## Gen. Kuropatkin Is Still Retiring

### Reports That he Was Overpowered And Is Forced to Retreat.

### A Flanking Movement Towards Haicheng is Kuroki's Latest Move.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 2.—The Emperor has received the following despatch from General Kuropatkin, dated August 1st: "According to the report of the officer commanding the eastern portion of our army, his troops, after abandoning advanced positions in the Yangse pass, retired in the direction of Liandiansian towards Saimatsze and Liaoyang.

"Yesterday our troops, after a stubborn fight, retired from their advanced positions to their principal positions, but although our troops held their advanced positions well for a time, they sustained heavy losses. I hope that in their main positions they will maintain a successful struggle even against the numerically superior enemy. According to reports received during the last few days General Kuroki has effected a concentration of his forces in order to strike in the direction of Saimatsze and Liaoyang.

"All the Japanese troops which were posted in the direction of Bensikon and near Saseyr seemed to be intended to operate on the right bank of the Taitse river.

"Today the enemy acted undecidedly on the southern front, but a reconnaissance has just ascertained the beginning of a turning movement of the left wing of our troops posted at Haicheng by at least three divisions. Our eastern detachment was engaged until noon today in the direction of Saimatsze and Liaoyang. It was seen that the enemy was advancing apparently in small bodies against the right flank of our rearguard."

General Sakharoff, under date of August 1, reports obstinate fighting in the direction of Saimatszu, Liaoyang road, July 30 and July 31, the Russian vanguard retaining its positions until August 1st, when it retired to Yangsee pass. During a reconnaissance in the direction of Fengwangcheng July 30, General Sakharoff reports that two officers and 34 men were wounded, and on July 31, during a reconnaissance in the direction of Tackhuatsia, two officers were killed and one officer and twenty men wounded. The same day, when the Japanese occupied the pass between Yanshukan and Houtsaitze (25 miles from Liaoyang) five officers and 40 men were wounded. General Sakharoff also says: "The enemy is acting undecidedly on our south front."

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Cable Nearly Done.—The 750 miles of cable which is to be laid between Sitka and Valdez is now nearing completion by the manufacturers in New York, and the last shipment will probably be made before the middle of August. The progress on this work has been so rapid, and the delays in laying the Sitka-Seattle cable have been so long that all of the Sitka-Valdez cable will probably be in Seattle before the cableship Burnside is ready to carry it to Alaska. It is still believed, however, that, barring more bad luck, such as the Burnside has recently encountered, the line from Sitka to Valdez and Fort Liscum can be laid and put in operation before the winter season sets in.

## MAMMOTH SPECIAL BY COLUMBIAN

### Enterprising New Westminster Paper Getting Huge Immigration Number.

Mr. Edward D. Sawyer, or "Doc" Sawyer, as he is familiarly known throughout the Mainland, advertising manager for the New Westminster Columbian, is in the city on an important and interesting mission.

The Columbian is preparing a special number for publication early in December, and it will be, without exception, the largest, most comprehensive and most ambitious special number ever issued by any Canadian newspaper west of Toronto. It is to consist of many pages and will contain practically all the information that it is possible to collect about British Columbia. Two full carloads of paper have been delivered to the Columbian for use in printing the monster number. Each section of the province will be written up by some one familiar with it.

The Vancouver island section, which will extend to 35 or 40 pages, has been entrusted to Mr. T. L. Grahame, of the Colonist reporting staff. Victoria, of course, will get the lion's share of the "write up," many pages being devoted to a description of the Capital City in its many aspects—commercial, manufacturing, industrial, exporting, social, scenic, tourist and as a place of residence.

Mr. Sawyer is here to interest the merchants of Victoria in the special number and secure their advertising support for it. He learned his business on the New York Herald, under the direction of James Gordon Bennett, the younger, before that gentleman went to reside in Paris. Mr. Sawyer is an adept in his profession and he places before all his other qualifications the one which he considers the basis of everything—absolute fulfillment of his word.

Mr. Sawyer will be in Victoria for several weeks, during which time he hopes to exchange views with every manufacturer and merchant in Victoria.

The Columbian's big special is being issued mainly to advertise the province far and wide abroad. It will be illustrated with hundreds of superb half-tone cuts.

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ROUNDS OUT THE FORM.

Persons who have become pale, weak and thin by overwork, worry or disease find that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is wonderfully effective in forming new blood, restoring a healthful glow to the complexion and rounding out the form. You will soon feel the benefit of this restorative treatment and can prove it by noting your increase in weight.

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H. N. Galer, who has just retired as assistant manager of the Granby Co., left this week for Coleman, Alberta, where he has accepted a position as general manager and vice-president of the International Coal and Coke Co.

Ragged clothes quickly—that's what common soaps with "premiums" cost; but

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

# Six Days on Puget Sound.

Agnes Deans Cameron, Principal of South Park School, Victoria, British Columbia.

