Greek Murderer Still at Large

Frank Nicholes, Slayer of Tom Netes Has So Far Eluded Pursuit.

Michael Angelo Tells of the Tragedy—Tug Sadie Out With Police Party.

Frank—or Forti—Nicholes, the Greek fisherman who thrust his dagger into the heart and abdomen of Tom Netes, a fellow fisherman, after a drunken quarrel yesterday morning, is still at large. Since he ran from where his dying victim sank down on Herald street, and escaped in his fishing sloop, he has eluded pursuit. When the Colonist went to press yesterday morning a steam launch was out in pursuit. In this launch, which started out into the night, about an hour after the sloop bearing the escaped murderer and another Greek, were Detective Macdonald, Constables Abbott and Blackstock, Constantine Netes, a brother of the murdered man, and Michael Angelo, a witness of the tragedy. The launch returned about 4:30 a. m., and the squad reported an unsuccessful search, and the constables whom Acting Sergeant Carson had hurriedly sent out to search the waterfront were equally unsuccessful. A fair wind was blowing across the Straits, and the flood tide was most favorable to any sailing vessel cruising across to San Juan island or other points across the water. A mist also prevailed, and the darkness was intense. Everything was favorable for the fugitive sloop. There was nothing for it but to await daylight and continue the search. With dawn constables were sent out along the stretches of waterfront adjacent to the city, and an officer was despatched to Sidney whence he took a steam launch for Friday harbor. Telegrams were sent to San Juan, Port Townsend, and all other points, and with the aid of the United States customs and police officers the revenue cruisers on the Sound were instructed to be on the look-out.

It was not until about 11 o'clock that word came of any vessel resembling the vessel of the murderer, and then the police received a telephone message from William Head that a black hulled sloop resembling that of Nicholes was seen crossing the Straits from Bentinck island. With the Provincial Police officers assisting, the city police made efforts to secure a tug. The Lorne was blown down, and the Sadie the only other available tug in port, was engaged about 3 p. m., when with Detectives Perdue and Macdonald and Provincial Sergeant Murray and Constable Campbell on board, the Sadie started out in pursuit. She was fully provisioned, and will be absent until the murderer is captured, or it is thought that further search would be unavailing.

No word has been received from the Sadie since she left, and, as far as could be learned, the murderer is still at large. The police feel confident that he will be captured ere long, for his description has been flashed to all points along the Gulf. The murderer is not alone. With him on his sloop is a fellow fisherman, and it may be that Nicholes will run into one of the many small coves which abound on the contiguous coast line, and abandon the sloop to take his chance of safety in flight by land, while the fisherman brings the sloop into port minus the fugitive. Neither he, nor the fisherman with him, will be handicapped by lack of knowledge of the coast and the Gulf waters, for they have been fishing in those waters in all weathers for a dozen years, and the intricacies of tide and current are fully known to them.

Both sloop and murderer are easily distinguishable however. Nicholes had a penchant for decoration, both of his person and boat. On his chest he has the figure of a girl tatooed, and a similar figure is marked in the blue tatoo marks on the back of his right wrist. He is dark, about five feet, six or seven in height, with dark brown curly hair, and moustache, and has scars on his neck and legs. He will likely change his clothes, for all his belongings are in the cabin of his sloop. On the night of the murder he wore a light sweater, and had a black fedora hat. A picture of the murderer is in possession of the police, and copies are being enlarged from a photograph produced for the police by Constantine Netes, the murdered man's brother. The picture shows him as one of a group of fishermen standing on the deck of a sloop.

The boat in which he is seeking to escape is 24 feet long, nine feet beam, is decked over, and has a comfortable cabin in which he and his companion make their homes. It has a star painted on either bow.

