SPORTING SETTLERS FOR PACIFIC COAST

Thousands of Miles of a Hunter's Paradise.

RANCHING, FISHING, SHOOTING

Canadian Pacific Railway Plan a Unique Colonizing Scheme for England.

Victoria, Jan. 8. — If certain plans which are partially perfected meet with the approval of those who occupy the seats of the mighty on the Canadian Pacific Railway, a unique emigration campaign will in a few months be launched in the mother land. Hitherto in Canadian colonization literature and immigration lectures the free homestead has been the tactical base from which the agents of the Dominion have operated. When an object lesson, designed to impress those whom it was intended to reach, was required, it took the form of a mammoth wheat arch. The great middle west was the promised land to which Saxon and Slav were directed. British Columbia, the mineral province of the Dominion, figured but little in the general scheme of the average immigration officer.

The reason of this was not far to seek. Both the C.P.R. and the Dominion Government had large holdings in the sections referred to above. The Government recognized that the free homestead was the strongest inducement it could offer, while the railway corporation was anxious not only to convert its land into cash, but to people its land with men and women who would help to swell local transportation revenue between Winnipeg and the mountains.

Recently, however, the acquirement by the C.P.R. of the E. & N. R. on Vancouver Island, with its land grant of a million and a half acres, has altered the aspect of things. While all of the acreage referred to is not arable land a considerable portion of it is. There are three hundred thousand acres which when cleared will be fit for cultivation. It is to the interest of the C. P. R. to fill up these homesteads as quickly as possible, and with that object in view a comprehensive scheme of clearing the land and then offering it for sale all ready for the plough is now being worked out. When this is done there will remain the final step, namely, the getting of people on to the land.

Now Vancouver Island has long been attractive to a particular type of old countrymen, and the number who are ranching on the island proper or on some of the smaller islands in the archipelago of the Gulf of Georgia is surprising. Conditions here are so suitable to this particular type that the heads of the C.P.R. have decided on a campaign of immigration along lines which will appeal to them.

The plan is to dispatch to the old land some competent man, preferably one who is widely acquainted and favorably known there, and let him spend six months in a tour of the British Isles. His message would be to three classes. It would be first to the small farmer of limited means, who is anxious to obtain for himself and family in a new country those advantages which a dense population and other conditions make impossible at home. There is also the Englishman of small means who is in the enjoyment of an income of from £200 to £600—a sum ample for his needs in this country, but inadequate to maintain him in his accustomed station in England. Lastly, the agent would appeal to the sport-loving Briton—the hunter of big game, who will go after his quarry no matter how far afield it carries him or how much expense it involves.

It is reported, although the matter could not be authenticated by reference to the gentleman named, that the mission is being intrusted to Captain Clive Phillips Wolley, poet, novelist and one of the foremost big game hunters in the world. Captain Wolley owns and resides upon Pier Island in the Gulf of Georgia, and all about him on the other islands of the Gulf Englishmen have settled and are pursuing ranching under ideal conditions. The neighboring Island of Salt Spring is a piece of land larger than Bermuda, and with a climate equally attractive, is populated largely by the same class. Warburton Pike has, with Captain Wolley, been collecting snapshots of wild animals taken in their haunts, and some of these are sufficient to set the nerves of the sportsman atingle. They show the moose and the wapiti in their native haunts, and cover the whole range of animals to which the game laws apply.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond St. Phone 907.

English poachers have adopted khaki for wear during business hours. They find it makes the evasion of watchful gamekeepers easier.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

In manufacturing occupations the average life of soap boilers is the highest and that of grindstone makers the lowest.

IF YOU ARE a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no praise bestowed on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

Agentina has passed a law providing for the construction of a system of underground railroads in Buenos Ayres.

HOLLOWAY'S Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

"C. B." WAS ROUTED BY A WOMAN IN OLD LONDON ELECTION MEETING

London, Jan. 6. — The great organ at Albert Hall was playing, and the vast audience seated was singing to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

"I thought," said a stranger to an usher at the door, "there was a political meeting here tonight."

