Good Advice To Farmers

Some Facts Regarding Poultry Stated by Mr. Gilbert, the Expert.

How Chickens Should Be Cared For to Make Them Profitable.

Mr. James Stonehouse, the dairy expert from Alberta, reached Victoria on Wednesday, and immediately proceeded, in company with the superintendent, Mr. J. R. Anderson, to Nanaimo, whence they proceeded to Gabriola Island to join Mr. Gilbert, who had been addressing the Islands Institute at Salt Spring Island on the poultry question. A meeting was held at Gabriola Island, after which the party returned to Nanaimo, whence Mr. Stonehouse proceeded to Parksville, en route to Alberni, where addresses are to be delivered on the important subject of dairying. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Anderson proceeded to Duncan's, where Mr. Gilbert addressed a meeting of the institute at that point on the subject of poultry farming, of which the following short synopsis was prepared by Mr. Alex. Philip, secretary of the Richmond Farmers' Institute. Mr. Gilbert proceeds to the Mainland on Monday to complete the round of meetings prepared for him.

POULTRY FARMING.

A most serviceable series of institute meetings are being held for the discussion of this topic, and valuable addresses have been given by Mr. A. G. Gilbert, the poultry manager at the experimental farm at Ottawa, on the subject. Some of these meetings are largely attended by ladies as well as by gentlemen. Mr. Gilbert's handling of the subject is exceedingly good and thoroughly practical. Evidently he has directed his experiments very largely to help the ordinary every-day farmer, and when he is able to show conclusively that a farmer can clear a profit of at least $200 a year off 100 hens, he goes a long way to solve some of our economic problems. Such a profit he is evidently able to make in Ottawa, with Ottawa prices. If he got our prices of 45 to 50 cents per dozen for eggs, and proportionately high prices for broilers, his profit fund would be largely augmented. Another thing he shows could be done, and that is to have broilers of four months old ready for the market, and weighing four pounds each. If that can be done in Ottawa, why can it not be done it Victoria?

Mr. Gilbert's recommendations are simple, but effective if if attended to. They are within the reach of all.

1. Good Houses.—Not draughty and not too small. So designed that the chicks can be fed and the house can be cleaned out without much disturbance of the poultry; and the feed and water boxes so arranged that the hens will not get into the dishes. He favors cooping laying hens in suitable houses to giving them the run of a farm.

2. Good Breeds.—He finds the Barred Plymouth Rocks and the White Wyandottes stand the tests he applies the best. He seeks chiefly for good winter layers and rapid flesh formers, and he finds this in these breeds. He never keeps them beyond two years old.

3. Proper Feeding.—Don't gorge them. He finds a mixed ration good. He alternates grain mash and cut bones—one meal a day—and gives a moderate quantity of grain scattered through a litter of chaff or straw on the floor, to be scratched for. Cut grass is an excellent chicken feed, and grit and shells or lime are a necessity when hens are cooped up.

4. Proper Care of Chicks—Particularly during the first five weeks. He favors cooping the hen in a slatted coop, to prevent her giving the chicks too much exercise. For 14 days chicks should not get grain, but only meal and water, or stale bread and milk.

5. Eggs for the market should not be fertilized. The cock should be confined in open with the pullets to breed from and used for that purpose only. Otherwise decomposition sets in early, and the flavor of the egg is quickly spoiled.

6. Feed liberally during moulting season, and give a little linseed meal or boiled meat in the mash. Comfortable housing is very essential at the moulting season. He finds shelled buckwheat and oats good for fattening chickens upon, producing an excellent white flesh. Indian corn rather tends to produce a yellow flesh.

Regarding the other poultry families, he favors Bronze turkeys, Pekin ducks, and Toulouse or Empden geese. Ducks should not be kept beyond nine weeks from the time of hatching. Up to that age they are very profitable, but after that they cease to be so.

MR. WYNDHAM'S PLUCK.

Lively Account of an Election Meeting That Tried to Howl Him Down.

From the London Mail.

There are not many better looking men than Mr. Wyndham in the world. From an artist's point of view, and under the practical test of what a masculine and intelligent face and body should reflect, he is admirable. One likes to see the head that can be made of flesh and blood, and Wyndham is one of the best. Balzac, who detested a round visage, would have enjoyed describing that of George Wyndham. The long lines, the short, strong, round chin, the firm mouth, with an abbreviated upper lip, the Roman nose, the large black eyes, ample brow, and eloquent curve of the top and back head, meet the novelists' analysis of the patrician faces of imperial France.

