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# THE HOSMER TIMES

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VOLUME II. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910 NUMBER 53

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## FOOTBALL LEAGUE MATCH AT HOSMER

### Brilliant Win for the Locals---The Duck's Egg Broken.

The fates are often tardy, aye, unkind even to those who want to leap too quickly into prominence, but a small slice of fortune is reserved for those who await the course of events. Nothing truer could be written of football. When a club is in the top of form everything seems to favor it, but it is antipodeau in the eyes of the supporters if victories cannot be secured at least on the home ground. Hosmer has had its share of ill-luck, but let us hope that Saturday's well merited win will act as an incentive to the players to raise the club from its lowly position on the league table. This is the first game won by the homesters in the competition and may others follow. There was a large attendance of spectators. Coleman brought with them a strong eleven expecting to carry off the double honors in snatching full points in the return match with the bottom raters. The players who took the field were:

Hosmer—F. Oakes; E. Partridge and G. McQueen; A. Houston, W. Balderstone and J. Campbell; J. Errington, D. Harrison, J, Mitchell, W. Partridge and W. Rankin.

Coleman—M. Morrison; J. E. Plant and W. Hogan; J. Russel, Alex Easton and P. Travers; H. Holms, J. Gordon, J. Graham, John Smith and E. Gresseck.

McQueen won the toss for Hosmer. The visitors were not long in showing that they meant business and, playing against a stiff breeze, the ball was smartly carried towards the home goal, but only to meet with a stubborn defence in Partridge and McQueen, a powerful drive by the latter placing the ball well into Coleman quarters. The Hosmer forwards followed up with a fierce attack on their opponents defence and certainly experienced hard lines in not scoring, the goalkeeper being so severely pressed that he had to concede a corner that eventually proved fruitless. Not to be so easily beaten off, the home lot returned to the citadel, and so persistent and dangerous were they in their methods that one of the visitors was paralised for handling the ball. Captain McQueen made no mistake with the kick and drove the ball, with good force, between the posts at an angle that gave the Coleman custodian no chance to save. Restarting, the visiting team came away with a rush but were repulsed by the able play of the home backs who were in rare fettle. For a time midfield play ensued until Coleman wakened up and gave the Hosmer people some warm minutes in the vicinity of their goal. Offside relieved the pressure but, determined to get on level terms, Coleman came on again, and this time had their reward in scoring a well earned goal just before half time.

Hosmer resumed in good style and from Mitchell's kick off made themselves busy around the quarters of their opponents, who were, during this half, seldom over midfield. Errington found another opening and the spectators did not fail to express satisfaction, but when Harrison placed the result beyond all doubt, they made the echoes resound, and the applause might have been heard in Coleman. A few minutes later Hosmer felt happy and contented with their first league retory. Result:

Hosmer—3 goals.
Coleman—1 goal.

The following table shows the standing in the Crow's Nest Pass football league:

| | Won | Lost | Draw | Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Michel | 5 | 1 | 2 | 12 |
| Coal Creek | 4 | 4 | 1 | 9 |
| Bellevue | 3 | 2 | 3 | 9 |
| Fernie | 3 | 4 | 1 | 7 |
| Frank | 2 | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| Hosmer | 1 | 4 | 3 | 5 |
| Coleman | 2 | 4 | 0 | 4 |

## Lowery's Upper Stope

There is no hotel at Corbin.

Oats are seven cents a pound in Fort George.

Victoria is to have sixty more street lamps.

Grand Forks will hold its first fair this fall.

T. Morry died of heart disease at Inverness.

Chickens are plentiful in New Westminster.

The hay crop is very light in the Nicola valley.

A police station has been built at Aldermore.

Hedley will have a celebration on Labor day.

Wenatchee ships ten carloads of fruit every day.

The C. P. R. has enlarged its yards at Coleman.

The teamsters have organized a union in Victoria.

Dann Mann paid his first visit to Stewart last week.

The rate of taxation in Prince Rupert is 15 mills.

This year, Keremeos will produce better apples.

For the second time, Lillooet is to have a newspaper.

Sixteen rooms have been added to the hotel at Telkwa.

There is some talk of starting a paper mill at Wardner.

In Revelstoke, retail liquor licenses cost $400 a year.

The Man-to-Man magazine has appeared in Vancouver.

Seeleyville, on the Skeena river is fast becoming a town.

There are three banks in Penticton waiting for business.

Fort George is crying aloud for a government land agent.

Just west of Greenwood, the hay crop is light this summer.

There are 10,000 vacant houses and apartments in Seattle.

L. W. Carter has started a general store at Port Alberni.

A natural gas plant is being installed at Gleichen, Alberta.

A school house is being built at Taber that will cost $51,000.

Bob Kelly thinks that there are 130,000 people in Vancouver.

A bear was recently killed within the city limits of Vancouver.

John Conway has been appointed mining recorder at Stewart.

A negro in Chilliwack was fined $50 for selling cider to Indians.

Mining, on Nine Mile mountain, is making Hazleton prosperous.

At Coleman, the police use a wheel-barrow as a patrol wagon.

Nelson has defeated Grand Forks, at baseball, twice in twelve years.

A liquor license has been granted to the Empress hotel, at Stewart.

There are 450 men working in the Centre Star mine at Rossland.

Mike Bone was fined $250 for running a blind pig in Revelstoke.

Herb Hankin has made several coal locations in the Bulkley valley.

The Imperial Oil Co. is putting in new storage tanks at Ladysmith.

At White Horse, oil is used to decrease the output of mosquitoes.

The bridge across the Bulkley river, at Morisetown, has been opened.

H. Webb has sold his ranch at Sardis to W. E. Watson, for $20,000.

Recently, fourteen carloads of cattle were shipped from Savona in one day.

There will be a convention of poultrymen in Vancouver upon the 18th.

At Rupe, the longshoremen refuse to work for less than fifty cents an hour.

Mutton is 15 cents a pound in New Westminster, and old potatoes 75 cents a sack.

In Trail, a man was fined $10 and costs for allowing his cow to roam the streets.

Thirty years ago, J. B. Greaves came to British Columbia and worked for $40 a month. Now he owns 80,000 acres of land in the Nicola valley and is a millionaire.

## MAYOR J. J. SCOTT COMMITS SUICIDE

### Pincher's Chief Magistrate Takes His Life Sunday Evening

A tragedy occured at Pincher Creek Sunday evening by which Pincher Creek lost its chief magistrate. Mayor J. J. Scott killed himself in a fit of despondency, discharging the contents of a shot gun into his breast. Just before committing the awful deed he telephoned for Constable Rea, and while the latter was entering the gate of the Mayor's residence he heard the shot which terminated Scott's earthly career. Deceased was alone in the house at the time of the tragedy Mrs. Scott being absent visiting friends at Mcleod. A gloom has settled on the community and flags are flying at half mast on the buildings. Deceased was 50 years of age and popular with all in the community. He leaves no children.

### Mayor Gaynor of N. Y. Shot.

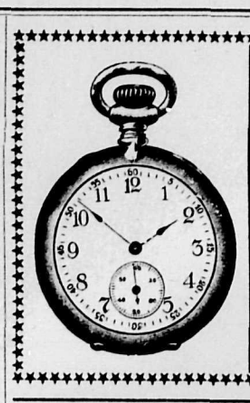
New York, Aug. 9.—Mayor Gaynor was shot and probably fatally wounded when on board the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse ready to go to Europe on a vacation. His assailant was arrested and gives his name as Gallagher. He had been a city employee and gives as his motive that the mayor had been the cause of his losing his position. He is thought to be insane. The bullet struck the mayor in the head and small hope is entertained for his recovery.

New York, Aug. 10—The following bulletin on the condition of Mayor Gaynor who was shot and dangerously wounded yesterday, was issued at 7:30 this morning: The Mayor has rested comfortably since five o'clock He is taking nourishment, and at the presen time his condition, in the opinion of the attending physicians, is satisfactory.

### The Spelling of Words.

The vagaries of our language, especially the spelling of words, are a severe strain on the nerves of most people who pretty often look upon the newspaper man as a sort of infallible being in this respect. Place-names are frequently very trying even in the editorial sanctum and a phonetic slip may raise trouble. A few late residenters of North Britain found a weak spot in the editor's armour the other day and the claymore was unsheathed, but no blood spilt. The heather was, however, on fire and the defaulter was sharply taken to task for his foolhardiness in daring to murder the name of a town famous, world wide at one time for its shawls and now more noted for its sewing cotton which is traded over every part of the globe. The editor duly apologised to his friends for the grave error and faithfully promised to eradicate the shortcomings by making himself better acquainted with the mother tongue of his interrogaters. These little difficulties were easily vanquished: Each morning and evening he manfully tackled peas brose and soor dook; an oatmeal cake, a couple of soda scones and a bowl of porridge served for daily lunch; and, after testing the digestive organs with the haggis, wound up the ordeal by swallowing the contents of a bottle of Scotch. The language is, after all, not so hard to master, its terrors have fled and the intricacies of Ecclefechan, Auchtermuchty and Milngavie (not Milguy) are really nothing. The quotation of further place names would appear superfluous but let our readers try their vocal strings on this sentence, repeating at expres's speed: "Ru'glen's wee roon rid lums reek briskly."

The Hosmer football club will give a basket social at the opera house, Monday evening, August 22. Everybody is invited to come.



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# A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

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**Synopsis**

Jerold Garrison, a penniless criminologist, opens an office in New York. His first client is a young and beautiful woman evidently of the upper classes. She requires his services to procure her a husband—a spurious husband, for a time. Garrison accepts the office himself, when a second client appears. This client wishes him to work on a murder case. He accepts this also. This commission necessitates his departure for Hickwood, N.Y., and he calls on his first client to take instructions, and to explain his movements. She has informed him that his name is to be Fairfax, and under this name he meets her disagreeable relations. These relations, an uncle, an aunt, and a cousin, show marked hostility to Mr. Fairfax, Garrison's pseudonym, but he gets a private interview with his supposed wife, who, before he leaves, gives him a leather case, containing two valuable necklaces. Garrison departs for Hickwood on the murder case and is the victim of an attempted burglary, apparently with the necklaces as its object. Pursuing his search for murder clues, he discovers a poisoned cigar near the spot where the deed was committed. Following up this discovery, to his horror he finds that his client-wife was niece to the murdered man, and gave him the cigars of which this one. Gradually the web of evidence seems to grow around the girl until there seems no escape from the conclusion that she is the guilty one. Meanwhile she disappears from the auto in which Garrison and she were driving, on Brooklyn Bridge. Garrison institutes a search for her. He wins over an agent of the Robinsons, named Tuttle, to his side, and later discovers Dorothy in New Jersey.

Among the Trees of Melita's Pleasure Grounds

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued)

**A Man in the Case**

THE box had been opened and two cigars had been so loaded with poison that when he bit off one, at the end, to light it up, he got the deadly stuff on his tongue—and was almost instantly stricken."

Despite the dimness of the light in the room Dorothy's face showed very white.

She asked: "What kind of poison?"

He mentioned the drug.

"Not the kind used by photographers?" she asked in affright.

"Precisely. Foster, then, is a photographer?"

"He used to be, but—— Oh, I don't see how he——it's terrible! It's terrible!"

She arose and crossed the room in agitation, then presently returned.

"Your suspicions may be wrong," said Garrison, who divined she had something on her mind. "Why not tell me all about it, and let me assist, if I can? What sort of a looking man is Foster?"

"Rather small, and nearly always smiling. But he may not have done it! He may be innocent! If only you could help me now!" she said. "I don't believe he could have done it!"

"But you half suspect it was he?"

"I've been afraid of it all along," she said, in an outburst of confession. "Before I even knew that Uncle John was—murdered—before you told me, I mean—I felt afraid that something of the kind might have happened, and since that hour I've been nearly distracted by my thoughts!"

"Let's take it slowly," said Garrison, in his soothing way. "I imagine there has been either anger or hatred, spite or pique on the part of your stepbrother, Foster, towards John Hardy in the past."

"Yes — everything! Uncle John spoiled Foster at first, but when he found the boy was gambling on Wall Street, he cut him off and refused to supply him the means to pay off the debts he had contracted. Foster threatened at the time.

"The breach grew wider. Uncle didn't know he was married to Alice. Foster wouldn't let me tell. He had used up nearly all of Alice's money. She refused to mortgage anything more, after I took the necklaces, on a loan—and if Foster doesn't get ten thousand dollars in August I don't know what he'll do!"

Garrison was following the threads of this quickly delivered narrative as best he might. It revealed a great deal, but not all.

"I see," he commented quietly. "But how could Foster hope to profit by the death of Mr. Hardy?"

Dorothy turned very white again.

"He knew of the will."

"The will that was drawn in your favor?"

"Yes."

"And he thought that you were married, that the conditions of the will had been fulfilled?"

Dorothy nodded assent.

Garrison's impulse was to push a point in personal affairs and ask if she had really married some Fairfax, not yet upon the scene. But he adhered strictly to business.

"What you fear is that Foster, aware that you would become your uncle's heir, may have hastened your uncle's end, in the hope that when you came in for the property you would liquidate his debts?"

Dorothy nodded again.

She said: "It is terrible! Do you see the slightest ray of hope?"

Garrison ignored the query for a moment.

"Where is Foster now?"

"No one knows—he seems to have run away—that's one of the worst things about it."

"But you came over here to warn him," said Garrison.

Dorothy flushed.

"That was my impulse, I admit, when you told me about the cigars. I hardly knew what else I could do."

"You are very fond of Foster?"

"I am very fond of Alice."

Garrison was glad. He could even have been jealous of a brother.

"But how could Foster have tampered with your cigars?" he inquired. "Was he up there at Hickwood when you left them?"

"He was there all the time of uncle's visit, in hiding, and even on the night of his death," she confessed in a whisper. "Alice doesn't know of this, but he admitted it all to me."

"This is what you have been trying to conceal from me all the time," Garrison observed. "Do the Robinsons have their suspicions?"

"I can't be certain. Perhaps they have. Theodore has exercised a very bad influence on Foster's life. He intimated once to me that perhaps Uncle John had been murdered."

Garrison thought for a moment.

"It is almost impossible for anyone to have had that suspicion who had no guilty knowledge," he said. "Theodore was, and is, capable of any crime. If he knew about the will and believed you had not fulfilled the conditions, by marrying, he would have had all the motive in the world to commit the crime himself."

"But," said Dorothy, "he knew nothing of the will, as I told you before."

"And he with an influence over Foster, who did know all about the will?"

Dorothy changed color at once, she was startled.

"I never thought of that," she admitted. "Foster might have told."

"There's a great deal to clear up in a case like this," said Garrison, "even when suspicions point your course. I think I can land Mr. Theodore on the things he attempted on me, but not just yet. He may reveal himself a little more. Besides, our alleged marriage will hardly bear a close investigation."

For the moment Dorothy was more concerned by his personal danger than by anything concerning the case.

"You told me a little of what was attempted in the park," she said. "I've thought about it ever since—such a terrible attack! If anything dreadful should happen to you——"

She broke off suddenly, turned crimson to her hair, and dropped her gaze from his face.

In that moment he resisted the greatest temptation of his life—the impulse to sink at her feet on his knees, and tell her of his love. He knew she felt, as he did, the wondrous attraction between them; he knew that to her, as to himself, the impression was strong that they had known each other always; but hired as he had been to conduct an affair in which it had been particularly stipulated there was to be no sentiment, or even the slightest thought of a development, he throttled his passion and held himself in check.

"Some guardian angel must have hovered near," was all he permitted himself to reply, but she fathomed the depth of his meaning.

"I hope some good spirit may continue to be helpful—to us both," she said. "What are you going to do next?"

"Take you back to New York," said Garrison. "I must have you near. But, while I think of it, please answer one thing more. How did it happen that your uncle's life was insured for that inventor in Hickwood, Charles Scott?"

"They were lifelong friends," said Dorothy. "They began as boys together. Uncle John was saved by this Mr. Scott, when he was twenty-one—his life was saved, I mean. And he was very much in love with Mr. Scott's sister. But something occurred, I hardly know what. The Scotts never had much money, and they lost the little they had. Miss Scott was very shamefully treated, I believe, by some other friend in the group, and she died before she was thirty—I've heard as a result of some great unhappiness.

"Uncle and Mr. Scott were always friends, though they drifted apart to some extent. Mr. Scott became an inventor, and spent all his poor wife's money, and also funds that Uncle John supplied, on his inventions. The insurance was Uncle John's last plan for befriending his old-time companion. There was no one else to make it in favor of, for, of course, the estate would take care of the heirs that he wished to remember. Does that answer your question?"

"Perfectly," said Garrison. "I think if you'll make ready we will start. Is there any particular place in New York where you prefer to stay?"

By the time they came to the house near Washington Square, Dorothy was all but asleep from exhaustion. The strain, both physical and mental, to which she had been subjected during some time past, and more particularly during the past two days, told quickly now when at last she felt ready to place all dependence on Garrison and give up to much-needed rest.

The meeting of Miss Ellis and Dorothy was but slightly embarrassing to Garrison, when it presently took place. Explaining to the woman of the house that his "wife" desired to stop all night in town, rather than go on to Long Island, while he himself must be absent from the city, he readily procured accommodations without exciting the least suspicion.

Garrison merely waited long enough to make Dorothy promise she would take a rest without delay, and then he went himself to a hotel restaurant, near by in Fifth Avenue, devoured a most substantial meal, and was five minutes late at his office.

Tuttle had not yet appeared. The hall before the door was deserted. The sign on his glass had been finished.

Garrison went in. There were letters all over the floor, together with Dorothy's duplicate telegram, a number of cards, and some advertising circulars. One of the cards bore the name of one J. P. Wilder, and the legend, "Representing the New York Evening Star." There was nothing, however, in all the stuff that appeared to be important.

Garrison read the various letters hastily, till he came to one from the insurance company, his employers, requesting haste in the matter of the Hardy case, and reminding him that he had reported but once. This he filed away.

Aware at last that more than half an hour had gone, without a sign from his man, he was on the point of going to the door to look out in the hall when Tuttle's shadow fell upon the glass.

"I stayed away a little too long, I know," he said. "I was trying to get a line on old man Robinson, to see if he'd give anything away, but I guess he's got instructions from his son, who's gone away from town."

"Gone away from town?" repeated Garrison. "Where has he gone?"

"I don't know. The old man wouldn't say."

"You haven't seen Theodore?"

"No. He left about five this afternoon. The old man and his wife are stopping in Sixty-fifth Stret, where they used to live some months ago."

"What did you report about me?"

"Nothing except I hadn't seen you again," said Tuttle. "The old man leaves it all to his son. He didn't seem to care where you had gone."

Garrison pondered the matter carefully. He made almost nothing out of Theodore's departure from the scne. It might mean much or little. That Theodore had something up his sleeve he entertained no doubt.

"It's important to find out where he has gone," he said. "See old Robinson again. Tell him you have vital information on a special point that Theodore instructed you to deliver to no one but himself, and the old man may tell you where you should go. I am going out of town tonight. Leave your address in case I wish to write."

"I'll do my best," said Tuttle, writing the address on a card. "Is there anything more?"

"Yes. You know who the two men were who knocked me down in Central Park and left a bomb in my pocket. Get around them in any way you can, ascertain what agreement they had with young Robinson, or what instructions, and find out why it was they did not rob me. Come here at least once a day, right along, whether you find me in or not."

Once more Tuttle stated he would do his best. He left, and Garrison, puzzling over Theodore's latest movement, presently locked up his office and departed from the building.

He was no more than out on the street than he came upon Theodore's tracks in a most unexpected direction. A newsboy came by, loudly calling out his wares. An Evening Star, beneath his arm, stared at Garrison with type fully three inches high with this announcement:

MYSTERY OF MURDER AND A WILL!!
John Hardy May Have Been Slain!
Beautiful Beneficiary Married
Just in Time!

Garrison bought the paper.

"No. I'd rather leave that to you."

"By the way," he said, his mind recurring to the motor-car incident and all that had followed, "did you know that when you deserted me so abruptly on the bridge, the chauffeur also disappeared—and left me with the auto on my hands?"

"Why, no!" she said. "What could it mean?"

"It seems to have been a stolen car," he answered. "It was left in charge of a strange young woman, too poor to own it—left her by a friend. She found it in my possession and accepted my explanation as to how it was I chanced to have it in my care. She is living in a house near Washington Square."

"How very strange!" said Dorothy, who had suddenly conceived some queer feminine thought. "If the house near Washington Square is nice, perhaps you might take me there. But tell me all about it!"

What could be actuating her woman's mind in this was more than he could tell. But—why not take her to that house as well as to any in New York?

"All right," he said. "It's a very nice place. I'll tell you the story as we go."

CHAPTER XXIII.

**The Enemy's Tracks**

On the way returning to Gotham, Garrison learned every fact concerning John Hardy, his former places of residence, his former friends, his ways of life and habits that he deemed important to the issues and requirements now in hand, with Dorothy's stepbrother more than half suspected of the crime.

Dorothy gladly supplied the information. She had been on the verge of despair, harboring her fear and despair all alone, with the loyal desire to protect

With excitement and chagrin in all his being he glanced through the story of himself and Dorothy—all that young Robinson could possibly know, or guess, dished up with all the sensational garnishments of which the New York yellow press is capable.

Sick and indignant with the knowledge that Dorothy must be apprised of this at once, and instructed to remain in hiding, to induce all about her to guard her from intrusion and to refuse to see all reporters who might pursue the story, he hastened at once towards Washington Square, and encountered his "wife," almost upon entering the house.

She was white with alarm.

He thought she had already seen the evening sheet.

"Jerold!" she said, "something terrible has happened. When I got up, half an hour ago to dress—my wedding certificate was gone!"

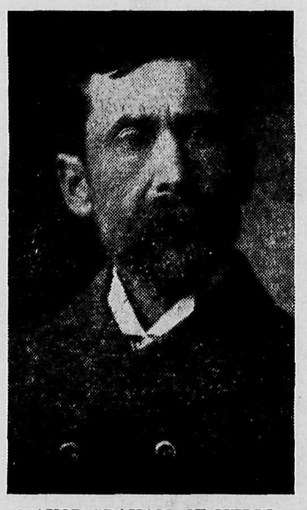
CHAPTER XXIV

**A New Alarm**

Without, for a moment, comprehending the drift of Dorothy's fears, Garrison led her to a parlor of the house, looking at her in a manner so fixed that she realized their troubles were not confined to the loss of her certificate.

"What do you think? What do you fear? There isn't anything else?" she said, as he still remained dumb for a moment. "What shall we do?"

"Theodore threatened that something



MAYOR GRAHAM, OF MELITA

might occur," he said. "He has evidently done his worst, all at once."

"Why—but I thought perhaps my certificate was stolen here," whispered Dorothy in agitation. "How could Theodore——"

"No one in this house could have known you had such a document about you," interrupted Garrison. "While you were drugged, or chloroformed, in the Robinsons' house, the old woman, doubtless searched you thoroughly. You told me your certificate was sewed inside——"

"Inside—yes, inside," she interrupted. "I thought it was safe, for they put a blank paper in its place, and I might not have thought of anything wrong if I had not discovered a black thread used instead of the white silk I had been so careful to employ."

"This is ample proof that Theodore has utilized his wits to good advantage," he said. "Your marriage-certificate episode is only a part of what he has achieved. This paper contains all the story—suggesting that your uncle may have been murdered, and telling the conditions of the will."

He held up the paper before her startled eyes, and saw the look of alarm that came upon her.

"Printed—in the paper!" she exclaimed in astonishment and utter dismay. "Why, how could such a thing happen?"

She took the paper and scanned the story hurriedly, making exclamations as she read.

(To be continued).

**A NEW ELEMENT IN WAR**

(From the London Daily Mail)

FOR some time past those who have been in touch with the progress of airmanship have been trying to impress upon the British government the importance of seriously considering the new problems that will be introduced into military operations by the coming of the dirigible and the aeroplane.

It is only two years ago that the total sum of money voted by Parliament for the whole of the aerial operations of the army, including dirigibles, balloons, and experiments with aeroplanes, was under £10,000, whereas two years ago Germany, the most scientific and most highly organized military Power in Europe, was spending upwards of £500,000 a year and France over £300,000. With our customary insular disdain of all scientific inventions and ignorances of the progress made by other nations, both the government and the people of this country were quite content to see foreign nations forging ahead in airmanship, merely contenting themselves with the reflection that, after all, the Navy was still in being and that the value of airships was not yet proved.

As a matter of fact, the time has now arrived when serious national attention must be given to this subject, and though it is true that £106,000 has been voted by parliament this year for airmanship work in connection with the Army (£71,000) and Navy (£35,000) this is a much smaller amount than that spent by any of the great European Powers. On the other hand, there is no reason why we should not be as open to attack as either France, Germany, Austria, or Italy, each of whom is spending more than we are on flying machines. The sea—our security for ages past against invasion—will shortly cease to be a natural defence, and as an island as close to the Continent as our own, only twenty miles dividing Dover from Cape Gris-Nez, it may be said that we shall have to consider that a frontier exists not only with France, but Germany, Belgium and Holland. Certainly we are near enough to make attacks by means of aerial machines from those countries not only possible, but probable, in the next war, should any of them be engaged against us.

