

JOB'S PATIENCE

A STORY OF BRAVERY AMONG THE WELSH MINERS

"I wonder if anythin' shall be smashed?"

Job put his light to the bottom coal, and, keeping the lamp like a dog's nose to the ground, slowly searched every inch of the stall in between the posts, sending his shadows swiftly round like spokes in a wheel of light; all down the lower side of the stall he searched, whistling quietly.

"Well, dash that boy, whatever," calmly said Job.

He did not exactly use the expletive "dash," but it will serve.

He slowly bent lower and picked up a bit of shining steel.

"Dash that boy," said he again, without the slightest sign of temper. "An' after sayin' he did put back ever'thin' in the best wedges I got. An' to go an' comes down an' shovelled into the gob with the rubbish! I might lose that wedge forever. The best wedge I got, too. Dash that boy."

Then he whistled softly as before, as if he had been giving the boy chocolates instead of searching for things which would tempt him to the danger of losing his favorite bit of shining steel.

He had the most faithful dog in the district for a specific brand of blue pelt.

"I can't find out a stiff bit of coal," he said to himself, "beside with that wedge in my hand, I might as well go an' have it fixed. Dash that boy."

But that was only at the end of the vein. He whistled the next evening, and as he went to bed, he whistled in a way that made him lose his presence of mind. Not even such a glaring instance of misplaced confidence in a dog could shake him. It would take an earthquake to do that.

But tonight, he put the lamp in front of him, and he looked round before laying the low top lower still; then he threw up his light to the lids of one or two of the posts to see if he had forgotten to put a stone in the slightly knocking out. By this time he had come to the end of the last vein, and he stopped whistling.

He struck the wedge into a cog, and hung his lamp upon it. Then he went into the roadway, past the full tram of coal which glittered in the light, and he went to the end of the roadway. But before going back to the cog, he looked up the roadway to make sure that the boy was nowhere to be seen. The light of the sun was shining in the place—the black night that knows no day; for Job looked upon a spot hidden under the earth a thousand feet from the light of the sun, and his little lamp glimmered on the cross timber and rough sides that held up the dangerous roof.

"If I didn't send the young rascal to clean his lamp," said Job, "he'd be peckin' about here in an' get a clout with his stone on his head, my boy."

He merely thought of the boy, or of him who made him so careful. The boy was no one of his, only his laddy.

He slowly put a plug of strong tobacco into his mouth, and he took a very excellent dust sponge, and the job he had in hand just then would make it necessary. He was satisfied that the lad was far enough from the roadway to exertation, he began to whistle once more, and with the six-foot post under his arm returned to his little candle of light.

Holding his slender bar of tin as near the end as possible, he went down a step or two, and with professional skill, knocked off a further piece of coal. A little creaking and grunting at the rude disturbance were followed by the fall of the upper vein of coal, mingled with rubble and the roof coming down.

"More rubbish than anything else," said Job, spitting out the dust which enveloped him like a fog.

Of course, he did not know rubbish; so Joe spoke of it disrespectfully. The mineral called Birmingham jewelry, which makes smoke, and smokes into limited companies and happy shareholders.

He listened for a moment to the voice of the top. All round him it creaked, and he listened, and came down, making a firm pillar under the roof. Then Job knocked out the remaining posts. A most unexpected roar followed; a sudden terrific downfall of earth; and poor Job of the good temper and sweet melody found himself engulfed in this deluge of stone.

This was the unexpected rock which wrecks the old salt at the cog.

As it broke away and came down, making a hollow where there had been a hollow. Dust choked the place—white, where a faint gleam from the lamp on the cog shone through the gloom. All the time, little downfalls, like sudden showers of hail, added to the mountain of the fall.

Through it all the light hung from the steel wedge on the cog. Sometimes a falling stone hit the lamp and made it swing to and fro. But soon it steadied itself, and shone on calmly till it got another rock. The wedge held.

After a time the loosening earth came no more than the mere patter of rain-drops from a tree after a storm. Small flat pebbles fell indifferently upon the heap with sounds as if they were dropped into the water. The dust slowly rolled up on the air-current from the upper to the lower side. It passed through the cut down there and gradually disappeared from Job's stall, so that the lamp bristled and shone as clear a circle of light upon the situation.

Job opened his eyes when instinct told him it was safe to do so. He immediately closed them again, for the problem of the rubbish unexpectedly fell over his head. He felt blood trickling from his forehead. He would have wiped it away; but he could not move his arms.

"Broke, I s'pose," thought Job.

