ay, January 8, 1907

is hereby given that 30 days of the first publication of this end to apply to the Honorable Commissioner of Lands and a special license to cut and timber from the following de- s situate in Cariboo District,

ommencing at a post planted chains west and three miles e mouth of Dead Man's river, t 80 chains, thence south 80 nce east 80 chains, along the boundary of T. L. No. 6680, n 80 chains to the place of be-

ommencing at a post planted at st corner of claim No. 1, thence ains, thence south 80 chains, 80 chains, thence north along e of Timber Limit No. 6680 to ginning.

ommencing at a post planted hwest corner of claim No. 2, 80 chains, thence south 80 ce east 80 chains, thence north place of beginning.

ommencing at a post planted heast corner of claim No. 2, h 80 chains, thence east 80 the north line of Timber Lim- thence north 80 chains to the f No. 6689, thence west along e of Timber Limit No. 6680 to beginning.

ommencing at a post planted heast corner of claim No. 3, 80 chains, thence south 80 ce east 80 chains, thence north est line of Timber Limit No. place of beginning.

ommencing at a post planted northwest corner of Timber 6678, thence east 80 chains orth line of Timber Limit No. north 80 chains to the south 6679, thence west 80 chains, 80 chains to the place of be-

ommencing at a post planted northwest corner of Timber 6678, thence north 80 chains, 80 chains, thence south 80 ce east 80 chains to the place

mmencing at a post planted t corner of No. 7, thence north hence west 80 chains, thence ains, thence east 80 chains to beginning.

mmencing at a post planted utheast corner of Claim No. 8, eek, thence west 80 chains, h 80 chains, thence east 80 e north 80 chains to the place

ommencing at a post planted orthwest corner of Timber 672, thence west 80 chains, 80 chains, thence east 80 e north 80 chains along the 80 chains along the south er Limit No. 6673 to the place

ommencing at a post planted southwest corner of Timber 673, thence north 80 chains, 80 chains, thence south 80 ce east 80 chains to the place

ommencing at a post planted orthwest corner of Timber 674, thence west 80 chains, 80 chains, thence east 80 e north 80 chains along the said Timber Limit No. 6674 of beginning.

ommencing at a post planted ths west of the south end of north 80 chains thence west. ence south 80 chains, thence e to the place of beginning.

ommencing at a post planted ths west of the south end of east 80 chains along the Timber Limit No. 6673, 80 chains, thence west 80 the south line of Timber 74, thence south 80 chains to beginning.

ommencing at a post planted thwest corner of Timber Lim- hence west 80 chains, thence ains, thence east 80 chains, 80 chains along the west line r Limit No. 6673 to the place

ommencing at a post planted thwest corner of Timber Lim- hence west 80 chains, thence ains, thence east 80 chains, 80 chains along the west line r Limit No. 6673 to the place

ommencing at a post planted orthwest corner of Timber 671, thence north 80 chains, 80 chains, thence east 80 ce north 80 chains along the of beginning.

ommencing at a post planted outhwest corner of Timber 671, thence west 80 chains, 80 chains, thence north 80 ce north 80 chains along the said Timber Limit No. 6671 of beginning.

ommencing at a post planted outhwest corner of Timber 671, thence west 80 chains, 80 chains, thence east 80 e north 80 chains to the place

ommencing at a post planted thwest corner of Claim No. st 80 chains, thence south 80 east 80 chains, thence north the place of beginning.

uesnel, Nov. 1, 1906. A. L. McCOY.

# "A Game of Bluff"

By William Beckman.

He was called Cad Berrey at school, and was specially troublesome because he was a boastful bully. Luckily, however, he was a coward. Evening preparation used to be taken by a master in Big school, assisted by two prefects. One evening, Berrey's part of the room was under Edwards, a quiet, slim, young fellow, who had been made a prefect that term. A noise soon caused Edwards to look up. He knocked rather gently on his desk.

"Don't talk, Berrey," he said, in a low but very distinct voice.

The latter shuffled and turned red.

Presently the noise reasserted itself. Again Edwards stood up.

"Stand up on the form, Berrey," he said in the same smooth voice, "and if you can't keep quiet Berrey," in even a quieter voice than hitherto, "I'll come and knock you off it." And the Cad obeyed.

* * * * * *

John Edwards, the eminent lawyer, was dining at the Savoy with another old school fellow, Smyth.

As dinner proceeded, a loud voice began to dominate, and against their will, the two men found themselves listening to tactful anecdotes, told in a coarse voice by some one at the next table.

"The Cad, as I live," said Edwards.

It was he, beyond a doubt—rounder, redder, bolder, but the same boastful creature.

"Soldiering is all very well, major," he cried to his companion, "but there's nothing in it. No money, and that's the only thing that counts. Now, what did you get out of South Africa, major—some letters after your name and a medal or two. Now, what did I get out of South Africa? About three quarters of a million, there or thereabouts, me and my partner, and now we're on velvet."

