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this opportunity of making public for the first time my interviews with illustrious spooks. It is with the most profound satisfaction that I undertake the task assigned to me, because I feel that, unworthy though I am, I bebenefactor not only to those in whose behalf I employ my pen,—the traduced beacon lights of history,-but to the living, whose highest aim should be to learn aright. I am proud indeed that it has been my lot, and mine alone, to hear from the lips of the shades of the renowned the first authentic accounts incidents and conditions which have been treated by some historians with inbecoming facetiousness, and by others with much shameless and inhuman fal-

It has been a great pleasure to converse with those illustrious phantoms. With two or three exceptions they proved to be the perfection of affability comprehensively instructed. They drop-ped many hints which are bound to be to submerge our reputations?" ofitable to one in whatever calling he rofitable to one in wantever cannot be ursues, and those I propose to reproduce slowly, with emphasis, "that I, Charon, slowly, with emphasis that I or only the and even if there were it would be ingreat, and would remain subordinate throughout the entire narrative.

PURSUANCE of a pact

entered into by me with the

of Cruelty to the Departed

The Envoy Extraordinary.

One night some time ago, it doesn't matter when, I was sitting in my office the council chamber to be lighted by gas tem of their own. Suddenly there crept another presence in the room. Turning around in my seat and glancing toward the door I heheld an around in my seat are glancing toward the door I heheld an around in the seat and glancing toward the door I heheld an around the seat and glancing toward to the seat and glancing toward the seat and glancing the seat a gazing fixedly at me. old man clad in a shabby garment that may have been the mode some time between the palm leaf and toga epochs. He had long grey hair and whiskers, very much like those in the pictures of Father Time in story books, and I regret to say that his general appearance suggested that he wasn't a patron of a union laun- I need a holiday." Another extraordinary feature thusiastic sporting editor had pasted on

est interest and closest scrutiny for a few moments, and then the apparition moved towards me. It did not glide or fly, but rather wobbled, though it made

"That's just what it is, my ancient

the figure continued with a grin, expos-ing the uselessness of a dentist to attend

"Massachusetts, nawthing, nor Sooke and through you correct the flagrant ereither," he retorted with a display of rors and supply the yawning omissions

feeling, and an oscillation of his form of history, as well as instruct the public which reminded me of a jelly fish. "I'm on timely topics." from Elysium," he continued, "and my name is Charon—Charon, the only son of John Erebus and Amanda Nox."

"By Jove, you're the ferryman," I excurrency up here," he returned, "but I claimed in astonishment; "why, yes, I've am instructed to offer you eternal men heard of you."

the shade with elation, as he noiselessly seated himself in a chair. "I'm the originator of the marine trust from which my methods have been pretty liberally None but the irreproachable can become copied by you mortals, but I can go you members. I sin't one myself," he con-

"Oh, you're right enough," I answer-

ed, a trifle brusquely, for I was dispose resent the old reprobate's supercilious

try our illustrious spooks have noted with much grief the growing tendency of historians and writers of various kinds, when dealing with their distinguished mortal careers, to exaggerate in the grossest manner certain incidents, customs, circumstances and so on, which as a matter of fact were in many cases so the decrepit son of John Erebus and Amanda Nox disappeared through the door, leaving me twirling in my fingers an asbestos card bearing the words, "Charon, of Charon, president of the Charon Tow and Ferryboat Company."

denby he burst out wath, "There's too much sixting in soft seats up here 'I don't mean treasury lenches). If you did less of it the world would know you were alive. Why, I was little older than you bearing the words, "Charon, of Charon, himself and Charon, president of the Charon Tow and Ferryboat Company. ictionary - are indecent inventions. Take, for example, those fairy tales of Geordie Washington and the cherry tree; picnic and fishing parties promptly attended to." Nap. Bonaparte and the bombshell; Sobbie Bruce and the spider; Queen Lizzie and the mud puddle: Kit Columbus and the egg. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Washington told me that ere wasn't a cherry tree in their orchard: Bonaparte admitted that he rode his horse over a shell, but said he could see that it wasn't going to explode. Queen Bess goes into hysterics every time anybody mentions that absurd yarn about her walking over the mud on Walter Raleigh's coat. Then there's that

