THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

Devoted Especially to the Interests of Cumberland and Surrounding District.

THE NEWS, TWENTY-FIRST YEAR | CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22 1915 | SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 A YEAR

New Shoes For Ladies & Children

Ladies' loth Top Patent Vamp plain toe, latest style 3.95

Ladies Blue Kid Top patent uban heel, new toe, price 4.50

Ladies' Blue Vici Top, gun metal vamp, latest last... 3.75

Ladies' 1 & 2 button strap Slippers, easy fitting SPLENDID WEARERS 1.95

——xxx——

Children's "Eclipse" Shoes

the most durable, the easiest fitting and moderate priced shoe for the little ones

SIMON LEISER

& Company, Limited

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland

Victoria, B. C.—The Hon. the Minister of Lands is informed that signs of improvement are visible in the lumber industry on Vancouver Island. Shingle mills are busy with orders from the American side and from the East. Seventeen lumber mills are in operation. There are ten logging companies with camps open, in addition to various small operations.

The earlier part of the year saw much cleaning up of logging slash. In the agricultural districts much land has been cleared, and many of the larger slashings disposed of, while public opinion, alive to the dangers of fire, has undoubtedly aided the forest guards.

Reports to the Hon. the Minister of Lands from the Nelson District show that sawmill operators are of opinion that owing to the low stock now held by many prairie yards there will be a good demand this fall for lumber. Eight mills employing 250 men are in operation, while half-a-dozen other mills have recently closed down after short runs. One interesting order from the States, namely, white pine for match stock is being partly supplied from timber killed in the 1910 fire. Seven pole companies are shipping and yarding poles, and heavy shipments are being made to the States, although at a low price. Until the advent of the prevailing hot weather, the season has been exceptionally good for land-clearing and slash-burning operations, much road slash in particular having been cleaned up.

Courtenay Fair on Friday and Saturday.

Cumberland will come into its own *some day*. Keep up your tum-tum.

HOW'S BUSINESS?

"Business is poor," said the beggar.

Said the undertaker, "It's dead."

"Falling off," said the riding-school teacher.

The druggist, "Oh, vial!" he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author.

"Picking up," said the man on the dump.

"My business is sound," quoth the sandman.

Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

The bottler declared it was "corking."

The parson, "It's good," answered he.

"I make both ends meat," said the butcher.

The tailor replied, "It suits me."

—Boston Transcript.

Monday, October 11th, will be Canada's Thanksgiving Day.

Messrs C. Grant, W. Merrifield and T. Montgomery, returned on Sunday evening from a hunting trip to Denman and Hornby Islands. They secured a fair bag of grouse. The season is too dry for good shooting. It was up to them to moisten it up a bit.

Dr. Hicks is expected to return from the east in about a week.

The Boy Scouts will be at the Courtenay Fair on Saturday, and will sell patriotic badges. Buy them out, and help a worthy cause.

The Ho-Ho is showing fine pictures this week. Dig up your ten cents and go see.

JOTTINGS BY GATHERER

The question of the hour is, "What of Russia." Samuel Blythe in a recent issue of the "Saturday Evening Post" States that two years ago, he was in Berlin and that a friend, a member of the general staff of the German Army told him that the plan of the German campaign, the two big features of it, were a quick advance on France and appear to abandon a part of the Eastern frontier to the Russian advance, first whip France then attend to Russia at their leisure." "England's despicable little Army," coming on the scene upset the arrangement of whipping France right away and will ultimately prevent it altogether, Russia found at first just as little opposition as the Germans originally intended.

Since the 25th June they have been forced back mile after mile losing towns and fortresses they had captured and are now driven to defend a threatened attack upon their capital, but Russia is not beaten—far from it—as our latest news testifies, nor could Germany and Austria doubled, subjugate her, as Napoleon found to his cost. Just think, Russia a land of one hundred and fifty languages which the war is knitting together as one man; discordant, rebellious and discontented as they were and had good reason to be, as shown by all their movements for freedom by revolutions, nihilism, etc for which they were shot down or exiled to Siberia, these being their only outlet, instead of free speech the safety valve of free nations, yet these became effective forcing a harassed Czar to grant a measure of self government, even the "Bureaucrats" became frightened; the secret police disrupted; Russia in the pains of rebirth towards freedom; One of the greatest obstacles to the people achieving their freedom was vodka; for as Shakespeare said, "men take that into their mouths that steals away their brains," a drunken man or a drunken nation is a huge hindrance to advancement of any kind, a drunken man or nation cares little for patriotism or higher things, and Russia has changed from a drunken to a sober nation, hence the present high morale of her troops; now they go into battle with a song.

It was not the Russian soldier that was responsible for her retreats, but the lack of ammunition, which to a great extent was due because her Bureaucrats quibbled and delayed supplies haggling over per centages for theirselves; countless tens were lying at Archangel and Vladivostock whilst these traitors to their country were holding out for graft, with no feeling for the troops in the field who were retreating and being mown down for want of them; graft just such as we are having, so forcibly brought to our notice in the late Manitoba Conservative Government in addition to the paper soled boots, old spavined horses etc supplied by Canadians and foisted upon the present Government at war prices, all such traitors to their country should be court martialed, sentenced to be lined up against a wall and shot. Apparently the only deterrent.

GATHERER

RESOLUTIONS

In view of the repeated statements that Rev. A.E. Cooke and the others whose names ar signed to "The Crisis in B. C." acted on their own responsibility, we submit the following facts for the consideration of your readers:

I. That the Ministerial Union of the Lower Mainland approved of the policy of issuing a statement to the public on the exploitation of the natural resources of British Columbia.

II. That the pursuance of that policy a committee of investigation was appointed which represented us throughout. This Committee met a great many times, sent two of its members to Victoria for some days to consult the records on file there, and to verify all copies of documents submitted and statements made about the situation throughout the Province. As a result of these investigations, they were convinced of the accuracy of the statements which were afterwards made in the pamphlet.

III. Their report was presented and discussed in detail at several of the most largely attended meetings of the Ministerial Union ever held, and was unanimously and heartily endorsed by everyone who was present at the last and most largely attended of all the meetings.

IV. That the campaign of publicity carried on throughout the Province by Rev. A. E. Cooke, as Secretary of the Union was planned and directed by the Ministerial Union throughout, and we desire to express our entire approval of his conduct of his part of the work.

V. After having carefully considered all the answers and explanations given on behalf of the Government, we are more than ever convinced of the necessity of the investigation, for which we appeal.

In all these attempted replies, the main facts set forth in the pamphlet, "The Crisis in B. C." have remained entirely untouched.

Our only desire is that the people of British Columbia should know the truth, and we feel that if a full and non-partizan investigation be held, every charge we have made will be fully borne out in all essentials.

Signed on behalf of the Union

G. R. WELCH,
Pres. Central Baptist Church

J. R. ROBERTSON, B.D.
Sec. St. David's Presb. Church

JOHN MACKAY, D.D.
Principal, Westminster Hall

J. K. UNSWORTH, D.D.
First Congregational Church

E. MANUEL,
Robson Methodist Mem'l Church
Consulting Members of Comm.

WOMENS' PATRIOTIC SOCIETY

Tag Day Collection as previously reported	$226 80
Add. Contribution Dominion	.60
	$227 40

HARVEST FESTIVAL 1915

The Thanksgiving Services will be held in the Schoolhouse, Bevan, on Sunday, October 3rd at 3 p. m., and in Holy Trinity Church, Cumberland, on Sunday October 10th, at 8 30 a. m., and 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. All are cordiallp invited to attend.

Arthur Bischlager, Vicar

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lockard, the parents of General Manager Lockard, of the Canadian Collieries, left last week for San Francisco, to visit the Panama-Pacific *Exposition. They will spend the* winter in Southern California.

The bush fires are springing up again.

Fred Nunns, of Campbell River, was in town last week. Fred reports things as being quiet up [illegible] rush.

The Baseball Dance held in the Ho-Ho Hall on Tuesday night, was one of the best attended and most enjyable affairs of the kind ever held in Cumberland. The Hornby Orchestra, of Nanaimo provided the music, which was fully up to the usual high standard.

We regret to learn that Frank Dalby is still confined to his home through illness.

