

CHEESE

nt you to learn now, and remember
kinds,
th palate pleaser,
mong epicures.
ditit),
cheese, each 5c.
each 10c.
in jars, to clear, 25c.

Grocery Co., Ltd.,
42 Government Street.
Grocery Co., Ltd.
39 and 41 Johnson Street.

Received

IPMENT OF

Honey

15c.
20c.
25c.
50c.
75c.
\$1.50
25c.

ss & Co.,

Cash Grocers.

SATISFACTORY YEAR.

Annual Meeting of the B. C. Electric
Railway Company's Employees'
Sick Benefit Association.

The second annual meeting of the B. C. Electric Railway Company's Employees' Sick Benefit Association was held in the company's car shed Wednesday evening, when a very gratifying business session was presented to the members. After the regular routine business had been disposed of, a vote of thanks to the president and officers of the association was proposed by Mr. Dewar, seconded by Mr. Barr, and carried unanimously. The election of officers for the incoming year was then proceeded with, when the following were elected: A. T. Coward, president; W. Gibson, vice-president; W. H. Smith, secretary; J. G. Sattushy, treasurer; T. N. Corrier, W. Armstrong, V. Dempsey and D. Dewar, managing committee.

A vote of thanks to the company for its generous donation to the society's fund and for the support rendered by the management, which has so largely contributed to the success of the association financially and otherwise since its inception, was passed amidst much enthusiasm.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the present sat down to a supper provided by several of the members, when hearty justice was done to the many good things so thoughtfully provided by them.

The B. C. Electric Railway Company is to be congratulated on the goodwill and friendliness which exists between all departments of its business, and the success of this association is eloquent proof of what can be accomplished when capital and labor work together for each other's welfare.

Gus Barsman, of Auckland; and F. W. Summers and W. S. Ritchie, of New Zealand, are staying at the Dominion.

LOOD POISON OFTEN RESULTS from paring corns with razors. Wise people use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, the standard cure of America and Great Britain, for all sorts of corns, warts and bunions. Use only Putnam's.

BORN.

OLPH—At New Westminster, on May 7th, the wife of A. F. Rolph, of a son.

LETCHER—At Revelstoke, on May 7th, the wife of James Fletcher, of a son.

ATTENBURY—On the 11th inst., the wife of Francis M. Attenbury, of a daughter.

ELMAINE—On April 6th, at Edisto, Dalhousie street, Ashfield, the wife of F. E. Bellman, of a daughter.

ODY—At Fernie, on April 27th, the wife of George Cody, of a son.

AIRFIELD—At Fernie, on April 25th, the wife of Wm. Fairfield, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

DECHT-DANIELS—At Vancouver, on May 7th, by Rev. R. N. Powell, Charles W. Hecht and Miss Elizabeth E. Daniels.

DIED.

ARVEY—At Revelstoke, on May 4th, W. J. Harvey, aged 59 years.

EWTON—At Vancouver, on May 10th, John Webb Hewton, aged 45 years.

OUTLER—At New Westminster, on May 10th, Rev. Thomas Scotter, aged 61 years.

FOR SALE

Residence of Mr. W. J. Smith, Hillside Avenue.

enders will be received up to noon of 5th June, 1904, for the purchase of Lots 65 and 200, Block 13, Hillside Extension of Work Estate, with brick residence thereon. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

CREASE & CREASE,
Victoria, B. C.
Solicitors for the Mortgage.



SCENES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

Three years have gone by since the French flag was unfurled at Saint Ste. Marie, and now two sons of France have joined to the fame of their explorers by the discovery of the wonderful river they have descended.

A SECRET OF THE SEA

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Author of "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "His Grace," "Queen Swathheart," "Behind a Veil," "Fortune's Sport," "A Woman in Grey," "The Barn Stormers," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

"The Knight Counts for Something." Eve Markham had wished beyond all things for the opening of the door behind the curtain in that room which, for a long afternoon, had been for her a prison. But when she heard the turning of the key in the lock her first feeling was more of terror than relief.

The door creaked a little as it opened. Then came the sliding of the portiere on its rings along the fluted brass bar. The little dark woman who had admitted Eve to the house came in, carrying a tray, and behind her followed a tall young man, who looked at the girl with an insolent interest which brought the blood to her cheeks, as if she had had a blow in the face.

