that the enemy

that a battle in

the neighborhood

was almost an

were not at all

turn affairs were

young; certain it is that they under-

commotion about them.

stood not at all the grave import of the

the main portion of the army was set-

sombled firearms.

Soon the popping of guns sounded from the trenches behind the house, and the men in the woods retreated and did not come out again. When next morning dawned the watchers saw that they, too, had thrown up a trench.

Evelyn heard that this also was for the picket line. Late in the morning they all came forth and spread themselves out behind a little hill in front of the house. Evelyn and her mamma were at once told to go to the basement and stay there. Old black mammy threw herself on the floor, groaning and praying and crying at a great rate. The noise made Evelyn nervous and she drew her brows together in a perplexed

the bullets.
All at once she remembered her Kitty.
Where on earth was Kitty? Evelyn
had seen her washing her paws and
face on the back step that morning.
Was she still there?
"Bang! Bang!" went the guns. Suppose Kitty were to be shot out there!

concerned at the

assured fact.

SASKATCHEWAN HARVEST STARTS: TWINE SHORT

Seven Per Cent of the Wheat Crop Has Been Harvested Around Maple Creek

Black Rust Reported in a Few Spots: Damage by Hail Slight; Crop Good

EGINA, Sask., Aug. 19.—Harvesting has now commenced in Saskatchewan, and cutting will be general over the porvince next week, according to the report the provincial department of agricul-

The question now uppermost in the minds of the farmers is that of securing a supply of labor and binder twine.

The department of agriculture secured a thousand men from the first excursion which arrived in Winnipeg on the 16th, in addition to 400 loca laborers. Other excursions are due to arrive at Winnipeg August 19; 23, 26, 31, and September 1. A good deal of varieties of wheat is already in the sheaf. Winter wheat in the Prince Albert district has been cut and pro-

Seven per cent of the wheat crop has been harvested at Maple Creek, and cutting is also under way at Alameda, Milestone, Tugaske, Jansen, Dana, North Battleford, Lloydminster, Birch Hill, Craik, Tessier and Zelandia The past fortnight has been generally cool and cloudy, with intermittent showers. Sunny weather to hasten the ripening of a well filled head is now required. Black rust has been reported in a few spots, but the crop is too well advanced for this disease to materially affect either the yield or quality. Saw-fly has done some dam age, but as the wheat heads are well ed, the machine should catch m of them. Hail fell south of Moose mountains on July 30th across Last Mountain Lake and the neighborhood on Aug. 11th The first-mentioned was

U. S. CONGRESS DECIDES ON NAVAL PROGRAM

One Battleship and Fleet of Submarines and Torpedo Boats Will be Built

Senate Yields to House in Point of Number of Dreadnoughts Contemplated

Washington, Aug. 19 .- One battle ship to cost \$7,425,000 without armor armament and not to exceed \$15, marines costing \$4,480,000, and a fleet of torpedo boats, colliers and machine ships, constitute the building program for the navy approved by the senate and which probably will be adopted without change by the house.

The house and senate conferees o the naval bill met early today and adjusted i na few minutes the fight between the two houses over battlevielded to the demand of the house for one battleship instead of two, but secured in exchange the full fleet of eight submarines, instead of the four proposed by the house.

The conference report was brought into the senate and adopted without opposition. Senator Thornton, democrat, declared the senate conferees should have adhered to their demand for two battleships. The house deferred action on the report, ordering ic printed.

PIES OF HEART FAILURE

Port Arthur, Ont., Aug. 19.+ Joseph Hecherchek, a Russian bound for Win nipeg to live with a daughter at 94, Ontario-street, died of heart failure on the harvesters' train east of here The body was taken off the tain and will be interred here. His age was sixty-six years, and he was accompanied by a son. Neither of then

THE HEADSMAN'S TROPHIES.