Just then he turned his head and seemed to receive a shock. He found himself under Edward's watchful eye, and he now, as he had years ago, visibly quailed.

"How d'y do, Berrey?" said Edwards. "Remember me? At W—— together; he is Smyth, too; you'll recollect him."

"Bless my soul, of course," he gushed. "I remember you Smyth, in the Evelyn—captain. I think. But somehow I don't recollect what your special line was, Edwards."

"He was a prefect," said Smyth and sometimes took evening preparation."

His jaw dropped a little at this, but nevertheless, he shook hands with effusion.

"But you've got my name wrong," he said. "I changed it from Berrey to Rinberton some time ago."

He then said good night to every one's relief.

Edwards, pleading work, soon took his departure also.

"Rinberton, Rinberton," he mused. "The name is very uncommon. Can it possibly be the same? Can he be the father of Edith's Jack, and can he have been that scoundrel, Sheref's partner?"

As he entered the house a tall, fair girl came forward to meet him. She was his neice, the only child of Selby, Edwards' brother, who unlucky in almost everything else, had had one supreme success—the winning of Edith's mother. When Edith, the younger, came into the world, poor Edith, the elder, left it; and Selby followed in less than a year, leaving the innocent cause of all this woe to her uncle's care.

"Has Jack Rinberton been neglecting you, dear? Edwards asked. "We haven't seen him much lately."

The hand on his shoulder trembled a little.

"He is staying with his father in Park lane, uncle," she replied.

"Have you nothing more to tell me, dear?" he asked. "If you are in trouble let me go shares."

Jack Rinberton and she loved one another. His father, however, would not hear of it. He had ambitious views for his only son, not uncommoted with the daughter of an impecunious peer. If Jack married against his wishes not one farthing should he ever receive from him.

The man was willing to sacrifice all for the girl, but she had insisted in freeing him of his vows rather than that he should be hindered in his prospects.

The reaction, however, had now come, and her fortitude had given away.

"Oh, Uncle John!"—the storm had passed and she wrung his heart with her entreaty—"you win so many cases for other people, who are so clever and successful, can'r you help us?"

"Well," he said, "we will see."

Edwards sat thinking. Evidently, his old school fellow, Cad Berrey, and Jack's father were one and the same man, but by a still stranger accident, he felt sure that Berrey, or rather Rinberton, as well as his late partner (though he could not remember Berrey's name in the papers), was concerned in a case in which he was deeply interested.

Shortly before his brother Selby's death the public had been suffering from a fit of wild speculation. It had culminated in the Universal Exploration and Mining trust. It ran the usual course and ended in the usual way. Poor Selby had embarked almost every shilling in this sorry scheme. "The case was a particularly bad one and Isadore Sheref was the chief of the concern."

So the case crumbled away in all respects but one. There was one glaringly and demonstrably false prospectus clearly not issued by Sheref. And it was almost certain, by his partner. Proof of the latter's complicity, however, depended solely on the evidence of one Kirkland, who had disappeared.

Edwards sat pondering. He at last decided on his course of action. Next morning he followed a gorgeous flunky of the financier's Park lane house into the library "I think Rinberton," he said, "that you and your partner Sheref were connected with the Universal Exploration & Mining trust."

"Sheref was," he replied; "not I, and Sheref's dead. What are you driving at?"

"By that swindle," Edwards continued, "my neice and ward has lost every penny of her slender fortune, invested in the concern by her father, my brother Selby. By Sheref's death we were foiled in our attempt to obtain justice against him and for his victims."

Berrey looked relieved.

"Well?" he said.

"There was, however, a subsidiary concern—the Latin Copper Company—in conjunction with which a certain prospectus was issued—not by Sheref."

"We have for some time been morally certain who wrote that prospectus, and absolutely sure that if we could bring it home to him he'd get at least five years' servitude, Rinberton," he said, "we have found Kirkland."

The wretched man glared at the impassive face close to his like a wild beast. He half raised himself in his chair and his right hand went out to a drawer.

"Shut that drawer," said Edwards, towering over him. "or I'll brain you with this ruler. Would you add murder to your other crimes? Sit down, I say!"

Rinberton collapsed. "Spare me, Edwards," he cried.

"Twice," said Edwards, "you have stood in the path of my neice—you now stand in it. But for your own sake I'll keep my hand on one condition, though it is almost a crime to do so. This is my bargain. On the day that sees your son and my neice made man and wife, with a sum settled on her by you equivalent to her loss by your infamous company, I destroy all evidence I possess of your guilt."

Edwards stood by the study fire in his empty house a few hours after the wedding. Rinberton had fulfilled his part of the contract and Edwards was now fulfiling his. All the papers were burning except a single letter which he held in his hand and read over and over again before consigning it to the flames.

"Dear Edwards," it ran, "we have found Kirkland. He had had pneumonia. He was found on a hillside in Rhodesia living six feet beneath the sod, with a slab of granite on top to keep him there until the judgment day."

"It was risky," murmured Edwards, as he jammed the letter into the middle of the fire with the poker. "Yes, deuced risky, but I thought I knew my man."

