

**Keep Warm and Cosy**  
On Every Winter Drive with a  
**Clark Carriage Heater**



Ask your dealer for one. He can get it quickly. Be sure to ask for the Clark Heater.  
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 110 La Salle Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

at your feet in wagon, sleigh or carriage. These heaters are made of metal throughout; they are attractively covered and lined with asbestos. They will not bend or break, and give a strong, comforting heat on the coldest day. Every one guaranteed to please or money refunded. They burn Clark coal at a cost of only 1 cent a trip of 5 hours or more. They cost so little you can afford to keep warm.

## Farm and Fruit Lands

### 3 Noteworthy Facts

1. **British Columbia** is the premier province of Canada for mixed farming and fruit raising.
2. **Vancouver Island** has the mildest winters of all British Columbia, fertile soil, the purest water, fine roads and good markets.
3. **Nanaimo** is the agricultural center of Vancouver Island, the nearest point on the island to the Mainland with daily C. P. R. steamboat service to and from Vancouver

The fertile lands between Nanaimo and Comox have not been boomed.

We offer Wild Lands from \$7 to \$25 per acre.

We offer Cleared Lands from \$100 to \$200 per acre.

We offer Five Acre Homesteads in suburbs of Nanaimo with house, barn, etc., and meadow from \$1450 to \$2250.

**SPECIAL—178 acres at French Creek, 20 acres cleared and drained. House, barn, etc., in good condition. Abundance of good water, creek running through farm. Clay loam soil. Price \$4,200; terms, half cash.**

Write for our booklet (free).

**A. E. PLANTA, Ltd.**

Established 1888

Nanaimo, B. C.

### Pliable, Yet Tough

You might begin your acquaintance with Storey's goods by investing in a pair of these Horsehide Mitts.

They're excellent examples of how tough and pliable mitts may be made by our chrome process, with the added satisfaction of knowing they will not become stiff when scorched or scalded.

Don't forget to buy Storey's and they'll remember you by wearing longest—at all stores.

W. H. Storey & Son Ltd., Acton, Ont.

# STOREY'S MITTS

## TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

8,000 to 10,000 new men by March 1st—new telegraph operators. Some 600 to be Canada as well. Easy to learn. Fascinating. Good salaries. Office at School for the Big Dominion. YOU can succeed. Reduced fare. Write. Wallace Expert Railway School, 629 Ryan Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

### Wit and Humor.

Some years ago the Hon. Elijah Morse and Abner Upham witnessed the hanging of a man at Dedham. While they were driving home the subject of sin and its punishment came up.

"Bro. Upham," remarked Mr. Morse, who was a rigid orthodox in belief, "I suppose, according to your belief, that this man who has been found guilty of murder by his fellow men, and hanged because he is not a fit person to be at large among his kind, has now gone straight to heaven."

It is necessary to explain that the incident took place before gallows were equipped with trap doors, and it was the duty of the executioner to give the rope, fastened about the victim's neck, a tug that actually jerked the doomed man into the air.

"It is not for me to judge a fellow man," Brother Morse, replied Upham, who was an ardent Universalist, gravely, although there was a twinkle in his eye, "but I must say that the last I saw of the infortunate fellow he was headed that way."

"It's dreadful queer," said the housewife, "that the potatoes you bring me should be so much bigger at the top of the sack than they are at the bottom."

"Not at all, mem," said the honest farmer; "it's jest this a-way. Potatoes is growin' so fast jest now that by the time I dig a sackful the last ones dug is ever so much bigger'n the fust ones."

Professor Wiley, the chemist of the Department of Agriculture, recently went to a Washington store for the purpose of purchasing a fountain pen. The obliging clerk furnished the professor with a sheet of paper, ink and several fountain pens, so that he might try each kind.

In doing so the professor soon covered the sheet with the words "tempus fugit," the clerk looking on with kindly interest.

"If you should buy one and it doesn't suit you, Mr. Fugit," said he knowingly, "you can bring it back and take another."

Friend—I am afraid your husband has a very bad cold; he's continually sneezing. It's quite painful to hear him. Why don't you ask a doctor to see him?

Matron—Well, I'm waiting just a few days, because it amuses baby so to see his father sneeze.—*Von Vidant.*

An important public examination was taking place, and, according to custom, one of the examiners watched the students from a gallery above. Thus, unseen by the competitors, he had a complete bird's eye view of the proceedings.

