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W. WILKINSON.

Dr. Grenfell in Labrador

Douglas Palmer contributes the following interesting article to The Outlook:

It is eight months now since I have heard the whistle of a steam engine. A rare sight it is to see the many teams of dogs coming and going, to hear the drivers shouting as they guide the animals, or even to see them try to separate the dogs to keep them from fighting. But if they really start to fight, and they generally do if there is a chance, it takes more than words to end the fray. All of the dogs one team will stick together against those any other. Hair flies, and when 'time is led' there is apt to be a great mix-up of harses and dogs.

Speaking of dogs, I have just returned

n my first dog trip—a journey of about one dred and fifty miles, made under condiwhich, according to the local people, ere about as bad as could be, for we were aught in a terrific snowstorm that made the ng nearly impossible-and still I think doging the keenest sport I know anything When you start in the morning, the are so eager to be off that it is difficult get the traces attached to the komatik. The ole team is howling and tugging or snapg at each other in their excitement. But wonderful thing of it all is that if, after a of all hard, slow pulling, you get on to snow or ice, the dogs break into a fast of their own accord. We feed the dogs once a day, and that at night, so some can they go because there is a supper of raw al and blubber or strong, sometimes rotten, hale awaiting them. I prefer to believe that hey love their work-they do so seem to enit. At any time of the day, if you stop team when another is ahead, there is the ome fight to advance. First one dog strains the trace, and then another; one dog raises s head and lets out a howl, then another and other, till you have pandemonium turned ose when the whole team of six or eight or ven ten or twelve dogs all join in. The dogs re loyal; they are willing to go as long as here is anything in them, so you cannot but ove your team. But one thing the novice oon learns-that men do not try to harness r meddle with each other's dogs. Your own logs may jump all over you when you first come out in the morning, so glad are they to ee you, but it is safe for other people to let those same dogs alone.

Dog-driving has other attractions. It is not often monotonous. Everything changes. You start out with the finest sunshine, and perhaps in an hour it has come on to blow and become so 'dirty' with snow that you can hardly see the leader of your team forty feet away. Or again, you start over frozen lakes ponds or barrens where you 'randy'-ride the komatik-till you have to get off and to keep warm. Soon you are in the hills, there you first have to help drag the sled to assist the dogs up, and the next moment you hrow on the 'drug' (an iron chain, to block the unners) as you tear down the hill. Then you hay take to the woods, where the komatik or else the harness catches in a stump which the snow has not covered, and while you pull back o free the sled the ever eager dogs are strain-

ing in the opposite direction to go ahead. If the snow has fallen recently, you see no en of human life. For mile after mile and our after hour the snow lies white and unodden, save where some rabbit or partridge, even fox or caribou, has passed over your You see no houses and hear no artisounds; only an occasional tomtit or ne other bird that has braved the cold wininstead of migrating to the south'ard, and noise of the wind in the trees. Everying is fresh and pure. You try to plan to up at night at some settler's house, or, tter still, at a tilt in the woods where all the linary pleasures of camp life are added to se of dog-driving. You 'boil the kettle,' d then feed your dogs, and while you are ng on a thick, heavy caribou skin close to warm 'bogie' stove, your dogs are just as nfortable lying curled up in the snow with eir heads out of the wind, or, better yet, in e 'lun,' (out of the wind entirely).

Last summer was a record-breaker in the rogress of the Mission, especially at St. Anhony. The hospital, with fourteen beds, was nlarged, so that next summer at least thirtyfive patients can be properly treated. Nor was this addition unnecessary. Throughout he entire summer and fall there were never ess than twenty 'in' patients for the fourteen egular beds, and as high as twenty-three ere housed, by means of a tent, and crowding. nd, besides these, there were some we arded in the village who came daily for eatment, and still others who were sent home the same boat they came on, for lack of acumodations. By a strange coincidence, 1,909 tients appeared on the hospital book for the ir ending October 31, 1909. A large numof the cases were surgical, cases where distances made it difficult to get skilled in time, or cases where ignorance or pure ect greatly aggravated the conditions. For apple, the last steamer of the season ght a small boy who, on account of sweland lardening of the tissues, had been open his mouth to take anything

Dr. Grenfell found a neglected tooth the cause of the whole trouble. A mere that been allowed to ulcerate (there was catry doctor in the town where the boy until practically one-half of the entire lower jaw had died and marry of the other that become affected. The dead bone as all removed and the boy's face is slowly assuming a normal appearance, and we expect

