The coolie trotted away. Matsumoto spat with disgust. He bullied the little policeman in white drill with a sword that seemed as big as himself, when asked for his name and desonation and bargained with kurumas to carry him and his baskets to the railway station.

d his baskets to the ranwa, "My can show tera," he mumbled to "My can show tera," he mumbled to "Of

numeri as the kurma started. Of course, he could every coolic carted for-eigners to temples for money. Priests showed the lacquered floors, age-crumbled lanterns and the old gods—for money. Foreigners were photographed sitting in the lap of the Dai Batsu, the Great Buddha of Kamakura. Bah!!"

Matsumoto felt disgusted with his country as the Enrikisha rolled him through the narrow streets of the hybrid

\* \* The night was dark. Long blue rollers swung the torpedo-boats from the black hollows to the foaming crests of the wintry sea. Opalesque, then crystal, the spray-clouds splashed over the throbbing vessels. The flying spume breaking over the whaleback froze and fell like giant hail-stones on the decks. Ice crusted the plates from end to end. Clinging to the rail, shivering in his oil-skins, Matsumoto stood with his lieutenant Vamei San staring into the gloom Clinging to the rail, shivering in his oil-skins, Matsumoto stood with his lieuten-ant. Yamaji San, staring into the gloom where other dark objects rolled and toss-ed, trembling as did the Fukui when the cross-seas pounded against their bows. No light showed on any of them, other than an occasional spurt of flaring cin-ders from the low stacks.

ders from the low stacks.

The Akugi and her mates were bound to Port Arthur to begin a war by crippling the enemy's fleet. Men froze to death on them that night, for the hibachis which give warmth to seemen on bigger ships are denied to those endangered by the charcoal fumes in a pent little box of brittle plates with small guis and torpedo tubes and two-by-four engines taking a selfish share of the living room. But their lives were the Emperor's. Sees charged the Akugi angrily as she

Seas charged the Akugi angrily as she threshed her way into them. No longer they playfully swept the low craft from billow to billow. They hissed and roared, and were swept asterm, after swishing against the turret above the whaleback. They foamed into the phosphorescent wash that ran like a milleface marking the trail of the Akugi from the marking the trail of the Akugi from the darkness behind—and the pent torpedo-boat strained as though the rivets must start and the frail plates buckle mider the hammer-fike blows of the gale-swept

in Takenwan in an unsuccessful search for their quarries.

"Yamaji San," shouted Matsumoto, and his voice was heard only in jerky whispers above the storm, "the honorable O Kata San will needs eat eels for us tonight. Tea-house girls are superstitious, you know. She'll throw coppers through the barred gratings at some lonely Kwannon in the dark hours of the dragon, but what avail? Have you the samisen string she gave you as a talisman; it'll be around your waist, I'll wager."



gunted grey quick-firers and sailormen muffled in oilskins; then it winked—a mighty wink—and flashed high in air, then swung down again, to the side and lit up the rolling seas. But the torpedo boat had dodged from its ken.

The roar of deadly torpedoes nearby with accompanying flare and flame told Matsumoto that one of the flame told was an incompanying flare and flame told the side and the following the flame told was an incompanying flare and flame told the following the flame told the flame t

retary, then controlled the puppet Tsar.

Admiral Stark knew this, but would not dare utter it. Besobrasoff and his adventurers supported by the then all-powerful Plehve, since murdered, defied all counsels of M. Wite, Lamsdorfi, Legsar, Rosen, Pavlov or Kuropatkin to keep Russiah pledges in Manchuria, and of founded great commercial enterprises, including the famous Yalu forest conformed and the promoters' bank accounts. They conselled a policy of frank aggression against Japan: the unwilling-kuropatkin, with eyes opened to Japan's war strength after his visit to the island and empire, was delayed at Nagasaki by pretexts to prevent his voice being heard at the deciding conference beld in June at Port Arthur. Self-sufficient, with the belief that the despised Japanese would not force a war the gar-

charged from the Akugi, but the aim had been bad; they swerved and were lost. Then there came a loud explosion; a rival boat had swept in and scored. Excitedly, Matsumoto rushed to the tube. He himself would distals of this torpedoes. This also swerved, being wrongly primed. Swept into the darkness and was gone. Midnight was past and there was a lull. An hour later the quick-freers rolled again for the crippied warsnips were again attacked and more damage done. Then the Novik, with brave Admiral—then Captain—Wiren on board, with two accompanying torpedo-boat destroyers, came to give battle. The torpedo boats, fugitive from the cruiser and its destroyers, swept to sea seeking the cover of Admiral Togo's fleet, which lay expectant in the darkness outside. The daring Novik followed until within range of the fleet's guns, was crippied and forced to the basin for repairs.

With a record of which it might well feel proud—though were the fleet larger and it had gone boidly instead of tentatively to surprise, the destruction of the enemy's squadron, would have been complete—the mosquito fleet came to Father Togo to report. Every commander had success to narrate except Matsumoto—and he had failed.

Togo's words: "Blow up the enemy's squadron; I wish success to narrate except Matsumoto—and he had failed.

Togo's words: "Blow up the enemy's squadron; I wish success to narrate except Matsumoto—and he had failed.

Togo's words: "Blow up the enemy's squadron; I wish success to narrate except Matsumoto—and he had failed.

