

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

A Journal Devoted Especially, to the Interests of Comox District.

THE NEWS, TWENTIETH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND B. C., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23, 1912

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR

The Big Store



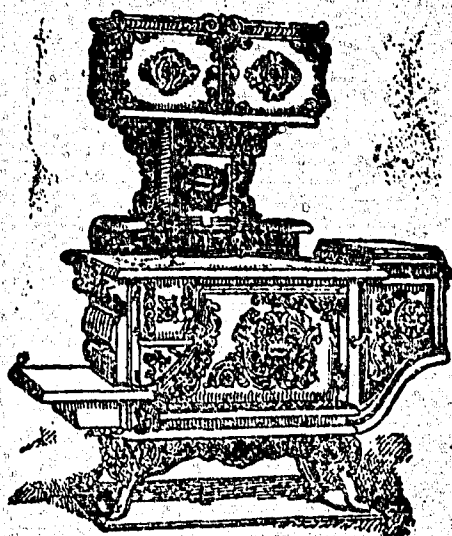
You Need a Suit or Overcoat for Fall or Winter.

We have the largest number of patterns to choose from. The famous C. N. R. brand. We guarantee fit, style and workmanship.

Call in and look over our large sample book; contains nothing but the VERY NEWEST in Serges, Tweeds and Worsters in every shade, mixture and stripe.

See Our New Line of Men's Fedoras.

SIMON LEISER & CO., LD.



FOR STOVES AND RANGES

Furniture and Household

Supplies

Baths, Lavatories, Plumbing, Plumbing Supplies



(MAGNET CASH STORE)

PHONE 31

T. E. BATE

GRAND OPENING SALE

WE FIND on taking over the business of the Cumberland Departmental Stores that the store is considerably overstocked, and we have therefore decided to give the public the benefit of buying at prices hitherto unknown in the West.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

THIS SALE is intended not only to clear out odd lines of summer goods, but you can buy your Fall and Winter Clothing as well at a GREAT REDUCTION

Sale opens Monday morning Oct. 7th, and continues

For One Week ONLY

October 7th to the 12th Inclusive
Terms of sale: STRICTLY SPOT CASH.

REMEMBER THE DATE

Macfarlane Brothers

THE CORNER STORE, DUNSMUIR AVENUE

Thomas Graham, chief inspector of coal mines for B. C., is here on official business.

It has been stated that the Dominion Minister of Labor has been asked to use his influence in trying to effect a settlement of the mining trouble here. If this be true, we trust that he may be successful.

Many of the men are busying themselves sawing blocks. This should prove profitable employment, as coal is hard to get.

Thanks, the citizens appreciate the cleaning up of Dunsmuir Avenue.

Lots of nice things were said about "Bob," at the banquet the other night. They were coming to him all right, all right, and "Donald" made a good chairman, letting no guilty man escape, not even "The Big Man from Bruce," and "Dad."

The Canadian Bank of Commerce takes first place among the banks of the Dominion, according to dispatches.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Parkinson arrived home on Saturday last, from a ten days visit to Vancouver and Victoria.

The editor of a religious paper has started a discussion by the question, "Shall we shoot our old preachers?" Equally fatal results might be secured by suddenly doubling their salaries.—Ex.

Our old and much respected fellow townsman, Mr. James Abrams, always enlivens a banquet or any other function that may have the pleasure of his presence, with his reminiscences and stories of early days in British Columbia. May he long live to do so.

Minister of Public Works Banqueted

A number of automobiles with members of the Conservative Association and the Board of Trade, proceeded to Courtenay on Friday afternoon to meet and welcome Hon. Thomas Taylor, Provincial Minister of Public Works, who with a party of friends was on his way here from Campbell River. A banquet was tendered the minister by the Conservative Association and the Board of Trade at the Union Hotel on Friday evening, at which about fifty, including invited guests sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared by "mine host" Mr. J. N. McLeod. President D. R. McDonald of the Conservative Association occupied the chair. After the many toasts were responded to, speeches, songs etc. were indulged in, until about 2 a. m. Hon. Mr. Taylor, who is a pleasing speaker, delivered a short, but interesting and encouraging address. The banquet was a success in every particular, and reflects much credit on all concerned. A number of prominent gentlemen of Courtenay were in attendance, which tended greatly to enliven the occasion by speeches etc. Hon. Mr. Taylor and party left on Saturday for Victoria.

DIED

Samuel C. Davis, sr. formerly of Cumberland, B. C., died at Vancouver, B. C., this Thursday morning. Funeral will take place from McAdie's Undertaking parlors, Nanaimo, on Monday next.

Juvenile Dramatic Entertainment

The juvenile dramatic talent of Comox was very much in evidence last Saturday afternoon, when a performance which lasted over an hour, was given by the children in a small building adjoining the K. of P. Hall, Comox. This building was put up by the children and is used for Saturday afternoon entertainments.

Curiosity, caused by a series of mysterious rehearsals during the week, groups of whispering children, and hints of a concert drew quite a number of grown-ups as well as smaller children to the "Bay" last Saturday afternoon. As the crowd neared "The Children's Hall" they saw enormous illustrated signs proclaiming the wonders of the show to be held inside. "Curtain rises at 3 o'clock" greeted you from all sides as you passed up the lane and entered the hall. At 3 o'clock sharp the curtain was slowly rolled up, disclosing a small nicely decorated stage. The audience sat convulsed with laughter during the entire performance. One of the best numbers on the programme was an imitation of Harry Lauder in "The wedding of Sandy Mc-Nab," by Wilfred Moore. It brought down the house and the youthful comedian had to return again and again. Finally all the children who had taken part assembled on the stage and sang "God Save The King." The proceeds amounting to \$2.55 were given to the Comox Branch of the Anti Tuberculosis Society.

The members of the Comox Branch of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society unite in thanking the children heartily for their kind and thoughtful offering.

Meeting of The Council.

The regular meeting of the City Council was held on last Monday evening, there being a full meeting of the Board.

Minutes of last regular and special meeting October 16th, read and adopted and signed.

Communications—From Deputy Minister of Public Works, Ottawa, re alterations in post office sidewalks; it was regularly moved and seconded that the Clerk communicate with the Department and fully explain the situation and ask them to meet the cost of necessary alterations. From Martin Griffin & Co. and also from Topper, Kitto & Wightman re money by-laws as all communications so far had been with Mr. Griffin that the matter be left in his hands to settle.

D. Hunden reported work on sewers, clearing stumps etc., amounting to \$53.50.

Bills and accounts—
C. H. Tarbell.....\$22.70
Richardson & Haywood... 1.00
A. R. McQuarrie..... 20.00
A. R. Kierstead..... 42.80
D. Hunden..... 58.50
\$145.00

Referred to Finance Committee.

Application for scavenger; the ballot was restricted to property owners and Mr. Thomas Conn was appointed for the position, duties to commence November 1st, 1912. There were 35 applications.

Ald. Beveridge criticized the action of the mayor in placing policemen at the meeting held by the miners in the City Hall on Saturday, Oct. 12th. The action of the mayor was supported by Ald. Willard, the mayor having acted in his capacity as chairman of the police commissioners and by request.

Council adjourned.

It was urged upon the Minister of Public Works at the banquet on Friday night, the necessity of a railway through Cumberland. The honorable gentleman we feel sure will not forget that he was urged upon that point. When our citizens have an object in view for the betterment of Cumberland, they stay with it.

One of the most enjoyable concerts ever held in this city, was given in the Cumberland Hall on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the U. M. W. of A. The hall was crowded to the doors. Four reels of film were shown, interspersed with songs. A dance was held after the entertainment, at which a large number remained.

Ellis Rogers, of Nanaimo, who is well known here, has disposed of property at Vancouver for \$300,000. Mr. Rogers still retains valuable property at that place.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Stanfield's unshrinkable quality, in white, ribbed effect. It's a splendid underwear for present wear, single breasted vests with full length body and sleeves; drawers are pant finished and ankle length.

PRICE \$3.00

MEN'S WATERPROOF COATS—Carries! Just in, all guaranteed, best values ever offered. Prices ranging from \$8.00 to \$20.

LADIES' SLK TAILORED WAISTS—Newest styles in ladies, tailored silk shirt waists; these waists are made with soft turn-back collars and set-in shirt sleeves. Colors in plain white and black, and black and white striped and a few black and

white neatly trimmed with lace. Sizes 34 to 44; PRICES FROM \$3.50 to \$7.00

ALL WOOL SWEATER COATS

A big range of these now in stock for men, women and children. They are well worth your inspection; also a limited supply of ladies' sweater coats in fancy knit all wool with pockets, cuffs and belt and aviation cap to match; colors, navy blue, tan and red.

If you want to match silks or trimmings come to Campbell's. A large stock to choose from.

Campbell Bros.
Dunsmuir Avenue.

IN THE BALANCE

By L. G. MOBERLY

Author of
"Dan and Another," "A Tangled Web," "The Sign of the Cross," etc., etc.
WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED
London, Melbourne and Toronto.

(Continued.)

Look here, Soames, he said firmly, beating back his own sick repulsion, there's no face in that corner. There's nothing but an old book-shelf. Pull yourself together and don't let imagination play havoc with your senses. Imagination! Again that laugh struck a chill to Dynecourt's soul. He's dead, I tell you—all England knows he's dead. But I tell you what all England doesn't know, and what I've come here on purpose to tell you—he shook his head, chuckling grimly. Nobody knows who killed him. I know—nobody else knows. I haven't been home since it happened. I didn't dare go home. I've come here to tell you I can't bear the secret alone, I say I can't bear it. His eyes suddenly glared round at Dynecourt. I've got enough to bear without that—because—you see—I killed him.

You killed who? I didn't mean to do it, whined the wretched man, cowed apparently by Dynecourt's sharp tones. I swear to heaven I never dreamt of killing him, even though his knowing his own history split all my schemes, and yours, too. If he had never found out that he and old Hernesley—Are you talking about young Tritton? Dynecourt interrupted, the meaning of Soames' broken sentences breaking upon him with dreadful clearness, do you mean that you—

I killed him, yes—I killed him, Soames nodded excitedly, but you are never to breathe it to a soul. The seal of confession, you know—the seal of confession—you can't tell on me, and I've not got to bear it alone any more.

The sort of fiendish joy with which the lawyer spoke made Dynecourt's blood run cold; he looked down on the man in the chair with loathing in his eyes.

You can't understand what you are saying, he said, trying to make himself speak calmly; how could you possibly have killed young Tritton? You were not at Mansmore on the day of the murder. I should have seen you there if you had been in the lane at the time.

You would have seen me there? Soames pulled himself upright in his chair. What were you doing there? That is no concern of anybody but myself. I was there. I saw Tritton. I spoke to him—

Oh! You spoke to him? A gleam of maniacal cunning flashed into Soames' eyes. Then there is no reason why they shouldn't have accused you of the murder instead of Sir Miles or—of me.

The gleam left his eyes, his excitement died down. He was once more a cowering shrinking heap of humanity, afraid of the sound of his own voice. His words had awakened in Dynecourt the long train of terrors through which he himself had passed during the week following the murder, when each day he had wondered, with a sick dread, whether some passer-by would identify him as having stood and talked to Tritton in the lane; whether some proof would be adduced to show that he, and not Sir Miles Hernesley, had been the last person to see the dead man alive. And now the truth was told at last, and his hands were tied. He could say nothing. Fool that he was, he had promised silence, promised to respect Soames' confidence, little dreaming what that confidence would be, and now he was powerless. And an innocent man was accused of the

crime which that skulking creature in the chair had committed.

Dynecourt kicked a footstool out of his way with feverish energy, and paced the room in silence, watched by the lawyer's furtive, frightened eyes.

Why—have you come in the scheme, Soames answered softly, surely we are all partners, you and I? And, though I didn't mean killing him, I swear to you I didn't mean to kill him, he is out of the way now, and one more obstacle is gone. It almost seemed as if the mere fact of confessing his crime had so lightened the man's conscience that he was able now to view the deed itself with an easy mind, even capable indeed of seeing the advantage to be gained from it, but Dynecourt shuddered.

Do you know that Sir Miles has been arrested for Tritton's murder? he asked, his stick was found—

Yes, yes, you needn't enter into details. Soames shrank back again. I picked up his stick as I went through the copse. It was quite by chance that I had it in my hand when I met Tritton. I only meant to say a few words to him, to try and persuade him to give up this senseless quest. He would never have found out the truth about his mother's marriage. Nobody knows the truth but myself and—

Then you knew it? You knew all along that Tritton's claim was a just one?

What does it matter now? The man is dead. Your way is clear. Hernesley will be dead, too, in a few months, if he doesn't swing for Tritton's murder, that I—I—

He won't do that, Dynecourt broke in brutally, there is no fear of that ghastly miscarriage of justice. A clue has been discovered.

He had drawn his bow at a venture, remembering only in that instant, and in a lightning flash of thought, his meeting with Bevan and Betty upon the bridge, but the arrow, shot at a venture, hit its mark.

A clue? the lawyer gathered his trembling limbs together and rose. A clue? he jerked out, who has found a clue? What is it?

I can tell you no particulars. I only know that something fresh has been discovered, and discovered, I believe, by Miss Dyson, the same young lady who originally found the letter which so altered poor Tritton's fortunes.

She? The lawyer's face became suffused with crimson, has that miserable girl interfered again? Was it she—I saw—his voice faltered, he shuddered violently, and Dynecourt saw that he turned the color of ashes.