To give some idea of the comparatively short way from our shores to some of the chief naval and military centres abroad we have only to consider the following distances: Dover to Calais, 21 miles; Dover to Metz, 260 miles; Sheerness to Emden, 295 miles; Dover to Newport (Belgium), 60 miles; Harwich to Rotterdam (Holland), 101 miles; Sheerness to the nearest frontier of Italy, 450 miles; and from Dover to the frontier fortress of Austria, 470 miles. It will be noted that all these distances are under 500 miles, which modern dirigibles can cover at one flight, and before long aeroplane flights of 200 miles will be common. The lesson is obvious.

It must be admitted, however, that for the present reconnaissance work will be the chief use to which dirigibles and aeroplanes will be put—that is, finding out the enemy's position, the dispostion of his forces, and the strength of the opposing host. But there will also be the use of the aeroplane or dirigible as the terror which flieth by day or equally by night. The last new German dirigibles can carry thirty-four men, or, alternatively, four men as crew and a ton and a half of high explosive material, sufficient to wreck half the important nerve centres of London and create the wildest panic. There are at the present moment quite a number of such vessels in Germany, and a great many in France as well. It is estimated that the number of miltary dirigible balloons actually in possession of foreign Powers and ready to use are as follows:

| | In use | Building |
|---|---|---|
| France | 6 | 4 |
| Germany | 10 | 8 |
| Austria | 1 | 2 |
| Italy | 2 | 3 |
| Russia | 2 | 2 |

Great Britain has two actually constructed and two which are in process of construction. As regards aeroplanes for military use the number in Germany is not accurately known, but France has about twenty, Italy six, and the United States two.

Supposing London were attacked at the opening of a great war and the government offices, stock exchange, chief banks, railway stations, and means of communication were wrecked, such a blow at the very heart of the Empire would be like paralyzing the nerves of a strong man with a soporific before he had to fight for his life. The muscular force would remain, but the brains would be powerless to direct. Without easy communication by rail, road, or wire, and with a financial panic, Great Britain would fall an easy prey to the enemy. Nor can mobile artillery be said to give any security against such a raid, for the speed of aerial vessels already precludes the swiftest motor car from following them effectively, even if the motor is unencumbered with guns and is merely a racing car; but to think of rushing a gun throwing a 2-inch shell, or even a shell of 1-inch diameter, at high speeds along our twisting highways on a motor car is thoroughly unpractical.

It is therefore clear that the policy of our country should be that of building both military and naval dirigibles and aeroplanes of its own. The aerial section of the Royal Engineers and the Royal Navy should be at once enlarged and re-inforced by the addition of extra men and material.

To come to practical suggestions, there is no doubt, for instance, that the possession of, say, one hundred Farman or Short-Wright biplanes would add materially to the efficiency of an army in the field, for these would be able to give accurate information to its commander as to the enemy's movements.

An attack would be possible by means of both dirigibles and aeroplanes upon a sleeping camp or an enemy landing on a shore or advancing over open country. Explosive bombs dropped from a dirigible would create immense uneasiness and tend to demoralize an army both by night and day. Proximity to home would give our military air force great advantage as against an attacking force.

Of course, no one who has studied the subject pretends that the military dirigibles or aeroplanes will at once revolutionize war, either by land or sea, but the progress in airmanship will very shortly modify the tactics of commanders of armies and make war more terrible in every sense. Hitherto soldiers necessarily tied to the earth on both sides have felt at least the sky above safe, except from dropping shells. But in future attacks may possibly come not only from a horizontal direction but from overhead, and the eyes of the soldier instead of being always directed towards the horizon, will have also to be directed upwards.

The most important effect upon this country will be the coming decrease of the advantages which we now derive from our insular position. It will, however, be some years yet before navies are useless and armies of no avail. The development will be gradual, but the dominion of the air will supersede the dominion of the sea in order of importance, and it will go hard with the nation which now prides itself on sea supremacy if it relies on battleships alone.

**THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE!**
**Veterans in Canada are Organizing National Association**

Throughout Central and Western Canada it is estimated that there are fully four to five thousand ex-soldiers—veterans of Britain's and Canada's wars. In order to reach this great body of men the aid of this paper has been asked, so that everyone who has ever served Great Britain or its Colonies may know of the proposed formation of a National Veterans' Association, and that all veterans are eligible to join **free of all charge whatsoever.** This proposed organization is entirely independent of, but expect to work in harmony with any existing local veterans' organizations.

Elaborate preparations are to be made for a Grand Re-union in a year or two when the organization will be completed. Some of the best and most prominent men in the West are supporting this movement and a full list of veterans will be published later on.

Anyone knowing any ex-soldiers or veterans are requested to ask them to send their name and full address, (as well as the corps they served with) to the Secretary, Organization Committee Veteran's Brigade, 183 Walnut street, Winnipeg, Man.

A large number of names are already enrolled on the "Roll of Honor," among them being veterans of the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, Frontier Wars, Chinese War, South African Wars, Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870, Wolseley Expedition, Nile Voyageurs, British Colonial Wars, North-West Rebellion of 1885, etc., etc.

If you have ever been in regular or active service send in your name now. The secretary, who is acting pro-tem. for the purposes of organization, is Mr. John Hooper, who is the first promoter of the proposed Veterans' Corps, and now engaged in writing a book on the Rebellion.

**MELITA AS A SUMMER RESORT**

How River Park came into being can be told in a very few sentences. While the advisability of securing the beautiful elm grove of Jno. A. Ross on Souris River, had long been mooted, it was not till recently that any practical steps had been taken towards its attainment. That south-western Manitoba enjoys today such splendid park and playground facilities is due to the public spirit of the people as a whole of the progressive town of Melita.

One of the foremost spirits in this movement was the present mayor, R. M. Graham, who first urged the Agricultural Society to acquire these grounds and establish a district fair on more extended lines. And, failing in this, he took the project up in the town council, which body, consisting of R. N. Wyatt, Dr. Wm. Leslie, Wm. Griffith and C. P. Holden, unanimously decided to submit the proposition to acquire 40 acres, including the grove, as park and recreation grounds, to a popular vote of the people. Just previous to polling day a big Orange picnic was held in the grove, which, though in its crude condition and difficult of access, yet its shaded beauty impressed all visitors with the advantage of these grounds for such gatherings; the result being that the bylaw carried by a sweeping majority. Since acquiring the premises, large improvements have been made by the town. These include grading a new avenue, lined with trees, leading to the grounds; a combination traffic and foot bridge across the river; pavilion, band stand, and summer kitchen; and belt driveway around the shady park. River Park has also a choice regulation horse track and fine ball grounds, which, with boating on the river, places it in the front ranks of pleasure grounds in Canada.

It is an ideal spot for a summer outing for church and Sunday school gatherings, fraternal societies, and other associations. These will be afforded every accommodation possible, and are invited to correspond with the mayor above named, or the secretary, Jas. Robertson, both of Melita, Man.

As a camping ground, possibly no better or more beautiful spot is to be found in Manitoba. The park is within half a mile of the town of Melita, and last year there were at one time no less than twenty-five or thirty campers enjoying the pleasant surrounding. This year it is anticipated that this number of campers will be largely increased, and that we will have visitors from all parts of the province. The park is open to the public, and visitors wishing to camp for a week or a month are made welcome.

A Healthful Summer Resort at Melita

**HE EXPLAINED**

THEY had got into conversation in the smoking car on a branch line of the Grand Trunk, a young, newly-arrived Englishman and a Canadian, who, if not old, was well along in middle-age. The latter could not tolerate the silence, and showed that he was going to talk to the stranger if he couldn't talk with him, as there was nobody else to talk to or with.

"But," said the Englishman, "you do some things in this country that I don't understand."

"We do lots of 'em," was the reply. "But what do you mean in particular? Let's get down to particulars."

"Well, for instance, I heard a man championing what he called temperance, but what I call teetotalism, and he was filling his remarks with profanity——"

"Was it a public speech?"

"No, no! It was in this train on the down trip. But he was taking high ground on the drink question and he used shocking language in doing it. Not only so, but he was actually chewing tobacco at the time. Now, I'd rather drink my beer than swear or chew tobacco as he did."

"It's just a question of taste," said the Canadian. "Now, I don't drink and I don't swear and I don't chew. I tried those three vices and quit them. They got to be too common, so I quit 'em, and hunted up a vice of my own." The visitor seemed curious, but did not ask what this vice was.

"But why should a man chew tobacco," he enquired, "or if he does chew it, why should he venture to criticize any other man's habits?"

"I was just going to tell you," resumed the other. "There's lots of things different here from what they are in England, because of the country. You take a farmer working in a field about a mile from the nearest fellow-creature. Well, he wants a smoke, and has it; then, he wants another, and his last match goes out. He can't walk a mile for another. So he takes a chew. The habit of chewing tobacco arose from the habit matches have of blowing out."

"I never heard of that before," said the stranger admiringly.

"I suppose you didn't. Well, here's another thing. Women in this country are often seen chewing gum, and English people think it's disgusting. Well, all I can say is it doesn't look nice, but it's necessary. I said necessary, and it's necessary in this way. When a man's out in the bush mad as hops because he hasn't got a match, his wife is alone in the house without a soul to talk to. A chew of gum is about the best substitute for somebody to talk to that any woman could have. It keeps her from thinking, and women shouldn't think, especially when they're alone. If you know any English women out on prairie farms in the west, you write and tell 'em to send to town for some gum. In this country we've found out some things, and one is that it's better for a lonesome woman to chew gum than go crazy."

"Really, now!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"I know—you never heard of such a thing. How could you," interrupted the Canadian. "There's lots of pointers I could give you, only I've got to get off at this station we're coming to."

"But, wait a moment. Tell me one thing," begged the stranger. "Tell me this: Why do not people out here eat boiled eggs out of the shell? Why do they turn them out into a glass? It seems barbarous to me."

"Sure, I'll tell you. The reason is that sometimes the pioneer found himself with nothing to eat but eggs. He was a bachelor, and he could boil 'em easier than cook 'em any other way. But he got tired of boiled eggs. Well, he dumped one into a glass, put butter, pepper, and salt in it, then dumped another in and put more butter, pepper, and salt in, then stirred it up and ate it. Say what you like, it was a new dish, and beat plain-boiled eggs all hollow. Try it."

"I will," said the Englishman gratefully, as the older man started to leave the car. "But would you tell me one other thing—I hope you will pardon me? You spoke of having picked out a vice of your awn. Would you mind telling——?"

"Telling you what it is? I don't mind. I went in for telling lies. Other people were dabbling in it, but clumsily. I've perfected it. It's my hobby."

"I don't think I quite understand—"

"No. How could you. But"—and he clambered off as the train started. Looking back the Englishman saw him shaking hands with the station agent.

"My word!" he said.

**KINGS AMONG COMMONERS**

THERE are living in Great Britain today some thousands of persons of royal lineage, two or three thousand of whom have by right of descent a better title to the throne than has King George. It is proper to add, however, that for these persons an obstacle in the way of their putting in a claim exists in the shape of an Act of Settlement of 1701, which fixed the succession on the descendants of Sophia of Hanover, granddaughter of James I.

As many as possible of the descendants of Edward IV., Henry VII., of England, and James III., of Scotland, have been traced. This investigation has shown that almost every Christian monarch of Europe figures in the list with many of the European nobility, together with a host of Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons. Some years ago a descendant of the Plantagenets was found plying his trade—that of a chimney sweep—under the name of Plant.

Princess Louise of Bavaria was placed first on the list, and even the Duke of Devonshire, whose number was three thousand six hundred and fifty-three, stood ahead of King Edward by reason of the fact that he was a descendant of Henry VII., in the sixteenth generation, through Mary Tudor.

**BLISTERS AND SUNBURN? TRY ZAM-BUK**

Blisters from paddling, ball-playing, or any other cause, painful sunburn patches, stings of insects, and chafed places, are all eased instantly by Zam-Buk. Don't have your vacation spoiled by pain from any sore, which Zam-Buk could cure in quick time!

This wonderful balm is made from herbal juices and is highly antiseptic. Poison from insect sting, barbed wire scratch, or thorn prick, is immediately rendered harmless as soon as Zam-Buk touches it. Stops the stinging, smarting pain. Zam-Buk is so pure, too, that the most delicate skin is able to absorb it, and is benefited by it. Mothers with young babies should use it for the chafing sores caused by perspiration, clothes-rubbing, etc. Also good for piles, ulcers, and festering sores. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, but refuse harmful imitations.


**RAILWAY MILEAGE OF CANADA**

CANADA'S present railway mileage is more than sufficient to belt the globe with a single-track line, and leave 136 miles to double track a part of it, says a Canadian contemporary. "In 1837, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, we had 16 miles of railway, and we were content with this until 1847, when our total reached 54 miles. At Confederation, 1867, we had 2,278 miles; in 1885, when the North-West Rebellion took place we had 10,773 miles. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier took office in 1896, there were 16,270 miles. In 1909 the mileage in operation was 24,104 miles, and the Grand Trunk Pacific had 945 miles of track laid, making a total of 25,049 miles. In addition, there are 1,464 miles of second track and 4,761 miles of yard tracks and sidings. When the Grand Trunk Pacific and the National Transcontinental Railways are put in operation our railway mileage will be increased by about 3,556 miles, of which 945 miles have been included in the total given. The total railway mileage, when the Transcontinental is included, will reach 27,660 miles, and this takes no account of the many other railroads which are now building lines in Canada."

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WERE CURED completely by
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**Kills Bone Spavin**

Rich Valley, Alta, May 20th, 1909
"I have used your Spavin Cure for a long time and would not be without it. Have killed a Bone Spavin by its use."
OLE CARLSON.

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

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

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**Dr. Martel's Female Pills**

**SEVENTEEN 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.

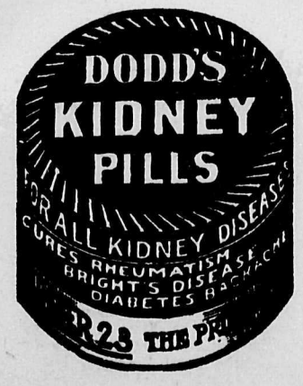

**THE FASTEST SHIP AFLOAT**

THE fastest ship in the world is the destroyer Swift, launched recently at Portsmouth, England. This ship, which is of 1,800 tons displacement, has a speed exceeding 35 knots an hour. Her fires are fed by petroleum. The turbines give 30,000 horse-power divided among four screws.

The English Admiralty had already realized 34 knots in the destroyers Cobra and Viper. One of these excessively long boats broke in two upon a wave not long after she was launched.

The maximum speed of the French torpedo-boats averages about 31 knots.

What is said to be the first lighthouse built for airships has just been erected on the top of a small railway building at Spandau, Germany. It consists of thirty-eight powerful electric lamps, which shoot a glaring light skyward. Its purpose is to guide the dirigibles of the German army at night. One of the great gun plants of Germany is located at Spandau.



# DAME FASHION'S DECREES

THE latest extravagance introduced by the smart set is the use of real lace for everything and anything appertaining to household decoration.

The craze has come from Paris, where it has reached the most luxurious limits—fair Parisians being content with nothing short of real lace of surpassingly fine and delicate workmanship to cover their boudoirs.

Some of the new lace cushions which are to be seen in several of the best-appointed London houses are veritable works of art.

One lovely specimen that decorated a deep purple settee was mounted upon a pale heliotrope satin underslip which encased a small down-cushion. This was covered with a fine lace slip ornamented with trails of pale mauve wistaria made of satin, the foliage of which was worked in heavy floss silk. Other similar cushions had delicate lace covers trimmed with bunches of those soft satin roses that are to be bought by the yard, and which have been so much used for millinery purposes during the spring.

The advantage of this kind of trimming is that it is very effective and lends itself to being arranged in clusters, in wreaths, or in those huge nosegays fixed in one corner of the

cushion which is the fad of the present moment. Such cushions are finished off with dainty ruches of narrow Valenciennes lace, and they add one more extravagance to the cost of keeping one's house in up-to-date order.

Another idea is to have flower-scented cushions. These are made by sprinkling fragrant pot-pourri made from natural flowers such as roses, violets, verbena, or carnations over layers of cotton wool which line the satin covers, an excellent rose pot-pourri can be made by gathering a quantity of rose petals on a sunny day and spreading them on a tray to dry. The leaves should then be sprinkled with powdered orris root, and just before being used in the cushions they must be sprinkled with a few drops of the best attar of roses.

To match such cushions are huge lace covers worked with designs of satin flowers and heavy floss silk enriched with glistenings of gold thread and sequins, which are thrown over divans and couches, adding a very great deal to the luxury of the modern drawing-room.

* * *

Table sets in fine filet and point a l'aiguille lace are another extravagance of this season. These are to be had in all qualities. One set, however—destined for a house where, in happier times than the present, lavish hospitality is the rule—is so finely executed that it took two expert workers five years to make, being fashioned of rosaline point so fine that it had to be worked for the most part under a magnifying glass.

Beautiful tablecloths with inset centres of real Irish lace are no longer novelties confined to the very rich. They are to be seen on every other dinner-table of note. As often as not, these are further enriched with a deep border of insertion to match the centrepiece, the table napkins being fashioned with lace borders to match.

* * *

Fashion in its course seems to fight for the triumph of the woman who has reached her fourth decade, but who no longer submits to be known by the once opprobrious term of the middle-aged woman.

Perhaps it is fashion itself that has swept away the appearance of middle-age, with its matronly dress, the shapeless velvet or silk mantle, or the early Victorian bonnet tied beneath the chin with the tight, heavy bows appertaining to the strings of gros grain or satin ribbon.

All these ideas of matronly dress are now swept away, and no longer is this raiment considered fitting for the woman who, in these progressive days, is justly regarded as still youthful, even when she has passed her fortieth year.

It was, in fact, the so-called middle-aged woman who, out of love of sheer variety, brought in for her own use what has been called the "little girl" fashions, conscious that her throat with its rounded contours was quite well suited for the Claudine collar of lace or embroidered batiste, and that her own pretty foot could hold its own, shod in the modish black patent leather shoe and the silken open-work stocking with its piquant design of Pan seated on a leafy branch and playing his beloved pipes.

No longer is the woman of mature age content to walk in the footsteps of her matronly sisters of some thirty years ago.

She is the woman who now makes fashions, the woman for whom the latest aviation costume is created, the woman who is the smartest on the racecourse, the best dressed in the ball room, and the most fascinating at the opera.

Already she has begun to free herself from the trammels of the "shackle" skirt, a fashion invented for her own use, but of which she is tired and has now declared that, with the adoption of the tied-in skirt by the multitude, she will have no more of it.

Her younger sister follows meekly in her train, obeying her behests and slavishly copying her whims, wearing the Magyar blouse that was first created by the mature woman, and then humbly adopting the "peasant" dress of foulard, silk, or cotton, with its simple belt and its turndown collar of embroidery.

The power of the middle-aged woman today is seen not only in the society in which she reigns as queen, where her triumphs of social conquest over the debutante are matters of common knowledge, but also in the salons of the best-known dressmakers, who know that it is the cachet given to their creations by this all-important client that practically decides the fate of every fashion.

* * *

It is she who has brought into vogue the ascendancy of the mammoth hat, that throws a becoming shadow over her face, as well as the extraordinary popularity of the flowerpot and the mob cap toque.

The study of health and hygiene has given her that love of fresh air and exercise to which, in addition to massage, she owes the freshness and purity of her complexion.

The bizarre and the picturesque veil derive their origin from her bewildering love of variety and her complex nature that expresses itself in the captivating fashion of today.

Already, as has been mentioned before, she is cutting herself adrift from the ties of the hobble skirt and is reverting to the frock that will flow softly round her feet and will be built on more picturesque lines.

There are rumors, too, founded on fact, that the mature woman is bringing in again the vogue of the long Louis XVI. waistcoat of brocade worn with the period coat of satin or cloth, and strangely enough, has also expressed her intention of reinstating the once-beloved bolero coat in favor.

Probably she feels that her figure is light and lissom enough to stand both these extremes of fashion, and nowadays there exists no reason why she should refuse to sanction any mode that may choose to please her taste.

To the instrumentality also of the middle-aged woman is due the popularity of the scarf in all its varieties.

Perhaps it was in a moment almost of contemptuous triumph that she looked back upon the era when the scarf and shawl were used for veiling the deficiencies of the too thin or the over plump shoulders, and resolved that this fashion should be revived in order to show the grace and fascination with which she could use these once middle-aged accessories to accentuate her present-day charm.

The evolution of the scarf of silk to its more important form of satin drapery with its lining of contrasting chiffon is entirely due to the whim of the mature woman, who has converted a dowdy fashion into a charmingly becoming accessory and has seen its adoption by the younger generation. Her services also in the annals of fashion must be recognized by the still popular vogue of the chiffon or ninon de soie veilings over the foundation of black or softly colored satin. She it was who understood the merits of chiffon and its ethereal sister fabrics for softening any lines or ravages due to Time's fingers, and this fashion flamed into sudden popularity and still shows no signs of declining among women of every age.

Again, it is to the love of the middle-aged woman for effects of what may be called barbaric splendor that the present rage for Eastern embroideries is due, for no young girl would have thought out a fashion that is at once so magnificent and withal so becoming, and one, too, that suits so admirably the special charms of her all-triumphant relative.

* * *

The vogue of the splendid jewels, as seen in the wearing of the rope of diamonds with its disc-like pendant, is another fashion due to the woman of mature age, who grew tired, perhaps, of the single necklace of pearls and the pendant of nouveau art enamel, and banished the latter from her jewel-case.

There is little likelihood of the decline of the triumph of the middle-aged woman as the arbiter of fashion. Even though the first freshness of youth, with the pearly tints of complexion may no longer be hers to possess, yet her physical charms, still in their own Indian summer, are accentuated by a captivating charm and ease of manner, a fascinating and mellow wit, which the younger girl cannot hope to rival.

In these progressive days the women who triumphs is the woman to whom life's experience has only added further graces, and whose personality is made still more attractive by the charm of dress which she herself has designed primarily to enhance her own special attributes of features or complexion.

**ROYAL MONUMENTS**

WHEN kings are buried all the resources of labor and arts are often exhausted to provide a fit resting-place for their remains. The very name "mausoleum" is derived from the tomb of Mausolus, erected so long ago as 353 B.C. This tomb had a basement 65 ft. high, a colonnade 23 ft. high, and over that a pyramid. On the apex of the pyramid stood a colossal group of the deceased king and his wife, the statuary being 14 ft. in height. In England the most famous mausoleum is, of course, the one at Frogmore, near Windsor, where rest the remains of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria.

The Pyramids are the most famous Royal monuments of any age. One of the best known of these was originally higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and had an area about the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Egyptian monarchs amused themselves during their lifetime in building these splendid receptacles for their dead and embalmed bodies. The longer the life of the king the greater the pyramid which was to perpetuate his memory. One hundred thousand men are said to have been employed for thirty years in the construction of one of these magnificent monuments to the great dead. Obelisks, like Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment, were also used in Egypt to draw attention to the burying-places of great potentates. In Great Britain Stonehenge is held by competent authorities to be the monument of ancient British kings.

In India, at Agra, is the gorgeous Taj Mahal, a mausoleum built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and his favorite wife. Twenty thousand men were continuously employed on it for twenty years. It is exceedingly beautiful. There is much rich mosaic work in the interior, and the principal parts of the building are of white marble. The mausoleum itself is in the centre, surmounted by a dome, while at the corners are four minarets, each 133 ft. high. This is a wonderful advance on the rude cairns or heaps of stones which mark the resting-places of kings of savage, far-off times. Some of our own kings have splendid chapels in Westminster Abbey, and Eastern monarchs sometimes had themselves immortalized by the erection of complete, magnificent temples. Whatever form the monument took, it was always at the place of burial, but this is not the case now. The Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, and the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace, now nearing completion, are instances in point.

**COCKATOO 112 YEARS OLD**

COCKATOOS are well-known to live to patriarchal age, and probably the oldest bird in the world whose age can be traced with certainty flourished in a well-known hostelry at Tom Ugly's Point, near Sydney, New South Wales.

When he had feathers enough to distinguish his species he was recognizable as a lemon-crested cockatoo, but as he

Green and Black Foulard Gown

had been "under bare poles" for half a century, few living people can remember when he had more covering than he shows at present.

He was owned for eighty years by a well-known master mariner of Sydney, who died at the Solomon Islands in 1887, aged eighty-nine. The bird was presented to the captain when the latter was nine years of age, and he was then informed that Cocky was just the same age.

The bird was left as a legacy to a Mrs. Bennett, of Sydney, but she did not get him until 1891. Since that period the bird has lived at George's River, within sight of where Captain Cook landed, and where "the first fleet" anchored about the year of his birth.

None of his faculties is weakened, and he is as loquacious as youngsters of his tribe who may be a hundred years younger. In hilarious moments he will flap his stumps—you could not call them wings—and yell, "I'll fly—I'll fly! By gee, I'll fly!" a palpably mendacious statement.

* * *

Mr. A. W. Gilbey writes to the "Field": "My keeper, walking round the hedgerows lately, saw a hen pheasant sitting on her nest with two common snakes round her neck. He rattled his stick, when both the snakes scuttled off, and he killed them. The pheasant sat quite unconcerned, and never left the nest. The keeper thinks they may have got there for warmth. I have never heard of a similar case."


