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Dated this 4th day of November, 1909.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE,
Deputy Clerk of the Executive Council.

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRA-TION OF AN EXTRA-PROVIN-CIAL COMPANY.

30 days

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897." chains:
place of acres.
er, 1909.

Agent

30 days
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situate at Phoenix, Arizona.

The amount of the capital of the company is one hundred thousand dollars divided, into one hundred thousand divided into one hundred thousand shares of one dollar each.

shares of one dollar each.

The head office of the company in this Frovince is situate at 1122 Government street, in the city of Victoria, and J. H. Smith, manager, whose address is Victoria, B. C., is the attorney for the company. Not empowered to issue and transfer stock.

The time of the existence of the company is twenty-five years, from the 8th

pany is twenty-five years, from the 8th day of January A. D. 1908. The company is limited. 30 days pany is limited.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this twenty-seventh day of November, one thousand nine hundred

S. Y. WOOTTON, (L. S.) S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stöck Companies.
The objects for which the Company is
established and registered are:
To do a general fiscal agency, investment, promotion, brokerage, theatrical
amusement, irrigation, power, transportation, manufacturing and mining business owning all necessary appliances. ness, owning all necessary appliances machinery, buildings, ships, boats, venicles, etc., etc., acquiring, owning, op machinery, buildings, snips, obets, bicles, etc., etc., acquiring, owning, operating, leasing, buying and selling all kinds of real and personal property necessary to the carrying on of one or more of the aforesaid general lines of business; to own, and vote shares of its own capital stock and of other corporations; to borrow and loan money; to issue bonds, notes and other evidences of indebtedness and to secure the payment of the same by mortgage, deed or trust, or otherwise: engaging in any and all classes of business that a natural person might or could in the United States of North America, or in any other part of the world.

Lever's Y-Z(Wise Head) Disinfectant Sos Poweler is a boon to any home. It disin-, Agent. and cleans at the same time.

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

When I think over all the beautiful stretches of water, out of the United Kingdom, to which my wandering footsteps as an angler have from time to time led me, I can remember none more delightful than the Siwash Ripsthe name signifying merely the rapids of the siwashes, as the Pacific Coast Indians are called. The famous Rips are in Vancouver Island; a stroll of some half mile from the main road from Duncan to Cowichan Lake conducts one to the river by a forest roadway, leading through magnificent cedars and mighty maples, whose limbs are covered with tufts of emerald-green mosses, to a series of rapids and pools. Emerging from the bed of waving ferns to the banks of the stream, the fisherman looks with a delighted eye upon the scene before him. Every yard of water be-neath his gaze seems to betoken the lie of a lusty rainbow trout. Scarcely can he get his tackle together quick enough; the presence on the sand of numerous footprints of deer, or the occasional imprint of the foot of a black bear, cannot distract his attention from the river, rippling between him and the high clifflike banks on the further shore. Should the water be high, with a pair of waders much of the best of it may be reached, care being taken not to plunge too deeply into the stream, of which in a strong current the bottom is in places dangerous, owing to the presence of rounded, water-worn stones. When, on the other hand, the water is moderately low, as it almost invariably is from the middle of May to the middle of October, the river is more easily fished. Then a 14 foot grilse rod and a strong pair of shooting boots are all that are required, as over a mile of water can be properly fished without the necessity of wetting a

The largest trout seem to haunt this lovely, section of the Cowichan River, there being always a chance of an occasional four-pounder, while rainbows and cut-throats of from two pounds to three pounds will afford the angler many an exciting tussle in the heavy rapids and dashing, stone-strewn ripples. Still, owing to the migratory habits of these gallant members of the trout family, there are times when the usually most productive parts of the Siwash Rips may prove disappointing, when the most seductive spots, well known of old as the haunts of the mighty ones of the deep, may not, for some unknown reason, yield so much as a single rise. When such is the case it is better to make up one's mind that the fish have shifted their quarters, and then, instead of wasting time by fishing all the river down religiously in the effort to find them, to leave the banks altogether, walk up or down them half a mile by the convenient forest trail, and start again somewhere else.

