The Colonist.

FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1892.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

BY

W. H. ELLIS, A. G. SCRIBSON, } ELLIS & CO.

COLONIST BUILDING, GOVERNMENT ST.

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CANADIAN NEWS.

A Convict Cuts His Throat in Court and Tries to Take Poison.

Quebec Boodle Inquiries Still Going On—M. De Boucherville Will Probably Retire.

TORONTO, May 10.—The Globe, to-day, publishes a further instalment of fac-similes of the original documents by Sir Hector Langevin, and giving instructions to Hon. Thomas McGreevy for the distribution of Conservative boodle in Quebec constituencies.

The Empire's Montreal correspondent says: "Hon. Mr. DeBoucherville intends retiring from the Quebec premiership soon after the end of the present session."

MONTREAL, May 10.—Premier DeBoucherville, who was here, yesterday, said the financial question was really the only difficult question before the Government.

DORCHESTER, N.B., May 10.—At the court house here, yesterday, just after Judge Landry had pronounced a three years sentence in the penitentiary on Martin Ricker for uttering a forged note, Ricker cried out that he was innocent and had been convicted on false evidence, and, drawing a razor, slashed it across his throat. He then swallowed the contents of a bottle of ammonia, given him by his wife. The doctors used emetics and sewed up his throat, and he will recover.

QUEBEC, May 10.—The investigation into the conspiracy charges against ex-Premier Mercier, Hon. Charles Langelier and Ernest Pacaud was resumed today. All the accused were in the court with their lawyers. Some ten witnesses were waiting their turn in separate rooms. Among them were Chevalier Robitaille, president of the Caisse d' Economie, and Joseph Boivin, Assistant Provincial Secretary. The proceedings are still conducted with closed doors, guarded by policemen.

ANOTHER ST. JOHN FIRE.

Loss in the Vicinity of a Hundred Thousand Dollars.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 9th.—The village of Fairville, adjoining this city was destroyed by fire last night. The city brigade went out but could do nothing, on account of the scarcity of water. Included in the burnt district are the Methodist church, the Temperance Hall, the Fairville Foundry and Massin's carriage factory. Altogether about 45 dwellings are in ruins. The occupants are poor people, many having no insurance. It is estimated that 80 families are homeless, and as there are very few vacant houses to be had, shelter has to be provided for them. Mattresses have been put in the Episcopal Church and Sunday school room, and all who have not found homes among friends, are quartered here. The buildings are all frame, and with few exceptions one and a half story buildings. The loss is variously estimated at from $75,000 to $100,000. Insurance $30,000.

COLLIERY ACCIDENTS.

Lives Lost in England and Germany by Unavoidable Causes.

LONDON, May 9.—A frightful accident occurred to-day at Manvers Main Colliery, Yorkshire. A number of miners were at work loosening the coal in a section of the pit. Suddenly a quantity of coal, about a hundred tons, fell upon and crushed the life out of several, terribly injuring others. Three are known to be killed; two more were dragged alive from under the coal.

BERLIN, May 9.—Five men lost their lives by the breaking of a chain of the Trekalsne Collieries cage at about the middle of the shaft when filled with miners. When the chain broke the cage descended with fearful rapidity and as it struck the bottom was crushed with its human contents into a shapeless mass. Five were taken out dead, the others are terribly injured.

Landlords' Rights.

LONDON, May 9.—In the Commons, today, an amendment to the Small Holdings Bill, providing that county councils be authorized to compel landlords to sell land, which the councils shall be required to divide into small sections, was rejected by a vote of 229 to 152.

Special to THE COLONIST.]

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

Searching the Ocean For an Heir to Millions—Three Eagle Feathers.

[Copyright, 1892 by Charles B. Lewis.]

When David B. Totten, of Birmingham, England, passed away in the seventy-eighth year of his age he left £3,000,000 behind him, every pound of which was to go to his son Dick. The wife had been dead many years, and Dick had been in Australia four or five. Indeed, for the last year and a half he had not been heard from, directly or indirectly, and the best the Birmingham solicitors could do was to advertise for him in the Sydney and Melbourne papers.

