

DECLINE OF SEA ETIQUETTE

Its Total Disappearance Prevented Only by the Royal Navy—Saluting the Deck.

Nothing is more loudly regretted by the praisers of old times, says Mr. Frank T. Bullen in the Spectator, than the gradual disappearance of etiquette under the stress and burden of these bustling days, and nowhere is the decay of etiquette more pronounced than at sea. Romance persists because until machinery can run itself humanity must do so, and where men and women live romance cannot die. But were it not for the Royal Navy, with its perfect discipline and unbroken traditions, etiquette at sea must without doubt perish entirely, and that soon. Such fragments of it as still survive in the merchant service are confined to sailing ships, those beautiful visions that are slowly disappearing one by one from off the face of the deep.

Take, for instance, the beautiful custom so full of meaning of saluting the deck. The poop or raised afterdeck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign, and as the worshipper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering a church, so from the Admiral to the powder-monkey every member of the ship's company as he set foot upon the poop "saluted the deck"—the innumerable and unmechanical witness to the practice weakened in the latter, and only now survives in the rigidly enforced practice of every person below the rank of captain or mate coming up on to the poop to the starboard side. And among the officers the practice is also observed according to rank, for with the captain on deck the chief mate takes the lee side. But since in steamers there is often no lee side, the custom is then

Has Completely Died Out. To etiquette also belongs the strict observance of the rule in all vessels of tacking "star" on to every tack to an officer, or the accepted synonym for his position to a tradesman who is a petty officer, as "boss" for boatswain, "chips" for carpenter, "sails" for sailmaker and "doctor" for cook. A wonderful breach of etiquette is committed by the captain who, coming on deck while one of his mates is carrying out some manoeuvre, takes upon himself to give orders direct to the men. It is seldom resented by junior officers for obvious reasons, but the chief mate would probably retire to another part of the vessel at once with the remark that it was "only one man's work."

In many cases etiquette and discipline are so closely interwoven that it is hard to know where one leaves off and the other begins, but in all such cases observance is strictly enforced as being one of the few remaining means whereby even a simulacrum of discipline is maintained in undermanned and overworked sailing ships—such as the repetition of every order given by the officer, the careful avoidance of any interference by one man with another's work in the presence of an officer, and the presentation of each officer's rightful attitude toward those under his charge and his superiors. Thus during the secular work of the day, work that is apart from handling the ship, the mate gives his orders to the boatswain, who sees them carried out. Serious friction always arises when during any operation the mate comes between the boatswain and his gang, unless, as sometimes happens, the boatswain is helplessly incompetent in the private life of the ship every officer's berth is his house, sacred, inviolable, wherein none may enter without his invitation. And in any case of serious dereliction of duty or disqualification it becomes his prison.

"Go to Your Room, Sir."

It is a sentence generally equivalent to professional ruin, since a young officer's future lies in the hollow of his commander's hand. The saloon is free to officers only at meal times, not a common parlour where in they may meet for chat and recreation, except in port where the captain abhors. And as it is "aft" so in its degree is it "forward." In some ships the carpenter has a berth to himself and a workshop besides, into which none may enter under pain of a man to be lightly offended. But in most cases all the petty officers berth together in an apartment called by courtesy the "half-deck," although it seldom resembles in a remote degree the dining-hall below that originally bore that name. Very dignified are the petty officers, gravely conscious of their dignity, and sternly set upon the due maintenance of their rightful status as the backbone of the ship's company. Such a grave breach of etiquette as an "A. B." entering their quarters, with or without invitation, is seldom heard of, and quite as infrequent are the occasions when an officer does so. In large ships, where six or seven apprentices are carried, an apartment in a house on deck is set apart for their sole occupation, and the general characteristic of such an abode is chaos—unless, indeed, there should be some apprentice of sufficient stability to preserve order, which there seldom is. These "boys' houses" are bad places for a youngster fresh from school, unless a conscientious captain or chief mate should happen to be at the head of affairs and make it his business to give an eye to the youngsters' proceedings when off duty. Of course, etiquette may be looked for in vain here unless it be the etiquette of "fagging" in its worst sense. The men's quarters, always called

