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# MAYNARD

MINERAL ACT.

(Form F.) mprovements. aoka" Mineral Claim, sit-toria Mining Division, Che-t. Where located: On Chemainus District afore-by record as "on a creek of Chemainus river, about in E. & N. Ry bridge," and bed by survey and on Chemainus District."
The Mounts Sicker and nited, Free Miner's Cer-Intend, sixty days from 0 apply to the Mining ificate of Improvements, of obtaining btaining a Crown

that action un-

er and Brenton Mines, Lim-T. ELLIOTT, Secretary.

INERAL ACT.

ite of Improvements. NOTICE.

and "Tax" Mineral the Victoria Mining Diw-District. Where located: oordon River. it I. H. E. Newton, B72438,

R. D. Newton, Free MinNo. B72438, intend, sixty
ate hereof, to apply to the
for a Certificate of Imthe purpose of obtaining
f the above claims,
ke notice that action, unnust be commenced before
such Certificate of Imth day of November, A. D.

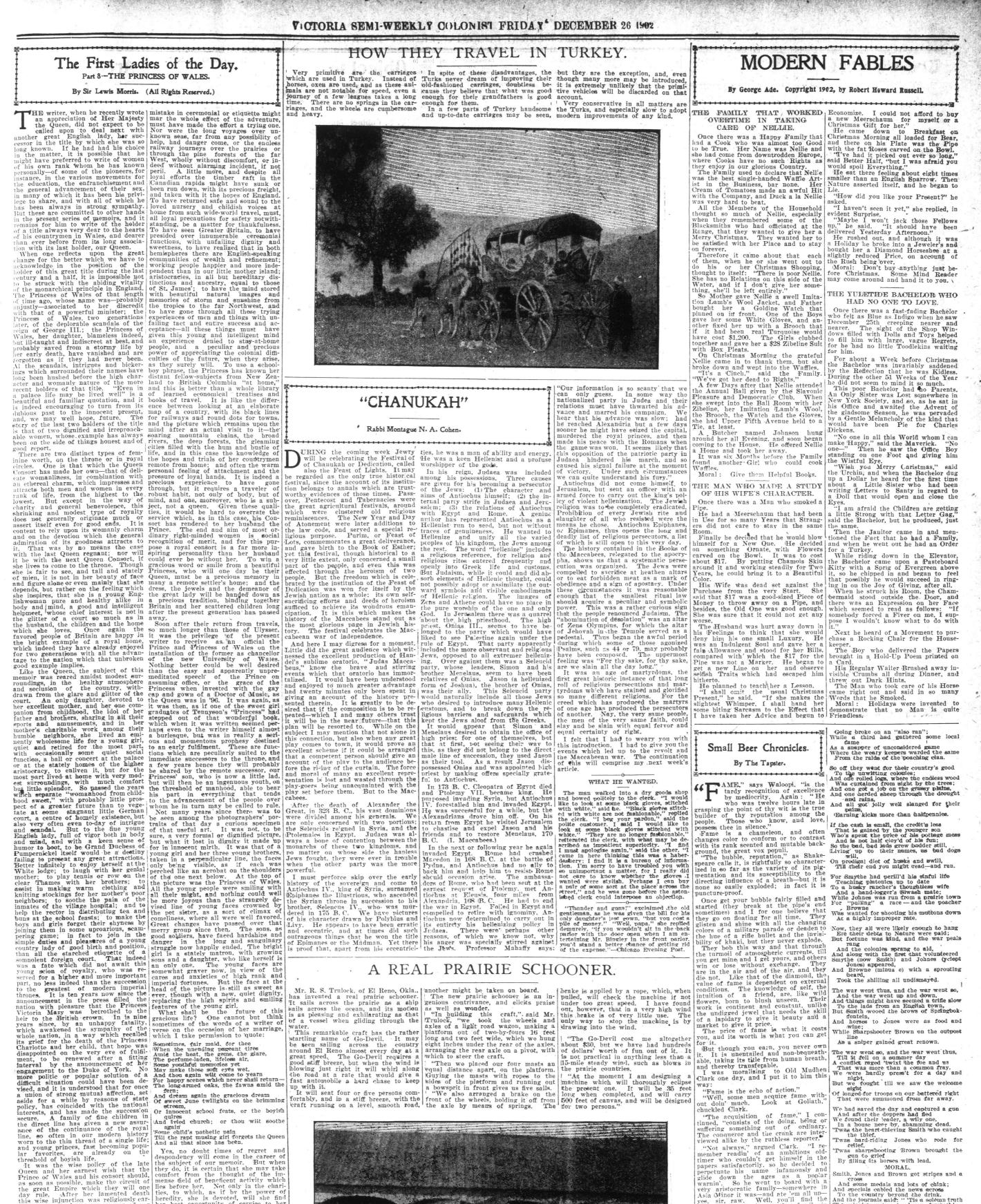
### The First Ladies of the Day, Part 8-THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

