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kohama on August

BOATS.

Liners Will Start Fridays.

ne into effect re- d sailings of the iners. Hereafter uver and Victoria ter than hitherto. count of not hav- The Miowera, sail- ugurated the new

t of Canadian taken by these era had all the and all the space Warrimoo have next trips.

HOME.

Esquimalt on Her rip.

. M. S. Amphion way home, to go emporarily. She and probably one As she dropped ed the Warspite, hip gave her and ty cheers, which he crews of the nd the men of the torpedo boat de- panied the Am- the cruiser passed p "Home, Sweet ng Syne."

OTES.

Happenings Along Front.

due to-day from

tle should be here Alaska. She has excursion on four or five hours

e bark Williscott, at Nanaimo from ve seen a monster saw the sea mon- fish.

N.

a, is out on a hunt- creek, under the

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ence at the Cold- pt. 1st. The crop ard this year, and able one, as prices on.

the Kalemalka last L. Bayley, of Eng- s up in Creighton

alf-breed, was ar- own by Constable harge of supplying and liltreating his will spend the next l seclusion at Kam-

curing the contract connection with the o New Westminster will complete the to carry out his y. Mr. McQuarrie that, if no delay f the pipe, the sys- before the end of

st ten days or more ent in this district. very day, and har- been completely ondition of affairs oast down as far it continues much suffer severe loss. valley suffered a when Mr. and Mrs. to Fernie, where position as prin- l. For about thir- has been a resident proved himself one g and public spir- He has filled to e position of secre- ociation, and it will uccessor, who will p of the duties of t Black Mountain r. Clement, whose ll now fall to the and Mrs. Watson wishes of a large

saddened the city Annie Isabel Ward, spring has been d that evening at J. Vail. The de- Vancouver, where rs held a position son Bay Co. When recovering from the fever, and for a ive much benefit imate and scene. had affected her heart trouble that remains were em- mpbell Bros., and er for interment, the mother of the noned a few days at the time of her mony was held at nd was conducted sisted by Rev. G. esidence here Miss f friends, among was the subject of News.

he church socie- season of long y meetings, are ain with evening evening there mock parliament st church had a U. of Calvary heir interesting Andrews Presby- Sinclair address- esbyterian Chris- the Epworth olitan Methodist On Sunday even- of Christian En- Congregational evening the Ep- tropolitan church n meeting, of vill have charge. ber 12, they will d Men's Home.

t session of the n September 5. against the deci- ke in the Craig- one of the first

Tame Lacrosse and All Went Victoria's Way

Save When Goal-Keeper Joined Spectators in Dreamland and Lonely Ball Fell in His Net Unheeded.

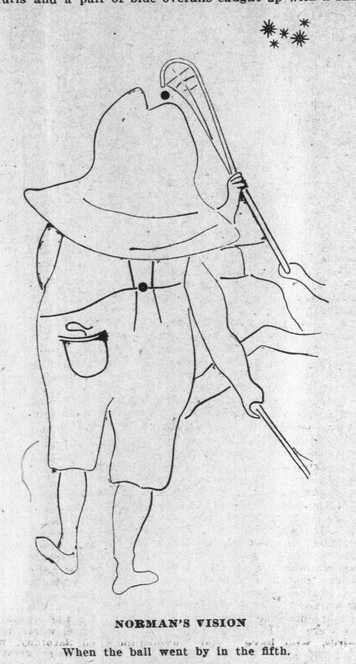
Vancouver lost to the James Bays in the schedule lacrosse match at Caledonia park yesterday—a match that perhaps a thousand enthusiasts turned out to witness, and which proved about as luridly exciting as a rainy Sunday at Saanichton.

The service—for it was much too placid and peaceful for any one to call it a contest—lasted through eight games, and the visitors would have retired emphatically goosed had it not been for the ball, which took it into its little round head to go into the Victoria net in the fifth, scorning the assistance of the Vancouver stalwarts.

Oppenheimer made a move to assist it on its pilgrimage from centre to the flags, but his feet got in his way, and it was a case of "never touched me," for the ball.

Sammy Norman, too, came out to welcome the little stranger travelling all alone, but saw it slip by and sink into the net for a nap.

