The Passing of the Flagship.

(Major W. P. Drury, R.M.L.I., in Black and White.)

"The best man at a funeral," I observed pessimistically, the wind being E. by N., "is the man in the box."

In the little grey hamlet, tucked away under a fold of the great granite tor, a burial had followed closely upon the heels of a wedding, and from the mossgrown churchyard wall Mr. Pagett (late private of Marines) and I had moralized on both. As in the big world beyond the purple shadow, the echoes of the bridal peal had mingled with the boom of the passing bell; and not a spade's length from the blossom-strewn path, along which the newly-made bride had tripped but an hour since, the white-headed sexton was stamping down the mould above a dear brother departed.

Mr. Pagett indicated the bent figre with his pipe-stem.

"To my mind," said he sententiously, "a gravedigger in his boots is better than an admiral o' the fleet in his cawfin any day o' the week. No, sir, you may lay to it that the best man at a funeral is not so much the man in the box as the man who shovels the mud on it."

I considered the philosopher's proposition with the attention it deserved, while the philosopher, with characteristic absentmindedness, refilled his pipe from the pouch I had laid beside be for a moment on the wall.

"Besides," he presently resumed, with an air of clinching the argument, "it sometimes 'appens that there's nobody—best man or otherwise—in the bloomin' box at all. I could show you a cemetry for instance, consecrated by a Greek bishop, with mortuary, dead'ouse, or whatnot, all complete, and with three-an'-twenty British graves in its nor'-west-by-westerly corner. Yet, unless my senses played 'anky-panky with my reason, one mid-summer night—by the bye, what is the day o' the month, sir?"

"The twenty-first—as you were—the twenty second of June."

"It sounds like coincidence out o' Bow Bells," ruminated the ex-private, "but that's not my fault, and I'd kissed the Book to what I'm going to tell you. Eight years ago come tonight I saw things that I won't forget to my dying day. Mind you, I don't say that they 'appened; I saw them, and that as plain as I see you now. I never talk about that night, because the only time I ever did—which was next 'mornin'—I was sent by the skipper's orders to the sick bay, and kep' under observation for a month as a suspected loonatic. At the end o' that time they had to return me to dooty; though since a post cap'n must never be in the wrong, the staff surjin scrawled "Allocoination" in red ink on my medical 'istory sheet. It is some consolation to think that he was court maritalled six months later for seein' lilac rats on the quarter deck—but that's neither here nor there. What I want you to understand is that the "allocoination," if you like to call it so, was as plain to my eyes as Farmer Pearce's funeral was to your 'alf an hour ago. Besides, it stands to reason that I shouldn't be telling you silly fairy tales on the spot where I was christened, an' married, and where I shall some day be carried under 'atches for my long watch below."

To do him justice I did not suppose he would, though Mr. Pagett in serious vein was an entirely new departure. In the sanded bar of the Coach and Horses, in the little village below us, my sea-soldier friend had indeed unfolded to me much unwritten naval and military history. But despite his pointed and frequent reference to sceptics as "lop-eared lepers," I do not think that till now he had ever expected or even desired to be taken seriously. On this occasion, however, his bona fide were unmistakable. Whether the extraordinary phenomenon which he described to me so vividly that afternoon in the little moorland churchyard actually occurred, I leave you to judge. That he himself believed so I have not the slightest doubt.

* * * * * *

"I was in trouble," he began sheepishly, 'and the cause o' the trouble was a—well, a Turkish girl at Marmarice."

I shook my head in reproof.

"If a sailor's allowed to have a wife in every port," he retorted, "why not his shipmate, the marine? 'Owever, the Mediterranean squadron continued its cruise short of a private, who afterwards lost three good-conduc' badges for 'avin' been fooled into breakin' his leafe by a woman!"

"'And the man said, the woman——'"

"I know," interrupted Mr. Pagett. "It's always the same, isn't it, whether they wear aprons o' sewn figleaves or petticoats or baggy trousers? Any'ow, the fact remains that there was I, up a blind alley of the Asia Minor coast, in a manner of speakin' with the kit I stood up in, and with no possible means of geetin' back to my ship. As the lady knew no English it didn't matter much what I said, and you can lay to it that I said it!"

