

BOARDED AN ICEBERG

FLOATING ISLAND WRECKED SHIP, BUT SAVED CREW.

The German Ship Hansa the Victim — The Berg Held Together Eight Months and Carried the Crew.

Curious indeed was the experience of the crew of the German ship Hansa with an iceberg. The Hansa struck an ice island in latitude 52 degrees a little before midnight in a freezing gale. The impact carried her bow far up on the berg and imbedded it firmly in the ice. Her back was broken by the force of the collision and before morning was wrenched away from the forward part by the battering seas and sank.

When the Hansa struck the boats were lowered, but only one escaped being swamped after pulling away from the doomed ship. It was soon found, however, that this boat was leaking and that an amount of ballast would keep it afloat more than a few hours, so the mate in command of it made for the berg and succeeded in climbing up on it to a place of temporary safety. From the broken timbers of the Hansa's bow the castaways built a rude shelter and stored sea birds to eke out the scanty supplies they had been able to save from the ship.

As the ice island drifted farther south into warmer waters and began perceptibly to shrink the shipwrecked men were a prey to constant fear that the melting mass might turn turtle any time and precipitate them all in the sea, from which it had so providentially saved them. Also they feared it might "calve" and the part breaking away from the main bulk might carry them with it to destruction. The constant grinding and groaning of the great ice raft filled their hearts with constant terror, and the deserted seas added to their despair.

But the berg held together for eight months, and the Hansa's men traveled 750 miles before they were finally picked up in latitude 41 degrees, suffering from frostbites and hunger, but otherwise no worse for their long exposure.—New York Press.

WEST POINT CADETS.

Their Education Costs the Government About \$3,500 Each.

The selection of West Point as the place for the National Military academy was due to its advantages from a military viewpoint, for its rugged beauty and its severe climate were calculated to be beneficial in the foundation of that sort of character so essential to a successful officer.

The academy was formally opened on July 4, 1802, with ten cadets and five officers as instructors. Its success is said to be due to the administrative ability of General Sylvanus Thayer, who became its superintendent in 1817 and served as such for sixteen years. This officer is known as the "father of West Point."

A cadet's education costs the government about \$3,500. All cadets are on the same footing. The pay of a cadet is \$300 per year and one ration per day or commutation thereof at 30 cents per day. The total is about \$700.50, to commence with his admission to the academy. Immediately after his admission the young man must spend \$100 for uniforms.

After graduation the cadet is eligible to the rank of second lieutenant and is appointed to whatever branch of the service his record entitles him. Those who are highest in class honors are generally appointed to the engineer corps.—Leslie's.

Polite and Tactful.

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and after a moment's reflection he wrote among the items of personal description, "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

A Scotch "Bull."

General Wade constructed military roads in the highlands of Scotland. An obelisk was constructed to commemorate his achievements on which was inscribed the following "ball," intended to distinguish between natural tracks and made roads: Had you seen these roads before they were made / You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

She "Hoped" For Her Happiness. The newly wed—Edith did the happiest thing at our reception, and I'll never forgive her, Cousin Jane—Why, what could it be? The newly wed—She addressed Charles in the most plying manner and said, "I hope you'll be happy." The way she uttered that word "hope" was positively unbearable.

The Misery of It.

Reporter—It's a terrible sensation, is it not, Mrs. Yippery, to be bound and gagged? Victim of burglarious visitation—Why, it's simply awful, young man! For more than half an hour I couldn't talk a word!—Chicago Tribune.

Assuming That.

Brown—What reason have you for hating Blank? Smith—Well, you see, he's a relative of mine, and—Brown—Yes, yes, I know, but what other reason?—Harper's Bazar.

Willie's Question.

"Pa, was Job a doctor?" "Not that I know of." "Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"—Boston Transcript.

MORE SMALL FARMS.

Southern B. C. Is Being Worked on the Intensive Plan.

The scarcity of cheap labor, which has long been a problem in every line of business in British Columbia, is bringing about a remarkable change in the agricultural sections of the province, but particularly in the lower Fraser Valley, says the Toronto Globe. The large farms are giving place to the small, and there is arising a tendency to look upon intensive cultivation as the only profitable method. Ages ago, when the world was young, what is now one of the most fertile and desirable agricultural regions in all Canada was an arm of the sea stretching a hundred miles inland beyond where the city of New Westminster now stands. Gradually this arm was filled in with dark brown silt washed down by the river from the mountains far to the north. The result is a wide alluvial plain, almost perfectly level and very rich.