BOY SCOUTS

First Cumberland Troop will parade at 6 30 p. m., Friday 24, in the club room; for the following practices:—

Knot Tying,
Ambulance
Gymnastic Practice
Stave Drill
Signalling
Orderly Patrol—Wolves.

Orderly Officer, Ass't Scoutmaster
W. Whyte

and 18 are eligible to join the Troop, accompanying a written consent by their parents.

Scouts must be in full uniform.

By order
A. J. TAYLOR
Acting Scoutmaster

COURTENAY FAIR.

The Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association are holding their Annual Fair on September 24 and 25.

A grand programme of Sports has been *arranged for Saturday*, and the Colliery Company has kindly consented to run a train from Cumberland to Courtenay.

Entrance fees for exhibits in Poultry Vegetables Field produce and Fruits, have been reduced from fifty cents to ten cents for non-members. No fee is charged for entries in Class K, (Floral), L. (Miscellaneous), M, (Fancy work), N. (Artistic), and C, [Amateur photo].

Membership tickets of $2.50 entitles holder to free admission for himself and family, and free entry of all goods.

Prize lists may be had by applying to the Secretary or to Mr. W. Willard, Cumberland.

Washington, Sept. 20.—More [illegible] ports during August than in any month since January 1914, Vice-consul reported today to the department of commerce. The total reached 352,037 barrels compared with 60,842 barrels in August last year. More than 850,000 barrels were shipped from Taxpam last month.

Nanaimo reports that the coal trade is looking up down that way. We wish we could say the same of it up this way.

Her Vengeance

By Basil Tozer

Ward, Lock & Co., Limited
London, Melbourne and Toronto

(Continued)

He vanished again, and Hugh took up the bottle he had brought and looked at it.

"Are you going through with this?" he said.

"Why, of course," declared Mr. Hetherington, plainly astonished at the question; "I would do and risk a good deal more than that to get a chance to be present at such an experiment. Wouldn't you?"

He poured the water into the bath and added a few drops from the bottle according to Dodd's directions and then stripped and stepped in. The effect was extraordinary. The moment his toes touched the water they seemed to absorb from it some curious property of blackness, growing instantaneously black at the first contact. Sitting down in the bath he rubbed himself all over and then stepped out again, every inch of his body as black as any negro's.

"By Jove," he said, looking a little frightened, "that is queer stuff."

Hugh followed his example and stepped out as black as he. With every inch of their naked skins shining and black, Hugh and his uncle looked oddly at each other.

"Nobody would believe we were white men now," said Hugh; "not if we swore we were."

"So much the better," said Mr. Hetherington laughing, and Hugh laughed, too, touched by something comical in the situation.

So they laughed together, for indeed they knew not what they did.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Man Withcut a Nose

In addition to this disguise of their darkened skin that Hugh and his uncle had adopted, Dodd has provided them with clothing less calculated to attract attention than that made by first class London tailors which they had hitherto been wearing.

"Gosh," exclaimed Dodd when he returned presently to the attic to see how they had been getting on. "Gosh," he repeated, admiring their black skin, which, together with the ragged straw hats, the untidy clothing, the flannel shirts, and the heavy boots they had assumed, had turned them into very natural looking negro laborer, "gosh, I would not have known you myself for white men. It's terrible," he said, shuddering, and, to Hugh's fancy, there was something like horror in his eyes as he spoke.

He told them they must be careful not to wash for fear of the coloring matter on their skins "running," and then he suggested they had better get a little rest as it was already past three in the morning, and they were to be presented to Mr. Siddle at ten o'clock. They lay down as he suggested, but neither of them slept, for now that the moment was so near Mr. Hetherington's imagination was on fire with dreams of diamonds of a brilliance incomparable and of a size such as mortal eyes had never yet beheld. And Hugh thought of Eira, and wondered if she would know him in his present guise.

Soon after eight o'clock Dodd called them and they went downstairs and had breakfast. Dodd would not let them wash for fear of their spoiling their disguise, so they had to be content with a rub with a dry towel, Dodd remarking smilingly that they had no need to be particular as the dirt would not show on their present complexions.

It was a brilliantly fine day, the sun shining with great power, and going out on the little verandah in front of the house they saw for the first time a view of the place to which they had at last come, after so long a journey and on so strange an errand. It seemed a lonely and deserted spot enough. To the west the country appeared to verge upon desert, and indeed only a few miles away was a district called the "bad land," an alkali desert where there was no water, where nothing grew, and where only the fantastic "painted rocks" broke the dreadful monotony that otherwise rivalled the most barren stretches of the Sahara. North and northeast was prairie land, of rather poor quality and not much settled on, though here and there was the homestead of some Icelander or other European immigrant. South and southeast the land was better, though still only thinly settled. But three or four farms were visible in the distance, and in very clear weather or when the mirage came, there could be seen the little town of Athens, 12 miles away, the prairie village in which Editor Keane had recently taken up his abode, and whence he thundered continually against the negro race, with one eye on the negro community that Noah Siddle had gathered round himself.

Near at hand the scene was more prosperous. The shanty Dodd occupied stood alone, but a few hundred yards away from it, towards the east, was a group of comfortable and tidy looking houses, together with farm outbuildings, some of wood but most of them of stone. Several people—men, women and children—were visible about the houses or at work in the fields, all of them apparently of the negro race. Most of the houses had neat and well tended gardens, and the fields of the farm, with green and healthy crops that were now on the point of ripening, formed a pleasant contrast to the burnt-up, dry appearance of the rest of the country.

The reason for this apparent fertility was revealed when one noticed a little to the north the tall scaffolding that marks the presence of an artesian well, and then noticed little channels for water running from it to the fields. Evidently irrigation was practiced here, and with very considerable success.

Between this well and the group of houses, but a little to the west, so that it was nearer to Dodd's shanty, stood another building of rather curious appearance. It was of a good height with a flat roof, and was made of well fitted stone, and the only windows that it had were high up, from fifteen to twenty feet from the ground. All the portion of the wall near the ground was blank stone, save only one door which was heavily strengthened with iron. On the whole it reminded one of a prison or a fortress, yet without having quite the air of either. It was surrounded by two wire fences, of which the outer was about ten feet high and made of barbed wire, so as to be quite a formidable obstacle, while the inner was not quite so tall, and was formed apparently of smooth strands.

"That's where Noah does all his work," said Dodd, pointing to this curious erection; "he don't mean to have folks spying on him while he is busy. See that inner fence?"

"That is where you miss your guess," retorted Dodd; "that inner fence can be charged with electricity when he wants to be particular private. Oh, it's fact," he added, seeing that his two companions looked incredulous; "some of the boys didn't believe it, so they got an ox inside the outer fence one night. That ox was dead in the morning, huddled up like it had been struck with lightning. No, sir, 'tain't healthy to be playing around while Noah is busy; and you had best be careful, for if he finds you out—"

"He would hardly dare to hurt us," remarked Mr. Hetherington with a smile.

"No one knows where you are," observed Dodd.

"I dropped a letter to my lawyers in London," retorted Mr. Hetherington, "informing them we were visiting a man named Siddle in this neighborhood. I think I mentioned your name also, Mr. Dodd. If anything were to happen to us, it would not be long before inquiries were made. Oh, I can take precautions as well as Mr. Siddle."

"I see you can," said Dodd, smiling with averted eyes; "that was good and smart of you. Better come in and rest till it's time to start."

Mr. Hetherington followed him into the interior of the house, but Hugh remained on the small verandah looking, not at Noah Siddle's house, but at the clump of houses to the east, and wondering where it was that Eira stayed while she was here. He did not like to think of her living in the midst of all those negroes. There was one house just a little apart from the others. It had a porch on which a creeper grew, and he thought that its garden seemed to have made and brighter flowers than the others. He wondered if this was where Eira lived, and while he was still looking at it Eira herself came quietly round the corner of the verandah where he stood.

"Oh," she said, stopping but evidently not recognizing him, "oh, good morning; is Mr. Dodd back yet, do you know?"

"Yes—yes," Hugh stammered, taken aback at her sudden appearance.

There was a light in his eyes that she could not help noticing, and he made a little involuntary movement towards her. She returned his look somewhat haughtily, till on a sudden she understood who he was.