Isn't it Theophile Gautier who says that the only differences between country and country lie in the slang and the uniform of the police? And the essential elements of all scenery in Northwest America remain forever the same, blue ragged mountains with white tops, arrow-straight pines, and water. The parts of the picture are the same, but there is no end to their kaleidoscope combinations; and, notwithstanding Gautier's limitations of humanity in the mass, it is new people more than anything else on this earth who challenge our attention and bid us "keep on observin' till we die." And so we wonder.

The "favorite stream" is the stream we tell about, we fish in another one; when the small boy finds "a bully place for scented leaves," he doesn't advertise it on the house-tops; it must be some such selfish motive which has till now kept secret the most delightful six days' journey that it is possible to take outwards from Victoria.

The journey I refer to is the round-the-Sound trip of the San Francisco liners; it takes six days and costs fifteen dollars, and for recreation, restfulness and revelations is well worth fifty.

There were five of us, four grown-ups and a kiddy, and we boarded the "City of Puebla" on Friday evening. The ship had just got in from California with some three hundred passengers bound for the most part for Seattle, and it was a little difficult to get a room. However, the purser found us a corner for the night with the assurance that after the Seattle passengers left we would "own the ship."

Townsend we entered and cleared during the night, and next day we tied up in Seattle. In Victoria we pick roses and play tennis, if we are men we work a little and talk a little and smoke a lot. In the Sound cities men rush round wildly calling upon the world at large and high heaven to see themselves and their city grow, schoolboys dabble in "mining propositions" and real estate "deals," and babes draw in statistics with their mothers' milk. In Seattle everything is high—quick pressure, hills, buildings, prices, balls. Everybody hurries, straining every nerve to lay hold of some phantom which is just one block farther on or round the next corner to the right. The only restful person I saw was an old Siwash eating doubtful peaches from in front of a Dago's stand and watching the hurrying multitude. Stopping to exchange courtesies with him, I got his verdict delivered with a comprehensive sweep of the arm up Pike street, "Hyas plilin hyack coolie."

The Dago himself was a philosopher of no mean order. He summed up life's bitter and sweet with a succinct statement of the law of compensation. "What I make on the peanutti, I lose on the dam banan."

The others were shopping, so I "wandered lonely as a cloud," "for to admire and for to see, for to be'old this world so wide." It was approaching the Glorious Fourth, and two little chaps were setting off a few preliminary crackers, one crowded the other unnecessarily near the fence. Instead of asking for more room, in a piping voice came the demand, "Yah! get off the earth, will you?" This fine exclusion is reflected from their elders; "Seattle's the only place" was the opening remark from two different men to whom I was introduced. In the United States schools they teach the geography of the States first, they teach it thoroughly and in minutest detail; if there happens to be any time left over, the rest of the world is interviewed. It's a breezy way of doing things and accounts for the point of view of the small boy putting in his first afternoon in Sunday school. "Who was the first man?" "George Washington." "Oh, no, Georgie," (sweetly) "Washington was a truly great man, but he was not the first; Adam was the first man." "Oh, well," (deprecatingly) "if you count foreigners——"

We had a day in Seattle, a piece of a day in Everett, and all of Sunday in Tacoma. In Tacoma it was hot and the "City of Puebla" with its quiet rooms and clean, cool decks was more inviting far than the street cars. In the evening we dined with friends at the Hotel Tacoma, and had a long four miles ride in the street cars to the smelter, where our steamer had gone to load freight. They say the smelter is the biggest, or one of the "biggest on earth," and I can well believe it, for we traversed furlongs of furnaces following will-o'-the-wisps of fire where hidden spouts spat out molten metal; our hearts were in our mouths many times before any sign of the vessel appeared, and when the kindly figure of the quarter-master doing the Lucy-Gray act with a lantern came into sight we blessed the captain who had sent him forth.

From Tacoma to Vancouver. Three men-of-war were in the harbor, and, as we passed, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes saluted each other. It was a perfect evening, the big boat slipped into the dock with as little disturbance of the water as that made by the big Siwash canoe gliding out towards the Narrows. We missed the "Fourth" in Seattle, and we missed Vancouver's "First;" in both towns we saw belated bunting, and all the tawdry aftermath which remains when the tumult and the shouting dies. When, on hustings and fence rails we read of the clam-bakes and barbecues and calathumpian parades that we had passed in the night, all up and down the Sound, we were devoutly thankful.

Vancouver was enjoying the excitement of a real live hold-up which drew from a deck-hand an appreciative, "She's not so slow after all." Slowness and quiet are the two unpardonable sins, to an average American. You have to be doing something all the time and you have to be noisy enough over it to attract attention else you are a "back-number," a "has-been," an "also ran."