Then his sunny smile congealed; Bland's hair stood on end at the unique performance; and Mike Finlaison sent Foster out to hunt up a certificated mascot. The luck came back with the entrance on the field of a little guaranteed genius with Fauntleroy curls and a pair of blue overalls caught up with a shingle nail, trimmed with a ruching of corded calico, and made complete with a demi-train of blue.



NORMAN'S VISION

When the ball went by in the fifth.

After that, ennui settled down upon the scene, and the play, for the most part, wasn't fast enough to threaten a snail with heart failure—just a shade faster than the paving of Fort street.

Part of the audience in the grand stand went home; some of the others went to sleep; and at 5 o'clock the few who had watched the progress of events awakened the others with the news that if was all over.

Relieving the general tedium of the match was the thoroughly good play of Belfry, Lorimer, Blain, Stephen and Norman, on the winning side, and of Reynolds, Green and Templeton, who, if they could have played the whole game, would have given it another ending for the visitors.

Mr. George Tite was referee, and Messrs. J. B. Simpson and George Wilson stood behind the nets.

THE MATCH IN DETAIL.

The first game, besides being by far the longest, was unquestionably the best of the day. It lasted 28 minutes, Victoria having a slight advantage throughout, but not appearing to so outclass Vancouver as in the remainder of the match. Play on the whole was slow and ragged, and while each team awakened occasionally to streaks of decent combination, the lapses from slumber were infrequent and the attack vague and uncertain. If there was any special feature in the game, it was a fast combination rush started by Blain from below centre field, the hundred yard record holder tipping to White when hard pressed by Templeton. White passed to Smith, who returned the rubber and then received it back again as soon as he had improved his position. Then he shot at an angle, and would certainly have made the point had not the ball unluckily struck the top bar of the net. After that Victoria deserved to lose the game as a penalty for not shooting frequently enough, and for purposeless interchange in front of the flags. At the other end of the field Belfry and Lorimer were playing a practically faultless defence. The former ultimately rescued the ball from a tight bunch and advanced it to Bland. The latter passed it to Mike Finlaison, who gave it over to Blain. After a short run Blain saw an opening and relinquished to White, who after a dodgy evasion of four grey jerseys, scored with a clean over-hand shot, Matheson in goal making the mistake of trusting to a side reach.

In the second the Victorians clearly out-ran, out-dodged, out-checked and out-passed their rivals. At the same time no satisfactory opportunity presented itself for five minutes, thanks chiefly to Joe Reynolds' capable handling of point. Stephen distinguished himself in a very clever dodgy run, which narrowly escaped resulting in a goal. Before the returned rubber reached centre, Burns had got it in a pass from Blain, who was doing an immense amount of brilliant field work for the Bays. From Burns the ball travelled back to Blain, going next to Smith, to Bland and to Stephen. The latter made a characteristic run for Matheson's citadel, and registered the game.

Although it lasted but two and a half minutes, the third game developed some pretty team play, notably the winning combination, which was started by the useful Lorimer and participated in by Blain, White, Smith and White again—he doing the honors.

The fourth game also fell quickly to the boys in the blue, after Smith had illustrated numerous glaring errors of judgment and shown how well he could not catch easy passes. Blain's accuracy and sharp fielding, and Norman's steadiness in tight places were compensating features. Eventually Smith made a successful transfer to Bland, who handed it back in time for Smith to pass it to Stephen, who tapped it in.

Game No. 5 was Vancouver's salvation from a cipher score—and it was luck and a sympathetic ball that won it, not the players. Smith got it in the draw from Templeton, but slipped, whereupon Cowan batted the ball behind him with a swing of his stick. He could never have duplicated the performance, for the ball (although slow) seemed imbued with life and a desire to help out the unlucky visitors. It escaped Oppenheimer, who tried to assist it on its blithesome way, and slipped past Belfry, Lorimer, and even Sammy Norman, who had come out to meet it. By this time it was a tired little sphere. It had just legs enough to crawl past the goal posts and go to sleep in the net, while the umpire's hand went up and everyone enjoyed a laugh.

The Bays played all around their guests in the sixth, Vancouver's home lacking any show of steam or joint action. When by any chance the rubber got to the other end, Lorimer and Belfry were eminently well able to dispose of it. Joe Reynolds and occasionally Templeton redeemed the team from utter disgrace. After ten minutes' play Bland got a long pass from Belfry and gave an exhibition of the shot that failed. The ball came back to Blain, who took an opportune run up field and set going the only fast and systematic attack of the afternoon. After evading all three of the Vancouver home field, who came at him with the best intentions in the world, Blain placed it with Mike Finlaison, who gave it to the populistic Bland. Bland sent it past a forest of sticks and in.