"Oh, never," she stammered, very pale, "never—it is not—not like that?"

"Why not?" he said.

"Oh, that is so dreadful," she said, trembling, and in her eyes there showed a look of horror such as he had thought he saw when he imagined her face watching them out of the darkness as they started on this expedition.

"Why?" he said again.

"I do not know," she muttered, and glanced over her shoulder at the curious barn like building behind her on her right.

"Well," he said defensively, "you knew I should follow you."

"Never, never," she cried with energy; "I never dreamed—"

"All the same," he repeated, "you knew very well I should follow you."

"You have no right to say such a thing," she cried hotly, her pale face flushing crimson. "No, you haven't—it is cowardly, it is mean. And Miss Hetherington," she asked with bitter scorn; "how does she like your leaving her in England while you come here?"

"Oh, she is with us," said Hugh calmly.

Eira stared at him, as if unable to believe she heard him correctly.

"Oh, this is worse than anything I ever imagined," she muttered. She lowered her voice to a frightened whisper; she bent nearer to him so that he could hear her low murmured words. "But he is not with you, too?" she whispered; "he is not with you—he is not disguised like you?"

"You mean my uncle," said Hugh; "yes, he is here."

"But not—not——" she panted.

"Why, yes," said Hugh. "He makes as good a nigger as I do, I believe."

She had a dazed expression. Both her hands were on the verandah rail, as if only so could she support herself upright. Now and again she trembled from head to foot.

"It frightens me," she said, "that you should be like that—black. I never dreamt of that."

"Oh, come," said Hugh, laughing, "there is nothing to worry over; I have had a black face before, when we got some Christy minstrels up at school."

"Do you not understand," said Eira heavily, "I do not understand either; it is something I never dreamed of that you should come like this. I think there is great danger somewhere."

"Oh, we can take care of ourselves, I think," said Hugh, and she looked at him with a pale smile, such as a mother might give on seeing her child laughing and playing in the midst of some moment of deadly peril. Hugh added, nettled by this smile, "of course, if you tell Mr. Siddle——"

"Tell him?" she said with a bitter look, "tell him? Why, there is nothing anyone can tell him." She paused and looked round with an expression of extreme distress and bewilderment. "Oh, why have you come here, of all places in the world?" she broke out, "But I know—he made you—he is terrible——"

"Uncle did not make me exactly," returned Hugh, "and he is not such a very terrible person."

"I was not thinking of Mr. Hetherington," returned Eira; "he is nothing at all."

"Oh, isn't he?" said Hugh, who knew that the important and wealthy Mr. Hetherington was not usually considered "nothing." "Anyhow, no one else had anything to do with it."

"Do you think that—do you really think that?" she asked. "Is it possible you do not know you have been led every step of the way here, as surely as if you had been taken by the hand?"

"No—why, what do you mean?" asked Hugh, uncomfortably remembering that impression he had so often had of an unseen influence that shepherded them upon their way.

For answer Eira turned again and looked at that odd stone house that stood a little north and east of Dodd's shanty. Hugh understood.

"But why?" he asked. "What for?"

"Noah Siddle had a son," she answered, "who was my father. That bad man, who is your uncle, cheated him out of the great invention he had perfected after years of labor, and drove him to despair; I was only a little child then, but I remember. Well, my grandfather was working on the same thing, but he could not succeed, and he asked me to help him to recover the secret my father had been robbed of, so that all the world might know what my father did, what he discovered, and how he was treated. I agreed willingly; and by the help of friends I got first of all the key to the cipher my father had hidden his secret in, and then the cipher itself."

"I see," said Hugh slowly. "I think I more than half suspected all this."

"I warned you," she said passionately, "I sent you warnings. Before I left England I had a dream, and I thought I saw my grandfather sitting planning something against you more strange and terrible than anyone but him could conceive. I warned you again; why did you not listen?"

"Because——" said Hugh, and paused.

"Why did you come?" she asked once more, with the same intense and agitated manner. "Why did you come in spite of all my warnings?"

"Do you ask me that?" he said, looking full at her, and speaking with an agitation of his own.

"I thought you were engaged to Miss Hetherington; I thought she had come here with you," said Eira scornfully.

"It doesn't matter if she has," said Hugh flushed and sulky, and yet unable to defend himself or to explain that he did not believe his engagement with Delia would ever be carried out.

"It doesn't matter?" Eira repeated. "I thought I hated you once, but now I only despise you. I wonder how it is men are so light?"

"I am not light!" said Hugh, very angry indeed.

"Oh, pray don't trouble to defend yourself," she said cuttingly. "I think I understand you very well."

"You——" began Hugh, but she checked him with uplifted hand.

"All that does not matter in the least," she said; "it is your being here disguised as a negro that frightens me so. I never heard of that; I don't understand why grandfather wanted you to do that."

"But it wasn't his idea at all," protested Hugh; "it was our own."

"You have had no ideas," she retorted. "You have done nothing but what he wanted you to do. I knew he wished you to be here at the moment of his success, so as to triumph over you, but why does he want you to look like negroes? Oh, I am afraid!" she said, clasping her hands.

"I assure you there is nothing to be afraid of," he began.

"And to have brought Miss Hetherington!" Eira went on unheedingly. "Can he be planning anything against her, too? Oh, I must find out what all this means, what his plans are, leave this house or go to him, whatever you do."

He began to protest that he could not promise, but she made him an Wait here till I see you again. Don't impatient gesture, and turning, hurried away. He tried to follow her, but she motioned to him angrily to go back; and as he saw she was making for the old barn-like building near, he obeyed her and returned rather ruefully to Dodd's shanty. There he found his uncle sitting waiting, and he told him he had just seen Eira, who had recognized him.

"That is bad luck," said Mr. Hetherington, frowning, but looking as obstinate as ever; "it can't be helped, though."

Before Hugh could say anything more, Dodd came into the room.

"Time we started," he said. "Are you going through with it?"

"Of course," said Mr. Hetherington with a little gasp of excitement, as he thought of his diamonds.

"Rather you than me," said Dodd grimly.

He led the way out of the shanty, and by a trail beaten in the virgin prairie to the big stone building near. As they approached it, Eira passed them, hurrying away from it.

"He will not let me in or speak to me," she said breathlessly. "I am sure he intends something dreadful—something strange."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Hetherington, who would not have turned back at that moment for an army.

It seemed Eira understood the inflexible obstinacy and hurried on.

Dodd shrugged his shoulders but said nothing, and led them on through the two wire fences to the big iron bound door, at which he knocked. It opened at once, though by no visible agency, and Dodd led them down a dark passage, whence opened two apartments that seemed used as store rooms for a queer miscellany of articles, to a staircase by which they mounted to a landing above. Here were other doors, at one of which Dodd knocked. It opened, and crossing the threshold they found themselves in a small, bare apartment where, at a desk, sat a tall old man with long white hair, a head nobly shaped and a face of which the brow, eyes, mouth, chin, were all perfect, but which was, nevertheless, stamped with a kind of grotesque horror owing to the fact that there was no nose, that feature being represented by two nostrils flat with the face. This deformity, which seemed from birth, made him terrible to look at, and glancing up as they entered he smiled at them.

"Good-day, gentlemen," he said. "I am glad to see you, I have been waiting for you," and he smiled again with a welcoming air that daunted them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Experiment

Still smiling, this strange-featured old man rose to his feet.

"My experiment is nearly finished now," he said; "but for completion your help is necessary. I have found it interesting, though." He turned to Dodd, and took an envelope from his desk and handed it to him. "You can go," he said.

Dodd stood for a moment as if hesitating, and there was something strange in the look he gave at Mr. Hetherington and Hugh. Perhaps old Mr. Siddle noticed this, for he pointed to the door with a gesture of impatience and command. Clutching fast the envelope the old man had given him, Dodd left the room; yet once again, on the very threshold, he paused to give his two recent companions an ambiguous and yet eager look, as if there were something that even at this last moment he would like to tell them. But without speaking he closed the door and went, and they heard his steps as he descended the stairs without. Mr. Siddle went to the window and stood there and watched him come out below and pass through the two wire fences to where, at the gate of the outer fence, a negro was waiting with a horse and buggy. In this Dodd took his place and drove away towards the northeast—not towards Athens—at a great speed. Siddle watched him for a few minutes till the immensity of the prairie had swallowed him up, and then he turned to Hugh and to Mr. Hetherington, with whom he was now alone.

