

The Semi-Weekly Colonist.

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FOETY-EIGHTH YEAR.

Under Northern Skies

A Christmas Story for Children, by N. de Bertrand Lucien.

MARY ADAMS turned down the lamp a little. Day was dawning. She had swept the cabin very clean and dusted it thoroughly. The kettle was singing cheerily on top of the heater, and there were some warm biscuits wrapped in a napkin on the table that stood near the stove. Mary pursed her little mouth primly and looked about her small domain complacently. Even mother could not have done much better, she thought to herself. The cabin was as neat as wax. But over in the corner stood the particular object of Mary's pride and delight, a small and shapely little fir-tree set firmly in a box. She and Davie had cut it yesterday, and tonight, when mother and father came home, and Davie and the twins were asleep, she and mother would trim it with candies and apples and toys, while father, who would be lame still of course, would sit and watch them, with his eyes full of smiles. Mary involuntarily burst into a snatch of song, then as the dawn grew brighter, she blew out the light, and going to the window gave a little laugh of purest ecstasy. Such glorious Christmas weather, the whole world white and glistening, and every tree wrapped in a garment of soft snow. She ran to the door, opening it a little way and peeping out. As she did so, suddenly and clearly there came to her ears the musical jingle of bells. She banged the door and flew into the bedroom. "Davie, Davie," she cried, bending over the round sleeping figure on the bed, "Oh, Davie, wake up. Mother's coming."

The little rosy cheeked boy sat up quickly. "Is muvver coming?" he asked, drowsily. "Yes, yes, can't you hear the bells?" Mary was putting on his felt shoes, her own cheeks were glowing, and her eyes like stars.

"An' my daddy too, an' the babies." Davie's voice was trembling with sudden excitement.

"Oh! Oh, yes, and bundles and parcels and apples and candies." Mary hugged him hard. "And you must be careful of daddy, because his leg isn't well yet. Most likely you can sit on his knee."

"Most likely I can't sit on his knees," repeated Davie laughing nevertheless and jumping up and down as Mary stood him on the floor.

She folded the quilt over the foot of the bed and rushing into the other room, stirred up the fire, and pulled her father's chair near the stove.

The music of the bells sounded nearer and nearer. Then outside the house dog Tiger began to bark loudly and the dogs that hauled the coming sled sent back their sharp reply. Mary stood stock still and looked at Davie, who was climbing on the seat near the window.

"Davie," she whispered. "Davie, that isn't our dog-team. Perhaps, perhaps it isn't mother!"

"Yes 'tis, yes 'tis," answered Davie, thumping on the glass. "I know it's my muvver."

But when Mary went to open the door, her little cheeks were white and she was swallowing hard. The sled had stopped very quietly and someone was knocking softly.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Ericson." Mary spoke very bravely. "Won't you come in?" She opened the door wide.

"I ain't got de time for dat," said the big Swede, through his icicled beard. He smiled down upon the little girl. "I brought you dis letter," he went on. "You mama's awful sad about you." He handed her a bulky envelope and then from his pocket took a small box. "This is little present from me, some candies for you an' Davie."

"Thank you," said Mary, swallowing again. "Is, is my father worse?"

"You' daddy's fine, just fine, but he's lame yet," Ericson said kindly. "Neffar mind. Next week I think you' miamma come home."

When he had gone Mary gave the candies to Davie, whose little legs were trembling pitifully as he looked sorrowfully at her, then taking the letter to the window she opened it. Davie had begun to sob a little, but when he saw the candies he ceased immediately. Her mother wrote that the doctor thought her father should not be moved from the hospital yet and she did not like to leave him. They would have their Christmas at New Years, unless, and the unless was underlined, it would be possible for Mary to take Davie on the sled and get to the bridge in time to catch the stage. Then they could all be together and have a Christmas tree at Uncle Peter's, for that was next door to the hospital and they could wheel father in. "But perhaps you had better not try it," mother went on. "It is a long two miles to the bridge, and it may be storming. Be a brave girl as you always are, dear, and put the little horse that you'll find in father's trunk in Davie's stocking. Mr. Ericson could not take any parcels for me. He has a month's groceries, and his sled is more than full. With lots of kisses to you and Davie. Your loving mother."

When Mary finished reading, her face was brighter. She ran to Davie and took the rest of the candies from him.

Only they heard the horn blowing farther away and below them. Mary stood up, looking all about. There was no sign of the stage coming towards the bridge. Again the horn still farther away. What could it mean! Ah! Mary turned a little sick suddenly. She had never thought of this. The stage had left the main road long ago, and taking the winter short-cut had gone down to the river a quarter of a mile below the bridge. She could see it now, just as it turned the bend. Then it disappeared from sight.

"Oh, Davie!" Mary looked down upon him helplessly, biting her lip to keep back the sobs. The snow was falling faster now and the wind had risen. Davie did not like the snow.

"What's de matter?" he asked shrilly. "I want to go wiv de horses. Why don't you take me wiv de horses, you promised."

"Oh, Davie, I can't." Mary did sob once. She could not help it. "The horses have gone. I-I'm afraid we'll have to go back."

Whereupon Davie began to cry wildly. "I want to see my muvver," he sobbed. "You said you would take me to see my muvver. You promise an' you never break your promise. I don't like dis nasty old snow. It wets my face."

Mary made up her mind suddenly. She did not know how far it was to Dawson, but she knew her father had

A Palmist's Weird

Written for the Colonist by Clive Phillips-Wolley

CHAPTER I.

"MAKE way, ladies. The King comes." The speaker stood among a group of brilliantly dressed women under the great wreaths of clematis montana, which make a fairy bower of the south side of Government House.

Through and through those white wreaths, with shrill whistle of tiny wings, darted and poised the ruby-breasted humming birds, and across the unroofed eaves of the Straits, the Gateway of the Angels, stood open for all who chose to explore the mystery of sapphire and violet which lies beyond the Olympics.

