

OIL FOR THE BODY

You can't lose an atom without feeling it. The body is like an engine, a watch, a machine; must be kept in good order to run right.

That's the reason Scott's Emulsion is so successful in all wasting diseases. It feeds, nourishes and strengthens when ordinary food won't.

Doctors say Scott's Emulsion is the best nourishment for those who are not as well as they should be.

We use the whole oil in Scott's Emulsion because the great reputation of cod liver oil as a food and medicine was made by using it in this way. Substitutes in the shape of wines, cordials, extracts, etc., should be carefully avoided.

We'll send you a sample free upon request.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

Orpheum Theatre

The Lyceum Stock Company

PRESENTING
The Sensational Melodrama

In Sheep's Clothing

Saturday, Aug. 1st

Tickets on sale at Lyons' Book Store. Phone Main 491.

ORPHEUM THEATRE



EYE POINTS.

Do you ever stop to think, in this busy life of yours, whether you are giving your eyes fair treatment.

Those patient, long suffering eyes—at once the most used, abused and the most delicate organs of the human body.

Do they toil for you, uncomplainingly?—or have they begun to warn you of their over-worked condition?

You may think yourself too busy to heed these warnings, but has it occurred to you that after loss of eyesight one is not so busy?

Our examinations are scientific and thorough—our glasses perfect in every detail.

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Boston Building, Fort St.
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HOUSES REPAIRED
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Stores and Offices Repaired.

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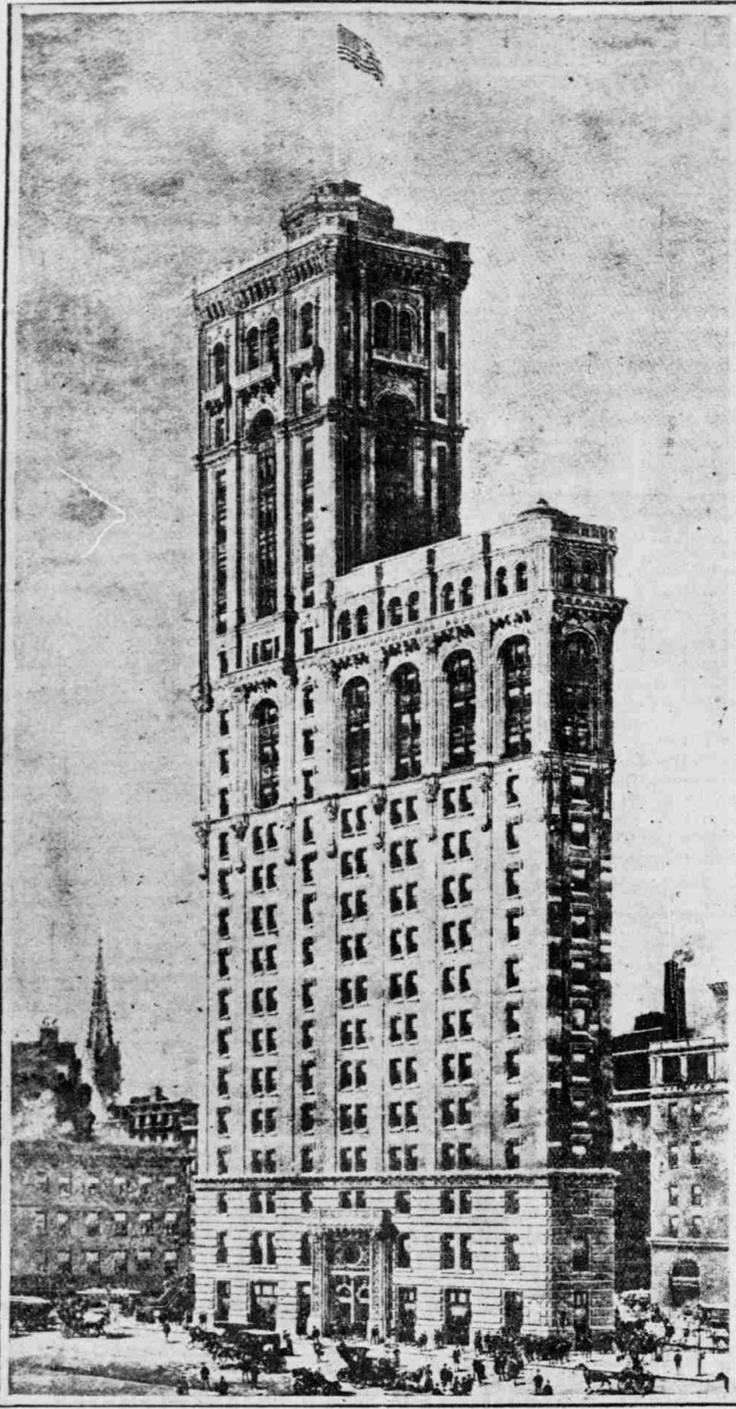
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The Record contains all of the official court, corporation, foreclosure, and partnership notices published in all of the English newspapers published in the Territory.