"This," smiled the usher, "is the meeting."

"Never thought the English took their politics so seriously," said the other to a friend.

"Oh, that's a political organ you hear."

"But the whole thing looks like a revival——"

"The Liberals say it is — of good government."

But now they had entered the great amphitheater, this largest auditorium in England, as nine thousand voices joined in the last verse:

"We will bless the name of Peel
For the famine that he saved,
When the landlords tried to trample on the poor,
When the hungry man was cursed
For the crust he humbly craved,
As he staggered to the open workhouse door."

A Solemn Occasion.

Truly the Englishman was taking his politics seriously. There was not even then a cheer, nor shout, not a laugh, and but few smiles. It seemed as though they were expecting General Booth instead of Campbell-Bannerman.

Then the leader of an orchestra of four pieces, all cornets, standing directly in front of the organ, above the yet unoccupied stage, and the great galleries beyond it, gave a mighty sweep, and the 9,000 voices, for the last time, joined in the chorus:

"Stamp, stamp, stamp upon Protection,
No more corn laws in the land,
For the cheapness of our bread
And the freedom of our food
We will make an undefeated British stand."

Then a mighty cheer swept the body of the hall, the stalls, and the four galleries. But it was not so much for the Liberalism in the song as for the stalwarts of the party who one by one, then in twos and threes, now entered through a curtained doorway, and passed through the rank and file to a flower-decked stage.

John Burns Acclaimed.

They included all the members of the cabinet. John Burns made a grand stand entrance, coming in alone. The audience and the organ at once broke out with "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and three cheers were added for this first strictly Labor member of any government.

All this was repeated with redoubled force, and with the waving of handkerchiefs and programmes, when Campbell-Bannerman appeared. Yet the scene was not as enthusiastic nor as prolonged as might have been expected from an audience of 9,500, and the conclusion was that but two-thirds were Liberals.

And this is a general average in London, for the metropolis is notoriously Tory, London alone having, in the last Parliament, 51 Conservatives and but eight Liberals.

The metropolis is even more Tory than Toronto, for Laurier has packed Massey Hall and Shuter street to Yonge, while here there were fully a hundred vacant seats in the body of the hall for half an hour after the meeting began. Then apparently the man in the street was called in to fill up. He repaid the kindness by keeping his hat on till seated. All this is hard to reconcile with the newspaper statement that there were 100,000 applications for admission.

An Orderly Crowd.

Certainly at the beginning there was no great crowd outside, and it was a very orderly one within, so that, in a word, England's political meetings, so far as London offers a comparison, fall far below our own in crowds, zest and enthusiasm.

In four respects the meeting differed from the many historic Canadian rallies.

The quietness of the crowd outside.

The presence of ladies on the platform.

The singing of campaign songs by the entire audience.

And a lady interrupter.

These seem to be general, but last night's had a fifth, an organ and an orchestra. To make this feature more remarkable, the organist, Julius Bertram, and the orchestra leader, Waldemar Lawrence, are both political candidates.

But this is new even to London. So is the lady interrupter. She startled the sober Englishman out of his seat, and so eclipsed the eloquence of the new Premier, which did not so move them.

The Soprano Voice.

He was almost at the end of his speech when a soprano voice piped from the gallery behind him:

"Will the Liberal party give the women votes?"

The body of the hall seemed to receive this with silence, but the galleries shouted: "Put her out;" "Let her alone!" "Sit down!" "Out with her!" "Silence!"

They all obeyed the last, and the Premier proceeded. But within five minutes the opposition rose again, this time waving her banner for "women's rights," while two other women startled the occupants of one of the fashionable boxes with the same cry, but with the banner upside down.

"Put them out!" "Arrest them!" "Leave them alone!" the galleries shouted, as one waved the banner and the other shrieked the cry.

In Toronto these women would have held forth perhaps a quarter of a minute. Here it was fully three minutes before anyone had the courage to remove them. The gentlemen in full dress apparently had fears for their expansive shirt fronts, and the police, it seems, are not allowed in Albert Hall.