Such was the plan that I adopted when one lovely autumn day, accompanied by a friend with a gun, I had spent an hour and a half in My friend, having killed a couple of mallard and three of the delicious little 'butterballs," we hung these in a shady tree out of the reach of any marauding mink or coon, and went down the river half a mile. On our way ning themselves in open places in the partly overgrown trail. Of these he killed a couple, even as they disappeared like lightning hind the thick brush of the forest. Having hung the grouse up like the ducks, we left the trail and cut through the knee-deep sallal bushes down a steep bank to the river bed once more. We paused on the brink of the bank and gazed across a broad expanse of sand, beyond which the river curved in its serpentine course. There was disclosed a long and broad rapid, narrowing sharply into a rushing neck, through which the pent-up waters poured tumultuously into a great pool. The main force of the current rollowed the further bank, which was high and shaded the river. Rebounding thence, a large quantity of the water returned, to form a great eddy upon our own side. The whole contents of the pool emptied themselves at its tail by a sharp, smooth run, which was shaded like the pool.

A feature of the place was the presence of one or two mighty and floating tree trunks, which, lying along the bushes which fringed the farther shore, seemed to afford a natural harbor for fish of any size or shade. My comrade extended his hand and pointed. "There's where your fish are, if they are in the river. Now, I am going to lie down in the shade of those willows, smoke, and watch you catch them. I'll be on hand with the landing net when required. Better go straight for the pool." "I'll fish the rapid above the pool first," replied I; "it's where once upon a time I killed he biggest rainbow I ever got in the river. If hook another monster in it I'll bring him lown stream for you to land, so you need not listurb yourself. Any small ones I can land

without the net on that shelving beach." "All serene; I'll watch the pool and report progress of anything going on there. Fire away! my great disgust, the splendid rapid above the pool yielded nothing but two small trout only fit to be thrown back. Whereupon I rejoined my friend. "You've only been wasting our time up there; here's where you ought to be. Things have been taking place in this pool,' 'Things taking place! What sort of things?" "Big things, rising over there on the other side every now and then, but of what ort I can't say, for not a fish has actually broken the water. There goes another one

now: look!" Sure enough, there was a very big rise close to one of the floating logs at the extreme tail of the pool, but quite out of my reach. I took off my two favorite trout flies and put up a

THREE SALMON AT THE SIWASH RIPS small bright-winged salmon fly, one to which experience had taught me that the large trout would rise at times in the fall of the year. I have christened this fly a "Rothlemay." Commencing at the head of the pool in the rushing water, and casting across, at the third throw was into a fish that took under water. Buzz went the line through the rings, and the rod bent double as the fish tore down the pool Surely a monstrous rainbow, this! "What did I tell you?" exclaimed my friend. At the same moment a flashing form was seen in the air. No rainbow this, but a perfectly clean salmon, straight up from the sea, by Jove! At the very head of the run below I turned him, and back he came, traversed the whole length of the pool, and rushed up the foaming gut of narrow water into the rapid above. The cast with which I was fishing was one adapted to sea trout fishing, so far as stoutness went, but it was of the best quality. I followed my fish, while my friend, without budging from the pool, was rapidly unscrewing the landing net and replacing it by the gaff, which, although not expecting that any salmon were up, I had luckily brought with me in the fishing bag. "I'll wait here for you," he shouted after me; "you'll be back here directly." Sure enough, at the head of the long rapid the salmon turned, and went down it again-so fast, that I had to run to keep up to him. We were back again in the pool in a trice. Keeping far back on the bank, while getting in my tightened line, so that the salmon might not see me in the ginclear water, I contrived to couduct him into the great eddy above mentioned, and, in spite of his various efforts to break out of it into the stream, to keep him there. Round and round the whirlpool he travelled, my comrade, now lying down flat near the brink, singing out every now and then that he could see the salmon swinging round within a foot or two of the shore, but too deep for the gaff to reach him. It seemed as if the fish would never get tired in that eddy, and presently, when least expected, he gave a couple of wild leaps, which made my heart tremble for my fine cut gut cast. Then he made a dash straight in for the shore, and paused a second to rest just opposite my comrade. My friend saw his chance, and took it like a man. There was a flash of the gaff, and, while still full of fight, a 12 lb. "spring" salmon was bounding wildly up and down upon the pebbly beach. It was our first salmon of the season, and all the more welcome for being un-