You saw her—where? In—that room where he was lying—all alone. Dynecourt, you must help me to get away. If this is true—if there is a clue—for the love of heaven get me away. I tell you I can't face it—help me!

Contempt, rather than any kinder sentiment, was awakened in Dynecourt by the sight of the man's pitiful cowardice. All the excitement and bravado of a few minutes earlier had left him. He was once again white, shaking, afraid, as in his first entrance, all manliness lost in deadly, overwhelming fear.

They may be on my track any minute, he cried, looking wildly round him, if she found that paper Tritton told me he had got hidden, if—

What paper? He told me about it, that day, the day I saw him in the lane, the day I—further utterance seemed to choke, he moistened his lips, and went on in a whisper, he made me mad by what he said. He laughed at me, he told me he had a paper safe and sound that would spoil my game. And because he maddened me, I—Again he broke off, shuddering like an aspen leaf, if there is a clue—a real clue, he continued, grasping Dynecourt's arm, and speaking in fierce short gasps, you will be in it as well as I. It will ruin us both—hang me, and ruin you. But its worse for me, much worse for me. Get me away, I say, get me clear off before his face comes closer. Look—look there—in the corner—just where it was before—his pallid face, and his eyes (that are afraid—they follow me wherever I go—take it away, Dynecourt—take it away.

His voice rose to a shriek of terror, his eyes travelled from the corner of the room, and wandered slowly round, as though following some moving object.

It's coming, nearer, he whispered suddenly, it's coming quite close—don't let it come—Dynecourt, for the love of heaven, don't let it come. Make him shut his eyes, take away his dreadful face, it is driving me mad—mad—mad!

(To be Continued)

Willing to Accommodate

Mistress—I want you to understand Anna, that I will not have that big policeman in my kitchen.

Anna—All right, ma'am, I know a smaller one.

Scene (Schoolmaster's study)—Master—Why were you into for early school, Wright?

Wright—Pleaso, sir, I must have overwashed myself.

A New Sensation

Mrs. Yeast—I just love to shut my eyes and think.

Mr. Yeast—Why don't you try that with your mouth sometimes, my dear.

Will Adams, the first Englishman in Japan, one of the most delightful books ever written, has been out of print for thirty years or forty years, but its memory remains. Those fortunate enough to have read it will be interested to learn that a memorial to Adams was unveiled by the British ambassador on June 16 over the grave in Tokio where the famous pilot lies beside his Japanese wife.

Will Adams, who was a navigator, landed in Japan in 1600 and was kept in the country by the Emperor on account of his knowledge of ships. He was presented with an estate, was not allowed to return to England, where he had a wife and family, and died in Japan in 1620.

PILES.
You will find relief in **Zam-Buk**! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance with **Zam-Buk** means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—*See box.*
Zam-Buk
FOR ALL SUMMER SORES!

THE RIGHTS OF PRODUCTION

Interesting Suggestions Made at Paris International Art Congress

The International Art Congress recently held in Paris passed many resolutions which it is hoped the delegates of the governments represented may take up and indorse by legislation.

The most important of these dealt with the claims of the state and public authorities to deal with the reproduction of any works of art they may acquire.

It was unanimously resolved that, as regards a living artist, the right should remain with him, and any authority to copy must be signed by him; but that the directors of picture galleries may authorize single copies for the purpose of study, on condition that such copy is in no way a reproduction in size of the original, that it shall have clearly signed upon it is after the author, and that it bears the stamp of the gallery with these words: Copy, Rights of reproduction reserved.

An Eye for Business

The late John R. Arbuckle, the coffee merchant, who left an estate of 100 million dollars, often said that a part of his success was due to his knowledge of human nature.

In selling coffee, Mr. Arbuckle once said to a New York coffee broker, you should exercise the same keen discretion which the druggist showed.

A woman, you know, a woman well on in years, entered a druggist's and said:

Have you any creams for restoring the complexion?

Restoring, miss? You mean preserving, said the druggist heartily.

And he then sold the woman \$17 worth of complexion creams.

How She Voted

At a luncheon in New York Dr. Lyman Abbott, sipping a glass of ice cold milk, told a woman suffrage story.

I had heard a lot, he said, about the wonderful success of woman suffrage in Australia; so, meeting an Australian woman one day, I asked:

How did you vote, madam, at the last election?

The Australian woman answered with a simper:

In my mauve pinnor gown, sir, with a large mauve hat trimmed with mauve ospreys.

A Poser for Nurse

Nursie! Little Freddie's voice broke the twilight stillness of the nursery for the twentieth time, and nurse began to get angry.

Well, what do you want now? she snapped.

I only wanted to ask you—

I'll answer no more questions this night, said nurse firmly, as she went on folding up her charge's clothes. Don't you know that curiosity killed a cat, Freddie?

The small boy lay in silence stunned by the wonder of this statement. Then he burst out again:

Nursie, what did that cat want to know?

Detected

Captain, you told this boat would reach the dock by 9 o'clock.

Did I, madam? Well, I must have lied to you. We'll be there in about twenty minutes.

But the land isn't in sight yet! So I see. Madam, you have caught me in another lie.

What Could He Do?

Spare me a penny, sir, please? The clergyman stopped and looked round. He gave a start of surprise. Instead of an old or middle-aged waster, he saw a youth of nineteen confronting him.

My lad, he exclaimed, I'm ashamed of you! A strong, healthy chap like you ought to be at work instead of begging. How came you to do it?

Well, sir, replied the youth, it's like this: Twelve months ago I was ill, and the doctor forbade me to do any work until he told me. Just after that he died. So what can I do?

The clergyman is still puzzling over the problem.

No man can serve two masters, said the priest to one of his parishioners.

I know that, yer Reverence. No brother tried it, and now he's doing time for bigamy.

Mistress—Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary. But what's your reason?

(Mary keeps silent.)

Mistress—Somebody private? Mary (suddenly)—No, mum; please mum, he's a corporal.

Algy—Anything unusual happen while I was out, James?

Valer—Yes, sir, none of your even-
tours called.

Little Joe—Mamma, I was awfully afraid when you shut me in the dark closet.

Mamma—Why Joe what were you afraid of?

Little Joe—I was afraid I couldn't find the cake.

An amateur horticulturist in California has succeeded in breeding a seedless tomato of large size.

Little Lola's mother was so hoarse one morning that she could hardly speak.

Mamma, said Lola, I'm sorry you've got such a sore voice.

To Have and to Hold

Once upon a time he had been an officer in a crack regiment, but he had fallen on evil days, and in the end was compelled by force—of circumstances to resign his commission and to enlist in another regiment, as a humble private.

He found it impossible, however, totally to forget his position, and on one occasion, being requested by a sergeant to hold his horse—a duty that did not really devolve upon him—he remarked:

Er—you forget—er—sergeant, that once I held his Majesty's commission. The sergeant looked at him, not without respect by any means, and then remarked:

Well, youngster, I'm sorry, but you will now have to hold one of his Majesty's horses!

Relieves Asthma at Little Expense.

Thousands of dollars have been vainly spent upon remedies for asthma and seldom, if ever, with any relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, despite its assurance of benefit, costs so little that it is within the reach of all. It is the national remedy for asthma, far removed from the class of doubtful and experimental preparations. Your dealer can supply it.

Seizing the Opportunity

Whilst out for a walk with her little niece, auntie had the misfortune to rip the lace on her skirt as she crossed a stile.

Ethel was quite willing and eager the lace now, so would you mind stooping down and carefully tearing off the piece that is hanging loose?

Ethel was quite willing and eager to please, and duly commenced her task. For several minutes there was a sound of tearing, really much more tearing than was necessary to remove a small length of broken lace.

Haven't you finished yet? asked auntie eventually.

Yes, replied the little girl, rising wearily. I was taking it all off. I wanted enough for my doll's skirt while I was about it, and the little bit you tore wasn't enough.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Darling Came

The summer day was nearly over, and the last of the crowd had gone. The pier and sands were deserted save for a young lady and man on the latter, and a small group on the former. Along the road parallel with the promenade came a red-faced man, corpulent withal.

He gave a hasty look over the sands and then belowered:

Darling!

The folk on the pier gave a short laugh, while the lady looked up from her book, but bided not an inch.

Darling! roared the man in an even louder voice. But there was no movement on the sands. The pier people could scarcely contain themselves for amusement.

The stout man lost all patience, and picking up a stone threw it, to the accompaniment of protest from the pierites, in the direction of the lady. The stone struck the man, who looked round to see what was the matter.

Tom Darling, yelled the man, for the last time, are you coming?

Darling got to his feet, and the folks on the pier then melted away to think of other things.

Why the Long Silence

The 10-year old daughter of a well-known actress, who lives in Harlem, went to stay all night with another little girl a block away. The visitor left home at 5 p.m. and was to return at noon next day. It was her first night away from home.

The next morning, about 9 o'clock, she called her mother on the telephone.

Are you all right, mamma? she asked.

Yes, dear, replied the mother. Sure you're not sick?

Yes, dear. Well, why haven't you written me then? asked the child.

INVITING SICKNESS

People Whose Blood Supply is Scanty are in Danger of a Breakdown

Thin or impure blood is an invitation to sickness. The blood is at work day and night to maintain the health and any lack of strength or purity in the blood is a weakness in the defence against disease. Anemia is the doctor's name for lack of blood. Its worst symptom is pallor.

Anemia does not confine itself to age or sex, though it is particularly common to young girls between the ages of 14 and 17, when nature makes peculiar demand upon the blood supply. The same lack of blood, however, prevents full recovery after in grippe, fevers, malaria, and operations, and is present in old age, and in persons who have been under unusual mental or physical strain.

In all cases of bloodlessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine known to medical science. They actually make new pure blood, which brings with it a healthy appetite and new strength and vitality.

Mrs. George Roy, Clair, Sask., says: "I have tested the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills time and again when a poor condition of the blood might have led to more serious trouble."

I am a woman of forty and on occasion required I have used the Pills off and on since girlhood. I have proved their value in the ailments that afflict my sex, and I have never known them to fail. I have them to my own use for years and have thought would result in St. Vitus dance, but the use of the Pills prevented this and made him well and strong.

I do not know any better investment than to keep half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house, as they will save more expensive doctor's bills.

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

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CRAVING FOR DRINK

IT CAN BE COMPLETELY REMOVED IN THREE DAYS BY THE

NEAL TREATMENT

A Nature Cure
No Hypodermic Injections
No Bad After Effects

The craving for Drink is due to Alcoholic Poison in the body cells. Until that poison is removed no Drinking Man can conquer his appetite. The Neal Way will eradicate all traces of that Poison and effect a sure cure in THREE DAYS.

Write for further information to

THE NEAL INSTITUTE

405 Broadway, Winnipeg
2244 Smith St., Regina 820 Thirteenth Ave., W., Calgary

More About The Loading Platform

The present generation of Western farmers will never know the difficulties and vexations experienced by their predecessors in the earlier years when no one could get a carload of grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oft times to submit to heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing continual dissatisfaction. Now however the distribution of cars as fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer therefore, should more and more endeavor to use the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. If farmers refrain from using the loading platform freely, it might result in its being done away with, because railway companies and elevator owners are strongly opposed to it. It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say it delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortages. This we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men that mostly causes grain lockups on railways, and not lack of cars. Let every farmer therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers grain strictly on commission, make liberal advances on car bills of lading, supervise the grading at time cars are inspected, secure the highest prices at time of sale and make prompt returns when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and market information.

Thompson Sons & Company

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS
701-703 V. GRAIN EXCHANGE. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Meanest

A well-to-do Chicago real estate owner went into a hardware store in that city and asked the proprietor for a pound of nails. The small package was made up and the price, a nickel, handed to the merchant, when the customer asked if the package could be sent to his house, which was in a distant part of the city. The merchant assented, and calling an errand boy, handed him the parcel, with the nickel he had just received for it, and said:

Here, Johnny, take the car and take this parcel out to Mr. Blank's house. What! said the customer, are you going to give the boy the nickel to take the parcel out?

Why, certainly, said the merchant. I wouldn't think of asking him to walk so far.

Well, said the meanest man in Chicago, if you would just as soon give me the five cents I will take it out myself.

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

Some of us never get so grown up that we outlive the old childish desire to play with fire.

He Needed It

Chollie—I'm doing my best to get ahead, you know.

Dollie—Well, everybody knows you need one.

He—(nervously)—Er—er—Margaret—er—er there's something has been troubling on my lips for the last two months.

She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?

The other night we heard a father speak thusly: William, your mother tells me that you must have a dose of castor oil before retiring to-night. It is your bedtime now. Take your medicine and go to bed at once.

But papa, I don't want to take no castor-oil.

You must take it. And immediately.

Aw, papa, I dowerter.

William, if you don't take that medicine I'll put you right to bed this minute, without giving you a drop of it.

William was so scared that he took it. That's the way to enforce discipline.

In Memoriam

Two Jews stopped on the street to talk to each other, one wearing a large diamond pin.

Solomon, said one, that is a fine diamond you have. Where did you get it?

Well, said Solomon, my brother died and left \$250 for a stone. This is the stone.

Up Against It

Mrs. Jonings—It's raining, John, and Mrs. Smithkins wants to go home. I have no umbrella to lend her except my now \$10 one. Can't I let her have yours?

Jonings—I should say not! Why the only umbrella I've got has her husband's name on the handle.