He came into the ring smiling. It was a kindly amused smile at first sight; but as it fixed itself on the face through all the scandalous scene that followed there was time to see in it just a little more than he could hide of the satirical reflection of a spirit determined not to take a silly world too seriously. This worked upon the consciousness of his tormentors and put him further than ever out of kinship with them. He came on smiling, with one hand held forward and high, as a clergyman bestows a benediction. He was trying to calm the vulgar storm before him; but the yells and shouts of the sinking crew and the blare of the Unionist tempest came on and on, as the endless, sun-obscuring locusts swarmed upon our army in the Free State last summer.

"Don't mesmerize us!" "That's enough soft talk; let's get to politics." "Put your candidate on the table and let's have a look at him." "How about Joe Chamberlain?" "How about your old nonsense for the army?" "Tell us about Garton's saccharine!" These are samples of the cries of the drowning crew, which now were followed to fill the air, the Unionists being silent.

To make a speech—even to make five consecutive words—heard above the uproar was out of the question. Mr. Wyndham, therefore, failed to show himself as an orator, a statesman, or a leader. He became a suppliant, begging and pleading for quiet, for fair play, for that liberty and free speech, which I, for one, had supposed were inalienable English rights. I fancy it was a novel view of Mr. Wyndham and a strange sensation to him; but he never relinquished the kindly smile of one who is amused and who gazes down on his tormentors from a lofty height whence he can see them looking insect-like. Perhaps some of the ancient martyrs smiled in that same way from their gridirons and their racks.

"Please hear me," said Wyndham to the mob, which he addressed as "gentlemen." "If I drop a point without properly explaining it, or if I say a thing that is not fair, cry 'No ball,' but don't cry 'No ball!' while I am playing fair. (Howls and cries louder than before.) Please let me go on. (Both hands out now in the posture of the maiden who clings to the storm-beaten rock in the picture.) You would not sit as a jury and refuse to hear the counsel on one side after you had heard the other. (Noise enough to rock the Tower of Babel.) Redfly, gentlemen, we cannot hold two meetings at once. You are going to hear Leonard Courtney to-morrow. Please hear me to-night. (Hubbub louder than ever.) I can't shout louder than you—there is no use for me to try. I don't mind interruption if I say anything unfair, but—" ("Too much blarney; come to business." "How about the poor soldier that came home last week?" "What about old Garton?", etc.)

In thirty minutes Mr. Wyndham had not completed six sentences, but there he stood, with his amused smile, his head and shoulders forward, his arm forever beckoning for the quiet that never came. I thought of him as a creation fine as silk but I saw that the silk was a mere insulation for the nerve underneath and a shield for twenty of muscle besides. You could see all this in his long, slender hand that hung over the mob. It was a web of visible muscles—a grand hand for delicate work. Add a good one to hold a bat or a bein. At the beginning he had leaned down to talk with a burly workman, and that same hand had gripped the man's coat and brought him to a halt, while the statesman heard the man's request to be allowed to put questions after the speech. You saw then that, if it could beckon for peace like a woman's hand, it could battle in war like a man's. Four times Mr. Wyndham sat down, realizing that he had figured as a philosopher would who talked morality to a flock of geese; that he had posed as a new Quixote, a smiling knight at battle with a windmill. Five times his pluck put him on his feet again. Finally, he, too, yelled—one sentence "Well, as we can't all talk, gentlemen, let us vote, and vote standard—for the British Empire."

First moral of the above report: The newspaper is shown to be the only reliable medium between party and people, statesman and voters, one man and many. In the press alone can a leader's views demand calm attention and pass the digestive process of reflection.

Second moral: The effect of such mob rule and dominant idjocy in any corner of the enlightened country must be to seriously damage the man or party in whose interest it is exerted. In other words, John Burns was the real victim of that night's disorder, and not George Wyndham.

JULIAN RALPH.

A SEATTLE TRAGEDY.

John Rogers Killed in a Desperate Fight With Eben Lucas.

A desperate conflict between Eben Lucas and John Rogers, fishermen, occurred at West Seattle on Wednesday, in which Rogers was killed by six bullet wounds in his head and body, fired from a revolver in the hands of his antagonist. The affair was witnessed by no less than five men, who were sleeping in the tent in which the shooting occurred when Rogers entered the place.

During the fight, in which Lucas claims that his assailant made repeated endeavors to plunge a fisherman's knife into his body, Lucas, besides firing six telling shots into Rogers' body, also shot himself in the fleshy part of his left forearm. The killing was the result of a dispute over a sum of money which the dead man claimed his slayer was unjustfinbly attempting to deprive him of.