# Wonderful Experience

There is a saying current on the seven seas that every man is a coward at least once in his life; as an addition to which it may be ventured that fear in the bravest and stoutest veteran, is sometimes justified. Of many forms of peril which haunt the water as well as land, nothing is comparable to or is so dreaded by seafaring people as the earthquake and the accompanying tidal wave common to the west coast of South America.

The recent disaster which visited Valparaiso with such appalling consequences brings vividly to mind the great terremote (earthmove) which devastated the same region some years ago and which it was my fortune to have personally encountered. As it corresponded in many respects to the August catastrophe, and as it was the last seismic disturbance of magnitude on that hapless coast line prior to the recent visitation, a review of it may have timely interest. I was at the time assigned to duty on board the naval steamer Wateree, then attached to the Pacific Squadron. She was a trim iron-clad of twelve hundred tons burden one of the class designed to meet the exigencies of blockading duty in the narrow and tortuous rivers of the South. She carried an enormous battery and crew, and quite a large vessel, although she drew only about nine feet of water and could steam and steer equally well in either direction, having a rudder at each end.

August, 1868, found us quietly anchored off the pretty city of Arica, north of Valparaiso, whither we had towed the old store ship Fredonia. Arica numbered about ten thousand inhabitants, and was the only port of entry for a rich and prosperous region. The town was picturesquely situated in a cleft or valley running up into the sea coast ranges of the Andes. Threading the valley was a small stream that furnished water for irrigation, whereby the desert coast blossomed with fertility that never ceased to surprise. It was blocked in on one hand by the perpendicular cliff of the Morro, five hundred feet high, which, without a single break to mar its imposing but cruel front, was ever lashed by the long surges of the mightiest of oceans, and on the other by sloping heights, rising one above the other till lost in the clouds.

### A Lurking Fear

Nevertheless, behind its charm of climate and scenery lurked the ever-present fear in the native mind, of another earthquake, Arica being a sort of rendezvous of such seismic disturbances, having twice been nearly erased, with dreadful loss of life. In blissful ignorance of what a west coast earthquake really was, we had celebrated our national holiday and theirs, the fourth and tenth of July, with zeal and burning of powder.

Besides the Wateree and Fredonia in the roadstead, were a Peruvian, also a Chilean man-of-war, with several square riggers, together with quite a fleet of merchantmen, when on August 8 a storm burst from the cloudless sky, overwhelming us in one common ruin.

I was sitting in the cabin when in mid afternoon we were started by a violent trembling of the ship similar to the effect produced by dropping anchor. Knowing it could not be caused by that, I ran on deck, where my attention was instantly arrested by a vast cloud of dust rapidly approaching from the southeast, while the awful rumbling grew in intensity, and before our eyes the everlasting hills nodded and the ground swayed to and fro like the short choppy waves of a troubled sea. The cloud rolled by and the sun completely, and through its impenetrable texture, cries, shrieks for help, the crash of crumbling houses, and the thousand commingled noises of a great calamity, while the ship reeled as though clutched by a giant hand. Then the cloud passed.

As the dust slowly settled I rubbed our eyes and gazed again and again, believing we were the victims of a hoax; for where only a few moments previously was a happy, prosperous city, we beheld a mass of utter ruin, hardly a house left standing, not one intact, the streets choked with debris, through which struggled frantically the least wounded of the stricken wretches imprisoned in the ruins of their once sightly homes, while groans, cries, and prayers for mercy rent the air. Above all this horror the sun shone placidly from an unclouded sky, the sea rippled shoreward as gently and musically as before.

How long did it last? I cannot tell. No one seemed to take note of time. It was a horrible nightmare, a dream from which we were presently to awaken. But no! The agony and suffering before us were too ghastly and vivid to be the product of mere imagination, conscious or sub-conscious. The shock may have been four or five minutes in reaching us and passing.

We anxiously scanned the sea for any unusual appearance, but all was smiling and serene as before. Orders were given to prepare for the worst. Additional anchors were cast, hatches were battered down, guns secured, life lines rove fore and aft, and for a few minutes all was the orderly confusion of a disciplined man-of-war preparing for action. Many hands make short work, and in a few minutes we could again gaze shoreward, where the uninjured were thronging the shore and crowding the piers, crying to the shipping to transport them to the apparent safety of the ships.

Of course, this was more than we could witness unmoved, and orders were given to prepare a landing party of forty men. The gig, with a crew of thirteen men, shoved off at once. She had reached the shore safely and had landed her crew, leaving only the customary boatkeeper in charge, when our attention was attracted by a hoarse, ominous murmur arising from we knew not where. Looking shoreward, presently, to our horror we saw vacancy where but a moment before the pier had been massed with humanity; all swallowed up by an incoming wave in the batting of an eyelash. Amid the floating wreckage, we saw the gig borne by an irresistible tide toward the battlemented Morro, the seaman gallantly struggling to stem the current. Finding his efforts vain, and certain death awaiting him, he laid in his useless oars and waved farewell to his shipmates as the boat disappeared forever in the froth and comb of the wave. Thus the Wateree lost the only one of her crew of two hundred and thirty-five souls; but our troubles were only beginning.