In the seventh and eighth Vancouver showed one or two sets of pretty teaming, but the combination work was purposeless and ineffective. Reynolds, Templeton, Green and Cowan also did good individual service in the seventh, the latter making an especially good attack that was equally well repulsed by Norman and Lorimer. The game ended by Bland making a neat run up, and Smith swiping it through.

There was five and a half minutes of playing time left when the eighth game started, and no life left in the play of the visitors. After three minutes of monotony, Bland handed it to Smith, and Smith scored.

"That'll do," said Vancouver.

SUMMARY.

1	Victoria	White	28 m.
2	Victoria	Stephens	5½ "
3	Victoria	White	2½ "
4	Victoria	Stephens	3½ "
5	Vancouver	Cowan	½ "
6	Victoria	Bland	11½ "
7	Victoria	Smith	8 "
8	Victoria	Smith	3 "

Nanaimo Defaults to Westminster.

Owing to their inability to get a presentable team together, the Nanaimo Lacrosse Club defaulted the game arranged for yesterday to the champions. It was a foregone conclusion that Westminster would have won, and with the series practically ended very little interest was evinced in the prospective engagement.

Past to Meet Present.

Arrangements are on foot in Victoria for a game in which the "has beens" will figure, as opposed to the representative team of the J.B.A.A. to-day. The match is suggested as a benefit to the Protestant Orphanage, and the "has beens" would be drawn from the following excellent material: Frank, Charles L. and William H. Cullin, George Coldwell, George Tite, George Williams, Geo. Snider, Harry Morton, W. R. Ditchburn, J. B. Simpson, W. Sprinkling, K. Scholefield, J. Wolfenden, and half a dozen others equally expert with the stick.

CRICKET.

R. M. A. vs. Victoria.

This match took place yesterday on the grounds of the former. Captain Barnes won the toss, and elected to bat. Hubbard and Sawyer started the innings, but were soon parted. Captain Barnes joined Hubbard, and runs came freely, Hubbard being finally dismissed for a well-played 35. With the exception of Major Trotter (10), no one assisted Captain Barnes to any extent, and the innings closed for 135. Gooch took 6 wickets, Goward 2, and Anderson and Maclean 1 each, Mr. Pooley changing the bowling frequently with good results. Only an hour remained for play when Victoria started their innings, and in that time they made 72 for 4 wickets, the match thus ending in a draw. Gooch (41, not out) and Maclean (22) played good cricket for their runs. The following is the score:

R. M. A.

Sgt. Hubard, c T. E. Pooley, b Anderson	35
Gr. Sawyer, b Gooch	5
Capt. Barnes, c Warden b Goward	44
Capt. Poole, b Goward	6
Corp. Barraclough, b Gooch	5
Major Trotter, c Goward b Gooch	10
Sgt. Kelly, c Goward b Gooch	2
Sgt. Wolfe, b Gooch	0
Gr. Hall, not out	7
Gr. Irving, c Tuderson b Maclean	0
Gr. Brown, c Goward b Gooch	6
Extras	15
Total	135

VICTORIA C. C.

A. Maclean, b Brown	22
A. C. Anderson, c Barraclough b Barnes	8
W. P. Gooch, not out	41
R. D. Harvey, st Poole b Brown	1
Q. R. D. Warden, c Trotter b Brown	0
B. H. T. Drake, D. M. Rogers, B. Goward T. E. Pooley and Hon. C. E. Pooley did not bat.	
Total for 4 wickets	72

Navy vs. Banks.

Favored by splendid weather, surrounded by a fashionable and appreciative audience, the United Banks secured a good victory over the Navy at Esquimalt yesterday afternoon. In justice to the Navy, it must be understood that they were considerably weakened by the absence of several of their ships from the station. Chief honors for the Navy rest with Chapman and Deacon, and for the Banks, Lobb and the brothers Gillespie played fine cricket, Lobb in particular playing a faultless innings of 81. The score follows:

NAVY.

