strict of Coast

lter Harold, of on actuary, in-nission to pur-escribed lands: lanted 80 chains the north end south 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to point

ROLD, hnson, Agent. strict of Coast

nce Hamilton pation spinster, mission to pur-escribed lands: lanted 80 chains the north end east 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point HAMILTON,

Maude Amelia nson, Agent.

rict of Coast Mary Amelia Ont., occupa-ntends to apply ntends to apply hase the followommencing at a outh of the cen-y Island, thence north 80 chains, thence south 80

ct—District of
Liand
ohn Halley, of
land, occupation,
for permission
owing described
post planted at
f a small island
ituated at the
bor, Salt Spring
the sinuosities
e point of comcks adjacent and
The foregoins The foregoing HN HALLEY.

-District of foin Halley, of land, occupation, y for permission owing described a post planted at off a small island ituated at the bor, Salt Spring the sinuosities in point of comcks adjacent and The foregoing Halley, The foregoing HN HALLEY.

ot-District of Island
John Halley, of sland, occupation, y for permission lowing described a post planted at of a small island ituated at the bor, Salt Spring the sinuosities he point of composities adjacent and The foregoing The foregoing HN HALLEY.

rict—District of
Island
John Halley, of
sland, occupation,
ly for permission
dowing described
a post planted at
of a small island
Island," in Ganges
sland, thence folof the coast line
neement, with the
bertaining therety. HN HALLEY,

T. P. O'Connor's Views

take up now a comparison suggested by Mr. Edison's views between the American and Englishman as a smoker. Here, I think, Englishman is much more rational and clf-controlled than the American. I underand from his own account that Mr. Edison what is called in America a "chain smoker." ever saw an Englishman who was a "chain ker"-not one. I have known several who ked a good deal, but never one who lit one ar from another, and then went on continufor hours. The tobacco heart, which ed, I believe, to kill poor President Mcey, is not a disease known much in Eng--except among Jews, especially of Gerorigin, who have an incessant desire for

don't suppose the time ever existed in nerica when smoking was regarded with for, but I remember the time well in Ired when a young man who began smoking as regarded as taking the first step towards ruin of his body and his soul. The pipe the beard came in together in England, they both made themselves from the nesities imposed on the British officer and dier by the terrible hardships of the winter mpaign in the south of Russia. In the old ouse of Commons every man was cleanlaven except the soldiers. To wear a mousche was to announce to the world in those vs that you belonged to the army. Daniel Connell had a very fierce opponent—an rangeman-called Colonel Sibthorpe.

One day it occurred to Sibthorpe to cut off moustache. O'Connell retorted to an atck of Sibthorpe's by professing not to recnize him now that he had "taken down his gnboard." And similarly there were probafew men in the old House who ever

ched tobacco. There survived to my day some of the old arliamentarians who never would look at a gar. Gladstone was known to have smoked nly one in his life, and that was when King dward-then Prince of Wales-was dining ith him. And Gladstone then made a pretence of smoking a cigarette; it was a polite way of telling the prince, who loved tobacco. that he was free to enjoy himself.

Tobacco was one of the things that helped to kill the late King, but, all the same, it should be remembered in compensation that it was his introduction of the cigar immediately after dinner that helped to redeem English soricty largely from the habit of over-drinking at

Before his day, the guests at a dinner used remain drinking for a long time after the lies had left the table. The Prince of Wales, ghting up the moment dinner was over, oke down this habit, and in that way arrestgreatly the huge consumption of port which hen used to follow after eating was over. And his reform the late King helped to make has stended so far that the army has become now itensely soher. In one of the Guards' Clubs London, barley water used to be supplied ratis, but the demand for it became so great mong these modern Guardsmen that now arley water is charged for.

Lord Salisbury also shared Mr. Gladstone's slike for tobacco. There was not, I believe, his dying day a smoke-room at Hatfield. the case of Hawarden Castle there was ever a smoke-room till Herbert Gladstone ame of age, and he, being an inveterate moker and a modern young man, managed to up a small smoke-room, in some remote rt of his father's house. Mr. Frederic Haron, one of our greatest men of letters today, eaches against tobacco as one of the great ses of society.

One day, some months ago, I entered a carge in a railway train, in which sat the great ayist. He asked me anxiously before I ened whether I smoked, and was not happy I informed him that smoking was not ong my many vices. John Bright, on the er hand, was all his life a very determined ker. He usually smoked a big meerschaum but he also loved a cigar. When he was he House of Commons, you very seldom d him in the chamber itself. For years re his death he had that curious nervous of speaking which overcomes even men at oratorical ability after a certain time of Once after his fierce fight against the lean War, when he was mobbed in severwns, Bright was for a while threatened softening of the brain, and he never, I hegot over the injury to his nervous systhough he did not make many of his catest speeches after that epoch.

