By C. Bailey

# MY LADY OF ORANGE.

Copyright, 1901.

(Continued from Last Edition.)

## CHAPTER III.

### THE POSTERN GATE.

The moon had set, and all around us was dark as we broke our bivouac at Veermut and moved through the pine woods toward Breuthe, with a cloud of skirmishers feeling our way. "Touch not the cat but the glove," saith the proverb, and in truth Alva was a mighty cat. Three hundred men were we; 4,000 and Alva himself, lay before Breuthe town, and many more no long journey away. What could we do against them? Yet there lay Alva, and the town was doomed if no help came, and, Breuthe taken, the country lay at his feet. All that was clear enough, and no less clear was it when Gaspar put it bluntly into words as we sat by the campfire.

"And so naught is possible, think you?" said I at last.

"There is little probable," quoth Gaspar, "at Breuthe.

"Then Orange is lost," I muttered, half to myself.

"Teufel! What would you have?" cried Gaspar sharply. Men grow angry before inevitable ill. "What would you have? We are but men; the odds are his."

From behind us came a sharp, short, scornful laugh. We both started; it was the girl.

"The odds are his!" she said to herself, and she laughed again. In the firelight I saw Gaspar flush, and I felt the blood rise to my own face; and Gaspar muttered a German oath and wiped his brow. Neither dared meet the other's eyes, for it ought will rouse a man it is a woman who tells him he is a coward.

I rose and walked to and fro in the shadow, gnawing my lip. "The odds are his!" I had said that too—and I had had my answer. And the glory, if it could be done! We should have a claim on Orange, indeed, then!

"Well?" asked Gaspar, as I lay down again. "We try Breuthe," I said curtly.

"Aye, aye, I thought so," he grumbled. "Why not wait for the convoys?"

"We try Breuthe!"

So we rode on in the darkness on a rash errand, because a girl laughed, while Gaspar swore and grumbled, and Henri Vermeil broke jests at all and sundry, and I rode silently with my eyes on my horse's mane, and the reins dangling loose in my hand.

There lay Alva; his tents loomed white through the darkness to westward of the town. The pinewood sloped down to the very tent doors on the westward side, but to the south the ground rose bare and steep. I sprang down and felt the brushwood. It crackled in my hand.

"Silent! If we knew where the gates were," I muttered.

"The main gate is on the west side," I started and turned. It was the girl who had spoken.

"Are you certain?" I asked quickly. "Cordieu! not that it aids us; we can scarce ride through Alva's camp."

"And the postern is to the south."

"Ach! so?" grunted Gaspar. "How wide?"

"Wide enough for a miller's wain."

"You know it?" I cried, she nodded. "He can scarce have his lines close drawn with that force," said I, looking at Gaspar.

"No; but he wakes easily, Ferdinando Alvarez."

"Cordieu! we will wake him! Double horse half the convoy! Fire the other wagons! Spare the powder! Twist fuse there!"

Then did we fire the brushwood and the pines, and the flames swept roaring down before the east wind on Alva's tents; and down the bare hill we sent the powder barrels bounding with a lighted fuse hissing at the end of each, till there was much noise among the Spaniards, and some of them woke hurriedly, and some of them never woke again. To and fro they ran beating the flames, and the blazing staves of the powder barrels danced gally amidst the tents. So the gray morning light broke over Breuthe town with a camp burning yellow against the sun, and soldiers fighting a foe that used strange arms. Truly a burning powder barrel traveling swiftly is a weapon of much service. Wherefore to this day there be certain Spaniards think me the devil; belike they are those who thought Alva a god.

Swiftly we moved round to the southward, and there in the first faint light of morning we saw the narrow postern and a picket between us and it.

"Charge! Now, through to the gateway, charge!" I cried, and down we swept. The Spaniards would not meet us. They drew off to one side, and up to the very walls we came without a man lost.

"For whom are ye?" cried the men on the walls.

"Orange, Orange," shouted we all.

