SIFTON'S METHODS IN THE YUKON

GRAFTS WORSE, THAN STATED

artist, is dead, aged 63 years.

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DOMINION HOUSE: NOW DISSOLVED

A Packed Vote of the Dawson Board of Trade Was Laurier Government Decides to Make Plunge And Vast Multitude Vesterday Took in the Big Exhibition Appeal to the Country---Lord Minto's Departure Will be Delayed.

SORELY TRIED SHIP.

ALL FALL FAIR RECORDS BROKEN

And That a Financial Success Will Be Achieved Is Now Assured

DISGUSTED WITH

THE OLIGARCHY

THE OLIGARCHY

Local Liberals Confess That the Condition of Party is Not Very Happy.

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Discussion Discussion of the Confess That the Condition of Party is Not Very Happy.

Discussion Discussion of the Confess That the Condition of Party is Not Very Happy.

Discussion Discussion on talk so bitterly about one another without just cause. Those who called leaders of the party in Victoria have been over-selfish and "grafty," that own and their triends' interests and let of the Condition of the Condition

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GRAFTS WORSE. THAN STATED

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But the little common burial ground is preceded by a gloomy yard of great stone and iron mausoleums, escutcheoned and coroneted. The descendants and relations of some of those victims come to rest in dreary nown pear, where there to rest in dreary pomp near where they lie mixed irrevocably with La Roture in the common ditch. Not a plant, not a blade of grass in thir black aristocratic place. So that the little dank field behind the grating and the shabby cypresses looks living and cheerful by comparison.

WEEKLY WEATHER SYNOPSIS.

Victoria Meteorological Office,

Sept. 21 to 27, 1904.

The weather during this week has not been as fine as the past several weeks. Rain occurred both here and on the lower Mainland open the 21st, during the passage of an ocean low barometer area down the coast, and again on the 27th rain became general throughout the province, and amounted to nearly an inch on the lower Mainland. This precipitation was due to an important storm area which was centred off Vancouver Island. It also caused a southerly gale both on the western seaboard of Vancouver Island and southward to the mouth of the Columbia river. The low barometer area which caused rain here on the 21st developed as it moved southward until, when over California, it caused abnormally heavy rains and thunderstorms, and at San Francisco over four inches fell in 48 hours. In the vicinity of Port Simpson the weather has been exceptionally fine during the first five days. In the Territories and Manitoba the weather has been generally fair with occasional showers and comparatively cool, except upon the 27th, when the temperature reached 70 in several districts. At Dawson rain fell upon one day and frosts occurred upon the first three days.

Victoria—Total sunshine recorded was Victoria—Total sunshine recorded was
46 hours and 30 minutes; rain .13 inch;
highest temperature 66.8 on 24th; lowest
46.5 on 26th.

New Westminster—Rain 1.26 inches, highest temperature 68 on 24th; lowest 44 on 21st, 23rd and 24th. Barkerville—Rain .40 inch; highest tem-perature 66 on 26th; lowest 30 on 24th. Port Simpson—Rain 1.42 inches; highest temperature 58 on 22nd and 23rd; lowest 40 on 22nd. 23rd, 24th and 25th.

comparison.

And in the wall of this lamentable place, sooty and rust-stained by the neighboring factory chimneys, is fastened a tablet of white marble, with the name of Audre de Chenier, and a poor little crown of green tinware. Even in that grimy place the slab has kept the sparkle, the unmistakable salty purity of marble from Greece; something which symbolizes, far better than any leaf or flower, the genius of that poor No. Sept. 21 to 27, 1904.

THE PETI

Our last ramble through Paris together was oddly serious, almost tragic. It was a stormy spring day, the young leaves yellow against an inky sky; the high roofs shining like very od silver in the hot fittul sun. As always happened in our expeditions, we had no notion where we were going; the Louvre, as usual, had already closed, and without more ado we got into the nearest tram, quite vague about its destination. It set us down at last, after interminable stoppages in the Faubourg St. Autoine, at the Place du Trone. I had never been there, and the name was to me syronymous with the Reign of Terror. This reminded my companion that in that neighborhood was the burial place of the poor guillotined folk; a friend of hers, many of whose family rested there, had told her of it, and she was taken with a pious whim to go there. We were setting out on this rather vague quest when the skies shrouded everything in crape, and we took refuge from the coming storm in a little cafe of that humble and rather questionable quarter. Being Ascension Day, whole familes were abroad; and two of these crowded in the same place, with stray workmen filling up the other tables. We had some briny beer, and a girl came round with queencakes, like small hath sponges, in a white basket. Down nattered the rain, with claps and rumbling of thunder; people talked little or in undertoues; and even the children running in and out among the tables seemed unnaturally quiet. We fell to talking, of course, of the Revolution; of Grandfather F— having been in it as a child, and never speaking of the country save' as "Bloody France." Those little Gascon nobles, even in their remove South, had had a tricolored Commissary and a perambulating guillotine among them. What should we have felt if we had been there—how behaved? I knew for certainty the fine, smiling serious politeness with which my companion would have taken it ali; as to myself. — one hoppes that such circumstances bring forth their crop of appropriate good, manners! And, looking around us at t

rent.

First we were taken across a tidy, arid yard into the chapel; as Phillstine, bare, stale and unprofitable as bourgeois French Catholicism could make it. It was empty. Only before the altar knelt two white figures draped in long crimson scarfs. A moment later in came two others to relieve these, for this is a convent of the Perpetual Adoration. The nuns were oddly dressed in white flounced gowns and little goffered caps.

flounced gowns and little goffered caps, the great crimson scarfs trailing like

the great crimson scarfs trailing like inappropriate warlike banners about their grandmotherly costume. The two newcomers curtsied and bowed to each other; the first couple went, the second stayed; as they saluted one another one realiked that they seemed come out of a family portrait by Ingres, and the flaming scarf, symbolical of the blood shed for men and by men, became the shawl with which Corinne of Tolstoy's Natacha danced.

In this fashion, relaying each other

Natacha danced.

In this fashion, relaying each other day and night, do the nuns of the Perit Picpus expiate by constant prayer the blood-guilt of the Revolution.

Of the victims, thirteen hundred guillotined at the Barriere du Throne from Prairial to Thermidor—not three months!—lie at the end of the Nuns' Garden, under the rank grass guarded by stunted arbor Vitae. Lie, all the thirteen hundred, pell-mell, it would seem.