JAPANESE VENGEANCE

By C. W. Graves in the Sketch.

Oishi Yoshio, second secretary of legation, aged twenty-five, and named after the celebrated leader of the Forty-Seven Ronins, stood in the doorway of a London drawing room which bore a considerable resemblance to a Knightsbridge curio-brocade-and-pottery shop, and wondered greatly. For in Japan they use aniline dyes, English and American, and wear, or put on, European clothing, and endeavor to assimilate European cookery and paint up the names of their streets in English. But they do not hang up English boots and shoes upon their walls for spill holders, nor do they cherish English cooking pots and butter boats as things of price.

The streets outside had been wet and drab, and the social atmosphere within seemed as neutral tinted, if less humid. The room was full of clacking women, in furs and out of them, drinking bad tea, with much milk and sugar, at the savor of which infusion the soul of Oishi Yoshio revolted and his heartyearned for Tokio, for sunshine, brightness, the dainty refinements of life, and the hue and color loveliness which constitute Japan.

His hostess beckoned him, and he steered his dapper, unobtrusive way to her, his slim hand fidgetting with his neat little black moustache. He was introduced to a young lady who murmured something unintelligible as Oishi Yoshio bowed before her. Her name was Miss Darchfield, and the lithe Japanese observed that she was young and very pretty in her wheat-haired cornflower-eyed English style. She told him that she adored everything Japanese, and Oishi Yoshio could imagine her buying pastile sticks or paper fans, or string bath sandals at the Brompton emporium for the sale of such cheap and trashy merchandise. She said: "Have you seen the conservatory?" and took him there; and on a cane settee, in front of a miniature pond containing goldfish and a prospect of Japanese dwarf trees in the midst of which appeared the roofs of a crimson doll's temple, they fell into conversation. Miss Darchfield still harped upon Japan and things Japanese. Her white teeth showed under the pink gable of her short upper lip, as she said, lispingly, "I want to ask." . . . She changed her tone, and put the question positive, "Do you know anything about tatooing as it is done in Japan?"

Oishi Yoshio gave a quick glance at the charming face, and assented, passing one slim fingered, honey colored hand over the other. "Of tattooing I certainly do know something," he returned, in his slow, correct English. "It is an art much practised in my country—among certain classes of individuals." He preserved perfect gravity, and wondered privately what was coming next. It came.

"Could you tell me of anybody—any Japanese person living in London," the girl asked, "who could do it—don't you know?" She blushed pink, and looked everywhere, vaguely, before she brought the cornflower colored eyes back to Oishi Yoshio.

The perfectly marked eyebrows of the secretary of Legation were lifted the breadth of a baby's finger nail.

"The art of tattooing" . . . . He thought a moment; "there is one man . . . . . I could give you his address, if required. He lives"—the slim hand of the young Japanese waved eastward—"near your London docks. He carries on a business there in curios, and in the art you speak of he is proficient, though he is now very old. Sailors resort to him, and rich, eccentric Englishmen, and sometimes?—the oblique Asiatic eyes narrowed a little—"occasionally ladies," he said.

Miss Darchfield's cheeks deepened their pretty pink. She was full of her subject, and her exuberant interest in it sparkled in her eyes.

"Then," she cried, "of course this old person who lives near the London docks could carry out . . . . . of course, he could do what I want at a reasonable charge?"

"I imagine he has charges to suit all purses," said Oishi Yoshio. "Perhaps you will tell me what you require done?" He shrugged his sloping shoulders slightly as he continued, "It is, no doubt, a gentleman of your acquaintance who desires to be tattooed with a figure . . . or an initial . . . or, perhaps, a name."

Miss Darchfield tossed her pretty chin and laughed a little harshly. "It is not a gentleman," she said; "It is I, myself. Perhaps you think it is a queer fancy." . . . . Her chin and shoulders expressed great indifference to the thoughts of this little Japanese. "But I want to be reminded of something"—she caught her breath a little, and clasped her hands nervously together upon her knee—"something cruel and mean and heartless, that has been done—by somebody I believed in. Call it a vendetta, if you like"—Oishi Yoshio tried to do so, but was not enlightened in the least. "I want it to be stamped upon me, so that I can carry it to my grave." Her tone grew tragic; her sensitive upper lip trembled; for the moment she had forgotten Oishi Yoshio, and was alone with her resentment and her wrong. "I've been badly treated," she broke out, becoming quite an ordinary angry young woman in a moment; "and I don't intend to forget it. And I'm going to have it tattooed on my wrist! You can see the inscription if you care to," she added, with a great assumption of indifference. And she took a half sheet of cream laid note paper, folded in four, from the pretty reticule a piece of Paris foolishness—that hung at her waist, and handed it to Oishi Yoshio. The piece of paper bore, in a large, school girl hand, this inky legend:

W. J. B.
"All the World to Him!"
June 19, 1900.
"Not Good Enough!"
Nov. 8, 1900.

"In my country," said Oishi Yoshio, carefully perusing the inscription, "when a man takes a young wife, and finds himself dissatisfied or displeased with her, he can return her to her parents or guardians without blame. But he returns her dowry, or he pays an indemnity. It is all very simple," he ended.