Michael Angelo, the Greek who went out in the steam launch early yesterday morning to accompany the police is—as far as can be learned—the only witness of the murder. He had been with the murderer and his victim on the night of the tragedy, and together they had gone from saloon to saloon and from resort to resort. According to the story told by Angelo, the two men who had been engaged in fishing together on the Fraser river, began a discussion regarding fish, one arguing contrary to the other, and the discussion grew warmer and warmer until it resulted in blows. After the men had left the Lighthouse saloon, where they had been drinking. They ceased fighting shortly, and went together to another saloon, where they had several more drinks, and then quarreling and making peace in turns, they proceeded to the house of a woman on Herald street, where they had another row, which resulted in blows. They settled their differences, however, while in the house and had a couple of drinks there, before the trio started together up Herald street.

They renewed the discussion on fish, a matter of who had made the best catch it was thought, soon after leaving the Herald street house, and began fighting again. This time they fought for some few minutes and Nicholes was badly used, one of his eyes being blackened as a result of blows from Netes' fists. Nicholes then left Netes and Angelo, and together they walked up towards Government street and stood for a short time near the corner of Herald and Government street. While they were standing there Nicholes rejoined them and spoke to Netes, who swore at him, and the quarrel was resumed. The two men closed and were striking at each other it seemed, with their fists.

Netes fell to the ground after a moment or two, and Nicholes turned and leaving Netes lying in a heap groaning with pain, ran down the street and across Store in a direct line for the rock at whose foot his sloop was moored to one of the landings down to which a number of ramshackle stairways lead. Angelo spoke to Netes, but received no reply, and from the groans of the wounded man he knew him to be injured, although he never guessed that he had been stabbed. Angelo followed the fugitive Nicholes down Herald street and hurried to the shack in which the Netes brothers lived on the crest of the rock before which the fugitive was about the same time losing his sloop. He found Constantine, and together they hurried back to the corner of Herald and Government streets where his brother was lying, now semi-unconscious. Nicholes, the murderer had in the meantime accosted another Scharman, and although it is not thought that he was aware of the seriousness of his victim's injuries, he decided on flight. Together the two Scharman raced the boat through the bridge and with oar and sail worked her out, and were under way before the police launch started in pursuit.

Constantine Netes and Angelo reached Tom Netes where he was being ministered to a short distance along Government street from Herald towards Chatham about the same time as Constables Blackstock and Carlow found him, and calling a hack, they had him conveyed to the lock-up. Angelo was not aware then that Netes had been stabbed, and being drunk, the police were for the moment not cognisant of the serious nature of his injuries. Arrived at the police station he was seen to be in great pain, and when his trousers were loosened, blood was seen oozing from a wound in his left abdomen. The hackman was hurriedly despatched for Dr. Hermann Robertson, and the Jubilee hospital ambulance was telephoned for, so that Netes could be removed to the hospital. Owing to the fact that all the drivers were engaged, an officer had to be sent to the Transfer stables to drive the ambulance to the station, and before the ambulance arrived, it was seen that it was to the morgue that the body would have to go, for medical assistance was of no avail.

The wounded man had been lifted up on to the counter in the lock-up, and thinking that the wound in his abdomen was his only injury—it in itself being insufficient to cause death—Dr. Robertson was preparing Netes for removal to the hospital for treatment, when he noticed that he was sinking very rapidly. He was unconscious and did not know his brother and Angelo who stood by, the former sobbing bitterly. Search was at once made for other wounds, and when his sweater was raised, the wound was seen an inch to the inside of the nipple of the left breast, and it was this wound, seemingly smaller than the other from outside appearance, that had caused death. The knife or stiletto had penetrated between the third and fourth rib and into the heart of the dying man. A glance showed that medical skill was useless, and a moment or two later, Netes stiffened and fell back dead. His brother stood by sobbing bitterly and crying out in the Greek tongue, while those of the police then present remained silent, until Constantine Netes was led away, and the body was taken across to the morgue.

The wounds were both slanting stabs, as though the murderer had been in close quarters with his victim and pulled his dagger, as it were obliquely into the breast and abdomen. The wound in the breast was the fatal one, and a hemorrhage started, which it was afterwards found had filled the pericardial cavity, which holds the heart, with blood and stopped the heart from performing its office. Had the knife entered the breast a little higher it would in all probability have struck against a rib and death might have been averted, but entering between the ribs and severing an artery in its course, it penetrated for half an inch or more into the heart.

