and shouldering it the remainder of the distance over the bog and uncertain footing which old stumps and sunken logs provided.

By dint of perseverance, inspired by the momentary fear of assault at the hands of the enemy, the task was finally accomplished and the treasure temporarily secured in concealment. Darkness began to fall over the land, which added security to the position, since it afforded more complete concealment, and because of the fact that the Americans, when there was insufficient light to enable them to direct their fire, simply sailed away, to the great delight of the defenceless Canadians. Anxious to reach York and the protection of the fort, as soon as they felt assured that the enemy had abandoned the attack, they began the work of reloading preparatory to continuing their voyage. It is not hard to believe that the task was most difficult, considering that all was absolute darkness by now and the nature of the ground over which they had to carry the kegs of gold, nor is it at all improbable that, as the story goes, one of the kegs was dropped during the handling from the small boat up to the side of the schooner. Means were not at hand to recover it, and, indeed, had they possessed facilities, it might have been impossible to locate it and extricate it from the mucky bottom of the little bay. So, having finished loading, they weighed anchor and were soon glad to be once more on the open lake and on a fair way to a place of safety.

Chiefly through one of the crew, who was on the spot and saw the keg drop into the water, a William McGann, has the story been handed down. The bay has been long since emptied of water by reason of the lowering of Lake Ontario and the deposit of sediment, but it is not known that the treasure has ever been recovered. Many have sought in vain and some have made the spot the Mecca of their financial peregrinations. Divining rods and various devices have been used in the endeavor, and the appearance presented by many of these treasure hunters working in the light of a lantern at the dead of night is extremely ghostly. A number of cannonballs have been picked up in the vicinity, both by those engaged in the quest and by farmers working in the fields near by, but the nest of the sandsnipe or the piping curlew is more apt to be encountered than the now submerged treasure of war times.

ROMES FOUND ALL OVER THE WORLD

THE name of Rome, says a writer in the Nuova Antologia, is probably the one most repeated in the different parts of the world. All the continents, including Oceania, have Romes. In Europe there is an island called Rome in the Baltic, off the east coast of the Scandinavian peninsula. It is a village of a thousand inhabitants, and it possesses a cathedral. In Asia there is a Rome in Upper Burma, on a branch of the Sittang, a distance of about sixty-five kilometers to the southeast of Mandalay.

Rome in Africa is an important centre for the missionaries of Basotuland. It lies to the southeast of the Orange State, about fifty kilometers from the Orange River. North America has several Romes—one in New York State, Virginia, Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, and two in Georgia. In South America there are two Romes in Argentina.

In Oceania Rome is an important city of Queensland. It is also the name of a stream which flows from the mountainous chain of the Bismarck Archipelago. The Malay Archipelago also possesses its Rome in the north of Timor.

To clean a sponge soak it for several hours in buttermilk. Squeeze it well, and then rinse in clean water, when it will be perfectly sweet and soft.

An orange put in the oven and baked will be found an excellent cure for sore throat if eaten before retiring.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.

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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG, CANADA

ASSURANCES ISSUED Commuted amt.	$1,129,980.00	
ASSURANCES IN FORCE	3,009,748.00	Increase 36 p.c.
PREMIUMS ON SAME	100,359.87	Increase 36 p.c.
CASH PREMIUMS	75,294.85	Increase 37 p.c.
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TOTAL CLAIMS ALL PAID—(4)	13,635.10	
ASSETS	302,497.00	Increase 19 p.c.
RESERVE ON POLICIES	116,332.13	Increase 57 p.c.
GROSS SURPLUS	183,892.00	
NET SURPLUS—Over all Liabilities	83,477.00	Increase 12 p.c.

INVESTMENTS—The Company has exceptionally good facilities and organization for investment of funds, all of which are being placed in first mortgages on improved Western farms. The Company has never lost a dollar on any of its investments.

For every $100 invested, the Company holds security of $420.

INTEREST—The average rate of interest in 1909 earned by British companies was 4.34 per cent.; by American companies, 4.64 per cent.; by Canadian companies, 5.41 per cent.; by the Monarch Life in 1909, 6.67 per cent., and in 1910, 7.69 per cent.

The Average Canadian Life Policy amounts to $1,574, the Monarch Life Average being $2,385.

The Company still maintains its reputation of securing its business at a low expense ratio. The Total Termination from all sources is exceedingly small.

A complete copy of the Annual Statement, including a synopsis of the addresses of the President, Mr. J. T. Gordon, and of the Vice-President, Mr. N. Bawlf, is of interest, and will be forwarded to any address upon request.

DIRECTORS

J. T. Gordon	E. S. Popham, M.D.	C. E. Gordon
N. Bawlf	G. F. Carruthers	R. H. Otto
E. L. Taylor, K.C.	G. A. Charlton, M.D.	R. G. Ironside
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Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

It Rubs Pain Away.—There is no liniment so efficacious in overcoming pain as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The hand that rubs it in rubs the pain away, and on this account there is no preparation that stands so high in public esteem. There is no surer pain-killer procurable, as thousands can attest who have used it successfully in treating many ailments.

THE ISLANDER

Published every Saturday at Cumberland, B.C.,

Islander Printing & Publishing Company

W. R. DUNN & COMPANY, Proprietors.

W. R. Dunn, Manager.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1912.

Advertising rates published elsewhere in the paper.

Subscription price $1.50 per year, payable in advance

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

What the Editor has to say.

THE ISLANDER does not want to be insistent upon the cement sidewalk matter to the point of impertinence, but we deeply feel the importance to the town of such sidewalk. We are of the opinion it would be the making of the town. And we feel the property owners have not a true conception as regards the burden of taxation.

There are some few who do not wish to sign the petition because the city does not pay one-third the cost. It is very evident the council would cheerfully pay one-third the cost did not the law intervene. The aldermen are forbidden to incur an indebtedness beyond the current resources. Therefore it is out of the question for the council to help.

It is true the sidewalk will benefit the whole city, hence it is but just that the city pay its proportion of the cost. But what are we to do? The city is unable to help. Shall we then deny ourselves the benefit of this improvement, cut our own nose to spite our face, and that, too, in the face of the fact that the cost will be only about $80.00 per lot with 20 years in which to pay? We should take a broader view.

Now, here is a way out: Let the provincial government pay what the city should pay. It is but just that it do so. It may be said, perhaps, that the provincial government has already done handsomely by Cumberland, when the school and hospital buildings and the sewer system is considered. While having no desire to depreciate this service, THE ISLANDER submits the government has not given us anywhere near what is our just due. The provincial government collects a royalty as we are informed, of 10c a ton on all the coal mined in and around Cumberland. There are thousands of tons mined. Is not the City of Cumberland entitled to a just proportion of that royalty? It is more fair that our just share of this royalty be given to the improvement of the city than applied to the advancement of outside districts. In this we have strong claims against the government, and it will not deny so trifling a sum as one-third the cost of this sidewalk.

THE ISLANDER suggests: Sign the petition for the sidewalk. Issue the debentures and build it. Present the bill for one-third the cost to the provincial government. It will cheerfully be paid, without doubt.

TUESDAY night, at the close of the conservative meeting, which was being closed with the singing of 'God Save the King," a dozen or more socialists jumped to their feet and, notwithstanding the presence of ladies, began caterwauling, hooting and howling to stop the singing. The affair was a disgrace to a civilized community. The socialists are continually crying that they are denied the liberty of free speech. Here they gave an exhibition of their own intolerance and lack of regard for the rights of others. If these men had no patriotism themselves, no respect for the head of the government of their country, no regard for the presence of ladies, self-respect should have prompted them to leave the hall quietly, without interfering with the rights of those who have. The election is over, so this is not said for political effect. It is said in the interests of common decency.

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Special rate for half page or more.

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No accounts run for this class of advertising

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ALEXANDER LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER

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

FARMERS' BUSINESS

The Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every facility for the transaction of their banking business including the discount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes are supplied free of charge on application.

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. 4231

CUMBERLAND BRANCH. W. T. WHITE, Manager.

BUY A 'SINGER,'

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

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

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10 Acre Blocks

On Little River Road Five minutes walk from school, postoffice and store. Ten minutes' walk from beach. All have a Good Frontage on a good government road. Land is Good, surface Level, and not stony. Price $40 per acre, Very easy term.

The Island Realty Co.

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

CUMBERLAND LIVERY STABLES

KIRKBRIDE & POTTER
PROPRIETORS

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

COURTENAY Housefurnishing Store

Dining Room and Bedroom Suites, Sideboards and Centre Tables, Rockers, Morris Chairs, Beds and Bedding, Stoves, Ranges, and Heaters, Etc., Etc.

B. F. KRAUSE, Prop.

Sole agent for the Sherlock-Manning Pianos and Organs

Pilsener Beer

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

Best on the Coast

Pilsener Brewing Co., Cumberland, B.C.

Fawcett's STOVES AND RANGES

Are the Best, and Fully Guaranteed.

A full line of Furniture, Housefurnishings, Linoleums, Wallpapers alway son hand.

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

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GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Third Ave., Cumberland

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Dealers in all kinds of Good Wet Goods
Best Bread and Beer in Town
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A FINE LINE OF NEW MATERIALS JUST RECEIVED

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

P. PHILLIPS HARRISON

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

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ONE WAY OUT

By WILLIAM CARLETON

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CHAPTER VI.

I Become a Day Laborer

THAT night Ruth and I had a talk about the boy. We both came back from our walk, with him more on our minds than anything else. He had been interested in everything and had asked about a thousand questions and gone to bed eager to be out on the street again the next day. We knew we couldn't keep him cooped up in the flat all the time and of course both Ruth and I were going to be too busy to go out with him every time he went. As for letting him run loose around these streets with nothing to do, that would be sheer foolhardiness. It was too late in the season to enroll him in the public schools and even that would have left him idle during the long summer months.

We talked some at first of sending him off into the country to a farm. There were two or three families back where Ruth had lived who might be willing to take him for three or four dollars a week and we had the money left over from the sale of our household goods to cover that. But this would mean the sacrifice of our emergency fund which we wished to preserve more for the boy's sake than our own and it would mean leaving Ruth very much alone.

"I'll do it, Billy," she said bravely, "but can't we wait a day or two before deciding? And I think I can make time to get out with him. I'll get up earlier in the morning and I'll leave my work at night until after he's gone to bed."

So she would. She'd have worked all night to keep him at home and then gone out with him all day if it had been possible. I saw it would be dragging the heart out of her to send the boy away and made up my mind right then and there that some other solution must be found for the problem. Good Lord, after I'd led her down here the least I could do was to let her keep the one. And to tell the truth I found my own heart sink at the suggestion.

"What do the boys round here do in the summer?" she asked.

I didn't know and I made up my mind to find out. The next day I went down to a settlement house which I remembered passing at some time or other. I didn't know what it was but it sounded like some sort of philanthropic enterprise for the neighborhood and if so they ought to be able to answer my question there. The outside of the building was not particularly attractive but upon entering I was pleasantly surprised at the air of cleanliness and comfort which prevailed. There were a number of small boys around and in one room I saw them reading and playing checkers. I sought out the secretary and found him a pleasant young fellow though with something of the professional pleasantness which men in this work seem to acquire. He smiled too much and held my hand too long to suit me. He took me into his office and offered me a chair. I told him briefly that I had just moved down here and had a boy of ten whom I wished to keep off the streets and keep occupied. I asked him what the boys around here did during the summer.

"Most of them work," he answered.

"What do they do?"

"A good many sell papers, some of them serve as errand boys and others help their parents."

Dick was certainly too inexperienced for the first two jobs and there was nothing in my work he could do to help. Then the man began to ask me questions. He was evidently struck by the fact that I didn't seem to be in place here. I answered briefly that I had been a clerk all my life, had lost my position and was now a common day laborer. The boy, I explained, was not yet used to his life down here and I wanted to keep him occupied until he got his strength.

"You're right," he answered. "Why don't you bring him in here?"

"What would he do here?"

"It's a good loafing place for him and we have some evening classes."

"I want him home at nights," I answered.

"The Y. M. C. A. has summer classes which begin a little later on. Why don't you put him into some of those?"

I had always heard of the Y. M. C. A., but I had never got into touch with it, for I thought it was purely a religious organization. But that proposition sounded good. I'd passed the building a thousand times but had never been inside. I thanked him and started to leave.

"I hope this won't be your last visit," he said cordially, "Come down and see what we're doing. You'll find a lot of boys here at night."

"Thanks," I answered.

I went direct to the Y. M. C. A. building. Here again I was surprised to find a most attractive interior. It looked like the inside of a prosperous club house. I don't know what I expected but I wouldn't have been startled if I'd found a hall filled with wooden settees and a prayer meeting going on. I had a lot of such preconceived notions knocked out of my head in the next few years.

In response to my questions I received replies that made me feel I'd strayed by mistake into some university. For that matter it was a university. There was nothing from the primary class in English to a professional education in the law that a man couldn't acquire here for a sum that was astonishingly small. The most of the classes cost nothing after payment of the membership fee of ten dollars. The instructors were, many of them, the same men who gave similar courses at a neighboring college. Not only that, but the hours were so arranged as to accommodate workers of all classes. If you couldn't attend in the daytime, you could at night. I was astonished to think that this opportunity had always been at my hand and I had never suspected it. In the ten years before I was married I could have qualified for a lawyer or almost anything else.

This was not all; a young man took me over the building and showed me the library, the reading-room, rooms where the young men gathered for games, and then down stairs to the well equipped gymnasium with its shower baths. Here a boy could take a regular course in gymnasium work under a skilled instructor or if he showed any skill devote himself to such sports as basketball, running, baseball or swimming. In addition to these advantages amusements were provided through the year in the form of lectures, amateur shows and music. In the summer, special opportunities were offered for out-door sports. Moreover the Association managed summer camps where for a nominal fee the boys could enjoy the life of the woods. A boy must be poor indeed who could not afford most of these opportunities. And if he was out of work the employment bureau conducted here would help him to a position. I came back to the main office wondering still more how in the world I'd ever missed such chances all these years. It was a question I asked myself many times during the next few months. And the answer seemed to lie in the dead level of that other life. We never lifted our eyes; we never looked around us. If we were hard pressed either we accepted our lot resignedly or cursed our luck, and let it go at that. These opportunities were for a class which had no lot and didn't know the meaning of luck. The others could have had them, too—can have them—for the taking, but neither by education nor temperament are they qualified to do so. There's a good field for missionary work there for someone.

