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ninery which aid down by outa support r. never ston hey wanted. asure in enolause.) n Mr. R. G. citizens on was of vital and he be every citiess the sovhe right of tal thing for re was a ent. (Hear, eace, peace, e could trust issue, and d the Mainle could unn the mounre not who not Wendell should not have to fight they owned and dry and ar.) If they ust keep this vital as the seech pleaded listoned to

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HUNTING-LIFE IN THE ROCKIES

"Of course, that's not his real name?" "Well, it's what ne wants to go by,

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, KT.

anyway.
"Did he tell you anything of himself?"
"Not of his early history, but a lot of
more recent adventures."
"What makes you think he's a gentle-Well, chiefly his manner, and then accidentally mentioning things that happened to him in England."

had happened to him in England."
"Oh, he's an Englishman, is he?"
"There's no dowbt about that, and no doubt in my mind that he's a gentleman—a perfect gentleman—an English gen-

That's rather an acquisition, if he'll come with us.
"I hear he's up to more dodges in get-ting game and in making a cozy camp

ting game and in making a cozy camp than anybody."

That was the talk at a rough hotel, or rather boarded shanty, at Kamloops, in British Columbia, a good many years ago, and the subject of the talk broke 't off sharp by entering the bar-room. He nodded at the two Britishers who had been discussing him, and strode to the er. Then filling three glasses, he one, and pushed the two others toyards those who have been inquisitive about him, and said:

"Drink."
One of the two young men addressed at once took a glass. The other shook his head, and said, politely, "Thanks very much, but I've had my

The "perfect gentleman" made one ng stride towards "our Mr. Snooks" s the commercial house for which the ing man worked rejoiced to call him), I said, as he looked down seriously

pon Snooks,
"Sir, in this country people are suposed to drink when they're asked to."
Needless to say, Snooks took the glass
to once, and swallowed the contents
ith a meek gulp, which seemed to exend all the breath that was left in him. send all the oreath that was left in him. Shooks's friend had already grasped the attuation intuitively, for he was of to-count build, and had no special times and easons for a drink. Both the robust and the delicate travellers now looked p at the "perfect gentleman" with arked attention. But there was noth marked attention. But there was nothing very extraordinary about his appearance. Tall and thin, with arched nose and fair mustache and beard, and fine clear blue eyes, he seemed, but for houlders, to be a very pretty man, as is Highland countrymen would say; for was apparent that his name-Scottwas apparent that his name—Scott—was Caledonian, and the sternness of his face when quite at ease made Snooks and the stouter Tom both hope that his wildness would prove the only poetic licence on his part. This really seemed to be the case, for, seeing that Snooks was alarmed at the suddenness with which he had been induced to swallow his grog, he sat down with a decidlow his grog, he sat down with a decided smile on his long face, and said to the Well, I'm pretty tired, for I've been

Snooks stared with a yet more scared look, but the robust Tom found on inquiry that Mr. Scott was not romanc-

look, but the robust Tom found on inquiry that Mr. Scott was not romancing.

"Yes, I have been panelled for the trial of the fellow who shot at the Chinaman; but of course we all wished the Chinaman had been shot. It was a mighty hot day, and the evidence deucedly long and tiresome. Then, in the middle of the chief witness's story, when we were hoping to finish the thing off, came news that the governor was arrown that the governor was arrown the constant of the chief witness's story, when we were hoping to finish the thing off, came news that the governor was arrown the constant of the chief witness's story, when we were hoping to finish the thing off, came news that the governor was arrown the constant of t riving by the riv er. So the judge thought that the governor couldn't land without the assistance of the judge, and up rose the "court," apparently expecting us to remain where we were until the governremain where we were until the governor had lamded, and goes down to the river. Then out went the audience, and
the jury didn't see why they should
stay, and I went out with them. Goodness knows what's become of the prisoner. Perhaps he went down to meet
the governor too. Anyway, the trial's
broken off, because the jury communicated with the outside public. I drink
to you sirs; you are a part of the outto you, sirs; you are a part of the out-