"Now Marmarice, as you know, is a large circular bay, all but land-locked, and shut in by pine covered mountains. At its head, opposite the invisible entrance, is a stinkin' little Turkish town, with the usual crumblin' castle and ramshackle 'ouses behind a latticework o' felucca' masts an' yards. My pockets bein' empty (the lady 'ad seen to that), the honest Turks treated me like a brother instead of cuttin' my throat, as they would probably otherwise 'ave done; and the governor promised to send me to Beyrout, or some other syrian port where I might pick up the fleet by the first wessel goin' in that direction. But Turkish ships always seem to be lollin' against crazy piers, and the few Greeks that called in at Marmarice—to ask the time apparently—were all bound the other way. I was pretty sorry for myself, you may be certain—especially as every hour's absence meant so much more o' that redic-lous Admiralty scale on my return. But the man I was still sorrier for was the major commandin' my detachment, who, I knew, would sorely miss my valuable corporation an' advice.

"'How I dragged through those two or three endless midsummer days I 'ardly know. I borrowed a rusty flintlock and shot cockiolly birds in the woods; I went out fishin' in a boat that leaked like a sieve, and every evenin' the whole bloomin' town turned up to see me bathe from the end o' the gimcrack pier. At night I smoked cigarettes, with the ragged garrison o' the castle, or strolled under the stars with the lady in the baggy trousers; and it was durin' the last o' these walks that I saw the onaccountable thing that I'm goin' to tell you of.

"We'd wandered, me and her, half a mile, or so a lonthg etaoin etaoin etaoin mile or so along the foreshore to the left o' the town, until we'd come to what I took to be a private garden, belongin' to some pasha or, maybe, the governor himself. It was within stone's throw o' the water's edge, and was surrounded by a trim lime-washed wall, which made the foliage of the cypress trees overtoppin' it seem gloomier than ever. At the far end o' the wall, thirty or forty yards away, I could just make out the bars of a new woolen gate—in fact, the entire place was so shipshape and 'omelike after the ramshackle town that I sat down with my back against the stonework, and lugged out my pipe for a smoke.

The girl seated herself beside me, and, conversation between us bein' impossible amused herself by throwin' pebbles at the reflections of the stars in the sea. The stars themselves looked more like the little fire baloons of the southern hemisphere than 'oles pricked in the sky, and I never remember seein' such a brilliant moonless night anywheres north o' the equator. The wavy lines o' reflections bordered by the inky mountain 'minded me of a letter wrote on a black-edged paper looked at sideways; and I some'ow began to hanker for a companion who could talk sense instead of silly Turkish gibberish.

"Now, as I was wishin' (and I've wished it all over the world) that I could 'ave banged the thick skulls of them bickerin' Babel builders together, I chanced to look towards the mountain which masked the harbor entrance and—the pipe fell from my open mouth. For there, picked out on the velvet shadow, were the electric ligths of a great ship, and from the lamp in her fightin' top I knew her for the Flagship. The position light on her jack staff showed her to be at anchor; yet although she was no more than a mile away and the night was as still as death I'd heard neither the splash of the big bower nor the tearin' rattle o' the cable through the hawsepipe. Where had my blessed eyes been, I wondered, not to have seen he enter the bay and pick up her present billet!

"None knew better than me the loss I was to my own ship. But I'm nat'rally a modest man, and I must confess that I was a little surprised at the Ad'mral himself comin' back for a mere private o' marines. I should have taken it as a compliment—though a thoroughly well deserved one, mind you—if he'd sent a destroyer or even a first-class torpedo boat. But the Flagship! It was the proudest moment of my long an' stainless career.

"For a moment the figure on the church yard wall became Mr. Pagett, "our respected fellow townsman," vicar's warden, and the husband of the buxom Mrs. P——. It became, in a word, the cardinal virtues amalgamated and personified With the striking of a match, however, it was again the laggard private of marines dallying with Delilah under the eastern stars.

"I turned to see what the girl made of it, but she was still chuckin' pebbles into the sea, and didn't seem to take the least interest in the Flagship's unexpected return. I pointed across the bay, but she only smiled vacantly, and went on with her stone throwin'. All her interest in the British Fleet was centred (not onnat'rally) in the fine figger of a man at her side.

