HEAD

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EDUCATION.

TORIA COLLEGE. BEACON HILL PARK.

-NEXT TERM BEGINS-

iday, Sept. 6th, 1897.

ding or day prospectus, apply: Principal J. W. Church. M A

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e1)-lydaw

IICE is hereby given that sixty days from late we intend to apply to the Chief Comner of Lands and Works for permission to see the following described tract of land siar District:—Commencing at a post d at the northeast corner of the Governownsite of Glenora; thence north twenty; thence west forty chains; thence south thains; thence east forty chains; thence to not the commencement: containing point of commencement; containing ideed and fifty acres, more or less, ex-G. A. PKITUHARD J. F. CALLBREATH. F. M. YORKE. F. G. STRICKLAND. 1, B. C., October 4th, 1897. no25

hereby given that sixty days after te I intend to apply to the Chief Com r of Lands and Works for permission to one hundred and sixty (160) acres to Cestin lake, Cassiar District, as follows: JAMES DUNSMUIR.

FICE is hereby given that 60 days from date we intend to apply to the chief lissioner of Lands and Works for right to ase 6200 three hundred and twenty acres din Cassiar District:—Commencing at a planted at mouth of Shakis Creek and ne River; thence north 80 chains; thence proty 460 chains; thence proty 460 chains; thence orty (40) chains; thence south eighty (80, thence east forty (40) chains to point of the coment.

J. F. CALLBREATH.
ora, October 4th, 1897.

TICE is hereby given that sixty days from date I intend to apply to the Chief Commer of Lands and Works for permission to ase eighty (t0) acres of land, on 'leslin Cassiar District, as follows:—Starting a post planted on right bank of river. to chains south of Teslin Lake; thene do chains there were 20 permission to river: chains; thence west 20 chains, to river northerly, following river bank to place neucement F. M. YORKE. 29th September, 1897.

date I intend to apply to the Chief Comner of Lands'and Works for permission to
ase sixty (60) acres of land on Teslin Lake,
r District, as follows:—Commencing at a
lanted on the west shore of Teslin Lake,
routh of slough; thence east, along shore
0 chains; thence south, along river banks
of James Dunsmuir's southeast corner;
140 chains, to a point 20 chains
of James Dunsmuir's southeast corner;
140 chains north, to point of commence1540 chains and the southeast corner;
1540 chains 1540 ch

IICE is hereby given that sixty days from date i intend to apply to the unite Com-ner of Lands and Works for permi-sion to see forty (40) acres of land, situated on 1ºes te, Cassiar District, described as follows:— ig at a stake planted on the east shore of theast arm of Teslin Lake; thence east in thence south 40 chains; thence west to lake shore; thence 40 chains nor hore, to point of commencement. F. M. YORKE. d 29th September, 1897.

ICE is hereby given that slat, at the we will make application to the Chief solone of Lands and Works for permispurchase the following described tract:—Commencing at a stake at the head of nd Inlet on the left hand bank proper ion point and marked W. E. C.'s, N. W.; thence East forty chains; thence South hains; theace West to the bank of the Inence following the shore line to the point proper in the state of the same of the inence following the shore line to the point same and containing one hunmencement and commencement and sixty acres more or less.
Simpson, Sept. 10th, 1897.
W. E. COLLISON,
A. C. MURRAY.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

Gray is the sky and gray the fading land, And a thin rim of starved gray fainting light On the bleak ridges fickers, that ring round This pastoral hollow with its long green lanes Its ashen shadows and mute slumbering farms

stream, m the plowed upland to the rectory elms no floats the rooky host dejectedly, though in the surprised and stricken air and invisible for silence waved. out the lonesome grange upon the hill rising wind of twilight roams and sighs, Searching for something lost or some one gone And on a low branch of the nearest pine Plains autumn's trembling bird disconsolate.

