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A New Stock of Umbrellas & Rain-proof Coats for the wet weather, at CAMPBELL BROS.

THE ISLANDER

Watson's Unshrinkable underwear for ladies and children at CAMPBELL BROS.

No. 73 THE ISLANDER, CUMBERLAND, B.C., SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1911 Subscription price $1.50 per year

MASQUERADE GREAT SUCCESS

Young Briton's Ball Galaxy Of Color And Brilliancy

Swell music, swell girls, swell floor, good crowd—largest yet! The best ever!! These were the remarks heard on every side last night at this popular annual event of the L. O. Y. B. L

The usual gathering together of the youth and beauty of Cumberland kept the welkin ringing till the sun had nearly risen, to remember them of the new day. Clowns tripping the light fantastic with stately dames of the seventh century, Pierrots and soldiers sailors and sunflowers, nurses, cooks, fat men and advertising characters swept by in an interminable riot of color, to the sweet strains of Roy' orchestra

The floor was well and ab'y managed by Mr. Alex Walker, and an energetic committee who helped in every way to make the evening a success.

The prize waltzes, two steps and an innovation, the prize three step, were judged well and ably by seven judges; three ladies and four gentlemen comprising this committee, and though the decisions were hard to render with so many good dancers on the floor, their decisions on the whole seemed to meet with with popular approval.

Space forbids us writing all we would like to, of such a gathering of mirth and fun, but below will be found a list of the prize winners:—

Best dressed lady, Mrs. Rickson
Best dressed gent, J. Boyd.
Best Topsy, R. Robertson.
Best clown, J Thompson.
Prize waltz, Mrs Rickson, R. Bailey.
Best sustained character, Jack Ramsay 1st, Belle McLellan 2nd
Two-step, W Shearer, Kate McNeil.
Three-step, R. Bailey, Kate McNeil
Special prize, advertizing Young Britons, Miss Milligan & McLellan
Best adv. character, Miss Cunliffe.
Most comical gent, A. Jones.
Most comical lady, Mrs. J. Gibson.
Best national character, W. Raines

COMOX LAND DISTRICT

District of Comox.

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

Dated October 10th, 1911.

JAMES S. BEVINS.

Dr. D. E. Kerr, dentist will visit Union Bay Oct. 25th to 28th; Comox Oct. 29th to Nov. 2nd; Courtenay Nov. 2nd to 10th; Cumberland 11th to 20th.

Ellison lots will double in six months.

HORSES FOR SALE.

One bay mare, and one sorrel mare, also wagon (little used) and harness; the lot $400, cheapest buy of the day, also one bay mare, four years old, not broke and colt, colt by Champion Hackney Horse $250, also bay horse, six years old 17 hands, harness and almost new buggy $350. Can be seen any time by appointment. Apply, Bates & Hardy, Auctioneers, Courtenay.

LOCAL MAIL SERVICE

Arrival

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

Departure

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

FOOTBALL GAME TO-MORROW

The Pick Of Cumberland To Play Nanaimo On October 29

An Exhibitional game of football will take place on the Old Grounds on Sunday at three p. m. between the "Maroons" vs. "Black and Whites."

The best players in the game will be chosen which will form the League team, and which will play Nanaimo on Sunday, October 29th and Victoria on Tuesday 31st.

A collection will be taken up to defray the expenses of the team.

The following will be the line-up for the game to-morrow:—

"Maroons"—J. McMillan, goal; S Campbell and J. Conners, backs; A. Walker, T. Hinds, J. Galloway, half backs; J. Williams, J. Orr. T. Carney, A. Boothman, O. Harrison, forwards.

"Black and Whites"—J. Reekie, goal; M. Hinds and J. Strang, backs; R. McLean, J. Williams, A. Cairns, half backs; T. Herd, Jas. Conners, A. Goodwin, R. Somerville, P. Dargie.

Reserves—J. Foster, R. James, W Dowie, W. Shearer, R. Ingersoll.

I hereby challenge A. Thomson of Cumberland of Cumberland to a wrestling match and will undertake to throw him three times in one hour, at catch weights, for one hundred dollars a side, or will wrestle any 154 pound man in the Comox District.

GEORGE MURRY.

See Ellison Ad, on another page.

Men's clothing at cost price at the Big Store for pay-day.

The Big Stose for up-to-date millinery A very large and handsome showing at the most moderate prices.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

NOB HILL SCHOOL.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for School-house, Nob Hill," will be received by the Honourable the Minister of Public Works up to 12 o'clock noon of Friday, the 27th day of October, 1911, for the erection and completion of a small one-room frame school house at Nob Hill, in the Comox Electoral District, B. C.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tenders may be seen on and after the 7th day of October, 1911, at the offices of Walter Gage, Esq., Secretary of the School Board, Comox, B. C.; the Government Agent, Cumberland, B. C.; and the Department of Public Works, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

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

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.

Public Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., October 5th, 1911.

oc14 oc27

B. P. L. O. OF LIONS

Lodge Organized In This City On Last Thursday Night

B. Forcimmer and A. Davis grand lodge officers of the Order of Lions and A. N. Mowat publisher of the Nanaimo Herald and Geo. Frost contractor also officers of the Nanaimo Order of Lions paid a visit to this city Thursday, arriving by automoble, and after a brief and enjoyable stay left Friday in Mr. Ende's automobile.

A meeting of the Benevolent Protective Order of Lions was held Thursday night in the K. of P. Hall for purpose of Organizing a local Lodge here and which met with approval of the candidates present.

There was not as big a crowd as what was expected on account of 50 or more candidates having to work, and after the roll call 31 auswered to their names; themeeting was then continued and the regular ceremony read, after the Obligation of members, there were a number of remarks made by the visiting officers and they were loudly applauded, the election of officers was postponed on account of the number of candidates not being present whose names were to be submitted to the lodge for approval and at the next meeting which is to be held Monday October 23rd., they will be there to attend the meeting and election of the officers.

Among the following Candidates who were admitted, were a number of well acquainted men in this city.

A. McKinnel, J. C. McIver, Thos Franklin, F. Z. Good, Geo. Yrrrow. R. K Walker. J. T. Brown Sr. and Jr. A. Peacock, S. Lawrence, Thos McDonald Frank Chadwick, J. Fromento of Mine No. 7, J. Clark.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, THE ISLANDER,

Sir:—In reference to your editorial remarks upon police protection, especially in the outlying streets; one day's observation by the writer seemed to prove the truth of the allegation that the complaint was justified.

There were to be seen several horses grazing on the streets, some young cattle, and a goat

Three separate cases of bicycle riding on the sidewalks.

Some half dozen men leaning against a store wall, on Dunsmuir Avenue had saturated the sidewalk with their expectorations which were continuously being emitted without the least care of the person of passers by, all of which are prohibited by special by-laws.

Four young men in an excited manner marched up the sidewalk abreast, whilst a young lady had literafly to force her way through them, being considerably jostled in the attempt.

All this in one day, without so far as one saw or has since heard of any police action taken.

Further comment is superfluous.

OBSERVER.

To the Editor;--

Sir:—The account of the debate at the Methodist Church upon 'Women's suffrage" as reported in the News, has settled the matter once for all. It says "The speeches of the two young ladies taking part QUITE REDEEMED IT FROM THE COMMON PLACE. That being so, who dare say a word against women's vote when superior man could not even save his face in bebating it, when women were in the lists against him, but went down to defeat and bit the dust directly she put her lance in rest against him.

Poor Mr. Jack, his stock has gone down in the matrimonial market away below par.

It is just possible that it may rise again from pity for his benighted state of mind, but who could possibly invest in it for love?

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

SUPREME OFFICER VISITS THIS CITY

Mrs. Alice B. Lock Of Denver Colorado Visits Maccabees

Cumberland Hive, No. 17, Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, held a special meeting yesterday afternoon in the K. of of P. Hall in honor of Mrs Alice B. Locke, Supreme Lieutenant Commander, of Denver, Colorado.

Another meeting will be held this afternoon in the Hall at 2.30 o'clock for instructions in the ritualistic work, and all members are urged to attend.

The Ladies of the Maccabees of the World has the distinction of being the largest and wealthiest woman's fraternal beneficiary order in the world, being composed of and managed exclusively by women.

Organized October 1st, 1892, it has in nineteen years grown and thrived until to-day, and it is known as one of the safest and best insurance orders in America, equalled by few and excelled by none.

Over 165,000 women are united in this Order for the protection of home and loved ones, and their total policies aggregate over one hundred millions of dollars. Since this Order was organized nineteen years ago, they have paid out over nine millions of dollars in death and disability benefits, and no company is more prompt in paying their claims.

The table of rates under which the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World operates is based on the National Fraternal Congress mortality table, and is endorsed by all the leading actuaries and commissioners of insurance,

Already this Order's reserve fund amounts to over five million of dollars, and is increasing at the rate of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars per year.

The reserve fund is safely invested in the very best bonds and the annual interest on the reserve amounts to over two hundred thousand dollars. There is only one order in North America which has a larger reserve per $1000 protection in force than the Ladies of the Maccabees.

During the first six months of this year over 11,000 benefit applications were received in the office of the Supreme Medical Board, which speaks volumes for the popularity of the Order.

Miss Bina M. West, Supreme Commander, is a woman of executive ability and keen business instincts, and with her hand at the helm the Order will continue its splendid record.

Mrs. Lock leaves this evening for Nanaimo well pleased with the earnest work of the officers and members of Cumberland Hive.

20 acres good land in the Happy Valley partly cleared, with two house, good well, running stream through property. School on corner of property. A snap, For particulars apply Island Realty Co. Courtenay B. C.

MUCH WORRIED OVER CENSUS

Next House of Commons To Have 232 Members

OTTAWA—Analysis of the census returns show that the next house of of commons will contain 232 members an increase of 11, as compared with the house. The unit of representation of which is arrived at by dividing the population of Quebec by 95, the representation fixed for it by the B. N. A. Act is 34,78.

On this basis the representation of British Columbia in the house of commons will increase from 7 to 12 members, Alberta from 7 to 12. Saskatchewan from 10 to 15.

On the other hand, representation of Ontario will drop from 86 to 82. New Brunswick from 13 to 11, Nova Scotia from 18 to 16 and Prince Edward Island from four to three.

London Ontario is disappointed over the census, as it blocks Sunday cars. A movement is started to take in such suburbs as London Junction.

Unless this is done there will be no Sunday cars for some years. as the Ontario legislature has laid down a law that the population must be 50 000 before a vote can be taken on the question

Ellison, Ellison, Ellison.

The bar of the Cumbesland hotel has recently received a new coat of paper. This is quite an improvement, and the place now presents quite a different appearance. The paper hanging was in the capable hands of Mr. H. J. Theobald, who completed the job in a most pratical manner.

Edward W. Bickle, notary public will open up an office as a conveyancer, real estate, fire and life insurance in the near future.

HEADQUARTERS SCHOOL.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for School-house Headquarters," will be received by the Hon. the Minister of Public Works up to 12 o'clock noon of Tuesday, the 31st day of October, 1911, for the erection and completion of a large one-room frame school-house at Headquarters, in the Comox Electoral District, B. C.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 9th day of October, 1911, at the offices of A. M. Hilton, Esq., Secretary of the School Board, Headquarters, via Comox, B. C., the Government Agent, Cumberland B. C., and the Department of Public Works, Parliament Buildings Victoria.

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

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.

Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B. C., October 7th, 1911.

oc14 oc31

LOCAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

Personal And Other Locals of Daily Happenings

Wanted—Small second hand Cook Stove. Apply this office.

In the notice of Chieu Yeuk Auction Sale in last weeks issue, it should have read ONE O'CLOCK for the time of sale, on October 24th.

Miss Hazel Parks, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parks, was united in marrage to Mr. Geo. Bertrum on Tuesday evening October 17th, Rev. B. C. Freeman officiated.

Constable Stephenson arrested one Italian and two Chinamen suspected as being three out of the six of the guilty parties. The cases will come up today for trial.

The two survey parties out locating the route for the Canadian Northern Railway have left the Nitimate Valley and are now camped between China Creek and Port Alberni. one of the parties has been sent to the Summit about five miles from the head of Comox Lake so it looks as if Cumberland will be directly connected and will find another outlet for its coal as well as give passenger connection by Port Alberni. Cumberland is not dead there is lots of life in the old dog yet.

Mrs. Williams, dressmaker and milliner, opposite opera house, Courtenay.

Sept2 Sept30

We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Gillanders, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Abrams of this city. Mrs. Gillanders is ill in Vancouver and Mrs Abrams left a few days ago for that city to attend to her.

FOR SALE—7 room house, 1½ lot. For terms apply to Mrs, Ellen Graef Pendrith Avenue Cumberland B. C.

During a rival meeting in a Methodist church near Cincinnati a number of converts were secured, and several of them requested that instead of sprinkling they be baptized by immersion. The Methodist church was provided with a baptismal font, but not with a pool, immersion being infrequent among its accession to membership. So one of the deacons, anxious that the new members should not be disappointed in their wholly laudable desire to be immersed, constituted himself a committee to call upon the ruling spirit of the Baptist church—not the pastor, but a rather haughty gentleman who held the Methodist in small favor, and who was slightly jealous of the success of their revival The deacon explained the circumstances to this pillar and asked as a favor that the Methodist converts might be immersed in the Baptist pool.

"What? Immerse Methodists in our pool?" ejaculated the Baptist leader.

"Certainly. We would appreciate the kindness very much, and—"

"Well you go back and tell your church that our church isn,t taking in any washing!"

Mrs. Simms will give pianoforte lessons at her house any time by appointment except Tuesdays. Address Camp, Cumberland. Pupils prepared for the Royal College of Music.

Romance of Mining—The Reality

(By Albert R. Ledoux)

From the days when Hiram's ships brought gold from Ophir, and Phoenician galleys voyaged far to Spain for copper and farther yet to the island of Britain for tin, on down through the time when half-savage German miners offered incantations to the Kobolds of the Hartz Mountains, there has been, and continues to be, an element of romance inseparable from the wresting of meals out of the reluctant earth. And was there not much of romance in the spirit and in the adventures of the Argonauts of '49 when distant California lured them toward its Golden Gate?

The spirit of romance has had its expression throughout the literature of geology and mining. It arises like an intoxicating vapor even from the pages of some governmental reports. The late Clarence King, United States geologist, has voiced it, and his popular records of exploration show how the poetry and romance of the mining regions influenced his critical, technical observations. Here is an extract from his "Mountaineering in the Sierras," telling of his emotions when he made a great discovery:

"Ordinary solitude is with me only a happy synonym for content; but throughout that ride I was preyed upon by self-reproach, and in an aggravated manner. The palaeontologist of our survey, my senior in rank and experience, had just said to me, rather in sorrow than in unkindness, 'I believe that fellow had rather sit on a peak all day and stare at those snow mountains than find a fossil in the metamorphic Sierra;' and, in spite of me, all that weary ride his judgment rang in my ear. Can it be? I asked myself. Has a student of geology so far forgotten his devotion to science. . . . Later, when evening approached, and our wheels began to rumble over upturned edge of Sierra slate, every jolt semed aimed at me, every thin, sharp outcrop appeared risen up to preach a sermon on my friend's text.

"I rededicated myself to geology, and was framing a resolution to delve for that greatly important but missing link of evidence, the fossil which should clear up an old, unsolved geological riddle of upheaval age, when over to eastward a fervid crimson light smote the vapor peaks. . . . Through the gateway of rolling, gold-red cloud the summits seemed infinitely high and far, their stone and snow hung in the sky with lucent delicacy of hue, brilliant as gems, yet soft as air—a mosaic of amethyst and opal transfigured with passionate light, as gloriously above words as beyond art. Obsolete shell-fishes in the metamorphic were promptly forgotten, and during those lingering moments, while peak after peak flushed and faded back into recesses of the heavens, I forgot what palaeontological unworthiness was loading me down. . . . For many days thereafter I did search and hope, leaving no stone unturned.

"Picking up my hammer to turn homeward after a fruitless quest, I noticed in the rock an object about the size and shape of a small cigar. It was the fossil the object for which science had searched and yearned and despaired! There he reclined comfortably upon his side, half-bedded in luxuriously fine-grained argillaceous material—a plump, pampered belemnites whom the terrible ordeal of metamorphism had spared. The age of the gold belt was discovered!