rash about Nero playing the fiddle when Rome was burning. Instead of playing the fiddle the ex-Emperor informs was on the roof playing the garden hose when that little Fourth of July bonfire took place. Now as the years have sped by this rubbish has beco more numerous, and the reading public, particularly the rising generation, more credulous. We at last find ourselves forced to make some effort to stop this wholesale slander, and incidentally to show to the mortals that there are a few things in heaven and Elysium not dreamt and courtesy. But, after all, it is the truly great who are the most approach gestion of George Washington (dear old able; and the mediocre, that fancy them-selves great, who are the most exclu-sive; and well they might be as they have nothing to say, anyway. In the course of my acquaintance, I may even say intimacy, with the noted figures of Croesus as treasurer. The question history, or rather their spooks, I have which confronted us then was 'How can been not only pleasantly entertained but we accomplish our end, how can we

"It was here," the shade continued little else I can add in this introductory, term without offending Mr. Blackwood or Mr. Abbott, made the play of my life. appropriate for me to do so, because I am For the past six thousand years I've appropriate for me to do so, because I am For the past six thousand years I've wards the door, and, expectant as I was, the terrible. Fury choketh me. To next! What next! That gontly old the been pining to make a trip to earth. I I felt a sudden shock. My eyes were think of a twenty-sou-playactor like dotard chasing me, Napoleon the Great wanted to take in some of the London rivetted to the spot on which they first and New York vaudeville houses—we fell upon the form of old Charon, the Anna Held, caricaturing me! And Sar- Wretched! Dammable! Ah, how you get enough of Billy Shakespeare in our society—and this year I was especially wondering why the city fathers allowed I have a scheme. You give me the proper credentials, pay my expenses and when they had an electric lighting sys- | I'll go and arrange a series of interviews

> lines occasionally. "How about your business?" queried the president. "Oh, that's all right," I replied. "I'll

recently organized by Noah to succeed me when I bust up (in the sweet by and bye). Times are slow now, anyhow, and

"Well," continued Charon, "the society parent. Through it I could see quite distinctly the classic lineaments of distinctly the classic lineaments of one. But the trouble was everybody thus extra the classic lineaments of one. But the trouble was everybody wanted to go as advance man. Gradually the list of candidates narrowed own to Columbus, Hannibal and myself. We surveyed each other with the deep- Lucky for me I had a pull (liberal disfly, but rather wobbled, though it made it is, but rather wobbled, though it made in sound. Then it spoke.

"I see this is a newspaper office," it observed in a cross between a ninety observed in a cross between a ninety best, sallied off to the station. I was especially and an infant sou'wester, as a control by the Silver Cornet band of thrill passed over me; a feeling of awe, and then, and then, are the controlled by the Silver Cornet band of the station. office would be devoid of distinction, dignity and culture.

Elysium, the S. P. C. G. and a billion nervousness and curiosity. And then, seized by an impulse, I threw my democracy out of the window, and remem-

Stephenson at the throttle, and we whirlfriend," I replied as I ransacked my memory in a vain effort to recall in what museum I had seen the like of the Jolly Good Fellow."

de away at the rate of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. I had seen the like of the Jolly Good Fellow."

The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum is a state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum is a state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum. The state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum is a state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum is a state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum is a state of a mile a day, to my feet and bowing my head murmuseum is a state of a mil "Then I take it you have come to me
"I guess you don't know who I am," with a proposition," I interposed, as

Charon paused to take a breath. "Yes," he replied. "On behalf of the S. P. C. G. of Elysium I formally offer to his dental defects.

"Well, that 'guess' sounded provincial society. One by one, our aggrieved members from Massachusetts.

"Under the position of ink slinger to the society. One by one, our aggrieved members will visit you on Friday evenings.

