The Editor

BACK.

n election document
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AS HELMCKEN.

AL CHAOS.

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combination or an-
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Conservatives, eleven
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members yet to be
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government. No per-
has a sufficient follow-
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be correctly stated that
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Dunsmuir and McPhil-
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or or a speaker of the legis-
, or a premier of the prov-
depart again from the sal-
es of that admirable sys-
r government.

RITISH COLUMBIAN.
th June, 1900.

WEATHER REPORT.

ological Office,
Victoria, June 8 to 12, 1900.
pened with a high barometer
nce accompanied by rain and
r over the southwestern sec-
area while considerably con-
mensions, hovered off the Van-
coast until the 10th, when a
area took its place until the
h high area then tempo-
g. A good deal of cloudy
prevailed, but on the whole,
itions have been most favor-
s of all sorts. A low area
the Northwest Territories
eek, and considerable rain has
winds have been frequent,
temperatures have generally
n the Pacific Slope the wea-
mostly fine and warm with
ranging from 38 to 104.
ports 76 hours 18 minutes reg-
ght sunshine; highest tempera-
the 12th; lowest, 45, on the
barometer 30.280in. to 29.810
.03 in.
minster reports highest tem-
on the 12th; lowest, 40, on
e of barometer 30.30 to 29.82;
in.
reports highest temperature 80,
lowest, 44, on the 9th; range
r, 30.18 to 29.64; rainfall, .18

reports highest temperature
h; lowest, 28, on the 8th; range
, 30.20 to 29.64; rainfall, .28

industry in Victoria just now
aking. Some of the products
ral establishments are fit for
y shop in the world.

SOLUTE
SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
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et Bear Signature of
Brent Good
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ll and as easy
e as sugar.
TER'S
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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION
GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Purely Vegetable. Brent Good
URE SICK HEADACHE.

Jack Bowers The Trapper

Bold Boy Who Started West to Slay the Wild "Injun."

His Courage Oozed Away in the Darkness and He Scooted Home.

From the New York Sun.

The shades of night were falling about the commuter's home. It was a time of anxiety and dread to the commuter's wife for two reasons, which all suburbanites will understand. In the first place, the commuter was late. The 6:53 train had come and gone without him, and the 7:21 was long overdue. All the dire possibilities of the case came to her mind. Either the ferry boat had gone down with all on board or there had been a collision on the road or the engineer had misunderstood the signals and the train had plunged through the open draw and been swallowed up by the Hackensack river. It mattered not that by actual count as the records of the Village Improvement Society would demonstrate, the 7:21 had been from eleven to twenty-nine minutes late every night for the last seven months. That could not be admitted as a qualification of the probability that before bedtime the commuter's wife would be receiving condolences as the commuter's widow.

So much for anxiety No. 1. The other was not less ominous nor was it less characteristic of life in the suburbs. Not only was the commuter late, but the commuter's son could not be found. This also had happened before. "But," said the commuter's wife to herself, "Harold promised me the the last time he stayed out after dark that if I wouldn't punish him he would never do it again, so I just know that something has happened."

The commuter's son had recently arrived with great satisfaction to himself at the age of nine, and having been permitted to exercise a certain latitude in the selection of his birthday gifts, had decided to devote himself to the perusal and study of the famous works of Harry Castlemon. Having for this purpose induced the commuter to buy for him the alluring fictions contained in the Rocky Mountain series, he had of late evinced a desire to discard the conventional dress of effete Eastern civilization, to cook his food over bonfires and to prepare himself by the possession of fire-arms and hunting knives to ward off the assaults of the savage men and beasts, which, as it is well known, infest all of the region within a radius of twenty-five miles of New York, and especially that part which lies within the state of New Jersey. His views in these matters had not met with the consideration to which he thought they were entitled. His frequent earnest requests that jerked buffalo meat be substituted for the ordinary diet of the family, that he should be allowed to array himself in a sombrero and fringed trousers, and that he should have a rifle, a bowie, and a mustang had awakened no response.

"I almost wish we hadn't bought him those books," mused the commuter's wife, as she took "Frank Among the Rancheros" and ran over the leaves. A paper fluttered out from between the pages and fell to the floor. The commuter's wife picked it up, carried it nearer to the gaslight, and read:

THE WESTERN CLUB.

Captain Harold Nelson age 9 six of may

PLANS.

each boy get some thing to eat to last him 4 or 5 days and get a cowboys suit or any kind of uniform and if not all right. and get a ticket to the west and 5 dolars in his pocket. every boy be in Perkins woods at 8 oclock at night May 4, 1900 get a time table on the P L & X R.R. and about the 11 of May we will be rooming oN the Western Plains Do not tell your mothers About it. each boy bring a real revolver and knife about 10 or 11 inches LONG and a blancket. Every boy take a new name. mine is Jack Bowers.