Further conversation revealing the fact that he was not over-anxious to be empanelled again, Tom made overtures to the tall drinker, which ended in his promising to show them what he could of the sport to be had there abouts. He would not have any one else go with them, but said they must carry some food, and that he would guarantee that they would get provisions enough, provided they would shoot decently straight. "And if they couldn't, be could." And they had no cause to

regret the decision. The autumn days had become cold enough to bring snow to the mountains, and the cold had driven the mountain sheep to the lower slopes. Several small flocks were seen in the valleys, and to stalk them, and to get a pretty easy shot on easy ground, was congenial to Mr. Snooks's taste. He was moderately successful, probably because the fine solitary ram that used to guard the flock did not suppose Lim to be as formidable as he really was. It was rather a pity to see so fine an animal fall to so prosaic an antagonist. The fine head of of the fine sheep, with its great curving thick horns, would be thrown up as though supicious of impend-ing trouble and intent to guard against it. He would give an impatient stamp when aware of the approach of man, and yet gaze a moment longer to make sure; and then would come the rifle shot and with one bound into the air he would lie the next minute a mere convulsive mass of brown and white, his eyes glazing, and the hair of his coat eyes giazing, and the hair of his coat roughed with the stones on which he fell. For these sheep have no wool. A coarse brown hair like that of a deer, but less fine, covers them. But, curiously enough, the mountain goat has wool—on his back. On the "saddle" of the hack there is a green white floor the back there is a snow-white fleece,

and this everywhere else on his body gives place to long, snowy hair.

The stouter of the two sportsmen was much the keener after these ancientlooking goats, with their wise faces, almost straight, backward-bent horns, and white-trousered, strong legs. Tom said he didn't mind any height so long as he had something to hold on to, even if that something were only the end of Scott's jacket. It is curious how some men will face any precipitous depth below them so long as they can clutch something, just as one knows of nervous ladies who don't mind a steep hank near the carriage so long as they ank near the carriage so long as they have a husband, son or brother whom they can pinch black and blue as soon as they think themselves in danger.

had see Bonaparte, but the mere idea, derived from no one knows what, was enough. Just so with the grizzlies. The mere idea is enough to make most ponies go wild with fright. Every day our sportsmen expected to see the bear, but the goats and the sheep gave them enough to do, without the greater "game." The snow on the mountains deep, and they enjoyed the glissades down the steeps, which were not yet sufficiently covered to cause avalanches. Slippery enough it sometimes was, and

Slippery enough it sometimes was, and one day, when Scott was, luckily, the lowest of the little party, Snooks lost his footing on the mountain side above. has footing on the mountain side above. One slip, one kick, one futile grasp at the snow on the ice about him, and then he was whirling down, sending the snow in graceful fountains of white spray before him as he darted helplessly towards a rocky ledge, which seemed destined to shoot him out into an abyss below. Scott saw the accident, jammed his staff into the frozen ground, and reaching out as his unfortunate friend was shooting past him, held on for reaching out as his unfortunate friend was shooting past him, held on for dear life to the waistcoat he had gripped. Out flew every button on Snooks' breast; but his course was stayed, and he lay gasping at Scott's feet. A narrow squeak, indeed; but an inch is as good as a mile. Nerves were somewhat shakem that afternoon, and it was judged to be just as well to descend to less dangerous ground and to go into camp. And what delights those camps gave. It may be more luxurious to

camp. And what delights those camps gave. It may be more luxurious to have the shelter of the tent in the warmth of sunshine by the shore, or to need but little fire by the summer camp after the day has been spent in work that needs no great bodily exertion. But the greatest of all pleasures is the repose that is the reward of tion. But the greatest of all pleasures is the repose that is the reward of good work and sport in the bracing air. Where the white peaks shoot upward in glistening starlight around the forest valleys and could be seen over the tall pines—tall—so t tall that their "slender tops" seemed indeed "close against the sky"—there were many happy evenings for the escaped juryman and his companions from Kamloops. The two younger men were full of talk when not too sleepy, and would try to get out their tall friend's story; but he always put them off by telling only of recent experiences. He knew these passes well. None better. It was known of him that he once accomplished a marvelwen. None better, it was known of him that he once accomplished a marvel-lous journey over them. It was at a time when no railway had been dreamed of as likely to be able to thread the tangled wilderness of fir and cedar and climb the giant ranges that shut intercourse with the plains making

out intercourse with the plains, making "the Pacific slope" in old days a separate world, sundered from the dry prairie country, and knowing only its own moist sea breezes and gigantic trees. Nobody knew why he had undertaken to scale the mountains and risk the loss of his life in the depth of winter by venturing to cross from the sea to the Milk River, as the infant Missouri is called at its Rocky mountain nursery. Nobody had asked him to explore the Nobody had asked him to explore the country. He was no surveyor, nor had geology, nor any ology, troubled his mind with problems of the earth's original manufacture. He only knew the globe to glory in going round it, or over any of its projections which seemed repulsive to other mortals. Some said he had been crossed in love; others he was mad. Most people are mad in the

mind that their minds are made about you in the conclusion that if mind you have, it is gone wrong. Well, Scott had done a very mad thing. He had been where no one had wished to be. He had done what men had said was impossible, with no special object in right of the said way.