Going West

The course of civilization is westward, mused the philosopher.

Yes, there appears to be little left in New York, assented the cynic.

But, Auntie, you're not going in bathing with your spees on?

My dear, I'll not take off another thing. It's positively indecent.

At Wife's Tea

Wife—John, which will you have? lemon tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape-julee or lemonade?



The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining-room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly often carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

kill flies in such immense quantities as cannot be approached by any other fly killer.



HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby."

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

It was to gratify your extravagant tastes, cried the desperate man, that I committed the forgery. The crime is upon your head.

The woman started and gazed at him wonderingly.

Is my crime on straight? she asked.

Mrs. Tinkle—They say that Mrs. Neurich is becoming more proper every day.

Mrs. Dimple—Yes, indeed, you should have seen how mortified she was a while ago when she learned that her husband owned common stock in a railroad.

How Could He?

Mr. William Sikes had found what, in his opinion, was a snug crib. It was a country mansion, and the mode of access was easy. He waited till midnight, and then approached the house. Grasping the ivy, he slowly and carefully climbed up the side of the house till he reached the level of the first-floor window.

Holding on to the sill with both hands, he stopped to picture the wealth that was about to become his. His mind dwelt on the jewelry and plate that was so nearly within his grasp. Then his dream was abruptly broken by the opening of the window. A female head appeared.

Hands up, or I fire!

Woman was ever unreasonable.

Careful Chauffeur

The man who gets this position as my chauffeur must be able to prove by his record that he is a careful driver, asserted the pompous man. I can easily meet your requirements, replied the applicant. Seven corners' juries have exonerated me of blame in fatal accidents.—Buffalo Express.

Cause of His Rise

Your father's name is being mentioned quite frequently in the papers lately, said the freshman.

Yes, replied the sophomore, he has begun to net on my advice.

THE WAY OUT

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at my cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Connubial Bites

Mrs. Quackenbush—Am yo' daughter happily married, Sister Sagg?

Mrs. Sagg—She sho' is! Bless goodness, she's done got a husband dat's skored to death of her!

Not a Satisfying Diet

Lady of the House—You say you have not had anything to eat to-day?

Tramp—Lady, if you believe me, the only thing I've swallowed today is insults.

You might go to the butcher's and get some lamb to-day, suggested Mrs. Housekeep.

All right, responded Mr. Housekeep. And shall I also stop at the mint and get some sauce to go with it?

Breaking It Gently

Two very great friends—a Scotchman and an Englishman—met in the smoking room of a hotel, and the Englishman at once proceeded to monopolize the conversation, as he usually did.

The Scotchman bore it for a long time, but he broke in quietly:

I say, old chap, I'll back you and me to tell more and bigger lies in half an hour than any other six men I know!

He paused, and then went on gently:

And I wouldn't speak a single word the whole time.

Elm Leads in Canadian Coopersage

Although the elm still leads among the woods used for slack coopersage, spruce is rapidly supplanting it. In the total output of barrels in the Dominion last year, there were used, according to figures compiled by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, 80,016,000 pieces of elm, in staves, headings and hoops, as against 37,704,000 pieces of spruce. There were, however, over 11,000,000 more spruce staves and 9,000,000 fewer elm staves reported for 1911 than for 1910. In time, elm will probably be used only for hoops, as it is the best wood for the purpose, the supply is fast diminishing, and other species can be used to advantage for staves and headings. The ultimate substitute for elm will probably be birch which is comparatively plentiful.

Slack coopersage is of vastly greater importance than tight coopersage in Canada. This is because the majority of Canadian products are of a rough and dry nature, such as lime, potatoes, apples, dry fish, flour, cereals, etc., and because Canadian woods are best suited to slack coopersage.

White oak, the only wood which can be used for containers of alcoholic liquids, has been practically exhausted in Canadian woodlands. In 1911 only 2,768,000 oak staves were cut, while 7,293,000 were imported.

A rough estimate on the part of the Forestry Branch places the minimum amount of material used in the manufacture of all classes of coopersage as 62,353,190 board feet, made up as follows: staves, 29,367,714 feet, heading, 24,466,666 feet, and hoops, 62,353,190 feet.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

It was to gratify your extravagant tastes, cried the desperate man, that I committed the forgery. The crime is upon your head.

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CRIPPLED WITH SORE BACK

KIDNEYS WERE BADLY DISEASED AND SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT

Was Completely Cured by Less Than Three Boxes of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Women are very often deceived and mistaken in regard to kidney disease. The pains in the back are attributed to other derangements, and kidney disease is allowed to run on and on until beyond the reach of medical science.

There is needless suffering, and life itself is risked, because backache is not recognized as the most marked symptom of kidney disease.

There is no treatment which so quickly relieves and cures kidney pains in the back as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. As proof of this read Mrs. Patterson's letter:

Mrs. Richard Patterson, Haldimand, Gaspe Co., Que., writes: "I will gladly say that I was cured of kidney trouble by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. When I began using this medicine I was crippled with sore back and did not know what was the trouble. In looking over Dr. Chase's Almanac I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised and decided to try them."

"I had not used two boxes before my back was all right, and before I had completed the third box was entirely cured. There has been no return of the old kidney trouble, and I therefore believe the cure to be permanent."

One pill a dose, 25c, a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Shameful.

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice: Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.—Lippincott's.

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

It is hard to stop, said the clergyman, when once you are started on the down grade.

Oh, I never have any trouble, said the other man, I can back-pedal better than any other man in our club.

Remember, my son that beauty is only skin deep, warned the sage.

That's deep enough for me, replied the young man. I'm no cannibal.

Furious

First Deaf Mute—He wasn't so very angry was he?

Second Deaf Mute—He was so wild that the words he used almost blistered his fingers.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and healing nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Miss Voelke—I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song.

Bright Young Man—Why don't you get the key and you won't have to break in.

Father, our daughter is being courted by a poet.

Is that so, mother. I'll kick him out.

Not so fast. Investigate first and find out whether he works for a magazine or for a breakfast-food factory.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Indignant Guest—You ought to be arrested, you said those were bass and pickled in this lake.

Rest If You Prop.—Waal, there's an old Indian legend to that effect.

Still Happy

Freddie—What's an optimist, dad?

Colquhoun—He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him.

Baths for Birds

Polly have a bath! Polly have a bath. The reiterated cry came from a large green parrot, who stood in a tin basin full of water occasionally splashing his scarlet-flecked wings.

Few people who keep bird pets know how to prevent them from languishing during the summer heat. Little do they imagine that big and small birds alike are simply longing with all their tiny hearts for a cold bath.

Their owners, it is true, supply their small prisoners with water in a little glass vase; but these are for drinking purposes—not for the luxury of a restoring and indiscriminate splash. Every well-behaved bird knows retribution, swift and sure, follows a mark on the carpet.

Now let those who really love their feathered friends provide little swimming baths for the birds. They must, of course, vary according to the bird's size. Whereas a pudding-basin would accommodate a canary, a parrot would require something more commodious.

Then place the bird in his cage where he can gambol unmolested. In the back yard, on the lawn, or on the scullery floor are equally good positions. Anyone who knows anything of birds knows that, although inarticulate, they appreciate comfort.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

Improving Conditions on the Farm Through Systematic Work

Only a few years back it was the fashion, whenever conversation turned upon life on the farm, to shake one's head and quote statistics from the insanity records about the farmer's wife. The hard work, the isolation, the monotonous existence, did indeed, prove too much for farm women, and it was out of the dire extremity of their case that salvation was evolved. Suddenly the conviction established itself here and there about the country that if it did not really have to be, that the answer was not in filling the asylums, nor yet in forsaking the farm for the city, but in changing farm conditions, socializing the farm as it were.

In the last decade club women have become deeply interested. Mrs. Loyhead, out of Minnesota, is reputed to have done yeoman service in her effort to carry club life into the rural districts. And city women have grown keen over the little farm idea. Around every large town little farm projects are on the increase. Clinton M. Shults, editor of the Farm World, of Chicago, says that in a most positive way women are lending their influence to the spread of the little farm idea. They are becoming land owners to an extent never before known in this or any other country.

Most important and most far-reaching of all movements along this line of deepening interest in farm life has been, according to the New York Post, the organization of the International Congress of Farm Women. The originator of the plan, Mrs. John T. Burns, evolved it out of her work with her husband, who is secretary of the International Dry-Farming Congress in his labors for the advancement of the new agriculture.

The organization of these industrious, self-sacrificing, toiling, energetic, long-suffering, yet patient women is a wonderful thing the more one thinks of it, for they have been working away quietly at their varied tasks at home without any one making any special plans to assist them, or concerning themselves very much about their welfare and well-being. Within the last few years, however, the better country life agitation and the improvement of hygienic and sanitary conditions of the homes of all lands have advanced with a tremendous force behind them—backed by the scholarly men and women of all nations, whose aim has been to do something of lasting benefit to humanity.

The objects of the Congress are to improve the conditions, financial, physical, social and spiritual of agricultural homes. It aims to understand more completely the significance of the farm to the life of the nations and the dignity of the position of the farm woman as co-worker in the most potential and far-reaching of the national industries; to increase conservation of energy through intercourse and observation of processes; understanding of the modern appliances and education in scientific management of work; to develop further the home through conference with authority experts on dairy methods, poultry culture, kitchen gardening, improved methods of equipping the house, problems of nutrition, children's welfare, industrial education, including home economics, the increase and proper use of leisure and the stimulation of social intercourse in rural communities. This organization stands for a more general state and national support and encouragement of institute and extension work among farm women.

The officers of this, its second year, are: President, Mrs. Byrtha L. Stavert, editor of Country Life in Canada, Winnipeg, Manitoba; vice-presidents—Miss Irma E. Mathews, superintendent of Women's Institute, Oklahoma Agricultural College, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mrs. Clark W. Kelley, Devils Lake, N.D.; Mrs. John A. Widstrom, Logan, Utah; secretary-treasurer Mrs. John T. Burns, Lethbridge, Alberta.

The Congress will open Oct. 22, during the week of the International Dry-Farming Congress, and its sessions will be held in Knox Church one of the largest and finest edifices in Lethbridge. The program is fast materializing, and it is announced that some 50 speakers of world renown will address the convention.

About one-third of the world's product of pig iron is accounted for in the United Kingdom, United States and Germany.

Village Constable (to villager, who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist)—You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?

Villager—I did, but I don't think 'o'erd me.

Management

Why does a cat chase her tail?

I suppose it is because a cat, being strictly a domestic animal, wants to make both ends meet.—Baltimore American.

Dry Philosophy

Mon an' wimmin is different, but purty much all boys an' girls.

It's a mighty hard matter for us to see the bad points in a thief who is willing to lend us money, or the good points in an honest man who has refused to do us a favor. Human nature is a weak rascal, anyhow.

It isn't what a man is that makes him happy; it's what he thinks he is.

As we prepare our women to understand the functions of homemaking and our men to manage farms, just in that degree will our nation be able to compete with other nations.—Mrs. Nellie McClure, Winnipeg.

Johnny on the Spot

Johnny, said the teacher, write a sentence using the words, horse sense.

Johnny wrote—One night pa forgot to lock the stable and he hasn't seen his horse sense.—Kansas City Star.

At Wife's Tea

Wife—John, which will you have? Iced tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape-juice or lemonade?

Husband—Neither. Haven't you got something to drink?—Judge.

ROYAL YEAST

MAKES THE WHITEST LIGHT

QUICK PURE

WILKETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

MADE IN CANADA

MOST PERFECT MADE

MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

The Northern Trusts Company

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

This company acts in the capacity of

TRUSTEE, EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR

and we shall be glad to forward copy of our Booklet "Something about Trusts, Trustees and Trust Companies" on request.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTY AT CURRENT RATES OF INTEREST

When You Buy Matches, Ask for

EDDY'S Red Bird

They have a true safety base head, with silent tip. Will never explode if Stepped on.

Eddy's Matches have satisfied Canadians since 1851—accept no others.

The E. B. Eddy Company, Hull, Canada

INSIST ON GETTING "EDDY'S" Washboards, Wood Pails and Tubs, Fibre Pails and Tubs.

Good Aim

I met your father last evening and spoke to him about our being married.

Did he strike you favorably?

Well, not exactly favorably, but rather accurately.—Judge.

What is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog? One is the bark of a bough and the other is the bark of a bow-wow.

Figuring the Cost

Guest—That's a beautiful rug. May I ask how much it cost you?

Host—Five hundred dollars. A hundred and fifty for it and the rest for furniture to match.

Evolution

The letter I is a curious part of speech. At first a mere letter it becomes a pronoun.

Yes, replied the plain person, and then it gets to be a habit.—Washington Star.

California consumes a very small portion of the fruit she grows.

Not so Clever

A man isn't as smart as he thinks he is. Anytime he manages to fool a girl it is because she wants to be fooled.

I have written a short story, said the amateur literary person.

What is the first step to take in selling it?

Buy \$10 worth of stamps, advised the old hand at the business.

Young Gayley—I say Mr. Pills, can you—aw—give me something to—aw—brighten me up, doncher know?

Mr. Pills—You're in the wrong place, sir.—This is a chemist's shop, not a night school.

Before you were married he said he would go through fire and water for you, didn't he?

I thought he did, but I think now he must have meant firewater.—Houston Post.

Ikey—Pader, what's superfluous?

Father—Wearing a necktie when you've got a beard, Ikey.

