

ers of round phase and portly docu- ment; little tyrants whose cheeks have been slapped by a hand of fire. I can hear their frantic cries as I walk. Once more the pompiers come, thundering down their ladders; they unclog their hoses, and set the pretty brass engines to work. There is no fire, however. The very smoke has drifted away; and but for that great cavity in the wall of the restaurant, next door, the powdered mortar and sagging beam, you would have laughed to hear that a bomb had been thrown at the place. Whoever had done this damnable thing had done it from above. If I had not guessed as much for myself, the searching glance Mr. Cavanaugh turned upon the upper storeys of the restaurant, the words he spoke to the Chevalier—in English this time—would have been suggestion enough. The assassin had thrown the bomb down; it had struck the iron rail only an awning above the porch below, and immediately exploded at a height of six feet or so from the pavement.

Look in the action as these explosives are all the danger has been done within a circle not more than twenty feet in circumference. Herein the dead and dying fell, horribly mangled; about this the soldiers grouped. Of the assassin himself no one appeared to think; that is, no one in the crowd below. But Mr. Cavanaugh thought of him. Justice, for the time being, lay in the hands of the cool, unemotional man beside me; of him and his qualms before the smoke had drifted above the awning.

"Dubarrac has arrived then. What were they doing in Madrid?" "I have no explanation to give, sir, if it is Dubarrac."

"I am convinced of it. Does that smoke tell you nothing? It is Dubarrac, and he has come from Madrid. What then, Chevalier?"

"They are searching the house, sir. It would be the third floor and the little front room with the bed in it. He was not there last night, nor at 8 o'clock this morning. But Dubarrac—he is a miracle!"

They said no more, but watched the room above with the curious gaze of men who believe that a trickery is happening therein. I could only think that they themselves had been expecting this outrage, and guessed its authorship. When the Chevalier had declared that the house was already searched, he seemed to be telling a fairy story. Searched, and by whom? I had not seen a living man re-enter it since the awful moment of the crash. It might have been about these words that the rumbling into the street, as though fire pursued them. There they went, pell-mell, waters and guests, men and women, crying, screaming, imploring the soldiers to save them. And the Chevalier spoke of search. By whom? I repeated to myself. Must I suppose that these two were the masters of an organization already at work? Must I believe that the very magnitude of the idea forbade belief in it?

Be it repeated that if Jehan Cavanaugh's agents searched the house, the evidence of that fact was slight enough. I had but the faintest hope for it; and presently, to put an end to further speculation, the police themselves went in, and were shortly to be seen at every window and door, shattered house alone, but these upon either side of it, and our own particularly they searched. I heard their swords clattering upon the stairs, the tramp of heavy boots above and below; they even intruded, but not to remain. The Chevalier had but to speak a single word to the officer in command to earn a salute and an immediate withdrawal. Was it because of Mr. Cavanaugh's name, or the little brown man's former occupation, I could not tell you then; I did not know at that time that there was no figure more cordially welcomed in every police bureau in Europe than that of Prosper de Blondel.

For our part, then we had no share in the event that, as to say, in this quest at all. The few words which passed between Mr. Cavanaugh and his friend were often incomprehensible to a stranger, rarely excited. And their very silence—imagine it—was almost a torture to such a youngster as myself.

Why did they not rectify every circumstance anew, debate it in hot words, press out into the street to see the damage done, and hear the soldiers talk? You know what youth is in the presence of its first tragedy. Death—what fear he strikes, how he sets the mind going. All the dire imagination of the clinging visions, the dreadful questions! I went through them all, standing out there on the balcony. Would that wretched man, whose face a sergeant's cloak had covered, would he never see the sun again! Had he passed from all existence into the black void so to dwell through eternity? What had been the sensations of that instant of death? Had he suffered? Had he known and by whose hand had he fallen? Not the guess or surmise, but the truth. Was the mad man still regarding his handwork from some garret above?