The orphanage, where children have to acep fegularly in the superintendent's dining-oom, was doubled in capacity to accommodate

now about forty children. Since he came on this coast about twice this number of children have passed through his hands and now are able to care for themselves or are placed in homes in England and America. His idea, or, better, the ideals that govern him in making himself personally responsible for these waifs, are expressed in his appeal to the government this winter for the regular per capita allowance for the care of orphans: "The qualification that appeals to me solely is the child's need; if the child is living with a beast of a father, or has had to wander to the houses of neighbors to get food and warmth, I have considered such cases as claimants on charity. I have tried for the past fifteen years to care for all cases of naked or starving children or those who would grow up a burden to the commun-The government has granted the request. An American school-teacher and kindergartener holds school five days a week in the orphanage, exclusively for the inmates, though this year we are sending two boy patients from the hospital so that they, too, may enjoy the advantages offered.

When there is no coal dealer within some hundreds of miles of where you are trying to run a hospital and an orphanage and many other buildings, and where there is no communication for from five to seven months, it becomes necessary to put in a hundred tons of coal or more for the winter, and that means you must have a place to store it. The same applies to all necessities of life-to flour, sugar, meat, and oil, to all kinds of tools and hardware, to paints and turpentine, which you buy by the cask, to hay and food for cattle and sheep, to a thousand things. It applies as well to things you use as to those you consume. Everything must be on hand. The Mission must have its own forge, for it runs its own electric light plant, and so must keep the same in repair. And there must be buildings to store all these things-more buildings than the outsider realizes. Last summer a fireproof oil storage tank, a large machinery building, a double cottage for workingmen, and Dr. Grenfell's private house were all built, besides the hospital and the orphanage additions. There

was progress all along.

And growth will continue. The government has made a grant towards a wharf, so that instead of having to bring as many as fifty patients, with all their baggage, in an open boat to the shore, we shall land them on the wharf at the door of the hospital. (On stormy days it has been no easy task to get patients to and from the steamer.) This wharf is already giving work to a gang of men in the woods (who otherwise could not get employment) to cut timbers, and to another crew who are successfully using reindeer to bring the logs to tide-water.

Tuberculosis in all its forms is a far greater curse to this country than to most, because of badly ventilated houses and habitual spitting on the part of almost all the men, who thus spread the disease. Far and away the greater part of all the deaths in these four Mission hospitals come from this cause, and were there any exact statistics the same would be found true for the whole country. Till this year the authorities have taken no action to foster sanitoria, etc. But now the government has asked Dr. Grenfell to experiment with the outdoor treatment (he has used it for years in the hospitals) and to build an up-to-date equipment with a capacity for ten or twelve beds. This request shows, in a measure, the confidence there is in this Mission, for here at St. Anthony we are in summer four days from St. John's, the capital and population centre of the province, and in winter we are totally cut off from communication save for the dog sledges. Dr. Grenfell has decided to undertake the new reponsibility, and, with some aid from the government, is starting this summer to construct the tubercular buildings, separated, of course, from the present hospital.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Why It Is No Longer Popular With Leading English Authors

The short story in England, what will it become? That is always an interesting question in literary matters, and it is brought up in a direct way just now by Mr. H. G. Wells.. He was at one time, not only a very considerable, but a very brilliant short-story writer. In recent years, however, he has been engaged with his long novels and with serious social and political controversies. The result has been that he has practically ceased writing short stories, and in this he is typical of other middle-aged English authors who, like himself, were at one time very keen on short stories

One thinks of Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Jerome K. Jerome, Joseph Conrad, George Moore, and many more whose names suggest the question—where are the short stories of yesterday? W. W. Jacobs goes on writing his humorous tales, and hot only keeping, but increasing his public. Pett Ridge, too, goes on with his London stories, and he also is read. But, generally speaking, there has been a "slump," as they say of poetry, in the English short story of the best quality from the best writers. Why is this?

We get a very interesting answer from Mr. Wells in a long introduction to a collection of his short stories entitled "The Country of the Blind," which the house of Nelson has just published. "There was," he says, "a time when life bubbled with short stories; they were always coming to the surface of my mind, and it is no deliberate change of will that has thus restricted my production. It is rather, I think, a diversion of attention to more sustained and more exacting forms." He tells us that with himself the creation of the

short story was comparatively easy. "I found," he recalls, "that taking almost anything as a starting point, that letting my thoughts play about it, there would presently come out of the darkness, in a manner quite inexplicable, some absurd or vivid little incident more or less relevant to that initial nucleus." Even so, he writes no short stories now, or hardly any, and speaking for himself, and for others, he attributes this, in part anyhow, to a turn in English literary fashions.