Presently he rang the bell and spoke thus:

"If the young man who has been copying for the last twenty minutes will get up and leave the room no further notice will be taken of the matter."

A pause—then sixteen young fellows rose and departed.

"Gentlemen," said the prisoner, after acquittal, "I thank you for my vindication."

"Young fellow," replied the foreman of the jury, "you don't seem to know the difference between a vindication and a streak of good luck"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Well," asked the first physician, "what has that strange patient of yours got?"

"I don't know," replied the other, "but I'm trying to turn it into typhoid fever. That's my great specialty, you know"—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

"The late General Thomas H. Ruger," said a Stamford man, "was, like many army officers, an authority on good cooking, but he directed me to high

cheeses. At a dinner he said that a very rank cheese was once left at his headquarters to be called for, and after it had remained unclaimed two days he posted up this notice:

"If the cheese sent here addressed to Private Jones is not called for in two days it will be shot."—*Rochester Herald*

"Instead of being a millionaire," continued the young man at the seaside hotel to the beautiful heiress, "I think that it is only honest, now that we are engaged, for me to tell you that I am the shopwalker at Catchem & Skinem's emporium."

"I thought there was something familiar about you," answered the beautiful heiress. "I am in the ribbon department there."—*Judge.*

"Oh, madam," said the French maid, "Fido weel not eat ze bon-bons." "The dear, intelligent little doggie!" exclaimed Mrs. Rich. "There must be something wrong with those bon-bons Cloe. Give them to the children."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It was the evening of the Gans and Nelson fight. The citizen who mounted the bootblack stand was not at all surprised when the diminutive Italian, after carefully looking him over to see just how much sporting blood was in evidence, inquired:

"Don't you think Gans will beat Nelson in the fight to-night?"

"I think he will," replied the citizen, who had no serious regard for the truth of an immaterial statement.

"I hope so," said the boy; "I've put 5 to 1 on him."

"He'll certainly win, then. Did you put \$5 on the colored man?"

"Five dollars! Think I'm a millionaire? I bet five cents on Gans, and I'd have bet twenty if I had had it."—*New York Tribune.*

First Artist: Do you know what the Hanging Committee have done? They have absolutely ruined my picture by putting it next to the worst daub in the exhibition.

Second Artist: I've got the same complaint to make. I looked in yesterday, and I found they've hung my picture beside an absolutely frightful thing.

Third Artist (joining them): How do you do, you fellows? I see they've hung your pictures side by side this year.

I saw recently some wonderful calculations beginning with the amount of money saved annually by women at Friday bargain sales. Can you give me the rest of the article? I thought the statistics were so interesting and showed such careful study. *BEDELIA.*

You probably refer to the following which has appeared in many quarters of late: "If all the money saved annually by the women of the United States at the Friday bargain sales were to be divided among the 24,737 turpentine farmers and laborers in the United States each would receive \$518,882, or \$2 more than the value of the vote of Vermont at \$10 a vote, and there would be a balance of \$78.12, which would be enough to buy each of the 1,953 camels in Western Australia a nose-ring worth four cents. If all the stogies made in Wheeling, W. Va., in April and May, 1904, were rolled into one stogie it would be 97,341.10 inches long, 6,344 inches thick, and weigh 283,876 ounces troy weight. A man would have to have a jaw 8,166 feet from ear to ear measured thru his mouth, to get it between his teeth; and if he smoked it up he would be so sick that it would require the services of 823 physicians, 1,200 nurses, and 343 attendants 33 years, 11 months, 18 days, 22 minutes and 51 seconds to get his stomach in order again. The smoke from the stogie would form a cloud 221 1/2 miles long by 47 1/2 wide, obscuring the sun from Maysville to Monessen, Pa. If the cold feet of the men ahead of the game in all of the poker seances in Chicago on an average night were to be collected it would give a fridity equal to that of 91,715,400 pounds of artificial ice manufactured annually in St. Louis; and if a percentage of this ice equal to the duty on candles into that part of the Gold Coast of Africa west of the river Volta were to be used in high-balls it would cool 36,686,160 of these drinks."—*JUDGE.*