BICYCLE RACE.

ve Already Withdrawn
test—Racers Behind
Record.

5.—Twelve teams out
at started on Monday
d the accidents and
e first 30 hours of the
ace at Madison Square
remained in the race
ose to-day. Through-
there were occasional
ed rider failed to steer
rately, but there were
es.
d of spectators began
the all-night watchers
et many of the spec-
n in the garden con-
the race started at
.
ms were tied for first
clock, which was the
hour. They were then
than 85 miles behind
were continually drop-
ing lost five miles be-
o'clock to-day. This
to the withdrawal at
ght of Charles Venoni,
who was the fighting
ers and the leader of
during the early hours
he rider was first a
Swiss-Italian team, and
ner in that team had
ined the Mexican team,
y had left a vacancy,
ght Fred Castro, of
team mate, became
Venoni was compelled
use he had no one to
r he left the track the
rly themselves for sev-
other teams repre-
Krebs, of Newark, and
son, of Chicago, and
an team, represented
k riders, Melvin Dove
t Scott. At 9 a.m. the
iles and two laps. The
were all even: Van-
Doernflinger - Dussoth
oup; Hall - Downey;
Keegan-Logan; Mac-
dell-Bedell; Downing-
er-Kollister; Achorn-
McDonald.

D THE
NIAL CONFERENCE

overment to the Pro-
ly Made to Change
the Title

5.—The text of Can-
he colonial secretary in
ing the name "Colonial
"Imperial Council," and
on to afford a perman-
sitting in London to
for discussion, was
y. It says in part:
ouncil' indicates in the
excellency's ministers a
semblage, possessing an
deliberative character,
tion with the word 'im-
ing a permanent insti-
endowed with a con-
e life might eventually
arded as an encroach-
ful measure of autono-
e and administrative
yed by all the self-gov-
s. The government,
ng to be understood as
such change at the
ncline to the opinion
'Imperial Conference'
open to the objections
ated than the designa-
by His Majesty's gov-

the second suggestion
sty's government, the
sensible that such a
uld greatly facilitate
e conference, and at the
ance the dignity and
that assembly. They
r, wholly divert them-
dea that such a com-
conceivably interfere
ng of responsible gov-

s are held in abeyance
ng in 1907.

ANBY COMPANY.

hree Per Cent. on Par
e of Shares.

rmation has been re-
nix that at an extraor-
of the shareholders of
Consolidated Mining
ower Company, Ltd.,
rk on Saturday, it was
decided to raise the par
hares from $10 to $100
nnounced that the com-
a dividend of 3 per cent
ar value of the issued
ompany, as recorded on

books will be closed on
will remain closed till
906, when the dividend
The issued stock of the
nts to 1,350,000 shares of
e of $13,500,000, making
mount to $504,000. This
dividend ever paid by
mpany in British Col-
two years ago a divi-
g to $136,630 was paid,
of $538,630, paid in pro-
lders thus far by this

ORK TRAGEDY.

om Wound Inflicted by
nded His Own Life.

ec. 5.—Mrs. Magnah De
se who was shot last
n who then killed him-
to-day. The dead man
be James Holmes, of
at motive prompted the
known. The police have
get any clue that would
the shooting.

n the part of one of the
ents of the unemployed
to hold a demonstra-
f the Guildhall, London,
et by the police, which
disturbance and the ar-
the agitators.

OVER THE TEA TABLE

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Barkley, of Westholme, are down and are staying with Mrs. Pooley. Mrs. Barkley's mother, Mrs. M. T. Johnstone, of Somenos, is also in town.

* * *

Mrs. R. G. Tatlow has gone East with the ministerial party.

* * *

Mrs. Beckingham and Miss Marie Beckingham have returned to Seattle after spending two weeks here very pleasantly as the guests of Mrs. Keast and the Misses Sehl.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Stanford, of South Pender Island, who was in town for a few days this week has left for England, where he will spend the winter.

* * *

Mrs. A. G. Langley is staying with Miss Drake, while Mr. Langley is away on a shooting trip at Cowichan lake.

* * *

Mr. E. G. Joly de Lotbinere, of Quebec, whose wife left for home last week, has been elected president of the Canadian Forestry Association. He evidently is fond of the same pursuits as his father.

