PICTURES OF WAR

By J. GORDON SMITH.

LITTLE FORD had never seen a shot fired in anger when he bought a pith helmet and a riding suit of khaki and a collection of junk which he euphonistically called a field kit, with the money cabled to him by a reluctant cashier of the Eclipse. He came timidly into the corridors of the Imperial hotel and was admitted to the fellowship of war correspondents without question. A hundred men and more whose names were part of their stock in trade had already foregathered and littered the corridors of the one-time tourist hotel with saddlery, tents, and other miscelaneous gear, and the three who had already begun a war without the aid of the Press of two continents were given a problem they have never dreamed of; they had for ten years planned mobilization, transport, commissariat, and studied the topography of Manchuria and Korea until their multi-sheet maps were finger-worn, but the coming of a small army of war correspondents was something that had not been considered. This is why Little Ford found himself nightly discussing the inanity of life over his coffee and cigarette on the hotel veranda. Overseas a wrathy editor cabled him such messages as these: "Why don't you go front. Join Kuroki Yala at once." In common with half a hundred others, Little Ford worried and fumed because of these cables at the Sphinx in the general staff office who repeated the oft-heard parrot-cry: "Time does not yet come; I am very sorry." He already felt like fighting when anyone said, "Very sorry"—which was a common feeling in those days of waiting. In due course, though, Little Ford slid from the transport Heijo Maru to a sampan which landed him with wet feet on the shingle beach at Liushiutun, which, if the censor permits, is in Talienwan bay. Black-hulled transports, erstwhile cargo-droghers of coast lines, were curving in behind a small grey gunboat that was the convoy of twenty soldier-filled steamers that accumulated in three days at the Elliotts where Togo had his base, and steam launches towing long strings of sampans were skimming over the easy-rolling sea; torpedo craft were steaming quickly to and fro carrying messages to waiting craft in obedience to the signals flagged from a yellow hill behind the cumbrous grey-stone barrack that had housed a Russian company three weeks before, and the whole line of beach where the flooding tide was lipping against the yellow strand was humming with the business of a landing. The cold grey of the morning sky roofed it all.

"Great Sunday story this;" said Little Ford, with enthusiasm.

"Um-m" grunted an English correspondent; "better get your pony and your gear ashore"—the British spoke with the experience of twenty-six campaigns.

To the impressionable Ford the scene was indelible. The great yellow sweep stretching from the walled city at the south to the mud walls of the deserted village on the rise over which the Pekin road stretched with its baked ruts more like a ditch than a road, was crowded with bullock carts with jabbering yellow rivers unwashed and extremely dirty in their indigo-blouses and baggy trousers. They were swinging long whips and cursing the mud-stained bullocks and scraggy mules until a dapper little brown officer with gleaming medals pinned to his tunic gave them a piece of tissue with scrawling ideographs that was to get them a load of a ton or more with which they would struggle over the narrow artery of the Liaotung fighting their way past blockades and struggling to prevent their lumbering carts from being mired. Beyond the yellow plain and its great mass of yellow carts was a gray-stone barrack that stood out plainly in the eternal dirty yellow of all the land. It had a tile-roofed wall of brick that bordered a garden—and that garden was plainly of Europe. It shouted loud of the wife and daughters of the barrackkeeper, now fugitive, and soldiers in unaccustomed nail-shod leather boots trod down the geraniums as the rooms were filled by means of window and door with piled mats of rice and tubs of various foodstuffs. A native rode past, riding stiff on a scraggy white pony with a cluster of bells dangling from the withers; some one said he was the Manchu Bannerman.

"Say you, Mr. Dreamer, your pony's in the surf," shouted Larkin, and the stern realities of life were borne home to Little Ford.

He had bought Pit-a-pat at Tokio on the advice of a hotel manager who earned a commission by giving advice on these things. Pit-a-pat was a wiry Chinese pony, bred from Mongol sires that a caravan from Urga with tea for Pechili brought to a Peking merchant, and as a present he was given to a British merchant prince at Yinkou because of certain profits on a sale of beancake, and by reason of a similar profit he was presented to Japanese merchants of Yokohama who sold their present to Charley Hall who raced ponies at the one-time treaty-port. He might have been racing yet for Charley Hall but for the habit a Hokkaido pony from the snowfields of Yezo had assumed of distancing the aging Pit-a-pat. This was why Little Ford in his innocence bought him for a song when his companions were buying ponies and all manner of things with which to equip themselves for a war.

