# Salt Spring Island and Its Industries.

When Jupiter Pluvius, the weather clerk, was distributing the weather to the various localities, he was a trifle impartial and gave some much better than others; to Victoria and Salt Spring island he was exceptionally generous, and decreed that these two localities were to have the best of everything that was going in the weather business. Certain it is that the island is blessed with an exceptionally fine and equable climate and is a place where one may be sure there will be neither severe cold or distressing heat at any time during the year. Salt Spring Island, formerly known as Admiral Island, and still so charted, is located in the Gulf of Georgia, off the east coast of Vancouver Island, about fifty miles north of Victoria; it is reached from Victoria by the V. T. Railway & F. Company, and S.S. Iroquois on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and on Tuesdays by S.S. City of Nanaimo, one of the E. & N. Company's fleet, leaving Victoria at 6 a. m. On the other route the train leaves the Market building at 7 a. m., connecting with the steamer at Sidney. There is one other way sometimes used, viz. per E. & N. Railway and Crofton, from which point Vesuvius bay is but a half-hour's pull in a small boat which can usually be hired at Crofton from Mr. Conlin, of the Crofton hotel.

The island is about 17 miles long and varies in breadth from one to nine miles, most of it is very mountainous and unfit for settlement, but there are many choice locations, well settled, notably in and around Ganges and Fulford harbors. The population is roughly 500 and is mostly made up of Old Country people. The grim reaper, Death, has robbed the island of two of the best known and most respected members, in the persons of Mrs. Norton and Mr. Ross Mahon, both died under particularly distressing circumstances, and very suddenly. Mrs. Norton was one of the oldest settlers, in fact the wife of the oldest, and Mr. Mahon, an Irishman of kindly wit and a huge favorite with all, has been a resident for many years.

As already stated the climate is equable in the extreme, and consequently, well adapted for fruit culture, which industry is carried on to a considerable extent and with considerable success. On account, also, of the immunity from predatory animals, the raising of sheep is most successfully prosecuted. Mr. Theo. Trage, of Beaver Point, has the following to say: "There is no more land to be pre-empted; every acre has been taken up some time ago. About one-fourth of the soil is real good land; the balance rocks. For markets we have Victoria and Nanaimo; we are connected four times a week with Victoria, and twice with Nanaimo by steamer. Cereals are not cultivated to any extent, oats excepted, of which some are produced for feed. Peas are also grown in fair quantities. Potatoes, early and late rose, Burbank seedling, Green Mountain and several other late varieties are grown and produce about four tons per acre. Considerable trouble with cutworm. Ruling price $18 per ton. Other roots and vegetables are not produced in any quantity. Timothy, rye grass and red clover are produced; about two tons per acre for hay. Red and white clover is considered better than timothy. Indian corn is very little cultivated, only a few acres being grown to be cut green for fodder. Apples, strawberries, etc., etc., do well and yield abundantly."

The systematic rearing of poultry is being closely followed. Mr. Bullock has the most elaborate outfit (views of Mr. Bullock's place will appear in the next article) and is in a position to raise immense quantities of poultry. Mr. Bullock makes a specialty of the Wyandotte species and has been very successful in raising very high-class stock. Recently a special breed of Black Minorcas has been received, whose combs will not freeze. Mr. Bullock expects great things from this stock. In the next article a detailed description of the whole system will appear. Mr. Ernest Crofton is also going extensively into poultry raising. He has just completed the building of a chicken house 132 feet in length, fitted with the most approved appliances, and, like Mr. Bullock's, ideal in the interior arrangement.

In this issue will be found a cut of the residence of Mr. E. Walter. Mr. Walter owns and operates a very nice farm situated on the shore of Ganges harbor. We also show a cut which gives a good view of the splendid grove of maples near the house, and from which the home derives its name, viz. "The Maples." Mr. Walter is secretary of the Island Farmers' Institute, and does good work for his society in that capacity.