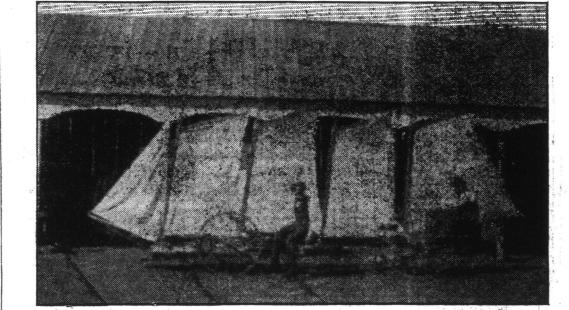
By Sir Lewis Morris. (All Rights Reserved.)

Oneen and her earliest with that of the prince of Wales and his consort should, as soon as possible, make the circuit of the great Empire which they will one day rule. After her lamented death this wise injunction was religiously earlies before her. Not only in the charities, the which, as if by the power of the great dominions was visited by them last year. To most of those who are engaged in public affairs, or their own, such an undertaking must always remain in the region of aspirations which can never be carried out. To rayal personages alone, with the great resources of the country behind them, and unlimited time at their command, or to multi-millionaires, who would, however, he useless, is such an enterprise possible. By our sailor Prince indeed much of the land and sea covered by it has been traversed already. But for the young mother the long absence from her young children must have been a trial even greater than the possible danger to health and to life, the immense field of beneficent activity which lies before her. Not only in the charities, to which, as if by the power of heredity, she is devoted, will she find her best opportunity of service to her subjects. It will be hers to hold aloft, as her predecessor in title has done, the high ideal of womanly purity, before a society which might otherwise perhaps grow corrupted by the phenomenal accumulation of wealth here and acrossy the Atlantic, and the indoent and careless luxury to which it gives birth. As the world goes, her power for good in the purity before a society which might otherwise perhaps grow corrupted by the phenomenal accumulation of wealth here and acrossy the Atlantic, and the indoent and careless luxury to which it gives birth. As the world goes, her power for good in the there in the relief of the immense field of beneficent activity which lies before her. Not only in the charities, to which, as if bevoted, will she find her best opportunity of service to her subjects. It will be here diving the redity, she is devoted, will she fin

worn to the thin thread of a single life; and young princes, fast becoming popular favorites, are already on the threshold of boyish life.

It was the wise policy of the late Oueen and her earnest wish that the Prince of Wales and his consort should, as soon as possible, make the circuit of the great Empire which they will one day rule. After her lamented death this wise injunction was religiously cartilets, which as if by the power of heredity, she is devoted, will she find





Cream of Tomatoes made an awful Hit with the Company, and Duck a la Nellie was very hard to beat.

All the Members of the Household thought so much of Nellie, especially when they remembered some of the Blacksmiths who had officiated at the Range, that they wanted to give her a Merry Christmas. They wanted her to be satisfied with her Place and to stay on forever.

Range, that they wanted to give her a Merry Christmas. They wanted her to be satisfied with her Place and to stay on forever.

Therefore it came about that each of them, when he or she went out to do his or her Christmas Shopping, thought to itself: "There is poor Nellie. She has no Relations on this side of the Water, and if I don't give her something, she'll be left entirely."

So Mother gave Nellie a swell Imitation Lamb's Wool Jacket, and Father bought her a Goldine Water that pinned on in front. One of the Boys gave her some White Gloves, and another fixed her up with a Brooch that if it had been real Turquoise would have cost \$1,200. The Girls clubbed together and gave her a \$28 Zibeline Suit with Par Division of the state of the together and gave her a \$28 Zibeline Suit with Box Pleats.
On Christmas Morning the grateful Nellie came in to thank them, but she broke down and wept into the Waffles.
"It's a Cinch," said the Family.

broke down and wept into the Waffles.

"It's a Cinch," said the Family.

"We've got her dead to Rights."

