

TIMES OR RAILWAYS

er Lane Shows
uation is Rapidly
Improving

VENUES SECURED

Are Ordering New
t to Meet Larger
Traffic

Nov. 6.—In the opinion
Lane, interstate com-
pensation, the railroad,
industrial condition of
is improving. "hardly
said he today, "hardly
nevertheless true, be-
ported by the railroads
that the total operating
of railroads for the
June 30th, 1908, exceeds
year in the history
in the United States,
year of 1907.
er operating revenue per
month for the 226,000
and reporting to the com-
\$49 for the fiscal year
less by about \$61 than
07, but it was more than
year, and was \$118 per
more than in the year
residential election. These
the statement. I made
at the year, would not
fortunate for American
many prophecies fore-
railroads are ordering
trails because they need
dedicated, there is a local
even now. Conditions
coming normal and pros-

Over Voters' List

Nov. 6.—The civic vol-
today, with 16,724

owager of Portugal

6.—The newspapers say
the Queen Dowager,
causing anxiety. She

ary Mayoralty

Nov. 6.—Clifford Jones last
his name from the
contest, leaving five con-
race. The fight pro-

g After Buffalo

Nov. 6.—Col. Walker re-
from a few days
ward Douglas, looking
also contingent which will
possession of Canada.

Against Bowers

Nov. 6.—The grades
will be a political
council for the
require licenses because
in the brewers of the city.

LY DYNAMITE

and Disregard of Law is
or Slaughter on the
uncontrollable

Nov. 6.—Three dynamite

in as many days has
deaths at this point on
Transcontinental, nine of
being Detroit hard rock
clamor has been raised
demanding a govern-
ment look into things,
claim that over a hun-
dred winter were due to
the carelessness of the
Ottawa govern-
ment. The claim is
that the law regulating
the use of dynamite is
violated by the new rail-
way, resulting in deaths
and maiming of these
workmen are not vicinity.

nicide, according to a Bos-
tonian who claims it is an
special of the typhoid bacillus.

as Fruits

ould always come
These high grade

.....25c
.....10c
.....10c
.....10c
.....20c
.....25c
.....50c
.....50c
.....10c
.....10c
.....25c

before, and that's

MPANY

7 Government St.

ing Lamps

ast Lanterns

ard Lanterns

ad Lanterns

or Sale By

ICKMAN TYE

ARE CO., LTD.

St. Victoria, B. C.

THE OOTSA LAKE IS PROMISING DISTRICT

E. P. Colley Tells How Country
Tributary to Bella Coola
Goes Ahead

The Ootsa Lake district, lying be-
tween Ootsa lake and Francis lake,
not far to the southward of the pro-
posed route of the Grand Trunk Pa-
cific, is one of the promising new
sections of northern British Columbia,
according to E. P. Colley, P.L.S. Mr.
Colley ought to know for he has been
in that country for four seasons in
charge of provincial government sur-
vey parties.

Mr. Colley has just come in for the
winter and speaking of the Ootsa lake
district yesterday he said:

There is plenty of good land in that
section, though it is not as well known
as other parts on account of its re-
mote position from transportation. There
is a little fir along the banks of Francis
lake, but it cannot be called a timber
country. Generally speaking it is
partly open and partly covered with
patches of poplar. These are seldom
more than 9 inches in diameter, so the
ground is easy to clear. Comparative-
ly little agriculture has been accom-
plished as yet. For one thing there is
at present no market for the produce,
and in the second place with existing
transportation facilities it takes the
settlers pretty nearly all summer to
get in their supplies. The best way
to get stuff in is by Bella Coola and
the freight rate is 10 cents a pound.

I don't think wheat growing has
been tried yet, that is of the ordinary
kinds, but Russian wheat, barley, rye
and the hardy cereals generally do ex-
ceedingly well.

There are from 35 to 40 settlers in
the country, about two-thirds of whom
are permanent in winter on their
plots. At present they make a little
money by wintering horses, feeding
them on hay they grow on their
places. In this way some of them are
doing pretty well.

The Ootsa country is reached by
trail from Bella Coola, a distance of
25 miles, and a large portion of this
is over an Indian trail which is the
reverse of good and requires rebuilding.
The people up there are hoping
that the government will come to their
assistance in this respect. The peo-
ple of Bella Coola, however, are doing
what they can to improve the route,
and it is much easier to get in to the
country than it was. For the first
four days' journey from Bella Coola
there are road houses where suste-
nance for man and beast can be ob-
tained. Also they have established a
ferry at Canoe Crossing, which is of
great assistance.

Mr. Colley and his party made a
record trip out, coming down to Bella
Coola in 10 days. They reached Yato
couper on 17 days from the time they
left.

BLAMED PILOT FOR THE HUMBOLDT WRECK

Was Suspended for Three Months By
U. S. Steamship Inspectors Following Enquiry

Holding that the Humboldt mishap
was due to careless navigation on the
part of Pilot C. P. McCarthy, United
States Inspectors Whitney and Turner,
as punishment, have suspended the
McCarthy's license as pilot for three
months from yesterday.

Leaving Seattle for Skagway with
passengers and freight, Sept. 28, the
Humboldt plied up on Mount point,
Pender Island, British Columbia, the
following morning. The inspectors find
that the steamer kept her usual
course until after the passed Stuart Is-
land light, usually called Turn point.
The inspectors in their decision give
the following summary of the evi-
dence:

"After passing Turn point the vessel
was put on her usual course for Mount
point, which the pilot believed he saw
or a few minutes, on the starboard
bow shortly after the ship was steady
on her course. Further than that no-
thing was seen of Pender Island till
the ship struck the point. When
according to the course and time, the
ship should have had Mount point
nearly ahead, the pilot discovered
that the ship was on a collision course
for that had lain along the shore of
Pender Island, obscuring it. The mas-
ter was called, but before he could
dress and get out on deck he heard the
whistle sounded, and the echo came
back immediately. The ship in the
meantime ported the helm to turn
Mount point, but it was too late. The
lookout reported land ahead. The en-
gines were reversed, but the ship
could not be stopped in time to pre-
vent grounding. The ship struck at
Mount point at 4:40 a.m., Sept. 29.

"It appears to the board that C. P.
McCarthy, who was in charge of the
vessel, was negligent in not attempt-
ing to pass Mount point without
using all the means at hand to ascer-
tain the ship's distance, approximate-
ly, from the mainland, and that this
could easily have been done long
before the ship was due at Mount
point. Although McCarthy, who holds
a license as master of steamships, was
not signed on the articles as a pilot,
he held the position of pilot by virtue
of the license issued by the United
States Inspectors. We, therefore, hold
him responsible for the accident."

Permit for Dwelling

Yesterday a building permit was
issued by the building inspector to
Messrs. Dunford & Matthews for a
dwelling, to be erected on Quadra
street at a cost of \$1,500.

Dr. Garesche Appeals

Acting on behalf of Dr. Garesche,
the legal firm of McPhillips and Heis-
erman have entered an appeal from
the decision of the council of the
Dental College, which removed Dr.
Garesche's name from the roll of de-
pended to practice in this province
on account of alleged unpro-
fessional conduct. The matter will be
argued before a supreme court judge
on Monday week next.

All Are Invited

Dr. Fagan is sending out invitations
in the name of the B. C. Anti-Tubercu-
losis society asking the citizens to at-
tend the laying of the foundation stone
of the new sanitarium at Tranquille on
Wednesday next. He desires it to be
understood that whether invited or not,
all are welcome, and would like their
names to him at once. If he receives
a sufficient response today to justify
the step, the doctor intends to make
arrangements for a special car for the
guests.

RECORD BOOKINGS FOR OLD COUNTRY TRAVEL

Local Agents Say Business
This Winter Will Excel All
Previous Years

A record will be made this winter
in the matter of travel to the Old
Country, according to local agents of
the Atlantic steamship lines. So far
this year the travel across the ocean
has been in excess of previous years,
and from enquiries now being made by
prospective travelers for the Old Coun-
try it is evident that there are many others
from this city and the neighboring
towns who are leaving to spend the
winter in England and the Continent
purely on pleasure bent.

Last year somewhere in the neigh-
borhood of 700 trans-Atlantic pas-
sengers were booked at local ticket
offices but this year, it is stated, this
number will be largely exceeded. In
fact, the steamships for the Old Coun-
try both on the American and the
European routes and also on the Canadian lines
are doing a record business to which
Victoria is contributing more largely
than ever.

This evening a large party will
leave this city via the C.P.R. en route
to Quebec where they will sail on the
Empress of Ireland on the 13th and
the bookings for subsequent sail-
ings are said to be remarkably good.
The other railway lines also report
many inquiries for rates etc., which
would indicate that they too will get
the benefit of this winter's increased
business.

Deputy Game Wardens

Rupert C. Inglis, of Crawford Bay,
West Kootenay, and Francis W. Gros-
venor, of Riondel, Kootenay Lake,
have been appointed deputy game
wardens.

Among the new incorporations in the
current issue of the Gazette are the
Empress Theatre Limited, capitalized
at \$10,000, and formed to take over
the local Empress theatre, the Victoria
Creamery and Milk Supply Co., Ltd.,
formed with a capital of \$25,000 to
take over the business of the Victoria
Creamery association; and the Winton
Motor Co. of B. C. Ltd. formed with
a capital of \$50,000, to engage in the
motor business. It will both manufac-
ture and rent motors.

THE LOCAL MARKETS

Retail Prices

Royal Household, per 100 lbs.	\$2.00
Lake of the Woods, a bag	\$2.00
Royal Standard, a bag	\$2.00
Whole Corn, per 100 lbs.	\$1.75
Calgary, a bag	\$2.00
Hungarian, per 100 lbs.	\$1.75
Snowflake, a bag	\$2.00
Snowflake, per 100 lbs.	\$1.75
Moffet's Best, per 100 lbs.	\$1.75
Crushed Oats, per 100 lbs.	\$1.75
Three Star, per sack	\$2.00
Feedstuffs	
Barley, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Middlings, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Feed Wheat, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Oats, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Barley, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Feed Corn, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Whole Corn, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Cracked Corn, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Feed Cornmeal, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Hay, Prairie, per ton	\$16.00
Hay, Alfalfa, per ton	\$16.00
Crushed Oats, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Crushed Barley, per 100 lbs.	\$1.00
Vegetables	
Celery, per head	.05
Letting, per head	.05
Garlic, per lb.	.20
Onions, per lb.	.20
Green Onions, a bunch	.20
Potatoes, per sack	\$1.00
Tomatoes, per lb.	.05
Cabbage, new, per lb.	.05
Red Cabbage, per lb.	.05
Beans, per lb.	.05
Beans, per lb.	.05
Beans, per lb.	.05
Beans, per lb.	.05
Cucumbers, each	.05
Sweet Potatoes, a lb.	.05
Mushrooms, per lb.	.05
Dairy Produce	
Eggs	
Fresh Eastern, per dozen	.60
Eastern, per dozen	.60
Cheese	
Canadian, per lb.	.20
Neufchatel, each	.05
Butter	
Manitoba, per lb.	.25
Best, per lb.	.25
Victoria Creamery, per lb.	.45
Winchman, per lb.	.45
Comex, per lb.	.45
Chilliwack Creamery, per lb.	.40
Alberni Creamery, per lb.	.40
Fruit	
Grape Fruit, per dozen	\$1 to \$1.50
Oranges, per dozen	.25 to .30
Lemons, per dozen	.05 to .10
Apples, per box	\$1 to \$1.75
Apples, per lb.	.15
Flax, table, per lb.	.25
Raisins, Valencia, per lb.	.25
Almonds, table, per lb.	.25 to .30
Pineapples, each	.60
Peaches, Wash., per lb.	.10
Strawberries, per lb.	.10
Plums, per basket	.25
Melons, Cal., each	.05 to .20
Watermelon, each	.25
Grapes, Cal., per basket	.75
Grapes, Concord, per basket	.75
Cranberries, 3 lbs.	.25
Pears, per box	\$1 to \$1.50
Nuts	
Walnuts, per lb.	.30
Almonds, Jordan, per lb.	.75
Almonds, French, per lb.	.75
Cocoanuts, each	.15
Pecans, per lb.	.20
Chestnuts, per lb.	.20
Fish	
Cod, salted, per lb.	.10 to .15
Halibut, fresh, per lb.	.08 to .10
Salmon, fresh, per lb.	.08 to .10
Cod, fresh, per lb.	.08 to .10
Smoked Herring	.12 to .15
Black Bass, per lb.	.08 to .10
Oolichuan, salt, per lb.	.12 to .15
Flounders, fresh, per lb.	.08 to .10
Salmon, fresh white, per lb.	.08 to .10
Salmon, fresh red, per lb.	.08 to .10
Salmon, smoked, per lb.	.20
Shrimps, per lb.	.08 to .10
Smelt, per lb.	.08 to .10
Herring, kippered, per lb.	.12 to .15
Finnan Haddie, per lb.	.20
Beef, per lb.	.08 to .10
Lamb, per lb.	.15 to .20
Mutton, per lb.	.15 to .20
Lamb, per quarter, hind	1.75 to 2.00
Veal, dressed, per lb.	.15 to .20
Geese, dressed, per lb.	.15 to .20
Guinea Fowls, each	1.00
Chickens, per lb., live	.25 to .30
Chickens, per lb., dressed	.25 to .30
Ducks, dressed, per lb.	.20 to .25
Geese, dressed, per lb.	.20 to .25
Hens, dressed, each	.75
Bacon, per lb.	.25 to .30
Pork, per lb.	.25 to .30
Rabbits, dressed, each	.25 to .30

FISHERY CASES MAY GO TO PRIVY COUNCIL

Province Has Entered an Ap-
peal Against Decision of
Judge Howey

(From Friday's Daily)

Among the cases which will be heard
at the approaching sitting of the full
court at Vancouver will be an appeal
brought by the province from a deci-
sion of Judge Howey, the county
court judge of West Westminster, who
held that the provincial regulations
prohibiting fishing for salmon above
the Westminster bridge were ultra vi-
res of the province. The case for the
province will be handled by Mr.
Cassidy, K. C.

It is thought not at all unlikely
that this case will be taken to the
Privy Council, no matter who is suc-
cessful before the full court, as will
probably be the case with the other
provincial matters coming up before
the same court. This is the question
of the extent of the province's rever-
sionary rights in the Indian reserves in
this province, which has been sub-
mitted to the full court for an opin-
ion. The province's counsel, Mr. V.
Bodwell, K. C., will argue this case for
the province.

RATE WAR WILL SHORTLY COMMENCE

Nippon Yusen Kaisha and C. P.
R. to Struggle Upon the
Pacific

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha has de-
cided to begin the struggle with the
C. P. R. for the premier position in the
carrying trade of the North Pacific.
Since the routing of the interstate com-
merce commission, which provided that
railroads and steamships must publish
their pro rata shares of through
freights, and the United States steam-
ship companies advanced their rates,
the lines connecting with United States
railroads, and more particularly those
under the United States flag, were
placed at a disadvantage. The Nippon
Yusen Kaisha, however, has naturally
sought advantage of its position
and declined to advance its freight
rates. When the conference at Seattle
decided to increase the rates for Japan,
the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, however, re-
fused to do so. A meeting of Japanese shipping
companies was called. Advice received
yesterday morning by the K. M. S. Em-
press of India was to the effect that
the Nippon Yusen Kaisha withdrew
from this conference and has made a
general reduction of about 17 per cent
lower than the former freight rates.
The Japanese steamship company pro-
poses to bear the burden of the in-
creased railway charges and will give a
lower rate to the coastwise trade.
Up to 25 cents per 100 pounds will be
made on silk and other valuable
freights.

