

CLOUD DISAPPEARING

Assert That They Are Friendly Towards Turkey

IT MEANS PEACE

Content to Await Conference of Powers

There is no cloud on horizon, sums up the Sofia of the events that since the proclamation of independence by Prince Ferdinand...

Before the fact of Turkey, in Turkey, forming herself in preparation for the liberation of the Balkans...

13.—M. Kiltewanov, Minister, in an incident that they were in concentration of my...

14.—The Ottawa river steamers cannot pass at this time.

of apes station of fine is exceptionally Black. Large \$1.00

IPANY Government Street and drink

guarantee KINS WS

KMAN TYE CO., LTD. St. Victoria, B. C.

BISHOP RETURNS FROM GREAT GATHERING

Dr. Perrin Tells of the Deliberations of the Pan-Anglican Congress

We have consumed over a month on our trip home, and we are indeed glad to be back again in the very pleasant city of Victoria...

Synod's Session. The chief business which was transacted at the synod related to a general and very full consideration of the missionary work of the Church in Canada and in Japan...

Big Public Meetings. Some ten immense meetings were held in Albert Hall for the consideration of most pressing social issues...

Investigates Piracy. Capt. Callen spent sixteen months at South American ports investigating piracy and the carrying of contraband...

Revision of Prayer Book. The matter of revising the Prayer Book was brought before the Lambeth conference of bishops...

Small Registration in New York. New York, Oct. 15.—With all the efforts of the various local agencies exerted to bring out a large registration on this, the last day of registration in New York City...

ed Capt. Callen in South America. Capt. Femmes has taken up his residence at Buenos Ayres and travels about constantly...

High Tribute to Victoria Shipyards. Agent of German Underwriters States They Are Best on Coast

Capt. O. Callen, a special representative of the Hamburg Underwriters' association, who recently investigated the wholesale looting of steamers in the waters of the Pacific...

Markland Returning with Rescued Indians. Local Sealer Has 400 Seal-skins—Brings Cast-away

The sealing schooner Markland, Capt. George Heaton, is expected to reach the west coast of Vancouver island in a few days from Behring sea with 400 seal skins...

Parliament Session. Ottawa, Oct. 14.—If the Liberals are successful at the polls on October 26, it is likely that the next session of parliament will open before the first week in January...

Union Bank at Prince Rupert. Prince Rupert, Oct. 14.—There are rumors afloat here that the Union Bank of Canada will shortly open a branch in Prince Rupert...

Unity Desired by Yachtsmen. Seattle Club Proposes to Form New International Association—Victoria's Attitude

A new international yachting and motor boat association in the latter part of the year...

Grand Regatta in City. If Object of Organization is Realized—Social Inter-course Wanted

The method to be adopted in bringing about such a desirable result is explained in a report by the projectors...

Hazelmere Murder. New Westminster, Oct. 14.—A large number of sunbathers have been seen in connection with the Hazelmere murder case...

May Try High Flight. Paris, Oct. 15.—According to a Paris newspaper, Wilbur Wright, the aviator...

BENDROTT VICTOR IN SKATING RACE

Victorian Captures Championship in Twenty-Four Hour Contest

At seven minutes past ten o'clock last night the twenty-four hour roller skating race which started at the same time on Monday night at the assembly rink...

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Everything Ready-to-Wear for Ladies and Children. The Home of the Dress Beautiful and Exclusive. 1010 GOVERNMENT STREET

Seasonable Specials in Misses' and Children's Costumes

There are scores of mothers in Victoria looking for an opportunity to purchase the most durable, up-to-date and stylish costumes and suits for their daughters at the very lowest prices. HERE IS THE OPPORTUNITY—during the balance of the week we place on sale...

The Ladies' Store Angus Campbell & Co. 1010 Government Street

HELPS FOR THE DISCERNING HOUSEWIFE

ASHCROFT SPUDS, the best Potatoes money can buy. PER SACK \$1.25. KING, WEALTHY, BLENHEIM ORANGE APPLES. PER BOX \$1.25. GERMAN PRUNES, last of the season. PER CRATE \$0.90.

W. O. WALLACE The Family Cash Grocer Phone 312 Cor. Yates & Douglas

Births, Marriages, Deaths. MCLAIR—In this city, on Thursday, October 8th, the wife of William McCLAIR, of a son...

THE LOCAL MARKETS Retail Prices. Royal Household, a bag \$2.00. Lettuce, two heads \$0.05. Garlic, per lb. \$0.05.

IYO MARU SAILS FOR THE FAR EAST. Japanese Liner Carried Chinese Crews of Tremont and Shawmut Home

Wanted to Purchase. WANTED—Good clear photos illustrating sport on Vancouver Island, and on the coast of British Columbia...

The Colonist.

The Colonist Printing & Publishing Company, Limited Liability

THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

One year \$1.00, Six Months .75, Three months .50

VICTORIA AND THE G.T.P.

It is fair to Mr. C. M. Hays, President of the Grand Trunk Pacific, to say that he did not seek the interview with the Board of Trade...

LORD MILNER'S VIEWS.

What Viscount Milner may say is always worth hearing, and when he speaks on imperial questions he does so as a man who has been in very close touch with some of the more serious of them...

THE COLOR QUESTION

The Monetary Times thinks that Canada has a color question, which, though temporarily adjusted after a fashion, is sure to present complications in the future.

EXPLANATION NEEDED.

The voters of this city must be astounded at the course which Mr. Templeman has taken in regard to rail-way connection with this island between Victoria and the Grand Trunk Pacific.

THE GERMAN WAR SCARE.

It is difficult to know just how seriously to take the statements appearing in the British press regarding Germany's intention of declaring war against Great Britain.

DOES BABY COUGH

Don't give the little one Opium. Many parents are careless in the matter of cough syrups; they do not ascertain if the remedy contains opium, and, alas, the lives of many children are jeopardised.

CRYUS H. BOWES, CHEMIST

Government Street, Near Yates.

THE DEMONSTRATION

The demonstration by the suffragettes and the unemployed workmen before the British House of Commons on Tuesday, is easily the most extraordinary thing of the kind within the memory of the present generation.



Greatest Exhibition of New Library Tables We Have Ever Shown—Today

THERE is much to commend a Library Table as a desirable addition to the furnishings of a home aiming at artistic usefulness in its furnishings.

Gifts for Autumn Brides

If you are perplexed about that Wedding gift, why not decide upon a piece of hand-painted china?

For Housekeeping Beginners

Just a few words before you buy your China, Glassware and other housekeeping needs, whatever your housefurnishing appropriations may be.

SOME EXCELLENT NEW ARRIVALS FROM THE "DOULTON" POTTERIES

Distinctiveness in Your Curtains If You Purchase Here



Everyone who has seen our collection of Drapery Materials is enthusiastic over them. You'll be also, if you just give us a few minutes of your time.

FAMOUS "McLINTOCK" DOWN QUILTS

To This City's Visitors, Present and Prospective, Welcome

Tourists and Travellers tell us that there is no other such magnificent store in Canada, outside of the large Eastern cities, and our magnificent showrooms are yearly thronged with visitors to this city.

PRESENT TO P. R. Pom Society (Pro) The Royal Hunt to Percy in Esquima April, at church in the rally of the city in making some life was so fret at Esquima we had a wedded an to the Roy don, Engla of the Roy cate, which have great the gallan please. "I need very great sending to in saving stable and tificate of (Enthusi Mr. he comes to I knew no this morn I have ha merri ment saving the and cm know, that honor for proud. I saw it, ly for you great priv tificate at net." The La sent to the as follows is you s self were- rine Comp it was wh owing to On Apr a number s, which was Lalloot a 7 p. 7 Lillooet a hor, Pomf a slipped an wharf, P but heard saw my fe He promp clothes, ex diving und the from abov pulled up, rope was t, you haul I should drowned B. for I come up a The has of Highness, (Fr) Grand Chas M. Grand Tru officials le yesterday couven. T days there To the polli tend to se seven winl pairs of tr ders will Mond F D'Arcy of the Grand Bacon, ha Vancouver party yest fall work build up- about ten Bu The Len will erect a for a pe is to west building in shed were galler created on the corner street, to to Robert dwellin a So far this of the buil been issue of H.S. September. To The pres Sons, the p been enter of Phil R. atle, invol and an im available v by \$10,000. establishm sanitary A Bak's refe Mr. Serve stilled whi kept under floors and s tructed, the work, completed, most san in the hort Opia In the p fortunate- sentenced yragan she had b Vancouver able her o had not clutches o been found pther wer quest of a in questi where obtained out of her liness to s, which pressed for mously for magistrat s, which her relati

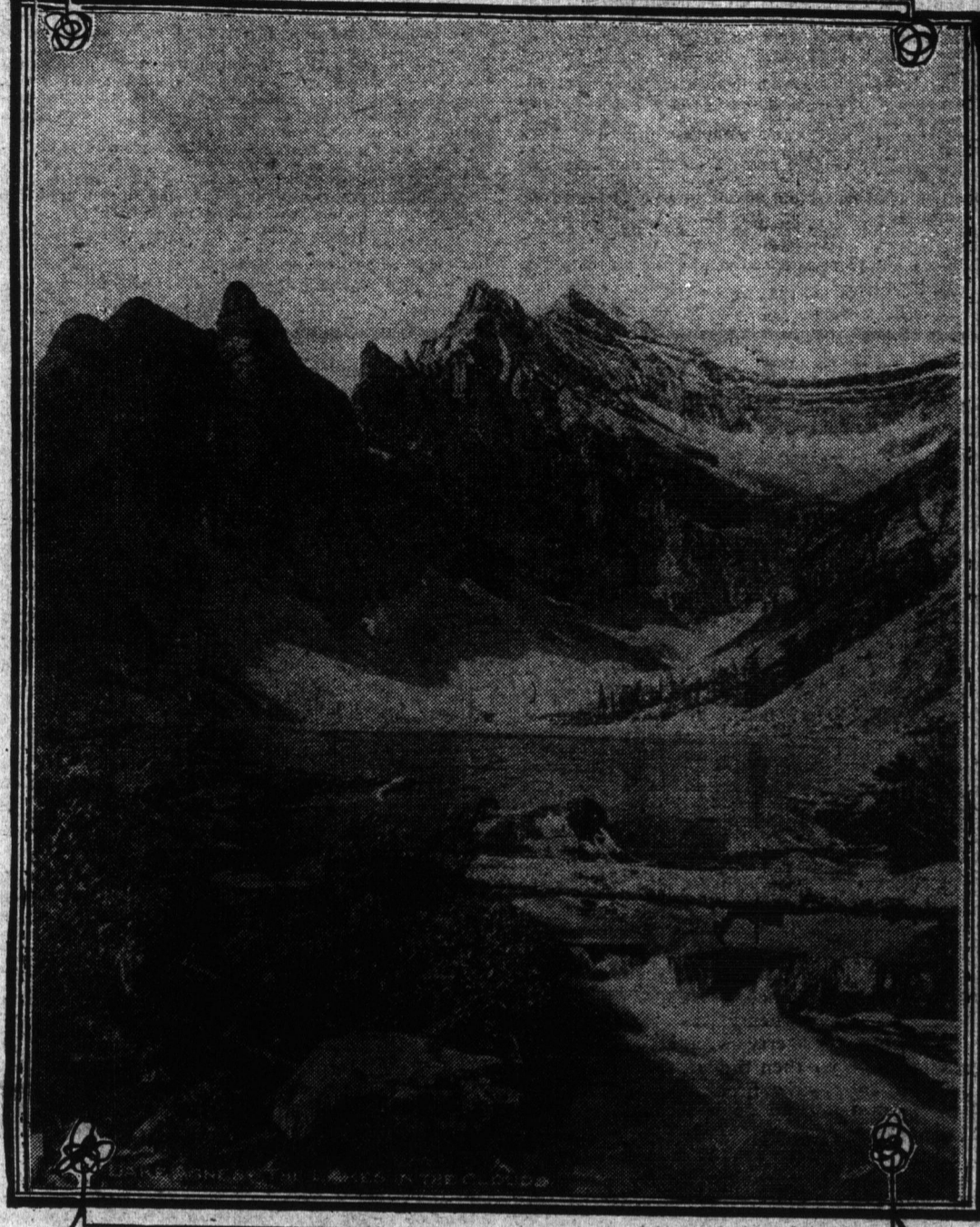
Laggan and the Lake in the Clouds



WHEN the tourist arrives at Laggan, which is the terminus of the western division of the great "C. P. R.," he has got to one of the great centres of beauty in the Rocky mountains. A week spent up at the Lake Louise Chalet, one of the railway company's luxurious hotels, will give him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a region of lake, mountain and glacier scenery which will well repay him for his time. Lake Louise, the first and lowest of the so-called "lakes in the clouds," is familiar to many by its photographs, which give but a poor idea of its real beauty. This sheet of water, some five thousand six hundred feet in altitude, is about a mile and a half long, half a mile broad and over two hundred feet in depth. It is easily reached from the railway station by a drive of two and a half miles over a good road, and the view it presents, lying as it does at the foot of Mt. Victoria and its glacier, is one which is not easily forgotten.

The well-kept grounds of the Chalet slope down to the margin of the water and face the great white panorama beyond. It is a restful and delightful view when one sits and watches the ever-changing lights and shades on the ripples as they wash up to the shore, but the active pedestrian will soon hunger to explore the many paths through the forest land of the surrounding mountains at the sides of the lake. If he takes the lowest of these by the very margin, at the right hand side, it will, after a considerable walk, lead him on to the glacier; he may possibly have some rough work on the Moraine and its treacherous fissures. If he has had no previous experience on glaciers, he had better have a guide; there are few of these great ice fields which it is safe to negotiate by oneself; but the average cautious climber can do a good deal with care, he can safely walk to the ice cave, he may be fortunate enough to see an avalanche on the distant snow fields of Mt. Victoria, which towers to a height of ten or twelve thousand feet; he is pretty sure to hear the thunder of them in the distance, and if he be ambitious to arrive, as it were, at the very end of creation, these snowy fields and icy walls will surely, if he be at all of an imaginative disposition, present such a picture to his mind.

Another trail from the Chalet leads up through the woods to "Mirror lake." This, though charmingly picturesque, is but a tiny affair, better described as a large pond; there is no visible outlet for its waters, which escape by some underground channel to Lake Louise, one thousand feet below. A further beautiful woodland walk discovers the highest of these cloud-land waters, "Lake Agnes," which is sentinelled by Mts. Whyte and Niblock and has the very respectable altitude of six thousand eight hundred and twenty feet. It is about two and a quarter miles from the Chalet. We observed when there, as at other resorts, that but few, comparatively speaking, of the visitors take the trouble of making



LAKE AGNES THE LAKE IN THE CLOUDS

these ascents on foot. They are either exceptionally lazy, or else very poor walkers, for there is nothing in these above-named excursions that the ordinary pedestrian could not accomplish with comparative ease, and in our opinion, much greater safety than on horseback. However, the latter mode is largely

patronized. One morning we saw a lady and gentleman mounted, just starting from the Chalet, and in a very few moments were warned by the screams of the lady and the sight of a riderless horse that the unfortunate gentleman had been landed into a nasty piece of rocky ground, with rather disagreeable re-



LAKE LOUISE

sults to his facial appearance, but, fortunately, no serious injury to life or limb. Possibly this accident may have been an exceptional case, but, if we mistake not, the sufferer would have been better advised if he had walked, and we confess we have sometimes felt indignant when we have seen the difficulties of the trails the unfortunate ponies have to traverse.