"The electric light shinin' through the long row of mess'deck an' channel scuttles, made ragged strokes on the water like a lot of dotted 's's scrawled across a slate in quicksilver. From the dots in the ship's hull to the wrigglin' tails within a few yards of us, the sea was one big shiverin' fit, and presently he came aware that mixed up with the shivers was a mivin' black speck growin' gradually bigger an' bigger. After a bit I discovered what it was, namely, one of the Flagship's boats. She was headin' directly for us.

"Now, how in the name o' fortune, I wondered, could the boat's crew have known that I was sittin' in that identical place on the dark beach. But as they got closer in I saw that they were making for a spot some forty yards to the left. Then the oars were toussed, and a few seconds later the big bonter, the pinnace she was, ran her blunt nose noiselessly into the shingle, right opposite the wooden gate in the white-washed garden wall.

"Whether the girl 'ad grown tired by this time playin' ducks and drakes in silence, or whether it was nat'ral feminine curiosity, I didn't know. Anyway, she suddenly got up, and strilled along the beach in the direction of the boat. Then I saw a most wonderful thing. I saw a woman pass within a couple o' yards of a boatful o' British sailors without so much as turnin' her 'ead to look at them!

"But if she took no notice of the men, the men—sailors pad no 'eed to her. It puzzled me why they expected to find me in a lonely garden at that time o' night, but every mother's son of them 'was starin' at the gate as if he thought I might slip through the bars like a rat without bein' seen.

"Standin' up in the bows o' the boat was a drummer of the marines, and presently—by order, I suppose, of the off-ree in command—he raised his bugle to his lips and sounded the long 'Last Post.' It's a dismal call at the best o' times, even in the barracks square, with a hundred lighted windows all around you. But, allowin' for the depressin' effect o' that silent bay among the mountains, there was a wall in the boy's music that I never 'eard before or since, and never want to again. It was like an icy finger reckonin' up the knobs on your spine.

"I stood up and shook myself to make sure I wasn't dreamin'. Why on earth had the flagship herself come to me? Why had the pinnace been sent ashore for me, instead of a dinghy or skiff? What was the meanin' of that cryin', 'Last Post of Tattoo' on the lonely beach. And then, for the first time I realized that it wasn't for me that the silent boat's crew were waitin'.

"The gate in the wall had swung open, and from the deep shadows o' the garden a little party in fours marched down to the beach to the boat. A few paces in rear came another and smaller party, and from the rollin' lurch of the first and the erect 'eads of the second I knew them for bluejackets an' marines respectively. It was the only difference between them, though, for—what was the most extr-ordin-ry—every blessed man was dressed in an 'hospital gown.'

"I was in the act of countin' them—twenty-three they were, all told—when I percieved the girl comin' back over the shingle. I naturally expected to see her stop, for the men were right across her path, the first party at the water's edge, the second still marchin' down the beach. Without hesitatin' for a moment, without a glance at either, the girl walked slap between them!

"The mysterious men in the bedgown things havin' been helped over the bows o' the pinnace by their comrades, the entire party set to work wit hoars an' boat'cooks to float her again; and so interested was I in watching their efforts that I forgot all about myself till they had pulled a dozen strokes or more from the beach. Then I ran down to the water's edge and hailed them with the full power o' my lungs; but although I continued to shout until I was hoarse, and the woods be'ind me were full o' mickin' echoes, the only effect it had was to frighten my Turkish companion, who set off for home as fast as her baggy trousers would let her.

"Mechanic'lly fillin' my pipe, I watched the pinnace till she again dwindled to a black speck among the dancin' reflections; an' as I watched I began to ponder on the remarkable silence with which she'd come an' gone. The oars, for some reason or other, must have been muffled, since I'd certainly never 'eard them, nor 'ad I noticed the gratin' of the keel upon the shingle. The men, moreover, so far as I was aware, hadn't spoken a syllable, and though I knew that silence was one of the admiral's 'obbies, I'd never dreamt that it could 'ave been brought to such a pitch o' deadliness. If it hadn't been for that hauntin' bugle call, which was still ringin' in my ears, and for the brilliant lights over yonder against the 'ill, I would have said I'd been dreamin'.

