OPENING OF NEW Y. C. M. A. BUILDING

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME FOR WEEK'S SERVICES

Men's Meeting To-morrow Afternoon—Dedication of Building on Tuesday

(From Saturday's Daily.)

Appended is a detailed programme of the services and ceremonies to be held in the Y. M. C. A. Building tomorrow and following days. The management of the association, and committees in charge of the opening week ceremonies wish to make it understood that the ladies of Victoria are welcome every day during the celebration week, to any service or entertainment except the men's mass meetings on Sunday, and that all men of the city are invited to all services.

The official programme is as follows:

Sunday, Sept. 24.—4 p. m., men's meeting in auditorium, address A. J. Brace. Other services to follow.

Tuesday, Sept. 26.—8 p. m., dedication of building.

Wednesday, Sept. 27.—3:30 to 6 p. m., reception to ladies; 8 p. m., reception to industrial men.

Thursday, Sept. 28.—7:30 p. m., union prayer meeting in auditorium; 8:30 p. m., reception to men connected with city, provincial, dominion and Imperial governments.

Friday, Sept. 29—Boys' day.

Saturday, Sept. 30.—10 a. m., free swim to boys of city; 3 and 8 p. m., reception to young men.

Sunday, October 1.—9:30 a. m., meeting for Christian men; 3:15 p. m., men's mass meeting in Victoria theatre. Address: C. C. Michener.

Every evening except Sundays and dedication day gymnastic and acquatic demonstrations, orchestra and refreshments. Building open to inspection from 10 a. m. each day except Sunday and Monday.

Sunday, September 24.

Men's Meeting—Association auditorium.

3:45 p. m.—Song service.

4 p. m.—Solo, hymn, scripture reading, prayer, hymn, address: A. J. Brace; hymn.

5:15 to 5:45 p. m.—General Bible class led by A. J. Brace.

6 p. m.—Friendship tea.

9 p. m.—Song service in lobby.

Tuesday, September 26.

Dedication Day — Lieut.-Governor Paterson presiding.

8 p.m.—Hymn, prayer; solo, J. G. Brown; presentation of building, C. C. Michener, chairman building committee; response, R. B. McMicking, president of the association; scripture reading, Rev. T. E. Holling; prayer of dedication, Bishop Perrin; solo, Mrs. G. J. Burnett; greetings, Dr. W. F. McCoy, Vancouver; W. H. Stone, Portland; C. R. Sayer, Winnipeg; A. S. Allen, Seattle; Bishop Cridge, Victoria.

Reception and inspection of building.

An orchesttra will be in attendance and refreshments will be served.

Wednesday, September 27.

Ladies' Day, 3.30 to 6 p.m., R. B. McMicking presiding.

Solo, prayer; address, C. R. Sayer, Winnipeg; solo, inspection of building.

An orchestra will be present. Refreshments will be served.

Industrial night, Ald. W. A. Gleason presiding.

8 to 9—Demonstration of gymnasium work and swimimng.

9 p.m., Assembly hall—Solo, J. L. Danford; prayer; study in dialects, Miss B. Adams; address, A. S. Allen, Seattle.

Reception and inspection of building. There will be an orchestra in attendance and refreshments will be served.

Thursday, September 28.

Union prayer meeting, 7.30 to 8.30, Rev. F. W. Stevenson presiding.

8:30 to 9:15—Demonstration in gymnasium work and swimming.

9:15—Assembly hall, D. R. Ker presiding. Quartette; prayer; greetings, Mayor Morley, U. S. Consul Hon. A. E. Smith, Chief of Police John Langley, Fire Chief Thomas Davis; address, J. M. Graham, Vancouver.

Reception and inspection of building, with an orchestra present and refreshments served.

Friday, September 29.

Boys' night, Robt. Wm. Clark presiding.

7:45 to 8:30—Demonstrations of gymnasium work and swimming.

8:30—Assembly hall, cornet solo, L. A. Young; reading, Mrs. J. B. McCallum; address, Tracey Strong, Seattle.

Reception and inspection of building. The Boy Scout's band will be in attendance and refreshments will be served.

Saturday, September 30.

9 to 12 noon—Every boy in the city over 12 years of age in for a swim.

Afternoon and evening—Open house to the young men of the city.

8 to 9 p. m.—Demonstration of gymnasium work and swimming.