He used to say that when he was tempted speak he always was frightened by the ught that he would fall down the moment got on his legs-a not unusual terror with en who have to do an excessive amount of eaking. Many old electioneers have told me the same terror, and it is one from which I vself have suffered when long months of impaigning have brought me down to nerme weakness. Bright was naturally a man

He was a lethargic man-never was capae of drudgery, and he used often to say that ne one ambition of his life was a passionate esire to do nothing. He never read a bill rough and never mastered the details of anyning. Thus he was a silure as a minister, nd thus also he was the greatest orator of odern times in England-for it added to his fectiveness, especially as a platform orator. hat he drew all his pictures in simple, broad

nes, easily understood by the people. Today the majority of politicians are smokers, and often political teetotalers com-

pensate for their abstemtion from alcohol by extra devotion to tobacco. Mr. Lloyd George is a great smoker, so is Winston Churchill, and the one man who smokes bigger cigars than Mr. Asquith is Lord Rosebery. Joseph Chamberlain used to be an immense smoker and always smoked great big cigars. I believe excessive use of tobacco, as well as hard work and excitement, helped to break down his health. But the most constant smoker of my time in the House of Commons was Labby. He never had a cigarette out of his mouth if he could help it.

It was, curiously enough, his one passion, and one self-indulgence. This extraordinary man, always wealthy and always able to have anything he liked, had simpler tastes than most peasants. He farely touched wine, and when he did it was a glass of claret and water, and this he took with palpable dislike and usually either because he was ordered by his doctor to do so, or because on the Continent he thought wine less dangerous than water. As to food, he best described his feelings by this anecdote. He returned unexpectedly home to the charming riverside house he had on the Thames-Pope's famous villa-and found that there was no dinner ready for him. "Go to the nearest ham-and-beef shop," he said, quite serenely, to the affrighted butler, and get me some slices of ham and beef."

And then he said, "I enjoyed this so much that I seriously thought of dismissing my cook." I have seen him, when I stopped with them in Pope's villa, gulping down an egg and a cup of tea in two minutes and then immediately put a cigarette in his mouth, and a cigarette was there every moment afterwards throughout the day. When he was a member of the House of Commons he never could remain in his seat more than a quarter of an hour; he had to rush off to the smoke-rooms to have a whiff of his cigarette. It is his temperance in eating and drinking that accounts for the astounding fact that he is still alive and well, and enjoying himself after his fashion in Florence, for he has buried two generations of

It is difficult to realize, but it is true, that this man knew Daniel Webster intimately before the war, and gives some inside stories of that brilliant orator that do not figure in print. And it is also incredible, but true, that Labby knew Bismarck in the days when as Prussian Minister in Frankfort, Bismarck was unknown outside the world of diplomacy, and Labby gives racy descriptions of Bismarck in those days when the obscure Prussian squire was chiefly remarkable for his contemporaries by his love of all-night sittings and copious mugs

It is perhaps even more incredible, but it is also true, that Lady Labby knew the debauche nobleman who stood for the portrait of the Marquis of Steyne in Thackeray and Lord Monmouth in Disraeli's novels. Finally Labby was the employer, in the days when he was owner and manager of a theatre in London, of Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham, Ellen Terry, and scores of others. "And to think," said Henry Irving to Labby one night when, at the very top of his profession, Irving sat at the head of a banquet he was giving to all who were distinguished in London, "that I was once getting five pounds a week from you." "Three pounds, Henry," said Labby .- T. P.'s Weekly.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY

A Ramsgate correspondent of the London

Standard writes: During the past three days Mr. A. W. Sharman, the inventor of the system of marine wireless telephony, has attained many successes. He has found his apparatus to work perfeetly under the most difficult conditions possible. For instance, no test could have been more severe than the trial during the thunderstorm on Thursday night.