Before I came out of the building I had enrolled Dick as a member and picked out for him a summer course in English, in which he was a bit backward. I also determined to start him in some regular gymnasium work. He needed hardening up.

I came home and announced my success to Ruth and she was delighted. I suspected by the look in her eyes that she had been worrying all day for fear there would be no alternative but to send the boy off.

"I knew you would find a way," she said excitedly.

"I wish I'd found it twenty years ago," I said regretfully. "Then you'd have a lawyer for a husband instead of a—"

"Hush," she answered putting her hand over my mouth. "I've a man for a husband and that's all I care about."

The way she said it made me feel that after all being a man was what counted and that if I could live up to that day by day, no matter what happened, then I could be well satisfied. I guess the city directory was right when before now it couldn't define me any more definitely than "clerk." And there is about as much man in a clerk as in a valet. They are both shadows.

The boy fell in with my plans eagerly, for the gymnasium work made him forget the study part of the programme. The next day I took him up there and saw him introduced to the various department heads. I paid his membership fee and they gave him a card which made him feel like a real club man. I tell you it took a weight off my mind.

On the Monday following our arrival in our new quarters, I rose at five-thirty, put on my overalls and had breakfast. I ate a large bowl of oatmeal, a generous supply of flapjacks, made of some milk that had soured, sprinkled with molasses, and a cup of hot black coffee——the last of a can we had brought down with us among the left-over kitchen supplies.

For lunch Ruth had packed my box with cold cream-of-tartar biscuit, well buttered, a bit of cheese, a little bowl of rice pudding, two hard-boiled eggs, and a pint bottle of cold coffee. I kissed her goodbye and started out on foot for the street where I was to take up my work. The foreman demanded my name, registered me, told me where to find a shovel and assigned me to a gang under another foreman. At seven o'clock I took my place with a dozen Italians and began to shovel. My muscles were decidedly flabby, and by noon I began to find it hard work. I was glad to stop and eat my lunch. I couldn't remember a meal in five years that tasted as good as that did. My companions watched me curiously—perhaps a bit suspiciously—but they chattered in a foreign tongue among themselves and rather shied away from me. On that first day I made up my mind to one thing—I would learn Italian before the year was done, and know something more about these people and their ways. They were the key to the contractor's problem and it would pay a man to know how to handle them. As I watched the boss over us that day it did not seem to me that he understood very well.

From one to five the work became an increasing strain. Even with my athletic training I wasn't used to such a prolonged test of one set of muscles. My legs became heavy, my back ached, and my shoulders finally refused to obey me except under the sheer command of my will. I knew, however, that time would remedy this. I might be sore and lame for a day or two, but I had twice the natural strength of these short, close-knit foreigners. The excitement and novelty of the employment helped me through those first few days. I felt the joy of the pioneer—felt the sweet sense of delving in the mother earth. It touched in me some responsive chord that harked back to my ancestors who broke the rocky soil of New England. Of the life of my fellows bustling by on the earth-crust overhead—those fellows of whom so lately I had been one—I was not at all conscious. I might have been at work on some new planet for all they touched my new life. I could see them peering over the wooden rail around our excavation as they stopped to stare down at us, but I did not connect them with myself. And yet I felt closer to this old city than ever before. I thrilled with the joy of the constructor, the builder, even in this humble capacity. I felt superior to those for whom I was building. In a coarse way I suppose it was a reflection of some artistic sense—something akin to the creative impulse. I can say truthfully that at the end of that first day I came home—begrimed and sore as I was—with a sense of fuller life than so far I had ever experienced.

I found Ruth waiting for me with some anxiety. She came into my toil-stained arms as eagerly as a bride. It was good. It took all the soreness out of me. Before supper I took the boy and we went down to the public baths on the waterfront and there I dived and splashed like a young whale. The sting of the cold salt water was all the further balm I needed. I came out tingling and fit right then for another nine-hour day. But when I came back I threatened our first week's savings at the supper table. Ruth had made more hot griddle-cakes and I kept her at the stove until I was ashamed to do it longer. The boy, too, after his plunge, showed a better appetite than for weeks.

CHAPTER VII.

Nine Dollars a Week

The second day, I woke up lame and stiff but I gave myself a good brisk rub down and kneaded my arm and leg muscles until they were pretty well limbered up. The thing that pleased me was the way I felt towards my new work that second morning. I'd been a bit afraid of a reaction—of waking up with all the romance gone. That, I knew, would be deadly. Once let me dwell on the naked material facts of my condition and I'd be lost. That's true, of course, in any occupation. The man who works without an inspiration of some sort is not only discontented but a poor workman. I remember distinctly that when I opened my eyes and realized my surroundings and traced back the incidents of yesterday to the ditch, I was concerned principally with the problem of a stone in our path upon which we had been working. I wanted to get back to it. We had worked upon it for an hour without fully uncovering it and I was as eager as the foreman to learn whether it was a ledge rock or just a fragment. This interest was not associated with the elevated road for whom the work was being done, nor the contractor who had undertaken the job, nor the foreman who was supervising it. It was a question which concerned only me and Mother Earth who seemed to be doing her best to balk us at every turn. I forgot the sticky, wet clay in which I had floundered for nine hours, forgot the noisome stench which at times we were forced to breathe, forgot my lame hands and back. I recalled only the problem itself and the skill with which the man they called Anton handled his crow bar. He was a master of it. In removing the smaller slabs which lay around the big one he astonished me with his knowledge of how to place the bar. He'd come to my side where I was prying with all my strength and with a wave of his hand for me to stand back, would adjust two or three smaller rocks as a fulcrum and then, with the gentlest of movements, work the half-ton weight inch by inch to where he wanted it. He could swing the rock to the right or left, raise or lower it, at will, and always he made the weight of the rock, against which I had striven so vainly, do the work. That was something worth learning. I wanted to get back and study him. I wanted to get back and finish uncovering that rock. I wanted to get back and bring the job as a whole to a finish so as to have a new one to tackle. Even at the end of that first day I felt I had learned enough to make myself a man of greater power than I was the day before. And always in the background was the unknown goal to which this toil was to lead. I hadn't yet stopped to figure out what the goal was but that it was worth while I had no doubt for I was no longer stationary. I was a constructor. I was in touch with a big enterprise of development.

I don't know that I've made myself clear. I wasn't very clear in my own mind then but I know that I had a very conscious impression of the sort which I've tried to put into words. And I know that it filled me with a great big joy. I never woke up with any such feeling when with the United Woollen. My only thought in the morning then was how much time I must give myself to catch the six-thirty. When I reached the office I hung up my hat and coat and sat down to the impersonal figures like an automaton. There was nothing of me in the work; there couldn't be. How petty it seemed now! I suppose the company, as an industrial enterprise, was in the line of development, but that idea never penetrated as far as the clerical department. We didn't feel it any more than the adding machines do.

Ruth had a good breakfast for me and when I came into the kitchen she was trying to brush the dried clay off my overalls.

"Good Heavens!" I said, "don't waste your strength doing that."

She looked up from her task with a smile.

"I'm not going to let you get slack down here," she said.

"But those things will look just as bad again five minutes after I've gone down the ladder."

"But I don't intend they shall look like this on your way to the ladder," she answered.

"All right," I said, "then let me have them. I'll do it myself."

"Have you shaved?" she asked.

I rubbed my hand over my chin. It wasn't very bad and I'd made up my mind I wouldn't shave every day now.

"No," I said. "But twice or three times a week—"

"Billy!" she broke in, "that will never do. You're going down to your new business looking just as ship-shape as you went to the old. You don't belong to that contractor; you belong to me."

In the meanwhile the boy came in with my heavy boots which he had brushed clean and oiled. There was nothing left for me to do but to shave and I'll admit that I felt better for it.

"Do you want me to put on a high collar?" I asked.

"Didn't you find the things I laid out for you?"

I hadn't looked about. I'd put on the things I took off. She led me back into the bed room, and over a chair I saw a clean change of underclothing and a new grey flannel shirt.

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"I bought it for a dollar," she answered. "It's too much to pay. I can make one for fifty cents as soon as I get time to sew."

(To be continued)

HIND INTERFERENCE

At a slow gait, such as a roadster often takes, there is sometimes a striking of one or both ankles by the opposite mate. This is caused by a vicious direction of the hind leg from the hip or by an inward curve of the foot from the hock or pastern joint. Since the hind legs are more loosely hung than the fore, it is more difficult to make them respond to a remedy, but a separation of the feet may be effected by a somewhat higher outside foot. In the shoe a similar effect could be had by a slightly wider outside web and a slightly longer outside heel. Again, inward curves of the motion of the foot may be modified by paring the hoof. The comparative rigidity of the fore legs makes them more responsive to small changes, but in the hind legs such corrective changes may be emphasized or increased somewhat without as much danger to the limb or foot. That is to say, twists due to a wrong adjustment are apt to cause more damage to the fore than to the hind legs.

THE LINGUIST

Sixty years ago there appeared in the newspapers notice of the dissolution of a scholastic partnership in the neighborhood of London, which was signed by one of the teachers of youth with his mark.

Disclosures of this sort do not often hit one in the face nowadays; but a Northern schoolmaster came near to falling a victim to effrontery of a somewhat similar character the other day.

Being in urgent need of a tutor, he opened up negotiations with a "master of languages" whose invaluable services were on offer in the columns of a London newspaper.

Could he speak French? the schoolmaster demanded of this paragon. Oh, yes, fluently. Had he a nodding acquaintance with Italian? Indeed, he had—was excellently well versed in it, in fact.

These answers pleased the schoolmaster mightily, but he was an enthusiastic stamp-collector, and preferred to have, if possible, a tutor with corresponding tastes; so he telegraphed the question:

"Have you any knowledge of philately?"

And back came the triumphant answer:

"Can speak it like a native, sir!"

The negotiations ended abruptly.

HORSE BREEDING AN ANCIENT ART

Horse breeding has been followed as a trade ever since animals were first domesticated, but for only about a century have stud-book records been kept of the breeding of the different families of horses. The study of types has only quite recently been taken up by men of science with a view of ascertaining the origin of the species and to differentiate their characteristics.

As a result of this study, based upon those anatomical differences and variations which have resulted from wide geographical distribution, and which probably originated in early geological times, it may be accepted that there are four families or species of horses.

The first type in this classification is the Celtic horse, found on the west coast of Norway, known as the Fjord horse in Iceland, Faeroe, Barra, and other small islands of the outer Hebrides, in northern Scotland, on the Shetland Isles, and in Connemara or northern Ireland. There has also been found a close kinship between the Celtic horse and the true Tarpan horse of Russia. The principal characteristics of this type are that, in common with the asses and zebras, it has no callosities on its hind legs, and has a black stripe the entire length of the back and through the tail. It is also frequently striped on the legs and shoulders like the asses, and is of a brown or light dun color.

Nature establishes harmonious groups of plants, trees, and animals, and, certain conditions of climate being given, certain groups of animals and plants are found associated. The small red deer of Norway was an original associate of the Celtic horse, and as this deer is related to the red deer of some parts of France and of Spain, also of Sardinia and the Barbary States, the question naturally arises whether the small ponies of those same regions, though not known only as domestic animals, may not be proven to be kindred to the Celtic horse. If the characteristics mentioned above are present in any measure it would seem to prove the point. Scientific research in this direction has not been pursued, and an inviting field is open to any one who cares to follow this subject further.

The second type of horse is the Prejevalsky, found in a wild state on the steppes of central Asia. There are a few of these in England on the estate of the Duke of Bedford, and several specimens are being bred in the New York Zoological Gardens. The Prejevalsky horse is of a red brown color with a light "mealy" nose, has a large head in proportion to his body and is "cat hammed," and less powerful than the Celtic horse. Some writers have assumed that the Tarpan and the Prejevalsky horses belonged to the same family, but this is not now accepted, on account of their marked differences, the most conspicuous of which is that the Prejevalsky has the callosities on his hind legs. In this family it usually takes the form of a narrow strip and not drop-shaped as is common with other horses.

FATHER AND SON

"My boy, what counts is experience."

The kindly father shut the door of his study and drew up to him his young son, just about to leave college.

"Yes," he continued, "it is in the light of my experience that you may hope to win, and you must therefore be guided by me. Mere knowledge—the accumulation of facts—all this is in a sense necessary, but it does not take the place of wisdom or judgment, which can only be attained by a lifetime of striving and development. My boy, do not be misled or deceive yourself with the thought that you are wiser than your elders. You must be guided by me and must learn to avoid the mistakes that I have made."

The boy, thoughtful for a moment, raised his fine young face to his father.

"Tell me, sir," he said, "have you ever, in the course of one short week, played poker, gone to the race track and dropped a hundred, been on a joy ride and smashed a farmer, drunk fourteen bottles of champagne, smoked a thousand cigarettes and fallen in love with a chorus girl?"

For some time the old gentleman was silent.

"My boy," he said at last, "I have—all except the joy ride. That is precisely why I am trying to give you the benefit of it."

HOW TO BE STRONG

Hiram, in old age, wonders why he can't do as much as he used to do. Hiram's son being away from home, he writes to him for information as to how he may regain his health. His son, being a good athlete and knowing the value of physical culture, thinks that it would be beneficial to the old man to take morning exercise, and so writes, but his imagination runs away with him at times, as follows:

"Dear Dad,—In order for you to bring back your health and be as good a man as you used to be, you should become an athlete and go through some good strong and powerful exercises. The first thing when you rise early in the morning you should give a leap in the air, hit your snout against the ceiling, and clap your heels lightly nine times together before you touch the floor. By doing this once over it will give your blood a good circulation and strengthen your nerves. It will also prepare you for the next performance which you are about to undergo.