To tell the truth, Pit-a-pat was one of the best-behaved of fourteen ponies that were landed that morning in the surf. Notwithstanding those silver cups and purses he had won for Charley Hall on the Yokohama race track, Pit-a-pat was not uppish and whinnied with friendly consideration for his comrades not excepting a brute Korean pony that was fed with discarded thatches of village mud-huts.

We were, of course, a mixed company and our ponies were likewise, a miscellaneous group; but with the camaraderie of the time, they were companionable My Hakone pony with a stamina that made one proud of him—though I will admit he was weak at the ankles—and my unkept Manchu pony which an indigo-bloused ruffian sold me for two prices at Nafangkou; Whiting's little Yalu pony that looked like a Shetland and just as shaggy; Prior's big waler that had come from Australia by devious routes; Hoad's great fifteen-hand animal that had been presented to the Japanese government by Von Waldersee when the German marshal no longer needed carriage horses in the days of the Peking affair; Fox's truculent Fuji who had been infected with a demon-virus of some kind—so the betto said, and he ought to know. These, and other animals that were to carry fourteen war correspondents in the trail of the war-dragon over already fought battle-fields where red flowers grew from whitened skulls and Chinese delved for the metal of broken shells to sell cartloads to coast merchants, were disembarked pell-mell on the sand, and men who were each laden like Christmas trees went to round up their own beasts—the servants and interpreters were too new-landed to learn that had been brought over-seas to work.

It cost Little Ford an energetic half hour to get Pit-a-pat ashore and threatened to delay the landing; the coolies were so interested in the chase of the splashing pony. It took another half-hour to round up the runaway pony on which he finally put a halter, after three farmers had cursed his generation and a swineherd shouted curses because of a scattered herd of black pigs. But the bedragled Ford finally brought Pit-a-pat to a mat-shed that had been commandeered as a joint stable—and the camp gave itself over to its occupations.

When Ford came into the one-time Russian barrack with white-washed walls and broken windows he found the rooms and passageways crowded with correspondents in khaki, duck and dungaree, all wearing riding breeches, some with putties wound round untidily, the majority with shiny leggings that had been polished aboard the transport that morning for the last—it was the last shine they would get for many a day. Some were writing copy with little trunks spread on the bricked flooring for desks, others sprawled across the two-feet wide ledges of the wrecked windows; one had unshipped a typewriter, whose metallic tapping was annoying to those who had no typewriter. Up the stoop came an Irishman with an armful of bottles; he had come from the village and was full of the discovery he had made.

"Columbus may have discovered America," said the Irishman, but see me; "I have discovered beer at Liuchiutun."

Later he found the bottles held a vile Japanese imitation with a misspelled copy of Bass' labels.

"Say can anyone tell me if the censor's headquarters is over there at the port commandante's—there where the flag's flying?"

"Why in sheol can't we go to Port Arthur now?"

"That's Dalny on the other side of the bay, isn't it?"

No one gave answer to any of the questions, and a man who wandered about sucking at a cold pipe asked vainly: "Who's got a match? Say, somebody give me a match."

Little Ford was sitting in a corner, with his head on his hands, when he far away boom of a big gun echoed with a roll through the resounding hills. He started with a jump. Other guns sounded quickly, and there a faint echo of a rattling of smaller guns.

"Nogi's hammering Port Arthur again," said the Parisian, with due appreciation of the idiomatic value of the English tongue; and instead of going there we're going to go north. There may be bigger fighting there, but I doubt it; I think I'd rather join Nogi."

Little Ford was childish and innocent; perhaps that's why he started the argument—the Parisian was a colonel of a line regiment in his own country. They argued and the Latin grew more and more excited; finally he called Ford a conceited little prig. That was the beginning of the thing. An hour later I met Ford at the beach and he loaded me with cameras, rubber blankets, saddles, and things, which made me fume and gnash—but I carried them and said nothing. Afterward in the man-strewn barrack he came upon McRea and Forbes, with a bottle they were struggling to open, and proffered a corkscrew; he did it in ignorance, not recking that they would scarce like to share the bottle with a third. Before the new-landed troops began building bivouac fires on the plain towards evening he had many men calling him, under their breath, an inconsiderate young ass; men were found who declared they loathed him, although I doubt if asked what his offence was, if they could have told; at the time, though, his crimes seemed to loom big as houses.