> "How about the remuneration?" I in bership in our society as well as in the

"Right you are, young fellow," replied Union Club."
e shade with elation, as he noiselessly "The Union Club!" I exclaimed, in credulously. "Why, we have one here."
"I know you have," he replied scorn has descended the Atlantic combine, and I was really ahead of Noah. I see that most select and exclusive in Elysium. one better yet. You are always fighting among yourselves, your steamship com- I am sorry to say, some fifty-seven times. binations are all the time lowering the Nero tried to force his election with his steerage rates, but old Charon is the Pretorian guards but got fooled. Say, whole thing on the Styx. As long as speaking of Nero reminds me that I my supply of dead-head tickets holds out should give you a tip. When he calls I've got the legislature in the hollow of upon you sound him on his pet subject, my hand, and no more charters will be 'How to Get Rid of Your Political Opgranted. But enough of me; I hate talk-ing shop. I came here to discuss with ric.' He'll unreel some interesting and

at the shade of an hour glass he took galed himself with several huge pinches. backyard over a little game of rouge et from the recesses of his garment, "but | llusion to my personal appearance. by Jove, before I return to report to the money. I'll buy up the Pike at St. Louis. Oh, by the way, I nearly forgot.

toms, circumstances and so on, which as a matter of fact were in many cases so insignificant that the barefaced prominence fictionists have given them makes their subjects ridiculous. The majority of these stories—I prefer the word of these stories—I prefer the word their subjects ridiculous. The majority of these stories—I prefer the word of these stories—I prefer the word their subjects ridiculous. The majority of the Prevention of Cruelty to the Departed Great." On the other side was the following schedule: "One trip across the following schedule: "One trip acr of these stories—i fake,' but it is not in the latest asbestos Styx, one oboli; return, three oboli, in ad-Take, for example, those fairy tales of vance; round trip, six oboli. Excursion,

It was the first Friday night after my business interview with Charon, and I was on hand at my office to welcome the shade on whom fell the distinction of opening the crusade for historical accuracy and fidelity. I confess it was with a feeling verging on anxiety and pervousness that I awaited the arrival of the appointed hour and the first of the illustrious procession it was to be my good fortune to meet. I was also deeply errious as to the identity of my expected guest, while at the same time I regretted my failure to entrap the wily old ferryman into giving me a tip on the order in which my visitors were to come.

Who would be my first? I kept repeating, as I frequently glanced at my watch. Would it be some grand old warmior of antiquity, some veteran of Troy or Carthage, a hero of the bow, arrow and javelin, or a throne-quaking captain of a later epoch? Would it be Gene. Oh, I say——" a master mind of literature, a prince of who made an empire? Perhaps it would be one through whose veins coursed the often echoed and re-echoed in the palablood of a thousand years of royalty, or tial halls of Fontainebleu. I prepared perchance one who, by the irresistible to dive through the window, but even force of genius, mounted to the throne of a king. Or—soft—it might be some lofty dame who dwells in the pantheon of fame, some Dido, Cleopatra. Zenobia slinging his words at me like a gatling or Medici. Great Scott! what if it should gun, that never since Waterloo have I be one of those star-eyed visions of love-liness. What would she think of me Great, the greatest thing in military an-

anxious to visit the St. Louis fair. So bunch with whom I, an impecunious you, would Duroc, Junot or Berthier tell you I wasn't in Paris when Blucher I said, 'Mr. President and fellow shades, scribe of the year 1904, A.D., was to hold say? Why, they would say that the called. It was all a mistake. My physifashioned in the Temple of Karnak, as if I lived in the age of his triumphs.

Could I forget that famous hands and and "Wootenber". the petit chapeau of song and story, that noble forehead adorned by a vagrant lock of hair, those unflinching luminous grey eyes, that patrician nose, inflexible, ned mouth, and the unconquercharter my boats to the new syndicate able jaw? No student of history, no lover of literature, no hero worshipper, could fail to recognize the extraordinary countenance that looked down upor side, was a map-an asbestos map. Oh, yes, I knew him. It was the man of Austerlitz and Jena, of Wagram and Marengo, of Borodino and Ligny, yesand of Waterloo. It was the late Em-

bering only the glory that was his, rose

"H'm, I'm glad you spoke," he said in that crisp, imperious tone which has made many a heart leap. His voice was a trifle hard but not unpleasant. "I

## WAS SENT HOME

THEN JOS. BOONE FOUND HEALTH IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Was Unable to Work For Seven Years Before He Used the Great Can- he addressed me as follows: adian Kidney Remedy.