Several factors contributed to make this valley one of the first of the agricultural regions of the province to be settled. It was fertile. It was less densely wooded, and therefore more easily cleared than other tempting districts, and was close to the market provided by the cities on the coast. Land was of little value, comparatively speaking, when the first settlers came, and large farms or ranches were taken up. Many of these have been cultivated and have yielded bountifully. On others—many others—only a few acres have been cleared. They stand, for the most part, as they stood a century ago. Meanwhile the province has developed with wonderful rapidity. The price of land has increased five or ten fold. The ranches are too valuable to be allowed to lie fallow or to be covered with alderbrush. They would pay richly if they could be cultivated, as some of them have been paying richly for years. But cultivation requires labor, and labor, even the Oriental variety, is scarce and high. Many of the farms, cleared and uncultured, have therefore found their way into the hands of the subdivider, and more are following every week.

The change which this new order of things is bringing about in the landscape is remarkable and it promises remarkable things for the economic future of the Fraser Valley and the cities growing up in it. Where two or three years ago one would see a house or two to the mile, and a few fields of grain or grass or pasture, one now meets with a series of little communities of farming people settled on five or ten acre plots. On the dyked lands of the delta the dairy ranches are giving place to poultry farms, and in an afternoon's walk one may see scores of these tiny homesteads, the house and garden in front, the chicken runs and their white-winged inmates behind. Farther up the river, while poultry raising is still a favorite industry, more attention is devoted to the raising of vegetables and rhubarb and small fruits. From Mission, the centre of a rich district, 42 miles from the coast, two carloads of rhubarb have been shipped to the coast weekly since the season opened.

These new settlers are mostly from the old land, though not a few are from the American States. They are active people, and as they are here to make their living from the soil they are losing no time. As a result of their coming, clearings are growing, and there is easily twice as much land under cultivation in the valley this summer as there was a year ago. Heretofore, "truck-farming" or market-gardening has been mostly in the hands of Chinamen, and large quantities of vegetables have had to be imported. With the development of the Fraser Valley lands a new era seems to be opening for the householder in the coast cities, and the vision of fresher vegetables at more reasonable prices seems to be nearer fulfillment.

Bad Name For Doctor.

Medical men are frequently the subjects for humorous remarks, grim and otherwise, regarding the success of their medical efforts.

In a High Court case in Welland just recently, over which Chancellor Boyd was presiding, W. M. German, K.C., M.P., unintentionally by mispronouncing the name of a medical man, a witness, placed that person in a very embarrassing position and caused a smile that might easily be called ill-concealed laughter to pass around the court-room.

An aged woman was conducting an action against a merchant for damages for injuries sustained by falling over a rope which the defendant had attached to his horse and tied to a stake across the sidewalk.

Dr. T. E. Kellam, of Niagara Falls, was giving evidence regarding the extent of the woman's injuries. It was when Mr. German called attention to the witness box that the break was made. "Dr. Kiff'em," he called in loud tones not even smiling at his own "break." Dr. Kellam, it may be sure, arose from his seat under the gaze of every one in the court-room.—Star Weekly.

"Pro" Boys.

Mr. W. A. Boys, who is the new M.P. in the Canadian House for South Simcoe—"Pro" Boys, they call him—is a pretty good type of young Canadian. He is forty-three now, but he will seem a young man ten years hence. In his twenties and early thirties he was one of the best athletes in the country. He was a speedy skater, and could take hold and play any game well. For three years in succession he won the Victoria Cup, emblematic of the lawn tennis championship of Ontario. He also won the championship of Quebec, and was probably the best tennis player in Canada. Later on the Barrie crack took to golf and curling. He is short and sturdy, and as active as a cat even now.

Publicly Owned.

German telephone lines are owned and operated by the Government.

Try ordinary methods first—then the extraordinary, if necessary. The true friend proves his friendship by does not talk about it. The biggest fish is still keeping up the reputation of getting away.

MAGNIFIED HER WEALTH.

A Five Dollar Bill That Seemed to Be a Small Fortune.

The woman handed her friend a five dollar bill. "See the number of small five engraved on it?" she asked. "When I was in Denmark a few years ago such a bill as that caused me a great deal of amusement, and I had to surrender one before I could prove myself clear of a false belief regarding my finances.

"An aunt whom I was visiting saw in my purse one day a number of these bills, and she asked to examine one, as it was so different from any of the Danish money. She studied it attentively a few minutes and then asked me how much it was. I told her it was \$5, and, to my surprise, I saw she did not believe me. 'If it is only that amount,' she said, 'why has it so many little figures on it?'