"Give a high kick and slap your toes against the ceiling, and at the same time fall to the floor upon your head thrice. This exercise will strengthen the neck-bone, harden your head, and keep the brain in good order. After this you should hoist the lid and go out on the roof and take deep breathing exercises. Do the high comeflop. Walk off the roof as though you were walking through the air, but take good care that you fall flat to the ground on your stomach. This will strengthen your wind, develop your breast, also make you see stars. Then you should walk in and get ready for breakfast, and put up a notorious growl about the victuals and all that's on the table. This exercise will prepare you for the difficult ups and downs of this world. All of these exercises should be undergone not less than once a day for a week, and if you are alive when your week is up, you will be a healthy and able-bodied man."

IN CHINA

Ten little Manchus going out to dine,
Cook slipped the prussic, and then there were nine;
Nine little Manchus headed for a fete,
Met a bunch of rebels, and then there were eight;
Eight little Manchus—sort of royal leaven—
Palace toppled over, and then there were seven;
Seven little Manchus, using chopsticks,
Waiter swings a hatchet, and then there were six;
Six little Manchus, glad they were alive,
One of 'em was captured, making—let's see—five;
Five little Manchus locked the cellar door,
Some one found a window, and then there were four;
Four little Manchus, each on bended knee,
One wasn't needed, and then there were three;
Three little Manchus, in an awful stew—
Boiling oil composed it—and then there were two;
Two little Manchus, both upon the run,
Couldn't reach the fortress, and then there was one;
One little Manchu, all that's left of nine—
Writing out a message, meaning "I resign."

SOME FIRST TIMES WITH HORSES

By Henry Hunter

The horse was hunted and eaten by prehistoric men. Driving was practiced before riding because the early domestic horse was too small to ride.

The horse was first domesticated in Libya.

The first large breeder of horses recorded was King Erichthonius, the Trojan, who about 1400 B. C. was the richest man on earth and owned 3,000 mares. This king was the first, according to Virgil, to hitch and drive a four-in-hand.

Trick riding originated in Greece about 1000 B. C.

The Sybarites trained their cavalry horses to dance to music about 600 B. C.

The first allusion to wagering on horse races is found in the "Illiad" when cauldrons and tripods, the counterpart of our present day cups, were wagered.

The first famous horse trainer was Hyperenor.

The first race for horses to saddle was inaugurated at the thirty-third Olympiad in 648 B. C.—four-horse chariot races having been introduced in the 23rd Olympiad. Two-horse chariot races and races for under aged horses came later. Entries closed thirty days in advance of the meeting.

The dark bay horses with a star in forehead were common in Libya in 1000 B. C.

The first bits were made of horn, then bone, later copper, finally bronze and iron. Bits came into use about 1000 B. C.

The first horse cloths, similar to our saddle pads, were used by the Assyrians about 900 B. C. The Greek and Macedonian soldiers used them about 500 B. C.

The first mention of scythe blades on chariot wheels is writing about 300 B.C.

The first mentioned owner to start more than one horse from his stable in a race was Alcibiades, 400 B. C., who started seven chariots in one race and won first, second and fourth prizes.

The first mention of scythe blades in chariot wheels is at the battle of Cunaxa in 401 B. C.

The first saddles came into use about 500 B. C.

The first turf scribe was Simo, the Athenian, about 460 B. C. The next and a great one was Xenophon, about 400 B. C. The next, Varro, in 37 B. C. Then comes Virgil in his Georgics, then Calpurnias and Columella in the first century A. D., then Oppian and Nemesian in the third century and Apsyrtas, Pelagonius and Palladius in the fourth century.

The first horse trainer is mentioned by Xenophon.

Horseshoes, while known about 200 B. C., did not come into general use untiluntil about 500 A. D.

The first law suit over a horse is mentioned in Aristophane's comedy, "The Clouds," about 380 B. C. Trainer's bills enter into the evidence.

The first famous horse breaker was Alexander the Great, who conquered Bucephalos.

The first spurs were used about 200 B. C.

Virgil mentions a horse with a white forefoot and a forehead with a white patch.

Horses were raised in England before the Roman Conquest.

The first horse racing in England was held about 222 A. D. at Netherby in Yorkshire.

The Arabs first began to breed horses after 200 A. D. and made little progress until after 600 A. D.

Circus trick riding came into popularity about 350 A. D.

Stirrups were first used about 600 A. D.

The first regular horse auction was the Friday sales at Smithfield, outside London, in the reign of Henry II.

The first master of fox hounds was Simon de Montfort about 1250 A. D.

Heredity of white markings is first mentioned in the case of the bay charger owned by King Edward I. about 1300 A. D., that had a white stocking on its left hind leg, as had also its sire and grandsire.

The first books on horses were the manuscripts of Gyfford and Twevety about 1300 A. D.

The first trained horse was Marocco in Queen Elizabeth's time. The horse and owner, Banks, were accused of magic and burned to death.

The first rule against foul riding was made at the Chester meeting in the time of James I. Professional jockeys came into vogue then. This King was the first to organize ice racing.

In the seventeenth century witches were consulted when horses went lame.

The first wave of reform to interfere with racing swept over England in 1620. Parliament suppressed racing in 1654 and not until the end of the Commonwealth about ten years later were the restrictions removed.

The first stage coaches in 1662 were opposed by country tradesmen because they thought it would take their customers to the city.

GAMBLING IN PRISON

In certain foreign prisons the inmates are either highly favored or very ingenious. Somehow or other they do manage to obtain possession of small sums of money, with which they can purchase tobacco and other minor luxuries. Having plenty of time for reflection, they appear to have sharpened their wits to the extent of organizing not only card parties, dicing matches, and various childish games of chance, but even billiards.

The dice are made with grains of Indian corn subtracted from their meals. The grains are cut or pressed into squares, and the dots are scratched upon them.

Unfortunately, however, there does not seem to be the proverbial honor among criminals, and most of these dice which have come under my observation have been ingeniously cogged by the insertion of small portions of metallic dust. In Costa Rica the cogged dice go by the name of wild beasts, the idea being that they find victims.

In the Lombroso Museum of Anthropology and crime at Turin there is quite an interesting collection of playing cards which have been manufactured in prisons. The red pips have been colored in blood, no other red paint being presumably available.

Billiards in prison seem almost incredible. The plan adopted is to build up cushions of mud on the pavement and line them with pieces of clothing, extract a stick from the bamboo beds, and roll bits of clay into balls. It does not sound very exciting, but prisoners appear to be contented persons.

Then there is the game of the knife. It seems that in certain foreign prisons every convict contrives to keep a knife up his sleeve, probably obtaining it from a visitor. Having half opened it, that is to say at a right angle, he throws it at a mark on his bed or table, and points are counted according to his success. If he hits the bed or table at all it counts one, two inches from the mark counts two, one inch three, and the mark itself counts five. Games are usually a hundred up.

Then there is the fly game, which is much safer, because there is no need to dread the visits of warders. The players place pennies or halfpennies in front of them, and win when a fly lights on their coins. They are allowed to smear them with sugar or portions of their food in order to attract the flies. When these allurements are not available, they cover the coins with saliva as a bait. In the absence of coins, prisoners will sometimes sit side by side with their dinners in front of them, and the first fly decides which prisoner shall eat both dinners.

The dust collected from numerous vacuum cleaners has proved to be a valuable fertilizer, and its sale has become a regular business in Paris.

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AN INTERESTING LETTER

GENTLEMEN:

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LAND ACT.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Sayward

Take notice that Ben Roberts, of New Westminster, B.C., lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted 20 chains North of Timber License No 40780 thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence east 25 chains more or less to the shore of Dow Passage Calm Channel; thence following shore in in a South-easterly direction to place of commencement, containing 200 acres.

BEN ROBERTS.

Dated January 30th 1912

Eric R Brebeck, agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward:—Take notice that John George Hardy of Courtenay, B. C., occupation auctioneer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N bank of Cranberry lake and at the SE corner of Timber Limit 30612 thence W 40 chains; thence S 40 chains; thence E 20 chains: thence NE 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 110 acres more or less.

JOHN GEORGE HARDY

Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithin Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward —Take notice that Margaret Carwithin of Sandwick, B. C., occupation widow, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Trout lake and about one mile west from the SW corner of Timber Limit 37470 thence N 40 chains, thence W 40 chains, thence S 40 chains to the north bank of Trout lake, thence along the north bank of Trout lake E 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

MARGARET CARWITHEN

Dated Jan. 11, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Sayward.

Take notice that George William Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permisston to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S.W. corner of timber Limit 42968, thence west 80 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east 60 thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 340 acres more or less

GEORGE WILLIAM CARWITHEN

Reginald Carwithen. agent.

Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Sayward

Take notice that Henry Luder Carwithen, of Sandwick, B C., occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N.W. corner of Timber Limit 1958, thence north 80 chains; thence east 60 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 60 chains to point of commencement, and containing 480 acres more or less.

HENRY LUDER CARWITHEN

Reginald Carwithen, agent.

Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Sayward

Take notice that ALFRED JOHN CARWITHEN of Sandwick, B.C., occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N.E corner of Timber Limit 46774, thence north 40 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 60 chains thence east 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 280 acres more or less.

ALFRED JOHN CARWITHEN

Reginald Carwithen, agent.

Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Saywsad.

Take notice that Mabel Hardy, of Courtenay, B. C., occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post planted at the N E corner of Timber Limit 30611, thence south 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence north 80 chains thence west 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing 320 acres more or less.

MABEL HARDY

Reginald Carwithen, agent.

Dated January 14th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Sayward

Take notice that Herbert Howarth Bates, of Lytham, Eng., occupation gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Trout Lake and at the S W corner of Timber Limit 37470, thence north 20 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south to the bank of said Trout Lake 20 chains; thece along bank of said Trout Lake east 80 chains, to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less.

HERBERT HOWARTH BATES

Dated Jan. 11th, 1912. Reginald Carwithen agent

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Sayward

Take notice that Louisa Marion Woodcock, of London, Eng., occupation siagle woman, intends to apply for peamission to purchase the following described lands;—Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Trout Lake, and 1½ miles west from the S W corner of Timber Limit 37470, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less. LOUISA MARION WOODCOCK

Reginald Carwithen, agent

Dated January 11th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.

District of Sayward

Take notice that George Robert Bates of Courtenay, B C., occupation real estate agent, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S. E. corner of Timber Limit 40775; thence north 80 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 60 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 20 chains: thence west 20 chains, to point of commencement, containing 300 acres more or less.

GEORGE ROBERT BATES

Reginald Carwithen, agent.

Dated Jan. 13th, 1912.

Sayward Land District

District of Sayward

Take notice that Louisa Sophia Bates, of Sandwick, B.C, occupation, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner Timber Limit 40775, thence north 80 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less.

LOUISA SOPHIA BATES

Reginald Carwithen, agent.

Dated January 13th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.

District of Sayward.

Take notice that Reginald Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C, occupation, farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Timber Limit 40775, thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less.

REGINALD CARWITHEN

Dated January 13th, 1912

Sayward Land District

District of Sayward

Take notice that Christian Carwithen, of Sandwick, B.C., occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the S. W. corner of P.R. 2800, thence north 20 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

CHRISTIAN CARWITHEN

Reginald Carwithen, agent.

Dated January 13th, 1912.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.

District of Sayward.

Take notice that Margaret Bluhm Carwithen of Sandwick, B. C., occupation single woman. intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the most southerly end of Cranberry lake, thenc E 80 chains; thence S 80 chains; thence W 40 chains; thence along the boundary of Lot 36, Sayward District, in a general north and west direction, to a point due south of the point of commencement, thence due north to the point of commencement and containing 500 acres more or less.

MARGARET BLUHM CARWITHEN

Dated Jan. 14, 1912. Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT District of Sayward —Take notice that Edith Wilson of Lytham: Eng., occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands Commencing at a post planted about one-half mile E from south bank of Trout lake and about one mile south from the most northerly end of Trout lake, thence south 80 chains thence E 40 chains, thence N 80 chains, thence W 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 320 acres more or less.

EDITH WILSON

Dated Jan. 11, 1912. Reginald Carwithen, Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward.—Take notice that Edith Lacey Bates of Lytham, Eng., occupation widow, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted on the south bank of Trout lake agd about two miles from the most northerly end of said lake, thence E 80 chains, thence N 40 chains, thence south along bank of said lake 80 chains to point of commencement and containing 80 acres more or less.

EDITH LACEY BATES

Dated Jan. 11,1912 Reginald Carwithen Agent.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT, District of Sayward —Take notice that Harriet Jane Bainbridge of London, England, occupation single woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands- Commencing at a post planted on the N bank of Trout lake and about one mile from the most southerly end of said lake thence along the bank of said lake southerly 80 chains, teence N W 80 chains, thence E 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 100 acres more or less.

HARRIET JANE BAINBRIDGE

Dated Jan. 11,21,1912. Reginald Carwithen, Agent.

H. J. Theobald

Practical Painter

Decorator, Paperhanger and Kalsomining.

All Work Promptly ...Attended to...

Residence, Penrith Avenue Cumberland,

D A THOMAS

UP-TO-DATE PIANO TUNER

Representing The Geo. A. Fletcher Co., Nanaimo, B.C.

Orders left at T. E. Bate's Store promptly attended to.

E. W. BICKLE

Notary Public, Conveyancer. Etc.

District agent The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Fire Insurance. Accounts collected

FOR SALE—House, 5 rooms, price $650

FOR SALE—House, 7 rooms, Price, $1 000 00. Terms cash.

New house, including two full-sized lots, price $1200

House in centre of city, price $1250 cash

Apply, E. W. BICKLE.

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

Mrs. Simms will give lessons on the piano at her house in Jerusalem, formerly owned by Mr. James Stewart, on and after Monday, March 4th—until then in Camp as usual.

I LOVE MY TAMALES,

But Oh, you Meat Pie! At the Cumberland Cafe. The best in town. The place where Home made bread is sold

RICHARDS & JACK

Palace Livery and Feed Stable

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

E. T. WHELAN, Proprietor

COURTENAY, B. C.

nov. 18

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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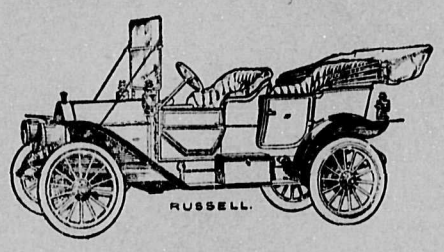
THE CUMBERLAND HOTEL

W. MERRIFIELD, Prop.

The finest hotel in the city.