As soon as the body was removed to the morgue Angelo, who in his excitement had not spoken of the flight of Nicholes before, told of the manner of his escape, and the police hurried across to James Bay where Capt. Dan McIntosh was awakened and the launch was made ready quickly as possible to pursue the fugitive. Constantine Netes and Angelo, who accompanied the officers, were more or less frightened of Nicholes, and when a sloop—one of the fishing fleet was ncountered inbound from the banks—off Trial island, they discreetly retired to the background, fearing violence on the part of Nicholes. The sloop was however found to be that of a fisherman returning to Turret rock ignorant of the murder, and he was allowed to pass. No other vessel or sign was seen or heard.

As can be imagined, the tragedy has caused no end of talk "on the rock"—as the Greek village on Turret rock is known—and many stories are being told of past crimes of both Netes and Nicholes, which ran from common assault to murder with violence. Some of the stories are true, for neither man had a local reputation that was without blemish, but whether these stories of murder in their home country are true is not known. K. Metro, a former partner of Netes in the Maryland restaurant, who was seen yesterday, said that the story given in the evening paper yesterday of an allegation that Nicholes murdered four or five people, including his wife, in his native land, and killed a man in Philadelphia, is without foundation, and Angelo Kerzes, a fisherman, also asked to be allowed to give contradiction to that. He alleges that it is Netes who has a previous murder to his credit, and tells a story of the murder of Netes father in a tragic manner by the dead man and others. Whether the allegations of murder made by Kerzes are true or not, there is no means of verifying, and they are therefore given on his authority.

The Provincial government is offering a reward of $250 for the arrest and conviction of Nicholes.

A FOOD FOR BRAIN AND MUSCLE

Whether it is brain fag, loss of memory, inability to concentrate the mind or bodily weakness and general debility Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will restore your old time energy, strength and health. Through the blood and nervous system, it reaches every part of the body and overcomes weakness, irregularities and disease.

CONCENTRATION.

Parallels in Philippines and South African Wars.

From Montreal Witness.

Those critics in the United States who have been unsparing in their denunciations of what they called British Weylerism in South Africa, may now turn the vials of their wrath upon their own government and generals for the methods they have adopted for the suppression of the native uprising in the Island of Samar. The general commanding there has ordered all the inhabitants to concentrate in the towns, otherwise they will be considered public enemies and outlaws, and will be treated accordingly. So far as appears, the parallel between Samar and Cuba is here complete and the treatment of the Boers by the British is beneficence itself in comparison. We are not told that the American government is going to support with the taxation of American citizens and with food shipped from the United States, at incredible expense, the wives and families of the men who are sniping at them from the jungle. The people are simply told they must get them to the towns or be shot. We are not condemning the Americans for using this method. When it is not an army, but a whole people, that is to be subdued, this would appear to be the only way. We are certain that the American authorities will be as merciful and beneficent as the circumstances admits of. The thing that is objectionable is the glaring unfairness to Great Britain which rings through a great part of the United States press. It is, no doubt, a comfort to the military administration of the United States that the attention of the people seems to be focussed more upon Africa than on the Philippines, but there will assuredly leak out into the daylight of publicity tales of hardship which, with the best of goodwill, that administration will be unable to avoid giving some cause for.