"It sounds so," said the girl with some acerbity, "but, of course, the case is different. I was not married to William Johnson-Bradley; we were engaged, that's all—and quite enough, too!" she added viciously.

"For any reasonable man," said Oishi Yoshio quietly.

"You are very kind," said Miss Darchfield. She hesitated a moment, then turned her pretty face and looked full at the Secretary of Legation.

"You would be still kinder," said Oishi Yoshio, "if you would tell me more about this Mr. . . . ." He wrinkled his fine black eyebrows. "Pardon! it is elusive—the English name—William Jowley-Badson?"—

"William Johnson-Bradley," said the girl, a slight frown drawing her pretty brows together. "We met last March at Prince's Skating Rink. He skates awfully well you know—figure skating, and all that. Everybody wanted him to take them round on the ice—Babs Mortimer, Flossie Daventry and Everilda Fitzharding—they were quite wild about him. Everilda fell down in front of him, on purpose to get him to pick her up, and showed all her frills—she has a way of doing that, and wears lovely things on purpose—and I was flattered because he preferred me—and we did the outside edge, and it was like skating in heaven to the Hungarian band—and he taught me to waltz before the season was over—and the other girls were just wild—and Everilda, said horrid things, and was as spiteful as a ferret! But I didn't care, and we were secretly engaged at Ascot, in June. Nobody was to know, because he had not much money, and couldn't afford to marry; but he said I was 'all the world to him!' "

"Yes?" said Oishi Yoshio, with delicately interrogating eyebrows, twisting the half sheet of cream laid note paper in his honey colored fingers. His manner was full of unobtrusive deference and gentle politeness, and Miss Darchfield looked at him more appreciatively than before. She observed that his hair was as fine and smooth as black silk, that his eyes were handsome, even if the corners did tilt up toward the temples—his honey colored complexion was a peculiarity one might get used to—and that his hands, one of which bore a superb emerald signet, ring, were lithe, supple and beautiful in shape.

"Yes," Miss Darchfield went on, "the engagement was secret. We used to meet at places, and on Thursdays he would come to tea at Clarges street. I live there with my aunt. He was as devoted as anything for quite a long time. It was only when Everilda made up to him and told him about the £20,000 she had inherited from her uncle that he began to cool off, and I knew it was all her doing. Beast!"

Her bosom rose and fell stormily under the fanciful tucks of her smart silk blouse. She took off her hat and stabbed it through viciously with a long gold pin, and threw it upon a neighboring chair.

"It is over and done with, and there's no use making a fuss," she said; "and I would bet a dozen pairs of gloves to one that Everilda will be sorry she ever married him," she said; though I don't want to be revenged on Everilda in any way—a little, round-eyed, silly-dolly bit of a thing! And she really didn't mean to behave dishonestly. When I came upon them together—only a week ago, in the Oriental tearoom at Liberty's, I actually heard her say, 'How can I be all the world to you when you are engaged, on the strict Q. T., to Flossie Darchfield?' "

"I thought," hazarded Oishi Yoshio, "that nobody was to know?"

"I told a few of my intimate friends, in confidence," replied Miss Darchfield, "and, of course, they—told theirs."

"It would have happened in Japan," said the Secretary of Legation, suppressing a twinkle.

"Well, Everilda said that," went on Miss Flossie Darchfield. "And he—William Johnson-Bradley—gave one of his laughs, and said, squeezing the hand with which she held the teapot, and twisting his silly little fair moustache, though I've begun to dislike fair moustaches only since that day, 'Oh, come, I say!'—those were his exact words—'Oh, come, I say! How can you? That's not good enough!' And at that I came on, right past their table, and cut him as dead as though he'd been—a black beetle." She got out a dainty little handkerchief, not to cry into, but to bite and twist between her restless fingers.

"And now it's all over between us," she said. "But I don't mean to forget William Johnson-Bradley's perfidy, and—what a fool I was! So I'm going to have those words of his tattooed on my wrist, with a fancy border of dragons and devils and things—in the Japanese style. And whenever I look at that——"

Miss Darchfield stopped for breath. Oishi Yoshio was sitting on the bamboo settee about three feet away, listening intently. One slim patent leather booted foot was tucked beneath him; his lustrous, oblique eyes were looking straight at the girl.