9 p. m.—Auditorium, A. J. Brace presiding. Song selection, Mrs. W. A. Gleason; address, C. R. Sayer, Winnipeg. Reception and inspection of the building. There will be music and refreshments.

Sunday, October 1.

Association hall—9:30 to 10:30 a. m. —Prayer service of Christian men of the city, leader, C. H. Sayer.

3:15 p. m.—Men's mass meeting in Victoria theatre. Sacred concert, Fifth Regiment band; male quartette; address, C. C. Michener.

KILLED BY RUNAWAY AUTO.

Pasadena, Cal., Sept. 23.—Elbert B. Osborne, a broker of Los Angeles, cranked his automobile to-day at the crest of a hill. He was knocked down and killed and the car, without a driver, crashed down the hill. Mrs. Anna Pettitt, the aged mother of Mrs. Osborne, jumped out of the machine

BARNARD WON BY CLEAR MAJORITY OF 194

Returning Officer Issues Official Figures and is Complimented on His Work

(From Saturday's Daily.)

The official result of the election of September 21, as issued by returning officer A. M. Bannerman yesterday afternoon, gave a majority for Barnard of 194 over his two opponents. The state of the poll was declared at Institute hall in the presence of representatives of the candidates. Harold B. Robertson represented Mr. Barnard and Ald. W. H. Langley represented Hon. Wm. Templeman.

Mr. Bannerman was complimented by the representatives of the candidates for his able work in connection with the election and the business-like way in which the arrangements for the five wards had been made by him. The official return is as follows:

Barnard	2816
Templeman	2332
Brown	290

There is thus a plurality for Barnard of 484 and a clear majority of 194. The official result of the vote in each of the five wards is as follows:

Ward 1.

Barnard	517
Templeman	476
Brown	75

Ward 2.

Barnard	717
Templeman	665
Brown	106

Ward 3.

Barnard	568
Templeman	512
Brown	61

Ward 4.

Barnard	389
Templeman	205
Brown	20

Ward 5.

Barnard	625
Templeman	474
Brown	28

VISITING ARTISTS TO MAKE LOCAL SKETCHES

Mr. and Mrs. Armington of Paris, Completing Contract for the C. P. R.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Armington, the well-known Canadian artists who are executing a contract for the London office of the Canadian Pacific Railway to prepare plates for etchings, and have been staying at the Dominion hotel, left Thursday afternoon for Vancouver, en route east.

The two points selected in Victoria for examples of their work were Beacon Hill park and Oak Bay. Only the rough work is done here, and the finishing put in later during the winter months in their salon in Paris where they have been settled for the past six years and a half.

As Mrs. Armington explained to a Times representative, they can do better work for Canada in the great art world of Paris than by locating in any city in their native country, and for the reason after making some preliminary studies in Toronto they went to Paris to complete their education, and remained there taking a studio in the Latin quarter.

The two artists desire to reach the east before the leaves begin to fall, as they have important commissions to execute, and this annual occurrence of nature makes considerable difference to their success. Among the French artistic element there is a large demand for pictures of Canadian subjects, and the sympathy between the French man and the French speaking Canadians creates a brisk demand for pictures of scenery in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Armington have been working recently in the Windermere district where there were capital subjects for their talents. They held an exhibition while in Vancouver of works done in Europe, some twenty by Mr. Armington, and twenty-two by Mrs. Armington. One of them was a charming study of a venerable door of carved wood, which won for Mr. Armington his diploma as a member of the Painter Etchers society.

Both artists have won a considerable place in Parisian art, and while they say it requires greater capacity to hold a position in the art world there, they have the stimulus of competition in Paris which goes to encourage improvement.

Their pictures have been frequently exhibited, and some acquired for the Petis Palais and the Luxemburg, while Sir Sydney Colvin has invited them to contribute to the collection in the British Museum. They have also exhibited at the Paris Salon, and the recent international exhibition at Brussels, as well as other places where first class are was receiving encouragement.

GENERAL STRIKE CALLED.

Dublin, Sept. 22.—The first fruits of the declaration last night of a general strike on the railroads of Ireland by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants were not particularly promising from the standpoint of the union. Only about 30 of the local staff of the Great Northern railway responded to the call and the locomotive men of the Midland Great Western refused to strike.

The strike on the Great Southern and Western railroad continues to be the mainstay of the general movement.