Women and Banners.

The spectacle of these shouting women and their waving banners silencing the Premier of a party in office for the first time in ten years, and for three minutes defying an audience of 9,000, is perhaps without a parallel in modern political campaigns.

For a moment there was a tug-of-war contest between a society lady and the standard-bearer and champion of women's rights. The latter won.

Finally two ushers persuaded both women to jointly disappear, while the other, behind the choir, had to be carried out bodily. Then the great audience turned to the platform, but Campbell-Bannerman had taken his seat, satisfied that they had had enough. They also seemed satisfied. The country will have to be.

This was the platform he laid down, and where the cheers came in:

Open ports and cheap food.

No more Chinese in South Africa.

Self-government for Ireland—in her domestic affairs.

Civil authority in India to be paramount.

The maintenance of friendly relations with foreign countries.

Arbitration in international disputes.

Greater freedom for trade unions.

Popular control for education and licensing.

Taxation of land values.

Bannerman and Colonies.

This is all he said of the colonies:

"It is surely unnecessary for us to make public protestations of our affection for the colonies, of our desire to bring them closer and closer to ourselves. The relations between the colonies and the mother country have never been settled on the lines of party politics. But if it were so, that they had been so fixed and were to be so conducted, surely the democratic and progressive instincts and institutions of those great communities would have found more affinity among us than them. But I have heard with relief and pleasure from Lord Elgin that he found no trace of that tendency to disruption of which we were told but a few months ago—no sign of tension of friction. Everything is smooth, save one ruffled spot—South Africa."

A few scintillations from the lesser political lights and the great historic meeting closed.

Twice there were calls for Chamberlain, and several cheers when the audience was singing "No More Joe." One Tory ventured the prediction that Chamberlain would have received a very favorable hearing had he suddenly appeared on the stage.

Between Chamberlain, Balfour and Campbell-Bannerman there are practically no points of similarity, and there are no public men in Canada with whom you can liken any one of the three. Campbell-Bannerman is cold and methodical, and his nearest Canadian double is R. L. Borden Nor does the philosophical Arthur ever enthuse. Chamberlain alone rises to the eloquent and warms to poetry. Even his enemies agree that he is the political orator of the age.

HISTORIC PAGEANT

1,500 People to Take Part in a Notable Performance.

London, Jan. 8.—The Marquis of Hertford presided over a large gathering in the Shire Hall, at Warwick, yesterday, to hear Louis N. Parker read his libretto of the Warwick pageant, which will take place next July, at Warwick Castle.

Fifteen hundred people will take part in the performance, including several noblemen and leading ladies in the county, who will appear on horseback and on foot. The scenes will include the slaying of the Dun Cow, by Guy of Warwick, the building of the mound at Warwick Castle, by Queen Ethelfreda, the trial and execution of Piers Gaveston, the King Maker's capture of Edward IV., and the state visit of Queen Elizabeth to Warwick, in company with the Earl of Leicester.

No fewer than 50 people will take part in the last scene, and the Queen will arrive in a coach drawn by eight horses and will leave in a gorgeous barge on the river.

Lord Hertford said the whole county would support this great historical pageant, and make it a triumphant success. The lyrics are written by James Rhoades, and the music composed by Allen Blackall.

For Whipping a Teacher.

Pittsburg, Jan. 9.—For horsewhipping the school teacher, who had punished her son, Mrs. Christian Fieldhouse, of Wilkinsburg, was today fined $500. Her victim was Professor Reardon S. Cotton, principal of the Swissvale high school. She pleaded guilty. Mrs. Fieldhouse is of good family:

In passing sentence Judge Shafer said: "I see that you are a woman of excitable temperament, else I would sentence you to imprisonment. I will fine you $500 and give you two weeks in which to pay it. The court considers this a light sentence."

Watson's Magazine has been increased in price from 10 to 15 cents per copy, but renewals and new subscriptions will be received at $1 up till March 31, 1906. Then the rate will be $1.50 per year.