The Osaka Mainichi says: A con-
ference of agents of steamship com-
panies engaged in the Pacific trade held
at Yokohama failed to come to any
agreement. It was decided to call a
conference of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha
and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha has de-
cided to begin the struggle with the
C. P. R. for the premier position in the
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DAMAGE BY FLOODS

Heavy Rain Raises Water in Squamish
to Highest Point on Record—
Boom of Logs Lost

Vancouver, Nov. 5.—Word has been
brought to the city from Squamish
that damaging floods have resulted in
that section of the province from the
recent rainfall. The firm of Hickey &
Madill, shingle-belt operators, being
among the heavy losers. Peter Hickey,
member of the firm, states that all
communication between the upper and
lower valleys has been cut off, and
while the conditions in the lower valley
are known, those in the upper are a
matter of anxiety. The water, Mr.
Hickey says, is four or five feet
over known in the memory of the pro-
vincial oldest inhabitant. All the
bridges on the government road have
been washed out, and communication
between the two parts of the valley
rendered impossible. At points the
water is eight feet deep on govern-
ment roads.

Mr. Hickey also states that the dykes
on the farm operated by the Blue Rib-
bon Tea company have been cut in
order to afford escape for the stock
but in other sections several head of
cattle have been drowned.

Three Indians navigating the
Squamish river had their canoe cap-
sized opposite the camp of Hickey &
Madill, and the workmen of the firm
had to send out men to rescue them.

Old Lady Burned to Death

St. John, N. B., Nov. 5.—Mrs. Sarah
Wigmore, aged 85, was burned to
death in the house of her son-in-
law, Robert Salter. She was
alone in the house at the time. When
the firemen arrived they found her
on the floor on a bed of flames. She
abazle. By the time the flames were
extinguished she was dead.

CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS ON IMPERIAL QUESTIONS

Discusses What Matters Must
Come Into Purview of Im-
perial Council

Another letter from Mr. Crawshaw-
Williams, the young Englishman who
spent a large portion of the summer
in British Columbia, has been received
by the Colonist. The letter is of
great interest and raises certain
questions which must be answered
before an Imperial Council can be
come an actual fact.

The letter follows:—

Imperial Questions.
Sir:—The reception which you gave
my letter on Imperial Devolution
tempts me to further trespass upon
your kindness. The question I should
like to consider this time is one which
is an inevitable corollary of that
of the possibility of an Imperial Council.
That question is: what subjects are
of such importance that they should
be referred to an Imperial Council
before an Imperial Council can be
come an actual fact.

Before proceeding to deal with this
difficult and somewhat delicate sub-
ject it might not be amiss to consider
for a moment the precise meaning of
"Imperial Treatment." There are
some who seem to have an idea that
treating a subject imperially neces-
sarily involves the discovery of some
hard and fast rule or principle which is
to be applied all over the Empire. There
are, indeed, certain subjects where
some such principle may be applied.
To name one comparatively small
question, there is the matter of natu-
ralization. It is a subject which may
be recognized as a British subject in
one part of the Empire and yet in
England find himself denied the
status of a British citizen. It is
obviously illogical and undesirable
and in this case there should surely
be one law enforced over the whole
Empire. In many matters, however,
it is very certain that an Imperial
Council which set to work to order
the affairs of the Empire would find
itself hard and fast set to work to
order the affairs of the Empire. There
are the varying conditions and
needs of each individual part of the
Empire and then framing in accord-
ance with the different necessities of
each individual part of the Empire
and then framing in accordance with
the different necessities of each indi-
vidual part of the Empire. It is a
subject which may be recognized as a
British subject in one part of the
Empire and yet in England find him-
self denied the status of a British
citizen. It is obviously illogical and
undesirable and in this case there
should surely be one law enforced
over the whole Empire. In many
matters, however, it is very certain
that an Imperial Council which set
to work to order the affairs of the
Empire would find itself hard and
fast set to work to order the affairs
of the Empire.

The Race Problem

But surely these benefits are very
real and important ones? Take the
case of the Imperial race problem.
Attempts to deal with this problem
upon some general, comprehensive
principle may, perhaps, yet prove pos-
sible. It may prove feasible, for in-
stance, to come to some understand-
ing whereby certain districts in the
Empire might be set aside as "re-
serves" for native immigration and
the white man's countries devoted ex-
clusively to the white man. Some im-
portant subjects, however, are not so
easily adjusted. It is hardly too
much to say that frequently the
benefits to be attained from the
Imperial treatment of a subject may
be secured only by the widest ex-
ercise of knowledge and understanding
on the various aspects of that subject.
The Imperial race problem, there-
fore, is a subject which cannot be
dealt with by any one set of prin-
ciples. It is a subject which requires
the most careful and detailed con-
sideration on the part of the Imperial
Council.

It would, however, be foolish to at-
tempt to dogmatize on the methods,
or indeed on the constitution or scope
of an Imperial council. All that at
present can be done is to tentatively
suggest a broadly outlined, setting
forth opinions and ideas in the hope
that they may be provocative of
further thought and discussion. In
the course of the Imperial Council
theories may be propounded; at pre-
sent the territory ranged over is com-
paratively unexplored and at this
period all that can be done is to
tentatively suggest a broadly outlined,
setting forth opinions and ideas in the
hope that they may be provocative
of further thought and discussion.

Of Empire Interest

Premising then that there are many
matters which will not admit of the
application of some Imperial prin-
ciple, but which nevertheless, it
may be advisable to consider imperially;
and remembering that Imperial
treatment implies the widest latitude
in dealing with a subject, it is now
time to consider what those affairs are
which concern, not the parish, the
county, the province or the nation,
but the whole Empire collectively. All
that can be done here is to give a
rough and possibly by no means com-
plete list of subjects which seem to
fulfil the prescribed conditions. It
would be interesting to discuss at
length the Imperial race problem, but
many of the questions mentioned
and the opportunity of doing so may
be reserved for a future date. At
present only the briefest notes up-
on the various points can be permitted
sufficient, it may be hoped, to lead
others to follow up the lines of
thought which are thus started.

First, then, and perhaps most im-
portant of all subjects which demand
the attention of some Imperial au-
thority, is the question of the Impe-
rial principle, there is the question
of Imperial defence. Mr. Haldane, in
his reform of the general staff, has
made a great advance in the direction
of an Imperial treatment of the whole
subject. But this is not enough.
Greater issues are involved, and soon
will be involved—the support and the
control of the Imperial forces not by
the Imperial Government, but by the
Empire. This will form material
which can only suitably be dealt with
by some council of Empire.

Turning to the lesser subjects which
may be classed under the head of Im-
perial defence we may note the ques-
tion of the identity of pattern of arms
and ammunition, the cadet movement,
the exchange of military units within

Everything
Ready-to-Wear
for Ladies
and Children

1010 GOVERNMENT STREET

100
SAMPLE
COATS

AT
SUBSTANTIAL
REDUCTIONS
ON
TUESDAY

ON TUESDAY we place on sale one hundred
superfine sample coats, in the very latest
models, materials, and colors—smart, hand-tail-
ored, individual coats—beautifully built and
finished; bearing the half-mark of grace and
lady-like distinction in every line and curve. We
show four styles herein, but, being evolutive,
you have practically one hundred different
styles to select from. This is a golden oppor-
tunity. Read the reductions, they show what
we effect in your interests.

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

AGE OF THE EARTH

Many things appear to throw some light upon the probable date of the Glacial Period, but it is not by any means easy to reconcile the conclusions which they seem to warrant. Geology and mythology both contribute their quota of evidence, and the more it is examined, the more impossible seems the theory that as was at one time thought, a prolonged period of cold affected all the habitable parts of the world simultaneously at a very remote date in the past. The more recent investigations of geologists suggest that there may have been several glacial periods and that none of them was universal. The myths of mankind all seem to relate to a great disaster, before which mankind held intercourse with gods and demigods. Some of those myths do not purport to be very ancient. Similarly some of the deductions of geologists make some of the dates of the Glacial Period appear relatively very modern as compared with former estimates. Thus it is estimated that as recently as seven thousand years ago a great ice sheet covered all the central part of Canada and extended down into the Northern States. If this is correct then the Glacial Period was at its height in America at a time when Egypt had reached a high state of civilization and Babylon had a history extending over some thousands of years. It was pointed out in one of the papers of the "Makers of History" series that at a date which cannot be fixed with certainty but may have been twenty or more centuries before Christ there was a great interruption in the development of civilization. This may have been due to a climatic change. Our Coast Indians preserve traditions of a great winter, and so also do some of the Plains Indians. Longfellow has elaborated and localized one of them in his "Hiawatha," and the Gloscap legend of the Micmas seems to relate to such an event. If the theory of a series of Glacial Periods is correct there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the suggestion that seven or eight thousand years ago there may have been a period of prolonged cold over a great portion of the Northern Hemisphere, which caused the Polar ice fields to extend many degrees to the South. The various deluge legends are in keeping with this suggestion, which so far as we know, has not been heretofore advanced, for it seems beyond the range of possibility that these legends and those of the Indians above referred to can date from a period millions of years ago as some writers have thought. This theory would also serve to explain the existence in glacial deposits, of human remains, and fragments of pottery along with the bones of animals that have only become extinct within the historical period.

One of the favorite means of estimating the remoteness of the last Glacial Period in America is the rate of erosion done by Niagara Falls, that is the length of time required for the water to wear out the Gorge. There seems evidence to support the theory that the water of the Niagara river began to fall over the rocks in consequence of the breaking away of a great ice barrier, which permitted the waters of Lake Ontario to fall to their present level. Now we know the distance from Queenston to the Falls, and can determine the rate at which the Falls recede, we can, on the supposition that this rate has been approximately uniform, ascertain with something like accuracy how long ago the ice barrier mentioned gave way. The estimates of the period needed for the work referred to vary exceedingly. Sir Charles Lyell thought that the distance of the Falls from the Niagara Hall, New York State geologist, who accompanied Lyell, estimated that 35,000 years would be required; Desor, a French geologist, reached the conclusion that the process covered more than 3,000,000 years. Since the observations of Dr. Hall, the New York State geologists have made periodical measurements of the rate of recession of the Horseshoe Fall. These show an average rate of erosion amounting to about two and a half feet a year over forty-five years, and if this is accurate and conditions have been uniform since the work of erosion began, the ice barrier broke away about 7,000 years ago, which is well within the historical era as shown by the records of Ancient Egypt and Babylon and by the more or less trustworthy records of China. Observations as to the rate of recession of the Falls of St. Anthony near St. Paul indicate that a great ice barrier in that vicinity gave way about the same time. There is certainly nothing intrinsically improbable in the suggestion that Indian legends of an Ice Age, ending not more than seven thousand years ago, would have been preserved, and as we know that men had reached a considerable degree of advancement in Africa and Asia at least 10,000 years ago, the claim that men lived in America before the last Glacial Period appears wholly reasonable. Hence also it seems to follow that there may have been a Glacial Period in Europe at the same remote age. If we are compelled by the logic of facts to bring the last Ice Age much nearer our own times than it was at one time universally supposed to be, we strengthen the case of those who claim that geological eras are not so enormously long as has been suggested, and it is not necessary to speak of billions of years in connection with the age of the earth. It is evident that, when so much difficulty and uncertainty attach to the attempt to fix even approximately the date of the last great geological change, much greater obstacles present themselves when we endeavor to fix in years the remoteness and duration of other geological epochs. We saw in the preceding article that arguments based on the mathematics of the earth's rotation bear out the theory that about 150,000,000 years have passed since "earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep." This is a brief period in comparison with what geologists a quarter of a century ago thought they had proved to be the age of the world.

SAYINGS OF IYAYASU

A correspondent has very kindly sent a translation of the Precepts of Iyeyasu, as they are preserved in the shrine of the great Shogun at Nikko. Iyeyasu was, as was mentioned in last Sunday's article on the Makers of History, the real founder of the Empire of Japan, although for many centuries before his time the country had an emperor and maintained a distinct national existence. The precepts are as follows:

Life is like unto a long journey with a heavy load; let thy steps be slow and steady, that thou stumblest not. Persuade thyself that inconvenience and imperfection are the natural lot of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent neither for despair. When ambitious desires arise in thy heart, recall the days of extremity that hast passed through. Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance forever.

Look upon wrath as thine enemy. If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, and knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee. It will fare ill with thee. Find fault with thyself rather than others.

Better these precepts are interesting because they give an insight into the Japanese mind, for we may assume that they have played some part in forming the national character of the people to whom they were addressed. It will be noted that they take no account of a Duty or of any human obligations to such as Being. They resemble the teachings of Confucius in this respect, for that great teacher neither affirmed nor denied the existence of a God; he seemed to feel that humanity would accomplish the best results possible to it by following a course of action that was

derived from human experience alone. While there is much wisdom in the above precepts, they are absolutely lacking in anything of the nature of what we call religion. Herein lies one great difference between the Aryan and Turanian peoples. The former seem to have had from the earliest ages of the conception of a divine order of things. It was not as pronounced as the Semitic conception, nevertheless a theistic idea lay at the basis of their sense of personal responsibility. On the other hand the Turanians do not appear to have entertained the idea of a God to whom mankind owed a duty. It would not be accurate to claim that they had no conception of Deity at all, but it may be said that this conception had little or no influence upon their lives. The great Asiatic warriors, such as Genghis, Timur, Kublai and others, had perfectly open minds as to all religious subjects. They were tolerant of all religious teachings, as China is tolerant today, for the assaults that have from time to time been made upon Christian missionaries are not the outcome of religious antipathy on the part of the government, but are purely local and very often personal in their origin. It is worth investigating how much of what we call modern civilization is due to the existence of a religion which recognizes a God, who is imminent in the affairs of men. Those who try every thing by the utilitarian test might endeavor to see how it affects this aspect of human development. The wisdom of Confucius and of Iyeyasu would also seem to be based upon a sense of duty among those who looked upon it as a sufficient guide. The theistic nations have given the law in these latter days to the non-theistic nations. Their triumphs in all lines of human endeavor make for the uplifting of humanity. Under the non-theistic teaching of Oriental sages a high type of morality has been developed in the case of individuals, but the mass of the people under its influence seem incapable of progress either morally, intellectually or materially. They are much as their ancestors were twenty centuries ago, whereas it can be claimed with certainty that there has been a general uplifting of the masses of the theistic nations. The lesson of the matter appears to be that of itself philosophy is insufficient for the promotion of the welfare of mankind, because there is a side to his nature that is neither physical nor mental, but is wholly spiritual and therefore he must have some impetus which appeals to it, for after all it is the spirit that is the man.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XXIX.