There are some very grand mountains about Laggan; from the valley itself is a fine view of the great glacier of Mt. Daly, the snow-capped peaks of which are one thousand three hundred feet above and a dozen miles away. From the Saddleback, which we found an easy climb, there is a magnificent outlook across a gorge, two thousand feet deep, to one of the monarchs of the district, Mt. Temple, and the vale, which rejoices in the name of Paradise valley, the entrance to which is overshadowed by Mt. Sheol, nearly 10,000 feet high. The valley beyond is that of "The Ten Peaks" and "The Moraine Lake." This latter lies some ten or twelve miles from Laggan and is, with "Paradise valley," noted for its exquisite scenery. The glacier which has forced its course between and around "the Peaks" enjoys the possibly unique distinction of being an advancing one, and consequently a remarkable exception to the general characteristic of glaciers the world over.

One parting line as to the rich beauty of the flora of this lovely district in the Rockies. Whereas, at Banff one can get plenty of flowers but no ferns, at Laggan, which is within a comparatively short distance, it is easy to obtain good specimens, and the col-

lection of flowers is so extensive as not only to embrace all the well-known woodland favorites, but even to include the Alpine Edelweiss, the coveted "everlasting" of the Swiss mountaineer.

A Reuter despatch from Amsterdam, dated September 12, says:—"The cutting and polishing of one of the larger sections of the Cullinan diamond, sent here from London for the process, have just been completed. The great stone was first divided into two main and several smaller pieces. The two large pieces, before being cut and polished, weighed 1,700 and a little more than 1,000 carats respectively, and the remaining pieces weighed together 300 carats. The outcome of the cutting and polishing of the smaller of the two main segments is a circular brilliant of 330 carats. It is bluish-white in color, and of peerless beauty and purity. The remarkable thickness of the stone allowed for the cutting of hundreds of facets between the 'table' and the apex, giving an unparalleled refraction and polarization. This stone, the smaller of the two main pieces, is the largest cut in pendant shape, and will be completed in about two months' time, when it is expected to weigh about 600 carats. Both stones are absolutely flawless, and their values will far surpass the original estimates. Among the smaller fragments is a brilliant of 100 carats, which alone is valued at £25,000.

Even if money is called hard cash it's easy thing to fall back on.

Adrian Lumley on the Luxury of Shooting in England

THE luxury of shooting—for of all forms of sport it is the most genuinely luxurious—has taken an enormous hold on this country. The improvements in sporting guns and cartridges have increased in most of the classes, and many of the masses, that desire to "go out and kill something" which is so typically British. A demand has gradually arisen for more extensive shooting facilities, and during the last twenty years owners have turned their attention towards improving the sport on their lands with a view to increasing their incomes.

The landowner with an eye to a let—not he who would shoot his game himself—well knows that the rent for next season depends on two things: the bag of game killed during the present season, and the stock left for the next. The former depends on the skill of his prospective tenant's guns, the latter upon his own careful preservation. Of course, preservation governs both points, but the argument that "Mr. Jones and his friends were very bad shots" usually raises a feeling of suspicion in the inquirer's mind that perhaps, after all, there was not much for them to shoot.

In consultation, therefore, with his keeper, the landlord's first move is to see that the vermin is destroyed. A family of stoats will kill more young birds in a single night than will poachers in a whole season. Where pheasants or kindred game are hand-bred the landowner rears according to the extent of his coverts and the depth of his pocket. There is not much profit in letting a pheasant shoot. If the birds be shot early—say, in November—they will have cost on an average seven to eight shillings each in front of the guns, and to the cost of later shot pheasants may be added additional food and the loss through straying and other causes.

The value in a fair pheasant shoot, however, is the help it affords towards letting the mansion house. Many owners look to obtain enough profit from this combination to cover their summer residence at their places.

With partridges it is different. These are true "ferae naturae," and are really more esteemed by sportsmen than pheasants. The introduction of driving birds towards the guns has greatly improved stocks, for the old cocks, who lead the coveys, are the first to be shot. The slaying of these gentlemen, who would otherwise in their jealousy fight and kill the young cocks, of course leaves a better constituted breeding stock for the next season.

The anxious times for partridges are the months of May and June. The birds nest in ditches and bottoms, and the spring rainstorms wash off and drown many sitting hens. The keeper, therefore, marks down early as many nests as he can so that he may rescue the mother birds and if possible remove the eggs for foster-mother fowls to sit on. In June the trouble is an early hay crop. The young chicks, unable to fly, are in the long grass, and the relentless scythe puts a period to life for many of them. The owner usually offers the farm hands some largesse to take particular care in this respect. Rewards may vary from a "cask of ale" to partridge money—i.e., sixpence or so a brace shot at the end of the season.

Letting partridge shooting is on the whole profitable. As regards the rentals that rule, these up to a point are rather in an increasing ratio. So much per brace would hardly be expected as a basis until a shoot of, say, 200 or 300 brace was considered. It is usually from this size upwards that partridge shoots become separate organizations. From 7s. to 10s. per brace, varying according to locality and size of the shoot, may be regarded as a fair rental figure. A small extent of land with a lot of birds is worth more than a large area with the same quantity. Likewise, the larger bags are worth more proportionately than the smaller ones. This rules with all kinds of game. Big battues are the present desideration with rich folk, although of necessity as the amount of rent increases the market for letting becomes more restricted, thus slightly affecting the rent, so that in the very big figured shoots the

proportion per brace is somewhat lower. The ideal partridge shoot is one of about 2,000 acres with 600 brace in Norfolk, Wiltshire or Hampshire.

Grouse shootings are another matter. The open season is shorter, but the bird is of great use as a money factor. In Scotland and in the North of England the winter's keep of whole countryside depends on a good grouse season. A rent at the rate of £1 per brace is the accepted figure, but the same remarks apply to the values of grouse moors as to partridge

season. An ideal letting moor would be, for Scotland—say in Perthshire—700 brace of driven grouse, and for England—in Yorkshire—the same size; but such a Yorkshire moor does not often come into the market. These Yorkshire moors are "close boroughs," and the rich North of England manufacturers keep them very much to themselves.

The foregoing estimates of rentals are based on "furnished" sportings—i.e., the landlord paying all outgoings, the tenant only paying the rent and such expenses for beaters as he may desire. This or nearly this is the more usual form for taking a shooting for, say, a season, but for any extended period a tenant would pay the landlord merely a rent of so much per acre for the sporting rights. In these circumstances he, the tenant, would usually rear what he likes and do what he likes. He would employ his own keeper, pay all other expenses, and make his peace with the farm tenants. The latter require to be tactfully dealt with. Acts of Parliament give certain powers to the land tenant; he can treat the hares and rabbits as vermin, and he must be compensated for such damage as other game may do to his crops.

The British farmer who is not a sportsman is the exception, and with diplomatic treatment he will nearly always agree to leave the hares alone, and the rabbits also if they are specially required for sport. The courtesy of a brace of birds occasionally and an invitation to join the guns once or twice during the season promotes a feeling of good-will to which the question of compensation is remote. The good intentions of the farmer are invaluable to proper preservation.

The sporting high rentals of so much net an acre are the real earnings of the land from this source. In addition to the crops and timber, the land produces game, the killing of which has a value beyond its market price as food. This is really the interesting point, and although it is impossible to arrive at the actual amount of income derived from this source,

still an approximation, at any rate, for England may be taken.

The principal sporting counties of England are Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Yorkshire. These eight counties extend together to about eleven million acres. If one-third be taken off Yorkshire for lands not calculable for these sportings, and likewise a fifth be deducted from the areas of each of the other counties, 8,300,000 acres will remain. The proportion of timber lands and coverts may be a tenth of this. Coverts in these counties are worth an average of 1s. 6d. This gives an annual value of £560,000 for these counties. Possibly a third of the acreage is let to shooting tenants, so £186,000 may be received by way of rents from this source.

The other counties of England have an acreage of, say, twenty millions. One-quarter of this total is perhaps unavailable for shooting. If one-tenth of the residue be woods and coverts, worth 2s. an acre, and the remainder be worth 6d. an acre, an annual value of £487,000 is shown. Further, if a quarter of the lands be let to shooting tenants the rentals received would be £121,000. Together, therefore, the total for England is about £300,000 per annum. This figure, although rough and ready, is quite within the range of possibility. If anything, it is a moderate estimate.

In Scotland the vast extent of forest and grouse moor and the huge estates owned by a few proprietors preclude the possibility of anything like an estimate of the sporting rights value, but there is no doubt that should there be an interdict suddenly placed on grouse shooting many Scotch landlords would find themselves, to say the least of it, seriously inconvenienced. The reduction of agricultural rents in the Highlands has caused the proprietors to look more and more to the income from their sportings.

A girl takes awful chances when she persists in wearing a lot of pins in the vicinity of her waist line.

ROSE DOLORES

The moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me;
"My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea;
I taste its salt upon my lips—O jailer, set me free!"
"Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care!
There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair,
And one there is who hungers for thy step upon the stair."
The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jailer, set me free!
These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me;
I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"
"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee ere too late!
Thou wert a fisher's child, alack, born to a fisher's fate!
Wouldst lay thy beauty 'neath the yoke—wouldst be a fisher's mate?"
The moan of Rose Dolores: "Kind jailer, let me go!
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Lest he should doubt I love him—If who love not heaven so!"
"Alas, sweet Rose Dolores, why beat against the bars?
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Why weep for one who weeps no more—since grief thy beauty mars!"
The moan of Rose Dolores (she prayed me patiently):
"O jailer, now I know who called from out the ceiling seas,
I know whose kiss was in the wind—O jailer, set me free!"
—By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in McClure's Magazine.

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

CURRENT TOPICS

Castro, the president of Venezuela, is so ill that the Vice-President has to act in his place. In the meantime Holland is considering what to do.

There was a terrible flood at Hyderabad, in India, which drowned three thousand people. Such loss of life very seldom takes place except in the crowded cities of India and China.

From all directions there come reports of accidents by people who drive their motors at too great speed. During the week there was very fast driving in Victoria, and it was a great mercy there was no serious accident.

There are many heroes among railroad men. We do not know how often they save the lives of the passengers by risking their own. A few days ago an engineer, Charles Livingston, was killed on the National Transcontinental Railway, near Winnipeg while trying to save his train. There were thirteen persons on the supply train and all were saved except the brave fellow who stuck to his post.

The editor is very much ashamed to see that St. Nicholas was stolen out of the Ladies' reading room at the Carnegie Library. The naughty girl who did this has punished herself by sending the book to the proper place where it belongs. Those who have taken the magazine into the reference library. How could any one who loves reading be so selfish and so dishonest? Those who behave in such ways bring disgrace upon the whole city, and in time they will be found out.

Earl Grey has returned to Ottawa. He and his friends only came as far west as Okanagan, where he made a large farm in the dry belt. It is not dry now as water has been brought into it by irrigation. It used to be thought that the desert could only be made to blossom as the rose by a miracle. But we have seen how men can do what seems to be impossible, and that was thought fit for nothing, in Alberta, British Columbia and in Washington.

There is a wild but beautiful tract of land in East Kootenay which Game Warden Bryan Williams wants the government to keep for a game reserve. Out of all the land in British Columbia he believes a space thirty miles square should be set aside for the survivors of those wild creatures which once roamed over the whole country. Hunters have not yet destroyed the game in this region and he thinks the animals should be allowed to inhabit it.

All German fathers from the Emperor to the peasant teach their sons some useful trade. President Roosevelt is following this wise course. His son Theodore has gone to work in a large carpet factory. If he is as capable and as honest as his father, he will, some day, be a great manufacturer. Both in the United States and in Canada, the boy who may become wealthy and honored, but it too often happens that the sons of great and wealthy men are useless, extravagant and wicked.

The strike of the C. F. R. machinists is over. Everyone must be glad that the men went back to work and that their wives and children will not suffer in the winter. The strike was not a disorderly one, so there will be no hard feeling now that the men have gone back to their work. Wise men are trying to find a way to make great quarrels between employers and employees, where possible, and no doubt they will succeed. There will always be careless and lazy workmen who will be dismissed. But employers will not be allowed to treat their men unjustly.

Several new school districts have been made and the boundaries of others changed. This shows that British Columbia is being settled. The children who come here are not so fortunate as those who were first settled in Eastern Canada. Here schools are built as fast as there are children to fill them. There many girls and boys had to pick up what education they could get in one-roomed schools. Some of the best months at a distant school. Yet it will be well if the men and women who are growing up now are as wise and upright as their grandfathers and grandmothers.

The Grand Trunk Pacific railroad from Edmonton to Prince Rupert is being built into British Columbia very quickly. The question of how supplies will be brought to the men who are working at the two hundred miles in the centre of the province is puzzling the government and the contractors. It is difficult to supply the men working at the stations on the C. F. R. into the country through the Grand Trunk Pacific runs, but whether Revelstoke, Golden or Kamloops would be the best place to start from has not been decided. The company will ask the government to build this road as soon as possible.

The corner stone of the new University school was laid on Wednesday. The building will be a fine one and the grounds will be large. This boarding school will give boys from the country a chance to get a good education in Canada. They will attend it. The public school boys will have rivals in the lads of the University school. But this rivalry will be a good thing for both. Every school should be proud of its masters, its scholars and its sports, and the very smallest pupil should work for the honor of his school. We cannot have too many strong, good and many lads in Victoria, and if the University school brings some in from outside we will all be the better for it and for them.

The new wing of St. Joseph's hospital was opened last week. The Sisters of St. Ann have now one of the largest hospitals in Canada. They have for fifty years ago the nuns began their work in the little town of Victoria and lived in the little shanty Dr. Helmcken spoke about, the very bravest and most hopeful souls these good women have seen. They have dreamed that such splendid buildings as St. Joseph's hospital and St. Ann's convent would be built, even in so long a time as fifty years. But they did their work day and night, and their money more room they found the means to pay for it. Thousands of people all through the province remember the kindness they received from the sisters who nursed them.