We had been looking forward to a forenoon in Vancouver, but on account of shortage of freight our time was cut short; so it was in imagination only that we sat under the big trees and heard the sweet twitter of field-fares in the aviary, drove round the pine-scented park and looked out upon the parti-colored sails of the fisher-folk on English Bay.

Next day gave us the most interesting bit of the whole trip; we were introduced to the new city of Bellingham at the head of beautiful Bellingham Bay. One is reminded of the origin of the word "canard,"—a man had twelve ducks, he killed one and the eleven ate it; he killed another, and the ten ate it; he killed a third, and the nine ate that; and so on till but one duck remained a self-contained epitome of the whole flock. Four towns once dotted Bellingham Bay—Whatcom, Bellingham, Sehome, Fairhaven. Bellingham, the merger, swallowed the rest and since has sat at the head of the Bay pluming herself on her gastronomic feat. It is truly a magnificent site for a great city. The captain had to clear his vessel here, coming from Vancouver, a foreign port; with characteristic kindness he drove us up into the town, and while he interviewed the customs officials I gathered data. Know then, that Bellingham is the most northwesterly city in Uncle Sam's domains, and the fourth largest city in Washington State—it contains 23,000 people, has five miles of tide-water frontage, a quarter million city water plant, a twin-sewer system with twenty-six miles of sewer, free (normal school), five theatres, eleven schools, a Carnegie library, and "the fastest elliptical race track in the State." How these cousins of ours do revel in statistics! The oldest inhabitant, a gray-bearded old sailor man, saw my note-book and I was doomed. "Bellingham, madam, spent on city improvements last year $1,233,375.44; she has fifteen miles of electric street railway, 37 church organizations, four women's clubs, 50 established fraternal lodges and the Bellingham Chamber of Commerce."

"Yes," I murmured, "we once had a Chamber of Commerce in my own town. By thy long gray beard and glittering eye, now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

But he went on: "During the year 1903, the Bellingham shingle mills cut 542,222,400 shingles." This struck me off on a side line of thought. It has been my experience to hear American mothers on both sides of the 49th parallel say, "When Johnny says he won't do a thing, he won't and that's an end to it," as if Johnny, aged six, were an immutable law of nature instead of a spankable boy; and the Bellingham mills cut every year 542,222,400 shingles.

I sat on a stone; I could not choose but hear, and thus spake on that ancient man, the bright-eyed mariner; "During the year 102 ocean vessels loaded lumber here; we have the two biggest canneries in the world, a factory for extracting turpentine out of fir stumps, and 2,000 acres of Puget Sound, Eastern and Japanese oysters."

By this time I fell into the old man's humor and let him tell me what Bellingham was going to have in the near future. He had a perfect Gymkhana of an imagination. His forecast ran something like this: Flax mills, vinegar works, beet sugar factories, pipe-making, smelters, broom factories, cordage mills, tanneries, banjo and fiddle factories, with power to add to their numbers.

I was resigned. Whatcom county is our next door neighbor to the south of British Columbia, and we really should know something about it. It is from just about the centre of this county that grand Mount Baker rises, the country is a most inviting one, and with the Ancient Mariner for guide it would be pleasure to explore its trout lakes, sandy beaches, clam coves and gull-peopled rock reefs. We gathered in souvenirs odd and distinctive, following post-cards of the Bay, samples of pottery from the near-by Indian tribes, agate-handled souvenir spoons, and snap shots of Fourth of July tenass tillicums. By this time the captain had finished convincing the United States Government that international comity remained unshaken, and we were about to rejoin the boat. "You can't go without seeing the Opera House," it was the voice of Mr. A. C. Senker, the manager. We were glad to go. It is a magnificent play house—Sothern had just played to capacity the night before, and every one was happy. Beck's theatre is the finest theatrical structure on the Pacific Coast, and one must travel eastward to Denver before finding its peer. The house, which cost $150,000, was built by the private enterprise of Jacob Beck, and opened its doors on December 13, 1902, to Richard Golden in "Foxy Quiller." At the opening performance, just to show the public spirit of the citizens of Bellingham, the prices of seats were: Boxes, $100; orchestra seats, $10; orchestra circle and balcony seats, $5; balcony circle, $2.50; and the whole 2,200 seats were occupied. The largeness of the stage strikes the visitor; it is 76 feet wide by 44 feet deep from the curtain line. The main entrance to the theatre is 30 by 40 feet, with two sets of doors to pass through before reaching the grand foyer. All the aisles in the theatre doors widen as they approach the exterior, with the idea that there will be no possibility of a jam when emptying the theatre. Every arrangement has been made to prevent fire or panic. The interior decorations are lavish in the extreme and follow the Louis XIV. style. The general tone of the interior ground work is a warm cream blending into orange and again into ivory, with the high lights white. The courteous manager said, "Why didn't you get Sothern up there in your town? What's the matter with your theatre owner up there?" Neither of which questions we were able to answer. We enjoyed our visit to Bellingham; it surely has very many natural beauties and most diversified resources. Elbert Hubbard, in The Philistine of February this year says, "If an ideal environment ever produce an ideal people and an ideal people make an ideal city, I think the environs of that city will be near Puget Sound." Hubbard (like Sothern) passed Victoria by, but will not his prophecy apply as forcibly to us as to Bellingham?