While playing this salmon we had noticed one or two more big fish rising close to the

large floating logs, and we came to the conclusion accordingly that there had been a small run of fish up the river, and that, owing to its low condition, the whole lot were now congregated in this beautiful pool. Since the cast had proved strong enough for one salmon, it was resolved not to put on anything heavier, but to give it another chance. Once more was the Rothiemay sent flying over into the shade of the farther bank. It must have lighted right over a fish, for in a secol here was a terrific splash, and the hook was well home again. This second salmon behaved like a crazy thing at the touch of the steel. With a wild rush it had crossed the pool diagonally and dashed right out on to the shore some forty yards below us. There it lay, with its tail only in the shallow water, which was lashed into shining globules, glittering with rainbow hues in the bright sun. With a wild bound my friend flew down to the spot with his gaff. Alas, he arrived just the eightieth part of a second too late. vigorous backward throw, this splendid fish hurled its curved body back into the deep water just as the gaff struck the spot where it had been. And then, with devilish determination, it shot straight across the water in the direction of some long salmon-berry branches trailing down into the stream just where it left

"Hold him! Hold him, for your life! He's an eighteen pounder, if he's an ounce!" yelled the man with the gaff. It was all very well to cry "Hold him!" but my little grilse rod and the fine salmon cast were not equal to the strain. When the salmon was within about a yard from the dangerous bushes, the cast parted, and the line came flying back in my face like a whip. Great was the lamenting on the part of my friend, who had been in his youth a noted sprinter, that he had not been able to run up to his pristine hundred-yard form. As for me, I said nothing—absolutely nothing; my sorrow was too great and real for mere words to express it. Sadly and solemnly I removed the broken cast from my line, and fished out a somewhat stouter one, and likewise another Rothiemay from my book. The thicker gut did not seem to bring us any luck for a time. Three fish rose, but all disdainfully refused the fly. After a sandwich and an application of Scotch whiskey to our parched palates, the pool was, however, fished down once more. When nearing the tail a fresh puff of wind came and ruffled the water. This was just what was wanted? A fourth fish rose, and cohoe salmon, as bright as silver, and, after the

manner of all cohoes, once hooked he was as often out of the water as in it. The lost eighteen-pounder was forgotten, and especially when, for a second the line fouled a stick, of which two inches or so appeared above water. The stick bent, however, as the cohoe tore down the stream, and the danger was past. Five minutes later, and my comrade had him safely, bouncing up and down on the shore—a seven-pounder. And then we joyfully retraced our footsteps from the Siwash Rips.-Andrew Haggard, in The Field.

DACK SHOOTING IN JAPAN.

It was in the middle of December, and the rain had been falling hard all morning. At noon the wind gradually increasing, and the barometer having dropped several points, I came to the conclusion that the most advantageous way for a keen sportsman to spend his time would be to try an evening's duck flight, and the possibility of the next mornings. Five minutes later found me looking up the time of the next convenient train leaving for Kashima. The 2.14 would land us about half an hour before the flight, and I sent a line to my friend Baker, to see what he had to say to the proposition. Upon arriving at the station I found him ready, and anxious to get away from the city and try his luck with the gun.