Readers, who have followed this series of papers thus far, have had presented to them an outline of the history of Europe, Asia and Africa from the earliest date which we have any record down to what may be called the beginning of the modern period. They have seen how the nations of antiquity rose and fell, and how the foundations were laid of the nations, which today are in control of the greater part of the old world. The story of how the English conquered Britain, the Franks became supreme in France and the Teutons in Germany, of how the Russians became paramount in Russia, of how the great Turanian races established empires in Asia and of the manner in which the Semitic races spread over Northern Africa has briefly been told. We have seen also how the Crusades stimulated human activity and led to the discovery of the New World, and how the Renaissance, which was a great step forward, was a great step back. It is necessary now to devote a little attention to a movement which was intellectual rather than racial or national, and while associated with it are many great names, cannot be attributed to any one individual. The reference is to the Renaissance, to the age of the great masters of the modern world. The word means "new birth." John Addington Symonds describes it as "the attainment of self-conscious freedom by the human spirit manifested in the European races." For twelve centuries or more after Christ human intelligence stood still. The philosophy of Aristotle was the standard of thought, and in Christian Europe the Holy Scriptures were the test of all truth, material as well as spiritual. The characteristic feature of Aristotelian philosophy may be said to have been reason without experiment. This great man seems to have covered the whole field of human knowledge as it had developed in Ancient Greece. His reasoning, from very imperfect data forced to conclusions, which the discoveries of modern science have since confirmed, but except in his treatise on Animals, the scope of his observations was very limited. His followers centuries after his death were even less observant of natural phenomena than he, and they built up a school of thought, resting chiefly upon fanciful analogies, the slow and tedious process of wrestling Nature's secrets from her by the slow processes of experiment. In the seclusion of Monasteries men thought, dreamed and speculated, everything in short except experimented. We read in accounts of the disputations of those days one in which the issue was as to the number of angels, who could dance on the point of a needle, and similar absurdities. Pious men became disinterested in the study of the Holy Scriptures and thought that they discovered in them the final word upon all subjects of human investigation. The story of Galileo's recantation of his theory that the earth moves seems to us today to disclose a profundity of ignorance on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities, which is amazing, but until we can place ourselves in the position of us, can in the view point of the Inquisition, while we may condemn the acts that compelled the recantation, we are not in a position to question the motives which inspired them. Herein lies the weakness of the case of those who prefer to that act and others of a similar character as proof of a conflict between religion and science. They do not see that the fact that the thinkers of the Renaissance were antagonizing the learning and the religious convictions which were the product of centuries. We are scarcely more tolerant today of the Apostles of a social Renaissance than were the Inquisitors of the Fifteenth Century. The representatives of what was then the "New Thought."

No two writers are quite in accord as to when the Renaissance began, and this is perhaps in some measure due to the fact that all do not agree as to what ought to be embraced in that term. Pasquale Villari says it began with Petrarch, whose poetic genius seemed to catch the first glimpse of the dawn of intellectual freedom, and to have reached its culmination in Leonardo da Vinci, artist, engineer and man of affairs, of whom it has been said that he foreshadowed the greatest discoveries of science with a prophetic power which seemed supernatural. Petrarch's life extended over the greater part of the Fourteenth Century; Leonardo's covered the closing quarter of the Fifteenth Century and the first half of the sixteenth. Some writers attribute this great intellectual revival to the dispersion through more western lands of the scholars who made Constantinople their home and who fled from that city after its capture by the Turks in 1453. Others are inclined to attribute it to the influence of the Crusades, and the enlargement of European ideas in consequence of the contact of the people of Western Europe and Western Asia. But dates are really not very material in this connection, nor for that matter are names. The Renaissance was a revolutionary movement in human thought. It found expression in Italy in literature, painting, architecture and in poetry. In the names above mentioned, those of Michael Angelo and Titian will suggest themselves. Its influence was felt in the religious world and to it were due such men as Savonarola, Loyola, Luther, Cranmer, Calvin, Knox, and others. It inspired men with a desire for adventure and that wonderful galaxy of adventurers at the head

of whom were Columbus, Vasco di Gama and the gentlemen adventurers of "Queen Elizabeth's reign." It awakened the spirit of political liberty and all Western Europe felt its reviving touch. It inspired a spirit of scientific research and gave the world such names as Copernicus, Galileo and Bruno. It encouraged the spirit of invention and the printing press was given to the world by Gutenberg and Caxton. All these names, and many others that might be mentioned were those of men, who in their several roles played an important part in the making of history.

As we look back to the very extraordinary period in the history of mankind now under consideration the thought suggests itself that it is hardly exalted by any of the ordinary causes which govern the actions of men. The awakening was not gradual but sudden. Some of the achievements of the great geniuses who then arose have never been equaled with all the progress the world has since made. It was not local, for its influence affected many nations. It was not confined to one kind of human activity. There was never before nor has there been since, in all human history, a period comparable to it. There is little wonder therefore that some writers venture to suggest that the Renaissance was in the nature of a new inspiration to humanity, that the lamp of intellectual freedom was lighted by a spark from the Supreme Source of all knowledge.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

XIII.

(N. de Bertrand Logrin.)

ROBESPIERRE AND SAINT-JUST

Robespierre's name has come down to us with the epithet of "the incorruptible" linked with it. To one who reads of the crimes committed by him, such a complimentary designation seems decidedly inconsistent; but it is claimed for him that he was never false to his own standards, and abided by whatever principle he held in spite of any opposition. He was not a bloodhound and that he was naturally averse to bloodshed and that his execution was reluctantly given. However true this may have been in his early life, when we are told, he resigned his position as a member of the criminal court rather than condemn a prisoner to death, it is impossible to believe that his later years brought with them a calumny to the sufferings of the country. In looking back with unprejudiced eyes over the history of those terrible days, we can easily perceive the truth of the old adage, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The people had become imbued with fragments of the new school of philosophy, of which Rousseau, Voltaire, and other philosophers of the century had been the founders. But it is as impossible to say that the uneducated, unstable intellects, to grasp the "fundamental meaning" of any philosophy, as it is for the body of a child to undertake the work of a man. So it was that the unhappy French people, led on by those who professed to be themselves the voice of the people, and who were really guided by their own ambition, on occasion required, became destroyers without the knowledge of the power to reconstruct.

The chief associate of Robespierre, during the latter part of his career was Saint-Just, an ardent revolutionist and a man of spotless morals, a man more over of whom others stood in great awe, and whose high and dignified manner, his habitual reserve, and the sincerity of his convictions. He had first come into prominence during the trial of the king, for whose death he voted, making a speech so eloquently defending the stand he had taken that it won him instant recognition and fame. Some historians credit Saint-Just with a great influence over Robespierre, and hold him responsible for most of the extreme measures sanctioned by the famous Jacobins. We know for certain, however, that Saint-Just would take no part in the action against the Girondins, and that he even pleaded on their behalf thus endangering his own safety. It is quite probable that whatever blame has been given Robespierre for the excesses of the Revolution, the blame should be shared by Saint-Just. Robespierre decided to introduce his new philosophy he inaugurated festivals in honor of the Supreme Being. During the days when these were taking place he asked to have the privilege of presiding over the Convention. The privilege was naturally granted. It is just a question whether he did not imagine that the people would prefer to do homage to the tangible rather than the intangible and perceive in himself a substitute worthy of their deepest reverence. However we behold him on the occasion of the first festival seated in a lofty pulpit in a pagoda that had been erected in the centre of the Tuilleries. He was clad in a distinguishing costume and decorated with the most gorgeous ornaments. The air of his attire, the inconsistency of the position, did not seem to have any effect upon the assembled crowds. When he spoke to the people they listened to him as to one inspired, as unquestioning of his authority to dictate to them in spiritual matters, as they had been regarding his leadership in affairs of state. These are painted in circles of black, yellow, and white, representing the all-seeing eyes of this mythological creature. A tall portion of narrow strips is fastened to the middle of the face of bamboo. By a mechanical contrivance, the curved pieces of bamboo, forming the eyes are made to revolve by the wind, while the kite is being flown.

Seen in the air, with serpentine-like motion, its huge, glaring eyes, swiftly twirling in their sockets, the effect is said to be astonishingly realistic, producing quite an awe-inspiring scene, to the Chinese mind, at least. While being flown, a cord is attached to three or more points of its length, in order to keep it under control. In a strong wind, several men are required to hold the reel.—The World To-Day.

A Bootblack's Kindness

Jim and Bill were two horses hitched to a yellow moving van. All the morning they had gone back and forth patiently, with only a rest now and then, but Jim was beginning to feel rebellious. He was tired, and it was getting hotter and hotter. He was not by nature such a meek horse as was Bill, but then, too, he had not been a city horse as long as Bill had been. Bill knew the only way to do was to go on and he was just over his surprise and anger, and the driver had it all to say.

By the time Jim had made up his mind to be stubborn the driver stopped to take on an additional load. Right there, on the curbstone, sat a little black dog. On the pavement lay his torn cap, and he let the people go by unnoticed as he rubbed an apple on his jacket to make it shiny. A sweet lady had given it to him, and he was just over his surprise and anger, and the driver had it all to say.

The little bootblack understood. There was not much time to think—he wondered how he would feel if he were that horse, and quick as a flash he broke the apple in two and put one piece in his mouth and the other in Bill's. It was delicious. Jim forgot about being stubborn as they started on, and Bill forgot his aching bones, while the little ragged bootblack ran away, calling after a man with dusty shoes: "Have a shine, mister!"—N. C. Guardian.

WITH THE POETS

In life's small things be resolute and great To keep thy muscle trained; knowest thou when Fate Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee, "I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

Improving the World

Do you wish the world were better Let me tell you what to do: Set a watch upon your actions, Keep them always straight and true; Rely on your own strength and motives, Let your thoughts be clear and high; You shall have a little Eden Of the sphere you occupy. Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day That the world is made of men, As you pass along the way; For the pleasures of the many May be oftentimes traced to one. As the hand that plants the acorn Shelters armies from the sun.

The Shadow

A poet woke from troubled dreams, and said To that great mother of all sleepers, Night, "Why dost thou hang so softly round his bed, "Is it the world between us and the Light?"

Then he arose and at the window stood, Until the dim night faded fast away; Till night deserted with her silent brood, And left him gazing in the eyes of Day.

And all at once the birds began to sing, And men stood up to buy and sell—to fight, To kill—to love and hate—in short, to wring From out the sun their portion of delight.

While still the sun hung high aloft the skies, The poet, watching, listening, from his height, Repeated softly, half in sad surprise, "It is the world between us and the Light!"

In God We Trust

Thou Who for ages past, within Thy hand, Mighty and great, Hast held the life and welfare of our land, Thy great estate, Upon Thy throne where Thou dost rule—our King, Holy and just, Hear Thou the pledge that we Thy people bring: In God we trust.

From dawn of spring till end of winter night, Thy love we see; Seed-time and harvest, fruit and blossom bright, All sent by Thee. For grain which withereth, fields lie brown and bare, The sickle rust, Without Thy sun, Thy rain, and all Thy care, For which we trust.

Thy marvels and Thy mercies without end Have worked a spell Too great for human hearts to comprehend, Or lips to tell: So while we work for Thee with songs of peace Or just sword-thrust, Still shall our courage and our faith increase, And still we trust.

Thou Who by Thine immortal power and care, All things can do, Hear this our proclamation and our prayer, And keep us true, Beneath the rainbow, or the stormcloud gray, Let come what must, For life, for love, and for Eternal Day, In God we trust.

An Ode of Empire

Under a night of dim and alien stars, With homeless hearts and angry tears I cried: "Is this the land of immemorial pride? Or sainted chivalry and heroic wars? Of happy vales and glooms of witchery? My farborn boyhood's land of dream and song? Of manhood's faith and sternest loyalty, Britannia the just and strong?" O heart defrauded, what is here to cherish? And what to hope amid this wide disgrace Where hunger stalks and where the faithful perish, While aullen slaggards crowd the market-place? Britannia's sons across the seas are calling, Joyous and strong from many a fruitful plain; On heedless ears their love and cheer are ringing, Their birthright, hitherto barred for a cold disdain. But they of British sires were born, And they shall answer scorn for scorn; Nor long shall fools their youth deride, Sons of the proud are born to pride.

III.

A rousing wind among the wintry trees Aided ancient murmuring and the huddling night Thrilled with the fear of whispered mysteries; When lo, around me fell the olden light And rank on rank I saw them marching by, With cloudless brow and dreadless eye, The heroes of my eager youth, Druid and saint and kings of chivalry; "Pierce plunderers of the uncharted sea, Unknown alike to fear and ruth, Warriors and minstrels and the lords of truth, All memory's roster of idolatry, And not from guarded graves they came, But from the lands where honor leads, Where still, they serve and by their fame Urge humble hearts to mighty deeds, And through that vision at their side My brothers marched with fearless stride And voiced with that heroic throng The choral music of prophetic song.

IV.

Fool, to be wroth with but a needless day, To heed its spawn or have their scorn in mind, The dead are all imperial and the living sure Not isolated and to no shore confined. With all the lordly comrades of my choice, The soaring spirit is master of our faring, The sea's wide freedom bids our hearts rejoice, Far as the day spans our adventure urges A dateless voyage through the reach of time, The past goes down behind oblivion's surges, The future rises with a dawn sublime, Fronting the world with calm and level vision, New sons of empire, heirs to all its pride, Small tasks that are answer to a dull derision, Serving and building where their fathers died, There is the strength and not the boastful seeming, There is the deed and not the foolish dreaming, The past goes down behind oblivion's surges, And there the empire that shall save the ages.

—From the Prodigal and Other Poems, by Peter McArthur.

Brothers
FURNISHERS
VICTORIA, B.C.

FURNITURE

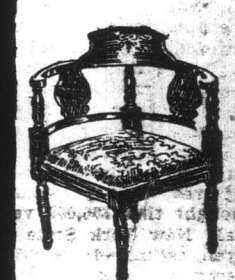
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EMPRESS OF INDIA FROM THE EAST

Brought Valuable Cargo Including Silk and Sealskins Valued at \$1,250,000

HAD NOTABLE PASSENGERS

Two Engineers Who Brought Chinese Wives Raise Head Tax Question

(From Sunday's Daily)

With some distinguished travellers and a most valuable cargo, the R. M. S. Empress of India, Capt. Beetham, of the C. P. E., reached port yesterday morning from Hongkong via the usual ports of China and Japan. The white liner had nineteen saloon passengers, 42 intermediate and 216 steerage. The saloon passengers included Lord Northcote, ex-Governor-General of Australia, who has been travelling in Japan, with Lady Northcote and party. Other passengers were R. Atkinson, a marine engineer from Hongkong for London; Miss B. Babcock, a missionary from Japan; Mrs. C. C. and Mrs. Hare, who have been resident at Shanghai; Lieut. W. R. Darwell, who has been serving on the China station; Rev. Father Dufrenoy, a missionary from Quebec, who has been serving in Japan; J. H. Grace, a London importer; Capt. W. S. Wyles, who has been in command of a customs cutter at Shanghai; Paymaster Wm. O'Brien, who has been on the China station; A. B. Johnston, a tourist, and R. To and S. T. Nishimura, Japanese tea importers returning to New York.

Included among the steerage passengers were two engineers who have been working on the Kowloon and Canton railway, who brought with them Chinese wives, and a knotty problem is offered to the immigration officials at Vancouver as to whether they will have to pay the head tax of \$500 on these wives. This was done in the case of a missionary from Formosa who arrived some years ago. He paid the money. Another white man who brought a Chinese wife with him was called upon to pay and had the tax refunded. It is considered that the new act of Chinese wives will be considered as having adopted the nationality of their husbands and will be exempt from the tax.