The modest young inventor desires to make an instrument which is marketable, portable, and easily managed. From the experiments conducted he appears to have met with extraordinary success. His instrument is applicable to telegraphy as well as telephony. I asked Mr. Sharman today what distance he hoped to cover. "I do not intend," he replied, definitely, "to attempt more than comparatively short distances at present. I can easily and accurately converse through more than a mile of water, and for an instrument which can perform that there is a ready and certain mar-

Mr. Sharman is not concerned at the moment as to whether he will be able to extend the capacity of his wireless telephone so as to converse from continent to continent. The successes of the past few days, however, render the prospect highly probable. Mr. Sharman is particularly pleased to know that for what he terms short distances-viz., from one to three miles—a very small amount of electric current is requisite. "I was working yesterday," he said, "over a measured mile with only five dry cells. The test worked perfectly with the telegraph. The only appliances at the transmitting station were the transmitter and two skewers-old stair rods, in fact-stuck in the sand about twenty feet apart, with wires connecting with the transmitter.",

"During the thunderstorm the apparatus worked perfectly," he remarked, with elation. "and without the slightest interference." "And you have proved the instrument inde-

pendent of atmospheric disturbances?" I asked. "Quite," Mr. Sharman retorted positively. 'It is independent of fog and electrical storms." Though Mr. Sharman did not tell me so, I understand that in high official circles the ex-

periments are attracting considerable atten-

Besides the marine experiments, others have taken place of interest to the commercial world. The "wireless" has worked excellently. without flaw, through thirty or forty feet of solid chalk. The conversation which was carried on was plainly audible above the surging of the sea and the moaning of a gathering wind. With a handful of electrical appliances, Mr. Sharman has also demonstrated the absolute practicability of speaking from the top floor of his hotel to the ground floor. Nowires are necessary. A guest at an hotel can talk to the ground floor or to a house far away with no apparent connection.

Another remarkable experiment was to telephone through an iron safe. Two brick walls, a passage, and an iron safe intervened between the transmitter and the receiver. Conversation was carried on easily. To send music by wireless telephony was another feat Musical messages of command to a fleet or to an army in the field can be sent quite easily and distinctly. The first tune sent through was our National Anthem. Mr. Sharman considers it an easy matter to make an apparatus provided with a row of keys, on which bugle calls giving orders can be sent from ship to "It will only be like playing the piano," he said. Gradually he is unravelling the mysteries of the newest science, and his further experiments will be watched with the widest

PUBLIC PROTECTION AGAINST SMOKERS

The efforts of the Non-Smokers' Protective League of America to secure in New York State incorporation papers places that body as the target for shafts of those who would repel the invasion of the rights of citizens. "It is easy to laugh such a movement as this out of countenance for the time being," says an editorial writer in Unity (Chicago), "and still easier to dispose of it as absurd ideality or even unwonted and unwarranted encroachment upon individual rights." The name of the editor of this paper, Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, appears on the list of initial members. together with Dr. Wiley, of the Pure Food Commission, President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, and other college professors. He it is, doubtless, who defends the purposes of the league on the basis of the ethics of courtesy. Thus:

"There are many rules and requirements in the realm of etiquette that are purely conventional. Some of them are silly, many of them tyrannical and cruel, but at the bottom. the court requirements, courtesy requirements. are rooted in ethical law, they indicate organized morality, ethics crystallized into habit. Good manners represent minor morals, they are the 'jot' and 'tittles' of the religious life which can not be neglected with impunity. Rudeness in company and indifference to the wishes and comforts of any companion represent the vanishing end of brigandage and highway robbery, or, perchance the fountain head of that stream that grows into the high-handed prostitution of public trusts to private ends by officials who win their position through in trigue, graft, and a wide subordination of pub-

lic weal to private ends." This journal, in appealing for new members for the league, gives these additional words of exhortation:

"Dr. Wiley, who has done so much in the interests of pure food and pure drinking in this country, has recently said: 'There should be a law, strictly enforced by the authorities, prohibiting smoking and chewing in public places or on cars where other persons are obliged to be.' Concerning the 'Non-Smokers' Protective League, he says: 'Neither I nor my compatriots say a man shall not smoke his lungs to a frazzle and spit his head off, provided he does it at home or in the woods and meadows, but not where human beings are liable to be. It is not fair.'

"What if the facts of life should justify the logic of the situation and that minor morals should prove to be the only way to arrive at the major ethics, that the politeness that rejects the cigar in public places is just the exercise that will develop the conscience to spurn boodle and condemn the boodler? A recognition of these sweet amenities of life may be the shortest road to the solution of the problem of child labor, of the overworked

woman, the prostitution of sex. . . "Perhaps the arousing of the public conscience in the interests of every man's and woman's rights to pure air for breathing purposes may be the most effective way of estabishing every man's right to a chance to earn an honest living, his claim to his portion of the streams' energy, the mines' wealth, the forests' glory, as well as the intangible inheritance of love and learning that is his birthright, his heritage from a far back and wide-reaching

Recently a big reticulated python passed the hoofs of a pig. They were shown to Dr. W. T. Hornaday, the director of the New York zoological park, who identified them as the hoofs of a Bornean wild pig, of about 40. pounds weight. A ship's captain in bringing over a large reticulated python, found in the excrement the quills of a Javan porcupine lying in the same relative position they occupied in the animal's body. The reptile must have begun with the head, extending the coils backward over the body, and pressing the quills down horizontally in their natural state of rest. Evidently this is a species of prey a snake could not disgorge.-Philadelphia Ledger.