A little over an hour's ride brought us to Kashima, from whence we rode in "rikishas" for fifteen minutes, along the banks of a small canal, to a Japanese hotel, situated in the vil-

lage of Chiyoda. The country around is principally rice fields, which both duck and snipe seem to prefer to marshes, especially in the season, before the rice had been cut as they are then well supplied with food, and not so likely to be disturbed. Having deposited our luggage, we started putting our guns together, and made ready gener-We had engaged the services of a farmer to direct us to the usual line of flight of the "kamo"-Japanese for duck-at the same time asking whether he thought we would have a successful flight. He assured us that, taking the weather into consideration, we would bag at least 15 or 20. Having heard that kind of tale before, I didn't put much stress on his words, but thought I'd be contented if we managed to string up anything between five and a

After a few minutes' brisk walking, through by Jingo, I had hold of him tight. This was a nan avenue of pine trees, we arrived at the edge of a marsh some five miles long, but only three

about 600 yards in knee-deep water, our guide came to a halt, and pointed out a portion of the marsh where the reeds were some five feet tall, informing me that there was the best line of flight. He said that just around where we stood at the present moment was also good, but, the reeds being somewhat short, we decided to try the other stand, to which we proceeded, and lost no time in taking up our respective positions, forty to fifty yards apart, the guide staying with me. During the first few minutes the sleet seemed to have decreased considerably, so that we were able to distinguish objects at a greater distance. After waitng for five minutes I was about to ask the guide whether possibly the stormy weather vould change the time of flight, when the word 'Mark!" came across from Baker. I looked in his direction and saw him pointing toward the horizon, slightly to the right. Sure enough! There they were, anything between twenty to thirty teal, plodding their way against the wind in a straight line towards us. When only one hundred yards distant, they swerved to the left, evidently scenting danger. A chance lost-but not for long! Another flock of a halfdozen are seen approaching, and on closer scrutiny, I found them to be mallards. No luck for me, it seems, for they swing toward the direction of Baker, and a few seconds later the welcome reports of two barrels break the stillness -a miss with the right, but, fortunately, a kill with the left. Up they shoot, and are off, five out of the six remaining. "Better luck next time!" I shout across to him, and no sooner have the words left my mouth than a flock of some fifty or eighty are seen approaching, but pass out of range. Immediately after them came another four, this time directly at us. When they were within twenty yards, we rose simultaneously. With a shrieking cry of alarm up they go-but too late. Only fifteen yards separated us and all four came down. There was no time for congratulations, for another flock crossed at my left, and I missed with both barrels. Before I had fairly reloaded, a couple of widgeon were nearly on top of me, and this time both of my barrels told. The second bird was only crippled, and the guide had a busy

to four feet in depth at the deepest. Walking

A short interval passed without excitement, and we had a shrewd suspicion that our last shot had been fired. The guide, in an excited voice, said: "Gan! gan!" And sure enough, a solitary brant was heading dead for Baker. This time my friend was in luck's way, for a few seconds later he rose, and fired twice. The brant managed to keep on for a couple of hundred yards, when it collapsed in mid-air. After that we had a few dull minutes, but as soon as the sport started again we were kept busy, string after string of teal, widgeon, mallard and pintail, besides other birds, passing. I never realized until then that duck shooting could be so attractive. As quickly as I could load, and even quicker, flock after flock would fly over me, on their way to the rice fields, not seeming to heed the reports of our guns. And as the darkness drew on, the ducks seemed to come in by the hundreds.

two minutes.

But all things had to end. Baker had run out of cartridges, and I had left only the two in my gun, so when I "spotted" two widgeon making a neat right and left. But hardly had my second shot been fired-which was my last -when a flock of geese passed, not twenty yards overhead. Imagine my disgust! All could do was to watch and admire their easy flight, and their size as compared with the ducks. When directly overhead, Baker's patience could hold out no longer. "Shoot! For goodness sake, shoot!" he yelled, little know-

ing I was in the same predicament as himself. We next proceeded to pick up our dead and all the crippled ones we could find. The total was thirteen mallard, six teal, five widgeon, one pintail, and the brant. If we had managed to secure all the cripples, the count would have been on the further side of forty.