The commuter's wife gasped and wrung her hands, and she herself probably hasn't the faintest conception of what she would have done if at that moment the commuters hatchkey hadn't rattled in the door and heralded the appearance of her husband.

"Late again, Mary," growled the exasperated man. "We decided to appoint a committee in the morning to call on the superintendent of the railroad and raise ——— Why, what's the matter, Mary? Anything wrong?"

"Oh, Henry, read this!" and she pressed into his outstretched hand the prospectus of the Western Club.

"Whew," ejaculated the commuter. "The little devil! Now, Mary, isn't that the ——?"

"Oh, Henry, how can you laugh and be so profane?"

"Why, you don't think it is serious, do you?"

"Serious! Henry, do you realize what night this is?"

"Why—why—yes, it's the fourth of——. Where's Harold?"

"I don't know. He's gone."

"Gone! Gee whiz! Well then, there's no time to spare. When were they to meet? At 9 o'clock. I guess I can make it."

About an hour earlier a solitary figure—to borrow a phrase from the romantic fiction—might have been seen wending its way towards Perkins' woods. If it had been seen, the person who saw it might well have wondered why it had strapped to its shoulders a flannel blanket. And could he have looked into the pockets of the wayfarer's coat it might have given him some pause to determine why one so young and apparently well nourished carried about in his immediate possession five corned beef sandwiches, half a dozed hard-boiled eggs, sundry cold potatoes and a package of salt and pepper. A glance under the buttoned-up jacket would have disclosed a belt in which was thrust a blade that might have seemed formidable enough had it not been so recently a factor in the kitchen economy of the commuter's household. That none of these facts was noticed or suspected was due to the policy pursued by the young captain, who conceived that thus early in his adventures a proper regard for his own safety demanded the exercise of extreme caution.

"Give me but a few hours the start of them," he soliloquized, "and I will defy them," and suiting the action to the word he concealed himself behind a tree, a rock or a bush whenever anyone approached on the road. Thus stealthily directing his steps and adopting various devices to confuse the trail, in case an attempt should be made to track him by the marks of his feet, the captain arrived something more than an hour before the appointed time at the meeting place in Perkins' woods. His first act after halting denoted the alert and crafty woodsman. He bent over and examined the ground carefully in all directions.

"Injuns!" he muttered, "or my name's not Jack Bowers."

A little further investigation satisfied him that the danger was not imminent, so he sat down with his back against a tree and resolved to keep a strict look out till he should be joined by his trusty band.

"And now," said he, "for grub. A trapper must always eat when he can, 'cause when he wants to, maybe he can't. Once we get started we must cover many miles ere daylight, and if the redskins oppose us, more than one of their braves shall bite the dust."

Somehow or other, his appetite was less voracious than he expected it to be. It disappointed him, and caused him to feel that he was not doing himself credit. Try as he would, he couldn't finish more than one sandwich and one egg, and as for the cold potatoes, they were out of the question. The silence of the woods oppressed him, and the darkness became peopled with things that caused even the heart of Jack Bowers to sink. Then arose the sickening thought that perhaps the Western Club had betrayed its leader. He wondered if it could really be that this or that companion the bravest and boldest, as he had professed, the boys who were to be almost as heroic and almost as famous as himself—if they could have eaten their suppers at home, and if perchance they were at that moment tucked away in their own trim little beds. And this train of thought led him to reflect whether it might not have been better after all if he had eaten his supper at home and been tucked away in his little bed.

"I guess I'll reconnoitre," he said to himself, as he stood up and tip-toed off to the roadside. It seemed good to be there, so he went on. Each step brought him nearer the home which he had so lately left forever. He was trudging along at a lively pace now, and he thought he heard someone approaching. He crouched behind a bush.

"Papa," he whispered, as a tall figure stalked by. "I wonder if he's after me." Just then he saw a great light. "I'd better get home before he does," was the thought that lent speed to a pair of stout young legs.

Ten minutes later a shamefaced lad rang the door bell of the commuter's house. Why his mother received him with open arms, why she hugged him, why she didn't ask him sternly for an account of himself he couldn't understand, nor did he stop to ask.

"Mamma," he said, "I want to go to bed."

"Don't you want some supper, deary?"

"No, I just want to go to bed."

All the time she was helping him to undress, the boy wondered why his mother said nothing about his absence. He almost wished she would. She had bade him good-night, and was moving out of the door when a plaintive voice called:

"Mamma."

"Well, deary?"

"I've got a secret, mamma."

"Yes, deary, what is it?"

"You won't tell papa?"