"In ten or fifteen minutes I judged it full time for my joy to begin. Down the prospective of years I could see before me spectacled wise men of some scientific society, and one who pronounced my obituary, ending thus: 'In summing up the character and labors of this fallen follower of science, let it never be forgotton that he discovered the belemnites.' . . . Once in after years I met an aged German palaeontologist, fresh from his fatherland, where through threescore years and ten his soul had fattened on Solenhofen limestone and effete shells from many and widespread strata. We were introduced.

"'Ach!' he said, with a kindle of enthusiasm; 'I have pleasure you to meet, when it is you which the cephalopoda discovered has.' Then, turning to one who played the role of Ganymede, he remarked, 'Zwei lager.'"

Another great mining geologist, Charles Howard Shinn, began his narrative of the history of the Comstock Mine with this introduction:

"There was an old silver freighter in —— Nevada—a man with a diploma if he chose to exhibit it—who walked all day long for months and years beside his high ore wogan across the Nevada desert. One night in camp he said: 'I had an odd notion lately. I thought that perhaps when all the frontiersmen have been dead a hundred thousand years the stories that will be written and believed about them will be much like those of the demigods. Some fellow has got to stand right out from the ruck . . . to represent all the pioneering that has been done by . . . thoucher. . . . It might turn out to be a tinent. It may be a fellow with buckskins and Kentucky rifle, or another with slouch hat and mule whip, or Dock Gally's Big Jack Small, the bull-puncher. . . . It might turn out to be a plain freighter. But the freighter is simply packing around some one else's ore. The miner is behind him, working even harder. Out yonder, fifty miles in the desert, there is a man and his wife hammering the drill, opening their mine. Been there all by themselves for five or six years. Maybe their mine will peter out; maybe they will die there and some ore freighter will put them under the sand. Yes, and behind the miner there is another fellow of the same sort, only more primitive—the prospector. He is looking for ore, and keeps on looking until he dies. When their mine has been found, named, and worked; when the whole land is settled and has been fenced off into acre lots for ten thousand years, what kind of stories do you believe men will be telling their children about the nineteenth-century prospector?' Then, as my old silver freighter leaned silent on his whipstock, lonely, toiling men and women of countless mining camps seemed to become but voices that mingle in one great chorus, as the separate parts of the ship in Kipling's story found . . . the voice of the whole. He will not be one trapper, or hunter, or mountain guide, or one of Remington's virile horsemen, . . . but what is more likely . . . than that the myth of the miner shall grow in consequence and find ultimate expression in art and song and literature? The hills will some day be empty of gold. The waters will reclaim the deserts, new and strange conditions of life will prevail over all the lands between the Atlantic and Pacific, but the great myth story of the west will have to do with some miner of the Sierras or Rockies leaning upon his pick. . . . Strong and lonely as a grizzly, the prospector will 'stand right out,' in the words of the silver freighter, 'to represent all the pioneers.'"

In that wide western land Toltec and Aztec once wandered, followed by the Spaniard, lured by old romantic traditions, weaving new fancies—all seeking a fabled El Dorado, under the sober page of history became romanic when its compiler looked toward the peaks of the Sierras or Cordilleras.

The romance of mining is not born only in the west. It is often reincarnated in the pages of many a prospectus written in the east, and effects the judgment of some of our most staid business men.

Some years ago the head of one of the largest dry-goods houses in America handed me a report upon a mine in which he had invested $20,000. The owner still clamored for more money for development, and my friend wished my advice. A hasty glance through the report showed upon the face of it that the enterprise could not possibly pay, and I asked him how in the world he came to put his money into it. He said: "Well, a very honest-looking miner got into my office somehow with a blue skirt and a pocket full of nuggets and a tale that made my heart beat faster. He only wanted $5,000, and I was hypnotized into advancing it. Ever since his reports have fascinated me." I said: "I was in your office once when a man came in to sell you a new kind of lace. For forty years you have been at the head of the dry-goods business in New York, and yet you sent for your lace expert, saying that you were not sufficiently familiar with laces to trust your own judgment. Why did you not send for some mining engineer before trusting your own judgment in regard to a mining investment?"

Not many years ago the president of a bank called upon me. His institution was one of the oldest and soundest in New England, and very conservative. He said: "My bank was obliged to take a copper property in Montana for debt. We are not miners, and want to sell it." Looking at a memorandum, he replied: "There are ninety thousand tons of twelve-per-cent. ore on the dump; there are so many feet of shafts and levels, and so many tons of twelve-per-cent. ore in sight under ground. Furthermore, the gold and silver in the ore will pay for the mining expenses. Our price is one million dollars." I said at once: "I will take it. I never heard of such a copper mine, and, if you have it, I can borrow the million and double my money easily." Then the banker began to hedge. He said: "Of course I have not seen the property myself, and am not prepared to guarantee these statements. You had better go out and look at it. My reply gave this gentleman a new viewpoint, I am sure. I said: "Mr. ——, suppose it were a railway in Georgia that the bank wished to sell, and you went into Mr. Morgan's office, named your price, and stated that you had so many miles of track, so many engines, so many passenger cars, so many freight cars, etc., etc., and that the passenger traffic alone would pay all the running expenses. If Mr. Morgan said, 'I will take it,' would you begin to hedge and say, 'Of course, Mr. Morgan, I have not seen the railway myself; you had better investigate the truth of my statements'?" The bank president went away, as the saying is, "a sadder and a wiser man."

But there is some excuse for romancing in regard to mines, for the truth is sometimes quite as strange as fiction, and it is often not easy to controvert some of the statements of promoters. At the present town of Cobalt, Ontario, which is shipping millions of dollars' worth of silver a year, a blacksmith was sharpening drills for a railway outfit in the wilderness. His name was La Rose. A fox poked its head out of the brush a few feet from his door, and he hurled at the animal the hammer in his hand. When he went to recover it, he found sticking out of the ground a heavy, metallic-looking specimen. He picked it up, and some months afterwards had it assayed. It turned out to be eighty-per-cent. pure silver. The La Rose Mining Company paid $1,300,000 in dividends in two years. In that camp fortunes have been made by men with little capital. One man, with only six companions to help him, blasted out from the surface three car-loads of ore, which he sold in New York. For these three car-loads, which could not have cost more than three thousand dollars to mine, he received nearly two hundred thousand dollars cash, and subsequently sold his mine for a million dollars.

At Cripple Creek, Colorado, a carpenter named Stratton took a contract to build a barn. In digging the foundation he came across a rock that was different from anything he had ever seen. He brought it down to Colorado Springs and showed it to all the mining experts. They told him it was "phonolite," which never contained anything of value. He took it to an assayer of his acquaintance, who tried to dissuade him from paying the expense of an assay. He persisted, and, to the astonishment of everybody, it was rich in gold. With a few men, he used to take out half a million dollars a year, and subsequently sold the property for several millions.

Many a tenderfoot has blundered upon a mine that experienced prospectors have missed. Many fortunes have been made by men led by blind chance or blundering luck, and pages could be filled with illustrations.

But the excuse for occupying space would be very poor indeed if I confined myself to this view alone of a great industry.

I have a far more serious purpose. I know the temptations to invest in mines or in mining shares; I am aware of the sorrowful experiences of many such investors who have lost their little in trying to increase their incomes. I intend to try to show that mining may be a safe, remunerative, and legitimate occupation or investment, if entered into with such reasonable preliminary investigation as should govern every conservative person in placing his money. The gambling spirit should be resisted absolutely. How prevalent it is and how disastrous in outcome should be evident to any one who ever heard of the "Kaffir," "Amalgamated," or other "booma" of the past decade. "Amalgamated" once sold at $128 per share; today at $60. These prices were in neither case influenced, favorably or unfavorably, by earnings. Another "copper" sells today at 23 (par 5), though it has not yet paid a dividend. The small investor can better place his money. It still seems almost as if an unscupulous broker can sell any piece of paper at some price to speculators if it bears a high-sounding name or a sufficiently realistic picture of an alleged mine.

Recently the Boston "News Bureau" published the following, which is self-explanatory:

"They are trying to foment a Porcupine boom in Wall Street to break the Street dullness. Porcupine has about ten thousand gold mining claims laid out, and perhaps one hundred of them have shown good quartz, but already they are quoted for more by a hundred millions than all the gold that can be taken out in a generation. A curb broker wired a man in the west the other day, 'Bank rate 4 per cent.,' and he promptly responded by telegram, 'Buy me 500 at not over 4 1-4.' He thought it was a new Porcupine proposition."

First in the order of merit I would place gold-mining investments. In gold there can be no monopoly; no "corners" can put it up or artificially depress it; the market for this product is world-wide. Uncle Sam will buy all that is offered at the highest price, and there are no fluctuations in the market.

Some gold deposits are more certain in their yield than any crop. Take certain of the Rand mines as an illustration. The gold-bearing deposit is often a flat vein forming the bottom of a bowl. The dip below the surface is usually regular, so that the company owning an area of the surface can estimate in advance and confirm by drilling that at such a depth the area is underlaid by gold-bearing strata of such and such a thickness; that its assay value is so and so; that the cost of mining and treatment will be so much; and the estimates of profits are safe, barring fires, accidents, and the ordinary risks of any business. Concerning the safety, reasonableness of Rand capitalization, there are many reputable bankers, brokers, and experts in London who can give reliable information to legitimate inquirers as to the Rand.

There are many mines in our own and other lands conservatively capitalized, economically administered, and safe from the investor's standpoint, paying dividends regularly. But mining is like drawing checks upon a bank in which no new deposits can be made. Every dollar drawn out is one dollar less of capital in hand. A safe and conservative mining investment should yield at last ten per cent. on the purchase price. In ten years, then, the investor has his money back, and whatever more he receives is profit.

In copper-mining pre-eminently capitalization is necessary greater. Gold is largely found in the "native" state, or easily extracted in comparatively cheap plants by reasonably simple processes. Most copper ores require, in addition to the mining plant, great concentrating mills, large smelting-furnaces, railway connections to bring fuel and fluxes and to carry a bulky product to a distant market. It usually means an investment of several million dollars to operate a copper mine even if the final refining is performed at special works located nearer the market and which refine on toll. The same facts apply to lead mining.

The conservative investor in such enterprises should scrutinize the reports of the companies operating, noting particularly the statements of ore developed ahead for future requirements and the amount "written off" from values still in the ground for mineral removed and for depreciation of plant. He should be suspicious of any which fails to show reasonable business conservatism in these directions. Of course in some mines it is neither safe nor necessary actually to block out large masses of ore in advance of requirements, but nothing justifies a company for failing to write off a liberal amount for annual depreciation. The Rio Tinto mine in Spain has at last over eighty years of ore "in sight," pays over forty per cent. dividends, yet writes off yearly a fair percentage of its capital for amortization. One large American mining company reserved from profits enough, after paying reasonable dividends, to assure the return to investors of their original investment at par, long before the mine was entirely worked out. Many conservatively managed mining companies invest their surplus not in securities but in other mines, so that when the inevitable end comes to their original producer they may continue in business.

The metalliferous mines, excluding iron, are chiefly in our more western states, but I think that a list of their shareholders would indicate that a majority in number are residents of the eastern or middle states. They are, as a rule, unable, even if fitted by experience, to judge of the prospective or present value of an ore deposit, and, if they were to visit the region in which they thought of investing, their own judgment would be of little value. Even experienced western business men—yes, and some experts—find a decision difficult in many cases. Much enters into the question of success or failure that is often apparent disconnected from the main point, which is the grade and probable amount of ore. A placer ground may have abundant gold, yet, on account of sticky clay or large boulders below or heavy forests above, the costs of extraction may be beyond the margin of profit.

I remember once deciding a pretty close proposition in New Mexico by ascertaining whether grass grown on the forty-mile stretch between the mine and the railway. If there were grass, oxen could be employed to haul in supplies and fuel and take out the product. Oxen will support themselves by grazing eight months of the year in that particular section and thrive on hay in winter. If there were no grass, horses must be used and fed. Oats were two dollars a bushel.

Well, if the man of small capital in the east must depend on others for advice, how can he participate in the legitimate benefits arising from mine investments; how share in the larger returns that a good mine may yield? How can the man of small means invest a few hundred dollars or a few thousand with relative safety?

Let it be said right now that no one should risk in mining more than he can afford to lose.

One favorite way, often leading to very large returns, is by means of "exploration" syndicates, managed by an experienced engineer. Let me illustrate by actual example.

Some years ago, ten men in New York City, most of them unfamiliar with mining, each agreed to place $1,000 in the hands of a mining engineer as an exploration fund. He put a corps of prospectors in the field, and before the $10,000 was expended they had secured an option of a promising gold prospect in Montana. A company was then formed of $250,000 capital and enough treasury stock sold at par to purchase the mine and erect a mill. The second year of its existence the company paid 40 per cent., the third year 60 per cent., the fourth year 100 per cent. There was no stock speculation about this; no "water;" no advertising; no high-sounding "reports."

Often reputable newspapers, bankers, or business houses in the west will inform correspondents what are the generally known facts and prospects concerning western mines, and some of them handle funds and manage explorations for eastern investors. Some responsible brokerage houses retain experts to inform them as to the merits of mining investments and prospects. One large bank keeps a list of all incorporated mining companies, and this information is at the service of its patrons. At least one firm of mining engineers in New York keeps similar records and gives information for a moderate fee. Beware of the vendors of "prospects" who haunt our eastern hotel lobbies! Usually it may be set down as a fact that, if an owner cannot find capital to test his prospect in San Francisco, Denver, or Chicago, and comes to Boston or New York, there is something the matter either with the property or the price, although, when large capital is justified, it can be raised more easily in the financial centres of the east.

As to investments in the shares of mining companies quoted in our newspapers, it may be said that those listed on regular exchanges have some assurance of stability, whatever may be the fluctuations of their market price due to speculation; but some friend experienced in the interpretation of company reports should tell the "tenderfoot" investor whether they show development reasonably to justify the capital issued; what is written off for depreciation; what are the history and probability of dividends; what reputable experts have reported favorably on the mine; what are the experience, standing and business reputation of the people who are the officers and directors—in other words, do neither more nor less than one would do if an opportunity were offered to invest in a commercial company or a railway promotion.

With such percautions, while losses may be entailed and some disappointments occur, the average man may look forward confidently to larger returns from his investment in mining than usually come from other legitimate enterprises. He may sleep at night if he has stock, bought and paid for, for instance, in such well-managed mining companies as, say, Rio Tinto, Phelps Dodge, Calumet and Hecla, and, if he has some money to risk, not on stock speculation, but in underwriting or "syndicating" development or exploration ventures, he may be rewarded by a very large yet legitimate profit; the risk being not appreciably greater than when the average citizen puts his money in a new railway or factory or mercantile venture. Yet let this be my final word: Every dollar made in mining propably represents two dollars lost by others in mining speculation or ill-advised mine investment. The man who cannot afford to lose a dollar should put it in a savings bank, not in a mine.

THUNDER

It has usually been thought that the noise of thunder is caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of the lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap; but the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now supposed that thunder is due to the intense heating of gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of electric discharge, and the consequent conversion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosion on a small scale caused by discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which sounds loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor.

In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the earth to the clouds the clap is loudest at the beginning. Trowbridge gave substance to these suppositions by causing electric flashes pass from point to point through terminals clothed in soaked cotton wool, and he succeeded in magnifying the crack of the electric spark to a terrifying extent.

"My dear," said Mr. Jobley, gravely, "it delights my soul to have you get so much pleasure out of our car, but really when you give orders to the chauffeur you must be more careful of your language."

"Why, John—what have I said?" asked the lady, somewhat amazed at the implied rebuke.

"You told the chauffeur yesterday to stop talking, but to get out of the car and tank up. The expression, my love, is crank up, not tank up, and I fear that James was tanked up as far as he could be at the moment," said Mr. Jobley.

Tolls Taken by The Sea

Seven ships sail within ten days out upon the mapped highways of the sea; the sea opens under them and down they drop into the subcellars of ocean. Not a whisper of these little tragedies from the placid sea; not a word spelled in drifting wreckage or wallowing derelict comes back to the world behind shore lines to hint at the manner of the obliteration. It is as if seven ships had ventured beyond the Pillars of Hercules of flat world and had dropped off the edge in a plunge to the nether stars.