Cottel's Cove. Nfld., Dec. 9.—(Special.) -The days of miracles are past, but the cure of Joseph Boone of this place allow-brained fictionists, and historians, the earlier ages.

He was treated by several doctors, and after seven months in the hospital was sent home as incurable. It was there that

Shylock, and he did me up to the tune of three oboli on a fishing trip down the river seven centuries ago. I haven't forgotten it, either."

Thought you were a mining, he combined to Moscow," in the ship of three oboli on a fishing trip down the lightning from the lowering clouds. "I see you know me, so I must have the subrited, contemptuously. Then, register address. That old simpleton, "Well, to begin. The imbedile story

asked, offering my seat. illusion to my personal appearance.

What do you want, old pirate of the society I'll make things hum with their money. I'll buy up the Pike at St.

"I never sit," he replied, laconically—money. I'll buy up the Pike at St. try our illustrious spooks have noted with much grief the growing tendency of historians and writers of water of historians and writers of water of historians and writers of water of credentials. Au denly he burst out with, "There's too much significant to the water of the way, I nearly forgot. I noticed that he didn't thank me for my invitation. Sud-try our illustrious pooks have noted with there is my card of credentials. Au denly he burst out with, "There's too

hear?" "I always was a great admirer of Your Majesty's supernatural talents." I re-

joined, submissively. "It was my star that did it, my Star of Destiny. Say, did you ever see a mkned bright, particular twinkler, that twinkled peror." for you, and you alone?" he inquired, earnestly. "Well-ah-yes," I responded. "You

see, Sire, I once went a round and a half with Capt Wolley, and—" "Enough, how dare you trifle with me?" he interrupted sternly, and a flame of sheet lightning flashed from those terrible eyes and scorched my mous—no, my eyebrows. "How is it you knew me so readily? Did that old villain Charon tell

"No, Your Majesty, he did not," I replied, quickly. "I knew you by your pic-tures in the magazines, by the posters dvertising the Petit Caporal cigarette by Carlyle's description of you in his 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' and, be-sides," I explained, enthusiastically, "Coquelin has you down fine at the Comedie Française; Anna Held strikes you off to the life in Mam'selle Napoleon, while you should see yourself as Dan

"Stop, madman, I command you!" he the realm philosophy, a luminary in the broke forth in a voice of thunder, while illimitable universe of science, or a man be trembled with rage, pacing the floor who lack that splendor of habiliment and | nals; I, the conqueror of the world, the rofitable to one in whatever calling he ursues, and those I propose to reproduce a type as faithfully as I can. There is the steamboatman, if I might employ the of chivalry? Hang that old Charon, the princely cavaliers of the golden age the disciple of Hannibal but greater than the entered one door of a carwiage as you passed through the other."

divorce court unscathed; I, the mighty I, converse. And I knew him. I was as familiar with that remarkable figure which stood just inside the door, mother than the stood just inside the stood just

> "Waterloo?" I suggested, mildly, as I said behind my chair. I had begun to feel nettled at the little corporal's man-

As I uttered that fateful word "Waterloo" there fell a silence that alarmed Gibraltar. Nor could he not recall the striking attitude which has formed the study of many a masterpiece of the cannot carelessly inside the lapel of his greaticate, which reached below his knees, while in the other, hanging loosely at his side were an analysis and marble. One hand was thrown carelessly inside the lapel of his greaticate, which reached below his knees, while in the other, hanging loosely at his side were may be the form the angle of the story of the strong deadly gleams with which the cobra fascinates its victim. Have you ever seen a great man angry? No? Them envy me, who shrank in the angre of the highest with the progress we were making. The provided with the progress we were making. The provided himself and should be allowed by the Alps, but I turned them over. That's what I said."