"Whenever you see that, you will remember that you have disfigured yourself for life, for the sake of a man who is not worth a dead fish. More, you will have stamped yourself as a member of the vulgar class, because, in Japan, it is only boatmen, sailors, porters and rickshaw men who wear the tattoo. But if you are so determined to be revenged upon this—" he hesitated—"this Braddam Wilson-Jonley, or what his name may be, why not employ a charm?"

Miss Darchfield associated the word with little golden and enamelled trinkets made to hang upon porte-bonheurs and watch chains.

"A charm?" she repeated.

"A spell," explained Oishi Yoshio. "By reciting a certain formula of words, and burning perfumes specially prepared, it would be possible, in Japan, to be revenged upon an enemy without diverging from the strict dictum of politeness." He produced a delicate little cigarette case of some fine woven grass, and took from it a slender cigarette. "You do not smoke? No! But—you will allow me? The mind works more smoothly assisted by tobacco." He struck a vesta, taken from a curious little case representing a sea mouse in golden brown and green enamel, lighted his cigarette, and tucked the other foot beneath him for a change. His eyes were very thoughtful, and the emerald signet he wore upon the middle finger of his left hand glowed and scintillated with living green fire, as though it had been the eye of an angry cat defending her kittens from a too intrusive terrier.

Miss Darchveld arrived at the meaning of Oishi with a little scream. "Why," she said, "do you really believe . . . . Why, that's witchcraft! It would be dealing with the devil!" Her voice dropped awfully. But the Japanese was speaking.

"In Japan, in my country, we have more than one devil. Plenty of devils, the big and strong and the little and weak, and many of them are remarkably obliging. There is one who could make this Willy Johnbrad—I forget—very uncomfortable indeed. He is shaped like a bat, with crimson eyes, and all night he hangs upside down from the ceiling overhead. The person—who is being made uncomfortable—cannot sleep, for this devil seems every instant about to fall upon his head——"

"Couldn't he get up and move his bed?" suggested Miss Darchfield.

"In Japan the beds are spread upon the floor," said Oishi. "Yes, of course, he could move, but the devil moves ,too; and when he looks up, there it is in the old place, and this continues until the sufferer goes mad or dies."

"How awful!" commented Miss Darchfield.

"It is a good revenge and very cheap," said the Japanese. "You have only to give the devil a little rice. And there is another evil spirit who lives in a gong. You can arrange with him to make the person you wish to punish become possessed with the notion that the sound of the gong is always in his ears. It begins with a droning note and swells to an insupportable boom, and this continues until the afflicted one drowns himself in despair. The devil who does this lives in a gong in one of our Shinto temples. You repeat the invocation and hit the gong——"

"But I should have to go to Japan to do it!" expostulated Miss Darchfield.

Oishi Yoshio smiled with quiet subtlety.

"It would, of course, be more effective if you were upon the spot. Oh, certainly, yes! But I have a friend in Tokio who would arrange . . . . Or I myself . . . . I go to Japan every spring to visit my father's wives. He died over here some years ago, and they are always very pleased to see me."

"Did he have—many?" asked Miss Darchfield, shyly.

"Only four," replied Oishi.

"Japan must be a—queer place!" said Miss Darchfield. A sudden look of interested curiosity came into her eyes as she turned them on the young Japanese diplomat. "Are you married?—if you don't think it's rude of me to ask. And have you——?"

She stopped in confusion.

"Have I four wives?" said Oishi. "I have not yet one. I am a Europeanized Japanese, and belong to the American Evangelical Church; therefore, any union I contract would be monogamic."

"But you believe in Japanese devils?" said Miss Darchfield, rather mystified by the last word.

"Ah! to go on with those devils," continued Oishi, gravely, but with a lurking smile hidden at the corners of his lips. "There is another, a lady, who carries three little baby devils in a pouch, who could do the business of this Johnwill Bradson-Yamley in what you English call a jiffy. You burn a gilt paper sword and call upon her name, Magahara O-Todao Kanesada, and the offending party is immediately seized with such remorse for his crime that he forgets his food, abstains from bathing, and at last is reluctantly compelled to commit self-despatch. You could not do better than employ her."

Miss Darchfield rose and began to look about for her hat.

"You have taken a great deal of trouble to explain things to me," she said, "and I'm awfully obliged. But I won't call in any of those devils to William Johnson-Bradley; and, as to the tatooing, I've changed my mind. I'd read a story—a book we got from Mudie's, called 'Lady Vinolia's Victim'—that put that into my head. It was Lady Vinolia who made a memorandum on herself, with a red-hot bodkin, of a vengeance she meant to carry out on a wicked Austrian duke who had ruthlessly betrayed her. But that was in the time when people wore ruffs, and, somehow, it seems too big a way of treating a man like——"

Oishi gave his version of the name in a musical sing-song. This time it was Bradjohn Jimson-Leeson."