A bark scudding up through the trade tracks of the Pacific, away out in the water wilderness between Valparaiso and Honolulu, sighted hull down the masts of a steamer. The captain of the bark altered his course by a few points for the sole reason of the lonesomeness of the mid-Pacific that was on him; besides, the trade tracks are not a place for steamers, and he was curious. The bark drew nearer the steamer. As the latter lifted out of the horizon, the shape of mystery rode its smokeless funnel and the masts that yawed from side to side in the rocking of the sea's trough. At a half-mile's distance the bark lay to and a boat went out from her to the side of the steamer.

The men from the bark clambered up a sea ladder to a deck deserted. Not a living soul aboard. Scarcely human were the shapes of eleven dead men, Japanese, that were found huddled in bunks or sprawled where death took them. Two of the steamer's boats were gone; there were signs of desperate haste in departure where water-butts and tackle lay by the base of the outswung davits. The ship was sound, engines and hull. From the few papers written in English which were found scattered in the captain's cabin, the ship's name appeared to be Yaye Maru, out of Hakodate, destination in undecipherable ideographs.

The captain of the bark had no mind to salve this ship of death. The eleven corpses he did not even attempt to bury, for there was the aspect of a plague about them. He took the reckonings of the derelict and pursued his voyage to Honolulu with not even so much as the identifying papers, plague-bearing perchance, in his possession. At Honolulu verification of the clearance of the Yaye Maru, out of Hakodate for Iquique, was had. A ship went out to salve her; other ships bound south and east kept sharp lookout for the ship of the dead men. Not from that time six years ago to the present has the Yaye Maru been sighted. The tides and the winds of ocean made sport of those of her pest-ridden crew that put off under the goad of terror in the two boats, as they made sport of the floating death-house boarded by men of the Honolulu-bound bark.

Again the careless sea, which the world's workers believe they have harnessed, bestirs itself to blot out a paltry ship and seal with mystery the fate of the puny men who rode her.

Careful French statisticians compile each year for the "Bureau Veritas" a record of the accidents and losses suffered for a twelvemonth by the merchant marine of all nations from which data are abtainable. The yearly summary put forth by the "Bureau Veritas" is counted authoritative by all maritime men—owners, agents, underwriters. Few who loll in the palm-gardens or loiter on the roadways of the swift cities of ease that cross the Atlantic know the "Bureau Veritas," its records of the tolls gathered by that complacent sea down—far down—below the rails.

Nine hundred and eighty-six vessels of the world's merchant marine—steam and sail—totally lost in the year 1908, say these careful French statisticians; and this tally recognizes only steam-vessels of ever one hundred tons' burden. Such the record of complete destruction, and the following the count of damage not irreparable: 4,273 steamers injured by fire, collision, stranding, stress of weather, and other causes; in 1907 there were 1,104 total losses among merchant ships; in 1905, 1,038 steamships and sailing-vessels were gripped by the sea.

No count is kept of the men who go down in the ships that are lost. The statisticians deal only with commercial values. No bureau in the world finds profit or incentive in keeping count of the thousands of sea-workers who are claimed as toll by the sea we reckon tamed. Only this is taken in count: that every day in the year somewhere on the restless wastes of the seven seas two—in some years three—ships are snatched in greed by the power that tolerates the many. So the average has it.

The sea takes most of its tithe by stealth. A bandage of fog about the navigator's eyes, a racing current moving unseen beneath the masked innocence of flat water, a knife-edge reef, or sand that yields until a keel is fairly trapped—then destruction. Not quite four hundred of the 986 vessels lost in the year 1908 were wrecked through stranding; 158 of these were steamships, superior as they were over the barks and schooners subject to the whims of the wind. Collisions sent ninety craft to the bottom. Fire destroyed thirty-eight. Ninety-three filled and foundered. Under the head "missing," which means that not even careful French statisticians can divine the secrets of the deep, fifty ships were registered in the 1908 record of disaster.

Missing—the word of the maritime code that sums up the unknowable, admits the inscrutable genius of the careless ocean. Tragedy is inherent, mystery is embodied in the term. Swift disaster under remote stars, lingering suffering beneath a pitiless sun, heroic sacrifice, black cowardice, prayers unavailing, cursings in madness, hopes that dwindle to dumb dispair, the hearts of men shriveled by terror unplumbed—tales all told in the sinister ear of ocean alone and unheard by the world.

Ships crash into ships; one of them at least usually survives the shock to bring to the nearest port tidings of the accident if not survivors from the craft that disappeared. Ships drive upon some savage coast; their wreckage tells the tale if every mouth is stilled. But what of craft that sail out on ocean tracks out and out to the wide port of lost ships? They are reported, perchance, by this ship and that; then months pass; cables buzz in inquiry from port to port; ships' captains scan the waters where hope insists that they must be. Hope snaps finally.

Missing. Lost. No man will know where or how the sea snared these ships, nor what was the death that was visited upon their crews.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT SALT

It is a curious fact that, from the earliest times, many superstitions have clung about the use of salt. There is much evidence in Holy Writ for ceremonial uses of it. The Mosaic law commands that every oblation of meat offering shall be seasoned with salt, a command that is given, with variations, in various books of the Bible, such as Leviticus ii., 13, and Ezekiel xvi., 4. In the old days salt was put into a child's mouth in baptism, and in some countries to this day the custom is followed of throwing a pinch of it into holy water to ward off the evil spirit.

Homer calls salt divine. The old Teutonic races looked upon salt springs as holy, and worshiped them. Tacitus tells of a long and devastating war waged over the question of lordship over one.

The kernel of all the salt superstitions seems to be this: Salt cannot be corrupt, and has, therefore, the title to be regarded as a symbol of immortality. In Ireland it was for long the custom to place a pewter plate containing salt upon the heart of the corpse until buried. Then, with coals and holy water, it was thrown into the grave.

Of the very many superstitions touching salt, the most familiar is, of course, that which holds it unlucky to spill it. An origin has been alleged for this in da Vinci's "Last Supper," wherein, at the side of Judas, is represented an overturned salt-vessel. It seems, however, to be a fact that this superstition dates farther back. There is evidence to show that, when the victims for Roman sacrifices were led to death with salt upon their heads, is was regarded as the very worst of omens should they shake it off.

THE OUT-OF-DATE DOUBLOON

Should the reader find a pirate's buried treasure he will have to dispose of his Spanish gold at its bullion value, for, since August 1st, 1908, when the Common Crier made proclamation from the steps of the Royal Exchange, London, England, that after that date the doubloon would cease to be legal tender in the West Indies, including British Guiana, the doubloon has not been the precious thing it was.

In 1730, and for a century after, it was worth eight dollars, "more or less." It has ceased to be coined in its native country, Spain, and since 1908 it has been unpopular in the West Indies, where for a long time it figured in a mixed circulation embracing British, United States, and Spanish coins. In the interest of romance, however, the name at least must survive. It signifies nothing more than that the coin was double the value of a pistole; but the "doubloon" was never such a mouth-filling mockery as "pieces of eight," which suggests great riches, but means only Spanish silver dollars, pieces equivalent to eight reals.

WANTED—A METAL

Experts seem pretty well agreed that one of the greatest needs at present in the industry of mining is a metal that shall be strong, tough, and very considerably harder than quartz.

The production of such a material, it is believed, would conduce more to the technical advancement of several branches of mining than almost any other discovery that could be named. The metal is needed as a substitute for diamonds in drills. The only kind of diamonds suitable for this purpose are dark, opaque stones, showing no cleavage, and known in the trade as "carbons." They are very scarce and proportionately dear.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY

If angels play the harp, as we are led to suppose, let us hope they play it better than the average amateur.

There are only two ways to check the extravagance of the girl you are engaged to. Either break off the engagement or marry her.

A woman's a woman for a' that. Even a suffragette may retain her appetite for ice-cream soda.

Ever notice that when a girl marries a man to reform him she always picks out a rich one?

Any kid would rather be a live boy than a dead angel.

When a man is cornered it doesn't necessary mean that he is square.

You don't have to be an athlete to throw bouquets at yourself.

PAPER TOWELS

An article which has been adopted in the United States, and which should hold out great possibilities in this country, is the paper towel. It is of the same size as the conventional domestic article, and made of soft, absorbent, light paper which does not tear readily when moistened. The towels are made either in separate sheets or in the form of a long roll perforated at intervals to facilitate detachment, and after being used are discarded and destroyed. They are generallly made up in consignments of two hundred and fifty and five hundred sheets, and are greatly appreciated not only in the home but in clubs and other institutions. The cost of the paper articles is infinitely less than the charge made by a laundry for cleaning a towel that would be in use a similar number of times. We have a paper serviette, and it would surely be worth the while of some enterprising British manufacturer to supply a paper towel for drying the hands and face. The paper possesses no chemicals which are liable to affect the skin injuriously, and in some instances is impregnated with harmless aromatic substances.

FALL SKIN SORES

When troubled with fall rashes, eczema, or any skin disease apply Zam-Buk!

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A STATUE WROUGHT IN CONCRETE

Reinforced concrete as a constructional material is coming more and more into favor. Recently it was pressed into service for statuary purposes, a fine piece of work in this medium having been completed recently at Espaly, in France. The statue, which is forty-eight feet high, crowns a pedestal twenty-four feet in height, the total height of the monument therefore being seventy-two feet. It was intended originally that the statue should be cast in iron, but difficulties arose with the donor, so that he decided ultimately to ascertain the possibilities of reinforced concrete for this purpose. It was a task beset with innumerable and peculiar difficulties; but these were overcome as they arose, and the statue resembles in every way a piece of work in stone. The statue was divided into four parts—namely, the cylindrical base, a vertical core, a series of horizontal ribs connecting the core with the external shell carrying the contour of the figure, and a special limb to support the uplifted arm. The total weight of the statue is eighty tons. The perfection of the work has aroused considerable comment, the statue having the appearance of having been carved from a solid block of stone.

"You know that grocer of ours?" exclaimed a lady, excitedly, last Saturday night. "Yes," answered her husband. "What about him?" "He gave me short weight this evening." "Why didn't you call him down for it?" "I didn't notice it until after I had paid him a plugged half-dollar, and then what could I do?"

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THE THAMES

(By Sidney Brooks)

What appeals to one in the Thames more than anything else is its sense of intimacy. Mr. Henry James once asked if the English could really be said to deserve London. If London includes the tidal reaches of the Thames, they do not deserve it. For here lies this magnificent highway, neglected, and, for all transportation purposes that are not purely industrial, useless and worse than useless. Time was when the Thames played its full part in the pageant of metropolitan life, when it was almost as much a thoroughfare as the Strand, and when every Londoner had made the trip from Chelsea to Greenwich. And what a trip it was, and still is for those who are unfashionably original enough to venture on it. To steam past the miles of warehouses and docks that line each bank, past the Pool of London that Turner so loved to paint with its myriad masts against a sunset sky, past the very heart and centre of the world's shipping, dodging in and out among strange craft manned by the seamen of all nations, and so dropping slowly down to Greenwich, where you landed to stroll in the park, glance at the famous Observatory that regulates the maps of the world, and take a six-course dinner of fish, and fish only, at the Ship Inn—all this made up an experience not to be had elsewhere and well worth going through. But now, alas! the Ship Inn is no more, and the whitebait dinners it used to furnish once a year to the assembled Cabinet have become a mere tradition; and you could cross-examine all your London acquaintances for a week on end without coming across one who had been on the Thames below London Bridge.

It is not of these lower reaches that one thinks in insisting on the intimacy, the coziness, the confidential allurements of the Thames, but of the river above Teddington, above the locks, and all the way to Oxford, where steamers seem sacrilegious, barges an incongruous impertinence, and where the summons is altogether to enjoyment and not at all to use. Steamers, it is true, ply regularly from May to October up and down these placid waters, and if time presses you may take your seat in one of them and cover your fifty swishing miles a day. But it must be on the understanding that you miss thereby the true beauty and distinctiveness of the river, that you are on the Thames but not of it, and that as you fill three-quarters of each lock or send great waves bowling beneath the willows, not only the real Thames lovers in the rowboats, but the very water-rats peeling rushes on the banks, are entitled to look reproach at you. For your presence there in such surroundings, however you may excuse it, is an offense that is little less than treason. You are on a steamer—and there are miles upon miles where the Thames is not more than thirty or forty yards wide. You dominate it, you bestride it; you are as out of place as a four-in-hand in a country lane; and the swirl of the waters in your wake, rebounding from either bank, shows the painful, complaining effort of the stream to receive and support its monstrous burden. The tortured banks, the troubled river craft, the tossed rushes, plants, and grasses, and the commotion among the wild life of the stream, all register you a graceless, obstreperous intruder.

And then, again, on a steamer you are one of a crowd; and the Thames is not meant for crowds, but for individuals in pairs. Its case is just the opposite of the Hudson's, on whose majestic breadth anything smaller than an Albany day-boat seems lost, and the grim grandeur of whose cliffs makes companionship as natural as on the Atlantic wastes. But the Thames is consecrated to the single and double sculler, the punt, the Canadian canoe, the small electric or motor launch; to easy, dawdling talk; to chosen, unpromiscuous society. It is not majestic; it has no grandeur; it is simply, softly, and shyly beautiful. And the way to get to the heart of its beauty is not to rush down it in mid-stream, but to loiter about on its restful waters, to explore its secret nooks and surprises, its backwaters and tributaries and islets, to land when you come to any village that looks particularly tempting, to tie up under a willow or bury yourself and your boat in a clump of rushes when you feel like it, and never to be one of a party that is intent on "doing" Thames by a day's judicious sculling of ten to fifteen miles than by covering the whole distance between London and Oxford in a steamer.

And there is no better starting point, if you wish to compass the best that the Thames has to offer, than Maidenhead, some sixty miles below Oxford and some thirty-five above Richmond. Its only drawback as you push off in your boat—and what boats these Thames boats are!—long, narrow, light, luxurious, springing to the stroke of the oar like a horse to the whip—its only drawback is that it brings you at once to a stretch of scenery that you know by instinct is too good to last. First there is Boulter's Lock, through which everybody feels mysteriously bound to pass on the Sunday after the Ascot races, and where even on less obligatory Sabbaths you may see the fashionable side of Thames life at its best, the men in their whitest, the women in their gayest, and the water in the lock all but hidden from view beneath the packed jumble of launches, rowboats, punts, and canoes. Then, as you emerge up-stream, you are greeted on the right by the rich, deep, towering sweep of the Cliveden Woods, tumbling in cascades of beeche down to the river's edge for two shimmering miles, broken by inviting glades and exquisitely harmonious cottages, boat-houses, and landing-stages, and crowned by the famous white mansion; while on the left there are other woods and a succession of riverside houses, each with its faultless lawn and gardens sloping to the water's brink; and higher up you skirt what is perhaps the most enticing of the many beautiful islands on the Thames.

The overture is perhaps too perfect; nothing that comes after, not even the dark grace of the Quarry Woods at Bourne End, or the flaming beeches of Hart's Wood above Pangbourne in a late September sunset, quite equals the suffusion of its tender, penetrating charm. And yet the more one sees of the Thames the more one hesitates to pronounce this bit or that "the best," or to decide under which of its bountiful and varied aspects it makes the surest appeal. The selection of the worst bit offers less embarrassment. Unanimously it is awarded to the mile or two of suburb, flatland, chimney, and railway embankment that usher in the town of Reading, once renowned for the magnificence of its Benedictine Abbey and now for its bulbs and its biscuits. But to dogmatize as to which is the choicest vista or the loveliest reach on the Thames is really as hopeless and as puerile as to choose between Shakespere's sonnets.