He capped them all by keeping all of us awake that night with his cries because of the mosquito and flea bites.

In the grey of the morning a chill swept into the windowless place, and all woke with shivers to go out into a grey world. Some of the fires still smoldered, but the greater portion of the army was gone. And a smiling Japanese lieutenant came to fourteen men who were sputtering in little tin pans of chilly well-water to tell them the advance would not begin for three days. Wherefore the decision to hold a race meet.

If Little Ford hadn't been such a prig about that racing pony of his it is doubtful if anyone would have thought of a race meet. But, when Wallace came in and told of the hardened yellow sand of the almost dry river and the wide stretch of sand that would make an ideal track we jumped at the idea.

"Someone go over and invite some Japanese to get in," said the Irishman.

"Is this a handicap?" said Whiting, "my Shetland's legs are short."

"No, it's a scratch race," said Ford, proud in the possession of Pit-a-Pat.

The yellow sand of the river bed was an ideal race course. It lacked grand stands and ladies' paddocks, members' rooms, etc., which are only necessary to racing when the horses are a minor part of the sport. Because Whiting refused to enter Kuroki for the reason that his legs were short he became a bookmaker. A mile was Pit-a-Pat's distance, and, because of the incessant request of Ford, the course was measured for a mile—the measuring was not necessarily scientific, nor was it too exact. The Japanese sent over some sappers and ran up a flagpole, putting the red-balled Japanese flag at the top because the place was Manchuria. There was no need of running ropes to keep the crowd from the course—there was no crowd. A few soldiers came over and a hundred or more Chinese assembled.

The entries were all at the post, and Whiting's book was a thing of note. He had Pit-a-Pat as the favorite, which was but right, seeing that Pit-a-Pat alone of the field had ever been on a track. Maud S., Prior's big waler, was to run at 5 to 2 against, and Fuji, because of his temper, was down at 10 to 6—no one could tell whether the demon would roll over on his rider before the bunch was well off after the flag fell. The rest of the field—there were eleven entries in all—was spread on the book in manner incomprehensible even to Whiting.

Racing is a bad business, as all businesses where men lose money must necessarily be bad. But when you drive a starting and a finishing stake in the dry bed of a Manchurian river and dignify the course with the name of Epsom it is worse. There were three Japanese riders, all of the cavalry. Because we had seen the Japanese cavalry we were a unit in not wanting to risk money on either of them.

The horses started well when Larkin let the flag fall; he had once seen the Derby and therefor was made starter. They ran well bunched for a few minutes, and then Pit-a-Pat galloped out from the field like a shot from a cannon. The rest of the race was a tale of increasing daylight between Pit-a-Pat and the foremost of the Japanese riders, who got both second and third. What happened the others who rode is another story.

That the race was satisfactory was an accepted verdict; we had lost little, for those who had not wagered that Pit-aPat would win had not faith to wager much against the China pony that had won cups for Charley Hall.

We were three days on the march when I heard of what that little scamp Ford had done.

Lieut. Unomatsu had ridden up alongside me as we neared a village at eventide. The red sun was dropping in the blurred red sky behind the wattled village within the mud walls, and my waist belt was hanging loose because of the many hours that had elapsed since breakfast by the roadside well.

"Did you win much at the race-meet, Umematsu San," said I, as I recalled the doings at Liuchiuton.

"We all lost money, perhaps seven hundred yen," said the lieutenant of cavalry.

"And how? I didn't know there was a hundred yen, all told, on the race," said I.

"Oh, yes, Ford san arranged it," laconically replied the brown soldier. "You see we didn't know anything about Pit-a-Pat."

"Arranged what?" said I.

"You see, Ford san came over to the camp to tell us about the races. He told us of the wrecks that were entered and of the Korean pony no larger than a big dog, about spavined whalers; in fact, he told us about everything but Pit-a-Pat, and I had a pony from Yezo that had won races; that is why we came over with money to bet."

When I taxed Ford with the matter he laughed and swelled with pride because of the thing he did.