"I must beg your pardon for intruding," he said in English, with an accent that Eve could not place, though she knew that it was not French. "This servant, whom I have ordered to bring you some refreshment, is not a linguist. My own wish, in my mother's absence, is to save you discomfort. You must consider yourself my guest, as well as hers, until her return. I am, therefore, at your service."

The words were courteous; the eyes gave them impudent contradiction. Eve retired a step or two, moving towards the woman, as the man approached her, bowing with exaggerated politeness.

"I do not know whom you mean when you speak of your mother," she said. "I came here hours ago in answer to a note of invitation from a lady who wrote that she was a friend of Mr. Knight, whom I am engaged to marry. I was shown into this room, and expected every moment that my hostess or Mr. Knight would come to me. But nobody came. When I wanted to find someone to take the message, I discovered that the door was locked. Ever since, I have been waiting and trying to get out. If this is Eastern hospitality, it does not suit my Western ideas. I assure you, now, if you will kindly let me pass, I will go, as I have been told, to my room, past the time at which my father expected me."

"I am sorry that our desire to keep you under our roof as long as possible does not please you," said the young man, planting himself ostentatiously in front of the girl when she made a quick movement as if to pass him to the door. "It has been strictly enjoined upon me by my mother not to let you leave until she can entertain you. I am a dutiful son. I must obey her. Meanwhile, let me do what I can to make you stay in our house agreeable."

"You are talking nonsense," said Eve, angrily, her voice trembling, though she tried to keep it bravely steady. "A wicked and cruel trick has been played upon me. But I assure you, everyone concerned in it will have cause for regret when once my father knows the story."

The young man smiled, and showed very handsome white teeth. He also twisted his moustache, which was small, black, and curled up in foreign military fashion. He was rather a fine representative of a certain type, and evidently he was fully awake to all his attractions.

"If you were a woman of the world, Signorina," he said, "you would reflect that threats are seldom politic, never polite. But you are something much more charming, a fresh and beautiful young girl; and though you may be indiscreet, I assure you a man of my temperament does not bear malice to a woman of your charm. Any view of yours, except to leave our house, I shall have great pleasure in granting."

Eve was tempted to retort: "Then

take yourself out of my sight!" but to do so would be, according to the vulgar proverb, "cutting off her nose to spite her own face." Perhaps, she thought, if she controlled her anger and schooled herself to civility with this impudent young man, who spoke English so well, and betrayed his nationality by calling her "Signorina," she might at least obtain some information from him, possibly even induce him to let her go.

"If you are willing to do me a favor, then," she said, "tell me why I was brought to this house, and whose it is?" "We will talk about that if you like," the man replied. "But you have complained of our hospitality. At least, Signorina, we do not mean to starve you. Here is our good Elena waiting with English tea and cakes for which she is famous. Will you invite me to tea with you?" When you are refreshed you will be in a better mood for conversation."

As he spoke he looked at the girl always with his bright insolent eyes, and she decided, even for the sake of such information as he might be willing to give she could not and would not calmly submit to endure his society.

The Italian woman had set down the tray on a small folding stand which she had brought into the room under her arm. It was rather an attractive looking tray, covered with a fine specimen of red and blue Moorish embroidery and delicate linen. The teapot was silver, with a tiny hanging strainer; the two teacups were of rare old china, and there was a plate piled with crisp little brown rolled cakes. Eve had been too excited to eat her luncheon, and she was beginning to feel hungry; but she turned her back upon these preparations for her refreshment.

"I don't care for tea, thank you," she said. "I am quite ill with anxiety. All I want to do is to go back to my father. Oh, do let me go. If I am being kept here for the sake of money, he will give it to you."

"It is not for the sake of money," the man answered, then turning to the servant and he spoke to her in Italian. She bowed and went to the door, leaving the tray on the small folding stand. With a quick impulse Eve started forward to follow, but the young man prevented her by intervening once more. He was tall, with an appearance of strength, and Eve realized that resistance would be useless and unadvised. If it came to a struggle she would be like a reed in his hands.

"What is the motive, then?" she inquired, her eyes fixed wistfully on the curtain over the door, behind which the woman had just disappeared.

"I suppose you would not believe me, Signorina," said the man, with another of his glittering smiles, "if I told you that it was entirely for the delight of your society."

"No, I should not," exclaimed the girl, sharply.

"Well, then, it would be useless for me to swear that in the beginning it was so. Now, however, since I have seen you, I can truly say that, were there no other reason, such a one would be sufficient."