If you have seen the Cliveden Woods in the brimming glory of July you will say that nothing can surpass them. But you will say the same of the Hurley backwater if you creep into it some morning in late May when the chestnut blossoms and the hawthorn overarch its pellucid waters and the kingfisher is diving for his morning meal. And you will say the same of Sonning with its clustered islands and chalets and old red bridge, and of the twin villages of Goring and Streatley, and of Mapledurham Lock with its Tudor manor-house, its weir and embowered mill, as you approach them through the haze of the September twilight; the same, too, of the noble reach at Henley, surely during regatta week the cleanest, prettiest, and most joyous scene that the August sun ever shone on; the same also of Dutch-like Abingdon as you steal some mellow afternoon upon its thousand years of quaintness; the same again of some stretch too familiar, too typical of England and the Thames to be remarked at the time, but rising before one in retrospect with rare and compelling quietude of effect—just wooded hills on the one side sloping down to the clear stream and morrored in its waters, and on the other, where the towpath runs, the green, kine-studded meadows stretching away to the smiling uplands.

So that on the whole one leaves the problem comfortably unsolved. It defies any finality of settlement, as all problems must that are matters of moods and months. There are times when the vivid confusion and jollity of a regatta that is one-fourth racing and three-fourths a brilliant al fresco picnic scene needed to bring out the perfection of the background; and when the river without its dazzle of house-boats, thronging craft, men in spotless flannels, and women in the witchery of their gossamer radiance, seems hardly to be the Thames at all. There are times, too, on the evening of some such carnival, when, reclining in one's punt, in the warm, deep-blue darkness that is pierced and heightened by the glow of Chinese lanterns, one lazily watches the bursting fireworks, nowhere so beautiful as on water, and vows that the daylight has nothing to show more fair. And there are times when crowds become an abomination, when even the sight of a woman engaged in the deftest, the most graceful and feminine, exercise of punting is a vexation, when one welcomes the long-deserted reaches, finds all the companionship one needs in the moorhens and dabchicks, the reed-buntings and sedge-warblers, the herons and swans, and blesses the wise laws that have made the Thames a bird sanctuary and migration route.

But the mood that most often recurs is one in which alien presences, within moderation, rouse no resentment, in which one has something of the equable, hospitable spirit of the river itself and gives one's self up to a day of casual adventures and purposeless explorations. To such a mood the Thames responds with ungrudging sweetness of surrender; and one's reward is very great. Never to be set on getting anywhere in particular is the first of the injunctions imposed by the genius of the river upon its worshippers. And the second is like unto it—never to keep to the main stream when an armlet, a backwater, a creek, or a pool invites you to stray. With these precepts to guide you, you will discover, what the point-to-point rowers and the passengers on the steamers will never learn, that the Thames keeps half its beauties in reserve, to be disclosed to those only who seek them out. You will push into some willow-shaded beckoning byway, like the one near Cleeve, and find it opening out into a pond of water-lilies, with the river foaming over a weir a hundred yards away, and nearer still a tawny Queen Anne farmhouse, ablaze with flowers, while you listen to the music of a yet older mill. You will turn on your course when you pass through Goring Lock, and, floating down the backwater on the left, you will surprise a venerable inn a few yards from the water's edge, yet half hidden in a riot of roses, and below it, incomparably set, a mill coeval with the monasteries. You will pull in behind the screen of willows on the bank, and there amid loosestrife, valerian, snapdragon, forget-me-not, and the universal, immemorial fresh-water plants and grasses, dream a whole morning away without a moment of self-reproach.

And, above all, you will fearlessly and frequently land. To row from Marlow to Hurley is no doubt very good. You pass by a succession of riverside houses, each with its lush lawns, its brave flower-beds, and its thatched boat-house in front; you pass by Bisham Abbey, a superlative Tudor structure on a twelfth-century foundation; you pass by the Abbey Church with its gray Norman tower; you pass by reach upon reach of willows, alders, and poplars; and it is all exquisite. But it is better still, it gives new values to everything, if before pushing on you land at Marlow, and wander round the quiet, spacious streets of the old market town and glimpse its manor-house, its ancient inns, and its flower-smothered cottages, and stand before the house where Shelley wrote "The Revolt of Islam;" and if when Hurley is reached you stroll past the lock-keeper's cottage, past a barn that nine hundred years ago was the refectory of an historic priory, and through the fields to the "Old Bell Inn" at Hurley village, quaintest, most rambing and ancient of English hostelries, where Queen Elizabeth slept or ought to have slept, where Jacobean coffers waylay you in the hall and on the landings, and old brass candlesticks twinkle at you beneath an oak-raftered ceiling.

The delights and memories of a day so spent will vanquish for the time being all the other preferences with which the Thames distracts the minds and hearts of its votaries. But, indeed, there is no part of the ninety-odd miles between Teddington and Oxford that does not make good in its own special claim to history, romance, and beauty. Even Reading is more dismal than ugly; even the railway bridges are rather stupid than criminal; there is sometimes tameness, there is never monotony, in the slow progression, the facile, continuous blend of meadow, hill, and wood, long level reaches and tossing weirs, modern suburb or "resort" and villages that go back to the beginnings of English annals, house-boats, electric launches, and twentieth-century architecture side by side with medieval abbeys, gray, time-worn castles, and manor-houses that saw and survived the Wars of the Roses.

The very locks have a charm. Once on an average in every three miles their white and friendly doorways bar your path; the river is girdled for your service and squeezed into a stone box with wooden ends some forty or fifty yards in length and six or seven in width; you hail the lockkeeper; the gate smoothly and slowly opens; a steady stroke or two—with the sculls shipped at the crucial moment—a deft hand on the rudder, and you glide into the oblong well and prison-house, with its walls of masonry—if your direction is up-stream—frowning six feet or more above you. The gate through which you have entered is closed; with hand or boat-hook you hold on to one of the chains that dangle down the walls; the shutters in the door at the other end are opened; the water swirls into the lock and you mount and mount to the level of the reach beyond—to the level also of the lock-keeper's cottage, creeper-covered, old and harmonious, and of his garden-patch, one luscious, fragrant spread of flowers.

It makes a pleasant and restful interlude, this business of getting into and out of the locks. And to do it without a fumble or a hitch under the politely critical eye of the lock-keeper and the less polite but not less critical eyes of the casual lookers-on somewhat tests the skill of both rower and steerer. You must point the head of the boat straight for the inflowing rush of water; you must keep clear of the stone steps cut in the walls of the lock, of the gates at either end, and of the screws of the steamers and launches. In getting out, since there is no room to use the sculls, you have to be fairly handy with the boat-hook; and the less paint you scrape off the other boats in the lock the better for the peace and neighborliness of the occasion.

But the locks testify not alone to the foresight and excellent care of the Thames Conservancy Board, but also to the embellishment this fortunate river derives from the handiwork of man. There can hardly be anything more artificial and prosaic and defiant of nature than a lock. But the Thames locks never jar on one. They compose with, they fit into, they positively heighten, the beauties of the stream; they are as much a feature of it and as grateful to the eye as the willows, the woods, and the swans; they seem always in the right, inevitable, enhancing place; with their mellow cottages, their blaze of flowers, and their whole air of trim, clean orderliness they prolong and intensify that gentle effect which is the note of nearly all English scenery, but pre-eminently of the scenery of the Thames, the effect of an arranged panorama, of an unfolding series of "pictures" in which Nature appears as the ally, if not the servant, of Man, with her angularities and carelessness smoothed out and subdued.

One feels this effet most of all, perhaps, as one passes by the riverside residences, with their mint-sauce lawns, ending only a few inches above the water's level, their gardens a brilliant fairyland of flowers, and always something going on in the grounds around—a game of tennis or croquet, or children romping about, or "groups under the dreaming garden trees," always something to hold and interest the eye as you row past and to widen and supplement the artistic and emotional appeal. Such houses, new and old, built with the generous spaciousness of the Georgians, or nestling half hidden in the woods like a Swiss chalet, or tacked on, like Medmenham Abbey, to the ruins of an ancient monastery, line one bank of the Thames or the other almost the whole way from London to Oxford. They are not all of them, to be sure, successes; even here the new architecture, not less dastardly and still more conspicuous than the new art, has found its way. But, on the whole, it is wonderful how rarely one finds a wrong note struck. In England, where the instinct for gardening is universal and the soil, epsecially along the Thames Valley, of phenomenal fertility, it takes a very few years to bury a brand new house in vines and creepers and to convert each plot of ground into a miniature paradise. The English have nothing to learn from anyone in this branch of art, and along the Thames they have put forth their best.

And these old mansions, abbeys, inns, mills, and bridges; these quiet, half-forgotten villages; this whole luxurious countryside with its zigzagging silver Thames—remember that they have seen and known and still bear the marks of nearly all English history. Here is a village mentioned in Domesday; there is a market town that sent representatives to Parliament six hundred years ago; in that church sleeps Warwick the Kingmaker; higher up is a priory founded in the reign of King John; a mile or two away is a church consecrated in 1086; there stands a mansion that only Sir Christopher Wren could have designed, and there another that was beseiged in the Civil War; this little cluster of houses a thousand years ago was the centre of a vast diocese; yonder depressing town of chimneys and factories that you pass with disdainful eyes and quickened stroke has none the less a history that goes back to the Danish Wars before the Norman Conquest; that sleepy manor-house to which one's heart goes out antedates the discovery of America by a hunderd and fifty years; here was a ford over which the Romans came pouring, and the town that commanded it—today the quietest of villages but for the motorists who speed through it from Oxford to Reading—made stirring and momentous history from William the Conqueror's day to Oliver Cromwell's; and there is a bridge that for five hundred years has borne, and bears at this moment, the burden of a main-road traffic.

The Thames, indeed, and the life that grew about it, the great abbeys and priories that settled on its banks—the Thames, so easy to navigate and to ford and running two hundred and fifty miles into the heart of the country, was for many centuries England, or at least the richest, most cultivated, and most civilized part of it, the centre of its religious and scholastic life, its chief battle-ground, its social, commercial, and stragetical dividing-line between north and south; and to pass along it from London to Oxford is to focus all English history from the Roman invasion to the twentieth century.

But even a dozen miles of judicious sculling and landing are enough to carry one back through the ages. You start, for instance, some twenty miles below Oxford, at Wallingford, itself in all probability the site of a Roman settlement, sacked certainly by the Danes, fortified by the Normans, and from then to the Civil War, when its castle was finally destroyed, an intimate and vigorous part of English annals. You cross the river a little higher up, land, and, after less than half an hour's walk through the meadows by a brookside, you reach Ewelme, the "model village" of the fifteenth century and still an embowered grotto of ancient, isolated peace, with its church, almshouse, and grammar-school much as they were when Chaucer's granddaugther, the Duchess of Suffolk, built them four hundred and eighty years ago.

You rejoin the river, and an hour's easy rowing brings you in sight of an old gray church-tower and a hamlet of mossy, red-tiled roofs a few fields away on the right. And if you land there, it is to dip your fingers in the very source of all things English. Only a few hundred yards from the river's bank and between you and the church lie mounds, ramparts, and earthworks that the archaeologists ascribe to a time before the coming of the Romans. And Dorchester itself saw the baptism of the first West Saxon king to become a Christian, was the ecclesiastical centre in the tenth century of a diocese that stretched from Worcester to Winchester—a diocese today split up into half a dozen sees—and somewhere about 1140 saw the beginnings of that stately abbey, with its beautiful east and its still more famous Jesse Window, that escaped the sack of the Dissolution and still stamps with its memento of former greatness the little, gracious village that the modern world has never touched.

But there is better still to come. It awaits you when, in the boat once more, you pull the seven or eight miles that end at Abingdon, passing on the way villages and backwaters that in themselves are abundantly worth a day of leisurely exploration. One could wish for no happier crown to a river jaunt than to glide in the softness of a late summer afternoon into the heart of Abingdon, past the riverside walk which with its greenery and its mounting background of burnished, gabled houses looks like a bit of Holland transplanted, and beneath the bridge that has seen five hundred years of English history roll over it—there to land and stroll round the townlet that legend connects with Diocletian and fact with the power and magnificence of a seventh-century Benedictine Abbey; to walk in the clean and spacious market place where the County Hall, designed by Inigo Jones, stands out finely and proudly from a sweeping segment of yet older houses; and to surprise in some narrow, tortuous alleyway or down some cobbled secluded street a chimney-stack or gateway, a mill or almshouse, a cluster of cottages, or an over-hanging inn, linking today with the England of the Saxons, the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors. It is such liberal delights as these, apart from its own treasures of beauty and enjoyment, that make the Thames among rivers incomparable.

What About Your Kidneys?

Your back aches and fairly groans with the distress of kidney trouble. You're discouraged, but you mustn't give up. The battle can be quickly won when Dr. Hamilton's Pills get to work. These kidney specialists bring new health and vitality to young and old alike. Even one box proves their marvelous power. Continue this great healer, and your kidneys will become as strong, as vigorous, as able to work as new ones.

Remember this: Dr. Hamilton's Pills are purely vegetable; they do cure liver, bladder and kidney trouble. They will cure you, or your money back. Price 25c per box, at all dealers.

A SMOKE-COMBUSTOR

An ingenious apparatus devised to solve the smoke problem has been introduced into this country from Germany. It comprises a special form of grate whereby air is admitted to the furnace at certain points to bring about the complete combustion of the fuel. The part of the fire most susceptible to the emission of smoke due to incomplete combustion is the front, and the unburned carbon escapes up the chimney. In the new system, the air admitted from the back is caused to mingle with the imperfectly consumed fuel in the front of the fire, the fresh air at high temperature being supplied in small streams from a series of bent pipes, thereby bringing about complete combustion. In the land of its origin the appliance is stated to have achieved distinct success, over five hundred furnaces being fitted therewith. It is said that complete smokelessness is secured irrespective of the nature of the fuel used, while the apparatus has a long life, and no motive-power is required to operate it. The saving in fuel, also, is stated to be considerable. The success of the invention in Germany should be sufficient to warrant its introduction into other countries where the abatement of smoke is a matter of vital importance.

TRAVELS OF THE TERN

By migrating from pole to pole, the arctic tern becomes the greatest traveller in the world, and also manages to enjoy more daylight than any other bird. It has been found nesting within 500 miles of the pole. When the young are grown, the entire family leave for the south, and some months later are found skirting the edges of the antarctic. As the daylight season draws to a close in the farsouth, the long journey north is undertaken.

Rub It In for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out, and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

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The advent of smokeless powder called for improved methods in the manufacture of rifle and pistol cartridges with the result that all cartridges are now made better than formerly. Winchester rifle and pistol smokeless and black powder cartridges are made in the most complete plant in the world, by experts, and can be depended upon to be sure fire and accurate, and of maximum shooting strength. They cost no more than many inferior makes.

Ask for the Red W Brand

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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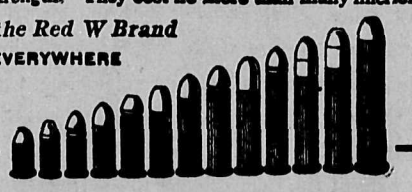

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

Is good for Ladies' fine footwear as well as Gentlemen's Shoes.

It does not soil the daintiest garment, the Polish being smooth, brilliant and lasting.

It contains no turpentine, Try it with a match.

It is good for your shoes.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited,

HAMILTON, Ont., BUFFALO, N. Y. and LONDON, Eng.

THE ISLANDER

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

The Islander Printing & Publishing Company

CHARLES C. SEGRAVE,
Managing Editor.

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

SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1911.

What the Editor has to say.

THE ISLANDER has been requested to draw the attention of the Police Comissioners to the bad language used by young boys on our streets, it is lamentable to hear the low and depraved expression that so shamelessly pour from their lips no doubt in most cases learnt in the home circle used in common converstion by the fathers and elder brothers and the children are more to be pitied than blamed as they naturally think it manly to copy and repeat the expressions they hear so continuously.

We are not in a position to to say if the Principals and Teachers in the Public School give lessons on pure and clean language and good manners generally, which are quite as important, and recognize that if they do but are not supported by parental authority and example they have to contend with heavy odds.

That two thirds of the property owners on Dunsmuir Avenue have petitioned the City Council to bring in a by-law to lay cement sidewalks under local improvement plan and the prompt action of the Mayor to call a public meettng to discuss and ensure mutual co-operation is a forward movement that is highly creditable to the city, and we trust that it will result in a start being made in carrying it out to a fiinish at the earliest possible. It will undoubtably add a hundred per cent to the appearance of the street and materially increase the value of the property by removing that back woods appearance of a one horse town.