It was ascertained that bad blood had existed between the two men for some time. Tuesday evening Lucas arrived at the tent, which is used by six fishermen, a short distance from the club house, at West Seattle, with the proceeds of the marketting of the fish that the men had caught, and which were sold to Chiopeck Bros., local dealers.

When Lucas entered the tent Rogers accosted him and demanded to know if he could have $2 as his portion of the sale. Lucas informed him, according to his own statement and those who heard the conversation, that if he was paid this sum it would deprive others equally interested of their just portion resulting from the sale. Rogers left the tent with an oath and the remark that "I will fix somebody before morning."

Nothing more was seen of the man for several hours, and Lucas, his brother, and four other fishermen retired to their bunks.

At 2 o'clock yesterday morning Rogers, who, it seems, had in the meantime engaged in a stabbing affray in a saloon near the ferry wharf, in which he cut and slightly injured a man named John Mosaline, appeared at the door of the tent and made for the cot on which John Lucas, a brother of Eben, was sitting. The latter rose from his cot to a semi-erect position, and Rogers immediately abandoned his original purpose of killing the sleeping brother, and made for the man with whom he had the altercation.

Lucas claimed that he twice warned the approaching man to stop, but that he paid no heed to the request. When within three feet of Lucas, Rogers is said to have reached for a sheathed knife, such as is carried by all fishermen. Lucas opened fire just as Rogers seized him by the arm. He did not cease firing until every bullet in the 32-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver had penetrated the man's body. Rogers sank to the ground and immediately expired.

Blood was found to be spurting from a wound in Lucas' left forearm, and he was assisted to the residence of a physician at West Seattle, who dressed his arm, and who, in the capacity of justice of the peace, placed him under arrest.

At the county jail Lucas claimed that he shot Rogers in self-defence, believing fully that had he not done so his assailant would have plunged the knife into his body.

COWBOY RELIGION IN CHICAGO.

Illustrated by Taming Broncbos to Amuse the Congregation.

From New York Sun.

"Instead of leading in the singing of 'Heaven Is My Home,' I will now tame Flying Devil, a vicious bronco owned by Brother Smith."

This is the way Evangelist William Mullen, who has come to Chicago to point out the errors of the ways pursued by its residents, begins its meetings. The Rev. Mr. Mullin combines the art of busting broncos with that of saving wayward souls. He says religion nowadays has to have some side attraction, and the large crowds that he draws lead to the conclusion that he is right.

He holds his meetings in the open air, in places that give him ample scope for his equestrian exhibitions. When he appears upon the platform that is his pulpit, he is not a very ministerial looking figure. He wears a corduroy coat, a sombrero and high-heeled boots.

The evangelist offers a prayer, then takes off his coat. A bronco is led up in front of the space reserved for the anxious bench, and the audience is immediately interested. When the wild horse is tamed and the owner has paid the small fee which is the only collection taken up, the bronco busting evangelist puts on his coat, wipes his heated brow with his handkerchief and says his topic will be "Going to Hell at a 2:20 Gait."

He has a keen eye and a pleasant face, and when he opens the Bible to read a few verses of Scripture there is not a person in the audience who has the hardihood to walk away before the sermon. There is something in the preachers' manner that forbids any trifling. His exhibition of what he can do with a horse has caused many people to respect him. Mullen was for merly a cowboy and was once a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He attended one of Moody's meetings while in the East and became converted. He came to Chicago, and after a course of instruction at the Moody Bible Institute, he began to preach. But he found that men and women are not eager to hear sermons. Advertisements of texts, no matter how sensational they happen to be, did not draw crowds. It was necessary to add some human interest outside of that of soul saving, and the horse-taming plan suggested itself. It has proved successful, and Mr. Mullen's theory that ministers who desire to gain a large hearing should provide some good attraction to draw those who need converting.

Backache is almost immediately relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price, 25 cents.

HER KNOWLEDGE OF CHINESE.

A young woman at a watering place this summer made a reputation as a profound linguist in a rather odd maner. She called one day at a Chinese laundry, where she had left a shirt waist, but it could not be found, as there was no entry in the book of hieroglphics corresponding to her pink slip. After a half hour's search the Chinaman found the entry. A mistake had been made, the entry crossed out and a new set of hieroglphics and tiny characters placed below. She was told that the waist would be laundered immediately and she could get it the next day.