"Ach! the fools," grunted Gaspar. Still the gates did not move.

"We fired the camp," I shouted. "Open, open in God's name! Cordieu! Do you doubt us? Look!"

There on our flanks hovered the picket, reinforced now, and we stayed there still like sheep with the fold gate shut.

"It's we or they," I muttered. "We must charge first. Wheel by the—"

"Let me pass! Let me pass!" cried the girl from the centre, where he had put her. She rode a little apart from us.

"Open, open to me, Gabrielle de St. Trond!" she cried. Loud cries came from the walls, and in a moment the gate was flung wide.

"Vive Gabrielle de St. Trond!" cried Vermeil.

"Get the wagons through," grunted Gaspar. "A thousand fiends! Wheel about! Charge."

And as they swept down, hoping to cut us off, Gaspar hurled himself with half our men at the Spaniards. I never knew a charge of Gaspar's fail. The slow, heavy German, codieu! when he charged he became a thunder bolt, and he tore through that Spanish troop swung his men round, and dashed in at the gate on our heels.

There in the streets of Breuthe town—a dusty, weary company—we halted.

"We are in!" cried Vermeil.

"Aye, who is the better for that?" quoth Gaspar.

"Faith, it was time," said I. "They have near quenched the fire."

"Ach! breakfast is cooked," grunted Gaspar. "We must share ours with these, I suppose," he grumbled, and turned to a townsman. "You look hungry, my friend."

"There is leather still," said the man simply. His skin was stretched tight from bone to bone.

"Where is the governor?" I asked. A tall stately man—they were all thin in Breuthe—came forward.

"At your service, sir, Laurenz de St. Trond," said he.

"I am John Newstead, and these my men," I answered. "What harm we could do Alva we have done. What food we could bring we have brought. I would it were more, but—

"I thank you, sir," he broke in, "I thank you. What of my daughter?"

"Your daughter? O, the girl—is she not here?"

"No, sir." He could scarce speak the words, and we stood there silent while I saw the gulps break in his throat and the sunken eyes grow duller still. Cause enough there was; I had fought with Alva, and how women fared in a Spanish camp I knew perhaps better than he, and I knew too well that his grief was just.

"She may be dead," I said slowly. That was the only comfort.

"I—I pray God—" he said under his breath.

I felt a fool and a knave before that man. Had I seen another man saved by my daughter, yet suffer her to fall into the hands of Spaniards, curses had seem more ready to my lips than prayer. To break through Alva's lines to bring a convoy into a town at its last gasp—yes, that was well enough. To be unable to save one poor girl from the fate of the women of Harlem—that was scarce so well. And it was the girl who had found us the postern, before whom the postern had opened to us ere she was borne away in Gaspar's charge. Cordieu! I wished her father had struck me, and I believe I should have borne the blow.

"How came she here, sir?" he asked calmly.

"A Spaniard carried her away from an inn beyond Veermut, and we caught him in the act. She begged us to bring her to Orange, and so she came with us."

"Ay, the Spaniard. The Spaniard everywhere. Exurge deus. Mine. . . She was left there ill when I came to Breuthe, and I thought her safe in hiding."

"Sir, we ought to have brought her safe. I would, give my honor to do it now!" I cried.

"Once, sir, you saved her, and I thank you. You have done your duty in full," said Laurenz de St. Trond. "There are 20 men in Breuthe would go along to Alva's camp to save here were it possible for man," he paused, and his lips trembled. "My God, my God, would it had been!" he cried with breaking voice, and then suddenly he turned to me. "And now, sir, to quarter your men," he said.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A COUNCIL OF DESPAIR.

"By the eyes of God! I will not leave a rat alive within the walls of Breuthe!" So the duke of Alva had cried when his storming party was beaten down; and men who hurled back the best troops of Spain that day knew well what their fate would be if they failed then, or if they should fail thereafter.