* * *

On Wednesday evening Mrs. W. B. Shakespeare entertained a few friends at a patriotic five hundred party in her cosy flat on Government street. About midnight a dainty supper was served. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. Upper, Mr. and Mrs. Ulin, Mr. and Mrs. William Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Morris, Mr. and Miss Raymond and Miss Cullin.

* * *

Miss Halhead, of Chemainus, is visiting friends in the city.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Rogers entertained a few friends at dinner Thursday night.

* * *

Miss Holmes, of Duncans, is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Mackay, Dallas road.

* * *

The friends of Mrs. Blandy will be glad to hear that Captain Blandy will remain on at Halifax until some time next summer. They will probably see Mrs. Blandy's people here before leaving finally for England.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Dockerill, of Minnesota, who are now visiting Captain Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Dockerill's parents at Chemainus, were the guests a few days this week of Mrs. Butchart, at "Ballynahinch." They left on Thursday for Chemainus after attending the masque and domino dance the night before.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sterling, of Kelowna, are in town.

* * *

Mrs. James Dunsmuir and Miss Bessie Dunsmuir left on Wednesday night for San Francisco; they travelled overland, and will only be gone two or three weeks. Mr. Dunsmuir is away shooting.

* * *

Mrs. Holmes left on Wednesday night for Vancouver; she is going to Winnipeg with Mrs. Marpole.

* * *

Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, of the Bank of B. N. A., is back from a trip to the Similkameen.

* * *

December bids fair to be a very gay month, as already there are rumors of several large dances. First in comes the Tennis Club dance on the 20th. An energetic ladies' committee, amongst whom are Mrs. Langworthy and Mrs. Genge, have this in charge, and it will no doubt be a success. A room arranged with card tables will be one of the features, and it is hoped in this way to attract the bridge players. Besides this there is a rumor that there will be a large ball at Government House some time between Christmas and New Years. This will be the first ball given in the new Government House, which is admirably adapted for the purpose. There is also some talk of a James Bay Club dance, but nothing is settled about it. I hope they do give one as their dances are always good.

* * *

The masque and domino dance in the A. O. U. W. hall on Wednesday night was an unqualified success. On account of the novelty it was looked forward to with a great deal of interest, and to those who had never been to such a dance before it lent an additional interest. The last masque and domino dance that I remember was one given about five years ago at "Burleith" by Miss Birdie Dunsmuir, now Mrs. Andain, living in India, and many of the dominoes worn Wednesday night did duty on the former occasion. For some time dressmakers, both professional and amateur, have been busy, and as a consequence some really beautiful costumes were worn—blue, red and pink being the favorite colors amongst the ladies, and black predominating with the men. With a good masque and a slight change in the voice it is wonderful how hard it is to recognize even one's most intimate friends, and at least one married couple danced together without recognizing each other. Some adopted the expedient of exchanging dominoes, and in this way added to the confusion; two sisters who look and speak alike working this dodge very successfully. About 11 o'clock Colonel Prior, by request gave the order "unmask," and this was the occasion of great excitement and amusement. Light refreshments were served in the supper room off the main hall—the table was very prettily arranged by Miss Pooley and Miss Elsie Bullen, the decorations being yellow chrysanthemums and tulle and handsome brass candlesticks. A few of those present were Colonel and Mrs. E. G. Prior, Captain and Mrs. Troup, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs. Hasell, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Holt, Captain and Mrs. Parry, Judge and Mrs. Lampman, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp Tye, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Barkley, Mr. and Mrs. Dockerill, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Robertson, Mrs. Croft, Mrs. Cobbett, Mrs. Few, Mrs. Newling, Mrs. Bullen, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. Eberts, Mrs. Butchart, Mrs. Cleland, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Piggott, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Garnett, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Langley, Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Genge, Mrs. Tenteith, Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. G. H. Barnard, Miss Pooley, Miss Baiss, Miss Pickay, Miss Eva Loewen, Miss Bell, Miss Monteith, Miss Newling, Miss Nora Miss Butchart, Miss Lugrin, Miss Bell, Miss Gladys Perry, Miss Bryden, Miss V. Powell, Miss F. Drake, Miss Devereaux, Miss Hickey, Miss Sehl, Miss Reed, Miss Holmes, Miss Alice Bell, Miss Dolly Sehl, Miss Langley, Miss V. Pooley, Miss Cobbett, Miss Creighton, Mr. Willie Irving, Mr. Jack Rithet, Mr. B. Prior, Mr. C. Keefer, Mr. A. Gore, Mr. Cambie, Mr. K. Gillespie, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Muskett, Mr. F. B. Pemberton, Dr. Watt, Mr. Yates, Lieut. Hodgson, Lieut. Willis, Dr. Tomlinson, Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Elliston, Mr. C. Pemberton, Mr. Heisterman, Mr. H. B. Robertson, Mr. K. Scholefield, Mr. G. C. Johnston and Mr. Temple Cornwall.