The next day the young woman called for it, accompanied by three other young women. At the seashore the excitement of a visit to theC hinese laundry is not to be despised. The Chinaman to whom the pink slip was presented was not the laundryman of the day before, and he experienced the same difficulty in finding the identifying character, finally saying, "Not in book." The girl answered calmly, "I can find it," and the Chinaman allowed her to take the book. Turning the leaves until she came to the one that had the entry crossed out, with another in tiny characters under it, she handed it to the Chinaman. "There it is," and to his surprise, he found it.

"You only lady I know speak Chinese," he said. And the other girls looked upon her in admiration.—Kansas City World.

"What seems to be the matter with him?" asked the doctor, approaching the bedside of the man who lay swathed in bandages.

"He found the gas leak," explained the nurse.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Starvem—No. You can't sell me no cyclerpedia. Good day!

Book Agent—But I'd like to leave some prospectuses for your boarders. I may interest some.

Mrs. Starvem.—They don't need it either. There's a Boston lady stopping here.—Philadelphia Press.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN, OF GOOD character to deliver and collect in Victoria for old established manufacturing wholesale house. $900 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

FATALITIES.

Found Dead in Bed—A Woman Burned to Death.

Middleton, N.Y., Oct. 24.—Mrs. Henrietta Schmidt was found dead in her bed room to-day. The body was discovered by the police and coroner, who forced an entrance to the house. Several bags containing money were found concealed about the woman's body. She owned valuable real estate and had money in the bank.

Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 24.—Mrs. George Abbey, of Woodhull, aged 55, fell upon a lighted lamp, which she was carrying, last night, and was burned to a crisp.

Halifax, Oct. 24.—George A. Pykes, a leading citizen of Halifax, a wholesale grocer and prominent in gold mining circles, died suddenly this morning.

PICQUART WINS.

Heavy Judgment Against Le Journal for Libel.

Paris, Oct. 24.—Col. Picquart's suit for libel against Le Journal, arising from the Dreyfus polemics, was decided in his favor to-day. The court condemned the managers of the papers, M. Pouch, to pay a fine of 2,000 francs, and MM. Posein and Galli, the writers of the articles were sentenced to six months and a month's imprisonment, respectively, and all three sentenced to pay 30,000 francs damages.

THE COLOR LINE.

One United States Cause of Discord Introduced Into Cuba.

Santiago, de Cuba, Oct. 24.—The departure of the provincial delegates to participate in the proceedings of the forthcoming constitutional convention at Havana, caused an immense demonstration this evening. It is estimated that they were escorted to the wharf by upwards of 12,000 people, of whom nine-tenths were colored people. The political parties are drawing the color line very closely and it has caused bitter feeling between the races. The whites predict that the convention will last a year, alleging that most of the delegates will prefer $300 a month to the esteem of a Cuban republic.

Cutting Committee.—The cutting-out committee, Women's Auxiliary, Royal Jubilee hospital, will meet at Mrs. Ben. Gordon's to-day at 2:30 p. m. All workers are begged to attend, and volunteers will be gladly welcomed.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

COVENT GARDEN

The greatest flower market in the world is described by the London correspondent of the Globe-Democrat.

Just at 9 in the morning, every day except Sunday, a remarkable change takes place in Covent Garden Market. You couldn't exactly call it a transformation scene, but you could call it a transformation smell. Up to 9 o'clock its odors are those of mildy's drawing room on a fete day—only more so. The air is laden heavily with the perfume of flowers that the atmosphere is fairly oppressive. And then at 9 the roses and hyachinths and all the other posies cease to make their presence felt, and all sorts of vegetables, ripe and decayed, that have been in the background of odors rush forward with their more robust fragrance and Covent Garden's romance fades.

It is all because of the eccentric hours kept by the Covent Garden Flower Market, the greatest in the world. It shuts up shop for the day at 9 in the morning, just as the leisurely tradesmen on the near by Strand are opening their doors. By that time practically every flower dealer in London, from the fashionable firms on Regent street and Piccadilly, to the picturesque, unkempt flower girl at the curb, has stocked up for the day, and thousands of dollars' worth of blooms have changed hands.

Of course every American visitor to London has explored Covent Garden Market. Perhaps one in a hundred has also seen the flower market, missing his breakfast so to do. At any rate, no one has failed to hear of the classic neighborhood in which it and its blossoms flourish, for it is historic ground, with old Drury Lane theatre and the Royal Opera house on one side and their antithesis in the shape of the gristly Seven Dials on the other, the market proper being only a step from the crowded Strand.