Such speculation dumfounded me. I stood aimlessly by the railing, peering at the crowd below, but not thinking of it at all. When I picked out a face there, many minutes must have passed before I could have said why it had come, or what was the fascination of it. At last, however, I knew, and, starting up eagerly, I took the Chevalier's arm, and bade him look with me.

"The woman," I said; "our Mademoiselle Mamaviev! She is down there, just behind that officer of Hussars at the corner. Do you not see her, Chevalier?"

They lifted their glasses together, and remained for many minutes gazing at the place. The Chevalier, I thought, made some sign to someone upon the opposite of the way, but of this I could not be sure.

"Young eyes are certainly good," he exclaimed at last. "But, my friend, why should we forget to breakfast?"

CHAPTER XL

The Light in the Window.

It must have been about four o'clock in the afternoon when I found myself alone with Mr. Cavanaugh. The little brown Chevalier, strangely silent during the excellent breakfast we had eaten, spent a full hour afterwards, writing at a table in the window, whence he could look down upon the street below. From time to time, it is

true, he uttered certain observations I could neither explain nor understand. His remark—in an interval of restings—Crawford Bay, had certainly escaped to England seemed but an opinion at the best. No messenger had come to us, no letter had been delivered. If he were not a wizard, he knew no more about it than I did; and that was little enough, heaven knows.

What astonished me more than anything else was the way in which these two men mastered an excitement which had witnessed an unfortunate accident and did not wish to discuss it. The confusion below our windows had to them the presence in the street of that very Mademoiselle Mamaviev whom they had come to Antwerp to discover, not for an instant did it appear to divert the current of their thoughts, or to provoke any overt action. We sat to breakfast as men who have witnessed an unfortunate accident and do not wish to discuss it. The confusion below our windows had to them the presence in the street of that very Mademoiselle Mamaviev whom they had come to Antwerp to discover, not for an instant did it appear to divert the current of their thoughts, or to provoke any overt action. We sat to breakfast as men who have witnessed an unfortunate accident and do not wish to discuss it.

Now, the Chevalier left us alone at 4 o'clock, and shortly afterwards Mr. Cavanaugh proposed that we should remember the events of the morning, and thought of dinner. This was a proposition very welcome to me, and for two hours or more I enjoyed a delightful outing with him. If he seemed not to remember the events of the morning, I discovered later that he had not wholly forgotten them. Following immediately upon a visit we paid to the famous church of St. Paul, with its grotesque Purgatory in the porch, he asked me if I had not the intention to write something about that which I had seen upon the Place Verte.

"I would make a fine sequel to your paper on Individualism. Come, Madam, justify the authorities if you can, Ingersoll. I think we should all take some share in this work—you could do much for those who believe in repression, as I believe in it more than any truce by night or day with these fellows. Say something upon the other side; there is far too much cant about liberty in your country and in mine. I told him that I would try to do as he wished, but frankly confessed my difficulties.

"They will say that a nation might as well make war upon Broadmoor, that is quite the case, but that humanity to call these people sane, sir. Preach extermination as an antidote to homicidal mania, and yet set going something which will move your altruists to frenzy. Of course, you have foreseen that."

"I have foreseen everything, Ingersoll. Your country shelters these people because she is afraid of them." "I do not believe that, Mr. Cavanaugh."

"My dear boy, what right have you to believe or disbelieve? Did you not have your first lesson this morning? Be stern, and don't let it be said of you that you are a weakling. I shall have no stouter champion than Bruce Ingersoll. I have known it more than once to me. I am more than ever convinced of it."

He changed the subject very quickly, and went on to speak of the comparative indifference of great cities to that which should concern them most nearly.

"When the battle of Sedan was fought, men ploughed in the neighborhood; here, not a man or a woman diverts the course of habit by a single breath because of the affair on the Place Verte. It is nothing to them; their own children might have been among the dead, but while they are not well, shrug the shoulders and smile, we must bring it home to the people, Ingersoll; show them the thing in their own houses. That is my mission; be sure I am not neglecting it. To teach the people what this may mean to them—what it has meant to me."