* * *

Mrs. W. F. Bullen returned on Wednesday night from Harrison Hot Springs, where she was staying for a week.

* * *

Mrs. Wasson and Mrs. Wyman returned to Ladysmith on Thursday after spending a week here as the guests of Mrs. James Dunsmuir.

* * *

The Marchioness of Donegal, who recently spent a few days here at Government House has been staying in Toronto with Mrs. J. K. Osborne, and she is now at Government House, Ottawa. In Toronto she was greatly admired, and I see that she attended a meet of the Toronto Hunt Club, and looked very smart in the plainest of habits.

* * *

The cold weather during the early part of the week interfered with some of the golf teas, which had been arranged for Monday and Tuesday afternoon. Miss Susie Pemberton and Mrs. W. F. Burton had arranged some matches, most of which were postponed.

LADY GAY.

A Word to the Children of Victoria

(FROM MOTHER.)

To those children who are willing to do good, and only want to know how: I have heard so many children say (in the winter time when they cannot run in the garden, nor play on the beach). "Mother, what can I do?"

Now I will tell them of one little girl whose name I dare not give, for she would never forgive me if I did. She is usually very strong and well, but one day she was so ill she had to stay in bed, and she did not like it at all. She began to think of all the children she had heard about, who had to stay in bed not only for a few days, but for many weeks, and even months. "Oh how she pitied them," and this made her wonder if she could do anything to make them happier. When her young friends came to see her, she talked it over with them, and they decided, as soon as she was well enough, they would work for a little bazaar, to get money to pay for a little cot in the new Childrens' Ward, so that some child, who had not like them, a comfortable home, kind parents, brothers and sisters to nurse and amuse them, might be looked after. They did not forget about this when she was able to run and play again, but they started (in their spare time from lessons) to make pretty things, dress dools, etc. Some of their elder friends made and gave them things, and they soon had a good collection. The mother of this little girl arranged to ask friends to come and buy these pretty things, at a small price; she also gave delicious tea and cake for a small charge. A box was provided so that those who did not find anything they wanted to buy might contribute a small sum if they liked, to the cause. "The whole thing was a great success," and they were amazed at what was realized. What an interest these dear children will take in the fitting up of their little cot, and when the time comes for it to be occupied by some poor little sufferer, how willingly they will visit it and show their gratitude, in this way, for all the health and happiness they enjoy.

I believe in this fair city there are many children who would like to do likewise, and that is why I venture to tell them this. Start in dear children this winter, form your little clubs of four, five or six, or even more, and see what you can do. How nice it would be when the new ward is built and opened to have little cots provided with your names attached, which you could always look after, and see that the little sufferers had all that was possible to brighten their lives. You may have heard of the death of that good man Dr. Banardo. He began with very little, and see what he accomplished. You may not care to devote your whole life to doing good, as he did, but there is none in this world who cannot do some good if they will only try. We have not, "thank God," many poor people here, and none as destitute as Dr. Banardo had to work amongst, still there are many sick ones about us, and when you think of the spare hours, you have your happy homes, your good, kind relations and friends, your health and strength, often fretful and unhappy only because you have nothing pleasant to do, turn to this little work, and you will be surprised at what you can do, if like these children you have the pluck to preserve. You will then always have a little interest in life, when your thoughts turn to the little cot, and perhaps remember it as your first unselfish action. Mothers and fathers, urge this on your children, and help them with it if they like to take it up. It may be the starting point for a good and useful life.

Little words of kindness, little deeds of love,
Make this earth a Heaven, like the Heaven above.

Epitome of the Life Of Rev. R. E. Knowles

BY REV. R. E. KNOWLES.

Rev. Robert E. Knowles, of Galt, Ont., has written a book which has been on the whole very well received by the critics, although here and there full appreciation of the author's effort has not always been shown.