For again, presently, came the hoarse, bellowing roar. Once more the shaking, palsied earth waved to and fro. This time the sea receded until the shipping was left stranded, while as far to seaward as eye could reach we saw the rock-ribbed bottom of the ocean, never before exposed to human gaze, with fish and monsters of the deep left high and dry. While the round-bottomed ships keeled over on their beam ends, the Wateree rested easily on her flatter base, and when the returning sea, not like a wave, but like an abnormal tide, came sweeping back, rolling the other vessels over and over, leaving some bottom up, and others masses of wreckage, our vessel rose easily over the billowing waters unharmed.

At that moment, the sea began defying the laws of nature. Currents ran in contrary directions, and we were borne here and there at express speed.

At irregular intervals the seismic shocks recurred, but none was so violent or so protracted as the first. The Peruvian man-of-war America, said to be the fastest ship afloat at that time, had hastily got up steam, and attempted to go to sea. She was well out when the receding water left her partly afloat and broke her back. With funnels still vomiting smoke, and apparently under full command, she backed down by the current towards the wrecked Fredonia, then rapidly setting in towards the Morro. The next moment the Fredonia capsized. Not one of her crew was saved.

Facing the Morro and a short distance away a rocky islet rose a few feet above the surface of the sea. In it was hewn a fort mounting two 15-inch Dahlgren guns; the garrison numbered about a hundred men. When a short distance from the Morro, the islet disappeared beneath the waves. Whether it sank or the waters rose, we could never tell; we only knew, it disappeared, and when it re-appeared, after a few moments, like a huge whale, not only was the garrison gone, but the guns and carriages as well. Imagine, if you can, how the water lifted those immense masses of iron, offering no holding surface, from their resting places, and tumbled them out of the eight-foot parapet.

### A Ghastly Scene

As a setting sun gilded the slopes of the Andes, we saw, to our growing horror, that the graves were yielding up their dead. In concentric rows, like chairs in an amphitheatre, the mummies of the long buried aborigines rose to the surface. They had been buried in a sitting posture, facing the sea. The soil, impregnated with niter, had thoroughly preserved them, and the violent shocks, rending the dry earth above, had uncovered this frightful city of the dead. Words cannot paint the ghastliness of the scene. In addition to what we had already gone through, it seemed as if the day of judgment had come. The earth was passing away. We were tasting the bitterness of universal annihilation, as it seemed.

Having previously lowered one of our large cutters to rescue a number of persons floundering about on some wreckage, and though there was no sea running, to our great astonishment we saw the fast pulling boat could make no headway, but went tossing about in the most erratic manner. Finding he could not reach the victims he was sent to rescue, the midshipman in command attempted to return to the ship. That, too, was impossible; and presently his struggles were ended by his boat being dashed against the America and crushed like an eggshell. Fortunately, the crew managed to scramble aboard the America, where they found a scene beggaring description. Order and discipline were gone. Officers and men ran about screaming and yelling like maniacs, while others, on their knees, were imploring the saints for succor. With every send of the sea, the heavy guns, cast adrift in a vain attempt to throw them overboard and so lighten the ship, crashed from side to side, smashing everything in their path and strewed the deck with bloody victims.

Meanwhile the night had fallen and we had no means of reckoning our location in the absence of the usual beacon and shore lights, and to make our confusion more confounding, the lookout forward hailed the deck, and reported breakers ahead. Sure enough, we saw, first a thin line of phosphorescent light, then, coming nearer and nearer, rolling higher and higher, it seemed to reach the sky, and blot out heaven. Its hideous crest gleamed with phosphorescent death light, revealed sullen masses of water beneath; its approach heralded by the thunder of a thousand breakers condensed into one—and the dreadful tidal wave was on us at last. Of all the terrors of that awful time, this seemed to be the climax. Chained to the spot, powerless to escape despite every possible precaution, we could only watch and wait for the monster to sweep over us. That the vessel could ride through such a maelstrom seemed impossible. We could only grip the life-lines with a convulsive shudder while the leaden heeled moments postponed the final catastrophe.

It came. With a deafening crash the vessel was overwhelmed and buried beneath the semi-solid mass of sand and wave. For a breathless eternity we gambled with death, and then, groaning in every timber, the staunch ship again struggled to the surface, with her gasping crew still clinging to the lines, some seriously injured, but none missing, none killed. A miracle it seemed to us then, and as I looked back through the years, it seemed doubly marvelous now.

Presently the motion of the ship appeared to cease, and lowering a lantern over the side we found that we were on dry land.

For some time we remained at quarters, until, finding the ship stationary, the order was given to pipe down and stand by the hammocks. Such of the crew as were not on watch took their hammocks and calmly made their way through the re-opened hatches to the sodden, bent deck to sleep. I knew not what dreams visited our many pillows, but to me one of the wonders of that indescribable night was the prompt and cheerful obedience to orders shown by those sorely tried United States seamen.