The Forecastle, even when a more humane shipowner than usual has relegated the fore-castle proper to its rightful use as lockers for non-perishable stores and housed his men in a house on deck, is always divided longitudinally in half. The port or mate's watch live on the port side, the starboard or second mate's watch on the starboard side. To this rule there is no exception. And here we have etiquette in evidence, although the barrier between the two sides is usually of the flimsiest and often quite imaginary in effect, it is a wall of separation from one side to the other, which ever his case, approaches humbly, feeling ill at ease until made welcome. And from dock to dock it is an unheard-of thing for any officer save the captain to so much as look into the fore-castle. Of course, exceptional circumstances do arise, such as a general outbreak of recalcitrancy, but the occasion must be abnormal for such a breach of etiquette to be made. Some captains very wisely make it their duty to go the round of the ship each morning seeing that everything is as it should be,

and these enter the fore-castle as a part of their examination. But this is in quite the exception to the general rule, and is always felt to be more or less of an infringement of immemorial right.

In what must be called the social life of the fore-castle, although it is commonly marked by an utter absence of ceremony, there are several well-defined rules of etiquette which persist in spite of all other changes. One must not look his chest at sea. As soon as the boatswain has left the ship, the "deck" is thrown, the key ostentatiously into the till, and letting the lid fall, seat yourself upon it and light your pipe. It is a Masonic sign of good-fellowship known and read of all men, that you are a "deck" man. Indeed, at some again, the first time that the newly assembled crew sit down gypsy fashion to a meal (for tables are seldom supplied) there may be one, usually a boy, who should so move his cap. The one who does the nearest man's hand seek the "bread-barge" for a whole biscuit, generally of tullek texture and consistency. Grasping it by spreading his fingers all over its circumference, the mentor brings it down crushingly upon the covered head of the offender, who is thus initiated, as it were, to the fact that he must

"Show Respect to His Grub."

as the term goes. But often when the commons have been exceptionally short or bad an old seaman will deliberately "rain" on his cap again with the remark, "Taint worth it."

If a man wants to smoke while a meal is in progress let him go outside, unless he desires deliberately to raise a storm. And when on the first day of a voyage a man has been induced to undertake the onerous duty of dividing to each one his weekly portion—"whacking out"—gross indeed must be his carelessness or unfairness before any sufferer will raise a protest. It is used by the boys and officers to load the boys or ordinary seamen (at grade between "A. B." and boy—with all the menial services of the fore-castle, such as foot-fetching, washing up utensils, scrubbing, etc. But a juster and wiser plan has been borrowed from the navy, whereby each man takes in rotation a week as "cook of the mess." He cooks no work, the "doctor" will take care of that, but he is the servant of his house for that week, responsible for its due order and cleanliness. The boys are usually kept out of the fore-castle altogether, and berthed with the petty officers, a plan which has with some advantages, grave drawbacks. One curious old custom deserves passing notice. Upon a vessel's arrival in ports where it is necessary to anchor it is usual to set what is called an "anchor watch" the first night. All hands take part in this for one hour each, or should do so, sometimes too many. As soon as the order is given to "pick for anchor watch" an old hand draws a rude circle on deck, which he subdivides into as many sections as there are men. Then one man, while all the rest come forward and maze each man his private mark in a section. When all have contributed the excluded one (whose mark has been made for him) then takes the lead, and solemnly goes out mark after mark, the first to be rubbed out giving its owner the first hour's watch, and so on.

PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

The Question Will be Deal With at a Special Conference.

The Hague, July 6.—The peace conference yesterday voted unanimously in favor of having the question of private property at sea in the war dealt with at a special conference to be summoned hereafter. This is a great success for the American delegates, who are much gratified at the result.

In the course of a statement of the American case, Andrew W. White, head of the American delegation, said the American Government had accepted the invitation to participate in the conference with alacrity because of the opportunity it was expected to afford for preaching the true facts regarding the immunity from capture of private property at sea. He admitted, however, that the United States government recognized it would be a serious loss to the world if any decisive result from this conference, owing to three causes—first, the absence of instruction from powerful governments; second, doubts as to the competence of the conference; and third, the length of time necessary for a discussion of all the bearings of the case.

