Will Commence On Monday

Census Enumerators for Victoria Received Their Final Instructions Yesterday.

Divisions of the City and the Men Who Will Take the Names.

The enumerators appointed to take the census received their final instructions yesterday, and will commence their work this morning. They are sworn to secrecy and have been particularly instructed to gain all information required and ask all questions in as gentlemanly a manner as possible. It is hoped that all information sought will be given freely, thereby assisting the enumerators to make the census as complete and comprehensive as possible. Mr. R. L. Drury is the commissioner for the province and Mr. William Dalby his deputy for the city of Victoria. The divisions of the city and the enumerators for the same are:

Division A.—Wm. Prout. Situated in James Bay. Commences at corner of Simcoe and Menzies streets, taking in water front and outer wharf to south end of Simcoe.

Division B.—J. F. Belfry. Situated in James Bay. Commences at corner of Simcoe and St. Catherine streets, following east side of Beacon Hill park to water, thence along shore line to south end of Simcoe, and thence to St. Catherine street.

Division C.—Patrick Farrell. Situated in James Bay. Commences at the corner of Belleville and Menzies streets, taking in Government buildings, thence to Humboldt to Cook street, along Cook to Beacon Hill park, across north side of Park to Simcoe, along Simcoe to Menzies, thence along Menzies to place of beginning.

Division D.—Marcus Phipps.—Commences at the corner of Parkington and Cook streets, thence along Fairfield road to Foul Bay road, along Foul Bay road to water, thence along shore line, taking in Clover Point to Cook street.

Division E.—H. P. Winsby. Commences at corner of Fort and Cook streets, thence along Cadboro Bay road, along Oak Bay avenue to Foul Bay road, thence along Foul Bay and Fairfield roads to place of beginning.

Division F. — Irving A. Lemm. Commences at corner of Fort and Cook streets, along Fort to Victoria harbor, along shore line to R. E. church, along Humboldt street to Cook, thence to beginning.

Division G.—Louis Watson. Commences at corner of Fort and Cook streets, along Cook and Pandora avenue to Victoria harbor, along water front to foot of Fort, thence along Fort to place of beginning.

Division H.—A. Moir. Commences at corner of Cook and Fort streets, thence along Cadboro Bay road, and Oak Bay avenue to Foul Bay road, along Foul Bay road to Bay street, taking in Jubilee hospital, thence along Pandora and Cook streets to place of beginning.

Division I.—W. F. McCullough.—Commences at the corner of Pandora avenue and Chambers streets, thence along Chambers to Bay street, Bay to Mount Tolmie road, thence along Mount Tolmie road to Pandora street, thence to beginning.

Division J.—George Glover. Commences at corner of Pandora and Blanchard avenues, thence along Blanchard avenue to Bay street, along Bay street to Chambers street, along Chambers street to Pandora avenue, thence to beginning.

Division K.—R. Houston. Commences at foot of Cormorant street, along Cormorant and Pandora avenue to Blanchard avenue, along Blanchard avenue to Bay street, along Bay street to Government street, along Government to Queens avenue, along Queens avenue to harbor, thence along water front to beginning.

Division L.—George Mesher. Commences at the Fountain, thence along Saanich road to Tolmie avenue, thence along Tolmie avenue to Cook street, along Cook to Bay street, thence along Bay and Government streets to place of beginning.

Division M.—John A. Stow. Commences at Corner of Bay and Cook streets, thence along Cook street to Tolmie, thence along Tolmie avenue to Mount Tolmie road, along Mount Tolmie road to Bay street, thence along Bay street to place of beginning.

Division N.—Q. D. H. Warden. Commences at Government street (Rock Bay), thence following Government street to Gorge road, thence along Gorge road to bridge or water of Victoria arm, thence along water front to place of beginning.

Division O.—W. E. Laird. Commences at the intersection of the Burnside and Saanich roads, thence along the Saanich road to Boleskine road, thence along Boleskine and Harriet roads to the water of the arm, thence following the water front to Burnes avenue, thence to place of beginning.

Division P.—S. M. Okell. Situated in Victoria West. Commences at the E. & N. railway bridge, thence following the shore line round Hospital Point to Lime Bay, and to foot of Russell street, thence along Russell street to water of the arm, thence along shore line to place of beginning.

Division Q.—H. Pauline. Situated in Victoria West. Commences at the south end of Russell street (Lime Bay), thence following the shore line to Dominion road, thence along Dominion road to the water of Victoria Arm, thence following the shore line to Russell street.

Esquimalt District.—Victor Howard.

Metchosin District.—E. Field.

Colwood and Parson's Bridge District.—O. Demers.

Cedar Hill and Cadboro Bay District.—J. J. Russell.

VICTIMIZE JEWELLERS.

Lady Sleight-of-Hand Professional Who Made a Haul.