Lt. Hon. Hay, c Pooley b Lobb	7
Lt. Underwood, b Hilton	8
Lt. Shewell, c Lobb b Hilton	8
Lt. Glennie, b Hilton	0
Lt. de Satge, c Pooley b Hilton	7
Lt. Large, c & b H. Gillespie	4
Lt. Chapman, c Hilton b A. Gillespie	20
Lt. Deacon, c & b Taylor	12
Lt. Wilson, b T. Gillespie	0
Mr. Grubb, b Taylor	2
Mr. Smith, not out	2
Byes, etc.	10
Total	80

UNITED BANKS C. C.

J. H. Gillespie, c Shewell b Grubb	42
W. A. Lobb, c Hay b Deacon	81
E. Carr Hilton, st Hay b Chapman	16
G. S. Holt, c Wilson b Le Farge	20
E. A. Wyld, b Smith	6
A. Gillespie, not out	44
G. A. Taylor, c De Satze b Le Farge	16
W. R. C. Worlock, not out	12
W. H. Pegram, N. Gresley and C. R. Pooley did not bat.	
Byes, etc.	12
Total for 6 wickets	249

FORT STREET PAVING.

To the Editor of the Colonist:

Sir: In looking over the Colonist of this date I dropped upon an article headed, "A Difference of Opinion," with regard to the progress that is being made with the work now going on on Fort streeet. As I am well aware, there is no scarcity of critics, but whether they have any knowledge of block-paving before or after it is finished, that I cannot say; nor would I care to say. For myself, I am one of the greenhorns, and don't pretend to know one thing or the other about block-paving. One thing I will say, but will not bet $1,000 on, that not 10 per cent. of the critics ever before saw a street block-paved with square blocks. There is one other matter I wish to refer to. That is the proposition of Mr. G. Jeeves that if the Mayor and council will hand over Fort street to him, with half the number of men, he will do something miraculous. I think I am safe in saying Mr. Jeeves is only a novice at the business of block-paving. I may tell him straight that he would not be in it at all with Ex-Alderman Bragg. He says that he will do as much as the whole gang working there now, but I think he would have to get a swifter move on than when he built the little brick work around the fountain.

ONE OF THE GREENHORNS.

Victoria, August 26, 1899.

NO CRIMINALITY.

The Charges of Embezzlement Against Mr. Hugh Logan Dismissed by the Magistrate.

The end of the charges of embezzlement against Hugh Logan was reached yesterday morning, when after the two prosecutions had been merged, on the application of counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Fred. Peters, His Honor Magistrate Hall dismissed the information, with the observation that not the slightest evidence of criminality had been disclosed, although there appeared to be a looseness of bookkeeping on both sides. The $60 count had been declared by the prosecution to have been introduced solely for the purpose of showing criminal intent with regard to the main item of $152, and as Captain Beynon had satisfactorily explained the $60 item, there was nothing further to be gained in this direction. The court was quite satisfied with the statement made by Mr. Logan, that he had forgotten to make a cross-entry of the transaction, and there was testimony that Mr. Smith had seen the voucher for the $152 transaction, and had actually placed his O. K. upon it. No other course could therefore be adopted than to dismiss the case.

PECULIAR AND PERTINENT.

A smokeless coal is promised very shortly. It is made of 93 per cent. of coal dust and 7 per cent. of caustic lime. The latter mixture forms a bright-burning gas, and thus prevents the generation of smoke.

Stamp lickers' tongue is the name recently applied by an English physician to a form of sore mouth occurring in clerks who have many letters to stamp and seal, and who moisten the adhesive surface with the ever-ready tongue.

An Englishman was en route from Windsor to London and met on the train Sir Lawrence Alma-Tradema, who received the dignity of knighthood from the Queen. The distinguished R. A. told him that a day or so after he had been knighted a lady called on one of their "at home" days and expressed herself to him as follows: "Oh, dear Sir Lawrence, I am awfully glad to hear of the honor you have received; I suppose now that you have been knighted you'll give up painting and live like a gentleman."

Several of the yachts of the Victoria Yacht Club, each with a jolly crew, left yesterday on one of their periodical cruises down the Straits. They will return to-day.

Canada's Big Milling Company

Mr. W. W. Ogilvie Talks of the Prospects and Prosperity of the Northwest.