Concentration in refuge camps, in South Africa, where food is sufficient, and sanitation is, as far as possible, enforced, is bad enough, but concentration in tropical towns must be simply hideous. The only excuse for creating such a condition is that these must be regarded as lesser evils than protracted guerilla warfare, with the murder, robbery and general demoralization which inevitably accompany that sort of struggle. Humane, kindly-disposed, desirous of doing right, the people of the United States, like the people of Great Britain, deplore the sad necessities imposed upon them by the wars in which both are engaged. Gladly, we believe, would they make peace on any reasonable terms, and concede the people they are fighting the fullest possible measure of political and personal freedom of which they are capable, apart from independence. So long, however, as this form of freedom is to be withheld, there is nothing for it but to crush resistance by all possible means. As to the Boers, the outcome of Mr. Gladstone's concessions to them, namely, a determination on the part of the Boers to drive the British, and with them modern civilization and liberty, into the sea, made war inevitable. When magnanimity is construed as weakness and cowardice, inflexibility in the work of military repression has seemed to the British people, much as they hate it, the best and most merciful policy. In other respects the parallel between the two wars is striking. United States Judge Advocate Gen. Jarvis reported recently that in the past year, nine hundred and eight persons were tried by military commissions, or court martial, that seven hundred and twenty-nine were convicted, and two hundred and forty-two sentenced to death. Nearly all, he said, were natives of the Philippine Islands, and in one hundred and one cases the death sentence was carried out. When the facts in connection with courts martial in South Africa are published, it will be found, in all probability, that the trials and executions were not more numerous, indeed, they are likely to be much less, than this record from the Philippines. And there is a difference between treason against a government under which one was born and has enjoyed every liberty, and that against a government that has not yet been established.

MODERN FABLES

By George Ade. Copyright 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.

Once there was a Married Man who had two Friends whom he had not given up, even to oblige the Missus. They were two Men whom he had known since Boyhood's Happy Days away back in a web-foot Village. Once in a while the Man would have the Two around to the House for Dinner.

Of these two Friends one was a Gusher and the other a Grouch.

The Gusher was externally bubbling over with Compliments and Kind Wishes. Whenever he met with an Acquaintance he handed him a rhetorical Yard of Daisies and then smeared him with Sweet Endearments. His talk never had any specific Purport. It was unadulterated Con. The Gusher should have been in the Diplomatic Service. One of his hot Specialties was to get at Dinner Parties and propose Toasts. He would hot-air the Ladies until they flushed Crimson from the Joy of being hot-aired. Even if the Speech was known to be cut-and-dried Blarney, it never failed to swell the Adorable Creatures, as he called them.

He had a pump-handle Shake for every Man he met and after the second Day he called him Old Fellow and inquired as to his Health in a Tone of trembling Solicitude, and picked little pieces of Lint off his Coat.

"I know it's Guff," the Man would say after the Gusher had passed on, "but my Stars! He can ladle out that Soothing Syrup and never spill a Drop."

The Grouch, on the other Hand, gave a correct Imitation of a Bear with a Sore Toe. His Conversation was largely made up of Grunts. He carried a Facial Expression that frightened little Children in Street Cars and took all the Starch out of sentimental Young Ladies. He seemed perpetually to carry the Hoof Marks of a horrible Nightmare. Some said that he had been Blighted in Love and had soured on the Universe. Others imagined that his Liver was out of Whack. At any rate he was shy on Sweetness and Light. His Dial suggested a Map of the Bad Lands and he was just out of Kind Words. He could Knock better than he could Boost.

When the Gusher would arise at the Dinner Table to blow Bubbles and distribute Candy, the Grouch would slide down in his Chair until he was resting on his Shoulder Blades. He seemed to have a Calomel Taste in his Mouth as he listened to the musical drip of the Mush-and-Milk. That kind of Language went with some People, but nix for Sweeney! The Wife of the Married Man liked the Gusher and tolerated the Grouch.

Every time the Gusher came into the Flat he held her Hand a little longer than necessary and looked into her Hazel Eyes and told her she was becoming Younger and more Charming every Day. After a Woman turns the 30 Corner, those Speeches are worth a Dollar a Word, because she finds herself Guessing at times. Husband never was jealous. He knew that the Gusher told every Woman the same thing, playing no Favorites.

When the Grouch came to see them, he said "How are you?" and then began to kick on the Weather and tell about his Rheumatism. One thing was certain. The Grouch never would break up any Happy Homes. And it was predicted that he would never get a Wife unless he took her on a Mortgage.

Every Husband has a few Friends who come in for hard Raps from the Wife. And the Grouch got all that was coming to him. She used to declare up and down that she was going to break his Plate and revoke his License. Husband would remind her that he and the Grouch had roomed together at College and had done the Comrades Act ever since they were Boys. He would assure her that the Grouch was a Good Fellow, but you had to knew him thirty or forty years before you found it out. He would smooth her down and straighten out her Feathers and she would agree to give the Grouch just one more Chance.