All the children in Victoria who have admired the beautiful house which they call Dunsmuir Castle, were sorry to hear that the old lady who owned it was dead. She loved little ones, and many of the Victoria children have seen her, for she has been ill a long time, she took an interest in them and liked to hear about them. Her husband, the Hon. Robert Dunsmuir, was not only the discoverer of Wollington, and Comox mines, but he was the founder of the coal trade, the principal builder of the E. & N. railroad and a business man who was ready to do anything he thought was good for the city or province. He was, too, a member of the government and helped to make many useful laws. In years to come the name of the Hon. Robert Dunsmuir and his wife will be known among the founders of British Columbia.

Thirty years ago last July England, Russia, France, Germany, Austria and Turkey signed a treaty at Berlin by which the provinces north of Turkey were given certain powers. This treaty the powers agreed should not be broken unless notice was first given. Bulgaria was made a principality, but tribute was to be paid to Turkey. Then without any warning this treaty has been broken by both Austria and Bulgaria. Austria has seized the two little countries of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Bulgaria has made her prince a czar and has declared herself an independent new government does not feel itself strong enough to force Bulgaria to return to her old position. Russia is angry with Austria. What will happen no one can tell. You will need to get out your maps and read the newspapers. A great European war would cause trouble and distress all over the world.

There never was as much city work going on as there is this fall. Wherever you go men are busy. Water pipes and sewer pipes are being laid in all

directions. The city engineer is making haste to put in the pipes that are to carry water to fight the fires and the permanent sidewalks are being laid along streets that were a few years ago out of town. It looks as if Victoria would soon be as clean and comfortable a city as one could wish to live in. But though the city is doing so much, there is plenty left for people, young and old, to do about their own homes before everything is trim and tidy.

The wages paid these men will keep away hard times from many homes this winter. When we read that people in other cities are suffering from want of food, we ought to be very thankful that no one here is either cold or hungry.

The visit of Lord Milner to Victoria was a great honor to our city. This great man was not born a lord. He was a doctor's son, and his mother was the daughter of a general who had been made governor of the little Isle of Man. But Alfred Milner was clever and industrious as a boy. When a young man he wrote for the newspapers and it was no doubt then that he learned how great the British Empire was growing. His knowledge attracted the attention of the men who were governing the country, and he was sent to Egypt, then he worked with Lord Cromer and came to understand affairs so well that he wrote a book which taught the English people much about what was going on in that great country. When a wise ruler was needed at Cape town, in South Africa, Lord Milner was made governor. He remained there until he was called to take command of the forces during the war and undertook the work of making peace after it was over. If South Africa becomes united and powerful part of the British Empire, it will be in a great degree owing to the efforts of Lord Milner. It must not be thought that the work which Governor Milner undertook was easily done. He had many and powerful enemies, but he went quietly on his way, doing what he believed to be his duty. It is such men who make empire-builders.

Mr. Fletcher, who is employed by the Dominion government to study all kinds of insects, was here a short time. On Friday week he talked to the teachers about nature study and showed that many of the insects of the world are very beautiful and have done much for the world had spent years of their lives in nature study. One of these things which he told about was a young man from Victoria, Dr. John Todd, who had helped to find a cure for the disease known as malaria. This disease has been changed in the last century by men who looked out into this wonderful world with keen eyes and thought about what they saw. Little James Watt, watching his steam-making his mother's kettle lid bob up and down, Benjamin Franklin, looking at the lightning and sending his kite up into the clouds; Humphrey Davy, studying the gas in the coal, and in our own time Edison and Marconi, making a servant of the electricity. Events have brought down to earth, and Pasteur and Koch, peering at the tiny things that enter into our bodies and cause disease and death. These, and thousands of others have, by studying the world around them done great things for mankind. Even to understand what they did is worth long study, but who knows what boys or girls can find out for themselves who learn to "study" their own world.

Nothing is so small as to be beneath the notice of the wisest man, and that no knowledge is useless. Though children look forward to a long life, the very longest life is too short to learn even a little about this wonderful world in which God has placed us.

SHORT STORIES

Kipling at the Zoo.

I took a small girl to the Zoo one day, and we went the customary round of the cages. The lions excited her admiration, the monkeys made her hilarious; she watched a boy drop a bun tied to a long length of string down to the bear, and she giggled when the animal made vain rushes for it.

But when we came to the elephants she became very silent. She looked at them with all her heart in her eyes, stood gazing at their great grey impassivity, and their inscrutable eyes with the corners of her mouth drooped down.

I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, she said, 'I hope one of them was Kala Nag!'

I was forced to acknowledge no memory of Kala Nag.

Well-Thrown, Sir—A Story for Children

(Continued)

His heart jumped into his mouth, for he decided that it was the Doctor who came to pay a return visit to his study. What would the Head say when he saw him? What an inglorious end it would be to his day of triumph.

Nearer came the soft noise, and then, actuated by a sudden impulse, he crept under the table. The door opened softly and a man carrying a dark lantern entered and crept to the incandescent burner, turning the by-pass so that the room was partially lit up. He gazed round cautiously, and saw that the window was veiled by some heavy curtains. Giving a grunt of satisfaction, he turned to the door, which was practically covered with old gold, when there had been an Abbey of Bricolage.

"Out you come," he said softly, "and don't you make a sound, else I'll put a bullet through you."

"Stop there!" the man's "I'll trust you up when I've bagged this lot, an' I'll leave you nice an' comfy for the night. Don't forget this," he added threateningly, peering in the doorway.

Dick's face was deadly pale, and he covered in his corner. The burglar turned to the plate, and with deft fingers began to transfer it to his bag. Dick was dreadfully upset, for he knew Doctor Portman prized the plate above all things. His gaze roved the room, and then suddenly his eyes lit up as he saw a silver mounted cricket ball, one of the Head's college trophies, resting on the mantel-shelf by him. A desperate plan came into his head. Softly he reached out his hand, and his nervous fingers grasped the ball. The burglar was intent on his booty, and he did not see Dick's movement.

Suddenly the boy took aim, the ball whizzed through the air, and struck the burglar full on the temple. Down went the man as though he had been shot, and he lay still, stunned.

With a bound Dick sprang over the man's unconscious form out into the corridor.

"Don't you remember Toolmal?" she cried. This name made me feel "warmer" in the memory hunt, though still vague.

"Jungle Book?" I asked.

She nodded, then shook her head, and said, "No, it couldn't be Kala Nag after all," and added, in word-perfect Kipling, "He'd served the Indian government for 47 years, and as he was fully 30 years old when he was caught, that made him 78. And he remembered pushing at a gun stuck in deep mud, and that was before the Afghan War of 1842. No, it couldn't be Kala Nag."

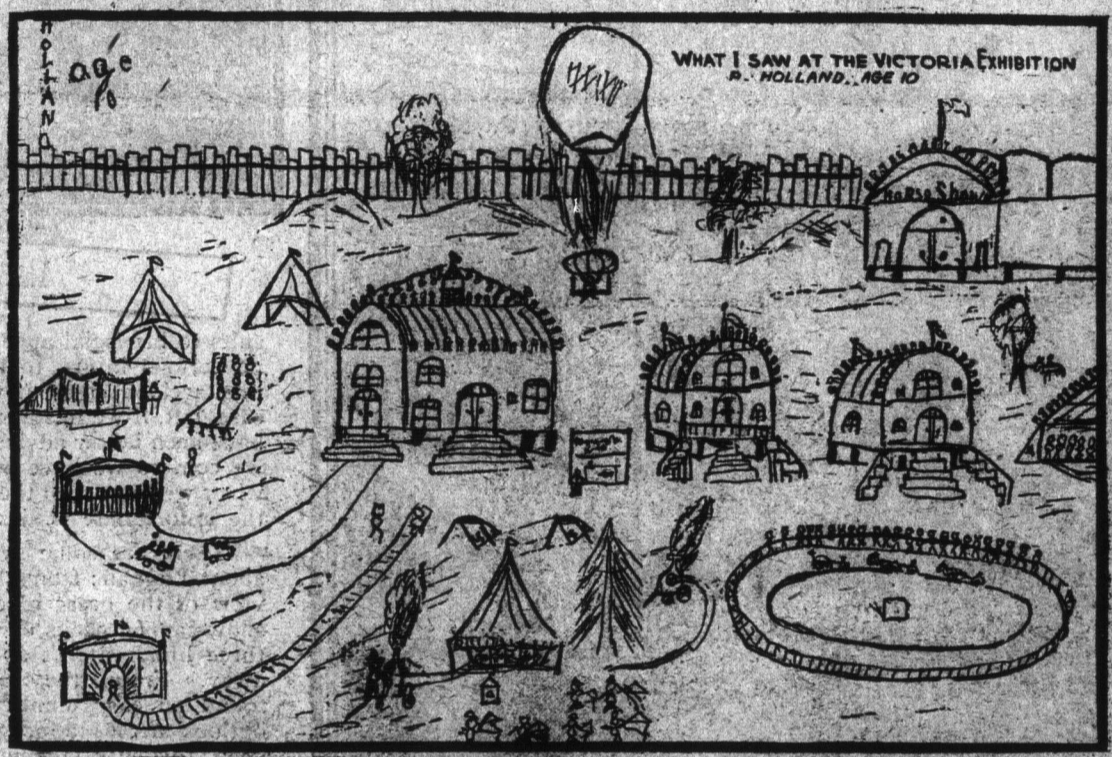
I expressed my relief at the removal of the doubt. But her mouth corners did not lift. She looked at the great grey beast with sorrowful eyes.

"But perhaps he feels bad, just like in the verses," she said.

"What verses?" I asked, interested to see yet another instance of the way the "Jungle Book" stamps itself on child minds.

And she said, softly and without a falter—

I will remember what I was. I am sick of rope and chain,
I will remember my old strength, and all my forest
I will not sell my back to man for a bundle of sugar-cane,
I will go out to my own kind and the wood-folk in their lair.



WHAT I SAW AT THE VICTORIA EXHIBITION
R. HOLLAND, AGE 10

I will go out onto the bay until the morning breaks, out to the wind's unminuted kiss, the water's clean caress.

I will temper my ankles with mud and sea-plasmatics,
I will revisit my lost loves, and playmates masterless!

And now I, too, whenever I see the huge, shuffling beasts, with their winking trunks and little rolling eyes, and their air of pathetic majesty, I, too, murmur—

I will remember what I was. I am sick of rope and chain,
I will revisit my lost loves and playmates masterless.

—Darzee.

Cat and Adjective Game

This is a very simple game. It may be played without preparation, but to make it most enjoyable the players should know of it a day or so in advance. Each player, seat themselves in two rows, facing each other, and the first player on one side begins by saying: "Our dear little cat is playful!"

Then the player opposite him must take up the phrase and before the first player can count ten must substitute some other adjective beginning with "P" for "playful"; thus, "our dear little cat is pretty."

If he fails, he drops out of the game, but if he gives a correct answer he then counts ten while the second player on the other side is getting an answer ready.

Thus the phrase passes from one side to the other until all the players on one side are out, says Home Notes.

The game may be continued, for some time, if desired, by using adjectives beginning with the other letters of the alphabet.

A Pound of Honey

"When you eat a spoonful of honey you have very little notion as to the amount of work and travel necessary to produce it. To make one pound of clover honey, bees must deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar, and to do this requires 2,750,000 visits to the blossoms by the bees."

"In other words, one bee, to collect enough nectar

to make one pound of honey, must go from hive to flower and back 2,750,000 times. Then, when you think how fast these bees sometimes fly in search of these clover fields, often than not one or two miles from the hive, you will begin to get a small idea of the number of miles one of the industrious little creatures must travel in order that you may have the pound of honey that gives them so much trouble.—What to Eat.

THE AUSTRALIAN BOTTLE TREE

It was like a real bottle, thirty feet high, covered with the bark of a box tree, and with a gum tree growing out where the cork ought to be." Such was the way in which an Englishman described the first bottle tree which came under his notice, and truly, one who does not know the tree, its sudden appearance in his pathway, often in the midst of dense scrub, must make a vivid impression.

The lower part of the trunk is thick and cylindrical, decreasing in size towards the top, its shape being that of a gigantic living bottle, from the neck of which spring the only branches and leaves that the tree possesses. In this respect it carries to an excess the peculiarity of most Australian trees, their lack of branches for a considerable distance up the stem. The bark is of a grayish color and is very hard, but the wood inside is soft and moist. The latter can be chewed with a parrot's beak in the same way as sugar cane, but as it lacks its sweet, pleasant taste, it is rarely used in this way. This peculiar characteristic of the tree, however, makes it a valuable food for certain birds, during the long droughts which occasionally visit Australia hundreds of settlers, and they have learned to thank the bottle tree for saving them from ruin.

Sometimes for more than a year and in Douglas districts for still longer periods, scarcely a drop of rain falls. Every blade of grass is dried, tanks become empty, creeks no longer run, and in many cases dry up altogether, as do nearly all water holes and swamps, cultivation is impossible, and fodder for cattle and horses is extremely difficult to procure. Then the bottle tree comes to the rescue. Every scrub is searched for these living trees. As soon as the trunk has been stripped of its bark the cattle are brought to it, if within easy distance, and there they remain until neither leaves nor wood are left. In places where there are no tanks or creeks, many a man in order to obtain a wagon load of this great treasure. Sometimes, instead of allowing the animals free access to the trees, the settlers cut the trunk into strips through the cutter, and thus make a substitute for proper chaff.

In many instances, during a drought, except for prickly pear and the foliage of trees, cattle are fed on these living bottles alone, and they have been the means of saving large quantities of stock. It seems strange that in the absence of rain these trees should retain their moist interior, as the majority of others look dry and drought-stricken. But throughout all the bottle tree flourishes, lifting its dark green leaves towards the sky, whether the farmers and squatters turn longing eyes in hopes of the wished-for rain.

When the dry season ends, and the land which a few weeks is covered with fresh green grass, the work of the bottle tree is done; but, mindful of its past usefulness, no farmer, unless under absolute necessity, tears this tree, and it may often be seen standing in solitary grandeur, its strange shape outlining against the blue sky, while the land at its base has been put under cultivation, or has been converted into grazing paddocks for the cattle.

A certain cricket club in the Midlands recently engaged a new man. About the same time they bought a horse to pull the roller.

Shortly afterwards the ground man approached the club secretary.

"It's about this 'oss," he explained.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Well, the 'oss is the reply. 'But I want to know who will be responsible if the 'oss meets with a bad accident.'

"Well," said the puzzled secretary, "I suppose you would be responsible."

"Then resign!" was the unexpected rejoinder. "The poor brute hasn't the speed in him to get out of the way of the roller, and I shall be running him down and flattening him out some day."

Dick took the hint, and the ground man has now a better horse.

FRANCES NORRIS

WITH THE POETS

The Land of Fairy Tales

At the end of the world is a country fair,
Forests and mountains and valleys,
And a wizard who dwells in a turret there,
Sits spinning the fairy tales.
From gossamer webbing lighter than air,
Blown there on scented gales.