"I hate a man who will and who won't," he said. "But I have waited a long time for you."

"And your experiment?" asked Mr. Hetherington, unable to disguise his eager impatience.

"The experiment is on the verge of completion," returned the old man with his chilling and uncanny smile. "You must go with me to my laboratory now to assist me to conclude it. Perhaps you are surprised I chose men of your race to help me, but I have always had a fellow feeling for negroes. Nature played your people the same sort of jest in giving you black faces as she played in giving me no nose."

"Is the laboratory through there?" asked Mr. Hetherington pointing to a door in one corner of the room.

"Patience, patience," smiled Siddle; "patience for a little time, and then—no more need for patience. Yes, I prefer blacks to whites. My own people always thought my deformity—I was born as I am now, noseless—an excellent joke, and when my wife died, and I had no longer a motive for facing the ridicule of the world, I came here where I could work in peace. It is a lonely spot."

"I am sure it has been a great misfortune to you," said Mr. Hetherington; "but about your experiment we are to help you in?"

"Rather the experiment to which you are a necessity," replied the old man. "It has only been waiting for you."

He motioned to them to follow him, and went into the room adjoining. This was a large apartment, filled up as a laboratory and provided with many appliances of which neither Hugh nor his uncle understood much. But in one corner there stood a furnace burning with a steady glow. It took the attention of both Hugh and his uncle at once, and Mr. Hetherington caught hold of Hugh's arm as if to support himself.

"Is that it?" he said.

"Yes," said Siddle quietly. "I am making diamonds there."

"Making diamonds—oh!" muttered Mr. Hetherington, and his mouth was very dry.

"Ah, you would ever have thought of that, would you?" said Mr. Siddle again with his terrifying smile.

Hugh leaned over and whispered in his uncle's ear.

"There is danger here," he said.

"Yes, you are making diamonds?" repeated Mr. Hetherington, apparently not even hearing Hugh's whisper.

"I am making diamonds," Siddle repeated; "in that furnace I have diamonds cooking just as a housewife bakes her pie in her oven."

"Ah, merciful heavens!" murmured Mr. Hetherington. "It is really true then?"

And he staggered as if he had received some heavy blow, for he could hardly endure this near realization of all that he had dreamed of for so long.

"But it is not my invention," said Mr. Siddle in an absent manner; "it was my son's, who is dead."

"We must be careful; this man means mischief," Hugh whispered again.

"Be quiet, you fool, you!" said Mr. Hetherington in a fierce whisper, and pushed him from him.

"Of course, much depends on the heating process," remarked Siddle! "You see—you seem intelligent for mere negro laborers, and perhaps you will understand me—the secret of this process consists partly in the application of enormous pressure within the crucible by means of the expansion of certain chemicals. There is at this moment contained in the crucible in that furance explosive power enough to destroy us and this whole house and everything near, so that nothing would be left on this site except a big hole."

Hugh smiled at that, for now he thought he understood, and he shifted his position slightly so as to stand between Mr. Siddle and the door. His idea was that Siddle meant to cause some explosion that would destroy them, he himself taking care to make his escape first. Hugh resolved Siddle would not leave that room till the crucible had been opened.

"It is dangerous work, then?" he observed.

"There is danger in everything," said Siddle, moving to the window.

Hugh looked at his uncle, absorbed by the furnace and the glow of it, and said to him in a whisper,

"I think he means to blow us up somehow. Perhaps that is what is in a bomb."

"Open the furnace door," said Mr. Siddle from the window, "and rake it out."

They obeyed him, and disclosed to view a square crucible resting on asbestos supports, so that the flames had burned freely round it. The fuel used had been wood and apparently a strong draught had been arranged to make the faggots burn freely and with plenty of flame.

"Shall we take it out?" asked Mr. Hetherington, trembling with eagerness.

"It must cool first," replied Siddle.

"But there is a tub of water there," said Mr. Hetherington, pointing; "if we put it in that it would be cooled."

"And risk an explosion that would blow us all to nothingness?" said Mr. Siddle. "No, my impatient son of Ham, you must wait. The shock of such a sudden cooling might be very dangerous."

(To be Continued)

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Rotation of Crops

This Was the Theme of Farm Crops Show Held in Crookston

Rotation of crops, the old story ever new when farmers interested in advanced agricultural methods get together, was the keynote of meeting of the fourth annual Farm Crops show of the Minnesota Red River Valley Development association held in Crookston.

The theories advanced were backed up by ears of corn which bore blue ribbons, big potatoes just right for baking; big onions, wheat, oats and almost every other kind of vegetable in the catalogue which were prize winners.

Standardization of crops was another feature that received attention. Better markets for their products was the tempting prophecy held up by those who urged the farmers gathered at the meeting to get together and work for a standard for their seed.

If anyone doubted that corn could be raised in the northern part of the state he should have seen the exhibits which lined the walls of the Armory. Crops that the most optimistic did not dream of four years ago when the first farm crop show was held are now an inspiring sight. Sentiment is being created through the organization that is aiding in the development of this section of the state. All doubt as to the possibility of growing prize corn and grain is now removed. The soil has stood the test, it is now a question of the man behind and the variety, according to those who spoke at the meeting.

"If the farmers will only get together we can put Minnesota on the map as a seed producing state," declared C. P. Bull of the department of agriculture of the university. "We have the quality, the soil and climate here; all we need now is to get the people together."

"People are more and more living out of paper bags and tin cans. As a result, Minnesota has an opportunity to develop the canning industry and the farmers should keep this in mind in the raising of their vegetables. The best early Crosby corn is raised in this state. We should specialize in this type of green corn, as we would not have the competition that we are put to in competing in other varieties."

The rotation of crops is the balance wheel of farming, according to Forest Henry of the agricultural extension division of the university. "Nature unlocks just enough plate food each year so that the lazy farmer will not starve to death," he said. "If you want better crops than that you have to go to work for them.

"The farmers of Minnesota are planting enough acreage but are not paying enough attention to the soil."

The exhibit shows that the farmers must reckon with the high school boys with scientific training if they wish to win any prizes in the future. Two boys from East Grand Forks, Minn., are the winners of awards in the growing of corn. These two boys are members of a corn club connected with the high school of their town. Stewart Austin, 15 years old, carried off the first prize for the best ten ears shown from his county, the first prize for the ten best ears in the boys' acre contest and the reserve sweepstakes for the best ten ears in the whole exhibit.

John Croy of East Grand Forks, 16 years old, president of the East Grand Forks Boys' Corn Club, won the first prize for the best ten ears of dent corn, the second prize for the best ten ears of corn from his county, and the reserve sweepstakes for the thirty best ears in the whole exhibit. The only men to measure up to these boys are A. D. VanSickle of Warren, who won the sweepstakes for the ten best ears, and C. C. Williams of Detroit, who won sweepstakes for the thirty best ears.

Home Test For Dirt In Milk

The following is a simple home test for dirty milk which it might be well for the housewives of Canada to apply. A perfectly clean funnel is used with a small piece of clean wire netting fitted in the neck opening and a thin layer of clean cotton batting on the wire netting. The funnel is stood in a large jar and a quart or more of the milk filtered through the cotton. The cotton is then removed and placed on clean white card to dry. If there is evidence of dirt upon it the attention of the milkman may be called to this direct evidence of careless handling and if trouble persists the local health authorities may well be notified.

"Do you know anything about the language of flowers?"

"Only this much. A five dollar box of roses talks a heap louder to a girl than a fifty cent bunch of carnations."

"That doctor is a regular human dynamo."

"Yes: when I came in contact with him, I was highly charged."