The run from Bellingham to Anacortes is ideal. Anacortes was in a comatose post-celebration state, the dogs blinked at flies in the middle of the street, the men hunched up on barrels and spat meditatively into the King's, no, not the King's, the United States Government highway, and the girls lined up in a procession on the dock full of giggling reminiscences of the big dance that followed the clam-bake, as they chewed gum to the rhythmic beat of waves against the dock.

It was in an Anacortes dry goods store we saw the sign, "The Irish have the best linens and the best policemen in the world; the linens you will find here, the policeman is on the block below." Here, too, we were greeted by, "How do you do, Miss Cameron? You once taught us," from a tall matron in a linen suit. I confidently believe that if it is ever my fortune to be wrecked on a desert island, that rising from the rocks some gaunt figure clad in goat-skins will so greet me.

Then another whole day in Seattle. In the morning we shopped, and it was very hot. Seattle has no Tourist Association, and a systematic canvass of book stores and news stands failed to discover anything in the shape of a descriptive booklet of this city or of the Puget Sound country generally. Books of views there are galore, and views post-cards, and you can get photos of old Anzeline on everything from a collar button to a five o'clock tea-gown, but municipal data seems to be, like the Custom of Paris, an unwritten code. The picture post-card fad has Seattle, like all other places, in its grip, and we saw them all; a few local ones by Hibben & Co. had no reason to blush; in coloring, choice of subjects, and general finish they easily took first place. Seattle has no tally-ho, but a special "Seeing Seattle" street car in charge of a very superior conductor and brakeman daily leaves the corner of Second and Pike streets for a tour of the city and "soo-burbs;" the ride occupies three hours and costs fifty cents, and one gets very good value for the money. We go first up Second street, the most popular street in the city, passing the Alaska building, a 14-storey structure in process of construction, and through the wholesale district of Main street to First avenue, past Hotel Seattle and Pioneer Square, with its captured totem, and a new nine-story solid block building for John Ericsson, then back again to Pike street, a retail district. To our left on a royal hill looms up the big Washington Hotel commanding a magnificent view of the island-studded Sound; two blocks of buildings belonging to the Seattle Power Company and a long stretch of dingy half-stores half-residences brings us to the conductor's soo-burbs. The suburbs are hot and dusty, and Lake Union is a welcome change; for two miles on its western border the car passes over trestle-work where the breeze is, like Epp's cocoa, "grateful and comforting." Across the lake can be seen the State University, and, nearer by, two old men in a boat sit on chairs and fish for perch, and what the conductor calls "croppy," i.e., black bass. I always have my opinion of a man who will sit in a chair to fish. A Government canal is being constructed to connect Lake Union with the waters of Puget Sound; when completed, sea-going vessels will be able to make up into the tideless waters to be cleaned and repaired. We pass through the town of Freemont within Seattle city limits (for Seattle, too, is a merger), and out into the pretty Green Lake country, where a new town within a town, the City of Green Lake, has grown up within the last three years. The whole margin of the lake is dotted with wee 6 by 5 red real estate offices at the doors of which you may plainly see "Mr. George Washington Merriweather Bibb, sir, a gentleman in lumber line, and much esteemed." For fear that the slow ones might be pushed "off the earth" by this bustling activity which transmutes lumber camps into city lots "while you wait," a "Christian Tabernacle" and a "Home for the Friendless" open their friendly gates to the belated. Woodland Park is 200 acres of cool dingle and ferny shade by the lakeside and here the flotsam and jetsom of tired humanity washed to one side by the on-rushing tide of progress have leisure to wade among fish and gather bulrushes while sleepy and sad-eyed cows regard the landscape with an Alas-my-poor-brother look.

Back city-ward again with a fine view of Seattle's high school, a fine a noble building which cost in the neighborhood of $275,000; then to Capitol Hill and the finer residence part of the town. The homes are large and substantial and well kept, and the conductor was much disappointed in that we didn't rave over them; they certainly are evidence of the wealth and progress of this New York of the Pacific. We saw Lake Washington, and dropped down the grade through Madrona Park; it is very beautiful here, quiet and restful. The small boy investing his nickel for "two winterberry sticks, one peanut and two horehound," and generously "treating the gang" gets surely as much juice out of life's orange as the big man up on Capitol Hill who entertains in John Jacob Astor style; it's all a matter of scale, not of degree. As the little chap picks a thorn from his bare heel and makes for the free swings one echoes the words of Carfield, "who knows what possibilities are buttoned up under that ragged jacket?"