EMPIRE NAVY PLUG

Chewing Tobacco

A highgrade chew for those who want something better than usual.

"Empire Navy Plug" is an exceptionally choice chewing tobacco—rich, tasty and lasting.

You are sure to like "Empire Navy Plug".

ALL LIVE DEALERS HAVE IT—ASK YOURS.

The Cumberland News

Issued Every Tuesday by the
Comox & Cumberland
Publishing Company.

This paper will not hold itself responsible for the opinions of others, as may appear in its columns from time to time.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23 1912

Sayward Land District.

District of Comox.

TAKE NOTICE that Mary Thulin of Land, B.C., occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the south-west corner of T. L. No. 44338, thence north 80 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 50 chains more or less to shore line, thence along the shore line 40 chains more or less to place of beginning containing 200 acres more or less.

GEORGE VERDIER

Agent for Mary Thulin

Date August 13th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.

District of Comox.

TAKE NOTICE that Charles Thulin, of Land, B.C., occupation merchant, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:— Commencing at a post planted in Browns Bay at the north-east corner of T. L. 43145, thence west 80 chains, thence north 20 chains, thence east 80 chains, to the shore line, thence south 20 chains more or less along shore line to place of beginning containing 160 acres more or less.

GEORGE VERDIER

Agent for Charles Thulin

Date August 14th, 1912

Sayward Land District.

District of Comox.

TAKE NOTICE that George Verdier, of Land, B.C., occupation merchant, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the south west corner of Lot 57, thence north 50 chains to the shore line, thence following the shore line around the point to the place of beginning.

GEORGE VERDIER

Applicant

Date August 14th, 1912

Sayward Land District.

District of Comox.

TAKE NOTICE that Fred Thulin, of Land, B.C., occupation merchant, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:— Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Timber Lease No. 31804, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the shore line, thence following shore line north 80 chains, more or less to the place of beginning containing 640 acres more or less.

GEORGE VERDIER

Agent for Fred Thulin

Date August 14th, 1912

"LIQUOR LICENSE ACT."

(Section 48).

NOTICE is hereby given, that on the 30th day of October next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the transfer of the license for the sale of liquor by retail in and upon the premises known as "the Willows Hotel," situate at Campbell River, British Columbia, from Charles Thulin and Emerson Hannan to Charles Thulin, of Campbell River, British Columbia.

(Dated this 14th day of Sept., 1912)

THULIN & HANNAN

Holders of License

CHARLES THULIN

Applicant for Transfer

Sayward Land District.

District of Sayward.

TAKE notice that William James Gibson, of Vancouver, occupation, painter, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted 20 chains east of the north east corner of Timber License 3232, thence east 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence north 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less, and is between White and Salmon rivers.

WILLIAM JAMES GIBSON

S. Maurice Carter, Agent.

Date August 21st, 1912.

FOR SALE—A book all young sports should read. price \$1.00

Address letters, drawer 44, Nanaimo, B. C.

Try The Big Store, if you want clean new groceries, new goods arriving by every boat, delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.

SAYWARD LAND DISTRICT

District of Sayward, Range 1.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Elinzeia Hannan, by my agent, George Verdier, of Campbell River, V. I. occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted near the N. E. corner of lot 351 thence south 10 chains (ten) thence east 10 chains (ten) more or less to the point of commencement containing 20 acres (twenty) more or less.

ELINZEIA HANNAN

Name of Applicant

Date March 26th, 1912.

Sayward Land District

District of Comox

Take notice that Isabel McKenny, of Vancouver, B. C. occupation spinster, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted one mile east of the south-west corner of lot 550, thence west 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 320 acres more or less.

Isabel McKenny,

Name of Applicant in full

Robert Henry Chestnut, Agent

Date March 12th, 1912.

Sayward Land District

District of Comox.

TAKE notice that Elinyrie Hannan, married woman Campbell River, B. C., intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:— Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Lot No. 351, thence south 15 chains to the north west corner of Lot 376, thence east 20 chains to the shore line, thence along the shore line to the place of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

ELINYRIE HANNAN

George Verdier, Agent.

Dated July 22nd, 1912.

COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO

HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND.

In the goods of James Murphy, deceased intestate.

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker made in the above court on the 4th day of September 1912, the undersigned was appointed administrator of the estate of James Murphy, deceased, who died at Rock Bay on May 7th 1912, intestate.

All accounts against the estate and all accounts due the estate must be presented and paid, respectively on or before the 15th day of October 1912.

W. W. Willard,

Official Administrator.

Cumberland, B. C.

COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO

HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND.

In the goods of Albins Juozapavitch deceased intestate.

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker made in the above court on the 4th day of September 1912, the undersigned was appointed administrator of the estate of Albins Juozapavitch, deceased, who was killed at No. 7 mine on May 11th, 1912, intestate.

All accounts against the estate and all accounts due the estate must be presented and paid respectively on or before the 15th day of October 1912.

W. W. Willard,

Official Administrator

Cumberland, B. C.

Sayward Land District.

District of Sayward.

TAKE notice that Nicholas Fisher, of Vancouver, B. C., occupation clerk, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:— Commencing at a post planted at the north east corner of T. L. 3232, being 10 chains east 20 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west to point of commencement, containing 80 acres more or less, situate on White River.

S. Maurice Carter, Agent.

Date August 21st, 1912.

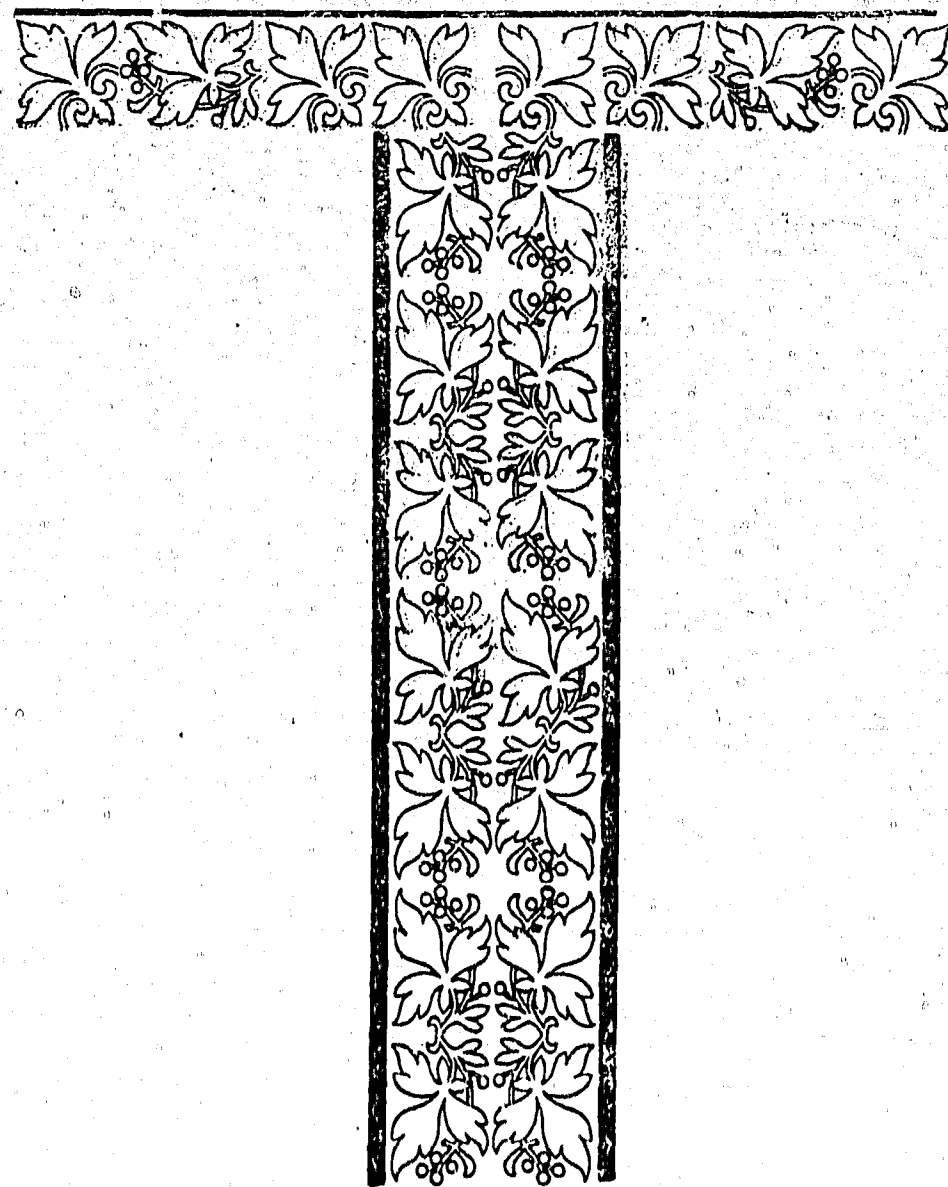
THINK

Little cubes of metal
Little tubes of ink,
Brains and the printing presses
Make the millions think.

see

There is no better way of making the people think of you than by placing an Ad in **The NEWS**.

"Nuff Said."



Sayward Land District.

District of Sayward.

TAKE NOTICE that Murray Gorlay, of Victoria, occupation, broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 376, thence west 20 chains, thence north 20 chains to shore line, thence following shore line easterly and southerly to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

MURRAY GORLAY

Name of applicant in full.

Date March 27th, 1912.

Sayward Land District

District of Sayward

TAKE NOTICE that Percy A.E. Wood, of Victoria, occupation broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the S. W. Corner of Lot 165, thence north 80 chains, thence west 20 chains to shore, thence southerly following shore line to a point making 80 chains southerly, thence easterly following shore line to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

PERCY A. E. WOOD

Name of Applicant in full

Date March 23rd, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Lorne hotel, situated at Comox, B. C. GEORGE M. BARLOW. Dated October 2, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of November 1912, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, for a renewal of the wholesale liquor license, upon the premises known as Lot 24, Subsection 1, Nelson District.

PILSENER BREWING COMPANY.

Dated October 2nd, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Union hotel, situate at Union, B.C. JOHN N. McLEOD. Dated the 2nd day of October, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Courtenay House, situated at Courtenay, B.C.

JOHN R. JOHNSTON

Dated October 2, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Riverside hotel, situate at Courtenay, B.C. O. H. FEINER. Dated October 2, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Elk hotel, situated at Comox, B.C. JOHN MARTIN. Dated October 2, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Nelson hotel, situated at Union Bay, B.C. JOHN FRASER. Dated October 2nd, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police Victoria, for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Willows Hotel situated at Campbell River, B. C. THULIN & HANNAN. Dated October 2, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Wharfedale Hotel, situated at Oyster River, in the province of British Columbia. ANNE WOODRICK. Dated October 2, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, for the renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Wilton hotel, situated at Union Bay B.C. ALFRED RAYMOND. Dated Oct 2, 1912.

COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND.

In the goods of Oscar Johnston deceased, intestate.

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker, made in the above court on the 3rd day of September 1912, the undersigned was appointed Administrator of the estate of Oscar Johnston, who was killed at the Fraser River Logging Camp on April 15th, 1912, intestate.

All accounts against the estate and all accounts due the estate must be presented and paid, respectively, on or before the 1st day of November 1912.

W. W. Willard
Official Administrator
Cumberland, B. C.

COUNTY COURT OF NANAIMO HOLDEN AT CUMBERLAND.

In the goods of James Fitzgerald, deceased, intestate.

TAKE NOTICE that by order of His Honor Judge Barker made in the above court on the 3rd day of September, 1912, the undersigned was appointed Administrator of the estate of James Fitzgerald, who was killed at the Fraser River Logging Camp on April 15th 1912, intestate.

All accounts against the estate and all accounts due the estate must be presented and paid, respectively on or before the 1st day of November, 1912.

W. W. Willard
Official Administrator
Cumberland, B. C.

Wood's Phosphorine
The Great English Remedy
For Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Price 1/6 per box, 6/6 for 12 boxes. One will please, all will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed free on receipt of price. New Year's Special. The Great English Remedy.
Toronto, Ont.

Change of advertisements will not be received at this office later than 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday.

The Courtenay Hotel

Every convenience for guests.
The Central Hotel for Sportsmen
None but the Best of Wines and Liquors at the Bar.

RATES REASONABLE
John Johnston, Prop.

C. T. Kent, F.W. Hawes, A.E. Sherwood
Kent, Hawes & Sherwood
Real Estate, Commission and Forwarding Agents.
160 Hastings St. W.
Vancouver, B.C.
Phone 5240

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:—
This is to notify the public that all freight charges on bonded goods cleared at Union Bay for the Comox Valley must be paid before goods can be forwarded.
By order
Canadian Collieries Development Co.

TRY AN AD in the NEWS

FOR SALE—An "Empire" Type writer. In excellent condition. Will sell cheap, as owner is leaving the city. Apply this office.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, B. C., for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Port Augusta Hotel, situated at Comox, B. C.
AMOS COTTINGTON,
Dated Oct. 2nd, 1912

An Ad in the News pays. Try it.

Union Steamship Co. of B. C. Ltd.