TALK No. 5

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

**Does not contain Alum**

ALUM is put into inferior baking powders because it is *cheap*. You cannot detect it, because *all* baking powders *look* alike. Alum is a dangerous mineral acid condemned by food experts as unfit for use in any food preparation, because it works havoc with the stomach and digestive organs and causes certain harm to the entire system.

Your baking results will be the best with MAGIC and you have the certain knowledge that your bread, biscuits and pastry will be light, healthful and delicious. There is no substitute for MAGIC and it is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.

NO ALUM

Made in Canada

**Full Pound Cans, 25c.**

E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

**FREE COOK BOOK** If you have not received a copy of Magic Cook Book, send name and address on postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed free of charge.

No. 864


**PAIN: HOW CAUSED AND CURED**

PAIN generally denotes a pressure of some kind upon the nerves—a pressure which is abnormal and should not be present. It may be an enlarged blood vessel; a small tumor; a congestion of some kind; or, on the other hand, it may be the presence of some external or foreign body, such as a dentist's forceps, or an irritant poison within the system.

In all such cases there will be pain, which will be varied according to the extent and nature of the irritating and pressing material. Usually, it will be found that pain is caused by a congestion of some kind in a certain locality. An excess of blood is called to the part; a swelling of the blood vessels, etc., is called into being, and the result is a pain, more or less intense.

Nothing will wear out bodily vitality more quickly and more certainly than pain. It prevents sleep, for one thing, and in this way helps to exhaust the bodily forces. But the real reason for the extreme exhaustion following pain is not thoroughly understood.

Certain it is that it exhausts more than anything else does in the same space of time. It can produce extraordinary results, too; such as turning the hair white in a short time; poisoning the secretions of the body, etc. Many persons have had their hair turned white prematurely by long-continued pain.

Pain may be influenced—either made better or worse—in a number of ways. Some of the causes influencing pain are:

The position of the body; its motion; the presence of food; touch; pressure; etc.

Changes in the weather, the temperature, etc.

Electrical and chemical stimuli, etc.

If an organ is diseased in any way, it usually gives pain, if it is deprived of its firm support. The organs of the body are packed in rather loosely, and they give pain if deprived of their resting place. So, the first thing to do, after a pain is located, is to find what position gives the greatest relief, and maintain it.

Pain generally becomes more intense upon motion. Quiet and rest are the great means of relieving pain. If touch, pressure, etc., occasion pain, they should, of course, be prevented, and all clothes which press upon those parts should be removed.

Food has a great influence upon pain without most people being at all aware of that fact. The chief cause of pain induced by food is that too much food has been eaten, and this food, accumulating in the body, presses upon certain nerves, and so causes the pain.

The great means of relieving such pain is to restrict the food for a few days. Drink large quantities of water, eat fruit and very little else. The less the better. Pain from this cause is very frequent and will not be radically removed until the diet is seen to, and a semi or complete fast is undertaken.

Weather changes will only occasion pain in the very sensitive, and denote that the state of the general health is low and must be attended to. The bodily vitality must be built up. No normal body would notice such slight changes, and if they are noticed it would be a sure sign that the state of the health was poor.

Finally, the greatest of all means for the alleviation of pain is by the application of wet bandages, either hot or cold, as the case may require. This may generally be gauged by the feelings of the patient. If he feels that cold would be refreshing, apply cold. The latter will generally be craved in all inflammatory and congested conditions.

It is a perfectly safe cure, and one that may be applied at any time—giving, in the majority of cases, more or less instant relief.

**THE INVENTION OF THE THERMOMETER**

IT was not until the eighteenth century that the thermometer appeared. Among those who failed in their attempts to devise a heat-and-cold measurer were the noted Halley and the great Sir Isaac Newton. These scientists endeavored to supply the needed instrument by means of tubes containing oil, spirits of wine, etc., but to no avail. It was reserved to one Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, an obscure and poor man living at Dazzig, to give the world its themometer.

Fahrenheit had failed as a merchant and, possessing a taste for chemistry and mechanics, turned his attention to the problem of the thermometer. During his first series of experiments he used alcohol, but he soon became convinced that mercury was a more suitable substance to use in the tube.

It was about 1720, at Amsterdam, that Fahrenheit turned out the mercury thermometer that has served as a model ever since.

From the beginning Fahrenheit's plan was to indicate on the tube the two points at which water is congealed and boiled, respectively, and to graduate the space between. His first was an arbitrary marking, beginning at thirty-two degrees, since he had found that the mercury descended thirty-two degrees more before coming to what he deemed the extreme cold resulting from a mixture of ice, water, and sal ammoniac.

It was not long before the Celsius of Stockholm suggested the more scientific graduation of one hundred degrees between freezing and boiling points. This suggestion resulted in the centigrade thermometer. Another investigator, one Reaumur, came forward with another scheme of graduation of eighty degrees, the one that is accepted by the French. Despite the conclusions of Celsius and Reaumur, however, the Fahrenheit scale, on which the freezing and boiling points are marked 32 and 212 degrees, respectively, holds its own throughout a great part of the world.

**THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SUNSTROKE**

DURING the summer months each year heat prostrations occur and often terminate fatally. These accidents have a physiological cause classified by medical science as "sunstroke"; the victims most susceptible being people careless of their physical well-being, the debilitated, the old, and the intemperate. A French physician who has studied "sunstroke" has come to the conclusion that the trouble is due not to an increase of bodily heat, but to the action of hemoglobin, the substance that forms the dry constituents of the red blood corpuscles, which spreads through the physical tissues with all the effect of a powerful poison.

Another authority, Dr. Maas, thinks that the diffusion of hemoglobin through the system, which he admits to be the cause of sunstroke, is due to lack of water in the body. Careful examinations made in cases where men and animals have been struck dead by the sun's rays have confirmed this theory. The explanation is undeniably scientific, but it must not be understood to mean that the human, or other, body should absorb large quantities of liquid; people who drink too much cold water, or other liquids, alcoholic subjects, and all inveterate drinkers, are more liable to fall victims to the sun's heat than others.

Asol, a product first demonstrated in Milan at the Exposition of 1906, has a marvellous efficacy in reducing the temperature of the house or room in which it is employed. It is now in common use in France in factories, railroad stations, and government buildings, where its action so beneficially affects the bodily condition of the workers that it makes it easy for them to face the outer heat afterward.

In Bordeaux, where asol was demonstrated in 1909, thirty thousand square metres of glass roofing covering the exposition building were protected from heat by it. This product is applied to roofs and window-panes with a hair-brush or with a common paint-brush.

**A PHOENIX AMONG PINES**

UPPER CALIFORNIA is the home of a tree that has puzzled botanists. It is a pine which will grow only near the seacoast. Its growth is slow, and it does not attain to great size.

The strange thing about it is that there are, to all appearance, insurmountable difficulties in the way of perpetuation of the species. Some specimens of it exist in Kew Gardens, England. They have been carefully examined by competent authorities, and all admit that the tree presents a problem unlike anything elsewhere met with.

This pine produces at regular intervals the usual cones containing seeds, but, strange to say, the cones are so thoroughly protected that the seeds cannot be released. The cones are hard and tightly closed and have strong overlapping scales.

More extraordinary still is the fact that the pine, after producing its almost invulnerable cones, keeps them hanging on its branches year after year. Unless through some peculiar accident, the seeds would apparently remain attached to the parent tree forever. Many of the cones on the trees in Kew Gardens have been there for years, as is shown by the size of the branches and the formation of the bark.

It has been found that the seed-vessels which this tree so powerfully retains are so well protected that it requires a strong knife, with the assistance of a heavy hammer, to cut the cone into sections. No ordinary conditions of temperature can make a cone open.

The following is the only explanation yet offered that seems to have any degree of plausibility. The species may be perpetuated by fire. One who has studied the tree asserts that nothing but the intense heat of a forest fire could compel the cones to release their seeds. It has been found that under the influence of intense heat they crack open and the seeds fall out uninjured.

**TRADE SECRETS**

THERE are two trade secrets at least that the world at large may never learn, but which it is well worth the while of inventors to study. One is the Chinese method of making the bright and beautiful color known as vermilion, or Chinese red; and the other is a Turkish secret—the inlaying of the hardest steel with gold and silver. Among the Chinese and the Turks these two secrets are guarded well. Apprentices, before they are taken for either trade, must swear an ironclad oath to reveal nothing of what passes in the workshop. These apprentices, furthermore, must belong to families of standing, must pay a large sum by way of guarantee, and must furnish certificates of good character and honesty. These secrets have been handed down faithfully from one generation to another for hundreds of years.

A BELATED traveller who was compelled to stay all night in a backwoods cabin down in the Little River country in Oklahoma, says that soon after the frugal meal a tall, gaunt youth of eighteen and an equally sallow and gaunt girl of seventeen, both barefooted, took their hats from wooden pegs in the wall and prepared to go


**OLD CHUM Cigarettes**

TEN FOR TEN CENTS

# Ten Thousand Miles of Stolen Rides

(By Rinaldo, the Wandering Violinist)

I DO not think anyone will dispute my claim to the title of "Wandering Violinist" when I say that during the five years between the ages of eleven and sixteen my violin and I must have travelled at least ten thousand miles, ten thousand miles, too, of which every inch was "stolen."

I was born in New York twenty-five years ago, both my parents being Russian. My musical career began at the early age of five, when one day I managed to get hold of my mother's violin and made a tremendous fuss when it was forcibly taken from me. A few years later, however, I was put to study music under the great Professor Brodsky, who was then in New York, and I made such progress under him that at the age of eleven I was earning $15 a week in an orchestra.

The comparative sameness of things week after week, however, soon began to weary me, and I longed for fresh worlds to conquer. Two other boys I knew, one a singer and the other a pianist, were going off free-lancing—if one may borrow a journalistic phrase—through the States. They had no plans and no real prospects, but were just to go from town to town picking up any work in the musical line that happened to be going.

Their travelling expenses were to be nil, for they were to "steal rides" on railway trains.

"Stealing rides" is occasionally heard of in Britain, but it is an institution in America, and though a penalty of something like thirty days' imprisonment hangs over the head of the free-rider, it is regarded more in the light of a forbidden sport than a crime.

The excitement and adventure of the expedition appealed to me, and I decided to follow my friends' example. I strapped a suit case with a few necessary things on my back, and with my violin case slung over my shoulder I set forth to see the world.

It was a very dark night, I remember, but when I got to the station the place seemed to be full of people watching me. They were doing nothing of the kind, of course, but it seemed to me that the eyes of all the officials and half the passengers were upon me.

A freight train with a few empty vans was getting ready to go out. I waited till it had started and was slowly gliding off; then, taking a little run, I jumped on the footboard and slipped inside the car. I had many narrow escapes during the following five years, but nothing ever equalled for crowded excitement the first five minutes of my first "stolen ride."

I did not always ride in freight trains, but there is less room and less concealment on a passenger train. In the latter, of course, the free-rider has to be much more on the look-out.

The favorite hiding place on a passenger train is in front of the first car, where the unused gangway juts out towards the tender. Here a certain amount of heat comes from the engine, and the tender affords protection against wind and cold, but woe betide the luckless free-rider when the engine starts taking water up from the trough as it goes along. He suddenly finds himself enveloped in a shower-bath, and he may have to travel all the rest of the night soaked to the skin.

The railway companies do their best to check free-riding, of course, and employ special watchers. As these men are paid so much for every free-rider they catch, when one falls into their hands one cannot expect much mercy from them, but the actual guards of the trains are not, as a rule, very hard on anybody they happen to discover stealing a ride.

For my own part I never had to suffer the threatened thirty days' imprisonment, though once or twice, in spite of all my precautions, I was caught.

The first time, I remember, was during a journey in an empty freight car. I was travelling through the night, as usual, but I had been unable to fall asleep, so believing that all the railway men would be in the caboose at the end of the train, I took out my violin and began to tune up. Unfortunately, however, one of the men happened to have come along into the next car, and when his ear caught the notes of the violin above the rumble of the train he thought it was something that called for immediate investigation.

I was caught red-handed, of course, and taken to the caboose. They were very good fellows, however, and instead of handing me over to the authorities they gave me a good supper and made me comfortable for the rest of the night.

Another time I had a still narrower shave. I was caught and taken to the police station. The sergeant asked all about me, what I did for a living, where I was going, and so on.

"I like to hear a good violin," he said, when I told him I was a violinist. "Let me hear you play."

I was only too anxious to oblige him in any direction, and by a most extraordinary coincidence one of the airs I played had been composed by the sergeant himself. After that we got so friendly that he let me go.

In the course of my wanderings I arrived in Chicago, where I seemed to fall in luck's way. I had a continuous run of engagements, and I began to get known. As a consequence when I left Chicago I bought my first railway ticket. It was a curious experience, for I scarcely knew how to behave as a legitimate passenger, and it was something of a shock to find myself sitting on soft cushions instead of clinging to the gangway and ready to jump at any minute.

It was a still greater shock when the conductor came along and called me—"Sir!"

## THE POPCORN KING

### He Started in Iowa on a Very Small Scale, Worked Hard and Made a Fortune

THE Louisville Courier-Journal gives this description of the prosperous career of the principal popcorn man of America:

A good many persons might be disposed to look upon the industry of popcorn growing as a small business. However, there is a lot of popcorn consumed in the United States, and somebody has to raise it—else the devotees thereof will experience a long-felt want.

These facts were realized a number of years ago by an Iowa man, A. H. Reuber by name, and he set about making a specialty of popcorn. He planted twenty-five acres to start with, and he result was so satisfactory that he steadily increased the size of his crop from year to year. He acquired more land and planted more popcorn, and found no trouble in disposing of all he could raise at a good price.

Some of Mr. Reuber's neighbors observed that he seemed to be making a good thing out of his venture and they set about trying it on their own account. By that time Reuber had established a reputation as a popcorn grower, and was receiving more orders than he could fill. So he bought the crops of his neighbors as they matured.

People kept on getting interested in popcorn until the little town of Odebolt, with a population of only 1,600, claims to be the popcorn centre of the world. Last year 15,000,000 pounds were produced within a radius of fifteen miles of the town, and more of it is being grown every year. Reuber is popcorn king and Odebolt is headquarters for popcorn.

The average profit of the crop is said to be about $50 to the acre, though there are instances of larger profits being made. One farmer near Odebolt received $3,780 for the output of forty acres and others have done approximately as well. In the meantime Mr. Reuber is handling vast quantities of the grain and is encouraging all his farmer friends to raise more of it, as the demand is constantly increasing. Popcorn has now been introduced in Europe, and the people over there like it. Foreign orders are piling up at Odebolt, and if the excitement keeps up the whole State of Iowa is likely to catch the infection and go to raising popcorn for the crowned heads, and for the crownless ones at home as well.

The farmer who adopts a specialty and devotes thought and energy to it is a level-headed man, and will more than likely reap the reward of his efforts. There is more money in a field of popcorn well tended than in a large volume and variety of products which must needs suffer at times for lack of proper cultivation. To one who would make farming a life vocation there is a good deal in the career of Iowa's popcorn king that may be profitably studied and emulated.

## REHEARSING A PLAY

ALL had talked themselves to the verge of nervous prostration, when the director suddenly called for the act all over again. This time it went with snail-like slowness, feeling its way over the stage with sensitive antennae waving in every direction till it was stopped abruptly by a small, but apparently insurmountable, obstacle. That was the breakfast scene. It was all too brief for versimilitude, and the burden of breaking it up fell upon the child actor.

The manager rose in his seat, with arms extended like a prophet of evil, and shouted:

"That scene will fall dead flat if the boy can't choke on his glass of milk hard enough to make everyone jump up from the table!"

Immediately everyone jumped up from the table and gathered around the child actor, to show him how to choke.

"Perfectly," exclaimed the author, "if they were only trying to stop instead of start him."

"Yes," retorted the manager, "they'll never do it that well to-morrow night, even if the poor kid should choke to death by any chance."

But the child actor proved incapable of more than a mild cough or two. The little director, extending one hand and running the other through his hair, descanted shrilly, down in front, on the art of choking as distinct from coughing. Then he himself rushed through the box door, up on the stage took the child actor's seat at the table, and gave a perfectly horrifying exhibition of choking. The more the director choked, the less could the child actor, till he began to choke down tears, and then, in sheer desperation, and some pity, the director clambered over the footlights into the orchestra, and said, resignedly:

"Well, go on with the act!"—Robert Sloss, in Harper's Weekly.

## PHOTOS AND PICTURES

### The Difference Between Them is Very Clearly Given in an Article in the London Times

THE essential difference between a photograph and a picture has never, probably, been stated more clearly than it was in an article on "Photographs and Pictures" in a recent number of the London Times, and in the following words:

There is, of course, no absolute standard of truth in representation. But photography has supplied us with a kind of representation in which the mind of man, with its preferences, its emphasis, and its inaccuracies, plays no part; and we are growing to regard its standard as absolute, and to test what we call the truth of pictures by it. In this we are wrong, for the truth of all art is in its essence emotional, not representative; the truth of a picture is sincerity, like the truth of music. Its value consists not in trustworthiness of information, but in genuineness of emotion. Certainly the sincere artist will not pretend to greater powers or representation than he possesses. Like the sincere writer, he will not set down more than he knows; for in representative art expression is only possible through knowledge. Therefore, in sincere art we always find an accuracy and precision of statement which we call truth. But the artist is really telling the truth about himself rather than about the world outside him.

The photograph, if it tells truth at all, tells it about the exterior world, and we value it for the authenticity of its information. If it has any emotional effect upon us, it is only through association and because it reminds us of real things that stir emotions in us. The picture is not a reminder, but a new creation, with an original emotional power of its own that does not depend upon association. And if it does not possess this power it is nothing. If we are right in preferring the simple to the pictorial photograph, we are still more right in preferring the photograph to the photographic picture. For no picture has the authenticity of a photograph, the kind of authenticity that would be valuable as evidence in a Court of law. Therefore, when it aims at this kind of authenticity it is simply inferior to a photograph, just as a photograph that aims at pictorial qualities is simply inferior to a true picture. Photographs and pictures each have their own peculiar interest, and if we confuse them we only confuse our own minds and pervert our own taste.

## FOILING SIR WILLIAM

A NEW and amusing story of Sir William Van Horne is told by Norman Rankin in the July issue of Canada Monthly. It seems that when Sir William was constructing the Cuba Railroad he decided to install a typical railroad hotel in Camaguey, midway of the island, and with his keen eye for detail he had an idea as to its decoration.

"Why not fit up one of the parlors," said he, "with panellings of the beautiful native woods of the island? It seems to me that such a room would interest visitors greatly, and give a handsome effect."

"Fine," said everybody, and his suggestion was carried out to the letter.

Next time he arrived in Camaguey, the hotel was practically complete, and Sir William recollected his hardwood room.

"Yes, it was there," said everybody, but with a singular lack of enthusiasm.

"I should like to see it," suggested Sir William mildly.

"Certainly, oh certainly," said everybody, and hastily changed the subject.

Sir William was deaf, dumb and blind to the beauty of the weather, the excellence of the service, and the sudden death of everybody's grandmother. He wanted to see that hardwood roon, and with drooping ears everybody, checkmated, led him to it.

It had been panelled in all the different varieties of beautiful native hardwoods, according to schedule, from ceiling to floor. It had given a beautiful effect, as Sir William had foreseen. And then a gang of painters, putting finishing touches on halls and corridors, had wandered in, observed its paintlessness, and given it two heavy coats of ivory white.

Like the black on the darky, it wouldn't wash off, and ivory-white that parlor is to this day.

## SIGNING THE PLEDGE

THE Rev. F. B. Meyer has just returned to England after a trip abroad. The deservedly popular minister has had many curious experiences, but he considers that the most embarrassing one occurred some years ago at Leicester.

As is well known, Mr. Meyer is a staunch advocate of temperance, and on the occasion referred to he met a discharged prisoner whom he offered a meal at a neighboring coffee-house. When it was over the minister asked the ex-gaol-bird to sign the pledge.

"Yes, I will," he replied; "but I must have a pint of porter first. I vowed I would have one the very first morning I came out of prison, and I must keep my vow."

"You ought to break a bad vow," urged Mr. Meyer, but the man was obdurate, saying a vow was a vow and ought to be kept.

"Very well," went on the clergyman. "If you have it, will you sign the pledge immediately afterwards?"

The man promised, but then arose a difficulty about fetching the porter. Mr. Meyer considered it would be unwise to let the man go out for it himself, so as there was no one else immediately available he realized that he would have to get it himself.

At that time he was the best-known teetotaller in Leicester, and the surprise of the barman when he entered the nearest public-house to ask for a pint of porter may well be imagined. However, he got the beer and carried it back to the coffee-house, where he gave it to the ex-prisoner after carefully blowing off the head.

The man drank it eagerly, but after he had finished he remarked, with a wry face:

"That's the worst pint of porter I've ever tasted. Where's yer card, sir? I may as well sign it as drink any more."

The pledge was duly signed, and the man, touched by the trust that Mr. Meyer reposed in him and by his braving the jeers of the foolish by fetching the porter himself, became a reformed character.

## BY COMMAND

WHILE looking for pirates along the Chinese coast, Admiral John Moresby encountered some very strange adventures and some that were ludicrous. One of his experiences he describes in his recently published book, "Two Admirals":

"When visiting the mandarin of Tien Pach, he, with his blue button, robes, and attendants, I with our paymaster, gunner, and a guard of ten marines and a sergeant, tea was offered to us and accepted as a matter of course. Then, in an access of politeness, the attendant proceeded with the tea to the guard, stiffly drawn up in the courtyard, the men with rifles shouldered.

"The sergeant looked round distractedly for guidance; he had no precedent for a tea-party on duty. The men stared with cool contempt at the spoonful of acid tea. Fearing lest a refusal might be an offence, I hastily said:

"'Sergeant, let the men take it.'

"He looked at me for an instant with a long, horrified look of remonstrance; then, stepping to the front as if drilling he gave the word:

"'Order arms! Ground arms! Take the cups! Drink the tea!'

"Like Wordsworth's 'forty feeding like one' they grasped the cups and with a single gesture emptied the contents down their throats. Next came the stately command:

"'Return the cups! Take up arms! Shoulder arms!'

"It was done. The sergeant was himself again; he felt he had been equal to the occasion, and I stifled my unseasonable laughter in a cough and a handkerchief."

## THE MYSTIC MAETERLINCK

THERE is scarcely a more interesting personality in the present-day world of letters than that of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird."

Born in Belgium, it seems almost incredible that this quiet mystic was once a lawyer, and, what is still more extraordinary, practised as such. A deplorable lack of clients gave him ample time to write articles for newspapers and periodicals, with the result that he gradually abandoned law and drifted into the realms of literature.

Maeterlinck abhors publicity, and will have no dealings with interviewers. In the earliest days of his fame he once wrote to a friend in comic horror at the visit of a "couple of reporters who suddenly tumbled into my soup."

His writings have assured to him a very comfortable existence, and he works with his pen only when he feels like it. Still, writing or not writing, Maeterlinck knows no idle season, no idle hour. He tends his bees, his orchard, his garden. A tremendous reader, he also takes a keen delight in outdoor exercise.

Saint-Wandrille, where he and Mme. Maeterlinck gave a realistic performance of "Macbeth" a few months ago, and where they invariably spend their summer, is a fine old Norman Abbey, purchased by the dramatist after it was vacated by a company of four hundred monks.

It is a confusion of the architectural styles of all centuries—from the 12th to the 18th. It possesses a wonderful chapel of the 14th century, cloisters of the 15th, an infinity of deserted chambers, and a labyrinth of silent corridors—all important for a "Macbeth" production.

Maeterlinck's "savoir faire" is proverbial. A distinguished French politician, who once sat next to him at a banquet, tells a characteristic little story bearing on this.

In the middle of a conversation there was a clattering fall, and a clumsy waiter upset a plate of clear soup down Maeterlinck's back.

Directly the consternation was over, he turned round, and in a slightly reproachful voice remarked to the offender: "It was thick soup I asked for."

## KING GEORGE'S STAMPS

THE story is going round that when George V. named his private secretary to take the place occupied by Lord Knollys under Edward VII., the King asked him, familiarly:

"What should be the opening of my reign?"

"Your Majesty," was the response, "all reigns begin in the same way."

"And how is that?"

"With the creation of a new postage stamp."

Whereupon the King smiled sweetly. The secretary had struck a responsive chord, for George V. is, in fact, the first philatelist of the century. His unrivaled collection is valued at many thousands of pounds. It contains practically every stamp since 1840, the date of Rowland Hill's innovation, not only of England and the British colonies, but of every country that ever issued a postage stamp.

The new British stamp will, it is said, soon appear, and, of course, it will bear the effigy of George V. in profile, but turned in the opposite direction to that of Edward VII.

The post-office has its established customs. One of these is that two kings, one following the other, must not face in the same direction.

## CINCINNATUS

THE first person to inaugurate the baneful theory that the office should seek the man, a theory which has caused more unhappiness than any other ever advanced in the great realm of politics, was a party called Lucius Quintus, or Cincinnatus, because he wore his hair in curls; also because he had at one time resided in Cincinnati.