Coming back into the city we run into a bevy of laughing girls consting down the grassy incline of a lawn on a strip of stair carpet. I wanted to get a snap shot of the group to make a companion picture to that of a little Indian boy down Marvin's Hill in a chopping-bowl but it was not to be. The motorman of the car said, "We once had some of your curio literature which we were glad to distribute, but it's all gone long ago." The people who take the "Seeing Seattle" car are surely those we want to reach; the Tourist Association should keep them stocked with Victoria booklets.

When we had been seeing Seattle, the good ship "City of Puebla" had slipped her moorings, and stolen down to the Centennial Mills, and instead of waiting her return like sensible people, we must needs rush off to find her, as we went down she came up, and we had an opportunity of seeing twelve blocks or more of Seattle water front, which the tourist car says nothing about.

That night we saw Sothern in "The Proud Prince," Justin McCarthy's great miracle play. The drama is founded on Longfellow's poem "Robert of Sicily," and is a grant spectacular rather than a play proper. The Vancouver press scored it, Seattle papers lauded it, some enthusiasts followed the company round their northern tour to hear the lines again and again, others grumbled and wanted their money back. Our enjoyment was marred by the suffocating heat of the opera house. How is it that one looks in vain for a properly ventilated public building? We smother in churches, gasp like gold-fish through plays, and innocent little children poison themselves daily in our public schools, and I have yet to hear of one architect being led to the gallows for manslaughter in the mass. There are strong scenes and weak ones in "The Proud Prince." When Perpetua rings the bell of the sanctuary which calls the populace to her protection, the highest dramatic point is reached; in the other church scene where the black-clad refugees groan and exclaim in measured unison to a one-two-three beat, the line is crossed between the sublime and the ridiculous. Sothern is magnificent, the tones of his voice in the grand words, "Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles—He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted them of low degree" linger in the memory and wash out all remembrance of the hot theatre, the incongruities of the minor settings and the painful monotony of Perpetua's speech. Sothern makes and saves the play.

Our last day is over; it is indeed a wonderful city, this giant-striding town of old Chief Seattle. On a book-stand we picked up a booklet "Annals of Old Angeline," by a former Victorian, Bertha Piper Venen. Angeline was the daughter of Chief Seattle, and for years was a familiar figure on the waterfront in the good old Mary Ann days which preceded the Queen Anne ones. Angeline was accorded a public funeral.

"They built a casket shaped like canoe
To send her hence, with heart so true!
With kerchief on, in shrond of brown,
To her long rest they laid her down;
All wrinkles from her face had fled.—
Placid and proud, though old and dead.
Pennies for price of her gravestone
Were children's offerings, one by one.
And there she lies, this Indian Queen,
Queer, wrinkled, wise old Angeline!"

And our holiday is ended; there remains only the daylight run from Seattle to Victoria. It is a peerless day. Nature is soft and sunny and silent; stretched in a steamer chair on the upper deck it is sweet content to watch the moving picture of sea and shore line. Here the ocean runs up to the very feet of the giant pines, and as our eyes follow upward we see the disappearing point where the dense dark green merges into the dazzling white of glacial snows. There seemed nothing on the earth that day but blue sea and white clear-cut mountains, Rainier, Baker, the mighty Olympics, grandly they raised their heads from sea to sky, their crystal white shining in supernatural splendor. It was indeed a day for gods to stoop and men to soar.

And so we watch the wake of the steamer and listen to the screaming gulls, and in from the Pacific come the queer craft of all the seas, gaunt-masted sailing ships, white battle-boats, palace steamers, long-prowed, swift-gliding canoes and the clumsy fishing yawls of the Greek coasting fleet, white-winged messengers from north and south and west, commerce-carriers of the Seven Seas preaching loud the doctrine "Man joined to man that they are brothers," and forcing upon our boasting self-sufficiency the great law of interdependence. There has come an end to our holiday; we hope to take that six days' trip once more before we die.

To Commander Jepson of the "City of Puebla" and his officers we are indeed deeply grateful. Had we been of the princes of the earth they could not have treated us with more generous kindliness.

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COST OF STOPPING A WAR.

Enormous Sums Are Paid by Vanquished Nations as Indemnities.

Philadelphia North American.

It is rather early yet to speculate as to what terms the victor will impose on the vanquished in the present Russo-Japanese war, but from the enormous indemnities which have been paid to end strife between nations in the past, it is evident that the cost of stopping a war is only a little more than the cost of waging it.

Throughout the history of the world no country has treated a vanquished foe so generously as the United States. Instead of forcing Spain to pay a big indemnity this country was satisfied at paying for what it might have had for nothing. This was also true of the Mexican war, when the United States annexed Texas, but paid Mexico a number of millions of dollars for it. The United States, however, is an exception among nations.