The raid of Jim Crowe, alias Henderson, on the jewellery shops recalls their somewhat similar exploitation at the hands of a professional female shoplifter a few weeks ago, particulars of which, however, did not reach the public at the time. The lady in question began operations by calling at W. J. Pennock's shop and asked if she could dispose of a watch, stating in explanation, that having been compelled through sickness to go to the hospital, she was short of funds, and would be glad to dispose of the timepiece. The watch was almost new, and Mr. Pennock informed the fair operator that if she would call back in a few days he would probably be able to dispose of the article in the meantime. Shortly after that the lady called again, and this time offered for sale a ring which she wore at the time, and was paid for both pieces of jewellery. She then asked the assistant to let her look at some other rings which were on a tray in the show counter. After looking them over, she said she would call again. This she did, and as one of the rings in the tray was missed after her former visit, Mr. Pennock thought this time he would wait on the lady himself and keep a close watch on her. She first wished to dispose of a small locket, and then wished to have a further look at the rings. Mr. Pennock thought he had kept "tab" on his fair customer and had seen nothing to arouse his suspicions. The visitor had not long gone, however, before he made the discovery that two rings had mysteriously become non est, and two vacant places in the tray right under his eyes attested the cleverness with which he had been defrauded.

To notify the police and likewise his fellow-craftsmen was Mr. Pennock's next move, and the same day Mr. W. B. Shakespeare, whose jewellery store is a little further up Yates street than Mr. Pennock's, had offered to him two very beautiful rings, which the lady owner said were of no further use to her, and in exchange for which she would be glad to take a fairly small amount of the coin of the realm. Mr. Shakespeare being satisfied that the rings were those stolen from Mr. Pennock, made the excuse that he had not sufficient change just then and asked the lady to call again. The latter evidently aware that the trick would work no longer, failed to keep the appointment and must have left the city, as in spite of the most minute description, the police were unable to find the seller of so much jewellery.

A laughable feature of the case, however developed when a third dealer in the same line of goods as Mr. Pennock, undertook to chaff the latter for being so easily taken in. After a little badinage, Mr. Pennock expressed the idea that his friend would also find articles missing if he made a search, mentioning a locket which the lady had tried to sell. "Oh!" said the third party, "I have only four of five lockets in my whole stock, and I know she could not have stolen one." Mr. Pennock then described the locket, and as it tallied with one of the five, the joker went back and had a look at his stock, and sure enough, he, too, had been touched. Moral: Never be too sure until you know.

UNTOLD AGONY FROM SALT RHEUM.

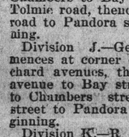
Mr. Chas. F. McLean, Palmerston, Ont., says: "I suffered untold agony and misery for years with salt rheum in my foot. I tried almost every remedy I could hear of. I was told by the best physicians I could not get more than temporary relief. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. After one or two applications I received great relief, and when I had used only two boxes I was completely cured. At all dealers, 60 cents a box.

STREET PAVING.

Mayor to Return For Reconsideration Resolution passed on Monday.

Mayor Hayward yesterday posted the following notice of motion on the bulletin board at the city hall:

"I hereby give notice that at the next sitting of the city council I shall return for reconsideration the following resolution, which was adopted by the council on the 25th instant, relating to the report of the city assessor and the city engineer, under Section 4 of the Local Improvement General By-Law, giving cost of paving Government street, between the northerly limit of Courtney street and the southerly limit of Johnson street, with wooden block pavement, stone curbs and concrete foundation (with the exception of stone curbs along block 72, between Broughton and Courtney streets); also giving statement of the amounts chargeable against the various portions of real property benefited thereby, viz., 'That the report be received and adopted, and shall recommend that the same be rescinded, and that the city engineer and city assessor be instructed to prepare another report upon the same matter in accordance with Section 4 of the aforesaid by-law, and with the resolution of the city council relating to the matter, passed on the 4th day of February last, that is to say, dealing only with the paving of the said street, without reference to the cost of stone curbing and removing tramway and telephone poles, and assessing the cost of the paving of intersections of streets against the city."



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

ANOTHER FIGHT SEEMS LIKELY

French and Chinese Troops Will Probably Come in Conflict.

London, March 28.—The indemnity negotiations are hindered, says the Pekin correspondent of the Morning Post, because Germany insists in forcing a loan upon China to meet the foreign demands. Sir Robert Hart's scheme of internal taxation would occupy fifty years.

A conflict is believed to be imminent between the French and Chinese troops at Hwai Lu. Li Hung Chang had ordered the Chinese general to withdraw from the province of Chihli, and the general replied that he would withdraw after he had swept the foreigners out. Thereupon Gen. Bailloud, the French commander, left Pekin to-day with per mission to fight, if his force should be attacked. This permission is almost equivalent to positive orders.