"How long does it take a man to light a well-drawn' pipe, ten or a dozen seconds? As I threw down the match I resumed my gaze across the bay and—you might have knocked me down with the proverbial feather. Every vestige of electric light and its reflection had vanished! The flagship had left the anchorage as swiftly and as silently as she had entered it.

"The next day a Turkish gunboat looked in at Marmarice on her way to the Syrian ports, and the governor, true to his promise, ordered me a passage in her. Twenty hours later we sighted the British fleet in Tripoli roads, and by seven bells in the forenoon watch I was on board my own ship again.

"The skipper was weighing off defaulters on the quarter deck when I came over the side, and I was marched straight aft and fallen in on the left o' the line. When he'd heard the charge against me, he asked what I had to say, and I told him that I'd no excuse for breaking my leafe, I had at all events done my best to get aboard the flagship when she had come two nights before into Marmarice.

"The defaulter's book fell with a crash from the color-sergeant's 'ands to the deck, the major jumped as if he'd been shot, and the skipper looked like a man that sees a ghost.

"Everyone in fact within hearin' seemed to 'ave had an electric shock.

"'You are quite sure you don't mean the Royal George, my lad?' says the skipper kindly, when he'd recovered himself; and then he give orders, as I've already told you, that I was to be taken to the sick bay and kept under observation o' the doctor. I began to think that I really was mad.

"On our way for'ard I asked a question. 'I'm noo to the station, as you know, color-sergeant,' says I, 'and there's things what even I don't know. What has the flagship to do with that there garden on the beach at Marmarice? I says, the one to the right o' the town as you face it, with the whitewashed wall and the big wooden gateway?'

"'Garden,' says the color-sergeant, lookin' me 'ard in the face, 'well I suppose you could call it a garden, in a manner o' speakin.' It's the Green cemetery,' he says, where three an' twenty o' the flagship's company were buried after the fever epidemic last summer.'

"It was my turn to 'ave electric shocks now.

"'Then there's three an' twenty empty cawfins in that garden,' I says, more to myself than to 'im. 'By-the-bye, color-sergeant, now I come to think of it, I cansremember seeing the flagship when we come into the roads this mornin'. Where's she gone to?'

"'It's 'igh time, my lad,' returns the color-sergeant, solemnlike, 'that you was took to the sick bay. The flagship was sent to the bottom in seventy-five fathom o' water by the Ramherdown on Thursday afternoon, six bloomin' hours before you saw her in Marmarice Bay!'

Mr. Paget thoughtfully knocked the ashes from his pipe against the churchyard wall.

"It's my belief," he concluded, impressively, "that she returned to Marmarice to complete her commission before settlin' down to her last long commission under the shadow o' Mount Lebanon."

AT THE THEATRES.

Seattle Papers Speak in Glowing Terms of Grau's Company.

The production of "Isle of Champagne," which will be presented Monday at the Victoria, will surpass anything in the scenic opera line ever seen in this city. This opera was presented at the Broadway theatre in New York nearly three years to record breaking houses, and was the talk of all New York. A reproduction of the same will be given here—with special scenery, which is said to be something gorgeous, it being specially designed and painted for this season's production of "Isle of Champagne," and its models from photographs of the City of Palms. The decorations and stage settings will be such as are only seen in the large cities. The costumes were all imported and made from the original designs.

The Seattle papers state that Grau's productions this season are the finest seen in Seattle in years, and the houses there are crowded to the doors nightly. They speak in the highest terms of Grau's artists and chorus. Seats went with a rush yesterday, and Grau will be welcomed back by crowded houses.

* * *

A few years ago a young man by the name of W. E. Nankeville was the principal member of the Vocal Corps of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels "(Forty Count 'em"). His clear tenor voice stood out in volume and sweetness above the others, and his solos were always a musical treat, and such songs as "Memories of the Past," "When Jack Sails Home," "There's a Star in the Sky for us All," "One Day in May," and a dozen others, which were composed by him, grew into popularity—all this, as above mentioned, was a few years ago. To-day the same W. E. Nankeville is sole owner of the New Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. Other clever vocalists sing the popular songs now, while the progressive Nankeville occupies the manager's chair, and also owns three other prominent attractions as well. Haverly's Minstrels come this time entirely changed and with everything brightly re-arranged and a company of great strength, its ensemble including the leader of all, George Wilson, original Big Four, Gardner and Hunt, Baker and Teal, Mazier and Conley, Dan Allman, Larry Brown, military band and concert orchestra, and enough novelties for half a dozen minstrel shows. This company appears at the Victoria theatre on Tuesday evening. A grand street parade will take place at 3 p.m.