"No."

"I was going to run away to-night, mamma."

"And why didnt you my boy?"

"W-e-l-l—, because I don't want to after all."

"And you won't leave mamma again?"

"N-o-o."

She was almost out in the hall when she heard his voice once more.

"Where are you going, mamma?"

"Only in the front room."

"All r-i-g-h-t."

"You're not afraid, deary?"

"No, not if I know where you are."

Presently the front door opened again.

"I can't find him," was the commuter's anxious greeting.

"Never mind, he's here," replied the commuter's wife.

"Where?"

"In bed."

"Mary, what on earth are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing at all, Henry," she answered, "nothing at all."

PEKIN IS QUITE ISOLATED

Latest News is That Chinese Are Entrenching Outside the City.

London, June 14.—(5:05 a.m.—Pekin appears to be completely isolated. None of the morning papers or news agencies have a word from there direct to-day. The latest message received in London is the one announcing that the Chinese are entrenching outside the capital.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.

Handsome Sum From the Sale of Capt. Wolley's Poem.

The following letter, which is self-explanatory, has been handed to the Colonist for publication:

Victoria, B.C., 13th June, 1900.

Geo. Gillespie, Esq., Victoria, B.C.:

Dear Sir: Will you please pay $1,000 to the Canadian Patriotic Fund on account of my "In Memorium" poem; this being by way of a first instalment. I am drawing on you for $18 for minor expenses connected with the sale of the poem, of which I have an account. I have paid my printing bill, amounting to $173.60, and all other accounts are included in the above $18. I have still to receive the returns from an entire issue published in England, and several hundred dollars still due in Canada. When I have received these amounts, for which I have made application, I will make a final payment. Would you, as treasurer of this fund, send this letter to the papers, and allow me to express to you, sir, and to the general public, my sincere thanks for the assistance which you and they have rendered me in this undertaking.

Yours faithfully,

(Sd.) CLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

To Geo. Gillespie, Esq., Hon. Treasurer "In Memorium" Poem Fund.

The Norris Circus.—The Norris & Rowe dog show repeated their entertainment yesterday afternoon and evening to large crowds. Early this morning they left for Nanaimo. There was a unique scene at the E. & N. R. station when the eight cars on which the animals and the appurtenances of the show were being loaded. Major Mite, the atom who sings and dances at the after concerts of the show, in a talk with a Colonist reporter yesterday afternoon, said he was born in Dunedin, N.Z., 24 years ago. His parents went to New Zealand from Nova Scotia. When he was ten years of age his parents made a contract with Mrs. Newton, his manageress, and the contract was renewed until when at length the dwarf—he is 31 inches in height—became of age, she made the contract with him. He is paid a salary of $100 a week by the Norris show. Although he is such a tiny man, Major Mite is in no way deformed.

Hospital Meeting.—The tenth annual meeting of the donors and subscribers to the Provincial Royal Jubilee hospital will be held in the city hall on July 9 at 4 p.m. Directors will be elected and the annual report of the treasurer's statement for the year ending 31st May, 1900, received.

LOCAL NEWS.

Strawberry Social.—The ladies of the First Presbyterian church invite all lovers of a good social and an excellent mixed programme to their annual strawberry festival, on Wednesday evening. The ladies are noted for making their friends happy on these occasions.

A Small Fire.—A spark from a chimney set fire to the roof of C. H. Lugrin's residence at 110 Michigan street last evening. The fire department responded to an alarm, but the prompt action of a neighbor had already prevented the flames from making any headway. The damage was slight.

Laid in the Grave.—There was a large attendance at the funeral which took place yesterday afternoon of Claude L. McMicking. Rev. W. Leslie Clay officiated at the church and cemetery. The pall-bearers were F. Boisnere, F. Smith, E. Stevens, J. Bland, Jr., W. Stevens and M. Finlaison.

Ministers in Session.—A special meeting of the Ministerial Association of this city was held at 2 p.m. yesterday, when the members discussed the question of Sunday excursions and Mongolian immigration. The latter subject will be further discussed at the regular meeting, when a paper on the subject will be read by one of the members.

Concert at Oak Bay.—Another concert will be given by the children of St. Columbia Sunday school, Oak Bay avenue, on Thursday, in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. There will be no charge for admission, but a collection will be taken up. Some of the best talent in the city will take part.

The Police Court.—The lad Sloan who stole a sum of money while employed temporarily at the Victoria theatre, was convicted of the charge of theft in the police court and dismissed, his father, who came over from Seattle, paying into court the amount stolen. The two lads who were charged with being in possession of part of the money were dismissed with a caution. Two drunks paid the usual fines and Mrs. Cousett paid $15 for a similar offence.

