## 's Affairs At Vancouver

rted Editor of Province May ace Charge of Criminal Libel.

ment in Important Cannery -Drowning Accident Feared.

our Own Correspondent. ouver B. C. Aug. 8.—The tennis ent opened today, and many sent. Victoria players showed during the first six hours' play. World says W. C. Nichol of the is to face a charge of criminal Winnipeg Baptist minister and lady of his congregation. The a, Winnipeg, is in trouble

istice Irving delivered judgment aportant cannery case today. J. nnery, sued Frank Burnett, annery, sued Frank Burnett, ry, for 127 shares aggregating. The company owed money to perial Bank above all assets after of the entire business, but Burney of the of this, distributed 127 to shareholders after the sale. In theid in face of this debt and legal authority this could not be not held that the liquidator must less 127 shares.

Hill and party inspected the l of the Great Northern railroad representing J. J. Hill, the presitt is understood the great railran's son expressed approval and less large business for the road

ey Hawley, a motorman emby the B. C. Electric Railway y, has been missing since the the men's outing on Thursday Ie was then seen last at the pavilion, North Vancouver, and ared that he either fell off the roff the ferry boat. Search parout but so far have not rethe body. Hawley was a widowhas a family in Ontario. He nember of the K. of P., which is a reward of \$100 for the discovhe body.

t Reischmann foreman of Far-ingle mill at Roche point, Bur-let, is feared to have been . He left the mill last night in boat and today the boat with and vest on a seat was found

EVELSTOKE BOOMING. Busy Railroad, Lumbering and Mining Centre.

Taylor, M. P. P. for Revelstoke, the city attending the Kootenay

## TWO STATUES OF BIRDWOMAN.

From the Lewis and Clark Journal.

There is a certain fascination in studying different conceptions of the same subject by two sculptors who are widely separated by distance, temperament and the influences of environment, and this is particularly true when the theme is so fresh and untried as Lat of Sacajawea, the Indian girl, wife and mother, who guided Lewis and Clark through several thousand miles of savage wilderness to the Pacific and back to the land of the Manitous of savage wilderness to the Pacific and back to the land of the Manitous peculiarities of face, figure or gesture could be traced out. The imagination therefore has free range and must work out the problem alone and unaided. Creative power is taked to an unusual degree by the heavy demands laid upon fit in the sculpturing of this statue.

An Eastern and a Western city have been the scene of the activities of the two sculptors. Miss Alice Cooper (Chicago) and. Bruno Louis Zimm. (New York), who have been working out their conceptions of Birdwoman for the Lewis and Clark Fair and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

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their conceptions of Birdwoman for the Lewis and Clark Fair and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Miss Cooper, herself a Western woman whose home is Denver, is embodying in her statue, intended for Portland, all the freedom, dramatic-intensity and unconquerable courage of the West, Sacajawea standing with uplifted arm and ardent gaze pointing toward the distant sea. A disinterested observer who recently visited Mīss Cooper's studio in the Fine Arts building, Chicago, says of the statue:

"This daughter of the wilderness, as the artist dreamed of her, was lithe and tall like a young palm tree. I had thought of the young slave-wife as meek. The artist had modeled a countenance transcendant in its uplifted look of leadership, the head thrown back and eyes full of daring. Moreover, it was the face of a woman young and beautiful. The short deerskin hunting skirt and fringed leather leggings gave to sacajawea's limbs the classic freedom of ancient sculpture. A buffalo robe floated from shoulders to feet royally as a queen's ermine mantle.

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classic freedom of ancient sculpture. A buffalo robe floated from shoulders to feet royally as a queen's ermine mantle.

"The one exquisite touch, however, that differentiates, this statue from every other, is the chubby, round-eyed papoose that peeps over Sacajawea's shoulder from under the buffalo robe. Without this mark of humanity Sacajawea, with her superb fearlessness, would resemble an Indian Diana."

Bruno Zimm's conception, shown in his statue at St. Louis, on the contrary is of patience that endures to the end, heroism mingled with meekness, weariness that knows no rest. While less dramatic and impassioned in pose than Miss Gooper's, it is strictly in accord with the facts that have come down to us in the journals of Lewis and Clark. Mr. Zimm has been congratulated by Dr. Washington Matthews, the eminent ethnologist of Washington, D. C., on his scientific rendering of detail; also by Karl Bitter, director of sculpture at the St. Louis Fair, on the artistic execution of the work.

Born in New York 28 years ago, Bruno Zimm began the study of painting when a boy of 12 years, and a year later took up sculpture in the metropolitan art schools. During five years he studied with Karl Bitter and then spent a year under Augustus St. Gaudens, after which he began his independent efforts, making a statue of an angel for Trinity church, New York, and several figures for the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. Receiving a commission for two groups from the United States government in 1899, he made them in Paris, winning a prize on these at the Paris Exposition. On his return to New York he made a potrait statue of Gen-







MRS. FRANCIS BATCHELLERS

Doom of the War

## Among the Poets

...... LITTLE MOLLY'S DREAM. Emilie Poulsson in June St. Nicholas.
"I dreamed," said little Molly,
With face alight.
And voice awe-filled yet joyous,
"I dreamed last night

"That I went 'way off somewhere, And there I found Green grass and trees and flowers All growing round.

"For all the signs, wherever We had to pass. Said: 'Please' (yes, really truly) 'Keep on the grass!'