"I tried to explain, but I made little impression on her. Later I heard she had told our relatives that I was 'worth thousands and thousands of dollars' and was trying to conceal the fact from the family lest they should expect some things of me that they would not otherwise.

"When I heard that I was visiting in another part of the country and could not very well defend myself, so I hit on the expedient of sending my aunt a present of a five dollar bill. When she went to have it changed into the money of the country she was at last convinced, though at the price of having her dream of wealth rudely shattered."—New York Press.

A FAMOUS BEACON.

The Navasink Light, Near Sandy Hook, Is a Wonder.

The most powerful light in America is housed on a promontory near Sandy Hook, 250 feet above the beach, where it acts as a safeguard to all ships entering or leaving the harbor of New York. It is called Navasink light and is of 95,000,000 candle power. At fifteen or twenty miles its flash is as pointed and brilliant as a star. On a perfectly clear night its shaft of light can be seen 100 miles at sea. When it was erected it was operated at twice its present candle power. But ocean pilots objected to its strength, saying that so amazing an electric flash actually blinded them and interfered with their work. Uncle Sam heard the prayer of the pilots and turned down his pet lamp to 95,000,000 candle power.

The amount of oil consumed by the engine that provides the power for the light is only one gallon and seven-eighths an hour. That is the astonishing thing to the unscientific visitor—the comparatively small expense and effort required to maintain so great a light. There are two fair sized dynamo and two oil engines. One set is always kept in reserve. Of course the tremendous candle power is developed by means of a great lens, made in France. The lens weighs seven tons and a half, is seven inches thick and rests in mercury. It is revolved with ease.—Saturday Evening Post.

Purely Mental.

Mrs. Holden had been blessed with remarkable eyesight all her life. It was a great trial to her when at the age of seventy-two she was obliged to put on "reading glasses." "But they are really becoming to you, Aunt Hilda," said a gentle niece by way of consolation.

"No, they aren't," said Mrs. Holden, with her usual scorn for compliment. "Anybody's eyes look better without a glass in front of 'em, and you know it." "But you couldn't read without them," ventured the niece, "and you love"—

"I could, too, read without 'em," said the old lady, refusing to be soothed. "I could read most as well as ever, but I couldn't sense it all—that's the only trouble."—Youth's Companion.

England's Largest House.

The proud distinction of being the largest house in England is generally accorded to Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire seat, Wentworth Woodhouse. Of this house it is said that the three principal entrances are so far distant from each other that visitors are advised to bring three hats with them, one to be kept at each point of egress. A house which is 600 feet long, has a hall in which two average suburban villas could be comfortably placed and boasts a room for every two days of the year is certainly large enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition.—Exchange.

Handy Shakespeares.

"Can you loan me four volumes of your Shakespeares set?" "Certainly. Which volumes do you wish?" "It makes no particular difference. We're to play bridge tonight, and our card table isn't quite high enough."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Irresistible.

"However did you reconcile Adele and Mary?" "I gave them a choice bit of gossip and asked them not to repeat it to each other."—Fleeting Blatter.

Only One Exception.

Teacher—How is it that you don't know your lesson? Boy—I can't learn it. Teacher (angrily)—If it were not for me you'd be the biggest blockhead on earth.—Exchange.

Money in Her Own Name.

Hewitt—He married a girl with money in her own name. Jewett—is that so? Hewitt—Yes; her name was Cash.—New York Press.

Your mistake in life is that you do not look forward far enough.—Dickens.

As a rule truth is lost sight of in the average street gossip. Many a man has suffered harm from jumping at conclusions. Many too to the idea that economy is getting something for nothing.

COURT OF ST. JAMES.

What a Presentation to English Royalty Means Socially.

There is no need for jealousy and excitement about presentations at court. Any respectable American girl can be presented at the court of St. James if she has sufficient influence with some lady who is even mildly persona grata at court. Add when a girl or a matron has been presented then the matter ninety-nine cases out of a hundred comes to an abrupt end.

The social cachet amounts to no more than this—that the lord chamberlain has made an inquiry into your antecedents and found nothing in their history to cause comment. In the case of Americans the inquiry cannot be anything but perfunctory.

Some people imagine that a presentation at court is followed immediately by an invitation to the next state dinner or the next state concert or the next state tea and muffins. Nothing of the kind. You must attain or inherit great social importance or be representative in some way before the king and queen ask you to dine with them.

Presentation is a pretty laborious and expensive ceremony, signifying to any one who is not in the inner social ring in London nothing.—New York Telegraph.

A COLOSSAL HARP.

Veritan's Aeolian Giant Had Strings 320 Feet in Length.