From the magical East's enchanted glare,
From palaces haunted and dim,
Old stories of princes and ladies fair
And gnomes and giants grim,
And the glittering magic secret lair,
Blown over the world's great rim.

And he weaves them into a web of dreams
When the stars begin to neep,
And sets them loose 'neath the pale web gleams
On the silent tides of sleep.
And swift they float on those wonderful streams
And into folk's dreams they creep.

And all the tales that we read today,
Tales strange and old and new,
Come out of that country far away,
Where he sits the whole day,
Spinning his web of colors gay,
Spinning for me and you.

—F. O'Neill Gallagher in the Daily News, London.

October

She throws a mantle of blue smoke
O'er every towering hill
To hide the winter's hurrying feet,
With their dark blight and chill,
And lights the yellowest margold
Where dooryard daisies died of cold.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Editor.—I went to the exhibition on one of our holidays. We went in the morning about eleven o'clock. We had our dinner before we left. We walked up because we could not get a car. We got there about half-past eleven. We took our time in walking. The first thing we did was to ride on the merry-go-round. We had one ride in it and then we got off to go in the main building. We walked around and saw everything. Then we went out and had an ice cream. Then we went to see the sidshows. The first was three monkeys and two tigers and more little alligators than you could count. Next we saw a lady made of rock. The men said they found her in Mexico. Next we saw the deep sea divers. A man was dressed up in a canvas coat lined with rubber. They put a brass things on his head so no water could get through it. Then they put on two very heavy shoes and a heavy belt. These they said were to balance him in the water. He showed how he made wood in the water, and how he got the people out of wrecks. There was a little boat at the bottom of the water, and the man put a big bag in it and the other two were bumping in it and when the bag got full the boat came to the top. Then we went up the grand stand to see the horse races. When they were over a man was going up in a balloon. Then the balloon went up pulling the man after it. When he came down he had some lunch and went home.

CHRISTABEL HALEY,
Girls' Central School, Victoria, September 28, 1908.

Dear Editor.—I went to the exhibition Thursday morning about ten o'clock. First when we got in my

sister and brother had a ride on the merry-go-round, and then we went into the main building and looked at the school work and then to see all the flowers, it was really beautiful. After that we went upstairs to see the sewing. I put a dressed doll in the exhibition, and I got a prize for it. The girls' cooking was very nice and so was the sewing. I think. There was a little church with a clock at the top and doors that would open and close and a light track side.

After that we went to have our dinner at one of the tents and after we had our dinner we went into the machinery building. We could hardly hear each other speak, so we did not stay in there long. Mother said she wanted to go and see the sheep and poultry, so we went in there. There were some very funny roosters with feathers all over their eyes so that you could not see them and pigeons with fan tails.

Then we went to see what the horse show building was like. After that we went to see the stock parade. There was a great lot of them and it was very nice to see them too. After a while we had a walk to see the sheep and pigs. Then we went round to the back of the race track to see the balloon go up.

It took a long time for the balloon to get blown up, so we had to wait. The balloon went up with such a come out of it, and the man got out of the box, and the box went down. It was tied to a parachute and while the man came down it made such a noise. In a little while the man came down with a parachute over him. After that we went home. Your loving friend,

M. GRANT,
Girls' Central School, Sept. 28, 1908, Victoria, B. C.

Dear Editor.—My cousin took my sister and me to the exhibition. I think it was nice. After we went through the gates we went into the main building, and looked around at the things. But the prettiest was to look down from upstairs and see the flowers and plants in different colors. Then we went into the machinery building and looked around. A man that was attending to the paper machinery told how they made paper with wood. They first took cedar or Douglas fir and cut it into a machine which boiled for eight hours with water which turned it black and soft. He showed us the chips before and after they came out of the machine. They then take the black pulp and put it into another machine, and after they take it out it looks like cream. They put the pulp into another machine and made paper of it. We went and saw the horses, cows and sheep. Then had lunch and had a ride on the merry-go-round and then we went to see the horse races, stock parade, and after the balloon went up we came home. Yours truly,

MARGARET ANDERSON,
Girls' Central School, Sept. 28, 1908, Victoria, B. C.

Dear Editor.—Would you like to hear of a trip I took up to Pender Island in our holidays? We started for the Sidney train at half-past seven. It was a lovely day. The sun was shining and lots of people were waiting to catch the train. The train passed out of the station at a quarter to eight. We saw lots of farms, and big fields of wheat and oats, and animals were feeding in the fields. The hay was just beginning to be taken in. The sun was shining on Elk Lake and the water-lilies were out and they looked lovely. We reached the boat Iroquois about nine o'clock. It was very calm on the water, and we were talking to each other and then we reached the Island at 12 o'clock. Two other little girls I knew were with me. We had a nice time. We reached Pender Island at 12 o'clock. Then we went up to the post office and got the mail. We had to walk a mile to reach the farm where we stayed. There were cows in the farm about six hundred and three cows. We went in bathing every day. We used to go visiting quite a lot. They have telephones and a school, and many lots of people. They are all very nice people with large farms and lovely orchards. We loved to live there. We stayed right near the water and could go quite often bathing. We went black-berrying often. There were lots of blackberries. It is very nice in Pender. The water is pretty cold for bathing, but we enjoyed ourselves. Two little children of six and seven were afraid of the water and would squawk when they put their feet in the water. They would splash them in and they would run to the shore and perhaps get dressed. Now I must close, hoping you like my letter. Yours truly,

M. B. FRANCIS NORRIS,
Girls' Central School, Victoria, B. C., Sept. 28, 1908.

WITH THE POETS

The Land of Fairy Tales

At the end of the world is a country fair,
Forests and mountains and valleys,
And a wizard who dwells in a turret there,
Sits spinning the fairy tales.
From gossamer webbing lighter than air,
Blown there on scented gales.

From the magical East's enchanted glare,
From palaces haunted and dim,
Old stories of princes and ladies fair
And gnomes and giants grim,
And the glittering magic secret lair,
Blown over the world's great rim.

And he weaves them into a web of dreams
When the stars begin to neep,
And sets them loose 'neath the pale web gleams
On the silent tides of sleep.
And swift they float on those wonderful streams
And into folk's dreams they creep.

And all the tales that we read today,
Tales strange and old and new,
Come out of that country far away,
Where he sits the whole day,
Spinning his web of colors gay,
Spinning for me and you.

October

She throws a mantle of blue smoke
O'er every towering hill
To hide the winter's hurrying feet,
With their dark blight and chill,
And lights the yellowest margold
Where dooryard daisies died of cold.

She sits beside the meadow brook,
And from her fingers tamed
Dangles rich clusters of ripe grapes,
Or strays about the land
To spill brown nuts by cottage doors
And over fragrant woodland floors.

She drops beside the mill stream dark
A cloud of golden blue
With frost-flecks of the fingers fair
Instead of morning dew,
Her breath within the maple wood
Turns all the green boughs red as blood.

She mallows with her magic air
All voices loud and harsh;
The fangs of the rade harvesters
Ring clear across the marsh.
Even the hoarse crop pipes a note
As from her own sweet sun-warmed throat.

She loves to masquerade as June
In the soft garden clove;
She calls a brown thrush back to sing,
But cannot lure a rose.
She lies a path across the meadow
Over the poppy's faded face.

But when the lights the harvest moon,
And in its clear pale gleam
In orchards dead through homestead panes,
Or where still water gleams,
Then truly is the changeeful elf
Most lovely and the most herself.

—By Susan Hartley Swett

The Fruit Industry of British Columbia

By Frank I. Clarke

FRUIT-GROWING is one of the infant industries of British Columbia, but it is growing rapidly and is quite certain, ere many years, to rival mining, lumbering or fishing. A few years ago the man who would venture to describe the Kootenays as fruit-growing districts, would be looked upon as a visionary or an imbecile; today all southern British Columbia is acknowledged to be the finest fruit country on this continent. Not only will it produce fruit in abundance, but the quality of the fruit is superior to that grown in any other part of America.

In 1903, Messrs. Stirling & Pitcairn, of Kelowna, on Okanagan lake, shipped a trial carload of apples to Great Britain. The shipment consisted of Spys, Baldwins, Ontario and Canada Reds. They arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, on November 9, in splendid condition, and sold at six shillings a box, or about \$1 more per barrel than the choicest eastern Canadian apples—reckoning three and a half boxes to the barrel. The British Columbia apples aroused much interest amongst fruit dealers as well as consumers, and many letters were received by the consignees from persons eager to secure shipments of the splendid fruit.

In 1904, the British Columbia Department of Agriculture forwarded a collection of British Columbia fruits to London, England, for exhibition purposes. It consisted of apples, pears and plums. The exhibit was greatly admired, and evoked the highest encomiums from the newspapers. The London Times, while hesitating to declare the fruit superior to the best English specimens, admitted that they very nearly approached them in color, shape and flavor, even after having traveled 6,000 miles by railway and steamship. The Royal Horticultural Society's appreciation of the fruit was shown by the award of the society's gold medal and diploma.

One result of the exhibit was the deluging of the Agent-General of British Columbia (Hon. J. H. Turner, Finsbury Circus, London,) with letters from prominent fruit dealers, anxious to do business with British Columbia fruit growers. To momentarily satisfy the clamor for British Columbia fruit, and to emphasize the fact of its good qualities, the department of agriculture, shipped in cold storage a full car-load of assorted fruits to London in the fall of 1905, in charge of Mr. R. M. Palmer, provincial horticulturist. This fine collection was the chief attraction at the Royal Horticultural Fruit Show at London, England, and at several provincial shows, and was awarded many prizes.

Successes at Exhibitions

Following up the success of 1905, the department of agriculture, forwarded a commercial exhibit in 1906, consisting of apples and pears, to Great Britain, in charge of Mr. Palmer. This fruit was shown at Edinburgh, York, London, and other cities, and won praise from press and public at every point. At Edinburgh, the gold medal of the Royal Horticultural Society of Scotland, was awarded the collection, and at London the province again won the gold medal of the Royal Horticultural Society for the best collection of apples, while seven silver and silver-gilt medals, and three bronze medals were awarded to individual exhibitors, whose contributions made up the collection. As in former years, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company co-operated with the government of British Columbia in the collection and transportation of the fruit, generously furnishing cool storage cars and cool storage space on its Atlantic steamships, free of charge. After going the rounds of the fruit shows and securing unqualified approval everywhere, this collection was broken up, and sold to fruit dealers at the highest prices.

In New Zealand

An exhibit of apples was forwarded to Christchurch, New Zealand, and made one of the chief attractions in the fruit division of the New Zealand International Exhibition. Writing of this collection Mr. W. A. Burns, Canadian Commissioner for New Zealand, said: "The shipment arrived in excellent order, and the quality and range of varieties is most creditable. The newspapers and the public have gone fairly wild over the exhibit, and now that it has been proven that the Canadian apples can be transported safely to this market, a good trade should follow. I may say that the price of San Francisco apples at the present time is eight pence per pound in the local market, so you will see that there is a good margin of profit."

In 1907, a collection of over 800 boxes of apples and pears was sent to Great Britain, and shown at all the principal exhibitions and horticultural shows—at Edinburgh, Hereford, Tunbridge, Exeter, Sheffield, Crystal Palace, London, and Royal Horticultural Show, London. Gold and silver medals and certificates of merit were awarded to the exhibit as representative of the province, while individual exhibitors won many silver-gilt, silver, and bronze medals, and certificates of merit.

Markets Available

These repeated triumphs have resulted in the establishment of a permanent market in Great Britain, to which several growers are now catering exclusively. Australia also wants British Columbia fruit, one grower alone receiving an order last season for 70,000

boxes of apples. Thus fruit-growers here have the satisfaction of feeling that apart from the unlimited market afforded by the prairie provinces, they can also count upon big orders and big prices from overseas. At present theirs is an embarrassment of riches, so far as markets go, for they cannot possibly supply the demand.

At the fifteenth annual convention of the Northwest Fruit Growers' Association, held in Vancouver, December 5-8, 1907, the Kelowna, British Columbia, Fruit Growers' Association, won the first prize gold medal, for the best display of fresh fruit, and Monshenger & Hope, of Grand Forks, B. C., won second prize. In two other competitions—best five boxes of apples, five varieties, and best box of commercial apples—T. G. Earl, Lytton, B. C., won third prizes. In these competitions, British Columbia was pitted against the choicest productions of Oregon and Washington.

Acres Fit for Fruit

It has been estimated that in southern British Columbia, there are over 1,000,000 acres of land fit for fruit growing, while in the great northern interior from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 more acres will be found available for fruit. Apples, plums, pears and cherries are grown with great success on the Skeena River, and it is believed that this will prove true of most of the valleys of the northern portion of the province.

In 1901, there were 7,430 acres in fruit, with a grand total of 650,000 fruit trees. In 1906, the fruit land of the province increased from 29,000 acres, with 1,700,000 trees, to 49,000 acres, with 2,700,000 trees. In the million tree increase there is included fruit bushes, some 41,000 ornamental trees, 41,000 rose bushes, 22,000 plants and 17,000 shrubs, but the figures do not include the trees sent out from nurseries within the province, which, it is thought, would equal the total of the latter figures. In the last four years, the increase in exports, according to returns from the express and railway companies, was 2,400 tons, the total amounting to 11,882 tons.—Frank I. Clarke, in Canadian Horticulturist.

In the beginning of my experience, of over forty years, with fruit growing in British Columbia, I was inexperienced and, in consequence, made the great mistake of having too many varieties. When an agent came along with a book of plates of fancy apples, such as the Alexander and Wolf River, I ordered some of them. Now, I have to top-graft them, as well as other varieties, as I find that they are not suited to the demand.

At this date, fruit-growing is down to a science. The person who is going to succeed in fruit-growing, requires only a very few choice varieties. The fancy red varieties find the readiest sale. Some choice varieties that do well in the east, such as the Baldwin, will

not do here. The Baldwin is affected with what is termed the "Baldwin speck," or dry rot in specks. What will do well in one locality may not do well a few miles distant. The best way for the beginner is to carefully ascertain what variety will succeed in his locality.

What to Plant

For commercial apples, one needs not over six varieties, and most of them red. For early summer, the Williams' Favorite is early, and a nice sweet red apple. Then the Duchess comes in for cooking. These will do for family use, or what is earlier, the Yellow Transparent. Then comes the Wealthy, a fine reddish showy apple that will keep until early winter. After this, the King, a large, fine apple, comes in. A splendid apple is the Spitzenburg. The Jonathan is one of the nicest dessert apples, and will keep fairly well. Wagener and Grime's Golden are very nice. Now, out of these and the Rome Beauty make a selection of not more than six varieties for commercial purposes. The Northern Spy is a very noted apple that does better in the east than here. As it is very long coming into bearing, I don't think they are as profitable as some others.