Mr. Knowles was at one time a resident of Victoria. When a student at college he came here to take the place, temporarily, of Rev. Mr. MacRae, now of Victoria West, but at that time in charge of the Cedar Hill church. It was about 15 or 16 years ago, in the later eighties, and the young and zealous missionary will still be remembered by many and especially by Presbyterians. Mr. Knowles' book, St. Cuthbert's, was published by a New York company, and with a view of letting the reading public know something about the writer the following interesting epitome of the life and times of Rev. Robert E. Knowles was written:

Galt, Ont., 17th Oct., 1905.

Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, N. Y.:

Dear Revell Co.:—I was born in a very unpretentious way, and after a very backneyed fashion, in a locality of Northern Ontario called Maxville, not exactly a place, but a conjunction of a blacksmith shop and a Manse. From all I can learn there was no fitting celebration of my advent, my own apathy being shared by that portion of the world which was privileged to hear my opening remarks, neither they nor I having any premonition that I was yet to have a connection with the Fleming H. Revell Company.

The Old Manse—I saw it last when I was two years young—is still standing, they tell me, pressed into service as a barn by some sodden farmer who knew not what he did. There is, however, enough of it left to make an excellent shrine, and the door has been removed, which you may state to be a providential opening for the reverent feet of future generations. This interpretation was borne in upon me in a vision of the night, that luminous night which followed fast upon your request for the plans and specifications of my being.

I do not wish to boast, but my father and mother were both Irish, the one from Ballymena, the other from Cork. My father was a Presbyterian minister, a greatly gifted man, though those gifts were chiefly of the heart, their hall-mark visible to eyes of love. He was very celebrated for a radius of four miles around the manse, his fame being of the centripetal sort, attaining its bloom within the manse. The legacy of his great character is to be mutually divided among his children, probated now for forty years before a cour unseen.

My mother's brilliance was of both heart and mind. Her nature exuded a separate fragrance to those who knew her, most separate to those who knew her best. She was an invalid since my birth, and the benediction of her suffering has been upon us all. In our tender care of her we were brought very near to a Physician who both prompted and supplemented our poor ministry of love.

I have noted your special inquiry as to my age, and its genial audacity came to me as a pleasant shock. Having reached the years at which adolescence is gone and convalescence not to be hoped for, I can best indulge my retlence and my candor by informing you that the centennial of my birth will be celebrated on the 30th of March, 1968, which date you might request your readers to bequeath in tender trust to their intelligent posterity.

Since the aforesaid date, very little has happened except two cherub children and their mother, the sub-contractors of a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth God Himself. The children's mother consented to share my path, as St. Cuthbert's tells, but three short weeks after our first acquaintance. The probation was brief, I grant, but I always did shrink from pain. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and mine was a malignant affection of the heart. We married in haste and will repent in leisure—much leisure, for it will take eternity.

The last of the aforesaid cherubs effected his arrival only two months ago, affecting a new departure at the same time, that of parental pedestrianism by night. His nature is of the nightingale sort—gales every night—and both his parents have contracted insomnia since he came. His sister is six and sedater, still orchestral when occasion demands, but not nocturnal like the other.

My education was accomplished at Queen's College, Kingston, and Manitoba College, Winnipeg, which institutions total only two, thus being fewer by five than the cities in which the impartial Homer first saw the light. This fewness will contribute to the peace of future ages.

My career in college was animated and varied, other fellows taking scholarships while I took fellowship alone. Others took prizes and medals, but I left the college, having taken little except my fling and my departure. I loved such midnight oil as had a genial glow, and many of my fellow students also contracted insomnia through my humble instrumentality. There are many traditions afloat concerning my college days, but some of them are new.

However, in spite of midnight oil, I stored away some little cargo below hatches and grew a bachelor's degree without nervous prostration.

When I entered the ministry, it surprised everybody except God and my mother. My call was of them both, and the unseen beckoning came when the music was at its height, like the arrest of the Ancient Mariner.

It was my mother who first took me on trials for license, and I was set apart by secret ordinance. The minutes of this ceremony are carefully preserved, and I often read them over in the dark.