B.C. Garage

For Auto and Gas Engine Supplies



District Agent for the

Russel, E M.F. 30 Flanders 20 and McLaughlin-Buick automobiles

Fairbanks-Morse Stationary and Marine Engines, Oliver Typewriters, Moore's Lights, and Cleveland, Brantford, Massey-Harris and Perfect bicycles

CARS FOR HIRE NIGHT AND DAY

EMDE & DENTON

Phone 18 CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Hung Chong & Co.,

Branch Store from CHARLIE SING CHONG Co.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, SILKWEAR

Hardware of all kinds.

Boots and Shoes, at Lowest Prices

HUNG CHONG & Co.

No. 7 MINE

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS.

Water Rights Branch.

IN the matter of the Board of Investigation created by Part III. of the "Water Act" for the determination of water rights existing on the 12th day of March, 1909, and in the matter of the following creeks in the Alberni District:—

Alma Spring.
Anderson Lake.
Ash River.
Ash Lake.
Bartlett Creek.
Bergh Creek.
Beaver Creek.
Bulson Creek.
Bear River.
Buttles Lake.
Burman Biver.
Buck Creek.
Bainbridge Lake.
Boulder Creek.
Browning Creek
Bamfield Creek.
Canon Creek.
China Creek.
Cinnabar Creek.
Cameron Lake.
Cameron River.
Coleman Creek.
Clayoquot River.
Cleagh River.
Cacho Creek.
Cous Creek.
Couer d'Alene Creek.
Cinnamon Creek.
Dublin Gulch.
Dickson Lake.
Deer Creek.
Doners Lake.
Deep Lake.
Della Falls.
Elsie Creek.
Elsie Lake
Englishmans River,
Elk River.
Elk River, North Fork.
Effingham Creek.
False Creek.
Forseli Creek.
Prench Creek.
Franklin Creek.
Four-mile Creek.
Granite Creek.
Granite Falls.
Gold River.
Grappler Creek.
Goose Creek.
Grace River.
Green Lake.
Great Central Lake,
Ham-i-lah Lake.
Hardy Creek.
Hobart Lake.
Handy Creek.
Ingersoll Creek,
Jew Creek
Johnson River.
Kitsucksis Creek.
Kennedy Lake.
Keith River.
Keith River North Fork.
Kewquodie Creek.
Ka-oo-Winch Creek.
Lizard Lake.
Lost Shoe Creek.
Long Lake.
Lake Sugsar.
Lucky Creek.
Little Qualicum River.
Moyahat River,
Megin Lake.
Muchalat Lake.
Mahatta River.
MacJack River,
Museum Creek:
Mosquito Creek.
McFarlands Creek.
Mineral Creek.
Maggie Lake.
Marble Creek.
Muriel Creek.
Mortimer Creek.
Mill Creek
McQuillon Creek
Nahmint Lake
Nahmint River
Narrow Gut Creek
Pool Creek
Porphery Creek
Penny Creek
Roger Creek
Rebbek Creek
Stamps River.
Shakespeare Creek
Somas river:
Spring creek
Sproat lake
San Joseph Creek
St. Andrews Creek
Sage creek
Sand river
Sutchie river
Sarita lake
Sarita river
Sarita River South Fork
Ternan Creek
Taylor Creek
Tsusiat lake
Toquart river
Tranquille Creek.
Trout river
Tahsis river
View lake
Williams lake
Yellowstone Creek
Spring on Sharp Point
Pond situate about 600 feet from Grappler Creek.
Small stream emptying into bay about half a mile west of Village Point, Kyuquot Sound.
Creek running through Lot 5, Rupert District.
Small creek running through Block 3 of Lot 100, Alberni:
Unnamed creek running through Lot 148, Alberni.
Creek which enters Lot 27, approximately 1,700 feet west of northeast corner.
And all unnamed springs, streams, creeks, ponds, gulches, and lakes tributary to or in the vicinity of the above-named streams.

Take notice that each and every person partnership, company or municipality who, on the said 12th day of March, 1909, had water rights on any of the above-mentioned creeks, is directed to forward, on or before the 4th day of May, 1912, to the Comptroller of Water Rights at the Parliament buildings at Victoria a memorandum of claim in writing, as required by section 28 of the said Act as amended.

Printed forms for such memorandum (Form No. 19) can be obtained from any of the Water Recorders in the Province.

The said Board of Investigation will then proceed to tabulate such claims. After the claims have been tabulated by the Board, notice will be given of the places and days on which evidence and argument will be heard at local points.

Dated at Victoria, this 12th day of March, 1912.

By order of the Board of Investigation.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Acting Comptroller of Water Rights.

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS.

Water Rlghts Branch.

IN THE MATTER of the Board of Investigation created by Fart III, of the "Water Act" for the determination of the water rights existing on the 12th day of March, 1909; and in the matter of the following creeks in Victoria Water District:—

Arbutus Creek
Anchenachie Creek
Averill's Creek
Apple river
At-Lat Zee river
Ankitree Creek
Allard lake
Ampach river
Ashulm Creek
Anutz lake
Alice lake
Allan lake
Adams creek
Axe Creek
Atnarko river
Ahtaklin lake
At-Way-Kel-Lesse river
Alf Creek
Baker Creek
Battys Creek
Bear Creek
Bear lake
Beaver Creek
Bengal Spring
Big Four Creek
Bilson Creek
Bonsalls Creek
Brenton lake
Brittania Creek
Brother Creek
Brem river
Bluff Lake
Bonanza lake
Braden Creek
Boulder Creek
Bradley Creek
Brown's river
Black Creek
Buttles lake
Boot lake
Bear river
Baird creek
Bugaboo Creek
Bella Coola river
Blackwater river
Buckingham lake
Big Creek
Blue Bells Creek
Blair Creek
Bush Creek
Calcutta Creek
Campbell river
Campbell lake
Campbell lake, Upper
Cascade Creek
Cedar Creek
Chemainus river
Clandening Spring
Cold Creek
Colquitx river
Cutter Creek
Chewson Creek
Coomsack Creek
Chaelquoit lake
Canoe Creek
Croft Creek
Coal Creek
Comox lake
Comox river
Cruikshank river
Cranbry River
Cheewhat Lake
Cheewhat lake
Cowichan lake
Cowichan River
Cottonwood Creek
Curry Creek
Chilco lake
Chilco River
Chantsler lake
Clusko River
Chuck Walla River
Carmanah Creek
Charles Creek
Cache Creek
Chewson Creek
Chats-Cah River
Courtenay River
Delhi Creek
Dalley River
Doos River
Deer River
Deadhorse creek
Drum lake
Davie River
Demaniel River
Dean River
Duck lake
Elliot Creek
Eckheimick Creek
Elk River
Elk lake
Ellen Creek
Eagle lake
Evelyn Creek
Fall Creek
Fullers lake
Floodwook Creek
Fourth lake
Fords lake
Fords Creek
Fields Creek
Forsyth lake
Garners Creek
Good Hope Creek
Grizzly Creek
Glazier Creek
Georgie lake
Green River
Grierson Creek
Gordon River
Goldstream Creek
Goldstream lakes
Glenora Creek
George Creek
Homalko river
Homalko river, East Branch
Homalko river, West Branch.
Heyden lake
Huston lake
Halls Creek
Horne lake
Harris river
Haslam Creek
Hydamus Creek
House creek
Holharko river
Hargrave lake
Hagans Spring
Hewitt Creek
Halmer Creek
Hyrg lake
Imperial Spring
Ironclad Creek
Ida lake
Indian lake
Indian river
Jubilee creek
Johns Creek
Jordan river
Keating Creek
Koksilah river
Klite river
Keogh lake
Kakweiken river
Kingcome river
Kulee Creek
Kilippi Creek
Kla-anch River
Kokish River
Kains lake
Kathleen lake
Karmutsen lake
Keagh river
Kla-Kla-Karma lake
Kelvin creek
Kildalla river
Krantz Creek
Koeye River
Koeye lake
Kahylskt River
Kech-klack lake
Kwatna river
Kle-na Klene river
Langley Spring
Lillie Creek
Link river
Loakim Creek
Lucky Creek
Lapan lake
Loquaist river
Lake of the Mountains
Long lake
Lo imer Creek
Lost Creek
Leech river
Leech rive, North Fork
Loon lake
Lo na lake
Langfo d lake.
Lau el Creek
Le Blanc lake
Lone Creek
Marble Creek
Mabel Creek
Manley Creek
Matheson Creek
Matheson lake
Mathewsons Springs
Matson Creek
Metchosing river
Milla d Creek
Mill stream
Mineral Creek
McLellans Creek
Middle lake
Moh Creek
Mink river
Mosquito lake
Marvel Creek
Meadow Creek
Meads Creek
McKay lake
McKay Creek
Muir Creek
Moriarty lake
Martins Gulch
Mountain lake
Maxwell lake
Mitchells lake
Ma ion Creek
Middle Lake
Mohun lake
Mauser Creek
Machmell river
Myra creek
Nanaimo river
Nanaimo river, South Fork
Nanaimo lake
Nescanlith lake
Nugget Creek
New Memis creek
Nutarvis river
Neechants river
Neechants river, West Fork
Nimkish lake
Nahwitte river
Nitnat river
Nitnat lake
Nine-mile Creek
Nixon Creek
Noeich river
Nacoontloan lake
Noosatsum river
Nimpoh lake
Noch river
Nile creek
Neomas river
O-we-Kano lake
Oyster river
One-mile creek
Prices Spring
Prospect lake
Puntledge river
Phillips river
Phillips lake
Poison creek
Putchay river
Pike lake
Puntze lake
Peterson lake
Placer Creek
Paxton lake
Price Creek
Quamichan Lake
Quamichan Creek
Quatom river
Quartse river
Qualicum river
Quinsam river
Quatlena river
Richards creek
Rock creek
Robertson river
Rocky Run creek
Resevall creek
Sand Hill creek
Skinner creek
Skomahi creek
Somenos creek
Somenos lake
Sooke river
Sooke lake
Stocking lake
Swamp creek
Saltery Stream
Salmon river
Southgate river
Second lake
Sim creek
Shannon lake
Seymour river
Smoke-house creek
Silver creek
Stony creek
Sowick creek
Sunday creek
Skeemahaut river
Suquash river
Shusharte river
Sombrio river
Shaws creek
Sulton creek
Surprise creek
Schoen lake
San Juan river
Shawnigan lake
Swan lake
Stowell lake
Sumquolt creek
Spruce creek
Sigulta lake
Skomolk river
Snootsplee river
Saltoomt river
Summit lake
Sumqua river
Stella creek
Stella lake
Stafford river
Swollup creek
Sigutlat lake
Snookly creek
Shotbolt creek
Shepherd creek
Taggarts creek
Todd creek
Tripp creek
Tahumming creek
Twist lake
Tatlayoco lake
Third lake
Tom Browne lake
Topaz lake
Tzee river
Three lakes
Tsulton river
Tsi-itka river
Tsulquate river
Tsable river
Tsolum river
Trout lake
Twin creek
Tusulko river
Tzacha lake
Takia lake
Takia river
Taatntsnee river
Tzatleanootz river
Talchako river
Tsodarkirko river
Toba river
Toba river, Little
Takush river
Talcomen river
Tastsquan river
Ulgako river
Upper Powell river
Upper Powell river, East Fork
Upset creek
Vernon creek
Vernon lake
Valley creek
Wheelbarrow creek
Whisky creek
White-house creek
Whannock river
Washwash river
Wardroper creek
Waterloo creek
West lake
Weston lake
Wolf creek
Wright creek
Walt creek
Wammtx river
Wakeman river
Wusash river
Young lake

Stream situated close to wagon-road crossing the Lena Mount Sicker Railway.

Some springs rising at or near the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain in Sec. 2, R. 8, Chemainus.

Spring on sec. 5, R. 10, Chemainus.

Springs rising on sec 3, R 9, Chemainus

Creek rising mountains west of Mosquito Harbor, Mears Island

Stream running throhgh M. J. Smith's Comaiken District.

Spring on part of sec. 3, R. 3, Comaiken District.

Spring on Maple Bay Road.

A spring on sec. 7, R. 4, Comaiken Distridt.

Creek near Sec 3, Tp. 9, Comox Disarict

Small spring on W. Weeks land, Cowichan District.

Creek running northe ly through sec. 7, R. 2, Cowichan District.

Spring on sec. 18; R. 3, Cowichan District.

Stream rising in sec. 5, R. 7, Cowichan District.

Two streams from springs on sec. 4, R 8 Quamichan District.

Stream running into Esquimalt Lagoon across sec. 15, L. 54, Esquimalt District

Stream rising on sec. 35, Esquimalt District.

Unnamed creek rising in sec. 33, Esquimalt District.

Small stream near south section line sec 31, R. 6, East Lake District.

Stream rising on secs. 31 and 32, Lake District.

Spring unnamed on sec. 55, Lake District

Small stream rising rising in sec. 31, R, 6, E. Lake District.

Unnamed creek flowing through Lot 47, Malahat District.

Two springs situated near Bald Mountain part of Tp. 1, Malahat District.

Creek flowing through W 1 2 sec. 20, R. 2 Quamichan District.

Spring rising in Upper Swamp on W. ½ secs. 17 and 18, R. 5. Quamichan district

Springs rising on sec. 17, R. 5 and sec 17 R. 5 Quamichan District.

Spring about the middle of sec. 14, R. 6, Quamichad District.

Small stream flowing through sec. 1 R 8, Quamichan District.

Two unnamed creeks flowing through sec 77, Renfrew District.

Small lake, east of Jordan Meadows.

Unnamed stream which empties into Port McNeill, near N W 1 4 sec. 14, Tp 2 Rupert District

Stream rising from a spring on sec 12 R 4 South Saanich District.

Small stream rising in sec. 4, R. 2 and 3 West south saanich District.