"The nineties," he points out, "was a good and stimulating period for a short-story writer." Stevenson and Henry James were then acknowledged masters of it, and Kipling and Barrie came along, scarcely less gifted masters. It found editorial apreciation in many quarters, and, indeed, Mr. Wells declares, no short story of the slightest distinction went for long unrecognized in the nineties. "The sixpenny popular magazines," he adds, "had still to deaden down the conception of what a short story might be to the imaginative limitation of the common reader—and a maximum length of six thousand words."

There, no doubt, Mr. Wells puts his finger surely on the point of decline of the English short story of first quality. It was levelled down by the popular magazine, not levelled up, as your leading magazines happily keep it up in America. As a consequence the first English masters of the short story turned away from it, and we see another result of that in Mr. Wells' remark. "It is now quite unusual to see any adequate criticism of short stories in English. I do not know how far the decline in short story writing may be due to that. Every sort of artist demanded human responses, and few men can contrive to write merely for a publisher's cheque and silence, however pleasurable that cheque may be. A mad millionaire who commissioned masterpieces to burn, would find it impossible to buy them. Scarcely any artist will hesitate in the choice between money and attention; and it was primarily for that last and better sort of pay that the short stories of the nineties were

Still another point Mr. Wells digs out in his analysis of this retrogression of the English short story. There was, he says, a tendency to treat it as though it was as definable a form of literature as the sonnet, "instead of being just exactly what any one of courage and imagination can get told in twenty minutes' reading or so." Somebody, Mr. Wells recalls, said the short story was Maupassant, while the anecdote was damnable. "It was," he continues, "quite an infernal comment in its way, because it permitted no defence. Fools caught it up and used it freely. Nothing is so destructive in a field of artistic effort as a stock term of abuse. Any one could say of any short story, 'a mere anecdote,' just as any one can say 'incoherent' of any novel or of any sonata that isn't studiously monotonous. The recession of enthusiasm from this compact, amusing form, is closely associated in my mind with that discouraging imputation. One felt hopelessly open to a paralyzing and unanswerable charge, and one's ease and happiness in the garden of one's fancies was more

and more marred by the dread of it." Though Mr. Wells has probably finished his work as a short-story writer, he observes that he still may be allowed to remain a critic and as a critic he declares all for laxness and variety in this as in every field of art. "Insistence," he declares, " upon rigid forms and austere unities, seems to me the instinctive reaction of the sterile against the fecund. It is the tired man with a headache who values a work of art for what it does not contain.' That surely is a witty remark, as well as a wise one, but, anyhow, Mr. Wells refuses to recognize any hard and fast type for the short story, any more than he admits any limitation upon the liberties of the small picture. It does not matter," he says, "whether it is human or inhuman. Some things are more easily done as short stories than others, and more abuntdantly done, but one of the many pleasures of short-story writing is to achieve the impos-

"Something very bright and moving," that is Mr. Wells' prescription for the short story, end each, he insists, should be a thing by itself; so much so, that he confesses he would always like to see a short story printed by itself alone and left in a little brown paper cover to lie about a room against the needs of quite casual curiosity. Nay, he would rather these little brown paper volumes were found in the bedrooms of convalescents and in dentists' parlors, and railway trains, than in gentlemen's studios. Now that is a hint for the thoughtful and enterprising publisher. Who will give effect to Mr. Wells' suggestion?—New York Times.

BUT THINK OF THE GIRAFFE

In her pretty new frock Sister Mabel felt quite proud as she sat on the front step and watched some boys playing on the sidewalk. After a time one little boy came to talk to her and to admire, in his rough little way,

her bright, shiny shoes and pink sash.

"See my nice little square-cut waist," she crowed, "and my nice coral beads! Don't you

wish you wuz a girl?"

"No, sir-ee," replied the boy. "I wouldn't want to be any girl at all, because lookie how much more neck you have to wash."

"I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man, smartly. "He had a thousand wives."

"Yes" answered the woman tartly. "he

"Yes," answered the woman, tartly, "he learned his wisdom from them."—Brooklyn Life.

Disappearing landing wheels, which fold up within the chassis, feature a new aeroplane.