The cargo of the Empress of India consisted of but 2,300 tons, but it was a very valuable one. There were 2,000 bales of silk goods valued at approximately a million dollars; 154 cases of sealskins containing over 5,000 sealskins taken by Japanese sealing schooners in Bering Sea and a Copper Islands, valued at about a quarter of a million dollars, sent to London for sale; a big shipment of tinplate from Singapore, straw, brain, matting and general merchandise.

Twenty of the 240 Chinese on board landed at the outer wharf, of whom two paid the head tax of \$500. Others were ten to pay the head tax at Vancouver.

When the white liner was on her way out from Yokohama she was in company with the United States battleship squadron, which was leaving Yokohama bound to Amoy. Two days of strong winds marked the passage across the Pacific. The log showing the daily runs and weather, day by day, follows:

Left Yokohama October 28th, 2:15 p. m. Oct. 27, 23, light breeze, fine and clear; Oct. 28, 330, fresh breeze, beam sea; Oct. 29, 345, smooth sea, fine and clear; Oct. 30, 345, light breeze, fine and clear; Oct. 31, 330, moderate breeze, dull and overcast; Antipodes, 217, fresh head wind, rough sea; Nov. 1, 300, strong head wind and rough sea; Nov. 2, 335, fresh wind, strong head; Nov. 3, 330, light beam wind, fine and clear; Nov. 4, 335, following wind fine and clear; Nov. 5, 345, light beam wind, fine and clear; Nov. 6, 345, light beam wind, drizzling rain; Nov. 7, 238, arrived at Victoria; Victoria to Vancouver, 84, total miles, 4295.

The Empress of India encountered the tail of a typhoon when near Hong Kong. After discharging her cargo she went to Kowloon to go into the drydock for her annual overhaul. She was lashed by the tail of a typhoon while in the Basili channel on her way between Hongkong and Shanghai. No damage was sustained though the vessel was buffeted considerably in a heavy sea. One Chinese passenger died of pneumonia on shipboard.

While in Hongkong the engines were kept in readiness in the event of a typhoon. During her stay at the far eastern port there was a constant state of expectation as to whether the Colony would be visited by another typhoon similar, if not more disastrous than that of July 27-28. Signals were hoisted, in many cases all day and several times the windward residents and shipping that the centre of the typhoon was believed to be less than three hundred miles distant from the colony. Early the barometer began to fall and the black signals replaced the green lights displayed during the night, and this, together with a rapidly falling barometer all day, increased the anxiety felt by householders, shipping and in fact all residents both in Hongkong and Kowloon. Here and there in the harbor a junk or two could be seen struggling against the high wind which prevailed, particularly in the afternoon, by which time nearly all the junks had sought shelter at Causeway Bay. There were only a few launches out on the water while the larger shipping were ready, with steam up, to seek shelter in the event of the dreaded visit of a typhoon. The wind continued in force right throughout the day, and when darkness set in householders took every precaution by barring windows and fastening doors. The ferry boats continued to run until a late hour, although a terrible gale was blowing about ten o'clock which, however, happily subsided as the night wore on and the watchfulness was again over for a time.

AORANGI FOR ANTIPODES

Left the Outer Wharf Yesterday Crowded to Her Capacity With Passengers

Full of passengers and with a light cargo, the H.M.S. Aorangi sailed from the outer wharf yesterday morning for the Antipodes. On the last voyage of the Aorangi from here when Earl Dudley, governor-general of Australia was going there to assume his official

position, three stowaways were discovered about six hours after leaving Victoria. Commander J. D. S. Phillips intended to put them ashore at Suva and prosecute, but Earl Dudley intervened in their behalf. The men were Australian sailors who got home, and in consideration of the plea put forward by the governor-general, Capt. Phillips put them at work and allowed them to complete the passage. Miss Heather Phillips, the twelve-year-old daughter of the captain, was the first Australian to receive recognition from Earl Dudley, for before leaving the liner he presented her with a handsome gold brooch.

FROM WEST COAST

Steamer Tees Returned Yesterday—Princess May Sailed For Skagway

The steamer Tees, of the C.P.R., returned yesterday from Clayquot and way ports on the west coast. A small complement of passengers. The Princess May sailed last night for Skagway and way ports. The steamer Charmer returned to the Vancouver run this morning. The Princess Beatrice, which has been relieving her while the Charmer was undergoing an overhaul at Esquimalt, will be taken to Esquimalt for an overhauling on Tuesday. She will then relieve the steamer Amur on the northern B.C. route while that steamer has her overhauling. The Amur will make repairs then in consequence of her collision with the Vado in September and her grounding at Locke harbor.

THE ARCTIC BROTHERS CLOSE THEIR SESSIONS

Appreciative Letter is Sent to the Mayor and Citizens of Victoria

(From Sunday's Daily)

The Grand Camp of the Arctic Brotherhood held its final session yesterday morning, when officers for the ensuing year were elected. It was also decided that the Grand Camp should be held in Seattle next autumn. Nothing else transpired of the proceedings, though it is understood that it was an exciting contest which culminated in the election of Judge Hamman of Nome as Grand Arctic Chief. Resolutions expressive of the gratitude of the Arctic Brotherhood for the welcome extended to them in Victoria were unanimously passed and spread upon the records, and a letter enunciating the same sentiments was given out to the press.

The officers elected were Thomas Bruce, of Dawson, Past Grand Arctic Chief; Judge Hamman, of Nome, Grand Arctic Chief; Stanley Scarce, of Dawson, Grand vice A.C.; Dr. W. H. Everett, of Dawson, chaplain; H. J. C. Chevalier, of Skagway, G. A. Recorder; Solly Spring, of Cleary, G. Keeper of Nuggets; Clarence Rogers, of Dawson, G. A. Trail Guide; Harry Leland, of Nome, G. A. Trail Blazer; C. Draper, of Skagway, G. A. Camp Cook.

Returned to Seattle. The northern men and their wives, with a few exceptions, returned to Seattle yesterday afternoon by the steamer R. M. S. Empress of India, and all expressed pleasure at the way they had been treated in Victoria. Some of the wives had been made to feel at home and welcome, and the warmth of the greeting was not lost upon them. Mr. and Mrs. von Hasselberg, of Nome, who stayed over, but they expect to leave today. They were detained by an unlocher, she slipped on the slippery floor of the Empress yesterday morning and wrenched an already weak ankle. She was carried to her room for the rest of the day, but hopes to be able to take the boat today.

Letter of Thanks. The text of the letter referred to follows: Victoria, B.C., Nov. 6, 1908. To His Worship the Mayor, and People of the City of Victoria, B.C.: The Arctic Brotherhood assembled in Tacoma in the year 1907, received your hospitable invitation to hold its session of the year 1908 in the city of Victoria. The invitation was accepted. The Grand Camp of 1908 is now about to conclude its session in your beautiful city.

We regret that the late National election in the United States and the uncertainty of navigation at the close of the year in the far North have prevented many of our Brothers from attending this Grand Camp. Each Brother as an individual, and the Grand Camp as a body, appreciate the kindly hospitality, the elaborate entertainment, and the excellent treatment which have been accorded us during our stay here.

It was the intention of the Grand Camp to specifically thank each organization and individual responsible for our kindly entertainment, but upon beginning a list we find that it would rival the city directory, and be tedious and lengthy for our records and for your perusal.

Nothing has been left undone which could possibly add to the pleasure of our stay. Everything has been done, as we see it, to make our stay pleasant and our visit here a beautiful memory. We hope to come back to Victoria as an Order and as individuals, that we may perpetuate and continue our friendship and appreciation so auspiciously begun.

The wives and daughters of the Arctic Brothers have contributed more than their share in bearing the hardships and privations incident to life in the far northland. Such visits and entertainments as we have enjoyed in Victoria make up in no inconsiderable degree a poverty which we reward. They bid us thank you for them.

You kindly invited us, you cordially met us, you lavishly entertained us. We assure you of our gratitude and affection. From this day forward our emblem—the crossed hammers—our motto, "No Boundary Line Here," will be even richer in significance than heretofore. If our thanks are deficient in any particular the fault is one of mind and not of heart. Grateful yours on behalf of the Grand Camp of the Arctic Brotherhood: C. ETHELBERG-CLAYPOOL, J. H. ROGERS, J. HAMMAN, Committee.

Cafe Car Service

Calgary, Nov. 4.—The Canadian Pacific Railway company has organized a cafe car service on its south branch from Calgary to Macleod on trains leaving at 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. It will be a great convenience to the travelling public.

AUSTRALIAN GOVERNOR ARRIVES IN VICTORIA

Lord and Lady Northcote Leave Antipodes Amid Good Wishes

(From Sunday's Daily)

Lord Northcote, the retiring governor-general of the Commonwealth of Australia arrived in Victoria yesterday en route for England on the Empress of India, accompanied by Lady Northcote and his private secretary, H. H. Share. Lord Northcote travelled via Manila and Japan, at the latter place obtaining more widespread recognition to the American battleship fleet. One of his last official acts in Australia was the entertainment of the American squadron and four of the admirals passed a week with him as his guests at Government house, Sydney.

In Japan the governor-general was royally feted. He was entertained at lunch by the Mikado and was also the guest of Count Kono, the Japanese minister of foreign affairs. On his return to Australia he was the guest here of the lieutenant-governor at a dinner party at Government house. From that function it is the intention of Lord and Lady Northcote to rest quietly at the Empress until they leave for Vancouver, where they hope to meet James J. Hill, an old acquaintance of his Lordship's. On Wednesday they will probably renew their journey east, but will spend some time in Canada before crossing the Atlantic. Their programme at present includes stops at Ottawa and Montreal, and it is possible that they will visit New York and Washington before sailing.

Lord Northcote's successful winning the highest esteem of all parties in Australia by his invariable urbanity as well as the tact and impartiality he displayed in the difficult political situations which arose from time to time during the earlier years of the history of the newly united Commonwealth.

Parting Comments

The Daily Telegraph, of Sydney, in its issue of Sept. 8, speaking of his tenure of office, says:

"His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Northcote are about to depart from the Commonwealth, bearing away with them kindly recollections; it is to be hoped, of Australia, and leaving behind a record of good works unsurpassed by any previous representatives of Vice-Royalty. Coming to the Commonwealth straight from the position of Governor of the Presidency of Bombay, Lord Northcote exchanged a position in which he was to a large extent the representative of an autocratic ruling power, for subject people for a position in which he was the constitutional head of a self-governing province of the Empire. It says much for his elasticity and adaptableness of his mental powers that after being conspicuously successful as a satrap he should have achieved an equal measure of success as a constitutional ruler. The inverse process is not uncommon. In fact, the distinguished official who is at present Governor of Bombay is an accomplished administrator and soldier, who had previously held office as Governor of Victoria."

Tribute From Mr. Deakin

"No doubt there are many details of the relationship subsisting between a Governor-General and his Ministerial advisers which do not come before the general public. In the course of a public utterance on the subject of Lord Northcote's departure, I have said as much as I think some great crisis has been averted by the Governor-General's masterly handling of a difficult situation. In the darkest of days, I said Mr. Deakin dramatically, 'That is my life, and I hope that for ourselves we may believe we take with us some measure of your personal regard.'"

NORTHCOLE. The public career of Lord Northcote extends over a period of forty years; in 1868 he became a clerk in the Foreign Office, and in 1876 was private secretary to Lord Salisbury at the Constantinople Embassy. For three years, from 1877 to 1880, he was Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post then held by his father, Sir Stafford Northcote. In later years he has been occupied by the War Office and Surveyor-General of Ordnance. In 1899 he was appointed Governor of Bombay and in 1903 left India to take up the more important post in Australia. Lord Northcote has been Provincial Master of the Devonshire Freemasons since 1897. In 1873 he married Alice, the adopted daughter of the first Baron Mount Stephen. Lord and Lady Northcote have no children.

STOWAWAYS CAPTURED

Young Australians Caught While Endeavouring to Beat Their Way Home

(From Sunday's Daily)

Discovered hiding in the hold of the Aorangi yesterday afternoon when that vessel pulled into the outer wharf, two young Australians, Joseph Brown and Robert Jones, endeavouring to beat their way back to the Antipodes, were handed over to the local police as stowaways. The two youths, each about twenty years of age, arrived at Vancouver and secreted themselves in the hold. They stated to the police that they had been in the hold of the Aorangi for some time, and that they had been determined to return to their homes in Australia. Both are sailors, and had been doing their utmost to secure work at Vancouver and failing they determined to return to their homes in Australia. Both are glad to pay a substantial passage out to Sydney and in addition were before the mast.

The Vancouver police were communicated with, as they are now hunting for two boys who recently ran away from that city, but the pair taken into custody here yesterday do not answer the description of the two wanted in Vancouver. As the Aorangi left last night there will be no one present to prefer a charge against the stowaways free.

What is going to be worn in Gloves this winter is a question readily answered in our complete new stock just received direct from Dent's—Europe's greatest Glove makers. A few lines itemized:

DENT'S IMITATION REINDEER, the very latest idea in gauntlet Gloves, chamois, drab and browns. Per pair, \$1.25

DENT'S HEAVY KID GAUNTLET GLOVES, tan only, very excellent value at, per pair, \$2.00

DENT'S 12 BUTTON KID GLOVES, tan, black and white. Per pair, \$2.00

DENT'S 16 BUTTON GLOVES, black and white only. Per pair, \$2.50

DENT'S KID GLOVES, wrist length. Per pair, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.65

DENT'S GLOVES FOR GENTLEMEN. Per pair, \$1.50 and \$1.25

DENT'S GLOVES FOR CHILDREN. tans. Per pair, 75c, 90c and \$1.50

Fashion's Latest in the Glove Section

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HENRY YOUNG & COMPANY

1123 Government Street, Victoria, B.C.

CITY WILL AGAIN URGE AMENDMENTS TO ACT

Private Bill Presented to Legislature Last Session to Be Again Submitted

The city will make another attempt at the forthcoming Provincial legislature to secure the amendments to the Waterworks Act asked for at the last session and the legislative committee of the council will be instructed to take into consideration at once the advisability of re-presenting the private bill as submitted last spring. The city's application made last session to be given rights to sell power under the provisions of the Waterworks Act will also be urged. The names of six of the officers, are as follows: First Lieutenant L.A.H.B. Maitland-Addison, Lieut. C. C. Heycock, Lieut. T. G. Moncrieff, Staff Surgeon, W. E. Gribbell, Assistant Paymaster A. E. Weston, and Chief Engineer A. Sheriff. This contingent comes out to recommission the Shearwater.

Mr. Snell will leave town tomorrow upon his return trip to Boston, via Seattle. "I may say," he added, "that the prospects for big business in the far East in connection with the Seattle Exposition next year are very bright indeed, and I, for my part, look for a very remarkable addition to the usual volume of travel to all Pacific Coast points."

STEWART RIVER RICHES

Wm. Ogilvie Reports That First Season's Dredging Operations Have Been Satisfactory

Vancouver, Nov. 7.—William Ogilvie, formerly gold commissioner of the Yukon, is in the city. Mr. Ogilvie, who is president and general manager of the Yukon Basin Gold Dredging company, which is capitalized at \$200,000, was very enthusiastic over the prospects in the Stewart river country. The first dredge operated one season on the Stewart river was built this summer by Mr. Ogilvie's company, and about a month's work gave satisfactory results.