Lake on S. E. slope of Mount Wood (Malahat).

The "Ram" and other springs on sec 5, R. 3, East Salt spring Island.

Stream from springs 3-4 mile from salt water flowing into satelite Channel.

Unnamed stream which flows through sec 6, R 9, shawnigan District.

Creek flowing through sec. 9. R. 10, shawnigan District.

Underground stream in sec 3 R. 3, somenos.

Swamp on sec. 4, R 3, somenos.

Stream flowing through sec. 7, R. 4 somenos District.

Stream running through part of sec. 44, Victoria District.

Springs situate on part of sec. 44, Victoria District.

A stream running from sec. 44, Victoria District.

Streams, springs and watercourse, running through part of sec. 44 into Cadboro Bay.

Springs on the waterfront portion of sec. 84, Victoria District.

Unnamed stream running throug Lots 622, 623, 624, R. 1, Coast District.

Unnamed stream at head of McLaughlin Bay, Rivers Inlet.

Unnamed creek flowing into Fly Basin through Lot 30, R. 2, Coast District.

Creek flowing throng Lot 60, R. 2, Coast District

A chain of small lakes on Walrum Island, Rivers Inlet

Stream one to two miles north from Wadhams P. O., Rivers Inlet.

Unnamed creek at head of Shotbolt bay Rivers Inlet.

Stream running through Lot 107, R. 3, Coast District.

Unnamed mountain stream running through Section 12, Tp. 2, R. 3, Coast District.

Stream running east to west on Lot 101 Rivers Inlet.

Stream rising in the divide between Mount Sicker and mount Prevost and flowing in an easterly direction.

Stream at head of Quathiaska Cove, and all unnamed springs, streams, creeks, ponds, gulches and lakes tributary to or in the vicinity of the above named streams.

Take notice that each and every person, partnership, company, or municipality who, on the said 12th day of March, 1909, had water rights on any of the above mentioned creeks, is directed to forward on or before the 27th day of April, 1912, to the Comptroller of Water Rights at the Parliament Buildings, at Victoria, a memorandum of claim in writing as required by section 28 of the said Act as amended. Printed forms for such memorandum (Form No. 19) can be obtained from any of the water Recorders in the Province;

The said Board of Investigation will then proceed to tabulate such claims.

After the claims have been tabulated by the Board, notice will be given of the places and days on which evidence and argument will be heard at local points.

Dated at Victoria this 6th day of March 1912.

By order of the Board of Investigation

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Acting Comptroller of Water Rights.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—S. C. White Leghorns, Wilson-Cooper strain direct. Breeders selected for vigour and large egg production. $2.00 per 15 eggs; $6.00 per 50 eggs; $10.00 per 100 eggs. Order early to avoid disappointment. F.H. THOMASON, Courtenay, B.C.

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—1. Pure bred Rhode Island Reds, $1 50 pr dozen. 3, Pure bred Single Comb, White Leghorns, $1.00 dozen. All eggs guaranteed fertile. Apply J. Laurence Comox, B. C.

FOR SALE—3½ miles from Cumberland, 20 acres of extra good land, good for either fruit or vegetables. Will sell either whole or divide in 10 acre blocks. 16 acres cleared. Apply N. HARVEY, Happy Valley.

New Breeds of Canadian Wheat

(By John W. Ward, in Canadian Century)

ONE of the most important problems which confronts the modern agricultural scientist is the production of new varieties of wheat and other cereals specially adapted to the conditions of soil and rainfall found in new regions as they are opened up to the settler. Each country has its own peculiar conditions, and so each country has to work out the problem for itself. In Canada this study is being carried on in the agricultural colleges of the different provinces and at the experimental farms of the Dominion Government located in the different sections of the country, and particularly at the central experimental farm at Ottawa, by Dr. Charles E. Saunders, the Dominion cerealist.

Western grain growers have found the famous Red Fife wheat very satisfactory on the whole, except in regard to the time taken to mature the crop, which in the less favorable seasons is rather too long, so that the fields are sometimes touched by frost before the grain is ready to cut. In hardiness of kernel and flour strength, the characteristics which chiefly determine the value of wheat, Red Fife has hitherto been without a rival, but Dr. Saunders has now succeeded in producing a large number of new varieties, among which are several that bid fair to wrest from Red Fife its present proud position of supremacy. The chief rival of Red Fife at the present time is a variety produced by Dr. Saunders through cross-breeding and selection, to which he has given the name "Marquis." This wheat is fully equal to Red Fife in the quality of flour which it produces, it yields heavily, and ripens from a week to ten days earlier than Red Fife. Last year Marquis was grown at several hundred points throughout the prairie provinces, the largest field being one of 43 acres near old Fort Carlton, on the North Saskatchewan River, and it grew and ripened as far north as Fort Vermillion, which is 400 miles beyond Edmonton and considerably nearer to the Arctic Circle than to the United States boundary. The acre plot of Marquis grown at Fort Vermillion yielded 40 bushels of No. 1 hard wheat, weighing 65 pounds to the measured bushel—truly a remarkable record for a point so far north. At the experimental farm of the Dominion Government at Indian Head, Sask., Marquis yielded 54 bushels to the acre last year, and a measured bushel there also weighed 65 pounds. There is altogether about 6,000 bushels of Marquis available for seed this year, and Dr. Saunders' office is inundated with applications from farmers who wish to secure one of the ten-pound bags which he will distribute free of charge as long as the supply lasts.

But Dr. Saunders is not content with even this remarkable success, and he has in prospect about 500 varieties of early spring wheat of his own breeding, 250 of which are now fixed types. Among them are two groups which have been found to ripen one and two weeks earlier than Marquis, respectively, one of them being ripe on July 13 last year. These wheats retain the remarkable baking strength of Marquis and Red Fife, but it is not claimed that they will equal Marquis and Red Fife in yield. Dr. Saunders, believing that in those varieties the limit of all round excellence has been reached and that a shortening of the period of growth can only be secured by sacrificing either quality or quantity. The chief value of these varieties, consequently, will be in extending still further northward the wheat-growing area, and in providing for the farmers of the country generally a means of insurance against exceptionally early frost, which might otherwise cause very serious loss.

Most of the cross breeding at Ottawa has been done with Red Fife as one of the parents, because it has the type of kernel desired by millers, early ripening varieties imported from other countries being used as the other parent. Marquis is a cross between Red Fife and an Indian wheat known commercially as Hard Calcutta Red, but the specific name of which has not been preserved, and Preston, Stanley and Huron are other early wheats which claim descent from Red Fife, having been produced some years ago by Dr. William Saunders, director of experimental farms, and the father of Dr. Charles E. Saunders.

New varieties of wheat, as has been stated, are produced by cross breeding, or cross fertilization, the latter process extending over several years. The process is perhaps worth describing; it is possible that some enterprising farmer, finding time hanging heavily on his hands, will make a hobby of the business and evolve a wheat that will bring him fame and fortune.

The cross breeding takes place at the time when the wheat is in blossom, when in the natural way the pollen which is hidden under the chaff covering each separate kernel of grain bursts from the antlers in which it is contained and fertilizes the feathery pistil and so gives life to the embryo kernel which otherwise would wither. In order to produce a new type the pollen from one variety must be used to fertilize the pistil of another, and this is accomplished by a very delicate operation requiring much skill and careful handling. The method followed by Dr. Saunders is to first pluck a number of heads of the variety which is to be used as the male parent in the cross, and then, sitting in a cool and shady spot, armed with a pair of fine tweezers, to lift the chaff covering the kernel and remove the antlers to a pill box whose interior has been coated with black varnish. The antlers, which are three in number, and resemble a piece of cotton about one-sixteenth of an inch in length, are taken when just about to become ripe in which condition they will burst either in the handling or a few moments after being removed. The tiny skin of the antlers is then removed, leaving the pollen in the form of a fine dust. The wheat plant which is to be the mother of the new variety is then taken in hand as it grows in the field, and the antlers are removed from those kernels which have reached the proper stage, the remainder being torn off the head and thrown away. The pollen contained in the pill box is then taken on a camel-hair brush and applied to the pistil, a feathery growth lying close to the antlers. There will probably be a dozen kernels on a head that will be at the right stage for treatment at the one time, and when all have been operated on the head is wrapped in muslin and left to grow and ripen in the field. In Dr. Saunders' experience about one-half of the kernels thus treated reach maturity, and the experimenter thus gets on the average half a dozen seeds to sow next year. The resulting plants will be almost identical, but in the succeeding season, when the seeds thus obtained from them are sown each one will produce a group similar to the sister groups, but containing as many different types as there were seeds on the plant. Each of these will represent a different combination of the peculiar qualities of the sorts originally crossed. Some will ripen early and some late, some will be large and some small, some will be bearded and the rest bald. At this stage selection begins. The plants nearest to the type desired will be selected and their seed sown again and this process continued until in the course of a few years the plants at length become uniform, when the type is considered fixed.

The new variety is then propagated until a sufficient quantity of wheat is obtained to enable milling and baking tests to be made, and Dr. Saunders is this winter engaged in baking into bread flour produced from over one hundred new varieties of wheat. The varieties which emerge successfully from this ordeal will this year be submitted to the final test to ascertain their ability to yield large crops, and for this purpose a number of samples will be sent to the experimental farms in the West.

SACRED IMPORT OF THE TREE

IN "East and West," Professor H. E. Raulinson writes on Sacred Trees in East and West. He tells of the and many-colored flags, as the Buddhist as the sacred tree of their religion. What the pipal tree is to India, the ash tree is to Scandinavia. The Christmas tree is a survival of the old days of tree-worship. We hang it with lights and many-colored ags, as the Buddhist decorates his pipal with rags and flowers and lights tiny lamps as its foot. The maypole seems most probably to be phallic in origin. The Greeks identify the hamadryad with the tree, and at Dodona Zeus made known his will. Jahweh walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and showed His going by the sound in the tops of the mulberry trees. Milton's theory of Christianity rested on the fruit of that forbidden tree, and the Cross itself is the tree of redemption. Perhaps, suggests the writer, it is the eternal miracle of the tree that has made it to all men of all ages an outward symbol of inward divinity, that led to the parallel between the Kingdom of God and the mustard seed that becometh a tree. The Tree of Life was the foremost object in the New Jerusalem, just as in Swarga, the Heavenly City of the Hindus, stand the groves of Kalpavraksh, which grant all men's desires and fulfil their wishes.

FOX-RANCHING IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE fur trade of Canada today is but a small fraction of what it was in the early days of the country's history. The variety of furs even from northern latitudes is gradually growing less, and the extermination as a market product of a number of once abundant furs is perhaps but a few years distant. The demand for buffalo is no longer supplied and there is a fear that the first quarter of a century will see the passing of the fur seal. The black fox and the silver grey have almost disappeared, and the trappers are fortunate who secure but a few of these pelts during the season. In almost every variety of Canadian fur, despite the national laws for protection, the supply is slowly but surely decreasing.

In connection with only one of these products has any attempt so far been made at preservation by breeding in ranches, and it is perhaps the only one in which such an attempt is possible. Fox-ranching as a business is a new endeavor, but it pays well. It gives a large return for but a very small outlay, and a few years will see it a profitable, well-established and remarkably developed industry. It is in Prince Edward Island, the smallest province in Canada, that the most extensive experiments have so far been made. There the attempts at fox-raising have been followed by abundant success. Three thriving ranches are already in operation, and the owners are receiving large returns for their labor.

The visitor to a ranch would not suppose, at least from appearances, that the plain, small, unpretentious enclosure yields an annual income of five or six thousand dollars on an expenditure of little more than a hundred. The ranch ordinarily covers in actual space about an acre of wooded land in a sparse grove of spruce or fir. It is surrounded by a fence of wire netting about twelve feet high, the trees serving as posts. The proverbially sly fox uses all his cunning to escape from his prison by attempting to climb over the fence or to burrow under it. To prevent him effecting his liberty a strip of wire netting four feet wide is attached to the fence like a projecting eave, over which it is impossible for him to climb. As he is unable to burrow deeper than four or six feet, the netting is sunk into the ground to this distance, and inside the enclosure the fox is then secure. He makes his own home by burrowing a long passage just below the surface of the ground, as in his wild, free state. The ranch owner, however, ordinarily assists him by building several warm huts like large dog kennels where the animals find shelter. A few troughs are placed inside the fence to receive the animals' food. Such is the simple and inexpensive equipment of the fox ranch.

But if the building operations require only a small outlay and little labor to complete, the tending of the ranch means great care on the part of the owner. Constant watchfulness is the price of success. Scarcely two-thirds of the cubs survive infancy. The greatest agent of destruction is not disease, but the parents themselves, which eat their young if the latter are left with them long after birth. A few days after the cubs are born they must be separated from the older foxes, and for this purpose the little enclosure is divided into two or three compartments. In feeding, too, great care is necessary. They are fed with milk, fresh meat and fowl. At feeding time they come out regularly from the holes and huts to the troughs provided for their food. They soon become familiar—almost tame—with the owner or the person who feeds them. But so timid are they that at sight of a stranger, or at the sound of a voice, they dash away in great alarm and remain hidden for days until hunger drives them from their shelter. In killing the animals when their fur is ready for market, the greatest caution is necessary. A drop of blood on the fur, or the smallest break or defect ruins it for commercial purposes. To bring the highest price it must be a perfect specimen. Shooting the animal, or even killing it by a blow or a knife, is therefore scarcely permissible if the best results are to be obtained.

Peculiar methods of slaughter are employed. The animals are enticed into one of the huts, where they are easily caught and strangled. Sometimes chloroform is used to kill them. Another device is to lure them into a hollow log closed at one end; the other end is then covered and the animal is slowly smothered. The skins taken from the animals killed by these methods are in no danger, if handled carefully, of stain or defect. Another difficulty the rancher meets with is snow. Sometimes in the severe storms of winter, even in a grove, the snow piles high to the top of the ranch fence and the foxes escape over the huge bank. But by persistent shovelling, which means perhaps one or two nights of labor, this difficulty is ordinarily overcome.