London, Aug. 19 .- Among the grue some treasures which have been discovered since the jail has undergone its overhauling is the rope that was used in the last public hanging in Lddlesex county. It was used on December 15th, 1868, when Thomas Jones suffered the death penalty for the murder of his younf niece. Besides the rope, the black cap and straps and where they have mouldered in the dust for so many years.

AGITATORS HAVE WROUGH HAVOC IN THE WEST

Work of Completing 480 Mile Gap of Grand Trunk Has Been Seriously Retarded

Leaders of Industrial Workers of the World Charged With Disturbing Conditions

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 19.-Industrial conditions exist on the Prince Rupert end of the Grand Trunk Pacfic, which bid fair to seriously retard the completion of the 480 miles gap between the eastern and western mountain sections of the line, is the opinion of Collingwood Schreiber, general consulting engineer for the Dominion government, who has just returned from a five weeks' inspection from Ed-monton to Prince Rupert,

The contractors, Foley, Welch and



Mrs. Fisher's Ashleap The Fortunes of

stood in the door of her little log cabin. Her dark blue eyes were troubled. Shading her face from the rays of the sun, she looked down the lonely not been married very long. They had hardly comfortably settled in their new little nome, her brave husband and herself. when the war broke out, and Fisher en-

tinental arm y. standing there at hut, thought anxbands of Tories and Hessians scouting over the country far and near, bringing death and destruction in their

From time to time, at the cost of much danger, Fisher had made short visits to his young wife; but these surreptitious visits were becoming more dangerous every day, Mrs. Fisher shuddered at the remembrance of the time when the Tories had surrounded the house, and she had scarcely had time to rip up the boards of the kitchen floor and thrust him out of sight before there had been a knock at the door and a summons o surrender. That was a time Scout Fisher had come uncomfortably near to hanging from one of the trees in his

the looked-for return of her husband brought no jow to Mrs. Fisher. She had wandered aimlessly about the house all day, expecting his step at any moment to sound upon the path, and more and more often she dropped everything to scan the road for his approach. When sunset had come, Mrs. Fisher breathed a sigh of relief-soon the kindby veil of darkness would cover all. She stood now at her hut door with a feeling of relief paramount to all other feelings as she tried to persuade herself that he had given up coming. Suddenly she saw the form of a running man emerge from the woods; but a keen glance showed her that it was not her hus-band. As he ran he threw terrified glances over his shoulders, evidently expecting to be followed. He neared the cottage and Mrs. Fisher saw with bor of hers and a stanch patriot and Whig. He was almost exhausted as he

reached the cottage, and Mrs. Fisher in-



stinctively held out a hand to save him from falling in a heap at her feet. "Save me!" he gasped.

without waste of words. "The Tories!" cried the exhausted man. "They are close behind. Can't you hide me quick. Mrs. Fisher?" Emerging from the woods was a company of men making directly for the What could the defenseless woman

do? Suddenly her eyes fell upon an ash heap, and an inspiration came to her. She caught up a bunch of goose quills lying on the table. Swiftly she cut out several, blew out the pith and stuck four of them together so that they formed a tube some eight inches long. "There's not a second to be lost," she panted. "Come!"
Selzing a shovel, she ran rapidly out of the house and into the yard, where she set to work to dig a deep hole in the ashes as quickly as might be. "Put this in your mouth" she cautioned Butler. "Shut your lips on it and breathe through it. Lie still, or may God have mercy on you!"

Breathlessly Mrs. Fisher covered the prostrate man with ashes, carefully leaving the end of the tube free from obstruction. Then, throwing the shovel aside, she entered the back door just as the Tories were about to come in at the front. 'As calmiy as might be, she advanced to meet them, and asked in her even, ringing tones:

"Who are you and what is your wish here?" stuck four of them together so that "Servants of his majesty the king," said the leader. "But that be none of your business. Give up to us that rebel, Joe Butler, whom we saw come upon your land." Joe Butler, whom we saw come upon your land."