Duck shooting in Japan is a thing of the past, and nowadays it is seldom one hears of big bags being made-except in cases like ours, when one happens to strike the right place at the right time.-James S. Welsh in Field and Stream.

SPORTING EXHIBITION AT VIENNA

The British Empire is to be well and worthily represented at the great sporting exhibition which is to be opened in April next, for some months, in Vienna. An executive committee is being formed to arrange the British exhibits under the direct control of one of the Government Departments, which is also giving very valuable assistance by assuming responsibility for packing, unpacking, and insuring the many valuable trophies to be sent out. The names of this committee will be pubished in due course, but it is already settled that Lord Desborough will be the chairman and that he will appoint various well-known authorities to take charge of the separate departments involved in the full scheme. It is present Lord Desborough's intention to gather together the record heads obtained by prominent sportsmen in different parts of the Empire-moose and wapiti from Canada, tigers from India, elands and elephants from Africa, deer from the British Isles, including ,it is hoped) the magnificent antiers of the prehistoric Irish elk. Another division of the exhibits will be the best of the sporting pictures in this country by such men as Stubbs, Landseer, Thorburn, and others, while a third division will consist of racing cups and other trophies, of which a magnificent collection co

My Lady's Slipper—The Shoe in Fact and Fiction

'Her feet beneath her petticoat Like little mice stole in and out, As if they feared the light."-Suckling.

magic of her glass slipper-or, must one be ac- at once the type of beauty and refinement. I curate and modern and say her fur slipper?played by shoes in adding the finishing touch to an elegant appearance, and it may be pretty generally taken for granted that the most refined women are always the most delicately

There is an instinctive coquetry about a dainty slipper that appeals irresistibly. Have you never noticed a graceful little Frenchoman as she crosses the street on a muddy day and displays her feet?

And what romantic associations a dainty slipper calls to mind-of gallants toasting the gning beauty in "Humble Port or Imperial Tokay," drunk out of the fair one's own shoe, as in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

And indeed great must have been the fascination of that remarkable woman of whomthe story is told that one of her slippers was stolen by a passionate adorer, who vowed to. eat it for her dear sake. This he did, having it cooked, served and sent to table with innumerable sauces and spicy condiments, designed, no doubt, to disguise its true flavor. Of the after effects of this tasty morsel history is silent, but we make a shrewd guess that it was not unlike the "Pudding de Christmas a l'Anglaise" of which a witty Frenchman once wrote that it took a month to make, a fortnight to eat, and six months to digest. At all events, the fond lover might well exclaim, as in "Love's Labor Lost"-"I do adore my sweet Grace's slipper!'

A Vision from Thackeray

Of all the delightful word pictures in which Esmond" abounds, none is more charming then the description of Esmond's first sight of Beatrix on his return from the wars. He had left her a child, and returned to find a woman arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. As he stoo. in the hall at Walcote, she came tripping lown, the oaken staircase clad in all the bravery the finished little coquette could assume to captivate her austere cousin, the light falling upon the scarlet ribbon she wore and upon the mostbrilliant white neck in the world. So she came, holding her dress with one fair, rounded arm, and her taper before her, to greet Esmond.

"She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes," says my lord laughing. "O my fine mistress! Is this the way you set your cap at the captain?"

And the next morning when the chaplain read prayers to the little household, as the custom was, "All the while of the prayers,

Beatrix knelt a little way before Harry Es- appearance, opening wide upon the instepmond, "the red stockings were changed for a pair of grey, and black shoes in which her feet Ever since the days of Cinderella and the love to picture fairy hands and feet that are like to picture a foot rounded and shapely, have been aware of the important part but small to diminutiveness, peeping from beneath the drapery that half-conceals it o ing within the mazes of the dance. Some lovely Spanish beauty, whose "foot's an invisible thing," but alas! for poetic imaginings the ideal is so different from the real; your modern athletic maiden approaches much more nearly to the milkmaid half divine of Willis "Lovein-a-Cottage," and nowadays your "Damsel that walks in the morning is shod like a moun-

taineer!" Fashions of Old France. At one period, indeed, in the reign of Louis Seize, for France has always led the mode in the cult of the Bienchaussee, as in all other. matters pertaining to dress, shoes, of either "puce color" or "Queen's-hair" were embroidered in diamonds, and women's twinkling feet must have been veritable jewel caskets.