He admitted the difficulties involved in deciding what constituted contraband of war, but insisted that the conference should be the best argument for a full discussion. The suffering and losses which seizures entailed were immense, while the effect upon the ultimate result of the war were almost incalculable.

Mr. White warmly repudiated the supposition that the Americans were animated by selfish considerations. They were eminently practical, he said, but not less pre-eminently devoted to the welfare of the world, and this all Americans felt deeply. Nor could the acceptance of the American proposal injure any nation. On the contrary it would strengthen all.

Mr. White was supported by one of the Dutch delegates, who suggested that the governments favoring the idea should conclude treaties among themselves.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, head of the British delegation, said that British opinion was divided on the subject and that he had no instructions regarding it. In his personal opinion the question was outside the scope of the conference.

M. Bourgeois, head of the French delegation, and Capt. Scheine, of the Russian delegation, pronounced the idea in the absence of instructions they could not vote.

The resolution was then put and carried without opposition, but with reserves in that the report of Great Britain, France and Russia.

Court of Arbitration. The Hague, July 6.—The revised proposal regarding the institution of a permanent court of arbitration which will be submitted to the committee to-morrow consists of 56 articles.

Chicago's population, according to Chief of Police Kiple, has finally passed the 2,000,000 mark, and is now 2,088,048. The figures are the result of a census taken by the police force.

The greatest source of national prosperity is a strong, healthy, energetic population. The greatest source of moral and material decadence is a population anemic and slum-bred.—Spectator.

TATTOOED ROYALTY.

Distinguished People Who Have Undergone Personal Decoration.

Tattooing is just now the popular pastime of the leisured world says Harnsworth Magazine. One of the best-known men in high European circles, the Grand Duke of Russia, is most elaborately tattooed. Prince and Princess Waldemar, of Denmark, Queen Olga, of Greece, King Oscar, of Sweden, the Duke of York, the Grand Duke Constantine, Lady Randolph Churchill, with many others of royal and distinguished rank, have submitted themselves to the ticking but painless and albeit pleasant sensation afforded by the improved tattooing needle. It is a favorite hobby of a simple plain, aided by the galvanic current, the genius of the artist, supplying the rest of the operation. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, like his cousin, Alexis of Russia, is a very widely tattooed man. Any one meeting the Duke of Newcastle, or the Earl of Portarlington, or Sir Edmund Lechmere in the street would hardly realize the fact that these gentlemen are

Proud Wearers of Tattooed Marks—much so. The present fancy for being tattooed, according to Prof. Riley

is not so new as it appears, and distinguished people—mainly exists among men who have travelled much; while ladies have also taken a strong liking to this form of personal decoration, which, from a woman's point of view, is a beautiful color on a white skin, not so costly as good jewelry. In place of spending her spare time posing in front of the camera, or reclining her head in the dentist's chair, or placing the hands of a hairdresser, or having her hair done for want of something better to do, or for the purpose of passing her time in the "off" season, the lady about town now consents to be pricked by the tattoo-artist's operating needle, and to have her forehead, her shoulders, adorned with a serpent holding its tail in its mouth—a symbol representing eternity. The skill of the tattoo artist, to be realized properly and fairly, must be seen in beautiful colors on a white skin. The work which is amazing. The sketches he employs are made in various colored inks. His great skill is in the faithful reproduction of any symbol or picture desired by the sitter. These designs vary with the taste of his loved one stamped on an immense Chinese dragon occupying the whole space offered by the back or chest, or a huge snake many inches in thickness coiling round the body from the knees to the shoulders.