To Boom the Flax Industry

Practical Method Wanted of Dealing With Tonnage of Straw Wasted in West

During the session of 1913-15 Hon. W. T. White, minister of finance, announced in his budget that an investigation would be instituted into the flax industry of the Dominion with a view to ascertaining the advisability of granting a bonus upon the manufacture of flax fibre. At the time it was contended that with a substantial bonus flax fibre for the manufacture of binder twine, rope, etc., could be made a paying industry in the Dominion in a few years, and that much waste material could thus be turned to profitable use. The investigation, it is understood, has been going on for some time, but it is stated that since the war commenced a new phase of the situation has been presented to the attention of the government.

As a consequence of the war there has been some apprehension expressed as to the safety of the Irish and Scotch linen industry, which in former years drew a large part of its raw material from Belgium, France and Russia, and whose supply from these countries has been practically cut off. It is stated that there have recently been in this country several representatives of large British mills in an endeavor to enlist the co-operation of farmers in the larger production of flax.

Although there has never been a linen industry in Canada, flax has been grown in small quantities in Ontario and Quebec for the use of residents in the home manufacture of linen cloth. It is recorded, however, that in only a few sections of Western Ontario in 1904, 700 tons of fibre were produced which brought a price of $201 per ton. The average price for Irish flax fibre during the past five years has been $325 per ton, while the Belgian flax fibre averaged $405.

In Western Canada it is estimated that one million tons of flax straw are burned every year, and that if a practical method were found for producing fibre a splendid opportunity would be presented for taking advantage of the British requirements and the European scarcity.

It is understood that the government has under consideration some proposal for the encouragement of this industry in the Dominion.

Potash in Agriculture

Several Canadian Sources of Potash Are Available to the Farmer

For many years the Stassfurt mines in Germany have been practically the sole source of the potash compounds used for fertilizing purposes on this continent. Among the evil effects resulting from the present war, therefore, may be counted the cutting off from the markets of the world the supply of this material. Dr. Shutt, Dominion chemist, regards this circumstance as not so serious as some may consider. In order to place his views before the farmers of Canada Dr. Shutt has issued Circular No. 7 of the Experimental Farms, "Potash in Agriculture." It takes up the subject under several heads and reaches the following conclusions:

"It is only our light, sandy and gravelly soils that are markedly deficient in potash and this element is only specially called for by clover, potatoes, roots and leafy crops generally. There is yet some potash in the market though it will probably have to be purchased in the form of a complete fertilizer. We have several Canadian sources of potash available to the farmer—notably liquid manure, wood ashes and seaweed—materials rich in this useful constituent and which are more or less rapidly obtainable in many parts of the Dominion. And lastly there are the indirect potassic fertilizers, which, though not adding to the sum total of the soil potash yet may serve a useful purpose by liberating it in available form and thus in times such as the present may help to tide us over until potash compounds are once more upon the market."

This circular is available free of the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

"Do I believe in lawyers?" said the little man bitterly. "No, sir, I do not."

"Why is that?" somebody asked.

"Because," replied the little man, "lawyer will never say outright what he means—he twists things about so."

"Suppose he wanted to tell you that two and two makes four. He would begin: 'If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desire to arrive at the sum of two added to two, we should find—and I say that boldly, we should find by that particular arithmetical formula heretofore mentioned—and, sir, I take all responsibility for the statement I am now about to make—that the sum of the two given, added to the other two, would be four.'

"No, sir, I do not believe in lawyers."

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GREAT BRITAIN CAN FINANCE WAR FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS

ACCUMULATION OF GOLD LARGEST IN HISTORY

Mr. Lloyd George Explains how the Allied Powers have made Arrangements to help one Another in the most Expensive War that has ever been Waged

In a statement explanatory of the arrangement made at the conference between the finance ministers of France and Russia and himself in Paris the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George told the house of commons that the expenditures of the allies on the war would be two billion pounds sterling ($10,000,000,000) during the current year, of which Great Britain was spending more money than were her two allies.

The present war, Mr. Lloyd George said, was the most expensive in material, men and money, that had ever been waged.

Great Britain, the chancellor of the exchequer told the house of commons, could finance the war for five years out of the proceeds of her investments abroad. France was able to do so for about two or three years with something to spare. Russian, he said, although prodigiously rich in natural resources, was in a

Right Hon. D. Lloyd George

different position. Mr. Lloyd George said it was decided at the conference of the finance ministers in Paris not to issue a joint loan.

The chancellor said that Russia had increased her productivity from 20 to 40 per cent. by surpressing the sale of vodka. Russia had had special difficulties in financing her purchases abroad, and the same thing had applied to France.

"I am not sure we realize the strain upon this gallant country," the chancellor of the exchequer continued. "She has had a larger porportion of her men in the field and the enemy in occupation of the richest part of her territory. Nevertheless, the confidence of the French nation strikes every visitor to Paris. There is to be seen a calm and sincere courage supposed to be incompatible, with the temperment of the Celt, and one hears the general assurance that the German army has as much chance of crushing France as of overrunning Mars."

"Each ally must bring its resources into the common stock," Mr. Lloyd George continued. "War cannot be made under limited liability principles. The conference dismissed the idea of a joint international loan, which would have frightened every Bourse, and it has been decided that each country should raise the money it needed within its own territories, so far as conditions allowed. But if help were needed for purchases abroad those who had means would help to the best of their power. The only joint loan would be with respect to the advances made or to be made to the smaller of the allied states.

With regard to Russian purchases, the chancellor said it had been decided that the first £50,000,000 for this purpose should be raised in equal amounts on the Paris and London markets. Russian treasury bills to the amount of £10,000,000 issued in London in the last few days had been oversubscribed.

Mr. Lloyd George said there was a satisfactory amount of gold in London. "If, however, our gold reserves fall below a certain point—a pretty high point—the banks of France and Russia will come to our assistance," he remarked. He mentioned incidentally that the allies would have to see that Belgium did not suffer when the period of restoration and compensation came.

The chancellor laid emphasis on the fact that the allies must be prepared to contribute proportionately to the loans needed by the states prepared to join them later as well as the smaller states now fighting with the allies. Great Britain, he said, had advanced £32,000,000 for Russian purchases in Great Britain and elsewhere and Russia had a credit of £40,000,000 in London. France also had made advances to Russia for other similar purchases outside of the Russian empire.

After alluding to the fact that the accumulation of gold in Great Britain was the largest in the history of the country, Lloyd George added that France and Russia also had accumulated great reserves, which had been barely touched during the war. Arrangements had been made regarding purchases by the allied countries in neutral markets whereby competition was eliminated, efficiency was promoted and delays were prevented.

The Russian Moral Triumph

Now Shining Before the World United in Two Noble Determinations

A note to the Russian budget bill furnishes a remarkable illustration of the social and economic advantages which sobriety—even compulsory sobriety—brings to a community.

In referring to the effect of the war on industry, the finance minister says that except in districts directly affected by the war there has been no sensible diminution in the industrial output. The reason given is the increased productivity of the worker owing to the suppression of the sale of alcohol. "This increased productivity has reached from thirty to fifty per cent. and compensates largely for the diminution in the number of workers due to the call to the colors."

Assuming that Russian human nature does not differ materially from our own—and judging by Mr. Stuart Deacon's remark that his mornings work in the police court of a city where the selling of drink is practically unrestricted was a nightmare because of the number of cases having their origin in excessive drinking—this increased industrial activity in Russia is certain to be accompanied by a decrease in crime, accident, disease and mental weakness.

Russia never did a braver thing or achieved a finer triumph than when she abolished the state sale of alcohol. By one word the Czar, who has always been a firm and earnest advocate of temperance, decreed that never more should the unrestricted sale of strong drink take place in his vast empire.

With the boldness of a righteous cause the Czar swept away at a stroke a state income of some £80,000,000 a year, and, of course, the chancellor of the exchequer had to find this elsewhere. He did so by increasing almost all taxes, from land and houses to matches and cigarette papers, and on the liquors sold under comprehensive restrictions from three to six times the former duties have been imposed.

Vodka selling price has been raised to 15s. a gallon, as against about 6s. 3d.; and the malt excise from 3s. to 7d. a pood to 19s. By means of these increases a great portion of the deficit is wiped out, some little margin being left for the economic gains that always follow when drink money is spent on better things.