The Prince Edward Island ranchers have succeeded in producing a strain of very beautiful "royal black" foxes from the ordinary silver grey species. These are a freak of the silver grey breed and in the wild state appear only occasionally. Out of a total of five hundred silver grey skins that are shipped annually from Alaska to the European markets, there are no more than eight or ten of these so-called "royal black" skins. The others—that appear but seldom—come from Labrador and the north Atlantic provinces. They are extremely rare and of great value. They are not found in the ordinary fur markets. As fast as they appear they are purchased principally by agents of the royal families of Russia, to whom they are sold at enormous prices. Consequently the fox rancher deals almost exclusively in this freak breed; he has no place in his business for the ordinary red fox, and he gives less attention to the silver grey than to the "royal black."

The largest owner in Prince Edward Island has seven pairs of breeders. From these he gets from thirty to forty cubs each year, but scarcely two-thirds of them, because of disease and parent slaughter, survive infancy. To develop the twenty or twenty-five yearly survivors to the age of two or three years, when the fur is ready for market, requires but a very small annual expenditure. The animals, when their fur is ready for marketing, are not much larger than a large cat or a fox terrier. One skin will make a very small collaret or muff, and ten or twelve skins are necessary to make a cape of ordinary size. The largest yearly output from the ranch is from fifteen to twenty-five pelts. They are usually sold in the London markets. The largest price yet paid has been seventeen hundred dollars for one small skin no larger than a small dog skin—but a skin of very rare coloring and beauty. Such a price, however, is unusual, and ordinarily the skins sell at an average of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars each. Thus the ranch owner, if he meets with no losses and has the ordinary output and success, receives for his labor yearly from five to seven thousand dollars, and, while his actual yearly outlay in money is only a few hundred dollars for food, repairs to the ranch and shipping expenses.

What the future of fox ranching will be, one can only conjecture. It is now followed on a very small scale, for the owners of ranches do not yet concentrate their energies on this as their sole occupation. The few ranchers in Prince Edward Island are farmers, who keep a fox ranch as an extra because they find it pays. They get larger returns from their foxes than they get from their cattle and hogs, perhaps than they get from their entire farm; but they nevertheless do not follow ranching as a real and sole industry. Each year, however, sees the enlargement of the present fox properties, the establishment of new ranches by speculative ranchers, and a surprising increase in the output of pelts. The future may see fox ranching a profitable and widely-followed industry, and the Dominion supplying the markets of the world with the now rare and expensive "royal black" furs.

COFFEE

THE use of coffee as a beverage is traced to the Persians; it came into great repute in Arabia Felix about 1450, and passed thence into Egypt and Syria, and in 1511 to Constantinople. It was conveyed from Mocha, in Arabia, to Holland in 1616, and was first brought to England by Nathaniel Canopus, a Cretan, in 1650. The first coffee-house in England was kept by a man named Jacobs, in Oxford, in 1650. The first in London was opened by a Greek in George Yard, Lombard Street, in 1652. Pope's well-known lines in "The Rape of the Lock" show that it was familiarly known in his time:

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, it is related, a poor Arab was travelling in Abyssinia. Finding himself weak and weary, he stopped near a grove. For fuel wherewith to cook his rice, he cut down a tree that happened to be covered with dried berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveller discovered that these half-burnt berries were fragrant. He collected a number of them and, on crushing them with a stone, found that the aroma was increased to a great extent. While wondering at this, he accidentally let the substance fall into a can that contained his scanty supply of water. A miracle. The almost putrid water was purified. He brought it to his lips; it was fresh and agreeable; and after a short rest the traveller so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and, having arrived at Aden, informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy was an inveterate opium-smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted at the recovery of his former vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it camuha, which in Arabic signifies "force."

It is said that the Mohammedans, shortly after the introduction of coffee, employed it to keep them awake during their long religious services. Later it was considered an intoxicating liquor, and hence to be classed among the beverages prohibited by the Koran.

Still its use was continued, however, and though it took a long time for its influence to pass beyond the confines of Arabia, it finally came into favor at Constantinople, where coffee - houses were opened in the sixteenth century.

Until 1690 the only source of the world's coffee supply was Arabia, but in that year Governor-General Van Hoorne, of the Dutch East India Company, received a few coffee seeds from traders who plied between the Arabian Gulf and Java. These seeds were planted, and grew so well that the industry of coffee-growing in Java received a tremendous impetus. One of the plants first grown there was sent to the Governor of the Dutch East India Company. It was planted in Holland, and seeds from it were sent to the West Indies, and then to other parts of the world.

WOODCHUCK WAS SCOUT

A WESTERNER owned a stumpy lot, with woods on three sides of it. The field had been seeded to clover, and fifteen or twenty woodchucks dug holes in the ground, where they lived in peace and plenty until a bear, late in the month of July, formed the habit of stealing out of the woods just before sunset every day, crouching in the tall clover and pouncing on a woodchuck while it was at supper. The owner would not shoot the bear because at that season its fur was good for nothing, and besides, he wanted to thin out the woodchucks.

When the bear had killed a number of the woodchucks and carried them into the woods, a wise old woodchuck in the upper end of the field began to be suspicious, and whenever the bear stole out of the timber the old woodchuck would sit by its hole and whistle to warn the other woodchucks of the bear's presence. Then he and all the woodchucks in the lot would run into their holes, and the bear would slouch back to the woods, looking sheepish.

When the old woodchuck had played this trick a few times, the bear apparently set to thinking; for at noon one hot day it was seen to shamble out of the woods and to climb a tree just above the old woodchuck's burrow. Not a woodchuck was in sight, and that made those who were watching the performance wonder what the bear was up to. He stayed in the tree all the afternoon, and just before sundown the old woodchuck was seen to crawl out of its hole and take a survey of the field. The bear's presence was unperceived, so very soon the old woodchuck scampered off some distance from his hole. Then the bear nabbed him and squeezed him to death in a hurry. With the wise old woodchuck out of the way the bear had an easy time, and before the end of the next month he had killed every woodchuck in the lot.

To freshen black lace lay it on an ironing-board and moisten it with a piece of black silk dipped in a solution of a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water. The water should be warm. Cover the lace with a piece of black silk, and iron while damp.

GOOD HEALTH FOR RUN DOWN MEN

If You Are Weak and Easily Tired Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Anaemia is a state into which one falls because of lack of blood, or because the blood is poor, weak, and watery. The man or woman who has not enough blood is pale, languid, easily tired and easily depressed. As the trouble progresses other symptoms show themselves—and the life of the sufferer is one of misery. Anaemia opens the door to consumption, and gives victims to all the epidemic maladies, because the whole body is weakened and unable to resist the inroads of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best remedy in the world for the cure of anaemia, and all its attendant miseries. They make the blood rich, red, and pure, thus bringing health and strength to weak, despondent men and women. We do not know of a single case of anaemia where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have failed to cure if given a fair trial. Mr. John Hastings, Venn, Sask., was a victim of this trouble and found new health through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "I was working on a railway driving a team and found myself gradually running down. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but soon I began to lose my appetite and it was a trial to get through my day's work. I got medicine from the doctor on the works, but it did not help me, and finally I got so bad I told the foreman I would have to quit. He told me not to lose hope, that he would get some medicine that would soon make me all right. That night he went to town and bought me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not taken more than two boxes when I began to feel better, and after I had used five boxes I was as well and strong as ever, and could do a day's work with any man on the job. I may just add that before I began taking the pills I was so run down that I weighed only 122 pounds and while taking them I gained 22 pounds. I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and strongly recommend them to all run down men."

You can get these Pills through 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.

Sugar-Coated Etiquette

(Little Lessons in Deportment in Fictional Form, by Professor Wilberforce Jenkins)

Willoughby's Ordeal

THEY all liked Willoughby—nay, there were not a few who had a real affection for the man; but even at that they could hardly be blind to certain of his shortcomings, which, as Harley Blithers had said, made him almost a social impossibility. That he had worked himself up from the ranks was wholly to his credit, and none of the set in which he moved were ever snobbish enough to throw his extraction in his face. What if his father had been a custom-house inspector? However society might frown upon such a one as this, it certainly had no valid reason for visiting its displeasure upon his son, and Willoughby could not be blamed for his choice of a paternal parent. It was as much an accident of birth that had made him this as was that which made Lord de Noodles the son of the Duke of Bareacres, and moreover Willoughby was himself such an everlastingly good fellow that he might even have been the son of a member of the Board of Aldermen and still have passed muster.

But there was one respect in which Willoughby appeared to be almost hopeless, and that was in the matter of his dress. He would wear a flaming red four-in-hand and white spats when he walked on the Avenue, and this whether or not he wore a double-breasted sack coat, a cutaway, or a frock—the last of which, by the way, he persisted in calling a "Prince Albert." He had been told many a time at the club by his intimates that these things were not correct, but somehow or other, either because he did not care or for the reason that his mind was too much preoccupied with more immediately important matters, the expostulations of his friends seemed to make no impression upon his mind.

The fact that he had appeared in the Easter Sunday parade wearing a Norfolk jacket, tan shoes, and a brand-new, shiny silk hat, had given society something to talk about for weeks thereafter, and more than one council of war had been held by those who really cared for him, to devise, if possible, some means by which his reformation might be brought about. Marked copies of the leading fashion journals were sent to him anonymously through the mails. Some of the best dressers in town took pains to introduce him to their tailors, a fact which Willoughby, unfortunately, set down to the credit of reasons other than his sartorial aggrandizement, having heard that these self-same best dressers profited financially by these introductions whenever the introduced left an order behind him on departing.

"It is really a confounded shame!" said his most intimate friend, Harrison Higwalader. "Willoughby is one of nature's masterpieces, and the idea of his framing himself up like a tea-store chromo is most distressing."

It was shortly after this observation of Higwalader's that the conspiracy resulting in Willoughby's ordeal was hatched. What it was will be best understood by an account of Miss Gladys De Munn's famous ball, where it was put into operation. The smartest of the smart were in attendance, and among others invited was Willoughby. It so happened that upon the evening in question he was detained at his office very late, and the clocks all over the city were striking two when he arrived. The guests were assembled in the sumptuous banqueting-hall which Colonel De Munn had imported at enormous expense from the Palazzo Kaduzzi at Florence, and there, as Willoughby entered, a repast prepared by Delsherrico was being served. He presented a quaint picture as he stood in the doorway looking around vainly for Gladys. He wore, as usual, his rather tight-fitting clawhammer coat, a mauve waistcoat, and a satin shoestring tie of the sort that comes ready made and fastens with a buckle at the back of the neck. Surmounting this was a turn-down collar, with a considerable roll, revealing Willoughby's neck in all its massive proportions. His hair, parted on the side, shone resplendently with the damp of a well-moistened brush. As he looked about him a great social sigh went up from the multitude. Would this man never learn that a black tie does not go with full evening dress, and that the made-up variety is never worn by people with any pretensions to form? And the horror of that waistcoat, strung across with a broad black band with a cut gold monogram of the wearer stuck like a postage stamp athwart the middle button! And poor Willoughby's suspenders — how they must be groaning under the tension of holding those trousers so high aloft that the rubber sides of his Congress gaiters with the imitation bead button attachments at the sides, were fully displayed! The sigh became a gasp, and a stern look appeared upon the faces of all the men present. Even his friends gazed coldly at him, and turned away.

Willoughby, utterly unconscious of the impression his unfortunate garments had made upon the assembly, hastened to one of the tables where sat Chollie Van Dooder, and was about to address him when Van Dooder, without looking at his face, observed coldly, "Well, waiter, you have been long enough with that consommé!"

Willoughby was stunned. Waiter? He a waiter? To be mistaken by his friend Chollie Van Dooder for one of Delsherrico's men—that was a crowning insult! What he might have done had there been time we do not know, so tumultuous were the thoughts that surged through his brain; but just then he heard another voice from the rear:

"I say, Henri, or Pierre, or Jacques, whatever your confounded name is, why don't you hustle along with that salade? Do you want us to starve to death before the cotillon?"

He turned sharply, and with dismay in his heart noted that it was Edgar de Rankenhoven, his comrade of many years, who had thus addressed him.

"Why, my dear Edgar—" he began, much flustered.

"Oh, stow your excuses, my man!" retorted Edgar. "We want food, not words."

"Hi—garcon," came another voice, this time accompanied by a snapping of the fingers. "Won't you please stop gossiping with your friends for a moment and pass the champagne? What do you think you are here for, anyhow?"

It was Willieboy Watkins who thus addressed him. Willoughby never did like Willieboy. Their names were so similar and yet so different. Dazed and amazed by the reception accorded him, he lost his head, and would probably have found Willieboy's with his fist had not Billie Hickenlooper come up at this moment and, tapping him on the shoulder as he passed, whispered in his ear, as he slipped a five-dollar bill in his hand:

"Get a move on, waiter, and slide a couple of quarts of fizz down into the billiard-room, will you?"

Willoughby started, and was about to remonstrate, but Hickenlooper had disappeared through the doorway, and then, from all sides of the room, directed straight at him, came snappings of fingers, hissing sounds designed to attract his attention, and sundry other sharp calls:

"Waiter!"
"Hi, boy!"
"Garcon!"
"Salade here, you snail!"
"A little more of that cafe frappe for Miss Blickenbury, John."

And so on. A perfect babel, as in a Bohemian restaurant having but one waiter, rose from all quarters of the room, and poor Willoughby, overcome at last, turned to flee, and then—ah, then was the ordeal to end in triumph, for there like a queen full of the majesty of defiance stood Gladys de Munn, her eyes flashing with anger, her lovely cheeks mantling with the red flush of righteous indignation, and her lip curling scornfully.

As Willoughby tried to pass she held up her hand imperiously to stop him, while she turned and addressed the guests.

"You do well to call him waiter," she said, her voice trembling with emotion. "He is dressed like one, but not only that—he has the entree!"

"The entree!" cried the guests in wonderment. There was some cryptic meaning in the fair girl's words.

"Yes," she replied, holding out her hand to Willoughby. "The entree to my heart. Ladies and gentlemen," she added, "permit me to introduce you to my affianced husband. He has waited long enough, and now he has his answer."

With these words she fainted in Willoughby's arms.

"Ah, well," said Hickenlooper, as the guests silently departed, "I guess we got our desserts after all!"