"But Alva's words had come true already. The tanneries had given up their hides, the trees were stripped of their leaves, the very nettles that grew beneath the walls were plucked, and all had become food for the hollow-eyed skin-cheeked men, who clung still to the little shattered town. Rats were a luxury of the past in Breuthe. So I stood on the wall gazing at the charred tents in Alva's camp, and back again at the lean sentinels that paced by me, and I saw that the end must come very soon. Nay, it did not daunt me; I have yet to hear of the day when John Newstead was daunted. There, too, somewhere in that half-burnt camp, was Gabrielle de St. Trond, dead or alive; and as I stood watching I vowed it should go hard with the man who took her if she was wronged, even a little. And of aught else was there little hope.

I walked slowly back to my quarters, and my chin was on my breast, and scheme after scheme went coursing through my brain. There Gaspar and Vermeil awaited me, and even Vermeil looked solemn.

"Ach! come at last, captain," grunted Gaspar. I flung down my hat, loosed my belt, and sat.

"Am I needed?" quoth I.

"Gott! That is what I ask. Are any of us needed here?" I looked at him lazily; indeed I was not thinking of his words. Quite other things were in my head than the grumbling of Gaspar; and he was in earnest. The broad red brow was bent in a heavy frown, his gray eyes were wide open and bright, and he sat with his head resting on a hand hidden in his thick curly hair.

"Needed?" I answered. "Is Breuthe so strong?"

"Do we strengthen it?" said Gaspar slowly. "Our food will not last long. Newstead's company are not the men to feed on nettles. What is the end to be, captain? I like more than half a loaf, and there will not be half long."

"Mutiny against me," I cried.

"Nay, no one will mutiny," said Vermeil smoothly; "but it is well to consider the wishes of the men."

"Teufel! I say they will mutiny," quoth Gaspar. "Men are men. Food is food. They'll mutiny sooner than starve. Gott! Do you blame them? Will you dine off one coat, too?"

"Perhaps it is time to consider our plans," said Vermeil. "But no doubt you will have some scheme, captain?"

"Scheme? Cordieu! No, I have only one scheme for mutineers—the halter!"

"Then you need a lusty hangman?" grunted Gaspar.

"Have you done?" I cried.

"Done? No! The townsfolk don't trust us. We shall have broken heads by the score soon till Alva comes in thirds man."

"That is true," I muttered. "You can scarce expect Breuthe to love the sackers of Harlem."

"Ach! No; but we might have thought of that before."

"We fight with the men we have," quoth I.

"Then why reckon them angels," grunted Gaspar.

"Well, well," I said, "what would you have me do, Gaspar?"

The German twisted himself in his chair, and scratched his head. Then he crashed his hand down on the table and

"This!" he said. "We must fight! We came in through Alva and we must go out through him. We can leave the convoy here for the Dutchmen. Teufel! Alva has more than one. And we might find the wench in his camp!"

I looked at Vermeil. He shrugged his shoulders a little.

"Ah! What say you, Vermeil?" I asked.

"There is much in Gaspar's plan," said he. "There is one thing he has forgotten. We can feed the men on convoys, but it will be hard to pay them the same way."

"The wages of Orange!" I said, Vermeil spread out his hands.

"The wages of Orange? They will not take long a-counting," he answered. "We must have money. We cannot get money by staying in Breuthe, and there seems little to be got by going out. It is unfortunate there is no other way." He paused and Gaspar and I both stared at the sleek olive face and the twinkling green eyes.

"As Gaspar said very well, the men are not angels, and only angels and devils work for nothing. Besides that, to break through Alva' lines again may not be so easy as it was the first time, and Alva may not treat us kindly if he takes us. We have not deserved well at his hands. It is very unfortunate there is no other way."

Again he paused, and Gaspar broke out:

"Teufel! Man, with your endless croak, are you turned raven, are you turned raven, ing easy; but we are desperate. Unfortunate! unfortunate! unfortunate! A thousand fiends! Are you turned coward?"