Water for the boilers of steam engines in France is now heated by exhaust steam. It economizes fuel more than 12 per cent.

There were built in France, during 1910, no fewer than 1,300 aeroplanes, with a combined motive power of 60,000 horse power, and the distance covered in flights at aerodromes reached a total of 310,683 miles.

Remittance Man In N.Y.

"Upon my soul, Hansbrongham, Jear boy, it's very kind of you to stand me this. I'm a little short this week, almost stone broke, y'know, but next week I shall be in funds, really and I want you to dine with me then."

The man addressed at the table that held three and toward which a fourth man was moving as if he were discovering friends, waved his hand slightly as if he did not care, and ordered cigars, says a writer in the New York Sun. He had quite the air of the grand seigneur. The third man did not say a word, but watched his glass wolfishly. It was evident that manners alone restrained him from swallowing its contents immediately, before the others had poured out their drinks. Once he drank his eyes lit up with satisfaction and he looked at bottle and glasses almost lovingly, as if he rarely saw much quality.

All four men were neatly dressed, the host almost handsomely. The clothes of the others were a trifle shabby, but they were well cut and well fitting. Each man carried himself smartly and showed himself used to the best. Every voice was low pitched and pleasant. About at least two there was a touch of the military.

Several other men who seemed strangely like them came up, spoke and sat down at adjoining tables. Each little group appeared to have one man who was doing the honors, who was better dressed than the others, and more satisfied with himself.

"They're all remittance men," whispered the manager of the place. "They've taken this cafe as a sort of club and they use two of the other big and fashionable hotels in the same way, though not as regularly as this. There's very seldom an afternoon when several tablefuls of them are not here. We don't care about having them, for their trade's not so very valuable, but they are gentlemen and they're well behaved, so we don't say anything.

"Every one of them comes of a good English family, and they've been sent over here for something or other. That man with the fine shoulders was a captain in the British army in India. You should see him walk. That man next him is almost a lord. His cousin has the title, and a little boy comes next. If both die he will step into the estate. And all of them are over here on just enough to keep body and soul together

"Some of them live on as low as \$5 a week, but that's unusual. The lowest sent them from home is generally \$50 a month. Nearly always they have to go to a lawyer downtown to get it. Of course, some get a great deal more. There's one man that comes here who has \$15,000 a' year sent him from Rome as long as he lives in New York. He draws his money weekly just like a salary.

"The men you see entertaining are those who have just received some money or have made some by a streak of luck. All these gentlemen know each other, and when a man has any money he is good to the others. He won't lend him much, but he will treat him to the best a house like this affords, and that means a great deal to these men that know what riches are and now, except at times, have hardly a penny in their pockets."

People who have come in touch with the remittance man say that there are 200 or 300 of them in New York. There may be more who are kept under cover and live in seclusion, but that is unlikely, for mingling with people that are really his kind and getting even fragments of the luxury he once knew are as the breath of life to the remittance man.

The remittance man, in the majority of cases, gravitates to New York. So long as he puts the ocean in between and keeps it there, his family does not much care where he stays. In New York he is likely to meet visiting Englishmen who may not be informed about his history and Americans who like the English of good class and are not always as careful as they might be to make inquiries.

To be able to rub elbows with such people he must keep well dressed. The New York remittance man is sometimes, by hard fate, without his evening togs, but if he has to go hungry he invariably sees that his clothes—perhaps he is down to a single suit—are well pressed, his linen clean and his boots shining.

One man of this order much seen in hotel cases has precisely a dollar a day to spend for eating and getting about town after his room rent is paid. Every Friday afternoon there is waiting for him at a firm of New York attorneys \$12. Under no circumstances, after this is drawn, can he get another cent until the following Friday. A moderate priced New York tailor and an equally modest priced haberdasher have orders to let him have so many dollars' worth of goods each three months.

A number of remittance men receive their stipend from home quarterly, but this custom is being done away with, for these men are, as a class, improvident and if several hundred dollars is placed in their hands at once, it is almost certain to go like water. Nearly invariably the remittance man is a persistent devotee of the tables of chance.

In one of the big hotels the other afternoon a New Yorker suddenly wheeled around sharply and walked a few steps away.

"I thought it a little better," he said to his companion. "There's a man there I'd rather not meet. His mother, sister and brothers over in London are close friends of mine. If they came here I'd get to the steamer to meet them and show them every courtesy.

