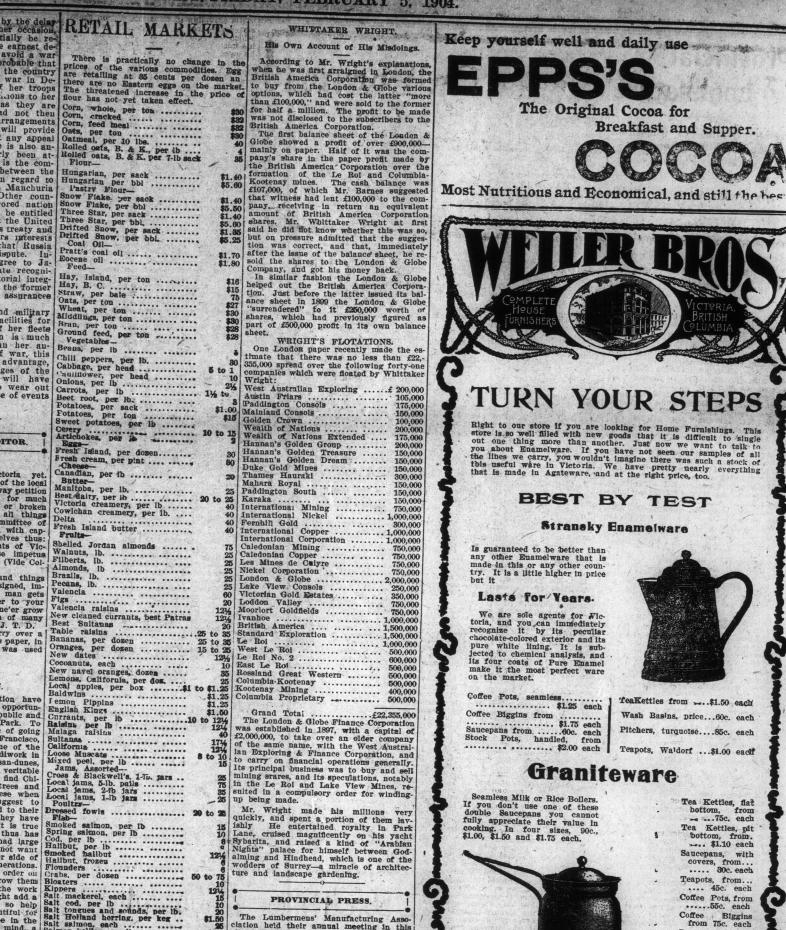
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## VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1904.

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Bring thee airs from heaven or blasts from Be thy intents wicked or charitable Thou com'st in such a questionable shape That I will speak to thee. -Hamlet. R TOENT VISITORS to San Fran-ting takes of the work of a cer-tain medium in that great city where the spirits of the departed, the calls and the spirits of the full stormines his audiences. In nearly instance the persons dead to live the electric light and upon a platform the electric light and upon a platform the bit is destinate of cabinet or other the public scences is packed. The me-tion and after a shout exposition by the is about to produce begins by all any one know a certain Mrs. "Did any one know a certain Mrs. Mary Brown when she was on earth?" A lady's voice from some part of the hall responds. A lady's voice from some part of the hall responds. "Yes, I knew a haly of that name." The operator, without apparently moticing the interruption, continues: "I am on a steamer. We are bound for the morth. We have been three days at sea and we reach Vancouver. I can-mot stop there. I go to another place-Victoria. Ah! there I see a lady. She is related to Mary Brown, deceased-a daughter, I think. Yes, a daughter. Mary Brown has a message for her daughter which she wishes you (looking in the direction from which the voice that come) to deliver. Tell the daughter that her mother says she has acted wise-ly and that prosperity is about to dawn upon her and hers. There is a gentle-man here who wishes to speak to you (again bowing in the direction of the voice). He lived on Puget Sound. His name is —. He is tall and strong looking. He wants me to tell you that you have acted nobly and your reward is centain. He awaits your coming with impatience. Did you ever know a per-son of that name." ""Ah!" exclaimed the medium, "here is a man named Max Popper. He has something to say to a Mr. Ernest Popper who he says is in this room. Is there such a person here?" Agentleman rises and exclaims, "That is my name."