If the delapidated wooden sidewalks with their protruding nails and loose boards are torn up in the back streets, and and laid with ashes, it will do away with the now risk of accident and give more exercise to the city horse and new dump cart. The offer of the sand and gravel by the Colliery Co. proves that they are desirous of assisting to improve our city as THE ISLANDER has always contended they would and we would respectfully request the Comissioners to see that their officers do all possible to abate the present state of affairs on the public streets.

We have also received complaints of boys of 8 to 10 or 12 years of age been frequently seen smoking cigarettes often hiding amongst packing cases to escape observation.

Cigarette smoking is medically condemned as being most injurious to the physical development of boys and youths, and has been made a statutory offense to sell them to anyone under the age.

ISLANDER ADVERTISING RATES

Display Advertisements

75 cents per column inch per month.
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.

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

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Catalogue Free

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The Property known as
McPhee's Orchard
is now being subdivided into lots.
For Full Particulars Apply

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

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PROPRIETORS

All Kinds of Hauling Done
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Local Agent for
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Get rates before insuring elsewhere
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Up-to-date Merchant Tailor
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Best on the Coast

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

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

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

Mennie & Potter

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS
Horseshoeing a Specialty
Third Ave., Cumberland

Sale of Mineral Claims for unpaid taxes in the Comox Assessment District.

I hereby give notice that, on Monday, the 6th day of November 1911, A D., at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Cumberland, I shall offer for sale at Public Auction the Mineral Claims in the list hereinafter set out. of the persons in the said list hereinafter set out, of which Crown Grants have been issued, for the taxes remaining unpaid and delinquent by said persons on the 30 h day of June 1911, and for costs and expenses, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

Owner	Name of Claim	Lot No.	Taxes	Costs	Total
Crane, Charles E	Union	316 Coast District R. I	12 75	2 00	14 75
Crane, Charles E.	Electric	317 Coast District R. I	12 75	2 00	14 75
Burns, W. E.	Sunset	358 Coast District R. I	12 00	2 00	14 00
Burns, W. E.	Molly Gibson	359 Coast District R. I	12 50	2 00	14 50
British American Development Syndicate	Copper Queen	2082 Group 1, N.W.D.	10 00	2 00	12 00
British American Development Syndicate	Copper Prince	2083 Group 1, N.W.D.	13 00	2 00	15 00

Dated at Cumberland, B. C., 6th October 1911

JOHN BAIRD,
Deputy Assessor and Collector, Comox District.

168

THE BIG STORE

Just Arrived!

A Large Consignment of Ladies' & Misses' Fall & Winter Coats. These are of the newest material and are the very latest in style, and we offer them at remarkably low prices.

INFANTS' WOOL COATS & HOODS in a bewildering variety and at prices that you could not purchase the material. Children's Bears' in Coats in red, navy blue, browns and white—very handsome curl—every size and lowest prices.

Call & See Them

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Practical Watchmaker
All Work Guaranteed

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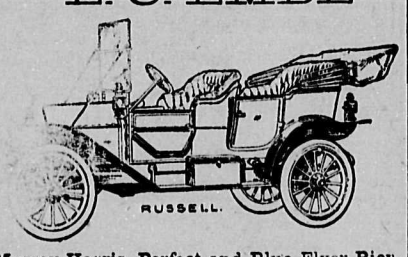
DISTRICT AGENT .. FOR ..

E. C. EMDE

The Russell AUTOMOBILE

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



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

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

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JAMES WALTERS, PROPRIETOR

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

DUNSMUIR AVENUE : : : CUMBERLAND, B. C.

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

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

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

jy153m

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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

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

jy153m

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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Meets every Friday evening at 7 oclock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brethern welcome.

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Marocchi Bros.

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

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CUMBERLAND HOTEL

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The finest hotel in the city.

THE ISLANDER

$1.50 a Year

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Thousands Take Advantage of

Sale Still Continues

. . GRAND, .
OPPORTUNITY!
MERCHANDISE
PRACTICALLY GIVEN AWAY.

THE CORNER STORE
CUMBERLAND

Sale of Lands for Unpaid Delinquent Taxes in the Comox Assessment District, Province off British Columbia.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that on the 16th day of November, 1911, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon at the Court House, Cumberland, B. C., I shall sell by Public Auction the lands hereinafter set out, of the persons in the said list hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on the 31st day of December, 1910, and for interest, costs, and expenses, including the cost of advertising said sale, if the total amount due is not sooner paid.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

NAME OF PERSON ASSESSED	SHORT DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY	DELINQUENT TAXES			Statutory Costs and Expenses	TOTAL
		Taxes.	School Taxes.	Int. to date of Sale		
McPhee, Jos. owner, Grant, A. tenan	Lots 3 and 4 of Sec. I, Map 275	4 80	95	81	2 00	8 06
Musters, W.C. estate	Sec. 3, 99 acres	40 00	1 18	2 26	2 00	454 44
Audrews, Charles Robin	Lot 3, block 4, Sharp's Addition to Courtenay Townsite, Sec.61 Map 472	80	10	08	1 00	1 43
Munighan, H	Lot II, block 4, Sharp's Addition to Courtenay Townsite, Sec 61 Map 472	90	19	10	1 00	2 19
Rumsby, James	Lot 12, block 3, of lot 87, map 487	1 20		10	1 00	2 30
Clarke, James John	Lot 14, block 5, of lot 87, map 487	1 80		20	1 00	3 00
Bertiaux, Catherine	Lot 4 blk 7 of lot 87, map 487	1 80		20	1 00	3 00
Dunnington, W. D	Lots 22, and 23 of subdivision, lot 110 map 392	36	07	02	1 00	1 45
Mills, W. G	Lots 94, and 95, of subdivision, lot 110 map 392	72	18	05	1 00	1 90
Hamilton, Alexander	15 acres, of W. ½ of lot 114	1 80	1 20	15	2 00	5 15
Smith, Horace, senior, estate of	Lot 132, 160 acres	10 80		60	2 00	13 40
Whitson, W. H	20 acres on north boundary of lot 205	8 00	80	50	2 00	11 30
Semeyn, Jacobus & E. & N. Ry Co	S. E. ¼ of S W. 1-4 sec. 9, Tp. I.	8 00		40	2 00	10 40
	NELSON DISTRICT.					
Harwood, John	Section 5	15 00	3 75	1 00	2 00	21 75
	NEWCASTLE DISTRICT					
Gordon. George A	Section 5	32 00		1 75	2 00	35 75
Gordon, George A	Section 20	4 80			2 00	7 05
	GROUP I, N. W. D.					
Palmer, William C	Lot 1376, 167 acres	4 80		25	2 00	7 05
Webster, R. M	" 1641, 137 acres	4 11		22	2 00	6 33
	SAYWARD DISTRICT					
McGill, James H	Lot 159, 159 acres	9 00		50	2 00	11 50
McGill, James H	" 160. 160 acres	12 00		66	2 00	14 66
	RUPERT DISTRICT.					
Cox, George A	Section 25, 167 acres	5 10		28	2 00	7 38
White, William H	" 133, 160 acres	3 60		20	2 00	5 80
Kenny, Marshall J	Lot 315, 99 acres	8 00		44	2 00	10 44
White, William H	" 228, 94 acres	15 04		1 27	2 00	18 31
White, William H	Section 2, 490 acres	40 00		2 20	2 00	44 20
Eberts, Hon, D. M	Undivided 1-3 of section 15, Quatsino	26 20		1 44	2 00	29 64
Priest, Maria Jane	N. E. 1-4 of section 12, Tp.2, 160 acres	16 00		88	2 00	18 88
	Township of Hardy Bay, map 810, being subdivision of S.W 1 4 of section 30. Tp. 6.					
Williams, Fmma	Blocks I, 2 and 3	1 80		10	1 00	2 90
" "	" 4 5, 6. 7	12 00		66	1 00	13 66
" "	Lots 1 to 12, block 9. 1 to 18, block 10	4 50		25	1 00	5 75
" "	" 1 to 20, block 11. 1 to 20, blk 12	6 00		33	1 00	7 33
" "	" 2 to 20, blk 13, 1 to 12, blk 14, 1 to 5. blk 15	6 90		36	1 00	8 26
" "	Lots 7 to 9, blk 15	45		03	1 00	1 48
" "	Blocks 16, 17, 18, 19. 20, lots 1, 2 8, 5, 7 to 12 of blk 21	15 30		84	1 00	17 14
" "	Lots 2, 3, 4 of block 22	45		03	1 00	1 48
" "	" 8 to 11, blk 23, lots 1 to 19, blk 24	4 20		23	1 00	5 43
" "	" 1 to 20, blk 25, lots 1 to 10 blk 26	4 50		25	1 00	5 75
" "	" 1, 3 to 18, blk 27	2 55		14	1 00	3 69
" "	" 1 to 8. blk 28, 1 to 8 and 5 to 10 blk 29 blk 30	2 34		12	1 00	3 46
Morrison, James	Lot 1 of blk 22	8 60		52	1 00	5 12
	Townsite of Port Hardy, map 700, part of sections 30 and 31, Tp 6.					
Williams, Emma	Lots. 3, 6 to 12, blk 6	1 20		05	1 00	2 25
Hall, Dr. Lewis	" 5, blk 6	25			1 00	1 25
Lugrin, Charles H	" 1 to 10, blk 14	7 20		1 18	2 00	9 38
Williams, Mrs. Emma	N.E. 1-4 of sec 24, Tp 9, 160 acres	16 00		80	2 00	18 80
Williams, Mrs. Emma	S. E. 1-4 of sec 25 Tp 9, 160 acres	16 00		80	2 00	18 80
Eberts, Duncan W. estate	N ½ and N ½ of S ½ of sec 24, Tp 10	35 20		1 76	2 00	38 96
Eberts, Duncan W. estate	Sec 25, Tp 10, 640 acres	51 20		2 56	2 00	55 76
	COAST DISTRICT, RANGE I,					
McKay, Alexander	Lot 147, 167 acres	4 80		25	2 00	7 05
Ellis, William	" 158, south part 40 acres	1 20		06	2 00	3 26
McDonald, Peter	Part of lots 20, 21, 22, blk 4, Shoal Bay Townsite, subdivision of lot 156 map 645, Sointula Townsite, Malcolm Island, Map 816	1 20		06	1 00	2 26
Dominion Trust Co	S E ¼, blk 2, N W ¼, blk 14, S W 1-4, blk 78	1 80		15	1 00	2 95
Hilton, Gustav	N E 1-4 blk 28	60		05	1 00	1 65
Ahanen, Chr.	N W 1-4 blk 69	60		05	1 00	1 65
Marine Lumber & Trading Co	W 1-4 blk 121	1 20		08	1 00	2 28

Dated at Cumberland 9th October 1911.

JOHN BAIRD
Deputy Assessor, Comox Assessment District, Cumberland P. O.

NOSE COLDS CURED QUICKLY

Dear Sirs,—I was a chronic sufferer *from continuous colds in the throat and* nose, and for many years have constantly had Catarrh. I was recommended to try Catarrhozone, and find that by using the inhaler on the first touch of a cold or La Grippe I am able to stay it in a few hours. I have been able to breathe through my nose freely since using Catarrhozone; in fact I am completely cured. (Signed) Elwood S. Lee, Sydenham, Ont.

All dealers sell Catarrhozone, in 25c, 50c and $1.00 sizes. Refuse a substitute.

THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY

The historic iron crown of Italy has played a romantic role in the history of the Peninsula. It was made in the year 594 by the command, it is said, of Theodolinda, the widow of a Lombard king, on the occasion of her marriage to a Duke of Turin.

The crown is of iron overlaid with gilt. Its significance was supposed to lay in the fact that the weight of royalty could never be lightened by its splendid exterior. The iron of the inner portion was traditionally held to be one of the long nails used at the Crucifixion.

For a long time the crown was in the keeping of the famous monastery at Monza. In 774 it was brought forth to be placed upon the head of Charlemagne as "King of the Lombards," *and on later occasions it figured in the* triumphs of Frederic IV. and Charles V. Finally, in the presence of all the representatives of state, the foreign envoys, and princes and officers, Napoleon Bonaparte solemnly united it to the crown of France.

The crown belongs to the state, and the custodian of it is the legitimate representative of the basilicia of Monza. The title of "grand custodian," however, pertains to the head of the Order of Cavaliers.

OUT OF FASHION

For exactly three weeks she had been a member of the golf club, and was anxious that everyone should know it. She foozled her way along the links with a bag full of shining clubs, none of which she knew how to use, and whenever she was invited out to tea she turned the conversation to golf, and interlarded it profusely with such terms as "bunker," "stymie," "divot," and so on.

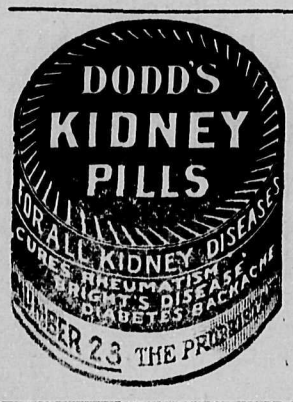
At last a nice young man inquired after her handicap, adding:

"I suppose the ladies of your club *have handicaps?*"

For a moment she was nonplussed, but only for a moment.

"Oh," she replied, glibly, "don't you know that caps are out of fashion, however handy they may be? Besides, we all prefer to go round bareheaded."

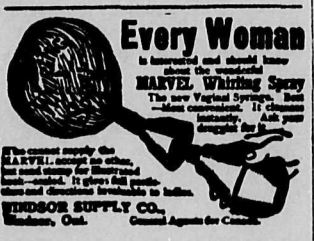
A dignified senator decided to follow the prevailing Washington fashion and learn golf. It was a distressing time for the caddy. Striking too low with his iron, the great man made the dirt fly. "What have I hit?" With infinite scorn the boy replied, "De District of Columbia."



Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

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



Chilliwack, British Columbia

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

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, stimulate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Storyettes

DROP me a line?" yelled the excursionist, who had fallen overboard.

"What's the use?" calmly exclaimed the funny man of the party. "There's no post-office where you are going."

* * *

"My dear Jenny," said an ardent swain to the village belle, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak of the deep emotions of my palpitating heart.

"I declare that I love you most tenderly. Your smiles would shed—would shed——"

"Never mind the wood shed!" said gentle Jane. "Go on with that pretty speech!"

* * *

"Do you want cheaper postage?"

"I don't know," replied the man who considers only his own interests. "I don't write many letters myself, and I don't see why I should be eager to make it easier for the men who send me bills."

* * *

"How much are these chickens?" asked the lady in the market.

"I sell them at a dollar each," said the market man.

"Do you raise them yourself?"

"Oh, yes. They were eighty-five cents yesterday."

They met in a bric-a-brac shop.

"Are you fond of jades?" queried one of the two.

"Well, I can't say I am," said the other. "I married two, and, to tell *you the truth, I don't think they wear* well."

* * *

"Why do you always tell people to give up the things they most enjoy?"

"Because," replied the physician, "I am pretty sure they won't do it. And then if they don't recover they can't blame me."

* * *

"I thought Mrs. Meadowgrass wasn't goin' to take summer boarders any more?"

"Wal, her daughter, Sally, married one of the last year's boarders, an' now the old lady has got ter take more to support him."

* * *

Mrs. Brown-Jones—"Mrs. Smith is opposing your nomination bitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way?"

Mrs. Smith—"It is impossible. Twenty-four years ago I said that her baby was small for its age."

* * *

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit.

"You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last.

"Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby.

"I do indeed," said his mother.

"Then say, Ma," said Bobby, "why can't I keep that ten cents a week you gimme for the Sunday school collection? I guess I'm as hard up as *any of the rest of 'em.*"

* * *

"Well, madam?"

"The allowance my husband makes me isn't enough."

"But, madam, we decided it was ample for your support and the support of the children."

"Yes, I know, judge, but I'll need *as much more for the support of the* automobile."

* * *

A lawyer made a hard fight for a client who was charged with stealing $16.50 from the cash drawer of a saloon and succeeded in having him acquitted.

"Now," he said, "how are you going to raise some money for me for getting you out of this?"

The defendant grinned in the bland manner of the innocent.

"I've still got that sixteen fifty," he said.

"You infernal scoundrel," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "I thought you were innocent. Hand it right over."