THE S. S. COWICHAN WILL SAIL AS UNDER
POWELL RIVER-COMOX-UNION-CAMPBELL RIVER route.
Leave Vancouver Thurs. 2 p. m. Arrive Comox Friday 6 a. m.
Depart 7 a. m.
Arrive Union Bay Friday 7 a. m. depart 9 a. m. (For Campbell River, waypoints for Vancouver.)
NANAIMO DENMAN ISLAND-UNION BAY-COMOX ROUTE
Leave Vancouver Saturday 8 p. m. Arrive Nanaimo, 12 midnight
Arrive Union Bay, Sunday 6 a. m. Depart 5 p. m.
Arrive Comox, Sunday 8 a. m. Depart 4 p. m.
Subject to change without notice.



DRINK
'Pilsener'

The purest and best BEER, and made in Cumberland.

Union Hotel

J. N. McLEOD PROPRIETOR.
English 4 x BURTON always on tap also, the famous MILWAUKEE BEERS—Anheuser, Bohemian, Schlitz, &c. "OLD GREY BEARD" SCOTCH WHISKY. Best Wines and Liquors of all kinds.
The Boarding and Lodging Department, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Davis, will be found first class in every respect.

RATES \$1.00 per day upwards.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS
ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

NOTICE.
Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same.
By order
W. L. COULSON,
General Manager.

OLD NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Nov 15th, 1912, for the purchase of Oak-bank Farm, consisting of 15 acres, with six-roomed house, barn and stable. About one half of the land is cleared, about an acre of fruit bearing trees in the orchard. The property is in a very desirable location, about a mile and a half from the village of Courtenay. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
JOHN MUNDIE,

If you want anything in valises, suit cases or trunks, try The Big Store. They have the largest and most complete assortment, at the most reasonable prices.

DRINK
'Pilsener'

The purest and best BEER, and made in Cumberland.

O. H. TARBELL
HIGH GRADE STOVES
And all KITCHEN UTENSILS
Sportsmens Goods
and
General Hardware

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that the general store business of Duncan Bros. has this day been sold to James H. Parkin. All accounts due the late firm must be paid to E. Duncan, who will settle all liabilities.
Sandwich, Oct. 1st 1912.

NOTICE.
Any person or persons, cutting, removing or taking any blocks, timber or wood, of any description, belonging to the Wellington Colliery Co'y., or from or off the land of the said Company, or anyone tipping rubbish of any description anywhere upon the company's land will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
W. L. COULSON,
General Manager,
Wellington Colliery Co'y.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the first day of December next application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, B. C. for a renewal of the hotel license to sell liquors by retail in the hotel known as the Malaspina Hotel, situated at Lund, B. C.
FRED THULIN
Dated October 16th, 1912

Cook's Cotton Root Compound
The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 1 for general cases, 50¢ per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook-McKenzie Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly W. & A. Cook).

ROOMS for rent at Marinelli's Rooming House, DeWent Ave.

FOR SALE—Three milk cows, first class milkers, also two heifers in calf, graded stock, three horses, two drivers and a general purpose mare, age three and four years. Apply to D. Roy, Roy's Beach.

Subscribe for The Cumberland News

Only \$1 per year

MOVING? PIANOS AND FURNITURE

Freight, Wood and Coal Hauled
INDEPENDENT TRANSFER
RICHARDSON & HAYWOOD
PHONE 5-7
Windermere Ave.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR NET COAL

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that Charles Henry Best, of New York, N. Y., occupation, salesman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of lot 553, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains to point of commencement containing 40 acres more or less.
CHARLES HENRY BEST
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 20th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that George Charles Stone, of New York, N. Y., occupation, engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of lot 553, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains to point of commencement containing 40 acres more or less.
GEORGE CHARLES STONE
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 19th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that George Charles Stone, of New York, N. Y., occupation, engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of lot 553, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains to point of commencement containing 40 acres more or less.
GEORGE CHARLES STONE
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 19th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that William John Whiting of New York, N. Y., occupation, Engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted 90 chains south and 30 chains east from the north-east corner of lot 579 (on post 574) thence north 20 chains, thence west 30 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 30 chains to point of commencement containing 60 acres more or less.
WILLIAM JOHN WHITING
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent
Dated June 23rd, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that Henry Alfred Hess, of New York, New York, occupation, electrician, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of the north-west quarter of lot 553, thence 40 chains east, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains south to point of commencement containing 160 acres more or less.
HENRY ALFRED HESS
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent
Dated June 24th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that William John Sullivan, New York, N. Y., occupation, clerk, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted 10 chains south from the south-east corner of lot 579 (on post 574) thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, to point of commencement containing 640 acres more or less.
WILLIAM JOHN SULLIVAN
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 21st, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that William August Blackall, of New York, N. Y., occupation, broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted 30 chains east and 10 chains north of the north-west corner of lot 553, thence west 50 chains more or less, to lot 551, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, to point of commencement containing 200 acres more or less.
WILLIAM AUGUST BLACKALL
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 24th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that Channing Stuart Dunbar, of New York, New York, occupation, clerk, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of lot 593, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement containing 640 acres more or less.
CHANNING STUART DUNBAR
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 23rd, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that John Arthur Daly, of New York, New York, occupation, clerk, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lease 46, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement containing 640 acres more or less.
JOHN ARTHUR DALY
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 24th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that Walter Bueell Best, of New York, New York, occupation, laborer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of Lease 16, thence south 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement containing 320 acres more or less.
WALTER BUEELL BEST
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 24th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that Charles Penny of Vancouver, B. C., occupation, contractor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of lot 578, thence west 40 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement containing 320 acres more or less.
CHARLES PENNY
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 19th, 1912.

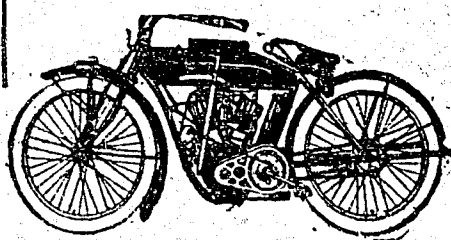
Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that Myrtle Bonnette, of Vancouver, B. C., occupation, Nurse, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of lot 584, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement containing 160 acres more or less.
MYRTLE BONNETTE
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 19th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that Joseph Henry Barr, of New York, N. Y., occupation, Broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted 90 chains east and ten chains north of the south-east corner of Lot 46, thence north 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement containing 40 acres more or less.
JOSEPH HENRY BARR
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 27th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that James Bernard Dunn, of New York, N. Y., occupation, Pencher, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of lot 555, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement containing 640 acres more or less.
JAMES BERNARD DUNN
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 24th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that John Leonard Ryan, of New York, New York, occupation, broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted at the north-east corner of the north-east quarter of lot 553, thence east 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement containing 320 acres more or less.
JOHN LEONARD RYAN
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 24th, 1912.

Sayward Land District.
District of Sayward.
TAKE NOTICE that John Cassidy, of New York, N. Y., occupation, Broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a post planted 20 chains south and 80 chains east of the north corner of lot 551, thence west 30 chains to east boundary of lot 551, thence south 30 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 30 chains to point of commencement containing 90 acres more or less.
JOHN CASSIDY
Fisher M. Gaskins, Agent.
Dated June 20th, 1912.

**\$280.00**

Buys a 4 H. P.

INDIAN or EXCELSIOR

Motor Cycle with free engine clutch. Now is the time to buy one, as the fall riding season is about to commence. You need one for business and for pleasure. Write for Catalogue.

\$25.00

with order buys a regular \$40.00 Empire Bicycle while they last, fitted with coaster brake, mudguards, roller chain, extension handle bars, etc. Fully guaranteed. Only 25¢ at this price, so write now.

CONSOLIDATED BICYCLE AND MOTOR CO., LTD.

185 Notre Dame, East. Winnipeg

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOOTHES the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SITUATIONS VACANT

Young men placed in positions as Telegraphers, Freight and Ticket Clerks just as fast as we can prepare them. Railway Officials endorse our System because our instruction is specially prepared. Day and Mail Courses. Write for Free Book 13, Dominion School Railroading, Toronto.

Murphy Agreed

For three solid hours the captain had been lecturing his men on duties of a soldier, and he thought it was time to see how much they had understood of his discourse.

Casting his eyes round the room, he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim.

Why should a man fight for his country?

Private Murphy scratched his head for a moment, and then a smile of enlightenment crossed his face.

Sure, captain, he said pleasantly, you're quite right. Why should he?

"Will Adams, the first Englishman in Japan, one of the most delightful books ever written, has been out of print for thirty years or forty years, but its memory remains. Those fortunate enough to have read it will be interested to learn that a memorial to Adams was unveiled by the British ambassador on June 18 over the grave in Tokio where the famous pilot lies beside his Japanese wife."

Will Adams, who was a navigator, landed in Japan in 1600 and was kept in the country by the Emperor on account of his knowledge of ships. He was presented with an estate, was not allowed to return to England, where he had a wife and family, and died in Japan in 1620.

He—It's quite true that there are microbes in kisses.

She—Oh, the sweet little darlings!

MOTHERHOOD SUGGESTIONS**Advice to Expectant Mothers**

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

W. N. U. 913

**After Gladstone and Bright Separated**

Perhaps one of the most entertaining stories told by Mrs. A. M. Reynolds in the life of her father, Frank Holt, the famous portrait painter, whose early death in 1888, at the age of 43 occurred on the eve of his being created a baronet, is that concerning Gladstone and Bright after they were separated by the first Home Rule split in the Liberal party.

"When my father, said Mrs. Reynolds, was engaged on the portrait of Bright, he incidentally mentioned that he was about to paint a similar one of Mr. Gladstone. It must be a very painful thing for you, Mr. Bright, he hazarded, that after all these years you should have found cause to sever your connection."

Indeed it is, replied Bright, with a sigh, to think that after we have trodden the same path together, shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand we should be forced apart in the evening of our lives! And by what? By a bogey that has risen up within him and is beckoning him away from duty and sense—by a Frankenstein. Do you know, Mr. Holt, I seriously fear that my dear old friend's mind has become radically undetermined?

When he was at Hawarden painting Gladstone the subject of my father's portrait of Bright cropped up. Ah, said Gladstone, with much interest, and how did you find him?

Fairly well, and he spoke very affectionately of you, Mr. Gladstone.

Did he indeed, replied the sifter, sorrowfully. Did he, indeed? That was a cruel blow. That after a lifetime of mutual esteem and of good work undertaken and carried through together we should be divided on so clear a question. Tell me, Mr. Holt, and here his mouth twitched, for he was evidently struggling with strong emotion—tell me, did you notice anything in the manner of my old friend which would lead you to believe that his reason was becoming in any way unhinged?

British Earl Worked as Miner

The Earl of Hardwicke, who informed the house of lords the other night that he had worked underground for two years as a miner on this side of the Atlantic, would hold the title of Baron Morden today in addition to the others which he possesses but for the fact that his great-grandfather, Lord Chancellor Yorke, declined on his deathbed to authenticate the patent of the peerage conferred upon him on his elevation to the peerage on which he never sat. The second son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke attained his ambition to reach the same high office as his father, but survived his appointment only by three days.

The present peer is not the first of his family to have seen the rough side of life. His father, who died in 1909, saw active service as a naval officer in the Crimea, while his grandfather, the fourth earl, who was also in the navy, had some exciting experiences in connection with the suppression of piracy in the Mediterranean. An earlier holder of the title was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the time of Robert Emmet's rebellion, and his action, or lack of action, at the time was the subject of considerable debate in the imperial parliament.

No More Weary Willies

No longer shall the clerk sleep blissfully behind his propped ledger on balmy summer afternoons. No more shall the telephone girl indulge in halcyon after-lunch dreams!

For an enemy has arisen which threatens these hoary institutions. It is called ozone. So wonderful is its power in electrifying the dreamy clerk that many large firms are having some machines fitted up in their offices, much to their employees' disgust. Because everyone must work in an ozonised atmosphere; one can't help oneself.

Not only so, but air permeated with this dread sub-quantity, when drawn into the lungs with deep breaths acts as a chest developer. Besides which many of the clerks placed in a room treated with ozone have noticeably increased in bulk.

And the diabolical machine that works all the mischief is a very simple little electrical affair about the size of an electric fan.

But she was determined on making a change.

That's all right, George, about my sweet face, she said coldly. I'm tired of hearing about it! I wish you'd remember my sweet tooth occasionally instead. Answers, London.

A floating dry-dock with a lifting capacity of 30,000 tons has been built for the British Admiralty.

Argentina's corn crop for this year is estimated at eight million tons.

Claire—Jack told me he wanted to see you in the worst possible way. Ethel—And what did you say?

Claire—I told him to come to breakfast some morning.

Canned Peaches or Pears

Cut the fruit in halves and remove the stones or cores. For each quart jar allow two cups of sugar and one cup of water. If the fruit is ripe and sweet, less sugar may be used. One cup of sugar for each quart can of fruit is used when the fruit is not very acid.

Peaches are successfully peeled by dipping them in boiling hot water for a few minutes. The skin will slip off as easily as from a tomato, when treated in a similar manner.—Woman's World.

Some real estate dealers in British Columbia were accused of having victimized English and Scotch settlers by selling to them (at long range) fruit ranches which were situated on the tops of mountains. It is said that the captain of a steamboat on Kootenay lake once heard a great splash in the water. Looking over the rail he spied the head of a man who was swimming toward his boat. He hailed him. Do you know, said the swimmer, this is the third time today that I've fallen off that blooming old bunch of mine?