His Company Incrasing the Capacity of Their Mill to 3000 Barrels Daily.

In a recent issue of the Winnipeg Tribune is the following interview with Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, who directs the fortunes of the great Ogilvie Milling Co., of Winnipeg and Montreal. It is interesting to all readers of the Colonist, as showing the progress of Manitoba and the grain prospects of the finest wheat growing country in the world, and the means used to handle the output:

"The average Manitoban who is always or nearly always at home does not fully appreciate the enormous advances the province is making, and he has often to refer to occasional visitors for impressions in this regard. It is gratifying therefore to hear expressions from authorities whose word cannot be doubted, especially when such expressions are followed up by practical proof of sincerity in the shape of big outlays for business extension such as cannot be questioned. One of these confident authorities is Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, the great Canadian miller, whose successful business judgment is too well known to need reference to here, being, as he is, among the oldest, if not the oldest, and best and most successful business men western Canada has ever known, or probably ever will know. Mr. Ogilvie has spent upwards of a week in the province on his annual trip, and the statements he made to a reporter of the Tribune were of the character referred to, and such as would more than ever convince the Manitobans and others who are not Manitobans that Manitoba is indeed a favored country and that those who have made their homes here have made no mistake in their selection.

Late Thursday night Mr. Ogilvie was found busily engaged in consultation with his manager, Mr. F. W. Thompson, at the office of the company, and on being requested, he was good enough to accord an interview to the Tribune's representative.

"I have been over the greater part of Southern Manitoba," said Mr. Ogilvie, "and although I have about this time of the year seen nearly every crop that the country has produced since the year 1876, when there was scarcely any crop at all, I have never seen anything to equal the prospects of the present year. I saw a great many wheat fields I am sure will yield 40 bushels to the acre. I understand that the acreage in wheat is 1,600,000 in Manitoba, and 400,000 in the Territories. This even at 20 bushels to the acre would be 40,000,000 bushels. But if the country is favored with fine weather for the next two or three weeks the yield will average 25 bushels to the acre, and this would make the magnificent total of 50,000,000 bushels for Western Canada's crop.

"The crop of oats, too," Mr. Ogilvie went on, "is better than I ever saw before, and the acreage is much larger than usual. Another pleasing feature I observed was the absence of weeds in the grain this year, showing that the farmers have taken great care in their cultivation and in the seed they used.

"The appearance of the towns, too, greatly impressed me. The majority of the buildings are now of stone, and of such architecture and beauty that they would do credit to any of the larger cities of the Dominion. No new country the world has ever known has built such towns in its earlies stages. Everything has the permanent appearance of any older country and comfortable homes, beautified by trees planted, and in other ways could be seen in town and country, all indicating a prosperity it would be hard to equal."

"Do you see much change in Winnipeg?" asked the reporter.

"The changes in Winnipeg since I was here last year are most striking and gratifying. The buildings that have been erected and are now in course of erection are equal to any buildings in America. I was glad to find so many of your streets asphalted, and was agreeably surprised to learn that Winnipeg owned its own asphalt works and its stone quarry, and was doing its own paving work. This speaks highly for the intelligence of Winnipeg's citizens, and the mayor and corporation are to be also congratulated on their efficient management of affairs in their enormous undertakings in the way of civic improvements. I spent Sunday afternoon driving around the city. In addition to praising the improvements in Winnipeg streets and business buildings, let me say a word about her private residences. These are really beautiful and speak volumes for the great business prosperity which must exist. The homes of Winnipeg's bulsness men will compare favorably with those of much larger cities. But I see a prosperity and growth in Winnipeg which convinces me that your city will not have many peers in Canada long."

"You are about to introduce some important improvements to your mill—so it is reported?" said the interviewer.

"I have just given an order for a 1,000 horse power steam engine of the Corliss type. It will be one of the strongest engines in America for its capacity. To give some idea of its size, a special train of 15 cars will be necessary to bring the new plant from Montreal to Winnipeg. The engine will weigh 300,000 pounds; the fly wheel alone weighs 100,000 pounds and is 22 feet in diameter, with 6 feet face, requiring a three-ply leather belt 6 feet wide and 150 feet long. This additional power will increase the mill's capacity to 3,000 barrels per day."

"It is rumored," said the reporter, "that you contemplate building another mill?"