From the very western verge of Britain's Empire, Carey Castle looked out of a land of homes to the white snow peaks and dimly beautiful Beyond, as Youth looks from its pride of life, across the seas of time to the unknown, seeing only beauty in the distant snows, peace on the sunlit sea.

The ladies started, and turned towards the sunken lawn.

"What do you mean, Colonel Mansfield, His Excellency is still receiving."

"True! I spoke not of His Excellency but of the King. See he comes—Young Manhood crowned, and his glance led their eyes to a tall soldierly boy, who came sauntering towards them.

At his side was a girl, golden as a cottonwood in fall, and graceful as that cottonwood in the wind.

He came with the springy stride of the mountains, a dark, curly-headed fellow, and she, long though his strides were, danced beside him like the smile that follows a thought, and between them was a link, which though intangible, even worldly eyes could see.

"Northern pine, and western honeysuckle," suggested the Colonel.

"Is it true, then?"

"Nay, you must ask the cyringa bushes. I am no authority, but I should guess that those have added one more to their sweet secrets today, and that I have lost an officer. Don't their faces look as if they had seen a new god?"

"She is a lucky girl," said the youngest of the party, and then blushed at her own frankness, as some of the others laughed, and a handsome woman with hard blue eyes and tailor-made gown replied:

"You know it, don't you, Colonel?"

"Yes, if she is a good sportswoman. I hate quiet cattle myself, but that colt will want a lot of breaking."

"Not unlikely. Well-bred ones have generally plenty of spirit, but he is young enough to break. He has a lovely place to take her to."

"Yes, I used to shoot there when we were quartered at Durham; a strange old pile in the Cheviots, looking over miles and miles of yellow downs, where only the cloud shadows move, or the wraiths of those moss troopers from whom he comes. He would not make a bad moss trooper himself, would he?"

"Moss trooper? What is that? A sort of a hold-up man? I don't agree with you a bit, Colonel. Mr. Antrobus is as steady as a yoke of oxen, and the best business man in barracks, my husband says."

"You are a loyal friend to our youngsters, Mrs. Bridges, but he need not be a miracle to be the best."

(Continued on Page Three.)

A Christmas Greeting

This Christmas morning dawns upon a world at peace, upon a strong and united Empire, a prosperous Dominion, a progressive province, and here in Victoria, upon a city which is feeling the impulse of a new life.

Perhaps never in the history of this community, has the holiday season been characterized by so much that makes for happiness. Happy crowds have thronged the streets and the stores; happy voices were heard on every side; happy faces were to be seen everywhere. It has been a delightful Christmas season.

There is only one thing to say. It is the old, old saying which generation after generation of British people have used, and future generations will never grow tired of using

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

"You must not make yourself sick," she said, as the little boy began to sob. "We are going on a long, long journey. Davie, I'm going to drag you on your sled, and I'll run myself all the way."

"Oh will you?" he asked, his eyes shining.

"Yes, I shall see my muvver."

"Yes, Mally, I promise and Mally always keeps her promise, doesn't she?"

"Yes, will you promise, Mally?"

"Yes," Mary nodded vigorously as she hurried about the room making preparations for departure. There was not very much to do. It took longer to dress Davie than anything else. She made the little sled very comfortable. It was really an apple box fastened upon runners. She lined it with an old fur cape of her mother's and she put the biscuits in at the foot, in case Davie should be hungry.

When they were outside and the little boy was tucked in warmly, she looked about her in vain for Tiger. He must have followed Mr. Ericson's train, she thought. He sometimes did. So she locked the door and taking a last look at the house, set off down the trail which was clearly marked now by the runners of Mr. Ericson's sled.

Davie was delighted. He sang, he shouted; he screamed. He slapped his little mittened hands together and told Mary to "Gee" and "Haw" over and over. The little girl ran very fast for the path was level and smooth, and Davie's weight was nothing at all. Once a brown rabbit ran out from the bushes at the side of the trail and scurried across in front of them into the trees at the other side. Davie saw it, and wanted to get out and catch it. Mary laughed at him and raced on. Above the mountains that looked down upon them on every side, shone slanting rays of sunlight. The sun itself had gone, after showing a pale golden disk for an hour or two. Very soon, Mary knew, the short daylight would be waning. There was a hill before her now. Beyond the hill, half a mile, was the bridge.

The stage passed them at 2 o'clock. It was 1 o'clock when she left the cabin. By this time the little girl was breathless with running, and, in spite of Davie's cries of "hully up, hully up," she could do no more than walk. The hill seemed very steep, steeper than she had ever thought it before. After a long time she reached the top and could see, down below her, the frozen Klondike river, and the narrow white bridge across which the road ran. Even while she watched she heard the distant blast of a horn, and turning her head, she caught a glimpse of the stage, a long way off yet, but coming swiftly along the road towards the river.

"Hold tight, Davie," she called, and started down the hill with the speed of a deer. It was beginning to snow a little. She winked her eyes as she ran, while she watched intently the top of the road above the bridge, down which the stage must soon come. At last the bridge was reached, and, smiling wearily, Mary sat down upon the edge of Davie's sled and waited. She could hear the horn every now and then. The stage would be along very soon. She began to talk to Davie, with long pauses for her hurried breathing. Davie laughed and turning his head watched the road with her. Pres-

walked there from the bridge once, before he had broken his leg. She was very strong, and she was nearly eleven. Perhaps a sled would pass them on the road and pick them up. Besides long ago she had impressed upon Davie the value of a promise. She must not disappoint him now.

"Never mind, Davie dear," she said brightly. She offered him a biscuit, which he disdainfully refused. "Never mind," she went on. "I'll take you to see mother, and I'll run just like a bunny."