Dick Totten was a queer young man. He was about twenty-four when he landed in Australia. Nature had not balanced his head just right. He was given to fits and moods, and no one liked him. He left home in a huff, as he had done on several other occasions, and he made things aboard the steamer very uncomfortable for the other passengers on the voyage out. He picked so many rows that the captain had to threaten him with irons to tame him down. He had been in Sydney four hours when he was arrested for striking a pedestrian who accidentally jostled him on a corner. After a few days he went off up the country, and later on was lost sight of by every one who knew him.

When the news came out to the colony that Dick Totten was wanted as the heir to $15,000,000 there was something of a stir. When, three months later, it was advertised that a reward of $2,500 would be paid to any one locating him there was only one man in all Australia who could come anywhere near it. That man was John Faulkner, of Melbourne. He had been a sailor and a ship carpenter, but having lost a leg he had been compelled to "job around" and pick up the best living he could. It was strange information he had to give. It seemed that young Totten became disgusted with Australia after traveling about for a couple of years, and decided to retire from that colony and the world as well. One day he appeared at Melbourne and began searching for a small sailing craft. In this search he ran across Faulkner, who knew of a small sloop for sale. Totten's first idea was to go off alone, but when he found that no craft which one man could manage would be safe a mile off the coast he changed his plans. The sloop in question could be handled by a crew of three. He bought her and engaged Faulkner and a second man named Ross. He gave his own name as White and his destination as the Coral sea for a pleasure cruise.

The two men very soon concluded that Totten (White) was a little off, but as he promised good wages and appeared able to manage business matters they decided to stick by him. It was part and parcel of the agreement that they should not mention a word to outsiders, and when the sloop left not a man in Melbourne knew anything of her plans. She was well provisioned, and Totten took aboard a stock of garden seeds, a quantity of lumber, hardware, tools and extra clothing. Among his purchases was one of $500 worth of books. He also took with him six goats, six pigs, two dozen hens, a dozen ducks, a cage of rabbits, two dozen pigeons, a couple of dogs and a parrot. The sloop took her departure at night and several days later was sighted at sea. According to the story told by Faulkner, and everybody believed in his veracity, the sloop stood to the north until she reached the New Guinea islands. If you have a chart of that sea you will find its northern border composed of islands, great and small. They number at least 500 in all, ranging from a mere dot of land across which you can throw a pebble, to islands inhabited by 2,000 natives.

For many days the sloop was dodging about among the islands to find one to suit Totten. He at length selected one about two miles long by one mile in breadth. A portion of it was covered with forest and the remainder was a fertile plain. There was a large spring of fresh water, no signs of inhabitants, and when he had inspected it he announced intention of entering upon a Crusoe life. The cargo was unloaded, the goods carried up to a spot which he selected for the site of his house and the two men were with him for a week or more. When everything was safely landed he gave them their wages for six months, presented Faulkner with the sloop and ordered them off. That it might not be easy to find him should search be made, he took away the sloop's compass. The men hesitated to go without it, but he became so enraged that they feared violence and put to sea.

Fortunately when about one hundred miles south they came across a trading vessel, which sold them a compass and gave them a chart and the course, and after a great deal of knocking about they reached Melbourne. That is, Faulkner did, but Ross died at sea three days before of some strange fever. Fortunately for the survivor he had spoken a ship, and she was lying to beside him when his mate died. Otherwise it might have been suspected that he had made way with him. Faulkner had nothing to say on his return, and it was only when he became convinced that White was Totten and the missing heir that he came forward and told the whole story.

By the time a Melbourne solicitor had been empowered to send out a searching expedition a full two years had elapsed. There was a wait to find the right sort of craft and another for the bad weather season to pass, and when the search was finally entered upon Dick Totten had been playing Robinson Crusoe for over two years and a half. The craft chartered for the search was a topsail schooner of 300 tons burden, carrying a crew of seven men, and the solicitor sent one of his clerks along as his legal representative. As I was mate of the craft I am speaking by the card in giving you all these particulars. The captain was a man named Monroe, who had long been in the New Zealand trade. Faulkner was taken along as cook, and our departure created quite a stir throughout Australia. It is probably the only case on record where a ship had to be chartered to search the ocean for the sole heir to an enormous fortune.

