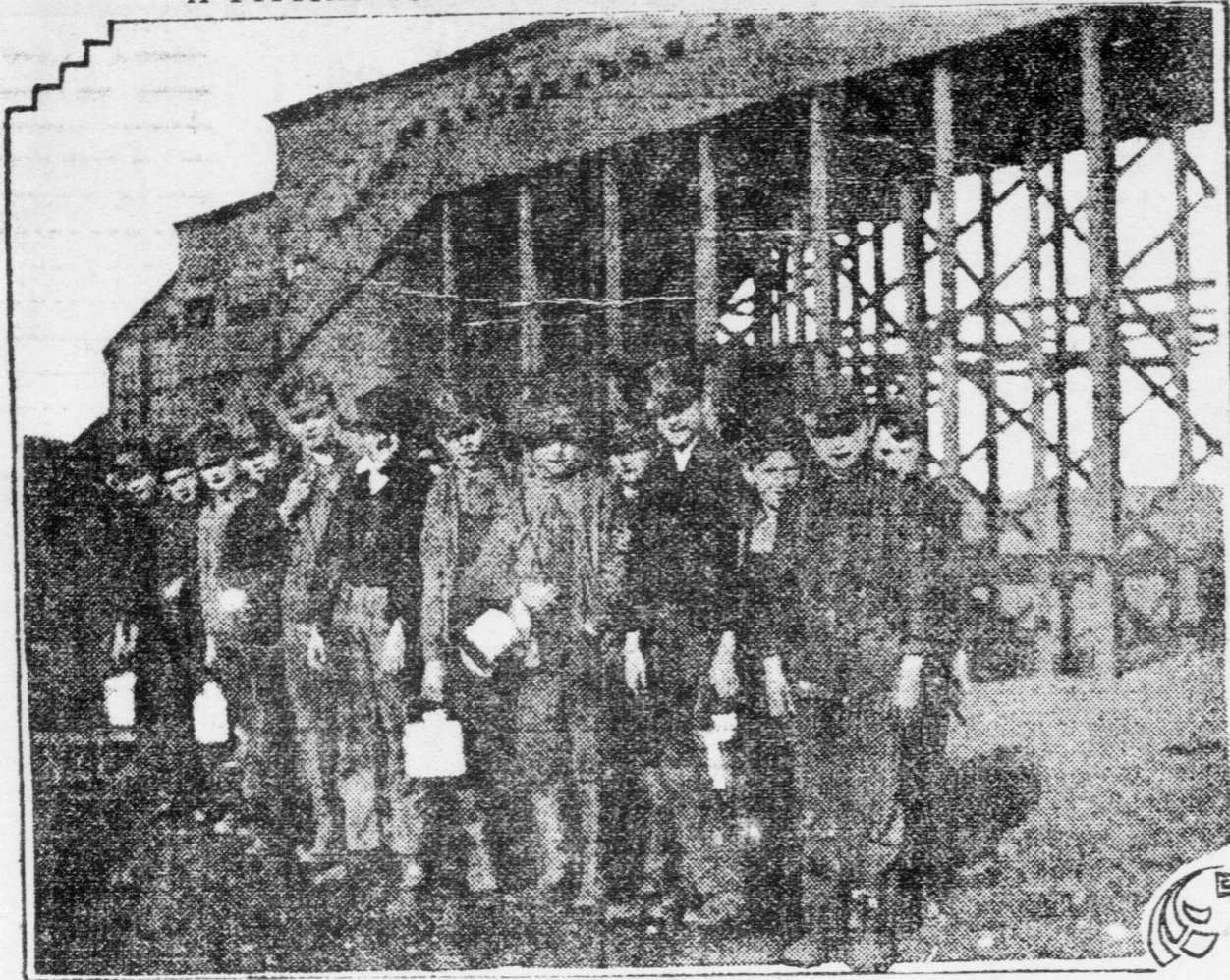


A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE HARD COAL REGIONS.



Boys and men, workers in the anthracite mines of Eastern Pennsylvania, lined up for the photographer. In the background is a breaker with improved machinery that does away with much of the "breaker boys' hard and dirty work. Most mine owners find the child labor "machine" cheaper to them.

BIRD ROCK LIGHT IS SCENE OF MANY GRIM TRAGEDIES

Lonely Spot In Gulf of St. Lawrence, Where Mrs. Borque Made Display of Heroism—Insanity or Death Fate of Many Keepers.

That was a thrilling story which came from Halifax last week concerning the heroism of Mrs. Peter Borque, widow of the keeper of the lighthouse on Bird Rock in the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but it is only one of the many tales of death and disaster that can be told of this barren and isolated bit of land.