"An he were here," said Mrs. Fisher boidly, "I would not give him up!"

"An he were here!" mocked the soldler. "We know he is here. Tell us where you have hidden him. We shall find him, remember, even if you don'tbut it will go less hard with you!" Deliberately the soldier pointed a pistol full at the woman before him.

She looked into the cold steel muzzle bravely and snipped her hand in his face with a wry little smile.

"That for your firearm," oned she. "Think not you will frighten me by such means. Keep such infant's play for ohildren and think not to intimidate a patriotic woman with your bravado! An will look for Joe Butler here I give

first time my home has been raided by you miserable pack," and she pointed to the waiting Tories. "Go ahead!" rang out the captain's Then began the search. The house

the missing man.
"Search the barn," cried the captain.
"I will mount guard here." Carelessly

forced to give it up, however, and with low curses directed at her absent hus-band and the slippery Whig, Joe Butler, they rode away empty handed. Mrs. Fisher dared not approach the ash heap. But when at last she thought half-dead man. What a sight met her gaze! Hardly able to stand, covered be led to the house. Quietly Mrs. Fisher and soon, with the aid of soap and water, and other simple means, the man was partly restored and able to stand. He turned to Mrs. Fisher as he started for his home. A touch of humor lightened his haggard bronze face. "There is

"Dust to dust and ashes to ashes, she said quietly. "But beautiful things grow out of dust, Joe Butler. From ashes you rose to life again, and from the dust and grime of war it is possible that our country may come to life and

peace again.' "It is not only possible," said Joe Butler, looking at the woman strong to do and dare, with her eyes trying to pierce the gloom of the road over which she heard at last the sound of her husband's you in the country it is probable.' A hand sounded on the latch of the little gate, and without a word Joe Butler slunk off into the darkness,



our canary birds to endoy their sweet

was ransacked, and every place possible and impossible was searched without success. Still there was no trace of

he took a place upon the ash heap.

Mrs. Fisher's heart leaped to her mouth. There under his very feet was the man's hiding place. They were For a half hour after they were gone it was safe to do so, she took her shovel and went out to the yard to dig up the with ashes, nearly blinded and looking twenty years older, Mr. Butler had to

tling a little way off on a long ridge; that the enemy had taken up a position on another hill not far away. Little Evelyn's home was directly between the two forces; but day after day passed taking off the keen edge of every one's alarm, for the expected battle did not take place.

Each army worked feverishly at the work of strongly intrenching itself, and before very long there was a long bank stretched across the edge of the field directly behind Evelyn's home; this, she was informed, was for the picket line.

Next day there came a genuine thrill of excitement, however; a squadron of cavairy came riding by and drew rein at Evelyn's home to tell her mother that it would be best to either leave the house or stay quietly down in the basement when the battle should begin, that they might be protected from flying shot. They went riding on across the field to join the rest of the men, who were in the trenches below. Before they had reached the shelter of these trenches, however, a whole company of men appeared at the edge of the wood in front of the house. There was evidently a goodly force, for the saniight glimmered and reflected itself brightly from the assembled firearms. one's alarm, for the expected battle did not take place. something the preachers say about dust Mrs. Fisher. "What is the quotation?

A Queer Custom



of keeping many singing insects

which is perhaps the favorite, and these are to be found all over Japan, chirping mermly from the lightest and most fairylike little cages imaginable.

great bustle thought to her own safety. Kitty was child's kitten was "un," with a humorin danger, and she must save her.
"Kitty! Kitty! Come down Kitty," she ing of soldiers ackward and pleaded almost tearfully. Kitty looked forward, for the about fearfully. She had gone entirely army was "mov-ing." One heard too far up to come down with comfort. even had she so wished. She peered over the uneasy rumor her shoulder, but the distance was too on every hand great to jump. How afraid she was of.