"You refuse to allow your son to study spelling and grammar?" said the teacher. "Absolutely," replied Mr. Groucher. "I want him to try his hand at current literature, and I don't propose to spoil his dialect and slang."-Washington Star.

Popular Harry Lauder

Hoot mon! Ha' yi' had your perridge? Verra well then, smooth the wrenkles out of your kelt and fall in ahind Mr. Harry Lauder. Scotland's ambassador to the world of fun now starting on his fourth tour of this country. Just a second till he gets a strangle hold on those pipes. Stand back and give a mon a little room, canna you? Ther-r-re, that's betther! All r-r-r-ready! Here we go to the chune of "The Campbells Are Comin'!" Inyah, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da! Inyah,

da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da! Waded through the bonnie purple heather at the Manhattan Opera House the other afternoon and found the merry little Highlander in his dressing room, up to his knees in dislocated r's and "ayes!" Before he had been talking ten minutes the atmosphere was one impenetrable burr, his face becoming distinguishable now and then by the fire from an old pipe, so devoid of stem that one got the impression he was eating it, says a writer in the New York Herald.

Not content with singing from four to ten songs a day, he sings and jokes most of the time he is off the stage. At every full in the conversation he would start humming a bit of a Scotch ballad and go marching around the room in the same comical manner that has made him known on two continents. When he desires to emphasize a point he looks back over his shoulder after the fashion of a cocker spaniel at play. He makes no attempt to conceal the fact that he is constructed on the cantilever plan, his legs starting on their wayward career the minute they leave the ground. But underneath all this bubbling merriment there is a serious vein, which shows itself at the most unexpected times.

His dressing room is a place where any Scotchman would be content to lay him doon and dee, the walls being draped with boisterous plaid costumes, caps, Tam o'Shanters, pucks and pipes. In one corner there is a veritable forest of walking sticks of the pretzel pattern made famous by the comedian. Some of these are so twisted that they look like rustic benches, while any one of them would keep a family in firewood for the win-

With every seat in the big auditorium sold for the week and the advance sale so large that the management found it necessary to give a midnight performance last night, Mr. Lauder has reasons for being in particularly good humor. Naturally the thing uppermost in his mind was his thrilling experience of last Monday night, when he was rushed from a steamship at midnight to give his opening performance, the audience waiting for him until a few minutes before one o'clock. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning before he finished and his admirers reached home a few minutes

The Audience's Tribute

"It was the most remarkable tribute I have ever received," said the comedian, "and one that I shall never forget. It brought the tearrs to my een and I dinna know how I sang at all, at all. The fact that those faithful souls should wait until that unseemly hour for me touched ma verra deeply."

"And most of them had seen you before." "Aye! Some of them a Jozen times perrrhaps. That was the remarkable part of it. If it ha' been my first thrip I could ha' understood the curiosity, but most of them knew my songs as weel as I knew them mysel'. But it was the kindness and courtesy of the New York Herald that made my appearance Monday night possible. If the Herald's despatch boat Owlet had not consented to take me aboord I would ha' had to disappoint my aulience, and I would ratherrr dee than do that."

"You must have had an exciting trip." "Hoot.mon!! Now you're talking. You can ha' noo idea of the excitement aboord the Saxonia after we learned that I could not reach here in time for the opening show. I was verra near crazzy, and afore I got through I had everybody else on the ship in the same condition.

"What delayed your departure from the

other side?"

"I had been ill for five weeks at my Heeland hame, in Dunoon. Canna you spell that? D-u-n-o-o-n. It's in Arrrgylshire, the western part of Scoutland, and"-"All right, don't strangle yourself."

"I wanted you to get the name of the place right. I left the other side a Saturday night by the Saxonia, of the Cunard line, the only steamship I could get. I was told that we would dock here Monday morning at the verra latest. All went weel until Friday morning, when Captain Benison told me that we would not get to poort until Tuesday. Then the excitement started. Everybody knew I was aboord, because I had taken part in the ship's concert and they all begged the captain to do his best. He promised that he would have me at quarantine at half-past eleven o'clock Monday night, and he was just six minutes out of the way, a remarkable guess."

"Were you nervous?" "Aye! I was verra nervous. I dinna remember touching the deck after that. Friday afternoon I saw the George Washington, of the North German Lloyd, approaching and my joy was boundless."