Quarter and the Sack

Now, said the decorator to his brand-new apprentice, you have finished your work for the week. But if you'll stay and mind the shop for a minute, whilst I go out, I'll give you an extra quarter. Mind you don't forget any messages or orders and be sure you clearly understand them.

The apprentice declared that he clearly understood his master. Twenty minutes later the master came back, and demanded if anybody had come in.

Yes, assented the apprentice. Nobody's been in except somebody as wanted somebody to go somewhere sometime to do something. But I told him in no time as on Saturday afternoons there wasn't not nobody nowhere to do nothing nowhere. He said in that case he refused your acceptance of the job he's not giving you, 'cause he makes nothing of any one who does anything anyhow, and never gets nothing done when never expected.

The apprentice got the quarter—and was fired.

Scene (Schoolmaster's study).—Master—Why were you late for early school, Wright?

Wright—Please, sir, I must have overwashed myself.

An Oil That Is Famous.—Though Canada was not the birthplace of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the home of the famous compound. From here its good name was spread to Central and South America, the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. That is far asfield enough to test its excellence, for in all these countries it is on sale and in demand.

Cause and Effect

Travelling in the wild and wolly West, a gentleman entered a small township in order that he might make the purchase of a watch and chain.

The shopkeeper was very pleased to oblige, but as he wrapped up the articles purchased he included with them a fearsome-looking revolver of very respectable dimensions.

I say, observed the astonished traveller, what are you doing? I didn't offer to buy a revolver.

The watchmaker, puzzled in turn, and thinking his customer must have lost his sense and reason, replied:

But you have bought a gold watch. If you are going to keep it in these parts, you'll want the gun, too!

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.

Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

Too Frail to Last

So you've broken off your engagement with Miss Smarte? asked the inquisitive friend.

His victim shook his head. No, he replied; I didn't break it off. Oh, then she broke it off?

No, answered the young man, enjoying his friend's growing wonder. But it is broken off, isn't it? persisted the curious one.

Oh, yes! explained the young man gently. She told me what her dressmaker's yearly bill was, and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement gently dissolved.

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

Omniscience

Four-year-old Harry was spending the day with his aunt. Dinner was late and the child began to grow restless.

Auntie, he said finally, does God know everything?

Yes, dear, answered his aunt.

Every little thing? he persisted.

Yes, every little thing, was the reply.

Well, then, he said in a tone of conviction. God knows I'm hungry.

Lady of the House—What caused you to become a tramp?

Ragged Rogers—The family physician, mum. He advised me to take long walks after my meals, and I've been walking after 'em ever since.

In giving medicine in liquid form to a baby, place the point of the spoon containing the medicine against the roof of the mouth. Administered in this way it will be impossible for the child to choke or eject the medicine.

It is not generally known that oil marks or marks where people have rested their heads can be taken from the paper on walls by mixing pipeclay with water to a consistency of cream, laying it on the spot, and letting it remain till the following day, when it may be easily removed with a pen-knife or brush.

An Intelligent Youth

That intelligent boy there, said the pedagogues to the top-hatted parent he was showing over the school premises, is Brown. I am proud of Brown. I have indicated in him the love of learning to such an extent that he now prefers study to play. I expect at this moment he is writing Timmin's Latin prose on that sheet of paper there, while all the other pupils are at play. I will ascertain.

He called the lad to him. Brown, he said, let me see the result of your industry.

I—Id rather not, sir, blushed Brown. Note the modesty, whispered the schoolmaster. Come, Brown, let me see what you have been writing.

Still the boy demurred. But the schoolmaster insisted and forcibly appropriated the paper. And there in neat imitation of formal handwriting he read the following:

Please excuse my son James from school to-day. He is wanted at home.

MOONEY'S PERFECTION CREAM SODAS

PERFECTION CREAM SODAS

YOU'LL HAVE LESS WORK AND MORE PLAY IF YOU TRY THE MOONEY WAY

The **MOONEY** way means more biscuits, less home cooking: Because **MOONEY'S BISCUITS** are fresh enough and appetizing enough to take the place of the product of your own oven. For the daily meal you'll like

MOONEY'S PERFECTION SODA BISCUITS

They're the crispest, creamiest, most delicious soda biscuits ever produced and they're made in Winnipeg. A Western biscuit for Western people.

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In air-tight packages or sealed tins.

The illustration shows one of the many styles of body that we build for our Light Delivery Car.

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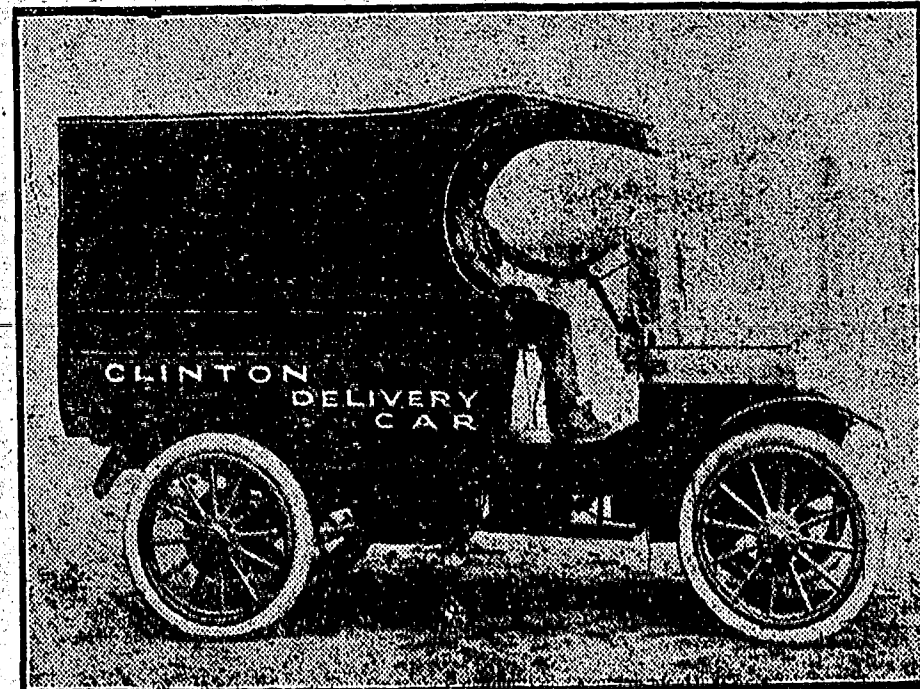
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Public Baths

Motherly Hostess—Our modest establishment has only one bathroom, so we all have to arrange when to take our turn. What time would you like to have your bath?

Nervous Youth (who means well)—Oh, your time is mine, Mrs. Brown.

I thought your father looked very handsome with his gray hair.

Yes, dear old chap, I gave him those.

Woman—I've lost a little boy, policeman.

Nobby—What's he like?

Woman (displaying a patch)—Well he's a patch on his trousers like this.

A Wise Precaution

The day before she was to be married, the old negro servant came to her mistress and entrusted her savings in her keeping. Why should I keep it; I thought you were going to be married, said her mistress.

So I is, Missus, but do you 'sposse I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger.

A New Sensation

Mrs. Yeast—I just love to shut my eyes and think.

Mr. Yeast—Why don't you try that with your mouth sometimes, my dear.

Well Stated

You don't avoid hot weather by going away from home.

No, replied Miss Cayenne, but it's better to be among strangers, where the formalities prevent giving way to the irritations of climate.

Prosecuting Attorney—Your honor, the bull pup has gone and chewed up the court Bible.

Judge—Well, make the witness kiss the bull pup, then. We can't adjourn court for a week just to hunt up a new Bible.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

He Had No Choice

One must learn to sympathize with domestic frailties. I was rebuking a man the other day for backing up his wife in what was not only an absurd story, but one in which I could see he had no belief.

You should really be more careful, I said, and I told you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story.

You may do as you like, he said, mournfully, but I've got to.

Why He Called

Mrs. Mill—Is your husband, the doctor, busy now?

Mrs. Mill—Indeed he is. Why, he made three calls up at your brother's house to-day.

I didn't know anybody was sick there.

There isn't. He was trying to collect a bill.

The Clean Up

Old man, we want you in our clean-up campaign.

All right.

Well, name your preference committee on dumps, alleys or backyards. What would you like to clean up?

I'd like to clean up about a million dollars.

Chance for Heroism

Adorcer (anxiously)—What did your father say?

Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.

Ah, Yes, Too True

I can't understand why you wish to lavish your affection on a dog. Why don't you adopt a child?

Oh, I should be afraid to become fond of a child. If it should die one couldn't have it stuffed and put in a corner of the library, you know.

Not Cars Now

The city nephew was showing his country uncle the town from a seat in the open air street car.

You don't often get a chance to ride on a street car uncle, said the nephew.

No, said uncle, don't believe I've rid on a street car since we got our new automobile.

The Modern House

I want you to build me a fashionable home.

Have you any special ideas as to the style of house you want? asked the architect.

Not exactly. I want one of those modern places.

You know the kind I mean—one with a living room too big to keep warm, and a kitchen too small to cook in.

Dentist—Writeley, the novellist, was in this morning and had a tooth drawn.

Friend—Ah! An extract from a popular author, as it were.

CLEAN HANDS

GENUINE AND ORIGINAL

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ANTISEPTIC HAND CLEANER

PREPARED BY SNAP COMPANY

MONTREAL

15c a Tin.

Don't let them fool you with cheap imitations. SNAP is the ORIGINAL and BEST HAND CLEANER. Will remove grease and stains of all kinds.

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Sweeney's Ghost

"Dead Men Tell No Tales"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

After three days and nights of battling with frenzied winds and wild gray seas the shabby little steamer Marygold fell upon the white reefs of Sugar Island and pounded out her feeble life.

Early dawn found Captain Shaleh Bains and his first mate digging a shallow trench in the snowy sand of the island's curving beach. Beside the trench there lay a dripping form roughly lashed to the Marygold's forward hatch.

The mate paused in his digging and dug aside the empty turtle shell that had served as a spade. He pulled out a knife, cut the lashings and hurriedly rolled the inert form into the shallow grave.

"'Twas Sweeney," he announced briefly to the captain, and the big fat man nodded carelessly.

"What's that stuff out there?" asked Bains, pointing a heavy forefinger.

"Broken spars and scraps of the waterlogged tubs you called lifeboats," growled the mate.

"You ought to be thankful, Peter. You ought to get down on your knees, man, because this is all the best luck you ever had." Bains' fishy eyes almost glowed with excitement.

"Thankful for what? Because the expedition has failed? We can never get to Sugar Island now."

Bains smiled triumphantly. "We're on Sugar Island this minute," he announced.

The mate stared. "No!" he yelled.

"Yes," assured the captain, drawing a water-tight metal case from his pocket. "Just look at the map. All we got to do is to locate the palm under which the pearls are buried and wait until somebody comes and takes us off. We'll be rich, Peter, much richer than if the pearls had to be divided into eight parts. It's half and half now."

"That evening they sat in the shelter of a huge rock and watched the moon rising out of a quiet, bosomed ocean. Both were smoking furiously and saying little. It had been a hard day in many ways. They had found rather unpalatable shellfish and plenty of coconuts to eat and a tinkling-rill of sweet water. They had not dug the pearls, although they had dug feverishly all around the roots of the giant palm.

The map says under the largest palm," insisted Captain Bains in response to Peter's skeptical mood.

"It wasn't there," Peter was beginning when all at once he stopped short and pointed at something dark and shadowy that approached them out of the white beauty of the night.

"What's that?" he gasped.

"Ahoy, there," piped a feeble voice from the shadow.

"Who is it?" boomed the deep voice of Bains.

"'Tis Sweeney," came from the near shadow.

The two men under the rock leaped forth and scrambled around to safety. Little thrills of superstitious horror chilled their blood.

"You lie!" quavered Peter Darrow.

"Sweeney's dead."

"We buried him," chimed in Bains.

"Then I'm ritz from th' dead and thankful so to be whil' th' waves washed over me there I was tucked away as snug as ye plaze in a grave. 'Twas rather premature, I may say."

And the words were mingled with Dennis Sweeney's unmistakable chuckle.

The two men conferred in grumbling tones.

"I'm thankful for th' warrum welcome extended to me, seel!" Peter returned from th' grave. I've been a long day to lay dryin' in th' sun wishin' for a bite or a sup." It was Sweeney's sarcasm that convinced his shipmates that he had indeed escaped death, but the greed of gain overcame any scruples they might otherwise have had.

"Sweeney's dead," insisted Peter Darrow obstinately, all the terror gone from his voice. "If you're his ghost you can keep to yourself. We don't want you around here!"

"No more we don't!" emphasized Bains roughly.

"Indulge!" purred Sweeney's voice. "And might I ask if us three are th' only ones saved from th' poor Marygold?"

"Only two was saved—Captain Bains and me," returned Darrow significantly.

"How about me—don't I count?"

"You're dead!" Darrow's voice was final.

"'Twas a legit burial—I can swear to it," added Bains ponderously.

"Ay," said the voice of Sweeney, "ye can swear all yer black in th' face, ye blaspheming old pirate, but warrum won't kill Dennis Sweeney!" And the form of Sweeney reappeared down the beach, accompanied by very audible footfalls.

"You should have dug it deeper," complained Captain Bains querulously as he joined Darrow in a walk around to the opposite side of the island.

"How did I know he wasn't dead?" demanded Peter impatiently. Then he worried tones he went on: "I suppose he'll be watching us all the time. Maybe he'll expect a share of the pearls."