It was the fall of 458 B.C., after a long, dry season and a prolonged and futile bull movement, in which Cincinnatus went forth to summer-fallow the west field, hoping by that process and a judicious rotation in crops to head off the chinch-bug and the bears. He was a good deal depressed mentally and physically. He had been trying to break a new pair of wild and fractious four-year-old steers, and it had required a good deal of firmness and perspiration to accomplish this. He had not yet fully succeeded, in fact, for every little while the steers would light out for the marsh at a high rate of speed, and Cincinnatus would have to follow them through the dewberry patch in his bare legs, for Cincinnatus did not wear trousers winter or summer.

Cincinnatus was the man who first advanced the doctrine that the office should seek the man, and ever since that time it is no uncommon thing to see a man, holding on by the plow-handles and looking over his shoulder, expecting that a good office will climb the fence pretty soon and kidnap him.

The day came at last when a dark horse was needed, and the Chairman of the Roman Central Committee went to Cincinnatus to seek out the great man. The chairman got over the barbed-wire fence and addressed the eminent Roman agriculturist.

It was but the work of a moment to unyoke old Brin and Bally and accept the office of dictator. Putting on his toga, the great man began to dictate in less than forty-eight hours. He went to the house, washed his hands in a tin basin of cistern water with soft soap, put some fresh fine-cut in the inside pocket of his toga, and was drawing a salary on the following Monday at nine o'clock.

The first thing he did was to call for more troops. He then marched against the enemy and captured everybody. He then returned, having been dictator sixteen days at two dollars per day. He drew his pay and resigned to accept the portfolio of buck-wheater on his own property.

We have no American to-day who could accept the command of our regular army, whip the Apaches, and be back on the farm in sixteen days. And yet Cincinnatus conquered a hostile nation, paid the public debt, and got home in time to do his fall plowing.

If we read the history of Cincinnatus carefully we are forced to admit that he was either one of the greatest men of whom we know or that he wrote the matter up himself for one of the Roman magazines.

## EAR-PROTECTORS FOR GUNNERS

THE person who stopped his (or more usually her) ears when a gun was fired, used to be an object of derision. This feeling is no longer in order, now that we have ordnance capable of breaking or straining the ear-drum by a single discharge. Military and naval officers put cotton in their ears, or otherwise protect them, without fear of ridicule, during target practise with great guns, when full service charges are used. The trouble with such protection is that when it is effective it also prevents ordinary sounds from reaching the ear; in other words, it temporarily deafens the wearer. Now, however, a protector has been devised by an Italian named Mariotti, which does not interfere with the ordinary use of the ear, while it gives complete immunity from the violent shock of a near-by explosion such as the discharge of a great gun. We translate a description by Francis Marre, contributed to Cosmos. Says this writer:

"The protector is composed essentially of two glass spheres of unequal size, separated by a norrower portion. The smaller of them is introduced into the outer ear, nearly as far as the drum. The larger bulb, which is in contact with the outer part of the ear, communicates with a large outer trumpet-shaped mouth protected by a thin diaphragm. A horizontal canal runs lengthwise through the device from the end near the ear-drum to the inner face of the diaphragm; it opens at right angles into the centre of a second canal perpendicular to it and in free communication with the air above and below. When a sudden displacement of air is produced near such a device, a current is caused in the vertical canal which, in conformity with a well-known principle of physics, results in an aspiration from behind forward. The thin layer of air interposed between the ear-drum and the end of the protector is aspired in turn and becomes rarefied. The diminution of the density of the air in this space is an obstacle to the propagation of the sound waves. . .

"That the auricular protector may have its full value, it is essential that it shall fill the ear exactly and that the ear-drum shall communicate with the outer air only through it. Owing to the double bulb and the plasticity of the walls of the ear this is realized without injury or even discomfort. . .

"The essential thing is that it does not diminish the acuteness of hearing and that, owing to the communication established by the vertical canal with the outer air, the pressure just in front of the ear-drum is equal to the atmospheric pressure except during the brief instants when the protection of the ear is realized by upsetting this very equilibrium."

## MEDICINE MYSTERY

AN incredibly large number of otherwise intelligent human beings have the most profound and unshakable belief in the power of medicine to effect a cure, and, usually, the less they know of the compound they swallow the greater their confidence in its efficacy. If one particular medicine fails, they are ready to try another, believing, with the most solemn, childlike, even touching reliance upon the unknown, that there is, there must be, a sovereign remedy for every human ill, to be expressed in pill, capsule, or dose, if one could only discover what it is.

These good people are willing to try, and to keep on trying while life lasts, and to devote their entire physical machinery to the sacred cause of medicinal experimentation, confident, despite repeated disappointments, that some day in the course of their faithful daily sacrifice to the god of chance they will hit upon the elixir of life which will at once remove them from the peril of the particular distemper they fancy they have been burdened with. There are those who find delight in the discovery of a new author, others whose joy is intense upon hearing a fresh musical composition of great merit, but the satisfaction of him who has found a new and untried medicine, potent for good, surpasses that of all others. At last his patient prospecting in the inexhaustible mine of drugs is about to be rewarded, and until he has tried the new remedy and discarded it for something still newer, he is in a state of feverish happiness.

For such trustful souls, the druggist's shop with its rows of bottles bearing cabilistic labels, its drawers full of pills and plasters, its showcases stocked with ready-made cures, and its pungent odor, compounded of exhalations from roots, herbs, oils, and essences, has a lure unsurpassed by any other establishment. It is potent in vast possibilities. Here, to the mind of the votary of medicine, may surely be found relief from every ache and pain, and certain specifics which may be relied upon to check instantly the insidious attack of disease. Without a druggist's glittering sanctuary to flee to life would be a desert of lurking danger to a very large proportion of the human family which now finds its stay and comfort in physic.

Physicians themselves are well aware of the comparatively limited curative power of medicines. They know how little reliance may be placed upon the prescription alone, and how much nature, the slow, recuperative force of right living and the observance of the simple rules of diet, with fresh air and exercise, contribute toward curing people and keeping them in good health. The best doctors are slow to administer medicine of any great strength, except in serious emergency. They earn their fees, and earn them well, not by dosing their patients with strong drugs, but rather by advising them as to their habits of living, insisting upon pure air, good water, proper diet, and reasonable exercise.

Most of them would give even less medicine if they dared, and many of the more successful practitioners would gladly throw a large part of the physic to the dogs, relying more upon natural agencies for cure, were it not that the average patient would rebel. He demands something more tangible than good advice—something to take that will make him well; a specific, a panacea, and the physician would be bold indeed who had the courage to tell his patient to quit dosing himself entirely and seek recovery by observing certain rules of living. The prescription therefore ordinarily accompanies the good advice, but doubtless it is frequently innocuous, and the cure, if effected, is due far more to observing the advice than taking the medicine.

It is the mystery of medicine that appeals to the believer in it. The unknown has a charm which the familiar lacks. The great popularity of patent medicines lies in the secrecy which attends their manufacture. The gullibility of the public in this regard is undoubtedly a survival of ancient barbaric faith in the potency of the witch's brew for evil and the power of the love philter to bring happiness. Civilization and enlightenment spread from age to age, but always there is a large proportion of the world's population, outwardly, perhaps, above the influence of superstition, yet nevertheless invariably clinging with stubborn tenacity to fragmentary instincts inherited from ancestors, ages back, who attached great importance to medicinal concoctions brewed in remote caves or hidden glens by mysterious wizards and witches reputed wiser than their fellow-beings in the secrets of root and herb. "Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and caldron bubble," chanted Macbeth's witches, the patent medicine manufacturers of their time, and then, as now, there were not lacking those willing to accept their mysterious compounds.

## HAAKON, THE DEMOCRAT

IT would be harder to find a less autocratic monarch on the face of the globe than King Haakon of Norway. His simplicity is superb. At the time of his nomination as King of Norway, when the whole country was clamoring for his acceptance of the crown, he refused point blank to have anything to do with it.

"Not until I know by a general plebiscite from the nation that this sudden invitation to join the charmed circle of monarchy comes from the heart of the people and not from party causes will I accept this honor," he said in answer to his people's clamorings.

The plebiscite was taken. While voting was going on through Norway the results were each morning telegraphed to Copenhagen. King Christian, the Court, and the entire Danish people waited with anxiety those telegrams which one by one helped to form the Royal Crown. But not so the centre of all this excitement: the King himself, he still pursued the even tenor of his way.

And then when the telegram arrived recording the formal decision of Norway, there was the greatest trouble to find the new King. He had set out on his steam launch to the other end of the port to inspect a torpedo boat. He lightly excused himself to the Court messenger who rushed after him.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir—the Service, you know. I suppose they will have to arrange to fill my place."

His compulsory resignation from the naval service, which he had chosen as a career in the days when to wear a crown had been beyond his wildest dreams, was probably one of the bitterest moments of his life. He loved the sea as only a born sailor knows how, and now he has a little consolation in his present position as King in the fact that he is called upon to do a great deal of yachting, for a large proportion of his subjects dwell in such remote spots that the best means of reaching them is by water. There are few towns on the rugged coasts of his kingdom that the railways ever touch.

# *The History of the Thunderers of the British Navy*

THE new "Dreadnought" now under construction on the Thames will be the fourth Thunderer of the Royal Navy that has been built on the Thames during a century and a half, says The Sphere. There have been five Thunderers in all in the British Navy, only one of which was built elsewhere. She was the last, the Thunderer of 1870, the celebrated turret ironclad recently sold out of the navy and chiefly remembered for two terrible disasters which happened to her. Lord Charles Beresford served on her as a commander, and also the present Black Rod at St. Stephen's, Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson, as captain, under the late Duke of Edinburgh, in the Mediterranean. The Prince of Wales was serving in the Thunderer as a lieutenant at the same time.

The Thunderer's advent into the navy was marked by a somewhat unusual occurrence. Will anybody this time object to the name? They did so, and very emphatically, in 1870, when that name was announced for our first ironclad Thunderer, the immediate predecessor of the great ship now building on the Thames. A considerable number of people wrote to the newspapers about it, one correspondent declaring that "Giving a ship such a title as Thunderer is appropriating an attribute of the majesty of Heaven. It is indeed to be questioned whether our so using a name accords with the Christian principles on which our nation professes to act." Wrote another: "To give a ship such a name is flying in the face of heaven." "Blasphemous and unchristian" was another correspondent's criticism; "a usurpation of one of the attributes of the Deity." Others wrote calling the name "pagan," and backing up their objections to its appearance in the British Navy List with learned quotations from Greek and Latin authors. Of course it made no difference to the Admiralty, for the name had an historic meaning and a dashing battle record under the British flag to its credit.

The first Thunderer, a fighting seventy-four, was named and ordered in the year which witnessed the shooting of Admiral Byng, and was launched at Woolwich in the ytar Nelson was born. Her first captain, who made the Thunderer's name world-famous at the start of her career, was a certain Charles Proby, a gallant Welshman, who had the special honor of naming Ntlson's Victory at her launch. The feat which made the Thunderer famous was to capture single-handed off the coast of Spain a French battleship of the same size as Proby's own ship in half-an-hour's fight at one o'clock in the morning of July 19, 1761. For half-an-hour that night the two ships—the French vessel was called the Achille—fought it out broadside to broadside, when suddenly one of the Thunderer's big main-deck guns burst, killing men on all sides, blowing up the quarter-deck, setting the ship on fire and searing most of the crew. Proby, to pull his men together, jammed his helm over instantly and ran the Thunderer into collision with the Achille and shouted out "Boarders away!" as the vessels bumped together. It stopped the panic. Leaving the beams of the Thunderer's quarterdeck "still smouldering and charred and red-hot in places," as an eye-witness describes, they seized their cutlasses and boarding pikes, swarmed over on to the French ship's quarter-deck, and took her within five minutes. Then they went back and finished putting out the fire in their own ship.

Two fleet battles at sea, one with the celebrated Admiral Keppel of court-martial fame and the second with Rodney, appear in the Thunderer's record before she perished, going to the bottom with 700 officers and men on board in the most destructive hurricane to shipping ever recorded—that in the West Indies in 1870. Nine British men-of-war foundered, three others were totally wrecked. Of a convoy of fifty West Indiamen on the way to England seven only survived. Rodney himself was at Jamaica at the time and wrote that "the violence of the storm prevented the inhabitants from feeling the earthquake which accompanied it." The French admiral Martinique, whom Rodney had come out to fight, wrote: "It seemed as if Heaven and earth wished to return to their original chaos." The Thunderer's captain, who was lost with every soul on board, was the Hon. R. Boyle Walsingham, a son of the Earl of Shannon. His death, curiously enough, meant two by-elections in England. As well as being captain of a man-of-war in the West Indies he was a double M.P.—for Knaresborough at Westminster and for Dungarvan in the Irish parliament—an arrangement permitted in the good old days.

The second Thunderer, also built at Woolwich, played its part with Lord Howe in the "Glorious First of June" battle in 1794—tried in vain with long shots, standing as near the beach as she dared, to save the ill-fated French Royalists of La Vendee on that awful stormy afternoon when Hoche massacred them with cavalry and artillery on the sands of Quiberon Bay in 1795—"The sickle-sweep of Quiberon Bay Ran red that day with loyal blood."—took her part in Trafalgar, commanded by her first lieutenant, who won his captaincy for the way he fought his ship; was one of the squadron that passed the Dardanelles in 1807, and after anchoring off Constantinople had to fight their way back under fire from stone cannon balls so big that four sailors could look out of the holes in the ship's sides that they made. The Thunderer in getting back had her share of holes and lost several men.

Thunderer, the third, an 84-gun ship, was also launched at Woolwich in 1831 in the presence of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, the royal Dukes of Cambridge and Cumberland, Nelson's Hardy, then First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, and a big crowd of surviving Trafalgar officers who came from all parts specially in honor of the restoration to the navy of so famous a name. The Thunderer helped to bombard Acre in 1840, and in two hours overthrew one of the strongest fortresses in the world.

Our fourth Thunderer was the ironclad turret ship broken up quite recently. They did things curiously in the Navy then. Launched at Pembroke in March, 1872, over four years were spent in fitting her for sea. She was only finished in June, 1876. Her first cruise brought disaster. On July 14, when on her trial run in Stokes Bay, one of the boilers burst, killing thirty-eight officers and men and injuring seventy-seven. Again, on January 2, 1879, while in the Mediterranean, one of her 38-ton turret guns burst, killing twelve men and wounding thirty-five. It was eventually proved that by misadventure a double charge had been loaded and the blunder not discovered. From 1880-5 the Thunderer was kept out of commission at Malta for one reason or another; some said because the Admiralty thought her "unlucky." She was a coastguard ship in the nineties and went to her end not long ago as one of the earliest ships scrapped by Sir John Fisher.

The new Thunderer is to be of 22,500 tons and will be some 540 feet long and 86 feet broad, a length sufficient to reach nearly across Trafalgar Square, and a width to block up Northumberland Avenue. She will carry ten guns with a range power capable of reducing St. Paul's Cathedral to ashes with the ship at anchor at Gravesend, and her speed is to be twenty-one knots. Her cost will be $10,000,000, and she is to be at sea in two years' time.

## WAS COLUMBUS A SPANIARD?

THE most interesting contribution to "Espana Moderna," a Spanish magazine, from the point of view of the general reader, is that on "The True Nationality of Christopher Columbus."

The subject is not exactly new, because a controversy has long raged round it, but the present writer brings into relief certain facts which make it interesting. The general opinion is that Columbus was a native of Genoa, and Columbus himself is reported to have declared so when signing a document concerning the succession to his estate; but his son contradicted this assertion at a later date, and stated that his father's place of birth was unknown. Probably La Riega gets the closest to the truth in his work on Columbus. He says that the discoverer of the New World was of Spanish birth, and born at Pontevedra in Galicia.

La Riega says that a family by the name of Colon-Fonterosa, residing in Pontevedra, emigrated to Italy about 1444 to 1450, taking their two eldest sons, and, recommended by the Archbishop of Pisa, they established themselves in Genoa or in that district, probably Saona. The name of Colombo already existing in Genoa, it was quite easy for Colon to become Italianised, especially as there were two Italian Colombos who were famous corsairs.

The writer shows how Spanish Columbus was in his way of thinking; he gave Spanish names to the places he discovered, and we have to remember his comparison between the New World and the fields of Cordova, the nightingales of Spain, and so forth. If Columbus were an Italian, then he seems to have been a contradiction; if he were a Spaniard, then all these seeming contradictions vanish, and he becomes quite natural. It was perfectly logical for Columbus as a Spaniard to recollect the beauty of his own country at such a solemn time.

## BRIDGES OR TUNNELS?

MANY American cities are facing the question of whether a bridge or a tunnel is the better means of carrying a street or a railway from one side of a body of water to the other. The answer obviously depends on several factors, of which cost is not the least important. It is charged by a writer in the Revue Scientifique (Paris) however, that the choice often seems to be decided on no wiser basis than that of following the fashion, sometimes bridges being in the ascendant and sometimes tunnels. We read:

"Tunnels are now in fashion and are being multiplied in preference to bridges, without always inquiring whether the bridge might not be a more economical solution and consequently preferable, since cost is an item of prime importance. At the present time, there is talk of driving a tunnel 'under the river' (as the expression goes, even when an arm of the sea is meant) to connect the two shores of Sydney Harbor.

"It is quite evident that the tunnel is preferable, and even necessary, when we have in mind a body of water of very great extent; because then a bridge would be enormously expensive. On the other hand, tunnels are not best for short distances. The most recent example is the tunnels that the Pennsylvania Railroad has just built to carry its line into New York; these have involved formidable expense. In a tunnel, besides, the construction is not all, there is large and continued expense for ventilation and lighting. There is also another question to consider, which is also primarily one of expense, at least when ease of communication is desired; that is to say, that of increased trackage. The traffic capacity of a tunnel, even with double track, is very small when it is desired to care for the intense traffic that takes place particularly to and from the suburbs of great cities, at the rush hours. On the other hand, a large bridge is able to take care of eight tracks without increasing the cost of establishment proportionately to that of a bridge carrying only two tracks."

## TO DESIGN NEW COINAGE

BRITAIN'S new coinage and the George V. coronation medal are to be designed by Mr. Bertram Mackennal, A.R.A. Mr. Mackennal is a real artist, and the coinage of the new reign will be vastly in advance of that of the last. His present Majesty has always taken a profound interest in art and artists. Mr. Mackennal is an Australian, born in Melbourne. He has a dash of Irish and of Scotch blood in his veins. He left Melbourne at 18 years of age for London and entered as a student at the Royal Academy.

Then he studied in Paris. From Paris he went again to Melbourne and then returned to England, and now lives in St. John's Wood, London, where his studio is full of beautiful things; every year the Academy sees some reflection of his great gifts. One masterly work that the nation has not seen is the altar tomb for the late Lady Curzon which he has made as a commission from her distinguished husband. Mr. Mackennal will not have a difficult task to eclipse the coinage designs of the late reign. The shilling was a peculiarly unsatisfactory coin. The head of King Edward on nearly every coin which one happened to examine seemed quite bald, so poor was the relief of the beard and hair. No circular strap or edging gave any wealth to this face of the coin, and the reverse was scarcely better. The design appeared meagre and did not produce the happy appearance of former British coins. The centre often appeared to be sunk below the level of the rim, but this defect and perhaps much of the general appearance of the coin was probably due to defective stamping. It is the first time in history that an overseas Briton has been called upon to design the English coinage. Mr. Mackennal was the first colonial to achieve the distinction of becoming an associate of the Royal Academy.

# The Hague Tribunal in Session

I SLIPPED over to Holland last month, taking the Hague on my way to Oberammergau, in order to see the opening of the Arbitration concerning the Newfoundland Fisheries. It was very interesting, but as there is nothing sensational about it the newspapers ignored it. Probably not ten members of the Parliament know that the Tribunal is sitting. That is the advantage of the Hague Tribunal. The decisions of the arbitrators are much more likely to be unbiassed if they are pronounced as it were "in camera" without the distraction of excited debate. Questions which have for more than a hundred years been a constant menace to the peace of America and Britain are now being argued out with the utmost patience by a succession of the ablest lawyers which the English-speaking race can command. The stream of forensic speech flows steadily four hours a day. It began on June 6, when Sir Robert Finlay rose to make a *speech which lasted nine days.* He was followed by Mr. Turner on the American side, whose eloquence was not less lengthy. There are to be four speeches on each side, and when Sir William Robson and the Hon. Elihu Root sit down after summing up all that is to be said on their respective sides the arbitrators will be in a better position to pronounce judgment than any men since the Treaty of 1783 was signed. If they do not arrive at a satisfactory and final settlement, then the genius for compromise must have deserted the most opportunist race in the world.

The court empanelled to settle the question sits in that room of the old Ridderzaal in which the first commission elaborated the provisions for establishing an International Court of Arbitral Justice. *It is large and roomy*—much too large for the number of people who attend it. There are five arbitrators, with their secretary. The British have eleven counsel, the Americans six. Britain has more than America, because in this case John Bull is a multiple personality. He is not merely the King of Great Britain; he is also the Dominion of Canada and the Colony of Newfoundland.

Besides these there are the official agents, the stenographers, and a few *others. Any* passer-by is free to enter and occupy one of the many vacant chairs. But as the proceedings are all in English, there is not much temptation for the man in the street to stray into the Ridderzaal. American ladies are most in evidence among the spectators.

The judges number five, but two of them can hardly be regarded as impartial arbitrators. The disputants have each a right to nominate a representative of their own on the Tribunal, whose duty it is to "see fair" rather than to pronounce an impartial judgment. Great Britain is represented by the Chief Justice of Canada, America by Judge Grey. The decision of each of these men for their own side would carry no moral weight. They can only *command respect for their judgment if* they return a verdict against their own Government. We may, therefore, regard the three foreign judges as the real tribunal. They all speak English. The President, Dr. Lammasch, is a professor at the University of Vienna. He is the only person in court who was a member of both the Hague conferences. He is supported on his right by Jonkheer Savorin Loman, a smooth shaven, white-neckerchiefed Dutchman of judicial appearance and of ministerial experience. The third arbitrator is Dr. Drago, of the Argentine Republic, best known as the author of the famous Drago doctrine, by which all the Powers represented at the second Hague Conference agreed never to use naval or military force for the collection of contractual debts. Dr. Drago is a universal favorite. Like the others, he accepted a seat on the Bench at the joint request of the two disputing Governments.

Sir Robert Finlay opened the case for Canada. Sir W. Robson will close it for the whole British Empire. Canadian and Newfoundland counsel will plead the case from their respective standpoints. The American team is generalled by the Hon. Elihu Root, formerly Secretary of State for the American Government, now Senator for New York. *He has the repute of carrying* the ablest brains in the United States under his hat. His colleagues are not much known in England, with the exception of one of his assistants, Mr. J. B. Scott, who won his spurs by the great service which he rendered to the cause of international arbitration at the last Hague Conference.

So much for the judges and the counsel. What about the question which they have to decide? Fortunately the cash value of the interest at stake is trivial. Mr. Carnegie declared the other day that the whole value of the disputed fishery was not ten thousand dollars a year. Its political importance depends, first upon its historical record, and the sentimental interest thus aroused, and secondly, upon the fact that the Massachusetts fishermen, who alone are interested in the question, are the constituents of the son-in-law of Senator Cabot Lodge, whose influence on the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate is very great. It will be a good thing to get the question settled once for all. One thousand six hundred and eighty-five documents have been put in as evidence for one side or the other, and there have been more words spoken, in reason or in wrath than all the fish the Americans have ever caught in Newfoundland waters.

The importance of the case from the point of view of international law is as great as its importance from the point of view of cash values at stake is small. For the award of the arbitrators, however strictly it may be limited to the actual case in point, can hardly fail to be invoked as decisive on the many questions of principle which are raised by this controversy. In England there is statute and man-made law. At the Hague, in the absence of any international legislature, the nations are compelled to rely upon judge-made laws alone.

The issues to be decided are five or six in number. One of the simplest is whether the treaty which conveyed to the inhabitants of the United States equal rights to take fish in British waters with British subjects, included in that conveyance similar rights to every inhabitant of other foreign countries who happens to find himself on an American ship? Does signing articles on an American ship make a German, a Russian, or a Swede an inhabitant of the United States, according to the meaning of the Treaty of 1818? A far-reaching claim this. Another question is whether the American fishing-boats which are admitted to equal rights in the catching of fish with British subjects are subject to equal liabilities in the payment of light dues, harbor dues, etc., when they enter a Newfoundland port. On that also there seems little doubt as to the equity of the question.

The two great issues before the Tribunal are briefly these:—

(1) When Britain conceded to her revolted subjects equal rights to fish Newfoundland waters with her own colonists, did she or did she not thereby part with the right to frame regulations for the proper conduct of the fishery, which had heretofore been vested in the local authorities? and

(2) When is a bay not a bay?