Davie laughed through his tears, but insisted that Mary should keep her word, so she had to jump along, imitating a rabbit as best she could. It was very tiring, and she did not keep it up very long. Besides, it was getting dark, and the snow made it darker. The road was drifted in places, and Mary could not understand it, until she remembered that the winter trail ran along the river, and that few people took the road except in the summer. She made up her mind that she had better try to get down the bank, before it got quite dark. But the bank was very steep everywhere, and once when she started down a seemingly gradual slope, the crust of snow broke on the drift that formed the incline and she went through up to her waist. It was lucky the sled was still on the road. Mary let the rope go and clambered out and back to Davie.

"Are you a bit cold?" she asked him anxiously, after they had traveled nearly an hour along by the river. Davie answered her crossly: "I want a biscuit," he said.

Mary handed him one, and taking off her mitten felt his little cheeks. They were very cold, but then that was not surprising. The wind was in their faces, and the snow stung like needles.

"Are your feet cold, Davie?" she questioned tenderly. "No," Davie spoke shortly, his mouth full of biscuit. "Go 'way, Mally. Be a bunny."

He was evidently getting sleepy. Mary was frightened suddenly. She put her numb little hand down and felt Davie's feet. She knew that when people froze they always went to sleep first. But it was as warm as an oven in the little fur-lined box and Mary heaved a sigh of relief. She was getting very tired and her legs and arms ached curiously. It was quite dark now, a darkness that was noisy with the wind and thick with the snow. Once Mary stumbled and fell on a piece of ice, and the sled slewed around nearly upsetting Davie, who began to cry fretfully, and told his sister that he "wanted his muvver now this instant minute."

"I am going as fast as ever I can," Mary said, stopping a minute to get breath, and bending down to him. "I'm being a bunny, too, sometimes, Davie, only you can't see me," she tried to laugh, but her laugh was not very merry. Davie was not pleased. We wanted to go to sleep.

"I want to see Santa Claus," he said, unreasonably. "You told me dat I would see Santa Claus tonight, an' it's night now."

"No dear, it's only dark. It's not nearly bedtime. Mary changed his position in the box and she felt his

(Continued on Page Six.)

A Christmas Carol.

BY FRANK I. CLARKE.

Arouse ye, gallant gentles all
Ye ladies fair awake;
This day God's Son is come to earth
For man his sinful sake.

This day a little tiny child
Is born in Bethlehem;
All in a lowly stable there
Is hid this precious gem.

His cradle is the humble stall
Where erst the cattle fed;
But angels chorus loud his praise
And hover o'er his bed.

Poor shepherds watching, from afar
The heavenly voices hear
And, guided by his natal star,
To worship him draw near.

So, rouse ye, gallant gentles all,
This blithesome Christmas morn;
Good will and peace attend us all
The day the Christ is born.

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A PALMIST'S WEIRD

(Continued from Page One)

business man in barracks, my husband says. "You are a loyal friend to our youngsters, Mrs. Bridges, but he need not be a miracle to be the best business man in barracks, need he? Do you think he looks quite sane?"

"Sane enough for an Englishman and a Sapper anyway," she retorted, and the Colonel joined good-naturedly in the laugh against himself.

"At that moment a very martial gentleman strode across the grass towards the pair, saluting the lady with mock devotion and hailing her in loud and cheery tones.

"Ah, Miss Versturne, you are like all the girls. You spoil these young Don't-cher-knows from the Old Country and forget that you belong to us. We have been looking for you all afternoon."

"We can't all belong to you, Colonel Perkins. The law forbids. Where ladies are concerned, there is no law for soldiers," and his chest expanded until his braces creaked.

"I thought that the army was invented to support the law." "Quite wrong, my dear, I assure you. To support the ladies. Your education has been neglected; let me improve it. Antrobous has had his turn."

"Does he look sane now?" whispered Colonel Mansfield to Mrs. Bridges. "Miss Versturne has done me the honor to ask me to take her to her father, sir. We will go to the house where he will come and talk to you instead of Miss Versturne if she will allow me."

"You! Oh, no one wants to talk to you; at least, I don't want there are so many pretty girls about," replied the unsuspicious militia man. "Keep a dance for your most devoted tonight, Miss Versturne," and he strutted gaily away, that splendid political organ, his voice soon making itself heard as the dominant note in the chorus on the lawn.

"What a brute that fellow is," growled Antrobous, as he led his companion round a buttress and "upon the broad world looking seaward."

"The world is full of such, Harry. He means no harm. What did you mean to say to him if he had accepted your invitation?" "Just enough to teach him manners."

"It would have been a long interview, but, Harry, how do you think we are going to get through life, if you try to teach every one manners who ventures to look at me? I am afraid I have promised to marry a freetrader."

"Sorry already, little woman?" She paused and looked at him, and as she did so her laughing eyes grew grave. It was almost possible with such a man to quarrel over the first kiss.

"But the wifeliness in her eyes melted him. It was too soon even for him. "Ah, forgive me, Francis! The Antrobous temper is a devil which won't be exorcised, but that Sarg's look was almost a delirium. My fingers itched to meet in his hair. But I will be good if you forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," she said softly, putting her hand in his sleeve. "But I am a little afraid of your tiger, you know. He must not show his claws for my sake," and so, laughing again, the two came in sight of a group of older people gathered round a bright hand naviol.

"There's my father taking their Excellencies to the palmist. What can Lord X want to consult her for? There is only India left for him, and the Colonel will tell him his character for five cents."

"She may not agree with the Colonel." "His nearest does with any one, and she is awfully rude sometimes."

"Was she rude to you?" "Not rude, but she wasn't kind."

from him, her whole expression for a moment one of honest horror, but the next moment she laughed, though the laugh rang thin and false.

"What nonsense it is. Forgive me, Mr. Antrobous, for playing my role too far. You know, and you tempted me too far. But of course you are right. The whole thing is a farce."

But now the man's face was set and earnest. "Oblige me by telling me what you think you see written. It is a pity to stop now."

"Not a bit, but you do. You said I should marry and—"

Her eyes fastened on his and seemed to look into his soul, and slowly her cheeks blanched and the look of horror came back to her, as sinking into her seat, she buried her face on her arms and whispered with a shudder which was at least well simulated.