Next morning broke on a scene of desolation such as we may picture only of Valparaiso and other Chilean cities during the recent catastrophe. We found ourselves in a small cove or indentation in the coast line, having been swept five miles up the coast and nearly two miles inland. The waves had carried us over the sand dunes bordering the ocean, across a valley and over the railroad, leaving us at the foot of the sea coast range of the Andes. On the perpendicular front of the mountain our navigator discovered the marks of the tidal wave, and by measurement found it to have been forty-seven feet high, not including the comb.

### Stranded High on Land

There we lay on as even a keel as if still afloat with our bow towards the sea, our flag still flying, and our starboard anchor and a hundred fathoms of chain led out as carefully as we could have placed it there. Was it possible this heavy anchor and chain should have drifted with us throughout all the mazes of our extraordinary voyage? And why was not the chain parted at least by the last shock, as were the other four? Vain queries, impossible of solution.

We found nearby the wreck of a large English barque, the Chancilla, with one of her chains wound around her as many times as it would go, thus showing she had been rolled over and over. Fifty rods nearer the sea lay the America on her bilges, and the sand was strewn with the most heterogeneous mass of plunder that ever gladdened the eyes of a wrecker. Grand pianos, bales of silk, casks of brandy, cases of wine, furniture, clothing, hardware, and solid silver plate were strewn for half a mile or more. A rough estimate placed this emptying of the custom house and residences of the destroyed city at fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

Our first work was to post a cordon of sentries, while a strong working party stove in the brandy casks, as we did not purpose having drunkenness added to the other horrors surrounding us.

One of the incidents of the morning was the return of the boats crew from the wrecked America, not a man missing, and the laconic report of the youngster in command: "Returned on board, Sir. I have to report the loss of the second cutter, twelve oars, and two boat hooks; but we saved the flag, sir."

The surviving Chileans and Peruvians promptly deserted their respective vessels when they were discovered to be on terra firma, and were captured by the next incoming wave, which, though not a breaker, was high and powerful enough to sweep them away.

What of the stricken city? We found only desolation and death there. Where once had stood that pretty metropolis, a flat, sandy plain stretched out before us. Beyond, on the outskirts, higher on the mountain, not a residence remained. Built to weather seismic disturbances, the houses were low, few boasting a second storey, with light roofs and thick walls of adobe brick. The shock first leveled them, and then the waves disappeared and washed them away. On the higher slopes a few houses, part of a church and a hideous mass of debris, including many corpses, were piled twenty or thirty feet high. This was all that remained on earth of the once flourishing community of ten thousand inhabitants.

As for the Wateree, a careful survey revealed her to be practically intact, though it was impossible to launch her. So, after removing the most valuable part of her equipment, she was disposed of to a hotel company. Subsequently a yellow fever epidemic crippled that enterprise, and the veteran vessel was used successively as a hospital, a storehouse, and finally as a target for the Chilean and Peruvian gunners. But her gaunt iron ribs still rise above the shifting hands, unless the recent terremote, latest and greatest of recorded earthquakes, brought in its wake another wave of ruin to erase her from the earth.

### LAND OF ICEBERGS.

It is the icebergs that make Labrador fascinating. They greet you when you steam out of the Straits of Belle Isle, the northern gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and head northward up the coast of Labrador. They come floating from the north, an endless procession, all shapes, fantastic, colossal, statuesque, even grotesque—a magnificent assemblage of crystal domes and turrets and marble fortresses. Your steamer picks its way carefully among them lest they be jealous of her intrusion and fall over upon her. And in the midst of this glorious company you come to Battle harbor.

The settlement is on an island perhaps 200 yards in diameter, which is the outpost of a larger island, and plows the waves of the ocean like the prow of some gigantic ocean liner. In storms the spray leaps almost across its ledgy surface. A cove hides behind the bluff sea wall, and on its rim nestles a tiny village of whitewashed cottages. You climb the hill to the lookout. Away to the north and south spreads out the vast procession of the icebergs. They come out of the north, the fog surrounding their tops and streaming like smoke from their pinnacles. They move slowly southward, perhaps three or four miles a day. Some go directly south down the Newfoundland coast, some turn west as they approach the straits and are swept by the tide into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Day by day from the hilltop you note their slow progress. Each day sees new forms emerging on the northern horizon, while old, familiar hulks are lost to view in the south. Each month's icebergs are natives of a more northern region. Hence the bergs of the late summer, though fewer in number, are individually larger than those of the earlier part of the season, because they have been longer in the making, coming from farther north.

June's icebergs are Labrador's own product, and have broken off from the ice field that has filled the bays and extended far into the ocean in the previous winter. July's bergs come from Baffin land, while the huge bulks of August are natives of Kane Bay and the far northern rim of Greenland where man has never been.

### OCEAN WAVES

Shipping Illustrated.