view, except, as it seemed, to get away
—away from people—away from himself
—away from life. He had gone up from the coast to Kamloops. That was easy enough, even in the depth of winter, for there was a track. But then he had passed eastward to the mountains in a season of intense frost, and with only one companion—an Indian, of course. No white man would accompany him to do white man would accompany him to do what he said he meant to do—namely, cross over the Canadian Alps with no support except what he could drag behind him on a toboggan. In summer the thing was difficult enough. To be sure the snow would make the dragging of the sledge easier than the carrying of provisions would be in summer. But cold, and the unknown track, and

the cold, and the unknown track, and the distance all seemed against him. "We shall not hear of you again," they had said to him.
"Yes. I'll send you word from the other side some day," he had cheerily And off he went, and by the fire of the camp he told his two young companions how he had got across.

"Why," said Tom, "you must have crossed the Columbia river twice." "Well, we never knew it—at least I did not. It must have been the case, for we know that it runs through the mountains; but all I remember is ice and snow, and wood and ravine and rock, and mountains of mist, and sun and glare. I remember the torture of my feet when the frost bit them black, and how each day, in the morning, it was a blessed relief to get them to bleed afresh before the ache and agony of the tramp had warmed them a little. We got fire in the woods as long as we were among them, but on the last ridges we could not get our sledges over, and the food we could take was near done when we got to the foot-hills on the eastern side; but there the cold was not so great as on the mountain heights, and a Hudson Bay post on the Elbow and Bow rivers put life into us again."

"And what did you do it for, Scott?" asked Snooks, his round eyes full of

wonder.
"Well, perhaps I was prospecting; per haps I wasn't. Perhaps I wanted to see what I could do. Perhaps I wouldn't be done," said Scott; and when the little man would pursue his questions and in-quire and again inquire of Scott, who had become quite silent, the unwarranted inquisitiveness would be met by the

had become quite silent, the unwarranted inquisitiveness would be met by the tall man looking straight before him amd saying. "Well, you must wait for my biography!"

As if to confirm them in the idea that his journey might have been made as a gold quest, he would show them, when they lit their fire beside a stream, how with little trouble it was posible to find "color" or particles of gold in the gravel or sand at almost every place where they tarried.

they can pinch black and blue as soon as they think themselves in danger. There are many men of the most dauntless courage, which can be displayed everywhere except where they must cross a plank without a hand-rail. Custom does everything. Even a steeple-jack must hold on to something as a rule. It is possible that ponies might get accustomed to grizzly bears, but it certainly requires practice. Most horses have an instinct, or have by power of smell a knowledge, of where a bear has recently crossed a trail, and will stand and shake with terror, although they may never have seem a bear in their lives. Their dams must have told them about bears, and frightened them with stories when they wanted obedience in the foals or fillies, much as nursery maids used to frighten children in

"If ever a man gets to the tote, he'd find a 'heathen Chinee' washing for gold there," Scott spitefully said, and he shook again in a pan some of the rivulet's soil, and, stooping over it, his aqueline nose seemed to curl in to sharper curve as he muttered indignantly against the Chinese; and there, with his gaunt, thin frame, and with his long legs asstraddly his areas peeced in vain late. gaunt, thin frame, and with his long legs astraddle, his eyes peered in vain into the alchemy of the wilderness' waters. Snooks, with his pert nose and eyes and mouth agape, craned up of the long man's hands to look into the harmikin, and Tom, strong and ruddy, sat 'reside him as he looked up also, his jingers grasping his knees. They het some indians, and saw how their women rode cross-legged, for the sportsmen got as far as the Kootenay valley, now being "opened up" by steamer and railway, and, before they turned coastwards, again enjoyed the beauty of that wide valley, and saw how the "vanguard of the pine" comes in detached skirmishing order in advance of the thick bands and masses, and how the guard of the pine" comes in detached skirmishing order in advance of the thick bands and masses, and how the more lordly of these trees stand each apart, as though in "open order," so that their boughs can spread freely and the great tasseled ends stretch free to air and the light, which play about their great training the play about their great training the strength of the stren their great, straight stems, oughed with tawny bark and seamed with dark crevices, so that coloring, almost of a tiger's skin, clothes them at evening and

They are pretty sofe, those trees, for it would not pay to take them to market, and unless the settlers' axe hew them down they may grace the low hill-slopes near the lake for many a long day. Sawmills are sure to come, and planks and logs and beams will be in demand; but there is a wealth of timber and coal in quantity.

in demand; but there is a wealth of timber and coal in quantity.