'A sail! A sail!" "Aye, lad. Just what we all shouted, although of course steamships dinna have sails. begged the captain to transfer me to the faster boat, but he said he couldn't do it. Everybody on boord begged him, but he said he couldn't do it. He said he could stop only in case of fog, wreck, or to save a human life. I threatened to jump overboard, but they

grabbed me and locked me in a room till the steamship was out of sight.'

"Ave, and I think Mrs. Lauder would ha"

jumped after me. From that time on I spent fifty pounds sending wireless messages to Mr. William Morris, my manager, telling him to hold the audience Monday night and I would be there if I had to swim from quarantine. When I learned that the Owlet was sure to be at quarantine to get the ship's news I put on my kelts and got ready. I was ready at four o'clock in the afternoon, and I wasn't transferred to the Owlet until midnight. I dinna know how I got doon the thirty-foot rope ladder with everybody yelling at me. It all seems like a dream."

Wife Dangles in Air

"Did Mrs. Lauder go down the ladder?" "No, she did not. Early in the afternoon I tied a rope arrround her waist and told the crew to lowerrr her after me, but when she was half-way doon the customs officers dragged her back. Mon alive, but she were a sight, dangling in the air! I shouted, 'You betther go back, lass,' and finally they dragged her back on deck. On boord the Owlet I picked up an accordion belonging to the engineer and played and sang coming up the bay. I was dumped into an automobile and we made the run from the Battery to the theatre in about ten minutes. I never had such a fast ride in my life. But as it turned out it was all for the best. Everything that happens is for the best.'

"Why do you say that?"

"Who has more reason for saying it? Oidn't the Almighty God take me from the bowels of the earth, where I was slaving in a coal mine and place me in a sphere where I would be of more use, where I would be able to contribute my little mite to the entertainment of others? Isn't my rise from the very depths an inspiration to every man who knows the story?"

"How long were you digging coal?" "About ten years. I am forty-one now. I started when I was twelve years old and was

buried for fourteen hours a day until I was twenty-one. I was in water up to my hips most of the time, swinging a heavy pick. I sang as I worked and my comrades got to like my singing. My reputation spread in the little town in which I lived, and I was in demand at entertainments in the neighborhood. I made about eight dollars a week in the mines and averaged about fifty cents a night for singing. Mon alive, when I look back! I thought I was a prince at that time."

"Where did you make your first professional appearance?"

"In Lanarkshire, Scotland, with a concert, company. I got seven dollars a week, but I didn't ha' to get up at five o'clock in the morning as I had been doing for years. I thought it was paradise to be above ground all day. After a while I became well known in the provinces. I got to London, and the top of the run about eleven years ago, and I have played from three to six months in London every year since. My London contracts carry me to the end of 1913."

."Have you ever gone back to the mines?" "Aye! Many a time. And I havn't forgot how to dig coal," said the comedian, raising his right arm until the muscles threatened to burst the plaid that encircled it. "I have tried to have mining conditions betthered in the Old Country and I have been partly instrumental in bringing about a few needed reforms.

"My first job in the mines was driving a little Shetland pony. They use them in the mines in Scutland to fetch the water, but the poor little beasts have a sad life of it. I am very fond of them and have one at home which was presented to me by some friends. I have taken a prominent part in the agitation in their behalf which started in England several years ago, and last May I appeared before the House of Commons to plead for the passage of a law that would insure them more humane treatment. The government has taken the matter up, and I am prouder of my part in the programme than anything I have done."

'Where do you get your songs?" "They're all my own words, music and stage business. 'I Love a Lassie" is my favorite. No, I don't know how the melody came to me; it was an inspiration. It is dedicated to Mrs. Lauder, and doesn't begin to do her justice. She's a great lass. London and America seem to like that song the best. I don't know how many years I have been singing it. I had to repeat it over and over agin for the late King Edward when I was ordered to appeared before him. Half an hour after performing for royalty I was back in the music hall singing for the costers, who only paid tuppence to hear me. From the King to the coster! Isn't that a fine line? Put it in that way."

"How do you find relaxation?" "I don't have much time to spare for a holiday, but I manage to fish and shoot and play golf occasionally. I've got a fine place in Scotland, and then I've got my boy John. That's his picture over there. Isn't he the bonnie lad? He's nineteen and he's a student in Cambridge University."

"He won't have to dig coal, will he?" "He might do worse," was the philosophical

A certain lady called up her grocer by telephone the other morning, and, after she had sufficiently scolded the man who responds ed, said:

"And, what's more, the next order you get from me will be the last I'll ever give you." "It probably will, madam," said the voice at the other end of the wire, "you are talking to an undertaker."