"If it is true that you and your mother even know Mr. Knight, whom I was asked here to meet?" demanded Eve desperately.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "We have not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance as yet."

"Why do you say 'yet'?" the girl anxiously questioned.

"Because my mother, who is one of the cleverest women living, has now gone to Gibraltar with the object of meeting him."

"You speak in riddles!" Eve exclaimed. I suppose that amuse you, but it does not amuse me at all. I may tell you—since you have expressed the wish to please me."

"I really do not see why I should not give you an answer to the riddle, dear Signorina. I was advised to be cautious, and to keep away from you altogether, but though I have usually found it wise to act upon my mother's advice, I could not resist the temptation to go against it on this one occasion. Having disregarded her counsel so far, I may go a little further; for certainly when you little visit to us comes to an end we shall both—my mother and I—be out of reach of that redoubtable father of

Worn thin?
No! Washed thin! That's so
when common soap is used.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES
EXPENSE

Ask for the Reducing Soap

whom you speak, and of whom I have also heard from other sources. Will it make you think a little less kindly of me if I am frank with you?"

"I shall think of you as you deserve," said the girl.

"Then I must try to deserve well of you—very well. I will begin by telling you that you have met my mother, and that it was really through you that she has gone to pay your friend a visit."

"I—have met your mother?"

"Last night."

"You must be mistaken. I met no one last night, for I didn't land. That is, no one but two English people who came out to my father's yacht to stay with us."

"Think again, Signorina."

"It would be of no use. They were the only ones—oh, excepting, of course, the fortune-teller!"

"She told your fortune by looking into a topaz, did she not?"

"What—that was your mother?"

"She is never at fortune telling, as at all other things—my mother. But she is not a professional. She paid you the compliment of playing quite a new role in your honor. And you were very kind to return, as she hoped you would be. You told her—not a fortune—but everything she wanted to know; and to know all that you desire to know is a fortune in itself."

"I told her nothing," exclaimed Eve, believing herself implicitly.

"Nothing consciously, of course. Nevertheless she was satisfied. And she took a letter for you to Gibraltar this morning, so you should be satisfied also."

"What an idiot I must have been!" ejaculated the girl, quivering with indignation. "I have never seen a human being who could not be outwitted by my mother—even my father—and he, too, is greater."

"Did you not admire the fortune-teller's topaz, Signorina, and the jewels of the governor's widow which she offered for sale at such a low price?"

"Eve did not think so. I was saved by a sign, which was almost a sob of anger."

"The topaz is a heirloom in our family," the young man went calmly on, his eyes never straying from the girl's lovely, flushed face. "It bears the motto of our family—that is, of the elder branch; but as it is an inconvenient motto, I have sometimes been glad that it was not quite necessary for us to live up to it. As for the jewels, they were my mother's own; she needed an excuse to get on board your yacht, and the English Lady Drayton played into her hands, without guessing, 'One must sacrifice something in a great cause,' my mother said. And ours is the cause of Signorina—a cause for which we have sacrificed much, and may have to sacrifice still more. But in the end there can be no doubt that it is worth it. There is no vulgar question of ransom, Signorina. You were a pawn, as my mother said, in a great game of chess. Now, however, that I have seen you, the situation is changed. You are no longer a pawn; if you know chess you know that it is possible for a pawn, by crossing the river, to become a knight and reaching a certain position to become a queen. That is what has happened now to you. I will call myself a knight in the game, your mother and father have played the great parts. But even a knight counts for something; and it is by crossing his path that you talk to me as a queen."

"I don't understand you," exclaimed Eve.

"I will make you understand," he answered.

CHAPTER XVII.

Behind the High White Walls.

Sir Peter had left Lord Waverley and Lady Drayton at the hotel in Tangier from which Eve had disappeared, when he had come steaming back from Gibraltar at the Lily Maid's best speed, he landed at once, and went immediately to join his friends, early as it was in the morning of the day after his flying visit to the Xenia. His first question was: "Is there any news of Eve?"

"There was nothing which might be called news, except that the police were of opinion that the girl must have been hurried away into the interior of the country, where her kidnappers might think themselves safe. Strange things happened sometimes in the country behind Tangier—the country among the hills, where the law was a mere word, not understood to have much meaning except for cities. Lord Waverley had learnt to know this during his winter in Tangier, and he thought that probably Sir Peter Markham knew it also; but they did not speak to one another of any vague fears which lurked in the background of their minds. Each tried to encourage the other; and Sir Peter really had something to build upon since his conversation with Dick Knight.