It came about that one Year the Married Man got Gay and swam out to where it was over his Head. In his keen Anxiety to enlarge his Business he took on about three Tons of Liabilities. Ninety days make but a fleeting Span when Notes are falling due. One day the Married Man found himself hanging on the edge of the Gully, with a Choice of jumping on the Rocks below or waiting to be Scalped. It was not a dignified thing to do, but he had to yell for Assistance and yell plenty.

He hot-footed to the Gusher, friend of his Youth and God-father to his Children. He explained that his Heels were beating a Tattoo on the Ragged Edge of Insolvency, and unless he could raise the Wind, it meant a Receiver over at the Works, his Credit evaporated and the Pianola to the Hock-Shop.

The Gusher listened with Tears in his Eyes. In a Voice all choked with Sobs he tendered his Sympathy and his Sincere Hope that all would yet be Well. He told him it grieved him to see a Friend go under the Rollers. It tore his Heart. It did, for sure. In fact it had so upset him that he would have to go out into the Air. So he did an Olga Nethersole Exit with one Hand over his streaming Eves, and the life-long Friend sat there with Salt Water spattered all over him and nothing in his Hand.

As soon as he had dried his Clothes he went to the Grouch and candidly owned up that he was on the Waiting List for the Poor House unless he could borrow enough to tide him over.

As might have been expected the Grouch began to Roast him. He told him that he didn't have as much Business Gumption as a Belgian Hare and a Chump who would walk into Debt with his Eyes open deserved to get it right in the Collar.

"If you're looking for Sympathy, you've barked up the wrong Tree," said the Grouch.

"I'm not," was the Reply. "I've just received enough Sympathy to last me all Winter."

The Grouch snarled and reached for his Check Book.

"You can have whatever you need, but you don't deserve it," he said, and he signed it, leaving it Blank above.

"In view of the Fact that you have saved my Life I will try to forgive you for lacerating my Feelings," said the Married Man.

They retained the Flat but the Grouch is just as Unpopular as ever.

MORAL: A Friend who is very Near and Dear may in Time become as useless as a Relative.

QUESTION FOR SEAFARERS.

An Enquiry From Sweden Regarding Experiences of Deadwater.

The following request which appears in the Montreal Star may have some interest to mariners on the Pacific Coast and may be able to throw some light on the subject:

Among the Scandinavians, especially the Norwegian sailors, they often speak of a curious phenomenon, which they call "dodvand" (literally translated deadwater). It appears near the coasts especially in the neighborhood of great rivermouths, and most frequently it is sailing vessels in light winds or ships in tow that are exposed to it. But sometimes also steamers. When a ship gets into deadwater, it is nearly helpless, it looses its speed and does not answer to helm. At the same time peculiar changes are to be observed in the surface of the water.

An important example of the astonishing effect of the deadwater is given to us by Dr. Fridtiof Nansen's voyage with the Fram along the coasts of Siberia at the beginning of his polar expedition. In the Taimyr Sound, the ship three times got into a very strong deadwater, and Dr. Nansen has described this event in his popular account of the expedition. Though the engine worked at full speed, the Fram hardly moved from the spot on account of the deadwater, and "it swept the whole sea along with it."

This event has caused a scientific investigation on the phenomenon of the deadwater, which is now nearly finished and will be published in the general account of the scientific results of the Fram expedition. It is, however, of importance to learn what experience they have of deadwater in different countries and the undersigned therefore appeals to the readers of this paper with request of kind information in regard to the following questions.

1. Is the phenomenon known by English sailors, and, if so, by what name?

2. At what time of the year does it usually appear, at what places and under what circumstances? Please describe the phenomenon as completely as possibly.

The undersigned will be much obliged for any account of particular cases of deadwater, which have happened. Please make the descriptions as complete as possible (also state the time and place), but do not include any facts but fully reliable ones.