"I wish I had settled down here, for there'll be lots of people and riches here some day," Scott said, meditatively, one afternoon, as the party rested beneath the tall pines and collected some of the fallen cones for their fire. the fallen cones for their fire.
"I wouldn't," said Tom. "I'd like to lead the life you have led and wander

wherever it suits me."

"There's plenty of life in it, youngster," said Scott, "and it brings one into queer places and among good people sometimes. Now one of the best people I ever met was an Indian—not one like those we saw to-day, with only a small band, but one of the men who led the life of the early Bible chiefs, roaming with the horses, and hunting. led the life of the early Bible chiefs, roaming with the horses, and hunting, perhaps, more than any old Syrian ever did, and not caring for domestic herds; for these people I speak of and their chief had at their disposal the countless herds of the buffalo."

"What! you've been with them, too? With which, the Syrians or the redskins?" asked Snooks, in mild wonder

skins?" asked Snooks, in mild wonder.

"Yes; I was a teamster in the plains once with the Sioux; "and one of the finest men I ever knew was their old chief, Sitting-Bull. Look here," he continued—and he pulled out from his jacket a piece of finely-wrought white leather covered with little figures of men fighting, tomahawking each other, with various other devices, such as deer and buffalo, marked in red on the long slip—"look here, now; that's Sitting-Bull's own work. He did that with his own hand; and though it isn't as well done as a picture by a regular artist, I had rather have it than a Raphael."

"Why a Raphael would give you one hundred thousand dollars," murmered Snooks.

mered Snooks. memories that this bit of skin gives me. When I look at this, I live again the old life with the man who gave it to me, the excitement of the great hunt; the hospitable fireside, whence no man was ever turned away, though that fireside was in the centre of the lodge and in the was in the centre of the lodge and in the bosom of the family of the kindly chief—the man who thought no more of risking his life in fight with the white troops than he did of giving his guest a whiff from his pipe—the man who conquered well-equipped cavalry in a fair fight—the father of his people—worthy to go down in history with the Princess Pocahontas, or with those leaders who gave battle to Pizarro and Cortes. By Jove, he was a fine fellow!" concluded Scott, rather to his friends' amazement, for they both confessed that amazement, for they both confessed that they would far rather be a captain of American horse than a Sioux king or

an Aztec emperor.

"Well, each man to his taste," said Scott. "I've tried Britain and Europe and most parts of America, but I never enjoyed a better time than the months I spent with old Bull. But the Sioux are going, and the buffalo have gone, an Aztec emperor. suppose, there'll soon not be a

bear to shoot. "We must get one, anyhow, before we get back," said Tom, enthusiastically. "What was your last bear, Scott?"
"I haven't killed one for a long time," Scott replied, "and the last chance I had was an uncommonly lucky one, for I killed a grizzly with a single shot, and from the saddle, too. I had ridden out from a Hudson Bay post along a river-side, and was passing a clump of willows, when I heard a rustle, and out came full towards me, and not 40 paces off, a big brown brute. He saw me and turned, and I got a shot just as my horse seemed inclined to bolt, and, to my surprise, the old bear gave up the ghost in the most handsome man-ner. I could hardly believe he would ner. I could hardly believe he would drop so easily; but there he lay dead."
"That's rather encouraging," Tom remarked; "but I'd rather try from a tree than the saddle, if you don't mind."
"We may see a bear on our way down country again." And they all virtuously made up their minds that they must have a bear skin to exhibit at Victoria.

Victoria. It was some days after this that, on the was some days after this that, on their return journey, they heard that a bear had been seen in the country to the southwest of the Spillamacheen valley, and at Snooks' request they walked in the woods where he was supposed to be, "keeping touch" with each other; for, as S. remarked, he couldn't be expected to tackle a hear for the first time. pected to tackle a bear for the first time all by himself. Tom said he was quite ready to support him, and all three kept on, giving low whistles to assure each other in the thick brush that help was

at hand:

"You don't think he would go for me at sight?" Snooks had nervously asked.