RAIN CAUSES TROUBLE

Fills in New Grades of B. C. Electric and V. W. & Y. Roads Sink Many Feet

New Westminster, Nov. 7.—In some places on the new grades of the B. C.

Always Leaders

Hand tailored garments, ready to try on, yet so constructed that alterations can be made quickly and accurately, were originated with Fit-Reform.

The system of training tailors to become perfect in making an individual part of a garment, was introduced into Canada by Fit-Reform.

Styles which easily supplant the efforts of the best custom tailors are created by Fit-Reform.

The protection to purchasers of guaranteeing satisfaction or money back, was original with Fit-Reform.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION ALLEN & CO.

Fit-Reform

1201 Government St. Victoria, B.C.

were. Cartier on the north shore of Lake Superior, West Fort William, Broadview, North Bend and Agassiz.

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STRENUOUS TIMES

Reeve Rae, of South Vancouver Municipality, Forcibly Ejects Councilor Timms From Room

Vancouver, Nov. 7.—Following a quarrel on a question before the city council, Reeve George Rae this afternoon seized Councilor Timms bodily and threw him out of the room. Reeve, who had given a casting vote on the question, with a wrongly crooked act, Timms further charged Councilor Timms with a casting vote.

Reeve Rae is a very large man. He walked around the table and the point where Timms sat, seized him and ordered him to retreat. Timms refused whereupon the Reeve threw him out of the door and down the front steps. Timms, who was not seriously hurt, returned by another door, but took no further part in the meeting.

Calgary Libel Suit

Calgary, Nov. 6.—The libel case between R. C. Edwards, of the Vancouver Daily News, and the Daily News, was again postponed until Tuesday next to allow E. P. Davis, of Vancouver, to reach Calgary. Mr. Davis will conduct the defense of Mr. McGillicuddy.

in the bunk, stant. He hours before tramp in m It had not m windowless, and groaning served as a thoroughly v coal-oil tin st furniture the gone into the sleep of the voices arouse Evidently well as him dently not i could hear a makeshift st spoke of hig "And he the dust as gruffly. "E Somers a di at Dawson was telling a Englishman eight and st the best. T old country and nothing up and quit He left his 'no account, again for a long time o Irish as the ers on acco country, co land lies, g and gets hi Emerson ha was owing tickled to d up, his fri money to c ed, a derrick on his own bench when where one to do his v for his for rights anyv paid assess flabbergaste thinking of ing friends asks like th O'Brien do him. "Go 'That's the when he re Laught against a t hot liquor mind was to do with 'Again the "Yes, I the facts v that will b and Gregg doubt it doesn't lea the neates providing "Easy" his ears to evidently enough, fo cabin and journey ag "It was and the w grudgingly ped into a Forks, and "Afterward hailed by a poker at a "In go given our is roasting "And "But a man near cards and sion, "no bred in l to get a Easy? "A little and said, "bu Enjoy th you? I and I sh "Not slyly. "Yes, firm. "I due me "A bla but it di lasting laughed had said thing po

"Easy" Somers—A Thanksgiving Story

Written for The Colonist by N. de Bertrand Lugin

"ND O'Brien will be clearing out for good the day after tomorrow, and taking the whole swag with him, two year's work's worth. Its certainly up to us."

"Easy" Somers sat bolt upright in the bunk, all of his senses alert on the instant. He had crawled into the cabin several hours before, exhausted from a thirty mile tramp in the first snowstorm of the season. It had not mattered to him that the cabin was windowless, and that the door hung creaking and groaning from the leather strap that served as a hinge; and because he was too thoroughly worn out to kindle a fire in the coal-oil-tin stove that was the only article of furniture the front room possessed, he had gone into the tiny bunk room and had slept the sleep of the utterly spent until the sound of voices aroused him.

Evidently others had been stormbound as well as himself, though they were also as evidently not in as weary a condition, for he could hear a fire crackling cheerily in the makeshift stove, and occasionally a laugh that spoke of high spirits.

"And he's just about as much entitled to the dust as you or me," a deep voice said gruffly. "He jumped the claim and served Somers a dirty trick. I heard the yarn down at Dawson last night, a fellow from Eldorado was telling about it. Somers is a 'no account' Englishman, but he came in here in ninety-eight and staked a claim on Bonanza, one of the best. Then something happened in the old country—mother dying I think it was—and nothing would do but Somers must pull up and quit before he'd done a stroke of work. He left his partner, Emerson, a worse than 'no account,' in possession, and didn't turn up again for a year. Seems the old lady took a long time dying. Anyhow Larry O'Brien, Irish as the devil, with a grudge against Somers on account of some trouble in the old country, comes up the creek, sees how the land lies, gives Emerson a hundred dollars and gets him full, then ships him outside. Emerson hadn't taken out a shovelfull of dirt, was owing everybody on Bonanza, and was tickled to death to go. So when Somers turns up, his friends having lent him passage-money to come back, he finds his claim jumped, a derrick, windlass, sluice boxes et cetera on his own land, and a cabin back on the bench where O'Brien sleeps by nights, and where one summer afternoon he defies 'Easy' to do his worst, that he won't pay him a cent for his forfeited claim, and that he has no rights anyway, not having done any work or paid assessment fees. Big 'Easy' looks blank, flabbergasted, turns white about the gills, thinking of the money borrowed from trusting friends maybe. 'What am I to do?' he asks like the fool he is, instead of knocking O'Brien down and kicking the mean life out of him. 'Go to Hell,' the Irishman says. 'That's the advice your father gave mine when he robbed us of our land at Killaloe.'"

Laughter again and the clatter of a bottle against a tin mug. The tantalizing fumes of hot liquor reached Somers' nostrils, but his mind was busy with other thoughts than had to do with the comfort of his weary limbs. Again the gruff-voiced man spoke.

"Yes, I can make a touching story out of the facts when I lick them into shape, a story that will bring tears to your eyes. Phillips and Gregson may give us some trouble, but I doubt it. Stevens will see that O'Brien doesn't leave town too soon. We can make the neatest job out of it that we've done yet, providing we find the case."

"Easy" held himself stiffly erect, straining his ears to hear farther. But the men had evidently concluded that they had had respite enough, for after another drink they left the cabin and whistling to their dog took up their journey again.

It was mid-day. The storm had ceased, and the winter sun was showing his face grudgingly above the hills, when Somers stepped into a roadhouse a mile or so above the Forks, and called for a long drink at the bar. Afterwards going into the back room he was hailed by half a dozen men who were playing poker at a table near the window.

"In good time, 'Easy,'" they called. "We've given our orders. The Thanksgiving turkey is roasting."

"And there's plum pudding," cried one.

"But no pumpkin pie," said a jovial faced man nearest the window, laying down his cards and trying to assume a doleful expression, "no pumpkin pie, and I was born and bred in New England"; then swinging round to get a better look at Somers. "What's up, Easy? You look all in!" Somers smiled a little and shook his head. "I'm quite fit," he said, "but I can't take dinner with you, boys. Enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey for me will you? I'm due up at Bonanza by midnight, and I shall have to start at once."

"Not up to O'Brien's?" someone asked slyly.

"Yes," Somers was now unwittingly firm. "Up to Larry O'Brien's to get what's due me there."

A blank silence fell on the little assembly, but it did not pay Somers the compliment of lasting beyond a moment. Then everyone laughed heartily as if the big Englishman had said the funniest and most improbable thing possible. They quite ignored the fact

that the subject of their mirth, a little pale and erect with a suddenly acquired dignity, was regarding them with grave eyes into which had crept a glint of something that had nothing at all to do with his habitual too gentle smile. Presently the laughter subsiding a little, he spoke to them.

"I know I've given you all ample cause to make game of me," he said. "I've been 'Easy,' too dead easy, and it's all around decent of you chaps to put up with me and give me a lift now and then as you have. And I've accepted it from you thinking when I thought at all that I was doing my share when, fortune favoring me in the game, I could blow in the dust on you, or, when luck failed I could make you laugh with a jest or a song. I've had my mind's eyes opened during the last twelve hours. Some chance words showed me the way to come face to face with myself. Boys I've been a d— fool."

No one among them spoke, surprise held them dumb, and Somers continued. "A couple of years ago you urged me to oust O'Brien off my claim by fair means or foul. I was a fool not to do it. The law would not have helped me any, but every man on Bonanza would have stood by me. I hadn't the nerve to do it. That's God's truth, I was afraid. But something's come to life in me. It needed hard words to waken it, and those words I've heard. Having been face to face with myself for twelve hours I'm ashamed to face myself any longer. I'm going to do what I should have done two years ago, and tonight is my last chance, for O'Brien goes out tomorrow taking his dust with him. I'm going up to the claim and wait for him there, and when he shows up I'm going to demand my fair share of what he's taken out of the land I staked. If he isn't ready to be reasonable, then we'll fight it out, man to man."

One of the little crowd spoke quickly. "You've no chance against him, 'Easy.' He's the surest shot on the creeks."

"It will be a fair test," said Somers quietly, "one man against another and some right on both sides."

"We shouldn't let you go," said Mathews, the man from New England. "There isn't a doubt but that knowing your intention we should detain you by force if necessary."

"But you won't try," Somers said gravely.

"No, we won't try. It's your own business, and you're within your rights."

"I'll be back at this time tomorrow if I come at all," Somers said. "And I'll bring something worth having, depend upon it. You'll all meet me here, eh?"

"Sure we will, 'Easy,'" a chorus of voices assured him.

He nodded, swung on his heel, and with his big shoulders held stiffly erect, went out of the room, leaving an uneasy silence and a little circle of grave faces behind him.

It was dark again when he reached the cabin at No. — Bonanza, a pitchy black darkness without moon or stars. The air was still and heavy with frost. The last lights he had seen were a mile down the creek, and O'Brien's cabin was in total shadow. A husky ran round the houses as he neared the door, barking savagely. Somers spoke to it in a low voice and the animal was silent instantly, fawning upon him. He was about to raise his hand to knock when the door opened suddenly and a little rush of aromatic air touched his face. Then two slender hands seized him with gentle force and drew him within the cabin.

"Oh! Larry, Larry." A woman's sweet plaintive voice spoke to him, while a soft hand was pressed against his shoulder. "I thought you would never, never come. Phillips and Gregson have not been here at all, and I was afraid, ghastly afraid, too afraid to light the lamp." She laughed and sobbed together, clinging to him in a glad abandon of relief.

Somers gently disengaged himself, a little stupefied with the delicious surprise of it, but firmly convinced in his mind that the sudden, swift, warm beating of his heart was quite unjustifiable.

"I am not Mr. O'Brien," he said, his voice rather unsteady. "I am so sorry."

There was a choking exclamation of dismay. He heard the girl recoil from him, and move with rapid steps to the farthest end of the room. "But I am not here to harm you," he went on reassuringly. "You must not be frightened or put out. I didn't expect a woman—I thought—I hoped to meet Mr. O'Brien. I have urgent business with him."

The woman was moving about quickly. She endeavored to light the lamp, but her hand was unsteady and the match went out as it touched the wick. Somers offered to help her, and presently they were facing one another over the table, the warm light full upon both of their faces. The woman was young, very young and quite lovely, though pale just now and wide-eyed from some half-formed dread. Somers was smiling his easy gentle smile, and the light in his blue eyes was wholly tender and protecting. Instinctively the girl's fear left her, but with the loss of the one emotion another gained ascendancy. The hot color began to mount into her face, and confused and embarrassed she let her white lids droop.

"I thought you were my brother," she said, "your voice when you spoke to Dan sounded like his, and besides Dan is never amenable with strangers. I am sorry to have — to have —"

"Not at all," Somers interrupted quickly.

"There is nothing for you to be distressed about. You are expecting your brother then soon?"

"I don't know at all," she ventured to lift her eyes to his for a moment. "But I hoped he would come long ago. You see, Phillips and Gregson were to have been here and had dinner with me. But something has kept them and I have been quite alone and terribly frightened." Her voice trembled a little. "Do you think anything could have happened?" the pleading in her eyes was restless.

"No," Somers said decidedly, then his innate abhorrence of falsehood prompting him, "Not to your brother anyway. One of the other men may be ill or — or hurt."

"I don't know your country," she shook her head. "I only came in on the last boat and I'm going out over the ice with Larry. It seems strange to me, very strange that they should not have come or sent word. They were both well yesterday and quite looking forward to the dinner I was to give them. I have roasted pheasants and made pumpkin pies, but I haven't had the heart to eat alone."

"Pumpkin pie," said Somers a little stupidly. "Oh, yes, pumpkin pie." Since he had entered the house he had totally forgotten the resolve that had been uppermost in his mind for the last twenty-four hours. The girl's words brought the scene in the roadhouse before his mental vision, and fired him anew with determination. The smile left his lips. He looked at her squarely.

"I am Eric Somers," he said.

She smiled without the slightest show of surprise. "And I am Sheila O'Brien," she responded. Then she held out her hand. "If you are a friend of Larry's," she said, "you are a friend of mine! Have you had your Thanksgiving dinner?"

"I haven't earned it," said Somers, a little relieved after all that his name bore no sinister significance for her. He held her hand a moment then let it go reluctantly.

"Will you not eat it with me?" she looked at him half-rogishly, half-timidly. "Since you have said that you are sure Larry is safe, and since you are here to stand between me and danger, I think I could enjoy the dinner."

Somers said nothing. They had sat down on opposite sides of the heater, and the girl turned toward him, clasping her slim, pretty hands over the back of her chair and leaning her chin upon them. "Are you a very old friend of my brother's?" she asked.

"No," the man said slowly, hesitatingly, "I'm afraid I can't come under that heading at all, though I have known Mr. O'Brien a great many years."

"Oh!" the girl's cheeks took on a deeper color. She unclasped her hands and sat very straight in her chair. "You will doubtless be explaining your words," she said, a little touch of the brogue showing in her accents for the first time.

"I can't do that," he said a little curtly. "You must ask your brother." All the gentleness had left his face, he looked straight before him. He would not sail under false colors even for the sake of retaining a momentary kindness, and pride forbade him appealing to her sympathy. "I came here tonight to make a demand of your brother and if he failed to grant it to call him out as men of honor used to do in our fathers' time. But you needn't be afraid. I didn't expect to meet an unprotected woman." He stood up. The girl crouched a little in her chair, her face pale again, her eyes wide with fear. "I'm not a hardened criminal, you know," he even smiled with something of his usual gentleness. "They call me 'Easy' Somers in the Yukon," he went on, "because I've always been such a fool, a 'no account' Englishman, not in it at all with the other 'Sourdoughs.' So you see," his smile was a little bitter, "there is no reason after all for you to shrink from me."

But if Somers' words expressed one thing, his enormous form, his wide shoulders, his powerful hands expressed another to the girl. She saw only in him a strength that seemed omnipotent, a strength that even her fearless brother would find impregnable. But presently the Irish spirit in her rose to the surface. She, too, stood up.

"Then of course you will be going," she said.

He looked down at her. "If you will let me stop until your brother returns," he said simply. "I will be of whatever aid I can." Knowing what he did, he did not realize the absurd incongruity of his words. The girl's lip curled a little.

"I should feel safer without you," she said. "I should feel safer quite alone."