Once more he opened his eyes; and he smiled as he saw the lamp shining serenely where he had hung it.

"The best steel wedge I ever had," said he.

Then by the hopeful light he looked upward; he rolled his eyes from side to side. He did everything slowly. At last he tried to rise; failed; tried again; found the effort had lodged him into a tighter fit than ever. He tried again and found he could not move an inch.

So Job quietly submitted. He saw that he was lying on his back. Mountainous stones lay across the best part of his body; his legs were buried under the big part of the fall; and around his head were grouped the stones that had rolled down the lower side of the heap. They squeezed upon his cheeks. He bore the pain of it calmly.

He looked straight up into the hole over his head.

"Looks very ragged," thought Job. "More is comin' down. Done for, I s'pose I am now, whatever."

He raised his voice, trying to attract his nearest neighbor, who worked in the upper stall.

"Davidh, hoy!" shouted Job.

No answer came. "Run!" he called. "The roof is fallin' down. Run!"

"Hoy—y!" Job shouted again.

But he got no response.

"This old fall is dead'nin' my voice," said Job.

But the truth was that poor Job's voice had lost its lustiness, owing to the weakening of his suffering body.

Drip—drip—drip—little stones over the black hollow above.

"Wonder if that boy'll soon come back?" thought Job. "Hoy—y!"

He waited for an answer, but none came.

"Well, I mus' do somethin' for myself, I s'pose," said he.

As he tried to move his body out of its prison. He felt the stones shifting; in the light from the cog he saw a great stone sliding down.

"Ah!" said he, satisfied. "Praps I can manage by myself, after all."

But he stopped suddenly. As the big stone slid away from against the cog, it set free the loose top which he had held up with the clatter of stones. All round the man's head, creaking him again, and completely covering him.

When the sliding and rattling of the stones ceased, the dust cleared away. Job could only open one eye; the other was held fast by the angle of a stone upon his face. And with the one eye he could barely distinguish the light.

The rubbish was piled up over him, and but a faint gleam came to him through the crevices.

Job saw they would bring down the place and bury everybody.

"When, then, shall I see 'Steady boys,'" he said.

"All right, all right," they cried. "Have you not now in a fit?"

And against the wall, where the hands were on the stones. Down upon the forehead came a stone that laid him out. But he never felt anything of it. He was dead.

"Woe, there, I tell you," said Job. "Stand back a bit. We'll all be buried if you get like that. That's your lot, is it, Shenkin?"

"Ay, Job, that's me. We'll have you out now. But we don't know how."

"This is the best I can do for you. Only one way, Shenkin. I got it marked out. That's stone on the corner! Put a post under that first."

"I was in Shenkin's hands in a second, and the position was soon conquered. Instead of letting every resuer get buried under new falls and himself crushed to death altogether, Job coolly insisted upon taking command. His patience and endurance held good; and when at last the willing arms gently drew him from under the cross-crease supports of the great stones, he said, with unfeigned gravity, as he looked at his lamp hanging from the cog:

"That's the best steel wedge I ever had."

They found a leg and an arm and a few ribs broken.

"Wonder I wasn't killed," calmly remarked Job as they carried him home.

I wonder did it occur to him that he had saved his own life by his patience and the rescuers by his simple, cool, solid presence of mind.

MARKETS INDICATE HOLIDAY SEASON

JAPANESE ORANGES ARE VERY PLENTIFUL

Flour is Expected to Take Further Advance in Price at Any Time—The Quotations.

The markets show very few changes this week. The approach of the Christmas season is beginning to bring to the market what can be regarded as essential to the holiday trade. There is a plentiful supply of oranges, especially the Japanese variety now in. These are selling at 50 cents a box.

Apples, with the advance of the season, are beginning to show an upward tendency.

Flour is also showing signs of another advance. It is quite probable that before another day passes the prices may have been raised in consequence of the whole sale quotations going higher.