"Yes, that was one of the principal objects of my visit west. But I have not yet decided on the location. It will be a mill with 2,000 barrels daily capacity and will have an elevator of over 500,000 bushels capacity."

"Do you object to flat warehouses for receiving the wheat from farmers?" was the next question.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Ogilvie very emphatically. "I have no objection to the farmer shipping his wheat in any way he thinks best."

"Are you connected with any elevator combine or company?"

"No," said Mr. Ogilvie, with equal force. "I am not, never have been and never shall be."

"It has been stated recently that you were financially interested in the Lake of the Woods Milling Co."

"Yes," said Mr. Ogilvie, "if it is any news to you, I am interested in the company you name."

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Ogilvie spoke in high terms of praise about the excellent passenger service furnished by the C. P. R. with the Imperial Limited. "It is a great improvement," he said, "and brings Winnipeg 12 hours nearer Montreal. There is no doubt in my mind," he added, "that owing to the position and success of Manitoba in every way, the future success of the C. P. R. is assured. Although every one was sorry to lose Sir William Van Horne, we can place the same confidence in Mr. Shaughnessy as an able successor."

The following dispatch from Fort William appears in a later date of the Winnipeg paper:

W. W. Ogilvie and son, together with general manager F. W. Thompson, arrived here yesterday. Mr. Ogilvie on being seen said: "Yes, I am going to build a seven story solid brick mill with a capacity of three thousand barrels per day, also a five hundred thousand bushel elevator at Fort William. The probable cost will be half a million dollars, employ five hundred men in the building and one hundred men after for the mill and elevator. Work will be completed within one year."

REMARKABLE SCENE.

Great Enthusiasm During the Godfrey Concert in New York.

In New York at the Seventh Regiment Armory a remarkable scene of international enthusiasm was witnessed over the appearance of Lieut. Godfrey and his British Guards band. In the immense building the largest audience of the season was gathered, and a gala night at grand opera was eclipsed, both in point of numbers and receipts. As many selections mentioned will be heard here when the band comes shortly, the New York Herald's description of the scene will be read with interest:

"The great building was a whirl of red, white and blue, and the scarlet of Old England. A huge Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes blended behind the stage, where sat the Englishmen in scarlet, the Scotchmen in plaids, and the Americans in gray. The entire wall space and ceiling were covered with the same blended colors. It seemed as if all New York was there. For a moment panic was imminent, but 100 policemen quieted the audience. 'God Save the Queen' opened the programme, and the great audience went wild, standing up in honor of England's sovereign. "'The Star Spangled Banner" followed, and then the Englishmen in the vast audience sprang to their feet, cheering madly. Never did New York see such a love feast of nations.

"Then the Britishers, resplendent in their scarlet coats and gold lace, plunged into 'William Tell,' just as a grand orchestra might. It was wildly encored by 9,000 pair of hands. 'Lohengrin' was its number, just as enthusiastically received. Numbers followed till Dan Godfrey waved his baton for the nautical fantasia, 'England and America.' It told in music these scenes: "1. Portsmouth harbor (Hearts of Oak; 2, Weighing anchor (Bos'un's Whistle and Sailors' Chorus, 'Fare thee well, fair Portsmouth town"); 3, old song, The Anchor's Weigh'd; 4, Saturday evening in the forecastle (Begone Dull Care), Jack's diversions (dance and songs); 5, A night at sea (Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep); 6, Storm in the Atlantic; 7, Sandy Hook in Sight (Yankee Doodle and Dixie; 8, Salute to the American admiral's flag (Red, White and Blue); 9, Finale, Rule Britannia.

"Applause like the falling of Niagara welcomed it."

The sale of seats for the engagement in this city on Thursday next has been phenomenal, and the Drill hall will be packed to the doors at the evening performance. Ample arrangements have been made as to ushers and attendants, but it would be well for holders of tickets to remember that such a vast number of people cannot be seated at once, and that as the performance is to commence at 8 o'clock, and as no one can be seated during the numbers, it behooves them to be at the hall early. The doors will be open at 7 o'clock for the evening performance, and it will take every minute of the time between that and 8 o'clock to seat the great number who by that date will have secured tickets.

MY OLD CANOE.

From Forest and Stream.