The place was originally known as "Convent Garden," for it belonged to a society of monks, but even in the oldest recorded times vegetables seem to have been sold there. Historic characters by the score knew the old place and its neighborhood well. In York street in a house yet standing, just beyond the flower market, De Quincey wrote his "Confessions of an Opium Eater"; in Russell street, at the north, Charles and Mary Lamb lived. J. M. W. Turner, whom Ruskin declared to be the greatest landscape painter that ever lived, was born a stone's throw away, in Maiden Lane, the son of a hairdresser, and Voltaire once lodged in the same street.

There is a "Hummums Hotel" facing the market now, but it is not the old place long famous for other things besides temperance and virtue. At the corner of Bow street, now known to fame only for its police court, Will's Coffee House stood, a gathering place for several generations of famous wits, and sharing with the Old Cheshire Cheese the distinguished patronage, when they were in funds, of Goldsmith, Boswell, Garrick and Dr. Johnson.

The whole district, seven acres in all, was given by the Crown to the ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford about the time Columbus was discovering America. It was just a modest little token of regard, for the rent of the whole property was only $30 a year at that time, about the same as the cheapest stand in the cheapest corner of the flower market to-day.

The Duke of Bedford, by wisdom or by luck, clung to his seven acres, and to this day a large part of them form the principal income of the present Duke of Bedford one of the richest men in England. Part of Maurice Grau's profits of the Royal Opera house go to the Duke each year as landlord, and the neighboring Drury Lane and similar tribute is paid, just as it did in the time of Garrick. But, best of all, from the Duke's viewpoint, is the fact that he owns Coven Garden Market. His father put up most of the present buildings seventy years ago.

The flower market is a little occupying the southeast corner of the big square, was a later growth. It is inside a great glass-roofed brick building that you reach after threading a labyrinth of drays and piles of flat bottomed half-bushel baskets, likewise jostling a reigning population of men with trays of vegetables on their heads and strange oaths on their lips.

The flower market made a small beginning nearly seventy years ago as a few humble booths crowded up against St. Paul's church, the queer little place of worship tucked away in one corner of the market and whose only claim to interest is in the fact that the author of "Rudibras" and the composer of "Rule Britannia" lie in its burial plot. The rambling booths have given place to a rolled brick building that you reach after sort of shed for them. It was superseded finally by the present building, which has been enlarged two or three times and now boasts a separate branch for French flowers.

Visited in the early morning, at first sight, the floor of this great hall seems to be heaped 10 feet high with one mass of flowers, apparently every bloom on earth. Their fragrance is so heavy that you think you can almost see it. The flowers prove to be ranged upon dozens of little separate stalls, presided over by tired looking men and women, each of the stalls bearing its owner's name on a neat sign above it. Every well known flower is here; flowers haughty and flowers humble and the little knot of buyers swarming before each of the stalls is as diverse in point of caste. Here is the sleek agent of the West End florist, notebook in hand; here the girl housekeeper in quest of flowers for the sitting room "at the grower's own price," and here the street vender, whose shrill nomenclature of the smaller coins of the British fiscal system is intelligible only to herself and to the dealer.

The flower market opens for business at 4 o'clock in the morning, and when you have to bring a new stock of goods to the shop fresh every day, it seems an extraordinary amount of toil, even before the shop is opened to customers. The 200 dealers who carry on business in the flower market begin work anywhere from midnight to 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and long before dawn the procession of hooded drays, trucks and huckster carts bringing the flowers from the various railway stations seem like a circus making its stealthy entry into a little country town.

Most of the flowers come from just outside London, and their garden vendors haul them into the city over deserted roads that a few hours after will be crowded with omnibuses laden with gaping humanity. The rest of the blooms have grown in almost every part of England and Scotland, as well as on the continent, and come in by the earliest trains and boats every morning.

Of course, all the flower market folk say that competition is killing their trade, but the superintendent of the market avers that most of them do well, many having started with little 6-penny-a-day stalls and now owning prominent stands and raising blooms in country greenhouses of their own.

Their wares run from the modest mignonette to the pushful orchid beloved of Joseph Chamberlain, and they affirm that there is no business where prices fluctuate more and which is less certain from day to day. Most of the roses and violets come from the south of France, and it is not uncommon for from 1,200 to 2,000 baskets of them to arrive of a morning. A stormy night on the channel often means a dead loss to the flower people. All the narcissus flowers come from the Scilly islands, whose inhabitants have made a specialty of growing them.

For the rental of their stalls the tradesmen inside the hall pay from sixpence to two shillings a morning; outside the coster-florist, with his humble donkey, sets up his stand at a rental of 12c. a day. From his more prosperous neighbor within he buys their second-day flowers, and it is from him that the London flower girl lays in her stock in trade, to be sorted into nosegays, impaled on a sharpened stick and sold from her basket on the street corner.

