

IN
SMITH MINEED
Y FALLING ROCKMatch in Island
Thick and Miss
Wedded

4.—A miner named S. in an accident in No. 10 yesterday, which terminated fatally. He was picking when a rock fell upon him, crushing his head. He suffered some on the face, and succumbed on the left eye. He does not fear any to the eye, and a see the injured man.

rs Practice.

llers are now practicing. On Sunday last an eleven country players. The Country showed a form, and the game was more than exciting. There will be a city in the Hearts, captain, will meet the Tom O'Connell, and result. This is the league, for which he entered.

Wedding.

le, well known and in Ladysmith social in matrimony on the groom was Mr. the bride Miss Mary ceremony was performed by Mr. McMillan, parson church, and was much at the bride's to which only a few friends were present. After the lunch board the evening, then to Van- weeks' tour of the cities.

acted as best man thick as bridesmaid. sed in a blue travel- fur, white hat with a bridesmaid wore a andie. The groom's was a lovely pearl desmaid with the reful pearl ring. The ved a host of hand- friends and well- two cheques to the er and brother. Mr. rry with them into est wishes of a host

Victoria Fair. was largely patron- people. Among were Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mrs. A. Robertson Portrey, J. Jones, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. ly, A. Parrott, Dr.idge, Miss Ramsay, Johnson, Mr. and John Stewart and family.

Notes. nes and two sons, ir, proceeded to Se- visit friends. has gone on a tour and Wilkeson to re- cinson, pastor of the re, attended the Y, n at Victoria last

returned home on ce months' visit to Scotia.

ND JAPAN. at Tokio Denies He could Rest with Country.

the American ambas- was interviewed to- ative of the Hochl utterance attrib- the English newspa- hat in case of war States and Japan. with the former. The interview, which morrow, said: "Of fe any such state- e been presumptu- regard peaceful, between the two na- tively assured, and which lately has ary Taft."

SUICIDE. rder Escapes From angling on Tree.

Oct. 4.—A report et night that the hief of the Fiddler n his uncle, was a stranger and a n relatives during the awful rites of d Deer Lake, Ke- the police some to the bush. He on by the jaffer, next morning the dead, hanging by

IN MOROCCO.

Spanish govern- the government of ents to the mes- vent the landing of Morocco, especially



WHERE THE WHITECAPS FOAM.

Mrs. Thorne—How wild the sea appears. It seems clamoring for something. Thorne—Let her clamor, it won't get anything as long as I can hold onto it.

He is Safe

"I see," said the anxious looking man to his fellow-passenger of the placid countenance, "that the Government is going for the Trusts pretty heavily?"

"Yes."

"It is tackling the railroads, the Sugar Trust, the Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust."

"Yes, I see that."

"And it is getting decisions in its favor right along."

"It certainly is."

"Do you think the government will keep it up?"

"Bound to, sir—bound to. The people demand it."

"Then it will eventually be good-by to the Trusts?"

"It surely will. If you are in a Trust, sir, you'd better get out from under before it is too late. There will be a big tumble before another year is over."

"Um. Well, I've got a little Trust of my own, and I've been wondering if the

Government will interfere with it."

"What is it?"

"I am making corn-husk mattresses. There are only seven of us manufacturers in the country, while I am the only one of the seven who puts in the cobs along with the husks and have my own little Trust."

"What the devil do you put the cobs in for?" asked the other as he remembered his boyhood days down on the old farm.

"To massage the back while you sleep," replied the other. "Biggest success of the decade. Orders ahead for a year. Can't get half cobs enough and have to put in the butts of cornstalks and cabbage shanks. Do you think the Government will consider me a Trust or a Sanitarium?"

"The other made no reply. He was a man of dignity, and feeling that his dignity had been insulted he arose and dropped off the car."

JOE KERR.



"Has she ever shown any sign as to whether she cares for you or not?"

"She's making it now, I think."



Who'd rush with joy to seize my hook And let me pull them out.

He Did Things

He was a cynic, and when a young man with the country sunburn on his cheek and a dress suit case in his hand boarded the car at the depot the other said:

"You've had your two weeks off."