Long, narrow shoes with the seam at the heel studded with emeralds were known as the 'Venez-y-voir" or "Come and See," and must indeed have challenged attention. Hardly less alluring were their satin shoes with buckles worn with demure "smooth-

drawn" white stockings. In the days of the Republic, the foot and white stocking of a "Merveilleuse" could

searcely be seen beneath her long trailing draperies "a la Flore" or "a la Liane," but during the rage for spangles upon every article of dress, which convulsed the fair Parisienne about this time, she would appear in white shoes covered in "paillettes."

A celebrated beauty, Madame Taillien, created a perfect furore of admiration, we are told, by appearing at the Frascati balls clad in an Athenian dress with rings upon her bare and sandalled feet, which were thus on the occasion innocent of slippers of any sort.

In the description of the Iress of a young girl of high birth about the time of Charles V. special mention is made of her black shoes and house slippers-known as "lancia," which were worn by Elegantes as far back as the Gallo-Roman period-and were changed by her for sandals when she left home to go visiting or driving. Curious pointed cork-soled lancia are now to be seen in a museum at Cleremont Auvergne.

High-Heel Torture

It would be interesting to trace the evolution of the slipper from the earliest times when black embroidered in beads were worn (as in the Carlovingian period) to the reign of Francis I., when elaborately slashed and embroidered sho of state of

very clumsy one would imagine—and on to the time of Louis XIV., when white silk stockings with pink and silver clocks took their place with shoes to match and heels at least three inches high. Indeed, to such preposterous heights did heels attain at last that eight centimetres was not considered at all extravagant; and in the same reign, too, such was the craze for small feet, the Queen's ladies bound strands of their hair tightly round their insteps to enable them to wear tiny little shoes, in which they suffered such anguish that they frequently fainted from pain in the Queen's

A couple of centuries ago, when ladies wore shoes adapted for indoor wear only and quite unsuited to the hard cobble stones of the streets or thick mud of the country, they wore pattens to protect them from the mud and lamp-"lest their feet through faithless leather met the dirt." At last, however, we Englishomen are earning the title of a well-shod people, not, of course, that we can yet compare with the typical Frenchwoman, whose motto is-"Bien-gantee, bien-chaussee," even if the rest of her costume be a little shabby. Most earnestly would I impress upon the average roung English girl, who too often thinks that pecause her feet are not much seen it doesn't matter how they are covered, not to neglect this most essential part of a good appearance, lest haply when sallying forth arrayed for conquest in the smartest of gowns and hats with feathers and furbelows and all the daintiest accessories of the toilet, her badly-shod feet make her stand revealed in her true character of a slattern, for very few men will be found to agree with the poet's assurance that—

'A careless shoestring, in whose tie see a wild civility, Doth more bewitch me, than when Art Is too precise in every part."

THE BISHOP'S CHOICE

A celebrated Anglican divine, the late Bishop of Rochester, who had been ailing for some time, decided to consult Sir Frederick Treves, the noted surgeon. After a careful examination Sir Frederick pronounced his verdict, and added, "Your Lordship must go to Algiers or some winter resort on the Riviera. 'Impossible," replied the Bishop. "I have

too much work to get through." "Well," said the doctor, "you must make your choice. It is either Algiers or Heaven." "Dear me!" exclaimed the Bishop, with a sigh. "Then I suppose it must be Algiers."

All of us have more disappointments than we need to have. If we expect interruptions in life, we shall have fewer so-called disap-