The French have 1,500 at Hwai Lu, and the Chinese are reported to number 25,000. Victory would give the French commander the road to the province of Shan Si by a better route than Fo Ping, which the Germans have secured. The French intend to construct a railway to Kalgan as the first step in a trans-Mongolian line to Lake Baikal.

Washington, March 27.—The British government has protested against China's making a convention with any power touching the territorial or financial affairs until the present troubles in that country are settled. The fact of the British protest was made known here for the first time to-day by a despatch from one of the foreign offices of Europe. It says that the protest was made through Sir Ernest Satow, the British minister at Pekin. The effect of the British action is to place the United States and Great Britain in formal opposition to the signing of a convention by China with any power, pending the settlement of the Chinese troubles. The course of Great Britain is the more significant from the fact that that government and Germany have a written alliance relating to Chinese affairs. The occurrence of these protests explain why the Manchurian agreement has not been signed. There was no definite information received here to-day at the state department, or at any of the foreign embassies, as to whether the agreement had been signed or rejected.

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The Session At Ottawa

Debate on the Budget Was Both Long and Very Wearisome.

Preferential Tariff—Immigration and the Question of Cabinet Representation.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Ottawa, March 22.—Nothing could be much more wearisome than a budget debate after the leading speakers have exhausted the subject and the back benchers begin threshing the straw over again. Not but what many of them are good speakers. In fact the average of oratorical ability is noticeably higher in the present parliament than its predecessor. But to be compelled to listen to speeches which are primarily for a member's constituents, and not for the country at large, is something which not even a strict sense of duty can always render palatable. The whole week, with the exception of one day, has been taken up in this manner. Many subjects of interest to considerable sections of the country have been discussed, but, on the whole, one cannot help thinking that the time has been largely wasted. Speaker Brodeur, who endeavors to adhere rigidly to the rules of debate, made an attempt to stop the flow of oratory by compelling the members to confine their remarks to the subject actually before the house, but he was unable to have his way, being informed in polite but decisive language that the discussion would go on until the members were tired, and they would talk as long as they pleased about what they pleased. The speaker after this rebuff was administered by Mr. Fielding subsided and made no further attempt to interfere

A point which has been brought out clearly is that the preference tariff works a severe injury to the woollen manufactures in Canada. A deputation from the woollen men waited upon the government recently and asked for relief, but the only thing that would help them would be the abolition of the preference given to England, and this the government flatly refused to consider.

The conservatives are repeatedly challenged to say whether they would abolish the preference if they had the power. To this question Mr. Borden has replied that it is difficult to take back what one has given away. This is no doubt the view of the majority of the party, but there is a section which is rapidly screwing its courage to the sticking place and getting ready to declare that the preference is a mistake, that this country ought to do its duty as a component part of the Empire, but that this should be done by a proper contribution to Imperial defence and not by allowing sentiment to injure business.

Various opinions exist as to the worth of Mr. Osler's speech in reply to Mr. Fielding on the budget. Let it be admitted at once that Mr. Osler's manner of speaking is not especially captivating. His delivery is halting and sometimes irritatingly slow. But what he had to say reads well, and this is a matter of great importance when speeches are primarily intended not for those within hearing but for the country at large. On the matter of railway subsidies Mr. Osler voiced what is probably the general sentiment when he said that the time had come for ceasing to grant subsidies to railways in the older parts of the Dominion. This country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the head of Lake Superior, is fairly well supplied with railways and any more that are needed can be built as commercial enterprises without public aid. The difficulty in carrying out such a policy is that members have not and perhaps could hardly be expected to have the moral courage to vote against a subsidy for a railway in their own constituency.

A subject has been brought up by Mr. Oliver of Alberta which is well worthy of attention. As a representative of the West he complained of the conduct of the federal government in refusing to assist emigration from Eastern Canada to the country between Lake Superior and the Pacific. The policy of the central government of Canada in this matter has always been that it could not afford to provoke the resentment that might be aroused in Ontario or Quebec by aiding the population to leave the province. On the other hand, as Mr. Oliver has pointed out, there are men in hundreds, especially farmers, who would be glad of an opportunity to take up land on the prairies, and it is difficult to see why thousands of dollars should be spent every year in importing Doukhobors and Galicians while our own citizens who would make the very best settlers are left to struggle for themselves.