After her husband had been washed overboard and drowned during a storm that threatened the demolition of the lighthouse, Mrs. Borque kept the beacon burning for ten days, and thus probably saved several vessels from piling up on the rocks. Both she and her young baby suffered severely from exposure and hunger, and she was so weak when rescued by the Government steamship Seal that it was necessary to carry her on board.

The authorities say that the courage of this woman is unsurpassed in the history of the Canadian lighthouse service.

"For a time I thought I would go mad," said Mrs. Borque after her rescue, "but I knew I had to do my duty. My baby suffered terribly from the cold, but I held it as tight as I could, and it was a terrible chamber to keep the lumps trimmed, filled and burning. There was food, but you couldn't cook, and the baby cried constantly. Many times I heard the whistles, but they went away when they heard the bell ringing and saw the light."

The Magdalens are a group of thirteen or fourteen islands that lie al-

most in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Their position makes them dangerous to vessels and so many are the wrecks thereof that they have been styled by sailors the Graveyard of the Gulf.

Bird Rock is the most northerly island of the group and is little more than a huge rock rising abruptly out of the sea to a height of 140 feet, on which the Canadian Government maintains one of the most inaccessible lighthouse stations of the Atlantic coast. Thousands of gannets, auarres, Kittiwakes and other sea fowl hover over it at all times, while beneath on its rocky ledges they have built myriads of nests in a series of tiers. The sides of the rock are very precipitous, and until a few years ago, when a roadway was blasted out of the solid rock leading to the top, all visitors and supplies were taken ashore by a cage lowered to the water and hoisted up by means of a windlass. The waves that generally break upon it are so tremendous that it is only possible to effect a landing in calm weather.

But it is in such a wild and desolate spot that the man in charge of the lighthouse must make it his home during the entire year. Jean Quette, the first keeper, remained one summer with two assistants. Then the solitude proved so upon his mind that he went insane. He recovered his reason only when he returned to civilization. Pierre Wealen, the next keeper, managed to hold out for nine years. He came to a tragic end in 1886. In the spring of that year he, his son and an assistant ventured out on the ice surrounding the Bird Rock during a blinding snowstorm and lost their way. The assistant succeeded in returning to the lighthouse in safety. Wealen and his son perished.

Charles Chasson, the third keeper of the lighthouse, was killed on Aug. 13, 1881, by the premature discharge of a signal gun he was preparing to fire. His son and an assistant were badly injured in the same attack.

Telephone Turbine, the next keeper, remained in charge of the lighthouse for over sixteen years, but even he did not escape the dangers of his calling. On June 24, 1891, he was putting home a charge in a signal gun when it exploded and blew off part of his right hand.

Another tragedy of Bird Rock occurred in March, 1897. In the spring of the year the hooded and harp seals come down on the ice from Labrador and Anticosti, and hundreds of men and boys from the Magdalens go

out to hunt them for their pelts and oil. These seal hunts are attended by many dangers. A storm is liable to come up and drive the hunters out to sea on the moving ice. Snow-covered fissures may mean death in case of a misstep. The danger of drowning is ever present.

In March, 1897, Damien Cormier, an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, started out on a seal hunt accompanied by Charles Turbine, a lad of 17, and Arsene Turbine, a cousin of the latter. Cormier's wife was left in charge of the lighthouse during his absence. They had noticed a large number of half seals lying on the ice to the eastward, and proceeded in that direction, dragging behind them a small boat for use on the open glades of water.

The hunters reached the seals and made many killings. Finding night approaching they stowed their spoils in the boat and headed homeward. But they had not noticed the threatening look of the sky nor the increasing wind while engaged in the hunt and a furious snowstorm from the northwest struck down upon them suddenly.

Bending their heads lower the men plunged onward aimlessly. But there was no use in attempting to force their way through the endless drift. So Cormier and his companions determined to fight the blizzard just where they were. They halted and overturning the boat made a sort of shelter. The storm raged more violently. The cold became intense. An icy numbness seized the feet of Cormier and his two companions. In agony the men jumped up and down on the ice, beating their arms across their chests and pounding together their frozen hands. At length Cormier tumbled over in a heap. Charles Turbine fell unconscious at his side. Before day-break both were dead. Then Arsene Turbine went out into the snowy waste and looked about him. The storm had abated by this time. The snow had ceased to fall. He could see clearly now and quickly realized that it was impossible to return by the route he had come, as the north wind had forced his ice floe far out in the gulf.

In the hazy direction of his home

a rough sea tossed, piled up with ragged fragments of ice. No boat could live in such waters. His only chance for salvation lay in the hard, frozen gulf toward the shore of Cape Breton, even though that shore was seventy miles away.