"How is he to know we're on Sugar Island?" queried Bains craftily. "He

wouldn't suspect that we was wrecked on the very island we was bound for."

"Aye, and he better take care he don't suspect!" threatened Peter Darrow.

Several days passed in a fruitless search after the hidden treasure of pearls. They dug around the roots of all the largest palms.

There came one fair morning after two days of screaming hurricane weather, when Peter Darrow leaped high in the air and yelled with excitement.

"The palm tree! The big palm has blown over!" he announced to his companion. "Now we can get at the roots!"

Captain Bains turned a soiled and unkempt head toward his first mate. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was drowsy from lack of sleep. The wind had been merciless in its lashings. "I'll come after I've had these eggs," he grunted, eating ravenously of the turtle eggs they had captured the night before.

Peter waited impatiently until the big captain had finished his breakfast and joined him in the thick undergrowth of the jungle. They tore relentlessly through clinging vines and impeding vegetation until they reached the summit of the hill where the giant palm lay prostrate on the ground.

They flew at the tangle of upturned roots and tore madly at the loosened earth.

"Here!" screamed Darrow suddenly, and he brought forth a rusted tea canister.

Crazed by the nearness of the treasure they had come so far to seek, the two men fought over the possession of the canister until finally the lid came off in Bains' hand. Then they cooled off sufficiently to look within.

There in the bottom rolled two small pearls. That was all.

Their curses went up to the blue sky bending softly above them and smote roughly on the balmy air. Finally, breathless with rage, they faced each other.

"Somebody's been here first!" declared Bains.

"You mean this morning?" panted Darrow, hiding his one pearl in his pocket.

Bains nodded. "Since the palm blew over. Of course it was Sweeney."

"We haven't seen him but that once. We thought maybe it was his ghost," objected Darrow.

"The grave is empty," said Bains.

"I went and looked the next day."

"Then we'll find him," Peter Darrow arose and looked down at the strip of beach visible from the hilltop. "He must come out at night. I'll catch him if it takes twenty years, and then—"

"Then—eh?" leered Bains.

"He'll stay in his grave," muttered Darrow cruelly.

All that day they looked for Dennis Sweeney and found nothing save his footprints on the sand and a pile of coconuts shells showing where he had eaten. All night long they hunted him relentlessly, growing more ugly as morning approached. They did not scan the thick tops of the palm trees where the younger man might have hidden securely from them, for Sweeney was agile as a monkey.

At that mysterious hour between gray dawn and actual daylight they came upon him standing at the water's edge, and there was something so dim and shadowy about his appearance that the two treasure seekers hesitated for a moment so that he turned and saw them.

Bains flourished the empty tea canister.

"You devil, you've found the pearls!" he shouted.

"Go away," said the voice of Dennis Sweeney. "I'm dead—dead as door-nails. Yeh have said so! Lave me ritz in pace. Rimmer, dead men tell no tales!"

"Be careful, Sweeney," warned Peter Darrow, edging toward the second mate. "We're armed and if you don't give up those pearls you'll be dead and we'll get 'em anyway."

"I'm a ghost," said Sweeney, with regret, as he tumbled backward into the water and struck out skillfully, with a wary eye for sharks. "I'm a spook. Th' captain there will take onto to it. He said so."

Captain Bains let fly a volley of oaths as he joined Darrow at the water's edge.

Suddenly Dennis Sweeney emitted a frightful scream and disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

The two onlookers watched the bubbles rise to the surface with horror on their faces.

"Sharks!" muttered Bains hoarsely.

"My God!" groaned Darrow, momentarily unnerved by the unexpectedness of it.

With one accord they turned and hurried around to the other side of the island, where they remained for several hours before they ventured to return to the place where Dennis Sweeney had disappeared from their sight.

Carefully folded on the beach above high water mark was the redannel shirt of Dennis Sweeney. On the shirt lay two large leaves, and in the middle of each leaf was a little heap of pearls, perhaps a third of what the tea canister had contained. Written in the hard white coral strand were struggling words.

"What does it say?" demanded Bains.

"Take the next ship," read Darrow slowly. Then he turned and pointed to the opening in the coral reefs. There was a trail of black smoke and the black hull of an Australian liner bearing away from Sugar Island. "It means he played a trick."

"The shy devil!" gasped Bains at last.

"Here's more writing, Peter. Read it man!"

Darrow bent over and obediently read the last message of Dennis Sweeney—"Dead men tell no tales."

MODELED FROM MEMORY.

Danton Was a Wonder, Though He Did Once Mix His Subjects.

Danton, the celebrated caricaturist, had a wonderful power of modeling from memory. After one long look at his subject he could go to his studio and make a bust quite perfect in its resemblance.

One day a young man came to him, saying that his sister was ill and about to die and that, although the family wished her bust modeled, they dared not excite her by mentioning it. Would he undertake to reproduce her features after seeing her once? Danton agreed, and next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to present her with some jewels and that a young man would bring some specimens for her approval.

Danton brought in the jewels and, going home, modeled a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old gentleman, the father of the young woman, came to order a bust of the brother, who also had died. This, too, was a marvelous success.

The result of such planning, however, was not always as satisfactory to his patrons as in these cases. A gentleman who could not persuade his wife to sit asked Danton to enter a certain omnibus one day and fix in his memory the features of the lady opposite him.

He did so, modeled a beautiful bust and sent it home. It proved, however, to be not the mistress, but the maid, who had also taken the trip in the omnibus.

MONARCHS AND COINS.

Napoleon in a Temper and Louis Philippe on a Hunt.

The great Napoleon was not great at the whist table, and a characteristic story is told of him at St. Helena. At a private party of whist he took out four napoleons to use as markers, and one of the young ladies took up one of the coins and asked him what it was. The polite host snatched it rather roughly from her and, pointing to the impression, exclaimed, "C'est moi!"

The annoyance caused by this incident ruffled him so much that he made a misdeal. The party begged him to try again, and he did so with the same result. His countenance then displayed the rages of convulsive fury, and his anger was not appeased until the house had been searched for old cards, which could be more easily dealt. Meantime the unhappy Count Las Cases, his only attendant, was ordered to sit down at a spare table to play the cards alone until they should run smoothly.

Louis-Philippe showed equal regard for the coin that bore his name. He dropped a louis on the carpet while playing whist and arrested the progress of the game to look for it, whereupon a foreign ambassador who was one of the party set fire to a billet of 1,000 francs to give light to the king under the table.

Dynamite and Tree Planting.

Possibly what at first sight appears to be the strangest application of dynamite is for the purpose of planting trees. Yet its success in this connection is said to be peculiarly remarkable. When a hole is made with a spade the surrounding soil is left in its hard condition. The result is that the roots find it difficult to start. They are cramped in the tight quarters of the hole and cannot pierce the surrounding hard wall of earth. With dynamite a large clean hole is blasted out, and, in addition, the soil on all sides is loosened for five or six feet. When the tree is planted the young and tender roots force their way without effort through the crevices, sucking up nourishment, and commence to grow from the moment they are set without any retardation whatever.

Pean and Lentils.

The word "pean" is derived from Pisa, a Greek city of Elis, which seems to have been the center of the pea growing industry for years before the time of Christ. The antiquarians were of the "peas porridge," for which Rann sold his blithright, was a dish of peas. In those times they were called "lentils," and even at the present day the English common people of several of the English shires, notably Middlesex as well as Oxfordshire, call them "lens," dropping the "l." In the time of Mary they were called "peasens," and in the time of Charles I. "peasens."

A Literary Sensation.

What's the cause of the excitement? Look! There's a great crowd around the public library building. Something must have happened.

"Wait a minute. I know the librarian. I'll telephone over and see what's wrong."

(Business of telephoning.)

"Well, what is it?"

"Somebody has started a rumor that there is a business man inside reading a book of poems."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unlike Fishing Lines.

"That fishing song in the new opera is clever, don't you think?" asked the critic.

"No," replied the hard luck angler. "It isn't at all natural."

"No?"

"No; the lines are too catchy."

Dramatic Note.

Augustus—I'm not fond of the stage, Violet, but I hear your father on the stage, and I think I had better go before the footlights.—London Sketch.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

Chip of Old Block.

When father learns that Willie smokes He wears a heavy frown And lays aside all quips and jokes And calls poor Willie down.

But when he drinks with other men He spins a merry yarn About the days of childhood when He smoked behind the barn.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Prejudged.

A jury trial in a western town had gone along for more than an hour when the trial judge discovered that the panel was shy a juror.

"What does this mean?" he roared. "There are only eleven jurors in the box. Where is the twelfth?"

"Please, your honor," answered one of the eleven, "he has gone away from here on some other business, but he has left his verdict with me."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Point of Law.

The boat began to roll and pitch. The judge clung to the rail. He didn't like the bounding waves; His solemn face grew pale. But happily a clever thought Came to his legal brain. He overruled the motion And felt all right again.

—Life.

Persuasive.

"Will the ladies move up front, please?" said the conductor on a car crowded with matinee girls. There was little response, so he spoke again.

"Move forward, please, ladies; the motorman is a great deal better looking man than I am."

Smiling, the ladies moved up.—Boston Transcript.

Daisy's Diagnosis.

"Would you think me too bold if I threw you a kiss?"

Said smart Alice to pert little Daisy.

"Oh, no; not a bit of it!" countered the maid.

"Just simply and suitably lazy."

—Canadian Courier.

Unworthy.

A woman lately wrote an editor of the personal columns and said: "I have lost three husbands and now have an offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The reply came: "If you have lost three husbands I should say you are too careless to be trusted with a fourth."—Harper's Magazine.

Impatience.

"Some of the problems of human existence are becoming more and more complex."

"Yes," replied the admiring parent. "I can hardly wait for my daughter's graduation essay to let us know what to do about them."—Washington Star.

Among the Higher Ups.

Our domestic was called Mary Ann. She came from the County Cavan. To lessen her toll She lit pipes with oil. Now we miss her and also the can.

—Exchange.

Slow Progress.

Bacon—It took my wife three hours to pass a certain point.

Egbert—Oh, was she in the suffrage parade?

"No. She was telling a funny story."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Public Benefactor.

Margaret—Josephine has gone in for a new sort of philanthropy. Katharine—Goodness! What? Margaret—She has formed a society for the prevention of new forms of auction bridge.—Life.

In Torrid Climes.

Full many a man, both young and old, Has gone to his sarcophagus By pouring water icy cold. Adorn his hot sarcophagus.

—Chemists' Club Perculator.

Vociferously Reluctant.

"Mildred, what was that loud noise on the front porch last night? It woke me up."

"Why, mamma, that must have been Jack tearing himself away."—Chicago Tribune.

A Later Development?

Father to his son whom he has reproved for lying—I never told a lie when I was small.

Sons—Well, how old were you, father, when you began?—Fleegende Blatter.

Worn Out.

The "Welcome" on their doormat was in letters woven stout, But people came and went so much they wore their welcome out.

—Dallas News.

Fallow Feeding.

"The children need something new every week. You have no children, hence you can't understand."

"I understand, old chap. I have an automobile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not What He Expected.

Harold—Suppose you and I were all alone on a deserted island. Elsie, what is the first thing you would do?

Elsie—Thank the good Lord that I know how to swim.—Town Topics.

Hard Work.

A dollar looks just like a coin. It doesn't seem much when your luck is running, but wait till you're broke. And then just try to raise one buck.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What's the Difference?

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah. I've been elected.

Sarah (with delight)—Honesty!

Politician—What difference does that make?—St. Louis Times.

Mental Arithmetic.

Teacher—Why, Willie, these problems are all wrong! What is the trouble?

Willie—I dunno. I worked awfully hard before I could even get 'em wrong.—Judge.

BROILED SPARROWS.

A Tip From Uncle Sam on How to Reduce the Cost of Living.

In most localities in the United States English sparrows are a pest. There is therefore no reason why the birds should not be utilized for food in this country, as they have been in the old world for centuries, says a recent farmers' bulletin, issued by the department of agriculture. Their flesh is palatable, and, though their bodies are small, their numbers fully compensate for their lack of size.

To kill mercifully a sparrow that has been trapped place the thumb nail at the base of its skull and dislocate its neck by hard and quick pressure. To dress it cut off the legs, the wings at the outer joint and the neck close to the body, strip off the skin, beginning at the neck, make a cut through the body wall extending from the neck along the backbone till the ribs are severed, then around between the legs to the tail and remove the viscera.

If sparrows are to be broiled save only the breasts, as this method of cooking so shrivels and parches the lesser parts as to render them worthless. In this case tear off a strip of skin from wing to wing across the back, grasp the wings in front of the body in one hand and the neck in the other and by a quick pull separate the breast from the ribs, turn the breast out of the skin that covers it and sever the wings at the second joint. The whole operation requires but a fraction of a minute, and it can be done by the fingers alone.

Sparrows may be cooked by any of the methods employed for redbirds or quail. When broiled, broiled, buttered and served on toast they are particularly good and compare favorably with the best kinds of small game.

AVIATION IN EUROPE.

People Show More Public Interest There Than We Do Here.

Does aviation go with patriotism? So it would seem. I found all over Europe a public spirit rising to the demands of the new art of conquering the air by monoplane and biplane. In France public subscriptions, even from the school children, were being collected for the purchase of aeroplanes for the use of the army.