* * *

"Talk 'bout railroads bein' a blessin'," said Brother Dickey, "des look at de loads an' loads er watermelons dey haulin' out de state; ter dem folks 'way up north what never done nuthin' ter deserve sich a dispensation!"

* * *

"Prices in this country are disproportionate," said the man who has all kinds of trouble.

"What is your especial grievance?"

"You can send a letter for a two-cent stamp, and it may cost you $15,000 or $20,000 to get it back."

* * *

The Very Rev. Arthur Perceval Purey-Cust, D.D., Dean of York, who recently completed his sixtieth year in the Church of England, was at one time chaplain to Bishop Wilberforce, and he gives one very good instance of the Bishop's wit.

When Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published, a friend was discussing it with the Bishop.

"I don't really care whether my grandfather was an ape or not," the friend observed rather heatedly. "It doesn't matter to me."

"No," replied Dr. Wilberforce, "I don't suppose it does; but it made a lot of difference to your grandmother!"

* * *

"Doctor Flub-Dubbe," said the court severely, "do you know that that bum flute-player you are talking about played three flies that were parading across his music?"

"Art," said Dr. Dubbe, "is expression. The technique that can play a common or house fly, that can translate form, even the form of a little fly, into tonal color to enthrall the ear, to intoxicate the senses with its bravura——"

* * *

A group of actors were sitting in the smoke-room of a provincial hotel.

The little waitress who brought their drinks was particularly pretty, and some of the younger men chaffed her a good deal about the rosiness of her cheeks and the goldiness of her hair, casting doubts on their being true to nature.

"What is your *name?*" *one of them* asked.

"Pearl," she replied, flushing a little.

"Pearl!" repeated the actor. "What a pretty name. Are you the pearl of great price?"

The waitress's temper was beginning to slip its moorings by this time.

"No," she replied tartly. "At present, I'm the pearl before swine!"

* * *

The young actor called on his best girl. He was rather before his time, so, as she hadn't quite completed her toilet, she sent her little brother to en*tertain him in the drawing-room.*

"Would you like some candy?" asked little Henry.

"I don't mind," said the young man.

Henry promptly produced a small piece of sticky candy, and the young man, wishing to make friends with all the members of his lady-love's family, put it in his mouth.

Little Henry watched him earnestly until the candy was swallowed. Then he asked: "Did you like that?"

"Oh, yes!" was the reply.

"Fido didn't," Henry explained. "I gave it to him first, but he spat it out twice."

* * *

Farmer Hodge was of the good, old-fashioned school, and he always gave a feast to his hands at harvest time.

It was harvest time, and the feast was about to commence.

Giles was the oldest hand, and the hostess, with beaming cordiality, motioned him to the seat by her right hand. But Giles remained silently unresponsive.

"*Come,*" *said the hostess,* "*don't* be bashful, Mr. Giles"—he was just Giles on ordinary occasions—"you've a right to the place of honor, you know."

Giles deliberated a moment, then spoke.

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Hodge," he said, "but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this pudden'!"

* * *

A boy of nine, who had never previously witnessed a collection in church, was deeply interested, and, when the bags were finally borne off by clergy and choir in procession, proclaimed in a loud whisper of sympathetic excitement, "Now they're going to share it out!"

* * *

Mr. Charles Urban wears teh cheeriest smile in London—and well he may! His really beautiful colored cinematograph—or kinemacolor—pictures have drawn large audiences from the beginning, but since he was honored by Queen Alexandra with a "command" to go to Sandringham and let her see the Coronation pageants in all their glories, the Scala Theatre has been drawing all London twice a day.

A rather nervous lady come up to the box-office of the Scala one day.

"These kinemacolor pictures," she said agitatedly, "are they—er—some of those other cinematograph shows are not quite—well—I mean, are these kinemacolor pictures quite suitable for the young person, or are they——?" An expressive pause.

"Madame," was the sauve reply, "they are kinimmaculate!"

* * *

Hinkley had just run into and everlastingly smashed a wagon-load of eggs, *butter and other farm produce.*

"I am awfully sorry about this," said he, as he helped the farmer scrape the butter and eggs off his clothes. "Now I am in a great hurry, and I'd like to settle with you right here and now. Will fifty dollars cover the damage?"

"I reckon it will," said the farmer, as Hinkley counted out five crisp ten-dollar bills and handed them over. Then after a moment's hesitation, he added. "Comin' back this way?"

"Yes," said Hinkley. "Tomorrow night."

"All right," said the farmer. "I'll have another load ready for ye on the same terms."

* * *

A sight-seeing visitor recently went aboad a tramp steamer in the harbor. Noting that the deckhands were Chinese, she approached one of them and said:

"You no speak English?"

The Chinaman looked bored and answered nothing.

The lady continued:

"Me go your country soon. Me learn speak Chinese, teach little Chinese boy and girl. You savvy 'missionary'?"

The Chinaman looked at her a minute and answered:

"Madam, if you are not more successful in mastering our language than you appear to have been with your own I fear that your attempt to enlighten our race will prove anything but satisfactory. Good afternoon."

The Chinaman sought the other side of the ship and the woman sought oblivion. She had been addressing a Yale graduate who was working his passage back to China.

* * *

In the absence of the regularly appointed spokesman, Mr. Makinbrakes had reluctantly consented to make a presentation speech:

"Miss Higham," he said, "unfortunately it is my—er—fortunate lot to fulfill the embarrassing—the pleasant duty of—of—inflicting a few remarks upon this occasion—which is highly appreciated, I assure you and by none more so than myself for the reason that—in short as I may say it falls to my lot to convey so to speak, the assurances of—that is, with the assurances of those to whom—to whom I have occasion to refer to—more or less—in this connection, together with the best wishes, if I may so express myself, of those who have clubbed to*gether—who have associated themselves*—not that you need anything of the kind, of course, but as a token of—as a token of—of—of—with which few remarks, Miss Higham, it is my—my pleasant surprise to hand you this gold *watch and chain.* I—I *thank you.*"

* * *

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug shop," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the shopman; "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."

* * *

"You'll be a man like one of us some day," said the patronizing sportsman to a lad who was throwing his line into the same stream.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I s'pose I will some day, but I b'lieve I'd rather stay small and ketch a few fish."

* * *

"See here, Rastus," said the new arrival at the hotel, "do you mean to tell me that this egg is fresh?"

"It was when hit was laid, suh," replied the waiter.

"And when was that, pray?" demanded the guest.

"Ah dunno, Boss," replied Rastus. "Diss yere is mah first season at diss yere hotel, suh."

* * *

"I don't know about this picture, Bobby," said the visitor, as he ran over specimens of the youngster's camera work. "I am afraid a dog with a propeller instead of a tail is something of a fake."

"That ain't a propeller," said Bobby. "That's his tail. He kept waggin' it while his picture was being tookened."

Breathless they stood at last upon the towering mountain-peak.

"There!" she said, angrily. "We have climbed all this distance to admire the beauties of Nature, and we have left the glass at home."

Tranquilly smiling, he shifted the lunch-basket to the other arm.

"Never mind, dear," he said; "it won't hurt us just this once to drink out of the bottle."

* * *

He had the poet's instinct for leaving practical matters to others. But his father-in-law to be did not know this. "Look here, young fellow," he said, "I think it's about time the date of your marriage with my daughter was fixed." "Yes, perhaps," the young man agreed. "But I am leaving that entirely to Ermyntrude." "Ah! Is it to be a quiet or a stylish wedding?" "I think, sir," answered the young man quietly, "I can leave that safely in the hands of Mrs. Bullion." "Yes; quite so!" nodded Mr. Bullion. "But a young fellow generally has some idea with regard to the expense—bridesmaids' gifts, you know. And—by the way, what is your income?" "Well, that, sir," said the young man modestly, "I am leaving entirely to you."

* * *

"Stop!" cried the man in the road. "You are exceeding the speed limit!"

"That's all nonsense," retorted Binks, bringing his car to a stand-still.

"That's what they all say," said the man in the road, climbing into the car. "You can tell your story to the magistrate at Hinktown—jest seven miles up the road. Start along, please."

They drove on in silence to Hinktown, where, as the car drew up in front of the court house, the man in the road got out.

"Much obliged for the lift," said he. "You can settle that matter of speed with the magistrate if you want to. As a stranger in these here parts I don't think my word would go for much."

* * *

A wagon loaded with lamps collided *with a truck and many of the globes* were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver as he gazed at the shattered fragments. A benevolent-looking old gentleman eyed him compassionately.

"My poor man," he said, "I suppose you will have to make good this loss out of your own pocket?"

"Yep," was the melancholy reply.

"Well, well," said the philanthropic old gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you; and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand, too."

The driver held out his hat and several persons hastened to drop coins into it. At last, when the contributions had ceased, he emptied the contents of his hat into his pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, he observed: "Say, maybe he ain't the wise guy! That's me boss!"

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

SOME UNKNOWN SALADS

Now we are being taught to reduce *the cost of living by eating the com*mon weeds which grow in the backyard. And the idea is perfectly sane, too. For it seems natural that the plants which grow on good, clean soil should be good for eating. So let us peer into fence corners and in all our backyards for them, the food stuffs that we let go to waste for so long.

Take the common milkweed, for example. It is one of the most palatable and nutritious of foods. So popular has it become that in some parts of the country it is now being cultivated, and is said to grow to an enormous size from fertilizing, and the large leaves are wonderfully tender, and it is one of the easiest things in the world to raise. Just plant the brown seeds, which are familiar to everyone, in the fall, and the plants will soon spring up. When cooked, the milkweed is much like the asparagus in flavor. It should be cooked like asparagus, and served with butter or cream sauce. It should not be used after the middle of June, as it becomes too tough and is not so good in flavor. The cultivated kind is used when the plant is about a foot high. When cut the plant will spring up again, and several crops may be gathered from the same root.

For a salad, the tender tips of leaves are used uncooked. The flavor is entirely new, but is a very welcome addition to the appetite, especially if one needs a little coaxing to eat.

One of the most delicious of salads may be made from the common dandelion which grows so luxuriously everywhere. Indeed, this weed-food has become so popular that farmers are beginning to cultivate it for market. The leaves should be gathered very young for the salad, and for a pretty garnish, nothing could be better than the young blossoms, pulled to pieces and scattered over the salad. The chief reason for using the blossoms is that there is much more organic salts in them than in the foliage. Every physician will tell you that the dandelion is full of tonic salts, and is a natural liver medicine.

As a vegetable, the plant may be used when the leaves are quite large and spreading. The root may also be *cooked, and the flowers. If the plant* is properly fertilized and grown in gardens for kitchen use, like the milkweed, it grows much more luxuriantly.

There is such an abundance of weeds which could be used as salads, it is almost impossible to name them all. Do you remember the sorrel, commonly called "sour grass?" It is now used very extensively for salads, and should be mixed with other leaves, as it is slightly too sour by itself, unless the vinegar is left out of the dressing.

And the yarrow is used as a wholesome salad plant. It should be used only in the early spring, however, as the leaves become bitter as it matures. It is well to mix the yarrow leaves with some other salad leaves, as they *are too strong by themselves.*

And who would think that the red clover which grows so abundantly all over the farm could be used on the table? The tenderest young leaves are used and the new blossoms. The clover is one of the most nitrogenous plants, and nitrogen is one of the most strengthening elements. The leaves should be thoroughly masticated, as they are quite peppery and burn the throat and tongue after a number have been eaten. In making the salad, the clover blossoms are pulled apart, and only the colored part used. As you would readily understand, the flavor of the flowers is most delicate.

Everyone is familiar with the common mallow, which grows so profusely in every backyard. This weed is very palatable as a salad, or can be used cooked. It is much more satisfactory as a salad, however, as it is almost tasteless when cooked. The flavor of the raw leaves is much like lettuce. They are tender and crisp, and are full of organic salts.

So common has the use of the leek *become that one may see it anywhere* in the markets. It is no longer termed a weed, but is reckoned as a legitimate vegetable. It is used much the same as onions or chives in giving flavor to soups and salads. It can be grown in the cellar or boxes all winter. Both the leaves and bulb are used.

To the poor, for whom the problem of every-day vegetables has become such a serious reckoning, the knowledge of these new vegetables will come as a godsend, and for those who are not poor, it opens up a new vista, and the routine of the old vegetables will be banished by the new ones which may be gathered anywhere. And this is only a beginning, for scientists are making a wide research, and will go on discovering new vegetables out of weeds every year.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop these diseases and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince **you that this is correct.**

THE KING OF CORN REMOVERS

Is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Forty years' success in many lands proves the *superiority of Putnam's* Painless Corn Extractor over every other remedy. Safe, painless, prompt. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor absolutely certain to remove corns. Sold by druggists, price 25 cents.

The Horseman

The live stock show, conducted on correct principles, is of incalculable benefit to the breeders, but unfortunately it is not always possible to eliminate objectionable practices, forced on the management by occasional exhibitors who are imbued, not with a spirit of honest competition, but too often a spirit of acquisitiveness, leading them to do acts of gross injustice to others; acts contrary to the rules of the shows, or common honesty even, a few of which I will mention as notorious and detrimental to the shows and aggravating to other competitors—borrowing or pretending to buy animals to show as their own. This is too common a practice. Managers of shows should conclude their entry list with a solemn declaration that the animals entered are the property of the exhibitor, and have been for four weeks. This would then bring them under the criminal code, and liable for obtaining money under false pretences or for making a false declaration, if it can be proved he was not the actual owner.

This is practiced more commonly than would be suspected, and by men who ought to be above such practices; and it goes on year after year, simply because no one cares to take any action in the matter, preferring to abuse the show, and not only stay away but induce others to do so.

Prizes should on no account be given to unsound males or females of any class. Most unsoundness is hereditary. It is unfair to judges to expect them to decide the question of soundness. They should be protected by the veterinarian, who should either examine them before they are judged or, at least, before the awards are made. In the case of stallions this is imperative. A show committee in giving prizes to stallions should make sure that they are not defeating the object of the show; the encouragement of improvement, by recommending an unsound sire whose progeny will assuredly inherit the sire's defects.

Some suppose that it is a hardship on an owner to have to accept the decision of a veterinarian, and the reputation and value of his horse may suffer. Very good; but how many stallion owners are there who do not know every defect of their horses? Let these men show their horses with honesty of purpose, and not resort to "the tricks of the trade" by trying to play on the feelings of a good natured judge or veterinarian. Until unsound sires and dams are debarred from prize taking, harm instead of good will accrue to the live stock of the district.

During judging, no owner, his son, or near male relative should be allowed in the ring or kiosk where the judges rest and discuss matters, and exhibitors should be discouraged who waylay the judges outside the ring or at hotels and pour into their ears the good points of others in the same class, and the fact of the whole outside world agreeing on this horse or that being a sure winner.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

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"*Enclosed please find one dollar, for* which please send me two large 50c. bottles of Nerviline. It is a remedy that I do not care to be without. It is especially good around the farm for man or beast. The worst neuralgia it cures at once. For a cold, sore throat or chest affection, nothing is better than Nerviline.

(Signed "Richard Hamlyn,
"French River, Ont."

Get Nerviline to-day. Sold by all dealers, in 25c and 50c bottles.

ICEBERGS

Among the perils and wonders of the ocean there are few more interesting things than icebergs, interesting not only by reason of their gigantic size, their fantastic shapes, their exceeding beauty, but also for the manner wherein they array themselves.

Icebergs exhibit a tendency to form both clusters and long lines, and these groupings may arise from the effects both of ocean currents and of storms.

Some very singular lines of bergs, ex*tending for many hundreds of miles* east of Newfoundland, have been shown on official charts issued by the government. Two of these cross each other, each keeping on its independent course after the crossing. In several instances parallel lines of bergs leave long spaces of clear water between them.

Curiously enough, while enormous fields of ice invade the so-called "steamer lanes" of the Atlantic at the opening of spring during certain years, in other years at that season there is comparatively little ice to be seen. The ice comes, of course, from the edges of the Arctic regions, from the ice-bound coasts of Greenland and Labrador, where huge bergs, broken from the front of the glaciers at the point where they reach the sea, start on their long journeys toward the south, driven by the great current that flows from Baffin's Bay into the northern Atlantic Ocean.

"Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of the sausages I *bought here last week?*"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show that the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere."