At the conclusion of the war between England and China in 1840 the celestial empire was compelled to pay a sum of $25,000,000. A goodly portion of this indemnity was to British merchants by way of compensation for the destruction of their property by the Chinese. Considering that the war cost considerably over $10,000,000, it cannot be described as a very profitable bargain. To close the second war between China and Great Britain, the former country had to pay an indemnity of $10,000,000. The war cost England $35,000,000.

Victors Quarrel and Fight.

At one time Schleswig-Holstein belonged to Denmark, and Bismarck having case covetous eyes on the harbor of Kiel, situated in Holstein, he caused Jutland to be invaded by the Prussians. On his forces being routed he cunningly inveigled Austria into supporting him, and the added troops proved too strong for their adversaries.

The victors, however, quarreled between themselves as to the disposition of the spoils, and this gave rise to the war between Austria and Germany in 1866. The latter power proved victorious and insisted on the Austrians paying as war indemnity a sum that, with the amounts levied on the five small states that helped them, reached nearly $32,500,000.

But that did not anything like approach the severity with which Bismarck treated the French a t the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71.

In the $1,000,000,000 which he exacted as indemnity he compelled France to pay the dearest price that any nation ever gave for peace—a price that astonished the world. It was thought that the infliction of this enormous fine would cripple France forever, but largely owing to the patriotism of the thrifty French peasants, the money was actually paid before the last installment fell due.

Although this sum exceeded by many millions the sum spent by the Germans on the war, they and the wily Bismarck never ceased to regret that they did not make it double. Considering that France had to sacrifice two other fairest provinces in addition, Germany made an unprecedented and enormous profit.

Russia Not Yet Paid.

When Russia administered a crushing defeat on Turkey, after suffering severe reverses herself, in the struggle of 1877, she consented to accept the sum of $160,000,000 as the price of peace, after demanding a much larger amount. This was little more than the actual cost of the campaign, and the victors would not entertain any lower terms, as the damage inflicted by the war on their subjects and commerce was such as to fully equal those figures, large though they were. So far, Turkey has paid little more than half of the indemnity, and there is not much likelihood of Russia ever receiving the full amount.

Like her former enemy, Turkey a few years back was compelled to substantially reduce a claim for indemnity. The Sultan claimed $50,000,000 from Greece as the condition of peace; but by the intervention of the European powers, he was compelled to accept just one-fifth of that amount. As Greece was practically in a state of bankruptcy, it would have been impossible for that country to have complied with the original demands of Turkey.

In order to secure peace after the war with Japan eight years ago, China had to pay a considerable sum by way of indemnity though not nearly so much as the Japanese would have expected had they been allowed a free hand. Not liking the terms of the celestials being despoiled by anybody but themselves, the Russians interfered, and Japan was obliged to be content with the cession of Formosa and the Pescadores and the payment of a cash indemnity of $185,000,000.

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WOMEN TO REDUCE FLESH.

One Toronto Physician Advises the Use of the Lawn Mower.

Toronto Star.

For the woman who is trying to rid herself of a portion of this "too, too solid flesh" no exercise is more efficient or comfiness better a twofold utility than running a lawn mower. I know of one Toronto physician who strongly recommended this exercise to one of his patients whose growing embonpoint was causing her some alarm. Morning and evening she worked in the garden and on the lawn, coming in tired and dripping, but happy in the knowledge that she was succeeding in improving both her appearance and that of the garden.

A girl fresh from college gives as her particular wrinkle in the flesh-reducing diet, along with continuous exercise at lawn tennis, what she calls "a barn-yard bracer." She takes an egg, drops it into hot water for just one minute, so that the white and yolk are barely warmed through. The top of the shell is carefully removed, and then, throwing her head back, she swallows the less than half-cooked egg, and follows it by a glass of fresh milk. "When I'm dead tired with playing," she says, "I take this dose. It gives strength without weight. Then I can go back to the tennis ground and play for another hour."

Others might prefer the eggs and milk beaten together or flavored, but as long as they are [illegible] attained.

## Haicheng is Reported Taken

### Rumors Current at New Chwang That Another Position Is Captured.

### Russian Bank in Manchuria Now Falls Into the Hands of Japanese.

New Chwang, Aug. 2.—A large depot of army supplies has been captured by the Japanese at the old Russian railroad station. Two thousand troops are kept on guard there.

Japanese transports and hospital ships are expected here hourly. It has not developed what will be, in view of the war, the status of the local branch of the Russo-Chinese bank. This bank was organized and financed by the Russian government to further Russian interests in Manchuria and the Far East. It is under the control of the Russian government and has a strong foothold in China and Manchuria. The bank has at present over fifty million roubles loaned out in New Chwang. It is considered that the Japanese will regard the bank as the property of the Russian government and its assets and profits in Manchuria to be legitimate spoils of war in lieu of the indemnity. The first evidence of this possibility is shown by the fact that the Japanese flags are now flying over the bank property.