This saddened vale was once a shrine of light, radiant figure ranged its solitude d filled the quiet with intensity. the most heavenly of the morning

dawned, ough placid splendors, in the heights of eve, chanting dusky choirs sailed stately home, i all the bushes brimmed with bubbling

till—life's eclipse cannot mean endless night. he love, the tenderness, the lofty trust, fie fair imaginations that all made he secret of joy of the wide simple world all not to moldered ruin like the woods, for perish as a drifted cloud that melts have the blanched herizon's extract record. Upon the blanched horizon's outmost verge, But breathe and soar and brighten, strong and

free, Untroubled, pure, immortal, near or far, There where we know that the Rede And the lost angels of our heart see God.

—Joseph Truman in Specta

HER CONFESSION.

Long after the speaker's words had died away the listening people waited in hushed expectancy, unwilling to believe that he had finished and unable to descend all at once from the heights to which they had been raised.

John Ordway and his wife came from the chapel among the last. Both had been strongly moved by the evening's sermon, but in different ways, indicative perhaps of their widely differing

Ordway helped his wife into the wagon, the horses struck into a swift trot, and the driver leaned forward to draw the rug more closely about his companion, peering up into her face solicitously. They moved swiftly past the scatter-

ed houses of the village and out into a stretch of open country. Three or four times the woman raised her head as though about to speak, but checked herself with an effort.

"I have something to tell you, John," she said at last. "I-I am afraid I ought to have told you long ago." "Are ye sure ye ought?" he asked gently. "Maybe there ain't any need."

There is a need," she answered. "I have known all along that it would be better to speak out, but somehow I never felt that I could until tonight.' She paused as though to gather courage. It's about myself and Willis," she said. "You remember"-Ordway bent forward suddenly with

a warning shout to the horses, and the gon jolted heavily in a deep rut. 'That's me all over," he said, with

chuckle. "I took special notice of that hole so as to skip it on the way home, and here I am drivin right into it again, like an old fool. That's what comes of listenin to sermons ye can't quite understand." "Won't you listen to me, John?" his

wife asked pleadingly.
"Of course I will," he answered, 'only my nerves bein so wrought up I'm sort of afraid to have any big shock come on me sudden, ye know.'

Ordway put his arm around her and drew her closer to him protectingly, as a mother soothes a nervous, sleepy child. "I wasn't jokin," he said. "I'm always glad to listen to ye, only I think ye'd best wait till we get home. We're

most there now." 'Go in by the fire." said John Ord way, when at length they rattled into the farmyard. "It'll take me some time to fix things up."

But when he came from the stable, he found her waiting, leaning against one of the square posts of the porch and ooking out across the darkness of the

"I wanted to wait until we could go in together," she said. The long, low kitchen was full of

changing shadows, which danced across the time polished floor and lost themselves in the corners of the irregular ceiling, when Ordway crossed to the huge fireplace and piled some sticks of soft wood on the glowing ashes. At length she spoke slowly and with evident effort at calmness. 'You must try to be patient with

me " she said "You'll be astonished. I know, and I am afraid you'll be angry -and I couldn't blame you-but I want you to wait till-till I've fin-She hesitated as if to gain strength.

and he marked how the slender figure quivered with the effort of her hurried "I had promised to marry Willis be-

fore I knew you," she said unsteadily. "We quarreled about some little thing, and each was too proud to speak first. Finally he went away without seeing ye. You know how we heard that he died in Africa. I believed it-we all did-and I cried myself to sleep night after night because I hadn't acted dif-

"As time went on I began to forget little by little, and after awhile it all seemed like a sort of dream. Then you came into my life and taught me to trust you and turn to you for help in everything. And, in truth, I loved you more than you could ever understand. Her voice trembled. "You believe me. John?" she asked. "Say that you do believe me."

"I ain't never doubted it," he an-"I was happy and contented for two long years. It was like heaven, and you were happy, too, John?"