Waverley listened eagerly to all Sir Peter had to tell, but did not lose entirely his composure at the end of the story. "You don't think the fortune-teller woman will keep her word, I see," said Sir Peter.

"If it were only that, I confess I should have more hope," Waverley replied. "But—perhaps that ex-secretaire yours may be a very good fellow. I should be sorry to misjudge him. Still, we can't help thinking of the temptation to him to put you off the track if he knew anything at all about Miss Markham's whereabouts. He made love to her behind your back, you know, Sir Peter, and though I daresay he did it on impulse, and all that—which was some excuse for him—it wasn't quite the

right thing for a man in his position to do, and makes it a bit harder to trust him for next time, if you'll forgive me for saying so. You've only his word for this exceedingly queer story, and—"

"I knew the lady's mother, Waverley," broke in Sir Peter with a faint ring of justice in his voice, which had never been there before when he addressed the young man he wished to make his son-in-law. She was the best of women, and—"

"—on her part, her eyes. Odd thing—it was the look in the girl's eyes which attracted me when he first applied for a berth as my secretary. I believe I took him more on their recommendation than on the introduction he brought from a very distinguished newspaper proprietor, although I didn't stop to define exactly what it was I liked in him. Now I know. And I think I know that his mother's son wouldn't lie."

But afterwards came nothing had happened since. Peter had bided himself with following up a new clue suggested by the police, who had heard of a white woman being seen riding with two men in the interior about fifty miles away. He was occupied in engaging horses, and getting up an expedition in case the woman should play them false, but anyone knew as well as Waverley would have seen that he was worn with the constant suspense.

A little after one o'clock the two men returned to the hotel from the English consul's where there had been a consultation, and found a telegram for Sir Peter from Gibraltar which had been waiting for some time. "The woman I told you of has been killed here," it ran. "This changes the situation. Nothing now to keep me here. Am leaving at once on friend's steam yacht for Tangier. Hope you have had news of Miss Markham, but fear no time for woman to arrange matters as agreed before her sudden death. I have much to tell you when we meet this evening.—Knight."

Sir Peter read the telegram aloud to Waverley. "You see, Knight is coming here," he said, rather gives the lie to your theory. If he had had anything to do with Eve's disappearance, he would want to keep out of the way."

"Who knows? It is too early to make up one's mind on that subject," replied Waverley. "He says he has much to tell you. A clever man might—mind, I don't say that this one did—but a clever man might have told you some such story of his for the sake of gaining a little time to carry out his plans, whatever they were. Anglow, he has disposed of the woman, and has saved himself the trouble of having to produce her. I have never seen the signs of himself, but there's nothing to wait for? We can no longer hope that the alleged lady with the veil will suddenly appear to-day with him."

"I'm afraid not," said Sir Peter, thoughtfully. "I wonder, though, what Knight meant by saying that there was something to be kept in mind. It is he, and on the Xenia? It is he that he is sticking to his bargain about not carrying on investigations, and leaving the matter to the police, who he has found out all he wanted to know?"

"The last I would say was impossible," said Waverley, who had been told that Sir Peter had been told something about Dick's business on the Xenia. "A mystery of that sort, which has completely baffled everybody so far, to get on board your yacht, and the English Lady Drayton played into her hands, without guessing, 'One must sacrifice something in a great cause,' my mother said. And ours is the cause of Signorina—a cause for which we have sacrificed much, and may have to sacrifice still more. But in the end there can be no doubt that it is worth it. There is no vulgar question of ransom, Signorina. You were a pawn, as my mother said, in a great game of chess. Now, however, that I have seen you, the situation is changed. You are no longer a pawn; if you know chess you know that it is possible for a pawn, by crossing the river, to become a knight and reaching a certain position to become a queen. That is what has happened now to you. I will call myself a knight in the game, your mother and father have played the great parts. But even a knight counts for something; and it is by crossing his path that you talk to me as a queen."

"I don't understand you," exclaimed Eve.

"I will make you understand," he answered.