Fernwood Athletes.—The weekly meeting of the Fernwood Young Men's Association will be held to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, in the new club rooms, Ridge road. To-night the club members and their friends will hold a bicycle run to Cadboro Bay, J. Lory acting as marshal. The start will be made at the club house at 7:30 sharp. Practices are taking place at the fields at the foot of Fernwood road, every evening in the week, except Thursdays.

St. Barnabas' Day.—Yesterday being St. Barnabas' Day there was special service yesterday evening at St. Barnabas' church. Ven. Archdeacon Scriven was the preacher, and the following musical programme was rendered by an augmented choir and orchestra: Voluntary, "Marche Triumphal," Guirand; Psalms, 149 and 150; Magnificat, Simper in F; Nunc Dimittis (bass solo, Mr. Moxon), Simper in F; hymns, 413 and 412; solo, "But the Lord Is Mindful," Mendelssohn, Mrs. Janion; anthem, "Make a Joyful Noise," Simper; offertory, "Pastoral," Handel; Processional Hymn, 438; voluntary, "Festal Offertoire," A. H. Brown.

Hospital Board.—The usual monthly meeting of the directors of the Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital was held at the hospital last night, the following being present: H. Dallas Helmcken, Joshua Davies, Alex. Wilson, J. L. Crimp, R. L. Drury, E. A. Lewis, Thos. Shotbolt and J. Forman. The usual monthly committee reports were passed and routine business transacted. A special vote of thanks was passed by the board to the Publishers' Syndicate, which presented the hospital with a set of their publication, "Celebrities of the Army." It was arranged to hold the annual meeting on the 29th of this month at the city hall. Arrangements are under way for an entertainment shortly to be given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Jubilee Hospital. The entertainment is to be a garden fete, to be given at the hospital grounds on July 12. The entertainment will be under distinguished patronage.

Victoria Composer Praised.—The Vancouver Province speaks in the highest terms of Mr. S. D. Schultz's composition, "The Charge at Dawn." It says: "The composition is most spirited, and has the true military ring about it. Played by a good military band, it is just the sort of piece to make Tommy forget the sore feet, and the cinder-chute called a throat, and the load for a mule called heavy marching order, and the divvle himself, called the sergeant-major, with his cranky notions of propriety. This fine march should be very popular throughout Canada."

Victoria at Bisley.—Yesterday Sergt. Bodley received a telegram from Col. Hodgins, secretary of the D. R. A., offering him a position on the team, owing to the retirement of Swain. Sergt. Bodley accepted and will report at Montreal on the 21st. The selection of Sergt. Bodley will thus give Victoria two representatives to the Bisley tournament. An effort will be made to arrange for a public subscription to defray the expenses of the trip, the funds in the provincial association treasury being low.

It is Incontrovertible!

The Editor of the "Christian Million," under the heading of General Notes, on August 20, 1896, wrote:—

"A good article will stand upon its own merits, and we may rely upon it that nothing will continue long which does not, in a more or less degree, harmonize with the statements which are published concerning it."

Mr. Hall Caine,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," etc., when speaking on "Criticism," recently, said:—

"When a thing that is advertised greatly is good it goes and goes permanently; when it is bad, it only goes for a while: the public finds it out."

The Proprietor of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

has said over and over again:—

"It is a fallacy to imagine that anything will sell just because it is advertised. How many nostrums have been started with glare and snuffed out in gloom? The fact is, a man is not easily gulled a second time; and every dissatisfied purchaser does ten times more harm than one satisfied does good. Assuredly the sale of more than 6,000,000 boxes of BEECHAM'S PILLS per annum, after a public trial of half-a-century, is conclusive testimony of their popularity, efficacy and proverbial worth."

Beecham's Pills have for many years been the popular family medicine wherever the English language is spoken. And they now stand without a rival. In boxes, 25 cents, all drug stores.

Flora, Again Reaches Dawson

The Victoria Owned Steamer Makes a Record on her Second Trip.

Starts Back Crowded With Klondikers—Big Sailing Fleet for the Sea.

Steamer Tees arrived about 7 o'clock yesterday morning from Skagway, and at noon went around to Esquimalt to go on the marine ways to be scraped and cleaned. She had very few passengers, the steamer City of Seattle having caught the berth at the wharf just as she came in, and of the eighty passengers that had just arrived through from Dawson, all except a few went to the United States vessel. The Tees had but four passengers.

The most interesting news brought by the steamer was contained in a telegram received at Skagway from Bennett just before she sailed, to the effect that the little steamer Flora, of the Klondike Corporation, had again distanced all her competitors to Dawson. She arrived there on her second trip at 3 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday last, and broke the record for the passage. She made the voyage from White Horse to Dawson in the brief time of 46 hours. With the difficulties of Yukon navigation at present, owing to the lowness of the water, this is wonderfully fast time.