Whatever Russia may have been in the past, she is now shining before the world united in two noble determinations. She has set out to help her allies in freeing the world from the evil domination of the horrible German ideal—a cause which the Greek minister in London, in his remarkable declaration of friendship for England, described as just and good for the whole world—and she is ensuring for her own people a sobriety which, as well the Czar knows, can lead only to the attainment of that democratic freedom which can be kept back no longer when a drinking people become a thinking people.—Liverpool Post.

German Blockade

Germany's "Paper" Blockade Not the First, as Napoleon Also Tried

Germany's declaration that Great Britain would be considered under a state of blockade and netural ships be in danger of destruction if attempting to reach English ports is not the first "paper" blockade to be established about the isles.

Napoleon's famous "paper" blockade of the British Isles, which was established by his Berlin decree of November 1, 1806, was a move made by him to compel England to recognize the maritime law as constructed at the Peace of Utrech. The policy was known as the "continental system."

The blockade was designed to shut Great Britain off entirely from the continent of Europe. It prohibited all commerce and correspondence from Britain; all Englishmen found in countries controlled by French troops were made prisoners of war; all merchandise possessed by Englishmen was made lawful prize and all trade in English goods was entirely prohibited.

No ship from Britain or its colonies was permitted to enter any port and any ship seeking to evade this regulation by false declarations was seized with its cargo.

Three months later England, in retaliation, forbade all neutral vessels from trading port to port within France or any allied country. Confiscation of vessel and cargo was the penalty.

Napoleon responded with a decree a few days later ordering the confiscation of all English owned merchandise in Germany.

In November, 1807, England declared all ports in France, allied countries and other countries, not at war, but from whose ports the English flag was excluded, to be under the same restrictions as if they were strictly blockaded.

Two weeks after the French answered with the Milan decree, and early in 1808 with another issued from Tuilleries, directing that any ship that had submitted to British search, been sent on a voyage to Britain or paid duty to that country was to be considered British and liable to capture.

At the treaty of Tilsit, Russia consented to close her ports to Britain, the more effectually to annihilate British commerce.

The consequence of the continental system was giving industries on the continent a start as latter day competitors of England, but prices rose so heavily that the middle classes were severely inconvenienced.

However, both politically and economically the continental system was a mistake. Russia abandoned it in 1810. It resulted in the breaking up of Napoleon's power.

Britain's enforcement of its blockade rulings offended the United States and formed one of the principal causes of the war in 1812.

THE DELUSION OF GERMANY AND DREAM OF WORLD-WIDE EMPIRE

DESIRE HAS BEEN CHERISHED FOR MANY YEARS

Dr. Eliot, of Harvard University, says that Germany has had Ambitions to become a World Power since 1870, and has Ever since been Working to this End

In the January issue of the Fra appears the notable contribution to the literature of the war by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University. Dr. Eliot brushes aside the incidents of the murder of the Austrian Archduke and the friction between Servia and Austria and Austria and Russia and asserts that the prime source of the present immense disaster is the desire on the part of Germany for world-empire. This desire, he says, has been cherished at different times by one European nation after another and none that has once adopted it has ever completely eradicated it. Prussia long held this ambition, but was unable to gratify it until 1870, because the German people had been divided since the Thirty Years' War into a large number of separate, more or less independent states. Shortly before the achievement of German unity by Bismarck she had obtained by war in 1864 and 1866 important accessions to territory.

This contributed to the delusion that was soon to seize the whole German people, namely, the belief that world-empire was only to be obtained by force of arms. Therefore, says Dr. Eliot, united Germany has labored with utmost intelligence and energy to prepare the most powerful army in the world and to equip it for instant action in the most perfect manner that science and eager invention could contrive. To develop the supreme military machine, universal conscription—an outgrowth of the conception of the citizens' army during the Revolution—was necessary; so that every young man in Germany physically competent to bear arms might receive the training of a soldier, whether he wished it or not, and remain at the call of the government for military duty during all his years of competency even if he were the only son of a widow, or a widower with little children, or the sole support of a family or other dependants.

Eventually the German army was made the largest, according to population in the world, and the most efficient. It was placed absolutely at the disposal of the Kaiser, whose mere word would march it at a day's notice to any frontier without any sanction from the Reichstag or any other supposed representative of public opinion. At the opening of 1914 the German general staff was of opinion that the German army was the best and most powerful in the world, and that it would do its share toward bringing true the German ambition toward world-empire. In the view of Dr. Eliot, the German navy was not ready, and knew that it was not ready, to throw down the gauntlet to Britain. It needed a few years more before it could accomplish on the sea what was confidently expected of the army on land. Therefore six months ago Germany egged Austria on in the belief that Britain would not go to war. Her army she considered to be, with the assistance of the Austrian army, more than a match for the land forces of France and Russia, and her navy was strong enough to cope with those of the Double Entente. Britain's entry into the war was something she had never calculated upon.

Dr. Eliot continues to expound the German religion of valor, and to show how it is a contradiction of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth. He then discusses the German contention that the present war is waged as a defence against Russia. He says: "Germany has never dreaded or even respected the military strength of Russia, and the recent wars and threatenings of war by Germany have not been directed against Russia, but against Denmark, Austria, France and England. In her colonization enterprises it is not Russia that Germany has encountered but, England, France and the United States. The friendly advances made within the last twenty years by Germany to Turkey were not intended primarily to strengthen Germany against Russia, but Germany against Great Britain by Germany's access by land to India."

Dr. Eliot says that the desirable outcomes of the war are: "No world-empire for any race or nation, no more subjects, no more executives, either permanent or temporary, with power to throw their fellow-countrymen into war, no secret diplomacy justifying the use for a profit of all the lies, concealments, deceptions and ambuscades which are an inevitable part of war and assuming to commit nations on international questions, and no more conscription armies that can be launched in war by executives without consulting independent representative assemblies. He believes with Havelock Ellis and other noted public men that some sort of federated Europe or league of the freer nations which would secure the smaller nations against attack should be one of the outcomes of the war. He admits that at the present time it is impossible to say how such a consummation is to be brought about, but if it is not accomplished or something that will serve the same purpose, the war will have been fought in vain.

Naval Losses

Germany's Comparative Losses at Sea Far Outnumber That of Britain

One aspect of Germany's naval losses has been quite overlooked—the serious decrease in personnel which they have entailed. Taking the official figures of the complements of the 33 units of the German navy which have been sunk during the war and deducting those known to have been saved, at least 11,000 officers and men have lots their lives. As the total effective strength of the personnel of the German navy before the war broke out was less than 80,000, the death roll already amounts to about one-seventh of the whole. Our own naval death roll is roughly 5,000, or only one-thirtieth of the total personnel at the declaration of war. The calling up of reserves and new enlistments have increased both totals, but the alteration in the proportion makes the comparison still more favorable to the British navy. All Germany's losses have been due to the fortune of war, while our biggest loss—that of the Bulwark—was the result of an accident which might have happened in peace times. And, in addition, we have accounted for eight German armed merchantmen with a total tonnage of 80,000, whereas (including the Viknor, whose loss was presumed by the admiralty) only two British armed merchantmen have been sunk. The crews of these merchantmen and of the interned German merchantmen and the cruisers Konigsberg and Geier have not been included in the foregoing comparison of losses in naval personnel.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Captain Persius, the German naval expert, cannot justify Germayn's "war zone" manifesto by asserting that Great Britain had already furnished a precedent by declaring the North Sea a war zone. Great Britain did not engage in "submarine warfare" such as Admiral von Tirpitz proclaimed. Moreover, the British admiralty has always given every assistance in its power to neutral shipping in the North Sea, going so far as to furnish pilots to every vessel needing guidance to avoid mined sections. —New York Sun.

Kissed His Rescuer

Story of a German Sailor's Token of Gratitude

The British tar is not the sort to display the sentimentalism peculiar to the fair sex, and it was probably not a pleasant experience for one bluejacket hero of the North Sea battle to find himself being kissed by a German sailor whom he had rescued. The human sympathy of the British for their fallen foes was, on this occasion, in line keeping with the best traditions of the British navy, as the several stories of the scenes that took place after the engagement go to prove. "No action is complete without the Arethusa," writes a member of the crew of that famous ship to his mother as he begins to describe the fight and the scenes which followed the sinking of the Blucher. "At last," he adds, "who have got what we have been longing for for nearly five months, and it has come—a victory." It was the Arethusa that finished the Blucher, and the writer tells how it was done.