"Yes."

"You've been out in the country."

"Yes."

"You've stopped at some farm house at seven dollars a week."

"So I did."

"And you slept on a straw bed and was bitten by mosquitoes all night."

"Positive fact, sir."

"And the fresh milk was sour and the butter rancid."

"Tasted that way to me."

JOE KERR.



I cannot go in search of air; I have my duties to pursue. So consequently hurt my ear Upon those folks that can and do.

THE SUMMER POST.

I exorcise their foolish ways, Their picnics, moonlight rides and fetes And much prefer, myself, these days To turn out verse at liberal rates.

You Take Your Choice

President Roosevelt says there will be no war with Japan.

Senator Dewey says he dunno.

Secretary Loeb says there won't be a gun fired.

Tom Platt says maybe not.

Admiral Yamato says it's absurd to think of it.

The Raines Law Raines says they can't fool him.

The Mikado has assured the president of his friendship.

The mayor of Podunk says look out for the Mike.

All the English dailies say that war is inevitable.

Murphy of Tammany says — the English.

All the French dailies are greatly excited.

The advice of Corporal O'Toole is to take another drink and keep cool.

They are mounting guns a mile long at Manila.

But Senator Foraker is working among his cabbages.

The American fleet is to go by way of the Suez Canal.

But the Japs are sawing wood and saying nothing.

The American fleet is to go by way of Magellan.

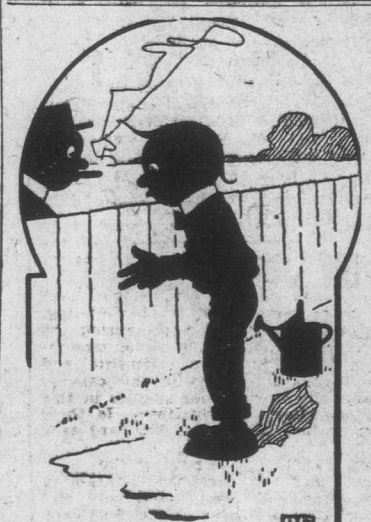
But the Mikado continues to trade at the same grocery.

Senator Tillman says he doesn't see how we can escape it.

But Smith says we can lick 'em in two hours.

And amidst all the growlings and rumblyings and mutterings and shakings the paper collar has come back, and this time it is to stay."

JOE KERR.



LAZY MAN'S TRIUMPH.

De Quis—That grass seed you planted in the spring didn't pan out well, did it?

De Witt—Sh-sh! That was only a bluff. Now I haven't any lawn to mow and my wife thinks it's the seed dealer's fault.

The Hometown Weekly Banner says it must come.

Captain Kondo says Japan is our best friend.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst says that some one is a liar.

The Marquis Ito says that Japan is grateful for what we did.

JOE KERR.



HIS HABITAT.

Squillbob—So Wellman has started for the Pole. It must be lonesome up there with no sign of life.

Squilligan—Huh! Can't they play with the Pole-cat?



A LIKELY STORY.

The Pastor—I hope you are going fishing on Sunday my little man.

The boy—Oh, no, sir. I am merely carrying this pole so that those wicked boys across the street will not suspect that I am on my way to Sunday school.



HER WORK DONE.

Phoebe—Are you really going back to the city tomorrow?

Philomena—Yes, mother found out I was engaged, and she says there's no use to stay here any longer.