*Dealing with the second first, I may* say that the Americans claim that a bay is open sea if its mouth is more than six miles broad. In that case they say that the three miles' limit must follow the sinuosities of the coast of the bay. If the bay is less than six miles broad at its entrance, open sea begins at three miles distance from a line drawn across the mouth of the harbor. Both England and the States have chopped and changed so much as to how they would define a bay that the arbitrators will probably flinch from laying down any principle capable of universal application. Having in mind the history of these waters, a compromise substituting leagues for miles might not be unsatisfactory. For in the present dispute, the only real difference is about two Newfoundland *harbors* that are more than six miles broad at their entrance, but less than six leagues.

Coming now to the first question, the importance of which dominates all the others, it is probable that the Americans hardly realise the disastrous sweep of their doctrine, that the concession of privileges of access and of fishing entails a partition of sovereignty. They claim to apply the civil law of servitude to the interpretation of an international treaty. Because the Americans *have a treaty right to enjoy* equal rights to fish and use the Newfoundland waters, therefore, it is argued, the Americans have an equal right to frame the laws by which such fisheries are regulated.

Hitherto all such concessions of rights of access, rights of way, etc., have been subject to the local administration of the conceding Power, which relied upon its sovereign power to fulfil its obligations and enforce its regulations. The Americans question this, and deny that the British Government has any right to make regulations except with the concurrence of the Government of Washington, which by virtue of the treaties of 1783 and 1818 claims to have acquired for its inhabitants not merely the right of fishing, but an equal share in the sovereignty *hitherto* exercised by the British Government alone.

There is not much difference of opinion between the two parties as to what the regulations should be. The only material point is as to Sunday fishing, which Britain forbids, but which the Americans would legalize. But its importance lies in the consequences that would follow all round the world if claims to a share in sovereignty could be asserted as corollaries to the concession of rights of access to ports, *rights of way for railways, or rights* of fishing and trading. A decision by the tribunal in favor of the American contention would upset many of the international arrangements on which the peace of the world rests. It would be followed either by a formal repudiation of its authority as a precedent or a wholesale denunciation of all treaties giving concessions, lest they should be used as a basis for claims to a share of sovereignty.

Fortunately the matter is in safe hands. Mr. Elihu Root is much too shrewd a man and sagacious a statesman to desire the acceptance of the American doctrine in its extreme form. Sir W. Robson and Sir Robert Finlay, with their Canadian and Newfoundland colleagues, are not men to stand out unreasonably against any practical settlement that leaves the old principle intact. And even if the two disputants fail to come to terms, there is good reason to expect that the Tribunal will not have much difficulty in arriving at a just and satisfactory settlement.

## NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE

### No Need of Live Rail or Wires

A REMARKABLE railway engine, *with a saloon hitched on,* has just made a very successful run from Glasgow to Gartsherrie, on the Caledonian and North British Railways. The locomotive consists of three separate parts, a steam turbine, a dynamo for generating electricity, and electric motors for the actual driving.

The boiler is fixed at one end of the engine, which is a very long one. The generator is situated in the centre, and consists of a Zoelly steam turbine working at 3,000 revolutions per minute, *directly coupled to the dynamo,* which supplies the electric current to four motors. These motors give a direct drive to four sets of heavy driving wheels. The nominal power of the locomotive is one thousand horse, and considerable economy in fuel is anticipated.

All the advantages of an electric engine are obtained without recourse to external wires, and it can therefore travel over any lines. The exhaust steam is also condensed, so that a very long run could be made. The current of air which passes through the cooler for the condensed steam is driven by a fan to the surface of the boiler, which is thus under forced draught.

Extraordinary ingenuity has, in fact, been displayed in order to make the greatest use of every possible feature to increase the efficiency of the engine.

The new locomotive is now having the finishing touches applied preparatory to being exhaustively tested at pulling heavy express trains.

## VANADIUM STEEL

VANADIUM steel is the subject of an interesting paper in Cassier's for June, by W. E. Gibbs. He mentions that an annealed bar can be knotted cold, showing its extreme ductility. A sharpened end, on quenching in water from 900 degrees Centigrade, is sufficiently hardened to scratch glass. He adds, it would be difficult to equal such a combination of hardness and softness in one material:—

"As a matter of history, at the Paris Exposition of 1900 a planing machine was exhibited in which the tool, made of vanadium steel, was becoming red hot on account of its high temperature, and yet without losing any of its properties.

"Vanadium has been well called the 'Master Weapon of the Metallurgist,' and in the hands of such master metallurgists as Professor Arnold, Mr. J. E. Stead, and Mr. J. Kent Smith it has proved a veritable 'Excalibur.' Not yet has it been signally defeated, although it has been employed for over ten years, and during that time it has been subjected to the most drastic tests that could be devised."

## CANADIAN FLAX PRODUCTS

### Development of an Important Canadian Industry

IT is often the case in young countries that the by-products of even very important industries are in a great measure wasted. This is, perhaps, partly due at first to their importance being overlooked in view of the greater purposes of the business, and later to a lack of the special machinery and equipment necessary to treat the wasted substances profitably.

It has chiefly been the second of these conditions which has hitherto hampered *the Canadian flax-growing industry.* Until quite recently flax has been grown in Canada almost entirely for its seed, which is better known, perhaps, as linseed. From this linseed oil, which is so necessary in countless ways, is prepared, while the residue of the seed, after the oil is extracted, is widely used under the name of oil-cake and has long been recognized as one of the most important stock foods on the market. Besides being very extensively used in the Dominion, there is a large export of oil-cake from Canada to the United Kingdom. The actual straw of the plant which is of the greatest value in the manufacture of all kinds of cordage and twine, has in Canada been almost entirely wasted owing greatly to lack of efficient means for its practical and *economical treatment.*

In spite of these disadvantages, flax-growing has been for many years an important branch of Canadian agricultural industry. It has chiefly been raised in Ontario, where a number of flax mills have been in operation, and of late years there has been a considerable amount grown in Manitoba, but here, after the seed has been separated, the straw, which is useless as food, has been in almost every instance, destroyed.

There is practically no limit to the quantity of high-grade flax that can be grown in Canada. In Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, there are millions of acres that are suitable for growing flax of the highest quality.

The rapid extension of Canadian trade and commerce and the enormous development of the wheat-growing industry has correspondingly increased the consumption, and therefore the value, of all products of flax. It is estimated that over 5,000,000 gallons of linseed oil and 30,000 tons of binder twine and commercial cordage alone were consumed in Canada last year, and the demand is increasing with extraordinary rapidity. Much of the twine which is at present used in Canada is imported, and all that is manufactured in Canada is made from imported raw *material. The same is true of all the* linen yarns used in Canada in the manufacture of huckabacks, carpets, etc., etc., which are used in large quantities, and all of which it would appear can now be made from the home-grown material.

Taking these facts into consideration, together with the large acreage yearly devoted to the Canadian flax crop and the almost total loss of the straw (of which some 350,000 tons were destroyed last year), it is at once seen how vitally important is the application to the industry of efficient and economical machinery, how enormous a stimulant to the industry, and how valuable to the whole country such application would be, and what an exceptionally advantageous opportunity lies open to enterprise in its provision.

It is, therefore, with the greatest interest and with peculiar pleasure that we have heard of the invention of new processes, and that we now hear of the formation of a powerful Canadian company owning inventions for the economical mechanical treatment of flax in all its stages from the field to the factory. By means of these processes the old, tedious, and expensive details are entirely done away with. The flax is now harvested by machinery in ex*actly the same manner as an ordinary* grain crop and at equally small cost. It is then taken direct to the mill, where in one operation it is threshed and converted by specially designed machinery into fibre or two ready to be employed for its various purposes. The entire operation from field to factory occupies only twenty-four hours, and give a yield of not less than 20 per cent. of finished material ready for the spinning mills. It is said that the inventions are exceedingly valuable, and that the new company, which will be able profitably to produce flax products of all grades from fine linen to paper stock, will, by their possession, occupy a unique position in the flax business. These opinions are borne out by Scottish experts, to whom Canadian flax, produced by the new processes, has been submitted for the purpose of being examined and tested for its commercial uses. The flax, after being thoroughly tested has been found to be of great textile strength, and to be quite equal in all respects to Russian, Italian, or Flemish flax.

The great value of this industry has already been fully demonstrated and established by a Canadian company, which having been established in 1908, is now operating mills in Ontario, and is selling fibre to English spinning mills who are manufacturing it into finished goods for the British trade. These Ontario mills are being taken over by the new company, which may be regarded as a parent company, one of whose objects will be to establish subsidiary companies for the manufacture of linseed oil, fibre, paper pulp, and other products in selected centres, such as the large cities of Eastern and Western Canada. It is suggested that it may ultimately be found desirable to effect a *combination similar to that recently* effected in the Canadian cement industry.

The field for expansion in Canada alone is vast, but the company will obtain the right to operate its processes in all the other great flax-producing countries of the world.

Naturally, the practical demonstration of the feasibility of economically manufacturing Canadian grown flax into various products, for which the home demand is daily growing greater, is of the utmost importance to every province *of the Dominion. The encouragement* that will thus be given to farmers to produce higher grades of flax, thereby obtaining greater profit from their product, and the improvement that is being effected in the conditions of flax handling and manufacture, is keenly appreciated by the Departments of Agriculture of the various Provincial Governments.

## SUMMER DRINKS

Mix together two quarts of best bottled cider—old, if possible, sweeten to taste taking care that the sugar is perfectly melted. Add half a nutmeg grated, a little powdered ginger, a glass of brandy, a glass of noyeau; cut a lemon into it in moderately thin slices, and let them remain there.

Put two gallons of cold water in a pot upon the fire. Add to it 2oz. of good ginger, bruised, and 2lb. of brown or white sugar. Let this come to a boil, and continue boiling for half an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon and one-half ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold put in a teaspoonful of yeast to cause the whole to work. The beer is now made. After it has worked for two days strain it and bottle for use. Tie down the corks firmly.

One of the simplest recipes requires but twenty minutes. The ingredients consist of a bottle of claret, one and a half ounces of castor sugar, two thin slices of lemon, a thin slice of cucumber peel, ice, a sherry glassful of sherry, a tablespoonful of brandy, a pinch of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of *maraschino,* and a bottle of soda water. This is a cup de luxe, a less expensive drink being made without the liqueur, sherry, and brandy, and adding to the other contents a few drops of essence of almonds and two bottles of soda water.

## AMERICAN AND ENGLISH GIRLS

THE girl in an American family is the most important of the children, while in an English family the boy comes first, declares an anonymous writer in the London Times. "Every roughness is smoothed from the path" of an American daughter, we read, and she is spared as much trouble and responsibility as possible. Life to her "is one round of *enjoyment*" and few serious demands are made upon her time. Proceeding to define "spheres of girl life," in this country, the critic of the female rising generation remarks that the "college" girl and the "society" girl represent "entirely different sides of girl life." He confines himself, however, very largely to the dress, cleverness, and intellectual brilliancy of the "society girl," and notes the points in which she far excels her trans-atlantic sister. He tells us, with an air of profound and judicial cocksureness:

"The 'society' girl is perhaps the most characteristic product of her country and the one to be most frequently encountered. Adaptability being one of the key-notes of her character, coupled *with an unusually quick and observant* mind, she is a delightful companion. In her thirst for "being up to date,' she is equally interested in clothes and culture. Clubs, such as the Review Club and the Magazine Club, digest the world for her, and provide her with neatly-worded lozenges containing the essence of any and every subject. Her conversation is, therefore, usually brilliant, especially as she always possesses that sense of duty to herself and to her hostess which causes her to exert every faculty in order to show herself off in the best possible light. She has the infinite capacity for taking pains in her dress which amounts in this case to positive genius."

In these respects "her English sister" in spite of many physical endowments is left far in the shade, and we are told: "Her English sister, with considerably more natural possibilities, such as complexion, hair, and general health, lacks the realization as a duty of good dressing—that attention to small details which go so far to make up the general appearance of a well-dressed woman. . . . .

"The English girl, on the whole, compares rather unfavorably with the American as far as culture and its application are concerned. The country life led by the majority of English girls renders them somewhat dull as social factors even if it gives them that knowledge of nature, as a birthright, which is denied to the town-dwelling American *girl. The contrast, in fact,* is between a product of nature with the most artificial of products of the most 'up-to-date' community. On the other hand, in England it is, after all, customary for every girl to be interested in some form or other of social and philanthropic work, whereas in America that work, admirably done as it is, is done by a class of women who are highly educated indeed, but who have given up their lives to that one object and form a class apart."

Girls are *naturally more or less* what the men make them, but when we think of the vast host of American "globe-trotters" it is curious to read this journalist's estimate of the American man and his influence on the womankind of the United States, for he writes:

"The men whom the American girl meets, are as a rule, men of her own city, who have a shrewd knowledge of business and who pride themselves on being able 'to size up' a man. They have probably travelled to New York *and to Chicago, and their standard* measure is outward success, not perhaps always of dollars, but invariably of prominence in the public eye. The English girl is frequently brought in contact with life as it is lived in different parts of the Empire, for some of her men-folk are sure to be possessed by 'Wanderlust,' which has so often developed into the power of colonizing. The interests in her life are world-wide instead of local, and this is reflected in all she does. Her very charities extend from *Lebanon to Lebombo, and her interest* in sport from polo in India to cricket in Australia. These are the two key-notes of an English girl's life—politics and sport—and they are both indulged in with that cleanness and vigor which are only possible through health of body and mind, with, perhaps, an accompaniment of rustic dullness."

The association of men and women before and after marriage in the United States is then contrasted, and the difference in their conditions furnishes him *with an explanation of frequent divorces.* He declares with a certain sweeping confidence:

"Women are considered by the American as a race apart, who must be placed upon a pedestal and propitiated by much attention and many offerings. In a sense the chivalric instinct is almost too deeply implanted in the American man, and in many of his ideas concerning women he is, although he would be horrified to be told so, curiously mediæval. And here again we come upon one of those deep lines of cleavage which divide the American ideals for womanhood from the English. In England, before marriage, the man and the girl see comparatively little of each other, but after the marriage the common life is a necessity and the woman must be prepared to study his interests and to make them more or less her own. In the United States, before marriage, the man and the girl are excellent friends and comrades, enjoying much freedom in their intercourse; after marriage the two seem to lead separate lives. The man is wholly wrapped up in his business, and the woman, when her work in the house is over, devotes most of her energies to the pursuit of social pleasure. In fact, they can not really be said to lead a common life. . . . *The idea of a marriage settlement* or a definite allowance is abhorrent to the American mind; and yet, when all is said and done, the American woman, with all her independence, is the most dependent of women; for is not he who holds the purse-strings the master, after all? . . . It is more than probable that the large number of divorces in America are due to the unconscious desire on the part of the woman to find a real partner and comrade in life instead of the mere financial agent that the average American man is content to be."

This writer regrets that the American girl has so far neglected "to bring her great talents to bear on the national life. At present these talents are largely wasted." He closes his article by giving a few hints to English girls:

"They would do well to take a leaf out of the book of their American sisters in the art of making the best of themselves both in looks and conversation. It is about time also that the English girl should abandon the attitude of past generations of her sex in regarding every man in the light of a possible husband, and should begin to cultivate that habit of mind which makes real friendship and comradeship between the sexes a possibility."

## WARNING SKY SAILORS

A REPORT on a special weather-service maintained last summer in connection with the International Aeronautical Exposition has just been published by Dr. Franz Linke, director of the Meteorological Institute of the Physikaloscher Verein at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This service, which was the first of its kind, was so successful that a similar undertaking is likely to be a feature of all future large aeronautical competition, especially in regions of frequent *thunder-storms.* Says The Scientific American:

"The prediction of large general storms can be safely left to the national weather services that now exist in all civilized countries. Local storms, however, and especially thunderstorms, are *notoriously* difficult to forecast on the basis of the widely scattered reports that make up the ordinary weather trip and that are all that the forecaster ordinarily has at his command. The attention of the Frankfort service was directed especially to the prediction of thunderstorms. The life-history of these storms is now well understood, thanks to the brilliant investigation of a small group of meteorologists, of whom Mr. Durand-Greville is the most conspicuous. In the great majority of *cases they sweep across the country* in a long line that may be compared to the front of an advancing army—the 'thunder-storm front'—at a speed averaging, in Europe, about 40 kilometers (25 miles) an hour. The line of advance keeps in a position more or less parallel to itself, and its progress is not difficult to predict, if its existence and position are known at any given time. The prerequisites of successful thunder-storm prediction are a dense network of reporting stations and a system of adequate telegraphic communication with the central station.

"Dr. Linke engaged the services of fifty-five observers, constituting a picket-line of 150 kilometers radius around the city of Frankfort. There were mainly recruited from among the volunteer observers already reporting, but not by telegraph, to the existing meteorological institutes of Southern Germany. These persons were requested to send an 'urgent' telegram to Frankfort whenever a thunder-storm or a wind-squall (which is first cousin to the thunder-storm) appeared in their vicinity between the hours of 7 a.m. and 7 p.m. The compensation offered was a free entrance ticket to the exposition and a copy of the published results of the experiment.

"*The result* of these arrangements was most gratifying, as with one or two exceptions, all the thirty-seven thunder-storms that reached Frankfort during the three months of the exposition were duly heralded an hour or more before their arrival.

"It is noted that no air-craft attempted to fly in the face of Providence, and the weather forecaster—except the big Zeppelin, which began its famous voyage to Cologne against the advice of the forecaster and promptly ran into a *heavy thunder-storm.*

"The entire cost of the service was only 600 marks ($150); an insignificant amount compared to the value of a single large airship."

## THE CRAVING TO SCREAM

UNDER this title Mr. Arthur Machren contributes to the Evening News an amusing theory of the kind of pleasure which is derived from switchback and spiral railways, the "Flap-flap," "Wiggle-woggle," and similar contrivances.

"The question is: Why do people pay their sixpences by the hundreds and the thousands in orders to obtain sensations which in everyday life they would avoid with horror and disgust? The ordinary human being does not like to be bumped or whirled or swirled or woggled or rapt through space at a hideous speed; he would do a great deal to shun the sensation of being suspended as if without support in mid-air. Then why are all the contrivances named such tremendous successes? Why does the sixpence and the screams never fail?

"Well, a friend of mine, an eminent musician, accustomed to probe the psychology of noise to its depths, *once* offered me an interesting solution of the difficulty. We had just rushed down the water-chute at Earl's Court together—I have seldom experienced a more disagreeable sensation—and he drew my attention to the screams and shrieks which rent the air as the boats swept down that horrible descent and struck the water with a sickening bang. 'The fact is,' said the musician, 'that all girls want to scream. We don't know why this is so; most likely we are not meant to know; but there it is—they must scream, or they must—well, become politicians. Now the people who run these shows have meditated on this fact. They know that girls want to scream, and they know that society frowns on the practice of screaming in *the streets or at afternoon teas or whist* drives. So they have invented the water-chute and the switchback and other things, simply in order that girls may scream and shriek freely without reproach. All these dodges are simply excuses for screaming.' Such was the musician's theory, and I am inclined to think there is a good deal to be said for it."

## SUMMER HINTS

Hot weather is no excuse for a shiny nose and forehead. Use a little eau de Cologne or spirits of camphor in the water when bathing the face.

Before paddling it is advisable to wet the head with cold water. Headaches and colds, especially in children, frequently result from shock caused by placing the feet in cold water, and thereby driving the blood to the brain.

Bathing in the early morning on an empty stomach is dangerous, and often does more harm than good. The best time for a dip is about an hour and a half after a meal, and when the sun is warm. Do not remain in the water longer than about ten minutes.

Eat plenty of fruit. The apple especially is excellent nerve food. It has more phosphoric acid than any known fruit, in easily digested shape. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. The apple also prevents indigestion and throat disease.

Sun baths are almost as essential for invalids, and the weak, sallow, spiritless *class that are neither ill nor well,* as water baths. Change your position, so as to have its effect on all parts of your body. Never mind the tanning or the reddening, and lounge as much as possible in the sun's powerful rays.

# Elephant Hunting in British East Africa

MR. JAMES CLARK, formerly chief animal sculptor of the American Museum of Natural History, recently returned from a fourteen months hunting trip in Africa, says the New York Herald. At a reception tendered in his honor a few days ago in the studio of his brother, Herbert W. Clark, at No. 154 West Fifty-Fifth St., Mr. Clark told this story of his remarkable escape from an herd of angry elephants:—

"Our *party left Nairobi late in January* last on the railroad, going to the end of the line. Then we marched into the interior for six days. We had left the last boma behind when the guides saw some elephants a long distance away on a hill slope. We left the safari to follow and made off on our mules with the guides and gun boys. The country was hilly and covered with a stubborn growth of elephant grass and bush. At times the grass was so intractable that we could do nothing but follow in the paths made by the elephants, and it was only occasionally that we could see over the grass, which was most of the time three or four feet over our heads as we sat on our mules.

"We had come to within several hundred yards of a herd of elephants *feeding among some trees.* We were unconscious of the presence of the animals, but the keen vision of the native guides spied the familiar color of their hides and sent up a shout, 'Elephants!'

"The guides pointed, and we looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. Steadily fixing our gaze at the place designated, however, we at last saw a slate colored mass moving, which to us seemed to be a part of the foliage. It was the immense ears of elephants chasing away tormenting flies.

"At this *juncture another herd of* elephants loomed up to the right of us. Then we looked carefully around to see if any more were in sight, and, finding none, we dismounted and made our way through the grass and down the wind of the last lot of elephants and started for our stalls. We were then only one hundred and fifty yards from the tuskers, but the animals were screened by the tall grass and trees.

"At this point we decided to leave our mules and steal up on the elephants. *Occasionally we would climb* a tree to try to locate them, but we could not. Finally we thought that we must be near them, when we were startled by an awful rumble. We thought that the elephants had got our scent and had bolted, and that the stampede had caused the sound.

"We then kept very quiet for a while. When we resumed our approach we heard the sound again. We halted and at intervals the same rumble came to our ears. We then concluded—and *that was later verified—that the sound* was not one of suspicion or apprehension, but the peculiar noise of satisfaction made by the animals when feeding. This was gratifying, too, for it indicated to us that the elephants were at ease and unaware of our approach.

"I ascended a big tree to locate the herd before going further, and saw the wonderful sight of ten elephants feeding not more than a hundred yards away. There were about five very big tuskers to pick from, and I studied for fifteen minutes before deciding which one to shoot.

"I thought my perch on the tree was out of the danger zone in case of a charge by the elephants, but when I saw the bull which I had selected for extermination reach up eighteen feet into the branches of a nearby tree for forage and bring down a big branch without any trouble I thought it best to mount a little higher. I did, but as the tree was not a very high one I could not go up very far. I felt, though, that I was out of the range of the elephant's trunk should he see me. This incident impressed me with the mighty power locked up in an elephant. I recalled how exhibitions of strength given by elephants in circuses had impressed me but I shuddered at the thought of a power that might be directed against me later.

"I then drew a bead on this big fellow's brain and fired. The brain is a very small area in the wide expanse of an elephant's head, and is about as difficult to hit as the bull's-eye of a target. The big bull turned and bolted, and I knew I had missed his brain.

"Members of the rest of the party on the ground nearby took shots at the fleeing animal. One of the shots took effect in the back of the elephant's neck, as a small *cloud* of dust ascended from his hide when the bullet struck, but neither shot seriously wounded him.

"By chance we happened to look on the opposite hillside and were astonished to see the whole hillside moving with a herd of more than two hundred elephants, their white tusks glistening in the sun as they moved along. In a short time they were out of sight. We sent a guide after them and in a few minutes he returned saying they were coming back. We prepared to meet them and could hear the crashing of the branches as they ploughed along. We had moved about a hundred yards from the dead elephant and could hear the herd thundering nearby. But it was impossible to see them on account of the heavy foliage.

"I climbed a tree and saw the whole herd pass not more than a hundred and fifty yards from me, but could not get a line on any choice tuskers on account of their being massed. I got down from the tree, joined the party and followed *along to one side* in the rear of the flying herd. After travelling some distance I climbed another tree and could see them about five hundred yards off, down a hollow packed with dense bush and trees.

"We decided it would be folly to go into such a place for the elephants, where we couldn't see six feet ahead. While I was watching from the tree I saw a cow and a calf just across a little opening and the heads and hats of three white men occasionally bobbing up. I thought *they would get into trouble* with the mother cow. Then I lost sight of elephants and men. A little later I saw the men stalking a single young bull.

"We mounted the mules and were taking a last look at our dead elephant when several shots rang out. We realized that other hunters had got on to the herd. We galloped to a high point and could see the big herd all massed, but could not see the men, although the firing continued. The elephants turned and came our way, and we saw it would be a good chance to look them over for fine tusks. We gave the mules to the boys and told them to make for safety, while we went for the trees.

"I climbed the tree from which I had previously watched the elephants. The *tree had a smooth trunk* for about eight feet up. I could hear the elephants crashing my way not more than a hundred yards away. I had taken both my guns, but decided to use my big one as a step in order to reach the first limb. I then slung the other over my shoulder. I wasn't sure about getting up the tree. I did get up, however, and that is about all. I had to draw breath before going higher. At last I reached a branch about six inches in diameter, and there I stayed.

"The front of the herd had just come to a stop about one hundred yards away from me, and the others came crashing through the bush and massed with the head of the cavalcade. It was a wonderful *sight* to see the vast body of elephants. The grass was long, but I was high up and not far off, so could see them and their movements well.