Up to the present time the Japanese authorities have refused to recognize the French consular agent here, to whom Russia has transferred her interests, including the bank property, because his appointment was made subsequently to the opening of hostilities. Rumors are current in Chinese quarters that General Oku captured Haicheng yesterday afternoon. They cannot, however, be verified.

General Fukushima arrived here this morning, having marched up from Port Dalny.

The Japanese here are confident that the reported capture of Haicheng by their troops is true. They say the Russians there probably were outflanked by General Nozu.

General Fukushima called upon United States Consul General Miller today and thanked him for his work in assisting the Japanese refugees and maintaining order at the time of the Russian evacuation at New Chwang.

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THE SHADOW OF ILL-HEALTH

is appalling to those who are compelled to labor. Sickness means not only misery to themselves, but imposes heavy burdens upon their friends. It is very wrong to neglect first symptoms. Generally they may be quickly corrected if attended to promptly. There is not a disease that has its root in watery blood, sluggish liver, weakened nerves, faulty kidney action, that may not be speedily cured by Ferrozone.

This remarkable tonic and vitalizer, Ferrozone, acts by exciting vigorous appetite and the power to digest food. Digested food is assimilated with a fresh supply of rich, red blood. When you have plenty of blood you are well. When your blood is thin and watery you are either ailing or sick. Ferrozone cures not symptoms, but causes. It goes to the root. Then the mouldering branches of disease fall off in the presence of vigorous, enduring health. Test Ferrozone at once; it never disappoints.

## B. C. FRUIT AT WINNIPEG FAIR

### Very Handsome Exhibit Draws Words of Praise From Expert Californian.

In the fruit exhibit at the Winnipeg fair, says the Telegram of that city, the leading, and practically the only showing, is made by the British Columbia government, which occupies the southwest corner of the building, and is in charge of R. M. Palmer. The exhibit is most attractively arranged and as a sample of what the Coast province can do in the way of raising fruit, proved a revelation to several visitors from California. One gentleman from that, the banner fruit raising state of the union, a man who is a fruit raiser of fourteen years' experience, stated to Mr. Palmer that he had never seen a better exhibit and the showing made was to him a marvel. The largest exhibit is of fresh fruit in which cherries lead with half a dozen varieties shown, all of splendid size color and quality. The exhibit also includes raspberries, strawberries and gooseberries. In bottled fruits there are apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, grapes, red and white currants, quinces and crabapples. Next week there will be daily shipments of fresh fruits and early apples and plums will be daily received. Typical illustrations of orchards, fruit trees and fruits embellished the exhibit. Fruiting branches of cherries are shown with the fruit so thicky clustered that the wood cannot be seen.

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THE FAREWELL TO DUNDONALD.

Ottawa Evening Journal (Independent.)

The demonstration last night in Ottawa on the occasion of the departure of Lord Dundonald was a conclusive verdict as to how the majority of the people of this country feel about the general, and the treatment he has received.

Contemptible parish politics led to his dismissal by the Dominion Government. The worst of boorishness was shown in the manner of his dismissal. Gross misrepresentation and scurrility on the part of some Government organs have hounded him since. The people give answer as fit opportunity offers. Last night was one of the opportunities.

We would be sorry to think that the demonstration last night was a party matter, as the Government organ here attempted to make it by dragooning Liberals into opposition. Liberals, in crowds, many of them among the most prominent of the city, were out last night sharing in the cheers for Dundonald. They were there to testify to their respect for a man with an honorable record of brave military service who had been trying to the best of his ability to give good service to Canada; and to their dislike of the personal abuse which in a special quarter here was thrown at him. The demonstration was not Conservative, but Canadian, a rebuke from the people to the wretched extremes of partyism which constitute the greatest curse of representative government, and the worst danger to a free democracy.

After such demonstrations as these given in Toronto, Ottawa, Renfrew and Glengarry, and that which is occurring in Montreal, Lord Dundonald, gallant soldier and good public servant, can depart from this country with a deep affection and respect for it and its people notwithstanding the dirty nature of his treatment by politicians and their newspaper mouthpieces. This is what the demonstrations are for.

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THE JOY OF LIVING.

It is only the healthy who find a real joy in life. Weak, nervous, languid and discouraged people find new hope and energy in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. With new rich blood coursing through the veins and the thrill of new nerve force seat tingling along the nerve fibres, the joy of living returns and disease and weakness disappear.

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Trade With Orient.—With reference to the telegraphic announcement that the American steamship companies operating on the Pacific ocean had decided to refuse to carry freight for Oriental ports an official of the C. P. R. freight department stated yesterday that the steamers of that company would continue to carry freight to the Orient as usual. Contraband freight, of course, would not be accepted, but otherwise the shipment of goods [illegible] be continued as usual.

Fire Drill on City of Puebla After Leaving Port Townsend.

Scene on "Seeing Seattle." Car Shores on Green Lake.