"If it were only that, I confess I should have more hope," Waverley replied. "But—perhaps that ex-secretaire yours may be a very good fellow. I should be sorry to misjudge him. Still, we can't help thinking of the temptation to him to put you off the track if he knew anything at all about Miss Markham's whereabouts. He made love to her behind your back, you know, Sir Peter, and though I daresay he did it on impulse, and all that—which was some excuse for him—it wasn't quite the

right thing for a man in his position to do, and makes it a bit harder to trust him for next time, if you'll forgive me for saying so. You've only his word for this exceedingly queer story, and—"

"I knew the lady's mother, Waverley," broke in Sir Peter with a faint ring of justice in his voice, which had never been there before when he addressed the young man he wished to make his son-in-law. She was the best of women, and—"

"—on her part, her eyes. Odd thing—it was the look in the girl's eyes which attracted me when he first applied for a berth as my secretary. I believe I took him more on their recommendation than on the introduction he brought from a very distinguished newspaper proprietor, although I didn't stop to define exactly what it was I liked in him. Now I know. And I think I know that his mother's son wouldn't lie."

But afterwards came nothing had happened since. Peter had bided himself with following up a new clue suggested by the police, who had heard of a white woman being seen riding with two men in the interior about fifty miles away. He was occupied in engaging horses, and getting up an expedition in case the woman should play them false, but anyone knew as well as Waverley would have seen that he was worn with the constant suspense.

A little after one o'clock the two men returned to the hotel from the English consul's where there had been a consultation, and found a telegram for Sir Peter from Gibraltar which had been waiting for some time. "The woman I told you of has been killed here," it ran. "This changes the situation. Nothing now to keep me here. Am leaving at once on friend's steam yacht for Tangier. Hope you have had news of Miss Markham, but fear no time for woman to arrange matters as agreed before her sudden death. I have much to tell you when we meet this evening.—Knight."

Sir Peter read the telegram aloud to Waverley. "You see, Knight is coming here," he said, rather gives the lie to your theory. If he had had anything to do with Eve's disappearance, he would want to keep out of the way."

"Who knows? It is too early to make up one's mind on that subject," replied Waverley. "He says he has much to tell you. A clever man might—mind, I don't say that this one did—but a clever man might have told you some such story of his for the sake of gaining a little time to carry out his plans, whatever they were. Anglow, he has disposed of the woman, and has saved himself the trouble of having to produce her. I have never seen the signs of himself, but there's nothing to wait for? We can no longer hope that the alleged lady with the veil will suddenly appear to-day with him."

"I'm afraid not," said Sir Peter, thoughtfully. "I wonder, though, what Knight meant by saying that there was something to be kept in mind. It is he, and on the Xenia? It is he that he is sticking to his bargain about not carrying on investigations, and leaving the matter to the police, who he has found out all he wanted to know?"

"The last I would say was impossible," said Waverley, who had been told that Sir Peter had been told something about Dick's business on the Xenia. "A mystery of that sort, which has completely baffled everybody so far, to get on board your yacht, and the English Lady Drayton played into her hands, without guessing, 'One must sacrifice something in a great cause,' my mother said. And ours is the cause of Signorina—a cause for which we have sacrificed much, and may have to sacrifice still more. But in the end there can be no doubt that it is worth it. There is no vulgar question of ransom, Signorina. You were a pawn, as my mother said, in a great game of chess. Now, however, that I have seen you, the situation is changed. You are no longer a pawn; if you know chess you know that it is possible for a pawn, by crossing the river, to become a knight and reaching a certain position to become a queen. That is what has happened now to you. I will call myself a knight in the game, your mother and father have played the great parts. But even a knight counts for something; and it is by crossing his path that you talk to me as a queen."

"I don't understand you," exclaimed Eve.

"I will make you understand," he answered.

"If it were only that, I confess I should have more hope," Waverley replied. "But—perhaps that ex-secretaire yours may be a very good fellow. I should be sorry to misjudge him. Still, we can't help thinking of the temptation to him to put you off the track if he knew anything at all about Miss Markham's whereabouts. He made love to her behind your back, you know, Sir Peter, and though I daresay he did it on impulse, and all that—which was some excuse for him—it wasn't quite the

right thing for a man in his position to do, and makes it a bit harder to trust him for next time, if you'll forgive me for saying so. You've only his word for this exceedingly queer story, and—"

"I knew the lady's mother, Waverley," broke in Sir Peter with a faint ring of justice in his voice, which had never been there before when he addressed the young man he wished to make his son-in-law. She was the best of women, and—"

"—on her part, her eyes. Odd thing—it was the look in the girl's eyes which attracted me when he first applied for a berth as my secretary. I believe I took him more on their recommendation than on the introduction he brought from a very distinguished newspaper proprietor, although I didn't stop to define exactly what it was I liked in him. Now I know. And I think I know that his mother's son wouldn't lie."