The mound bird of Australia is noted for its immense nests, which are the largest made by any bird. Some of the mounds it constructs are fully one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and in the centre it buries its eggs two feet deep, leaving them to be hatched by the sun.

"The Masterpiece"

By Lilian Gask

When Professor Marryat married Eunice Walgrove everyone said that he had made a fatal mistake.

"A little butterfly thing like that!" cried the wives of the other professors, looking at Eunice as women do at those who have the misfortune to be beyond their ken. "They have not a thought in common—she will tire of him in a week."

But Eunice did nothing of the kind. She was oddly happy with her professor, though his iron grey hair and stooping shoulders told he was twice her age. He understood her as no one else had ever done, and smiled at her vagaries as one would at those of some dainty humming-bird whose mission in life was to flash its wings in the sunshine.

Perhaps it was because he loved so much and asked so little that Eunice's soul—that faint white light that vanity and worldliness had almost quenched—grew steadily in the new atmosphere in which she found herself. Her laugh was as gay as ever, and her small frivolities still laid her open to criticism from the "unco guid." But her tender ways when she was alone with her husband were very sweet. For him the desert blossomed as the rose, and he cherished her as his heart's delight.

After Dickie came he nearly lost her. For days she lay in the mists of pain, and when at last she found her way back to him again, her face had so altered that the Professor could not suppress a groan of anguish.

"I think I hate him!" she whispered, shrinking away from the tiny form pillowed on her reluctant arm. The baby opened his solemn eyes and looked at her; his pink flushed face was like a velvet rosebud, and his mouth her very own. With a sudden twist of his lithe little body he shot one diminutive fist into his mother's face; with the other he seized a shining strand of hair that had fallen on to her shoulder.

"You sweet!" she cried, and gathered him to her breast.

The years passed smoothly in that old cathedral town. The Professor continued to write the learned books which brought him fame, and the Professor's wife skimmed over the surface of things, and grew lovelier every day. It was pretty to see her playing "mother" to her small son; little else than a child herself, in their romps together she was often the more eager of the two. For Dickie possessed the gentle gravity his charming mother lacked; he took life solemnly, and asked strange questions that made Eunice ripple with laughter, and his father faintly uneasy lest he should be taken away too soon.

Dickie was "almost six" when he fell ill. A treacherous east wind found him among the primroses in early springtime and greedily seized his tiny throat, the dainty stem to his flower-like face. And it was "Daddy," not Eunice, who helped to nurse him.

The Professor scarcely left him for a moment; his pretty mother had changed her room to one in the top story, so that she might not hear his struggles for breath. She was as thin as a shadow by the time that he was able to sit up, and avoided meeting her husband's eyes when they met at meal-times.

He understood. Eunice had never kept from him the horror of pain and illness, and he knew that the thought of entering a sick room made her shudder with distaste.

"Don't you despise me, Richard?" she asked one evening, when he had seen her shrink from Dickie's clinging arms. For answer he drew her to him, and touched her forehead with his lips.

"I don't suppose you can help it, dear," he said, and his sadness cut her more than any reproach could have done. "It is a reversion to that primitive instinct which, carried a little further, makes a pack of wolves kill a sick or wounded comrade. Some savage nations possess it still."

"Richard!" she cried, her eyes almost black with horror, "you don't know what you are saying! It's not like that—not that at all! Only I can't bear sickness—I would rather die than have to do with it."

Her dainty red mouth had hardened, and her slim figure stiffened into rigidity.

"Don't make me go back to him just yet," she pleaded. And though Dickie called for her often that night she never came.

Summer at Felthorpe is a pleasant time. The gardens by the river are gorgeous with crimson roses, and although the stately houses of the town itself look grey and forbidding by contrast their long dim rooms are welcome resting places from the glare of the sunshine without.

The Professor's study was cool and shaded one flaring August afternoon A big bowl of fragrant lilies stood on the oak table in the window, where Dickie's paintbox lay on a pile of manuscripts. A rough-haired dog, with an expression of beatific content that was a reflection of Dickie's, sprawled on the rug. He had at one time belonged to Eunice, but during an affray with a rival terrier he had received divers injuries, and these had driven him for a time from his mistress' boudoir. Curiously enough, he had never chosen to return to it; for him, as well as Dickie, the study was the bourne to which his feet turned now.