"This brother distinguished himself in Africa. He's a superb officer, and he had a great career before him. Now—well, I suppose the family allow him \$15 a week here. It would be quite useless to give him any more. He'd simply gamble it all away.

"He's miles deep in debt in England, completely discredited. No, he's not exactly a scamp, but utterly unscrupulous in money matters. He hangs about here sponging and trying to raise little loans. If he'd seen me now, within five minutes he'd have woven together a story, of a great business opportunity, and have done his best to work me.

'T've seen a good deal of these fellows They're very picturesque, but they're to be avoided like the plague. There is one characteristic they all have. None of them has ever worked a day in his life, but every one is under the delusion that he could be a great business man on a large scale.

"They dream up the most extraordinary propositions you ever heard. One or two have actually made money in this way. They have fallen in with some get-rich-quick geniuses, have made their personality useful, and have been shrewd enough to carry off a fair share of the profits.

"But actual work is something these men won't do. Out of all the educated, agreeable, high-class exiled Englishmen drifting around the hotels of New York I have known of exaxactly two who ever really worked. One put his pride in his pocket after he had been over here a couple of years. He found a pretty American girl of very ordinary class that he wanted to marry, and he struck out for himself.

"I met that man eight years ago in England, when he was a captain. Now he is a waiter in one of the largest of the high-grade downtown restaurants. He is a capital waiter, too, and his revenue from tips must be very neat. A remarkable thing about him is that he is not at all ashamed of his work. He even takes a pride in it. He makes no attempt at all to hide his identity. He has gone down in the social scale, of course, but I think he is much happier.

"The other man I speak of makes a really good income by designing pieces of jewelry for wealthy people. He works hard at this, and has acquired a reputation. Some day, if all goes well, this man will have an estate and a big rent roll in England. Now he has nothing and is dependent upon the bounty of his elder brother, who cordially dislikes him. When the father died the elder son announced forth with that he did not propose to become a bank for his brother. On condition that he would go and live in America he would send him monthly £200 a year. If he stayed, nothing.

"Frederick came over. It was a Hobson's choice. He knew he couldn't earn a cent abroad, and a thousand dollars a year was better than starvation. He and his wife had a bad time at first, and then some people he fell in with suggested this designing. He could make a really good profession of it were it not that when he gets a hundred dollars or so in the bank over immediate necessaries, he becomes Sir Improvident again and must spend the money on dinners, theatres and geegaws.

"But these two men do work. The others eke out their small allowances at the card tables or by touches even down to a dime."

The remittance man of New York generally hires a room and tries to eat off his acquaintances and friends. Some of the big hotels have dollar a day rooms on their top floors, and these are useful to the remittance man. They give him an address that helps him along.

The remittance men are good to each other. At any time one of their number may go home in a blaze of glory and be completely rehabilitated. They never forget the possibilities of this

"One of these men has picked up some money by giving Americans going abroad letters of introduction to titled people. The letters are all genuine, and he really knew all the people he writes to, so there is no haud. In each case he adroitly secures a loan from the man has obliged.

"Another remittance man has, off and on,

touted for a private haberdasher successfully. Still another is ingenious in selecting victims for shady financial enterprises. This man has actually gained for himself the reputation of being an Englishman of large means.

"One law firm that has long made a specialty of looking after the American interests of wealthy Englishmen has the affairs of a dozen remittance men in its charge.

"They are the most pitiable set of men in New York,' said the junior partner of this concern the other day. 'All are really men of ability and personality. They have good presences and good addresses. Some are a little off, it is true, but the most of them appear extremely well. Even now any number of them could make themselves men of mark. But they have chosen their own path, and they will not leave it.

"'A few months ago I made an experiment with one of them. He was a man of great charm, and you were at once interested in him. It looked as if there was a chance of making something out of him. I explained the case to a friend of mine, and brought the man around, My friend gave him a minor secretarial place at \$15 a week to start with. He too was charmed with the fellow. You never saw any one so grateful as the young Englishman. He would work his fingers off, he told me, now that some one had given him a chance.

"Two days later, at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon, my friend called me up. "Say," he said. "Judson-Judson went out early to lunch today at a few minutes before 12. He hasn't come back"

"'John,' I answered back, 'I'm afraid our little experiment has failed!' I mentioned the name of a big hotel uptown, 'Run one of your boys up and see if he isn't there!'

boys up and see if he isn't there!'
"He was, 'sitting at one of the cafe ta-