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

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

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

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How Animals are Taught Their Tricks

The training of animals, to teach them to perform all sorts of entertaining tricks, is a task that requires perhaps a special talent on the part of the trainer, but above all demands patience and a thoroughly methodical procedure. Let us begin with the dog, and see how he is taught his tricks. We commence with the simplest, and gradually work up to the most complex and apparently impossible feats.

The first thing every dog must learn is his name. Select a short, sharp-sounding name, and stick to it. Never call him anything else. If you have several dogs, the name is taught on the same principle. Divide their food, and then, placing a piece on the ground, call each in turn by his name and give him the food when he comes for it. Send the others back if they come forward out of their turn. By and by they will learn that a certain name is always associated with a certain dog. Ramble among the dogs, and call out one of their names every now and then. If the right dog comes to you, reward him with a piece of cracker. Pay no attention to the other dogs. They will learn very soon; and the first great lesson—dependence and obedience—will have been learned.

Having taught a dog to fetch and carry—which he will easily learn—the next thing is to teach him to go and get any object called for. Place a glove on the floor; then say to the dog, "Fetch the glove," putting the accent on the last word. Then, when he has done this several times, place a shoe on the floor; and teach him to fetch this in a similar manner. Now place both objects on the ground, and teach him to fetch either one, as asked for—rewarding him when he brings you the right one, and rebuking him when he fetches the wrong, which you take from him and replace. He will soon learn to distinguish the articles, when a third may be substituted, and so on until a number are on the floor. You should then go into the next room, taking the dog with you; and send him in to fetch any article you mention. After a little time, he will bring you the right one every time.

Next, teach him differences in color. Place a red object on the floor, and a blue one beside it. Teach him to fetch you the article called for as you did before, being careful to reward him every time he brings you the right handkerchief. Then put down a green object, a purple, a yellow one, and so on; until finally the needed array of colors can be placed for selection.

Next, he should be taught the articles of furniture—table, chair, etc. He must go to each one as you call out its name. Finally, combine some of the previous commands: "Place the glove on the chair;" "Get the handkerchief, and place it on the table," etc. At first this should be said very slowly, and only half the command repeated at once; but the halves of the sentence may be gradually blended together, until you can say it as you would to any individual; and the dog will obey your command.

To a certain extent, also, dogs may be taught the letters of the alphabet, the numbers of spots on cards, large dominoes, etc. The method of training them is simply one of constant repetition. Cards bearing the letter or number are placed in front of the dog, and the letter or number is called out aloud, and at the same time the dog is shown which one it is. After several trials, he will select this one and disregard the others, when it is called for. This once learned, the next letter is taught in like manner, until a large number are recognized by the dog, and he is able to pick out any of them at will. Plants are also to be selected in a similar manner, from a row placed on the table, and so forth.

It must be admitted, however, that most feats of this character, as performed in public, are the result of some trick, rather than any marvelously elaborate training on the part of the dog, which would be necessary if these feats were genuine—granting them to be possible at all. As a matter of fact, most of these apparently marvelous feats are based on a very few cues, given to the dog at the appropriate time, to which he has been taught to respond in a simple manner. A few examples will make this clear.

Many of these feats are performed by means of a cue word, in just the same kind of way as "mind-readers" entertain and puzzle their audience. As soon as this word is given, it may be in the course of a sentence, the dog knows that he is to perform a certain action. It is not necessary for him to understand the whole of the sentence; only one word in it. As soon as that word is caught, the action is performed. Each action corresponds to a certain cue word. Again, there is the method of training by the use of the eyes. The dog watches his master's eyes, and when his master glances in any direction—at a card, for example—the dog can follow his glance, and pick out the card in turn. Or the dog may be told to bark a certain number, in which case the dog watches his master's face closely, and simply barks until the eyes, or some movement, tell him to stop. He does not have to know that he barks nine times. All he has to know is that he must go on barking until he is told to stop by his master's signal; and the trainer is the one who does all the counting.

There are certain stage tricks which depend very largely upon the dog's memory, however—such as picking up a numbered card, and the like. The cards are arranged in a row, and the trainer stands in front of the row in which the card rests. A string is attached to the dog's neck. First, the dog is trained to go to the row of cards nearest the trainer; then, if he is inclined to pick up one too near, a slight pull on the string is given, pulling the dog up to the required number. The trainer stands at a certain distance from the table in these tricks; if close to the table, the dog knows it means card one; if farther away, card two, and if still further, card three. By care in training, the dog can be taught to pick out any required card, without in any way knowing the number written upon it. When the dog has been taught to pick up any card by means of this code, the trainer may appear to make it far more complicated by causing the dog to add, subtract, multiply, divide, etc. All that is necessary, of course, is that the performer himself should do the sum, mentally note the position of the card giving the answer, and indicate this card to the dog by means of some hidden code.

In the same way, horses can be made to stamp out any desired number, tell the date of a coin, etc., by simply going on pawing the ground until the trainer gives them the signal to stop by means of some secret sign, unnoticed by the audience.

As to the animals which perform in the circus, the elephant is among the most popular, and it seems wonderful that so unwieldy an animal can be made to perform any tricks at all. How set about training an animal of this kind? What is the first thing to be done? And how?

In compelling the elephant to perform, advantage is taken of the fact that the feet of the animal are peculiarly sensitive and he dreads injury to them. Many of his tricks are based upon this principle. Thus, he is made to place one foot upon a low pedestal; then the other foot is tapped gently, and he raises this and places it beside the other—to get it out of harm's way. The hind feet are treated similarly, in turn—the front feet being hit every time they are placed on the ground. In this way all four feet are finally placed upon the tub. The trick of inducing an elephant to partake of a meal is very simple. Animals will naturally eat anything placed before them, and it is only necessary to open a bottle of "pop" once or twice, and present it by hand, when the animal may be trusted to find out for himself how to get at its contents. In all such cases, the essence of the training consists in infinite patience, kindness, and constant repetition—showing the animal over and over again how a thing is done—in precisely the same way—and then forcing him to do it himself.

Lions and tigers are always dangerous creatures to work with, and one can never be sure of them, even when trained. "No wild animal," says Mr. Bostock, "is ever tamed, only trained, and the best training in the world is nothing when once the animal feels inclined to give way to his natural savage instincts."

"In time," continues Mr. Bostock, "the trained animal becomes so accustomed to performing that when he sees the paraphernalia of his performance he knows exactly what is expected of him, and does it naturally and readily. The successful performance of all trained animals depends on this almost instinctive following of long-accustomed habit, together with the pleasure the exercise gives to animals habitually confined in small cages. . . .

"Leopards, panthers, and jaguars are all trained in much the same manner. Mme. Morelli puts them through a course of training very similar to that given the lion. They are taught to respect and look for the trainer, and have instilled into them as much awe as is ever bred in any animal—which is not saying a great deal. . . . Some animals train easily; others learn their lessons with great diffidence and some reluctance. What one lion may learn in a week another may learn in a month; what one tiger may do in two lessons may take another one several months to imitate feebly."

Goats are very sure-footed animals, and learn to perform many tricks requiring that quality—such as standing on the end of a bamboo pole. The Hindus teach goats to do this. Hogs may be taught a number of clever tricks, and are far more intelligent than is generally imagined. Monkeys are known to be capable of being trained to a remarkable degree, the feats of "Peter" and "Consul" being well known to the American public. They are good imitators, and excessively curious, and it is this faculty, and their ingenuity in satisfying this curiosity, which has amused many an audience; and has given rise to the popular notion that monkeys are far more intelligent than they really are. As a matter of fact, although a few of them are highly trained and intelligent, this is not the general rule.

A few birds may be trained to perform simple tricks, but not many. "Fortune tellers" employ tame birds to help them in their trade. A number of small paper envelopes are seen, in a row, one of which contains your "fortune" in the shape of a slip of paper, telling you certain platitudes about yourself. The bird picks this envelope out with his bill, from among others. How is it he selects this particular one? Some of the envelopes have seeds glued to their back-covers, and the bird naturally picks out one which has the seed attached—passing over the others to get to it.

SWITZERLAND'S NATAL DAY

On the first of August every year the Swiss celebrate their national fete day. The day is to them what July 4th is to the United States and July 14th to France; it is the day when they recall the victory of three small states against the House of Hapsburg. The struggle with the Austrians, of course, went on for centuries, and was tempered with phases of friendship, but the year 1291, which is the subject of veneration on the national fete day, was the beginning of Swiss independence. A correspondent describes the character of the celebration with emphasis laid on the delicacy and reticence of the rejoicings. There was nothing official; there were no public banquets; no striking parades; no fuss, noise, or boasting. And yet the patriotism of the Swiss is one of the most effective patriotisms in Europe. The Swiss serves his country as a soldier with more cheerfulness and more intelligence than any citizen in Europe, but he does not keep his patriotism up to the mark with any of the Dutch courage of vainglorious rhetoric.

The Swiss did not imitate their glorified militia from some other country. They invented it for themselves. The whole heart of the country is put into it. Many of its superior officers may be hotel-keepers in Lucerne, Geneva, or Bale, but the problems of war are the recreation of their leisure. Rifle-shooting is the hobby and pastime of the whole youth of the country, and when a young man has served his time in the elite of the army he receives his rifle as a present from the state, is proud of it and takes as much care of it as a sportsman in England takes care of his gun. Not long ago the Swiss were asked by means of a poll of the people whether they were willing to accept a bill which laid on them a longer period of service and the burden of more military expenditure. By a great majority they answered "Yes." The result of a poll of the people is frequently a negative. Here, if ever, one would have expected a negative.

The correspondent says that it is the "freedom from official organization which gives such a personal character to the festivities of August 1." In town and village nothing happens till the evening. At eight o'clock the bells in every belfry in the land are set ringing, and at dark bonfires are lit upon the hills and young and old sing, "O Monts Independants," which goes to our tune of "God Save the King." The correspondent quotes M. Philippe Monnier, the Swiss novelist, who died a few weeks ago, as writing of this simple celebration of bells and bonfires: "It is spontaneous like a scrap of happiness which has its birth one evening in a family. Its only origin is the unpremeditated harmony of heart and spirit." Again Monnier says:

"One must not always say 'Patrie, patrie.' It is a profanation. The feeling for one's country is an exceedingly delicate feeling, which has its shyness and its reserve, its silences and its exquisite discretion. It belongs to the ineffable. A divine emotion, a movement of worship, it is in the depths of the heart, in the secret places of the conscience. With us it is something beyond expression and incapable of being formulated. When an orator apostrophizes it in the tribune decorated with a flag the image of it takes flight in terror, for it is nervous of fine language. But when a tiny people gathers by itself on the slopes of a field, when it listens in silence to the deep voice of the bells, when it watches the splendid flames rising in the night and spontaneously, without wishing, without knowing, begins of its own accord, in spite of the airs it hardly grasps, in spite of the words it barely understands, to sing with all its heart and voice, then the mystery, sheltering close in the folds of the soul—the fugitive image—finds its home and sometimes consents to stay."

SOME FOOD FAKES

It is astonishing how often it is that one hears of strange and secret processes through what is virtually the vagaries of that blind goddess, Chance. An instance of this occurred in France recently, when a workman brought an action against his employer to recover damages for a finger that had been mutilated in one of the machines. Then in the examination that followed the fact came out that the factory in question was engaged in the manufacture of artificial snails. It appears that the shells are bought by the firm in question from the dustmen and rag-pickers, and, after being cleaned, are filled with "lights" or cat's meat, the soft flesh being cut into corkscrew form to fit the shell by a skilfully designed machine. The top is then sealed with liquid fat, and the escargot is ready for the consumer. The artificial snails have a ready sale in Paris and other French towns, and are presumably sold as the genuine article. One wonders what the opinion of many epicures of this delicacy is now that they have discovered the method by which their favorite dish is sometimes manufactured.

A somewhat similar accident revealed a fairly common method, among some merchants, of faking ordinary oranges to look like blood oranges when the latter are considerably dearer than the former. Some time ago a St. Petersburg woman bought from a fruit dealer a dozen "blood" oranges. She gave one to her daughter, who had scarcely put the first piece into her mouth when she suddenly felt a sharp pain in her throat, and began to spit blood. A physician found that the pain and bleeding were brough on by a fragment of a needle that was sticking in the mucous membrane of the throat. This fragment, on extraction, proved to be the point of a hypodermic syringe, in which were found traces of aniline color. The orange merchant was interrogued on the matter, and admitted that he had faked the oranges by injecting a solution of aniline red and saccharine into the pulp through the skin by means of a hypodermic syringe.

Caterpillars are one of the greatest sources of annoyance to gardeners, both professional and amateur, and to those who suffer from the over-energetic attentions of these energetic creatures the following is recommended: If your garden is infested by caterpillars just catch a few of them and feed them on some lettuce that has been soaking in water for four days. After they have eaten their fill of the lettuce turn the caterpillars loose again, and they will soon do the rest. Entomologists have recently discovered that the consumption of watered lettuce leaves induces a violent and fatal attack of cholera amongst caterpillars. One caterpillar so infected quickly spreads the disease amongst his fellows, and so quickly rid the garden or orchard of the pest that has so long been the despair of farmers and the like. A caterpillar suffering from the caterpillar cholera soon stops eating. It becomes weak, and has no inclination to move; usually crawling up the trunk of a tree, fence, wall, or other vertical surface, where it remains without motion. In a few hours there drops from its mouth a blackish liquid; the caterpillar becames more and more flaccid, one leg after another loses its support, and finally the creature, reduced to a black skin, hangs dead, still holding on with one or two of its false feet. There is no danger of caterpillar cholera spreading to human beings or animals. It is a variety of disease quite distinct in its way, and only infectious as regards caterpillars.

An American senator, in a recent address said of a Bill he disliked:—

"It seems to offer you some redress and satisfaction; but consider it closely, and you'll find that it gives you nothing at all. It is like the remark of the waitress in the cheap boarding-house.

GLIMPSES OF NORWAY

What more poetic than the approach to Christiania on a fine morning—the sunlit waters of the beautiful fjord, where island after island reveals its variously wooded shores to the delighted eye; the wide amphitheatre of mountains encircling the town from east to west? And yet, on landing, how can one avoid a feeling of reluctant disillusionment as one drives through street after street of plain drab or yellowish houses and shops, comfortable but commonplace, or squalid and tumble-down, without a hint of picturesque form or vivid coloring to redeem their sordid poverty. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no single public building possesses any outward value from an architectural point of view. University, museums, churches, all are alike plain and uninteresting in style, whether they come before us in the crude modernity of red and yellow brick, or the respectable middle age of smoke-stained stone and plaster. All the accessories of up-to date business requirements are found in perfection; electric trams, taxi-cabs, telephones, telegraph and postal arrangements; though the streets, with the exception of the principal thoroughfare, are roughly paved with "setts" or blocks of stone, over which rattle a succession of primitively shaped open carts drawn by odd-looking dun horses scarcely larger than stout ponies.

But—significant fact—wherever trees can grow or grass and flowers flourish thehere have been planted avenues, groves, small private gardens, carefully tended parks. In Carl Johansgade, the Regent Street of Christiania, a band plays every day in the universal lunch-hour, and all turn out to stroll or sit under the trees and enjoy the respite from work. The confectioners' shops—easily recognized by the gilt kringle, or double ring-shaped biscuit, that hangs over the doors—are filled with a gay crowd of students, professors, school children, and citizens of every grade, who gather there every day at about one o'clock to drink milk and chocolate, and eat buns and cakes of every shape and flavor. Norway, no less than Scotland, merits the title of Land of Cakes. It is not uncommon to see at any ordinary meal three or four varieties of bread in as many shades of brownness, sweet cakes of different kinds, and biscuits plain and spiced, thick and thin, in abundance. There is something very pleasant in this hour of social intercourse in the middle of the day's work; every one knows everybody else, and the air resounds with cheery greetings; yet there is no undue lingering over the impromptu meal, and men, women and children soon hurry away for another hour or two's work in office, shop, or school-room.