Togo's words: "Blow up the enemy's squadron; I wish success to narrate except Matsumoto—and he had failed.

Togo's words: "Blow up the enemy's squadron; I wish success to narrate except Matsumoto—and he had failed.

Togo's words: "Blow up the enemy's squadron; I wish success to narrate except Matsumoto had been to West Point, said: "It is a mistaken idea of valor to court death needlessly. Death is not our object, more discovered to court death needlessly. Death is not our object, more discovered to court de

In a fighting cordon the Japanese warships glided off Port Arthur with great Rising Sun banners from mastheads and gaffs—giving the massive Because of this spirit Matsumoto great Rising Sun banners from mastheads and gaffs—giving the massive fighting machines an appearance suggesting strutting peacocks. The steamers from gesting strutting peacocks. The steamers from the service. He didn't commit chant steamers, though warned not to leave, were making ready with fugitives crowding on theard Port Arthur's populace seemed as men become mad as day dawned, a grey bleak wintry day. People ran about the streets as amoks run. None opened their stores; Chinese burrowed away in the native quarter. Drums beat to quarters in the forts; soldiers hurried hither and thither, mounted men dashing about the frozen soldiers hurried hither and thither, mounted men dashing about the frozen streets. Hurriedly patrols were placed on police duty to prevent looting. Latitches steamed about the harbor and frantic sampan men, beaten to work carried fugitives to the merchant steamers.

For the Human Body in Health and

## Curable.

The best evidence is THE TESTIMONY OF THE CURED. If interested, let us

The Western Medicine Co'y, Ltd.

74 Government St., Victoria, B. C.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. .34

Disease.

Abe Re

ASIER THOMAS WORT FACE sat huddled in a li the broad window seat in room straining his eyes to pauer of glass to catch the let Uncle Tom Page, who was last goodby to Tommy from to a rapidly receding railway the top of the cab was a pile and among the luggage was a vas case which contained Uncle ing pole.

ras case which contained Uncle ing pole.

That was why Tommy had early in the morning to see Uncle For it was the great good Uncle Thomas Worthington I going out of town for three dathe very first of the season, the very sad fortune of Neph Worthington. Page to be it Uncle Tom had wanted to take that was the meanest part of it

tincle Tom hadn't been a bit it, but had told Tommy's n Tommy wouldn't be the leas

Each of these eigh

Guess the name of the g The girl when they The girl that is never a The girl that trans

The girl that is seen in
The girl that's a tr
The boy that's a crowb
The boy that's a sw

ANSWER 7

are all well known you will have no tro

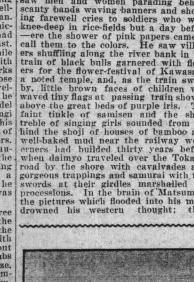
way, but would get along quite is which Tommy's mamma had hee see, he was such a very little then," said Aunt Alice, "he would seems right, and he would han seems right, and he would han his piano lesson."

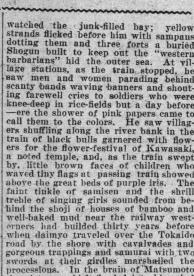
Tommy's mamma had seized excuse eagerly. Really, she did much about his missing the place as Aunt Alice did, nor even staying home from school, but exactly like to tell Uncle Tom was afraid to let little Tom go and so instead she simply said the couldn't very well stay away from and so that was all about it.

And that was why Tommy had eading tears in the seclusion of room early that morning, whild drops he watched Uncle Tom to the station. It was very es morning, much before his usus getting up, and as the cap turn out of sight Tommy settled dicushions and realized that he sleepy. "I suppose," he thoug crossly at the plano, "that would say this was a good timp practise up that next lesson, he uld say this was a good the ctise up that next lesson, ctise, I won't practise, I won't practise, I won't practise, I wong long pause after this,

a long long pause after this, as was very quiet.
Suddenly he was astonished to beam from the morning's into the room and dance dimbly plane to the music rack.
"Well, I wonder what you wo plane," srumbled Tommy. think you would prefer to go day."

The sunbeam kept on dance to over the music rack, and hree strange little black and ares leaped straight from the straig





country as the firstisha rolled him through the narrow streets of the hybrid city now thronged and noisy with a loud chorus of wooden clogs until he reached the railway station—and was converted. A great crowd was there, picturesque with flaming geomantic signs in red or white on the backs of blue haori, with rainbow-hued kimonas and bright crepes swadding infants tied to the backs of both women and children—babes nursed babes. All were gay with streaming banners and national flags—the blood-red ball on the snowy field of the Hinomaru and the gaudy Rising Sun—waving where the citizen housed his quota of ready for departure, noisy Chinese shout-

THE MORRY CALL TO ARMS.

THE MORRY CALL TO ARM

RUSSIAN FLEET'S VISIT TO YOKO HAMA BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES.

From a photo, taken by Lieut. Pooley, R. F. A.

awoke dormant memories. He brushed through the waiting kuruma at Shin-bashi and looked toward the galace on bashi and looked toward the galace on Kuropath the swaying of the vessel. Then Kudan hill behind the muddy most and Kudan hill behind the muddy most and castled wall, with a new feeling born within him. Patriotism killed his iconwithin him. Patriotism killed his iconwords he was no longer of the West.

Ashore in the fortress at the end of the Regent's Sword Madame Stark, the Admiral's wife, gave a ball in honor of her birthday.