Dickie had changed a great deal since his illness. He was taller, and his face had lost its cherub roundness; but it was his quietness that the mother noticed most. His passionate admiration of her was subdued into a sort of diffident affection, and he did not haunt her as he used to do. "I wonder if he noticed," she would say to herself sometimes with a little shiver; the thought was torture to her.

She came into the study that afternoon in a gown that made her look more like some beautiful hummingbird than ever. It was like her to choose that glowing crimson when everyone else in her small world had flown to white, and it suited her to perfection. Her small pale face reminded the Professor of some rare and luminous pearl, set in a mass of rubies; the deepening gold of her waving hair made an aureole round her head, and shone in the nape of her white neck. "Dickie!" she cried, "where are you? You haven't been near me all day."

The child slipped down from the back of his father's chair, and looked at her with that questioning glance she had grown to dread.

"Don't you want to come driving with me?" she asked joyously, noting with approval the spotless whiteness of his thin silk jacket. Dickie did not answer for a moment—he was playing with the pen he had been holding for the last half-hour, and did not seem inclined to stir.

"I fink—I'd rather stay wiv Daddy," he said at last. "He's writing an ink book, an' I'm holdin' his pen, so's to be ready for him when he wants it."

"'An ink book'—you ridiculous child!" his mother cried, kissing the top of his silken head. "Well, stay if you like; but you must go for a walk with nurse when it gets cooler. Goodbye, my Dickybird." And she was gone.

The Professor worked on silently for some time, and Dickie, to whom writing "wiv ink" was a forbidden delight, leaned against his shoulder and waited patiently for the splutter that would mean that Daddy had spoilt another pen.

"You was a long time breakin' that one," he remarked, with a deep sigh of relief as he handed over his treasure. His father put a hand under Dickie's smooth chin, and raised his eyes to the level of his own.

"Why didn't you go with mother?" he asked.

Dickie stood on one leg—a habit of his when in deep thought.

"I — don't — know,"— he answered dreamily; then, with apparent inconsequence, he added: "Daddy, why doesn't mother love things when they're hurted? She doesn't, you know."

"Nonsense!" cried the Professor, with the flush that only something that concerned Eunice could bring to his dark face. Dickie shook his yellow head.

"I know she doesn't," he said, "'cos she didn't like Scamp when his ear was bwoke; an' when my froat hurted she kissed me same as I do Aunt Maria. An' I haven't pwickles on my chin," he finished in an injured tone.

The Professor laughed; it was rather a funny laugh, Dickie thought, and ended suddenly. "It's time you went for your walk, old fellow," he remarked. "Run off to nurse, and ask her to take you down by the river. Don't fall in."

Long after Dickie had left him the Professor sat very still. His face was hidden between his hands, and Scamp, dumbly sympathetic, thrust a soft nose under his arm. . . . Yes, it was quite true; even Dickie had found it out; Eunice did not like "hurt things." And he—he was a "hurt thing" himself; he had guessed it for months, but it was only yesterday that his suspicions had been confirmed.

The surgeon he had consulted for his increasing pain and weakness had talked gravely of "operation," but the Professor, knowing what that would mean to Eunice, had put it aside as out of the question. He would bear anything rather than see her shrink from him; better death itself than that. . . .

The Professor was unusually silent that summer. He had something to do that he could only get through alone, he told Eunice, the upright lines between his brows contracting only as his wife protested. Since the first day of their marriage the study door had been open to her at will; now it was often locked, and the Professor's voice, as he told her through the closed panels that he must not be disturbed, sounded harsh and strident.

The first time that it happened Eunice was vaguely troubled; the second time she was filled with anger, and would scarcely speak to him when he came downstairs to her and tried to talk as usual.

"You shut me out because you don't care for me any more," she told him indignantly; and Dickie himself could not have been more childish than she in her wrath. The Professor dried her tears with his own handkerchief, smiling whimsically as he did so.

"Can't you trust me better than that?" he cried, with a term of endearment he rarely used; and there was something in the deep tenderness of his expression that stilled Eunice's sobs, and made her turn to him an April face of tears and smiles.

"If you'll go on loving me just the same," she promised, "you shall write your 'Masterpiece' without being disturbed. I suppose that is what you are doing, you wise old thing. Well, Dickie and I must amuse each other until it is finished." And she flew off to attire herself for a garden party in another of those wonderful frocks that made her at once the envy and the reproach of her dearest friends.