"Murder her!" CHAPTER II. "What a devil!" Antrobous was standing looking westward, where the crimson orange of the sun was fading slowly into the purple gloom of the sea, which wrapped the mountain's feet and the sadness of the hour was added to the memory of the woman's words.

"No one but a devil could have blasphemed as she did and yet—how did she know about the things at Red Tower and about my father?"

Ever in thought Antrobous never allowed that had fallen upon the family at Red Tower seven years ago had left him with a haunting sense of foreboding to tell upon their neighbors.

"The late squire of Red Tower no one spoke, and if any thought of him it was as much as possible as the father of that wretched child. Men tried to forget that he had written the 'Finis' to his own story."

And this woman after seven years had been the first to set Harry's strange nerves tingling again, to stir the half-dormant memories and rosin again half-conquered fears, by a shot at a venture. Was it only that? That there were soon making itself heard as the dominant note in the chorus on the lawn.

"There was that Miss Brown, whose immediate death she had predicted—she died, and the other for whom she foretold insanity, was in an asylum. For him she had predicted what?"

"Damn the woman; she ought to be strangled!" In his mental agony he spoke aloud, and his fingers clenched as he himself were the executioner and had her by the throat.

"Good Lord, is she as bad as that? Who is it, Mephistopheles? At the present moment you look cast for the part of executioner." "Egerton's chin on the station, had come out to him from the officers' quarters and his footfall had been deadened by the excellence of the lawn."

"You here, Egge. I was missing on woman, the mischief maker. Forgive my heat." "Not the one woman, already, I hope."

"No; that Miss Despard, the palmist. You know she prophesied the death of that poor little Brown girl within the year and—"

"But you should give up the contemplation of crime, old fellow. Just wrath is not wholesome for you," and as his eyes rested upon his friend's white and working features his look was more serious than his words.

"Come in and have a pipe whilst I tell you about the arrangements we have been making for the great day. The women are all mad because those ELLY girls won't carry red and white banners. They insist on wearing some rotten colored frocks which you go with out of the window. You think that their pig-headedness would break off the match?"

such folly to weigh with him. His northern common sense warned against the superstition which is also northern, but in the still hours before dawn, nature will be heard, and nature is not always a reliable ally to what we call common sense.

He knew the volcanic temper of his race, he realized the hideous possibility of undoing with one moment of frenzy might accomplish, and with his face white and worn with his nights watching looked back at him as he shaved, hideously like the face he had seen in his dream.

At one moment he decided that such as he had no right to marry; that he would bring misery to the woman he loved; that the palmist's prophecy was a true warning which it was his duty to heed, and the next he laughed at himself as a fool almost frightened away from the woman he loved, just as that poor little Miss Brown had been frightened out of her life.

Worn out by such a night and by such conflicting thoughts, he drank more that day than he was wont to do, and smoked incessantly, so that by night his hand looked as if it had been in a vice. He was in a certain chafed him so unmercifully, that in self-defence he told him his dream.

Egerton laughed at him of course, as sensible men do with the tales of their fellows, as at such an importance to matters unconnected with the world they know, but Antrobous told his story so vividly and with such a feeling that the dream stayed even in Egerton's memory, and he thanked God that he at any rate was just a common and sane man with no wild northern imagination.

To Antrobous his friend's frank scorn of "all such rot as dreams" came as a healing balm.

A month after the reception, there was to be a dinner at Government House and after that one day of banquets for Antrobous, and a couple of days more for the young soldier's great day of his life. He was, so they said, already as good as married.

From an ordinary soldier or another, he had never dreamed of such a life. In a low dress since their engagement, and as to the time which preceded that, it was nebulous; at best only a vague impression.

The first sight of her on this night came to him as a shock. That she was beautiful he knew, but how beautiful it seemed to him now. He recognized the exquisite fairness of her skin, nor seen so superb a throat except in dreams. There was no doubt now as to the personality of the girl who stood upon the bed, except all her own figure and God for it; that, search as he would, there was no blemish however tiny, to emphasize the ivory whiteness of her bosom.

"Why Harry, you look as if you had seen a ghost." "A spirit, dear," he whispered. "Forgive me, even the prophets became dumb in the presence of angels."

As the pure sunlight banished malaria, Francis's gentle beauty drove away whatever remained of his dream. The young soldier's dream, so that the evening passed like a song which ceases before the ear is satisfied with its sweetness.

Only the old Governor and the two young people were left by eleven in the broad verandah which the white moonlight lit with silvery brilliance, and he was dreaming over his cigar whilst they whispered the night away. At last the Governor shifted uneasily, and coughed.

"Ah, father, how selfish we are. He is keeping up his mind of age. I am coming behind him, she put both her arms round his neck, and nesting her cheek to his, whispered.

"I don't want to sleep every day," he murmured. "I am a man, Egge, and come for a walk in the park. I hate dreaming; I said sleep."

"I didn't say sleep; I said dream. I never sleep. I always dream. Come."

When the walk was over, the two breakfasted together in Egerton's room. He had finished, Egerton left his friend for half an hour, and returned, when he returned, Antrobous was fast asleep where he sat, his head on his hand, and his feet opposite to him. But the restlessness of the sleeper distracted Egerton's attention.

The man kept moaning in his sleep, and the hand which hung down by his chair's side clenched and unclenched whilst his features worked convulsively.

Again he felt that he had blundered, and hastened to make his blunder worse, and his eyes expected much joy in such a life as she leads.

"And you, did you ask her anything?" "Though it was the last question he always expected to ask. He knew at once what his senior meant."

"No, it would have been useless. It never would have been any good to ask her anything. He knew that the strong hands relaxed upon the chair handles and Antrobous looked up. He had sat since the first mention of Francis's name like one who braces himself against the surgeon's knife.