"TREATING THE GANG."—Seattle—"Two Sticks of Wintergreen, One Peanut and Two Hor ehound."

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## STOESS

## A Busy Day At Ottaw

### Both Houses Were In Sess But Senators Inclined to Be Lazy.

### Lively Discussion Occurs O Report of the Lord Dundonald Debate.

### Alien Labor Bill Passed—Sen tor Atkins Dead at Toronto.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Ottawa, Aug. 6.—Both houses sat tod The senators advanced several bills, are proceeding leisurely, as a prot against the Commons crowding them w work in the dying hours of the session.

The Commons had a lively discuss over the accuracy of Canadian Associat Press despatch giving the synopsis of t Dundonald debate in the British House Commons. The report said that Dund ald's speech was "rankling in Pren hearts." Mr. Barker said this was of most inflammable character and calcula to make trouble. Hon. Mr. Fielding d avowed responsibility.

The alien labor bill passed its th reading, as also the bill respecting the M tual Reserve Life Fund Association of N York.

Mr. Ward exposed a suspicious deal t tween the government and the Bank Commerce, of which Senator Cox is pre dent, regarding the water power on t Trent canal.

Senator Aikens died at Toronto tonigh Messrs. Prefontaine, Col. Gourdeau a Commander Spain leave for British Colu bia Tuesday.

Rumors are circulated regarding an in pending change in the ownership of th Canada Atlantic railway. It is said th the G. T. R. is hot-foot after the roa and has preliminary engineers making mo minute examinations.

A despatch has been received from th Imperial authorities stating that of the number of Boer guns captured during th war in South Africa only four can b spared for the Dominion. But some 70 Mauser rifles will be sent to Canada. Ove a year ago the city of Ottawa applied fo a couple of Boer guns to flank the Volun teers' monument in front of the city hall As only four are allotted to the Domin ion, it is probable they will be retained in Ottawa, possibly placed in front of the par liament buildings.

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NO REVOLUTION.

Caracas, Venezuela, Aug. 6.—A cablegram received here from Bogoto, dated August 4 and signed by General Rafael Reyes, says that the rumors that a revolution has broken out, or is contemplated, are false.

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RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

Wounded Japs Tortured and the Dead Horribly Mutilated.

Tokio, Aug. 7.—Japanese surgeons have examined the bodies of a number of soldiers alleged to have been victims of Russians' atrocity. In one case it was declared by the surgeons that the head of a Japanese soldier was skinned by the Russians while the blood was yet in circulation.

Four other cases were reported in which the surgeons asserted that the bodies were bayonetted and disfigured after the victims had fallen wounded. The publication of these statements has created intense resentment here.

## ARGONAUGHTS WIN IN MANY CONTESTS

### Toronto Scullers Show Up Well at the Canadian Henley.

St. Catharines, Ont., Aug. 6.—The Argonaut Rowing Club, of Toronto, captured the majority of the events in the second day's racing at the Canadian Henley. An immense crowd lined the banks of the course. In the final of the senior single sculls Greer was an easy winner over [illegible]

Junior four-oared—Argonaut first, Ottawa second. Time, 7:58 3-5.

Intermediate singles, final—George H. Lloyd, Arlington, Mass., won going over the course alone.

Junior singles—McGee, Toronto, rowed over the course alone. No time.

Junior eight-oar, final—Argonaut Rowing Club No. 2, won; Argonaut Rowing Club No. 1, second Toronto Rowing Club third. Time, 7:16 3-5.

Single sculls, final—Frank B. Greer, East Boston, first; C. S. Titus, New York, second. Time, 8:22. There were 2 3-5 seconds between the two men.

Intermediate four-oar crews finished—Argonauts, Toronto, first; Ottawa second; Winnipeg third. Time, 7:51 2-5.

Senior four oars—Argonauts, of Toronto, rowed over the course. No time.

Senior double sculls, final—F. Smith and F. H. Scholes, Toronto, rowed over the course. No time taken.

Single sculls, final—Frank B. Greer, East Boston, first; C. S. Titus, New York, second. Time, 8:22.

Senior four oars—Senior and junior crews of the Argonauts competed, the seniors winning by a few feet. Time, 7:53 4-5.

Intermediate double sculls, final—Toronto Rowing Club first; Winnipeg Rowing Club second; Brockville Rowing Club third. Time, 7:57 2-5.

Senior eight oars—Senior and junior crews of the Argonauts competed, the seniors winning by a few feet. Time, 7:53 4-5.

Senior eight oars, finals—Argonaut seniors, Wright stroke, first; Argonaut juniors, Murphy stroke, second. Time, 7:00.

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BIG JEWELRY ROBBERY.

Paris, Aug. 7.—Princess Alice, of Monaco, who is stopping at the Hotel Mercedes here, was robbed yesterday of a diamond valued at $12,000, her jewels and a sum of money.