"I say what you say, my dear Gaspar. We are, indeed, desperate; that is why our council is held. But I say it is unlucky we are desperate; it is unfortunate we are constrained to a course which must lose so many men, perhaps all. I say it would be better if we had a chance of making terms with Alva—for example. It would be better—if it were not impossible."

"Ach! why talk of the impossible?" grunted the German.

"He will scarce be willing to treat with deserters," Vermeil went on, "and deserters who have nothing to give and all to ask. If only we did not come empty-handed!" he added with a sigh.

"Words, words!" said Gaspar, scornfully.

I looked at Vermeil, and his eyes met mine for a moment and dropped; for an instant, and only an instant, he seemed to smile.

"There is just one thing we could aid him to," said Vermeil. Gaspar shifted his chair. "The fruit is all but ripe enough to fall, and yet he might thank the man who plucked it. Ah! if we were not deserters we might sell Breuthe!"

"Ten thousand devils! Sell Breuthe?" cried Gaspar, dashing his chair back.

"Ay, we might sell Breuthe," I repeated slowly. Gaspar sprang up and stood leaning over us with one hand on the table.

"Sell Breuthe?" he shouted. "I thought we were soldiers, not a money-grubbing pack of traitors double-dyed! Who made Breuthe yours to sell? You come to the aid of St. Trond here, you lose his daughter, and you sell his town! Mighty deeds! God in heaven! I tell you I will hold Breuthe against you myself. I Gaspar Wiederman, against any rattling huckster in the town," and he stormed out of the room.

"He seems moved, captain," said Vermeil cooly.

"The men will follow the money, eh?" I asked.

"Ma foi, yes; men are men, as the good Gaspar said."

"If I go to Alva will you keep peace in the town?" said I.

"You—to Alva?" stammered Vermeil. "He must know you brought us to Orange. Think of the risk. Send a message."

"There will be more risk in my meeting Alva before all is done," said I slowly. He stared at me in amazement, thinking he had scarce heard aright.

"I—I do not understand," he muttered.

"You will," I answered. "I will be my own messenger. At all costs keep the peace till you see me again."

So, just as the sun was setting, a wiry man in a cloak that hid his armor slipped out of the postern gate of Breuthe all alone, and turned toward Alva's camp. And behind me rose the gray walls of the town that had baffled the Spaniards so long, gilt and crimsoned by the rays from the west.

Here and there, breaking the blue mist of the horizon, a dull red glare shone out marking the forays of Alva's men. Somewhere beyond the horizon, beyond the furthest stretch of Alva's arm, William of Orange, William the Taciturn, sat brooding over the travailing land.

So I went forth to sell Breuthe.

(To be continued).


CANCELLATION OF RESERVE.
CASSIAR DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given that the reservation placed on Crown lands situate in the Bennett Lake and Atlin Mining Divisions of Cassiar District, notice of which was published in the British Columbia Gazette and dated 18th September, 1898, is hereby cancelled.

W. C. WELLS,
Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 30th Jan., 1901.

RESERVE. GRAHAM ISLAND.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Crown lands on Graham Island, Queen Charlotte Group, are reserved, until further notice.

W. C. WELLS,
Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 30th Jan., 1901.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Somas River Bridge, Alberni District, B.C.

SEALED TENDERS, properly endorsed, will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Wednesday, the 13th March next, for the erection and completion of a bridge across the Somas River, near Alberni, Alberni District, B. C.

Drawings, specifications, and forms of contract may be seen at the Lands and Works Department, Victoria, B. C., at the office of the Government Agent, Nanaimo, B. C., and at the Government Office, Alberni, B. C., on and after the 23rd instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank check or certificate of deposit made payable to the undersigned for the sum of five hundred ($500) dollars, as security for the due fulfilment of the contract, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The checks of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied and signed with the actual signature of the tenderers.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 19th February, 1901.