Arsene buried the bodies of his comrades underneath the overturned boat. Grasping the bludgeon he had used in the slaughter of seals, he turned his face in the direction of Cape Breton, and started on his long journey.

All that cold day Arsene trudged over the rough ice with neither food nor drink. Sometimes he plunged through deep drifts, sometimes he glided more easily over windswept surfaces. As the day wore on he was assailed by frequent spells of drowsiness. But he was determined to fight and struggle to the end. When night fell he dozed as best he could, but always standing, for he knew that once he stretched himself upon the ice it would mean his last sleep. The next morning he crept upon a seal and clubbing it to death drank the warm blood. He did not know that his garments, his face and his hands were smeared with blood, but he did realize that he had secured renewed strength and courage to continue his journey. Late that afternoon he reached Meat Cove at Cape Breton, and scarcely able to drag himself along, staggered to the first house in sight. Opening the door he entered not knowing the appearance he presented to the inmates. They questioned him, but he could not speak. So thinking him either insane or a murderer, they thrust him out and slammed the door shut behind him.

Arsene struggled on again. When the door was opened to him at the next house he rushed in headlong, flung himself upon the floor and fell into a sound slumber. When he awoke he narrated his story, and then was telegraphed to Grindstone Island, one of the Magdalen group, where he was left alone at the lighthouse on Bird Rock.

Arsene did not recover from his experience and within a fortnight died from its effects.

Many stories might be told of the other Magdalen Islands. For many years they have been inhabited by a few thousand natives who are descended from the Acadians who settled in New Brunswick and De Mont. Since the first settlement in 1763 generations of the same families have raised meagre crops in the valleys and fed sheep and cattle on the high coneshaped hills which form a prominent feature of an insular landscape. Year after year fathers and sons have gone out upon the white-capped water of the gulf for cod, mackerel and jobfish, on which their livelihood depends. Ancient language and customs prevail among these people, and the spinning wheel and hand loom still provide homespun for both men and women.

In seasons when the fishing is good the average Magdalener makes sufficient money to supply his wants. In poor years they sometimes suffer dire distress. During the "Great Misery" in the winter of 1882, and again in 1887, food became so scarce that the Canadian Government was obliged to send supplies to the island to prevent a famine.

The inhabitants of the Magdalens are completely isolated from the world for six months in the year. In the summer a small steamer subsidized by the government plies semi-weekly between the islands and the mainland of Nova Scotia. During the long winter this service must be abandoned, and the persons on the island remain there until the boat resumes its trips in the spring.

The telegraph gives them the news that is going on in the world during their isolation, but of course there can be no exchange of letters. Sometimes this mode of communication fails, as in 1910, when the cable to the mainland broke and could not be repaired for weeks. The natives in this instance resorted to very ancient methods. A heavy barrel containing thirty or forty letters sealed in cans was dropped overboard in the waters of the gulf. Ten days afterwards the tide carried it to the mainland sixty miles away and the letters were sent to their addresses. Unfortunately the southern drift of the gulf prevented any answers being sent in reply.

A TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER WITH 2,500 SUBSCRIBERS

Interesting Experiment In Newark, N. J.—News On Tap All Day and Evening—The Scheme Described.

The celebrated "telephone newspaper" of Budapest, Hungary, which has had a successful career of eighteen years and is still running, is now duplicated in Newark, N. J., and although at present it seems to be in financial difficulties, they are not insurmountable, and may be overcome. Arthur F. Colton writes in the Technical World Magazine (Chicago, February) that its first subscribers received the news of the day more promptly than that commodity had ever before been served in America. The enterprise, which is known as the Telephone Herald, is independent of the Typographical Union and the Allied Printing Trades Council, for it is published over wires instead of upon paper. In other words, the subscriber does not read the Telephone Herald, but merely listens to it. Whether he listens or not, the Herald is on in one continuous edition from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10:30 o'clock in the evening. Its news is constantly on tap, like water or gas, for the small sum of five cents a day.

The subscriber gets a little wooden disk to be attached to the wall, with a little hook on which to hang the receivers when not in use. On either a receiver is held to each ear, though in a great crisis, such as one of the big football games, one will suffice for one listener. There is no transmitter for the subscriber. He cannot talk back, no ask the editor to repeat, nor ask questions, nor interrupt the service in any way. His only way of expressing disapproval of bad news is to hang up the receivers, though if circumstances warranted he might slam them against the wall.