This ordination was confirmed by the Presbytery of Ottawa in 1891, and I held a church's helm in that city until 1898, calling at many ports the while, unloading many native commodities, chiefly mistakes, and taking aboard much experience in return. This proved lucrative, and nearly eight years ago I was called to more responsible command, the people of Knox church, Galt, naming me their minister, still minister and people by the grace of God, which worketh faithfulness in the one and patience in the other. My ministry has had no special celebrity or success, its only outward distinction being that I am not a Doctor of Divinity, which I may humbly claim to be a somewhat original achievement.

I have never written any book except "St. Cuthbert's," and I really did not mean to do that. I had no malicious intent when I began, I didn't know it was loaded. Besides, you are just as much to blame as I am. You were a conspirator. You provoked me to do it. It was you who put the camera in my hand, telling me the New Jedboro' folk would never know till it was over. I took the photographs, but you framed them, or, to change the figure, I shook the tree but you picked the fruit and scattered it far and wide. So I intend to leave you to settle with coming generations.

But I must return to the ministry—which is my heart's profession and say that while many books may tell of tragedy, there is but one which tells how tragedy may turn to peace. Many there are who suffer from Michael Blake's awful malady, for which the only prescription is the Cross. And I hope I shall write no book which does not breathe its spirit, no book whose leaves shall not help toward the healing of the nations. I remain,

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT E. KNOWLES.

BENEFITS OF DISEASE.

Address By Sir Frederick Trevers—Some Popular Misconceptions.

Popular misconceptions with regard to disease was the theme of an address delivered by Sir Frederick Treves to Edinburgh Philosophical Institution recently.

Sir Frederick Treves said the prevailing idea of disease was of something that was woeful and malignant, evil in origin, evil in intent, evel in effect. The popular view was that disease was a calamity, that its end was destruction, and that it was purposeless except in the one direction of doing harm. His contention, however, was that there was nothing preternatural in disease, that its phenomena or symptoms were marked by purpose, and that purpose was beneficent. The processes of disease, he held, aimed not at the destruction of life but at the saving of it, and the manifestations were the outcome of a natural effort towards cure. Disease, as popularly realized, was not, in his opinion, one of

The Good Gifts,

for its origin was benevolent and protective. If it were not for disease in the popular sense the human race would soon be extinct. Sir Frederick gave the illustration of the processes in the healing of a wound, and described the battle between invading micro-organisms which sought to poison the body and the germs in the blood acting on the defence. Should the invading force beat down the first line of defence and find a way into the channels of the body, then a stand as vigorous was made at the second circle of entrenchments, the lymphatic glands. In the case of a wound of the hand the glands under the arm opposed the invading host. They inflamed; possibly they suppurated. The subject of this condition grumbled and deplored the misfortune, which, in addition to his wound (which was trouble enough) had given him an inflamed hand, and now a tender gland under his arm. The blame was ill placed. It was the story all over again of Gellert, the faithful but misunderstood hound. This, then, was the inflammation that was regarded as a dire disease, a portent of calamity. It was to the multitude a disorder whose symptoms must be combated by every means within the surgeon's power. In reality it was a wholly

Benevolent Process,

with one purpose, that of protecting the body, and one aim, that of cure. If it failed it was only because the task was impossible, never because the generous intention faltered.

Lord Rosebery (who occupied the chair) made graceful reference to the services rendered by Sir Frederick Treves to his country in South Africa.

The Bulgarian foreign minister has made a verbal reply to the note presented by Austria and Russia, supported by other powers, warning the governments of the Balkan states to observe neutrality during the naval demonstration against Turkey. The minister expressed surprise that the powers should resort to such an admonition against Bulgaria, which, he said, had invariably taken a correct position.

The Very Rev. A. Bernhard was Monday appointed bishop of St. Hyacinthe, province of Quebec, Canada, says a dispatch from Rome.

PROVINCIAL NEWS

CRANBROOK.

The first municipal election of this city resulted as follows: For mayor, G. T. Rogers, 141; Alex. Moffat, 57; majority for Rogers, 84. For aldermen, J. P. Fink, 142; D. E. Murphy, 131; James Greer, 112; H. Hickenbotham, 110; G. P. Tisdale, 94; Joseph Jackson, 89. The defeated aldermanic candidates were Jabez Harris, P. DeV. Hunt and James Ryan.

ASHCROFT.