In a recent issue of the Revue Scientifique was an article by a well-known naval architect, M. Bertin, in which an attempt is made to prove that the dimensions of Ocean waves are not infrequently greatly exaggerated. On the other hand, it may be truly said tat it is easy for the man to jest at scars who never felt a wound; and the naval architect discussing the important problem in a snug room on shore, remote from the war of wind and wave, is at least as likely to overestimate the height and the length of exceptional breakings up of the sea surface as the seafarer in the moment of extreme peril is likely to overestimate the possibilities of the moving mountain of water which threatens to engulf the ship and all hands. The longest wave known to M. Bertin, was about 2,500 feet from crest to crest, and its period 23 seconds. Such long waves seldom exceed fifty feet in height or one-fiftieth of the length, in deep water; and the celebrated French savant appears to doubt the reports of waves having a greater altitude, inasmuch as the observer generally fails to take into account the fact of his vessel floating with her deck parallel to the wave surface rather than to the necessary horizontal plane. In the open sea M. Bertin regards 40 feet as an extreme height, but reluctantly admits that a height of 50 feet may be attaind by waves encountered by vessels navigating the lone Southern ocean, which belts the globe poleward from Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. On entering shoal water, however, waves become higher and shorter, and, at Eddystone Light, solid green seas have shot up to a height of 65 feet on meeting the obstruction in their direct path. Waves having a length of 2,500 feet from crest to crest, says M. Bertin, are very rare, and more often the length varies from 320 feet and 520 feet with a period of 6 to 10 seconds. Heights exceeding 35 feet are also phenomenal; but short waves are relatively higher than the longer specimens. The naval architect, the underwriter, the ship owner and the sea farer are all deeply interested in a fairly reliable approximation to the heights, lengths and periods of ocean waves, because the more nearly is this approached the more nearly is safety at sea insured, owing to the greater grasp thus obtained as to the action of a ship in the presence of waves normal or abnormal. Nearly a score of years ago, in the Forum, Professor R. H. Thurston arrived at almost precisely similar results to those now made public by the learned Frenchman referred to above. It is to be feared, however, that at times men of science do not always regard truth as of more importance than their theory; and, if the facts do not fit in with the preconceived curves of theory, well, so much the worse for the facts. The form of the wave-surface is a curve known to students of mathematics as a cycloid. Suppose a wheel to roll along a surface of a smooth sea, then every point in it will trace out a cycloid. If the describing point be situated on the circumference we get the common cycloid; if the point be outside the perimeter, as though carried on a spoke extending beyond the tire, then the curve is a prolate cycloid; and if the point be between the rim of the rolling wheel and the centre say on the hub, then the resulting curve is a curtate cycloid. Of these three forms may be at times assumed by a wave surface according to the prevailing conditions of depth of water. Maury, writing a point on the rim of a coin, roll the latter along a straight line, and the point describes a cycloid. According to a German observer, Dr. Schott—they are all doctors in Germany—the height of waves in the ordinary trade wind areas is only about six feet. As a general rule in any part of the world the ratio of the height of waves to the strength of the wind varies greatly, and the highest waves on record in great storms do not exceed 50 or 60 feet from trough to crest. Maury, America's illustrious oceanographer, once described the waves of the Southern sections between Cape Horn and New Zealand as looking like the green hills of a rolling prairie capped with snow and chasing each other in sport. A well-found ship cares but little for lofty seas which run true; or, to put this into Maury's poetry expressed in nervous prose, there is not much to fear from waves which run regularly for "their march is stately and their way is on the deep." Practical men and mystical instincts sometimes got the better of his facts, but they were certainly and correctly at one in this instance. It is the solitary wave, such as is not infrequently met with in the North Atlantic, of abnormal height and irresistible intensity, which may mean destruction to the devoted ship in its path. Shakespeare tells how the winds "take the ruffian billows by the top, curling their monstrous heads, and thunder at the skies." Still more modern men have even added intensity to this exaggeration, while the ancient let very little room for local color in the description of ocean waves. Some time ago an engineering paper of repute inadvertently inferred to its readers that the top rail of an Atlantic liner often falls through a vertical space of 30 feet in about one second. Bodies falling freely from rest under the action of gravity only get through a little more than 16 feet during the first second; so that to exceed this limit of drop imposed by Dame Nature the vessel referred to must have been shot out of a catapult through the less rapidly falling wave. The late Admiral Fitzroy founder of the British Meteorological office actually measured seas of an altitude exceeding 60 feet, and Captain Kiddle, in the old Celtic, observed a few lofty waves which were over 70 feet in height. Captain Randle, who for some years was in command of the St. Louis, once had a critical experience with a solitary abnormal sea when in charge of the Rheinland. While the second officer and his watch were busy relashing a boat which had got adrift during the then prevailing gale, an enormous sea was observed rolling up astern; and Captain Randle shouted to the watch to seek safety, but the wave was too quick for them. He jumped from the bridge to the neighboring topsail sheets; the wave rolled right over her, so that the whole hull was completely submerged for a few moments, leaving only mast and funnel exposed to the captain's astonished gaze, and afterwards it was found that one man had been washed overboard and the remainder of the watch left with broken limbs. Abnormally large sea-waves, says Mr. G. W. Littlehales, of the Hydrographic office, Washington, are the result of a building up process caused by the union of the smaller with the larger waves and this is the view usually adopted.