He spoke very earnestly, and his own words. For a little while, indeed, he appeared to be suffering as I had, and his suffer at the hotel in London. The fit abated, however, as quickly as it had come upon him, and I found him almost in a gay mood at dinner, while his humour was almost sardonic.

"The Chevalier is preparing a little surprise for us," he exclaimed capriciously, when we had returned to the restaurant to our own rooms. He must not disappoint the Chevalier, Ingersoll. It is in the Rue Anglaise, I believe, at about nine o'clock. Will you care to come with me, as you are afraid? I must tell you that there is some little risk in it. We are not exactly at the Pans in our own snug rooms, Ingersoll."

I answered that I would go, whatever the risk. My hesitation in accepting his amazing view of these people must not let him believe me to be a coward.

"And I am very glad to go—with you, Mr. Cavanaugh," I added, for this was nothing but the truth. He appeared to be pleased I thought, and at once summoned his valet, Edward.

"Mr. Ingersoll and I are going where they do not like fine coats, Edward," he said; "please bring something that will disguise our beauty, and quickly for Monsieur de Blondel is awaiting me."

He was obeyed without any question, and ten minutes had passed when we emerged from the Place Verte, two as characteristic "blin' blouses" as you would have found in all Antwerp that night. For my part, I do not believe my oldest friend would have recognized me, even had he held me by the shoulder and stared into my eyes. Mr. Cavanaugh himself looked just like some burly workman who had spent an unprofitable evening at a cafe, and was being taken home by his son under protest. Why these disguises should have been necessary, what was the meaning of them, I knew no more than the dead; but I could not forget the question, and that surprised my companion greatly.

"What makes you think that, Ingersoll?" "Oh, the Chevalier asked me to keep my eyes open for her."

"Did he tell you why?" "He told me what he thought, sir. 'And what I intend to do?'" "He said nothing of that."

"I thought it a strange answer, down the tone in which it was uttered boded little good to this wretched girl wherever she might find her. Our walk had now come to the bank of the river, and we followed the bank of the river some little way, by the wharves and the docks and the towering shapes of the ghostly ships.

Once when a lad, I had stayed a few days at the Hotel Anglais on the quay, and I remembered the place when we passed it; but our destination was not here, but in a little narrow street some quarter of a mile farther on. Down this we turned boldly, and halting without any pretence before the door of a house on the left-hand side of the way, Mr. Cavanaugh produced a latchkey from his pocket and instantly admitted me.

You are to imagine this street running at right angle to the river, and might have been neglected since Alva the heart of the silent Chevalier, they still stand as they stood when the Spaniards lit their fires in Antwerp—are of immense height, some of them "four house, sir; but you don't mean that?"

"My house, Ingersoll; and I am going to have supper here. No, don't strike a light, please. We must have cast the darkness over our eyes, and tongues of velvet. Now please to feel your way with me, and come across here. There are chairs in the window. I do not expect my guests to stand, Ingersoll."

We felt our way across the room, and, sure enough, there were two chairs in the bay of the window. When my eyes had become a little accustomed to the darkness, I perceived a table set before the chairs, and the ill-defined shapes of bottles and glasses.

"Schnapps, Ingersoll," he whispered, "pay a compliment to the Dutchman, even if you are in Flanders; there is no better drink in or out of the Netherlands than Schnapps. When you want to smoke, keep your cigarette between your fingers, and don't strike a light here, unless you would like to know who lives in the house opposite, and what he is doing there."

I looked across the street and perceived a light in the window of the house opposite, and this so near to me that an outstretched arm might almost have touched it. The bulging eaves bridging the street so sagged upon their beams that a man with a good head might have stepped from our window to the other with no more risk than a child who walks upon a gate. The fact was too patent that it should have been noticed at that moment. A glance at the room opposite told me that it was occupied; a second convinced me that the men who occupied it were not less alert than we, nor less vigilant, and that the figure against

(To be Continued.)