SEAMEN SCARCE.

Arethusa Still Awaiting a Crew—Returned Because Two of Crew Sick.

Tug Lorne last night went out and took the German ship Arethusa in tow to proceed to sea, but it being found that two of the seamen were ill, the ship was unable to proceed, and the captain came back for more sailors. Seamen are scarce here at present, and he has been waiting in the Roads for some time. He secured half a crew of Japs a few days ago, but the other seamen refused to go to sea with the Japanese. He is offering $35 per month for sailors. The Lorne returned yesterday from towing the Machtihanish—the last of the salmon fleet to arrive—to the Fraser. She will next tow the J. D. Peters from Port Angeles to Ladysmith.

Meet This Evening.—There will be a meeting of the British Columbia Intermediate Football Association to-night at 36 Government street.

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JAMES ISLAND—Off Saanich, 1 mile; 200 acres; 35 under cultivation; 100 acres cleared, balance good land; lots of good water; five roomed house, barns, etc.; can also arrange to buy live stock, steam launch, boats, etc.; plenty of fruit trees of all descriptions; easy terms. Apply 40 Government street.

VICTORIA ARM—5 acres, all under cultivation, and good building site. Apply 40 Government street.

LAKE DISTRICT—16 acres, all under cultivation; seven roomed modern house, good barns, etc.; orchard. (Will exchange for one acre and good house near town.) Apply 40 Government street.

STRAWBERRY VALE PARK—3½ miles from city; in blocks of five acres each; cheap and very easy terms; from $40 to $100 per acre. Apply 40 Government street.

YATES STREET—Near corner of Douglas; good full sized lot, $4,600. Apply 40 Government street.

TO LET—Handsome residence, nine rooms; modern in every respect; about one acre of ground, orchard, conservatory, lawn, etc., $30 per month, including water. Apply 40 Government street.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCES—A nice choice; call and see our list, 40 Government street.

LAKE DISTRICT—10 acres, all fenced; 7½ cleared; good barns, etc; 3½ miles from city; $5,000. One-third cash, balance at 5 per cent. Apply 40 Government street.

YOUNG STREET—(James Bay.)—Eight room modern house, lot 54x159, stable etc., $2,200; easy terms can be arranged. Apply 40 Government street.

CADBORO BAY ROAD—Six roomed house, with bathroom, etc; lot 50x120; $1,700. Apply 40 Government street.

VACANT LOTS—A number of good building lots in all parts of the town; call and see our list, 40 Government street.

JAMES BAY—Two five roomed houses, $850 each; will be sold on very easy terms. Apply 40 Government street.

RITHET STREET—Good five roomed cottage, bath, hot and cold water; well drained; lot 180 feet deep; $1,400; very easy terms. Apply 40 Government street.

FOR SALE—Call and see our list, 40 Government street.

ESQUIMALT ROAD—Two good lots off Esquimalt road; cleared; good building site; $200 each; a bargain. 40 Government street.

COOK STREET (cor. of Chatham street)—Fine two-story dwelling; one acre of ground; conservatory; $6,000; easy terms. Apply 40 Government street. B.C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

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A NUMBER OF VALUABLE FARMS on the Mainland, and especially in Fraser Valley. 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

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ROCKLAND AVENUE — Fine two-story residence; one acre land; grand view; $6,500; terms. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

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CHATHAM STREET (near Cook Street)—Lot 60x120; cottage six rooms, $1,100; exceptionally easy terms. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

JOHNSON STREET (above Douglas)—Lot, 60x120; 3 story brick and basement, 60x120; well located for factory of any kind; only $10,000; exceptionally easy terms. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

VICTORIA WEST (cor. of Mary and Frederick streets)—Two lots for $800; handsome building site; fine view of the Straits; easy terms. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

SECOND STREET—Good 2 story house and full sized lot, $2,100. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

CHATHAM STREET—Cottage and double front lot, $850, $100 cash and balance on time. This is cheaper than paying rent. Apply 40 Government street. B.C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited

COLLINSON STREET—Running through to Beechy street; ½ lot, 5 roomed cottage. 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited. $900; easy terms.