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Agentleman rises and exclaims, "That fs mj name." "Well, sir, your friend wishes me to bell you that you must stop playing the with the says or ruin will overtake you. He in says you drink too much." "Goodness gracious," exclaims the ennthly Mr. Popper, "that's my brother Max. He blowed his brains out when he lost two thousand dollars at the track last year." The medium continues: "He says that you will not blow your brains out for a very good reason. But he bids me de say that you are spending money that is mot your own." "Goodness gracious," intermost firm-est Popper, in a great state of excite-ment, "that is so, but how does he know it? Who telled him? What else does he say?" "Nothing. Is there a lady here nam-ed Miss, Arabella \_\_?" is my name.'

man rises and exclaims, "That

Another

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Strange Illus

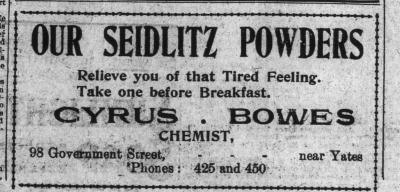
-Hamlet

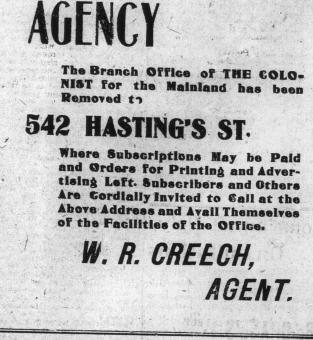
"That's me," a shrill femiale voice from the rear breaks in

There is the rear breaks in. "You have lost something. It is of great value. Your husband's here. He says that if you look in the dark closet under the first pair of stairs in your house you'll find what you lost." The female makes a quick exit to



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e remaie makes a quick exit to the dark closet for her treasure. "there a Mrs. Pollardi-Mrs. Irene d in this room?" he next asks. mid little woman in a faded shawl P., blushes, opens and accessed es, opens and close your name Irene Pollard?" "But my son's dead," gasps the frightened little body. "I know he is-that's why he sends you a message. He bids me tell you he is very happy. The other boys are with him and they are waiting for you. He says he wants you to forgive him for this neglect of you while on earth." "Has-has he seen his father?" ven-tured the lady. "No, and he says he doesn't want to see him, either. He adds that where his father is there is neither snow nor ice." But my son's dead," gasps "Oh!" engerly explained the lattle lady, "The was killed by an avalanche in the Sierna Nevada Mountains. George doesn't mean that he's in the bad place. He means that he won't be buried up again." again." The audience laughs doubtingly but

He means that'he won't be buried up again." The addience laughe doubtingly but makes no comment. "I see," continues the med'um, s hand some girl of some twenty summers. Her long hair is hanging loose and her it at her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her name while on earth was Ade it that her was a the work of the Rio Janiero in San Fromisco harbor. Does any one recognize her?" "I Alady rose in the audience and in prembling accents responded to the call e "She wishes to say that she is happy-much happier than while in life. She says that you should not take the step or you contemplate-marriage-for you will have nothing but unhappines with the time who has proposed to you." The lady gathers up her wraps and its as the wished she had not come. "In the other world. It is said that the you could it friends with messages from the other world. It is said that the you mean who has prosee thow send and the interest if not edificant and the onsees should him. This is probably correct. I long ago arrived by their spirit friends with messages from the other world. It is said that the you mean it is a gift that few posses and the possession of which none can not be parties who are favorated by the messages through him. This is probably correct. I long ago arrived at it the conclusion that the wonderful powers possessed by clairvoyants cannot be cascribed to any cause at greeent know at the possession of which none can not be parties who are favorated by any there was born in me, "asif fat bur the do you mean?" A moreas a sif the conce is the cla

"Am I clairvoyant?" a geutleman ask-ed her. "No, not a bit—you're too earthy." "What do you mean?" he asked. "I meau that you're of the earth sarthy. You're wedded to your flesh-pots."

The visitor looked at the groes old woman as she leaned back in an easy chair and leared at him while a strong odor of onions flavored her breath and alled the room, and his choler rose.