"Then, again," I pursued, delighted with the progress we were making. The provided himself and should be allowed by the Alps, but I turned them over. That's what I said."

"Then, again," I pursued, delighted with the progress we were making. The provided himself and a great man angry? I ho? Them envy me, who shrank in the angre of the high over. That's what I said."

"Then, again," I pursued, delighted with the progress we were making. The provided himself and the progress we were making. The provided himself and the provided himself and the progress we were making. The provided himself and the progress we were making. The provided himself and the progress we were making. The provided himself and himself and spoke, but in a tone that brought tears to my eyes. "Waterloo, Waterloo," he repeated.

leon? We know all about it down in No, I tell you, I didn'it say that. What I said was—and get this down right—would have won the battle had I not lost it. Had Wellington—he's a prince cents." and serves the finest wine in the whole country, down below—had Wellington, I say, not won Waterloo he would have lost it. Ah, you small-minded scribe, I see you at last understand it. Now tell the world, from Napoleon's own lips, why because he lost it."

"I understand, Your Majesty, I under-

phatically. "I met with a reverse, but "what was not beaten. Beaten? Pooh!" The was?" Emperor evidently considered this suffi-cient, for he resumed his rapid pacing, his head bent forward on his chest, his hands behind his back and apparently sunk deep in moody abstraction. Tak-ing advantage of this I stole from behind my chair and resumed my seat. The Emperor did not utter a syllable for several minutes, and then, wheeling around,

"Young man, you were never great and probably never will be. Therefore you will not suffer the ignominy and hum tion of being caricatured by lying, shaland shallower-pater actors and actresses With me it is different. I was always Mr. Boone had been ailing for eight great, even in my little birthplace, Ajacyears, seven of which he was unable to cio, Corsica. I was a soldier at three, work from the effects of Backache and Kidney Complaint. He was all aches and that at the age of four my only toys were a drum, a sword, and a trumpet. The

reading of cures in the newspapers led him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took "my compact with Charon binds me to ing shop. I came here to discuss with you a totally different and much more important matter. You're a bona fide newspaperman, I suppose. You don't hook prosperous enough to be anything closed on emptiness.

Tic.' He'll unreel some interesting and twenty-one boxes to cure him, but fo-day twenty-one boxes to cure him, but fo-day the is strong and well and hard at work lobster fisaing.

People here have learned that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the closed on emptiness. closed on emptiness.

disease is of the Kidneys or from the certain stiffness in your gait which can only result from the frigidity of the at-

"Whom will I have the honor of interviewing first?" I asked.
"Mum's the word, my boy. I'm sworn to secrecy; but you'll know them when you see them, I'll be bound. Now I'm going to evaporate," he added, as he glanced into evaporate, as how a class the shade of an ivty source that the shade of an i "Will Your Majesty be seated?" I noir. I struck Lucian and we came back at me with a right hook and a left jab which blackened my eyes, removed three of my teeth and jarred my nose. I ran into the house, told my father, and what was the result? Lucian got a trouncing and was sent to bed without his supper,

which I ate in addition to my own," "Your Majesty," I broke in enthusias tically, unable to repress my admiration, "you don't mean to say that you picked quarrel with Lucian, allowed him to lick you so that he would be thrashed and sent to bed, leaving you his Thanksgiving turkey?"

"Exactly," he replied, with a gleam of satisfaction. "That was my first great tactical success, and thenceforth I determined to become a soldier and am Em-

"Such men are born, not made," l murmured, enviously. The Emperor, however, paid no attention to my remark. He was thinking of the glory of the past.

"No, it was not at Brienne that I first showed it, not at Brienne," he mused; "and yet," he continued quickly, "I remember directing a brilliant, pitched bat-tle in the snow there. I recall leading my brave comrades, thaty strong, against ten of the largest boys in the school next to ourselves. Ah! how they fought, those boys, but we were victorious. I remember putting sharp stones in my snowballs, and it seemed to nonplus the enemy. Wasn't that clever, eh. simle-minded ink-slinger?"

"Marvellous, Your Majesty, marvellous," I replied with fervor. "No wonder the small boy at Brienne became a world shaker."