COOK AND NORTH PARK STREETS—Two story building, containing two stores leased to responsible tenant, only $2,500. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

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BATTERY STREET. Beacon Hill—Full sized lot and good 2 story dwelling, $2,100 This is cheap. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

FOURTH STREET—2¼ acres; has been under cultivation; price $1,750; $250 down, balance on time with interest at 6 per cent. Apply 40 Government street. B.C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

OAK BAY—3¼ acres, cleared; very pretty site; cheap; $1,000; $200 cash, balance on time. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

NORTH SAANICH—Three or four very good farms. Call and see our list. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

GORDON HEAD ROAD—11 acres, all cleared and fenced; barn; ready for cultivation; $1,800. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

THE ARM—1¼ acres, cleared; waterfront; fine site for bungalow; electric light and water pipes running past premises; whole amount of purchase money may remain on mortgage at 6 per cent.; $3,000. Apply 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

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ESQUIMALT ROAD—Corner lots, all cleared and fenced; nice building site. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

ESQUIMALT ROAD—9 roomed house, modern in every respect; 1 acre of land; outbuildings, etc., etc., $5,600.

MOUNT TOLMIE ROAD—Opposite Jubilee Hospital; 8 acres; all cleared; will sell in single acreage; extremely cheap; good building site.

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ST. LOUIS STREET—2 cottages and one 2 story dwelling; will be sold as a great bargain; either singly or together. Apply B. C. Land & Investment Agency, 40 Government street.

Many other farms in all parts of the province too extensive for publication. Call and get particulars. 40 Government street. B. C. Land & Investment Agency, Limited.

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The present is a time when war pictures are in greater demand than ever. The conduct of the British soldiers on the battlefields has WON THE PLAUDITS of admiring nations. We have, at great expense, published four large, beautiful pictures, size 20x24 on heavy, superfine, calendered paper. A picture that will commend itself and send a THRILL to the heart of every TRUE Canadian is the one called ATTACK OF ROYAL CANADIANS AT PAARDEBERG, there are literally hundreds of figures on this picture, the mountains or kopjes stretching out into the distance are swarming with men, while here and there a prostrate figure speaks only too well of the Boer riflemen. It was on this battlefield the GALLANT MAJOR ARNOLD met death unflinchingly. Indeed, it is only too true, that many of those gallant hearts that beat so high when the CHEERING THOUSANDS bade them GOD SPEED as they sailed from Canada's shores, now lie still forever in lonely graves on the other side of the world under African skies. TO EVERY CANADIAN HEART, TO EVERY CANADIAN HOME, the deeds of their brave soldier boys speak with an irresistable THRILL OF PATRIOTISM AND PRIDE. GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT THE BATTLE OF BELMONT, CHARGING THE BOER GUNS AT ELANDSLAAGTE AND THE CHARGE OF GENERAL FRENCH'S CAVALRY ON THE RETREATING CORNJE'S ARMY. These are all stirring pictures, and cannot fail to commend themselves to any one who will examine them. They are RED HOT SELLERS! Agents coin money. Big profits. One agent sold 68 in one day. Sample and terms, 25cts. (None free); four for 80cts.; $1.75 per doz.; 25 for $3.25; 50 for $6.00; 100 for $11.00. Write today for a dozen and make money. HOME NOVELTY MFG. CO., Box 518 (Dept. 158 B) Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

HIGHWAY BRIDGE, THOMPSON RIVER KAMLOOPS, B. C.

SEALED TENDERS, superscribed "Tender for Thompson River Bridge, Kamloops," will be received by the undersigned up to and including Tuesday, the 20th November next, for the construction and completion of a wooden highway bridge across the Thompson River at Kamloops, B. C.