A NEW SKY-SCRAPER



The New York "Times" is following the lead of the "Herald," and is soon to move up-town from Newspaper Row. Its new home, which is being built at the junction of Broadway, Forty-second Street, and Seventh Avenue, is to be the second highest sky-scraper in the city. Its summit will be 375 feet above the pavement—only seventeen feet less than the height of the Park Row building, which holds the sky-scraper record for New York.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS

Recorded July 14.
M de Colto & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 9, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$13.75. B 249, p 342. Dated June 18, 1903.
M de Paiva to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 11, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$47.32. B 249, p 342. Dated June 15, 1903.
M P Soares & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 9, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$70.95. B 249, p 343. Dated June 15, 1903.
M Nunes & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 8, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$79.10. B 249, p 344. Dated June 13, 1903.
Maria de S Botelho to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 12, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$14. B 249, p 345. Dated June 23, 1903.
M de Negro & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 36, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$10.75. B 249, p 346. Dated June 16, 1903.
M de Lima & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 36, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$27.70. B 249, p 345. Dated June 16, 1903.
J J Andrade to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 4, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$23.50. B 249, p 347. Dated June 15, 1903.
M de Colto & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 12, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$23.71. B 249, p 348. Dated June 13, 1903.
J de Costa to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 7, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$35.55. B 249, p 349. Dated June 16, 1903.
A Joaquin to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Lot 13, Ahualoa Homesteads, Hamakua, Hawaii; \$35.55. B 249, p 349. Dated June 18, 1903.
Wm R. Castle Tr to Wm C Achi; D; por R P 2509, Kul 6450, Kallih, Honolulu, Oahu; \$500. B 247, p 351. Dated June 23, 1903.

Wm C Achi & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; 99486 sq ft, land Kallih, Honolulu, Oahu; \$1 etc. B 249, p 350. Dated June 26, 1903.
Jas Steiner & wf to Territory of Hawaii; D; por Kul 801, cor Hotel st and Adams Lane, Honolulu, Oahu; \$3,142. B 249, p 352. Dated Mar, 24, 1902.
Est of B P Bishop by Trs to Territory of Hawaii; D; 2 pcs land King st, Honolulu, Oahu; \$1. B 249, p 353. Dated June 12, 1903.
Chas S Desky & wf to Thos E Wall; D; Lot 63, Pacific Heights sub-div, Honolulu, Oahu; \$3,500. B 249, folio 355. Dated May 29, 1903.
Luck K Peabody et als to Samuel Parker et al; D; 9-10 of 95,000 A of R P 5671, Kul 8251 B, Waikoloa, S Kohala, Hawaii; \$112,500. B 249, p 356. Dated July 13, 1903.
H M von Holt & wf to M B da Silveira; D; int in por Ap 1 of R P 1547, Kul 585, Nuuanu st, Honolulu, Oahu; \$150. B 249, p 358. Dated June 30, 1903.
Mele Kupalala to Chas E King; D; int in Hul Land Peahi, Hamakualoa, Maui; \$50. B 249, p 360. Dated June 9, 1903.
K K Kaal (widow) et al to Chas E King; D; int in ap 1 and 2 of R P 5361, Kul 4432, Pauliani etc, Waihee, Maui; \$75. B 249, p 359. Dated June 30, 1903.
K Akamu (k) to K Hoopal (w); D; int in por R P 4487, Kul 701, Nihoa, Honolulu, Oahu; \$25. B 249, 361. Dated June 22, 1903.