Treating Consumption.

By its direct action upon the stomach and digestive organs Angier's Emulsion perfects digestion and assimilation and naturally builds up the health and strength by providing the system with flesh and tissue-building material. It increases the power of disease resistance, cures the cough and makes the lungs sound and strong.

ENDANGERS OUR LOYALTY

Sees Disaster Unless British Postal Rates Are Reduced.

London, Jan. 9.—A colonist, writing from Ottawa to the Times, has this "warning" to England on the newspaper postal rates:

At the present time the best colony that Britian possesses is being flooded with American literature, due simply to the postal privileges which America enjoys; and while we know that today Canada is as loyal as ever any colony was or will be, why not think of the morrow? Cannot the British Government understand that in these modern times, especially with such a cosmopolitan population as in now filling Canada, newspapers educate the people—not the children, but the people.

Never was there greater need for Canadians to take advantage of literature from a British source than at the present moment; and why should the British public allow the antiquated and fossilized ideas of the general postoffice to interfere with the placing of such literature at our disposal at the cheapest rate possible?

At the present time I can mail or receive a publication from the United States of America for a half-cent per pound postage, while I have to pay 8 cents per pound for an English publication. Is this just? Why cannot the British postoffice officials send this matter the same number of miles for the same sum as the Canadian and American postoffice officials can? We had a surplus of $400,000 in our postoffice department last year, even though we allow Canadian papers to be sent anywhere in the world for ¾ cents per pound.

What if the British postal department lose by mailing matter over here? Does not the empire gain? Cheap rates would be the means of placing British literature in front of Britons, and their news would not be filtered through an alien country.

Let Englishmen ask themselves: Do we want Canada to remain as part of the empire, or do we want it to drift to the United States? If you want her to remain in the empire educate the people to that end and send us all the reading matter you can, even if your postoffice does lose money by it.

HAGGARD FEAR KILLED IN MOSCOW

Events That Preceded the Rising of the Reds.

A MURDER A DAY THE RECORD

Liberty Tempered by Assassination—Well-to-Do People Apprehensive—Warning by Gorky.

Moscow, Jan. 5.—It is the height of the season for learning, art and pleasure, but this year Moscow is neither gay nor learned. Reading and fiddling are equally irrevelant. So are painting, poetry, love making and all the rest of the arts.

In one big restaurant, certainly, an orchestra still maintains a pretence of joy, and pours out its silly tunes to the rare guests, who sit like shipwrecked sailors scattered on the vasty deep and struggle to be gay. But the thing is too conscious a failure, too deliberate a happiness.

"We must keep our spirits up," I heard a youth say to an elderly gentleman who had obviously dined well daily for many years.

It was no good. The elderly gentleman was overwhelmed at the thought that any day dinners might end. Like the rest, he was living in the haggard element of fear.

The university is closed. Her 7,000 students are scattered, some to their homes, some to their lodgings in the city, where for the most part they swell the army of the Social Democrats and talk about maximum and minimum programmes and the socialization of productivity.

"It was impossible to keep open. They were always making a Fort Chabrol," said the rector of the university, a learned and advanced politician, who has won fame as a specialist on the Irish land question, though now he has questions nearer home to study. So, because the students turned their quadrangle into a fort, the place is closed, and this year the professors will have to pursue research without their fees, and fees make up half their poor family income.

Many of them have taken to lecturing, not for the pay but because that is the only thing they can do for the movement. I heard one the other day lecture for nearly two hours on the comparative history of amnesties.

He had been so many years exiled from his chair that his name was utterly forgotten, and he has come back under the amnesty, a crippled old man, lecturing for a movement in a frock coat and slippers. His nice little daughter guided his steps, kept his water glass filled, reminded him of the flight of time, and put him right about his dates, while a dense audience of the intellectuals listened to him intently, but without a sign of approval until the end, as is the Russian way.

The portrait of the Czar had been carefully removed from the hall. It is now generally removed, and only the iron staples show where it hung.