Early in March a wave of patriotism swept over France. The national movement for the purchase of aeroplanes was instantly given support by the Paris press, with four of the leading daily papers subscribing \$10,000 each. Clubs and other organizations have ever since been adopting resolutions to send grants from their funds to the general subscription toward equipping the aerial army.

Every little while some prominent actor will give a theatrical benefit in Paris, the proceeds of which are applied toward the purchase of an aeroplane. The French colonies soon stepped in line by sending substantial subscriptions toward the cause. Even members of the American colony in France are gathering subscriptions for the purchase of an aeroplane which they will present to the French army.

We are far behind the other nations in the interest we are taking in this latest scientific development, which lends itself so easily to those who delight in out of door sport.—Harles Quimby in Leslie's.

California Is Some State.

California is now a billion dollar state. The federal bureau of statistics reports that the soil and manufacturing products now reach that magnificent total annually, not taking into account the many millions of mineral output. The reports also show that California leads the world in per capita wealth, with the astonishing figure of \$2,235. Even New York, with its headquarters of America's (and in some respects the earth's) greatest financial aggregations, is a poor second, with \$1,883, and France, the reputed most thrifty nation, is \$1,228. Verily, the Californian is, to paraphrase Saul of Tarsus, a citizen of no mean state.—Los Angeles Tribune.

The Twinkling of a Star.

An apparatus for recording photographically the twinkling of a star has been designed. It resembles in principle the cinematograph. By means of an objective prism the spectrum of the star is registered on the photographic plate, and the plate is moved in the direction perpendicular to the length of the spectrum, the result expected being a series of slightly different spectra in parallel. By methods of reproduction analogous to those of the cinematograph it is possible to reproduce the appearance of scintillation.

Australia's Big Trees.

None too soon a popular movement has been set on foot in Australia to preserve the gigantic stringy barks, various species of eucalyptus, of that country, which far exceed in height the famous "big trees" of California and are the tallest trees in the world. These trees sometimes attain heights ranging from 400 to 600 feet. Their timber is exceedingly valuable, and for this reason they have been ruthlessly destroyed by timbermen, while no proper steps have been taken to provide for their reproduction.

Three Big Things.

The new Grand Central terminal in New York when completed will have cost \$180,000,000. It will cover an area of twenty-nine acres and be able to handle 200 trains an hour. The Panama canal will cost about twice as much—\$375,000,000—and the outlay for the Pennsylvania terminal in New York approximated \$100,000,000.

Milady's Mirror

Menaces to Beauty. First among the menaces to beauty stands the tight clothes habit. Health, too, is sacrificed to this false notion of form that seems to obsess so many young girls as well as women.

The principle of tight lacing as a health and eventually a beauty enemy is so simple the wonder is it has not presented itself to its followers long before. "Pulled in" clothes crowd the flesh, press upon the arteries until they are half closed and thus retard circulation. Poor circulation means a blotched skin, a pasty complexion and serious affection of individual parts of the body.

You have heard the girl of wasp waist and narrowed hips complain of racking headaches. Perhaps you know a girl whose hands are always cold and red and who can't take off her shoes for fear her feet will swell so she can't put them on again. If her waist is out of proportion to the rest of her figure you may be sure the trouble is tight stays.

Another and more evident evil is the red nose, which mars the most perfect face. This is an invariable cause and effect—the squeezed in waist and the red nose. The girl who deliberately chooses clammy hands, cold feet and a red nose rather than a natural waist line has a poor idea of the requirements for a beauty ensemble.

Among the injuries to health caused by lacing are backache, weak spine and indigestion. Constant pressure in the hollow or small of the back irritates the delicate nerves centered in the spinal column. These nerve wires are impeded in transferring messages to the brain, and the entire nervous system is thrown into disorder. Depression, sick headaches and hysteria often originate in the tight waist.

Proper Use of Complexion Brush.

Purchase a complexion brush at some reliable drugstore. One costing less than 50 cents is not to be considered, as it is likely to be harsh and not well made. The bristles in these brushes should be soft. They are generally the same as those used in the construction of infants' hairbrushes. If they are the least bit harsh they irritate the skin and do more harm than good.

Always wet the brush and also the face before applying soap, which, by the way, should be liquid, because there remains no stickiness, and the rinsing is more nearly perfect than with hard soap. Have a small amount of the soap liquid in a dish and dip the brush into it and start to scrub the face. Very warm water should always be used for cleansing. When every part of the face has been thoroughly scrubbed rinse it well with water several times.

When large pores are being treated as little as possible of cold water should be used, as cold water closes the pores. After being scrubbed they must remain warm in order to drink in all the food that can possibly be absorbed. After the face has been scrubbed and rinsed, pat almost dry, and then with fresh food on the tips of the fingers of both hands work into the skin all it will absorb. This process must be gone through with every night, and once a week liquid green soap should be used.

Toilet Hints.

Washing combs in water soon causes them to warp and break. A stiff, dry nailbrush is a good cleansing agent.

While the effect of the constant use of liquid powder is often extremely unpleasant, it may be used at intervals without fear of injury to the skin. One of the best pearl white liquids is made by combining one and a half ounces of bluish embeurcate with enough water to make six ounces in all. Rainwater should be used if possible. The bottle must always be shaken well before applying the powder. Be careful not to apply it too generously or it will give the effect of facial enamel.

Good Hair Tonic.

Conal oil is a splendid agent for promoting the general health of the hair. Rub a few drops into the scalp twice a week. Keep the scalp loose by massaging it deeply with the tips of the fingers. Little if any odor will result provided the oil is confined to the scalp and is not distributed through the hair. Be careful not to hold the head near a flame after using the oil.

A Good Astringent.

For oily skin no astringent brings about more satisfactory results than camphor water. It has a delightful healing effect, but should not be applied too often, as it has drying properties likely to prove disastrous to an extremely delicate skin. Apply the camphor water with a piece of absorbent cotton and just before it dries wipe it away gently with a soft cloth.

To Brighten Tortoise Shell.

Tortoise shell combs, pins and hair-ettes can be brightened by rubbing them with sweet oil, wiping them dry and covering them with whiting or a collated silver powder. After the powder is applied the shell should be polished with a chamois. To keep the shell bright bathe it frequently in tepid water and rub it with olive oil on a piece of flannel or a chamois.

BLANKETS and COMFORTERS

Grey Blankets from.....\$2.75 a pair
White Blankets.....4.00 a pair
Comforters from.....\$1.75 each and up

A new Stock of Extension Tables, Parlor Tables and Chairs of all kinds, just received

We always carry a full stock of Beds and Bedding, Springs and Mattresses
Fawcett's Stoves and Ranges are the best.
CALL—AND—INSPECT—THEM.

Marble Block, **A. McKINNON** Cumberland

Referring to the communication of Mr. Thomas Hart, appearing in "The Islander" of the 13th inst., we might mention that it appears strange that Mr. Hart should, on seeing posters devoid of a Union Label or other imprint indicating the printer thereof, jump to the conclusion that the same was printed in a "scab office" and take it upon himself to print and post up slips to the effect that the same was a "scab office." We would like to know how he concluded that his definition of "scab office" should apply to some person to him unknown, who had printed certain posters and had failed to indicate thereon the printer of the same? He might have reasonably come to the conclusion that the same was published in a non union office. It is news to us that a non-union office is necessarily a "scab office."

His letter intimates that he was, at the time of printing the slips, totally ignorant of the person who printed the posters in question; if so, it would interest us as to how he came to the conclusion, that the owner of the printing office was ever approached to make his office "fair" etc.

That the printing office cut advertising rates etc., or in fact any other matters connected with such owner.

We at first felt very hostile against whoever it was who printed and posted up the slips, but since we have ascertained the name of the perpetrator, we have reconsidered the source and do not bother ourselves any more about it.

In conclusion, we would say that we have received a verbal apology from Mr. T. E. Bate, and do not require a statement from Thomas Hart, in regard to the matter, and we also accept Mr. Hart's statement as interested in "The Islander," that he and Mr. John Dunn knew nothing about the slip, but that it was printed by Mr. Hart in their employ, without their knowledge or consent. This, as far as we are concerned, ends the matter.

Messrs Hardy and Biscoe, Auctioneers, Courtenay, have received instructions to sell at public auction early next month, 25 choice residences lots near Comox and overlooking the bay. Terms and particulars may be had at the auctioneers, Courtenay.

Who said that times are good in Cumberland? It looks as if they will be worse, before they are better. But, apples will grow again in Biddy McGowan's orchard!

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS

Departure of Mails
Tuesday.....7.15 p. m.
Thursday and Saturday...6 a. m.
Per S. S. Cowichan
Sunday.....2 p. m.
Comox and District—
Tuesdays.....12.15 p. m.
Wednesday and Friday 4.30 p. m.
Arrival of Mails
Tuesday afternoon, Wednesday and Friday nights
Comox and District—
Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays
Per S. S. Cowichan
Friday afternoon and Sunday mornings

There are too many nickels and not enough dollars in this world.

We have printed numerous posters and other printed matter without an imprint, which may be seen by calling at this office. Sometimes it is overlooked and at other times there is not room for it. We have no hard and fast rules in regard to imprints, as it is merely used as an advertisement, and the use of the Union Label, to get Union work. We have posters printed by Mr. W. Dunn, while at this office, without the imprint.

We think that we have seen "dead ads as space fillers" in the Islander before now.

Victoria, B. C. THOMAS CROSSING Cumberland, B. C.
Phone 954 Sidney, B. C. Phone F 36 Phone 33

S. NAKANO & CO.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

HEAD OFFICE 518, Esplanade St. VICTORIA, B. C.

MAROCCHI BROS GROCERS & BAKERS

AND PROPRIETORS OF CUMBERLAND BOTTLING WORKS

Agents for Pilsener Brewing Company's BEER
Wholesale Dealers in all Kinds of Wines and Liquors.

SECOND STREET

Cameron & Allen Real Estate and Insurance,

Licensed Auctioneers and Valuers.

We have a large number of enquiries for acreage in Comox Valley; if you have anything to sell, LIST WITH US.

We are AUCTIONEERS

SEE US if you want a sale and we will arrange one at the shortest possible notice and get the BEST PRICES.

COURTENAY, B. C.

A deputation composed of

Messrs J. N. McLeod, T. E. Bate and W. E. Lawrence, have been appointed to go to Victoria to interview Premier McBride, in the matter of railway extension to Cumberland.

If you want—

LUMBER

SEE US

Comox Sawmill Co., Limited,
Comox, B. C.

DENY SMITH
Show of
Fall Hats, Auto
Bonnets,
Children's Hats etc.
NOW ON
Courtenay, B. C.

Canada's LEADING PIANO

The New Scale Williams

Used Exclusively in Canada
By The METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY
(of New York.)

If you want a good reliable Piano, it will pay you to give us a call.

We are Sole Agents for the above and other Reliable Makes. We also carry the Victor Gramophone and Victrolas.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

Dunsmuir's "Music House" Church St., Nanaimo B. C.

NEW GOODS

Our Fall Goods are arriving by every boat. We have just opened up a nice range of Ladies' Blouses in French Flannel with soft collar and double cuffs in all colors. These are the newest thing in the Blouse line at \$3.50 and \$4.00

WOOL BLANKETS

Made from carefully selected Canadian wool. You should see our line before purchasing your winter blankets, as we consider we have the best line on the market for the money.

Grey and white at \$1.50 to \$7.50 per pair.

The "Ideal" Store

DUNSMUIR AVENUE, VICTORIA, B. C.

Tommy's Bicycle Shop

N. Nakanishi, Prop.

—GENERAL REPAIRING OF—

Bicycles, Sewing Machines,
Guns, Etc., Etc.

Plumbing Done.

W. Copp's Famous Stoves & Ranges.
Stovepipes etc.

P.O. Box 360

Telephone 7-0

Gideon Hicks Piano Company

GOVERNMENT ST. VICTORIA, B. C.

Complete Stock of "Ye Olde Firme"

Heintzman & Co. Pianos

Dominion Pianos, Thomas Organs

Victor Victrolas, Gramophones and Records

WRITE FOR CATALOG AND PRICE LISTS.

Convenient Terms of Payment Arranged.

809 GOVERNMENT STREET, Opposite P. O. VICTORIA, B. C.

Capital Paid Up \$11,500,000 Reserve \$12,500,000

The Royal Bank of Canada.

DRAFTS ISSUED IN ANY CURRENCY, PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to SAVINGS ACCOUNTS & interest at highest Current Rates allowed on Deposits of \$1 and upwards.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., Branch, Open Daily.

UNION WHARF, B. C., Sub-Branch, Open Thursdays

D. M. MORRISON, Manager.

COURTENAY, B. C., Branch, Open Daily.

WM. HOFF, Manager.

P. PHILLIPPS HARRISON

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC

CONVEYANCING

DUNSMUIR AVENUE

CUMBERLAND.

V. BONORA

Manufacturer of MINERAL WATER

P. O. BOX 488
PHONE 20....

CUMBERLAND

AN OXFORD MOTOR WAGON MEANS MORE BUSINESS.



Wide awake merchants everywhere are realizing the possibilities of the motor wagon as a means of transportation and delivery. The "Oxford" was built purposely for light delivery, has a carrying capacity of 500 to 1000 lbs. and costs only \$1050. It will do more work than two horse deliveries, at an annual saving of of about \$800 in running expenses, almost enough in one year to pay the original cost. Write or call and ask us to prove these statements.

THOS. PLIMLEY

730 YATES STREET VICTORIA, B. C.