"It was said that Wellington and met at Paris years before that littleah, fracas in Belgium, but it was not so. I now nail another lie. He called upor me at the capital with a numerous suite, consisting of the King of Prussia Czar Alexander, Marshal Blucher and their not at home. I was holidaying at Eba. No, the Duke and I met but once, at the that's all there is to it; understand?'

"Perfectly, Your Majesty," I returned, "but I have heard it said that Blucher went after you with a knife, I mean a sword, and that he nearly had you in Paris. In fact I read somewhere that

"'Tis false; that's a Dutch Ee!" the Something impelled me to glance to I, I, to be thus ridicaled! Mon dien enraged Emperor fairly shouted. "What That gouty old week before. He had come at last, my dou, my countrymam Wretch, wait till shopkeepers of Albion leap at a false spooky visitor, the vanguard of the noble I get my hands on him. What, think bood to smudge my great name with. cian warned me to avoid the frightful weather of the capital for that season So I went to Elba. I, the Emperor, needed rest; I wanted to fish; to hunt; to plan more national upsets. Blucher chase me! Sacre bleu!"

"Well, to proceed, Sire, did you make use of the expression after you had crossed the Alps, 'Hannibal crossed the Alps but I have turned them'?"

"Non, I mean no!" he exclaimed, vehe-nently. "That infermal falsehood has mently. me. The Emperor stopped his walk and stood as if turned to granite; I could see fire darting all through him and two English reader. What I did say was about 1 a.m. The heavy ra deadly gleams with which the cobra fas- nibal cursed the Alps, but I turned them

pair as he literally shot across the floor, "Waterloo, aye, and what of so rapid was his pacing. "Ah, those hisit? Why do you mention it to Napo torians, those simpletton story writers! leon? We know all about it down in No, I tell you, I didn't say that. What

"Did Your Majesty not ride your horse over a shell that threatened your soldiers, in the same campaign?" I queried

"A what? A shell?" he replied in amazement. Then suddenly he broke he did not win Waterdoo. Say it was into a roar of laughter so violent the he quivered like an aspen and the tip of his "I understand, Your Majesty, I understand," I said, with much relief. "I never understood it before. My teaching was at fault. Do you know, I was always taught. Do you know, I was always taught to below that you were always taught to believe that you were in imperial disgust. "Oh! Oh! The yelled. Victoria is freely blamed for falling to pay the promised subsidy; still the fact re-"Beaten? Never!" he exclaimed, em- a shell, but," with another convulsion,

> "I'm sure I don't know, Sire," I re-plied, foolishly. "Was it a shrapnel, a hand grentade, a bean cake or a pack of fire crackers?"

"A shrapnel? Oh, ye gods! I perish. What would the Duke, or Junot say?" and he went into another fit of laughter which nearly choked him. "Yes, unsophisticated scribbler," he said, when he had recovered, "it was a shell. Tell to the world that in the presence of his peror of the French, dictation of the

Where Men **Get Hurt** There you find POND'S EXTRACT—the old family doctor—relieving the pain, ouring the burt. For cuts, burns, sprains, bruises—whatever happens, Pond's Extract is a certain cure, a reliable "first aid." 60 years of relief work prove its worth. Imitations are weak, watery, worthless; Pond's Extract is pure, powerful, priceless.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

What shrunk your woolens ? Bad Roads Have Interfered With Ship Why did hoies wear so soon?

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

You used common soap,

world (that is all the world that was

"Yes, a clam shell!" he mimicked, "and

"How tall is Your Majesty?" I questioned, boldly. "None of your business," he answered tartly and eloquently. "Say that had I 330; Jumbo, 324; White Bear milled, not been so tall I would have been short- 30. Total for week, 6.486 tons: for year. er; and had I not been so short I would 228,697 tons. have been taller; but talk of something else, something else, do you hear? What's the trouble between Mr. Finn and the Fifth Regiment? Too bad, too bad. All regiments should have a band. I remember that one of Marmont's most gallant brigades was driven from the Highland pipers. Oh, those Scotsmen how terrifying they must have been to my poor children, my noble hearted lenothing about meters. Build a reserfull of vitriol. Ha! ha! hard-headed