"Happy!" he said. "Ah, yes! No-body'll ever know how much." "And then little Dora was born," she went on, "and somehow all our trouble began right there, for it seemed as stough her baby hands took hold of our warts and pushed them apart, a little

at first and then more and more. Well, things got worse and worse, and when she died I almost believed you were to blame in some way-I don't know how. Oh, it's awful to think about, but couldn't help feeling that way! Will

you ever forgive me for it?" "I never laid it up against ye," he nswered. "I reckoned it was natural, and I knew ye wasn't well, so I tried to forget all about that part of our life, nd I done it-almost.

"The rest of my story is harder to tell and harder to listen to. You renember that Willis came back and hunted us up. He came at the worst time for all of us. I was set against you and half wild about baby's death and reckless to everything. He found that out and kept pleading with me and urg ng me to go away with him. I ought to have sent him away, but I-didn't. It was as though some evil spirit put the words into his mouth, and I listen-

ed-God help me, I listened." She started to her feet and stood fac ng her husband, her arms raised to her nead in a wild gesture.

"It was no fault of mine that I did not sin against you in deed as I did in thought!" she cried. "If it had not been for some accident—I don't even know what it was-I should not have been here now. I went to meet him here one night. We were to drive to Oakley and take the train for some place. I waited, I don't know how many hours, but he didn't come. At last I crept home and found you asleep. In the morning when you were away a letter came saying that an unfores accident had happened, and he would let me know about it soon. I never

heard from him again." She paused and looked at him fearfully, as though expecting a violent outburst of anger, but he said nothing, and at last she spoke again. "Won't you speak to me?" she cried

tremulously. "Haven't you been listening? Have I done wrong to tell you? Speak to me, for God's sake! I can't bear it.' The words were lost in a storm of sobbing, and she threw herself down on her knees beside him, hiding her face

fashioned chair. "Don't take on so, Eunie," he said "Ye'll be glad all the rest of ver life. I think, on account of jest what ye're cryin about now. Look up, my girl, an maybe I can finish the story for ye. Ye say ye never knowed why he didn't come that night," he said. could a-told ye why.'

with her hands on the arm of the old

"You?" she cried. "Yes," he answered. "Jest me. He staid away because I told him he'd better, and he knowed I meant what I

"Did ye think I was so blind all them months that I didn't see what was happenin? I'd a-knowed it if I had been miles away, for there ain't never any trouble in yer heart but what I don't feel it. I jest stepped in an talked to Willis. He understood, an that settled it." "Then you've known?" she interrupt-

breathlessly. "You've known all this time?" He nodded cheerfully. "All this time," he answered. "But you never said a word to me-

you never acted as though"-"It's always harder for me to talk than to keep still," he said slowly. "Surely ye've found that out long ago. I couldn't a-said a word without makin things worse, most likely, so I thought the best thing to do was to jest wait-an I've been waitin.'

"Waiting!" she repeated. "Waiting for what?" "For what's happened, Eunie," he said softly.

The woman was clinging to his arm and weeping convulsively. "Tweren't yer fault, little girl." he said. "It's jest happened that way. There ain't no need to cry about it now. The time for cryin's all gone past, an I don't think it'll ever come again."-London Mail.

A Danish Hunting Supper.

The tables are creaking with solid ections of brown, juicy, steaming roasts and piles of mealy potatoes enveloped in hot fog, and long white platters of whole salmon through whose tender torn skin the pink flakes and streaks of white fat look all ready for the limpid golden butter sauce which stands in the brimming full dishes near by. Tall, handsome Danish girls are running hither and thither with chicken soup for this man and hare soup for that man and extricating order from chaos on the table with a marvelous degree of skill. Good nature is rampant, and the fast delivered nearty speeches are followed by rousing, echoing cheers. Cries of "Skol! Skol!" follow every toast in which the Yankee is mentioned, with a vigor which shows how deep and real their feelings of hospitality are, and men come from distant tables to express friendly sentiments toward America and Americans in genral.--"Hopkins' Pond," by Robert T. Morris.

A Turkish Cemetery.