It is not so easy at first to realize that one is amongst a strange people. The language, to an ear ignorant of Norwegian, strongly resembles Welsh, with its rising and falling inflections; most of the faces might find their counterparts in Scotland and Wales, even in some districts of England. True, if one looks a second time at a golden-haired, pink-cheeked girl one becomes aware that the hair shines more brightly, the rosy coloring has a more brilliant glow, than is generally the case with our blonde types; but one comes across many Norwegians whose dark eyes and hair of pale or sallow complexions would be equally appropriate in members of any of the Celtic races. So with costume. Men and women appear habitually in the conventional garb of civilized society, with a tendency to follow English and Parisian fashions. Very rarely one meets a woman in the dress of one of the northern provinces; sometimes a little girl is seen in complete peasant outfit, but rather through some fancy of her parents than because it is the costume natural to her; and of the many small school children, with their reindeer-skin satchels, who throng the trams and pavements, only the gaily striped stockings of most, and the embroidered bonnets or quaint peasant caps of a few, remind one that these familiar-looking boys and girls are little Scandinavians after all.

Norwegian common-sense displays itself in many ways, and sometimes its almost grandmotherly precautions provoke a smile. At one hotel, where comfort and quiet are paramount, a notice is posted conspicuously in every bedroom desiring the guests to abstain from talking or walking in the corridors after 10 p.m., and should any of them be prevented from retiring thus early, directing that their belated footsteps should be muffled by the wearing of felt-soled shoes!

Even in ecclesiastical matters some very practical directions are in force; in the case of a wedding, both of the contracting parties must produce certificates of birth, baptism, confirmation—and vaccination, before the ceremony can be performed! This restriction may be modified where one of the two is a foreigner.

To pass from civic affairs to the customs of private life. Many pleasant thoughts which remain understood in English homes are expressed in Norwegian ones.

All the homely relationships and little festivals of daily life are beautified by a touch of true sentiment manifesting itself in so many quaint and thoughtful ways: flowers or a book or some pretty trifle given to celebrate a pleasant visit or expedition, chocolates and other delicacies provided for friends starting on a journey, the kindly speech or well-turned verses that add a charm to domestic anniversaries—all setting forth that spirit of true neighborliness which exemplifies the best form of democracy.

THE FIRST ELECTRICALLY PROPELLED SHIP

For some years past electricity as a method of propelling vessels has exercised a strange fascination. Two energetic Glasgow electrical engineers, who had elaborated a system for achieving this ideal, ordered a vessel fifty feet in length and certified to carry fifty passengers, in which they have installed their plant. It comprises a six-cylinder petrol engine developing forty-five brake-horse power, which drives an alternating current dynamo, while the propeller is coupled to an alternating current motor, the whole being controlled by switch gear either from the bridge or the engine-room. The vessel, with its novel machinery, possesses many points of interest for the engineer, and the experiments that are being carried out with the craft to secure some really valuable data concerning the practicability of electricity as a propelling force for vessels are being closely followed, and will constitute valuable material for discussion by the learned societies when the time comes to communicate the results of the investigations. The preliminary trials, however, have served to support the theories advanced by many enterprising spirits who have strenuously advocated this system of propulsion. That it is no passing fancy is borne out by the fact that in Germany and the United States larger vessels are in course of construction for propulsion by the same agency, though the methods of generating and applying the energy differ in detail. It is claimed that by means of such a system certain much-desired results impossible to be obtained with the best tpyes of steam-engines can be secured with the highest efficiency. For instance, the steam turbine is irreversible, and the petrol motor requires a special attachment for achieving this end, whereas with the electric system the propeller can be switched over from full speed ahead to full speed astern in a matter of seconds without changing the direction of the rotation of the power-generator. It is stated, also, that electric propulsion is more economical than any other system of driving a vessel, and certainly the results so far achieved appear to bear out this contention. On trial the new boat attained a speed of nearly eight and a half miles per hour. The present trend of thought in marine engineering is towards the evolution of an electric system capable of fulfilling the difficult requirements of ship propulsion, and the Clyde will occupy another niche in history as having produced the first electrically driven vessel, as it did the first steamship.

WOOD-EATERS

Wood in a certain form is a common and constant article of food in all sections of Siberia where the Yakut lives. North of Verchoyansk, except in a few sheltered valleys, there is little food, aside from that afforded by fish, than that furnished by the larch. The natives eat it, however, because they like it. Even in sections where fish may be had, wood usually forms part of the native's evening meal, as the many cleanly stripped larch logs near every hut testify.

The natives strip off the thick layers immediately under the bark of a larch log, and, chopping it fine, mix it with snow. It is then boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a bit of fish roe is added, and, in the southern sections, cow's milk or butter.

UP IN A BALLOON

Drs. Steyrer and Fleming, who made a prolonged ascent in the balloon Berlin, conducted a series of experiments at great altitudes, with special reference to the physiological effects of exposure to intense cold and to hot sun rays in extremely rarefied air.

Both professors were equipped with oxygen masks. At a height of 16,500 feet they were obliged to inhale oxygen at intervals of from one to two minutes; otherwise they suffered from headache, heart palpitations, and defective respiration. As they reached greater heights these symptoms increased, and oxygen had to be more frequently inhaled. At a height of between 25,000 and 27,000 feet Fleming fainted on removing the mask for an instant.

The effect of strong sunshine, intense cold, and insufficiency of air, gave the face a terrifying aspect, but the aeronauts felt apathy rather than any severe pains. Another effect was a feeling of cramp in the muscles.

The sun's rays acting in the rarefied air produced a swelling and reddening of the skin, accompanied by fever, and these symptoms reached their height forty-eight hours after the descent.

Among the experiments made was a test for the presence of micro-organisms. Three tests, the highest made at 15,000 feet, showed micro-organisms in the small proportion of from 0.2 to 0.5 a liter (1.76 pints) of air. The fourth test was made at an elevation of nearly 27,000 feet, and revealed no germs.

A NEW PROFESSION

The popularity of the kinematograph and the demand for a high standard of perfection in regard to the subjects on the part of the public have led to the creation of a new profession, or rather the extension of the field of operations of one already in existence. This is the picture-playwright. The leading manufacturing firms have created this new profession owing to the exhaustion of their sources of ideas, and in order to secure, if possible, something new. That it is a profession not to be despised is borne out by the fact that many of the leading dramatists now devote their energies seriously to the elaboration of scenarios for picture-plays, and many names intimately associated with the legitimate theatre are identified with the new movement. At first sight it may seem an easy matter to prepare such a scenario, but as a matter of fact it is quite as difficult to elaborate a strong dramatic picture-play as it is to write a curtain-raiser which will grip the public. Many of the largest producing firms retain a special staff to consider these scenarios, and the possibility of success may be gauged from the fact that only about two per cent. of the scenarios and suggestions submitted are found to be acceptable. So many rules have to be borne in mind that a successful picture-dramatist is as rare as a poet. Terseness, action, ingenuity of plot, and simplicity are indispensable. It must be remembered that there is no dialogue to assist the public in following the story. Everything is in pantomime, and words must be represented by action. Then, again, action must follow action continuously, and it is not easy to condense a three-act play lasting two hours or so in a theatre into a thousand feet or so of film to be reeled off in ten minutes. But apart from the purely dramatic, there is a demand for genuine comedy, not knockabout absurdity, and for trick pictures with a distinct element of novelty. The latter are more elusive than the kine-drama, as a little experience will soon prove to the tyro. The moving-picture manufacturer, however, like the editor diligently searches through the chaff in the hope that he may alight upon an unknown genius. The remuneration varies according to the value of the accepted scenario and the degree of novelty it contains, one manuscript for a picture lasting thirty minutes bringing its lucky author a cheque for thirty pounds. The average payment ranges between one and ten guineas. The former is not a princely sum, but invariably represents the true value of the contribution. The new profession is one into which only those who have a natural bent for it should enter, for the material has to fit a peculiar mould.

INTERESTING ITEMS

It remained for a Turk, wandering far from his native land, to find the largest crystal of beryl (aquamarine) ever discovered, a long distance inland in Brazil. It was dug out at a shallow depth, transported by canoe to the coast, and finally sold at Bahia, bringing the finder, it is said, $25,000. According to estimates this crystal would furnish fully 2,000,000 carats of aquamarines of various sizes.

Southern France produces and ships annually cut flowers to the value of nearly $8,000,000. A quarter of a century ago Alphonse Karr at St. Raphael gave the industry at impetus which has grown to its present proportions. Every night in winter a special train, known as the cut-flower limited, leaves Toulon for Paris, loaded with fragrant blossoms.

Stenography was known as far back as the time of the Greeks in Egypt, is the conclusion reached by Professor Friedrich Presigke of the University of Strassburg. He believes that the Greeks learned the art from the Egyptians, and bases his belief on papyri dated A.D. 155, in which claim is made that a system of shorthand is used.

At the recent annual festival of the London Gregorian Choral Association fifty combined church choirs sang music from the English service books of the eighth to the fourteenth centuries at St. Paul's Cathedral.

SPIDERS AS SPINNERS

Spiders as an aid to astronomy are recognized to such an extent that certain species are cultivated solely for the fine threads they weave. No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for dissecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and motions of the stars. Not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads are they valuable, but because of their durable qualities. The threads of certain spiders raised for astronomical purposes withstand changes in temperature, so that often in measuring sun spots they are uninjured when the heat is so great that the lenses of the micrometer eyepieces are cracked. These spider lines are only one-fifth to one-seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, compared with which the threads of the silkworm are large and clumsy.

MORE ABOUT MONA LISA

The fantastic romances woven by Parisian journalists about the disappearance of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece from the Louvre are not to be taken seriously. To mention two or three out of a dozen such theories, it has been said that the beautiful picture has been stolen by a blue-eyed dreamer who had fallen mystically in love with Mona Lisa; that a French newspaper which a year ago declared that the painting had been stolen has now had it stolen to prove its statement; that the whole thing is a hoax, perpetrated to show how easy it would be to rob the Louvre; that the theft was engineered by an American collector who would have a beautiful copy made, and in due time return this to the Louvre, preserving the original for his own private art worship. Such preposterous theories have been based partly on the idea that no professional thief would dare to steal an object of immense value which he could not possibly sell. The answer to this is that such a thief, or band of thieves, might believe that if the picture was hidden for two or three years, the French authorities, having given up all hope of recovering the picture directly, might be induced to pay a large sum in a roundabout way for its return. Another argument to show that an ordinary thief could not easily have taken the picture is that it was painted, not on canvas, which could be rolled up, but on a large wooden panel which could be carried off only with difficulty. The enormous halls and workrooms of the Louvre are being searched in every nook and corner with the hope that whoever took the picture from the wall may have hidden it somewhere in the palace. The masterpiece known to English-speaking people as "Mona Lisa," but more properly named "La Joconde," was one of the three or four supreme art treasures of the Louvre. Turning to money valuation merely as a rough indication of intrinsic value, it has been pointed out that art dealers have ranked it in value second only to the Sistine Madonna, and that it is said that an offer of a million dollars for the painting was once refused by the French government. It must be remembered that Leonardo's "Last Supper" in Milan, although still wonderful and beautiful, is in a dilapidated condition, and that therefore the "Mona Lisa" is the finest extant example of one of the greatest masters of Italian art. The story of its disappearance has not only interested art lovers all over the world, but has had a special interest for the many thousands of American tourists who have gazed upon that famous "inscrutable smile." The stories about the subject of the portrait, and the unending discussion as to the character shown by the face and the meaning of the smile, have, apart from the painting's undoubted value as a work of art, made it a subject of universal discussion. The accepted version is that Mona was the wife of Francesco del Gioconda, that Leonardo painted on the picture at intervals for four years, that these sittings were brief because he could paint only while Mona smiled, and that it was his custom to have beautiful music played near by to bring the smile to Mona's face. Even then the painter always regarded the picture as unfinished. As to the art value, we may quote Dr. Wilhelm Lubke's opinion that although "in some respects it has been severely criticized, it is sure to captivate the beholder by the charming grace of the conception, as also by the sweetness of its almost seductive smile."

LOOK OUT!

FOR AD IN THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Bates, & Hardy, Courtenay

QUATHIASKI COVE.

SEALEED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for Lock-up, Quathiaski Cove," will be received by the Honorable the Minister of Public Works up to 12 o'clock noon of Thursday, the 26th day of October, 1911 for the erection and completion of five room, two cell Lock-up at Quathiaski Cove, Valdez Island, in the Comox Electoral District, B. C.

Plans, specifications, contract, and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 12th day of October, 1911, at the Government Agents' offices, Cumberland and Nanaimo, the Constable in charge Quathiaski Cove, and the Department of Public Works, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of $350, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. E. GRIFFITH,
Public Works Engineer.

Department of Public Works,
Victoria, B. C, October 9th, 1911
oc14 oc28

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NOTICE

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

E C. EMDE.

"PUBLIC INQUIRIES ACT."

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint the Honourable Albert Edward McPhillips, K. C., President of the Executive Council; the Honourable Price Ellison, Minister of Finance; Charles Henry Lugrin, of the City of Victoria, Esquire; and William Harold Malkin, of the City of Vancouver, Esquire; to be Commissioners under the "Public Inquiries Act", for the purpose of enquiring into and reporting upon the operation of the "Assessment Act, 1903," with respect to its practical bearings on the financial requirements of the Province.

The said Commissioners will hold their meetings on the dates and at the places mentioned hereunder, namely:—

Victoria at the Executive Council Chamber, Parliament Buildings, Monday and Tuesday, 25th and 26th September at 10 a. m. At the Court House or the Government Office at the following places:—

Nanaimo, Wednesday and Thursday 27th and 28th September.
Vancouver, Friday and Saturday, 29th and 30th September.
New Westminster, Monday 2nd Oct.
Revelstoke, Wednesday, 4th Oct.
Golden, Thursday 5th October.
Cranbrook, Saturday, 7th October.
Fernie, Monday, 9th October.
Nelson, Wednesday, 11th October.
Rossland, Thursday, 12th October.
Grand Forks, Friday, 13th October.
Princeton, Saturday, 14th October.
Merritt, Monday, 16th October.
Kamloops, Tuesday, 17th October.
Summerland, Thursday, 19 Oct.
Penticton, Friday, 20th October
Kelowna, Saturday, 21st October.
Vernon, Monday, 23rd October.

It is requested that all persons who are interested in the matter aforesaid and who desire to be heard, will not fail to present at the meetings of the Commissioners,

PRICE ELLISON
Chairman.

Treasury Department,
13th September, 1911.
sep23 oc23

Visiting cards at the Islander office.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Cortes Island.

Take notice that I, Alfred Cautanche of Vancouver, B.C. occupation plasterer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted about 20 chains north of the south-west corner of T. L. 27195, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains.

ALFRED CAUTANCHE.
Earl Cline, Agent.
Dated July 7th, 1911.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Cortes Island.

Take notice that I, William J. Elliott of Vancouver, occupation carpenter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted about one half mile in south-westerly direction from Carrington Bay, north-west corner of T. L. 40897, thence south 70 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north about 50 chains, to shore line, thence following shore lines round to place of commencement.

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.
Earl Cline, Agent.
Dated July 15th, 1911.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT.
District of Cortes Island.

Take notice that Earl Cline, of Vancouver, B. C. occupation, photographer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted 20 chains north of the south-west corner of T. L. 27195, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains.

EARL CLINE.
Dated July 7th, 1911.

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

Notice is hereby given that the reserve existing by reason of the notice published in the British Columbia Gazette of the 27th December 1907, covering a parcel of land [illegible] No. 44043 which has lapsed, is cancelled, and the [illegible] midnight on the 14th December 1911.

ROBERT A. RENWICK.
Deputy Minister of Land.

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

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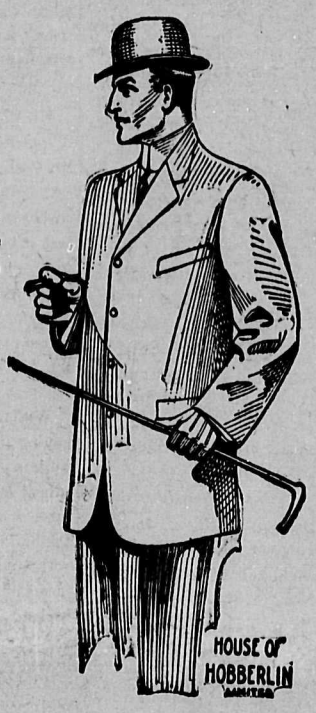
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