"We let fire two torpedoes, which found their mark. Both hit in the bows just below the water line. She heeled over at once; then eased back again; then she lay on her starboard side for about ten minutes. Her crew were all lined up along the side ready to be rescued, and when we had steamed about eighty or a hundred yards from her she gave her last heave. Then the Germans all let go and jumped into the water. It was a sight I never want to see again. Fancy five hundred men struggling in the water trying to save their lives. Ropo's ends, lifebuoys, life belts, bits of wood, anything that we could get hold of was thrown over the side in a minute. Once I hauled a German up with the aid of another seaman. He had no sooner got on board than he put his arms around my neck and kissed me. I dare say he would have done a few more things if I had not nearly pushed him back over the side. I took him forward and clothed him with some of my spare clothes. He said he did not know how to thank me."

Bridget was applying for a place as cook, and when asked for a reference, presented this note:

To whom it may concern—This is to certify that Bridget Foley has worked for us one week and we are satisfied.

How Aviators Take Aim

Methods Followed in Dropping Bombs and Locating the Target

A year ago Lieut. Varcin, of the French army, from a height of over 800 feet, struck a target with his bombs 13 times out of 15 trials. The target had a diameter of about 70 feet. This is rather remarkable, when the fact is taken into consideration that Varcin not only hurled these bombs himself, but acted as his own pilot.

The method of working is as follows: The hood of the machine, which is usually of canvas, has an opening in front so as to give the aviator a view ahead. At his feet he may look straight down. Thus his vision covers everything ahead and below. At the aviator's right is a steel bomb holder. This remains closed until the aviator, by bringing his leg to one side, drops taut a connecting cord attached to the end of the holder. This opens the holder, releasing the bomb. The apparatus at once closes, a second shell meantime replacing the first.

The matter of aiming is not quite so simple. Across the hole, directly beneath the aviator, is stretched a cord divided into equal parts by various colors, red, blue, etc. In front of the aviator is stretched a cord against which he rests his head while he aims. As he aims, meantime looking at the colored sections of the cord below to give him a means of sighting, he suddenly jerks his leg, thus dropping the bomb. That is the method Lieut. Varcin employed in his wonderful successes in his experiments of a year ago. That is the method employed by the daring aviators in their service in the present war.—Technical World Magazine.

Charms on Soldiers

Strange "Protection" Found on Captured Germans

"Eye-Witness," in a despatch from the front, has something to say about the amulets and charms a number of German prisoners possess. He remarks it is somewhat surprising to find reliance being placed on such things. The writer, among other things, describes the sporting interest of the artillery combat and daring flights by our airmen in a wind blowing at ninety miles an hour. The despatch, which is dated January 19, deals in opening principally with artillery bombardments, in which the batteries of the enemy were generally reduced to silence.

In a sceptical and materialistic age like the present it is somewhat surprising to find reliance being placed on charms and yet not a few of our prisoners are in possession of so-called "prayers," which are really written charms against death, wounds, disease, and every imaginable evil. One such document recently found on a prisoner begins thus:

"A powerful prayer, whereby one is protected and guarded against shot and sword, against visible and invisible foes, as well as against all manner of evil. May God preserve me against all manner of arms and weapons, shot and cannon, long or short swords, knives, or daggers, or carbites, halberds, and anything that cuts or points, against thrusts, raplers, long and short rifles, or guns and suchlike, which have been forged since the birth of Christ; against all kinds of metal, be it iron or steel, brass or lead, ore or wood."

Value of War Dogs

Prove of Great Service to French Army as Messengers

Dogs are doing an immense service with the French army as messengers, writes a war correspondent.

When war broke out there was not a single dog messenger in the French army, though the Paris police had used them to advantage But after the Germans invaded France and numerous villages were devastated thousands of dogs found themselves homeless. Many were picked up as company mascots by soldiers.

In their spare time the men amused themselves by teaching the dogs to carry knapsacks, canteens and finally messages from one trench to another. The dogs not only had an absolute disregard for gun and rifle fire, but offered an insignificant target. Then the commanders awoke to their value.

Hundreds were "educated" by a special army branch, the Institute of Zoological Psychology. The work now being done by these dogs is little short of marvelo . They have been taught to hide behind trees upon the approach of human beings. They know the difference between a French and German uniform. They glide noiselessly through underbrush and in carrying messages always choose woods, ditches and dry creek beds. Their hearing is remarkably developed, and it is seldom that they fall into the hands of the enemy. Most of them are Airedales.

The Legion of Egypt

There appears to be some prospect that a portion of the further contingents now training in Canada will go to Egypt to join the Australian and New Zealand forces already engaged in the defence of that country. Some very useful purposes will be served by the acquaintance which so many of the Dominion's citizens will thus make of more tropical portions of the empire. There has always been a danger of the self governing Dominions and the other type of "British possessions" developing a separate ethos, and of the robust democracies of Canada and Australia failing to appreciate the lines upon which the latter were governed or their place in the whole imperial fabric. There could be no better corrective for this than the experience which some thousands of Dominion troops are now enjoying.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Czar's Gift to King George

The Russian minister of finance, M. Bark, in the course of his visit to England, presented to King George 250 cigars in a gold box ordered in Paris at a cost said to have been $127,500. The box is presumably a gift from the Czar.

The Moon-Faced Spy

How a Siberian Got Work in the Enemy's Depot

Disguising himself as a laborer made homeless and workless by the war, a Siberian was able to drift along the roads behind the German positions, and finally actually obtain employment at a depot of stores. His adventure, which is related by a Daily Chronicle correspondent at Warsaw, was not without reward, for he was able to furnish much helpful information on his return. "There has come into our lines from the dangerous country to the west," the writer says, "a big moon-faced man, whom nobody expected to see again.

"Three weeks ago he was furnished with peasant clothes to replace his uniform, and he lumbered off into the night to make his way past the German trenches to bring back intelligence of the enemy's condition and any indications of intended movements which he could pick up. It was work of appalling danger, for the Germans are not gentle with spies, and I have received fully authenticated particulars of one whom they captured and tortured. This one, however, was not captured. He is a Siberian, and has for his chief equipment a countenance in which all signs of human intellect are concealed by a mask of utter heavy imbecility.

"In the guise of a laborer made homeless and workless by the war, he was able to drift along the roads behind the German positions, and finally was actually employed at a depot of stores. He has now returned. He says that the 17th German Active Corps, now holding positions on the Rawka, with their centre near Gumine, is to be withdrawn as soon as its place can be taken by Landwehr Divisions, and that it will be sent to the Lorders of Hungary. In the meantime, the Germans are bringing up large numbers of miscellaneous cavalry, most worthless, all their troops and considerable reinforcements of artillery for operations designed to cover this movement.

"The case of torture to which I have referred was that of Private Piotre Parfentieff Krifsoff, one of the Siberian Tirailleurs, who was picked up near Bwalky by the captain commanding the Red Cross. He had been captured while scouting in uniform, and taken into a cottage where two officers were sitting. He was held by soldiers while another soldier stabbed him all over the body with a bayonet, making forty wounds, none over an inch in depth. He was then thrown out and left lying in the open, still living when found."

School Examiner—What is the meaning of false doctrine?"

Schoolboy—Please, sir, it's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to the people who are ill."

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WELCOMED

Many of Them Wept at the Kindness Shown Them in Rotterdam

In describing the arrival at Rotterdam of 100 British who had been incapacitated and are on their way home from German camps, the correspondent of the Daily Mail says:

"The soldiers were welcomed by the Dutch officials and the Dutch civilians cheered them and loaded them with gifts of pipes, tobacco, cigars, chocolates and other luxuries, all of which were wrapped in the Dutch colors. Many of the soldiers wept at the kindnesses shown them. All were severely wounded, and the injuries of many were terrible. Many of the men were on crutches.