"The Masterpiece" went on but slowly, judging from the amount of the Professor's time it seemed to absorb. Sometimes he shut himself in his study for days together, and it was not work that seamed his forehead, or caused him the sleepless nights that made Eunice so impatient.

"You are working too hard," she told him jealously; and though he smiled he did not contradict her.

When the later autumn came and cold white mists swept up from the river, and made Dickie cough; the Professor insisted that his mother should take him to the South of France.

"It will be best for you, too," he told her; "and—if I can—I'll join you soon."

Eunice clung to him with a deeper affection than she had ever shown before.

"Let Dickie go to my mother," she entreated. "She is at Beaulieu now, and would love to have him. Do let me stay! I'll promise not to interrupt the 'Masterpiece.'"

The Professor's weary form straightened itself as he raised her fingers to his lips.

"There is no 'Masterpiece,'" he said. "Nevertheless, you must go, dear—it will be best for you—for all of us." And Eunice wondered why his hand shook as he smoothed her hair.

"Yes—no—take anything you like, Annette," she said impatiently, when her maid came to her a few days later for directions about packing. As the girl left her, marvelling at her mistress' unusual irritation, Eunice took the reluctant Dickie on to her lap, and cried a little into his silken hair. Not even the prospect of a gay winter in the land of sunshine could console her for leaving her husband behind.

"I know they'll never dare to hurry him down to dinner," she sighed. "He'll live on sandwiches and musty books, and forget to have his hair cut. I wish almost—that I had not married such a clever man. Mother always said that one couldn't control a genius."

Beaulieu was at its loveliest when she and Dickie arrived, and old acquaintances who had fled to escape the London fogs, joyfully drew her into their circle.

"Eunice is in her element again," wrote Mrs. Walgrove to the Professor; and to the outside world, at least, it seemed as though Eunice were well content.

But Dickie could have told a different story. He slept in a small white cot at the end of the luxuriant room that had been allotted to the English "miladyi;" and when the lights were out they often talked of Daddy, and how they missed him. Eunice's letters were full of entreaties to him to join them; but though the Professor wrote often, and at greater length than usual, he never answered her eager questions as to when he would have finished his book.

"I'm afraid he isn't coming at all, Dickie," she said, when he asked her for the hundredth time if he might take his new box of soldiers to the station to meet him.

"P'raps his froat hurts him like mine did, an' that's why he stays away," said Dickie thoughtfully; Eunice hushed him almost angrily.

That night he woke in a fit of weeping.

"Somebody's hurted Daddy," he cried "an' he can't bweave!"

He went to sleep again after a while, but Eunice dressed herself in the grey dawn, and packed a few things in a handbag. Very early in the morning she knocked at Mrs. Walgrove's door, and told her she was going back to England.

"Annette and nurse will stay and look after Dickie," she said, brushing aside her mother's indignant protests as if she had not heard them. "Richard wants me, and I'm going home."

By the time she reached the old grey house in the shadow of the cathedral she had worked herself into an agony of dread, and the troubled face of the maid who answered her ring did not reassure her.

"The master's in London, ma'am," she explained in surprise. "Didn't you know? He has been there three weeks or more. I think—he must be ill."

There was no train to town for nearly an hour, so after Eunice had made a pretence of eating the meal they brought her, she wandered into the deserted study. The chair by the desk was empty now, and the pens lay idle beside the deep glass ink-pot with which Dickie had so often longed to play. A ray of light filtered through the closed sunblinds, and shone on a row of envelopes on the mantelpiece addressed to herself in her husband's firm, clear handwriting.

They were numbered consecutively in the right-hand corner, and the numbers up to ten were missing. She knew now why none of the questions she had asked him had been answered. The letters had been written before he left home, and left for the servants to post.

It seemed an eternity to her until she reached the house in London where the Professor was staying. It was a nursing home; and on the threshold she met the surgeon who had lately operated upon "the famous Professor Marryat."

He told her the truth—that her husband's life was hovering in the balance, and that she could not be allowed to see him at present.

"You can stay in the house if you wish," he added kindly, "for I believe the home is slack just now, and Sister Alice can put you up."

Eunice hoped and waited.

But the Professor had wandered very close to the borders of the unknown land, and for many days he was oblivious of all around him. Eunice almost forced her way into his room at last.

"Poor thing," the nurses said. "She can do him no harm now, and it may be a comfort to her afterwards." So they let her stay; she was very calm and self-controlled, and they doubted whether she cared much after all.