A few Days after that Nellie attended the Annual Ball given by the Slavonic Pleasure and Democratic Club. When she swept into the Ball Room with her Zibeline, her Imitation Lamb's Wool, the Brooch, the Watch and the Gloves, he held University that the Advent of the gladsome Season, he was pervaded by a Gentle Melancholy of the kind that the Brooch, the Watch and the Gloves, she had Upper Fifth Avenue held to a Tie, at least.

the Brooch, the Watch and the Gloves, she had Upper Fifth Avenue held to a Tie, at least.

A Butcher named Johnson hung around her all Evening, and soon began coming to the House. He offered Nellie a Home and took her away.

It was six Months before the Family found another Girl who could cook waffles.

Moral: Give them Helpful Books.

THE MAN WHO MADE A STUDY OF HIS WIFE'S CHARACTER.

Once there was a Man who smoked a Pipe.

He had a Meerschaum that had been in Use for so many Years that Strange in Use for Strange in Us

the Hussand was nurr away down his Feelings to think that she would deny him his one small Luxury. He chase a Rocking Chair for the Housewas an Indulgent Soul and gave her a fair Allowance and stood for her Bills.

The Boy who delivered the Papers

evident Surprise.

"Maybe I won't jack those Fellows up," he said. "It should have been delivered Yesterday Afternoon."

Once there was a fast-fading Bachelor who felt as Blue as Indigo when he saw December 25th creeping nearer and nearer. The sight of the Shop Windows filled with Dolls and Toys helped to fill him with large, vague Regrets, for he had no little Toodlekins waiting for him for him.

For about a Week before Christmas the Bachelor was invariably saddened

Color.

His Wife was dead set against the Purchase from the very Start. She said that \$17 was a good-sized Piece of Money to throw away on a Pipe, and besides, the Old One was good enough. She was sure that it could not get any worse.

When he struck his Room, the Chambermaid stood outside the Door, and there was an Expression on her Face which seemed to read as follows: "If somebody forced a Fiver on me, I suppose I wouldn't know what to do with it."

was an Indulgent Soul and gave her a fair Allowance and stood for her Bills, compared with which the \$17 for the Pipe was not a Marker. He began to get a new Line on her and observe selfish Traits which had escaped him hitherto.

He planned to teach her a Lesson.
"I shall omit the usual Christmas Present," he said. "If she makes the slightest Whimper, I shall hand her some biting Sarcasm to the Effect that I have taken her Advice and begun to keeper. The Boy who delivered the Papers brought in a Hold-Up Poem printed on a Card.
The Man Waiter Brushed away invisible Crumbs all during Dinner, and threw out Dark Hints.
The Man who took care of his Horse came right out and said in so many Words that he Smoked.
Moral: Holidays were invented to demonstrate that no Man is quite

### Small Beer Chronicles. By The Tapster.

AME," says Waloopi, "is the tardy recognition of excellence tardy recognition of excellence

tardy recognition of excellence by medicarity. Again: "He who was twelve hours late in grasping the point of thy wit is the true builder of thy reputation among the people. Those who know, and love, possess thee in silence."

Fame is a chameleon, and often changes color to conform or to contrast with its rank scented and mutable background, the great vox populi.

"The bubble, reputation," as Shake speare calls it, is rightfully so characterized in so far as the variety of its pigmentation and its susceptibility to the directing influence of a breath—but it is none so easily exploded; in fact it is puncture-proof.

Once get your bubble fairly filled and started (they break at the pipe's end sometimes) and I for one believe that they go on floating for all time. They all step on the grassy phathes, and one heard sheep through the drought and one profile and one and and one heard sheep through the drought and one profile.

Earning kicks more than baltpennies.

Hat leash is small, the credit's less
That is gained by the younger son
Who's spent the price of his pottage mess
And is not half cloy'd of his fun:
So the bad, bad lads grew badder still.

I'll their and you might cred—and run.

For Smythe had perill' his sinful life
Teach

none so easily exploded; in fact it is puncture-proof.

Once get your bubble fairly filled and started (they break at the pipe's end sometimes) and I for one believe that they go on floating for all time. They glisten and shine with all the changing colors of a military parade or deaden to the hue of a rife bullet and the invisibility of khaki, but they never explode. They bob this way and that through the turmoil of atmospheric currents, till you get mine and I get yours, and others win or lose without exchange. They are in the air and of the air, and they die not. Like that of the diamond, the value of fame is dependent on external conditions. The knowledge of self, the intuition of a friend, are, like wild flowers, born to blush unseen. Their work is continent and constant, unlike work is continent and constant, unlike work is continent and constant, unlike the start would be a supplementation of the start and the war went thus, and the war went so, and things might have seemed a trifle slow. To the lads from an English town,

flowers, born to bush discent. Unlike the undigged jewel that needs the skill of a lapidary to give it beauty and a market to give it price.