Six months later Gladys de Munn was led, a blushing bride, to the altar by Roderick Willoughby. She had not smiled upon his suit as the others had, but had taken him in spite of it, and, in order to provide against any further contretemps such as had broken up her ball earlier in the season, the bride's gift to the groom was a five years' subscription to The Gentleman's Home Companion, according to which, from that day to this, through sheer love of his beautiful wife, Willoughby has dressed.

A RINSING HINT

WHEN washing fabrics of delicate color and in washing blankets be careful to rinse in water of the same temperature as that in which the garment is washed.

This is particularly necessary in the case of blankets, as careful washing is often rendered useless by too sudden change of temperature in rinsing. In neither case must the water be too hot.

IN THE KITCHEN

TO keep tins from rusting, it is a good plan to place them near the fire after they have been washed and dried.

In washing a pastry board care should be taken to use the scrubbing brush and sand in the direction of the grain of the wood. The dirt is by this means removed without scratching the surface. The sand should be washed off with plenty of cold water, and the board first wiped with a clean cloth and then placed in the air to dry.

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

HEALTHY CHILDREN ARE A BLESSING

Healthy babies are good babies, and the good baby is a blessing in every home. Nothing can give the mother or father more pleasure than to see baby play. Every movement is watched with delight; every new word spoken brings pride to the fond parents. It is only the sickly baby that makes the home wretched—and, mothers, it is not baby's fault when he is sick. You are the one to blame. Perhaps you give him candies, cakes, and other food which his little stomach is unable to digest. Then when he is cross and ailing you give him some "soothing" mixture to quiet him. That is wrong—remember his little stomach is not as strong as a grown person's, and also remember that every spoonful of the "soothing" mixture you give him only does him more injury—it does not remove the cause of his fretfulness—it merely dopes him into an unnatural sleep. What is needed is Baby's Own Tablets—a medicine with a guarantee of safety. About them Mrs. Mathies McCormick, West St. Peters, P.E.I., writes: "We have used Baby's Own Tablets with good results. They sweeten the stomach; give refreshing sleep and make baby fat and healthy." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Death Struggle at Gravelotte

(From the narrative of Driver Jos. Maus, late German Field Artillery)

A month after France had declared war on Prussia, three of the most terrible battles of modern times had been fought. These were decided near Metz—Courcelles on August 14th, 1870; Mars-la-Tours on the 16th, and Gravelotte on the 18th. In each contest the French were defeated. The King of Prussia personally commanded at Gravelotte, where the fighting lasted twelve hours. Nearly half a million men were on the field, and the losses were unparalleled in modern history. The French casualities numbered 20,000, and the German 25,000. The fiercest of the fighting took place on the wooded slopes of Gravelotte, and it was there that the survivor who tells this story served with the 4th Battery, 8th Brigade, 18th Army Corps.

VERY soon after marching from Cologne with my battery I took part in a battle which was considered one of the most desperate and deadly of modern times. That was the battle of Worth, fought on August 6th. Only a few days earlier the French had sworn that they would soon be in Berlin; yet now, in spite of the most wonderful valour on their part, they had been defeated and thousands were slain, while thousands more were prisoners in our hands.

Some, indeed, were going to Berlin, but how differently from the glorious march of triumph of which they had spoken! When, after the long hours of battle on the field of Worth, nearly twenty thousand men on both sides had been lost as fighters, I thought there could be no more tremendous conflict than that; yet within a fortnight I shared in that deadly fight on Gravelotte's slopes, which ended in such stupendous losses that the whole world was appalled and stricken to the heart.

The tiny, unknown village of Waterloo gives the name to England's most famous modern battle on land; and little hamlets have become immortalized because from their names are known three of the fiercest struggles of the Franco-German War—Courcelles, Vionville, and Gravelotte, all near Metz, a fortified city in Lorraine, which was held by Marshal Bazaine and an immense army. That army was hemmed in by the triumphant troops of Prussia.

Germany, like England, has her Balaclava. Your own immortal Six Hundred charged the Russian cavalry and artillery; five thousand of the flower of my country's horsemen hurled themselves, at Vionville, upon artillery and infantry. With you it was only the Light Brigade that swept into the Valley of Death, with us it was both light and heavy cavalry who cut down the gunners and the infantry of France.

Our cavalry silenced the guns which had been slaughtering our infantry. They swept past the batteries into an open space; then the French infantry riddled them with bullets, and the French cavalry swooped on the survivors of the charge. Does not history tell that when the King, with heavy heart, visited the battlefield the day after the fight, he knew that the white road which led to the enemy's position was composed of the fallen bodies of his gallant cuirassiers? Five thousand Prusian cavalry had hurled themselves upon a French army corps six times their number.

Gravelotte succeeded the furious battle of Vionville, where each side had lost sixteen thousand men in battle. Neither side had any real proof of victory at Vionville, but all that was changed on the wooded slopes, where with my battery, I fought on the ever-famous August 18th.

In the early morning—4 o'clock it was—we were roused by the trumpets and bugles. Who was there amongst us who did not ask himself the question: "Will you awake tomorrow?" There was one other question, too, and that was "Have you got anything to drink?" They put that to me, because I knew the French language, having lived two years in Paris, and I answered that I had; so the men of my battery drank some wine before the battle began, and they fought no worse for it. The drink warmed them up and gave them courage, and when the effect of it had worn off—well, they had then the courage of battle itself. All soldiers when they are in the thick of a fight for life and death, and know they must continue to the bitter end, are brave, even if it is only the valor of despair. As for me, I almost ceased to feel or think; I was only a bit of a vast killing-machine, and played my little part mechanically.

I often think that you English people form a wrong opinion of the German soldier and his conduct in the Franco-German war. We went not because of our love of war, but because of our love of the Fatherland and our duty to the Kaiser, and it was not every German who, even on that morning of Gravelotte, when most of us had become used to war and its horrors, had the right battle spirit within him. There was amongst us a gunner from Cologne who, before the battle began, burst into tears and spoke of his wife and children he had left behind him on the other side of the frontier, and whom he believed he would never see again.

Our captain saw the man, and, turning to us all, he said: "My children, it is no good crying. We must be brave and fight like good soldiers, cheered by the knowledge that the harder we fight the surer we are of victory, and that the sooner we win the sooner we shall be home again." That heartened us enormously, and we all laughed at the gunner so much that he stopped crying and was soon adding to the thunder of the battle.

On those dreadful heights overlooking the fertile country which, when night came, was soaked with blood, I served with my battery throughout the day. It was flash and roar from morning till night, and officers and men ceased to be human beings and simply became fighting machines, and man-slayers. We were out to kill and crush, for after all, is it not the business of battle to destroy your enemy?

The scene of the fight itself was very wide. The country is beautiful, consisting of hill and vale and stream. In the morning when the fight began, the whole of the vast landscape seemed to heave, for there were upon its surface not merely tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands of men, horse and foot, cavalry, infantry, and artillery. There were helmets, shakoes, caps, bearskins—all sorts of head-dresses distinguishing the various regiments of the two immense armies. There were fields upon fields of bayonets, and everywhere I saw the flash of steel, and the dull gleam also of the guns which the artillery horses were dragging hither and thither. It was too terrible for words of mine to picture with reality.

I am talking of forty years ago, for so long it is since I left Cologne and marched to Gravelotte.

Time has softened the horrors of the war, and sometimes I almost think that that dreadful day is one of which I have dreamt and have not really known. But as I talk I can see it all again—all that far-reaching plain of moving men and horses and gleaming steel, and I can hear, rising on the air, the fierce shouts and dreadful groans of the gallant legions as they fought, the ever-lasting rattle of the muskets, the roar of the artillery. I saw the tremendous struggle for mastery between two of the greatest nations of the world. Already the aggressor was realizing what a terrible mistake he had made, and that Prussia was advancing steadily and remorselessly to the triumphant stage which made her the military mistress of Europe.

Every rifle that was fired—and there were hundreds of thousands of them—every gun that was discharged—and even they were numbered by the thousand—sent its wreath of powder smoke into the air. It was dreadful to see the clearness of the atmosphere give place to an air as dense as a thick fog, for those were the days when powder made a thick and choking smoke.

All through the day our guns roared and sent their deadly shells towards the masses of the French, sometimes tearing up the ground and doing no more mischief than that, but at other times killing and maiming little crowds of soldiers. Comrades who were working near me were falling dead and wounded, but my own battery was fortunate and did not suffer so heavily from the firing of the French artillery.

Of the casualties we sustained, I remember most vividly that of a gunner who was just on the point of being promoted to the rank of corporal. He was a man of giant stature, famous in the battery for his skill and strength and manly beauty. It was his duty to train the gun, to point it towards the enemy where it would do most execution. In England, I think, you would call him a bombardier, and he would have a stripe to show his rank, but in the German army, buttons on the collar served the same purpose. My comrade had placed both his hands upon the gun, touching it as tenderly as if he were handling some creature of life which could do his bidding and understand his thoughts.

I was very near the gunner, watching him. There he was, with his magnificent figure bending along its dull steel length, and his great strong hands resting lightly on the breech. I saw all that for one moment. Then there was a dull thud and a loud groan, and the next I saw was that the gunner was still standing by the breech; but his hands were no longer on the metal. A French shot had torn them both away.

The giant was removed to the rear, and the surgeons managed to save his life. He went back to Germany, and the King gave him a special pension and commanded that he should always have a servant to wait upon him. Many times afterwards I saw him lighting a cigar with an artificial hand, and I compared his appearance then with his looks when he was my comrade on the wooded slopes of Gravelotte.

From the early morning of that August day we were at the guns, firing all the time, but not always in the same place, because an order would suddenly come for us to change our ground a little, to pour more shell into the masses of the French. I do not know how often we limbered up and galloped to a fresh position, nor how many shells we fired at the enemy, and I cannot tell, nor can anyone, how many of the French were killed and maimed by my battery. It must have been a very large number, for even one shell bursting amongst a crowd of human beings will cause havoc that is too dreadful to picture.

It seemed amazing that guns could be fired so hard and so long, and that ammunition could be found for their greedy appetites. Yet they had to be fed, and somehow the ammunition was found, and not only for my own battery, but also for others, because in the thick battle-smoke men from other batteries, black, panting, and sweating with their work, would rush up for shot and shell, so that they could help to give death his dreadful harvest. They had already used up all their own ammunition.

You ask me what I had to eat and drink during that long battle. I answer, just what I could snatch. There was not much thought of food; your only wish is to get the fight over, and then you are thankful to throw yourself down like a weary animal and sleep where you fall. Food and drink were common property, and the highest in the army were glad to take a drink from a humble private's waterbottle and share a crust with him from his knapsack. Does not every German soldier know that General von Hartmann, who fought at Waterloo, fought also at Worth when he was in his seventy-sixth year, that he was on horseback for seventeen hours, and that during all that time he had nothing to eat except a piece of black bread from a private soldier's knapsack? In every battle of the war, officers and privates of the German army shared and shared alike, from the King to an unknown driver like myself.

Other little incidents come back to my memory as I talk—one of the 14th, when, during the fiercest part of the fight, a man was seen smoking a cigar as unconcernedly as if he stood on the parade-ground and not on a terrible and fatal field. General von Bentheim saw him and dashed up to the soldier. "Give me a light," he said, and having got one he lit a cigar of his own. Then with it in his mouth and his sword in his hand he rode again into the tumult of the battle and led his troops to victory.

The furious fight went on throughout the summer day, until night came. Entire battalions were destroyed, whole batteries perished; there was not a building which was not in ruins or ablaze, and not a field or road which was not swept by shell and bullet. The battlefield became a shambles, and the very earth shook with the tremendous struggle. Even in the daytime it was hard to distinguish friends from foes, and at night it was impossible to do so. A very inferno of fire was raging when at ten oclock the cannonading stopped, except for the little solated fights.

Villages which, in the early morning had looked sweet and peaceful were now devastated and burning, and by the lurid flames my battery marched down Gravelotte's wooded slopes and over the blood-sodden fields and roads. In that awful darkness the weary horses dashed their iron-shod hoofs against the mangled forms of the dead, and the heavy wheels of the limbers and gun-wagons followed close upon the iron-shod hoofs. There was no help for it because the artillery had to drive straight across the fields which were thick with the fallen French and Germans who had fought so furiously against each other. On every side there rose the pitiful cries of the wounded for help or mercy, but we could pause for neither.

Such is war—woe to the vanquished! and it was woe indeed on the dreadful night which followed that day of appalling carnage.

Think of it! between us we had lost about 45,000 officers and men, and two days before the loss had been equally heavy. The very earth seemed silenced with the weight of the sorrow that her sons had brought upon her. As I rode across those fields of death I had no feeling for anyone but myself. I was utterly worn out with the continuous fighting, and had become indifferent to death and suffering.

The very immensity of the horror numbed you so much that you almost ceased to feel or think. Nature adjusts herself to circumstances, and the vastness of the tragedy, the enormity of the suffering, made one callous to the pity of it, and especially one who, like myself, was a mere soldier, whose only duty it was to obey—to march on. I had seen the country-side heaving with life, fields looking as if they were moving masses, because of the tens of thousands of soldiers who were on them; now I saw those same fields quiet again, but covered with the dead and dying and the wreck of war. Before the two armies met there had been the perfect peace and stillnecc of the country, now the very air was torn with the cries and groans of the wounded.

The night mercifully hid some of the more dreadful sights which day revealed. Here was a company of French infantry—men still leaning over a breastwork and even yet pointing chassepots at the Germans! Yes, pointing still, and looking just as they did during the battle; but they were all dead, shot by our own sharpshooters.

Great numbers of the French that day were slain by bullets through the brain, as they popped up for an instant from their rifle-pits and behind their earthworks to get a bullet into the ranks of Germany. In one pit alone, on Gravelotte's dreadful field, nearly eight hundred riflemen of France were lying dead. They had suffered terribly, yet the chassepot was a more modern weapon, and had a longer range, than the needle-gun, with which the Prussian infantry were armed. The French, too, knew the country well, and could hide, as they did, in swarms in the woods and hedges and every place where they could find shelter.