Miss Darchfield gave a little peel of laughter.

"You've never got that name right once," she said. Then she pinned on her Bond Street hat, and Oishi helped her. She had masses of the wonderful wheat-colored hair, and the sleeve-link in the cuff of the Secretary of Legation caught in the silken strand of it and brought a great coil tumbling down.

"Don't look frightened—the other end has roots!" said Miss Darchfield. She looked vaguely about her, her slight arms raised, her hands busy at her head, and the reason of her perplexity was plain to the quick mind of the young Japanese.

"You need a hairpin! Excuse a moment," he said, and, turning aside, thrust his hand within the breast of his exemplary waistcoat, and, withdrawing it with a slender object in its clasp, held it out to the girl.

She took it with a brief word of acknowledgment, and then, as the beautiful thing glittered in the lamplight, she caught her breath in ecstasy, and cried: "Oh, how lovely! But I mustn't take it, of course!"

"It" was a slender stiletto in a narrow golden sheath, with a hilt of costly jade representing a lotus bud, upon which was perched a little diamond snail. Her heart went out to it, her soul earned for it, but she held it out to Oishi Yoshio. He drew back, extending his palms down toward him with a gesture of polite negation.

"Favor me by accepting! To make such presents to a lady—in token of respect—is a custom with the people of my country. Besides"—his voice became low and impressive—"that snail is a devil. It will work out a revenge for you upon this man with the name which is impossible to remember." He leaned nearer to Miss Darchfield, with gleaming eyes. "You have only to look happy, and to wear that dagger constantly in your hair. Do you see? He will notice it, and wonder who gave you that. He will get other people to put questions to you, but you will answer none of them; you will only look happy, and wear the dagger of the lotus flower with the diamond snail. And this man, like a person of no discernment, threw you—you who are so beautiful and so proud!—aside like a broken jar, for the sake of a little, silly woman with a baby face; this man will become possessed with the Devil of Jealousy! There are many devils in Japan, but this one is to be found wherever men and women live under the sky—and it is the worst of all." Oishi's white teeth showed as he caught his breath; his slim, supple hand closed upon the girl's wrist as though the fingers were of jointed steel, and his dark eyes gleamed. "He will grow jealous, and he will come back to you. Then you will say: "Billiam Wohnson-Jadley, you are nothing to me! The mat on which I wipe my feet is more honorable in my eyes. For your love—keep it, give it to whom you choose; I will have nothing of it. For I am loved by an honorable man, rich, not old, and very respectable—Europeanized Japanese, belonging to the American Evangelical church, having favor in the eyes of authority as Second Secretary to the Legation of Japan, and with him I am about to contract a monogamic union.' " He released the girl's wrist and pressed his palms together, bowing almost to the floor. "Tell me, my almond flower, my delight of spring, is not that what you will say?"

Miss Darchfield hesitated. Then: "I'll try your prescription," she said, with a flash of her eyes and teeth. "I'll wear the dagger with the diamond snail every day."

She thrust the exquisite, deadly thing with its golden sheath and jewelled hilt, through her wheat-colored coils of hair. Oishi Yoshio, overwhelmed with a sudden dizziness, was aware only when the thing was done that he had kissed her.

"You wear the dagger—yes. But the words—will you not say the words?" he found himself pleading.

Miss Darchfield stood before him with eyelids that drooped a little shyly, and a flickering smile hovering about her sensitive mouth.

"Of course, it's very sudden, and—and I couldn't dream of doing such a thing—without consulting Aunt," she said.

"You did not consult her in the case of this Jamjonwilbad—and the rest, whose name I utterly abhor and contemn as I loathe his despicable personality!" cried Oishi Yoshio, hotly.

"True," said Miss Darchfield, drawing her furs about her. "But it is a little sudden—don't you think?" She thoughtfully put on one glove.

"Love is always sudden," said the lover.

This was not denied by Miss Darchfield. "Good-bye, and thank you so much!" she said, proffering the ungloved hand. "By the way," she remarked, with a studied appearance of casualness, "we live at No. 50 Clarges Street, and if you should happen to be passing on Thursday at 4, Aunt would be glad to give you a cup of tea. It isn't Japanese, but she buys it from the importers. And perhaps you would like to hear!"—she gave her head a little curious movement, and the diamond snail upon the jade lotus sent out a white and crimson throb of radiance—"you might like to know how the charm works."

"Flossie!" called a matronly voice belonging to a stout lady standing with several other stout ladies near the door.

"I'm coming, Auntie!" responded Miss Darchfield, in her shrill, fresh voice. She looked back at Oishi Yoshio over her shoulder, and the diamond snail gleamed again. "Don't forget the address—No. 50 Clarges Street!" she said.

Then she went away, and Oishi Yoshio being a methodical young Secretary of Legation, made a note of the address, in Japanese, in his private memorandum book.

BISLEY MEN LEAVE.

Four Victorians on Their Way East to Join the Canadian Team.

Company Sergt-Major Fred. Richardson, Company Sergt-Major E. McDougall and Sergt. S. W. Bodley, three of the British Columbia representatives on the Bisley rifle team, left by the steamer Charmer this morning for the English ranges. Sergt. Fleming left two days ago. All will go via the C. P. R. to Montreal, whence they will take passage to Liverpool by the Tunisian.

Exhibition Association

General Meeting at Which Some Important Business Was Transacted.

Dates of Show Changed to Suit Arrival of H. R. H. Prince George.

A meeting of the board of management of the British Columbia Agricultural association was held in the city council chamber last night, the president, Mayor Hayward, in the chair.

The secretary read the following letters, and enclosure:

Victoria, B. C., June 6, 1901.
Beaumont Boggs, Esq., Secretary of Agricultural Association:

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of recent date pledging the teachers taking hold of a school exhibit in connection with the 1901 Exhibition of the B. C. Agricultural Association. I would say that I have received the enclosed note from F. H. Eaton, city superintendent of schools, and that in view of this communication, the president of the Institute has deemed it advisable to call a meeting to discuss the subject.

Sincerely yours,
ANNIE ENNATIZIE FRASER,
Secretary of Victoria Teachers' Institute.

Victoria, B. C., June 3rd, 1901.
Miss A. E. Fraser, Secretary of the Teachers' Institute, Victoria, B. C.:

Dear Miss Fraser: I am informed that a special meeting of the Institute is to be called to consider the question of preparing a school exhibit for the Provincial Fair to be held in the city next October. If that is the case I must direct the teachers who may attend the meeting to refrain from any definite undertaking in the matter at present. If after the publication of the exhibition committee's programme, it shall seem expedient for the work of the city schools to be exhibited, the necessary steps thereto will be duly taken.

Yours respectfully,
FRANK H. EATON,
City Superintendent.

The subject, thus disclosed, gave rise to much comment and finally a committee consisting of Mr. Helmcken, Mr. Shakespeare and Miss Perrin was appointed to confer with the school trustees, who were holding a meeting in another part of the building, and learn their views and intentions in regard to school children taking part in the exhibition.

A letter from the Cuthbert-Brown Co., asking permission to hold auction sales on the exhibition grounds was laid on the table.

The finance committee reported the receipt of $65.50 since their last report, when the amount on hand was $605.97, a total of $671.47.

The following report from the special committee re race track was received.

Report of Special Committee on Bowker Park:

They have accepted the offer of the Bowker Park company to lease the grounds for five years for the use of the B. C. A. A., in accordance with their letter i.e., the association to expend $1,250 under the supervision of the building inspector and to his satisfaction, on a new grand stand to seat not less than 500 people, and upon repairs to fences, stables, club house and other buildings, and putting the racing track in order, divided approximately as follows: $1,000 for grand stand and $250 for other improvements. The committee will act with the Bowker Park committee in supervising the work if empowered to do so by the Board.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
N. SHAKESPEARE.
HERBERT CUTHBERT,
WATSON CLARK.
GEORGE DEANS.

The hall committee reported that they had visited the grounds and found that a good deal of work was needed to put the buildings in repair, and they thought more room would be required, as the main building would not accommodate the exhibitors who had already applied for space. They also asked to be furnished a plan of the ground floor so that they would be in a position to divide it into spaces and for power to regulate charges for same.

The secretary reported that he had over forty applications for space in the main building. He had answered all applicants that as soon as the space had been subdivided he would notify them through the newspapers.

Mr. Pierson suggested that the difficulty of providing space might be met by putting up tents or marquees.

Mr. Moresby explained that the proposed additions were to be temporary, cheap structures of the lightest description.

The secretary asked that some action be taken at once with regard to employing assistance for the exhibition. He was already inundated with applications.

Mr. Norris moved, and it was resolved, that a committeee of two be appointed who shall have power to make all appointments.

The secretary read the telegrams exchanged between Sir Henri Joly and Lord Minto regarding the date of Prince George's visit and Mr. Helmcken moved that the dates of the exhibition be fixed for October 1 to 6 inclusive, and that the original resolution, fixing other dates be rescinded.

Mr. Pierson hoped the resolution would not clash with New Westminster arrangements. He thought it would be advisable to communicate with New Westminster and ask them to rearrange their date, while assuring them that Victoria had no desire to injure their exhibition.

Mr. Lugrin and Mr. Dalby agreed with Mr. Pierson's remarks.

The motion was then adopted.

Mr. Pierson moved that the secretary be directed to write to the managers of the New Westminster and Chilliwack associations regretting the necessity that has arisen for the change of the Victoria show, and hoping they may see their way to fix the dates of their exhibitions at a time when the visit of the Royal party is not likely to endanger its success, and enable the citizens of Victoria to attend.

Mr. Lugrin seconded the motion, which was carried.

The committee appointed to confer with the school trustees reported that Superintendent Eaton had no objection to the Teachers' Institute acceding to the request of the association on certain lines, which the chairman explained.

A committee consisting of Miss Cameron and Miss Perrin was appointed to arrange details with the school authorities.

Mr. Helmcken was appointed to notify the school trustees of the action of the meeting, and ask them to appoint a like committee to carry out arrangements, which duty he promptly performed.

The secretary reported good progress being made by the advertising agent. He had already over $400 worth of orders for the prize list, which would be ready for distribution about July 15.

On motion of Mr. Jeeves, seconded by Mr. Cuthbert, it was decided that pictures of the Duke and Duchess be published in the prize list.

There was discussion with regard to increased accommodation for cattle and other live stock, but nothing was decided upon.

The secretary suggested the following programme for the opening of the exhibition by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall:

Presentation to His Royal Highness of the gold medal of the association, by Sir Henri Joly.

Assemblage of all British Columbians who have served in South Africa, and presentation to them of war medals by H. R. H.

Indian war dance.

Parade of stock.

Miner's rock drilling contest.

Lumberman's log chopping and sawing contest.

Parade of school children.

The report of the race track committee was then taken up and caused considerable discussion. It was suggested to refer the report back to the committee to ascertain how much it would cost to put the park in thorough repair, apart from the cost of the proposed new grand stand, and to confer again with the Bowker park company on the subject of repairs and improvements.

Finally the report was adopted.

Mr. Shakespeare moved, seconded by Mr. Lugrin, that the request of the Cuthbert-Brown Co. be complied with.

Mr. Norris said he had favored delaying action in the matter with the expectation that a premium would be offered for the privilege of selling on the grounds.

Mr. Clarke suggested that the auctioneer should pay the association a certain percentage of his commission.

Mr. Cuthbert explained that the sales would be held more in the interest of the stock exhibitors than in that of the auctioneer.

Mr. Moresby believed in the privilege being open to competition.

Mr. Lugrin saw no reason why the request should not be granted. It was an evidence of enterprise on the part of the applicants, and it did not exclude other auctioneers from similar privileges if they asked for them.

The motion was carried and the meeting adjourned.

THE CHURCH ORGAN.

Some Interesting Facts About the Instruments Including the Largest in Canada.

A writer in the Montreal Star in a very interesting article on the Church Organ, says:

The recent decision of the Victorian Memorial committee of Toronto to erect a mammoth organ in the Massey Music hall in that city as a memorial to Queen Victoria, has attracted considerable attention both in Canada and the United States, and in musical circles it is felt that the proposal is one that should meet with the enthusiastic support of all classes of citizens in the Ontario metropolis. The late Queen was a great lover of the organ; her husband was an accomplished organist, and in the privacy of their home life Victoria and her consort spent hours listening to the splendid compositions of the great organ masters as interpreted by Mendelssohn, Lizst, and other musicians of world-wide repute. In one of the drawing rooms of Windsor Castle is a painting in which the Prince Consort is represented as seated at the organ with Victoria by his side. Both were talented musicians, and both did much to encourage musical art.

The organ which the people of Toronto contemplate erecting as a memorial to the late Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, will be one of the largest in Canada, in fact the largest. And it is to be built by Canadian handiwork. It will probably contain upwards of 90 or 100 speaking stops, and its action will be electro-pneumatic throughout.

The largest organs in the world, with the number of speaking stops they contain, are as follows: Sydney Town hall, Aus., 128; Crystal Palace, London, 120; Leeds Town hall, England, 118; Garden City cathedral, U. S. A., 115; Royal Albert hall, London, 111; Chicago Auditorium, 109; Cologne Cathedral, Germany, 104; St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 100; St. Sulpice church, Paris, 100; Ulm Cathedral, Germany, 100; St. Bartholomew's church, New York, 98; Doncaster parish church, England, 93; Alexander Palace, London, 88; Church of Notre Dame, Montreal, 82; Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, 82; Marien Kirche, Lubeck, Germany, 82; Mersebury Cathedral, Germany, 81; a church in Cincinnati, U. S. A., 81; Westminster Abbey, London, 77; St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 77; Rotterdam Cathedral, 75; Church of St. Eustache, Paris, 75; Church of St. Dominico, Prague, 71; St. Michael's Church, Hamburg, 70; St. Denis Abbey Church, France, 69; St. Nicholas church, Hamburg, 67; Melbourne Town hall, Australia, 66; Halberstadt Cathedral, Germany, 65; The Trocadero, Paris, 65; St. George's church, Montreal, 65; Beauvais Cathedral, 64.