Recorded July 15.
A J de Amaral to M R de Silva; D; 27000 sq ft land Marques Lane, Punahou, Honolulu, Oahu; \$200. B 250, p 110. Dated July 3, 1903.
J Dewey by Tr & wf to Emma M. L. Wood; D; lot 2, blk 3, College Hills, Honolulu, Oahu; \$1,500. B 250, p 111. Dated May 2, 1903.
Wm C Achi & wf to P J de Coite; D; Lots 13 and 14, blk 4, Kaulani Tract, Honolulu, Oahu; \$450. B 250, p 114. Dated April 22, 1903.
Ah You & wf to Ah Sam; D; Lot 22, blk 7, Kewalo Tract, Honolulu, Oahu; \$1,000. B 250, p 115. Dated July 15, 1903.

GONE ARE THE SAILORS.

Sea-Going Barks Today Are Merely Steamers, While the Vanished Clippers Bred Real Seamen.

When the big steel ship Atlas, one of the largest "square-riggers" afloat under the American flag, raced the British bark Kelat from Hong Kong into this port recently and beat the foreigner handily there was a great wagging of tongues in South Street, where the old deep-sea sailormen are dozing away the afternoon of life in clouds of rich tobacco smoke. The old men forgot their sorrows—due to steam, and brought forth names and records of half-forgotten ships and racy anecdotes of men long since dead.

One of them was of a Captain who got his training in the old Black Ball line ships of vivid memory, who used to boast that he would run his ship "into hell and out again if the owners would pay pilotage." When the war with Spain came on he got a berth as sailing master on a transport, by a curious streak of chance, at Bermuda. He had signed on her as mate, but the Captain went ashore at St. George's Town vowing that he would not have murder on his head by bucketing the old tub across the Western Ocean to the Canal and down to Hong Kong, where our ships and men were waiting. The mate took charge, put the fear of death into the crew, and fairly pulley-hauled the under-engined and leaking old tin pan out of the China seas. She was ready to give up her marine ghost when her mudhook went overboard late one sticky afternoon, and the masterful Captain went ashore to report. They gave him another ship for that; he joined her in the Caribbean. Being what he was, and knowing what he did of things that can never be written, he looked at the little Quartermaster Captain of volunteers so long and so hard that the boy winced in spite of himself, and there was never any more doubt about who was master.

Then the "old man" had the crew mustered that he might look 'em over. They came, a lot of little brown-skinned gentlemen of Porto Rico, taken aboard since the ship had reached Southern waters. The great ham-fisted, derrick-shouldered man sized them up while they trembled in their pointed button boots. He made them a little speech which they didn't understand, but they saw he was a very great man and one to be obeyed swiftly. After his ancient custom he began to divide the ship's company into watches and boat crews.

"What's your name?"
"Jesus Antonio Maria y Silva de Torres, senior."
"What's yours?"
"Jose Juan Fernandez y Hondras, Excellency."
"And yours?"
"Alonzo Maria de la Concepcion Marcelina Dominguez y Estrada."

"What's the good of you with names like that?" roared the Captain, his hard little eyes kindling with wrath. The fashion of naming children among the Spanish was explained to him.
"So-o. They tack the names of their grandmothers and their great uncle's second cousins' names onto their own, do they? Well they won't have that heathen custom on any ship of mine."