Tattooing Has Its Humorous Side

as well as its serious. A lover whose but the other day he had the initials of his sweet, passionate love got the artist to imprint in indelible ink, over the region of his heart, a single heart of charming and delicate outline, colored, as it should be, in all the blushing tints, with the name of his loved one stamped thereon. Three years afterward he followed the artist to London, and, seeking him out, with face pallid, the light of his eye almost gone out, and looking miserably careworn, he requested the tattooer to imprint under that same symbol, in bold, big letters, the word "deceiver." A well-known army officer had tattooed over his heart the simple motto "Duty before self," but six months afterwards, the same man had the uncanny word "traitress" tattooed under it.

An English actress had a butterfly tattooed on her chest, the initials of her fiance, "F. V.," being placed underneath. Not long afterward she also came back and had the "B" converted into "E," and the "V" into "W," the letters reading "E. W.," and to this day "E. W." thinks his initials were the first tattooed on her arm. Colonials visiting England usually return home bearing on some part of their body

An Emblem of some national importance. This takes the shape of the Union Jack, or the standard, the Union Jack, also, not being despised. A man may admire a favorite picture and desire a reproduction of it tattooed on his back or upon his arm. The artist, during the present time engaged "etching" on a man's back Landseer's famous picture, "Dignity and Impudence," and when finished it will measure 12 by 9 inches. The same artist during the present time engaged "etching" on a man's back Landseer's famous picture, "Dignity and Impudence," and when finished it will measure 12 by 9 inches. The same artist during the present time engaged "etching" on a man's back Landseer's famous picture, "Dignity and Impudence," and when finished it will measure 12 by 9 inches.

While most people are pleased to go through the performance of being tattooed just for the fun of the thing, as it were, many, on the other hand, approach the tattooer with a serious object in view. They are anxious to have their names and addresses, as an aid to identification in case of accident, or, as has been the case recently, a wife may induce her husband to have her name tattooed on his arm.

As a Guarantee of Good Faith. An official connected with one of our leading railways has had tattooed around his arm, in snake fashion, a train going at full speed. The scene is laid at night. The shades of evening envelope the smoking locomotive and flying carriages, while the rays of light proceeding from the opened furnace of the locomotive are effectively shown lighting up the scene. There are lights, too, issuing from the carriages, showing how the passengers inside are passing away the time. Some of them are reading, some talking, some sullenly looking out of the windows. A darkened portion of the train, the signal being on, shows the dim light therefrom faintly lights up that part of the train. The picture is a perfect ideal of the tattooer's art and shows the great advance tattooing has made since the days of the first tattoo artist. Riley has never done anything more striking or effective, if perhaps we except the large snake he tattooed all around the body of a certain popular member of the royal family, which is an extremely lifelike reptile.

The area of reserved forests in Borneo was last year 14,707 miles, and projects are pending for additional reservations of 4,300 miles. The government desires a large to come from its task forests, and sold last year 220,000 tons of forest, the total quantity extracted being 237,000 tons.

A "whooping cough" party is reported from New Jersey. Only sufferers from the malady, which was then epidemic, were invited, and the children are said to have had a "good time between coughs."

A LADY JOURNALIST.

Held Prisoner by the Sultan of Morocco—Arrested in a Mosque.

Miss Alma d'Alma, a very pretty American girl, the prisoner of Mualit Abd-el-Aziz Ben Mualit, Hassan Ben Sedi Mohammed Ben Abd Rahman, the Sultan of Morocco, has probably had a very narrow escape.

Miss d'Alma is an opera singer and an author. It was as an author she penetrated the fastnesses of the Sultan of Morocco's realm. She was in search of copy. She was on her way to Morocco, the capital city. She meant to enter the Sultan's palace and write a novel about him. She was arrested in a mosque at Sidi Kassar Bo Assry.

The Sultan of Morocco is the most terrible monarch in the old world. His power is absolute. He is not hampered like the czar by an atmosphere of civilization. He has been cut off whenever it pleases him. He has a habit of pouring kerosene down the throats of his subjects, setting fire to the oil and watching their death agonies with a grin. He is the Nero of Northern Africa.

No heretic has ever been permitted to cross the threshold of a mosque in Morocco. Miss d'Alma has done this and more. She has joined the worshippers, and studied them, and she has been discovered.