The price of fame is what it costs you, and its worth is what you can get But though you earn, you never own

it. It is unentailed and non-bequeath, and thereby transferable, and thereby transferable.

I was moralizing to Old Mudhen Clark one day, and I put it to him this way:
"Fame is the echo of action." "Well, some men acquire fame with-out doin' much. Look at Goliath," chuckled Clark.

chuckled Clark.

"The acquisition of fame," I continued, "consists of the doing, being or suffering something out of ordinary. The conqueror and the crank are interviewed alike by the ruthless reporter." rivewed alike by the ruthless reporter.

"Not always," argued Clark. "I remember readin' of an ambitious old-timer who couldn't get himself in the papers satisfactorily, so he decided to perpetuate his name infamously and glide down the ages as a poplar warnin'. So he went to board with a very aristocratic family—somewhere in Asia Winor it was—and ate 'em all upyes, sir, raw. Well, you'll find the names and portraits of that family in Richard K. Fox's Book of Martyrs, Phoenician for Smith the name was—but as to name and personal appearance of the family mausoleum, history is silent. Fame is mighty oncertain."

Twas hard-riding Jones who rode for reflef.
Twas sharpshooting Brown brought the gun to grief By filling dis horses with lead.

MORAL.

Smith, Jones and Brown got stripes and a cross.
And some medals and lots of chink; and some independent of the country beyond the drink.

The condition of the sum of the papers who rode for reflef.

Twas sharpshooting Brown brought the gun to grief By filling dis horses with lead.

MORAL.

Smith, Jones and Brown got stripes and a cross.
And some medals and lots of chink; and so will they devide the news across.
To the country beyond the drink.
The colonists put us to shame, forsooth!
The colonists put us to shame, forsooth!
To shoot and to ride and to think."

is silent. Fame is mighty oncertain."
All of which is corroborated to a certain extent by the following: BALLAD. A trio of Anglo-Saxon youth
Went forth to the world's wide ends;
'Tis sad to tell, but the simple truth.
They were booked by their loving friends.
For these Angles were classed "non-Angell,"
And their guardians thought that across
the sea

the sea By the hard-won gifts of adversity For the past they might make amends One of the three, I regret to say, Was a bit of a Don Juan, And one had frittered his coin away,

Going broke on an "also ran";
While a third had gathered some local
fame
As a snapper of unconsidered game
Where the weary keepers warded the same
From the raids of the poaching clan.

So off they went for their country's good To the unwitting colonies; And one rolled logs, where the endless wood Was curtained from sight by the trees; And one got a job on the grassy paths, And one bended sheep through the drought

The war went thus, and the war went so,
And the war went up and down,
And things might have seemed a trifle slow
To the lads from an English town,
But Smith wooed the brows of Springbokfontein,
And horses to Jones were as food and
wine;
While Sharpshooter Brown on the outpost

line As a sniper gained great renown.

The war went so, and the war went thus,
Till it fell on a summer day
A conflict raged 'twixt the foe and us
That was more than a common fray.
We were hardly press't for a day and
night,
But we fought till we saw the welcome
sight
Of longed-for troops on our battered right
That were summoned from far away.

We had saved the day and captured a gun We had saved the day and captured a gun And after the doppers had fied We found their leader, a wily one, In a house neer by, shamming dead. "Twas the heart-thieving Smith who caught the thief,"
"Twas hard-riding Jones who rode for relief,"
Twas sharpshooting Brown brought the gun to grief

One of the members of a certain suburban photographic society recently delivered a lecture Blustrated by lantern views, on America, and the Chicago exhibition. Another member, thinking to have a joke at the expense of the lecturer, slipped in among the slides a lantern portrait of himself. The joke would come in, of course, by the portrait appearing on the screen after the lecturer had announced the appearing of something quite different.

Fate and chance were unluckly against the humorist, for when his portrait was presented, the lecturer, without knowing what was on the screen, gravely read from the list:

"The next slide, ladies and gentlemen, is the picture of a refractory donkey!"—London Tit Blts.