The retail prices are as follows:

Hungarian Flour, per sack	1.75
Ogville's, per sack	1.75
Ogville's Royal Household, per sack	1.75
Ogville's Royal Household, per sack	1.75
Lake of Woods, per sack	1.75
Lake of Woods, per sack	1.75
Okanagan, per sack	1.75
Okanagan, per sack	1.75
Moose Jaw, per sack	1.75
Moose Jaw, per sack	1.75
Excelsior, per sack	1.75
Excelsior, per sack	1.75
Oak Lake, per sack	1.75
Oak Lake, per sack	1.75
Hudson's Bay, per sack	1.75
Hudson's Bay, per sack	1.75
Enderby, per sack	1.75
Enderby, per sack	1.75

Pastry Flour—

Snowflake, per sack	1.50
Snowflake, per sack	1.50
O. K. Best Pastry, per sack	1.40
O. K. Best Pastry, per sack	1.40
O. K. Flour, per sack	1.40
O. K. Flour, per sack	1.40
Drifted Snow, per sack	1.40
Drifted Snow, per sack	1.40
Three Star, per sack	1.40
Three Star, per sack	1.40
Coal Oil—	
Pratt's Coal Oil	1.30
Pratt's Coal Oil	1.30
Esocene	1.10
Esocene	1.10
Wheat, per ton	40.00
Wheat, per ton	40.00
Oats, per ton	28.00
Oats, per ton	28.00
Ground Feed, per ton	30.00
Ground Feed, per ton	30.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Island Potatoes (new), 100 lbs.	1.25
Island Potatoes (new), 100 lbs.	1.25
Sweet Potatoes, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Sweet Potatoes, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Cabbage, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Cabbage, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Turnips, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Turnips, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Tomatoes (green)	1.25
Tomatoes (green)	1.25
Salmon, dried (smoked)	1.00
Salmon, dried (smoked)	1.00
Salmon, per lb.	1.00
Salmon, per lb.	1.00
Beef, per lb.	1.00
Beef, per lb.	1.00
Butter (dairy)	1.00
Butter (dairy)	1.00
Butter (Cowan Creamery)	1.00
Butter (Cowan Creamery)	1.00
Butter (Victoria Creamery)	1.00
Butter (Victoria Creamery)	1.00
Lard, per lb.	1.00
Lard, per lb.	1.00

Meats—

Hams (American), per lb.	20.00
Hams (American), per lb.	20.00
Bacon (rolled), per lb.	15.00
Bacon (rolled), per lb.	15.00
Shoulders, per lb.	15.00
Shoulders, per lb.	15.00
Bacon (long clear), per lb.	15.00
Bacon (long clear), per lb.	15.00
Veal, per lb.	15.00
Veal, per lb.	15.00
Pork, per lb.	15.00
Pork, per lb.	15.00
Veal, per lb.	15.00
Veal, per lb.	15.00
Lamb, hindquarter	1.00
Lamb, hindquarter	1.00
Lamb, forequarter	1.00
Lamb, forequarter	1.00

Fruit—

Cocoanuts, each	1.00
Cocoanuts, each	1.00
Lemons (California), per doz.	1.00
Lemons (California), per doz.	1.00
Apples (local), per box	1.00
Apples (local), per box	1.00
Oranges (naval), per doz.	1.00
Oranges (naval), per doz.	1.00
Bananas, per doz.	1.00
Bananas, per doz.	1.00
New Jordan Almonds (shell-ed), per lb.	1.00
New Jordan Almonds (shell-ed), per lb.	1.00
Valencia Raisins, per lb.	1.00
Valencia Raisins, per lb.	1.00
Sultana Raisins, per lb.	1.00
Sultana Raisins, per lb.	1.00
Citrona, per lb.	1.00
Citrona, per lb.	1.00
Quinces, per lb.	1.00
Quinces, per lb.	1.00

Poultry—

Geese, per pair	1.00
Geese, per pair	1.00
Ducks, per pair	1.00
Ducks, per pair	1.00
Geese, per lb.	1.00
Geese, per lb.	1.00
Turkey, per lb.	1.00
Turkey, per lb.	1.00

Wholesale Markets—

Potatoes (new), per ton	20.00
Potatoes (new), per ton	20.00
Onions (local), per ton	1.00
Onions (local), per ton	1.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Catkins, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Catkins, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Lettsuce, per crate	1.00
Lettsuce, per crate	1.00
Butter (creamery), per lb.	1.00
Butter (creamery), per lb.	1.00
Eggs (rough), per doz.	1.00
Eggs (rough), per doz.	1.00
Children, per lb.	1.00
Children, per lb.	1.00
Ducks, per lb.	1.00
Ducks, per lb.	1.00

SCOTSMEN GATHER AT A BANQUET

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY HOLD FIRST RE-UNION

Make Merry Around the Festive Board—Loyal Toasts and Excellent Speeches.

Between seventy-five and a hundred attended the first annual reunion of the St. Andrew's Society, which was held last evening in Sir William Wallace hall. When it is remembered that the association has been organized only a few months the large number present, the splendid repast provided and the appropriate and varied programme were indeed creditable. The committee of management is to be congratulated upon the thoroughness of the preparations and the unqualified success of the function.