Mrs. Max Muller, in her "Letters From Constantinople," gives this record of a visit paid to a cemetery and the curious superstition in regard to burial: "The Turkish women are fond of pending whole days sitting on their carpet in the cemeteries, not from any deep affection for the dead, for the Turks care little for the body when once buried. The soul, the true being they loved, is safe in paradise, though only from the moment that the body is laid in the ground. For this reason the fuperals take place as soon as possible after death, and if you meet a Turkish funeral the procession is hurrying along in what appears to us the most indecorous haste. so that the soul may more quickly attain to its final bliss. A devout Turk passing a coffin will give his aid to the bearers, exhausted by the speed at which they go. This aid, if only given for 40 paces, secures the pardon of a heavy

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

Oh, many a vision I've cherished,
To brighten the days of my life,
Of a home amid roses embowered,
Of some one to greet me as wife,
But to have such a home as you offer,
To have such a lover as you,
With a heart so devoted and tender,
Seems alread to good to be true.

Seems almost too good to be true. ember the times in my girlhood I felt it my pride and my joy To have your attendance at parties, For you were the favorite boy.

And though there were handsomer maid ens, And others much richer than I,

There was none of the group so heart When you left without saying goodby. I heard of you then in the city. And knew you were making a name, Each day by the efforts of genius

Each day by the efforts of genius Securing a permanent fame, And I fancied you must have forgotten The poor little girl you once knew, And to have you come back as a suitor Seems almost too good to be true. I hoped to have cards to your wedding To the church and reception beside, Where I might with tearful emotion Congratulate you—no, the bride, But to stand by your side at the altar To be solomply married to your.

As if 'twere too good to be true. —Josephine Pollard in New York Ledger. AN AWKWARD FIX.

To be solemnly married to you— It seems, when I think it all over,

"Do you think two girls ought to be born so exactly alike?" said Charlie Dacre, ruefully twisting up a cigarette. The other man laughed.

"Are you talking of those two Dennison girls? They're not exactly alike." "It's all very well for you, but I haven't your long sight, and I declare to you if I see either of them at a little distance or in a bad light I can't tell which is which. I am going to a party tonight given by the respected parents of my Dennison, and I positively dread

"Perhaps they play tricks on you," said Ballantyne. "One of them is rather skittish."

Charlie got himself up that night with extraordinary care, and as he was a good looking fellow he presented a ather striking appearance as he entered Mrs. Denuison's drawing rooms. He had been detained, so that most of the guests had arrived when he came, and his inamorata was nowhere to be seen. But shortly after he had paid his respects to the host and hostess the daughter of the house, prettily dressed in white and blue, came up. Dacre begged for a dance-two dances.

"I'm so sorry," said she, "but I've nothing vacant till the lancers. You're a little late, Mr. Dacre, you see," with a slight accent of reproach as she gave him her card. Charlie apologized in the humblest terms, and the girl bestowed a smile on him as she was led awav.

for his lancers. She sat on an ottoman in a distant part of the coom, where the drooping folds of a curtain formed a shade from the glare of the lights. The blue and white of her filmy gown stood out against the dark background. Dacre hastened across the room to her.

"Miss Dennison—my dance," he said eagerly. "May I?" She turned her pretty face and arched

her eyebrows in surprise.
"Yes," said Charlie, "the lancers you promised—oh, I beg your pardon. You're your cousin-I mean, the other Miss Dennison-and, of course, I haven't seen you before." Then, recovering from his confusion

before the young lady could speak, he added:

dance, Miss Dennison?" Having secured this, he sought the the room only one Isabel remained.

"Why in the fiend's name do they dress alike?" he muttered in nervous fear of another mistake. He might be continually coming across the one he didn't want, like a recurring decimal. Several times he bore down on a fair girl in blue and white, but turned away, deciding that he had only come on an Isabel in another place. The lancers had begun. It was in full swing before he came suddenly on a sofa where sat the Isahel "Miss Dennison," he stammered,

'I'm so sorry"-"Pray don't apologize," said she coldly. "I assure you the delay is not of the slightest moment." "Indeed, it was quite unintentional,"

said the unfortunate Charlie in despair. "I have been looking for von"-"I have been sitting here the last ten minutes, and you passed me just

now." "I saw a blue and white dress," ac knowledged Charlie, "but some people came between it and me. Won't you forgive me and dance this? It isn't too

"I think my mother wants me." said Isabel, rising with dignity.
"May I take you to her?" "No, thank you."