When the summer sun peeps o'er the hill,
And the summer air is cool and still,
When the river currents swiftly glide
Without a ripple from side to side,
Then over the waters clear and blue
I gently paddle my old canoe.

Many a happy hour has fled
While on and on I'm gently led
By Nature's soft, resistless hand,
Along the shores of sparkling sand,
Or past the banks of tempting shade
With now and then a cooling glade;
There in the reeds still wet with dew
I stop and anchor my old canoe.

The gray November skies hang low,
And chill winds whisper of coming snow;
No more along the grassy brink
I list to the merry bobolink;
No more green fields and summer skies,
And shady woodlands greet my eyes,
But stretching meadows brown and bare
With a dreary aspect everywhere.
The days grow short and the chances few
For me to paddle my old canoe.

My thoughts go back as I behold
The frozen river bleak and cold.
And still remember the last and day
That my little craft I laid away.
Despite its age, 'twill ever be
What it has always seemed to me:
A friend, companion—good and true—
And ever I'll long for my birch canoe.

A horse can draw on the worst kind of earth road about four times as much as he can carry on his back. On a good macadamized road he can pull 10 times as much, on a wooden road 25 times as much, and on a street railway 58 times as much.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Double Tragedy In Dawson

Maud Roselle Formerly of Victoria Murdered by Harry Davis.

Having Endad Her Life He Turns Revolver on Himself.

Early on the morning of August 11, in Dawson, Maud Roselle, a variety actress, well known to the sporting fraternity of Victoria, she having appeared here at the Trilby and Delmonico music halls, was shot and killed by Harry Davis, who immediately turned the revolver upon himself and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. By a strange fatality the tragedy occurred in the same room over the Monte Carlo music hall that witnessed the murder and suicide last winter of Libbie White and Dave Evans. The incidents that culminated in the death of Maud Roselle and Davis covered a period of over a year. They had been living together; the woman tired of him and left him; and the woman's refusal to return to live with him, aggravated by drink, jealousy and passion, brought about a frenzied condition that had murder for its intent, followed by self-destruction.

Everything connected with Davis' recent movements would indicate that the murder and suicide were premeditated, on finding that the woman had deserted him. This is borne out by the last words he uttered to M. Rosen on leaving with him his satchel containing gold dust and papers, namely:

"If anything happens to me I want you to promise to send my valise and effects to my father at the following address: Write it down:

"JAMES H. DAVIS,
"1513 East Avenue,
"Emporia, Kansas."

Harry Davis fitted up a cabin for himself and Maud Roselle in the Davis addition, spending something like $1,200 for furniture. A week later he went to Circle City, leaving the woman comfortably fixed, and with her promise to be faithful to him. He returned the day before the tragedy with the proceeds of a sale of some mining property, and was startled to learn that the woman had deserted him, having taken an engagement at the Monte Carlo theatre, and removed all the furniture of the cabin to a room over the Monte Carlo. This room connects with Blanche Lamont's room in the rear. It was in the rear room that Maud took refuge when pursued by Davis, and in which the tragedy took place.

On his return, and learning of Maud's action, Davis commenced drinking and brooding over the affair. He passed the day and evening greatly excited over his supposed troubles, which he aggravated by drink. His numerous friends, especially his former associates of the A. C. & Northern Trading Company, endeavored to reason with him and get him to bed.

It is known that his friends succeeded in taking away from him his revolver. It is still a mystery where he secured the 32-calibre revolver with which he did the deeds this morning. It is surmised that he either found it in the woman's room, or else that he borrowed it from some friend after his own gun had been taken away from him in the afternoon.

The woman had promised to keep away from Davis, but thinking he was asleep went to her room to change her clothes.

They had some words, during which she refused to return to him. Davis' last words were: "Well, then, you'll never leave this room alive!"

Maud, evidently alive to her great danger, ran out into the rear room, intent on reaching the hall from the door in Blanche Lamont's room. Davis, by this time wild with passion, ran after her and caught up with her in the center of the rear room, where she fell or was forced down by Davis. Before the poor woman could raise herself, Davis was over her, and, holding her down with one hand, he placed the pistol to the back of her head, behind the right ear, and fired, the ball piercing the brain and causing instant death.