Now he held out his hand to his old friend. "Thanks, Egge," he said, but the old name and the old manner wiped out the past, and when Egerton went back to his tent he had regained a friend.

But that friend sat where Egerton had left him, hour after hour, motionless and silent, his hands locked, his eyes bent down, reading some riddle in the sand, or fighting some silent battle in his heart. Then when dawn came, he rose and passed swiftly to Colonel's tent at the flats.

An hour later he was galloping to the hospital at G and a week later Egerton was told that Major Antrobous was going home.

"Why?" "No one knows. Sent home, some say. 'Invalided' incredulously. "Quien sabe? It's a pity, though, this show is nearly over. It would have been better for him if he had seen it."

Would it? Egerton wondered. When his friend asked "that little woman who nursed you, Egge, is going by the same way?" Egerton wondered. He was sure that the best thing possible had happened for both his friends.

For the second time in his life, Antrobous found himself on the verge of matrimony, but though the woman was his first love, all had changed, changed even more than it need have done, if he deferred to the will of the groom that they should be married in London, away from every one who had known them in their earlier life, except Egerton, who was to act as master of the ceremonies.

Between his teeth that gentleman swore that he would bring his horse to the scratch this time.

But he had once been a somewhat uncertain quantity, he was now a sobered man whose resolution and methodical ways were as unshakable as stone. In town Antrobous took charge of almost all the details himself, and even went so far as to choose and hire the carriage and the horses in which he and his bride were to pass the winter.

"They had seen enough," he said, "of the lonely valley. Now he wanted to be to the glory of human life."

One thing only he had left to do, and that was to keep her amused than for any other reason. She was to deck their tent, and it pleased him to see her busy with her needle, and the day before he had sworn that there was no such design in London.

When he went back to his rooms, he took his friend's sketch from the waste paper basket, and as he sat at the table he looked at it with a certain interest. It was a sketch of a woman's face, and it was a very good one.

"I don't want to sleep every day," he murmured. "I am a man, Egge, and come for a walk in the park. I hate dreaming; I said sleep."

"I didn't say sleep; I said dream. I never sleep. I always dream. Come."

When the walk was over, the two breakfasted together in Egerton's room. He had finished, Egerton left his friend for half an hour, and returned, when he returned, Antrobous was fast asleep where he sat, his head on his hand, and his feet opposite to him. But the restlessness of the sleeper distracted Egerton's attention.

rather only believe in the tangible, the commonplace, the life we know," he said. "It would be too short for love, Harry," she whispered, and he bending over her hand, kissed it reverently and then forced a light smile. "Tell me what I am to do until tomorrow. I dreamed again last night, and I hate dreams."

She looked at him nervously, and then seemed to decide upon a small sacrifice. "I did not mean you to see it yet, but I will be merciful and it will give you a day for you. Take the key and go and see what I have been doing at 33."

"And so with a kiss she dismissed him, and when she went down to breakfast next morning her heart fluttered, by thoughts of the new world she was to enter into, she found Captain Egerton waiting for her.

In vain the good fellow tried to beat about the bush. "Where is he?" she asked him, and her voice sounded strange even in her own ears. "Don't you know?" he retorted against.

"I have not seen him since he left me to look at our staff yesterday afternoon."

By an heroic effort Egerton forced a laugh. "What a ridiculous old owl he is. I suppose he slept there."

Francis did not think it likely, but she handed Egerton a second key, and in ten minutes he was at the flats.

But Antrobous was not there. "On a chair in the little sitting room lay his case and a glove forgotten, and on the table a note addressed to him. The man he knew would follow him, a note written on paper from her exercise with the initials which she had never yet used. It was a letter to him, and it will explain all, and if you ever see that accursed palmist, tell her she lies."

Egerton was a brave man and a delicate minded one, but it was not delicacy alone which made him hesitate as he entered that virgin chamber. It was the fear of horror which gripped him by the throat and made him move his eyes round it warily like one who shuns a sight he expects to meet.

But the room was empty; its quaintness unruined, except that a pillow which had partially slipped from the bed made him half fancy in the dim light that a figure lay upon it.

A second glance showed him his error. The room was empty. The dread thing he had feared to see was not there.

Looking round him for some hint to the solution of the mystery, the wall paper caught his eye, strangely rich in coloring, that in Kensington in which he had the day before he had sworn that there was no such design in London.

When he went back to his rooms, he took his friend's sketch from the waste paper basket, and as he sat at the table he looked at it with a certain interest. It was a sketch of a woman's face, and it was a very good one.

"I don't want to sleep every day," he murmured. "I am a man, Egge, and come for a walk in the park. I hate dreaming; I said sleep."

"I didn't say sleep; I said dream. I never sleep. I always dream. Come."

When the walk was over, the two breakfasted together in Egerton's room. He had finished, Egerton left his friend for half an hour, and returned, when he returned, Antrobous was fast asleep where he sat, his head on his hand, and his feet opposite to him. But the restlessness of the sleeper distracted Egerton's attention.

The man kept moaning in his sleep, and the hand which hung down by his chair's side clenched and unclenched whilst his features worked convulsively.

A CLOSE INSPECTION OF HARNESS. B. C. Saddlery Co., VICTORIA, B. C.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE. ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE. Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Toothache, Diarrhoea, Spasms, etc.

Hazelton and Bulkley Valley. Prospectors and intending settlers can be fully equipped at R. S. Sargent's General Store at Hazelton. R. S. Sargent, Hazelton, B. C.

King of Fences. Ellwood Wire Fencing. Ball Proof, Chain Proof, Fire Proof. Write for Catalogue and Prices to The Hickman-Tye Hardware Co., Limited, Victoria, B.C. Agents.

STOVES and HEATERS. As the Winter Season is coming on rapidly a heater will soon be necessary. We have them in all sizes and prices. Also the largest stock of Stoves and Ranges in the province. Catalogue Sent for the Asking.