Picking and Packing

When picking fruit, one should be very careful in seeing that the pickers do not pull the apples, pears, plums or cherries, off with-

out the stems, as they will not keep as long. Care must be taken not to bruise the fruit. Nice fruit does not look well in rough boxes and will not sell as well. Use the nicest boxes or packages that there is to be had and it will pay. No bruised or scabby fruit should be packed as it will not keep. All peaches and pears should be wrapped and packed closely together, and the boxes or crates well filled, so that the fruit will not move in transportation.

Apples should remain on the trees until ripe. Pears are best picked on the green side and will ripen in the boxes. All apples and pears should be selected of uniform size for each box and without bruise or blemish. No apple or pear that falls to the ground should be sold as first-class fruit; but, if sold, they should be marked and sold for fruit that will not keep.

Apples should be packed in tiers and of uniform size. Some will have from three to six tiers, but a four-tier apple is the most in demand. Apples should fill the box closely and, before the lid is put on, they ought to be about one inch above the top of the box. When the lid is pressed and nailed down, they may bulge out in the middle. Pack closely, so that they will not rattle or bruise in moving the boxes. The variety and tiers with the grower's name and residence, must be plainly marked on the ends of each box or barrel to comply with the Fruit Marks Act. This is a fine thing, as, if any cheating is done, it can be easily shown who did it.

As fruit-growing has come down to a science, we must take pattern from the Californians, as they are very expert in boxing. We must be up-to-date if we are going to compete with them, as we surely have to do.

Poor Transportation Facilities

We are badly handicapped in having only one main line of railroad. They charge a high rate and often side-track a car with perishable fruit for days. I sent last fall some apples by freight to Milestone, about 600 miles; they were twenty days in getting there, and were spoilt; but, of course, there was no redress. I fail to see what good the Railway Commission has done us as yet. One would suppose that the C. P. R. would try and place our fruit in the Northwest promptly and properly, as we have there to compete with the growers of the United States. The duty on fruit is very light. They can grow and put it up here cheaper than we can. We have in this province as good soil and climate for fruit as there is in the world, also for vegetables and produce of all kinds. To make a success of fruit growing, we must have a fair chance of placing it on the markets of the northwest.

I wonder how we will come out when the millions of trees that are being planted come into bearing, or how those that are paying exorbitant prices for all kinds of lands are coming out, especially those that are buying five or ten acres of land and have a family to support. I would suppose a family would want at least five acres more for a house, barn and a chicken house, also a cow or two, and a team. The owner has to pay also for water to irrigate his land and, in many localities, he is not certain of even that. I am not referring to those who have located at Peachland, or Summerland, and some other points, as they have money, and do not have to depend entirely upon the fruit or produce that they raise. There is a glorious future for this province, but it will take time to fully develop it. In order to make the fruit-growers prosperous, we must give them a fair show, and not deceive them with the idea that they can make money and prosper on five or ten acres of land, as so many of the speculators are doing. I have had many years of experience and I hope this article may do some good. I am well aware that it will not suit all, even if it is plain truth.—Thos. G. Earle, in Canadian Horticulturist.

IRISH LAND PURCHASE

Sir Alexander Henderson, Bart., a member of a firm of wealthy London bankers, who has prepared a scheme to provide £200,000,000 at 2-3-4 per cent to relieve the deadlock in land purchase in Ireland, stated recently that he had submitted the scheme to the treasury. "One did not lightly undertake," he said, "to provide £200,000,000 or \$250,000,000, but since the matter had been brought before the notice of the treasury, it was not advanced further." It will be recalled that Lord Kenmare, who is chairman of the Irish Land Purchase Association, recently stated that a proposal to find the money by the issue of £200,000,000 of Consols would be satisfactory if they could get it, but he understood that the treasury was dead against that proposal. The alternative scheme suggested by Sir Alexander Henderson was likely, he thought, to meet with more success, because it was approved by the chief financial houses in the city, and, far from depressing the financial barometer, was likely to have the opposite effect. Briefly, the scheme would provide for the immediate payment to vendors of land of their purchase money, and bonuses as the equivalent of Cash. Tenants would at the same time receive the titles of their farms, and their interest would be reduced to 3-1-4 per cent. Irish county councils would be relieved of the liability for excess stock in flotation, and the Exchequer would incur the minimum of loss, if any.

Condition of the German Armaments

THE Berlin correspondent of the London Times writes: Under the title of "Anglo-German Relations in the Light of German Armaments" the Kreuz Zeitung recently devoted a long article to what at first sight seemed to be nothing less than an invitation to the German Government to reconsider its entire naval policy in the interests of a good understanding with England. The leading Conservative journal adduced a number of quotations from the speeches of Prince Bismarck, and declared that modern German policy had deviated from the Bismarckian estimate both of Germany's naval requirements and of the relation which ought to exist between her forces on sea and on land. After referring to the efforts which, consciously or unconsciously, Germany is making to get on terms with the British Navy, the Berlin journal observed:

"The number and the size of England's ships is a matter of indifference to us so long as we see to it that German coasts and German ports are rendered secure from attack. That much can be done for the German colonies as well as for Germany herself at a relatively slight cost, and a limited policy of this kind would not make us in any degree less independent than we were in Bismarck's time. Our independence will be impaired only when we cease to devote the whole strength of the nation to the service of the army. Covertly, but none the less ominously, fears are already being expressed that the needs of the army are being sacrificed to the requirements of the navy. Without inquiring into the justice of these fears, we consider that the War Minister ought to make a clear and unambiguous statement on this subject when the Reichstag reassembles. Our soldiers, it is true, can be numbered by millions, but there are still too few of them so long as a single able-bodied man cannot be trained for want of the necessary formations. It would, moreover, be a cruel wrong if the old soldiers of the reserve were compelled to leave hearth and home and to take the field in the place of able-bodied younger men. However favorable a view we may be justified in taking of the present political situation, we can as little afford to abandon the "Two-Power Standard" on land as England can afford to abandon the "Two-Power Standard" on sea. We have to remember that England, as experience teaches, always takes the side of the stronger, and that she must therefore continue to be reckoned as the third member of any hostile combination which may be formed against us. With this prospect before us, what we need is not ships but men, and we cannot have a single man too many."

The matter of fact manner in which the mouthpiece of the ruling classes in this country takes it for granted that the German army is and will have to be maintained on the basis of a "Two-Power Standard" is calculated to impress those who profess to believe that Germany has not made every preparation to conduct a war on two if not three fronts.

The Kreuz Zeitung is careful to explain that its arguments have not been invented for a particular occasion, but essentially represent Prince Bismarck's views. It points out that to the end the Great Chancellor succeeded in avoiding any estrangement of England, and that it was the German navy laws and the noisy agitation of the German Navy League which drove England and France into each other's arms. This admission is interesting, since it has of late become the fashion in this country and elsewhere to attribute German naval expansion upon its present scale to the conclusion of the Anglo-French entente. Bismarck, it continues, recognized that among the Liberals the navy had always been more

popular than the army, and upon one occasion he observed that "whenever anybody wants anything of public opinion at the polls or elsewhere, he invariably hoists the flag of the German navy." But it was only under the Great Chancellor's successors that the navy had become an "end in itself." He himself had uttered a warning against "fantastic plans which would bring Germany into collision with people who are of importance to us from the point of view of our position in Europe."

The Conservative organ appeals above all to Bismarck's speech in the Reichstag on January 10, 1885, and to an informal address which he delivered on May 26, 1895. Upon the former occasion he referred to a speech in which the leader of the Centre party, Dr. Windthorst, had stated that Germany would have to choose between renouncing her colonial policy and increasing her naval armaments to a level at which she would not need to fear anybody. Bismarck pointed out that to adopt the second alternative would mean that Germany would have to create for herself a navy equal to the British, and he added:

"But we should still have to fear an alliance between England and France. Their combined strength is greater than that of any single Power ever will or can be. This goal, therefore, is one which we can never try to reach. . . . How do other Powers manage? France, perhaps, is not so strong at sea as England, but she is not afraid to found distant colonies, her communications with which could be cut off at a number of points. She calmly trusts to her destiny, her courage, and her prestige, and to the justice and love of peace of other countries."

In 1895 Bismarck said: "Rivalry with the fleets of England and France I would regard as an exaggeration, but we must be strong enough to avoid being warned off the seas by second-class Powers which we cannot reach by land. Our defensive armaments will be adequate if we have a certain number of armored ships, especially for the protection of our merchant vessels in distant seas. For this purpose we must have cruisers, and we need more of these than we possess at present. In my heart of hearts I prefer cruisers to parade-vessels and ships of the line. But I am not competent to speak on these matters. We must wait and see what orders are given."

With regard to the actual development of German naval policy, the Conservative journal observes:

"The present Imperial Chancellor deserves the support of all patriotic parties in his efforts gradually to recover the supreme control over the spending departments in the Empire, which his predecessors had allowed to slip or to be wrested from their grasp, and he deserves this support only because all are equally interested in seeing that political responsibility is concentrated in the one quarter in which it constitutionally resides. It would be impossible to describe Prince Buelow as being solely responsible for the Navy Law and its amendments. The technical part of these enactments, it is true, was left to professional experts. Their political and economic aspects, on the other hand, which have to furnish the measure of the navy's duties, and therefore the standard of its size, ought to have been decided solely by the one man who is responsible for the conduct of German policy. It is only necessary to read consecutively the preambles to the German Navy Laws in order to realize that the goal has not infrequently been fixed before the reasons for the particular end in view had been discovered. Ignorant tuft-hunters subsequently contributed their share towards leading the public astray."

The result, it says, is that today, while a hundred writers would be prepared to defend a new Navy Bill, not a single pen could be set in motion in favor of a new Army Bill.

For the rest, the Berlin Conservative journal contends that, while the insular position of Great Britain renders imperative the maintenance of an overwhelmingly strong British Navy, if only in order to guarantee the security of her imported food supplies, Germany, on the other hand, as a Continental Power, is not necessarily compelled to create for herself a fleet which shall bear any even approximate relation to the size of her mercantile marine. It is pointed out that Powers like Russia have unsuccessfully aspired to maintain a fleet which was designed to serve purely political ends, and the German Government is urged not to allow itself to be tempted into following this example. Since Germany, moreover, can never hope to rival Great Britain in her naval armaments, she must be content to keep pace with France. The calculation appears to be that if Germany renounces any far-reaching naval ambitions, she will still be able to make herself secure against a French attack by sea, while the strength of her land forces and coast defences will guarantee her against invasion from over-sea. This renunciation would incidentally possess the added merit of allaying British suspicions, and might perhaps ultimately weaken in Germany's favor the ties which now unite England and France.

The real gist and kernel of the article is to be found in the reflection that five army corps could be raised for the cost of the three battle-ships which Germany is pledged annually to lay down. As against the Liberal view, the Conservatives, for their part, have consistently advocated the claims of the army, but in this instance the Conservative organ's appeal can no more be interpreted as a plea for an unlimited increase in the strength of the army than as an argument in favor of the limitation of naval armaments for political reasons. The contemptuous colloquialism of the tariff campaign, "Kein Kanitz kein Kahe," was intended to convey that unless the Government were prepared to concede the economic demands of the Conservatives, the party which Count Kanitz led could not be expected to vote expenditure for the navy and for other schemes of Weltpolitik. This warning is now being repeated in an appropriate disguise. Prince Buelow is invited to reflect that German naval armaments are chiefly responsible for the enormous increase of expenditure which will have to be met by new taxation. The Imperial Chancellor is urged to resume his constitutional control over the great spending departments of the Empire, in order that the army, which is not only more economical, but is also Germany's natural weapon, may not be sacrificed for the sake of the navy, which the Conservatives, when the financial screw is applied, are inclined to anathematize as a costly toy.

The utterances of the Conservative organ have unquestionably been provoked by the imminent prospect of the introduction by the Government of a comprehensive system of death duties as part of the scheme for reforming the Imperial finances. For months this prospect has weighed heavily upon the minds of the Conservative party, and it is evident that, unless they receive adequate compensation in return, the Conservatives will not tacitly acquiesce in the new direct contributions which must fall primarily upon themselves and their supporters. This interpretation may be put forward, together with the further suggestion that this is the kind of opposition which Prince Buelow desired to placate when he issued his recent "reminder" to the Powers in favor of Mulai Hafid.

While he was slow in climbing to the top, Gov. Cummins made more enemies than he can use at the present moment.

RUNNING

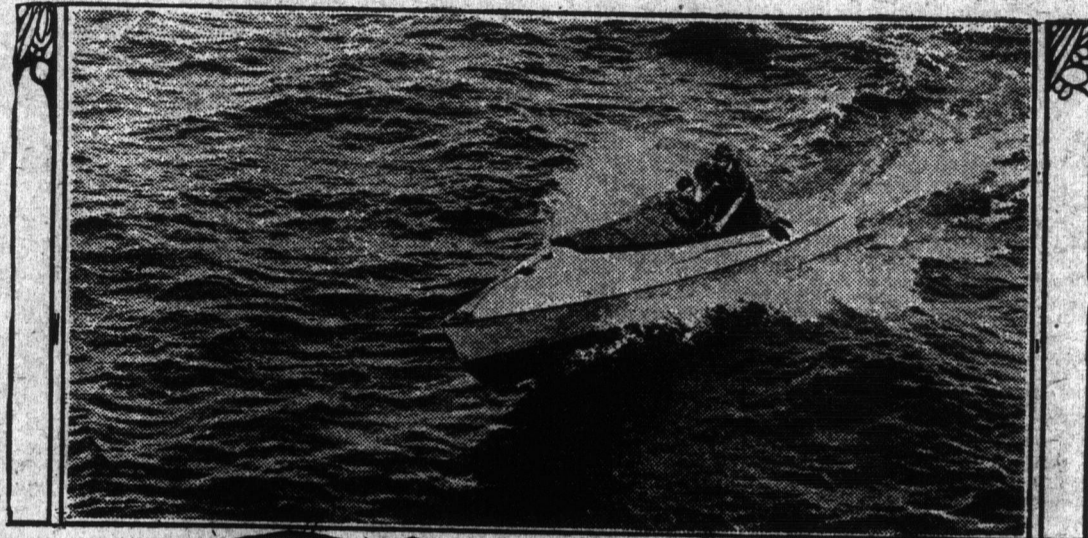


A GASOLINE MOTOR BOAT

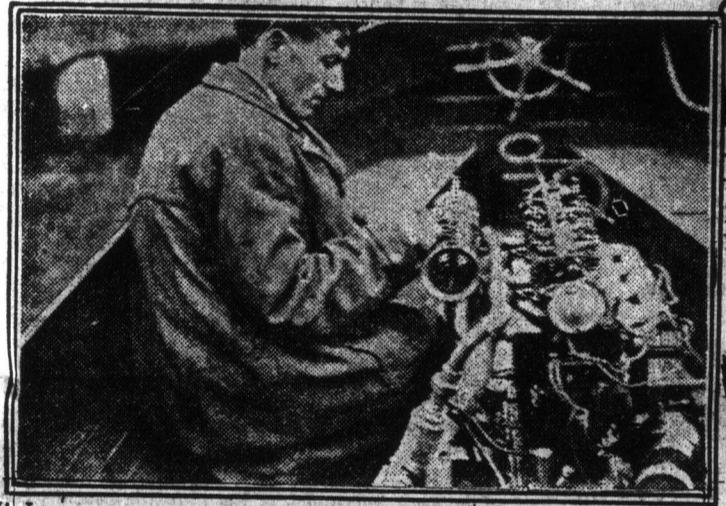
ABOUT the first question that arises to worry the man who has made up his mind to buy a motor boat is, "Can I run the thing myself, or will I have to be continually bothering the other fellows with my woes?" The answer is quite simple. Given an average degree of intelligence and common sense, a little real interest in the mechanical points involved, and a willingness to acquire knowledge of the locations and uses of the various parts of the motor, a man can very soon learn to "paddle his own canoe" under all ordinary circumstances. And even in seemingly difficult cases a great deal can be accomplished by making use of the faculty of reasoning from effect to cause. We are considering here small motors such as a man of modest means would naturally purchase if he intended being his own engineer.