Eunice happened to be alone with him that afternoon. The room was almost in darkness, but the fire, with its fitful blaze, every now and then threw the chiselled face on the pillow into strong relief. So pale it was, so spiritualized and wan, that it seemed to her as if he might die in sleep; as she watched him all the untouched depths of her nature flooded her soul and swept away her limitations. Her love was stronger than death; it should bring him back to her.

"Richard!" she called, with an intensity of longing that made her quiet tones thrill: "Richard—Richard!"

He stirred, and looked at her incredulously.

"Eunice?" he breathed. "Ah! but you mustn't be here. You can't stand sickness—I tried to save you——"

Eunice slipped her arm under his head and drew it on to her shoulder.

"I can stand anything in the world," she said, looking down at him with such exquisite tenderness that her face to him was as the face of an angel, "if I may stay with you: Beloved."

And her husband believed her.

After some anxious days of waiting and watching, he recovered; the surgeons called it a "unique case," and reported it in the medical journals. It gained them much notice, but the Professor is firmly convinced that it was his wife's voice that brought him back to life.

PARNELL'S SISTER DROWNED.

London, Sept. 23.—The Pall Mall Gazette says the woman who was drowned on Wednesday at Ilfracombe, the fashionable bathing resort on the north coast of Devon, where she was known as Miss Palmer, was Annie Parnell, a sister of the great Irish leader. Though nearly 60 years old, she was a powerful swimmer and accustomed to going out in the roughest weather. It is thought she was seized with cramps.

WILL CONTINUE TO LEAD PARTY

SIR WILFRID LAURIER MAKES STATEMENT

Will Call on Earl Grey and Arrange for Resignation of Ministers

Ottawa, Sept. 23.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier will still lead the Liberals. He returned to his office this morning and to newspaper friends who called on him and asked as to his plans, he said: "I shall stay with the boys."

The Premier is defeated for the time being, but not by any means crushed. He is confident that the principles for which he and his party stood will triumph when reaction from the present Tory sweep sets in and the country recovers its calm judgment. He will remain as leader of the opposition in the new House to reorganize and rehearten the party and pave the way for a reversal of Thursday's defeat.

Sir Wilfrid takes his defeat smilingly and shows clear grit all through. He looks as physically fit as ever. He will call on Earl Grey this afternoon to arrange for the resignation of his government, which will take formal effect just as soon as the ministers can leave things in shape for the new government to take hold.

There will be a cabinet meeting on Monday.

Mr. Borden is expected here on Monday and will assume office about two weeks hence.

STEAMER AGROUND.

Maasluis, Netherlands, Sept. 23.—The Holland-Amerika line steamer Noordam, bound from Rotteardam for New York, grounded off Vlaardingen, six miles west of Rotterdam during a fog to-day.

TELEPATHY IN DREAMLAND.

The stuff that dreams are made of is usually made up of a great deal of nonsense that is impossible in real and wide-awake life, but frequently the dreamer sees before his sleeping eyes incidents that are quite within the range of possibility. Sometimes we wake up with a start, and cannot at once grasp the fact that the realistic scene we have just been witnessing or taking part in was nothing more than a baseless vision.

It has often occurred to me whether, when one person, peacefully asleep in his bed, suddenly finds himself mixed up with other persons in a dreamland drama or comedy, those other persons are also at the same time transported into the strange fairyland, and find themselves participating in curious ceremonies, no two persons having precisely the same dream, but all mixed up indescribably in a play which beggars description. Until a few days ago I had never put this idea of telepathy in dreamland to the test.

Last Friday morning, however, I had a very short dream—it could not have lasted many seconds. Without any of the preliminary mysteries common to most dreams I found myself watching the violent struggles of a young man, who appeared to be tearing everything to tatters. In the midst of his struggles he crystallized into one of my colleagues, but whether he was fighting with any person or what was the cause of the struggle my dream afforded not the smallest clue. But I felt it was my duty to assist him in his gallant fight, so I sprang forward, gripped him by his coat collar, dragged him—my dream ceased on the spot!

Now for the sequel. I met my colleague in the afternoon, and at once asked him if he was a champion fighter, boxer, or anything of that sort. He was mystified at such questioning. Then it was explained to him how he had been concerned in a violent altercation the night before, and how I had bundled him out of the melee. When he was told that this occurred in a dream, he at once replied that he had had a very disconcerting dream during the night. He found himself suddenly surrounded by a herd of infuriated bullocks and he had the usual dreamland struggles in vainly endeavoring to escape from his tormentors.