You will figure that it was a very easy thing to steer for the Coral sea and have Faulkner point out the island on which Totten had taken up his abode, but we found difficulties from the very outset. Totten had a chart of the Coral sea, but he had not allowed Faulkner to inspect it. The latter, therefore, could not say what islands had first been sighted. He could not be certain of the course steered afterward. Our only way was to visit and search every one, unless we happened to fall in with natives or a trader who could give us definite information.

We steered a course for Louisiade archipelago, which is about opposite and to the east of Cape York, on the mainland. Here within an area of thirty square miles are no less than twenty-two small islands. In some cases the channels between them were navigable; in others we had to send in the yawl. Each and every island was explored, but without giving us any tidings. One island looked like another to Faulkner, and we soon found that he was all upside down. When we had finished with the archipelago we steered to the northeast and picked up island after island without scoring a point. At the Woodlark group we came across a trading schooner which gave us a bit of information. Her captain reported that he had attempted to land on a small island about sixty miles to the east to replenish his water casks, but had been fired upon by some one concealed in the bushes and driven off. That was eighteen months previously. His description of the island tallied pretty well with Faulkner's and we at once set out in search.

The trader's information as to location and distance was indefinite, and while sailing to the east we stopped to examine every uninhabited island which promised us a clew. One day in searching an island which Faulkner was almost sure was the one, Totten had been left on, I ran across an old camp which had previously been occupied by several men for some days or weeks. They had built rude shelters, cut down many small trees for firewood, and there were many relics of their stay. I found some things which at once added a very serious face to our further search. I picked up three books which had doubtless been of the number carried out by Totten, and also found some seeds, three or four pieces of crockery and a hand mirror. As soon as Faulkner had landed he was sure he had never set foot in that place before. We explored the island from side to side and from end to end, and it was found to have anything but the one the sailor had lived on for a week or ten days.

We now feared the worst. On all the inhabited islands of the Coral sea is a class of men called "beachcombers." They are sailors, traders, wreckers, thieves and worse. Anything which can be carried off is their prey, and half a dozen of them often band together and take possession of some small island. If these men had discovered Totten on his island home they would not hesitate at murder in order to secure his possessions. The relics found in the old camp seemed to prove robbery at least. Totten had no boat and could not leave his island. If any one had visited him he would not have presented them with the books, as the uncut leaves proved he had not yet perused them himself. It was almost without hope that we continued the search.

On the fourth day after we struck the right island at last, though Faulkner declared he had never set eyes on it before. This was because he had approached it from the south with the sloop, whereas we now approached it from the northern side. We did not know it to be the right island until some time after landing. The schooner was obliged to cast anchor about half a mile off the beach, and I then went ashore with the men. A heavy growth of trees and bushes came right down to high water mark. The three of us set out to cross to the south side, and we had made our way for about half a mile when we caught sight of a goat and also heard a rooster crow. A few minutes later a dog barked and then we knew for certain that we had at last found the hiding place of the missing heir. The dog presently appeared to view, but he looked wild and half-starved, and with all our coaxing we could not bring him nearer.

"If the man was here, that dog would not look and act that way," observed one of the men.

I had the same thought, and believing that we were on the point of making some sad discovery, I ordered a return to the beach and had the men pull off for the captain and the lawyer's clerk. There were five of us, and we struck into the forest again. When we reached its southern edge we saw a rude board shanty a few rods before us, the door of which was open and swinging in the breeze. Some fowls were walking about, and we could hear pigs grunting in the bushes. The dog which we had seen before now saluted us from a mass of rocks surrounding the spring. On the lawn around the house were scattered leaves of books, articles of clothing, broken boxes and many bottles, and as we looked about the captain said:

"The beachcombers have been here, and we shall find only the bones of the man we seek."

We first moved down to the house. It contained only one room, and the floor was littered with books, bottles, seeds and various other things. Boxes had been broken open and their contents emptied, but amid all the confusion it could be seen that nothing of real value was left. In and about the door were a score of bullet holes.