A correspondent of the Journal, writing from 150-Mile House, under date of November 18th, says: "Another old pioneer passed away in the person of Joseph Dessault. He died at his ranch at Chimney Creek on November 9th. He was a native of Quebec and came to this country in '58. For some years he worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, eventually taking up his ranch at Chimney Creek, where he lived to attain the ripe old age of 86. He left a wife and nine children. Later.—We regret to announce the discovery this morning of the body of Louis Dessault, which was found hanging to a tree on the trail between the Sugar Cane reserve and the main Cariboo road. Since his father's death, Louis, who is one of the oldest of the boys, after attending the funeral on Saturday and seeing the rest of the family start for home on Sunday, left here on Tuesday afternoon saying he intended going to work at a job which had been offered him, teaming on the road. The following morning the horse which he had been riding when he left turned up here with the saddle and bridle on, but no rider. This led to inquiry as to the rider's safety. It was eventually learnt that he had never reached the 150-Mile House, the point he was supposed to have started for. His relatives were communicated with and inquiry made, and finally a search started with the above result. Despondency over his father's death may have been the cause, for his much regretted action."—Journal.

ROSSLAND.

"A. W. R. Welby, A. Mayne Wright and E. D. Ireland, engineers for the Canadian Pacific railway, who have been in the city surveying the proposed connection between the tracks of the Columbia & Western and Red Mountain railways, Tuesday night reported that they had finished their task. The connection will be 1,100 feet in length. It will be built fro mthe freight shed track to the east of the Columbia & Western freight shed. It will cross the terminal grounds to the Columbia & Western, and swing into Third avenue, run along third avenue across Washington and Spokane streets, and will join the tracks of the Red Mountain railway at a point a few feet west of Spokane street. The track will be laid within the next day or two by the steel gang, which is engaged in putting down the steel between this city and the switch back. This connection will be of great benefit to both roads, as it will greatly facilitate the switching of cars between the two roads. The question of making this connection has been pending for about a year."—Miner.

NELSON.

The reorganization and improvement of the telephone service and equipment in Nelson is being accomplished rapidly and efficiently and with the least possible interruption of the service to the city customers. Another month is expected to see all the changes completed and the central staff installed in their new and commodious offices. Speaking of the work and progress, District Manager G. C. Hodge said: "The erection of poles is almost completed. We have begun stringing the cables and have already made considerable progress. I hardly expect the work to be finished much before Christmas."

T. H. Trethewey, manager of the La Plante Mines Company, seen at the Strathcona by a representative of the Daily News, after stipulating that only his statements of fact, not his expressions of pleasure and satisfaction, should be reported, said: "The concentrator building is up and enclosed, except for the doors and windows. The dam that is to store water for the operation of the concentrator is also completed, and the flume from the dam to the mill will be finished by the end of this week. I consider that very good progress has been made as the work was only begun on the 4th of October. The mine is looking remarkably well, better than ever before. The ore shipped from development work alone is more than paying the actual mining expenses, not, of course, the cost of the construction of mine buildings. We have now eight cars of ore on hand, but we shall wait for more snow before we get them down. The shipments for this month so far have amounted to about five cars. The returns were highly satisfactory. I have every assurance that at a very early date the mine will be paying good profits. The additions to the mine buildings, ore bins, and so forth, are practically completed. The number of men on the payroll now is 60. Yes, the grade of the ore is keeping up to our highest expectations. Our shipments are averaging over 60 ounces of silver to the ton, besides a good proportion of galena. We have some ore assaying away above that, but 60 ounces is a satisfactory average. As one of our veins is seven feet wide, I think it safe to say we shall do well, when our concentrator is running."

John Keen, president of the provincial mining association, arrived from Kaslo Saturday. He will be met here early in December by E. Jacobs, secretary of the association, and arrangements will be made for the holding of the annual meeting.

"No news from the Ymir is too good to be true since operations were begun on the west side of the shaft by the present manager, E. M. Hand," says the Daily News. "Several strikes have been reported at different levels, and apparently in different localities, within the last two months. From the latest developments it would appear that all the discoveries are part of one immense ore body, of great extent and going deeper then the present deepest working of the mine. The new ore body is westward of the shaft, and practically all in new ground, almost unexplored hitherto. Manager E. M. Hand, when asked as to the accuracy of persistent reports of new strikes, said: 'I don't care to confirm or deny any particular reports. But it is a fact that we are in good pay ore on the western side of the shaft, in new ground, at the 500, 600 and 1,000-foot levels. I prefer not to particularize, nor to give my opinion of their relation. That will be demonstrated in due time. Yes, the values are high. I have the assay returns. It is only right that they should go to headquarters before they are published. As good as I expected? Yes, they are even better than I expected. Everything looks well in and around the mine, and I am more than pleased with the latest developments.' Mr. Hand's guarded stantements convey really more than the most favorable reports that have come from less authoritative sources. Pay ore or high grade certainly goes down on the new ground from the 500 to the 1,000-foot level. If the quality surposses Mr. Hand's expectations, shareholders may well feel gratified. Mr. Hand's expressions of confidence in the result of developments were explicit and the reverse of pessimistic.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