falling! Desperately she dug her sharp

there, mewing pitifully. Evelyn had forgotten all about the soldiers, but some of them had observed her Just as the confederate commander was about to order a dash for the house lyn and her kitten he was astonished to see the figure of a little girl, hair flying, clothed in white, which stopped under a locust tree directly on the firing line. He was on his taking. Perhaps they were both too feet in a flash, yelling like a madman to his men to cease firing. Rapidly h dashed toward the tiny figure. The troops stood still, every man's heart in In a day or so it became known that his mouth, each fearful that his fellow

would shoot; but no one did. Eyelyn was too absorbed in Kitty's danger to think about her own. Suddenly she heard a deep voice, and she swung around at once.
"For the love of heaven, run house as quickly as you can!"



at her side stood a very much excited gentleman. He was a very tall young man and Evelyn would have been afraid had not the eyes above the expanse of gray been kind.
"Oh help me, str" she begged. "See, I have lost my Kitty." She waved a helpless little hand in the direction of the tree trunk, where clung the terri-Pussy was not as trustful of the tall man in gray as Evelyn, evidently, for she suddenly ceased mewing and crawled still higher up the tree.

The gentleman patted Evelyn's cheek and looked at her very keenly, when a voice from the other side cried. "What's the matter there. Johnny?"

a voice from the other side cried:
"What's the matter there, Johnny?"

Evelyn glanced around and there stood an equally tall though somewhat older man than her friend in gray. She was quite nelieved when she saw that neither the man in blue nor the man in gray made any attempt to shoot each other. The tall man in gray smiled.

"Come along, Yank," he said; "her kitten is up a tree."

The man in blue came on and, first glancing at Kitty, gave Evelyn a searching look. But she only drew her mouth down in a doleful pucker and said:

"My Kitty is up there and I am so afraid she will be hurt."

She looked up the tree, where Kitty was painfully crawling higher and higher.

By this time many men on both sides, with their guns over their shoulders, had come up and were asking eagerly, "What is up?"

ous twinkle in their eyes not lost on Soon the men of both sides were laugh-

liest way possible.

and over again. "Oh, let her alone," said one. "She'll come down right enough." "No, she won't! She can't, because her head will swim!" "Mew, mew!" mourned Kitty. Evelyn's eyes filled with tears. "I want

my Kitty." she said, with a little sob At this a dozen men laid down their arms and tried to climb the tree. But it was a very large tree, and not so easy to climb as it looked, for they could not get a good hold on it. "Why not cut it down?" asked some one; but Evelyn said that that would hurt Kitty, and so it was proposed that one man should stand against the tree and that another should climb up on his shoulders, and that in this way they might be able to work their way up. Then a man in gray stood against the trunk and a man in blue stood on his shoulders, with the remark that, as the Johnnies had walked over him in the last skirmish,

walked over him in the last skirmish, he was glad of this chance to walk over a Johnny. At last four or five men went slowly up, amid such shouts as, "Go it, Yank, the Johnnies are close behind!" or "Go it, Johnnie, the Yanks have almost got you!"

All the time Kitty looked below in a worried way, and Evelyn looked up in somewhat the same fashion. As soon as they managed to get near Kitty, the little beast would take fresh alarm and retreat higher and higher among the branches. If the men moved, she moved; if they were still, she also settled down, and mewed pitifully.

All the coaxings in the world had no effect upon her—no promise, no threats. Finally a lot of the men went away and returned with their arms full of blankets. They spread them out and held them open all around the tree. It looked like a trap to Kitty, and she dug her claws deeper into the bark of the slender limb on which she perched and made up her mind not to jump. Presently a man held up his hand and said, "Ready, boys?" and they answered, "Yes!"

Then suddenly they all began to wave their arms and hands at her and cry "Scat!"

Now, every one knows the feelings

Scat!"
Now, every one knows the feelings Now, every one knows the reelings aroused in a kitten's breast by the word "scat!" The sensation is one of horror and terror, and it was so sudden Kitty's head swam and she almost jumped; but she shut her eyes and clung on.