Some weeks had passed, and three armies were getting into position about Liaoyang, which city, the generals said, was to be known in history as a latter-day Sedan. While the army of Kuroki pushed forward in the valley beyond the Chien Shan, and that of Nodzu pressed forward in the Takushan valley, the army of Oku, which was ours, was encamped in and about the walled city of Haicheng. Of the things that befel us from the time we left Liuchiutuh until the south wall of Haicheng showed with the evening sunlight glistening with a distinct glare on the rain-soaked rubble a volume might be written. Fourteen hard luck stories, all varied, have already been recorded, for each of that party which rode, sometimes hungry, sometimes with the end of a strap and the recollection of a breakfast two days before for a one-course dinner—the recollection being for dessert — sometimes with the soggy yellow mud of the yellow land a morass in which the toiling pony sunk to his withers, sometimes lost in the wilderness of waving millet, had to unburden themselves of the tale of these things. But, in course of time, we found ourselves in the courtyard of a Yamen. The former resident had been too friendly with the Slav soldiery, and had gone north with his friends. This was kind of him, for he left us a good villa. The blab-school where a score or more children repeated some lesson of Lao Tzse incessantly was an inconvenient neighbor, and the swine that made their home in the courtyard, despite the fact that the Irishman said they made the place look homelike, were also undesired neighbors. The place smelled with the acrid scent of all China, and the brown city was filthy from wall to wall, from gate to gate. But, withal, we spent many a pleasant evening walking on the wall, smoking and chatting, looking across the yellow land watching the Turneresque sunsets, staring through field glases at little objects we knew to be the Czar's children making ready for the tragedy, watching the gathering parks of field guns hidden in the waving corn-fields—and waiting for the advance.

It was during those days of waiting that Lieut. Umematsu came into the acrid courtyard and told us there was a splendid stretch of sand in the shallow bed of the Haicheng river, now near dry.

"You might tell Ford San the river bed would make an ideal race course," said Lieut. Umematsu, as one of the servants took his pony.

Mons Laguerie, who wore a flowing blue bow, as of the boulevards, though his khaki riding clothes were mud-stained, was lying awake to smoke a last pipe. He walked over and kicked Ford vigorously. "I say, condescend to awake, wil you not," he said; "there is a arrangement for a horse race."

Little Ford woke. When the thing dawned upon him he joined us in the courtyard and we arranged another race similar to that of Liuchintun. Then Umematsu showed us his sword. It was an old blade that had been in his family for 400 years, and was wielded by his Samurai forbears. I wondered, remembering that the sword is the soul of the Samurai, and that the manes of dead warriors are housed in the blades they wielded, that he allowed us to handle it so freely.

In a hut at the corner of the compound Forbes was singing. Meanwhile the click of the Parisian's typewriter sounded as annoyingly as ever. And a pale moon threw long shadows over the courtyard.

From the darkness the Irishman made his way with three black bottles. "I've run China through a sieve," he said, merrily, "and the proceeds are three black bottles."

It was while those three bottles were emptied that the arrangements for the Haicheng field stakes, post entries, were made.

We all assembled at the emptied river for the race. Wallace gave a preliminary entertainment, as it were, by riding a la Cossack, picking up handkerchiefs thrown in the sand, and doing other fancy tricks; his experience as a forestry patrol guard in the California redwoods had made him expert. But the race was the event. Ford was there with Pit-aPat, and Col. Tachibana—doomed to be killed at the head of the Thirty-fourth regiment in the terrific charge on Shoushan hill six days afterward—came with a splendid looking animal they called Hino Maru. Breeding showed at every point of Hino Maru.

"I've got twenty yen to say Pit-a-Pat doesn't beat that brown horse, Ford," said I, pointing to Hino Maru.

"I've just taken eight hundred from Umematsu," said Little Ford," and I'll take yours." "Anyone got any more money to say Pit-a-Pat doesn't win?" he added, loftily, looking about.

"Will you take me another eight hundred?" said Umematsu.

Ford was willing; in fact, he was anxious. He also covered five hundred yen put up by Col. Tachibana at even money, and about all the money he had was wagered to say that Pit-aPat would win.

The rest of us didn't do a great deal of betting; it was more of a matter between the Japanese and Little Ford.

The race was by no means the one-sided affair of Liuchiutun. Larkin, proud of his office as official starter, again held the flag. It was a sweltering day, the sand being broiling and a pitiless sun baking us all. The calefacient sand was not what a horseman would have wished to clog the hoofs of his animals, but we were in Manchuria then.