"No; he'll go for us first and keep you for dessert," Scott had encouraging-

ly replied.

The little man became confident as The little man became confident as time went on and nothing appeared. They had come to a great piece of fallen timber. The side branches stretched upward and all about at right angles to the huge trunk. Snooks mounted one to get on to the main stem as it lay processors. prostrate. He was going to swing himself down on the other side, when lo! in front of him arose a vast brown pil-lar, as it seemed to him, with two big arms, and, with a faint cry, Snooks dropped back among the branches on the side of the tree remote from the bear—for bear it was, and a huge one -and crouched, breathless, his heart thumping in his throat and his limbs perfectly nerveless. The bear had only

England by threatening that if they were not quiet they would bring Bonaparte to them. Neither nurse nor child had see Bonaparte, but the mere idea, derived from no one knows what, was enough. Just so with the grizzlies. The mere idea is enough to make most ponies go wild with fright. Every day our sportsmen expected to see the bear, but the group of the burns, and came away with about sufficient for each man io make a parently concluded Snooks must be a bad dream, for he grunted, lowered himself and took no further notice as far as Snooks could learn, for he heard and got about a dollar a lay." But they congratulated each other they were sportsmen expected to see the bear, but the gots and the shoot gave them.

"If ever a man gets to the tole, he'll while to see which had become of his bad dream, which had become of his burns, and came away with had a brief vision of the intruder, and apparently concluded Snooks must be a bad dream, for he grunted, lowered himself and took no further notice as far as Snooks could learn, for he heard and got about a dollar a lay." But they congratulated each other they were not chinese.

"If ever a man gets to the tole, he'll while to see which had become of his bad dream, which had become of the part of the process of the shoot and the part of the process of the part of the process of the part of the process of the part of the pa while to see what had become of his bad dream, which had left a suspicious odor about it. So he slowly raised himself again and got up upon the fallen tree trunk. This made him visible to Tom, who raised his rifle and fired. With a noise something between a hiss With a noise something between a hiss and a grunt and a groan the bear jumped down almost on the top of poor Snooks, but did not touch him and "went for" Tom "at sight." Tom tried to shin up a small tree, leaving his rifle below; for he had no time, as he thought, to sling it around him. But the bear was too quick for him and clawed his legging, T.'s foot escaping claws and teeth. At this instant the hero of the day, in the shape of Scott, came up, fired; the bear fell, tearing down Tom. Another moment and he had given him a nasty munch in the side, but again his jacket saved Tom; Scott fired once more, and followed the shot up by driving a long knife into the grizzly's heart. It was most gallantly and cleverly done, and the thanks of both the young men were very earnestly expressed. But it was a narrow shave, and, as Snooks observed, "might have and, as Snooks observed, "might have been much worse had not he (Snooks

insisted on their keeping together."

Perhaps the confidence of all the party and certainly that of the two younger men—was not quite unshaken. There was less talk of seeking bears. The tone of assurance had somehow "come down." So had the line of snow tone of assurance had somehow "come down." So had the line of snow, which, when the campaign had been begun, remained high up on the mountain tops. Now the gold of the birch and the crimson of the vine-maple lit up with no saffron or sanguine fires the dark green of the forest-covered mountain walls. The winds were cold, and Kamloons and its confluence of breed. Kamloops and its confluence of broad river reaches were passed without reriver reaches were passed without regret, for the warm shores of the Pacific were in the travellers' thoughts. The groves of the gigantic firs which are still preserved about the modern city of Vancouver soon saw them passing under their verdant twilights, and the long fords of the sea greeted them. There, where now the cars of the Canadian Pacific relibers came and convictions. adian Pacific railway come and go with the regularity of the night and day on their errands across the continent, our three friends rested and smoked and fished, taking into their service some of the coast Indians. These men were experts at handling the peculiarly shaped canoes, which, like many productions of their art, have a touch of Polynesian form. The carvings the coast men make, their ornaments, their mode of building wooden houses (not wigwams, but regular log or rough plank structures), remind those who have seen the Western Pacific people of South Seatastes. Scott could, of course, tell all about them and their affinities, for where had he not been? He knew, too, how to troll in the see water for the search to troll in the sea water for the salmon that would not rise to the fly, and to fish for the trout in the lakes where the trout codescended to take what the salmon refeed. What wondrous fly-fishing it was! He took them to a lake fishing it was! He took them to a lake which shall be nameless—or which we shall, at all events, only call by an approximation to the sound of the Indian title, something like "Lake Guessimifukan"—and there in two days they caught about 400 fish, weighing 900 pounds! For fear that Mr. Andrew Lang and everybody else that loves fly-fishing should rush at once there and fishing should rush at once there, only an approach to the name is given; and the access to the place is not here given, except by the assertion that it is in British Columbia—a wide world is that "double-barrelled" name—a name covariance country incomparable in beauty ering a country incomparable in beauty and in variety of scenery. Nowhere is there a richer sea, nowhere is there a more romantic coast. The fishermen of