Charlie only got pardoned when everybody was going. He was mad with himself, but could not bring himself to acknowledge the real reason of his apparent neglect. He was sensitive about these constant mistakes. They went on happening, of course, the one Isabel laughing at him, which he dreaded, the other turning haughty and offended. He offered some flowers to a Dennison girl one day and she said demurely, 'Are you sure they were meant for

"Whom else could they be meant for?" said Charlie sentimentally.

"My cousin, perhaps-she's over there," said the girl merrily. Dacre flushed in unutterable confusion and took back the flowers, scarcely knowing what he did. And when he turned away he met the scornful eyes of a girl who must be the Isabel he wanted because the girl he had left wasn't she. It was quite impossible to present the flowers, and he made a crestfallen escape as soon as he could.

'Hang it, I'll end all this!" he said angrily one day. "But I shall have to be careful, if I am happily successful,

that I marry the right girl. It would

be awfully awkward if I didn't." His opportunity seemed thrown into his hands, for he was invited to spend a week at a country house where the Isabel was also going with her mother. He sat next her at dinner, and to his great delight saw no other Isabel. "We shall be a larger party tomorrow," said the young lady. "My cous-

"The—the Dennisons?" Charlie almost gasped. "Not all of them-only Isabel and

This was comforting. And both Isa-bels had such an odious habit of dressng in the same colors! Why didn't they wear different colored ribbons, like French twins?

He got along fairly well, with great care and caution. One evening he say Isabel Dennison entering the library. He knew it was his one because she had on a gray dress, whereas her cousin had worn a green one during the day. It was too dark to see her features. He followed her into the room.

"The nicest time for a chat," he said, and she made a movement as if to leave the room, flitting toward a farther door. "Yes, but I'm afraid I can't stay," she said. "I only came to fetch some-thing I left here."

"Well-but don't go-stay a minute," said Dacre entreatingly. He had no doubt at all about his accuracy as to identity. Her desire to escape from him was a sure proof, let alone others, for it was precisely the desire she had shown in the last few days, and which he took as a favorable sign. "Miss Dennison-Isabel-am I mistaken in thinking-in hoping-you know-you surely must know that I love you!"

The girl had stood still for a second while Charlie rushed on with his declaration, but she interrupted him hastily "Indeed, Mr. Dacre, I'm afraid"-"Don't say that," said Charlie, go-

ing nearer. "All those weeks in towndown here, when we have been thrown so much together-I surely have not mis understood?" A stifled sound came from the dim figure before him, whether laugh or what he could not tell, but he suddenly

started back, and in so doing came face to face with another Isabel in a gray If the earth had opened and swallowed him. Charlie would have been thankful. This was the crowning disaster. Neither Isabel stirred. Which, in

heaven's name, was which? To whom had he proposed? How should he ever know he had got the right Isabel? He recognized after the first wild movement that he must save the situation. He approached the newcomer, who eyed him disdainfully.

"Miss Dennison-Isabel," he began. 'Which Miss Denuison do you intend to address, Mr. Dacre?" she demanded 'How the deuce should I know? It is

early dark, and you both evade me." 'You had better pursue your conversation with the lady you seem to recognize best, and I will retire." The other Isabel sprang forward. "Don't be a goose, consin," said she,

half laughing, "and you, Mr. Dacre, wait a minute. You know very well, Isabel, it's all a mistake, and I'd have interrupted Mr. Dacre before only he was so impêtuous I had no time. He didn't mean me at all''-"Mr. Dacre doesn't seem to know

whom he means," said the offended Is abel. "I know very well when I can see dded:
"I hope I'm not too late to get a crushed. "Here goes for a light." But when a blaze of light illumined

Dacre took her hand.