# Romance of Island Lady

In the midst of the beautiful lake of St. Anne, which lies to the northwest of Edmonton, there is an island some thirteen acres in extent. And on this tiny island far away from the city's glare, cut off from civilization, as we men who live in the city understand the word, there stands a great house built of stone with seven gables, furnished with a degree of elaboration and an expenditure of taste which would do credit with one of the finest homes of Toronto or Montreal. And it is around this house that our story clusters.

Today only a passing trader or a few wandering Indians, or perhaps a single prospector, making his way north, ever gaze on this magnificent residence, so strangely situated and so out of keeping with the country, in which it stands.

It was built by a Count de Casse, who, after following the flag and fortunes of Garibaldi, came over to this country to spend the remainder of his days in peace. Bringing his daughter and wife with him, he built this chateau, accepted the position of Indian agent, and after a period of years died in 1900.

But when he deserted the battlefields of Italy and sought the quiet of Ste. Anne he brought with him a helpless addition passed from childhood to womanhood she became of such rare beauty that it became a by-word in the north, "As beautiful as the island lady." The traders said this when they wished to make a comparison of beauty.

And for all these years this maiden lived this secluded life, seeing no one except the Indian servants and an occasional trader.

But at last the shadows of Adam entered this manless Eden in two places. The mounted policeman of the district who is well known in Calgary and is renowned as a tracker of Cashel and one of the smartest men on the force, fell in love with the maiden. Many a time did he ride over the desolated prairie, through sunshine and sleet, through snow and hail, through the darkness and light, to visit the chateau on the island in the Lake of Ste. Anne. The shores of the lake were dotted with the horses of the De Casse and far over the prairie grazed their herds of cattle. For months he pressed his suit but in vain.

Frequently after he had ridden away on patrol duty the second owner, a gov-ernment land guide, paddled his canoe across the mile of water, which separated the island from the mainland or swam his horses through the water or rode across the ice, although he drowned one of his best horses and nearly lost his life by so doing.

Throughout the long months the two rivals never met, for on the shores of the lake lived a halfbreed to whom the land guide had done a trifling kindness in days gone by, and when the red coat of the man-finder disappeared, the halfbreed brought the welcome news to the island, thus throwing duty to the winds, hastened with beating heart and high hopes to press his suit.

Cold are the snows and the ice of the far north, but the heart of the maiden was colder, and neither of the ardent suitors could claim an advantage.

With the fall the trader came south and the policeman with the acuteness of his trade discovered the part that the halfbreed had taken in the matter and realized why his wooing had not progressed. Diving into the past of the halfbreed he discovered that the details of a certain horse deal in which he had been engaged did not satisfy the ethics of the law. Armed with a warrant and jealousy in his heart, the officer came to Calgary and put up at the Grand Union hotel. He was not long before he found his man and also it was not long before he met his rival with whom he had been bosom friends until the beauty of the beiress had separated them. As man will they foregathered and in the soothing solace of the cheering glass, the officer confided that he proposed to take the halfbreed to the inhospitable penitentiary.

Even as he spoke, the halfbreed passed outside the window of the Grand Central where the symposium had been held, unseen, by his seeker, bu observed by the guide.

Within a few moments the halfbreed, supplied with funds by the sympathetic guide had boarded the train for the northward, and was speeding on his way to the Lake of Ste. Anne, bearing with him messages of devotion for the Island Queen.

And lest the vindictive policeman should interfere, his erstwhile friend and present rival had taken him to the neighborhood of Cochrane, where he is laying siege to the hearts of other maidens, not so cold and not so shy.

So still the Island Queen waits for the chosen knight and rules among the ice and the snow, and when the trouble is past the guide will once more try to capture her granite heart.

All the persons who are concerned in the romantic story are well known in Calgary. The land guide is a friend of one of the best known old-timers in the city; the R.N.W.M.P. constable comes down from time to time in the course of his duty and not a few of the residents of Calgary know the seven gabled house on the Lake of Ste. Anne. The guide is likely to be in the city throughout the winter.

### A COSTLY PUN

The costliest pun that was ever perpetrated was probably that of Sir William Collingbourne, for which he paid with his head in 1484.

Richard III. was then on the throne, and, with his agents Catesby, Ratcliff and Lovel, was working his crooked will upon the English nation. Using as the basis of his satire the wild boar on the King's shield and the popular meaning of the word Lovel as a name for dogs, Collingbourne wrote the following:

"The Rat, the Cat, and Lovel the dog
Rule all England under the Hog."

The punster was sent to the block for his ill judged witticism.