It was a fight between Pit-a-Pat and Hino Maru, and the China pony that had won cups for Charley Hall fought hard, but hopelessly. He had as much chance with Hino Maru as a street-car horse with Ormonde, and there was much daylight between the two animals at the finishing stake. Little Ford's eyes were briny when he walked in leading Pit-a-Pat and with perspiration dripping from him—and he mortgaged Pit-a-Pat to Laguerie for sufficient money to reach Chifu, where he hoped to raise money on a letter of credit.

After Little Ford left the front Lieut. Umematsu told us he had borrowed Col. Tulloch's Arab to revenge himself upon Little Ford for the affair at Liuchiutun. Little Ford did not return to the front; it was rumored that the Eclipse recalled him when he cabled for more money.

AN ASSURED FACT.

That you will enjoy a trip to the many beautiful and interesting California resorts. Headquarters for climate, fruit, flowers and sunshine.

The road of a thousand wonders is the Southern Pacific Co.'s Scenic Shasta Route and Coast line. Tickets, reservations and descriptive literature at Union Ticket Office, 608 First avenue. E. E. Ellis, general agent.

NOTICE

The Taxpayers of the Municipality of Saanich are hereby notified that all taxes for 1906 are due, and payable at the Provincial Assessor's Office, Victoria, B. C.

H. O. CASE,
C. M. C.

my29

The slanting fire-pots in common furnaces provide a rest-place for ashes and clinkers, and these clog the draft, prevent radiation, make the furnace hard to shake, and fill up the fire-pot.

The "Sunshine" pot is straight up and down, which gives an uninterrupted course to the draft, and prevents ashes and clinkers sticking to the sides.

The same skill and thought has been used on every feature of the "Sunshine" furnace—it is Canada's greatest heater.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, HAMILTON.

H. COOLEY, Sole Agent

FRUIT LANDS

Of British Columbia Surprising the World by Their Fertility.

Winnipeg people are becoming largely interested in fruit lands of British Columbia. Mr. Lilkert Hamilton, a prominent business man of that city, has just returned after a trip to this province, and has the following to say regarding a purchase he made while on the Pacific coast:

"A great movement is taking place for the production of fruit. The land, which is very limited, is being bought up very rapidly," Mr. Hamilton said. "A matter which impressed me was the amount of land which is being planted out in orchards by the people of Nelson. The attention of this district for years has been devoted to mining. A visitor to that city at the present time cannot help but notice the interest being taken in fruit growing.

This industry has proven itself to be most profitable to the grower. The wonderful fertility of the soil, combined with the mildness of the climate, produces a perfect condition which insures wonderful crops. The enormous territory to the east provides a market for every pound of fruit that can be raised at a market price far greater than received by any other fruit growing country in America. At the present time this market is being largely supplied by Ontario, Washington, and Oregon. The distance and time saved in transportation from the south gives this locality

A Great Advantage

We gave the question of fruit lands in British Columbia very careful consideration, and after thoroughly investigating we believe that the Kootenay valley offers the greatest opportunity to the grower from the residential and commercial standpoint.

This valley is what we called in British Columbia 'moist valley.' Irrigation is not required. In the first place there is sufficient rainfall and at the same time the seepage from the mountains, which being at the immediate back of the lake shore, is sufficient to provide moisture for the trees in the latter part of the summer months. The snow melting during the summer gives source to numerous creeks which are utilized for household purposes. The meteorological record shows the duration of bright sunshine is not exceeded by any other locality. The winters are mild, and it is only in occasional years that the thermometer reaches zero mark. The fact that the steamboats make daily trips throughout the year is sufficient evidence of the mildness of the climate.

The arrangements that have been made by the C.P.R. for a daily refrigerator car express service will be of great assistance to the growers. Fruit experts state that the Kootenay district will be celebrated for the strawberries that can be grown here. The Kootenay berry equals if not excels the famous Hood River berry that grows on the south of this district. The award of the special medal to the fruit of this district at the Royal Agricultural exhibition held in London, Eng., last fall has demonstrated to the world the quality of fruit which can be raised in this district, and certainly added great activity to the production of fruit."