Drawings, specifications and general conditions of tendering and contract may be seen at the Lands and Works Department, Victoria, B. C., at the office of the Provincial Government Timber Inspector, Court House, Vancouver, B. C., and at the Government Office, Kamloops, B. C., after the 1st November next.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank check, or certificate of deposit, on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the undersigned, for the sum of two thousand ($2,000) dollars, as security for the due fulfilment of the contract, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The checks of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of the tenderers.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE.

Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Lands and Works Department.
Victoria, B. C., 29th October, 1900.

WO SANG,
35 Store Street. Victoria, B.C.
MERCHANT TAILOR.
NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED..
Fit Guaranteed.

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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.

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

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HIGHEST STANDARD GUARANTEED!

STEMLER & EARLE, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS VICTORIA

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Canadian Souvenir

OF THE

War in South Africa

THE

Patriotic Calendar for 1901

Lithographed in fourteen colors. Seven sheets, 10¼x9½; price, $1.50.

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HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL.

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By R. E. GOSNELL

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THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

This book contains very complete historical, political, statistical, and educational information and general information of British Columbia. Profusely illustrated.

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

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, about five miles above its junction with the Buckley River. said post being the southeast corner and identical with the southeast corner of the R. 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, situate on the southeast branch of the Telqua River, in Cassiar District. Commencing at a post near the east bank of the Telqua River, about six miles above its junction with the Buckley River. Said post being the northeast corner and at or near the southwest corner of the Jas. Thomson coal prospecting claim, thence due south 80 chains, thence due west 80 chains, thence 80 chains due north, 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.

APIOL & STEEL Pills for Ladies.

Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochin, Pennyroyal, &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.

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

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 northeast corner, and identical with the southeast corner of the R. 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.

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 northeast corner, and identical with the southeast corner of the R. 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.

(Signed) R. H. HALL.

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, about five miles above its junction with the Buckley River, said post being the northeast corner, and identical with the southeast 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. HILL.

Located and posted with notice 16th September, 1900.

NOTICE is hereby given that we intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works to have a road 66 feet wide established, commencing at about 750 links on the wharf—in Scallum'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. MAYER.
HENRY MARCH.

MINERAL ACT, 1896.
(Form F.)
Certificate of Improvements.

Success, Serpent, 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, Tahsis 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 bank of the Telqua River, about five miles above its junction with the Buckley River, said post being the northeast corner, and identical with the southeast corner of the R. 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.

Will Soon Sail Again

Empress of Japan and Duke of Fife Ready by Week's End.

Bark Abbey Palmer Reaches Seattle—The Danube Sails For Skagway.

R. M. S. Empress of Japan and the P. liner Duke of Fife, which had to turn from their voyages eastward, former by damages received in collis and the other because of having spr a leak, expect to start again for the ent to-morrow. The repair work on vessels is expected to be completed time to allow of their departing to-m row night.

On the Empress the broken plates being cut and patched, and the metal straightened out by the two gangs from the Albion Iron Works, are working night and day. The chan being straightened out into somet like order. To allow of the work getting down to the plates bent below water line, the liner was given a big yesterday, and lay over at quite an a all day.

The bark Abbey Palmer, which and jumbled up the plates, bulwarks bridge, and otherwise damaged the li has arrived safely. She was towed Seattle yesterday morning by the Pioneer. The Victorian, on her arr yesterday afternoon, and the Queen laide, which arrived later, en route China, reported having passed her on Sound, bound in. She had a tarpa over her stem and had her bowsprit some of her fore gear damaged, but as seriously as might have been ex ed. On her arrival it was found that had her bow stove in and one comp ment full of water. She reported man missing, and this man, as has told, is safe on board the Empress. the fact that the stem of the bark the most damage low down, it seems she must have first struck the Emp with her fore foot, a big dent in liner's plates just below water line ing to confirm this. It seems that was bounding us and down, and striking with her fore foot, fell ove to the Empress and crashed into side of the steamer. How her jib dented the mast and her bow split bent the liner's plates and other damaged her has been told.

That there was no panic on the press, as said by some passengers demonstrated by the stories told o coolness of the Empress' officers. of the engineers was asleep in his when the collision occurred. He awakened, and when he opened his asked, "What's the matter?"

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