For a brief instant Somers lived the scene in the roadhouse over again. For the first time the faces there that he knew so well had expressed other than a good-natured contempt for him, something that was almost respect. Well, he wasn't going to do anything to merit their change of feeling after all. He was going to be more of a fool than ever. Instead of taking away from O'Brien what was his own just due, he was going to stay by O'Brien's side and protect the man's ill-gotten gains for him. He said with impatient obstinacy.

"Nevertheless I will stop with you."

But a change had come over the girl's face. The last vestige of timidity left it. She lifted her chin haughtily and her blue eyes grew dark.

"I remember now," she said. "At first your name told me nothing. I have not been in Ireland since I was a little child. I was brought up in Scotland, my mother's country, and the old tales I had almost forgotten. You are Eric Somers of Glentven, are you not?"

"I am."

"And a fitting son of your father," her voice was very low. "As he robbed my father of Killaloe, so you would rob my brother of this, of this he has worked so hard to gain."

Somers face lost a little of its ruddy color. "Lacking a knowledge of the true facts," he said, "no doubt that would be your interpretation. Let it go. Your brother will tell you better perhaps. Meantime—"

"Meantime, since you say your business is not with me, perhaps you will go."

Somers hesitated a moment. If he told her the truth about the plot he had overheard, would she believe him? Not likely. And if she did believe she would be panic-stricken, perhaps needlessly. He could wait about outside until O'Brien returned, and then he could leave her in safety.

"If you insist," he said.

"I do insist," she raised dauntless eyes to his.

Somers walked down as far as the creek and stood listening. He was thankful that the dog did not attempt to follow him. She had evidently kept him in the house. The cold silence of the night was unbroken. He turned his head and glanced back at the window. He could see her dark head in profile as she sat close to the fire in an attitude of fearful expectancy. His heart gave a throb of pity. Then a slight noise broke the intense stillness. He leaned forward looking down the creek, every nerve strained to listen. Presently he heard the crunching of snow and the murmur of low voices. He had just time to step back into the shelter of the bush when two figures loomed up in front of him. Perceiving the light in the window, they stood stockstill within an arm's length of him.

"She is alone, sure enough," one of them said. "This is dead easy."

"No need of firearms tonight," the other laughed softly.

The first man whispered again, "There's to be no shooting at all, mind that, nor no talk of it. We're friends of Somers, peaceable, well-meaning friends, who only want to see justice. No bullying, nor bull-doing, unless O'Brien arrives. I've taken all but one cartridge from your gun so you'd have no temptation."

"The devil you did," the other laughed in a whisper.

They moved towards the house, and Somers followed, always keeping well in the shadow behind them. He heard them knock saw the door open, the two men take off their hats and the girl hesitatingly allow them to step inside. The light had been full on their faces and in that brief instant Somers had recognized "Silvery" Jennison, and Lawson, two of the proprietors of a notorious gambling den in Klondyke City, who were understood to have left anything but an enviable reputation behind them in Denver, from whence they came. "Silvery" Jennison, so-called on account of the smooth glossiness of his speech, having killed his man, and Lawson being a gambler of the most depraved type. Both bore the appearance of gentlemen, and it angered Somers to see the ease with which they had imposed on O'Brien's sister.

It took some little time and a good deal of careful manoeuvring before Somers could make an entrance through the back of the house. Access once gained, however, it was a comparatively easy matter to slip from the shed into the kitchen, between which and the living room where the three were assembled there was only a door and that ajar.

He could hear Jennison talking and talking of him. He had evidently told a most pitiful story, for his flexible voice was by now sonorously pathetic, and he broke off his sentences occasionally to swallow the sham emotion which he pretended was overwhelming him. Lawson was mute as usual. It was Jennison's role to persuade and where persuasion proved to be no avail Lawson aided in convincing.

Somers bit his lip hard when he heard his mother's name mentioned, and controlled himself by a great effort from going into the room. He heard himself lauded for his deeds of charity, for his unimpeachable honor, for his never-failing kindness and good-nature. He heard himself being pitied for the deprivations he had suffered, for the wrongs he had endured at the hands of unscrupulous men who had imposed upon his noble trust in human nature. He heard his present condition being described as penniless, poverty-stricken, and half-starving, with a debt hanging over him that meant his ruin body and soul if he could not get the wherewithal to pay it. He was collecting himself for a sudden entrance, when Sheila O'Brien spoke, her voice low and unsteady.

"You say you have appealed to my brother?"

"Again and again," Jennison said sadly. "It is not very clear to me," she said still unsteadily. "But I can see that a wrong has been done your friend, a wrong that must be righted."

"I felt that we would not appeal in vain to womanly sympathy and comprehension," Jennison's voice was positively musical in its gentle triumph.

"Tell me, did he know of your visit?" she asked.

"No, indeed," Jennison assured her. "Had he so much as guessed at our intention he would have moved heaven and earth to balk it."

"That's the first really honest word you've spoken tonight," Somers said, quietly stepping into the room and bringing up before Jennison. "I've heard nearly the whole of your eloquent story, and it has moved me though not in the same manner in which you intended it to effect the rest of your audience."

But Jennison was equal to the occasion, though the sight of Somers had startled him greatly, and the change in Somers' appearance had startled him still more. He essayed to smile, and rising, faced the other man.

"You have come to plead your own cause," he said. "But Lawson and I have done that for you. Miss O'Brien wishes to see justice done, and everything is all right. Lawson and I won't be unfair, you'll find," this last with a little ominous narrowing of his lids and a motion of his hand to his pocket.

But Somers was a changed man tonight. He did not flinch. His eyes were quite cold and steady upon the other man's. "As to that," he began briefly, and in a moment he had covered Jennison with his own revolver, "I was in Flint's cabin last night," he said. "I heard you and Lawson plotting. I made up my mind then that I would forestall you here, and interview O'Brien before you could come, or keep you out until he did arrive. I didn't expect, as you did, to find a woman. That puts an entirely different aspect on the affair. Now, you get out, both of you."

"And leave the swag to you," Lawson spoke now for the first time realizing that the moment had come to drop the mask. "Not much, we won't. If you're willing we'll divvy up, there's enough for all and no fear of interruption. Phillips and Gregson are bound and gagged in their own cabin. O'Brien won't leave town for hours, he's had his drink fixed for him. The road is clear for us to get down the river before a living man suspects—"

"I didn't come here to rob," Somers' face flushed hot. "And if you don't get out as I told you, I'll find a means to hurry you—Take your hand from your pocket, Jennison."

But after all he had to deal with men who had a dozen tricks to his one. Suddenly a shot rang out sharply, and Somers' right arm fell heavily.

"Ready to listen to reason now, eh?" Lawson was face to face with him holding his still smoking weapon against the other's breast. "Do you think we're babies," he snarled, "or fools like yourself? I guess the fight's about out of him, Jennison," he finished with an insulting sneer.

Somers had staggered a little, but recovering himself, stood upright, his eyes as unflinching as ever, his jaws set. Suddenly his left arm shot out and his fist struck hard against Lawson's jaw, felling him instantly. Before Jennison could take his weapon from his pocket, Somers had transferred his revolver from his right hand to his left, and was covering Lawson's confederate.

"Put up your hands," he said evenly, with the exultant fire of battle in his eyes. "Higher up, if you please. Now, Miss O'Brien, I shall have to ask your help, I am afraid." The girl came quickly from the corner where she had been crouching. "Take his gun from his pocket," Somers ordered.

Tremblingly she obeyed him, handling the revolver with fearful caution.

"Now, go," Somers said briefly to the livid Jennison. "Go straight out the door to the creek and find the shortest way to your own side of the line. Don't wait for your friend, he'll come when he's ready—Ah, he's ready now," as Lawson, very pale except for the bruises on his jaw, staggered to his feet and gazed with helpless rage upon the erstwhile "Easy." "Neither of you need trouble to return to Dawson," the latter went on. "I'll swear out a warrant for your arrest the minute you do. Don't trouble to pick up your revolver, Lawson."

He followed them to the door, which he closed carefully behind them. Then, turning, he faced the girl.

She had laid Jennison's revolver upon the table, and now stood very forlorn and white-faced in the middle of the room, twisting her hands together and regarding Somers with pleading eyes.

"Oh, I have misjudged you," she whispered. "And you are hurt—your wound—"

"Is nothing to worry over," Somers said quietly. "A little water and a bandage will soon set it right."

"Tell me," she asked as with hands that trembled she helped him to dress his arm. "Tell me, was any of the story that man told me true?"

"Some of it." There was not a trace of bitterness in Somers' voice. "Your brother did jump my claim. But that was years ago, and I've no doubt he felt himself justified. Perhaps he was." It was "Easy" who spoke now.

"And your mother—" she whispered timidly. "Was that true also?"

"Yes," palling a little, "that was true enough."

"Then Larry has been wrong, very wrong. Oh, but he can be hard, cruel even, if he bears any one ill-will." She put the last stitch in the bandage with infinite tenderness. The

(Continued on Page Nine.)

BLACK WATCH

The Name of
Black Watch
On a Tag on a Plug of
Black Chewing Tobacco
Stands for Quality.

LAND ACT.
Form of Notice.
Victoria Land District, Range 1, Coast Division.

TAKE NOTICE that Davidson Ward Co., Ltd., of Vancouver, B. C., occupation land, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—Commencing at a point planted in mound on the east side of Loughboro Inlet about 3/4 of a mile south of McBride Bay, and about ten chains north of the old mill; thence east 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence west 20 chains to a point on a chain from line of high tide, thence paralleling the said line of high tide, and a chain therefrom northerly 20 chains, more or less, to the place of beginning, containing 40 acres more or less.

DAVIDSON WARD COMPANY, LTD.,
By James McDermitt Davidson, Agent.
Dated October 15th, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 25th day of November, 1908, an application will be made by J. H. Lawson and L. Genie, Trustees of the Debuter Trust Deed of the Rithet Proprietor, Company dated the 15th day of April, 1907, to extend the time for the registration of the said Debuter Trust Deed in the office of the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

This notice is given in pursuance of an Order of the Honorable Chief Justice, dated the 18th day of October, 1908.

BODWELL & LAWSON,
Solicitors for the Trustee.

Thirty days from date I shall apply to the Chief Commissioner of Land and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situated in the Bentway District, West Coast Vancouver Island, commencing at the S. W. corner lot 189, thence north 49 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to coast, thence west following coast line to point of commencement containing 640 acres more or less.

Nov. 2, 1908. R. S. GOLLOP.

Thirty days from date I shall apply to the Chief Commissioner of Land and Works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situated in the Bentway District, West Coast Vancouver Island, commencing at the S. E. corner lot 189, thence north 49 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains more or less, thence west following coast line to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

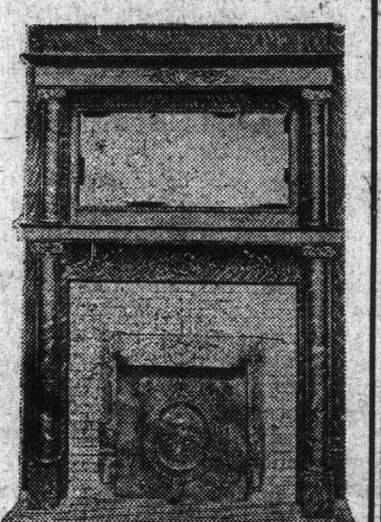
Nov. 2, 1908. W. H. KIRKBRIDE.



EVERY DAY
of leather going into harness is the best that money can buy. Every bit of work in the best that the highest skill can do. Any kind of harness you buy of us you can rely on for quality and you'll always find the price the lowest possible for the quality.

Trunks and Valises always on hand.

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Commercial, Pitman, and Gregg Short-hand, Telegraphy, Typewriting (on the standard make of machines), and the languages, taught by competent specialists.

M. J. SPROTT, B.A., Principal.
W. A. SCHUBERT, B.A., Vice-President.
L. M. ROBERTS, Gregg Short-hand.
H. G. SKINNER, Pitman Short-hand.

MUNICIPALITY WILL HOLD OVER AGREEMENT

Oak Bay Wants More Definite Understanding As to Cost of Water Supply

While the city council has passed an agreement relative to supplying the municipality of Oak Bay with water, and the agreement signed by the proper civic officials has been forwarded to the council of the latter, it is more than likely that the last of the matter has not yet been heard. In fact it is stated that the Oak Bay municipality has no intention of accepting the agreement until some more definite arrangements have been made as to what price the water will be delivered for by the city to the municipality. At last Monday night's meeting of the city council the agreement was passed upon and one of the sections decided upon was the following:

Before the expiration of two years herefrom, arrangements between the parties for the permanent supply of water to the municipality from the city waterworks system shall be perfected in accordance with this agreement and the following shall be arranged:

"The municipality to acquire the water mains and apparatus of the corporation now in the municipality to pay for the same the fair value thereof."

The price to be paid for the water which price shall never be less than the current price paid by domestic consumers in the city per 1,000 gallons, with any frontage tax added, and the time of payment to be specified.

It is stated that the city does not own the mains within the municipality. The Cadboro Bay road main, it is claimed, put in by the Agricultural Association, and that on Foul Bay road, while laid by the city, has since been paid for by the Oak Bay Improvement company. As to the question of frontage tax, since the city does not own the mains and therefore cannot levy a frontage tax thereon, the question is asked is the municipality to be called upon to pay a frontage tax on the main running from Smith's Hill reservoir to the boundary of the municipality.

As to the question of price, several factors have to be considered. The city itself uses considerable water both at the exhibition grounds and at the Old Man's Home. It is expected that the city shall be charged not less than the city domestic consumers' rate for this. There is, too, a considerable amount of water used for municipal purposes such as for flushing drains within the bounds of the municipality. The municipality will require to know if it must pay the same rate for this water as domestic consumers using very much smaller quantities pay.

In fact it is probable that before the cost is arrived at so as to be satisfactory to both parties, much consideration will have to be given to the question and the municipality does not feel disposed to accept or reject the agreement until these various phases of the matter have been fully gone into.

The agreement was considered at a meeting of a committee of the Oak Bay council yesterday afternoon, when it was decided to let it stand over for the time being. The municipal council was rather surprised to receive the agreement, all ready executed by the city without first having had an opportunity of looking it over and if necessary suggesting some changes. It is claimed as if the city, after having decided to the form of agreement decided upon had passed it along to the Oak Bay municipality with the suggestion that the latter could take it or leave it, but that it would be the last word from the city on the matter.

Motor Fire Appliances
Calgary, Nov. 6.—The city council is considering the advisability of installing motor-driven fighting appliances for the Calgary fire department.

Calgary's Block Pavement
Calgary, Nov. 6.—The Kettle River company, who have the contract of block pavement for Calgary streets, today received notification from the customs officials that blocks could be brought in free of duty.

EDISON AMBEROL RECORDS AND ATTACHMENTS
Also a complete stock of Standard Records, including all the popular Lauder numbers, at

FLETCHER BROS. EDISON HEADQUARTERS.

RAW FURS
Highest prices paid for all B. C. and Alaska furs. Write for our price list containing much information to raw fur shippers.

M. J. JEWETT & SONS
Redwood, New York, Department 13.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—10 Acres, house, out-buildings, fruit trees, plenty of water. Morley, near pumping station. 16

"NORTON BEAUTY" POTATO is 10 days earlier than "Early Rose." Price for 30 days (Fall delivery) only \$2.50 per 100 lbs. Spring price will be about \$3.50. We paid at rate of \$3.00 a bush. Write for further particulars. Satisfaction guaranteed. Marshall & Speers, Corfield P.O., B.C., Vt.