For days the sick and wounded were sent away from the neighborhood which had reaped such a harvest of death. Every building was full of prisoners or wounded. In one church alone two thousand French soldiers and a hundred officers were shut up until guards could be found to take charge of them. Day after day train-loads of wounded were dispatched, thousands of Germans going back to the Fatherland for which they had fought so nobly, and of which they had proved such worthy sons. You think a train is laden heavily if it has five hundred passengers, yet I saw trains, composed of trucks with hammocks in them, go away bearing as many as a thousand wounded soldiers.

Lucky, indeed, were the men who were killed outright, or whose wounds were so severe that they brought a speedy end, for so vast was the number of the maimed during the three days' fighting that not even the immense resources of the medical staff could deal with them, and the wounded had to be left where they had fallen or crawled. On the 16th, men were collected and placed in churches, houses, buildings of any sort, and in the open air, and many of them had to remain unattended for three whole days and nights until Gravelotte was fought and won. Only then could the exhausted surgeons see to those who were still living.

I saw other things besides the gruesome sights at Gravelotte, more than I can remember now, but I recollect that we had to destroy many of the people who took up arms against us.

There was a miller grinding his corn. He was on the top of his mill. We were marching past, and he shot at us. It was reported to the King, who said that not one stone of the village should remain upon another. The miller was a brave man, a patriot, a Frenchman fighting for his country against hopeless odds. He shot and he fought—but he was caught under the roof of his mill. A rope was put round his neck and he was hanged near the wall of his mill, just to show the people what war meant. I saw him hanged—and I saw three shots fired at him and three bayonets plunged into his body. Horrible? Yes—but war is war; and many a German soldier who was fighting only because he was ordered to do so, was killed by some such man as the miller.

There were many other cases like the miller's—many, many others; but it is one of the rules of war that people found bearing arms shall be treated as enemies. And why not? Are not they just as much our foes as are soldiers in the field? Sometimes the innocent suffered as well as the guilty. There was at Gravelotte a peasant who was captured by the Uhlans and told to guide the Germans to a place they wished to reach. He refused—and ran away; but before he had gone many paces he fell dead to the ground, for a bullet had killed him.

That is terrible—but again it is war. I know that much has been said and written of the brutality of the Germans in the war, but I do not think that we were more brutal and cruel than our foes. Who shall tell of some of the things that were done by many of their soldiers, especially the Turcos, those half-savage fighters who ought never to have been allowed to enter into battle side by side with the troops of a great and enlightened nation? Often enough the untamed and ferocious Zouave would destroy the friendly soul that wished to help him on the battlefield.

And the hosts of dead! They were buried only for the moment. There was not enough earth to put over them. When they were taken up again after the battle and buried properly it was the French who did the work. At one place, after the war, I wanted a drink of water and I went to the local mayor. He said: "You had better come into my garden." I went with him.

"You have some grand corn," I said. It was as high as this ceiling.

The mayor looked strangely at me. "You know what is underneath?" he asked.

"No," I told him, for I did not really know.

"Fifty soldiers have been buried under that corn," he answered. "They came from Sedan, and if you will come with me I will show you where a hundred were buried in one grave."

So it was—in the war the soldiers were buried in their clothes, one on top of another. Of course, with an officer, some sort of ceremony was observed, for they would put up a stick and a bit of paper with the name written on. After a battle all ranks were put away in the same fashion; and when the war was over they were taken up and laid to rest in cemeteries. How many of those who fought so furiously against each other on the battlefield are sleeping side by side in peace!

The King, Moltke, Bismarck—all these and many more have gone. Forty years have passed since we fought that dreadful fight at Gravelotte, which, in a few weeks, was followed by the fall of Metz, with the surrender of Marshal Bazaine with more than 6,000 officers and 170,000 men; 400 guns, and over fifty eagles.

It was stupendous, unexampled; yet it was better than Gravelotte, for that was not only a battle—it was butchery.

THE NATION CELEBRATES

JOHNNY CANUCK'S INTERESTS ARE TOO DIVERSE FOR ANY ONE THING TO AFFECT HIM SERIOUSLY

THRILLING FEATS IN BASEBALL

By George Jean Nathan

ON the afternoon of July 19th of last year, in the second inning of a baseball game between the nines representing Cleveland and Boston, played on the grounds of the former team, Wagner, the first batter for the visiting team, reached first base on an error. Stahl, the second batsman, bunted safely, advancing Wagner to second base. The next player "up" was McConnell. With two strikes and three balls listed against him and with the twenty thousand spectators tingling with excitement, the Boston captain gave the "hit and run" signal. The next ball pitched was met by McConnell's bat with tremendous force and was driven over second base in a manner that boded ill for the home team. Neal Ball, of the latter nine, was playing second. The moment the leather sphere left McConnell's bat, the former jumped back of the base, leaped into the air, caught the drive with on hand, regained his feet and touched second base, stepped quickly to one side and touched Stahl with the ball, and thus made the most thrilling and spectacular unassisted triple play chronicled in the annals of baseball. Ball's feat was the second of its kind ever recorded in the history of major leagues, the first having been to the credit of Paul Hines, of the Providence, Rhode Island, team, who had performed a similar exploit, curiously enough, against a Boston team thirty-one years before.

Each passing season testifies to the fact that the national game is a sport full of unexpected thrills. That these thrills are as common to the amateur as to the professional contests is to be appreciated from the record of George Bowen, of the Northside Club team of Noblesville, Indiana, who, in a game played last season with the Black Diamond nine of the same town, struck out twenty-four players and allowed only one hit. In professional baseball, on August 21st, last year, William Mitchell, pitching for the San Antonio team against Galveston in a Texas league championship game, established a world's record by striking out twenty batsmen in a nine-inning game. In collegiate sport, a record was established last season in the game between the nines in the Naval Academy and the University of Maryland when Anderson, of the latter team, struck out twenty Annapolis players, and Meade, of the Naval Academy, succeeded in eliminating fifteen. Here was a total of thirty-five strike-outs in a single game!

In the Tri-State League, on August 19th, last year, the Lancaster nine made thirty-two runs and thirty-three hits off pitchers Stillman and Gray, of Johnstown, in a regulation game, no player on the Lancaster team making less than three hits. One of the most wonderful feats recorded in baseball chronicles was accomplished last season by Harry Krause, the youthful left-handed pitcher of the Athletics in the American League. Krause won every one of the first ten games he pitched upon his debut in the league. This included three victories over the champion Detroit team, which team, incidentally, succeeded in scoring but one run in the three contests. In the ten games Krause was scored on only four times, six of the games having been shut-outs. His first defeat of the season occurred in an eleven-inning game with S. Louis.

In the game between the Boston National League team and the Roanoke, Virginia, nine last year, Outfielder Bates of the New England team, brought the spectators to their feet by knocking out two home runs in one inning—the seventh. The most spectacular game in the matter of length ever recorded in the minor combines was played last season between the Decatur and Bloomington nines in the so-called Three-I League, when twenty-six innings were chronicled—a game almost three times as long as the game usually runs. The longest game in the history of the Northwestern League was played last year between the Portland and Vancouver teams. It lasted for twenty-two innings.

One of the most sensational afternoons in minor league baseball in many years occurred on August 28, 1909, in the New England League, when the Lowell and Haverhill nines met in a double-header. Duval pitched both games for the former team and won both. Each team was credited with a triple play. In the first game, Lowell batted out seventeen hits and thirteen runs against two opposing pitchers. This is the first instance in baseball chronicles of two triple plays in one afternoon. A week previously to Duval's noteworthy effort, "Jack" Taylor, the well-known veteran pitcher of the Dayton team of the Central League, pitched and won a double-header against the Terre Haute, Indiana, team. What was even more remarkable, he scored a shut-out in each game, and in the first game allowed only two hits.

The most spectacular college achievement for 1909—as well as for several seasons preceding—was to the credit of Pitcher McClure, of Amherst. He pitched a no-hit game against the Naval Academy, winning by a score of four to nothing; held Yale down to one hit, winning by the same score; pitched a no-hit game against Williams, winning by a tally of two to nothing; and then pitched another no-hit game against West Point, winning by a three-to-nothing score. In the way of thrilling pitching feats, it is to be chronicled that Samuel Weems, of the Macon, Georgia, nine, last year equalled the world's record held by "Addie" Joss and "Cy" Young, in a game with the Mercer team. Weems did not give a hit or a base on balls, and did not hit a batter. He struck out fourteen men and retired twenty-seven successive batsmen. Another spectacular performance was that of Pitcher Browning, of the San Francisco team, who won sixteen successive victories. He lost the seventeenth game to Portland by the close score of one to nothing.

A record-breaking day was September 26, 1909, as far as the Pacific Coast League was concerned. The first game of a double-header was won by the Vernon team against Sacramento in the fast time of one hour and fourteen minutes, one minute quicker than the previous record. The second game was won by the same team in the even faster time of one hour, twelve and one-half minutes; the Sacramento nine being unable to get a hit off Pitcher Vance for seven innings.

In the way of a remarkable total of hits made by teams in a single day, the record of the last day of the Western Association is unique. In the last games of the season of 1909 in this league, Pittsburg made thirteen hits to Muskogee's eleven; Guthrie, twelve to Springfild's ten; Enid, fifteen to El Reno's ten; and Sapulpa, sixteen against Bartlesville.

WHY TREES KILL GRASS

IT is a matter of common observation that grass does not grow so well close to trees as in the open. The same is true of grains. Experiments in this country and in England have shown that the deleterious effects upon one another of grass and trees are mutual. The trees suffer as well as the grass and the grain. This is especially true of fruit trees. The cause is ascribed to the excretion by the trees, on the one hand, of substances poisonous to the grass, and by the grass, on the other hand, of substances poisonous to the trees. It thus appears that the failure of grass to grow well near trees should not be ascribed to too much shade, nor to the exhaustion by the tree roots of the food needed by the grass.

INGENIOUS STAMP AFFIXER

A NEW postage stamp affixer has made its appearance in the United States. It is apparently very simple and certain in operation. By merely sliding an envelope on to the machine and turning the handle around, the corner of the envelope is moistened; a stamp is projected, cut off from the strip, and pressed firmly on to the

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Splendid Showing of the Latest in Fashionable Millinery for Spring.

Everyone is Cordially Invited to Visit our Show Rooms and See our Display.

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TO CANADIAN ARCHITECTS

COMPETITION FOR NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED AT POINT GREY, NEAR VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Government of British Columbia invite Competitive Plans for the general scheme and design for the proposed new University, together with more detailed plans for the buildings to be erected first at an estimated cost of $1,500,000.

Prizes of $10,000 will be given for the most successful Designs submitted.

Particulars of the competition and plan of site may be obtained on request from the undersigned.

The designs to be sent in by July 31st, 1912, addressed to

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION
Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, British Columbia.

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.

TO RENT.—Nice quiet rooms. Apply to Mrs. C. A. Walker, Cumberland. 96-3

FOR SALE.—Pekin duck eggs for hatching. $1.50 per dozen. Apply Mrs. J. A. Munro, Minto, B. C. Phone 9m2. 96-2

FOUND—On beach, row-boat; keel 15 feet; beam 5 feet; built by Turner, Vancouver. Apply J. J. BANNERMAN, Comox, B. C.

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NOTICE,

Tenders for the building of addition to the Union & Comox District Hospital, Cumberland, will be received up to April 1st, 1912. Lowest nor any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications can be seen at Mr. L. Mounce's office, saw mill.

F. J. DALBY, Secretary

TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa, and endorsed on the envelope "Tender for Holland Island Lighthouse," or "Tender for Point Atkinson, B.C., Lighthouse" will be received up to noon of the

TWENTIETH DAY OF APRIL, 1912,

for the construction of a wooden lighthouse and dwelling combined on a Concrete Pier and Protection Work on Holland Island, Chatham Sound, B.C. and also for the construction of a reinforced concrete tower, double dwelling and a fog alarm building at Point Atkinson, in the Province of British Columbia.

Tenderers may quote for one or both jobs, but in any case a separate price must be indicated for each one of the two jobs. The Department reserves the right to accept an offer for one or both stations.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Canadian bank equal to 5 p.c. of the whole amount of the offer, which cheque will be forfeited if the successful tenderer declines to enter into the contract prepared by the Department, or fails to complete the work in accordance with the plans and specifications.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender procured at this Department, Ottawa, at the Agency of the Department, Victoria, B.C., and Vancouver and at the Post Offices. Prince Rupert, B.C.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for same.

A. JOHNSTON,
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries,
Ottawaw, Canada, 1st March, 1912.

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS.

Water Rights Branch.

IN the matter of the Board of Investigation created by Part III. of the "Water Act" for the determination of water rights existing on the 12th day of March, 1909, and in the matter of the following creeks in the Nanaimo Water District:—

Chase river
Diver Lake
Millstone River
McGoogin Lake
Nanaimo River

and all unnamed springs, streams, creeks, ponds, gulches and lakes tributary to or in the vicinity of the above named streams, and on the Islands of Gabriola, Lasqueti and Hornby.

Take notice that each and every person, partnership, company, or municipality who, on the said 12th day of March, 1909, had water rights on any of the above mentioned creeks, is directed to forward on or before the 27th day of April, 1912, to the Comptroller of Water Rights at the Parliament Buildings, at Victoria, a memorandum or claim in writing as required by section 28 of the said Act as amended. Printed forms for such memorandum (Form No. 19) can be obtained from any of the Water Recorders in the Province;

The said Board of Investigation will then proceed to tabulate such claims.

After the claims have been tabulated by the Board, notice will be given of the places and days on which evidence and argument will be heard at local points.

Dated at Victoria this 6th day of March 1912.

By order of the Board of Investigation
J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Acting Comptroller of Water Rights

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Wm. H. Hoff, Manager.

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We are taking stock at the end of the present month and are therefore

REDUCING OUR STOCK.

50 Barrels of Best Bread Flour—Hungarian—every sack guaranteed to give satisfaction or money back. Bought before the advance in flour. $7.00 per bbl. while it lasts.

75 boxes Choicest Winter Apples at - - $2.00 per box

Union Bay Co-operative Company