In a few days the railway deal which has been made by the Manitoba government will come before the parliament of Canada for ratification or rejection, and in the meantime it is provoking a great deal of discussion. The indications are that it will be accepted by this parliament without serious opposition. It is not a party matter at all and opinion is divided on it without reference to party lines. Among those who have studied the situation in Manitoba the prevailing opinion is that if times remain good the province will not be called upon to pay any large sums under its contract. But if there should happen an agricultural or commercial depression the pinch may be very serious, and may quite possibly land Manitoba in bankruptcy. It is therefore a dangerous though perhaps hardly an improvident bargain and is at any rate a bold attempt to solve one of the most pressing problems in this country. The idea among the members here is that this is a proper occasion for observing the theory of provincial rights. This parliament will ratify the contract on the ground that whether it be good or bad it is Manitoba's own business. If it turns out bad they are the people who will have to pay the bill, so let them go ahead and do as they like.

Mr John Chariton, who, in his political opinions has been of late years everything by turns and nothing long, has come out as a protectionist. This means, first, that Mr. Charlton's business interests require protection, and second that his resentment is growing stronger at the failure of the Liberal government to appreciate his worth. Mr. Charlton is one of the numerous and would-be influential liberals who from 1896 to 1900 were never tired of telling Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he must not do this, that, or the other thing, because it would be offensive to the Protestant sentiment of the province of Ontario. Since last November this government has cared mighty little for the opinions of Ontario, and the stock of prominent liberals from that province has gone down accordingly. Mr. Charlton is one of those who has suffered by this process and his independence has grown in proportion. From being a supporter of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States he has swung around until he now favors levying a duty of 50 per cent on all articles coming from that country. Should there be, as is not improbable, another meeting of the joint high commission for settling outstanding disputes between Canada and the United States it will be curious enough to find this country having as ont of its representatives thereon a gentleman like Mr. Charlton whose views are utterly at variance with those of the government for which he will be disposed to speak.

Arrangements are about completed for taking the census and the actual work of enumeration will begin on the 1st of next month. It is noticeable that in this connection that French enumerators have been appointed in all the provinces to make the count of their compatriots. They are determined to see that all French-Canadians are counted as such, not only in Quebec but elsewhere as well. This is a political move. A demand is about to be made that there should be in the cabinet a French representative to that portion of the French people living outside of Quebec. The present French representatives in the cabinet are Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Tarte, and Mr. Bernier, which last named gentleman, as students of politics may remember, is minister of inland revenue. The demand is now for a fourth, and the intention is to bring him in as representative of his compatriots in the English speaking provinces. If this move be successful it will kill Mr. Maxwell's chance of a portfolio, if he ever had any. Two ministers of the crown returned to the house on Friday after an absence of several days. They were Sir Louis Davies, who has been campaigning in Prince Edward Island, and Mr. J. Israel Tarte, who had been trying to persuade the electors of North Bruce that he is not such a terrible man after all. If Mr. Tarte could be put in a glass case and kept from talking, his appearance would not be offensive, but his record is against him, and it will take him some time to convince the people of Ontario that he is not a dangerous factor in public life. The result in North Bruce, where the conservative candidate was elected despite tremendous efforts to defeat him, is regarded here as proof that in Ontario the hostility to the government is growing stronger. Sir Louis Davies carried the constituency which he was looking after in Prince Edward Island but down there the circumstances are different and his victory is not an indication of anything in particular perhaps except that among his fellow islanders he is regaining some of the prestige he had lost in the general election.

ROSSLAND ORE SHIPMENTS.

Rossland, B. C., March 30.—It leaked out today that the Le Roi, War Eagle and Centre Star will undertake the bringing in of water from near Sheep Lake, and the erection of one or two very large concentrators. A line to bring in the water will cost $150,000 and the concentrators will cost considerable more, as they will be of large capacity. When the plants are in operation it is claimed that $4 ore can be made to pay. The operation of this plant would double the output of the camp. It is claimed it will be put in operation this summer. The output for the week reached a total of 8,478 tons, being 132 tons less than returns for the previous week. There is abundance of evidence accumulating that the 8,000 tons limit has been permanently passed, and that henceforth each succeeding week's shipments will exceed that average, if not shortly approxiate the 10,000 ton mark. The Le Roi for the past seven days sent down 4,060 tons, a slight falling off of 190 tons as compared with the preceding week. The record of Le Roi No. 2 also falls short by 262 tons. On the other hand the shipments of the Rossland Great Western reached 600 tons or 250 tons in excess of the previous week. The War Eagle is also beginning to show up well, now that its surface facilities have been improved, and this week is credited with 700 tons against 170 tons the previous report. There is every likelihood that this figure will continue to show a cumulative increase each succeeding week. The total shipments this year to date approximate 95,559 tons.

Sudden Death Of John Jessop

An Old Respected Victorian Stricken Down by the Destroyer.

Crossed the Plains on Foot in 1859—An Eventful, Useful Life.