It was when the yard-long horn of the leader of the herd was about to pierce him that I rescued him! He had devoted his spare time on Thursday to reading exciting descriptions of the behavior of herds of buffaloes on the American plains in past times, and his dream followed almost as a matter of course. But why I should have been made a party to the incident is more than I can fathom.

I had read nothing, and had not been out to dinner even, but I was unusually tired and had gone to bed a couple of hours earlier than usual. The explanation of this dreamland telepathy must be left in the hands of more capable investigators, but the facts stated above are incontrovertible.—H., in Pall Mall Gazette.

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LAND ACT

DISTRICT OF COAST, RANGE 3.

Take notice that G. R. Talbot, of Victoria, B. C., gentleman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. corner of L. 125, on the north side of Neclestscon river, North Bentinck Arm, near Bella Coola government wharf, thence north along east boundary of L. 257 20 chains, thence east 20 chains more or less to L. 124, thence south 20 chains more or less to Dr. Quinlan's lot, thence west along northern boundary line of L. 125 20 chains more or less to post of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

G. R. TALBOT.
By B. FILLIP JACOBSEN, Agent.
July 10th, 1911.

LAND ACT

DISTRICT OF COAST, RANGE III.

Take notice that Louis Ericksen, of Vancouver, clerk, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted 20 chains west of the N. W. corner of Lot 4 on the south side of North Bentick Arm on the shore line, thence south 20 chains, thence west 60 chains, thence north 20 chains more or less to shore line, thence east 60 chains following shore line to post of commencement, containing 120 acres more or less.

LOUIS ERICKSEN.
B. FILLIP JACOBSEN, Agent.
June 26th, 1911.

LAND ACT.

RUPERT LAND DISTRICT.
DISTRICT OF RUPERT.

Take notice that Thomas Hodgson, of Vancouver, B. C., teamster, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the south shore of Kains Lake, about 10 chains north of the N. E. corner of Section 21, Township 20, thence south 50 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence in a southeasterly direction along the southwest shore of Kains Lake to point of commencement, containing 560 acres more or less.

THOMAS HODGSON.
(Agent) MARSHALL S. OULTON
August 9th, 1911.

LAND ACT.

RUPERT LAND DISTRICT.
DISTRICT OF RUPERT.

Take notice that Herbert Westcott, of Vancouver, B. C., chemist, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the northwest shore of Kains Lake, about 40 chains south of the northwest corner of Section 33, Township 20, thence west 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 50 chains to Kains Lake, thence in a northeasterly direction along the northwest shore of Kains Lake to point of commencement, containing 360 acres more or less.

HERBERT WESTCOTT.
(Agent) MARSHALL S. OULTON
August 9th, 1911.

LAND ACT.

RUPERT LAND DISTRICT.
DISTRICT OF RUPERT.

Take notice that Ernest Morris, of Vancouver, B. C., bookkeeper, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the north shore of Kains Lake on the west boundary of Section [illegible], Township 20, thence east 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence in a northwesterly direction along the north shore of Kains Lake to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

ERNEST MORRIS.
(Agent) MARSHALL S. OULTON
August 10th, 1911.

LAND ACT.

RUPERT LAND DISTRICT.
DISTRICT OF RUPERT.

Take notice that Burpee G. Cole, of Vancouver, engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the southeast shore of Kains Lake on the eastern boundary of Section 27, Township 20, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence 30 chains north to Kains Lake, thence in a southeasterly direction along the [illegible] shore of Kains Lake to point of commencement, containing 440 acres more or less.

BURPEE G. COLE.
(Agent) MARSHALL S. OULTON.
August 9th, 1911.

LAND ACT.

RUPERT LAND DISTRICT.
DISTRICT OF RUPERT

Take notice that John Frampton, of Montreal, Quebec, chef, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the northeast shore of Kains Lake, about 40 chains north of northeast corner of Section 22, Township 20, thence north 40 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence in a southeasterly direction along the northeast shore of Kains Lake to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

JOHN FRAMPTON.
(Agent) MARSHALL OULTON.
August 10th, 1911.

FOR SALE—The well known gasoline launch "Tofino," duly registered, owner desires to build a larger craft. For particulars apply to W. J. Stone, Tofino, B. C.

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