As the woman's head fell on the carpet Davis arose and, standing for only a moment over the prostrate body of his victim, he deliberately placed the weapon to his right temple, over the eye, and pulled the trigger. The aim was equally as true as in the first shot, for the ball crashed through the brain, and he fell at full length on his face, close beside the victim of his folly and passion.

All this was witnessed by Blanche Lamont, who, paralyzed with fear, had jumped out of bed when Maud rushed in, and after uttering a scream hid herself behind a clothes press, made of lace curtains, in one corner of the room, from which place she was a silent and helpless witness to the terrible scene.

When Blanche Lamont saw Davis fall after shooting himself, she rushed out of the room and gave the alarm.

Maud Roselle, whose maiden name was Maud Ross, was born in Kentucky, but her family, with the exception of a married sister, who resides in California, live at Tingley, Iowa. She had the advantage of a good education, but her ambition was to be a circus rider, and she reached it, riding for Barnum & Bailey. She married a circus rider named Roselle, but soon separated from him and married a man named Beers, of Chicago. This marriage, too, was short-lived, and the woman drifted on to the variety stage. She was in Victoria at the time of the first Klondike excitement of 1897, and was among the first women to go in. Drawing a big salary as an actress and investing her earnings, she became quite wealthy, but had a fascination for the life she had been leading. Last winter she came out over the ice and spent some time in Victoria, returning to Dawson a couple of months ago.

Harry Davis was the son of James H. Davis, of Emporia, Kansas. He was 42 years of age, though he looked much younger. He first came to the Coast in 1895, at which time he was put in charge of Wilson & Healey's store in Dyea. In the spring of 1896 he went in to Forty-Mile and Circle City, taking the United States mail with him. He then took a position with the N. A. T. & T. Co. at Circle City, remaining there until the hard winter of 1897, when he went to Fort Yukon in the employ of the A. C. Company and had charge of the store and warehouse during the trouble with the miners over the scarcity of provisions. In the spring of 1898 he returned to Dawson and filled the position of weigher at the A. C. Company's store, doing his work satisfactorily for a short time, when he gave it up to take charge of his mining interests, which had increased materially as the result of his business ability. It was in Dawson that he became infatuated with Maud Roselle.

Three suicides and two murders make up the record of violent deaths that have occurred in the Monte Carlo building—two suicides and two murders in the same room. Last year Stella Hill committed suicide in that building by taking a dose of poison. Last winter Dave Evans murdered Libby White and then shot himself, and this last double deed makes up the list of fatalities in that one place.

GOD.

(This wonderful poem was written by the Russian poet Derzhavin. The Emperor of Japan has had it translated into Japanese, richly embroidered in gold and hung up in the Temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on appropriate pieces of rich silk and suspended in the Imperial Palace of Pekin.)

Translated from the Russian into English by Sir John Bowling.

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no god beside.
Being above all beings! mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore.
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In its sublimest research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays, but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries, Reason's bright spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primaeval nothingness did'st call
First chaos, then existence. Lord, in Thee
Eternity had its foundations; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony;
Sole origin—all life, all beauty here.
Thy word created all, and doth create.
Thy splendor fills all space with ray divine;
Thou art, and wast, and shall be—glorious, great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate,

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee—by Thee inspired with breath;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters to Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to them art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost!
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed,
Against Thy greatness—is but a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught.

Naught—but the effulgence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live and on hope's pinions
Eager toward Thy presence: for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of Thy divinity;
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Tho' but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity.
I can command the lightning and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a God!
Whence came I here? and how so marvellously
Constructed and conceived unknown?
This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator? yes, Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good;
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere.
E'en to its source, to Thee—its author there.

O Thou ineffable! O vision blest!
Tho' worthless our conception all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breasts
And waft its homage to Thy deity,
O God! Thus now my lowly thoughts can soar.
Thus seek Thy presence, being wise and good.
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

The doctor may be a good old man, but even so, medical examinations and the "local-application" treatment are abhorrent to every modest woman. They are embarrassing—often useless. They should not be submitted to until everything else has been tried. In nine cases out of ten, the doctor in general practice isn't competent to treat female diseases. They make a branch of medicine by themselves. They are distinct from other ailments. They can be properly understood and treated only by one who has had years of actual practice and experience in this particular line. This is true of Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a remedy for all derangements of the reproductive organs of women, has been in actual use for more than thirty years. It cures every form of "female weakness."