Then came an order from the human things below. "Shake!"

And shake they did—shake until her little white teeth and her frightened nd shake they did—snake until her ie white teeth and her frightened s all but fell on to the ground below. Alldly she spat at them, but they only look the more. With a final ineffectual heartbroken spat of rage, Kitty let and, hurtling, whizzing into the face the man below and digging her sharp was into his face. of the man below and digging her sharp claws into his face, sprang clear of the boughs, landing with a bounce that sent her high as a man's head, and then shot like a firecracker, with her tail as big as herself, under the house.

Then what a yell of mirth arose from the soldiers! It rang in Evelyn's ears as she raced off after Kitty to see if she were alive or dead. as she raced off after Kitty to see if she were alive or dead.

She was very much alive, although a few of her claws were loosened and one eye half closed, and she did not feel particularly frisky for a week. Her life was one of terror for some time after this, for the men of both lines, between whom a friendship had sprung up that day, made her life miserable by coming up to the house. And although they lived for quite a long while on the hills opposite each other, not a single shot was ever fired. Kitty loathed the sight of them and would run, spitting, under the house to safety. She was a modest little pussy, for she never seemed to take credit to herself for stopping a battle and saving perhaps many persons' lives; but she ever afterward hated trees and was never known to climb one.

THE MINSTREL OF THE JADERWORLD

ing and joking together in the friend-"I want my Kitty," said Evelyn over

asked the daughter of the king. "What music? What was the asked the maidens, who had heard nothing. were ever heard aughter.

"No," said the maidens, wonderingly, and whispered one to another: "The king's daughter hath gone daft. There is no sound save the running of the waters." "Then it was meant for me alone." thought the king's daughter. "Are you watching the beautiful thing

out yonder where the wave beats on the rock?" cried the king's daughter. "What beautiful thing?" answered the maidens. "What was it like?" "Like the fair sunlight and the moonbeams; like the white pearls on the neck of the queen, and the glittering diamonds of the king; like the early dew on the flowers in the royal garden! Did

you not see?"
"No," answered they, and whispered one to another: "The king's daughter is mad-there is naught to be seen but the flying spray washing the rocks!"

"Surely then it was meant only for me," thought the king's daughter. Presently she heard some softly whispered words, and knowing that her maidens had not heard them, she forbore to ask, but went down to the bank of the river alone. A pretty blue bird burst out of a bush,

and as he swept by he sang, "He's coming, coming, coming!" and swerved, and new far up into the blue sky. "Coming, coming, coming, coming!" he trilled. The daughter of the king went back to the palace, and as she entered the

door she was surprised to see a strange minstrel enter by one opposite. His long robes were of sea color and rippled about his feet like little wavelets, Great strings of pearls hung from his throat to his garment's hem. He carried a harp made of a great sea shell and all about him as he walked he scattered bright pink coral. He played and played and played on his sea-shell harp, until the maid was entranced. He sang wild, beautiful songs of the fair caves down under the sea, of the queer sea grasses that moved with every trembling of the currents, of the strange fish that made their home among the bending seaweed "What you sing is very well sung." other things under the sea. There are monsters there, and there are flerce, un trammeled currents in the waters that drag one away to the place where all things are as though they never were! Why not sing of these? Besides, there are mermen and nixles, who woo the earth maidens to them and afterward steal their souls. Why sing you not of them?"

gown never stopped playing to the queer old jester his weird sea songs, all while with his eyes fixed keenly on the king's daughter. All the court appeared to be fascinated by him. They did not speak, they did not move; their heads drooped lower and lower until all, with the exception of the king's daughter, slept.