MURDERERS UNDETECTED IN PAST NINE YEARS

Only Six Undiscovered Remain on List of Scotland Yard.

"Of 118 capital crimes in Berlin from 1899 to 1905 the authors of only eight remain undetected. In London the proportion of undetected capital crimes is 23 1/2 per cent."

Such was the statement of Herr von Moltke, the Prussian minister of the interior, in the budget commission of the diet.

His words, shown to one of the best authorities in London on crime detection, elicited the following reply: "There is no system of method in vogue in Berlin, Paris, or New York with which Scotland Yard is not fully conversant. Berlin has not any better system than London. The figures quoted are fallacious. If two murders take place in Berlin in 1908 and one perpetrator is undiscovered, the figure against the Berlin system would, according to Herr von Moltke, stand at 50 per cent. Berlin, per thousand of its population, has more capital offences than London or Paris. Any authority will assent without qualification that London is a safer place to live in than either Berlin or Paris."

The last published statistics—those of 1906—we have seventeen murders in the metropolis alone. Nine arrests were made, and six other murderers committed suicide. Of the nine persons arrested, two were sentenced to death, five were declared insane, and two were acquitted. In the remaining two cases there was no arrest—the stumpy murder and the Edmonton mystery. On Tuesday, March 17, a cyclonic disturbance crossed this province accompanied by a westerly gale on the Straits and Sound, which lasted for some hours. The weather in Atlin and the Yukon was abnormally cold. Zero temperatures were general throughout the greater portion of the coast, and from northern Alberta to Manitoba the same conditions also prevailed.

The amount of bright sunshine was 23 hours and 54 minutes; rain, 2.4 inches; highest temperature, 53.0 on 17th and 18th; lowest, 28.0 on 17th. Vancouver—Rain, 2.73 inches; highest temperature, 56 on 15th; lowest, 24 on 16th. New Westminster—Rain, 3.24 inches;

HEADED GANG OF MURDERERS FOULLY DONE TO DEATH

Gruesome Recital From Bordeaux, France—Inn Spattered With Blood.

The landlord of a small inn at Langon, his wife, his servant, and a man named Parrot were placed on trial at the assize court of Bordeaux recently for the murder of a continental traveller named Monget, who went to stay at the inn on February 6th of last year.

It was alleged that this was only one of many crimes traceable to these bandits, and the whole story reads more like a transcript from Charles Reade's romance, "The Cloister and the Hearth," than an episode of present-day life.

Langon is a little town near Bordeaux. Close to the station was the inn in question, the Cafe de la Gare, a place of evil repute, and known to be the rendezvous of smugglers and thieves. The cafe was kept by M. and Mme. Branchery. The man was a giant, an ex-baker; the woman was as diminutive as her husband was sturdy. Both she and the servant, Henrietta Courges, were women without morals.

On February 6th, 1907, M. Monget went to the inn, left his bicycle there while he went to collect an account in the village, and returned. He was never seen again.

The Brancherys had reason to believe that Monget would have a large sum of money in his possession, and it is said that while drinking a cup of coffee he began to court-prosecution.

The woman saw him through a glass door, and called her husband and a waiter. The three, it is alleged, sprang upon the wretched man, and battered him with a coal hammer.

They carried their victim to the cellar, and, as he was still alive, strangled him. They took about \$400 in money and a gold watch from his pockets. The two men divided the spoils, and the inkeeper, wife and child, were at once sent to Bordeaux, where she paid some bills and bought an astrachan coat.

With the help of a smuggler named Gaudin, Branchery and Parrot put Monget's body into a blanket, and carried it to the river, where they threw it into a wheelbarrow to the Garonne. Parrot walked ahead with a revolver in his hand, and they carried their victim to the river. They threw the body into the river.

