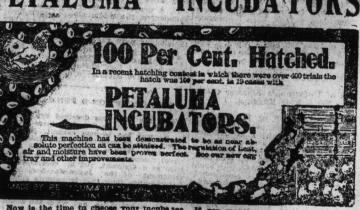
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Of Order." Yet none but the ignorant regard Japan as commencing civilized life six and thirty years ago. She was a cultured nation at a date when Britan was barzarous and fought the Armada of the Mogul conqueror, Kubia (Khan, victoriously before Howard and Cueen Ellizabeth saved England from the Spaniard and the Inquisities.

Akton Gibson, one of Andrew Jackson's favorite jockeys, is living quietly at Calera, Ala., having nearly reached the age of 116 years. He was born July 4, 1788, in South Carolina, and there is documentary evidence of his great age. The old man still Queen Ellizabeth saved England from the Spaniard and the Inquisities.

Horrors of War On the Variag

Awful Carnage Was Wrought on Decks Of Russian Cruiser.

Effects of Japanese Shell Fire of Most Ghastly Description.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

(From Sunday's Daily.)

C. J. Johnson's account of the fight of the Russian irst-class cruiser Variag, at Chemulpo, when she faced an entire Japanese squadron, took an awful hammering and returned to the harbor sinking, makes about the goriest and at the same time breathlessly interesting reading since the war began. Johnson is the special correspondent of the chicago Inter-Ocean and was in Chemulpo when the fight took place. Finding that he could not send out a line of the story as it actually happened, Johnson slipped out of Chemulpo, leaving most of his baggage, got down to Wusung, or some other Chinese port and from that place cabled a detailed description, which is pretty much as follows:

No sooner had the conference of naval

No sooner had the conference of naval commanders in the cabin of the British cruiser Talbot ended, than the Russian officers returned aboard the Variag and Korietz. Immediately the crews began throwing out of the ports tables, cnarrs, desks, everything of wood that could be wrencned from its fastenings; also bedding, apares, books, and in fact all inflammable material. The sea around the Russian warships was covered with all sorts of furniture and effects. Meanwhile steam was being got up for emergency speed, and the black emoke poured out of the Variag's four tall funnels in immense black clouds.

At a signal both vessels weighed an

gency speed, and the black smoke poured out of the Variag's four tall funnels in immense black clouds.

At a signal both vessels weighed anchor, and the Variag, leading at grand speed—she was doing more than twenty-five knots when she reached the open, headed for the Japanese squadron. They passed out between the line of British, French and German warships. The latter manned their tops and cheer after cheer rent the air as the gallant Russians sallied forth to certain destruction. The Variag's crew replied with cheers, as also did the little Korietz. No sooner was the Variag clear of the harbor mouth than a perfect hell of shot and shell assailed her. The peculiar grinding smash of the heavy thirteeninch projectiles striking the armor, mingled with the vicious "ping" of the machine gun hail rattling everywhere around the doomed cruisers could be heard. The roar of the monster guns blended into one dull, deafening growl. All around and in many places on the Variag the shells burst ceaselessly. One of her funnels and her fore military mast were sheared away early in the fight. She circled around at tremendous speed, firing steadily and doing damage to several of the Japanese vessels.

Then the Variag's guns seemed to be put out of action after the explosion of a number of thirteen-inch shells on and between decks. One of those huge missiles ripped an enormous hole in the Variag's side at the water line, and the vessel began to careen perceptibly with the inrush of water. After even minness of silence, during which the memy's guns pounded her cruelly, doing fearful hayoe, the Variag again owened free.

The unequal contest ended with the flight of the Variag again owened free.

gins pounded her cruelly, doing rearrainaryo, the Variag again owned fire.

The unequal contest ended with the flight of the Variag toward the harbor. She was listed badly as she passed the leads, but was steaming at a deeperate ace, showing that her engines had not cen damaged. When she came to anhor boats from all the foreign warships. Joarded her with offers of surgical sid. The scene between decks on the craiser defies description. Just behind one of the broadside (six-inch) guns a big shell had exploded, killing every man of the crew, destroying the breech of the gun, twisting the ponderous siteal standhom like macaroni stems, bulging out the steel plating and splinfering the woodwork of the deck. Blood was dripping from the beams above, flowing over the decks, winding in and out amongst the broken metal and the piled conpectand remains of corpses. Human trunks without arms, legs or heads, lay scattered about. Few slaughter-houses on killing day could compare with the earnage, the gory horror of those scenes on the decks of the beaten craiser.

the side, and torn to ribbons of steel, the gun and its unfortunate crew can smashed into unrecognizability in the instant. This must have been done by a projectile of the heartiest kind from one of the battleships.

The comming tower, the steering room, all the filmsier work on the upper deck, had been battered and smashed beyond description by the constant stream of smaller projectiles. One big shell had come aboard on the fore deck and ripped the planking off as the steam planer stands the chips and shavings from a board in transit through the smedine. It exploded at the foot of the steel rampart behind which the officers direct the movements of the vessel.

All the top part of the bow, almost from the torped chute, near the water line, back nearly to the ansales of the how riles was shot away, exposing the interior of the ship forward. The thinner steel of the upper hull was like an inverted nutmeg grater from the impact of quick-firing gun projectiles, hundreds of which must have struck her.

After the survivors and the wounded

Eye Strain is Nerve Strain the N

Seamstress and Stenographer, Sewing Girl and Student Suffer Alike From fall