"We shall find it down there!" said the captain as he pointed to the rocks, and we followed him. The dog made a great fuss as we drew near, and we knew why. He was guarding the dead body of his master. No, it was not a dead body, but rather a skeleton. The flesh was not yet all gone, but what was left had shriveled and dried and looked like leather. It lay at full length, and there was a bullet hole through the center of the forehead.

Twenty rods to the south, in the edge of a thicket, we found two more skeletons. These men had belonged to the party making the attack. We figured it out that Totten had first been attacked in his house. He had a good supply of firearms and ammunition. As he was doubtless unable to return the fire of his assailants from the shanty he had charged out and ensconced himself among the rocks. How long he had stood them off no one could say, but he had made a good fight of it before being struck down.

When we left the island we took with us the skeleton and everything bearing on the case. We then spent six weeks cruising about in search of a clew to the murderers. We ran across a trader who had seen six beachcombers in a craft in the neighborhood of the island. We found a native with one of Totten's guns, which he had bought of a white man. We found men who had seen the other dog. We found some more of the books and a medicine chest, but we failed to lay hands on the guilty parties, and to this day they have gone unpunished for that dastardly crime. As near as we could fix it the murder took place at least a year before we reached the island. Our search proved the death of the legal heir, and the millions of money went to the next of kin, who had been old Totten's bitterest enemies for many long years.

THREE EAGLE FEATHERS.

We were strung out on the crest of the Little Rocky mountains, between the Missouri and the Milk rivers, in northern Montana. There were twenty-three of us, all prospectors, and though we knew Indians to be about there had been no cause for alarm for a couple of days. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and some of the men were wandering about, while others rested, when a volley was suddenly fired at our backs—that is, from the east. Not a man was hit, though two had holes shot through their hats. In ten seconds we were all down and crawling among the bowlders to the west, and the smoke from the five or six rifles floated upward and drove away, and we had seen no further sign of the presence of the red men. Like serpents, one by one we crept quietly away until it was safe to stand up, and then "Old Dave," as we called him, whispered to the main body to proceed along the route to a spot he described and await his coming. We sank down behind a great bowlder—the two of us—and presently we were alone.

It was a summer afternoon, with no breeze stirring. The mountain cricket generally chirps by day as well as by night, but the heat seemed to have wearied him at this hour. Not a bird flew about—not a living thing was heard to move. But for the bright sunshine we would have thought ourselves buried six feet under ground.

"Keep yer eyes open! The varmints will foller!" whispered the old man, and we began watching and waiting.

Five minutes—ten—fifteen! We were facing the east. The old man peered out from the north side of the bowlder, I, from the south. I did not realize how the suspense was affecting me until he pulled me back behind the rock and whispered:

"Consarn ye, yer teeth are playin a tune, and them reds kin hear ye breathin 100 feet away!"

I put down my gun, gripped the rock with both hands and thus forced myself into something like calmness. We had been there full twenty minutes when I suddenly caught a glimpse of something moving among the rocks and bushes. I looked again and again before I made out that the object or objects were three eagle feathers worn as a plume in the headdress of an Indian. His head and body were hidden from sight as he crept forward, but a little of each feather could be seen.

I touched the old man with my left hand. He turned his face toward me and uttered a low "S-s-s-h!" He had made out the feathers before I did, and already had his rifle up. The sedakin was not advancing upon us, but heading to the northwest, diagonally away from us. He must have suspected that danger lurked behind some of the bowlders, but there were so many that he had to take chances. He moved so slowly that I was presently perspiring and trembling under the strain. I could see no one following him, and that seemed to prove that he had either volunteered as a scout or that his companions had given up and he was pursuing us alone, goaded on by the hope that he might secure a scalp.

The feathers were almost opposite us to the north, and not over forty feet away when the Indian raised his head for a look beyond him. As he did so the old man's rifle cracked and the head disappeared. There wasn't the slightest movement—not a sound save the report of the rifle.