Albion Stove Works LIMITED. Victoria, B.C. CHAS. DAY & CO., LONDON. Are The Sole Export Bottling Agents For John Jameson & Son's Whiskey.

And on each LABEL must be found the following Notice and Signature: "In order that Consumers may feel assured of genuineness, we would request the attention to this our Special Export Label, and to our Trade Mark and Name on all Corks, Capsules and Cases, also to age mark."

TRUTH HOMESTEAD

ful Type of Pioneer Residence Must Make Way for Progress

Good bye to the estate where was first planted in Victoria. One of the family demesnes—the scene of gaieties—are being swept away...

Recall Other Days. A curious spiral staircase leads to the sleeping chambers. Spindle posts and balustrade of hand-hewn oak again recall old times...

Of Historic Interest. Interest surrounds the old residence being that it was the residence of the first Imperial governor of Vancouver Island...

Of the Finest. General Turner Writes an interesting Letter to Hon. R. G. Tatlow...

Woman's Trials. The bitter trail in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may be...

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In all the various weaknesses, displacements, prolapsus, inflammation and debilitating, catarrhal drains and in all cases of nervousness and debility...

"The Great Mogul"

By Louis Tracy, Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"He went to rescue one whom he promised to abandon. My fear here intrigued led me to bring the lady here ere it was too late."

His feet crunched the gravel of the path, yet he walked as if he were on a carpet. Nur Mahal's slippers made no noise.

When she entered the Peacock Room she found Fra Pietro kneeling, with his face sunk in his hands, near to the charpoy, or roughly contrived bedstead, which like all Europeans, he preferred to the cushion of the East.

But Mowbray's firm tread broke the spell against which Fra Pietro was already fortifying himself by silent ejaculations. "Prophet surprised by the fulfillment of his own prophecy, he rose to his feet, gazed at the man with the red hair and eyes, and then he said, speaking Urdu, with slow precision, 'Greet you! None but you can resolve our perplexities. You are, indeed, well come!'"

"The aspect of the friar, with the shaven crown, the pointed beard, the coarse brown robe and hood, white cords and rough sandals of St. Francis d'Assisi, was no less astounding to Nur Mahal than was her own resemblance to him."

"Can I speak openly before him?" "He is hard to restrain when set on anything. But you would not have your own hand against all India!"

"She came nearer to the listening men. In her eagerness she grasped each by an arm, and whispered, 'I have a secret to tell you. It is a secret which I have never told to any man before. It is a secret which I have never told to any man before. It is a secret which I have never told to any man before...'"

"There is no other course open," she murmured, vehemently. "It is your death and mine, or Jahangir's. Decide quickly! Do you slinch from the deed?"

death and mine, or Jahangir's. Decide quickly! Do you slinch from the deed? "No," said Mowbray, recovering himself. "If such be the alternatives, may God prosper those who are in the right!"

"You may trust Fra Pietro, Princess, as you would trust none other." "You have trusted me tonight. Now list to me carefully, for time passes. Jahangir dies ere daybreak, and there is much to be done by a man who shall risk all."

"Oh, how my lady art thou here?" he said. "Small wonder there were such goings on without! By God, thou art the herald of storm on land as the petrel is at sea. When my aid, give us a grip of thy hand! I'm man, I'll meet thee again. But Matilda needs tending. Bid this glittering fairy see to her. Whether Portuguese or Hindoo, I suppose women are much alike in such matters!"

CHAPTER XVIII. "Gregory," remember thy swathing blow!—Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Sc. 1. But there were matters of greater import afoot than the Countess's fainting fit. Already the conspirators in the summer-house, alarmed by the noise, must be devising means to protect themselves, ensconced in a hiding-place after the fashion invented by Dionysius of Syracuse.

"Hold!" came a muffled cry. "I come!" A fine creeper had entwined its stout tendrils round the top of the pillars. The revolt had broken by the river, were small boats, by which an active man might climb to the roof. Once there, a section of the blue enamel door was unfastened, and a small apartment with a griddle floor, the interior being visible from the street, was reached.

"Come, then, Roger! Thou knowest the summer-house. Smite any man who leaves it. Nur Mahal bids thee do so till I return! Fra Pietro, bolt the doors and open only to me or Roger!" "One word, brother, ere thou goest. Knowest thou the name of the ruler, be he Christian or heathen? Is the Lord's anointed. 'Curse not the King, nor in thy thoughts.'"

Walter, hurrying forth, darted a single glance at the speaker. Somehow, the Franciscan's words gave order and sequence to a project which fitted vaguely through his mind as he listened to Nur Mahal's thrilling recital. It seemed to him that the secret of the revolt against the blackness so dense that they could not see each other.

"God is great," he said, as though in self-communion. "Nereus was mortal more deceived than I have been." Ibrahim, Chief Eupuch, somewhat rebuffed from the rare sight of the trembling hood, thought it high time to trim his sails to the new wind.

"I always told your Majesty," he began; but Jahangir, for answer, smote him in the face with a clenched fist so hard that he fell back on his hands and knees, there insensible. He would have been drowned had not a Rajput pulled him out and held him by the heels until a goodly amount of time had passed, and a good many gold pieces from a tuck in his cummerbund.

Correct Dress for Evening Wear. Fit-Reform Dress Suits and Tuxedos represent the highest order of the tailor's art.

Sumptuous fabrics—luxuriously made—they express the perfection of style, elegance and fit. So wonderfully accurate is the Fit-Reform system of sizes that we can fit every man—abnormal as well as normal.

Dress Suits \$25, \$30, \$35. Tuxedo Coats \$15 and \$18.

Have Some While They Last. Huntley & Palmer's Biscuits, 3 pkgs. 25c. Dates, 3 lbs. 25c. Lemons, per dozen 25c. Oranges, per dozen 25c. Sausages, English Style, per lb. 20c.