amd see the ordered camp, with the ensigns, the spears and shields at the tent doors; the tents of splendid skins, painted somewhat like this in large; the women with their beautiful dresses of bead and leather; the bands of horses, the creater of the great hunt; the fish among the Roman Catholic popula-tion of Chili, Peru, and kindred south-ern states. Some day or other, as Mr. Scott said, small fruit trees will be as common along the shores as are now the innumerable firs. The Fraser figs and apricots will be as popular in London markets as the canned salmon from that river. Meantime, he wisely said, it is a mercy to the sportsman and traveller that all the "congested dis-tricts" of Europe are kept by the pro-fessional agitator from hunting the parfessional agitator from hunting the paradise of the enterprising globe-trotter, who may luxuriate in fishing and hunting better than can be enjoyed by any European in the old world. "We are the free men," concluded Mr. Scott, "who see things for ourselves and find elbow-room for ourselves, and are not made serfs on bad lands to please prejudices and make a living for shady poli-

dices and make a living for shady politicians." "Now," said Snooks, confidentially, "Scott, you have been with us a long time, and we know you must be a countryman of ours; do tell us if it is not

was all the answer he gave. But the mysterious man would entertain them by the hour with tales of adventures, all of which they implicitly believed to be true. Livingstone used to say that he believed every word of Roualyn Cumping African stories. Skenticism is ming's African stories. Skepticism is often more foolish than faith. "But I tell you England's not a bad place for those who can afford fogs and dogs and horses," he said over his pipe on the last evening they were together, "not a bad place for all those who can afford to punt on her exchange and hunt in her shires. You ask me what I have been; I tell you to wait for that information. You ask me what I have hunted; well, I'll give you this rhyme on that." he sang this compliment to old

English sports: What have I hunted? Ah, near and far
Lie the scenes recalled by the question
words;
'Neath the Polar Star, on the opal spar
Of the ice, I have hunted the walrus herds;

With the first in the foremost fight I've been Hard on the hounds on the fox's track— For the best sport's seen in our England With the scarlet coats and the dappled

What have I hunted? On mountains cold Ruddier dyes than the sunset's fell When the big-horn rolled on the glacier's fold To the crack of the re-echoing rifle-knell.

What have I hunted? In Labrador Bear—and the moose—and the cariboo On the lone pine shore, or the barrens hoar, With the white moss steeped in the moon-Far in the West was that glorious head
Of the wapiti borne through the dark
spruce pass.
With my horse I have sped where the buffalo fled,

What have I hunted? A mighty band!—
The river-horse and the lion's brood
In the Afric land on the trodden sand,
When at night at the shallow pools they
stood.

And have stretched them dead on the

And mightier game that roamed at large— The mammoth lords of the forest aisle, Dropped in their charge, by the ruined Of the royal lakes of our Indian isle. But, best of all hunting, wherever I've been,
Give me the hounds on the fox's track.
For the best sport's seen in our England
green,
With the scarlet coats and the dappled
pack! "PROMPT AND PERMANENT."



RHEUMATISM.—Jan. 17, 1883, GEO. C. OSGOOD & CO., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A., wrote: "Mr. LEWIS DENNIS, 136 Moody St, desires to say:

"ORRIN ROBINSON, a boy of Graniteville, Mass., came to my house in 1881, walking on crutches; his leg was bent at the knee for two months. I gave him

ST. JACOBS OIL to rub it. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home cured without them.'

Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., July 9,'87: "The crippled boy ORRIN ROBINSON, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor." GEORGE C. OSGOOD, M. D.

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