This is a high crime in Morocco. According to the will of His All-Powerful Majesty, Mualit Abd-el-Aziz Ben Mualit Hassan Ben Sedi Mohammed Ben Abd Rahman, she might have been punished in any of a half dozen ways.

Miss d'Alma has not abandoned her determination to penetrate the mysteries of the oriental harem—the most curious and least known social institution on earth. If her disguise is again discovered and she should once more fall into the hands of the Sultan her career of exploration will probably be cut short for ever.

She may be led through the streets of Fez by a rope tied around her neck as a camel is led, and she may be fed on asparagus, which is the food of camels. She may be used as a decoy for a prisoner like the camel, the most despised of beasts in Morocco. It is the deadliest insult that can be offered by the Sultan of Morocco.

They may cut off a finger or all her fingers. They may cut off a foot or a limb or all her limbs. They may scour her with the flat of her sword. They may pour oil down her throat and set it on fire.

Her head may be severed from her body, in a public square in Fez, by the two-edged sword of the public executioner, the Assai Sultan. Miss d'Alma sailed for Tangier on March 20. She wrote under the date of April 9 that she would leave the next morning for Fez. She would join a caravan and ride a camel straight to the Sultan's capital. She was wearing Oriental costume and had picked up enough native phrases to serve her purposes, she said. She was in excellent health and superb spirits.

A letter was received from her dated April 14, one day after she started. The next news was contained in a cablegram sent from the interior by way of Tangier. It was to the effect: "Have been arrested in mosque."

"D'Alma." It is believed that Miss d'Alma was arrested in the mosque of Sidi Kassar Bo Assry. The town is celebrated for but one thing, its mosque. The mosque is the oldest and most sacred in Morocco. All mosques in Morocco are sacred from the tread of heretics. No Christian or Jew is ever allowed to step across their threshold. But the mosque of Sidi Kassar Bo Assry is most sacred of all. Every Sultan of Morocco has made a pilgrimage to it by caravan. The Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Abd Rahman became the holy of holies among all the mosques of Morocco. And it was this temple that Miss d'Alma profaned by her presence.

Mualit Abd-el-Aziz Ben Mualit Hassan Ben Sedi Mohammed Ben Abd Rahman is eighteen years old. The Sultan claim the prestige of Irish descent. Early in this century his grandfather, Sultan Sidi Mohammed, chose as one of the flowers of his harem a handsome Irish girl, the widow of a sergeant of sappers, who had been detached from the British garrison at Gibraltar and taken to the Sultan's service.

The Sultan Mualit Abd-el-Aziz, known to his subjects by the title of "Emir-el-Mumenin," or "Prince of the True Believers," was born in 1881, and succeeded his father on June 7, 1884.—New York Journal.

BUBBLES. I stood on the brink of manhood, and watched the bubbles go. From the rock-fretted, sunny ripple To the smoother tide below. And ever the white creek bottom, Under them every one, Went golden stars in the water, All luminous with the sun. But the bubbles broke on the surface, And under the stars of gold Broke, and the hurrying water Flowed onward, swift and cold.

I stood on the brink of manhood, And it came to my weary brain, And my heart, so dull and heavy After the years of pain— That even the hollowest bubble Which over my life had passed Still into its deeper current, Some heavenly gleam had cast; That, however I mocked it gayly, And guessed at its hollowness, Still shone with each bursting bubble, One star in my soul less.

—William Dean Howells. Women will find their place, and it will neither be that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspired. Nature's old law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected.—Professor Huxley. Herr Schuchland, a German scientist, has discovered that the aroma of tobacco is due to microbes, and it is said he will patent, if he can, a process for making cheap cigars smell like expensive ones. Bombay is the leading pearl mart of the world.

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UP TO DATE AND BEST IN THE WORLD—BAR NONE.

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CHIEF OF THE SWAZIS. A Twelve-Year-Old White Boy in London in Charge of a Party of Warriors.

One wonders how long it will be before there is upon us the threatened avalanche of new boy's literature, suggested with such dramatic color by the visit to England of young Bandini Thorburn, the European boy chief from Savage Swaziland, says the London Daily Mail.