Messrs. Malcolm and Purvis, whose two stores are shown with this article, do a large and profitable business and operate both stores, one at Ganges harbor and the other two miles inland on the road to Vesuvius bay; the latter is the postoffice, and Mr. Percy Purvis is the postmaster. In connection with the Ganges harbor store is a blacksmith shop, the operator of which is a thoroughly competent man and a good wheelwright. The firm do considerable business with Vancouver Island points, and the business is in a very prosperous condition. There are three other stores on the island, views of which will appear in the article which will appear next Sunday.

On Tuesday evening, last, the Conservatives unanimously chose Mr. Bullock to be the standard-bearer of the party at the forthcoming elections; the choice was a good one, Mr. Bullock being a strong man and one who will get a large support. In our next article will appear several views of Mr. Bullock's beautiful residence and farm.

As already stated the land is all taken up that is worth taking up, and quite recently a few changes have been made in the ownership of the land. Mr. Toutson, who had a farm at Ganges harbor, has sold out to Mr. Ward, who, at one time owned the present site of the town of Crofton. Mr. Ward intends doing considerable improvements on the place, among others he intends building, so our correspondent was informed, a very fine residence before winter. One of the oldest settlers, Mr. Norton, has also sold out this summer to Messrs. Hally and Smith, who will take possession on the first of October. These gentlemen have secured a splendid property, the view from the house being simply incomparable. From the house can be seen the splendid stretch of Ganges harbor, which is a bay of over 10 miles in length, and varying from a few yards to two or three miles in width. On the south side of the harbor the charming little place belonging, up to this summer, to Mr. Cecil Abbott's brother, has been purchased by a gentleman from Manitoba, who, in conversation with our correspondent, stated that he is delighted with the change of climate and is quite content with his purchase, which, by the way, is subject to ratification by the owner, who is absent from the island.

Lieutenant-Colonel Craig has a charming place right at the head of the harbor and has recently returned from the Old Country. The Colonel went home at the outbreak of the Transvaal war in order to get, if possible, on active service. In this he was, as he says, unfortunate, but like a good soldier did garrison duty for the whole time. The correspondent who collected this data is very grateful to the genial Colonel for very many acts of courtesy received during several visits to the island this summer.

Without in way detracting from the excellence of the splendid boarding-house which Mrs. Stevens keeps, it is a well-known fact that a hotel properly conducted would be a distinct acquisition to the district. Mrs. Stevens house is generally "full up," and no wonder, because better fare, or a more pleasant place to stay is not to be found anywhere, still it is a long way for a commercial man to travel from the wharves. And again there is absolutely no place where anybody can buy a meal if "stuck," as the writer has been, on more than one occasion, and has been forced to depend on the hospitality, never refused either, of some of the residents. A saloon is not wanted, nor will it be tolerated, still we think that a good hotel would both benefit the island generally, and the visiting public particularly.

There is a good agricultural hall on the harbor front on a portion of the farm purchased by Mr. Ward from Mr. Tomson, and every year there is a first-class agricultural exhibition, the date of the one this year has not yet been fixed, but the lists will shortly be printed and available by application to the secretary, one of the new settlers, and a recent resident of this city, Mr. H. Octavius Allen.

The creamery which is now being erected by Contractors Bittancourt and Mason is farily well under way and will most likely be ready for business by the first of October, Mr. Allen is secretary for this also, and between the two and attending to his own place where he has the finest Buff Orpington stock on the continent, keeps him fairly busy. Mr. Allen's place is situated at what is known as Cranberry Marsh. So far the writer has not had the pleasure of seeing the place, but hopes to do so in the near future.