BUY AT HOME.

Advice That Is Being Given to the Citizens of Spokane.

The Spokane Chamber of Commerce at a recent meeting adopted the following, which contains excellent advice to be taken to heart by the people of any city:

"This chamber recommends and requests each citizen to take these ideas to heart and hereafter resolve to patronize the home merchants and, where possible, ask for home productions and manufactured articles, this chamber being fully satisfied that the results would more than compensate any apparent additional outlay, as this chamber desires but to build up the Inland Empire for the citizens thereof, who are the bone and sinew of it, instead of prospering districts at a distance, and let the watchword always be 'BUY AT HOME.' "

TO BUILD CHURCH.

Entertainment at Colquitz Hall, Garnham, For Worthy Object.

On Wednesday last an entertainment was held in the Colquitz Hall, Garnham, the purpose being to raise funds for building a church. The hall was crowded, and those taking part had a splendid reception. In many cases the audience insisting upon encores. Great credit is due to Messrs. Daniels and Layritz for the very pretty and appropriate way the stage was decorated, also to Mr. J. Monk for the splendid training of the school both in their part songs, and also in their rendition of the scene from Shakespeare's "King John." Following is the programme:

Chorus—Hunting Song ..... The School
Song—Boys in Blue ..... Mr. R. Hopkins
Part Song—Annie Lisle ..... The School
Song—The Admiral's Broom .....
..... Rev. J. W. Flinton
Part Song—Come to the Meadow .....
..... The School
Song—A Bird in Hand .... Mrs. Cloverdale
Part Song—The Undertone of the Bells
..... The School
Violin Duet—Pleyel ..... Mr. J. Monk, Master W. Bryce
Recitative and Part Song—Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel..... The School
(Intermission with Refreshments.)
Scene from Shakespere—King John.
Miss Bryce, Master Bryce, Masters Hopkins and Daly.
Part Song—Home Sweet Home.. The School
Song—The Little Hero.. Rev. J. W. Flinton
Two-Part Song—Come O'er the Wood-land ..... The School
Recitation—The Little Hero.....
..... Miss L. MacDonald
Part Song—See the Conquering Hero Comes ..... The School
God Save the King.

METAL MONSTERS.

From London Leader.

An extraordinary mishap occurred whilst one of the new 9.2 quick-firing breechloaders was being disembarked from the war department steamer Cheviot at Dover on Saturday night.

This gun, the third of five of its class to be mounted at the new Eastern and Western batteries, was being unloaded at the Ordnance wharf, by means of a 30 ton crane, the gun's weight being 27 tons.

A link in the jib chain suddenly snapped and the gun fell with a crash on to the ship, wrecking everything in its way. The muzzle smashed through the bottom of the vessel.

Some of the crew had narrow escapes, but happily, no one was injured.

There was an inrush of water, and the vessel commenced to sink. The pumps were promptly manned, whilst the powerful centrifugal floating pump, belonging to the harbor board, was got on the scene with all despatch.

Meantime, strong fatigue parties of royal artillery were sent down from the castle to assist. The men came down at the double, causing considerable excitement in the town. They were in all sorts of undress—slops, serges, fatigue rig, etc., while some of the officers were in evening dress.

In spite of all efforts the water gained on the pumps, and the war department vessel heeled over until her starboard side was level with the dock.

It was found necessary to send down divers temporarily to patch the breach. By midday yesterday the ship had almost righted, and her own pumps were keeping the water under.

The gun had smashed heavy ironwork as if it had been matchboard, and some hundreds of pounds worth of damage has been done.

The 9.2 gun which arrived at Dover about a fortnight ago was on Saturday mounted at Langdon fort. The task of getting the gun across a mile of fields was one of some difficulty. It had to be rolled on heavy baulks, being first encased in wood.

There are to be some extensive experiments next month with the gun, which is the first 9.2 of the new pattern turned out by the Arsenal. It will carry about 15 miles across channel.

Engagement Announcement.—"The announcement is made of the engagement of Frank Watkis, the prominent London pianist, for eight years Madame Patti's accompanist, to Miss Hylda May Gowen of Victoria, niece of Mrs. A. C. Sheldon, of Portland, says the Oregonian. Miss Gowen and her mother, Mrs. Napier Gowen, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Sheldon. Mr. Watkis is also in Portland. The engagement is the outcome of a romantic courtship. Mr. Watkis, since the death of the Queen and the retirement of Patti for that reason, came to America on a concert tour as accompanist for Madame Albani. At Victoria the first was made acquainted with Miss Gowen, through a friend from London. It was a case of love at the first sight. When Madame Albani's company left Quebec for England the indispensable pianist was left behind. He cancelled all his London engagements, and sped back to Victoria to press his suit. He was successful. The marriage will take place in Victoria on July 24, after which Mr. Watkis goes to London with his bride, to rejoin Madame Patti in September for a tour through England and Scotland. In the spring he will return to America as accompanist for Madame Patti or Madame Albani. Mr. Watkis has a wide musical reputation, obtained through his eight years' touring as Patti's accompanist, and he occupies a high place in London musical circles. Miss Gowen is the daughter of Mrs. Napier Gowen of Victoria, and one of the most popular society young women of the city. She has many friends here, having made frequent visits to Portland." Portraits of the couple appear with the announcement in the Portland paper.