They burnt the napkin, Monget's umbrella, and Branchery's cap and waistcoat, which were stained with tell-tale spots of blood. They also broke up the victim's watch and bicycle, throwing the pieces into the river near the railway bridge.

Eight months later the body was recovered. Betrayed by a Girl. It was the servant who betrayed the gang, Henrietta Courges had a sweetheart named Joseph Gazol, who was arrested for robbery at the same time as the two other women. She was subsequently ill-treated by her lover, and she probably was glad of an opportunity to get rid of him. This is the tale she told the judge.

"Monget, who had returned to the Cafe de la Gare from collecting his money, had gone into the back parlor, where Lucia Branchery poured him out a cup of coffee. All at once Branchery and Parrot came in, and they both seized Monget, stole into the parlor, Parrot armed with a hammer, while Branchery held in his hands a napkin twisted like a chord. Parrot dealt Monget a fearful blow on the back of the head. Monget fell, and Branchery, passing the twisted napkin round his neck, slung him behind his back and carried him to the cellar, where the two men strangled their victim."

Before the court, Branchery asserted that Monget, whom he did not know, had insulted his wife. Some words passed between them, and he went out. When he returned, he found Monget covered with blood and unconscious. Parrot-stricken, he took a napkin, placed it round the man's neck, and dragged him to the cellar. He discovered to his horror that the man was dead. He protested that he was drunk and did not remember quite well what happened.

As for Gazol, he made no attempt to conceal the fact that he and Branchery decided to kill M. Monget, but he affirmed that it was Branchery alone who struck the fatal blow.

WEEKLY WEATHER SYNOPSIS.

Victoria Meteorological Office. 11th to 17th March, 1908. The weather during this week was for the most part unsettled and rainy, with fresh winds upon several occasions on the coast. The lowest temperature was 27.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 38.0. Kamloops—Highest, 48.0 on 22nd; lowest, 15.4 on 1st; mean, 36.0. Atlin—Highest, 38.0 on 21st; lowest, 18.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 31.0. Port Simpson—Highest, 47.0 on 21st; lowest, 18.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 31.0. Nanaimo—Highest, 50.0 on 14th; lowest, 11.0 on 2nd; mean, 33.0. Eiders Inlet—Highest, 47.8 on 21st; lowest, 18.9 on 1st; mean, 34.9. Alberni, Beaver Creek—Highest, 62.1 on 21st; lowest, 34.0 on 3rd and 5th; mean, 48.0.

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highest temperature, 54 on 11th; lowest, 34 on 16th. Kamloops—Rain, 5.01 inch; highest temperature, 58 on 13th; lowest, 22 on 17th. Barkerville—Snow, 14.72 inches; highest temperature, 40 on 15th; lowest, 14 on 17th. Port Simpson—Rain, 5.74 inches; highest temperature, 46 on 11th and 14th; lowest, 30 on 17th. Atlin—Snow, 3.48 inches; highest temperature, 12 on 13th; lowest, 42 below on 15th. The following is the summary of the weather for February, 1908:

Precipitation in inches.

Victoria	Rain	Snow	71
Vancouver	6.20	0.00	6.20
New Westminster	4.85	8.70	5.72
Kamloops	0.4	9.34	9.74
Port Simpson	3.55	7.0	3.62
Atlin	6.00	0.00	6.00
Nanaimo	6.28	0.00	6.28
Rivers Inlet	7.83	13.00	9.13
Alberni (Beaver Creek)	6.81	19.00	8.73
Cowichan (Tsohanalem)	5.28	0.00	5.28
Crawford Bay	1.09	26.40	3.74
Ladner	6.10	1.00	6.20
Edmonton	0.6	12.25	1.28
Nelson	20.27	0.00	20.94
North Nicomen	5.91	5.0	5.98
Penticton	2.8	4.75	7.5
Port Hope	1.40	1.00	2.40
Revelstoke	2.90	4.00	6.90
Steveston	3.39	0.00	3.39
Spence's Bridge	6.25	0.00	6.25
Sumnerland	0.68	11.37	1.22
Quessnel	15.19	2.10	2.10
Thetis Island	6.28	0.00	6.28
Tobacco Plains	1.10	12.20	2.30
Vernon	13.00	0.00	13.00
Salmon Arm	5.4	17.65	2.10
Clayoquot	7.06	0.00	7.06
Bella Coola	2.77	12.05	3.37
Hedley	0.6	4.90	5.4
Coupland	4.68	2.0	7.28
Denman Island	6.81	5.00	7.11
Goldstream Lake	8.51	12.75	9.78
Naas Harbor	1.40	13.00	2.40
Hornby Island	6.04	0.00	6.04
Beaver Lake	5.64	5.0	5.69
Alberni Townsite	6.52	12.25	7.75
Swanson Bay	10.88	14.50	12.12