She is one of the sights of London, this flower girl, and there is nothing like her in America. In dress she is not fastidious, nor yet in the arrangement of her hair. Her hat is of black straw and she sports it low upon her forehead. Her ears boast startling pendants and she wears as much of her hair as possible in two belligerent looking wisps in front of her ears. Mostly she affects a grimy shawl. The chances are 3 to 5 that she weighs 175 pounds at least, and would be an ugly customer in a fight.

Two specimens of her, who had laid in a part of their stock, after protracted altercations and bickerings, interwarded with such phrases as "My eye, wot a price!" and "Aw, not two bob for them things!" consented to pose for their portrait, but did so only after being solemnly assured that there would be no charge.

Both young ladies shouted lustily, "There's air!" the coster expression that threatens to displace "Ere's a go," and after a fracas over who should hold the flowers had barely been averted the picture was taken.

Curiosity was expressed as to how the more prosperous of the twain lived and she said: "My place is in Little Queen street, S'ven D'ils, but my business perch is in the Strand, near the 'Otel Cecil. I get here every mornin' about sev'n, and git my flow'rs, and I've been doing it now for six years. I'm one of the oldest gals in the business, not count-in' the old hags that's been in it since Gawd knows when. It costs me from 18 pence to 2 or 3 shillin's to fill up my barsket in the mornin', and I expect to double up on a good day. Rainy days is 'eu with us. Wot do I sell? I sell 'em all the flowers in their sizons. Roses is just goin' out now. Roses sells first-class. Before them come the pansies, and before them the vi'lets and daffodils.

"The toffs don't know how we can sell the flowers so cheap," she went on with suggestion of a wink; "they only know that they can get the flow'rs at just 'arf the price they pays at the shops—but you see it's the second-day flowers wot we buy, and after they've been sprinkled with water nobody cawn't tell 'em from the genuine article. Don't you put that in no London paper, though, s'elp me. Now, I'm off to get the moss for my barsket."

These flower girls are the feminine counterpart of the New York newsboy, keen as knife blades and sexless for the moments when ha'pence and farthings are in question. Dirty in raiment and full of tongue, they herd by themselves and any man who takes a liberty with one of them would better wear armor. Most of them are poor and the "barsket trade" is no great thing, but there are aristocrats among them. Three or four of them have pre-empted the edge of the fountain in Piccadilly Circus, and they and the other little coteries that "work" the corner of St. Paul's cathedral, the entrance to the Stock Exchange in the city do business on a larger scale, buying every morning over $10 worth of flowers and selling them again to the "toffs," who are quite willing to pay a six-pence for a fetching bud.

Naturally, the collection of costers that encamp about the doors of the Floral hall is not without its odd members. The oddest of them all is "Dummy Kelly," a poor creature who can neither speak nor hear. He doesn't know that he is "poor," however; he is abundantly cheerful, and, in spite of his defects, manages to do business with a big circle of customers. They say he has one of the best trades outside of the flower market building. All attempts to "work" him have proved futile, and he has threatened several bigger men who have tried it. His hottest rival is playfully known as the "Ginger Man," from his plentiful supply of carroty hair. They say he "wasn't quit baked through on top," but he has been doing business there for ten years steadily. On seeing the reporter's camera he requested loudly to be taken "in a group."

CURTIS BROWN.

FIGHTING IN CHINA.

Hongkong, Oct. 25.—The governor of Hongkong has been informed that 4,000 villagers in the Santo Chuck Kwaishin district were attacked by rebels at Pengkok. The villagers were defeated and 2,000 of them killed. The rebels, who lost 400 killed, burned two villages containing 3,000 houses. A force of 2,000 troops went to the assistance of the villagers and engaged the rebels on October 22.

Gen. Ho, with 2,000 troops, has returned to Hongkong, having burned the villages of Shanchanting and Malantau.

Kian Chi, Oct. 25.—A detachment of German marines, in a battle near Kau Ni with Boxers, killed two hundred of the latter.

The Germans also captured two walled villages. There were no casualties among the Germans.

Tien Tsin, Oct. 24, via Shanghai, Oct. 25.—Gen. Yinshinaga has arrived here en route for Pekin under an American escort. It is understood that his presence is due to Count von Waldersee's request.

The Germans are sending supplies to Pao Ting Fu for the winter garrison.

The Chinese imperial troops are reported to be operating unmolested against the Boxers to the southward of Tien Tsin.