(Signed) V. WALFRID EKMAN,
Licentiate.
Address STOCKHOLMS HOGSKOLA
Stockholm, Sweden.

In "Ye Olde Seven Stars" Inn, Manchester boasts the oldest public house in all England. It has been licensed for 550 years.

Don't forget the lecture by Rev. W. A. Vrooman, Ph.D., of Vancouver, to be given in the Temperance hall, Pandora street, on Friday, November 8, 8 p.m., entitled "Rip Van Winkle" or "The Old Times and the New."

Why, pa, this is roast beef! exclaimed little Willie at dinner on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as the guest of honor.

Of course, said the father, what of that? Why you told ma this morning that you were going to bring a "mutton head" home for dinner this evening.—Philadelphia Press.

Why Beauty Fades And Sufferings Come

Real beauty is rare. It belongs to perfect health. Just as soon as the blood gets thin and watery, and the nerves become exhausted, beauty fades, wrinkles show themselves, the beautiful curves give way to leanness and angles. Nervousness quickly destroys beauty of face and form. The female organism becomes deranged, and there are sufferings almost unbearable at the monthly periods. Too often women come to believe these mysterious pains and aches a part of their existence. They fail to realize that by keeping the blood and nerves in perfect health they can preserve youth and beauty, and avoid an endless amount of suffering.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder and nerve restorative, is woman's greatest blessing, from youth to old age. It helps her over the trying periods of her life, and prepares the system in every way to perform naturally the duties of womanhood. It enriches the blood supply, keeps the nerves calm and steady, and assists in the development of glowing, healthful beauty. A few weeks' treatment with this great food cure will do wonders for every woman who is pale, thin, weak and nervous.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co. Toronto.
Agents wanted for Dr. Chase's Last and Receipt Book.

A SENSATIONAL RECOVERY.

A Venerable Wisconsin Lady Restored to Health by Peruna After Twenty-five Years' Suffering.

[Special news from Evansville, Wis.]

EVANSVILLE, WIS.—A woman cured of catarrh of twenty-five years' standing was the occasion of Peruna being introduced to the inhabitants of Evansville, Wis. From that time to this there has been a great demand for Peruna in this vicinity and hundreds of cases have been cured.

It is in this manner that Peruna spreads from town to town and from state to state. No sort of advertising could have given Peruna the reputation it has. The secret of its success is that it makes cures. It cures old cases of catarrh where other remedies have failed. This ought to make any remedy popular.

Mr. C. R. Harden, of Evansville, Wis., writes the following letter:

Dear Doctor Hartman—"I wish to write to certify what Peruna has done for me. I read of Peruna in the papers, of what it would do for catarrh, and sent for a bottle. This was the first bottle of Peruna that ever came to Evansville; from my using it all three of the druggists now keep it.

"It cured my wife of catarrh with which she had been troubled for more than twenty-five years, and I had been troubled with it for fifteen years. We are now both all right.

"My youngest son had la grippe four years ago, and as he had supposed had got well, or so far recovered that he went to work. He took a relapse and the pneumonia set in. He had hemorrhages, and though we tried everything we could think of it was to no purpose until we gave him Peruna. The hemorrhages stopped, and he soon got up and is well and hard at work. We think there is nothing like Peruna."

In a recent letter Mr. Harden writes: "We keep Peruna always in the house, as it cured us both of catarrh of long standing. We have callers every little while to inquire as to what Peruna has done for us. I say: 'Look at us. That is proof enough.'"

"I send you a picture of my residence. I helped build a house in Iowa City on the first of last June, and worked eighty-two days, only losing one-quarter of a day during the whole time. How is that for an old man 77 years old? I came home in September and have built another house out in the country this fall and am well and hearty to-day.

"I hope to live twenty years yet, and if Peruna helps me in the future as it has in the past, I don't know why I can't. The druggists say Peruna is one of the best selling medicines they have in stock."—C. R. HARDEN.

Peruna can be relied upon to cure slight colds and coughs and other catarrhal ailments with a promptness that is unequaled by any other remedy.