PURE BRED LIVESTOCK
STANDARD Bred S. C. White Leghorns, pullets and hens, for sale, from \$1.00 up from Captain Mitchell's famous laying strain, Santa Barbara. Ernest T. Hanson, Cowichan Station, Vt.

WANTED TO PURCHASE
WANTED—Good clear photos illustrating sports on Vancouver Island, and the Coast in particular, and British Columbia in general. Address Box 323, Colonist Office.

BETTER ATTENDANCE AT THE CITY SCHOOLS

October Shows a Slight Improvement Over the Previous Month

There was a slight increase in the number of pupils enrolled in the public schools for the month of October as compared with the previous month and the average of attendance was also better while the number of pupils who had a perfect attendance to their schools was greater. On the other hand the cases of truancy were greater and the number of cases of tardiness showed a substantial increase, evidently due to the less favorable weather than during the month of September. The summary of the reports from the various schools is given below:

High School—Actual enrollment 222; boys 129, girls 153; average actual attendance 94.41; perfect attendance 156; truancy none; corporal punishment none; tardiness 27.

Boys' Central—Actual enrollment 538; average actual attendance 93.21; percentage of attendance 97.5; truancy three; corporal punishment 26; tardiness 39.

Girls' Central—Actual enrollment 481; average actual attendance 90.95; percentage of attendance 91.11; perfect attendance 249; truancy none; corporal punishment none; tardiness 27.

North Ward School—Actual enrollment 422; boys 231, girls 191; average actual attendance 91.87; percentage of attendance 91.87; truancy two; corporal punishment 12; tardiness 32.

South Park School—Actual enrollment 362; boys 178, girls 184; average actual attendance 93.10; percentage of attendance 94.64; perfect attendance 197; truancy none; corporal punishment three; tardiness 55.

Victoria West School—Actual enrollment 258; boys 129, girls 129; average actual attendance 92.73; percentage of attendance 88.26; perfect attendance 122; truancy none; corporal punishment 11; tardiness 14.

Kingston Street School—Actual enrollment 211; boys 124, girls 87; average actual attendance 93.88; percentage of attendance 89.51; truancy one; corporal punishment six; tardiness 34.

Old Man's Home—Actual enrollment 101; boys 50, girls 51; average actual attendance 89.13; perfect attendance 101; truancy none; corporal punishment six; tardiness 14.

Hillside School—Actual enrollment 134; boys 71, girls 63; average actual attendance 88.76; perfect attendance 101; truancy one; corporal punishment four; tardiness 14.

Rock Bay School—Actual enrollment 71; boys 43, girls 28; average actual attendance 91.38; percentage of attendance 91.38; perfect attendance 71; truancy none; corporal punishment two; tardiness three.

Total for month—Actual enrollment 2,937; boys 1,582, girls 1,355; average actual attendance 90.61; percentage of attendance 90.61; perfect attendance 1,447; truancy 14; corporal punishment 63; tardiness 158.

PRINCE RUPERT WORK TO LAST ALL WINTER
Railroad Contractors Figure on Getting Better Weather From Now On

(From Saturday's Daily)
J. W. Stewart, the active head of the big railroad contracting firm of Foley, Welch and Stewart, was in town yesterday on his way down from Prince Rupert. Discussing affairs at Prince Rupert at the Empress yesterday Mr. Stewart said:

"We have about 2,500 men at work, but would like to have twice that number. However, our gang is increasing now and we sent up 215 more men on the last steamer from Vancouver. We expect to work all the winter and will probably get better weather for outdoor work from now on than we have had having. The snow does not lie very deep at Prince Rupert, but there will be enough for skidding, and it will facilitate our operations very much."

"We have had a lot of rain this season, and I understand that it has been one of the wettest seasons ever known up there. For the last week, however, we have had beautiful weather, and we ought to get better weather right along."

"I am on my way now to Edmonton, where we have the contract for building the 120 miles west of that town. We have the contract for building the 100 miles east of Prince Rupert, and the company has called it the 200 miles west of our 120 mile contract out of Edmonton, and also for another 140 miles at the end of our Prince Rupert contract. This leaves a gap of 225 miles on which the contractors have not yet been asked to tender. We are tendering for the two new contracts, but they have not been awarded as yet."

Mr. Stewart expects to be back in about four weeks, when he will go up to Prince Rupert again. He left last night for Seattle en route to Edmonton.

Looking For Missing Boy
The police are looking for Albert Enright, a seventeen-year-old lad who left his home in Tacoma last week ago. When last heard of he was in Vancouver. He wrote home saying that he was coming to Victoria. His aged mother, whom he supported, has since then heard nothing of him and he is her sole support. Friends are helping her tracing the missing boy. Enright has but one arm and was crippled having been seriously injured in the San Francisco earthquake. He gains a livelihood by selling "spout up" and has been in the habit of warding his home.

Sells Spanish Farm.
Mr. H. Dallas Holmcken and Mr. J. P. Mann went out to Spanish today and completed the sale of 70 acres of the Spanish farm, which was purchased for cash by an English gentleman, at a good price per acre.

BOARD PASSES UPON PLANS OF NEW SCHOOL

Up-to-Date, Fire Proof Building For the North End

(From Saturday's Daily)
Plans of the new nine-room school which will be erected on the site recently purchased by the school board on Chambers street between Queen's avenue and Princess street, were adopted at a special meeting of the board held last evening for the purpose of considering them. While the interior arrangement of the proposed building as shown by the plans was heartily approved of by the board, the fact that the architects had suggested a plain flat roof with a straight parapet the length of the building did not appeal to some of the members of the board and the architects were asked to supply another plan showing the same style of building with a half pitch roof.

A building erected for the plan will, Mr. Watkins, the board's architect estimates, cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$40,000, including the heating and ventilation system, to cost of which will be about \$5,000. It is the intention to place the building well towards the rear of the three and a half acre site, and to have the entrance on Chambers street thus affording ample room for play grounds.

The plans considered called for a brick building with a half pitch roof, ornamentation except where the entrance came. Pressed brick will be used for the walls of the school, besides being ornamental and lasting, also maintaining its freshness. The building will be two stories high, with a basement and ample provision has been made for the proper lighting of every room. The building will be 145 feet in length by 75 in depth and will contain nine rooms, though the plans are so drawn that it will be an easy matter to make extensions towards the rear, which will give four more rooms without disturbing the existing arrangements. On the ground floor, there will be two large covered separate play grounds for the boys and girls, and upon his return to Victoria the time for appealing had elapsed. He urged several technical points against the conviction, which was overruled, his lordship saying that an appeal to the minister of justice for a remission of the fine was the only course open.

The conviction on its face charged \$2 costs payable to Mr. Grayson. The chief justice remarked forcibly on this, saying there was no warrant for such a charge and advised that the matter be brought to the attention of the attorney general. Mr. Grayson appeared in support of the conviction.

BOARD OF TRADE COUNCIL IN SESSION
Will Consider Harbor Improvement and Various Other Matters

(From Saturday's Daily)
The Council of the Board of Trade met yesterday morning, the president, Mr. S. Leiser, in the chair, the other members present being L. A. Genge, J. A. Mara, George Carter, C. E. Lugin, J. L. Beckwith and J. J. Shallos. The committee in charge of the collection and forwarding of the Fernie Relief Fund, Messrs. D. M. Berta, A. T. Goward, G. A. Kirk, C. W. Rhodes and J. E. Wilson reported that the account was closed. The total amount which was directly transmitted to the authorities at Fernie for the relief of the sufferers, was \$4,709.25; making, with the city's corporate contribution of \$1,000, \$5,709.25, while in addition considerable sums in cash and of donations in kind were sent forward by many individual citizens.

The secretary of the Fernie Relief Fund, Mr. J. E. Wilson, reported that the committee had solicited the Board of Trade here that in due course a copy of a properly audited statement, detailing the manner in which these relief funds were expended, will be communicated.

The Shaughnessy banquet committee—S. Leiser, L. A. George and J. J. Shallos, made their final report, expressing the deep gratification which they felt in common with many other leading citizens in respect to the unequalled success of this expression of the generous esteem in which the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway company is held in the city of Victoria. Certain matters of business, which will be submitted for discussion at the regular monthly meeting on the afternoon of Thursday next, the 12th instant, had consideration, and it was felt that all the time which will be on that occasion at the disposal of the members, could be very profitably spent in reaching some definite decision in regard to what had best be done for the solution of the transportation problems, and the improvement of some adequate manner of the present harbor accommodation, with the view of securing to the commerce of this city in its various fields something like its full and fair share of the enormous increase in traffic which, with some reasonable confidence, may be expected to arise in the very near future, and especially in the season of 1909 in connection with the Seattle exhibition. The suggestion which were outlined in yesterday's issue of the Colonist, appeared to meet with very general approval. A letter from Mr. H. B. Thomson, M. P. for Seattle, suggesting and strongly recommending the preparation and issue of a pamphlet which would very completely, but at the same time with brevity, set forth the great extent as well as the extraordinary variety of the resources of Vancouver Island, in the matter of lumber, mineral, fish, farming, fruit growing and poultry raising industries, besides affording a complete idea of the unusual strength of the Island's numerous attractions to both the visitor and the homesick in the way of shooting, angling and climbing.

In addition, Mr. Thomson urged that the pamphlet which he had in view, should be suitably illustrated. This while some of the members thought that such a publication had better be committed to the hands of the Tourist Association, it was, on the other hand, observed that the local member's communication referred not merely to the city of Victoria and its charming surroundings, but also and in a very special manner, to the resources and the advantages which were offered, both to the visitor and to the investor, by the Island as a whole.

The subject was finally referred to Messrs. A. W. McCurdy, Geo. Carter and E. Jacobs, who as a special committee will give it further consideration and report.

These same gentlemen have also in hand the formation of an association, which for the carrying out of these as well as other useful purposes, will include all the boards of trade upon Vancouver Island.

Local Option
The local option committee met on Tuesday evening and did considerable business. Dr. Spencer is doing considerable local option work throughout the

Chewed His Tongue.
Vancouver, Nov. 6.—Arthur Newman, a prisoner in the British Columbia penitentiary, committed suicide in a most unusual manner. He was found bleeding from the mouth. There were no wounds on his cell, and the only conclusion the prison officers could come to was that he had chewed his tongue. Newman was rushed to the hospital, but died later of heart failure and loss of blood. Newman was serving the last year of a five-year term for burglary committed in Vancouver.

Conviction of U. F. Bender Upheld By Chief Justice Hunter
An appeal by way of certiorari from a decision of stipendiary magistrate Grayson at Alberni, came up yesterday before the chief justice. It was the case of U. F. Bender, an American real estate man and financial agent, who is well known in Victoria, charged with selling an intoxicant to an Indian, and who was fined \$50 and costs.

The facts were unusual and caused a good deal of comment at Alberni at the time. It seems that Mr. Bender had been lucky in getting a good hatch of salmon, and a Siwash, known as Cultus Bob offered to help him take the fish to the hotel. On offering to pay the man, Cultus Bob said that his daughters needed a bottle of lemon extract to make cake with and that would do instead of pay. Accordingly Mr. Bender went to the store, bought a dollar bottle of the extract and gave it to the Indian.

Unfortunately there was an Indian policeman close by at the time and he immediately summoned the undersigned officer on the charge of supplying an intoxicant to an Indian. Mr. Bender pleaded guilty before the magistrate, saying that he had not the remotest idea that lemon extract was an intoxicant. Mr. Grayson, the magistrate, being of the opinion that everybody knew that lemon extract was an intoxicant, and fined him \$50 and costs.

The case was reported at length in the Alberni Pioneer News, and that paper did not hesitate to say that the Indian policeman had collaborated with Mr. Bender to fall into a trap, and that it was not the first case of the kind.

On the application coming before Chief Justice Hunter yesterday, his lordship said that as Mr. Bender had pleaded guilty he could not set aside a certiorari application, considering any further evidence, but that the defendant should have taken an appeal to the county court. Mr. Twigg, who appeared on behalf of Mr. Bender, explained that there was no judge at Alberni before whom an appeal could be taken, and upon his return to Victoria the time for appealing had elapsed. He urged several technical points against the conviction, which was overruled, his lordship saying that an appeal to the minister of justice for a remission of the fine was the only course open.

LEMON EXTRACT COSTS A SPORTSMAN DEAR

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The case was reported at length in the Alberni Pioneer News, and that paper did not hesitate to say that the Indian policeman had collaborated with Mr. Bender to fall into a trap, and that it was not the first case of the kind.

On the application coming before Chief Justice Hunter yesterday, his lordship said that as Mr. Bender had pleaded guilty he could not set aside a certiorari application, considering any further evidence, but that the defendant should have taken an appeal to the county court. Mr. Twigg, who appeared on behalf of Mr. Bender, explained that there was no judge at Alberni before whom an appeal could be taken, and upon his return to Victoria the time for appealing had elapsed. He urged several technical points against the conviction, which was overruled, his lordship saying that an appeal to the minister of justice for a remission of the fine was the only course open.

The conviction on its face charged \$2 costs payable to Mr. Grayson. The chief justice remarked forcibly on this, saying there was no warrant for such a charge and advised that the matter be brought to the attention of the attorney general. Mr. Grayson appeared in support of the conviction.

BOARD OF TRADE COUNCIL IN SESSION
Will Consider Harbor Improvement and Various Other Matters

(From Saturday's Daily)
The Council of the Board of Trade met yesterday morning, the president, Mr. S. Leiser, in the chair, the other members present being L. A. Genge, J. A. Mara, George Carter, C. E. Lugin, J. L. Beckwith and J. J. Shallos. The committee in charge of the collection and forwarding of the Fernie Relief Fund, Messrs. D. M. Berta, A. T. Goward, G. A. Kirk, C. W. Rhodes and J. E. Wilson reported that the account was closed. The total amount which was directly transmitted to the authorities at Fernie for the relief of the sufferers, was \$4,709.25; making, with the city's corporate contribution of \$1,000, \$5,709.25, while in addition considerable sums in cash and of donations in kind were sent forward by many individual citizens.

The secretary of the Fernie Relief Fund, Mr. J. E. Wilson, reported that the committee had solicited the Board of Trade here that in due course a copy of a properly audited statement, detailing the manner in which these relief funds were expended, will be communicated.

The Shaughnessy banquet committee—S. Leiser, L. A. George and J. J. Shallos, made their final report, expressing the deep gratification which they felt in common with many other leading citizens in respect to the unequalled success of this expression of the generous esteem in which the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway company is held in the city of Victoria. Certain matters of business, which will be submitted for discussion at the regular monthly meeting on the afternoon of Thursday next, the 12th instant, had consideration, and it was felt that all the time which will be on that occasion at the disposal of the members, could be very profitably spent in reaching some definite decision in regard to what had best be done for the solution of the transportation problems, and the improvement of some adequate manner of the present harbor accommodation, with the view of securing to the commerce of this city in its various fields something like its full and fair share of the enormous increase in traffic which, with some reasonable confidence, may be expected to arise in the very near future, and especially in the season of 1909 in connection with the Seattle exhibition. The suggestion which were outlined in yesterday's issue of the Colonist, appeared to meet with very general approval. A letter from Mr. H. B. Thomson, M. P. for Seattle, suggesting and strongly recommending the preparation and issue of a pamphlet which would very completely, but at the same time with brevity, set forth the great extent as well as the extraordinary variety of the resources of Vancouver Island, in the matter of lumber, mineral, fish, farming, fruit growing and poultry raising industries, besides affording a complete idea of the unusual strength of the Island's numerous attractions to both the visitor and the homesick in the way of shooting, angling and climbing.