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# Chats With Legislators

## Members for Alberni and Chilliwack on the Railway Question.

## West Coast Want Direct Road to Victoria—Government Ownership.

Mr. A. W. Neill, M. P. P. for Alberni, informed a Colonist representative yesterday that the West Coast people are proud to be able to say that they have at last a regular shipping mine. The Monitor, on Alberni Canal, owned by a New York syndicate, is now shipping about 200 tons a week to the Tacoma smelter, and from all accounts the results are highly satisfactory. The work of development at the Hayes mine is advancing apace, and just before Mr. Neill left Alberni a new and rich strike was reported. The company is working steadily, extending the underground workings and blocking out large bodies of ore in such a way that when stoping and drifting begins, an immense lot of ore will be immediately available. Meantime no shipments are being made; possibly the owners hope to have a home smelter by the time they are ready to sell their ore.

The Dominion government telegraph line from Clayoquot to Alberni is to be pushed to completion forthwith, and will prove a valuable medium of communication to West Coast miners, merchants and mariners. The need of this telegraph line has been felt for some time, and its completion is eagerly looked forward to by the whole community.

The great question with the people of Alberni and the West Coast generally is the proposed Island railway. Much anxiety is felt as to the intention of the government, and the announcement of its policy is awaited with the liveliest interest.

"Of course," said Mr. Neill, "it is the hope and desire of the people of my constituency that the railway to the north end of the Island shall touch tide-water at the head of Alberni Canal. The extension of the road northward from its present terminus at Wellington would be of no service whatever to Alberni, but if a road were built from, say, Duncan, or some other point on the E. & N., to Alberni, it would traverse a rich agricultural, timber and mining country, and would give us direct connection with Victoria. The deflection of the line to Alberni would not lengthen the road to any great extent, and it would be more than recompensed by the valuable territory which it would serve to open up. It might be said that such a line would be taking the railway away from the coal mines, but when it is considered that Alberni is only 18 miles distant from Union, that argument will not stand.

"A branch line from Union to Alberni would not serve the same purpose for the West Coast, as it would prove a roundabout way of getting to and from the mines. Another important point which Victoria should bear in mind is that a direct road to Alberni would secure to her merchants the growing trade of the West Coast, which promises in time to be as important as the much-talked-of northern trade. Our idea is a direct road from some convenient point on the E. & N. to Alberni, thence across to Union and on to the North; or the main line might be continued northward up the centre of the Island, with branches to Union and other points desired. If the government can so frame its policy as to give us this road, it may count on the approval and support of the whole West Coast.

"West Coast people wonder," continued Mr. Neill, "why Victorians are so careless of their best interests as to neglect the advantages offered them in the mining and other industries of that country. The opportunities for building up and maintaining a profitable trade are manifest to all who know the district, but the people of Victoria seem always to look further afield when seeking investments, and neglect the virgin territory which lies almost at their doors."

### CHILLIWACK.

The ravages of the cutworm in Chilliwack district last season were more serious than most people imagine, and the consequences are being felt by the farmers who saw crops were destroyed. Notwithstanding the heavy damages which they sustained, the people are by no means down-hearted, and look forward to the coming season to retrieve their losses of last year. Their representative, Mr. C. W. Munro, said to a Colonist representative yesterday, that the feeling in the district was one of unshaken confidence in its capabilities, which was evidenced by the preparations for spring work which was visible on every hand.

The burning question in Chilliwack at present is the railway, said Mr. Munro; little else is talked about. It is felt by everybody that the district cannot hope for any large or permanent measure of prosperity until it is traversed by a railway which will give direct and cheap connection with the Coast cities and Victoria. The farmers are anxious to extend their operations by bringing more land under cultivation and raising larger crops, but they are deterred from risking labor and money in that direction until they feel assured that their efforts will be rewarded. It is impossible to dispose of their produce at a fair profit under existing conditions. The well-being of the district is retarded for lack of a railway, and perfect control will not be established until one is built.

If the government could build and operate the railway, its action would meet with the approval of the people of Chilliwack. They consider such a policy the best in the interests of the district, and the province generally, but failing government ownership, their next desire would be to see the government maintain absolute control, over whatever company constructs and operates the road as to freight and passenger rates. A feeling antagonistic to the C. P. R. exists among the people, who regard that company as a grasping monopoly, and their desire is for a competing route.