The spell was upon the jester as well as the others, but he dragged himself to the feet of the princess and said, with his eyes half closed: "Only remember, my princess, that there is always one way of There is always a moment when one may become free. Say this, my prin cess." And to satisfy him she said it over and over again, until the jester lay in a sound sleep at her feet. Then she looked up, to see the minstrel in the long green robes gazing steadily at her, and she rose and came to him. "Perhaps it was you," said she, "who made the music that my maidens could not hear?" The strange minstrel bowed low to the princess, saying never a

"Was it you," asked she, "who showed me the wonderful vision that my maidens could not see?" Again the minstrel bowed before the maid. "And was it you," cried the malden, 'who spoke the words meant for my ear alone?"

A third time the minstrel bowed lowthen turning cast aside his all-enveloping sea-green robe and, catching up the king's daughter in his strong arms, dragged her off and mounted with her horse awaiting them just outside the castle door. "You shall never escape," he whispered in her ear, "for you came to me of your free will."

Over hill and dale fied the great horse, and the nixle never for a moment re-leased the king's daughter from his strong clasp. Suddenly the words of the jester came to the poor maid's mind. "There is always one way of escape. There is always a moment when one may become free!" When she had said these words a new feeling of strength came to her.

At last, when it had come to her.

At last, when it had come to the setting of the sun, the stranger came to a lonely valley far from the haunts of mankind. Here was a pool of quiet black water and across it lay great trees with black trunks that cast ever-lengthening, dense shadows. A huge gray rock jutted up from the center of the pool.

the far-away music, my maidens?"

"The water is "The water is black," cried the tron.

bling king's daughter. "Wade in, wade in," again command. ed the nixie. "The water is so very cold," shivered sound like?" the king's daughter. "Wade in nevertheless" nixie, laughing his horrid goblin laugh. The king's daughter could scar "Like all the stand, she was trembling so, sweet sounds that stepped into the cold, black water "Ha!" laughed the goblin, "here h

I often watered my good horse swered the king's ward!" Already the water was the waist of the king's daughter, 'Did you not she dared not refuse "Wade in," cried the nixle. "You are mine, for you came to me o free will! You are the eighth daughter I have drowned ben will I toll the funeral bell for the wi eight at once." Again he laughed hi fearsome goblin laugh and again the maiden shivered; but at the same tim the words of her father's jester cam is always a moment when one may be come free," and, turning to the nixle,

> "Grant me one boon, for that I came to you of my own free will. Grant me one kiss before I die." "Your soul is worth a kiss." crie the nixie, "so throw your arms around Riding into the water, he bent do ver his saddle bow. Then the kings daughter threw her arms around h

she said:

nixie slipped down, down, until ti ble for this Harvest is Under W. he Indian harvest

year approximately 50 n farmed and owned be harvested. Reporting yields in general

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PRODUCTS AT FA

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More Women Than A ebriate Reformator Asylums for the Ir

mane of the big brown steed and made her way to shore. But the nixie was dead for though he was a water good London, Aug. 19.-Ast lin, the king's daughter had pulled him figures showing the relat under water before he had time t ality, sobriety, health and Now the maiden, once on land again, the sexes, as far as suc rode like the wind until she had come can be taken as a basis parison, appear in the fi It was not very long before the new was spread that the king's daughter of the detailed census r England and Wales, w published yesterday. Bu had come home again, and there was a season of the greatest joy that eve figures show that while men are more moral than

was held in the kingdom. "The horse shall have a golden manger and eat from a golden tray, and n one but the princess shall ever rich him." declared the king. 'As for the jester," he continued, shall be called the jester no longer. H shall be councilor to myself and sit at my right hand, and every one in the kingdom shall do him honor."

strong white arms of the king's daugh-

ter were holding him under the cold

seven fair kings' daughters you have

The maid caught fast hold of the

drowned," cried the princess. "I wi

"Go you to be bridegroom

ring the wedding bells."

change his human form.

to her father's palace.

black waters.