The fictionist has not as yet given us anything so unique as the presence in the prosaic heart of London of a twelve-year-old chief of savages, whose days are lived almost entirely among his own black subjects. And that the boy thoroughly enjoys his position or distinction is to be gathered at a glance.

His fine boyish face suggests a perfectly intelligent sense of his own importance, tempered by a modesty which, luckily, has kept him quite unspoiled. And he talks of his experiences out in South Africa—which have been far wilder than those of many even well-trevelled Englishmen—with an air of youthful freshness and unconcern that keeps one remembering he is as yet a mere youngster with an unopened manhood in front of him.

What other strange scenes and adventures the child chief, Bandini, will yet encounter it would be difficult to conjecture, for there is stamped upon him already the fate of the dweller among queer peoples. His entire character is clearly dominated by an over-mastering, and being perfectly unconscious, spirit of adventure, which is no doubt largely the influence of heredity; and in his curiously fearless glance and expression there are betrayed at moments even now, quick fascinating glimpses of the boy's extraordinary powers of handling and understanding the complex untutored mind of the savage.

Ask him why he came to England, and he will give you a simple answer that it was to "mind" the Swazis for Mr. Fillet's savage South African Exhibition at Paris' Court. His tone most suggestively that the experiment of giving ten

Will Swazis their Freedom and setting them loose in London was only to be attempted with safety to the general public and dignity to the savages themselves under his personal supervision.

To Bandini they are very much "my people," the "minding" of Swaziland with the rigorous conscientiousness of a grown-up monarch. His rule is one of precocious gentleness, guided, however, by a firm enough hand of restraint. Although he never inflicts even mild punishment personally, he does not allow the slightest breach of order to escape intact correction.

As I have said, the boy's day is spent entirely among his subjects, save when he leaves them for meals. He uses their difficult language with greater freedom than his native English. He is their interpreter, their law-maker and law-keeper, and, more unique still, he enjoys at all times and in all their moods, as he does in their own country, their absolute trust and veneration.

There are no "dry facts" of personal history attached to Bandini Thorburn. His father, a white man, is a well known South African traveller, who fulfilled some time the post of adviser to the Swazi king.

"I am named after the King," Bandini tells you proudly. "He died in '92. We lived quite close to him; my father did more of the ruling than the King did." And the statement is a literal fact. Bandini talks facts that might be fiction every time he opens his mouth. "Oh, I don't know what I do with my days," he remarks, if you put the question to him. And for a second the boy's face looks rather puzzled. "I get up early, and bathe, and have my breakfast; by that time the Swazis want me. I stay with them all morning. Some people think they have been 'lamed' to come to England; but if they saw the Swazis sometimes they would call them warlike enough, though they aren't hurt me, and they wouldn't."

"Suppose they did?" you are tempted to hint. The boy's imperturbable expression remains unchanged, but there is a twinkle in the corner of his eye that upsets you, because you can't get hold of it, until you suddenly recollect that the handsome little English chap you are talking to is a Swazi Chief, and knows the savage, and the Swazi

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VOL. 18.

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Premier Schreiner Accused to the Queen's

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Secretary for the House of Commons communication public Times on July 7th the British officers to South Africa there had been sent of the Marquis of Salisbury for War Mr. Chamberlain during the course of Campbell-Bannerman the House, on the absence of fuller it possible to be certain effect of the franchise as could be justified by the fact that the Britishers had and it was not necessary to be able to allot to them in much later date.

SMOKING CONTESTS. A Hundred Strong Cigars in Twelve Hours.

Smoking is the temperate as well as the contemptuous man's recreation, and great smokers are loth to exhibit their tobacco-consuming abilities by engaging in smoking contests. Still, however, there have been some curious tobacco-burning races.

In 1723 there was a great smoking match at Oxford, a scaffold being erected in front of an inn for the accommodation of the competitors. The conditions were that any one man or woman who could smoke three ounces of tobacco first without drinking or leaving the stage should have a prize of twelve shillings.