Motors differ greatly in many details, and therefore it is obvious that any attempt to describe minutely the way to handle one particular "kicker" would be of no general value, however welcome it might be to owners of that particular make of engine. With the maker's book of instructions, his catalogue, and, best of all, the engine itself to study, a man can readily work out for himself the why and wherefore of his machine, and can make use of the general instructions that follow.

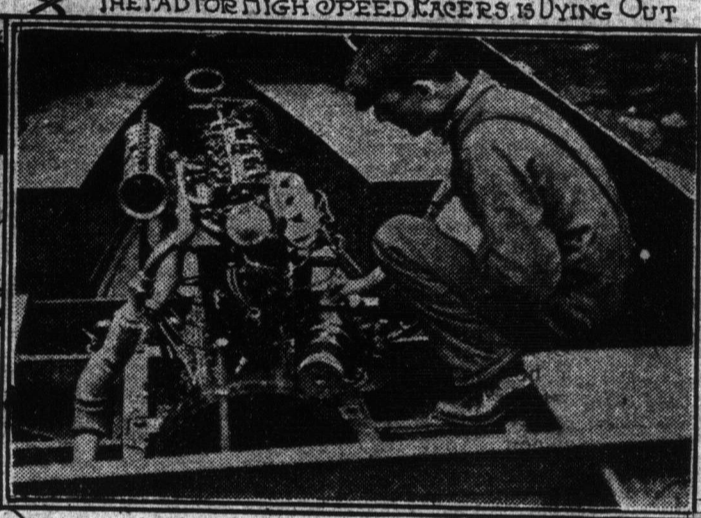
It is a good thing to get the engine on a



THE FAD FOR HIGH SPEED RACERS IS DYING OUT



IF THERE IS A GRAVITY FEED DON'T FORGET TO TURN THE OIL WHEN LEAVING THE ENGINE



A WELL-ADJUSTED CARBURETOR IS ESSENTIAL TO SMOOTH, ORDERLESS RUNNING

bench before it is installed in the boat, if circumstances permit, where it can be easily got at and examined. Of course, if a boat is bought with the engine already installed, this is out of the question. But be very careful about taking things to pieces; it is all right and simple if you know the engine pretty well, but it is likely to lead to unexpected difficulties if undertaken recklessly. The fact that the number of parts in the modern gasoline motor has been reduced to the practical minimum makes each of those parts an important adjunct not to be lightly disturbed or thrown out of adjustment. So, before removing any part, make sure that you know how to put it back exactly as it was originally, without changing any adjustments, causing leakage, or making trouble of any other sort.

We will assume that the boat is received with everything in normal condition, adjustments properly made, and so on. Obviously, the first thing to learn is to keep things normal, on the principle that prevention is a great deal better than cure. It may be that the motor is not developing every possible ounce of power; that it is using a shade too much gasoline; that the exhaust is a trifle odoriferous. But if the motor runs smoothly and steadily, and starts without undue reluctance, it should be allowed to do so, regardless of the slight lack of fuel economy or the excess of perfume floating away astern, until the owner knows—not guesses, but actually knows—that he can alter the adjustments with a reasonable degree of certainty that he can help matters. This applies with peculiar force to the carburetor and ignition adjustments.

One of the most puzzling causes of stoppage of the motor is a partial obstruction of the gasoline feed pipe. Suppose the pipe is blocked so that while a little gasoline passes, the quantity is not sufficient to supply the demands of the motor. There will be no difficulty in starting, other things being in order, and the motor will run steadily for a little while, until the gasoline in the carburetor is all used up. Then, after a few miss-fires, the motor will stop. But the gasoline is still flowing into the carburetor, though slowly, and after standing for a while the motor can again be started, repeating the first performance. The remedy is, of course, to get rid of the obstruction with the least possible delay. And while about this take a look at the strainers and remove from them any foreign matter that may have collected. Be very sure there is nothing left in the pipes before coupling up again. In nearly every case it will be found that the stoppage of the gasoline system has been caused by some kind of carelessness or oversight. It is sometimes a good deal of

little cock at the bottom every week or so and let the sediment and water run off.

Few spectacles are more discouraging to the would-be motor-boatist than the sight of some poor fellow toiling persistently at the crank of a cold and unresponsive motor; and, let it be noted, this cranking business not infrequently makes more trouble that must be remedied by still more cranking. While this may seem to be a paradox, it is a fact. For instance, suppose the beginner's motor stops, and he fails to make an inspection that would reveal a loose connection in the electrical system and therefore does not know that his igniter is not working. He suspects the carburetor to be out of adjustment and concludes to give it a little more gasoline. Crank, crank; nothing doing. Yet a little more of the fluid. Turn, turn, turn; still nothing doing in the explosion line. But all the time the engine is industriously pumping gasoline into its crank-case or cylinder, and when the absence of ignition is finally discovered—usually, in such cases, by someone else after the tyro has been towed home—it is necessary to shut off the gasoline altogether and continue to grind at the crank until the gasoline with which the engine has been flooded is

to directions), usually indicates a sudden derangement of the electrical system. The first and easiest thing to do is to look over the wiring and see if any of the connections have worked loose, or if any wire has broken. Loose connections are far from rare occurrences, and are easily detected as a rule. A broken wire is sometimes hard to ferret out because the metal may part inside the insulation, out of sight, and if there is no tell-tale kink in the wire it must be found by feeling. A break of this kind may cause bother by occasionally interrupting the current when the broken ends are pulled apart, and then re-establishing the connection when the ends come together again.

It is a good thing to have as little loose wiring as possible, and also to have all wiring well protected from abrasion and from dampness—especially from salt water. Salt water is a fearful nuisance when it connects with the ignition apparatus, especially if a jump-spark system is employed. Spark-plug "hats" or "umbrellas," of porcelain or hard rubber, which protect the plugs from flying spray and rain, are decidedly useful. It is no fun at all to sit holding an umbrella or a bit of canvas over the ignition apparatus of a fair-weather launch that has been caught in the rain—but it has often been done.

Another point: be sure that all electrical contacts are clean and quite free from oil and dirt. A little foreign matter between the contacts will often make a good deal of difference in the strength of the current flowing, especially if the voltage of the batteries has been pulled down considerably. Oil, being sticky, collects dust and dirt, and should be kept clear of the contacts. Also remember that oil has a softening effect on rubber, making it pasty and useless; so keep it away from all rubber insulation.

Sometimes, in the case of a jump-spark ignition outfit, a weak battery can be made to keep the engine going longer if the sparking points are brought a little closer together, so as to lessen the air gap over which the current must be forced. In adjusting the vibrator of a coil, make it sing a high, clear note—not a harsh, rattling wheeze, but the highest note it will sing clearly. The high tone indicates rapidity of vibration and a short movement of the vibrator. If dry cells are used, the gradually decreasing strength of the current will, in time, make slight readjustment necessary; the adjusting screw will have to be slackened slightly to keep the vibrator going steadily. Of course, it is possible to give the vibrator a practically permanent adjustment, so that it will work satisfactorily with the maximum as well as the minimum current of a battery; it is up to the owner to decide whether he wants to take the trouble to keep the apparatus at concert pitch by comparatively frequent adjustments, or to be content with a fair average. Probably the latter will be found most satisfactory in the long run.

When attempting to readjust the carburetor, give a good air opening, and shut down on the gasoline until you know the resulting mixture will be too weak. Then open up on the gasoline by degrees until the mixture is strong enough to explode. With the engine running, you can cautiously and gradually admit more gasoline until the engine is doing as well as it can be made to do, and the exhaust is quite clean and smokeless. If the carburetor is a good one and the engine well designed, the exhaust can be made practically odorless—inoffensive at least. But don't start in with too much gasoline, or there will soon be a flooded engine with an unhappy man working off the excess of fuel with the aid of the crank.

To return to the air, it may be said that possibly so wide an opening may be given that the air will not bring the gasoline through the spraying nozzle in sufficient quantity; but this adjustment in a good modern carburetor is not at all difficult to make. Once the adjustment has been reached, let it strictly alone as long as

it works satisfactorily, for off-hand adjustments are very apt to be unsatisfactory to the amateur launchman.

Kerosene is an excellent agent for getting the engine clear of old gummed-up oil and limbering it up generally. A little injected into the cylinder will, if the crank is worked vigorously for a few moments, work into the piston ring joints and carry off clogging oil. If there is any way of getting rid of kerosene, it is an excellent thing to flush out the whole engine occasionally with a lot of kerosene, afterwards clearing out all oil and leaving the engine quite clean. If lubricators with small pipes are used, they should be flushed out also. After this, when the kerosene has been flushed out, oil up and start the engine. There will be a good deal of smoke and smell until the last vestiges of kerosene have been burned out, but the engine will be benefited. It is possible that the compression will soon come up to normal. Gasoline can of course be used in the same way, but it is perhaps a little too energetic in washing off lubricating oil, leaving absolutely bare metal. Kerosene is, to a slight extent, a lubricant itself.

A gasoline motor can no more run without lubrication than without gasoline. Without a film of oil between rubbing surfaces, there would be a scoring, wearing action throughout the engine that would speedily result in its practical destruction. Obviously, therefore, the lubrication of the engine should be given careful attention. The manufacturers of engines usually know what oils are best for their particular motors, and their recommendations should be heeded.

Take pains to keep the oil itself, the oil reservoir or oil cups, and everything connected with the system as clean as possible. And assure yourself occasionally that the oil is getting where it is sent; don't wait until a bearing begins to smell hot and perhaps cut or melt out its babbitt, or until the piston begins to squeal or groan in the cylinder, before discovering that an oil pipe or lead is plugged up. If there is a gravity feed, don't forget to turn off the oil when leaving the engine; a motor full of lubricating oil does not make a particularly sweet-smelling exhaust, and, besides, the cylinder walls, head and igniter points are apt to get sooted up, and a carbon deposit may have the effect of causing pre-ignition by becoming incandescent and igniting the incoming charge before the spark occurs.

Familiarize yourself with the normal temperature of the outside of the water jacket so that you will be able to detect any abnormal rise in its temperature, indicating faulty or obstructed water circulation. Occasionally something gets into the pump or the pipes, and the sooner it is cleared out the better. Keep the pump well lubricated and properly packed, if it is of a type in which packing is used, and keep glands or stuffing boxes well set up so as to avoid leakage. Do not, however, make the mistake of screwing them down so tight as to cause excessive friction.

In looking for trouble, don't, whatever you do, try to find it by "monkeying" aimlessly though hopefully with every adjustment on the machine. Ten to one you will set wrong everything that was right, and then if you do find what was originally wrong the engine won't run, or will run only half-heartedly, until everything else is made right. Figure out what the trouble is, and what should be done to remedy it, before you touch a screw.

COBDEN'S DREAM OF TURKEY

"The progressive movement in Turkey lends renewed interest to the following, which represents Richard Cobden's joyous vision of what Constantinople might become under the genius of a free government," writes the Leicester Advertiser. "Constantinople, out-rivalling New York, may be painted, with a million of free citizens, as the focus of all the trade of eastern Europe. Let us conjure up the thousands of miles of railroads, carrying to the very extremities of this empire—not the sanguinary satrap, but the merchandise—and the busy traders of a free state; conveying—not the firman of a ferocious sultan, armed with death to the trembling slave, but the millions of newspapers and letters which stimulate the enterprise and excite the patriotism of an enlightened people.

"Let us imagine the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora swarming with steamboats, connecting the European and Asiatic continents by hourly departures and arrivals, or issuing from the Dardanelles to reanimate once more with life and fertility the hundred islands of the Archipelago; or conceive the rich shores of the Black Sea in the power of the New Englander, and the Danube pouring down its produce on the plains of Moldavia and Wallachia, now subject to the plough of the hardy Kentuckian. Let us picture the Carolinians, the Virginians, and the Georgians transplanted to the coasts of Asia Minor, and behold its hundreds of cities again bursting from the tomb of ages to recall religion and civilization to the spot from whence they first issued forth upon the world. Alas! that this should only be an illusion of the fancy! Not by the transplantation of the Yankee, but by spontaneous Turkish effort, Cobden's dream seems destined to have a happy fulfilment."

Sincere—"Sir," said the young man, respectfully, "I am a poor man and you are a millionaire. It seems presumptuous in me, no doubt, to aspire to the hand of your daughter. But my love for her is so great that I can not be stopped by such considerations. Love scorns conventions and conveniences. Ah, sir, will you give her to me?"

The old magnate seemed interested. "But which of my four daughters do you want?" he asked, not unkindly.

Eagerly the suitor made answer: "Oh, I'll leave that to you, sir!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Coming Elections in Turkey

NOVEMBER is the month provisionally fixed for the election of those hundreds of Deputies who are to comprise the new Parliament of Turkey. Predominant influence throughout the political campaign now in full swing seems to have fallen, if the leading Turkish newspaper, the Constantinople Ikdâm, be well informed, into the hands of the Committee of Union and Progress. Its members have been working for some weeks upon a platform of administrative and legislative measures to be placed before the voters almost immediately. The details of taxation, the improvement of agriculture, and the development of the neglected economic resources of Turkey, says the Salonica correspondent of the London Times, seem to be dealt with intelligently and practically. However, the main appeal of the Young Turks, according to this authority, will be "national"—a plea for liberty and equality for all nations. Every voter is implored to remember that he is first of all an Ottoman, the citizen of a great empire.