The difficulty which the government will have to contend with, in Mr. Munro's opinion, is the almost impossible task of preventing collusion between the railway companies. If the road be built by the Canadian Northern (Mackenzie & Mann) the trouble will be to prevent that corporation from joining interests with the C. P. R., Great Northern or other line, with which it may enter into competition. The government has a most difficult feat to accomplish in making the best bargain possible with the railway interests, and at the same time safeguarding the people from the extortionate charges that are the inevitable result of over-capitalization of railways and the efforts of the companies to pay dividends on watered stock.

# DIRECTORY OF MEMBERS.

Most of the members of the legislature have been in the city for a session before the present, so that to them there is little or no trouble in getting settled into comfortable quarters for the time of their sojourn in the capital for the discharge of their duties as legislators. But a few of them are new such old-timers in the business, and these are not so readily accommodated with a temporary domicile. There are two or three who have determined to be thoroughly domesticated this session, whatever the experience of the past has been, and with that object they have brought their families to the Capital with them.

Following is a list of the members and their addresses while in the city, given as completely as the domestic arrangements of the individuals have progressed at this date:

| MEMBER. | CONSTITUENCY. | CITY ADDRESS. |
|---|---|---|
| Thos. Kidd | Richmond | Oriental. |
| John Oliver | Delta | Dominion Hotel. |
| John C. Brown | New Westminster | New England Hotel. |
| Hon. Richard McBride | Dewdney | 38 Victoria Crescent. |
| C. W. Munro | Chilliwack | Dominion Hotel. |
| Jos. Martin | Vancouver | Vernon. |
| H. B. Gilmour | Vancouver | Vernon. |
| Jas. F. Garden | Vancouver | Driard. |
| Capt. Tatlow | Vancouver | |
| Denis Murphy | West Yale | Roccabella. |
| Price Ellison | East Yale | Driard. |
| F. J. Fulton | North Yale | Roccabella. |
| A. W. Smith | West Lillooet | Driard. |
| Hon. J. D. Prentice | East Lillooet | Rockland Avenue. |
| S. A. Rogers | Cariboo | |
| Jos. Hunter | Cariboo | 49 Birdcage Walk. |
| C. W. D. Clifford | Cassiar | 27 Cadboro Bay Road. |
| Jas. Stables | Cassiar | Vernon. |
| Thos. Taylor | Revelstoke | Dominion Hotel. |
| R. F. Green | Slocan | Imperial Hotel. |
| Jno. Houston | Nelson | 80 Kingston Street (Capt. Butler's) |
| Smith Curtis | Rossland | Vernon. |
| Hon. W. C. Wells | N. E. Kootenay | Driard. |
| E. C. Smith | S. E. Kootenay | Dominion Hotel. |
| L. A. Mounce | Comox | Driard. |
| C. H. Dickie | Cowichan | Hotel Victoria. |
| A. W. Neill | Alberni | 23 Princess Avenue. |
| W. W. B. McInnes | North Nanaimo | Vernon. |
| J. H. Hawthornthwaite | Nanaimo | New England. |
| Hon. Premier Dunsmuir | South Nanaimo | Craigflower Road. |
| Speaker Booth | North Victoria | New England. |
| Hon. D. M. Eberts | South Victoria | Gorge Road. |
| C. E. Pooley | Esquimalt | Cor. Lampson St. and Esquimalt Rd |
| W. H. Hayward | Esquimalt | Vernon. |
| Richard Hall | Victoria | 94 Pembroke Street. |
| Hon. J. H. Turner | Victoria | Pleasant Street. |
| H. Dallas Helmcken | Victoria | Driard. |
| A. E. McPhillips | Victoria | Rockland Avenue. |