Word has just been received from Ottawa to the effect that the contract has been awarded for the erection of the Indian and fisheries building. Local contractors were the successful tenderers, and the work will thus be carried out by Messrs. Robert Buckland and J. Carter Smith. The building will be a substantial structure of pressed brick and dressed stone, with an ordinary hip roof. It will be a two-story building, with basement. The ground floor will contain the fisheries offices, those of the Indian department taking the upper flat, while the basement will be devoted to the heating plant, fuel, etc. The contract price is $14,000, and it is understood no time will be lost by the contractors in making a start.

GRAND FORKS.

At a meeting of the directors of the McKinley Mines, Ltd., just held, a resolution was passed confirming an option to J. S. C. Fraser, manager of the bank of Montreal at Rossland, for $200,000, on the McKinley mine. It was also decided to suspend work at the mine during the winter months, and in the early spring renew operation by the use of machine drills. The property will be prospected in various places by means of a diamond drill which will be brought to the mine as soon as the condition of the roads permit in the spring.

PHOENIX.

At a reorganization meeting of the Phoenix Curling Club the following were chosen as officers for the ensuing winter season: President, George L. McNichol; vice-president, C. E. Reeves; secretary-treasurer, A. B. Hood; executive committee, George E. Day, A. Strachan and John A. Morran. Committees were appointed to investigate the feasibility of lengthening the rink so as to make another sheet of ice. As in the past, the club will probably send rinks to attend the annual bonspiel of the Kootenay Curling Association.

FERNIE.

Keeping pace with the changes made by the city council in laying sidewalks and other improvements to this young city, the Coal Company has determined upon laying out a boulevard 50 feet in width around that part of their property known as "the park." In addition to this the company purposes clearing up the park itself, removing debris and broken branchs of trees and the accumulated litter from decayed vegetable matter.

A few days ago I chanced to partially overhear the monologic conversation of a Barber and his victim. Among other things, the speaker said:

"Oh, yes, I have shaved Pat Burns often!" and the evident pride and self gratulations of this announcement at first pleased my sense of superiority and afterwards set me thinking.

What greater pride than this is that of the bibliophile who hears home in triumph the long sought, uncut, first edition of some literary rarity?

What worthier complacency is his who condenscendingly adimts you to the view of his pet treasures—the only authenticated autograph of Richard Couer de Lion his x mark—the snub nosed fragment of a cast iron dog from the lawns of Pompeii—the bowl of a B. B. B. that Raliegh smoked on the scaffold and the quill pen that Milton flung into the wood box when it splutered over a page of Paradise Lost?

There is a something of historical, of human interest in these quaint jewels—a power even of compelling the mind to dwell on scenes apart from the present, and to bring past and future together in a moment of harmony; but not supremely so or even appreciably above a million other trifles of unacknowledged value. It is not for this that they are so highly treasured.

The actual standard of their valuation is their comparison with the "unique." The nearer your possession comes to this the greater the multiplication of its normal price by connoisseurs, and herein lies the merit of the man who shaved Pat Burns.

There is only one Pat Burns.

(If the foreign papers that reprint this column are not in touch with the name and fame of our Western Beef Trustee, they can spell it Robert Burns and let it go at that).

There is only one Pat Burns' chin to be shaved, and the number of his barbers is consequently limited.

I can claim no virtue in that I have often eaten a Pat Burns' steak. The steaks were good and my health was benefitted, but the horned hoofs go down in legions to the Burns' emporiums, and there is nothing of the unique in having fed to his profit—ten thousand wagging jaws do that much daily.

But the man behind the razor knows that the possible number of shaves to one chin is definitely confined, the probable number even more so, and his consequent satisfaction at finding himself one of the few chosen to slap the soapy brush about his hero's countenance is quite on an appreciable par with the noble lord's gratification at receiving the Garter.