At Victoria there were registered 80 hours and 42 minutes of bright sunshine, the mean proportion for the month being 62.7; highest temperature, 51.2 on 23rd; lowest, 23.7 on 2nd; monthly mean, 41. There were 5.81 miles of wind recorded on the electrical anemograph and the direction was as follows: North, 1.204; northeast, 1.91; east, 1.48; southeast, 90; south, 2.96; southwest, 7.99; west, 3.89; northwest, 2.8.

Vancouver—Highest, 49.8 on 13th; lowest, 16.8 on 1st; mean, 38.4. New Westminster—Highest, 52.7 on 21st; lowest, 15.4 on 1st; mean, 36.0. Kamloops—Highest, 48.4 on 22nd; lowest, 10 below zero on 1st; mean, 31.0. Port Simpson—Highest, 47.0 on 21st; lowest, 18.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 31.0. Atlin—Highest, 38.0 on 21st; lowest, 18.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 31.0. Nanaimo—Highest, 50.0 on 14th; lowest, 11.0 on 2nd; mean, 33.0. Eiders Inlet—Highest, 47.8 on 21st; lowest, 18.9 on 1st; mean, 34.9. Alberni, Beaver Creek—Highest, 62.1 on 21st; lowest, 34.0 on 3rd and 5th; mean, 48.0.

38.8. Cowichan—Highest, 53.0 on 24th; lowest, 16.8 on 1st; mean, 38.8. Crawford Bay—Highest, 43.0 on 26th and 27th; lowest, 4.0 on 1st; mean, 30.1. Golden—Highest, 40.0 on 24th; lowest, 26.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 15.3. Ladner—Highest, 50.0 on 22nd; lowest, 19.0 on 1st; mean, 38.8. Nicola—Highest, 48.0 on 24th; lowest, 14.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 21.4. Nelson—Highest, 44.0 on 27th and 28th; lowest, 2.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 30.4. North Nicomen—Highest, 45.0 on 21st and 22nd; lowest, 15.0 on 1st and 2nd; mean, 37.3. Penticton—Highest, 48.5 on 14th; lowest, 0.5 below zero on 1st; mean, 31.8. Princeton—Highest, 48.0 on 24th; lowest, 25.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 22.2. Revelstoke—Highest, 49.0 on 17th; lowest, 3.0 on 2nd; mean, 25.1. Steveston—Highest, 49.0 on 17th; lowest, 1.0 on 1st; mean, 26.0. Spence's Bridge—Highest, 53.5 on 24th; lowest, 2.0 on 1st; mean, 28.8. Summerland—Highest, 45.5 on 23rd; lowest, 2.0 below zero on 2nd; mean, 25.5. Quessnel—Highest, 55.0 on 23rd; lowest, 12.0 below zero on 7th; mean, 19.2. Tobacco Plains—Highest, 47.0 on 25th and 27th; lowest, 10.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 27.4. Vernon—Highest, 42.0 on 26th and 27th; lowest, 2.0 below zero on 1st and 2nd; mean, 23.4. Salmon Arm—Highest, 45.0 on 23th; lowest, 1.0 below zero on 1st and 2nd; mean, 23.3. Clayoquot—Highest, 54.0 on 22nd; lowest, 2.0 on 1st; mean, 28.0. Bella Coola—Highest, 45.0 on 21st; lowest, 6.0 on 1st and 2nd; mean, 30.0. Hedley—Highest, 47.0 on 22nd; lowest, 7.0 below zero on 1st; mean, 27.2.