### FORTY-NE DEAD

#### Death Roll of Rock Island Train Wreck Is Increased

Topeka, Kas., Jan. 3.—It is impossible to say exactly how many people perished in the Rock Island railroad wreck at Volland, Kansas, yesterday, as a number of the victims were concealed by the wreckage of the smoking car. The conductor says there were 76 Mexicans on the train, and it is feared that 44 of these were killed, together with four other passengers, all men, and a negro train porter, making the total dead 49.

So far as known, all the women on the train escaped death and none were even slightly injured.

W. P. Osgood of Mitchellville, Iowa, was dragged from the ruins still alive, but soon died. Rescuers found an arm of a passenger who was wedged in the wreck and who was burned.

# Reading for Invalids

In the long, dreary days of convalescence, when exertion of any kind is literally a "weariness of the flesh," the problem of providing reading matter that may be easily handled is often a serious one. Practically all bound books and nearly all the monthly magazines are too heavy to be long held by hands weakened by sickness, and when the patient is obliged to maintain a recumbent position they are put quite out of the question.

A woman who has recently nursed a near relative through a protracted siege of typhoid has arrived at an ingenious solution of the problem. Selecting the lightest and brightest of short stories from the current magazines, she first removes them by prying open the wire fastenings that secure them in place. She then binds each story separately in a neat cover of grey or moss green cartridge paper, sewing the cover to the leaves down the back with gold or crimson embroidery silk. When the story concludes half way down the page, another story or article commencing below, she pastes a thick piece of blank white paper over the lower half, and on this she pastes either a short poem, an illustration from one of the weeklies or a little group of witticisms. Blank paper is also pasted on the reverse side of the first and last pages when they contain extraneous matter.

A booklet of this convenient size weighs practically nothing, and imposes no tax upon the wrists and arms of the invalid. Moreover, since it contains but one story, it does not, as a complete magazine undoubtedly would, tempt the reader beyond his small measure of strength. The doctors say that one of the modern magazines is far too large a dose of literature to be swallowed at one sitting; even by a person in good health, while to any one with a depleted nervous system it is an actual menace. The "handy booklet" idea, therefore, is commendable for more than one reason. A number of such booklets would form an acceptable Christmas gift to the free wards of our big city hospitals.

Semi-nudity is common in rural Japan and furthermore it is regarded as being respectable and healthful.

# PARCEL POST WITH ORIENT IS DISCUSSED

## Matter Before Council of Board of Trade in Letter From Local Firm

The regular meeting of the council of the board of trade was held on Friday morning with Vice President Pauline occupying the chair and the following members present, R. Hall, S. J. Pitts, R. H. Swinerton, H. B. Thomson, Simon Leiser and D. R. Ker.

A communication from the George Carter Co., Ltd., referring to the trade between Canada and the Orient was received and after a short discussion it was referred to a special meeting for report. The communication was as follows:

We beg to call the attention of the Board of Trade to a matter which we think is well worthy of their attention and united action, namely, in regard to parcel post to and from the Orient.

As Oriental merchants we find ourselves handicapped on account of the parcel post by the C. P. R. liners being taken to Vancouver for distribution. This causes us a delay of oftentimes two or three days before we can receive our samples of goods sent per parcel post, which is detrimental to the best interests of our business. It will clearly be seen that should there be two sets of samples posted at any given point in the Orient—one set for ourselves and one set for opponents of ours to Vancouver, that our opponents of Vancouver could successfully canvass their market, and, after having done so, they could come down and clean up our market here before we received our samples. As Victoria is an important trade centre, we see no reason why trade and commerce of this port should not be catered to and equal facility given with other ports of this province. Take, re outgoing parcel post here.

Again we find ourselves severely handicapped, and it has caused us considerable money outlay in regard to sending samples. As you may be aware, the parcel post closes two days before the regular outgoing mail, so that we have to send our samples, per parcel post, forward two days before we close our regular mail. This you will readily see is detrimental and cannot always be done, as we are always anxious to keep our mail open until the last moment possible, in consequence of which we find ourselves compelled oftentimes to send samples, per heavy weight, which should have gone by parcel post, by letter post, on account of the parcel post having closed two days previous to the closing of our mail.

We trust that your honorable body will take up this question and will do all possible in their power to set this matter in such shape that it will facilitate business of this port with the Orient.

Communications were received from Premier McBride acknowledging the receipt of the resolution from the board in reference to the scarcity of labor and the Anti-tuberculosis sanitorium.

Acknowledgments were also received from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Wm. Templeman, W. A. Gallagher and the Vancouver board of trade regarding the question of making Victoria a national free port.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Wm. Templeman also acknowledged the receipt of the resolution from the board asking that the estimates should include an amount to make a survey for a railway and bridge connection between Yellowhead Pass and Vancouver Island.

A. Mackenzie, Seattle agent for the Pacific Coast Steamship company, requested the board to take up the question of securing a Carnegie hero medal for Mrs. Patterson of Cape Beale in recognition of the services rendered at the