The telegram further states that she sailed from Dawson on her way up to White Horse again in the evening of the same day—last Tuesday, and is due at the upper head of navigation ere now. She was crowded to her capacity with passengers, for the larger vessels, drawing as they do more water than the little Flora, are far from being active competitors until the water rises. E. Hall in his telegram from Bennett says: "No other steamers are able to make the trip, on account of the lowness of the water." The Sybil was fast several times on the way up.

Another item of news brought by the Tees was that the police at Dawson believe that the man O'Brien, held for the murder of Clayson, has two other murders to his credit in the United States—one in Colorado and the other in Wyoming. W. M. Keefle, who was one of those to come up the river on the steamer Sybil, the last of the river fleet to arrive before the Tees sailed, in an interview given to the Skagway papers said O'Brien worked for him on his Eldorado creek claims before he worked on the police wood-pile. On being asked if he thought the confronting of O'Brien with the body of Clayson would have any effect on him, said: "I don't think this will work on O'Brien, for he is as bold a man as I ever saw. I understand that he has killed three men before—two in Colorado and one in Wyoming. So you could not get him to betray himself by any chance in confronting him with the body. He is very close-mouthed and has perfect control of himself."

The Dawsonians bring news that the stampede to Nome goes on, but the crowd is smaller than the big throng expected to go. They are not going by hundreds, but scores. Miners report a scarcity of water in the creeks, which militated somewhat against the clean-up, or it would have been even larger than the already large amount washed from the dumps.

The Tees called at Simpson, Skeena and other Northern points on her way down, and news was brought by her that the Skeena river salmon fishers were to commence fishing in earnest on Friday. A good run is looked for.

THE WARRIMOO EXPECTED.

She Is Bringing the Hogan Minstrel Troupe From Honolulu—They Will Play Here Shortly.

R. M. S. Warrimoo is due here to-night or to-morrow from the South Seas. She will be closely inspected at the William Remember, the White House summer sale commences to-day.

Head quarantine station, owing to the presence of bubonic plague at Sydney. From Honolulu the steamer is bringing the Hogan minstrel troupe, which were alleged to have been refused a passage on the Miowera, and sued the steamship company on this account at Honolulu. The company will play here on the 18th and 19th.

A BIGGER FLEET.

Victoria Behring Sea Sealing Fleet Will Be Larger Than For Years.

As is the voter the bosom friend of the politician at election time, so is the Coast siwash who can handle a spear to the sealing man when the schooners are getting ready for their Behring sea cruise, and many are the wiles adopted by the sealers to secure the hunters. The Indian, if he has any little favor he wants, is told that all he has to do is to ask for it—and afterwards to sign the schooner's articles at the usual rates paid per skin. The most common favor the sealer wants now is, that the schooner bring him down lumber to build a new house when it comes down the Coast, for since the Coast cruise the siwash hunters jingle many dollars together in their pockets, the klootchman has a sewing machine, and the little girl is, perhaps, learning to play the organ. The Willapa has been taking down all kinds of luxuries for the past few trips. A number of the schooners are taking down a deck load of lumber as a "caltus potlatch" for their Indians. The Dora Sleward, which is one of those taking lumber, yesterday loaded two thousand feet at Sayward's mills.

The wharves of the upper harbor are presenting a very busy appearance, for every day brings additions to the schooners' wharves. There are now twenty-five in all at the wharves, taking on their supplies and outfits and making the preparations for their departure for the sea. Two cleared yesterday, and will probably get away for the Coast to pick up their Indians to-day or to-morrow. These were the schooners Penelope, Capt. A. McDougall, and the Beatrice, Capt. A. Sinclair. The Dora Sleward expects to go Friday, and other vessels are intending to start about the end of the week. By the middle of next week quite a number will have spread their white wings.

The fleet for Behring sea this year will be even greater than that which went on the Coast cruise. All the vessels which hunted on the Coast will go to the Behring sea, and the Director, Venture and probably other vessels, which have been lying at their moorings for some time, will also go.

STILL BLOCKED BY ICE.

Reports That the Alpha Has Got Through Not Believed at Dutch Harbor.

From a letter received from John Gleason, who sailed from Seattle on the steamer South Portland, dated at Ounalaska, on May 19, it would appear that the reports of Behring sea being open were premature, at least for the passage of vessels.

According to Gleason's letter the Alpha sailed on her second voyage from Dutch Harbor May 9, but the reports of her having gotten through the ice are not believed, for the reason that the schooner Annie returned to Ounalaska on May 18, nine days after the Alpha sailed, with the news that ice was met with 300 miles north. It is hardly likely that a clear break could be found, extending as far as Nome.