"The animals were infuriated. Their trunks were in the air swaying and searching for scent and screeching and bellowing. I waited to get the range on a good tusker, but they had packed so tight I could not at first see one. I finally got a glimpse of one as he put his head up, and fired. At the shot they again stampeded, and Barker, one of the party, from another *tree, put a shot* into the leader.

"At this the leader wheeled about and the others, like trained soldiers, massed in a long line and followed her. She came straight for my tree, which stood rather alone. At first I was glad *of this,* as it would give me an excellent chance to pick a good bull. But as the excited herd of elephants drew closer, with their trunks in the air and trying to locate the danger which had caused them so much trouble, I grew very anxious.

"I was well up in the big tree. But I had just seen a big bull reach to where I had thought no elephant could reach, and I did not feel so safe. This mass of elephants, which made a line about two hundred feet long and about *ten yards wide,* came filing past me only thirty feet away. Some had their trunks up and were pointing at me, and even went so far as to leave the line and come toward me to try to get my scent. I was in plain view of them, and am sure some of them saw me, but not having my scent they could not make me out.

"As they continued to pass I was comparatively easy, but when I chanced to look around and saw the front of the column swing and come straight *back toward my* tree, I became somewhat uneasy. There they were on two sides of me, coming straight for the tree. I felt sure they had sighted me and came to get me out. The front of the column came eight abreast, trunks on the ground as if following my trail. The ones back had their trunks high in the air and were pointing them directly at me.

"While I did not lose my nerve, I realized how helpless I was, all alone, with but a little gun. I confess I was *a bit shaky.* I knew I must keep perfectly still, but this was almost impossible, as I had to turn to watch on both sides of me to see which would reach me first.

"I could have shot many bulls with fair tusks, but dared not at this critical moment. My only thought was to stand ready and pump lead into the first elephant that touched the tree. As the front of the column was gradually drawing closer to the tree my heart beat faster and faster, and I *wondered if they would* try and pull me out, or mass and push over the tree.

"Closer they came, and twice I put the gun to my shoulder to fire down on them, but took it down again to wait for the last moment. Would they get my gun which I had used as a step and smash it to pieces, not liking the scent of man? I reasoned if they came as far as that, they surely would know the object up the tree was a man and then attempt to pull me out.

"They came to within twenty feet *of the tree, and for some inexplicable* reason, turned, as if at a signal, and joined the rest of the herd, which was now headed in a direction a little off from my imperiled sanctuary.

"With great relief I watched them gradually recede farther and farther, and I gave a sigh of relief when I saw they were well away from hearing distance. They went off at a sort of a fast walk, and everything went down before them as if an immense steam roller had gone over the ground.

"*Their formation* was wonderful to watch. They all moved with such decision, and when they started to form columns they kept perfectly straight, and nothing changed their course. In a short while they were lost to view."

## THE DIAMOND RING

LONDON thieves are very clever, but sometimes the biter gets bit. The following story told me by a correspondent is perfectly true:

*Mrs. Smith* was on her way home after a day's shopping. She still had two orders to give at Harrods', and she took a Brompton Road omnibus on her way there. She sat down, hardly noticing the man beside her till the conductor came round for fares, and then, as her companion held out his penny, she did observe that he wore a really magnificent diamond ring. So fine was the stone that she glanced involuntarily at his face, a remarkable one and not easily forgotten, and it was only when *she observed his gaze fixed* with interest upon herself that she turned aside in some confusion.

A few minutes later, Harrods' was reached, and she hurriedly descended and made her way to the department she required.

Just as she had completed her purchase, she noticed, with a rather unpleasant shock, that the man of the omnibus was standing close beside her. However, she slipped into the crowd and made her way quickly to the other department. Here again, as she finished, she became aware of the same man close behind her.

Now thoroughly alarmed she made her way to the costume rooms, where he could hardly follow her, and threw herself upon the mercy of the shop-walker, explaining that she feared she was shadowed, and begging him to get her out of the shop by a back way. This he did, called a cab for her and sent her safely home.

Having an account at Harrods', she had not needed to pay there for the things she had ordered, and it was only when she reached her own house that she put her hand in one of the pockets of the coat she wore. As she did so, she found no purse, but—the diamond ring!

*Evidently that, too, had been a theft,* was too big for its illicit wearer, and had dropped off when he dived for Mrs. Smith's purse. He had discovered this almost immediately, and haunted her in the vain hope that he might yet recover it. She took it next day to Scotland Yard, and though assured that it would never be claimed, left it there for some months, and then had it sold for a good sum. As there were only a few shillings in her own purse, the thief had in this case got well sold for his pains.

# "That Reminds Me ——"

THE teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family.

"Now, name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"Automobiles!" replied little Jennie Jones, promptly.

* * *

MY DEAR," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you?"

"Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."

* * *

MA, what are the folks in our church gettin' up a subscription for?"

"To send our minister on a holiday to the Continent this summer."

"Won't there be no church services while he's gone?"

"No, dear."

"Ma, I've got five dollars in my bank—can I give him that?"

* * *

AN eminent man who is a strict abstainer from both wine and animal food is obliged in consequence of this peculiarity to refrain from dining out. He entertains, however, an occasional kindred spirit. One such was recently at his table. "You ought to have seen them," said the eminent man's son, "rioting over boiled carrots."

* * *

A GENTLEMAN was standing in the lobby of one of Birmingham's leading hotels when someone made a remark about it being so easy to get a little "wet refresments" in the Magic City. The young man said:

"I have been in Birmingham for nine days, and I have never found that wet spot yet, and I want to tell you I have looked for for it, too."

The "never sleep" negro porter of this hostelry had become interested in the conversation, and, advancing close enough to the speaker to tip his cap politely, asked this question:

"Boss, where is you been stopping since you come to town—in de cemetery?"

A SCOTCH laboring man, who had married a rich widow exceptional for her plainness, was accosted by his employer:

"Well, Thomas," he said, "I hear you are married. What sort of a wife have you got?"

"Weel, sir," was the response, "she's the Lord's handiwork, but I canna say she's his masterpiece."

* * *

MRS. HENRICKS (the llandlady): "Can I help you to some more soup, Mr. Dumley?"

Mr. Dumley: "No, thanks."

Mrs. Henricks (engagingly): "Don't refuse, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup; we're not particular people here."

Mr. Dumley: "Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup."

* * *

A BISHOP, while staying at a country rectory, was roused in the morning by a female voice in the kitchen singing hymns. On going down to breakfast he congratulated the girl on her excellent cooking, and also on thus beginning the day with praise.

"Oh, yes, my lord," replied the girl, a brisk country lass; "'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' is just the right length for boiling the eggs, and 'The Church's One Foundation' for frying the bacon."

* * *

IT is told that a certain lady of a western Kansas town desired to show a kindness to the captain of the local State militia company and wrote the following invitation: "Mrs. —— requests the pleasure of Capt. ——'s company at a reception Friday evening."

A prompt reply came: "With the exception of three men who are sick with measels, Capt. ——'s company accepts your kind invitation, and will come with pleasure to your reception Friday evening."

**Your Druggist Will Tell You Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation**

THE prodigal son had returned.

"Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the old man, looking at the youth carefully; "no, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of the fat off."

* * *

WILLIAM'S brother had killed a man in cold blood.

"Well, William, how about your brother?" a visitor to the town asked him one day after the trial.

"Why," said William, "they've put him in jail for a month."

"That's rather a light sentence for a cold-blooded murder," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," William admitted; "but at the month's end they're going to hang him."

* * *

FATHER, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy scrutinized his parent closely. "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?" asked the youth, blandly.

* * *

A CERTAIN professor told a story of an old woman he once had as housekeeper, to whom he made a sporting offer.

"Janet," he said to her one day, "the very next planet I discover I will make you a present of a sovereign."

"You are very kind, sir," she replied, "and I am sure I hope you will soon discover one."

Several months went by and no planets were discovered.

"The fact of the matter is, ma'am," confided the old woman to the professor's wife, "I do think the professor goes out at night and discovers planets on the sly."

* * *

TELEPHONE girls are used to being called up to give the correct time of day; to being called down by the man in a hurry for reporting that the number he calls does not answer when he is "sure" some one is awaiting beside the phone at the other end for his signal, but, says the Boston Journal, a Malden telephone girl had one on them all when it comes to being a bureau of information. Last Sunday this call came to the Malden switchboard:

"Say, operator, my wife has gone away and left me to cook the Sunday dinner. I have got along all right except for the spinach, but that's got my goat and I can't even find a recipe book. How do you cook the blamed stuff?"

It wasn't exactly telephone business, but he got the directions. Out in Malden there is some woman who is extolling the virtues of her husband as cook, and the recipient of the praise isn't saying much.

## SWINE FOR BREEDING

THERE are many buyers looking for show yard winners and the young breeder who is building up a herd will often be compelled to pay more money for a show winner, than an equally good animal would cost him if purchased in his normal condition. Show yard honors have value, but there are many winners that never prove valuable breeders when put to the test in a herd. It is seldom profitable to invest a large amount of money in a high priced breeding boar until there are a number of choice sows to mate with him.

The character of the herd will depend precisely upon the quality of each and every animal selected for breeding purposes. The boar should be an excellent individual ideal in form, size, markings and possess finish and quality. He should be able to look you square in the eye and have a kind and intelligent face, eye and head. A fine, silky coat, smooth sides, and be free from wrinkles. He should have a strong, broad and well arched back; shoulders wide, deep and broad on top, compact, smooth and well down on arm; loins full and smooth; chest large and roomy; rump long, broad and well rounded, and tail well set up, tapering and curled; ribs well sprung from the back, and chest roomy and large; hams long, deep and thick and well rounded from points down to the hocks, sides long, straight, deep and free from wrinkles and flanks well set down; legs short, set at each corner and standing erect, front legs should stand straight and be muscled down on arms; hind legs strong and hocks well set, and short and firm pastern; feet tough and erect toes. Added to all of these requirements he should come from a line of ancestry possessing the same qualities.

In selecting sows for the foundation herd it will be best to buy them from one herd that has been established for many years, until the animals bear a striking uniformity to each other, and the blood lines have become thoroughly established. This enables him to take up the work where the man who bred them let off and continue the work of improvement, instead of buying a miscellaneously bred bunch of sows that possess no fixed type. The sows had best be selected from some established herd by visiting the breeder and selecting them in their normal condition. They should resemble the boar and be bred along similar lines. The special points to be observed in selecting the sows are size, quality and finish.

Good, strong backs are of supreme importance. Weak backs should be shunned. The sow's face should be smooth and broad between the eyes, and gradually taper toward the end of her nose. She should have straight side lines, smooth shoulders, and possess symmetry and style, have a kind disposition and be an easy feeder and prolific.

It is a mistake to order foundation stock by mail and order a few sows and a boar not akin. The chances are that right at the very beginning you will introduce a violent outcross and spoil the results of years of systematic selection and mating to hold and keep in control a fixed type and prepotency. Fixed characteristics cannot be established and perpetuated by bringing together unrelated families of the breed.

## SOME NEW PYGMIES

A BRITISH exploring party, sent out by the Ornithologists' Union to explore the mountain regions in Dutch New Guinea, has discovered, instead of birds, a new tribe of human pygmies. These curious little folks, known to the anthropologist as negritos, appear to be more widely scattered over the earth's surface than was at first supposed. They are now known to exist in the Andaman Islands, the Malay Peninsula, and the Philippines.

The new New Guinea tribes are reported as about four feet three inches in height, perfectly formed—that is, not deformed dwarfs, but simply miniature human beings—with frizzly (or, to be ultra-scientific, ulotrichous) hair, in "pepper corn tufts," and the typical stove-blacking skin of the whole pygmy race. The nose is unusually broad. They are shy, but friendly and hospitable, after their confidence is won.

The pygmies everywhere appear to be nomadic, and, like all nomads, depend for their living chiefly upon hunting and fishing. Their weapons are poisoned arrows, which they shoot from bows and a primitive form or spring gun. The poison is obtained from the upas tree or some related plant.

It appears, according to A. C. Haddon, that previous travelers in New Guinea have noted indications of pygmy tribes in several regions—in the shape of occasional individuals of medium stature, presenting a mixture of negrito and papuan characteristics. "The English expedition has now discovered," writes Dr. Haddon, "a pygmy population in Netherlands' New Guinea, which, presumably, is allied to that inhabiting German New Guinea." Regarding the geographical distribution of pygmies, he quotes some interesting statements of Rascher regarding their existence in New Britain. They are said to live in clefts in the rocks, and to steal fruit from the neighboring gardens. "They are so tiny that one stands on the shoulders of another, and so on until they reach the fruit. The fruit is not thrown down, lest a noise would be made, but passed from hand to hand until it reaches the chief, who is on the ground."

## THE QUEBEC BRIDGE

NO structure which has ever been proposed or undertaken in Canada has, we should think, attracted quite so much attention as the Quebec Bridge. Since the collapse which necessitated its rebuilding, it has been more or less constantly before the public—the engineering portion of it, anyway—and the various stages through which it has passed so far have occasioned much discussion, and, as in the case of its plans, some severe criticism.

Now that the tenders for the erection of the superstructure of the new bridge are to be asked for in the very near future, the question of its cost is occupying the close attention of builders and the public generally. It is quite likely, however, that a great surprise is in store for the public when the figures are given out, for it now looks as if a tender under ten million dollars for the steel work will not be thought of, and this information comes from engineers who have given close attention to the enterprise.

In the first place, the sub-structure will no doubt cost over a round million when completed, and a competent engineer and builder is authority for the statement that the completed bridge will cost from twelve to fourteen million dollars. It appears to be decided that nickel steel will wholly enter into the construction of the bridge, and the statement is made that, in spite of the fact that Canada produces a very large percentage of the nickel in the world, all the material for the erection of the bridge will have to be secured in the United States for the reason that there are no mills here of sufficient magnitude to prepare the material for the superstructure.

A close calculation goes to show that the bridge will weigh no less than 75,000 tons, or 150,000,000 pounds. If this steel goes in at the rate of six cents per pound, the cost price would be no less than $9,000,000 for the superstructure alone; but there are experts in Montreal and Ottawa who believe that the metal in position will cost nearer seven and a half cents per pound than the figure just given. If this turns out to be the case, the cost price for the superstructure will be $11,250,000 instead of ten millions, bringing up the total cost of the bridge to thirteen million dollars.

It is said also that the designs have already cost $200,000, and that the sum of a quarter of a million will have been expended by the time the structure will have been placed in the hands of the contractors.

A distinguishing feature of the new design is that there is not a curved member in it. It is all straight lines. It may be scientific, but it will, if ever built, be the ugliest bridge of large dimensions yet constructed. The bridge is to consist of two continuous main girders. In the Forth Bridge the central spans rest at each end on the cantilevers. In the new Quebec Bridge the central girders will be integral with the cantilevers. How expansion and contraction will be provided for we do not know. The trussing is very peculiar. It is not triangular in the ordinary sense of the term as applied to girders. The top and bottom booms are united by a series of A's, inside each of which is placed another of about half the height inverted. Straight vertical bars are incorporated. The arrangement is quite original, and in no way resembles either the first bridge or that over the Forth. One important difference between the design and that of the Forth Bridge is that the central members of the cantilevers of this last each rest on two piers, the distance between these varying with the situation, the minimum being 145 feet and the maximum 260 feet. In this way, it will be seen, great stability is secured. In the Quebec design each double cantilever is balanced on a pivot on top of a single pier. This is the reason why the Forth Bridge possesses such remarkable rigidity. Furthermore, the height of the towers—that is to say, the depth of the girder, is limited to 290 feet, as against 330 feet for the Forth Bridge and 315 feet for the bridge which fell down. It has also been pointed out that the distance between the girders—that is to say, the width of the bridge where it rests on the piers, will be 88 feet, or one-twentieth of the span; that of the old bridge was only 67 feet, while that of the Forth Bridge is about 120 feet.

A CLEVER little bit of human nature was used by a "knight of the road" recently on a matron living in a suburb of Pittsburg, and as a result he slept with a full stomach that night.

The suburb is quite small, and when the tramp dropped off a freight and ambled up the main street he was quite hungry. There were about ten houses which gave fair chance of meals, and the tramp lost no time. He was not surprised when the first housewife slammed the door in his face, nor the second, for that was natural and the proper thing to do. But when he reached the ninth house, or rather was helped away, he was thoroughly disgusted. The town certainly had him hoodooed.

After a short rest and a deep think the hungry one knocked at the door of the tenth house.

"Madam, can you let a hungry man have a bite to eat? I don't think you can, though," he said. The woman opened her ears.

"Why can't I?"

"The woman next door said you didn't have enough for yourself."

He got his meal.

A Hungarian woman is petitioning for a divorce because her husband insists on displaying in the house the portraits of her three predecessors.

Germany has taken to the manufacture of artificial teeth out of old paper. They are said to retain their color well, and are less likely to chip than ordinary false teeth.

# With the Horses

IN these days when sanitary regulations are receiving such large consideration in all directions for the human family, it is only becoming for those interested in and responsible for the care of domestic animals to give some fair proportion of heed to sanitary observances for their comfort and health, says Spirit of the West. A particular in which breach is commonly made in every principle of sanitation in the treatment of the noblest and closest to man of the animal kind, the horse, merits attention while agitation along the line prepares an open way for it. It is in the treatment of horses that are already ailing, and particularly where suffering from a disease of an infectious character. As is well known, modern, up-to-date handling of persons afflicted with disease of any sort, and eminently so when the least infectious or contagious, as most ailments are, looks to putting and keeping them in the cleanest and tidiest, and most thoroughly disinfected quarters and surroundings possible to be provided. Because already smitten with the disease, they are not thrown into a room reeking with contagion, and crowded together with a lot of others similarly affected and forced to live and breathe and feed in an atmosphere surcharged with the deadly virus. But contrariwise their rooms are aired and ventilated and disinfected with the most powerful antiseptics, and every article used about them subjected to the same treatment, and every pains taken suggested by the ingenuity of man to reduce to the minimum the deadly agency working on them. But, how is it, as a rule, when disease invades the ranks of horses? It may be that enough is done to separate the ailing from the well to prevent them from becoming contaminated and coming down also. But ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, if two or more are diseased, they are thrown together in a lot or close stable, and allowed to pollute, not only the air they breathe in common, but the entire premises, the mangers, walls, fences, feed boxes, bedding, and the very forage and feed given them, with the germs thrown off by the fever, or even with the putrid discharges produced by diseases such as distemper and the like. Given remedies probably to destroy the deadly germs already preying upon them, they are allowed to breathe into their lungs and nostrils, take into their mouths and stomachs and entire salivary and digestive tract, and from thence into the blood new reinforcements of the parasitic enemy already working upon and seeking to destroy them. That virulent colt disease, distemper, or strangles, lodges a germ in a tender and susceptible youngster, and before noticed it has developed and contaminated another, and the owner concludes as both have it anyway one box stall will be enough for the two, and they are pushed in and kept there poisoning and destroying one another in the manner described, and he wonders why instead of getting well they grow worse and worse and probably one or both die. Even more to be marveled at, veterinarians will be witness and even accessories to such course, after all the experience they have had, and observations made, if they ever make any. No wonder the range horses, with all the exposure of storms and cold and lack of food and care, weather through and survive such diseases, even if somewhat epidemic, because the sick one does not have to fight more than his own germs and contagion, and has the open air to battle in. There can be no conceivable case where there can be justified lodging one ailing horse or colt with another, or keeping in quarters not thoroughly ventilated and cleaned of every possible impurity and disinfected with the utmost care, and where the same precautions are not employed to secure perfectly sanitary surroundings as are used with the human. If an owner is not able to afford the expense of such care in his stable or box stall, or in a veterinary hospital where such sanitary provisions are made, then should he turn the animal out in the open where not kept by human constraint subject to deadly virus, with no possible escape, and denied even wholesome atmosphere to breathe. The physical economy is such that the resisting power against disease is very great, with pure food and nature's healthful surroundings uncontaminated and unpolluted by conditions that human interference has brought about, and if not given the treatment that advanced science and medical skill have discovered and rendered possible, then the poor brute should be given the chance that in his native wild state he enjoyed.

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## THE APES OF GIBRALTAR

FEW visitors to Gibraltar ever see the famous apes that from time immemorial have been distinguished as the only wild simians in Europe. The apes live high on the big rock, and when they do venture down to the nearer gardens of the town to steal food it is not the visitor who knows of it. As a matter of fact, there have been fewer apes to be seen there in the recent years. For some reason or other the never large number has been decreasing. Some think that the firing of the fortress guns drove them off; but if so, where did they go? Not across the "neutral ground" and up into Spain, the only alternative to swimming across the straits and going into Barbary, whence their ancestors may have been brought centuries ago. The straits being wide, that alternative is out of the question. It was thought recently that the apes had dwindled down to eight in number and there were those who asserted that the count should be only four or five—and all females at that. New blood from Africa seemed to be needed, and a pair of Barbary apes were sent over from Tetuan by the British consul. But a strange stroke of ill luck befel the male, which, after suffering the tortures of seasickness and receiving anything but a friendly welcome from the resident simians, fell off a wall and died of concussion of the brain. To guard against any possible chance of an Adamless Eden, another pair was brought across the straits.

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**50c a box—6 for $2.50—or trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.**

## AN ELEPHANT LABYRINTH

NEAR Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam, is a curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive. The labyrinth is formed by a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins at the edge of the forest the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile broad, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around.

Tame elephants are employed to lure wild ones into the trap. Having reached the inner end of the labyrinth, the tame elephants are allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives.

MISTRESS (to maid): "I understand that you had company yesterday, Mary. Who was it?"

Mary: "Only my Aunt Nellie, mum."

Mistress: "Well, when you see her again, Mary, kindly tell her that she left her tobacco pouch and matches on the piano."

## HE DID

Said the lady: "Here's a rug to beat;
Also, some pumpkin pie to eat
When you complete it."

The hobo cast a greedy eye
Upon that wholesome home-made pie
And longed to eat it;

Then thoughtfully he eyed the rug,
And, with a silent shoulder shrug
He straightway beat it.

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makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.

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insures better work from the new machine and lengthens the life of the old. Wherever bearings are loose or boxes worn it takes up the play and acts like a cushion. Changes of weather do not affect it.

**Standard Gas Engine Oil**
Gasolene and Kerosene Engines
is the only oil you need. It provides perfect lubrication under high temperatures without appreciable carbon deposits on rings or cylinders, and is equally good for the external bearings.

**Capitol Cylinder Oil**
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delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 37

**To Follow the Fashion Smoke**

**BUCK-EYES**

Here's a toast to fashion
And her furbelows!
Changing hats and turbans
Changing shoes and hose.
Changing straight-front corsets
For the other kind,
Taking curves from off the front
Putting them behind.
Throwing Psyche knots off,
Calling out for rats
Moulding roly-polys
Into merely slats.
Moving waist lines upward,
Shifting waist lines down!

Yesterday your dictum
Was the Empire gown.
Now you are uncertain;
Probably next week
You'll prescribe a garment
Which is purely Greek.
Fashion, you're a wonder,
Changing walk and pose
And a very juggler
When it comes to clothes.
Here is to you, Fashion,
In a halting rhyme;
For in smoking it's the fashion
To use BUCK-EYES all the time.

**Fashion never changes when it comes to the BUCK-EYE. BUCK-EYES are always in fashion**

# NEW PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIPS

THE new steamships of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which have been put in commission for the coast service between Puget Sound and Prince Rupert offer the rest-hunter and sight-seeker a trip of two thousand miles through some of the most wonderful scenery to be found on the continent.

The handsome buildings, rising tier upon tier on the splendid terraced streets of busy, hustling Seattle;

The quaint, unique charms of Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia, mixed with its rapidly growing business consequence;

The substantial new city of Vancouver, throbbing with busy enterprise, forging ahead as one of the chief ports and cities of the Pacific Coast;

The latest of all cities, Prince Rupert, the terminus on the Pacific Ocean of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental line, situated on a harbor with perhaps not an equal in the world for beauty and practical use;

But above all in its appeal to the rest-hunter and sight-seeker the trip of two thousand miles on the palatial steamships "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George"—by far the finest in the North Pacific Coast service—and on the company's steamers operating between Prince Rupert and Portland Canal and Queen Charlotte Islands.

Norwegian fjords are justly famous, but the British Columbia coast embraces in its canals and inlets, mountain girt, all the Norwegian attractions and more.

Along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Steamships, the sheltered waters of the Pacific Ocean are traversed for over six hundred and fifty of the seven hundred miles from Seattle to Prince Rupert, via Victoria and Vancouver.

Beautiful mountain ranges, many snow-capped, extend the entire distance, sometimes viewed on either sode of comparatively wide stretches of water, but for the most part rising abruptly from the canal-like or island-studded course of the steamships.

While combining all the most luxurious features of steamship travel, the "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George" besides having all modern appliances include a reliable wireless system contributing to safety; the construction of the ships, with double bottoms and water-tight bulkheads render these vessels unsinkable in case of the remote possibility of accident; the only boats regularly in the northern trade from Seattle with these features.