Cossacks Roused Them.

Another evening, in one of those theaters which have just been converted to decent use, I listened to an immense discourse on the first principles of Social Democracy before an audience that may have been half working people. They also listened patiently, but I admit the moment of real excitement came when the lecturer and three young Cossacks sprang upon the stage and shouted that on the highest economic principles, they too, had struck and would Cossack no mode.

"I have flung away my uniform," cried one, who was habited in a long dressing gown and apparently nothing else.

"No more fools of officers over me," said another.

"And they fed us like swine!" shouted the third, just economically drunk.

The applause was one of the grandest noises I ever heard. Ah, if only all the army and navy would follow that example. Next day there was some talk of the incident, but I have heard no more about it, and those "three musketeers" have vanished from the light of glory.

Vanished too, are the Zemstvoists, the gentle favorites of such English writers as can imagine no constitution equal to their own or even much like it. A month ago they had their chance but they wasted the precious days in futile discussion about Witte's character, just like a debating society discussing Hamlet.

Time goes fast just now, and before they had settled Witte's psychology they were forgotten by all but England. Possibly their chance may come again, but all their resolutions so far have been born dead—dead as the laws which appear from time to time about the freedom of the press and public meeting.

Rushing time has passed all that. If Witte and the Czar want to know about public meetings let them come and speak at them. If they want to know about freedom of the press let them read the comic papers.

Certainly the caricatures must have been very enlightening of late, especially to Witte. In one we see him trying to caress young Russia, but she hides her face in the pillow and cries, "Let me alone! You've got other women to go to!"

In another admirable drawing we see Witte as a cunning old tailor with a needle and thread trying to stitch up the Russian eagle. That poor bird lies dead and perhaps stuffed, its two heads hanging disconsolately from the tailor's board. The guttered dip which lights the tailor is stuck in a bottle of Witte's spirit monopoly, and the imperial diadem turned upside down serves as a stand for the tailor's iron.

The "Hare and the Hunt,"

Another good cartoon this week is "The Hare at the Hunt." The Lion of the people has sprung upon the Bear of tyranny, whereupon runs the Hare of the bourgeoisie and delicately nibbles at one of the bear's ears, as much as to say, "Give me a little bit too!" Today that paper has been suppressed.

It so happens, however, that Moscow is just now rather strong in Liberal or Radical papers which the bourgeoisie might gladly accept as protests against the extremes of socialism. The Russian News, edited by Sobolevski, is an old paper, I belive, and it certainly has a gray-haired staff, but they have all become so inspired by the youthfulness of the times that their present programme would have sent them a year ago to meditate in prison or exile for their remaining days.

Then, Prof. Milyoukoff brought out the first number of his new paper called the Life (Shisn), which I mentioned in a former letter. He begins with a long and earnest appeal for the unity of all progressive parties against the common enemy of absolutism.

"Let us combine," he says, "into a bloc, a solid front, against the ancient tyranny and the new reaction. When absolutism is overthrown there will be time to discuss the particular points of our own programmes."

The advice is obviously sensible. Its only fault is that it is sensible to commonplace—far too sensible for these times.

There was an unprecedented boom in mushrooms this year in England. So abundant was the crop in some parts of East Norfolk that they were mowed down with scythes to save the labor of hand-picking.

Some people are so rapid that their sins will never catch up with them to find them out.

Any religion is easier to describe than to demonstrate.

THE BIG
Alteration Sale

Copyright 1905 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Remarks passed by scores of other-store customers here, on Saturday, as to the difference between this Sale and other so-called "clearing" sales, leads us to emphasize this difference today.

It's not a sale of antique and out-of-date styles and patterns, shipped from any factory for this particular event. It's not a sale of slow sellers and poor patterns from our own stock. It's not the picking from half a dozen lines, marking them cheap, and trying to impress you with the fact that the whole stock is at bargain prices. It's a genuine marking down of every colored suit and overcoat in the big stock to the prices quoted below. It's positively the only sale you'll hear of this season, where the fact is guaranteed. The windows will give you samples of the values.