"All of the prisoners were most anxious to know how the many German prisoners were treated in England, as their guards had told them that the prisoners had been abominably treated. The British prisoners thought this was the reason for their rough treatment in the German camps. One non-commissioned officer said:

"'We were treated all right at the hospital, especially by the nurses, but the fellows in the concentration camp had an awful time, for on the slightest complaint they were kicked, while for a serious breach of discipline they were tied to a post for hours. The food, which was chiefly beans, was of poor quality and small in quantity. The clothes were rags. When the men protested that they were starving they were told: "Your friends in England have cut off your food supply.'

"This man confirmed the previous reports that the French prisoners were treated in the most friendly manner, in striking contrast to the treatment of the British prisoners."

No Aid to Pro-Germanism

The Only Trouble is in Barring Out Circulars

Although there is undoubtedly a large amount of German money being spent in the United States with a view to influencing public opinion there against the allies, the Dominion government here has no reason to believe that any financial assistance has been given to any pro-German propaganda in Canada. A cable despatch to a Toronto paper declaring that the Canadian government had been advised that millions of German money had been sent to Canada for disseminating pro-German views, and that several German-Canadians were under suspicion, is discredited in official circles here.

The only trouble the government is having is in keeping out of Canada the flood of German circulars, etc., scattered everywhere in the United States. Numerous attempts have been made to send them into Canada for distribution but they are all being held up by Canadian officials at the border ports of entry.

The Dominion secret service has secured information as to where practically all the aeroplanes now owned in the United States are operating, and a close watch is being kept, in conjunction with the American authorities, to prevent any possibility of a sporadic aeroplane raid on Canada by any Germans from across the line.

Germans Take Ether

French, in Turn, Take the Germans Who Fall Asleep

A wounded French officer, who had just rejoined his regiment in the Argonne district after three months' absence, writes that he is struck by the excellent spirit of the troops despite their fearful hardships in a difficult country where some of the hardest fighting of the war has been accompanied by an unusually high death rate. Officers and men are convinced of their eventual mastery over the Germans, whose attacks, they say, are pushed home only when the soldiers have been stupified with a mixture of ether and alcohol, which sometimes causes them to fall asleep immediately after they have taken a trench, so that "our men returning butcher them like sheep."

The writer was further impressed by the organization of the service for transferring munitions, food and the wounded. In the Vienne Pear, where the roads were formerly execrable, they are now mended daily and cleaned by mechanical sweepers.

Infuriated by the capture of his father a fisherman, whose trawler had been sunk in the North Sea by Germans, Private Croft, a Grimsby man with the Lincoln regiment, is exacting revenge.

A comrade invalided home says every time the Lincolns go into action Croft says, "Now to avenge the old man." After one bayonet charge Croft turned to his comrades, grimly saying, "I've produced two for pa."

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It costs but little to have, and make "Home Beautiful," when you choose your Wall Paper from a well selected stock. We can supply you with paper from very neat prints at 15c a Double Roll to the best "Oatmeals."

Full line of Furniture always on hand.

The Furniture Store

McPhee Block. A. McKINNON Cumberland

CHURCH NOTICES

METHODIST CHURCH SERVICES.

Public Worship—Sunday, 7 a.m., also on alternate Sundays at 11 a.m. At Bevan on alternate Sundays at 2.00 p.m.

Bible Study (S. School) 2.30 p.m.

Ladies Aid—First Tuesday of each month at 7.30 p.m.

Rev. Henry Wilson, Pastor.

ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Bible Class, 1.30 p.m.

Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening at 7.30.

Pastor, Rev. Jas. Hood.

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I give GOOD WORK and MONEY for making out Watch Repairing, if your watch is not keeping time a call by ELECTRIC LIGHTER FREE, Give Me a Trial.

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NOTICE

Any person or persons, cutting, removing or taking away 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.

J. R. LOCKARD,
General Manager,
Colliery Co,y.

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

J. R. LOCKARD,
General Manager.

MEETING OF COUNCIL

The City Council met in regular session on Monday evening, there being present Aldermen MacDonald, Henderson, Brown, Banks, Carey and the Mayor.

Bills and Accounts:—A. King, $7.00; P. P. Harrison, $2.50; B. C. Telephone, 7.20; C. H. Tarbell & Son, 75c.; Elec. Light Co, 44.40.

The Board of Works was instructed to secure lumber and have drains on Dunsmuir Ave. at Dogleg St. put in shape.

A meeting of the collectors of the Machine Gun Fund was held on Monday evening next in the Council Chamber.

The Street Traffic By-law was dealt with and passed [illegible] reading, after which the Council adjourned.

All work guaranteed for a years. Highest grade work at lowest prices. [illegible] Province Express Free.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

Services for 17th Sunday after Trinity.

Holy Communion 8.30 a. m.

Matins 11 a. m.

Sunday School 2.30 p. m.

Evensong 7 p. m.

Services of intercession in behalf of H. M. Forces on Wednesday at 8.30 p. m.

Arthur Hechnegel, Vicar.

FOR RENT—A nine-roomed house on Maryport Avenue. Will [illegible] shape. Apply Mrs. S. Cathcart, Sandwick, Comox District.

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CUMBERLAND BOTTLING WORKS

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P. PHILLIPPS HARRISON

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCING

DUNSMUIR AVENUE CUMBERLAND.

BRAVE SOLDIERS.

Sacrificed Their Lives In an Attempt to Save the Colors.

In days gone by the Zulus were the boldest fighters among all the natives of South Africa, and it was not until they had been defeated in several battles that they would live in peace with white people.

In 1878 15,000 of the Zulus attacked and killed a regiment of British soldiers, and a most heroic deed was the attempt made by three British soldiers to save the two flags, or colors, belonging to the regiment.

When it was seen that the Zulus were so many that there was no hope of keeping them at bay the colonel of the British regiment called to a young officer whose name was Lieutenant Melvill and said, "You will take charge of the colors, Melvill, and try to get away from here."

The lieutenant saluted and took into his hands the two colors of his regiment. Then, with another officer and a soldier, all mounted on horses, he suddenly dashed away with his precious burden.

They were at once seen by the keen sighted Zulus, however, and after a long chase the three gallant Englishmen, fighting to the last, were killed by the enemy.

Some time afterward one of the flags was found near a rocky stream, where the heroes had fought and died, and it was taken to England and presented to Queen Victoria.

And in memory of the three brave soldiers who had died while defending it the queen placed a wreath of immortelles on the staff which held the flag.—London Mail.

Paganini's Cab.

On awakening one morning at his hotel in Vienna, Paganini, the celebrated violinist, was informed that the cabman whom the previous evening he had employed to drive him to the concert hall where he was playing was waiting to see him. On being admitted to his presence the man, after having advanced poverty and a large family as an excuse for the request that he was about to make, prayed the great musician to make his fortune. "What do you mean?" demanded Paganini. "Authorize me to write in large letters on the back of my vehicle these two words, 'Paganini's Cab,'" was the answer. Consent was given, with altogether satisfactory results.

Matrimonial Repartee.

She (in stern and reckoning accents)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you, Edgar?

He—Er—um—yes, I suppose so, my love.

She—Then what are you complaining about? I'm no worse than the average married woman, I can assure you!

He (meekly)—Well, if that is the case, all I've got to say is I'm mighty glad—

She (breaking in)—Glad?

He—Yes. Glad I'm not a polygamist. Er—um—looks a trifle squally over to the northwest, doesn't it, Mildred?

Lincoln on Money.

"Lincoln," said a senator at a banquet in Washington, "had no great admiration for mere financial success.

"'Financial success,' Lincoln once said, 'is purely metallic. The man who attains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart.'"

FOR SALE—A large J. & J. Taylor safe, nearly new. Cost $350. Will sell for less than half cost. Apply this office.

LIQUOR ACT, 1910.
Section 41.

NOTICE is hereby given that, on the 1st day of December next, application will be made to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for renewal of the hotel licence to sell liquor by retail in the hotel known as the Malaspina Hotel, situate at Lund, in the Province of British Columbia.

FRED THULIN,
Applicant.

Dated this 14th day of September 1915.

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Leaves Comox, Sunday, 3 p. m.

Leaves Union Bay, Sunday, 4 p. m.

For Denman Island, Nanaimo and Vancouver.

RETURNING—Leaves Vancouver, Saturday, 8 pm

For Nanaimo, Union Bay and Comox.

Subject to change without notice.

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