"You are the one," he said. "Are you quite sure?" she asked "Ah, that's cruell Of course I am What will you say to me, Isabel-for-

"Love you," whispered Isabel. "I hope it's the right one." said Balantyne when the marriage ceremony was over, "but upon my word he was almost taking the bridesmaid's hand instead of the bride's."-London Star.

How He Became a Cynic. Some lovable traits of character in Prosper Merimee, the famous French novelist, who has left to posterity the reputation of a misanthrope and a cynic

are revealed in the pages of Augustus Filon's "Merimee and His Friends. M. Filon tells us how this celebrated author devoted 100 louis of his salary as senator toward pensioning an old prefect of Louis Philippe who had been ruined by the revolution of 1848, and how for 20 years he assisted and protected a humble sculptor in whom he had become interested. M. Filon relates an incident of Meri-

mee's childhood that shows how susceptible his nature was to strong im pressions, and how responsible older people, and particularly parents, are for the development of certain traits in children. When the future novelist was 5 years

of age, he was once punished by his mother for some naughtiness of which he was guilty. Mme. Merimee, who was an artist, and who was at the time engaged at her easel, put the culprit out of the room and closed the door upon him.

The little Prosper, already penitent, anxiously besought forgiveness through the closed door, expressing great contrition and promising good behavior, but the door remained inexorably shut. Finally, after much effort, he opened it and dragged himself upon his knees toward his mother. His piteous supplications and his pathetic attitude so amused Mme. Merimee that she began to laugh.

Instantly rising from his lowly posture he exclaimed indignantly, "Since you mock me I will never ask pardon again." He kept his word. Thus was sown the seed of a certain cynical philosophy that tainted his after life.

HANDS OFF THE BIRDS

Time was when man made ready was And in his caverned latr Beaded his fellow's teeth and wore The trophies in his hair.

Time is when ruthless savage, swart, And slaves of fashion, fair,

Flay God's sweet choristers to sport The trophies in their hair.

Where lies the onus of the doom? Who flaunt symbolic pain?
The principals are those for whom
The innocents are slain. How long, Lord God, shall blood price gain

Hands off the birds, whose worship pour From every templed grove! Let live earth's fittest metaphors Of beauty, joy and love! —Benjamin Lander in New York Times.

Buy inhumanity? How long shall sanguined stigma stain The brow of vanity?

LONDON'S PAST PLEASURES. How Its Inhabitants Amused Themselve

a Century or Two Ago. The Londoner in the long past might retire to Bagnigge Wells, near the present King's Cross, or Florida gardens Brompton (Brompton was noted 100 years ago for its "salubrious air"), or the Marylebone gardens and Bowling Green, mentioned by Pepys as "a pretty place" so long ago as 1668, or the Bayswater Tea gardens, which flour-ished till after the middle of the present century, there to sit in a sur house overgrown with honeysuckle and sweetbrier, drinking tea, then held in much esteem as a fashionable beverage, and eating cheese cakes, "heart cakes," Chelsea buns, syllabubs, jellies, creams, hot loaves, rolls and butter, while a band performed a concerto by Corelli or the last new composition by Mr. Handel, "The Master of Musick," or a singer gave the last new song by Dr. Arne. Afterward his visitors might enjoy the privilege of drinking new milk from the cow and picking flowers and fruit, "fresh every hour in the abondant in the metropolis as they are illuminations, fireworks and masquerades, attended by the world of fashion from princes downward, there were miscellaneous entertainments of every

A high scaffolding was erected in Marylebone gardens in 1736 for a predecessor of Blondin called "the flying man," who was advertised to fly down on a rope pushing a wheelbarrow before him. In May, 1785, Lunardi, the first aeronaut who went up in a balloon in England and was quaintly called "the first aerial traveler in English atmosby contemporary prints, descended unexpectedly one afternoon in the Adam and Eve Tea gardens in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court road, then a resort of fashion, and was up roariously welcomed by the populace in acknowledgment of his flight. Later on seronantic flights became a special feature of all these pleasure gardens. Ponds containing goldfish—a novelty in the middle of the eighteenth century -were reckoned as another of their special attractions and were advertised as "gold and silver fish, which afford pleasing ideas to every spectator."-Temple Bar.