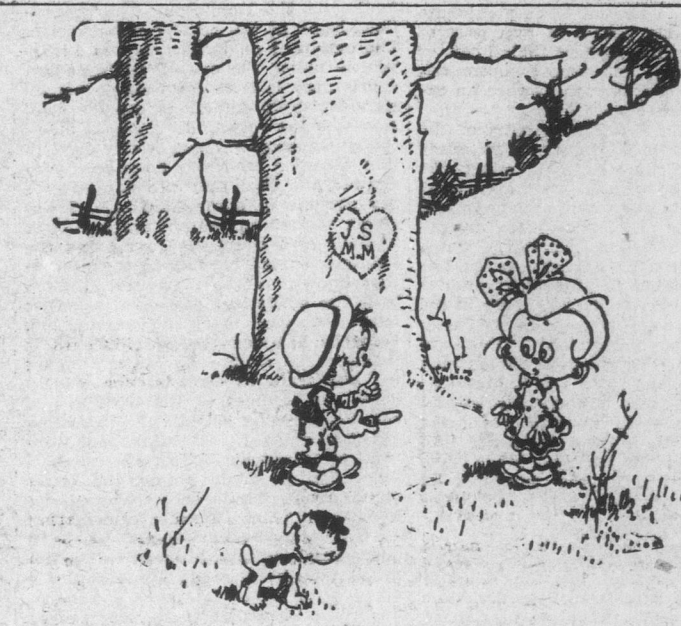


WILD WAVES.

"It seems strange, but heat comes in waves, does it not?"

"It certainly does."

"And yet a man wants to get in the waves to get out of the heat."



Maggie Mulligan—"Oo-oh! Jimmie, M M stands for my name don't it?"

Jimmie Smith—"Nix, dat stan's for Mildred Montmorency. My galls gotter have a high toned name!"

The Tortoise and the Sloth

Once upon a time as the Tortoise was wandering through the forest in search of a can of oxtail soup he came upon the Sloth, who had a grape-shot in his jaws and was trying to crack it for a hickory nut.

"Say, you are a good deal of a scrub," observed the Tortoise after watching operations for awhile.

"Oh, there are others," airily replied the Sloth.

"How many years does it take you to climb up a hickory handle?"

"About a year less than it takes you to crawl ten feet."

"Don't give me any of your sass."

"And I don't want any from you."

Look here, Mister Sloth, you have seen fit to throw out hints that I was not the speediest thing on legs in this forest. You must put up or shut up."

"How do you mean?"

"You know where the red school house is, five miles away? I'll run you a race to the spot to prove that you ain't within a mile of being in it."

"Done," replied the Sloth, and they separated to prepare for the contest.

The Tortoise knew his gait, and he humped himself for the depot and caught a freight train just as it was pulling out.



The Tortoise was in search of a can of oxtail soup.

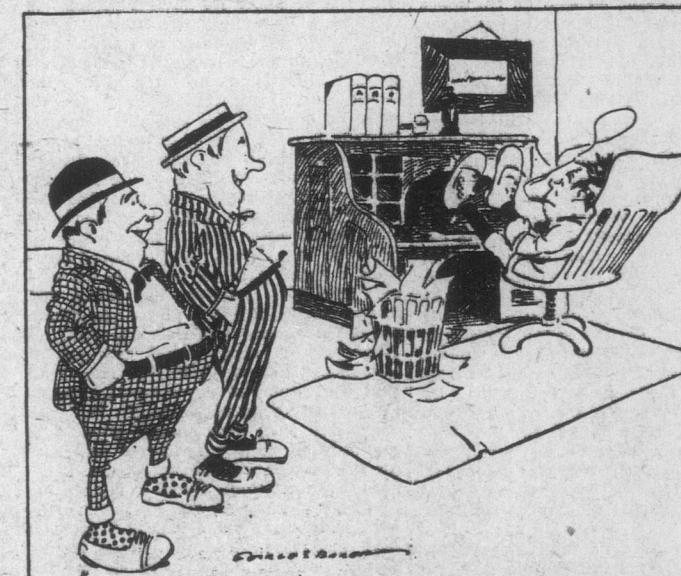
There was grass on his back, but none under his feet. The Sloth had an idea or two, however, and crawling down to the highway he stopped an auto and begged a ride, and when the Tortoise arrived at the spot he was greeted with:

"Well, I knew you were a slow old coach, but I thought you could get a hustle on you once in twenty years."

MORAL:

Which goes to prove, and in fact does prove, that the race is not always to the strong—not when the liar is about.

JOE KERR.



THE THOUGHTFUL BOY.

Dobbins—That office boy of yours has a thoughtful cast of countenance.

Jobbins—Hain't he? He's thinking up some new excuses for getting away to the ball games.