Narcissa "Young, gay, and fortunate!" Ex yields a theme. And, first, thy youth; what says it gray hairs? Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now Early, bright, transient, chaste morning dew,

sparkled, was exhaled, and wear

to heaven. -Dr. Edward Young.



The streets in the interior town Brazil are more than usually good (southern roads. They are very smooth and veh them. Oxen are the generally seen, but sheep







EN little kiddies, bathing in a line; One heard his mother call, then there were nine. Nine little kiddies, learning how to skate; One lost his rollers, then there were eight. Eight little kiddies, singing about heaven; One ran off to sail his kite, then there were seven. Seven little kiddies, playing funny tricks; One fell down and broke her crown, then there were six. Six little kiddies, caught a mouse alive; One got scared and ran away, then there were five.

Five little kiddies, playing by the shore; One said she was hungry, then there were four. Four little kiddies, playing with a bee; One got his finger stung, then there were three. Three little kiddies, feeling kind of blue; One said she was going home, then there were two. Two little kiddies, having lots of fun; One heard the dinner bell, then there was one. One little kiddie, when the day was done. Nodded off to Dreamytown, then there was none.

MARGARET G. HATS

Stewart, have been seriously affected since the beginning of July by the continued agitation among their men kof the Industrial Workers of the Industrial Workers of the World world world agents, had seen agitating among the Columbia.

"The contractors of the mand is for higher wages.

"When I reached the west end of laborers and had forced many of them work in dad forced many of them work in different working men that this organization, through its of the Dominica, especially Grant and have now about 1,000 on it, many agents, had seen agitating among the Columbia.

"The contractors of the mand is for higher wages.

"The contractors of the mand is for higher wages.

"The contractors of the mand is for higher wages.

"The contractors of the organization stil continging on their section," said Mr. Since the strike, the contractors of the July work and left Vancouver and Victoria.

The did not reached the west end of laborers and had forced many of them working on the strike, the contractors of the July work and left Vancouver and Victoria.

The did not reached the west end of laborers and had forced many of them working on the strike, the contractors of the July work and left Vancouver and Victoria.

The did not reached the west end of laborers and had forced many of them working on the strike, the contractors of the July work and left Vancouver and Victoria.

The did not reached the west end of July by the to quit work. I consider this a very beautiful to say when the reached the west end of July by the to quit work. I consider this a very beautiful to say when the reached the west end of July by the to duit work. I consider the supplying section, said Mr. Since the strike, the contractors of the July by the did not strike, the contractors of the July by the did not strike, the contractors of the work is did not the work of the July by the section, said Mr. Since the strike, the contractors of the July by the did not strike the strike of July by the section, said Mr. Since the strike of July by the section, said

are not as sane or as sol The statistics relating ay be tabulated thus: Prisons-139 women to Certified reformatory ols-278 women to 1, Workhouse establishme to 1,000 men. Hospitals—sexes nearly unatic asylums-1,140

Certified inebriate refore treats—of 1,357 inmates ights only 304 were men There are 1,179,27 an males in England Since 1821 the prepon steadily increased, despit reportion of females to ceeded in one Europe

orway. Average Family cording to the revise ssued, the total por nd and Wales at mid day. April 2, 1911. was decrease of 4,777 from t total previously publish proximate number of pu vas 7,970,660, with an 4.4. The density of w 618 to the square in 1901, 497 in 1891, a ach person now represe acre, and if the in arated at equal dis ole country they wo

The census shows an opulation of 3,542,649, te of increase, 10.0 p lowest recorded. ths over deaths rose ne is put down to London's population on 4,536,267 to 4,521,6 ndon has grown, Mi cent. There has be ease in the urban I Of 97 towns of ople, all have grow ton Manor, and Has olds the record for ex ng itself twice since cade increasing 117 cade increasing 117

Redvers Child B Redvers, Sask., Augu six miles south-we dith Morris, nearly as playing on a becaler and both fell to lass broke, and a playlar vein, death brantaneous.