The "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George" have twin screws driven by engines of double low-pressure cylinders, triple-expansion type, with the Yarrow-Schlick-Tweedy counterbalancing system, making the ship entirely free of vibration.

These steamships have a normal speed of eighteen to nineteen knots per hour (twenty to twenty-two statute miles) ensuring the maintenance of schedule.

Fully equipped with wireless apparatus is in constant communication with shore and ensures reliability under all conditions; an auxiliary power of batteries, distinct from the dynamo, providing against failures.

The shade deck has covered promenades making complete circuit of the ship, besides roomy sitting-out area fore and aft. In addition there is promenading and lounging space on the shelter and boat deck.

In the northern trade observation parlors and smoking rooms afford the most luxurious and comfortable way for viewing the scenery under all weather conditions. The observation parlor forward of the cabin is finished in sycamore, natural color, the room being entirely enclosed with large plate glass windows affording excellent means for viewing in comfort the marvellous scenery of the North Pacific coast. On the shade deck aft of the cabin is a smoke room and buffet finished in fumed white oak, with large plate glass windows to permit unobstructed observation.

The cabins are in white enamel with gold tracery and are luxuriously furnished. Aft, on the shelter deck, is a beutiful ladies' room, decorated handsomely, art glass skylight, grand piano to correspond with the furniture and everything necessary for comfort.

The staterooms on the "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George" are all outside rooms, unusually large, finished in white enamel and mahogany, the berths being fitted with woven wire and hair mattresses and the finest quality of linen, rugs, etc. Each berth has an electric reading lamp independent of the other room lights; running hot and cold water in every stateroom, doing away with the objectionable type of lavatory arrangements in use on other ships.

Each ship has several parlor staterooms fitted with brass beds, dressing tables, etc., with bath adjoining, for which a moderate charge is made in addition to ordinary rates of passage.

The dining room is on the main deck aft, very handsomely furnished in mahogany and white enamel and gold, thoroughly ventilated and brilliantly lighted. One hundred and twenty people are seated at one time, the tables being of various sizes and arranged in the centre and in alcoves around the room. The galley and serving rooms are arranged in the most up-to-date manner.

Refrigeration and ice machines are features marking a distinct departure in the northern trade.

A barber shop and all the features usually found in first-class hotels will be maintained on these boats as well as news and souvenir stands. Baths of hot and cold, fresh and salt water are provided free of charge.

## STARTING UP THE OIL-WELL

IN certain of the petroleum producing districts it becomes necessary, sometimes in opening an oil-well, when the well has become clogged or apparently exhausted, to begin or renew the flow by exploding nitroglycerine at the bottom of the well. This explosive is employed because it is exploded readily by the dropping of a weight upon it. A man who carries nitroglycerine from well to well for this purpose is known in the oil regions as a "shooter."

The shooter has a wagon in which to carry his explosive. A square box under the seat is carefully padded, and when it has been solidly filled with cans of nitroglycerine, which is a molasses-like fluid, he fastens down the cover and drives slowly away to the well that he is to "shoot." Usually he makes the trip very early in the morning, to avoid the customary travel and so diminish the chance of danger.

For the most part the roads are bad, and the wagon jolts along in a way to make any one but an old "shooter" decidedly nervous. If it is dark there is great danger that a wheel may drop into a hole with force enough to detonate the explosive. Several wagons, bearing "shooters" and their loads, have been blown up, but no one ever lived to tell what sort of a jar caused the explosion.

In such a case little is ever found except the great hole in the ground which the explosion has dug, with possibly a wheel of the wagon a quarter of a mile away in one direction and another in the opposite direction.

The "shooter" generally takes from eighty to two hundred and forty quarts of nitroglycerine in his wagon. The smaller amount is quite enough, if it should explode, to leave no trace of the driver of the vehicle.

When the "shooter" reaches the well which is to be treated, long torpedo tubes are placed within the casing of the well, and the nitroglycerine is poured carefully into them. The well may be fifteen hundred feet deep and is seldom less than a thousand. When one of the tubes is filled, it is lowered with the utmost care to the bottom of the well. This operation is repeated until the "shooter" is satisfied that the load is heavy enough to accomplish the purpose. When all is ready a bar of iron, known as a "go-devil," is dropped into the well. The instant it leaves his hand the "shooter" takes to his heels, seeking a place of safety.

Suddenly the earth trembles; there is a crash, followed by a snap; a muffled sound arises and becomes louder and louder, until a column of oil and water shoots from seventy-five to one hundred feet into the air. The country for hundreds of feet around is filled with clouds of spray floating to windward. When this subsides the well is in operation, and the "shooter" receives his fee and drives away.

## WHEN WALT. MASON WAS A BOY IN ONTARIO COUNTY

THE hamlet where I "grew up" was about two and a half miles from Brooklin, which, if my memory is on the job, is about five miles from Whitby, Ontario. There was a new railway from Whitby to Port Perry, and Brooklin leaned against the right of way. In the early days of that road there was a train about once a week. It was hauled by an apoplectic locomotive with a funnel like the crater of a volcano. In those times a locomotive was considered a poor excuse if its smokestack wasn't as large as an ordinary barn. They used to feed that locomotive with cordwood, and when the supply of wood ran out, the time-table was suspended until the conductor and brakeman had cut down a tree and whacked it into four-foot lengths.

Riding on that railway was considered an extra hazardous business, and if a man was seen boarding it, his insurance policies were cancelled. I rode on it to Port Perry one time. The regular passenger coach had been left at Whitby, where it was being loaded with fish, and the passengers had to ride on a flat car. There was a place called "the deep cut," a few miles north of Brooklin, and when the train got that far it was found that a lot of cattle were on the track. The conductor and brakeman got off the train to drive them away, and then the owner of the cows loomed up and claimed that they had a perfect right to stay in that cut if they wanted to, and if the railway henchmen made a pass at them he'd go to the law. So the case was carried to the lower courts, and the passengers grew old and feeble waiting for the train to start, and the cows laid down on the track and died of old age, and finally the great grandson of the conductor took charge and ran the train to Port Perry. When I left Brooklin I was a child in pinafores, and when I got to Port Perry I had to go to a barber for a shave, and he charged me for a hair-cut.

The railway facilities being thus inadequate, most people did their traveling on foot, unless they could afford horses and buggies. In my native hamlet there was a venerable steed that was rented out to the plain people at reasonable rates. It was the property of Hon. Bill Hallett, who is still living in that neighborhood, and who points with pride to the record of that steed whenever he has a few minutes to spare. It was the only horse of its kind in Canada then, and there is no reason to believe that another one like it has ever grown up since. It was called Captain, which was not doing it full justice; it should have been colonel, at least. Captain was composed largely of bones, and those bones were covered with a corrugated hide of a chestnut color. He hadn't enough hair on his tail to make a decent set of chin whiskers, and his neck was shaped like a corkscrew, and he had a head like a shark. He was, without exception, the homeliest nag that ever grew beside a human door, and the man who was driving him attracted more attention than a circus parade. Captain was so thin and crooked that his harness wouldn't stay where you wanted it. The backband would slide half way up his neck, and the breeching would get wound around his legs, and the first thing you knew he'd have one of his hind legs through the crupper. It was really a trying thing to drive him. I have seen strong men fuss with him for half an hour, and then tear out their hair by the handful, and weep like children.

But the truly wonderful thing about Captain was his weakness for running away. If you saw him unharnessed, leaning against a fence with his head resting on one of the posts, you would say that he was going to die within five minutes, and you'd wish him many happy returns of the day. But when you hitched him up, he hoisted his old three-cornered head about eighteen feet high, and took the bit in his teeth, and started off as though going to his uncle's wedding. I have always been a crank on horses, and have owned scores of them, good, bad and indifferent, and never have I seen such an indomitable nag as Captain was. Fed on bran and old shoes and dyestuff, thin as the shadow of a pane of glass, covered with blemishes and scars, and anywhere from twenty to a hundred years old, he had the fire of a young racehorse. When he started off he couldn't go fast, his legs were so stiff. You could hear his old joints creaking like a rusty windmill, and his ribs sounded like a keg of horseshoes, and one of his legs was string-halted, and he would hit his ear with his foot at every step. As he warmed up he kept going faster and faster, and the man who was personally conducting the excursion had to brace his feet against the dashboard and repeat the prayers for the dying, and hang on.

The horse usually returned from each trip with the front wheels of the buggy behind him, and the rest missing. A couple of days later the man who had rented the outfit would come walking in, carrying the hind wheels and the buggy-box, and saying things that had to be soaked in brine before they were fit for family use. The owner spent all his evenings and other spare time in fastening the buggy together again, and when it was fit for use there was always some debonair, reckless spirit ready to rent it again.

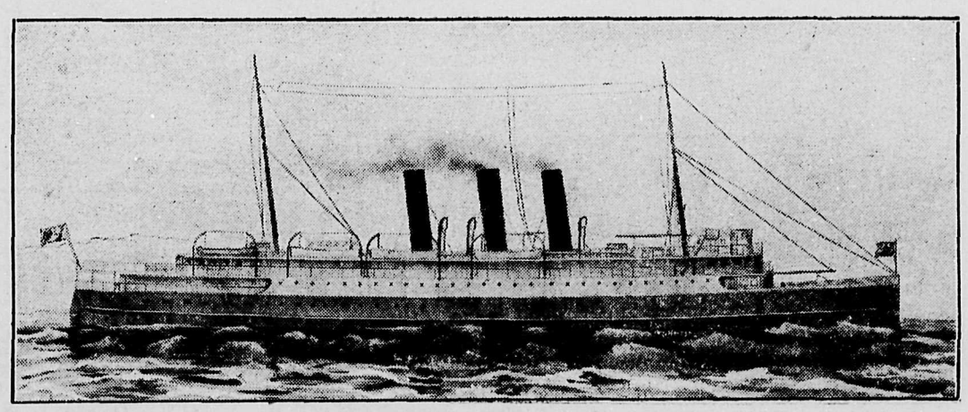
Hon. Bob Morrison was my boss in the woolen mill, and a blithe and genial soul was he. I had a chance to do him a good turn one day, and he said he would reward me by taking me for a buggy-ride all the way to the lakeshore, on the next Saturday afternoon. I looked forward to that Saturday afternoon as a bridegroom to his wedding. When the fateful time came, the wheels of Mr. Hallett's buggy were duly anointed with with grease, and old Captain was hitched up, and we started for Oshawa and the lakeshore as cheerily as they who go down to the sea in ships. We made a great hit going through Columbus, which was on our way. Captain was just getting warmed up to his work, and he zig-zagged along the main street so that the buggy seemed to hit both sides at once. A good many farmers' buggies were standing there, and we ripped off half a dozen wheels by way of diversion, and the farmers shouted blessings after us as we went our joyous way, beguiling the dull moments with laughter and song.

As we approached Oshawa we were going about a mile a minute, and the buggy was running on one wheel most of the time, and Bob concluded that it was time to call a halt. He braced his feet against the dashboard, and got a good grip on the lines, and cried, "Yo ho, lads!" after the manner of able seamen, and gave a mighty heave. Then his feet went through the dashboard, and he slid down to the bottom of the buggy, and let go the lines, and just sat there practicing the war cry of the Seminoles, and in this shape we went through Oshawa, and the oldest inhabitants still stand around the street corners and talk of the meteor that went through the town 'way back in '77. A few minutes later we reached the lake and Captain went right into it. A small thing like a puddle of water wasn't going to prevent him from reaching the green fields of Ole Virginny. When he got out of his depth he got so tangled in the harness that he got discouraged, and turned around and got us back ashore. We turned him loose there and carried the buggy home on our shoulders, and Bob hired a team of saw-horses next time he went driving.

I had two older brothers who fell into a trance the following winter and hired Captain to drive to Oshawa. There was a lot of real snow on the ground, and Mr. Hallett had rigged up a sleigh for emergencies. The runners were made of planks, and a wagon-box was placed on them. It was heavy enough to break the hearts of a team of elephants, but Captain didn't care a continental what was tied to him. He'd just as soon haul a roundhouse as a baby carriage. My intrepid brothers received many warnings before starting out. They were reminded that every man who had ever driven Captain had spent his remaining years in the sackcloth department. Moreover, the horse hadn't been doing anything for a couple of weeks, and had been eating a rich and nourishing diet of burlap sacks. But the skippers they blew a whiff from their pipes, and scornful laughs laughed they.

They were indeed a gallant sight, as they drove away, waving au revoir to friends and relatives. Shortly after they left an awful snow storm began. All kinds of plain and fancy snow came down as though the plug had dropped out. A man who was driving home from Oshawa, facing the bitter blast, heard heart-rending moans and cries of despair coming from the heart of the storm. He dismounted, and found an upturned sleigh in the ditch by the roadside. With the aid of a handspike he raised it from the ground, and two stricken youths crawled from under, complaining that all their ribs were broken, and their feet frozen off. When Captain was mentioned they began quoting poetry. They were hauled home and covered with poultices, and they finally recovered, but they never smiled again.

And Captain? If there is a heaven for horses, he is there, and doubtless making things hum.



S.S. "PRINCE RUPERT" OF THE G.T.P. STEAMSHIP SERVICE, NOW RUNNING ON THE PACIFIC COAST

## HEALTH

YOU sit and look at your medicine chest, your receipted druggist's and doctor's bills and regretfully weigh them up with your depleted bank account. Then you sigh profusely and say: "It might have been." It's never too late! Just lock the medicine chest for a little while; put away the bills as reminders of your folly and begin to use a little common sense.

This is not a preamble to a treatise with Christian Science tendencies—Mary Baker Eddy forbid! When there's something the matter a doctor is your best friend, but most of the time you're not paying him for the big things in sickness, but for the little, petty things that are half the time due to your lack of horse sense and the other half to an overstimulated imagination.

Take any animal, feed him food he shouldn't eat, prevent him from exercising and deprive him of a proper amount of sleep and he'll become ill—most likely he'll die. Yet you'll try to do all these things to your organism, which is supposed to be more delicate than that of any animal.

Extremes are always dangerous. There is as much peril in underdoing things as there is in overdoing them. Be moderate! Too much sleep is just as bad as too little; too much food is worse than too little, and too much exercise is sometimes fatal.

A machine of any kind has to be tended to and kept in A1 condition to produce good results—or, for that matter, any results at all. It has to be cleaned, oiled and properly fed. When it lies idle for a protracted length of time it gets rusty and out of condition. Your body is the greatest machine known, yet you abuse it, overwork it and still expect it to be uncomplaining.

You can go along that way probably for years, but you won't know what hit you.

There are three things, and only three, that are essentials of the glowing health we admire in others. They are proper food, proper sleep and proper exercise. Keep strict tabs on these three things and you'll forget what your doctor looks like, while a drug store will mean to you nothing more expensive than a cake of soap or a box of talcum powder!

Of course there are exceptions to every rule. There are some of us who have come into this world handicapped by a deformity or some inherited malady. The pity of it! They are the ones to whom belong the "might have beens!" You men and women who have not this stumbling block in your pursuit of health, keep silent about your ailments and get to work to improve them.

Don't stand still admiring the healthy creatures about you and wondering why you're not as they are. Look to the other side—to the place where the unfortunates lie prostrate without hope—and thank your fate that you, at least, have the elements of HEALTH.

## CURIOSITIES OF CUTLERY

CONSIDERABLE improvement has been made in the manufacture of knives since the days when it was the ambition of every American boy to possess a "two-bladed knife." Nowadays the humblest small boy's jack-knife has at least two blades and many boys have knives with three—a big blade at one end with a small one for fine whittling beside it and a nail blade at the other end.

Now and then one sees some curious objects of manufacture—knives with a great number of blades, files, cork-screws, scissors, forks, pincers, and so on. Sheffield, England, is the great source of these curiosities in cutlery. A knife known as the "Norfolk Knife," made at Sheffield and containing ninety-five blades and instruments, no two alike, has long been shown at various expositions. This knife cost nine hundred pounds sterling. On its large mother-of-pearl handles are carved representations of a bear hunt and a stag hunt. The blades are all etched with pictures.

This was long known as the greatest wonder of its kind, but it has now been altogether surpassed. A giant knife, made by the greatest of Sheffield firms, contains as many blades as there are years in the Christian era and no two blades are alike.

## SOME PECULIAR PAVEMENTS

TOMBSTONES are not infrequently employed in different parts of England for paving purposes. Some four or five years ago the inhabitants of Belvoir bitterly protested against the use of such material in the construction of a road leading to the parish church, despite the assurances of the local authorities that with the liberal supply of old and broken gravestones at their disposal the plan had been adopted with a view to saving the taxpayers quite a sum.

In Lyons, France, the celebrated Rue de la Republique is paved with glass blocks eight inches square, which have been so precisely fitted together as to make them absolutely water-tight. Compressed grass, it is claimed, has been used in the construction of pavements in German towns and with admirable results, and in Russia compressed paper has been utilized for a similar purpose.

Many interesting instances of individual eccentricity or extravagance in the selection of material for paving streets and roads may be cited. It is related that when Maximilian Emanuel succeeded to the throne of Bavaria he celebrated the event by causing one of the roads leading to his palace to be paved with plates of burnished copper. This, gleaming in the sunshine, gave all the effect of the more precious metal—gold.

We are told also that Louis XIV. paved one of the courts at Versailles with squares of silver, each of which had recorded upon it some triumph of the French arms. In the centre of the court stood a large tablet of gold in representation of the luxurious monarch's favorite emblem, the sun. Memoirs of the time of Louis make mention of a lodge erected to the love of his youth, the fair Louise de la Valliere. The approach was paved with mirrors wherein was painted an allegory setting forth the undying devotion of the King to Louise.

An eccentric nobleman of Milan conceived the idea of paving the courtyard of his palace with slabs of marble, granite, and other stone, each from a different land. It is said that Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and Australia all contributed materials to make up this quaint mosaic composed of more than one thousand pieces, every one of which was suitably inscribed with the name of the country or state whence it came.

Perhaps the most gruesome of all pavements is that at Gwandu, in West Africa, in the making of which, it is said, more than twelve thousand human skulls were utilized. Gwandu, oval in shape, is said to be girdled by a ring of lofty poles, on the summit of each of which is placed a skull. There are, too, six gates, led up to each by a pavement of skulls, which, by reason of the constant friction to which it has been subjected, has taken on a polish like that of old ivory.

## TITLES OF KINGS

IT is a curious fact that the monarch of the greatest and most important nation in the world has almost the shortest and least imposing title of any.

Most of the crowned heads of Europe revel in the multiplicity of styles and dignities; but, apart from mere peerages, the ruler of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen has to be content with the simple formula, "Edward VII., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Even in these titles the reference to the Britains overseas was added only on the late king's accession, and the style of Emperor of India was conferred on the British Sovereign late in Queen Victoria's reign. Queen Victoria was crowned simply "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith," though on some of the early coinage of her reign—the florin, for instance—she is styled "By the Grace of God of all the Britains Queen, Defender of the Faith"—a fine, dignified and comprehensive style.

Besides his regal appellation our king has, of course, many lesser titles; but even these are not nearly so numerous as in the case of most foreign countries.

The full list of these dignitaries is: Duke of Cornwall (in the Peerage of England, creation 1337), Duke of Rothesay, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha (the dukedom he resigned in 1863), Prince of Saxe-Coburg Saalfield, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Lancaster, and Earl of Dublin. All of these titles, except the last two, which date from 1841 and 1849 respectively, are of long standing, and, it is interesting to note, embrace dignities in each division of the United Kingdom.

But long as the list appears, it is by no means as long as that of many ordinary peer of the realm, the Duke of Argyll, for one, easily outpassing it with twenty-seven separate titles.

When one turns to other monarchs the list appears very trivial, the German Emperor, for instance, enjoying the luxury of seventy-five subordinate titles, the King of Spain forty-two, the Emperor of Austria sixty-one, the Sultan of Tukrey eighty-two.

The Sultan of Turkey's various styles are somewhat amusing to the Western mind. He is, of course, Sul-Tan and Kha-Khan (High Prince and Lord of Lords) to start with, then he claims sovereignty over most of districts, towns, cities, and states in the East, specifying each by name, and setting out with great elaboration in each of his various titles "all the forts, citadels, purlieus, and neighborhood thereof," in regular legal form and finally his official designation ends, "Sovereign also of divers other nations, states, peoples, and races on the face of the earth." All this, of course, in addition to his high position as "Head of the Faithful" and "Supreme Lord of all the Followers of the Prophet." "Direct and Only Lieutenant on Earth of Mahomet."

The Emperor of Austria, the Pope, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Spain and the King of Portugal are all "King of Jerusalem." The Kings of Norway and Denmark are both "Kings of the Goths and Venus"; the Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain both call themselves "King of Galicia."

Of soverigns who claim British territories, the worst offender is the young King of Spain. He is, amongst other things, "King of Gibraltar," Emperor of Austria and the King of Oceania," "King of the West Indies," and "King of India," the last title being also claimed by the King of Portugal; while of titles formerly borne by the monarchs of Britain, the King of Spain is also "King of Castille," "King of Arragon," and "King of Navarre."

## EDUCATION

YOU didn't want to be educated when you were young, did you? You played hookey as often as you dared and went swimming on the sly, only to find you had put your pants on backward in your haste, and it was all off when you got home!

You didn't care whether Christopher Columbus was borne in Italy or Sweden, and the parsing of a sentence was harder labor than sawing a cord of wood.

Now're your ten or twenty years removed from school books and you say, "If I only had," or "If it might have been."

Yes, you might and you mightn't!

Education is a pretty good foundation—a pretty sure foundation—but it isn't everything; and the most important knowledge in the world is not all contained in the text books advised by a fossilized Board of Education!

Lots more valuable is what you absorb from brushing up against humanity and by picking your way through the mazes of "experience." No amount of education is going to make a worthless man worthy—because it isn't in him. On the other hand, no amount of education can possibly make a worthy man worthless, rather will it increase his worth.

You can't expect children to appreciate the value of a good education; you can only relate to them your experience and of what importance a good foundation is. But when have people and when will people profit by the experience of others?

Most likely your parents wanted you to stay at it, and after you graduated from the grammar, had mapped out a glorious progress through the high school and even college for you.

But if you were a boy you rebelled. You wanted to go to business and help support the family on three and a half a week. And if you were a girl you also rebelled and expressed a wish to stay at home and learn to be a first-class housekeeper or train for society. And at the end of your path was a church wedding and a rich husband.

Maybe you won, and the higher education that was to have been yours fell by the wayside. Then why, by all the laws of common sense, haven't you left it in peace where it fell, instead of raking up the dead leaves that covered it long ago, to tell of what you could have done with the assistance of a college training, which, sad to say (here an expressive sigh and a hopeless shrug of the shoulder is in order), was denied you!

So we have the endless chain. The balking of the young generation at the schoolhouse door, and then in after years the tear of regret and the "might have been." The only solution is, absorb from what you see, what you hear, what you feel. Use all of your senses and take boldly from the world at large your own education!

## QUEEN OF ITALY

HELEN, Queen of Italy, before her marriage was a Montenegrin princess who lived an outdoor life among the mountains. When she was nineteen she visited Venice, where she met the king, who fell in love with her at first sight, and despite the fact that his family regarded the match as a mesalliance, married her. In her girlhood she was a great huntress and one of the finest shots in Europe, but she never shoots now, except at clay pigeons, for with maturity she has developed an aversion to killing anything.

# Back to the Old Time

THE great plains lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains was once the home of the buffalo. It was the chief business of the Indians to hunt them for a livelihood from time immemorable; and white hunters pursued the same employment from their earliest advent into that region until the buffalo disappeared. After the Union Pacific Railroad was built—about 1868—hundreds of profesional buffalo hunters in Southwest Nebraska, Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado regularly and profitably pursued the occupation for meat and hides, so long as the buffaloes existed there, and in a large measure supplied the larders of the early homesteaders and settlers in those grasshopper stricken regions.