If a cold has settled in any portion of the body and produced catarrh, it is generally thought by people that they must suffer on year after year without any hope of cure. This is not true, however, Peruna cures such cases. Thousands of testimonials that can never be used attest this fact.

Any one wishing free literature on this subject should address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Startling Statements from Kentucky, Illinois and New Hampshire of Other Remarkable Recoveries.

WILLARD, KY.—The news of the recovery of Mrs. Elizabeth Prater is a very striking instance of the wonderful curative powers of Peruna. This estimable lady had been an invalid from catarrh of the stomach and bowels for twenty years. No wonder her many friends are enthusiastic over her recovery. She writes: "It is through the mercies of God and your medicine that I am permitted to write you this letter. I have been a constant sufferer from bowel and stomach trouble for about twenty-five years, and could never find relief until I began the use of Peruna. I think it is a God-send to poor suffering humanity."—Mrs. Elizabeth Prater.

ELGIN, ILL.—In a very recent communication from this place comes the news that Mr. Arthur Ernest Kidd, a well-known architect of that city, has made complete recovery from catarrh of the head from which he had suffered for nearly a quarter of a century. He writes the following from 18 Hamilton ave.:

"I am 42 years of age, and have had catarrh of the head for over half of my life.

"I read of Peruna, and finally decided to try it two months ago. I have now taken seven bottles, and weigh 172 pounds. Never felt happier or merrier. Feel tip top."—A. E. Kidd.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—According to late advices, Miss Blanche L. Rundlett has made a complete recovery from catarrh of the head which had caused a chronic running from the ears. Her own statement of the case is as follows:

"I have suffered for several years with catarrh of the head. It finally reached my ear, and caused a running ear. Having read of Dr. Hartman's remedies I immediately wrote, and he advised me. To-day I am in better health than I have been for some time. I will gladly recommend Peruna for all catarrhal diseases."—Miss Blanche L. Rundlett.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS

EPPS'S COCOA

Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa, and distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of flavour, Superior quality, and highly Nutritive properties. Sold in quarter-pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, at Victoria, for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands, situated on the west side of the Kishpiax River, in Skeena Mining Division, in Cassiar District, that is to say: Commencing at a post marked Belle H. Wilson, northeast corner, adjoining Thomas A. Wilson's northwest corner; thence 80 chains west, crossing the Kishpiax River; thence 80 chains south; thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north to place of commencement, containing 640 acres of land, more or less.

Dated this 14th day of October, 1901.
(Signed) BELLE H. WILSON.

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, at Victoria, for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands, situated on the east side of the Kishpiax River, in Skeena Mining Division, in Cassiar District, that is to say: Commencing at a post marked Thomas A. Wilson, northwest corner, adjoining Belle H. Wilson's northeast corner, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north, to place of commencement, containing six hundred and forty acres of land, more or less.

Dated this 14th day of October, 1901.
(Signed) THOMAS A. WILSON.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that 00 days after date we, the undersigned, intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land, described as follows: Commencing at a stake planted at the southeast corner of the Indian Reserve on the norrn bank of the Hagwilget River; thence in an easterly direction, following up the Hagwilget River, 80 chains; thence north 40 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south along Indian Reserve line 40 chains to point of commencement.

Staked 1st August, 1901.
(Sgd.) ALEX. C. MURRAY.
EDWARD McCOSKRIE.
Victoria, B. C., October 10, 1901.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP,

BEST FOR THE SKIN and COMPLEXION.

Antiseptic. Emollient. Refreshing.

Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, England.

ASTHMA CURED. FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure In All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Write Your Name and Address Plainly.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER,
Rabbi of Cong. Bnai Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

Drs. Taft Bros'. Medicine Co.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.
Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co. Feb. 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-sized bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

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Notice is hereby given that two months after date I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for permission to purchase 320 acres of land (more or less), described as follows: Commencing at a post planted on north bank of Skeena river, (about 5 miles below village of Kitwangah) and marked A. C. M., S. W., thence running north one mile, thence east one half mile, thence south one mile, thence west one-half mile to place of commencement.

Dated this 26th day of August, 1901.
ANTHONY C. MOUAT.