The pursuit of the unique lends ambition alike to the contentless millionaire who would overtop all others in the supremacy of his uncounted gold, and to the care-free sportsman whose holiday hours are devoted to arduous toil in search of bigger, rarer game than falls to his companions and rivals of the hunt.

The butterfly chaser is moved by the same desire and the scientists in every sphere is urged at times almost to the bias of bending truth in his anxiety to identify himself with some new discovery or the sub-classification of some plant or animal as a distinct species.

According to a theory of H. G. Wells, who very modestly outlines his scheme of philosophy in an appendix to the Modern Utopia, the scientific attempt to proup different bodies together as species is a grat error. He holds that each individual object so far as we can grasp it, is unique, differing from every other; and that these separate individuals are surrounded on all sides by others so slightly different and so gently varied, yet leading on imperceptibly to changes almost, infinitely vast, that at no point can one draw a line and say: "These are of one class. Those are of another."

He does not flinch from the logic of his argument and is quite prepared to make denial even when you say; "These are chairs. Those other things are fishes." As a philosopher he is probably most profoundly right, but it would be silly to offer him a herring when he wanted to sit down. That sort of thing isn't argument.

He makes it fairly clear, however, that the division of animals into named groups is less a matter of absolute fact than of convenience, and his view of the matter throws some light on the endless discussions as to wehther Ovis Stonei and Ovis Dalli belong to the same clan.

His method in fact would allow of a unique name being given to each bird or beast bagged, whether common as crows on a clam strewn beach or rare as the island wolverine. Did you ever shoot a wolverine? He is a fearsome brown beast, sometimes called the skunk bear, from the appearance of a white streak on his side—his ways are nefarious, his morals bad and his bite is worse than the bark of a pine.

When he howls your teeth stutter and your knees converge with buck fever.

I will trp to give you the idea with a song that won't be quite effective until I get the music that a fearless friend is creating to wrap around the words;

THE CRY OF THE WOLFERINE.

Oh, weird is the wall o' the wan Banshee
Which pierces the monted wall,
And warneth the Earl of a doom to dree
In his own ancestral Hall;
But awfuller far to the listening ear
Is the soul thrilling sound, I ween,
That fills you with fear
When sudden you hear
The cry of the wolverine!
The horrible, gobbling hoot
Of the beast that you dare not shoot,
The wolfing, wool-pulling wolverine.
Oh, the cry of the wolverine!
(Here the singer will bark and woof a bit.)

Oh, harsh is the howl of the eldritch owl,
Who "whits" from the clustered wood,
Where the witch and the warlock jowl by jowl
Keep tryst with the Devil's brood;
But eerier far to the ear's fair sense
Is his clamoring bestial keen,
As he crouches tense
In the timber dense,
The cry of the wolverine!
The wickedly whifting whoof
Of the beast that lingers aloof,
The wailing, whimpering wolverine.
Oh, the cry of the wolverine!
(Bark some more.)

Oh, swift is the shock of the rocketting cock
High spun on his pheasant wing,
And wondrous the whirr of the bursting flock
Where the covey of quail outfling,
But stranger the screech with the scent of musk
That spreads o'er the dark'ning scene,
When he champs his tusk
In the dreadful dusk,
The cry of the wolverine!
The quarrelsome, querulous squeal
Of the beast at his evening meal,
The wily, woodstalking wolverine,
Oh, the cry of the wolverine!
(Singer runs around biting.)

Oh, grim is the growl of the grizzly bear
On Kootenay's mountain sides,
And lurid the laugh of the lone loon, where
O'er the moon swept lake he glides;
But fatalier far to the peace of mind
Of the huntsman bold and keen
Is that vocal wind
Of a curious kind,
The cry of the wolverine!
The crapulous, curdling cry
Of the beast with the baleful eye,
The wickedly whistling wolverine,
Oh, the cry of the wolverine!
(All take to the tall timber.)

THE DENIZEN.

G. K. Fortescue, keeper of the printed books in the British museum, speaking at the London School of Economics, said that the catalogue of the museum now contains more than 3,860,000 entries, and is growing at the rate of 60,000 a year. The library contains forty-three miles of shelves, and every year 220,000 newspapers are added to the collection.