There are two roads from Ganges harbor to the central settlement, where the postoffice is, one by the way of Mr. Bullock's place, and the other past Messrs. Hally and Smith's, and the cemetery where the remains of the late Speaker Booth rest. On the former, Mr. Scoville, a genial Irishman, has a very nice home, close to Colonel Craig's, while further on, by taking the road to the right, and following the shore line of Ganges harbor, the ranches of Messrs. Godfrey and William Scott are reached, or better still, by boat from the wharf. These gentlemen go in extensively for fruit raising and very successfully.—Mr. William Scott's prunes being well-known by Victoria buyers, Messrs. Dixi Ross & Company sell large quantities annually. Mr. Godfrey Scott's orchard is quite an oddity, being situated on a steep side hill facing south. The trees look very healthy and prove by their healthiness the good sense of the planter. Returning to the main road, another branch road is shortly reached which leads to the farm of the late Mr. Ross Mahon, of whose sad decease we treat elsewhere in this article. What disposition will be made of this property is not yet known. There are several small but well kept places along the road, and as we intend giving extended notice of Mr. Bullock's place in a future issue, will continue our journey. Returning to Ganges Harbor by the other road, the first place struck is that of the Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Mr. Wilson, who has an elegant home; we took a photo, but the amount of evergreen made it so that we could not get a clear cut from it. Passing Mr. Norton's old place, which we shall deal more particularly with in our next, Mr. Frank Scott's place is reached, and further on Mr. Crofton's. The former gentleman has been most unfortunate this year, having hurt himself badly by falling off a load of hay. We are glad to state, however, that he now seems all right again. Mr. Alfred G. Crofton ships considerable fruit to Victoria, and rumor says that very shortly he will take unto himself a wife, a resident of the island. If our information is correct, and it is not out of place, we wish them abiding joy and happiness.

Mr. Ernest A. Crofton, brother-in-law of Mr. Bullock's, a view of whose residence appears elsewhere, has a very nice farm on the road to Vesuvius bay.

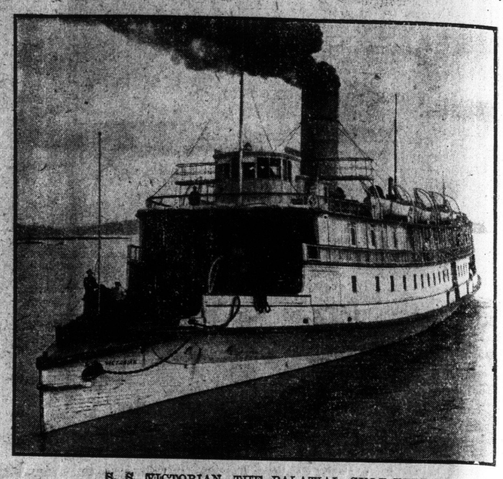
Mrs. Steven's boarding-house is near the postoffice, on the road to what is called the North end, which will also be treated of in the next issue.

The island has a resident physician, Dr. Gerald Baker, whose position is no sinecure, as he has the whole of the island to attend to, and it entails an immensity of traveling day and night. Every endeavor was made to induce Dr. Baker to run in the forthcoming elections in the Conservative interests, but the doctor felt that he could not conscientiously do so and attend to his practice properly. His refusal for some time seemed most unfortunate until, as before, stated, Mr. Bullock stepped into the breach and accepted the nomination.

At present Ganges harbor district has only a local telephone system, in a very poor state of repair, but the Dominion government has promised to connect this portion with the Fulford harbor side as soon as practicable, thus giving them connection with Victoria via Duncans; also the settlers have decided to improve and re-instal the present system. When all this work is completed the community will be well-fixed for outside communication, and it will be a great boon to Victoria business houses; at present there is no way of getting word to that end, except by mail, which only goes out on four days per week.

S. S. CITY OF NANAIMO—The E. & N. Company's Splendid Passenger Steamer.

S. S. IROQUOIS—THE MAIL STEAMER.

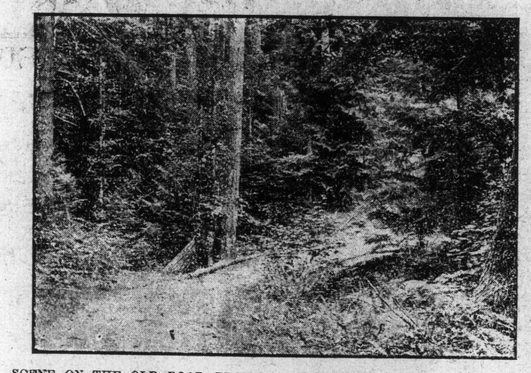


S. S. VICTORIAN—THE PALATIAL GULF FERRY.

MALCOLM & PURVIS, Postoffice Store.

VIEW OF MR. E. A. CROFTON'S RESI DENCE.

GROVE OF MAPLES ON MR. WALTERS' PLACE.



SCENE ON THE OLD ROAD FROM THE DIVIDE TO GANGES HARBOR.

MR. E. WALTERS' RESIDENCE.

MALCOLM & PURVIS, GANGES HARBOR STORE.

## CHIMMIE FADDEN'S TALES

EXPLAINS HOW HE WAS INVOLVED IN A SENTIMENTAL PROBLEM.

By Edward W. Townsend. Copyright by Robt. H. Russell.

SOMEBODY was telling Mr. Paul dat de bicycle dat goes by kerseen oil is de real ting in de way of motor going. He got one. I'd as lief he hadn't, for I'd have more skin dat de square inch of Chimmie, if he hadn't; but I wouldn't got a lovely tip, and dat's wort some skin.

Foist, let me ask you: (What's de matter wit walking, or driving, or riding—or stopping to home? Everybody dese days hasgone clear dotty on how to get somewhere else dan dey is, and getting dere some odder way dan is good for deir healts. If I had no more use to woik for a living dan Mr. Paul and Whiskers, I'd make up me mind where I'd be satisfied to be, and den I'd go dere by canal boat, and stop dere. But nay, nay! Everybody no sooner gets somewhere dan dey wants to get somewhere else; and at dat dey ain't satisfied to go by a way dat leaves em a fair chance of getting dere in de same pieces dey started; dey wants de odds to be, dat dey'll get dere in job-lots deir own modders wouldn't know.

Dat's no joke. One Johnnie in Paris has de centre of de stoige, and all de lime light he can stand, because he can go from one part of de city to anuoder in a baloon—sometimes! What's de matter wit de streets? Den a sinetific gazeebo in Washington, where de President makes laws for de lawyers, is out for a record wit a flying machine dat Uncle Sam himself is putting up de price for. What's de matter wit em all? Why dis bustle to get off de eart? Isn't de world big enough as it's laid out? If it's only dat dey feels sporty, and wants to run a risk of deir necks every time dey gets a move on, don't two trains try to pass on de same track often enough to suit?

Well, anyway, Mr. Paul he gets de croise, and lands one of dose bikes dat has all kinds of devil machines under de saddle.

"Chames," he says to me, "Come out to de otermobile shed, and we'll have a look at me new motor-bike," he says.

Say, de way I didn't want to see dat ting would be a play. I could go round it wit me eyes shut, and be as happy as if I'd seen a pretty goil.

But I never renige on Mr. Paul; he's a sporty lad himself, and so what he says goes wit me.

Did you ever get close to one of dose machines? No? Don't! A plain everyday mobile is a hay wagon alongside of a motor bike. Dey has pipes and fuses and tanks and stopcocks and startcocks and sparks and oil regulators and coils and electricity and benzine, and I don't know what t'ell. And you straddles dat lay-out. It would be hard luck to have it in de same country wit you—but straddle it!

Mr. Paul has a French shuffer, what shuffs his mobes, and de shuffer he fetches de motor-bike out if de shed, and he gives it a look, like he'd sawed off a rattle snake on us, and he chases back into de shed, and gets to woik on his back under a mobe, and lets on dat he was too busy to know what we wanted. But Mr. Paul digs him out, and asks him had he examined de bike, and what did he tink of it. Shuffer humps his shoulders, and says dat he'd diplomas and licenses to run mobes in French and English, but dat when it comes to run a two-wheeled freak he'd pass the job up to Mr. Paul. So we starts worrying de insides of de poor ting, and Mr. Paul said dat he remembered all dat de man said who'd sold him de ting; and we'd give it a trial. It wasn't built for two, and I was tinking what he meant by "We."

"It's like dis," he says. "Dis feed pipe is introduced to de injector, and de cut-off is coiled on de 'cprocating oscillator, when de fuse is detached for pedal power, and den all you has to do is to turn de friction clutch in action wit de left foot, while de right controls de sleeve of de water jacket; den wit one hand, force de lever two notches on de ratchet, and wid de odder hand, steady de injector to keep de explosion gague from backing up to de tank, for den de only danger of a back draught will be minimized!"

"Is dat all?" I says.

"Dat is all, while running on a level; but for hill climbing, and coasting, and stopping, and starting, and going slow, or fast, dere is a few stunts dat is performed by dis battery of levers and cocks and screws and cut-offs and fawcets, which you reach by raising in de saddle, and controlling de handle-bar wit your knees."

"Is it wort while boddering wit," I says. "Isn't it too easy, sir?" I says.

"De easy part is for de rider—de man told me dat—but de instructor, who stands on de ground and gives simple orders on one syllable woids, he has a hard task, indeed," says Mr. Paul.

"Let's get shuffer to ride, and I'll give orders," I says, for shuffer tries gallygaily—wit Duchess, and I was willing for him to have a nice easy job like dat.

"No," Mr. Paul says, tautful, "Dis is a American machine, and it takes a American to ride it. Don't you want to try, Chames? Of course if you is afraid, I'll ask one of de gardeners to ride it."

Of course when de game was put up to me in dat way I had to draw cards, and look cheerful as I could. Nearly all de hands on de place was rubbering around, to see what would happen, and Maggie, de housemaid, she whispers to me did I want her to take any message to Duchess before I mounted. De coachman's kid asks me would dey wake me on de premises or on de bowery; cause he'd never seen a wake, and wanted to know. Housekeeper told me dat her uncle was a bone-setter, and would do a job for any friends of hers at half price, and butler says to me, on de sly, dat a cousin of his had lived tree days wit a broken neck, and had his pictures in all de papers; but was never well enough before he died to see de papers, what was a great sorrow for his family.

When shuffer found out dat he wasn't to be asked to ride it, he got friendly, and helped Mr. Paul to hold de ting up straight, while I got on, and Mr. Paul did tings to its inside.

Just den Duchess comes out to see what was de circus; and she says dat it was foolish to start me on de grounds; dat de way to do was to take de machine out on de old Post road in front of de place, and head it for Boston, for I'd always been croisy to see Boston.

"On you way, woman!" I says. "Do you spose dat I could see Boston if I got dere on dis dinky ting?"

But Mr. Paul says dat it was a good idea, and we trundles de ting out to de road, and I was up in de saddle again. Den Mr. Paul asks me did I remember all dat he'd told me about it.

"I say 'Sure,' I says. "Let her go," says I, for I was sore on Duchess for tipping off de road. I wanted to start on de lawn, where I'd had a chance to run down to the beach and drown de machine.

Mr. Paul he touched a match to something. Shuffer pumps someting else, I twisted all de screws and lever I could get me hands on, puts me feet on de peddle, dey gives it a shove, and I was off. For a while it was only like riding a plain bike, excepts dat you sits on a beer keg, or feel like you do; but pretty soon tings began to get gay, and dere was sputters and sparks and smoke and smells and choo-choos and gurgles and gasps and jolts, and I was wondering when I'd go up in de air.

"Great woik, Chames," yells Mr. Paul, who was running alongside. "Remember the inter-locking friction cut-off, when de interjector counter-balance engages wit de—"

I didn't ear no more. Someting must inter-locked for fair; for all of a sudden I left Mr. Paul like he was going backwards, and de machine and me strikes a gait for Boston dat puts Winton into de post hole. It wasn't so woise. All I had to do was to keep her in de middle of de road, and pray dat nobody else would want de same place. I trun me feet up on de coaster bolts, but one of me feet struck someting dat did tings to de engine, and we starts off on a new gait dat made de foist one seem like strolling in a meadow. I seen someting ahead, and woiked de fog horn signal for all de noice dere was in it, and what I seen turned into de ditch, and when I passed it I saw it was a bicycle club out on a run. As I passed dey sets up a holler dat I was deir pacemaker, and for me to slow down till dey could get under way. Slow down! If I'd known what to pull to slow down, I'd pulled it a mile from its socket, so I just waves me hand for em to follow—I wanted somebody along to pick up de pieces—and away I goes

I kept de road clear for a time wit de fog horn, and nearly everyting I passed turned and chases after me, until I was followed by most of de bikes, mobes and fast horses of Westchester county, and I began to feel some chesty.

Dose dat wasn't traveling in anything dat could keep me in sight gives me good advice on de fly. "Muffle your exhaust," "Uncouple your compounder," "Hook up your compensator," dey would yell at me; and, trying to please, I gave someting a kick at every good woid of advice, and de machine would buck and waltz and do grape-vine twists, but never let up on dat gait dat I knew would fetch me to Boston in time for me dinner or me funeral.

On de level, dere is a kind of fun in dat sort of going. I spose dat's because you haven't time to guess what de harvest will be. Anyway, I began to tink dat I'd have de ha-ha on shuffer when I got home, but just den I sees ahead of me a victoria wit its hind top up. I knowed it for Whiskers', because he's de only gent in our parts dat uses a victoria wit its hind top up coming home from a morning drive down Greenwich way, and to keep de sun off.

I had just time to remember dat a new coachman had took Whiskers out dat morning, and dat he looked like a farmer, and would likely tink I'd be minutes getting to him, when I'd be seconds, for a fact. I woiked de horn wid one hand and steered as far to de right as I could wid de odder hand, but p'chee he was turning to his left. He was a Britisher, see? When he saw how I was coming he got de rattles, and turned to de left de way dey do at home. I tries to give a quick turn to de left, and more tings hapened in a second dan you could put in a book. De machine skidden, I kicked a lever dat stopped and revoised, and de stop was so sudden dat I went on me way wit a coive in de air dat landed me glancing on de victoria top, and from dere I shot off like a golf ball dat hits a rock on de fly, and landed on top of a load of hay, in de field, and got a pitchfork of it over me dat de farmer was turning up when I started.

I must have bumped me coco on a frame of de carriage top, for I was down and out till I hears someone say, "Why, here he is!" and dey chucks de hay off me, and dere was half de folks in de country rubbering.

"God bless my soul, it's Chames!" I hears Whiskers say, and I says, "Yes, sir, was you wanting anyting, sir?"

Well, dey treats me like I was a kiddie; lifts me down, and monkies over me to see was I broke, and all dey could find was a lump on me coco as big as your fist. Wily Widdy was in de carriage wit Whiskers, and she gave me someting to sniff dat made me sneeze, so a turn in a mobe pulls out a flask and he says: "Here, young man, sniff dat."

I sniffs about three fingers of it, and it puts me to the good, for fair. Den I looks for de machine, and it had hit one of dose stone walls dey raises in our county; and de biggest piece we found was de rubber bulb of de horn.

"Leave it dere," says Whiskers, "and get up on the box wit driver, and come home," he says.

Did you ever hear a French goil jaw? A cabby underpaid, and a star in a poor dressing-room uses pretty-pretty language alongside a French goil when she is doing her best at scolding. When Duchess began to plaster up me back, where de skin was off, she asks did Mr. Paul know what kind of a deal I was in for. De more I told her dat he didn't, de more she made up her mind dat he did, and if he had heard her opinion of him he would liquidated himself at bargain-counter prices. "He would rode de machine as soon as me," I said, "if I hadn't been shy on de proposition."

But I couldn't square Mr. Paul wit her. She said dat de only way dat he could make her believe dat he didn't put up a job to make her a widdy, was to tip me well. "What do you call well?" I asks, and Duchess says dat notting less dan two dollars would put Mr. Paul to de good in her opinion.

When I'd been plastered up and rubbed down I goes about me business, and I meets Mr. Paul in de hall, and he asks me into de library.

"I'm glad you wasn't hoit much, Chames," he says.

"Tanks," I says. "Barring a bump on me conk, and being a trifle shy of skin on me back, I'm as good as ever."

"Mr. Van Courtlandt—meaning Whiskers—"tells me dat it was de new coachman's fault; turning to de left." Mr. Paul says.

"Dat was lucky for me," I says. "If something hadn't stopped me I couldn't stopped meself, and would have landed in Boston; and I didn't have me Boston guide book in me pocket. No harm," I says.

"I suppose Hortense feels much hoit."

"Woise dan me," I says rubbing me conk.

"I'm sorry it happened, Chames," says he. "Perhaps dis will make you feel better," and he passed me out a fiver.

Dat was tow and a half to one better dan Duchess had figured on; and I was laying out a plan how to hold out de balance on her, but it was no use. She was laying for me when I left Mr. Paul, and she says: "How much, Cheeme?"

"Two bones," I says. "Two cases."

"It was more," she says. "If was only two you'd say it was one. Haud over Cheems. It is a good ting dat you have a careful wife to keep your money, for you might get extravagant and buy a house and lot on Fifth Avnoo. Pungle, Cheems," she says using good English, so I would understand.

What's de use! I can get trun a mile trough de air, and have de luck to land on a load of hay; but when it comes to holding out on Duchess, why, dat's magic, and I ain't up in de part. But de new coachman and me had a lovely time dat evening, and if his wife didn't use more sticking plaster on him dan Duchess used on me, his wife didn't do her duty.

But I done mine, and dat coachy will turn to de right, all right, after dis, all right, sure.

### SAVING DUE TO ELECTRIC DRIVING OF MACHINE TOOLS.

Some striking results are given in Engineering of the result of electrically-driving machine tools in the works of Messrs. Vickers Sons & Maxim. Limited, who have completely superseded all other systems by electricity, and have attained considerable economy. The difficulty of stating the saving in terms of simple comparison is very great. When a concern takes up electric-driving in earnest, it usually finds that many operations became possible which were not possible before; consequently, new machinery is ordered. At the Barrow Shipbuilding works an extension of the shipyard, approximately equal to 50 per cent increase in the power taken, marched hand in hand with the conversion to motor driving. Also, electric lighting has been largely extended. The actual result was a saving of one-half the coal bill, with an increase of over 50 per cent in output. In another instance is it possible to express so direct a comparison. Where boilers have been relieved of a part of their load through motor driving, the steam set at liberty has been used for other purposes, such as working additional hammers, presses, or other hydraulic plant. In the armor-plate planing shop, now driven by three engines developing over 600 brake horse-power, motors are being installed. There will be a saving of six engine-drivers (one to each engine on day and night shift), against which there will be a portion of the wages of one engine-driver in the power-house to be charged. In this shop, which has six cranes of 60 tons lifting capacity, recently converted to electric driving by fitting six single motors in place of 5,200 feet of ropes, a saving of £800 per annum has been affected under the head of rope renewals alone. A very large saving is also made by cutting out the constant loss due to keeping the mile of rope running, and the rate of handling the heavy weights has been doubled. Formerly the repairs to the rope pulleys and running gear formed a very heavy item. The number of stand-by men in works dealing with heavy weights can be greatly reduced by the judicious use of motors. A few years ago, it was usual to keep a gang of men to do such odd jobs as opening furnace doors, and on the large furnaces six men were required to raise some of the heavy doors. Now this operation is performed by a 1½ horse-power motor, and only as many men are employed as can be kept fairly busy. The future applications of motor driving will be largely in the direction of doing all the rough, heavy work, which is now left to laborers through the shortsighted policy of many employers, who will not see that the outlay on motors is soon recovered. A man can do work where a motor cannot, and he should be set free to do that work. As a machine he is not very efficient. The spectacle of six ordinary men pulling a rope in as many different directions proves this a fact.

In France the oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt that the animals listen to him with pleasure.

A curiosity of advertising, can be seen in South London. A grocer announces that during the building of a chanel close by he will sell good tea at 1s per pound and sugar at 1½d.