According to this letter, the captain of the brig Pitcairn, which sailed from San Francisco early in the year, has been deposed and the first mate of the vessel substituted. Cleanings of much trouble aboard the vessel have reached here previously, but it now appears that the question finally proved to be a very serious one. The passengers virtually commanded the vessel.

Steam schooner Albion reached Ounalaska May 15. While coming into the harbor she narrowly escaped destruction on the rocks. A severe storm carried her within one hundred yards of the bluffs before her head could be turned to the wind. All the steam was put on, but it took the vessel three hours to push out past the perilous bluffs. At one time the passengers and crew became panic-stricken, and it took the combined attention of the officers to quell the disturbance. Several pistols were used in cowing the affrighted people.

The schooners Carrie and Annie both sailed to the northward in an attempt to get through the ice, but both failed and returned to Ounalaska Harbor to await the breakup.

MANUENSE PASSED UP.

She Will Come Back to Load Her Cargo, Which Awaits Her Here.

Steamer Manuense arrived off the outer wharf late on Monday night, from San Francisco, under charter to the Alaska Commercial Co., for whom she will take over six hundred tons of freight, principally rolled oats, from here to St. Michael. She passed up to Vancouver, after a brief stay, as her master intends to load what freight awaits the steamer there before taking on the Victoria cargo.

THE MOU PING.

Mr. Rogers' New Steam Yacht Will Leave For Vancouver on Sunday.

The steam yacht Mou Ping, which was brought over from Hongkong, where it was built for its owner, Mr. Rogers, is at the outer wharf, and an engineer, sent down from Vancouver for that purpose, is fitting her engines and machinery. The work will be completed at the end of the week, and the steamer is expected to sail for the Terminal City to go into commission on Sunday. She will be one of the finest pleasure craft of her class in British Columbia waters.

IN THREE ROUNDS.

Tommy White Could Not Stand Before Terry.

New York, June 12.—Terry McGovern, of Brooklyn, knocked out Tommy White, of Chicago, in the third round of what was to have been a 25-round contest, at 128 pounds, before the Coney Island Sporting Club to-night. The little champion gave his opponent no rest from the first sound of the gong in the opening round until the referee counted off the fatal ten seconds.

When the gong was rung for the first round, McGovern immediately assumed the aggressive, and was first to land with a left swing on the neck. White broke ground and tried a right lead, but Terry blocked; Terry rushed and landed a left hook that made White sink to the floor. Terry assisted him to his feet and again landed the same blow, following it up with both hands on the body, just as the bell rang.

Terry was after him like a bull terrier in the second, and was cautioned for holding. White jabbed Terry's face with stiff lefts, jarring Terry's head, but the champion sent in a right to the ribs that made White bend, then he hooked a left to the belly and paw, sending White to the floor again. He got up groggy, and Terry dropped him again with the same blow, just as the bell rang.

White came out for the third, and Terry immediately dropped him with a left on the jaw. He was up at five, and went down again with a right on the body and head. He managed to get on his feet again, only to go back to the carpet. Four time after this White was floored. Each time he arose Terry battered him with right and left to the body and head.

After the seventh knock-down, John White counted the full ten before he could get to his feet, and Terry was declared the winner.

EVERY KIND OF BACKACHE

Yields to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Because They Act Directly on the Liver as Well as the Kidneys.

Pains in the small of the back, over the kidneys, are usually due to derangements of the kidneys, and disappear when the kidneys are set right.

But there are other kinds of backache, by far the greater proportion, that can never be reached by treating the kidneys. Pains in the shoulders, through the centre of the back, and in the sides are caused by a torpid action of the liver, and can only be driven out when the liver is made healthy and active.

To reach the liver, as well as the kidneys, to set the filtering organs in working order and to cure every kind of backache, there is but one unfailing remedy, and that is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It is the only treatment that has this direct and combined action on both liver and kidneys, and the only one that positively and permanently cures backache, whether caused by liver or kidneys.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

LICENSE COMMISSIONERS.

The Proceedings of the Board at Yesterday's Session.

His Worship Mayor Hayward and J. B. Lovell presided at yesterday's session of the board of licensing commissioners. Ald. Stewart has resigned his position on the board and his successor has not yet been appointed. Applications for transfers were dealt with as follows:

Alfred Kendall, for transfer of license of Royal saloon, Fort street, to Frederick Weldon and John Henley. Granted.

Charles Richard Lawson, for transfer of license of North Pacific saloon, Wharf street, to Vernon block, Douglas street, to Forbes George Vernon. Granted.