"He got it jist fer'd of the ear, and never knew what hurt him!" whispered the guide.

We waited a long five minutes to see what might follow and then crept over to the spot. The warrior lay flat on his stomach, with his chin on a rock and his arms stretched out in front of him, just as he had used them to pull himself along. He had clinched his fingers, but death had come so swiftly that he had not even straightened his legs. We plucked the feathers from the beaded piece of buckskin forming his headdress, secured the rifle lying beside him and crept away and left the fast stiffening body to those who might come after—companions or vultures.

M. QUAD.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children when teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

The Best Spring Medicine

The importance of thoroughly purifying the blood This Spring cannot be overestimated. The extraordinary epidemic of "the grip" and other diseases, the unhealthful winter, close confinement in doors and carelessness in diet, have caused accumulation of impurities in the blood which must be expelled before you can feel well and strong again. The universal praise given Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it, should certainly convince you that it is the ideal Spring Medicine. It acts especially and immediately upon the blood, overcomes physical weakness, revives the health-tone and creates a good appetite. Try it this spring.

Mrs. Amanda Paisley
of Newburgh, N. Y.

"Thank You"

She Says to Hood's Sarsaparilla

Scrofula and Eczema Cured

What stronger proof is needed of the efficacy of Hood's Sarsaparilla than this from Mrs. Amanda Paisley, an estimable Christian lady, for many years a communicant of Trinity Episcopal Church, Newburgh, N. Y.!

"For several years I was badly afflicted with eczema and scrofula sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the

Eyelids so Sore

it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was so deaf as to be unable to hear anything. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me two different

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

medicines, one of which was Hood's Sarsaparilla, and offered me the choice. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now

Hear and See as Well as Ever

There are only slight traces of the eczema. Whenever I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I always feel like bowing and saying 'thank you.' Friends who have not seen me since I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla look in surprise and ask what did me so much good." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Billiousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion.

Milton A. Kunkel
Of Mount Royal, Pa.

"History repeats itself," and so does Hood's Sarsaparilla in the wonderful cures it is continually accomplishing.

Read this statement below and then say whether or not Hood's Sarsparilla is entitled to be called "the greatest blood purified ever discovered."

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"My Nephew, Milton A. Kunkel, who lives with me, is now 13 years old. When a child five years old he began to complain of a pain in his left leg. A physician applied some remedy to the leg, thinking the trouble might be rheumatism. In a short time there was a running sore just below the knee, and this was soon followed by other sores under the bend of the knee, covering half the length of his leg from knee to the ankle. For months

He Could Not Walk

The leg began to bend inward through weakness, and appeared to be growing shorter than the other. We had six or eight of the best doctors at different times, until finding no benefit we gave it up discouraged, believing that he would always be a cripple. The doctors, I think, called it necrosis of the bone, or some such medical name. We called it scrofula, as it affected his eyes as well. We had read so much of Hood's Sarsaparilla that we began giving it to him. In a short time we could see that he was improving. This was two years ago. Some of the smaller sores healed, but the larger one, the first one that came, seemed to grow worse till one day we noticed something in it that did not seem to belong there. As easily as we could we got it out, and it proved to be

A Piece of Bone

Four inches long and half an inch wide and nearly a quarter inch thick. This we have and can show to any one doubting it. Milton kept improving and the sores all healed up, only the scars remaining. He is now as healthy and rugged a boy as any one can desire to find. He can walk and run around equal to the best of them without a particle of lameness. We all here think his cure little short of a miracle." JACOB KUNKEL, Mt. Royal, York Co., Penn.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

Mr. A. S. Rowell, Editor of the Lancaster Gazette, Lancaster, N. H., writes as follows:

"Dear Sirs: There is to me no cause for doubt that every one living as we Americans live during the winter, eating meat, especially fat meat, needs something to cleanse the system and

Free a Clogged Liver

in the spring. The question then resolves itself into decision as to what's the best thing to take. For one, I have solved the question to my own satisfaction that Hood's Sarsaparilla completely fills the bill. After taking two or three bottles I always feel a hundred per cent better, and might say without exaggeration five hundred per cent better. The brain is clearer, the body in better condition for work.