In order that no one may wait in vain for the kind of news in which he is interested, everything is classified, and sent out over the wires according to an exact schedule. The subscriber has a programme tacked up beside his instrument, so that he always knows when to expect certain things. When a bit of news of unusual importance comes in the regular service is interrupted while a bulletin is sent out, the subscribers

being called by a whistle signal. Here is the daily programme:

8:00—Exact astronomical time.
8:00-9:00—Weather, late telegrams, London exchange quotations; chief items of interest from the morning papers.
9:00-9:45—Special sales at the various stores; social programme for the day.
9:45-10:00—Local personals and small items.
10:00-11:30—New York stock exchange quotations and market letters.
11:30-12:00—New York miscellaneous items.
Noon—Exact astronomical time.
12:00-12:30—Latest general news; naval, military and Congressional news; exchange quotations.
12:30-1:00—Midday New York stock exchange quotations.
1:00-2:00—Repetition of the half-day's most interesting news.
2:00-2:15—Foreign cable dispatches.

Piles Not Taken Seriously

"Annoying, but not dangerous," seems to be the way many think of piles in the early stages. But gradually they become worse, until they prevent sleep, undermine the nervous system and make a wreck of life. When the doctor is finally consulted he considers the case so serious that he recommends the surgeon's knife as the only means of cure. It may cure or it may kill. The risk is yours.

But there is an easier and surer way to relieve and cure piles. That is by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment. The earlier you begin the use of this ointment the quicker the cure. But you need not be discouraged because you have suffered for ten or fifteen years. It would be difficult to imagine worse cases than have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Relief comes at once and cure is just as certain if you persist in the use of this great ointment.



WHEN LOOKS ARE VERY IMPORTANT

THERE are occasions when you are more than ordinarily careful of the appearance of your shoes. But wear and comfort are constant requirements.

M^cCREADY SHOES

successfully meet the strictest criticism in appearance and are designed primarily for comfort and wear. These are the reasons you should ask your dealer for them.

20

4% AND SAFETY

4% AND SAFETY

The Ontario Loan and Debenture Company 4% DEBENTURES

issued in amounts required, from \$100 up, provide a certain and secured income to those having trust funds to invest. Registered as to principal. Interest payable half-yearly.

The Company's forty years of constantly increasing success is the strongest guarantee of its sound and careful management. The security behind this issue is more than ample, as the five million dollars assets of the Company testify.

Full information furnished on request.

The Ontario Loan & Debenture Company, Corner Dundas St. and Market Lane, London, Ont.

2:15-2:30—Trenton and Washington items.
2:30-2:45—Fashion notes and household hints.
2:45-3:15—Sporting news; theatrical news.
3:15-3:30—New York stock exchange closing quotations.
3:30-5:00—Music, readings, lectures.
5:00-6:00—Stories and talks for the children.
8:00-10:30—Vaudeville concert, opera.

In a Newark department store which installed a number of instruments to draw trade the innovation was so successful that a restaurant next tried it. Patrons became so interested in the news that they forgot to find fault with their victuals. Then the clubs took up the Telephone Herald. Altogether there were over 1,000 subscribers by the middle of November, though only a part of these were actually receiving the service, because the switchboard could accommodate only a limited number at that time. New subscribers then came in so fast that the company felt encouraged to extend

the service to the Oranges, Paterson, Passaic and other surrounding towns, and to plan a plant for Atlantic City and vicinity.

Indeed, these subscribers came in so fast, at the rate of forty or fifty a week, that the solicitors were temporarily laid off.

One feature of the telephone newspaper will endear it to the hearts of reformers, and indeed to some others who favor intellectual repose. It has no comic supplement!

It is discouraging, after this rosy description, to read in the Editor and Publisher (New York) that the telephone newspaper has temporarily suspended service, owing to financial embarrassments. At the time of suspension it had 2,500 subscribers, though only half of them were getting the service, due to lack of equipment. It is said that a syndicate will take over the enterprise and resume publication.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

MEN LET US CURE YOU

If you suffer from kidney or bladder troubles, Varicose Veins, Blood Disorders, Rheumatism, Gleet, Dropsy, Nervousness, Stomach, Liver, & Kidney diseases, Nervous, Headache, Constipation, Hydrocele, Enlarged Prostate, or any kindred or associated chronic diseases, **COME TO US**—The best remedy is always the cheapest—A little advice may be all you need—it is free for the asking.

OUR MOTTO: Small Fees, Quick Results, Easy Terms.

Don't let money matters hold you back—no one is too poor to receive the full benefit of our best efforts. Call or write in strict confidence. Consultation free. Special Patient for Privacy.

DR. HUNT INSTITUTE
61 W. Fort St., DETROIT, MICH.



Little Mike is 12 years old. He has never been to school a day in his life, and can neither read nor write. Now Mike works nine hours a day in a Pennsylvania mine at the foot of the coal chute, keeping the coal cleared away. Mike works because his father was killed in a mine accident and there are mother and smaller babies than Mike at home. If the strike is won by the miners Mike will have to work only eight hours a day, and he'll get a few more cents a day pay.