Police Court.—Armand Merfret, arrested on Tuesday by Detective McDonald on the charge of stealing three rings from Mrs. Lindsay, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor by Magistrate Hall in the police court yesterday. He pleaded that he took the rings for a joke, but this excuse was not seriously considered. Kate Wallace got two months for vagrancy, and the charge against David Gowdy, of illtreating a horse, was remanded until Monday. The charge against Gowdy was brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, alleging that he struck the animal over the head. When an officer of the society remonstrated Gowdy was abusive.

Pure Bred Stock Sale

Short-Horn Bulls, From Ontario to Be Disposed of at Auction.

G. H. Hadwen, of Duncan, was in the city yesterday en route to Ashcroft, where he will superintend the sale of a carload lot of short-horn bulls, on Tuesday next. These animals are imported from Ontario by the Provincial Dairying and Live Stock Association, working in conjunction with the Ontario department of agriculture, and are intended to improve the breed of range cattle. The auction sales of pure-bred stock, which the association held in the Coast districts, were so successful that they are encouraged in affording the farmers and stock raisers of the upper country an opportunity of sharing in the benefits of the importation of high-grade animals.

There is no doubt that the stock in the interior requires new blood, and the stockmen can afford to invest in good strains, for prices have doubled within the past 4 or 5 years. Beef cattle were a drug on the market a few years ago, prices fell so low that many large ranchers went out of business, and there was a state of general depression all over Canada and the States. Now, however, thanks to the revival in trade and the Spanish and South African wars, beef is in demand, and fancy prices are the rule for beef cattle, Shorthorns and Herefords. In Ohio, the other day, 49 head of choice beef breeds sold at an average of $330, a pretty strong proof that the cattle industry is not languishing in the Middle States.

As the Northern country, Atlin and Yukon, fills up, the demand for beef will keep steadily increasing, so that there was never a better time than the present for provincial breeders to secure good sires and improve their herds. Their market is ready for them, they they have only to supply its demand for a good quality of beef, to command the highest prices for every pound they raise. The efforts being put forth by the P. D. & L. S. A. should be encouraged, for they are for the general benefit and give no results of personal profit.

Besides the earload above mentioned, Mr. Hadwen is expecting a mixed car of cattle, horses, sheep and pigs, specially ordered through him for farmers in Okanagan district. Mr. Hadwen says he would be glad to hear from farmers everywhere in the province on the subject of their needs. He and the association have to use their best judgment in making selections in the East, but they would be very much helped if contemplating buyers would let them know just what they required. Mr. Hadwen's permanent address is Duncan, Vancouver Island, B.C.

The association intend to hold a sale of stock at Victoria during the exhibition, and Mr. Hadwen desires the Colonist to ask all those having animals to dispose of on that occasion to write him full particulars, as it is desirable that the catalogue should be published and distributed as early as possible. He hopes to see a good exhibit of poultry, sheep and swine at the Victoria fair, and thinks a successful sale of these could be held as well as of horses and cattle.

These Symptoms Are A Warning to You

That the blood is losing its richness and the very life itself is being sapped from brain and nerves. You feel weak and run down. You get pale and sallow, with dark rings under the eyes. You lose flesh, and the food you eat does not seem to nourish you. Your hands and feet get cold. You are nervous and irritable. Little things worry you. You suffer with headache, neuralgia and nervous dyspepsia. You grow melancholy and depressed at times, find your memory failing, and feel unable to concentrate your thoughts.

This is the train of symptoms which lead to nervous prostration and paralysis, or land their victim in the epileptic hospital or insane asylum. Nearly everybody needs a nerve restorative and blood-builder at certain periods in his life. When nerve cells are being wasted away more rapidly than nature can replace them, collapse is certain, unless some means is used to assist in enriching the blood and creating new nerve force. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most effective preparation obtainable for thoroughly restoring richness to the blood, and strength and vitality to the nervous system.

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50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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lessen one end of a man's winter worries.

A little shake and some fresh coal after supper, is all the attention they need till morning — no burning out every few hours.

The Dome of the "Sunshine" is made of heavy steel-plate, making it a much better heater than cast iron, as in most furnaces.

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