CAPT. JOHN DEVEREAUX DROWNED AT ESQUIMALT

Pioneer Mariner Is Victim of Boating Accident Yesterday Afternoon.

As a result of an accident while sailing in a small boat yesterday afternoon, Captain John Devereux, superintendent of the Esquimalt drydock, lost his life. Captain Devereux, who was well on in years, was seen in the drydock engaged as usual until noon yesterday, and it seems that shortly after luncheon he went out from the point at the entrance to the graving dock in a 20-foot boat which had been built by some of the employees of the dock and naval yard for use as a duck punt. They had put a centreboard in the boat and used it at times for sailing. Wolten, an able seaman on H. M. S. Shearwater, saw Captain Devereux in the boat not more than 80 feet from Brothers Island, the islet off the point on which the church formerly stood near the terminus of the Esquimalt car line. The deceased was then standing in the boat. This was a few minutes before 2 p. m. A few minutes later the seaman looked again and saw the boat drifting without anyone in it. The alarm was given, and shortly afterwards, at 2:15 p. m., sailors from H. M. S. Shearwater found the body of Captain Devereux drifting at the entrance of Esquimalt Harbor on the line between Dunze Head small gun battery and the point with the lighthouse at the extreme of the naval yard. Death had evidently occurred but a short time before. The watch carried by deceased had stopped at 2:10 p. m.

Captain Devereux, who was failing in health because of his years, had presumably lost his balance while standing up in the craft, probably to adjust his sail. As far as can be learned, there were no eye-witnesses of his death.

On finding the body, officials at Esquimalt telephoned at once to Dr. Hart, who with Dr. O. M. Jones hurried at full speed to Esquimalt. Captain Devereux, however, was beyond human aid. Dr. Hart, the coroner, will hold an inquest at 11 a. m. today.

The deceased captain previous to coming to Victoria in 1864 was for some time in the employ of a steamship company which operated a line of steamers on the South American coast, he being master of one of the company's steamers running from Chili to Panama. In 1864 he came to Victoria and was given command of the steamer Thames, which vessel Captain Devereux took to Honolulu, from there to San Francisco, and thence to Nagasaki, Japan, where she was sold to a Japanese. After the Thames was sold Captain Devereux returned to Victoria and was next in command of the government steamer Sir James Douglas, succeeding Captains Pamphlet and Morrison. He ran the steamer in the Puget Sound postal service for a short time in 1878 until the Starrs placed the old Isabel, the hull of which is now a barge at Esquimalt, on the route. In 1883 the Douglas was lengthened 20 feet, and on taking the water again ran in the government service in charge of Captain Devereux until 1887, when Captain Gardiner took her. After leaving the government steamer the deceased captain became superintendent of the Esquimalt graving dock, in which position he remained until his death.

Deceased leaves a wife, four daughters and four sons.

GOVERNOR DUNSMUIR TAKES OATH OF OFFICE

Ceremony Was Performed Yesterday Morning at Parliament Buildings.

At 11 a. m. yesterday at the parliament buildings, in the presence of Premier McBride and the members of the executive, J. J. McGee, clerk of the privy council at Ottawa, administered the oath of office to His Honor James Dunsmuir, who succeeds Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere in the gubernatorial chair of the province.

Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir has entered upon his duties. His private secretary will be Major Audain, his son-in-law.

Government House will not be occupied by the new lieutenant-governor for perhaps a month's time. There are some repairs necessary to the building, and it is considered an opportune time to make these improvements before the house is occupied.

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, who vacates office, will leave very shortly for his home in the province of Quebec, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Nanton. He expects to leave about the end of the coming week.

R. A. Muskett, who has been private secretary to Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere ever since R. Powell vacated the position, has been offered the position of private secretary to Sir William Grey Wilson, governor of the Bahamas. Mr. Muskett will not likely accept the position, preferring to remain in British Columbia.

STEAMER ARRIVALS.

At New York, May 26.—Weimar, from Naples; St. Louis, from Southampton and Cherbourg; Etruria, from Liverpool and Queenstown.

Plymouth, May 26.—Blueeehr, from New York.

Kingston, May 26. — Tagus, from Southampton.

Liverpool, May 25. — Caledonian, from Boston; 26th, Tunisian, from Montreal.

Marseilles, May 23.—Calabria, from New York.

Havre, May 23.—Sarmatian, from Montreal.