It may interest the hunters of today, and perhaps others to learn the actual conditions and incidents which occurred in the buffalo country during the period mentioned. The writer—always fond of hunting—was an eye-witness there several months. About February, 1875, a hunter named Womsley and myself went out from the camp of the Ogallala Indians on Chief Creek, a tributary of the Republican on the north side, near the state line between Nebraska and Kansas, to hunt for Buffalo. For a team we had a pair of old plug buckskin Texas ponies, much the worse for service, and a light, two-horse lumber wagon. We had a fair camp outfit—tent, stove, buffalo robes, blankets, grub and corn for the horses. "Buffalo chips" were our chief fuel. I was a young man, and a "tenderfoot" in a buffalo vocabulary; was out for pleasure and not for profit in the business. Womsley was a regular buffalo hunter, a gunsmith by trade, and "Out for hides." A large, good natured, powerful man physically, of 220 pounds weight of bone and sinew, without any surplus adipose tissue. He could literally outwalk the horses, and hunted afoot on the side, while I drove the team. I thought and found it best, as I was out to see the country and learn the business, to patronize a professional, and made no mistake in the estimate. I had a new Sharps Creedmore .40 calibre rifle, which shot a cartridge of 100 grains of powder, weight sixteen pounds; a new thing then; long range, and a hard shooter. I found it too heavy to carry and loaned it to Womsley, and used his .50 calibre Springfield Needle gun, a good shooter. Womsley was proud of the Creedmore and carried it till he wore holes in the shoulders of his coat. It was the only gun of the kind on the range. There were plenty of Sharp's "Big 50's," but no other Creedmore. It was the envy of the old hunters. We traveled west and camped the first night out on the Arickaree, another branch of the Republican, a beautiful stream of limpid water, flowing over beds of sand, in a natural rock cave in a nearby canyon, with living water in it. The next day our route was still west up the Arickaree by an old trail. During the day we occasionally saw recent signs of buffalo; and passed the spot, where in 1868, the U. S. Cavalry, under Colonel Forsythe and a large body of Sioux Indians had a savage fight. We were not aware of the battle then, but learned of it later. Forsythe's command was surrounded in a willow patch, on a narrow sand flat along the creek by a horde of the Sioux, concealed in the abrupt bluffs which approached near the stream on either side. They were held there several days and lost many men. The shallow rifle pits dug by the soldiers in the sand were still visible. Two of the beleagured escaped through the Indian lines at night and made their way on foot to the nearest military post on the then new K. P. Railroad, many miles south; from whence troops were sent to Forsythe's relief. The Indians told us all about the fight on our return to camp. I afterwards learned that Lieutenant Fred Beecher was killed in that fight. A very brave man. He was a nephew of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and had previously served in the Sixteenth Maine Infantry, 1862-5; in which I also served. As evening approached we sighted several bands of buffaloes; hurried to make camp and started after them. Just at dusk, about a mile from camp I killed my first buffalo, a lean cow with a fine skin which we stripped off, and also saved the tongue and hump. From then on for the next ten days we found buffaloes plentiful, in bands from a few animals up to several thousands, all in the open sand hill country. The weather was fine and we killed until we secured all the hides our horses could haul, which were prime and of the best quality for robes. Of the meat we saved only the tongues, fat and the best humps. The bulls were lean and poor. Some of the cows were in fairly good condition. Although late and not the regular hunting season we met several hunting parties. On such trips one experiences all kinds of incidents. One morning on going out to hunt, from a elevation we discovered several bands of buffaloes in various directions. It was calm, pleasant and cool, an ideal day for hunting. We selected the most accessible band, which was lying down in plain view about a mile distant. I secreted the team and laid down in a buffalo wallow to wait and watch for events, while Womsley circled around the band for a shot and to drive them towards me. He was entirely successful, and after waiting about half an hour or more I saw the smoke of his gun and the buffaloes were instantly in motion, fleeing with terror and making straight towards me. As they approached nearer I became in doubt what was best for me to do. I had not fully considered the proposition which was about to present itself; but held my position very much as I had been taught in the army. I was wanting buffalo and here appeared to be a chance to get some; but what of the consequences! I kept down until the band was about 200 yards distant, presenting a solid front of about the same length, coming on in a swinging, rolling motion, a solid compact mass, but vastly heavier and stronger, and reminding me of a cavalry charge I once encountered in the Army of Potomac in former years. I then sprang to my feet and gave the old army shout, turned my old Needle gun loose, and kept up the motion until the thing was over. Instantly the animated mass halted for a few brief moments; the impact of the hinder ones rolled them on and over the leaders and they were piled up in every conceivable manner possible; hundreds of them went sprawling and rolling on the ground and were trampled over. They parted in front of me and skedaddled by to the right and left, some of them within a few yards. While they were passing I dropped two fine cows and crippled others. I felt safer and calmer when the affair was over. It might have ended differently. A man could not have lived a minute with such a mass passing over him. It is wonderful to contemplate the fright which the presence of a human being can produce upon wild animals. Womsley soon joined me and reported that he had killed a couple more. We secured the hides and followed to look for cripples.

Another day we had laid down in advance of a band to wait for them to pass and give us a shot. They proved to be a lot of large, old bulls. When they become aged these old bulls become very large and unwieldy, and are fought and whipped out of the herd away from the cows by the young, active bulls, who are then wicked fighters with their sharp horns. It was not uncommon to find herds of several hundred of these antiquated bulls. Among those advancing was one of the largest I ever saw, of an ashy grey color, fully a foot taller than any of those with him, and all were unusually large. I was anxious to secure the big old fellow, and blazed away; but must have hit too high, near the hump. I never saw such kicking in my life. No one could believe such a big brute could get up so much motion on short notice. A Bronco Buster could not have stayed on him during the performance. But he escaped. The hides of old bulls are not suitable for fine robes, being too heavy. On another occasion we killed a large old bull which with its breast resting on the ground, the top of his hump reached up to my shoulder—I measure five feet eight inches. We estimated that he would weigh a ton. I have heard it claimed that a buffalo could not be killed by a shot in the head, which is not true. There is a big mop of long hair on the upper part of the face of the buffalo, reaching well up above the base of its horns, making the head to appear larger and higher than the skull. The top of the skull is a massive bone uniting the horns at their base. A novice shooting at the head of a buffalo from the front would probably strike the large solid bone at the top of the skull, or miss the head entirely, and would fail to kill the animal. I have no doubt such shots have been made by those who support the claim that a buffalo cannot be killed by a shot in the head. But a shot in the face an inch above the line of its eyes is instant death. No better shot could be made. I have so killed them several times; and recall one instance in particular. Womsley had wounded a large young bull, breaking both front legs above the knees, letting him down on the broken stumps, so that his head rested on the ground. It was fighting mad, bellowed and tried to charge us in that condition, but could not clear its head from the ground and fell over. While I attracted his attention in front, Womsley jumped astride of his back from the rear, caught him by the horns with his hands and held him down. I went near to him and shot him in the head, dead the first shot with a .38 pocket revolver.

One day without premeditation, I had a trial shot at a buffalo, with Womsley; he using the Creedmore, and I his Needle gun. We were about a third of a mile apart and both sighted a band of buffaloes, standing on an elevation, about equi-distant from us; so that from our respective positions we formed the side of a triangle with the position of the game. Womsley shot first and missed. I saw the bullet strike the ground and knew that he had not got the correct sight. Pulling up my hind sight for 500 yards I fired and hit the buffalo, saw it turn half around and I shot again at the same animal at the same range, Womsley still firing and missing. The buffalo soon fell, and we both started for it. On the way he started a band of antelope which ran towards me, stopped and turned to watch him, and I shot and knocked two of them down. Before I could reach them they jumped up and ran away, and they may be going yet. I didn't see them stop again.

When we reached the dead buffalo Womsley began praising himself for the fine shot he supposed he had made. I told him he had not killed the buffalo, but he was positive that he had. So we began skinning and found both my bullets in the body; and he had not hit it. The bullet from the Creedmore would have passed through a buffalo at that distance; but not so the bullet from the Needle gun. Such was the relative power of the two guns.

I noticed during that winter's hunting that the Indians were pleased to secure the Sharps Carbine, a powerful shooter and cheap in price compared with other guns. I suppose they used the same kind on Custer and his men later. Many of the buffaloes which we killed had old gunshot wounds, a significant fact, showing their constant persecution. This happened thirty-five years ago, and the myriads of buffaloes have disappeared and are now practically extinct.

## SPIDER REPUBLICS

THE spider has usually been regarded as a type of the solitary among insects, each individual preferring to live alone. But naturalists have discovered exceptions to this rule, and among the most remarkable are three species of spiders in Venezeula.

The most interesting of these, the uloborus republicanus, seems to be truly republican in its instincts, several hundreds of individuals dwelling together in huge webs made up of smaller webs linked together by strong threads and fastened among the branches of trees. On these webs the spiders can be seen moving freely about, meeting and exchanging greetings with their antennae like so many ants. In the centre of the main web is a space where the eggs of the entire republic are laid and where at the proper season the female spiders can be seen assembled, each guarding her own.

AMONG the tasks imposed in recent years upon that busy servant of man, electricity, is the acting as an assistant in the operation of dyeing.

When cloth soaked in aniline sulphate is placed between two metal plates connected with the opposite ends of a dynamo and an electric current is passed through it the sulphate is converted into aniline black. By altering the strength of the solution and of the current shades varying from green to pure black can be obtained.

In the case of indigo, the cloth is impregnated with a paste of indigo blue and caustic alkali. The electric current converts the insoluble indigo blue, by reduction of oxygen, into indigo white, which is soluble, and on being exposed to the air becomes oxidized once more add turns blue, thus thoroughly dyeing the cloth with that color.

A FASHIONABLE painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade.

"Look here, old man," said G. Innes Kerr, the etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?"

"I do," the other answered, hotly, "and with my own hands, too."

"And what do you pay your hands?" Mr. Kerr enquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

# The Hosmer Times

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year.....One Dollar in Advance
Single Copies.....Five Cents Each

Published every Thursday morning at Hosmer, British Columbia.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1910


## Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

| | Arrive Hosmer |
|---|---|
| No. 213 West | 9.44 |
| No. 214 East | 18. 40 |
| No. 212 Local East | 9. 27 |
| No. 211 Local West | 20.45 |
| No. 7 West Flyer | 10. 07 |
| No. 8 East Flyer | 20. 45 |

Change took effect Sunday June 4

G. N. TIME TABLE

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 251 leaves Michel | 9:45a. m. |
| Arrives at Hosmer | 10:00 a. m. |
| No. 252 leaves Rexford | 4:15 p. m. |
| Arrives at Hosmer | 7;13 p. m |

## TALK OF THE TOWN

The Times 'phone No. is 16.

W. T. Watson spent Sunday in Frank.

Frank Owens, of Hillcrest, was in town Sunday.

Government Agent Alexander spent Tuesday in town.

Mrs. Bert Swanton was a Fernie visitor yesterday.

F. DuBois and J. R. Lawry visited Hosmer on Sunday.

James Holden left on Monday to spend a week in Calgary.

Wanted—Chickens. Address Box A, Times office.

A. Mathieson made a business trip to Fernie on Wednesday.

Miss Clara Seudjak was visiting friends in Hosmer Monday.

Thos. Tomashavsky arrived in town last week from Prince Rupert.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Warren were visiting friends in Fernie on Sunday.

R. Pratt, brother of Alex Pratt, arrived from England on Monday.

Antonio Bossio returned last night from the sulphur springs at Frank.

E. A. Kummer, of Fernie, made a business trip to Hosmer on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. B. Racicot visited friends in Fernie a few days this week.

Do you enjoy a pool game? Drop in on Sam Snell. 51

Sir Wilfred Laurier will speak in Lethbridge on Wednesday, August 31st.

J. P. Houlahan, the sewing machine man, was seen in Hosmer Tuesday.

Mrs. Kershaw. of Fort Steele, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. W. Rogers.

Miss R. Gourley, a niece of John Wylie, arrived last Friday from Scotland.

Sam Rouleau, of the Queen's hotel staff, Fernie, spent Sunday in Hosmer.

P. Carosella, the proprietor of the opera house block, was in town yesterday.

F. Dennison, of the P. Burns Co., paid his monthly visit to Hosmer this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Powell, of Coal Creek, were visiting friends in Hosmer yesterday.

Robert Gourlay, Sr., returned last Tuesday from a business trip to the Pacific coast.

Don't forget the free moving picture show at the Queen's Hotel, Saturday evening from 8:30 to 11 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of Coal Creek, were among the sightseers to Hosmer yesterday.

The program of sports issued by the local union is very attractive and the prize list is O. K.

The Rev. C. K. Nicoll will be in attendance at the school to issue library books to the scholars on Monday and Wednesday between the hours of 11 and 12 a. m. during July and August.

Manager Stockett, of the Hosmer Mines, Ltd., has been absent during the week at Calgary on business connected with the company.

Dysentery is a dangerous disease but can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been successfully used in nine epidemics of dysentery. It has never been known to fail. It is equally valuable for children and adults, and when reduced with water and sweetened, it is pleasant to take. Sold by all druggists.

Robert Gourlay, Jr., returned on Monday from Pincher Creek where he spent a few weeks.

James Mathieson, of Fernie, was visiting his sister, Mrs. Steve Lawson, last Sunday.

A. J. Carter, district secretary of the United Mine Workers of America, visited Hosmer last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Quail, of Fernie, autoed to Hosmer on Monday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pollock.

A. McCool, of the Great Northern hotel, Michel, drove through on his way to Fernie on Monday.

Mrs. J. S. Wallace, of Cranbrook, an old resident of Hosmer, paid a farewell visit to her friends here before leaving for the coast.

Frank H. Ingham made a trip to his ranch, at Elko, last Sunday. He reports that the apple trees are looking exceptionally fine.

The Rev. M. F. Eby, of the Methodist church, and the Rev. C. K. Nicoll, of the Presbyterian church, will exchange pulpits on Sunday evening.

The Hosmer Mines, Ltd., are now shipping 300 tons of coal daily to Nelson; coke, to the amount of 200 tons daily, is being shipped to Trail.

J. S. C. Fraser, manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Rossland, spent a few days in town last week. While here he was the guest of C. B. Winter.

Mrs. R. W. Rogers and her son, Willie, who have been making a three months trip in England and Scotland, returned home on Monday morning.

Geo. Smith and family, of Medicine Hat, passed through Hosmer yesterday in a prairie schooner. They are bound for the Flathead valley in Montana.

Mr. Dun Waters, one of the proprietors of the Glasgow Herald, the second largest newspaper in Britain, is presently visiting his estate in the Okanagan valley.

"Doc" has been administering a course of treatment to the tennis court, which has now blossomed out into a clay court, having been previously of the cinder variety.

James McKelvie, an old resident of Hosmer, returned last week from Frank, where he has been spending a few months. He has taken a position as fire boss at the Hosmer mines.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all druggists.

At the end of the present month it will be possible to drive from Crow's Nest to Wardner over the new government road. This will make a pleasant trip and will give one a better opportunity of seeing the country than from the window of a train.

The long lost body of little Ileen Lyons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lyons, of West Fernie, was found last Sunday in the log pond of the Elk Lumber Co., where she was drowned on the afternoon of May 30 last.

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea, and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all druggists.

### Football Match on Saturday.

A league football match will be played at Hosmer on Saturday, August 13th, between Hosmer and Coal Creek. Kick off at 6:15.

A medal will be given to the player who scores the winning goal for Hosmer Saturday eve.

In buying a cough medicine don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs, colds and whoping cough. Sold by all druggists.

### Altitudes.

Following are the altitudes at many of the chief points in East Kootenay: Tochty 2964, Yahk 2817, Aldridge 3051, Moyie 3046, Cranbrook 3014, Fort Steele 2686, Wardner 2430, Jaffray 2700, Galloway 2874, Elko 3082, Fernie 3302, Hosmer 3447, Sparwood 3637.

### Sam and The Pigs.

Sam Sing was a candidate for honors at the police court on Monday night. Sam was accused of keeping his place in an unsanitary condition. Constable McCuish thought the Chinks pigs were too close neighbors, never dreaming that Chinks and pigs are closely related.

On the Chinks promising to amend his ways according to the statutes of B. C. he was fined a nominal sum of three plunks and costs. H. L. Brown dispensed the necessary justice.

### High School Exams.

The results of the high school examinations show a very high percentage of successful candidates. Out of a total of 1,170 no fewer than 792 passed, the majority with honors. Fernie's reputation for the percentage of those who passed remains at 100 per cent, there being three candidates and all were awarded the necessary marks, Mary A. Bateman heading the list with 534 and only one point separating the other two, Phillis Marlatt, of Hosmer, obtaining 515 and Margaret A. Robertson 514.—Fernie Ledger.

### It Looks Like a Big Day.

Weather permitting, it will be a great day, Monday the 5th of September. Although that will be Labor day, there will be plenty of business afoot in Hosmer. There will be something doing from 9 a. m. until sundown—and then some.

There are prizes galore for the winners. A band will be in attendance all day, and there will be a grand ball at the opera house throughout the night. It is anticipated at the present writing that there will be a large attendance from outside points.

### Wait for the Basket Social.

The Hosmer football club will give a basket social at the opera house on Monday evening, Aug. 22nd. Everybody should come and help the social along. The boys who are enthusiastic enough to give their time to a sport which is manly and healthful should have every encouragement of the citizens.

### The Rifle Range.

The weather man handed out a bunch of mean weather to the Fernie and Hosmer shooters when they met for the first time on the Hosmer range last Sunday. Changing light and a shifty wind of the corkscrew and fishtail varieties put high scoring in cold storage.

Fernie started off with a snug lead and held it throughout the match. The Hosmer bunch, with the exception of I. J. Brown and R. W. Rogers, are all green men, but they hung on like grim death and hugged Fernie's heels all the way. Dr. Higgins, who was top man for Hosmer, shot the range for the first time, and A. E. Cox, who was second started late this season.

Fred Cox donated a hot lunch at the rifle range which was highly appreciated by those present.

THE SCORES

| FERNIE | 200 yds. | 500 yds. | 600 yds. |
|---|---|---|---|
| A. W. Bleasdell | 27 | 26 | 19 |
| W. Waldame | 26 | 21 | 20 |
| W. Price | 27 | 13 | 11 |
| G. Pedlar | 31 | 27 | 24 |
| J. Lawrie | 29 | 23 | 23 |
| F. Dennison | 24 | 25 | 14 |
| W. Ross | 22 | 19 | 21 |
| J. Wallace | 30 | 32 | 27 |
| A. MacCaudey | 18 | 20 | 13 |
| H. Barr | 18 | 20 | 22 |
| HOSMER | | | |
| A. E. Cox | 22 | 30 | 16 |
| I. J. Brown | 27 | 19 | 19 |
| A. Anthony | 24 | 21 | 16 |
| Sam Snell | 24 | 15 | 10 |
| R. W. Rogers | 19 | 19 | 23 |
| T. Spears | 16 | 24 | 12 |
| M. McKinnon | 26 | 2 | 11 |
| H. Brier | 4 | 4 | 6 |
| Dr. Higgins | 25 | 28 | 21 |
| F. Newton | 25 | 18 | 3 |

Fernie's best score at one range was made by J. Wallace at 500 yards. 4-5-5-5-4-5-4. Total 32.

Hosmer's best score at one range was made by A. E. Cox at 500 yards. 5-5-3-4-4-5-4. Total 30.

### Change of Climate.

Are the climatic conditions along the Pass changing? Within the recollection of the youngest of old timers this was always considered a wet belt, and people who suffered from rheumatic complaints had to make frequent visits to sulpher springs and other resorts to get ease from pain. The last year or two, however, has brought about a great change, and the country now suffers from drought. We have lately had several days on which the sky looked threatening and seemed to indicate that rain was eminent, but the result was never more than a few drops. The country needs rain, and needs it badly; the gardens are suffering, and the hay ranches up the Elk have no crop to speak of; and most of all, we need it to quench the fires which are still smouldering in the valley, and ready to break out afresh with the first high wind.

### Board of Trade Meeting.

A meeting of the Board of Trade was held in the old school house on Monday evening, August 8th. Among those present were: W. T. Watson, president, W. B. Wright, secretary protem, A. Mathieson, S. Slinn, Wm. Robson, F. Labelle, T. A. Cornett, J. Asselin and B. F. Lester.

The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

W. T. Watson reported that the Hosmer Townsite Co. asked $3,500 for the land for a depot site. After some discussion the same committee was instructed to interview Lewis Stockett regarding the depot site.

The matter of a telephone to Nelson was laid over until next month.

A letter was received from Government Agent Armstrong asking for full particulars regarding the leasing of Lot 3, Block 13. The secretary was instructed to give the necessary information.

T. A. Cornett introduced the question of putting the new fire bell on top of the old school house. After some discussion the matter was dropped until the lease of the lot was settled.

The meeting then adjourned.

When the digestion is all right, the action of the bowels regular, there is a natural craving and relish for food. When this is lacking you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They strengthen the digestive organs, improve the appetite and regulate the bowels. Sold by all druggists.

## Department of Mines.

### COAL MINES REGULATION ACT

### Notice of Examination

Notice is hereby given that examinations will be held for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Certificates of Competency under the provisions of the "Coal Mines Regulation Act" at Nanaimo, Fernie, Cumberland and Merritt, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of August, 1910, commencing at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

The subjects will be as follows:—

FIRST CLASS CANDIDATES—
Mining Act and Special Rules.
Mine Gases.
Ventilation.
General Work.
Mine Machinery.
Surveying.

SECOND CLASS CANDIDATES—
Mining Act and Special Rules.
Mine Gases.
Ventilation.
General Work.

THIRD CLASS CANDIDATES—
Mining Act and Special Rules.
Mine Gases and General Work.

Application must be made to the undersigned not later than Monday, August 8th, 1910, accompanied by the statutory fee, as follows:

By an application for First Class Examination.....$10.00
By an applicant for Second Class Examination.....$10.00
By an applicant for Third Class Examination.....$ 5.00

The applications must be accompanied by original testimonials and evidence stating that:—

(a)—If a candidate for First Class, that he is a British subject and has had at least five year's experience in or about the practical working of a coal mine, and is at least twenty-five years of age.

(b)—If a candidate for Second Class, that he has had at least five year's experience in or about the practical working of a coal mine.

(c)—If a candidate for Third Class, that he has had at least three year's experience in or about the practical working of a coal mine.

(d)—A candidate for a Certificate of competency as Manager, Overman, Shiftboss, Fireboss or Shotlighter shall produce a certificate from a medical practitioner, duly qualified to practice as such in the Province of British Columbia, showing that he has taken a course in ambulance work fitting him, the said candidate, to give first aid to persons injured in coal mining operations.

By order of the Board.

FRANCIS H. SHEPHERD
Secretary.

Nanaimo, B. C., July 5th, 1910.
51-4t.


Go to old, reliable Pete for a good shave, hair-cut or bath. Pete's Barber Shop. 11tf

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Barrister
Solicitor
and Notary Public
HOSMER - - B. C.

C. F. LAWE — ALEX I. FISHER, B. A.
**LAWE & FISHER**
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
FERNIE B. C.

**JOSEPH RYBNICEK**
CARPENTER AND BUILDER
Good work at low prices and satisfaction guaranteed
HOSMER, - - - B. C.

**PEOPLE'S CLOTHING STORE**
PH. ADELBERG — I. ZISELMAN, MGR.
Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Jewelry and Watches
Dress Swell — You Might as well
HOSMER, B. C.

**THE HOSMER DAIRY**
G. M. HEDLEY, Prop.
Fresh Milk and Cream delivered to all parts of the town.
HOSMER, B. C.

**D. BRUTTO**
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
Repairing Neatly Done While You Wait. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Main Street — Hosmer B. C.

**Bath Rooms**
Up-to-date. You are all welcome at
Pete's Barber Shop
Front St., Hosmer

**Hosmer - Fruit - Store**
JAMES MILO, Prop.
Fruits, Candies, Cigars, Tobaccos, Etc., Ice Cream and Soft Drinks
CALL AND SEE US
Next door to Tony Lombardi's old stand.

CITY
**Meat Market**
Choice line of Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Sausage, Butter, Bacon, Eggs, Lard, Etc. Fresh and Salt Fish. A trial order solicited.
NOT IN THE TRUST
GABARA BROS., Props
Gabara Block
Near C. P. R. depot — Hosmer

—FOR—
Millinery
Fancy Goods
Children's Wear
Dry Goods
—SEE—
MRS. McMEEKIN
Dressmaking in Connection
Main Street — Hosmer, B. C.

**P. CAROSELLA**
DEALER IN
Cigars
Tobaccos
Groceries
Gent's Furnishings
General Merchandise
Smoked and Cured Meats
Opera House Block
HOSMER - - B. C.

House of Hobberlin
**SUMMER SUITS**
Made to Your Measure
**$15.00**
Aiello & Bossio
Agents for Hosmer

**THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD**
We carry nothing but first quality goods in Staple and Fancy Groceries, Men's Furnishings and Clothing.
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Every suit made specially to measure and guaranteed in workmanship and fit.

**A. MATHIESON**
THE STORE OF SATISFACTION
Main Street — HOSMER, B. C.

**P. BURNS & CO., Limited**
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
**Meat Merchants**
Fresh and Cured Meats, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry. We supply only the best. Your trade solicited. Markets in all the principal Towns and Cities in British Columbia.
MAIN STREET — HOSMER, B. C.

**The Hosmer Mines, Ltd.**
HOSMER, B. C.
MINERS AND SHIPPERS
**Hosmer Steam Coal and Coke**
GENERAL OFFICE, MINES AND COKE OVENS LOCATED AT HOSMER, B. C.
LEWIS STOCKETT, General Manager — D. G. WILSON, Superintendent

**The Elk Valley Development Co.**
LIMITED
Owners of HOSMER TOWNSITE
**A number of very desirable Lots for Sale**
CREE & MOFFATT
Townsite Agents — Fernie, B. C.

**LABOR DAY IN FERNIE**
—LARGE LIST OF GOOD EVENTS—
OVER ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH PRIZES
HORSE RACING, FOOT RACING, JUMPING, TENNIS TOURNAMENT, FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, TUG OF WAR, SQUAW TEPEE RACES, SQUAW HORSE RACES, ETC., ETC.
WATCH FOR LARGE POSTERS
—ENTRIES MUST BE MADE WITH SECRETARY—
G. H. BOULTON, President — W. S. STANLEY, Secretary

**RUBBER STAMPS** MADE TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE AT THE TIMES OFFICE