But afterwards came nothing had happened since. Peter had bided himself with following up a new clue suggested by the police, who had heard of a white woman being seen riding with two men in the interior about fifty miles away. He was occupied in engaging horses, and getting up an expedition in case the woman should play them false, but anyone knew as well as Waverley would have seen that he was worn with the constant suspense.

A little after one o'clock the two men returned to the hotel from the English consul's where there had been a consultation, and found a telegram for Sir Peter from Gibraltar which had been waiting for some time. "The woman I told you of has been killed here," it ran. "This changes the situation. Nothing now to keep me here. Am leaving at once on friend's steam yacht for Tangier. Hope you have had news of Miss Markham, but fear no time for woman to arrange matters as agreed before her sudden death. I have much to tell you when we meet this evening.—Knight."

Sir Peter read the telegram aloud to Waverley. "You see, Knight is coming here," he said, rather gives the lie to your theory. If he had had anything to do with Eve's disappearance, he would want to keep out of the way."



VICTORIA GUN CLUB.

The above is a photograph of members of the Victoria Gun Club, taken at the club house, Langford Plains, shortly after the annual trophy shoot. This event, it will be remembered, was won by W. H. Adams, who captured the coveted cup for the second consecutive time. There was a large number of competitors, and the shoot was keenly contested. Besides this, there was a novice shoot for a handsome trophy put up by one of the members for the encouragement of the younger shots. This was won by T. Peden, who made a score which almost equaled that secured by the winner of the senior event. The Victoria club is in a most prosperous condition. Since its organization its membership has been steadily on the increase, and it now numbers in the neighborhood of one hundred. Grounds have been purchased at Langford Plains at a price of about \$800, on which a commodious club house was recently erected for the convenience of members. The traps are also of the most modern character, and, in short, everything necessary for the full enjoyment of the sport is provided. It is not unlikely that the club will hold a shoot during the Victoria Day celebrations, if arrangements can be made. In such an event there will probably be regular practice shoots in preparation. As usual, during the summer months there will be fortnightly club shoots. These are expected to be better attended than in the past, as the introduction of a number of new members has resulted in the stimulation of interest to a great extent. The trophy shoot in the fall, it is anticipated, will develop some new crack shots.

SALMON OUTLOOK FOR PRESENT YEAR

PREPARATIONS FOR ONLY A THIRD PACK

Spring Fishing Was to Have Been Commenced at Mill Bay May 8th.

British Columbia's salmon canning industry, it is feared, suffer from a dearth of fish this year. Preparations for a third pack are all that are being made. Many of the largest establishments in the province will be completely closed down during the season, when in other years they would be busiest. The B. C. Packers' Association, it is understood, will be making a tour among the southwestern coast of this island in the way of their testing the waters for catching fish, there will not be the amount of preparation as might have been witnessed under favorable circumstances.

The trouble this year is that canneries men all over the province are looking forward to a short pack. Had it not been for this the B. C. Packers' Association, Pindley Durham & Brodie and other firms might now have been putting in traps on the coast of this island. The firm of J. H. Todd & Sons, however, is going ahead, and will be ready for the spring run, when it comes. They have driven 110-foot piles in the straits, and have preparations well in hand.

J. P. Devaille, of this city, has just been making a tour among many of the canneries. He was down to Sooke the other day and reports that in the harbor there a large force of men are engaged building net sheds and in making other preparations for fishing. They had, however, been hindered some of late by rough weather. Up to the Fraser the only canneries showing any sign of activity were the Brunswick, Todd's, the Star, Brunswick No. 2, on Canoe Bay, the Phoenix, and the Phoenix. There was nothing doing at any of the other canneries.

On the American side, according to a letter from Seattle, the firm of J. P. Devaille, of this city, has just been making a tour among many of the canneries. He was down to Sooke the other day and reports that in the harbor there a large force of men are engaged building net sheds and in making other preparations for fishing. They had, however, been hindered some of late by rough weather. Up to the Fraser the only canneries showing any sign of activity were the Brunswick, Todd's, the Star, Brunswick No. 2, on Canoe Bay, the Phoenix, and the