Queenstown—Celtic, from New York.

London—Sarmatian, from Montreal.

Moville—Ethchia, from New York.

Montreal, May 26.—Steamship Empress of Britain passed Torrey island this morning.

FOR THE ORIENT.

Tengo Maru Sailed Yesterday—Kanagawa and Empress Coming.

Steamer Tengo Maru, the new liner of the N.Y.K. line, sailed yesterday for the Orient from the ocean dock with 150 passengers, about 25 in the saloon. Included among the passengers was Mr. Hioki, who was the Japanese charge d'affaires at the embassy at Washington pending the coming of Viscount Aoki, the new ambassador. When at Seattle three of the Japanese crew tried to desert, but they were arrested by the police and returned on board. The Kanagawa Maru, the next inbound steamer of the Japanese line, is expected to reach port on Tuesday from the Orient. R.M.S. Empress of Japan is also due on Tuesday from the Orient.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Before Hon. Mr. Justice Duff)

Fagan vs. Times Printing & Publishing Co.—This was an application, by special leave, for an interim injunction restraining the defendant company from printing in an advertisement the name of Dr. Fagan in conjunction with an isolated statement made by him in evidence upon a coroner's inquest. It was not contended, by Mr. McPhillips, K. C., for the plaintiff, that the statement was not made, but that he had a property in his name, and the unauthorized use of it was therefore unlawful. This contention was founded on the language of Lord Cairns in Maxwell vs. Hogg (1867) L. R. 2 Ch. D. 307, at p. 310, in discussing the case of Clark v. Freeman, 11 Beav. 112, in which case an injunction had been refused, Lord Cairns remarking: "It always appeared to me that Clark v. Freeman might have been decided in favor of the plaintiff on the ground that he had a property in his own name." The judgment of Mr. Justice Byrne in Walter v. Ashton (1902), 71 L. J. Ch., was also relied upon, where the case of Clark v. Freeman is referred to, together with the observation of Lord Cairns.

Mr. Barnard, for the defendant company, was not called upon.

His Lordship, while remarking that the use of plaintiff's name was unauthorized and was being used in a manner which could not be called fair, considered that he had no property in his name such as was contended for. There is apparent, it is true, no breach of confidence, or any evidence of bad faith in such user, and doubtless these proceedings would have the effect of terminating the cause of the complaint. He was, however, bound to hold that the plaintiff could have no control over any statement which he might make as a witness in a court of law or on a coroner's enquiry, as in the present case.

The application would be dismissed.

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the reservation established covering the spit of land at the northwest end of Salles Island has been cancelled.

NEIL F. MACKAY,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works.
Lands and Works Department, Victoria, B. C., May 9, 1906. my17

NOTICE is hereby given that, sixty days after date, I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situate south of the Tsimpsean Indian Reserve: Commencing at a post planted on the east bank of Salt Lake, No. 1, east of Kalen Island, Range 5, Coast District, thence east eighty chains, thence south eighty chains, thence west to the shore line of Salt Lake No. 1, thence following said shore line to the place of beginning, and continuing about 320 acres.

FRANK W. SHILLESTAD,
Locator.
J. F. Ritchie, Agent.
April 20, 1906. my16

Especially For Women

FRUIT-A-TIVES are the finest medicine in the world for women.

As a mild and gentle laxative—as a positive and speedy cure for Constipation and Biliousness—as the only cure for weak and irritated kidneys and especially for "that pain in the back"—as a positive cure for headaches—and as a general tonic to build up and invigorate the whole system — FRUIT-A-TIVES stand supreme.

In cases of irritated Ovaries, Ovarian Pains, Vaginal Catarrh, Excessive and Scanty Menstruation, Ulcerations, Bearing Down Pains—and all those troubles peculiar to women—

Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

have the most remarkable effect.

Ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of Female Troubles are due to neglect. Bowels become constipated — kidneys irregular — skin neglected — and the poisons of the body, which should be carried off by these important organs, are taken up by the blood carried to the female organs and poison them, thus starting up a train of female troubles.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are made from fruits and by their remarkable action on bowels, kidneys and skin, rid the system of poisons, purify the blood, and restore the delicate organs of generation to new vigor and health.

No woman, who suffers, should ever be without them. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50, at your druggist's or sent postpaid by

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED - OTTAWA.

NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that, 30 days after date, we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for special licenses to the following Timber Claims, situate on the headwaters of the Kolsish River, Beaver Cove:

CLAIM NO. 5. Starting from a post marked Chambers, Smith & Lansdowne, Southeast corner of Claim No. 5, and planted on the East shore of "Bonanza" Lake, about 1½ miles from Southeast corner of Claim No. 4, thence W. 40 chains, thence N. 20 chains, thence W. 120 chains, thence S. 80 chains, more or less, to intersect the S. boundary of Claim No. 4, thence E. along line of shoreline of Lake, thenee following shoreline back to point of commencement.

CLAIM NO. 6. Starting from a post marked Chambers, Smith & Lansdowne's S. E. Corner of Claim No. 6, and planted about two miles South of S. E. corner of Claim No. 5, thence running W. 40 chains, N. 20 chains, W. 40 chains, N. 40 chains, W. 20 chains, N. 40 chains, W. 20 chains, N. 40 chains, more or less, to intersect S. boundary of Claim No. 5, thence following line to Lake shore, thence following Lake shore to point of commencement.

CLAIM NO. 7. Starting from a post marked Chambers, Smith & Lansdowne S. W. Corner of Claim No. 7, planted about 1½ miles from the head of the Lake, on the East shore, thence running East 80 chains, thence North 80 chains, thence West 120 chains, more or less, to Lake shore, thence following Lake shore back to point of commencement.

CLAIM NO. 8. Starting from a post marked Chambers, Smith & Lansdowne N. W. Corner of Claim No. 8, planted on East shore of Lake, thence running E. 80 chains, thence S. 40 chains, thence E. 40 chains, thence S. 80 chains, more or less, to intersect North boundary of Claim No. 7, thence following line to Lake shore, thence following shoreline back to point of commencement.

CLAIM NO. 9. Starting from a post marked Chambers, Smith & Lansdowne's S. W. Corner of Claim No. 9, and planted about ½ mile N. of N. W. corner of Claim No. 8, on Lake shore, thence running N. 40 chains, thence E. 90 chains, thence S. 70 chains to Lake shore, thence following Lake shore back to point of commencement.

CLAIM NO. 10.—Starting from a post marked Chambers, Smith & Lansdowne's S. E. Corner of Claim No. 10, planted on E. shore of Lake, at the S. W. corner of Claim No. 9, thence running N. 80 chains, thence W. 40 chains, thence N. 40 chains, thence W. 80 chains, more or less, to Lake shore, thence following Lake shore back to place of commencement.

CLAIM NO. 11. Starting from the S. E. corner of Claim No. 2, thence running 40 chains N., thence 40 chains E., thence 40 chains S., thence 20 chains E., thence 60 chains S. to intersect N. boundary of Claim No. 10, thence following line to Lake shore, thence following Lake shore back to point of commencement.

Alert Bay, B. C., April 23, 1906.

R. CHAMBERS.
EUSTACE SMITH.
LAURIE LANSDOWNE.

ap26

NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 969, situated on Nelson Island, New Westminster District, thence North 40 chains, West 80 chains, South 120 chains, East 40 chains, North 80 chains, East 40 chains to point of commencement.

May 9, 1906.

M. GREEN.
JOHN WEST.

my19

NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, we intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situated on east side of Skeena River, Coast District: Commencing at stake planted about one mile north of Legate Creek, on bank of river, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north along bank of river to place of commencement.

CHAS. E. CARPENTER.
D. E. MOORE.

March 14, 1906. ap26

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that, sixty days after date, I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land, situated south of the Tsimpsean Indian Reserve: Commencing at a post planted on the East bank of Salt Lake, No. 1, East of Kalen Island, Range 5, Coast District, thence east twenty chains, thence north eighty chains, thence west to the shore line of Fern Passage, thence following said shore line to the place of beginning, and containing about 320 acres.

BERT HAIGH.
Locator.
J. F. Ritchie, Agent.
April 20, 1906. my16

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, sixty days after date, The Canadian Industrial Company, Limited, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the following described foreshore:

Commencing at a post at the Northwest corner of Lot 450, New Westminster District, thence Southeasterly along high water mark to the Southwest corner post of said lot, and extending Westward to deep water at right angles to a line drawn between said posts.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL CO., LTD.
April 19, 1906. ap20