"Many tried," says Hearne, "and 'twas thought that a journeyman taylor of St. Peter's-in-the-East would have been the victor, he smoking faster than any other man present. He was so sick that he thought he would have died, and an old man that had been a builder and smokes gently came off the conqueror, smoking the three ounces quite out, and he told me that after it he smoked four or five pipes the same evening."

About forty years ago a gentleman agreed to smoke a pound weight of strong foreign cigars in the twelve hours. The hundred cigars making up the pound were all to be smoked down to one-inch butts.

The match was decided on a Thames steamer plying between London and Chelsea, and taking up the position well forward the smoker had the full benefit of the wind. The contest began at 10 a. m., and in the first hour the smoker consumed sixteen cigars.

After an hour's smoking eighty-six had been disposed of with three hours to go and only fourteen cigars to smoke, the baker of time gave in. The winner declared that he felt no discomfort during the contest, and finished off the cigars that evening.

More recently a solid silver cigar case and 200 cigars were offered to the smoker who consumed most cigars in two hours. Food, drink and medicine during the contest were forbidden. There were seventeen entries. After the first hour ten competitors retired. The winner, who smoked without pause from start to finish, reduced ten large cigars to ashes in the two hours, while the nearest competitor only finished seven.

The people of Lille are inveterate smokers, and to decide the championship of the town a smoking contest was held. Each competitor was provided with a pipe, fifty grams (about an ounce and three-quarters) of tobacco and a pot of beer. The one who smoked the tobacco first was to be the winner.

At the signal the air was filled with clouds of smoke. In thirteen minutes a workman 45 years of age had finished his pipe to ashes, while some minutes later the second man had finished his little smoke. After such herculean smoking matches it is scarcely necessary to mention the American contest, in which the winner smoked 100 cigarettes in six hours, thirty-five minutes.—London Bits.

'I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years and always with good results,' says Mr. W. B. Cooper of El Rio, Cal. 'For small children we find it especially effective.' For sale by Henderson Bros., Wholesale Agents, Victoria and Vancouver.

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"Many tried," says Hearne, "and 'twas thought that a journeyman taylor of St. Peter's-in-the-East would have been the victor, he smoking faster than any other man present. He was so sick that he thought he would have died, and an old man that had been a builder and smokes gently came off the conqueror, smoking the three ounces quite out, and he told me that after it he smoked four or five pipes the same evening."

About forty years ago a gentleman agreed to smoke a pound weight of strong foreign cigars in the twelve hours. The hundred cigars making up the pound were all to be smoked down to one-inch butts.

The match was decided on a Thames steamer plying between London and Chelsea, and taking up the position well forward the smoker had the full benefit of the wind. The contest began at 10 a. m., and in the first hour the smoker consumed sixteen cigars.

After an hour's smoking eighty-six had been disposed of with three hours to go and only fourteen cigars to smoke, the baker of time gave in. The winner declared that he felt no discomfort during the contest, and finished off the cigars that evening.

More recently a solid silver cigar case and 200 cigars were offered to the smoker who consumed most cigars in two hours. Food, drink and medicine during the contest were forbidden. There were seventeen entries. After the first hour ten competitors retired. The winner, who smoked without pause from start to finish, reduced ten large cigars to ashes in the two hours, while the nearest competitor only finished seven.

The people of Lille are inveterate smokers, and to decide the championship of the town a smoking contest was held. Each competitor was provided with a pipe, fifty grams (about an ounce and three-quarters) of tobacco and a pot of beer. The one who smoked the tobacco first was to be the winner.

At the signal the air was filled with clouds of smoke. In thirteen minutes a workman 45 years of age had finished his pipe to ashes, while some minutes later the second man had finished his little smoke. After such herculean smoking matches it is scarcely necessary to mention the American contest, in which the winner smoked 100 cigarettes in six hours, thirty-five minutes.—London Bits.

'I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years and always with good results,' says Mr. W. B. Cooper of El Rio, Cal. 'For small children we find it especially effective.' For sale by Henderson Bros., Wholesale Agents, Victoria and Vancouver.