"And in the beds of flowers
Along the walks,
Among the pinks or pansies
Or lily stalks,

"Were signs: 'Pick all the flowers-You wish to, child;' And I dreamed that the policeman Looked down and smiled!" AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause; Though yet no marble column craves The pligrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms. Small tributes! but your shades will smi More proudly on these wreaths today, Than when some cannon-molded pile Shall overlook this bay.

Boston, August 6.—Mrs. Francis Batcheller is a Bostonian who has made a pronounced social success in London this season. She was considered one of the prettiest American presented at court, when she wore a gown of real valenciennes lace with a train of white miroir velvet edged with gold lace. Mrs. Batcheller is a very active member of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is regent of the most fashionable chapter of the society in Boston. She has been visiting Ambassador and Mrs. Choate. Stoop, angels, hither from teh skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
mourning beauty crowned.
By mourning beauty crowned.
—Henry Timrod.

> THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE. At Vaterloo dar. ban a scrap.
> Gude many years ago;
> Napolyun he ban brave old chap.
> And boss of whole French show.
> And Maester Vellington he say.
> "Ay skol mak gude defense
> And mak dis Bonypart and Ney.
> To look lak saxty cents."

If I could only think of something good to write about.

THE 'COMMODATION TRAIN.

Nixon Waterman in Philadelphia Press.
I s'pose the through, trunk-line express that's so all-fired fast—
It's like a streak o' lightnin' as it goes athunderin' past—
Is jes' the thing globe-trotters like; but none of it in mine!
Give me the 'commodation on the Jonesville Junction line.
We've only got one train a day; she's passenger and freight;
She don't go slammin' through the town at some wild, break-neck rate.
Well, I guess nit! for when we hear her lazy old "choo-choo!"
We gather at the depot for a visit with her crew.

There ain't a man or boy in town but knows Conductor Briggs,
And Engineer Einathan Clark and Fireman Jerry Wiggs.
And Brakeman Goff, with finger off and half a dozen scars
He's got one 'time or other while accomplin' up the cars.
Them fellers trav'lin' up and down the road year after year,
And haulin' lots of drummers, too, are pretty sure to hear
The finest yarns a-goin'; they can tell 'em, too-and so
To hear 'em talk is 'bout as good as bein' at a show.

My nephew, born near Boston, says that in a parlor-car
They never shout the stations out to tell you where you are.
You ask the dark porter what's the town you're whizzin' through,
Says he: "It's New Orleans, I guess, or mebby Kal'mazoo,
Or Cairo or Skowhegan; fact is, boss, I don't jes know,
For all towns look alike to me the way these flyers go."
So parlor-cars and flyers I respectfully decline
For something more in keepin' with the Jonesville Junction line.

The folks that ride in parlor-cars, so I've The folks that ride in parlor-cars, so I've heard people say,
Are so polite they wouldn't dare to pass the time o' day
Without an introduction. They jes' set and set and set,
And tip the porter all the while for everything they get.
But on our 'commodation train that stops at every town,
Why everybody's in and out and skurry-in' aroun'
With "Howdy'dos!" and "Fare-ye-wells!" and all their smiles and tears,
A feller gets his money's worth in what he sees and hears.

One time a tramp got on our train at Billville, eight miles down.
Conductor Briggs was readin' so he didn't get aroun'
To find the man was stealin' till the train was nearly here,
And so the deadhead thought he'd saved that much of trampin' clear.
But Briggs, he jes' locked both the doors, and caged the feller—see?
And backed that train up them eight miles to Billville—yes, siree!
And chucked him off, and says to him:
"The walkin's mighty fine;
So don't you try to monkey with the Jonesville Junction line!"

The Eskimo manner of taking the seal is described by Mr. Tyrrell in his book, "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." The author says, according to Youth's Companion, that he has known an Eskimo, who was so expert at this kind of sport that he was able to selze a seal with his teeth.

that he was able to selze a seal with his teeth.

When a hunter spies a seal, he notes the direction of the wind; then keeping himself to the leeward of the seal, he walks to within a quarter of a mile of the seal. Beyond this he begins to crouch, and advances only when the seal's head is down. The seal is a wideawake animal, and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds to guard against danger. When its head is down upon the ice its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep. However this may be, the hunter, by carefully watching the seal's movements, is able without much difficulty to get

is able without much difficulty to get within about two hundred yards of it; but at closer quarters he is obliged to adopt other tactics. He now lies down at full length upon the ice, and the real sport begins.

The seal takes the Eskimo, who is able to "talk seall' perfectly, to be one of its kindred, and, indeed, there is a great deal of resemblance between the twe, for seal and, hunter are similarly clothed, and the Eskimo, living largely upon the fiesh and oll of the seal, is similarly odorous.

As the two lie there upon the ice, a most As the two lie there upon the fiesh and oil of the seal, is similarly odorous.

As the two lie there upon the ice, a most amusing sort of conversation is kept up between them. The seal makes a remark and flips his tail. The Eskimo replies, and makes a corresponding gesture with his foot. At the same time he throws himself a little forward. The seal soon has something further to say, and again flips his tail. The Eskimo replies as before, and still further closes up the distance between them.

When the seal's head is down, the hunter, who ever keeps his eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward upon his elbows. This manoeuvering goes on for some time, uptil the distance between the performers has been reduced to a few yards, sometimes to a few feet.

When near enough to make a sure shot,

She never forgot that kind words and smales cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

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