The sudden death of Mr. John Jesson, which occurred yesterday, is the cause of general regret in a community that had known and respected him for many years. Mr. Jessop went to his office in the government buildings as usual yesterday morning, apparently in good health, and attended to his duties till about 12:30, when he left hurriedly to transact some business at the Bank of Commerce. He hastened across James Bay bridge and was walking rapidly up Government street, when he suddenly collapsed on the sidewalk. Passers-by rushed to his assistance, but almost before the first kindly hand touched him his life had sped. It was known to a few intimate friends that deceased had a weak heart, and possibly his haste to get to the bank before closing time produced the fatal palpitation.

John Jessop was born June 29, 1829, in Norfolk, England. His parents were John and Mary Phillips Jessop, the former died in 1894, and the latter in 1886. Mr. Jessop was educated in private schools and came to America in 1846, settling in Ontario county, Ontario. In 1853 he entered the Normal school, Toronto, where he obtained a second-class certificate, which he taught school on for one and a half years, when he returned to the Normal and secured a first-class certificate, after which he taught for three years and a half. He then started on foot to British Columbia, via Fort Garry, where he spent two months, and in August, 1859, with one companion, reached Fort Ellice; then, with six others, crossed the prairies and mountains via Boundary Pass and Tobacco Plains, and, reached Colville on November 5. Proceeding with one companion he crossed the Cascades and reached Victoria on January 1, 1860, eight months from Toronto. He spent some time in Cariboo, where he engaged unsuccessfully in mining on Harvey and Keightly creeks, and had to work out the following winter in New Westminster, a debt of $120, for which he had made himself responsible. He built the old central school in New Westminster, and in 1861 started the Daily Press in Victoria, in partnership with Leonard McClure. In August, 1861, he commenced teaching a non-sectarian school, which he continued until the spring of 1864, when the Vancouver Island free school system was introduced, with Mr. Jessop as principal of the Victoria schools. He helped to frame the first school act of British Columbia. During 1872-78 he was superintendent of schools for the province, and, resigning in the fall of 1878, joined the Colonist staff, of which he was a member for two years.

He was appointed provincial immigration agent in March 1883, which position he held up to his sudden demise. Mr. Jessop was in politics a Conservative, and in religion a Methodist. He was a member of the Masonic order. Deceased was married in Victoria on March 31, 1868, to Miss Margaret Fausett, daughter of William Fausett, M.D., of Dublin, Ireland, who died in 1897.

Mr. Jessop was a devoted and valued member of the Methodist church, to which he rendered faithful service for many years. He served as trustee in connection with the Pandora street church for 39 years, and for many years as secretary of the joint board. In early days he was superintendent of Sunday schools, and during all his life was a generous subscriber to the church. He was several times a member of the annual conference, and in 1894 was representative to the general conference in London. His only surviving relative in Victoria is a niece, Miss Scott.

The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 2:45 o'clock, from the Metropolitan Methodist church, Pandora street.

Save Your Crop.

The constantly increasing demand for Steele, Briggs' Seeds is the strongest evidence of their unvarying high quality. They are sold by merchants who supply reliable seed. Ask for Steele, Briggs' Seeds; you cannot afford to risk your crop by using poor seed. Send for Canada's leading catalogue, mailed free.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Lim'td
TORONTO, Canada's Greatest Seed House.

SHARP CHINESE.

Wished to Make Trip Home at Expense of United States.

Boston, March 30.—Three Chinamen were arrested here to-day charged with having been substituted for men who were to be deported by the government, who had been here legally but who wished to return to China. It is claimed that the Chinamen made the substitution so as to send the two who wished to go back to China to that country at the expense of the United States government, while those who should have been deported remained in their places. Those under arrest are prosperous merchants.

Mr. Fleece—Do you play poker?

Mr. Lamb.— No.

Mr. Fleece.—Better learn; I'll give you lessons as cheap as you'll get them anywhere.—Ohio State Journal.

Oxford Wins The Boat Race

Cantabs Make a Gallant Struggle But Are Outrowed by Opponents.

Dark Blues Cross the Line Two Fifths of a Length Ahead.

London, March 30.—Oxford's eight defeated the Cambridge crew to-day in a hard-fought struggle through rough water from Putney to Mortlake. It was a grand race, and at the finish only two-fifths of a length separated the two shells. Both crews were greatly distressed. The time was 22 minutes 31 seconds.

At the start Cambridge was considered to have a great advantage, for, winning the toss, she was able to choose the Surrey side, and so secure some protection from the effect on the water of the half gale which blew from the southwest.

The start was made at 10:31. Off Duke's Head Cambridge was rowing 29 strokes to the minute and leading by a quarter length. Oxford was rowing 30.

At Craven Steps, Oxford led by a quarter length, and in this position the two shells continued for some distance. Cambridge took advantage of the turn and pulled up until she was a quarter of a length to the good. Slowly she dragged her smooth sides ahead, and at Thorneycroft's the light blues led by more than a length, and were gaining.