He turned to Alonzo Maria de la Concepcion, &c., "Your name's O'Connell. He was a king once, but never mind that; it's too good a name for the likes of you, but it's your name now, and you don't want to forget it, or you'll hear from me!"
"Si, senior," softly and in terror.

"Your name's McCarthy, and yours is O'Brien," turning to the others, "and while I'm about I might as well fix up the lot of ye. I'll write down the names and give them to ye. Here's Donovan, and Mulcahey, and Rooney, and O'Toole, and Ryan, and O'Hara. Ye go to mass like Christians and Christian names ye shall have."
"An' d'ye know," said the Captain ashore, the following day, "when the hands was called for boat drill this mornin' every wan of the bla'gyards had lost his name. It's heart-breakin'!"
He was a type of the old school of sailors, big, hairy-chested men with bull voices, masters of men in every sense.

In the old palmy days of the packet service, when American shipping was carried in American bottoms, and our flag was known in the far-away and almost unknown ports of the world, the ships bore names that testified to the pride and high honor in which they were held. Marine nomenclature was in charge of men who had been touched by the mystery of the sea. Some of the famous old flyers were Star of the West, Rainbow, the Admiral, Victory, Shenandoah, Constellation and the Montezuma. Many of the high-class packets were built at the famous old yards along the East River. Some of them came from New England. Their Captains were the pick of the seafaring profession.

The home coming of one of these famous vessels, deep laden with the odorous spoils of the islands of the Eastern seas, was a matter of import to others than her consignees and owners. They roused local patriotism, and were followed with solicitude through their long voyages. When one of them came creeping in with the tide and was warped up to her dock, the men who had built and rigged her were down to see their handiwork.

"Them topsails of mine certainly ain't blown away," one would say proudly.
"I knowed them shrouds wouldn't stretch none," from an old man eyeing the hepen cordage shrewdly.

The great fleet of magnificent clipper ships which this country produced in 1850 and the years following has never been surpassed for beauty and speed. Not one of them is left on the ocean to-day. One or two are ending their careers miserably as coal-carrying hulks in the coastwise trade. In the days when they raced around Cape Horn to the newly discovered California gold fields, they became known throughout the world. The Sovereign of the Seas, commanded by the celebrated Lauchlan McKay, sailed from New York for San Francisco in August, 1851. In a great storm off Valparaiso she carried away everything on the fore and main above the lower mastsheads. Captain McKay put her under a jury rig and made his destination in 102 days from New York, said to be the best passage for the season. The return voyage from Honolulu to Sandy Hook was made in the marvellous time of 82 days. On this voyage the great ship is said to have made 5,301 nautical miles in 22 days.

Another famous McKay clipper, the Flying Cloud, logged 374 miles in one day's run. In a fair breeze these beautiful ships used to overhaul and pass the cumbersome steamships of those early days. To the masters of these famous craft, "cracking on" sail and "carrying hard" was a science. A Dutchman or a study Englishman with everything snugged down and barely holding his own through the Indian Ocean would see a white cloud overhauling him and vanishing like a witch to leeward—a peek through the glasses would show a Yankee clipper defiantly carrying royals.
Extracts from the log of the clipper Florence, 1,000 tons, on a voyage from New York to Java Head, show how the Yankee skippers sailed their ships. She made 260 miles one day and "passed two barks under reefed courses and close-reefed topsails, standing the same way—we with royals and topgallant studding-sails." The Florence averaged 251 miles a day in seven days in her tenth week out, and "passed a ship under topsail, we having our royals set."
On another voyage to Penang, made in eighty-one days, "the topsail halliards were started only to take in a single reef for a few hours."
"There ain't no more sailors," says the old Captain; "these fellers that go to sea now is just steamboat men."—New York Post.