Japanese English. The Rev. Masazao Kagaren brought me a present of a tip of native preserved apricots put up at Nagano, bearing the inscription, "This apricots is very sweetest." Another tin-I think it was a sort of Japanese "Liebig"-was still more remarkably inscribed: "All the medicines of our company used to sell are not only manufactured of the pure article are inspected by the superintendent, they not sealed. It is true that their quality is best. If there was sus pection about it trust on official exami nation. If even in the slightest neglect the result is not good, our company should be responsible for it. Beware the trademark, sealing wax and wrapper of our company," In this connect tion I may remark on the curious signs in English (?) composed in cheerful in-dependence of outside help. I have seen the equivalent of the English "mangling done here" rendered "the machine for smoothing the wrinkles in the trousers" and "Washman, ladies only," "Clothing of woman tailor, ladies furnished in upper story," "Instracted by the French horse leech." (this adorned the door of a veterinary surgeon and referred to the tuition under which the gentleman was trained). — From "Mountaineering In the Japanese Alps," by Rev. Walter Weston.

Inopportune Shelling

The troops were storming a temple or a palace, and O'Shaughnessy stopped before a mirror and stood twirling his mustache and admiring himself, though the bullets were whistling round him. "Bedad, Shaugh," he said to him self, with a grin, "ye're a fine figure of a man.

Crash came a bit of lead, which

starred the said mirror into a thousand

cracks, quite obliterating Shaugh's "Bedad," said he coolly, sp'iled a foine view that I had of me-self."—London Mail.

The Minister's Mistake

In a rural parish in the Mearns ar Aberdeen divine, who had driven over in a hired vehicle, occupied the pulpit. Only one person attended service, and the minister apolegized for the length of his discourse. His audience signified his approval of his preaching, and the minister continued. Quess his consternation when he discovered his audience consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.—Edinburgh Dis-

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LATEST INFORMATION FROM YUKON GOLD FIELDS.

MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST.

Contract Laborers Discovered in Winnipeg Leading Brandon Practitioner WINNIPEG, Nov. 26.—(Special)—Samuel Hanna, a well-known farmer of Griswold, was found dead this morning in a well on his farm. It is thought he was examining the well and fell in. Mr.

Hanna was Conservative candidate for Lansdowne at the elections of 1892, and was highly respected. He was just pre-paring to go to his old home in Pennsylvania for the Christmas holidays. Hon. Clifford Sifton met a number of gentlemen at the Manitoba hotel this morning and then went to the Indian office, where he was engaged with Com-missioner Forget till after 1:30. Then he lunched at Government House, and this afternoon, besides receiving callers.

inspected the work of the immigration lepartment.
Two cases of importing labor under contract are now being considered by immigration commissioner McCreary, who will give his decision in a few days. This will be the first ruling under the lien labor act in this country. Both of he men complained of are mechanics one is employed by the Winnipeg Rail-way Company, and the other by the Northern Pacific. Commissioner Mc-

Creary will probably order their depor-Dr. Fleming, of Brandon, the leading medical practitioner of that place, died suddenly this morning of heart diseas Yesterday the doctor was at his usual avocation and addressed a meeting in he Congregational church last night. Deceased was a prominent Liberal and active in politics up to a few years ago.
"Old Civility," a noted character in
the streets of Winnipeg, died this morn-

Engineers Trouble Over. LONDON, Nov. 17 .- The preliminary neeting between representatives of the striking engineers and employers, just held, agreed to hold a formal conference on Wednesday next, each side to have ourteen representatives. Until then a ruce will be agreed upon.

General Gascoigne. Toronto, Nov. 23.—General Gascoigne arrived to-night and will remain in town till after the Thanksgiving sham fight.

Any person wishing to send the y kilondyke map and fulder to their arrived to-night and will please furnish a list of the names till after the Thanksgiving sham fight.

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