W. O. WALLACE. The Family Grocer, Tel. 312 Cor. Yates & Douglas St.

W. & J. WILSON. A Suit or Overcoat. THE BEST New Year's Gift. An appropriate gift for your boy is a GOOD SUIT. Clothing like ours is appreciated above all things, and makes a sensible, serviceable gift that gives lasting satisfaction.

Prices Reduced From \$4.00 up. We have also a Very Large Assortment of BOYS' RAINCOATS At Prices from \$6.50 up.

To the Farmers! We have just received a full line of all repairs for WILKINSON PLOWS, and will be glad to Supply your wants. (E. E. GREENSHAW. W. J. GRIFFIN) Successors to Nicholles & Renouf. 61 and 63 Yates St. Telephone No. 82.

ICH is hereby given that 30 days from the date of the publication of this notice I intend to apply to the Honorable the Commissioner of Lands and Survey for a special license to carry away timber from the following described lands situated in Cariboo District, viz:

Commencing at a post planted southwest corner of Claim No. 1, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Commencing at a post planted southwest corner of Claim No. 2, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Commencing at a post planted southwest corner of Claim No. 3, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Commencing at a post planted southwest corner of Claim No. 4, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Commencing at a post planted southwest corner of Claim No. 5, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Commencing at a post planted southwest corner of Claim No. 6, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

Commencing at a post planted southwest corner of Claim No. 7, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the place of beginning.

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THE DAILY COLONIST CLASSIFIED PAGE

Phone 11 One Cent a Word Each Issue

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AUCTIONEERS
FOR SALE—Real estate, 3 lots overlooking Oak Bay, \$1,000; 1 lot, Head street, \$300; 230 acres, 1 mile from Goldstream Station, \$1,200. Apply to owner, F. J. Bickerton, The Col., 2 Phone, 424.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS
MAYNARD'S Leather and Shoe Finding Store, 41 Pandora street, best goods.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

SICAMOUS
C. P. B. HOTEL—Popular resort for tourists, boats, dining and fishing, F. W. Padmore, proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRUNING FRUIT TREES—Have them done now by an expert. Planting and setting out young orchards, work taken by contract, Holmes, Colquhoun, P. O.

WANTED—TEACHER

WANTED—Teacher for Sidney School; salary \$90.00. Applications received up to 31st January. Duties to commence not later than 20 days after appointment.

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Real Estate, Financial and Insurance Agents.
POST CARD will bring you one of our revised lists of farms or city property for sale or to let. Now is the time before the big rush.

CROSS & CO.

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL, INSURANCE.
FINE FARM—150 acres, 125 acres in cultivation, stocked with cattle, hogs and chickens, good houses, 2 large barns, horse, farm implements, hay, grain and other feed, all good with the property.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BRASS CASTINGS
Aldbon Store Works, 42 Pembroke, Tel. 91.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PHOTOGRAPHERS
PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES—H. Maynard, 41 Pandora street, Kodaks, Films, Chemicals, Plates, etc.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

HOTEL METROPOLE—The most convenient to business centre, theaters, wharves and depots.

MISCELLANEOUS

HELP WANTED, MALE OR FEMALE
MEN AND WOMEN WANTED—To learn barber trade. Special rate to men who complete. For information, address C. C. Gantner, 217 26th avenue, South Seattle.

WANTED—TEACHER

WANTED—Teacher for Rocky Point School; salary \$50 per month. Apply Jno. Wallace, Secretary, School Board, William Head.

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FINE FARM—150 acres, 125 acres in cultivation, stocked with cattle, hogs and chickens, good houses, 2 large barns, horse, farm implements, hay, grain and other feed, all good with the property.

TOSA MARU HERE FROM THE ORIENT

Japanese Liner Brings News of New Steamer for This Route

EMPRESS AND ANTILOCHUS SAIL

Brigantine Blakeley Is Sold to Mexican Owners—Rumored Improvement to the Empress Line

Steamer Tosa Maru, Capt. Kato, of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, reached port Wednesday after an uneventful passage of 14 days from Yokohama, bringing four stow, fifteen intermediate, and 169 steerage passengers.

News was brought by the Tosa Maru that the Hitachi Maru, the new vessel built for the Yokohama-Victoria and Seattle route of the N. Y. K., had a trial trip shortly before the Tosa Maru sailed.

AN OCEAN RACE

Manchester, Port and Franklin to Speed to Europe.

Steamer Manchester, Port and steamer Apollo, the latter one of the vessels to be placed on the British Columbia-Mexico route by G. V. Syme & Co., passed yesterday morning from Portland to Comox, seeking bunker coal.

THE CONSUL'S PRAISE

Writes to Washington Regarding Mrs. Patterson's Heroism.

In a report to the state department at Washington concerning the wreck of the bark Coloma on Dec. 7 off Vancouver Island, the United States consul, Hon. A. E. Smith, wrote as follows:

EMPRESS SAILS

Left for Orient Christmas Day—Victorians Among Passengers.

M. S. S. Empress of India sailed on Christmas night from the ocean dock for Yokohama and the home ports of Japan and China, carrying 30 saloon, 30 intermediate and 500 steerage passengers, all Chinese.

NEW EMPRESSES

Report That Larger and Faster Liners Will Be Placed in Service.

The rumor is revived that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's steamship service on the Pacific will be improved in the spring. Recent arrival from Montreal said it is the current report in C. P. R. circles there that the company will build two larger and faster vessels for the Atlantic service, and that the Empress of Ireland and Empress of Britain, or vessels similar to them in build and speed, will be brought to the Pacific.

DAILY REVIEW OF THE LOCAL MARKETS

TO IMPROVE SHIPYARDS. Mr. Bullen to Go to England to Buy Additional Machinery.

H. F. Bullen, of the B. C. Marine Railway and B. C. Salvage company, of Esquimalt, will leave for England at the beginning of the year on a tour, upon which business and pleasure will be combined.

THE BLAKELEY SOLD.