It was about 9 o'clock when the guests took their places around the festive board, Dr. Milne, president of the society, presided, and next to him was United States Consul Smith. Among speakers invited were Hon. Wm. J. Thomson, Rev. A. Ewing, J. G. Brown, Richard Hall, M. P. P., and E. C. Smith, secretary of the association. After justifying the name of the society, the chairman proposed the toast to the King. Since ascending the throne King Edward, he said, had always endeavored to promote peace among his subjects, besides interesting with other nations in the interests of the peace of the world. He asked all to fill up their glasses and drink to the King Edward, the great benefactor. "God Save the King" was rendered during the response.

"Bonnie Dundee" was then given by Mr. Taylor. He received a rousing encore, and responding gave another Scotch selection.

Dr. Milne then called upon the secretary to read communications from those who were invited and were unable to attend. The Lieut.-Governor, Hon. Richard McBride, Dr. Campbell and R. H. Jamieson all thanked the association for bringing about a closer union to enjoy the hospitality of the St. Andrew's Society. Petitions were read from the associations of Portland, Vancouver, New Westminster, Moncton, Winnipeg, Halifax, Roseland, Seattle and Nelson. They were received with enthusiasm.

President P. J. Riddell proposed the health of the President of the United States, coupling with it the name of Hon. Wm. J. Thomson, Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia. Consul Smith thanked those present for the cordial response. The character of Theodore Roosevelt, he said, should appeal to all Britishers. He had a reputation for a love of fair play, and was noted for his absolute fearlessness in taking what he considered the right side of a question. He promoted his popularity by Mr. Smith was proud to represent such a man in Victoria. It had been removed recently the British and American governments were considering the advisability of bringing about a closer union of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. He hoped it was true, and what was more, that he would be able to witness the signing of the treaty. He wished all a happy Christmas, and a wish which was most cordially reciprocated. The meeting then adjourned.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

Transacted Business at Their Regular Meeting Yesterday Afternoon.

A meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary Society, Jubilee hospital, was held yesterday afternoon. Among the business transacted was the receipt of the report of the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Haseell. She reported that the receipts at the annual ball were \$373.60, the expenditures \$288.35, leaving a balance of \$85.25. The thanks of the society are extended to Commodore Goodrich and Mrs. Goodrich, Mayor and Mrs. Barnard, and all those who contributed to the success of the function. The committee of management is to be congratulated upon the thoroughness of the preparations and the unqualified success of the function.

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ARRIVES FROM CHILE

Steamer Menes is Landing Nitrate For the Victoria Chemical Works.

The steamship Menes arrived at the outer wharf on Tuesday to discharge 300 tons of nitrate brought from a small port in Chile. The freight is consigned to the Victoria Chemical Works.

The Menes belongs to the Kosmos Steamship line, which is now operating ten or twelve ships on this coast. The Menes is the largest ship in the line, and is now operating ten or twelve ships on this coast. The Menes is the largest ship in the line, and is now operating ten or twelve ships on this coast.

PHANT LIBERALISM.

Editor:—I have just read "Clair" in the Times about Senator B. in all of which I fully agree. I doubt Mr. Tompkins has for Liberalism than any other district Columbia. I look back on his being plodding along, single-handed and alone, literally for the Liberal cause, long struggle for a number of years, but little by little he has won the respect of the people, so that to-day he is elected in a landslide.

PHANT LIBERALISM.

THREE ITALIANS BURIED.

St. Louis, Nov. 29.—Three Italian laborers employed in the digging of a 50-foot trench for the laying of water mains in Southwest St. Louis were buried yesterday by a cave-in. Those who escaped dug out their three dead companions.

CATARH RHEUM WAS CURED

By an Internal Remedy—It Must Be Treated Locally.

Medicines taken into the stomach will never cure inflammation and discharge in the nose or throat caused by catarrh. But anyone who inhales the antiseptic vapor of "Catarrozone" will be permanently released from catarrh and throat trouble. Catarrozone's vapor goes where the disease really lies, it destroys the cause of the trouble, and cures quickly and thoroughly. No other medicine gives such instant relief or cures so permanently. Catarrhozone. Absolute cure guaranteed with the dollar outfit; small size 25c. at all dealers.

Wood's Phosphorine

Wood's Phosphorine is an old, well established and reliable preparation. It has been prescribed and used over and over again, and is the only medicine in the Dominion of Canada well recommended as being the only medicine of its kind. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and is the only medicine of its kind. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and is the only medicine of its kind.