## J. A. MAHOOD DEAD.

### The Surveyor, Engineer and Explorer, Passed Away Yesterday

There passed away in this city yesterday morning one of that circle of surveyors and explorers, who have done so much to open up to the world the little known portions of this province and other parts of the Pacific Coast. The deceased, Mr. J. A. Mahood, during his thirty years' residence here, had visited almost every section of the province, and generally in advance of other white men, being engaged on many of the exploratory surveys carried on by the government. His greatest work, though, was in connection with the dream of the early sixties, the overland telegraph line from the Atlantic seaboard of America, across the continent to British Columbia, up the coast to Alaska and across Behring straits to Siberia and thence to Europe. As is well known, this work was abandoned when the Atlantic cable proved a success. Mr. Mahood was major of the corp of engineers sent from America to survey northern Siberia for the line. When the work was abandoned, Mr. Mahood returned to America, and a few years afterwards made the surveys for the forts around San Francisco bay. He came to British Columbia in 1872, and, as said, took part in most of the important works which have been carried on since that time. For several months his health has been failing, and he passed quietly away yesterday morning at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Berkley, Burdett avenue. He was a native of St. Andrews, N. B.

The funeral will take place at 2:30 tomorrow afternoon from his sister's residence, and a few minutes later at Christ Church cathedral.

## FOR UNION SUFFERERS.

### Official Report of Proceeds of Professor Paynes Entertainment.

The following is the statement of proceeds of the benefit entertainment held in the A. O. U. W. hall on Friday, February 22, by Prof. Payne, hypnotist, in aid of the sufferers of the Cumberland disaster:

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sale of Tickets— | |
| 200 at 50c. each | $100.00 |
| 23 at 25c. each | 5.75 |
| 1 at 15c. | 15 |
| Cash after box office closed | 1.75 |
| Total | $107.65 |

EXPENDITURE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Prof. Payne, cloth for signs | $ 50 |
| Boy distributing dodgers | 25 |
| Banfield & Jewell, printing dodgers | 3.00 |
| A. J. Grant, painting signs for cars | 3.00 |
| A. O. U. W. Hall, sundries | 2.00 |
| Prof. Payne, 25 p.c. of gross | 26.90 |
| Balance | 72.00 |
| Total | $107.65 |

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 23, 1901.

His Worship Mayor Hayward, Victoria:

Dear Sir:—Herewith I beg to hand you a statement of the proceeds re benefit entertainment by Prof. Payne in aid of the sufferers of the Cumberland disaster, showing a balance of $72.00 to the good.

The following are to be thanked for aid rendered: Capt. J. D. Warren, free rent A. O. U. W. hall; B. C. Electric Railway Co., free use of cars for ads and reduction in light bill; the Colonist and the Times, free advertising; Prof. Payne and staff, for entertainment; the City band for musical parade.

I beg to hand you also two money orders payable to Mayor Carthew, of Cumberland, for $50 and $22 respectively.

EDWIN C. SMITH.

## WRECKAGE.

### That Found in Newfoundland Coast Belongs to the Ivyden.

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 23.—A number of reports received to-day from different sources indicate that the wreckage found along the Basalieu shore probably belongs to the British steamer Ivyden, which went ashore off La Marche on January 1, while on her way from Hamburg for Wilmington, N. C. The Ivyden went to pieces in the recent storms and such portions of her as were above water drifted seawards. One of the men of that section wires that the Ivyden's angle-irons were marked "Dorman, Long & Company, Middlesboro, England," the same as those found and supposed to be the Lucerne's. The Lucerne is now out 31 days without having been reported.

## ASSAY OFFICE.

### Report That One Is to Be Placed at Vancouver.

Vancouver, Feb. 23.—(Special)—The government assay office is to be established here under Pellew Harvey, similar to the one at Seattle, for the purchase of gold.


A large, smooth Tomato

The Steele-Briggs "Enormous" Tomato is very large, very smooth meaty, and with few seeds. We will send a packet and our large illustrated catalogue on receipt of 10c. anywhere by mail. This is Canada's newest Tomato. Get it. Try it.