The largest harp ever made, so far as is known, was that invented and constructed by M. Veritan, provost of Burkh, near Basel. It was known as the gigantic meteorological aeolian harp. It was 320 feet in length and was erected in the garden of its inventor in 1787.

This harp consisted of fifteen iron wires, 320 feet in length, stretched between two poles. The wires were from two to three inches apart, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in thickness and the smallest one-twelfth of an inch. They were placed in the direction of north and south and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from twenty to thirty degrees with the horizon, being stretched by means of rollers properly disposed for the purpose.

Whenever the weather changed the wires sounded with such loudness that it was impossible to go on with a concert in the house. The sound sometimes represented the hissing noise of water in rapid ebullition, sometimes that of a harmonicon and sometimes that of distant chimes or an organ.—Exchange.

Paul Revere, Dentist.

Was Paul Revere a dentist? The following advertisement published in the Boston Gazette and Country Journal of Revere's time is believed to prove that he was: "Whereas, many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-teeth by Accident and otherwise, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but speaking both in Public and Private—This is to inform all such that they may have them replaced with artificial ones, that looks as well as the Natural & answers the end of Speaking to all Intents, by Paul Revere, Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston. All Persons who have had false Teeth fixt by Mr. John Baker, Surgeon Dentist, and they have got loose (as they will in time), may have them fastened by the above who learnt the Method of fixing them from Mr. Baker."

Honey Bread.

In Europe, where the food value of honey seems to be much better understood than in the United States, enormous quantities are used. Of late years we seem to be waking to the realization of the value of honey as a wholesome and delicious article of food and also as its preservative qualities. Cakes and sweetbreads made with sugar soon become dry and crumbly and to get the good of them must be eaten when fresh, but where they are made up with honey they seem to retain their moist freshness indefinitely. In France honey bread a year or eighteen months old is preferred to that just made. They say, "It has ripened." It is the preservative of honey, that makes it so popular with the best confectioners.—Christian Herald.

Spiders.

Spiders are not insects, as most people think. The spider has eight legs, whereas an insect cannot have more than six. The nervous system is constructed on a totally different basis, and so are the circulation and respiration. The eyes are different, the insects having many compound eyes and the spider never having more than eight and all of them simple. Then a spider has no separate head, the head and the thorax being fused together.

Longest Cough on Record.

The tiger came toward me, bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen he gave one of those fearful coughs which only a man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was eleven feet long.—London Standard.

A Jollier.

"She's an economical little woman." "Which means, I suppose, that every time her husband has his suit of clothes pressed she tells him that it looks just as good as new."—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Solid.

"Let me see a plain wedding ring." "Solid?" "You bet I'm solid. We've been engaged more'n a month."

Love keeps no ledger of its services.—Christian Herald.

Industry is a sort of magnet that forces things our way. Don't make your pathway crooked if others are to follow. The genuine love of the Lord ought to cast out fear of Him.

You Can Thank Advertising

NEXT time you step into the corner store, take a look around. Of all the articles on the shelves, how many were on your shopping list five years ago? Make it ten years, and you will find that most of the things you buy to-day—and could not do without—were not even made then.

You men and women who buy things, let this sink in. You are better men and women because of advertising. You eat more wholesome food. You wear better clothes. Your home is better furnished. You have cleaner and more sanitary houses. You read better books and magazines. You seek more healthful amusements.

Your whole standard of living has been raised—and why? Because the men who make these better things are telling you that you will be more comfortable, happier and healthier if you use these higher grade goods.

It is advertising that makes it possible for you to buy "the best" right at your corner store. It is advertising that encourages the inventor to make new comforts and new utilities and enables you to buy

them almost immediately after they are perfected.

J. J. Hill says this "high living" costs more. True for J. J.—but it is worth more. And leaving the cost aside, do you want to go back to buying jam out of a pail, oatmeal out of a barrel, raisins out of sticky boxes, or tea exposed in an open chest?

Do you regret the money you paid for a Player Piano?

Would you forego the new style razor?

Isn't a Tungsten worth a thousand candles?

Would you now be enjoying these if enterprising manufacturers had not told you about them in their advertisements?

Isn't life brighter because we have new and higher standards of living?

Let us thank advertising for it.

Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through any good advertising agency or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 503, Lumden Building, Toronto. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write if interested.



"Yes, I now drink Labatt's"

CONNOISSEURS prefer Labatt's Lager. Its rich and delicate flavor is equaled only by expensive imported brands. Labatt's has all the merits of imported beer—and costs about half as much. JOHN LABATT, LIMITED LONDON, CANADA. James McParland Agent, 339-341 King St., East

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