It seems doubtful to the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung, however, whether the Jews, the Vlachs, the Albanians, the Serbs, the Bulgars, and the Greeks of the Sultan's heterogeneous realm can transform their medley of warring creeds and races into a mutual patriotism as Ottomans. The Young Turks believe in just that possibility. They are campaigning politically on the basis of that ideal. No citizen will be asked when he goes to the polls to forget his faith or his race or his language. "This belief in equality and in its magical effects is what the Western observer, who relies on his previous knowledge of the Turks, finds most difficult to accept as genuine. The good faith of the Young Turks seems, none the less, beyond dispute." To quote the London Times:

all cleared out, before a proper mixture can be made.

So, in case of a mysterious stoppage of the engine after it has been running well for some time, suspect first the electrical system. If the batteries are run down they will have given due notice by failure to ignite the charges, at first skipping an occasional stroke, and then skipping more frequently until there are more misses than explosions, and the engine stops. But a sudden stoppage, with plenty of gasoline flowing (test this at the carburetor according

to these provisions upon the Bulgarians has been very bad, and the Bulgarians are the preponderant element in Macedonia, although not in Turkey as a whole.

What seems to alarm the Young Turks more than anything else for the moment is the possibility of official interference with the freedom of the voting. Stories of official schemes to shepherd the elections at every stage are circulating in Salonica, according to a correspondent of the Paris Temps. The Sultan is somewhat pointedly warned in the Constantinople Ikdâm, which takes every advantage of the relaxation of the censorship, that if the palace clique tries to "make the elections" his own reign will come to an end abrupt and inglorious. The attitude of the Young Turks to the Sultan is somewhat frankly stated in this Turkish newspaper. Abdul Hamid will be endured, it says, as an ornament "if and when he gathers about him advisers of a type sufficiently constitutional to recognize their responsibility to Parliament." It is to be hoped, the Ottoman organ adds, that His Majesty appreciates his position. "Abdul Hamid is today and he must remain tomorrow the one relic of a past that has gone for good. In any other capacity he must perish." The integrity of the territory of the empire, adds the Ikdâm, is a principle upon which all parties are agreed. The aim of the "patriots" will be to elect a parliament intent mainly upon saving the Turkish empire, upon winning for it "an independence as complete as that of any other member in the sisterhood of nations." It concludes with a warning: "to the rest of Europe to refrain from any action likely to inflame the Osmanli" during the progress of the voting which must bring into being a "patriotic" parliament.—Translations made for the Literary Digest.

Cultivating Eastern Oysters at Esquimalt Harbor



BRINGING THEM IN BY THE SHORTFULL ODDITION

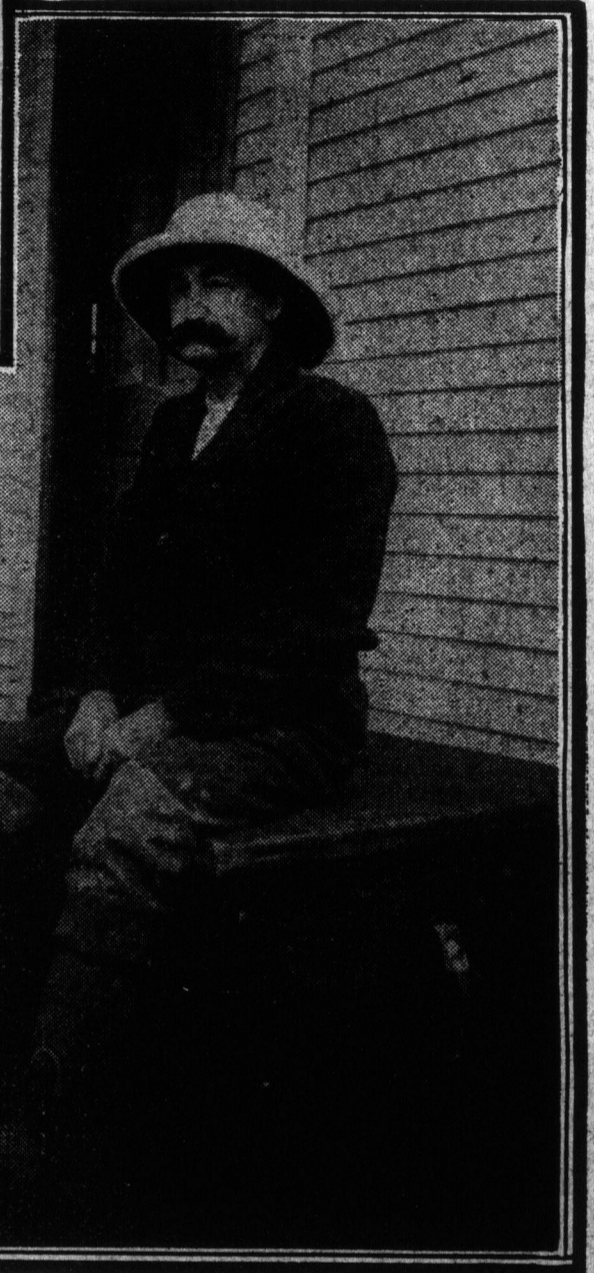


AT WORK AMONG THE OYSTERS

more heavily to supply the demand. Indians and white men resorted to them at all times and seasons, gathering the oysters by the canoe load and shipping them into the market. The starfish, too, ever an enemy of the oyster came up from the deeper waters and so nearly completed the work of stripping the beds that today many that were once wonderfully productive are no longer oyster beds but barren mud flats with a few shells to reflect the past productiveness.

THE PILGRIMS OF TIBET

Once in Tibet we passed two young lamas from Khan. They did not walk like ordinary pilgrims, but literally measured off the distance with their own bodies. Lying down full length on the ground, they would join their hands over their heads and read a prayer, then make a mark on the road, arise, join their hands together again and repeat the entire cer-



THE PLANTER - CAPT. GEO. V. WILLIAMS

HALF dozen on the half shell? Yes, sir. Eastern?"

"No indeed. Give me Esquimalt oysters. There is flavor, size and all else that the epicure prizes in the Esquimalt oyster."

It was an Easterner, this oyster, but moved to the coast. It came young, in car-load lots, welliced, from the beds of its childhood at Cape Cod and Bridgeport, Conn. over the Canadian Pacific Railway to find new beds in the rich harbor bottom of Esquimalt, where it waxed fat and prospered.

At Esquimalt, where sheltered in the little bay into whose head flows the rivulet beneath Parsons bridge, the West Coast Fishing company has its oyster beds laid out in acre after acre covered with the shell-fish, those who care to follow the workers into the silt when the tide runs out at early morn can see the bivalve in its youth, its middle age and in full growth. They can see the oyster sorted from its smaller fellows as the big rakes drag it from the bed to load the boats which lift with the rising tide to carry the harvest gleaned at low water to the sorting house at the edge of the little cliff where Capt. George V. Williams, the manager, and Mrs. Williams live in a cosy bungalow that looks out upon the harbor beyond, with the masts and funnels, rusted hulls and tapering staffs reminiscent of the days before he left the bridge of the Oriental liner Lyra to become oyster planter and manager of the company of Victoria, Vancouver and Tacoma men whose enterprise in cultivating eastern oysters at Esquimalt bids fair to be such a success.

There are now four millions oysters in the Esquimalt beds. They do not propagate. The cold water is considered responsible for this, but if it does prevent the regeneration, it also has the effect of growing the transplanted oysters better. A year ago there were a million and a half young oysters at Esquimalt, and some months ago more were added until the beds contain over four millions. All were planted small in the year of their childhood. They were not more than nine months old. They matured quick. Now, big shells four, five, six inches long are lifted by the oyster tongs and piled high on the boats for the sorters who pick them and load the culled oysters on the firm's delivery wagons, which cart the loads from Parson's bridge to Victoria for the local market, and the Vancouver market; these are the only fields yet invaded, but it is not long before the northwest and Puget Sound markets will also be entered.

The little oysters, tiny shells, were brought by scow from where the C. P. R. cars were sidetracked at the edge of Esquimalt harbor. When the tide was low the land on the harbor bottom had been cultivated. It had been tilled and raked as though a submarine farm had been intended. Pathways were made. The harbor bottom was laid off as for a giant's chess board, suggestive of the paddy fields of the Oriental rice lands. Big rakes harrowed the mud, and soon, well cultivated, it was ready for planting. Branches were planted in row after row until, with the rising water, the cove seemed like a flooded orchard, these marking the pathways and borders of the beds, each approximately fifty feet square. Into these beds the planters placed from 100,000 to 200,000 young oysters, the number varying according to the condition of the soil. The oysters feed upon the insect life of the water, the animal life and vegetation of the soil and water, and some beds offer richer feeding grounds than others.

The beds once planted, time does the rest. The workers tend them, rake and sort them, prevent overcrowding, and as the days and weeks go by the shells grow, the oyster fat-

they are left paddling in the waters close in shore, raking the closer beds. If further work is necessary they must go into their flat-bottomed boats, armed with the double rakes which the oyster planter knows as "tongs" to lift the oysters from beneath the water. Most of the work, however, is done at low water.

At high water the loaded boats are towed in to the sorting house on the float at the edge of the jetty under the bluff where Capt. Williams has his home. There the sorters cull the morning's take and the shipments for the market are prepared, the company's delivery wagons are loaded and start for the stores where dealers sell to Mrs. Victoria.

The methods of culture at Esquimalt are somewhat dissimilar from those in vogue on the Atlantic side. There most of the planting is done in water where the bottom is never visible, often reaching a depth of thirty feet and upward. The ground varies there from quite soft to that almost as hard as asphalt pavement. Labor saving devices also, have been made a prominent factor in the economical development of the enterprises on the eastern coast, and steamers of a net register of fifty tons or more, equipped with large dredges, operated by steam hoisting apparatus, bring from the depths with these from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred bushels of oysters during the course of an ordinary day's work. A crew of four men is needed to man these dredges. Here, as in most beds on the Pacific Coast, the cultivation is carried on entirely in the shallow water, and the work is much easier. It is much more difficult to clean up a bottom of oysters where the bottom cannot be seen. Moreover, a deep bottom on this coast is impracticable, as many oysters would be lost and money would be lost on the planting. In the east where oysters regenerate naturally, even if some are not obtained by the dredges, the cost of them has been nothing; while here where every oyster must be bought for planting, and in addition to the purchase price must pay a freight rate of \$2.55 per 100 pounds, it will readily be seen that an oyster saved is an oyster made and an oyster not recovered is money lost. One big advantage possessed by the western beds is that the oyster beds are not threatened by the heavy freezes of the east, where ice forms over the harbors and remains fast for from four to six months in some places, and the planters of the Pacific coast do not have to be careful to avoid the dangers of freezing and thawing of the oysters or the carrying of them off in the ice drifts.

Machinery, too, enters little into the work in the west. The beds are soft bottomed, and dredges are not used to any extent for fear that the crust will be disturbed. The dredge used in the east is a huge and heavy rake or scraper which drags the oysters into a bag, the entire apparatus being lifted to the surface when the bag is full. At Esquimalt, when the tide has covered the beds, tongs are used instead of this method. A pair of tongs is geared something like a pair of scissors with long wooden handles, except that instead of having blades, something like two rakes is used, and raised to the surface when filled with oysters. The use of rakes and short tongs is another method adopted.

For the past four years the Washington State Fish Commission has been carrying on a series of experiments at its fisheries experiment station at Keyport, endeavoring to find some method whereby the eastern oysters might be propagated here. It has been found that the reproductive elements ripen and are cast into the water, but aside from an occasional oyster being found, practically no set results from this spawning. The observations and experiments that have thus far been made seem to indicate that the temperature of the

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water is too low, particularly at night, and subject to too sudden changes for the young embryo to develop. It is possible that with some systems of enclosed ponds or tanks where the temperature of the water can be controlled better results will follow.

The success attending the transplanting of the eastern oyster has suggested the possibility of introducing other species into our waters. Attention has been turned particularly to Japan, where they have several species of oysters, three, at least, of which are of commercial importance. The Japanese have developed quite a complicated system of cultivation and produce an immense number of excellent oysters. Those around Hiroshima attain about the size and shape of the eastern "Blue Point." The shells are deep and thin and have much the same general appearance of an eastern oyster. Further north, around some of the northern islands, another species is found which attains a much larger size. This is not cultivated to any extent, being a deep water form. A study of the temperature and general conditions surrounding these Japanese oysters indicates that they would be particularly well adapted for transplanting here and it is possible that they might propagate readily.

The Bellingham Eay Company recently made quite a large shipment from Hiroshima and planted on their beds near Whatcom. Through lack of proper packing and care in shipping many of these were lost, but enough were saved to indicate that better results may reward future efforts. Some of the other large companies are now seriously considering making shipment in the near future.

Among the native oysters of this vicinity probably the best known are those of Young Brothers, of the New England hotel at Sooke. Indians living in this vicinity can point out many places where there have been extensive beds of native oysters, the head waters of Victoria arm beyond the Gorge having at one time been well stocked. Not only here but also on Puget Sound and in Oregon waters large areas could be found a few years ago where these oysters grew and flourished abundantly. The shell heaps on the shores of many bays show that the Indians have for many years visited these beds and obtained a large part of their food supply from them. The early settlers found in these oysters a substitute for the much larger oyster of the eastern coast, which has now followed them in their migration westward through the enterprise of a local syndicate. As the cities grew the demand for oysters increased and each year these natural beds were drawn on

emony all the way round the mountain. Performed in this manner by "prostration," the journey took 20 days. The two lamas we saw had only done about half the distance, and they contemplated doing the whole journey twice. One of them was to return there after having completed his duty as a pilgrim. The other—he was barely 20 years old—was to pass the remainder of his earthly life in a dark grotto on the banks of the Upper Tsangpo.

Few forms of self-mortification are of such value as this life spent in the dark, this absolute separation from the world, from one's fellow-men and the light of the sun. In Linag-gunpa I obtained much valuable information regarding this curious custom. In the prayer grotto at that place—a little stone hut at the foot of a cliff—was then a lama who had already been immured for three years. No one knew him, no one knew whence he came nor what his name was, and even were one to know his name it was forbidden to mention it before human beings. But they told me the day he went into the grotto he was followed in most solemn procession by all the red monks of the monastery, and when all the ceremonies prescribed in the holy books had been gone through, the narrow entrance into the grotto had been closed up again. We were standing outside it. I asked the head lama whether he could hear us talk. He replied, "Oh, no; he can neither hear nor see; he is sunk night and day in profound meditation." "How do you know that he is alive?" "The food (tsamba) which is passed into him once a day through an underground passage is eaten up by the morning; but should we find the dish untouched one morning, we should understand that he had died."