Sleep is Sweeter

And the little troubles of life pass by unnoticed. I can heartily and honestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to any one."

Mr. S. P. Parrott

Is a popular member of the Lynn, Mass., Fire Department, and has been driver of steamer No. 5 for five years. He warmly recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it did him a great deal of good when he was badly run down and

Rapidly Losing Flesh

He says: "When I began on Hood's Sarsaparilla I improved at once, and have now regained health and strength, can eat anything and weigh 225 pounds."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood diseases—even when other medicines fail. Try it.

Knows by Experience that Hood's is Best.

"I am in my 83rd year. About 16 years ago I began taking Sarsaparilla, and have no hesitation in stating that I consider Hood's to be preeminently the best. For the past 10 years I have used Hood's exclusively, and attribute my good health to its use. I had suffered from rheumatism but have been entirely free from it for seven years past." MRS. HARRIET FERRIN, St. Thomas, Ont.

N.B.—Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels, cure headache

SPRING MEETING, 1892.

VICTORIA JOCKEY CLUB.

Saturday, May 21, 1892

SPRING PROGRAMME.

Saturday, May 21st, 1892.

1st Race—Trotting and Pacing, 2:30 class; mile heats; 3 in 5. Purse $400.
2nd Race—Running, 1 mile; open. Purse $200.
3rd Race—Queen's Plate. For all horses foaled, owned and raised in the Province, that have never won public money. Second horse to save entrance money. Distance 1½ miles. Weights for age. Horses that have ever left Canada, or have ever been out of the Province for more than one month at a time, ineligible. Entrance 10 per cent. Entries close 2nd May. Purse $500 and Plate.

Monday, May 23rd, 1892.

1st Race—Trotting and Pacing, free for all mile heats; 3 in 5. Purse $400.
2nd Race—Running, 1½ miles. To be known as the British Columbia Handicap. For all horses owned in the Province six months previous to giving of race. Entrance 10 per cent. Half forfeit if declared by 10th May. Entries close 2nd May. Six to enter. Minimum weight 110 pounds. Entries for this race will require to give full particulars as to breeding, age, sex and performance. Purse $500.
3rd Race—Indian Ponies; Siwashes to ride. 1 mile dash. 1st $30; 2nd $20. Purse $50.

Wednesday, May 25th, 1892.

1st Race—Trotting and Pacing, 2:40 class. For all horses owned in the Province six months previous to giving of race. 3 in 5; mile heats. Purse $250.
2nd Race—Running; half-mile and repeat open. Purse $175.
3rd Race—Novelty race. Entrance fee $15 Purse $100 and entrance fee added, to be divided as follows: First horse to pass quarter pole, 20 per cent.; first to pass half, 20 per cent.; first at three-quarter, 30 per cent. and first under wire 30 per cent.
4th Race—Shetland Ponies. One quarter mile and repeat. Free. Prize, Silver Cup.

For entries, forms and particulars apply W. H. BAINBRIDGE, Secretary,
P.O. Box 286. VICTORIA.
ap27

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(LIMITED).
SHELF AND HEAVY
HARDWARE
TILES, GRATES, MANTELS,
—FINE—
BRONZE - METAL - HARDWARE
RICE LEWIS & SON, LIM'D.
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The Great Strength-Giver.

One pound of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains as much real nutrition as fourteen and a quarter pounds of Prime Beefsteak.

A valuable food for ATHLETES when training.

THIS IS THE

KITCHEN WITCH,

WITHOUT DOUBT THE

Best Range in the Market

AND CAN ONLY BE BOUGHT OF

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A full line of Crockery, Glassware, Hardware, etc., always in stock. Prices right.

Weiler Bros.

Art Silk Draperies, Fringes and Loops.
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Elegant Furniture Plushes and Silk Tapestries.

Call on us and we will show you

500 - IDEAS - IN - DECORATION.

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THIS HAND IS A POINTER.
WHAT DOES IT POINT TO?

To the fact that the finest Grocery Store in British Columbia is that of

SAUNDERS.