Brigantine Which Hunted Treasure Bought by Mexican Parties. The brigantine Blakeley, which made an unsuccessful trip to Cocos Island under charter to the Pacific Exploration & Development company, of this city, and afterwards was engaged in fishing for a Vancouver company, was sold Saturday through J. H. Greer of this city, to George W. Boemmer, of the United Fruit company, Los Angeles, to be used on the Mexican coast.

STEAMER FOX MISSING.

Reported to Have Gone Down in Northern Waters.

Word has just reached Portland and the "outside" that the little steamer Fox, which plied in local waters until recently, went down off the Alaska coast a couple of weeks ago, says the Portland Telegram. Her crew and a number of passengers are supposed to have been lost.

BUYS TWO TUGS.

J. H. Greer Purchases at Seattle for Local Company. Tugs Queen City and Eagle have been acquired by J. H. Greer in Seattle for the Queen City Trading company.

ANTILOCHUS SAILS.

Big Blue Funnel Liner Leaves With Cargo Valued at Over \$1,000,000.

Steamer Antiochus, of the Blue Funnel line, arrived yesterday from Tacoma and sailed three hours later for Liverpool via ports of the Orient and the Straits canal, carrying a cargo valued at \$1,002,129, and 100 steerage passengers, a number of whom were embarked here. The cargo loaded at Victoria, mostly canned salmon, whale products and lumber was valued at \$374,800.

TRAMP KILLS FARMER AND DRINKS HIS BLOOD

Mob Is Now at Work Battering Down Jail to Lynch Fiend

Los Animas, Cal., Dec. 26.—A mob is now at work battering down the walls of the jail here to lynch Lawrence Leberg, a tramp, who yesterday murdered Henry Lavonmeyer, a farmer near here.

NOTABLE WOMAN DEAD.

Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 25.—Mrs. Rosa L. Segur, of Toledo, a pioneer woman and devoted wife, died today at Dallas, Texas, aged 73 years.

MONKEY BRAND SOAP

Monkeys Brand Soap owners kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

RETAIL MARKETS.

Meat and Poultry

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Hams, Bacon, Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Turkey, Ducks, Chickens, Eggs, Butter, etc.

Butter

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Canadian, British Columbia, New Zealand, Cream, etc.

Dairy Produce

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Eggs, Butter, Canadian, British Columbia, etc.

Vegetables

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Cabbage, Potatoes, Carrots, etc.

Fruit

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Oranges, Lemons, Apples, etc.

Nuts

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Walnuts, Almonds, etc.

Foodstuffs

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Oats, Wheat, Barley, etc.

Flour

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Hungarian, etc.

Wholesale Markets.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Lettuce, Beans, Carrots, etc.

Entrance Exams.

Board Now Passing on Papers From All Over the Province.

Wrecked in Midwinter.

Midway Island, Pacific ocean, Dec. 26.—The bark Carrolton, of San Francisco from Newcastle, N. S. W., struck the south reef of Midway Island early this morning.

Trying Trip.

DAVID SPENCER, LTD. THE GREAT EMPORIUM OF THE GREAT WEST

The Blue Pencil has Commenced Operations on the Balance of Christmas Stock!

Marking Down Prices To One Fourth

Here is your opportunity to secure the following goods specially suitable as New Year's Gifts!

- On Sale Today Values 50c and \$1.00 Values \$2.50 to \$5.00 Goods comprising Fancy Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Picture Frames, Puff Boxes, Pincushions, etc. 25c Values \$1.00 to \$2.50 Goods comprising Fancy Ornaments, Cuff and Collar Boxes, Jewel Cases, Brass Candlesticks, Picture Frames, Book Racks, Music Cases, Sewing Sets, etc. 50c

Perplexity Banished!

SPENCER'S GLOVE SCRIP although in vogue but a few hours proved "A Great Hit" for presenting THE Christmas or New Year's Gift that personal choice would select. The Scrip was admitted on every hand to be just the very thing.

Spencer's Glove Scrip Redeemable at David Spencer's, Ltd. This is to Certify that the holder of this Scrip is entitled to gloves or any other article of par value on presentation of this Scrip. REDEEMABLE IN VICTORIA, VANCOUVER AND NANAIMO Value, \$ David Spencer, Ltd.

Present a Scrip for the New Year! A Double Pleasure is Obtained by so Doing! "As You Like It"

The Tea of the Connoisseurs--Mem Sabs Tea

The Tea From High Altitudes--One of the choicest productions from the Eastern tea plantations. It is warranted pure India tea, blended by the most skillful tea men, and is specially imported for David Spencer, Limited. Sold in packets 25c N.B.—It is remarkable how Mem Sabs Tea has been appreciated by hosts of customers who have refreshed in our Oriental Tea Rooms, where it is exclusively used. Our Tea Store is adjacent to the Tea Room.

We have THE LARGEST stock of NEW YEAR'S GIFTS to be obtained in the Province! At THE STORE'S Qualities and Prices!

lally lessened the number of students trying for the Victoria High school. The number of papers being less than usual, the examiners hope to be early quit of their labors. The full board of examiners is made up as follows: J. G. Buchanan, William Burns, D. Blair, A. E. W. Sait, J. K. Henry, (Vancouver), S. J. Willis, F. Andrews, S. Perry, (Victoria), together with the inspectors of the public schools. The sessions of the examiners are being held in the education office. WRECKED IN MIDWINTER Midway Island, Pacific ocean, Dec. 26.—The bark Carrolton, of San Francisco from Newcastle, N. S. W., struck the south reef of Midway Island early this morning. All the crew were saved. There is no hopes of saving the vessel. She had been sent to leeward by recent gales and was leaking and short of water. She shaped her course for Midway intending to anchor but in coming in she ran aground. "We then worked hours making our way through the pack ice, and finally got aground the vessel again. The vessel was damaged forward, but not leaking more than before the crash. Schooner William Nottingham Almost Wrecked in Ice. Schooner William Nottingham of Seattle, which has arrived at Boston, re-