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Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brent Good

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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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GRATEFUL. COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ½-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd. Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

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A Beautiful, new Pansy

The Steele-Briggs "Madame Perret" Pansy has very large pink-to-purple flowers. Sometimes they are 3 to 3½ inches across. It has straighter, stiffer stems than the ordinary pansy, and the flowers are held out from the foliage better. We will send our Catalogue and a Madame Perret Pansy seed packet by mail to you for 25c. Send to-day. The Catalogue is the largest Canadian seed catalogue. The STEELE-BRIGGS SEED CO. Ltd. TORONTO, Canada's Largest Seed House.

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We have a few "MASSEY-HARRIS" and "IVANHOE" Wheels left which we are offering very cheap, as we are going out of the business.

Last year only one grade of "Massey-Harris" wheel was manufactured.

E. G. PRIOR & CO., LTD.

Corner Government and Johnson Sts.


# Teachers and Superintendent

## Met at the Department of Education Yesterday for Friendly Talk.

## Explanation of Why It Was Decided to Abandon Institute Meeting.

At the invitation of Superintendent of Education Robinson, the members of the city teaching staff yesterday morning attended at the department offices in a body for the purpose of holding a discussion on various subjects of interest to both department and teachers.

The principal topic was the action of the teachers in approaching the Minister of Education on the postponement of the annual session of the Provincial Teachers' Institute, which was to have been held in Victoria this year. Superintendent Robinson, who is president of the institute, felt that he could have explained the circumstances in connection with the postponement to the satisfaction of the teachers, had they chosen to inform him of their intention of seeking an interview with the minister.

That interview, at which Superintendent Robinson was present, took place last Saturday. Since then it has been definitely decided to postpone for one year the meeting of the institute, or rather to cancel altogether this year's session.

As a consequence, and with the entirely disinterested motive of placing the teachers in touch with the matter in which they take such an interest, Superintendent Robinson invited them to meet him yesterday morning, and almost every member of the staff was present. A most harmonious discussion took place, and no doubt the cause of education was benefitted by the improved understanding which resulted.

Superintendent Robinson explained the causes leading to the Provincial Institute being abandoned for this year, both as president and in his official capacity as superintendent, a great deal of the success achieved by the institute depended on his efforts, and the time he had at his disposal. This year not only will the house be in session, entailing the usual amount of extra work, but Mr. Robinson has on his hands the added charge of the new provincial Normal school being conducted at Vancouver. This precluded any possibility of his devoting much time or attention to arranging and carrying out the meeting of the institute at the time of the Easter holidays, which is when it is regularly held.

It was further thought that holding the meeting either at the time of the summer or Christmas vacation would not ensure as good an attendance as desirable. Taking all things into consideration, and also the expenditure on the part of the department, necessitated by the institute, it was thought wisest not to risk even a degree of failure, but to allow the meeting to stand over until next year.

Superintendent Robinson speaks in terms of high praise for the teachers of Victoria and expresses the belief that there will be lasting benefit to the cause in which they and he are alike interested, as a result of yesterday's friendly conference.

## DEWET'S BRUTALITY.

### Boer Leader Beat a British Prisoner With a Whip.

De Aar, Feb. 19.—A British officer who was taken prisoner by Gen. Dewet at Sand Drift, but subsequently released at Heuten Kraal, from which point he made his way to De Aar, asserts that he and his fellow prisoners were shamefully treated by the Boers. He says he saw Gen. Dewet personally sjamboking a British officer for expostulating in reference to the treatment.

London, Feb. 23.—The rumor that Gen. Dewet has been captured was put into circulation again on the stock exchange this morning, but no confirmation of the report could be obtained.

## NOTICE.

Applications for the position of Principal of the British Columbia Normal School (salary $1,800 per year) will be received until April 1st, by the Minister of Education. Duties to begin July 1st. Letters of reference and statement of age must accompany each application.

ALEXANDER ROBINSON,
Secretary, Council of Public Instruction.


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A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Martin, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton.