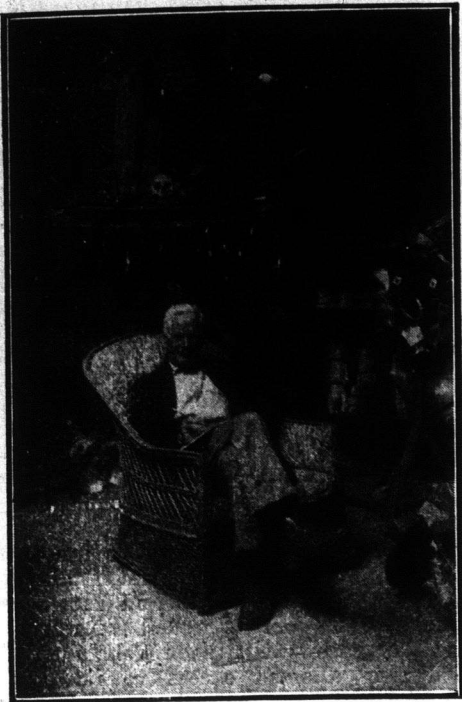


Interesting Collection of Relics

Continued from Page 21

and wood that look very much like those wooden horses used by carpenters and painters, except that they are only a few inches high. But only a book of a great many pages would do justice to the things here gathered, for each article has a story interesting, rich in the romance and adventure of the tropic lands, and also a second story of equal interest pertaining to its acquisition by the indefatigable collector who procured it.

But if the collection has an interesting history, it is no more interesting than that of its owner, who has lived a life which reads very much like fiction. He



Frank Burnett, the world's greatest South Sea collector

was born in the famous fishing and whaling town of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. His father was a sea captain, and his three brothers before him went to sea. So Frank Burnett, leaving the Merchant Taylor's Grammar School at fourteen was apprenticed to the sea by his own choice. He had many adventures in the five years of his calling. Once on a leaking barque he drifted for a month



Unique Gilbert Island armour

back and forth across the Bay of Biscay where prevailing winds in the sailing days often held ships a prisoner on this storm-tossed stretch of water. Every day of that month he with the rest of the crew were kept at the pumps to save the ship from sinking and their own lives. They finally threw overboard most of the cargo, and the ship, thus lightened and at last aided by a favorable wind, escaped the bad stretch of water and reached her home port.

In 1871 Frank Burnett came to Canada. He served first as a purser on an

Ottawa steamboat, then entered business in Montreal. He became a stockbroker, but, ruined in the failure of a big business house, he took up life anew on the lonely western prairie province of Manitoba. Here he came in 1880 before the railroad. By times farmer, grain dealer, then business man and banker, he had many ups and downs for fifteen years on the frontier, losing his crops by frost and drought and hail, having his elevator washed away by a flood which took also the savings of many years in grain stored there. But Frank Burnett was of the dogged Scottish breed which has made that race famous as pioneers. He finally won through to success. In 1895 he came to the Pacific Coast, and in that year first journeyed to the South Seas and began the making of his great collection. In 1901 in order to thoroughly explore lonely and little visited outlying islands of the distant groups he bought and outfitted his own sailing ship, a schooner of eighty tons—the "Laurel."

The fifteen months' cruise resulted in him getting well acquainted with the islands and in largely adding to his collection. In the years following this trip he returned often, his returns becoming more frequent and his stays lasting longer, until to-day half his time is spent in one or other of the groups. The Tongan, the Fijian, the Samoan, the Marquesas, Gilberts, Solomons, New Hebrides, the Carolines, the Marshalls, and the score of other groups which dot this immense expanse of southern sea he came to know as few men do, and in this way was able to build up the world's greatest individual collection which now, as a result of his splendid bequest to the Canadian University of British Columbia, will enable thousands of students in the future to benefit in knowledge by his work of research and collecting.

A Modern Sisyphus

Emeline, who was watching some young men working a pile driver, says Everybody's, came to her mother with this complaint:

"I am so sorry for those men, mamma. They've been trying and trying to lift out that big weight, and every time they get it most to the top it falls back again."

All Was Over

The passionate faith that certain commanding souls inspire in their followers is shown in a serio-comic light in the story of the dashing Gen. Phil Kearny and one of his men. At the time of the second battle of Bull Run there was at Hagerstown, Maryland, a large corral in which the Union Army kept a number of cavalry horses. The corral master was an Irishman. The night on which Gen. Kearny was killed the horses suddenly disappeared from the corral and scattered over the surrounding country.

The next morning the quartermaster called up the corral master and berated him for his carelessness in allowing the animals to get out.

"Sure, sorr," ventured the corral master after receiving his lecture, "they did not get out by carelessness, for when I heard that Gen. Kearny was kilt I thought everything was busted and the country gone to the deuce for sure, and I just opened the gates and let the beasts run loose."