Off Devonshire Meadows, Cambridge was still a length ahead, and at Barnes had put herself another half-length to the good.

For a few moments the Cambridge men looked like winners, for every time Culme-Seymour, the Oxford stroke, had lit up the pace, the light blues had responded splendidly. But the Cambridge eight were distressed, and the magnificent effort at Barnes' bridge was an expiring effort.

From there on, Oxford, holding a steady pace and putting the beef into every stroke, rapidly wore down the lead of the opposing crew and shot over the line two-fifths of a length to the good.

Following are the results of races for the last ten years:

	Time.	Lengths.
1892—Oxford	19.21	2¼
1893—Oxford	18.47	1
1894—Oxford	21.39	3½
1895—Oxford	20.50	2¼
1896—Oxford	22.02	2-5
1897—Oxford	19.22	2 1-3
1898—Oxford	22.15	13
1899—Cambridge	21.04	4
1900—Cambridge	18.47	20
1901—Oxford	22.31	2-5

A despatch to the Colonist states that Dr. Milne arrived yesterday in Ottawa from Europe and will leave for Victoria in a couple of days.

GRANBY SMELTER.

Over Four Thousand Tons of Ore Treated During the Week.

Rossland, March 30.—During the week the Granby smelter at Grand Forks treated 4,400 tons the total number of tons treated to date being 114,000.

MRS. DELPIT WINS HER CASE

Judge Archibald Decides Marriage Performed by Rev. Mr. Barnes is Legal.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Montreal, March 30.—(Special)—In the Superior Court this morning, Judge Archibald gave judgment in the celebrated Delpit case, in favor of Mrs. Delpit.

The Judge decides that Mrs. Delpit is legally the wife of Delpit, and that the marriage contract performed by Rev. Mr. Barnes is valid in the eyes of the civil laws of the province.

Shorn of legal phraseology, the judgment means that the decision of the court places the civil law in marriage above ecclesiastical law, and Delpit will have to ask a higher court to give effect to the ecclesiastical judgment rendered in the case, which meant divorce.

The Judge stated that the state had no right to interfere with the internal affairs of a church of any character, but parties in a church had a perfect right to go to any legalized authority to get married.

Delpit sought to get a divorce on the ground that a Protestant minister could not marry two Catholics. He got a decision in his favor from the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical court, and then applied to the civil courts to confirm the action of the ecclesiastical court.

TODD MURDER TRIAL.

Witness Tells About Confession by the Prisoner.

Winnipeg, March 30.—(Special)—Sensational evidence was given in the Todd murder trial to-day, Charles Linklater, a new witness, stating that Todd had frequently talked with him about the murder, and speculating on Todd's chances of escape of the gallows.

Sergt.-Major Wilby and H. W. Melton, of British Columbia contingent Strathcona's Horse, arrived here this morning.

OXFORD VS. CAMBRIDGE.

Results of the Inter-University Sports at London.

London, March 29.—A good crowd gathered at the Queen's Club here this afternoon to witness the eighth inter-university track sports. The results were as follows:

100-Yards dash—A. E. Hind, Cambridge, 1st; J. Churchill, Cambridge, 2nd. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

High jump—G. H. Smith, Cambridge, 5 feet 10¼ inches, 1st; W. B. Henderson, Oxford, 5 feet 7¼ inches, 2nd.

Half-mile run—J. P. Cleave, Oxford, 1st; J. Gilman, Cambridge, 2nd. Time, 1 minute 59 2-5 seconds.

Putting the weight—I. E. B. May, Oxford, 34 feet 9 inches, 1st; C. S. Comat, Cambridge, 34 feet 2 inches, 2nd.

120 yards hurdle race—G. R. Garnier, Oxford, 1st; E. Allcock, Cambridge, 2nd. Time, 17 seconds.

Quarter-mile flat run—L. J. Cornish, Oxford, 1st; R. M. Barclay, Cambridge, 2nd. Time, 52 4-5 seconds.

Mile run—F. G. Cockshott, Cambridge, 1st; H. W. Gregson, Cambridge, 2nd. Time, 4 minutes 26 4-5 seconds.

Hammer-throwing—Day, Oxford, 1st, 113 feet 3 inches; B. C. Hartley, Cambridge, 2nd, 109 feet.

Long jump—L. J. Cornish, Oxford, 1st, 21 feet 6¼ inches; G. Wiles, Cambridge, 2nd, 20 feet 8 inches.

Three-mile run—W. Workman, Cambridge, 1st; F. H. Jervis Smith, Oxford, 2nd. Time, 14 minutes 58 seconds.

MY LADY OF ORANGE

(By C. H. Bailey.)

(Continued from Last Edition.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GUESTS OF THE YELLOW PIG.