EVERY COLORED SUIT AND OVERCOAT AT THESE PRICES:

All $20 00 garments now at.....$15 95
All $15 00 garments now at.....$10 95
All $14 00 garments now at.....$10 00
All $12 50 garments now at.....$ 8 95
All $10 00 garments now...$7 50 or $ 6 95
All $ 8 50 garments now at.....$ 5 95
All $ 7 50 garments now at.....$ 4 95

Boys' Clothing, suits, overcoats and reefers, is all marked down in same proportions, except blues and blacks.

Men's and Boys' Furnishings, while not all marked down, present scores of chances to buy at bargain prices.

R. J. Young & Co.

Special Prices in Flannelette Corset Covers.

Woods' Fair

See our line of Gowns, at 65 cents.

LADIES' 35c and 40c VESTS 25c

Ladies' Fine Ribbed Vests, light fleeced, ribbed wrist, button front, lace trimmed. Value 35c and 40c. Sale price.....25c

LADIES' 45c VESTS 35c

Ladies' Vests, cotton and wool mixed, light fleeced, shaped waist, lace trimmed, button front, ribbed wrist. Value 45c, sale price 35c

LADIES' 75c VESTS 50c

25 dozen extra fine plush fleece-lined vests, ribbed wrist, shaped waist, lace trimmed, button front, drawers to match. Value 75c. Sale price, garment 50c

Ladies' Black Tights, in cotton and wool mixed, full sizes. Value 75c, sale price, pair.....50c

LADIES' RED WOOL UNDERWEAR 95c EACH

Ladies' Pure Wool Red Underwear (guaranteed to cure rheumatism), lace and ribbon trimmed neck, shaped waist, ribbed wrist and ankles. Special Sale price, garment 98c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR 95c SUIT

Men's Heavy Wool Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, ribbed wrist, and ankles, full sizes. Value 75c each. Sale price, each 50c, or suit 95c

Ladies' Long Kimonos, All Specially Reduced This Week.

WOODS' FAIR

Special Prices in All Sizes of Children's Underwear.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

Herpicide Will Save It. Herpicide Will Save It. Too Late for Herpicide

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

The ORIGINAL remedy that "kills the Dandruff Germ."

The Rabbit and the Guinea-Pig

Prof. Unna, the world's greatest dermatologist (ask your doctor about him), was the first to discover the microbic and contagious nature of true dandruff. His discovery was verified by Dr. Sabourand, of Paris, who denuded a rabbit with human dandruff flakes. Also by Lassar and Bishop, who took dandruff scales from a student who was losing his hair, and having made a pomade of them with vaseline, rubbed the same upon a guinea pig, and the pig became bald. Newbro's Herpicide is the original dandruff germ destroyer. It kills the microbic growth and permits the hair to grow as nature intended. A wonderful hair-saver. A delightful dressing. Stops itching instantly.

Drug Stores, $1. Send 10c. stamps, to HERPICIDE CO., Dept. H, Detroit, Mich., for a sample

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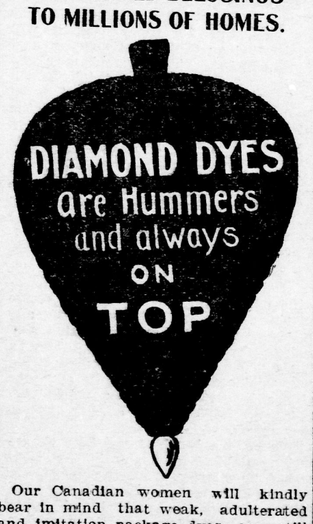

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The soil of Siberia at the close of the summer is found still frozen for 46 inches beneath the surface, and the dead that have lain in their coffins for 150 years have been taken up unchanged in the least.

The west's gold output may be doubled by the invention of a resident of Colorado City. It is a simple machine for saving our gold, is run by a gasoline engine, and may be taken anywhere.