Englishman, that's a joke." "Your Majesty is disposed to be gay," "Pardieu, and why not?" he retorted. am going to Manchurin to try my hard at the old game. Ah, but things will hum when I get there. See this map," he continued, unrolling the asarmies—that was in 1814—but I was bestos document about which I had been considerably curious. "This is my plan of campaign. Those Japs, those Rus-Waterloo you English are always talking shans, have much to learn from Napoleon about—pah! I went to St. Helena; the Grand. But you shall hear of me, the Grand. But you shall hear of me, you shall hear, my boy. Should Port Arhur fall soon and Oyama triumph in Manchuria, you will know that Napoleon has placed his unparalleled genius at the service of the Japanese. But should the Slav conquer, you will know that the Emperor has forgetten Moscow and that nalicious arson there, and taken com-

mand of the Russian arms. "Young man, look well at me, for I eave you now; I am the greatest, grandst and most Imperial thing in history. Do your best to preserve my glorious fame, and when you enter into honored sium, Napoleon will see you get a square Adieu, young man, acheu."

character, known as Napoleon the Great, about the same, lett me.

LADNER NOTES.

Ladner, B. C., Dec. 8 .- On Tuesday evening last the local lodge of the A. O. U. W. held open meeting, and a large number of spent a most enjoyable time. Games, pupils are expected to write. music and dancing were in turn indulged in and the gathering did not break up until office that weighs six and a half pounds.

The heavy rains of the recent few weeks a central one. It was grown by Thoshave made the plank roads very dangerous. Piercy, of Denman Island. The heavy rains of the recent few weeks In places the soil has been washed away and the planks smashed, the result being and wishes to thank the friends who that it is neither safe to walk nor drive turned out so readily to hunt for him last after dark. During the past week, there week when he was lost in the bush. being no moon, it has tested the nerves of everybody to go even about the town. As THE PASTOR'S PITY .- A pro

stal some gasoline lamps. It is expected know how near they are to a cure. I feet that the result will be that after the beginning of the year the town will be 138. lighted.

Hay continues to arrive in large quantities from the various farms in the district for shipment to all points. Wednesday's passenger train to New Westminster had five full cars attached.

The steamer Victorian is tled up to the wharf at Guichon for the winter. It is not yet decided what her ultimate movements

will be. The reported stoppage of the steamboat service in connection with the Victoria & Sidney railway has caused quite a commotion in this usually unexcitable burgh. mains that the people here have not patron-"what kind of a shell do you think it | ized the route as the excellent service has

The tug Active is at present filling the gap, but how long the route will be kept open is not known. The present train service, scheduled to

is most inconvenient to the people here, and it is expected that very shortly the time schedule will be altered so as to allow passengers to leave here in the morning, do the same evening. On Sunday Principal Sipprell, B.A., B.D.

of Columbia Methodist College, New West-minster, will preach at the Methodist

summer. It is a well built, nicely designed and commodious house, and a distinct redit to the district. Canon Hilton hopes o have a new east window placed in the church at an early date.

On Monday last a man named Holman was badly injured by a boar. The anima! ripped one of Holman's legs in bad shape | No. 1 and 2 are sold in all Victoria drug with his tusks. The injured man is pro- stores.

ROSSLAND MINES.

ments-Last Week's Output.

for the week were 6,486 tons, a short of those of the previous week. The shortage is partially accounted for by the bad condition of the roads which pr vented the Jumbo and the Velvet-Portand from hauling to the railroad as large uantities as could have been delivered and the roads been in more favorable con-

The most important incident of the week is the satisfactory way in which the ore chute on the 1,400 foot-level of the Le Roi is developing. The work world (that is all the world that was taking lessons in dictation) the petit (Caporael rode his horse over a shell-a Caporal rode his horse over a shell—a to determine its full value. The values are the best that have yet been found in "A clam shell!" I exclaimed, in aston- the camp at depth, running about \$25 management is very much pleased with to think the historians took that incident | the chute, as it encourages it in the belief seriously. My brave soldiers thought that it may be possible for the Le Roi they saw steam escaping from it, but it was merely waiter, just water. Ha! ha! face at depth. It is obvious that ha! Poor impocents. But I knew betmanagement will seek still further down, now that this rich chute has been found.

this evening were: Le Roi, 862 tons; Centre Star. 1.320: milled, 450: War Total for week, 6,486 tons; for year,

CANNERY SALE

At Bellingham-Prices the Lowest Ever Bid on the Coast.