At the corner of the street of the tanners, where it leaves the market place, stands the hostelry of the Yellow Pig. Mighty fine it is now-a-days, with its front built all of stone, and its rooms lofty and light; but to me and Gaspar—will you laugh if I say it to Gabrielle, too? —to us the Yellow Pig is timber and brick, with a low, dark little room up a steep flight of stairs, for its chief guest chamber.

"Ah, sir, your valor has received my humble letter?"

"Never mind your humble letter, I want your Rhenish wine," quoth Gaspar.

"You shall have it, most noble. You shall have it ere the words are a minute old. At great risk and mighty cost it has been brought through the Spaniards' army. If they only knew how precious—"

"Gott! I know Vitelli has a paunch. Fetch it!"

"It is here, sir, at your bidding, and if you do not find it the noblest wine you ever tasted, why call me—"

"Draw the cork, fool!" cried Gaspar.

"Why call me—call me—ca'l me—call me," quoth the innkeeper, struggling with the bottle, "call me an ass!" The cork came out, and, wiping the bottle neck he poured out a full goblet. Gaspar drank it.

"Ah, yes, it's wine," he grunted.

"Is it not noble wine, my noble sir? Consider the flavor, consider the color, consider the odor! Is it not a drink for the gods?"

"They like it strong, then," quoth Gaspar. "And so do I." "How much is there?"

"There is enough, most valiant, O, enough to drown you—gallons—hogsheads—oceans. Never has the Yellow Pig run dry save in that distressing siege. O, most illustrious, it played the devil with the business. The wine we had was given to the sick; and the sick got well and forgot the score. Even the good samaritan paid the innkeeper, most noble; but our modern samaritans, they bring you the sick and they keep their pence in their pockets. Very virtuous samaritans—but we pay the bill."

While he ran on Gaspar finished the bottle.

"Fetch up your wine to the room above," quoth Gaspar. "And send—ach, no, I will go myself."

"All the wine, most illustrious?"

"Teufel! Yes, all the wine!" cried Gaspar, and ran off.

"But there are gallons—hogsheads—" began the innkeeper. O, he has gone! Well, well, if he can drink it, let him. God's name. These Germans pay much better drunk."

Down the market place Gaspar ran, bareheaded, and the folks in the streets sprang out of his way, and stood against the wall, looking at him in stolid surprise. But Gaspar ran, heedless of round-eyed Dutchmen, till he was all but back at the burgomaster's again, and there in the street he met Vermeil.

"Ach, so there you are!" he cried. "Come on, come on, my brave little man. Come and embrace the Yellow Pig."

"Sangdieu, are you drunk?"

"Teufel! No, not yet. We will be soon. Ah, my little Frenchman, there is liquor come straight from Heaven—or the Rhine land—'tis all one. The Yellow Pig bleeds red wine. Come on, come and worship at the shrine of the Yellow Pig." And Gaspar caught his arm and dragged him along.

"You shall taste, ach! such wine as we have not tasted since we came into this country of frogs. Teufel! I drank a bottle in two minutes, and we'll drink a hogshead in an hour!"

The two staggered along back, and Vermeil was not loth to go, for he loved wine as well as Gaspar. And so in due course they came to the inn.

"Your valors will find the wine and the flagons set out; most noble, in the upper room. If something to eat, now—say a lamprey, now—or a wild duck roast, now—or—"

"Or the devil in hell, now! The wine's enough—if there is enough. Up you go, my little man."

Up they went into the dark room with the black rafters scarce higher than Vermeil's head. Gaspar filled a cup.

"There, drink that, and say if it isn't the divinest liquor ever laid the dust in your gullet."

"Ah, yes, it's good!" quoth Vermeil.

"Good! Don't insult it with a word like that. Try again: there! Good, eh? It's divine, it's spiritual, it's inspiration, it's all the blessings in one, it's battle and sword! play and a sudden death. It's Rhenish! And fair's fair: come I'll have a goblet, now! Sit down to it man! Drink away and I'll sing you a song."

And waving the goblet round his head, Gaspar began to roar out a German catch:

Up with goblet and down with the wine;
Drink, ho!
Who dines on red Rhenish he knows not to pine;
Drink, ho!
Who suns on red Rhenish three suns on him shine;
Drink, ho!

"Drink to it, drink to it, and give me the other bottle. You don't take your share, man. More for me. Come, give us a song yourself! Why, you're as dull as that fool the captain! What, you won't? Well, I'll give you another. Pass me the other bottle first! Ah . . . now then:

When the lass she did beg me to stay,
I gave her for answer a "nay."
When the lass she made bold with her charms,
I caught her at once in my arms;
And I kissed her and said
"Not until we are wed
Go I thirsty to bed,
Or bear a dry mouth without wine!"