Putting Both Feet In

"And so, Mr. Pills," the old lady remarked to the country druggist, "poor old Joe Bunton is dead!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pills; "died very suddenly this morning. He was in my shop only last night."

"Yes, I seed him 'in," went on the customer, and I said to myself, 'Poor old Joe's a goner now he's started to come here for medicine.'"

The druggist was evidently not very well pleased at this remark, and the old lady endeavored to set matters right, with the usual result.

"I don't mean to say, Mr. Pills," she explained hurriedly, "as how your medicine killed him, nowt of the sort. Old Joe never did like physick, and I'm sartin he'd never have took the risk of comin' here if he'd had a chance of livin'!"

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to shut or open a window? to see who is at the door?
to investigate that noise? to shake up the furnace?
to get another blanket? to take a dose of medicine?

And in the daytime do you—

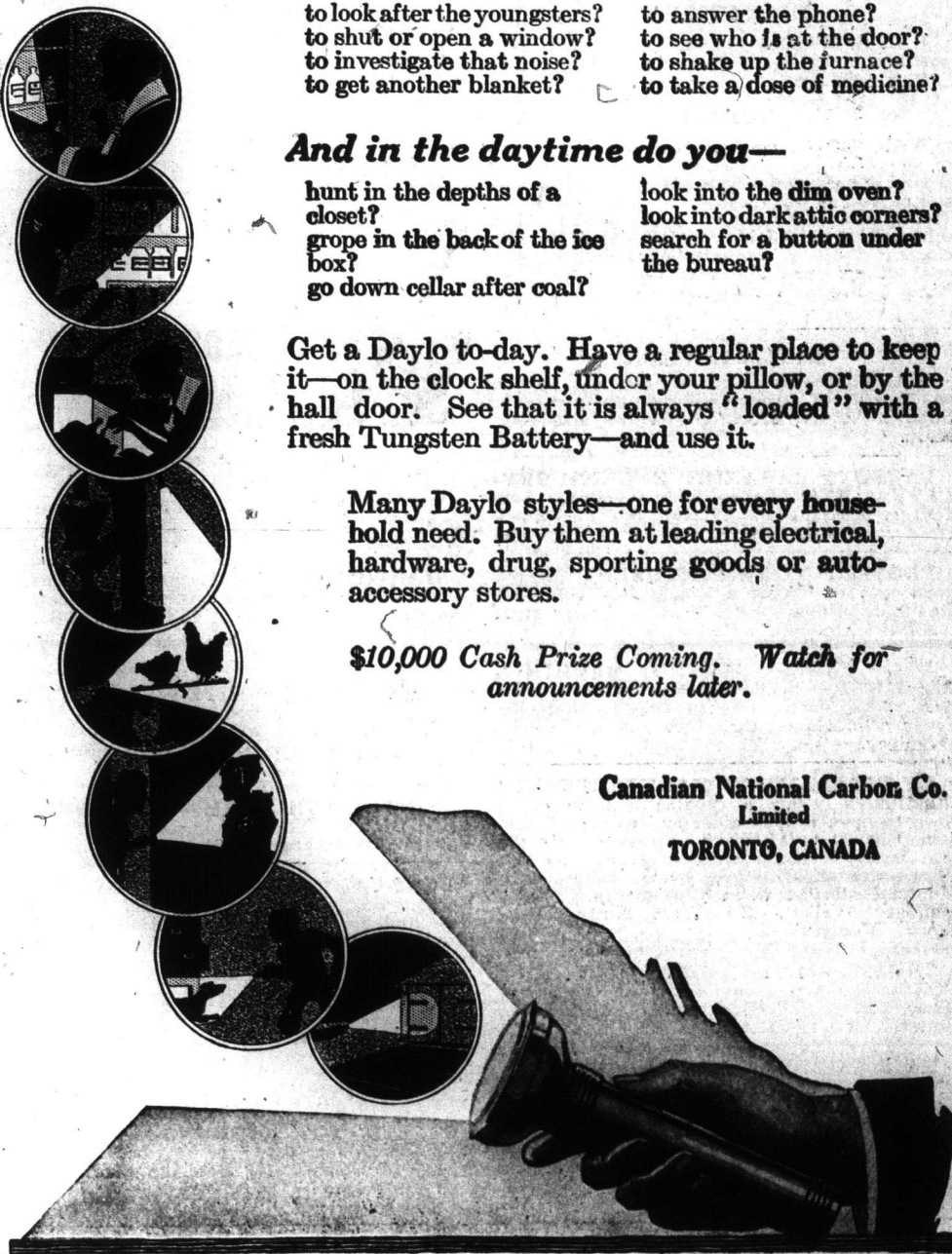
hunt in the depths of a closet? look into the dim oven?
grope in the back of the ice search for a button under
box? the bureau?
go down cellar after coal?

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