Berlin, Oct. 25.—Emperor William yesterday visited Barmen for the purpose of dedicating the hall of fame there. In the course of a speech acknowledging an address, His Majesty said:

"It has always been my greatest task to maintain peace as far as possible for my people. I believe I gave proof of this a few days ago. The agreement I have made with the most powerful Teutonic state outside our own nation, will, I hope, in the near future be a guarantee for common efforts in open markets of the world for our two nations in friendly rivalry without acrimony."

Referring to his visit to the town, which had been delayed by the illness of Empress Frederick, his mother, His Majesty said he was happy to state that her condition now allowed him to leave her bedside, but though his heart was joyously beating, it still was troubled by the shadow over her.

Our Mail Order Department.

This is a special feature of our business. All orders are executed with care and promptness thus avoiding any mistakes.

All goods invoiced at the lowest possible price on day of shipment.

Be sure to send enough money as it is an easy matter to return any sum that is over.

Our Terms—Cash With Order.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Write for Prices.

DIXI H. ROSS & CO.

COFFEE DISCRIMINATING BUYERS Will find it profitable to Handle only the best in... SPICES

COFFEES PURE SPICES and PURE BAKING POWDER

HIGHEST STANDARD GUARANTEED

STEMLER & EARLE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS VICTORIA

HEAD OFFICE:—Thomas Earle, o.z. 94 and 97 Wharf St, Victoria, B.C.

MINERAL ACT, 1896.

(Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements.

Success, Surprise, Gen. James M., Lady Francis, Leviathan, Leviathan No. 2, Leviathan Fraction and Faith, Mineral Claims, situate in the West Coast, Vancouver Island, Mining Division of Clayoquot District.

Where located: On Tranquille Creek, Tatine Inlet.

Take notice that I, A. S. Going, agent for James M. Ashton, Free Miner's Certificate B48027, and Mary F. Ashton, Free Miner's Certificate No. B48028, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1900.

A. S. GOING.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described land, situated on the southeast branch of the Telqua River, in Cassiar district: Commencing at a post near the east branch of the Telqua River, about six miles above its junction with the Buckley River, said post being the northwest corner, and identical with the northeast corner of the A. C. Murray coal prospecting claim; thence 80 chains due south, thence 80 chains due east, thence 80 chains due north, thence 80 chains due west, to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1900.

(Signed) G. BITLL.

Located and posted with notice 16th September, 1900.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described land, situated on the southeast branch of the Telqua River, in Cassiar District: Commencing at a post near the east bank of the Telqua River, about five miles above its junction with the Buckley River, said post being the northwest corner and identical with the southeast corner of the B. H. Hall coal prospecting claim; thence due south 80 chains, thence 80 chains due west, thence 80 chains due north, thence 80 chains due east, to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1900.

JAMES THOMSON.

Located and posted with notice, 16th September, 1900.

NONE BETTER THAN THE BEST.

Flower, Vegetable and Field SEEDS FROM Sutton & Sons, Seedsmen, READING, ENG.

A post card will bring you illustrated catalogue and price list by applying to C. BAZETT, Sole Agent, Duncans Station, B. C.

The H.B.A. Vogel Commercial College

P. O. Box 347, Vancouver, B. C.

We teach through office methods entirely and use no text books or "system" for bookkeeping. We teach and place our students into positions in six months. Shorthand and typewriting. Send for illustrated prospectus.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochin, Savin royal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for $1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Victoria, B. C.

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ½-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd. Homœopathic Chemists, London England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

NOTICE is hereby given that we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works to have a road line established, commencing at the point where the present road to McClaim's leaves the Cowichan Lake trunk road thence southerly to the lake, a distance of about three hundred yards.

WILLIAM GIDLEY.
GEORGE LEWIS.
FRANK H. PRICE.
ABE. MAYEA.
HENRY MARCH.

B. C. STEAM DYE WORKS.
141 Yates Street, Victoria.

Ladies' and Gent's garments and household furnishings cleaned, dyed or pressed, equal to new. se10-dy&w

In the matter of the Tramway Company Incorporation Act and The Tramway Incorporation Amendment Act, 1900.

NOTICE is hereby given that The Lenora Mount Sicker Copper Mining Company, Limited, Non-Personal Liability, intends to build, equipe and operate a tramway commencing at a point at or near the Lenora mine; known as lot 17, Chemainus District, Vancouver Island, the property of the Company.

Thence round the north end of Mount Sicker to a point about five hundred yards from Westholme station on the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, in a southerly direction,

Thence in an easterly direction to a point Osborne Bay in section twenty (20), range three (3), Comiaken District.