Walter Peter, for transfer of license of Occidental hotel, Wharf street, to Alexis Yookovic. Granted.

J. C. Voss and E. E. Leason, for transfer of license of Hotel Victoria, Government street, to E. E. Leason. Granted.

Executors of W. H. Flewin, Chas. Flewin, Thos. Flewin and James Longhurst, for transfer of license of Balmoral saloon, Government street, to Peter Wolf. Granted.

P. M. Crombie, for transfer of license of Bank Exchange, Yates street, to Heinrich Siebenbaum. Granted.

Erskine, Wall & Co., for transfer of their bottle license from corner of Fort and Government streets, to their new premises, corner of Broughton and Government streets. Granted.

John Parr, for transfer of license of The Hall, Fort street, to Wm. Clayton. Granted.

John Michel, for transfer of license of the Dawson hotel, Yates street, to Henry Christian Wulf. Granted.

Thos. Lawson, for transfer of license of Teutonia saloon, Government street, to John Berryman. Granted.

John Golgdarripe, for transfer of license of Telegraph hotel, Store street, to Ann Pearce. Granted.

J. B. Simpson, for transfer of license of Brown Jug saloon to Steve O'Brien. Granted.

J. S. Rollins, for transfer of license of Western hotel, Store street, to Neil Hansen. Temporary permission ratified and extended until next quarterly sitting.

ABOUSED AT LAST

To the terrible ravages of consumption in Ontario, the Government is petitioned to establish hospitals for consumptives. As a preventative to consumption there is no treatment to be compared to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which promptly and effectually cures every cough and cold. It has by far the largest sale of any remedy for throat and lung troubles. 25 cents a bottle. Family size 60 cents. All dealers.

Want to Be Farmers.—Of the big crowds of Japanese who arrived here recently, few remain in the city. Crowds are reported to be moving about the surrounding country, looking for work as farm hands.

CANADIANS AT PRETORIA

First Contingent and Mounted Infantry Had a Share in the Capture.

Montreal, June 13.—(Special)—The following is a special cablegram from Richmond Smith, correspondent of the Star with the first Canadian contingent:

"Pretoria, June 8.—(By courier to Kroonstad, June 13)—I was present when Roberts' troops made their triumphal march into Pretoria on Tuesday, June 5. It fell to the lot of the Canadian contingent to be included in the march past the British Field Marshal and his staff, who were stationed in a squad in front of the parliament buildings at Pretoria.

"In the operations leading up to the capture of Pretoria, Gen. Hutton with the mounted Canadians marched on the extreme left of the British forces from Johannesburg to Pretoria.

"When the British forces came in touch with fire from the Boers before the city and from the forts of Pretoria on Monday, Gen. Hamilton's advance was being made over the hills to the left of the city. As he advanced the Gordons and Cornwalis held these hills under heavy rifle fire. The duty assigned to the Canadians was to guard the baggage left on these hills by the troops above named. From their position the Canadians in the hills had a fine view of the West Australian mounted infantry, Australian Lancers and Saxe's mounted infantry as they charged down behind the ridges lined with Boer defenders, who fled precipitately.

"This charge was one of the few grand spectacular sights of the war. It was followed shortly afterwards by the advance of Watson's Australians upon the city, with a demand of surrender, and by 6 o'clock on Monday night the Landerost brought the keys of the city to Field Marshal Roberts as a formal token of surrender. Then preparations were made for the entry of the army on the following day, when at 2 o'clock Lord Roberts took up his position in front of the parliament buildings and reviewed the British troops as they proudly marched past."

WANT REDUCED LICENSE.

Vancouver Victuallers Petitioning For a Decrease—Dominion Day Celebration—Flour Rising.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Vancouver, June 13.—The licensed victuallers will petition the city council to reduce saloon licenses from $600 to $500.

The striking bricklayers and stonemasons have given in to the contractors, and the long strike is over. The contractors offered 50 cents an hour, and the strikers hung out for 56½ cents.

Mrs. B. S. McDonald, a native of Dresden, Ont., died at Ladner to-day, leaving a husband and four children.

The board of trade last evening supported the resolution of the Yokohama board of trade, asking the government to continue their subsidy to the C. P. R. Empress liners. Another resolution was passed asking the Postmaster-General to allow the fast Seattle steamer which is being put on between Vancouver and Seattle to carry the mails.

A Dominion Day organization meeting was held last night. It was decided to try and have the Hackett-Johnson sculling race pulled off here on July 2. An illuminated precession will be the feature of the evening of the 3rd. Mayor Garden was chosen chairman, George Bartley secretary, and Sheriff Hall treasurer, and committees were struck.

Ogilvie's and Lake of the Woods flour advanced 20 cents a barrel to-day, owing to drought in the United States and war rumors.