WANTS ROOSEVELT, AS WELL AS FLEET

Australia Enthusiastic Over Suggested Invitation to U. S. President.

Melbourne, March 18.—The suggestion that the Australian government invited President Roosevelt to come to the island as the guest of the Commonwealth during the visit of the United States battleships fleet next summer, was treated with enthusiasm in the Australian senate to-day.

Mr. Best, vice-president of the executive council, has, however, thrown cold water on the proposal, and endeavored to do this he said, but he explained that it was unusual for a president of the United States to leave the country, and that it was therefore useless to extend the invitation to Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Best added that doubtless the British imperial authorities would recognize the fitness of sending an adequate representation of the British navy to meet the American visitors.

ANTI POOL LAW PASSED. Frankfort, Ky., March 18.—With the passing of the anti-pool-law which provides a heavy penalty for operating a pool room except as bookmaking on the race tracks during the race meetings, the 1908 session of the Kentucky legislature adjourned early to-day. Only by the most heroic methods were friends of the bill able to bring it out to be voted on. The precedent of years was overturned when an unfavorable committee on rules was ousted from the control of the floor. The bill was passed by a vote of 58 to 4.

THE BOARD AGREED TO THE PROPOSAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT FOR THE PROHIBITION OF IMPORTATION OF PREPARED OPIUM FROM HONGKONG AND CHINA, AND IN PURSUANCE OF THE UNDERSTANDING THAT EACH GOVERNMENT SHOULD TAKE MEASURES TO PREVENT SMUGGLING IN OPIUM TO THEIR TERRITORIES, THEY INTEND TO DO THIS BY REGULATIONS BEING DRAWN UP TO PREVENT THE SMUGGLING OF BOLDED OPIUM IN CHINA. HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT AGREED THAT IF EFFECTIVE STEPS HAD BEEN TAKEN BY THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES FOR THE PROHIBITION OF OPIUM SHOPS, ETC., OUTSIDE THE LIMITS OF FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OR CONCESSIONS THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF THESE LOCALITIES SHOULD ALSO TAKE EFFECTIVE STEPS ON THEIR OWN INITIATIVE BEFORE BEING APPROACHED BY THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES ON THE SUBJECT.

THE LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD IS AT ST. ROMBOLD'S CATHEDRAL, MECHELIN, BELGIUM, IF THE SIZE OF THE DIAL IS THE CRITERION.

THE BOARD AGREED TO THE PROPOSAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT FOR THE PROHIBITION OF IMPORTATION OF PREPARED OPIUM FROM HONGKONG AND CHINA, AND IN PURSUANCE OF THE UNDERSTANDING THAT EACH GOVERNMENT SHOULD TAKE MEASURES TO PREVENT SMUGGLING IN OPIUM TO THEIR TERRITORIES, THEY INTEND TO DO THIS BY REGULATIONS BEING DRAWN UP TO PREVENT THE SMUGGLING OF BOLDED OPIUM IN CHINA. HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT AGREED THAT IF EFFECTIVE STEPS HAD BEEN TAKEN BY THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES FOR THE PROHIBITION OF OPIUM SHOPS, ETC., OUTSIDE THE LIMITS OF FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OR CONCESSIONS THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF THESE LOCALITIES SHOULD ALSO TAKE EFFECTIVE STEPS ON THEIR OWN INITIATIVE BEFORE BEING APPROACHED BY THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES ON THE SUBJECT.

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Chinese Government Accepts Proposals of Great Britain—India's Position.

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