"W. H. Barker, manager of the B. C. Packers' Association, of this city, was one of the buyers at the large cannery sale which took place at Bellingham on Saturday," says the Vancouver News-Advertiser. "He purchased the Hunter Bay cannery for \$9,000, and the tug Grayling for \$1,500. Other purchasers were J. A. Calvert, of Seattle, who bought the tug Anna M. Nixon for \$1,100; L. D. Pike, the East Sound tug Mountaineer for \$2,700; George Myers, jr., Seattle, the tug George T. for \$3,580; T. J. Gorman, Seattle, the launch Eagle for \$2,200; E. B. Deming, Chignik and Orca canneries, \$55,000; George T. Meyers, jr., Chatham cannery, \$40,000; Gorman, Dundas cannery, \$6,000. Beck's theatre and hotel were sold to W. B. Goffenry, of Seattle, for \$65,000.

cannery at Blaine was knocked down to \$22.500.

"The sale was conducted by Masters n Chancery Eben Smith and Walter Coutant, the properties offered being those of the Pacific Packing & Navigation Company, Bellingham. The prices were the lowest ever bid on the coast. and were so low that it is hardly likely that the court will be asked to confirm the bids. Receivers Kerr, Winn and Mc Govern were present at the sale, and when each bid was made, protested against such ridiculously low prices having been offered."

CUMBERLAND NOTES.

eccived word last Saturday that his other in Port Angeles was dangerously ill. He was fortunate enough to secure passage that day on a boat leaving Union wharf and left immediately.

rived on Thursday. He is to conduct the entrance examination to the High school, which begins on Monday, December members and their friends gathered and 12th. About half a dozen Cumberland A notato is on exhibition in the News

It is in the form of five tubers joined to

"Amother! Another! Oh, when will a matter of fact, nearly everybody takes pastor of a Durham, Ont., church writes: they cease?" wailed the Emperor in despite they cease?" walled the Emperor in despite they cease?" walks, where there are any. A petition is being circulated throughout American Rheumatic Cure healed me. I the municipality begging the council to in- pity those, who suffer so much and do not

Boy Sentenced to Death for Murder Died in. New Westminster Jail.

has been lying in the provincial jail in New Westminster under sentence of death for the murder of John Spittal at Eburne, died on Saturday from anaemia, superinduced by exhaustion.

Kay was sentenced to be hanged next month at the last assizes in Vancouver, but at the time it was doubted whether which he had been found guilty. Some time ago he was removed from the condemned cell, where he was under the surpital ward, and there he passed away Satsult the arrival and departure of the boat, was with the boy in his last moments, but Coroner Pittendrigh held an inquest on the remains, when the jury brought in the their business in Vancouver and return on | verdict that "death resulted from natural causes."

minster, will preach at the Methodist church both morning and evening, and on Tuesday evening a concert will be given in the I. O. O. F. hall in aid of the funds for the Sunday school library. An excellent programme has been arranged, some good Victoria talent having been secured for the occasion.

Rev. Canon Hilton, the incumbent of the English church here, is now residing in the rectory, erected by his parishfoners this summer. It is a well built, nicely designed and commodious house, and a distinct as all pills, mixtures and imitations are

## 1,000 Dozen Xmas Ties at 25c, 50c, 75 cand \$1.00 To Hand Raincoats, Overcoats and Suits; B. WILLIAMS & CO. 1-5 off For Cash

Clothiers and Hatters. 68-70 Yates Street

ouver, on Dec. 9th, Mrs. uilchena, on Dec. 4th, aged 67 years.