Punished for Treachery

An Incident of the March Through the Orange Free State.

Troops Burn a House for Cowardly Abuse of White Flag.

The following incident is from a letter by Mr. E. W. Smith, the London Morning Ledger war correspondent.

About the middle of the afternoon an exciting incident occurred. The main body of the division had passed Christian Reichter's farmhouse, above which two white flags were displayed. It was from this place we had been fired upon from the cover of the flag of submission on the previous afternoon. Still, we were leaving it unmolested. No doubt we should have continued to do so but for an act of hostility which literally set everyone's passions on fire. A shot was suddenly fired at random into our army. I didn't hear it. But this is no wonder. What with the rumbling of a convoy, accompanied by the hysterical screamings of teamsters, who use whips five times as long as a London cabby's, and can get ten times as much noise out of them on one side, and a singing, whistling, laughing, talking army on the other, it would have been a marvel to have heard one's own voice without shouting. The first intimation, therefore, that I had of anything happening was the sight of a troop of Roberts' Horse galloping like mad into the farmstead. Convoy drivers and conductors who were nearest the buildings followed the rush. I hurried across to see what it was the matter. The first sight that met my gaze was that of a score of men, some with their feet on the necks of turkeys, ducks, and fowls, others holding their necks in their clenched hands and swinging the birds as they would Indian clubs. The scene was absolutely funny, but it revolted me as I imagined it was an unjustifiable raid on private property. Then I met an officer. He was pale with excitement.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "The beggars have fired on us from under those flags," he replied. "We are going to burn the place down over their heads."

As he spoke a column of smoke curled up from the dwelling house. Quicker than it takes me to tell the story I discovered that the women and children belonging to the homestead had been discovered hidden in an outhouse, and were given leave to save as much bedding and personal clothing as they could. Several troopers were occupied pouring paraffin about the flooring and walls of the house. Then fire was put to the place. Within five minutes the dwelling was ablaze. Still the women folk rushed in and out trying to save what they could from the destruction that threatened all their belongings. I watched the white flag, now obscured by the great clouds of black smoke, then plainly visible with a spiteful flame darted up and seemed to clear the smoke for an instant. It was a terrible sight, more stirring than on the ordinary town fire, because one felt that it was an army's summary justice.

If I had not felt—and felt strongly—that the punishment was thoroughly deserved I should have turned from the scene sick and revolted. But there was no doubt that repeated acts of hostility had been committed from this farm under shelter of the white flags around which the flames were now playing, so pity had to be stifled when there was the conviction that justice was being done.

Northwest Farm and Home, Illustrated Weekly. 50 cents per year, Seattle, Wash.

KNOUTED THE AUDIENCE.

A Russian Police Official's Brutal Act in a Polish Theatre.

People of late years have not heard very much about the terrors of police rule in Poland, but the following from a special correspondence at Cracow of the London Leader, dated May 19, shows a frightful state of affairs that people in a free country like Canada can hardly credit:

"From a private source in Poland I have to-day obtained the following extraordinary information:

"On May 6, in the country town of Vloclawe, government of Warsaw, a performance of 'Lygia,' an adaptation of the 'Sign of the Cross,' was given in the little local theatre.

"It was a Sunday performance in honor of the patron saint of the Russian Empress, and the theatre was crammed with enthusiasts.

"Just before the curtain was rung up for the commencement of the second act and before the members of the orchestra were in their places, the chief of the local police, a certain Captain Lagonoff, requested the conductor to strike up the Russian national anthem again.

"The conductor explained that he had already played it twice at the commencement of the piece, and as the curtain was at the moment being raised, and the orchestra not yet full, he begged to be excused.

The chief of police persisted in his demand, and when the conductor still refused, drew his sword and began to belabor the unfortunate man with its flat side.

"Some of the audience at once interfered on the conductor's behalf, while the Russian military officers present took sides with the policeman.

"A hot scrabble arose and continued for a quarter of an hour, when the conductor was set free, the chief of police ejected from the theatre, quiet restored, and the performance continued.

"During the third act, Captain Lagonoff returned with his policemen and a force of armed Cossack dragoons.

"All the exits were closed and guarded by the police, whilst the Cossacks entered with their knouts.

"The Russian officials present with their wives were ordered to quit. This being done, the ruffianly Cossacks proceeded to knout, under the direction of Lagonoff and two officers, the civilians present. Everybody was included, even the actors and actresses, the wealthy occupants of the private boxes and stalls, and particularly the members of the orchestra.

"After the knouting, the audience was marched off in batches to prison, where they remained a week before they were set free.

"The conductor, two members of the orchestra, and eight of the audience still remain in custody on