"Eh, Henri, my boy, d'ye take me, d'ye take me? 'Without wine'—ha, ho—or without wine,' see Two words—make a difference—see? Pass me the other bottle! Ah! . . . And now let's be serious. Drink man, drink. What do you think I brought you for? Not to sit and look at me like a damned heap o' lime! And now let's be serious! Captain—ach, captain is in prison—and we're here, and so is the wine. Drink, man drink! What I want to know is who is to be captain now? See? He is in prison, and—give me the bottle—and there's no captain. Must be a captain! Must be a captain! Never went without a captain before. Who's to be captain, eh?" and Gaspar leered at him drunkenly over the empty bottles. The wine was getting into both their heads, but it made Vermeil sullen at first, while it loosed Gaspar's tongue.

"Well, I don't know," Gaspar went on. "Take some more wine. Who's to be captain? Not I. Teufel! I'm well enough suited. I like the fighting well enough. But the plotting! Ach! Drink, man, drink! And pass me the bottle!"

"How d'ye know we want a captain?" cried Vermeil.

"Teufel! He's as good as hanged. What odds? He was too good for me. Now I like a man who'll drink a bit, and curse a bit, and sing a good song and be jolly—good—fellow," quoth Gaspar, nodding his head sagely at each word.

"Well, then if you don't like the job, Gaspar, and you won't take it yourself, why, somebody else must!" said Vermeil.

"Ach, yes," Gaspar answered, knowingly. "Gott! yes, somebody else must. Of course somebody else must." Vermeil looked at him unsteadily. He was certainly very drunk. And Vermeil, why, he was perfectly sober.

"And why not your humble servant, Henri Vermeil? Eh, Gaspar?"

Gaspar shook his head jerkily.

"No, no, not you, Henri, my lad, not you. Why curse it, I come before you! Not you!"

"And why not I? cried Vermeil, angrily. "Why not I, Gaspar? You said you didn't want the place. Well, am I not good enough for it? Sangdieu! a better man than Jack Newstead, at least."

"You may be—better man—John Newstead. No better man—Gaspar Welderman. There, there—more wine."

Vermeil tossed off another goblet.

"A better man than either, sangdieu!" he cried. The wine was making him quarrelsome. "See here, the captain's to be hanged; well, let the better man have his place."

"Jus' so; what I say; let better man have his place," quoth Gaspar, nodding wisely.

"And I say I am the better man!" cried Vermeil, filling the goblet again.

"And I say—you're not," grunted Gaspar stolidly, reaching out for the bottle.

"Look here, then; who put it into his head to save Breuthe by selling it? You or I? Eh, you or I? You or I?" Vermeil said, his voice rising to a scream at the last. Gaspar laughed stupidly.

"He didn't—didn't do it—your way, any how."

"No, because he was a fool. Where shall we be when Alva has come back again, eh? Tell me that! Tell me that, you better man!" he yelled.

"Hell, perhaps," quoth Gaspar.

"Who's to get you out of that scrape? Can you do it, Gaspar, you better man?"

"What, out of hell?" said Gaspar dully.

"Out of Alva's hands, fool.

"Same thing, same thing," grunted Gaspar. "But can you, eh, my wis—wis—wiseacre?" and he looked at Vermeil with drunken cunning, Vermeil laughed.

"O, yes, my clever lieutenant, I can!" he cried, exultingly. "I, Henri Vermeil, whose counsel that fool Newstead wouldn't listen to; I've had all the kicks and none of the pay long enough. Let him try how he likes the kicks now, or a halter! A halter! I should like to see him swinging, wriggling in the sunlight, with the jerky shadows on the ground, and the people hissing, and that fool of a girl watching him kick! And I will see it, sangdieu! I'll see it yet!"

"What—you talking about?" grunted Gaspar. "How about Alva?"

Vermeil laughed and drank again.

"O, Alva? My good friend Gaspar, I can twist Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo round my finger like that girl's curls—"

"Ho, ho, very fine!" laughed Gaspar Vermeil turned on him.

"You think yourself very clever—better man than I, and the rest of it. I tell you it was only the devil's own luck brought you back alive out of the trap we laid!"

"Trap—what tarp?" grunted Gaspar.

"Give me the wine!" Vermeil filled his own goblet and passed the bottle.

"The trap we laid for you at Veermut, my noble lieutenant," cried Vermeil, and he laughed and drank again. "You sent me with dispatches to Orange, as if I was an orderly, you and your precious captain. And, by heaven, you paid for the insult."

"Paid for what?" quoth Gaspar. "Here am I," and he tried to rise, but fell back in his chair.

"And where's he, eh, Gaspar? "Where's he? 'Twas I told Vitelli to write the letter 'twas I laid the whole plan, and they were mad for revenge for Breuthe, and did as they were bid. Sangdieu! It's better to do as I bid, Gaspar! The two fools, Ferdinando and V