And also to build, construct, equip and operate a telephone in connection with the said tramway.

Sealed with the seal of the Company, at the City of Victoria, the 1st day of October, 1900.

W. W. BERRIDGE,
Secretary.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described land, situated on the southeast branch of the Telqua River, in Cassiar District: Commencing at a post near the east bank of the Telqua River, about five miles above its junction with the Buckley River. Said post being the southwest corner and identical with the southeast corner of the H. H. Hall coal prospecting claim, thence due north 80 chains, thence due east 80 chains, thence due south 80 chains, thence 80 chains due west to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1900.

L. M. CLIFFORD.

Located and posted with notice 16th September, 1900.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described land, situated on the southeast branch of the Telqua River, in Cassiar District. Commencing at a post near the east bank of the Telqua River, about five miles above its junction with the Buckley River, said post being the southeast corner, thence 80 chains due north, thence 80 chains due west, thence 80 chains due south, thence 80 chains due east, to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated this 15th October, 1900.

(Signed) A. C. MURRAY.

Located and posted with notice 16th September, 1900.

NOTICE is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described land, situated on the southeast branch of the Telqua River, in Cassiar District: Commencing at a post near the east bank of the Telqua River, about five miles above its junction with the Buckley River, said post being the southeast corner, thence 80 chains due north, thence 80 chains due west, thence 80 chains due south, thence 80 chains due east, to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated this 15th October, 1900.

(Signed) R. H. HALL.

Located and posted with notice 16th September, 1900.

B.C. Year Book 1897 By R. E. GOSNELL

Cloth.....$1 50 per copy
Paper Cover.. 1 00 per copy

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

This book contains very complete historical, political, statistical, agricultural, mining and general information of British Colombia. Profusely illustrated.

THE COLONIST P. & P. CO., LTD VICTORIA, B.C.

A Rousing Meeting

Tolmie District Voters Give Conservative Candidates an Ovation.

Unanimous Vote of Confidence and Hearty Pledges of Support.

The Conservative candidates, Col. Prior and Mr. Earle, held a very successful meeting last night in Tolmie school, Boleskine road. The schoolhouse was filled with electors, and enthusiasm and good feeling marked the proceedings from start to finish.

Mr. William Graham was unanimously chosen chairman. Mr. Graham asked for a fair hearing for the speakers, and called upon Col. Prior, who was loudly applauded on coming forward.

Prior advised his audience to take an interest in politics. The well-being of every constitutionally-governed country required that every man, and especially the young men, should take an active part in politics—but he did not, from personal experience, advise them to make politics a business, unless they desired a life of endless excitement and little material reward; the reward of the sincere public man lay only in the consciousness of having done his duty to his country and his fellow-electors.

The speaker then called attention to a statement in the Times to the effect that he had been elected as a member of the House of Commons to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Noah Shakespeare. He was happy to say that Mr. Shakespeare was alive and well, and he hoped he would enjoy many more years. The Times was a stickler for accuracy, yet he found in this evening's issue a statement that his majority at the last election was 107; as a matter of fact his majority was 197.

The main issue between the great parties is that the Liberals are in power to-day under false pretences. The Conservative policy, enunciated by John A. Macdonald in 1878, is still the policy of that party. That policy was criticized and denounced for eighteen years, in season and out of season, but the Liberals, who at last, by their persistency, succeeded in alienating a sufficient number of Conservatives from their party allegiance to secure their election. Immediately that they found themselves in power, the Liberals repudiated their previous pledges and promises, and stole the protective policy of the Conservatives almost in its entirely. Fortunately for the Dominion it was that they did so, for had they stuck to their avowed free trade principles they would have plunged the country in ruin. They promised retrenchment, yet they had increased the expenditure during their short term of office $11,000,000. They promise to reduce the debt, but it just as wantonly broken; they had increased it $7,726,000, while the taxes, which they were to make less burdensome, have increased $10,906,745, or $8.90 per family. Can anyone point out a single article of general consumption upon which the tax has been reduced? The duty on boots and shoes is the same as under the Conservatives; that on sugar, cottons and other staples has been increased. The Liberals cannot deny these facts, they do not attempt to, when confronted with them; they change the subject. In regard to preferential trade, would it not be fair that if Great Britain's good are given a preference in Canada, the Canadian goods should be given a preference in Great Britain? Is it not right that we should adopt a policy that would benefit Canada while conferring an advantage on Great Britain? The Liberals had only taken up this policy of preferential trade very recently. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, not so long ago, declared that Canada must have unrestricted reciprocity with