How wonderful! For days and weeks I could not drive the picture of this lama out of my mind. Never to hear a human voice, never to get a glimpse of the sun, never to see the difference between night and day, only to know of the approach of winter by the lowering of the temperature. I pictured to myself the day when he was entombed in the cave. He sat there alone and watched them fill up the opening with blocks of stone—the light growing continually less, till finally only a tiny little hole was left. Through this he took his last farewell to the sun, and when that, too, was fully closed up, he remained in complete and utter darkness. Since that time three years have now elapsed. In another temple like Lingga, absolutely unknown by Europeans, a lama had lived immured in this manner for 69 years! Sven Hedin, in Harper's Magazine,

ing convalescence after Waddeston Manor in

enie has not followed the women of wearing Majesty still keeps to and the pink toilettes, an evening rarely dons Spanish complexion is it is somewhat re- love so becoming to it, not overlooked by the e country.

of the modish feminine t made of thick work- killed coat, and tam- pt a hint of color ap- ame. A more servit- he navy serge skirt— o'shanter, and leather brown. Red is little ch is a matter for re- as upon the river, be-

with Princess Patricia, arents' love of simple ting much of her time o head of the weather. r life, however, the cesses, is uncasing in ally, and both at Bag- e household arrange- and the utmost com- Connaught is a keen china, and odd treas- mostly from foreign er houses.

has inherited all her (Victoria) love of the r husband, the Duke t Mar Lodge until the ighness and the Duke s at Mar Lodge, al- ore than 120 spacious nce of Wales will be the deer drives in Mar

NOTES

which has been largely esented to him on his (which is August 28, Mr. Aymer Maude's Tears," was issued by er things the book tells ow, and to what ex- y the Socialist group, of Nicholas Tchay- ropaganda in the early dents narrated in the ny previous account of pleading at a court- as being tried for his e a detailed and most half-century of the life r, and of the most re- our literary contem-

ons, was published on ne Arthur is the pre- ntre of a nightly cor- dies, who meet to "un- get to the bottom of by one reviewer, been re." He is thoroughly urbstone society, whose y for romance and in- be it cabman, drunken e wretch, he draws all an artist and brother.

ving been quite done to reudice exists against novel reader has also a look at a story by a e objections, Mr. Wer- tory which had to con- es. The work is "The Openshaw, and it can- not been equalled since e faith is justified, as year.

CLIPPINGS

our heart, dear love? e knock?"

Peach at the tree, reach of me, at breezes, how I worship now! eye may see on the tree. Now, alas! e orchard grass

y in wrath hanging in my path? ith them—but, ah su the tree.

ght through the blue els peeping and you, ng.

right up there, e all night, fear

and die— I am seven— the sky even.

Girl e sky, e the laughing breeze, white snow, the great green trees.

ust be! ough I am blind; e laugh, e're unkind—unkind."

dear way, ough I am blind? t my cheek, I am resigned.

one Gone e away, silent land; old me by the hand, rning stay.

ore, day by day, e that you planned; understand en or pray.

o for a while e do not grieve; corruption leave s that once I had, forget and smile member and be sad.

—Christina Rossetti.

LOTS OF SPLENDID BARGAINS FOR FRIDAY

These are Indeed Bargains

Our series of Special Purchase Sales in the Shoe Department are decidedly remarkable. The values are exceptional. This applies especially to the lines offered for Friday.

Men's \$2.50 Boots for \$1.25

300 PAIRS MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTH'S BOOTS, sizes 11 to 13, 1 to 5 and 6 to 11. Values up to \$2.50. Friday's price.....**\$1.25**

Infants' \$1.00 and \$1.50 Boots for 75c

150 PAIRS INFANTS' LACE BOOTS, genuine hand-turned soles, black or tan. Regular values from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Friday's price.....**75c**

Friday Sale of Silk and Net Blouses

\$5.75 to \$7.50 Qualities Friday \$2.75

About 300 Blouses in this lot. These are made of plain and fancy white silk, white and cream fancy nets, white and cream fancy lace, white and cream spotted nets, checked and plaid silks in colors. They are this season's latest styles and made of the very best materials in the best possible manner. This lot we picked up at less than half the regular price, and there is not a waist in the lot that is not worth twice the price asked. They will be placed on sale Friday at this price, first come first served, and the person getting the first selection has the choice of waists from \$5.75 to \$7.50. On sale Friday at.....**\$2.75**

New Silks of All Kinds

NEW SILKS, for evening and street wear, a special lot of about fifty pieces in all, in light and dark checks and stripes. Price.....**75c**

FANCY STRIPED TAFFETA, the very newest designs, at \$1.00 and.....**\$1.25**

BROCADED SILKS, new and handsome effects for evening and street wear, priced from \$1.50 to.....**\$2.50**

New Fancy Silk Vestings, very rich, handsome effects in tinsel and Arabesque designs now so much wanted.

Monthly Accounts

For Goods Purchased in September are Due and Payable up to the 15th inst.

Exclusive Fall Costumes

Our Costumes are all styles that are confined to and sold only by us. A few descriptions:

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in fancy stripes, colors, green and blue, light and dark grey and blue and black. Jacket silk lined, man-tailored and finished with stitching and buttons. Skirt circular cut with wide fold of self. Price... **\$40.00**

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in brown, blue and black chiffon finished broadcloth. Jacket satin lined, collar, cuffs and pockets, black satin finish, skirt circular cut, finished with satin. Price... **\$40.00**

WOMEN'S COSTUME, colors blue, brown, green and black, made of fine all wool English serge. Jacket lined with satin, vest of fancy velvet and collar inlaid with same, skirt circular cut with fold of self. Priced at... **\$45.00**

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in brown tweed, also black and navy venetian. Jacket satin lined and very smartly tailored, with silk stitching, skirt pleated with fold of self. Price **\$22.50**

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in fancy stripes, colors, green and blue, light and dark grey and blue and black. Jacket silk lined, man-tailored and finished with stitching and buttons. Skirt circular cut with wide fold of self. Price... **\$40.00**

The Vacuum Cleaner

The question of house cleaning for fall brings to mind the carpet cleaning that must be done. There is no need to upset the house to have this done. The

BOOTH VACUUM CLEANER

does the work without trouble or fuss. It would be well to remember that this is no toy or improved carpet sweeper. It is a cleaner that cleans not only the carpet but the paper and floor underneath. Other makes do surface work, ours cleans thoroughly from the floor up. We would be glad to furnish estimates on request.



The Franklin Parlor Heater

These heaters are very handsome in appearance, being very suitable for a parlor. The doors slide back, giving the appearance of an open grate. It is suitable for wood or coal.

No. 12, coal burning, \$12.50, wood burning... **\$12.00**
No. 14, coal burning, \$15.00, wood burning... **\$14.00**

Imported Dress Robes Reduced

\$15.00 and \$17.50 Novelty Robes. Friday \$11.50
\$22.50 and \$25.00 Novelty Robes. Friday \$13.50

This is an opportunity and an exceptional one, these robes being all this season's styles. They are the most exclusive and stylish dress materials that we carry and the limited quantities shown protects the buyer and makes it possible to have a dress different from what everybody wears.

\$17.50 Dress Robes, \$11.50

9 DRESS ROBES, in fine Herringbone weave, two color plaid effects for skirts, with plain material to match for coat, colors, dark brown, medium brown, myrtle, olive, old rose and navy. Regular \$17.50. Friday **\$11.50**

\$15.00 Dress Robes, \$11.50

2 DRESS ROBES, heavy diagonal weave, two tone color effects in stripes, with border design, colors medium brown and myrtle. Regular \$15.00. Friday... **\$11.50**

\$22.50 Dress Robes, \$13.50

8 DRESS ROBES, heavy Herringbone and diagonal weaves, two tone color effects in small and medium plaids for skirt, with plain material to match for coat, colors, navy, brown, old rose, olive and myrtle. Regular \$22.50. Friday... **\$13.50**

\$15.00 Dress Robes, \$11.50

3 DRESS ROBES, heavy twill weave, in small check patterns, colors, myrtle and olive. Regular \$15.00. Friday... **\$11.50**

\$25.00 Dress Robes, \$13.50

3 DRESS ROBES, in heavy tweed effects, with handsome border design in dark grey, light grey, and dark brown. Regular \$25.00. Friday... **\$13.50**

\$25.00 Dress Robes, \$13.50

2 DRESS ROBES, fine diagonal weave, two-tone color stripe effects, colors myrtle and olive greens. Regular \$25.00. Friday... **\$13.50**

\$15.00 Dress Robes, \$11.50

2 DRESS ROBES, fine Herringbone weave in small stripe and check effect for skirt with plain material to match for coat, light brown shades. Regular \$15.00. Friday... **\$11.50**

Great Special for Friday

MEN'S SUITS

\$6.75 Reg. \$9.75 to \$15.00. Only **\$6.75**
75 to sell, sizes 33 to 44
FRIDAY'S SPECIAL PRICE

What 25c Will Buy on Friday and Saturday

The tables down the centre aisle will be devoted to special bargains at 25c for Friday and Saturday. Some splendid extra specials will be offered on these tables for the week end.

50c Silk Ties, 25c
WOMEN'S SILK TIES AND BOWS, including the new Bayadere silk braid ties in all colors, worth to 50c. Friday and Saturday... **25c**

50c Cushion Tops, 25c
TINTED CUSHION TOPS for working in fancy floral designs. Regular 35c and 50c. Friday and Saturday... **25c**

35c Woolen Gloves, 25c
WOMEN'S KNITTED WOOLLEN GLOVES, in black, white, grey, navy, red and brown. Regular 35c. Friday and Saturday... **25c**

Women's Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c
WOMEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, fine lawn with fancy lace, edge and fancy embroidery. Special Friday and Saturday, 2 for... **25c**

45c to \$1.00 Veilings for 25c
VEILINGS, in Fancy Nets and Chenille Spots, colors black, brown, navy, green, grey, magpie, prune, Alice blue and purple. Regular 45c to \$1.00. Friday and Saturday... **25c**

Women's Lace Collars 25c
WOMEN'S LACE COLLARS, guipure lace, in white and cream, the newest shapes. Special Friday and Saturday... **25c**

Silk Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, unhemmed, with fancy blue border, were 25c and 30c each. Special Friday and Saturday, 2 for... **25c**

50c Linen Doilies, 25c
LINEN DOYLIES, hand drawn work doilies, large variety of patterns to select from, 12 inches square. Regular 50c. Friday and Saturday **25c**

Women's Fancy Collars, 25c
WOMEN'S FANCY COLLARS, nicely embroidered, in fast washing colors. Special Friday and Saturday at... **25c**

35c Cashmere Gloves, 25c
WOMEN'S CASHMERE GLOVES, in beaver, red and navy blue, excellent quality. Regular 35c. Friday and Saturday **25c**

75c Centre Pieces, 25c
LINEN CENTRE PIECES AND DOYLIES, in round, oval and square shapes. Regular 50c, 65c and 75c. Friday and Saturday... **25c**

Friday Bargain for Men

SPECIAL SALE OF MEN'S SILK TIES

Values 50c and 75c. Friday Special 25c

75 DOZEN MEN'S SILK NECKWEAR, comprising all shades of Reds, Blues, Fawns, Greens, Greys, Mauves, Browns, and fancy designs. A number of fancy knitted ties in plain shades and mixtures, Poplins, baratheca and fancy silks. Values 50c and 75c. Friday Special... **25c**

Men's Heavy Sox. Special 17c

MEN'S HEAVY DARK GREY ENGLISH SEAMLESS SOX, regular ribbed knit and strong make, light and dark grey, all sizes. Special Friday, per pair... **17c**

Some New Furniture

New Furniture, Furniture Novelties, and Staple Lines are arriving every day. Our furniture show-rooms are well stocked with attractive and up-to-date articles and our prices are without doubt the lowest possible for equal quality.

DRESSING BUREAUX, with washstand to match, surface oak finish. Complete, the pair... **\$14.50**

DRESSING BUREAUX, large size, with washstand to match, surface oak finish. Complete, the pair... **\$21.00**

PRINCESS DRESSING BUREAUX, in the surface oak. Price... **\$17.00**

CHIFFONNIERS, in the surface oak finish. Price... **\$13.50**

CHESTS OF DRAWERS, in the surface oak finish. Price is... **\$11.00**

HOTEL DRESSERS AND WASHSTANDS, in the surface oak. Price... **\$8.00**

PARLOR TABLES, in the surface oak. Price... **\$3.25**

LIBRARY TABLES, in the surface oak. Price... **\$5.75**

About Fall Cleaning

Now is the time to brighten up the home for the winter months, to have your couches, lounges and easy chairs re-covered and refinished or repaired.

We have a large staff of expert workmen to do all this sort of work. Any new or old work that you want done we can do to your entire satisfaction.

Draperies made and put up complete, and all kinds of work on upholstered furniture. Have our representative call and give estimate on any work needed. Best workmanship guaranteed and charges most moderate.

Monthly Accounts

For Goods Purchased in September are Due and Payable up to the 15th inst.

Women's Seasonable Underwear

WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR, heavy fleec lined vests and drawers in white, different sizes, vests, long sleeves, drawers ankle length. Price, per garment... **35c**

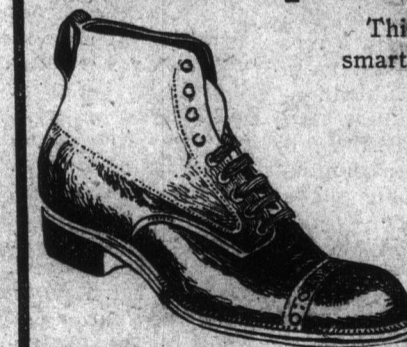
WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR, Pen Angle brand, pure natural wool, vests and drawers, all sizes, vests long and short sleeves, drawers ankle length, per garment... **\$1.25**

WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR, fine heavy fleec-lined, in grey and white, vests with long sleeves and high neck, drawers to match, ankle length, special, at, per garment... **25c**

WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR, a heavy line of vests and drawers to match, oversize sizes at 65c, large sizes at 60c, medium sizes at, per garment... **50c**

Another Spencer "Quite Right"

This is quite the newest thing in smart Men's Footwear.



Oxblood Russia Calf

Blucher Cut Laced Boots, genuine welted soles. Note that the soles, inner-soles and heels, consist of the best quality procurable oak bark tanned leather.

Made on a perfect fitting, smart, dressy last. They are sure to be popular. No better boot made at any price. This boot is priced at... **\$6.00**

Treatment of Boots by an Expert

Let us keep your shoes in good order. Our charges are moderate.

We specially want to clean the boots we sell, and as an inducement we make the following liberal offer:

With every pair of \$3.50 Boots purchased we give five coupons, and one extra for each 50c over.

With Boots value \$5.00 we give 10 coupons, and one extra for every 50c over.

With Boots value \$5.00 we give 10 coupons, and one extra for every 50c over.

Each coupon is good for one free Shoe Shine at our stand in the Shoe Department.

Our Chocolates are Unexcelled. A Trial Will Convince.

DAVID SPENCER, LTD.

Our Candy is Always Strictly Pure and Fresh