In addition, Mr. Thomson urged that the pamphlet which he had in view, should be suitably illustrated. This while some of the members thought that such a publication had better be committed to the hands of the Tourist Association, it was, on the other hand, observed that the local member's communication referred not merely to the city of Victoria and its charming surroundings, but also and in a very special manner, to the resources and the advantages which were offered, both to the visitor and to the investor, by the Island as a whole.

The subject was finally referred to Messrs. A. W. McCurdy, Geo. Carter and E. Jacobs, who as a special committee will give it further consideration and report.

These same gentlemen have also in hand the formation of an association, which for the carrying out of these as well as other useful purposes, will include all the boards of trade upon Vancouver Island.

Local Option
The local option committee met on Tuesday evening and did considerable business. Dr. Spencer is doing considerable local option work throughout the

Chewed His Tongue.
Vancouver, Nov. 6.—Arthur Newman, a prisoner in the British Columbia penitentiary, committed suicide in a most unusual manner. He was found bleeding from the mouth. There were no wounds on his cell, and the only conclusion the prison officers could come to was that he had chewed his tongue. Newman was rushed to the hospital, but died later of heart failure and loss of blood. Newman was serving the last year of a five-year term for burglary committed in Vancouver.

Conviction of U. F. Bender Upheld By Chief Justice Hunter
An appeal by way of certiorari from a decision of stipendiary magistrate Grayson at Alberni, came up yesterday before the chief justice. It was the case of U. F. Bender, an American real estate man and financial agent, who is well known in Victoria, charged with selling an intoxicant to an Indian, and who was fined \$50 and costs.

The facts were unusual and caused a good deal of comment at Alberni at the time. It seems that Mr. Bender had been lucky in getting a good hatch of salmon, and a Siwash, known as Cultus Bob offered to help him take the fish to the hotel. On offering to pay the man, Cultus Bob said that his daughters needed a bottle of lemon extract to make cake with and that would do instead of pay. Accordingly Mr. Bender went to the store, bought a dollar bottle of the extract and gave it to the Indian.

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Write us for prices and we can save you money. Mail Orders receive our best attention.

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To those building their own homes we are supplying Yale & Towne hardware for many of the palatial homes being erected in the city and vicinity. Yale & Towne hardware is being used in the best business blocks in the city. Let us figure for you. Estimates cheerfully given.

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To those building their own homes we are supplying Yale & Towne hardware for many of the palatial homes being erected in the city and vicinity. Yale & Towne hardware is being used in the best business blocks in the city. Let us figure for you. Estimates cheerfully given.

B. C. Hardware Co., Ltd.

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Northern Interior of B. C.

Miners and prospectors going into Telkwa, Omineca or Ingineca Camps will find a full stock of mining tools, camp outfits and provisions at my general store at Hazelton, which is the head of navigation on the Skeena River and headquarters for outfitting for above points.

R. S. SARGENT, HAZELTON, B. C.

A MAGISTRATE'S EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF ZAM-BUK

Zam-Buk wins favor wherever tried! The Magistrate whose words are quoted below tried it thoroughly and now tells the result. If you suffer from any skin disease or injury mark well his words!

The Pavilion, Gold Fields, B.C.
After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. It cured me of a skin rash of five years standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I do certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in their homes. It truly does more than you claim for it. Yours very truly

ROBERT F. PERRY, Justice of Peace for B.C.

Chronic Sore Quite Healed.
Mrs. M. A. Harris of 69 Chestnut St., St. Thomas, Ont., says—"My husband had a running sore on his ankle for about two months. Zam-Buk showed satisfactory results from the first application

Emperor William and His Latest "Indiscretion"



HEREWITH is shown one of the latest photographs of Emperor William of Germany, whose latest indiscretion—the giving out of an interview with a correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph—has set Europe by the ears.

"Flattering for Britain, but most unpleasant for her friends."

This sums up the average feeling in England over what the Daily Graphic calls "immeasurably the most foolish of all the indiscreet things the kaiser had done." "May the world be charitable to him," concludes the paper, "just because of its foolishness, and forget it. Certainly if the kaiser expected to remedy the situation in England, which he so frankly described, his object will not be achieved, for he has given fresh material to British teutophobes, which they have eagerly seized. Why, then, if the kaiser is in the minority in his affection for England, did he say at Guildhall during his English visit that the mutual regard of the English and Germans was the basis of the world's peace, and that the German race felt toward the English as he did himself? What are these revelations intended for? If to create dissension between Britain, France, and Russia they have miserably failed, for the raking up of the past century's grievances has not only brought the members of the triple alliance closer together, but certainly thousands of Britishers have been offended by the awkward passages of this interview."

William T. Stead breaks out in an entire column in the Daily Mail, sarcastically thanking the kaiser for standing between England and the irate Teuton legions bent on her destruction. He says it has been the impression in England that she was protected against aggression by the pre-eminence of her navy, but now she recognizes that she has been sheltered and saved by the mighty arm of Victoria's grandson. "It is not to be wondered at, then," continues Mr. Stead, "that all Britishers cry, 'O, kaiser, live for ever!' Yet also a motor accident or a stumbling horse may deprive England of her only friend, and, therefore, it is best to lay down another six Dreadnoughts to provide against this dreadful contingency."

"We consider," says the Berlin Tagliche Rundschau, "the latest indiscretion of the kaiser as a heavy blow to Germany's foreign policy, especially as it comes at a time when we seemed to be gaining ground in the Balkans. We are of the opinion that such an indiscretion must be made impossible in the future, and that the Reichstag, immediately after convening, must demand consistency in conduct, that German politics may be better safeguarded than heretofore." This expression from a leading journal, which usually is in accord with official sentiment, and known as the paper which the kaiser himself reads, is a mild reflection of the storm of criticism which has followed the publication of the kaiser's interview with an anonymous Englishman in the London Daily Telegraph.

The press generally, says a Berlin correspondent, declares that there is small hope that the interview will have the intended effect in England, while its revelations as to the attitude of the other powers during the Boer war are bound to arouse indignation and distrust in France, Germany and Holland.

The kaiser's disclosures as to the support he gave England at the time are brought into contrast with Kruger's telegram, and are classed with the famous message, the Tweedmouth letter, and the Tower-Hill incident, as disconcerting evidence of the emperor's inability to discriminate between his personal acts and his acts as a sovereign. Emperor William's reference to the "yellow peril" is deemed especially unhappy, as Japan is hardly likely to reconcile the kaiser's words on this point with his recent act of conferring the order of the Black Eagle, the highest German decoration, on the visiting Japanese prince. The fact that the German people still cherish a sympathetic recollection of the struggles of the Boer republic does not tend to take the edge off popular criticism. The foreign office practically admits the authenticity of the interview, though still declining to confirm it in detail.

"The confessions of an emperor," as the kaiser's revelations of his feelings towards England are called here, writes a Paris correspondent, form the theme of every conversation. France rejoices, though at first there was great indignation over the kaiser's assertion that France played the leading role in trying to form a coalition of the powers against Britain during the Boer war. Every Frenchman sees that William's conduct only proves the entire isolation of Germany, which has been the object of a certain number of European politicians for some time. The proof of this isolation is the fact that the kaiser's "confessions" show he cannot flatter a single first-class power without ruffling the susceptibilities of another. It will be as agreeable to Holland to hear what he did and how he felt regarding the Boer struggle for independence as it will be to Japan to hear how the German war lord feels about the "yellow peril."

The avowed dislike of the majority of the Germans for the English nation is not at all calculated to help along any Franco-German conciliation. The natural aversion of the French for the German way of doing things in the political field is increased tenfold by this incident, drawing from the cautious Temps the frankest bit of warning ever given Germany since the "theft" of Alsace-Lorraine. "So long as Germany does not accept cheerfully and in good faith the new formula of equity which has rejuvenated Europe," says the journal, "and so long as she is determined to recover the commanding position of supremacy that Bismarck gained for her, she will struggle to separate England from France and from Russia, and to break up all the new groups. It is the voice of a dead man that speaks—a dead man who knew how to trouble the waters."

A leading New York journal has published

a long cable dispatch which gives an extended report of an interview that an ex-diplomat had recently with the Emperor of Germany, says the Toronto Globe. In the course of the conversation between them the Kaiser reiterated with emphasis his condemnation of the unreasonableness of those British people who are "completely given over to suspicions quite unworthy of a great nation." He recalls several instances in which he rendered important ser-



EMPEROR WILLIAM

vices to Great Britain at critical periods in the South African war, and if the whole interview is not a manufactured romance these occurrences are calculated to modify very much the British view of the Emperor and his advisers.

The first of the instances he mentions is the mission of the Transvaal's delegates to European powers for the purpose of securing recognition of the independence of the South African Republic. They were heartily wel-

comed in Holland and France, and they desired to visit Germany, where the masses would have received them gladly, but the Emperor refused to hear them, and their mission came to a sudden termination.

The second instance is the invitation extended to Germany by Russia and France to join them in calling on Great Britain to end the war. "The moment had come not only to save the Boer Republics, but also to humiliate Great Britain to the dust." The Emperor not merely declined the invitation, but telegraphed to the British Sovereign that he had done so, and his despatch, he says, is in the archives of Windsor Castle.

The third instance is that of a sorrowful letter received by him from his "revered" grandmother, Queen Victoria, to which he sent a sympathetic reply. He did more in asking one of his officers to procure precise information as to the number and the disposition of the combatants on both sides, drafting a plan of campaign which he submitted to his general staff for criticism, and sending it also to Windsor Castle. The plan thus prepared closely resembled, the Emperor says, the one actually adopted and carried out by Lord Roberts.

If this alleged interview really took place the world will soon know the fact, and if the Emperor's statements are correctly given in the report they should cause a strong revulsion of feeling towards Germany. To many British people the strained relations between the two countries have been matter for deep regret, and this may be the beginning of a better state of feeling on both sides. The matter will, no doubt, very promptly be cleared up.

The Montreal Star says: The "magnificent indiscretion" of "the reputable Englishman" who made public a chat with the German Kaiser, which it seems took place a year ago, has stirred up a great deal of excitement in Europe. The German Foreign Office seems to have taken the remarkable—and not very tactful—course of letting it be known that the conversation was not strictly private at all, but was intended to be published when "the reputable Englishman" should deem the occasion fitting. This puts rather a new face on the affair. The Kaiser intended his defence to reach the English people. While the British public will be pleased to note that the Emperor is desirous of standing well in their esteem, they will take a different view of a premeditated appeal for their confidence than they would have held regarding a pardonable "betrayal" of a private conversation.

"The reputable Englishman" cannot be congratulated on the time he has chosen for making his interview public. It comes just at the moment when an "entente" between Britain, France, and Russia is most desirable, and when Germany is suspected of desiring to prevent such an understanding. Suspicious Britons will ask themselves whether it may not be that the Kaiser, who deliberately planned to have this "private" interview "betrayed," did not also give his English mouth-piece a hint to "speak now." That would be very

astute international politics, though the frank statement of the German Foreign Office is not. Possibly we may hear that the Foreign Office has been misrepresented.

At any rate, the story is bringing forth other stories from Paris which, again, put new faces on the affair. From Paris, it is claimed that it was M. Delcasse who put a stop to the proposal of a Continental alliance against Britain, and that he promptly reported the matter to Lord Salisbury. If Lord Salisbury had both Germany and France hastening to tell him of this awful conspiracy hatched against him by "others," he must have been vastly amused; and we can imagine his sardonic laugh even amidst the gloom of the South African "muddle." It is possible that the truth was that Russia desired such a step; but that neither France nor Germany would trust each other sufficiently to act together. One story is that Germany demanded a compact to recognize and defend the existing territorial rights of all three as a condition to her co-operation—a condition which no French Government could accept and live.

Possibly the whole truth will now come out as the result of the Kaiser's interview. But it will certainly not have the effect of weakening the "entente" between France and Britain or the good understanding with Russia. Things have changed since the Boer war. The Japanese war followed it; and it tumbled the old order in Europe pretty well to pieces. France is no longer the historic enemy of Britain. Russia is no longer her greatest rival. The Channel fleet has found a new cruising ground in the North Sea. To tell us that Russia desired the humiliation of Britain eight or ten years ago, is to bring us no news. To tell us that France was then in no friendly attitude, is to confirm what we already know. But both Russia and France have shifted their ground since then.

The Great Powers care little for the past when they are planning for the present and the future. International alliances are not founded upon gratitude, but upon mutual self-interest. National antipathies play their part in making it easy or difficult for representative statesmen to lead their people the way they think they ought to go; but these quickly give way before the plain teaching of a new situation. The rise of a new menace will drive ancient enemies into each other's arms. The concern over the disclosures of a European plot during the Boer War will be chiefly historic. It will not affect the future. If it is said that they may reveal the perfidy of foreign governments, it will be replied that no one imagines that Ministers or diplomats wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Secret alliances are the commonplace of history.

One fact stands out of the business very clearly; and that is that, even in her darkest days, Europe could not unite against Britain. As the Spanish Armada felt toward the little "Revenge," lying shattered and sinking in their midst, "they feared that she still could sting." Neither of them cared to go to war with the greatest sea-power of the ages; and herein lies Britain's lesson.

Servia's Fate Foreseen

(Written for The Colonist by Lally Bernard)



LONDON society is like one of those bran pies, beloved of childish days. Your invitation card to some social function, formal and unostentatious, is in reality a sort of lottery ticket. You may possibly draw a "blank" or find that it means an enormous gain in the way of world-wide experience and interest, in a city where the last census shows a population as large as of the whole of the Dominion of Canada.

Somewhere between the courses which marked the progress of a dinner party in the house of an ex-army officer long identified with both Canadian and Imperial politics, the writer suddenly became aware of the identity of an exceedingly handsome old gentleman who had "taken her down to dinner" and who wore a goodly array of foreign orders unfamiliar and curious.

This was Monsieur M—, long the accredited representative of Servia at the Court of St. James, and who had but lately retired from his position when the regicidal Government of King Peter, the present monarch, came into power.

In some way or other the conversation turned to the subject of Spiritism, the modern cognomen for "Spiritualism," and the recital of the following story from the lips of the gentleman in question, marked that dinner party as one of the most memorable of many extraordinarily interesting experiences in London society.

It appeared that Monsieur M— had for many years been the intimate friend and confidential adviser of King Milan and Queen Nathalie, and subsequently occupied much the same position in regard to King Alexander, the unfortunate son of an unhappy mother.

Mr. Alfred Stead, the well known editor of the "Review of Reviews," was one of the many English people who delighted in the charming society of Monsieur M— and his wife, and some six weeks before the hideous tragedy at Belgrade, which so horrified

the civilized world, Mr. Stead had invited both Monsieur and Madame M— to be present at a Spiritualistic seance which was to take place at his residence on a certain evening. A newly imported medium from Yorkshire was to give an exhibition of her powers to a few intimate friends of the Stead family. It so happened that on the day in question Monsieur M— had received a letter from King Alexander, and before leaving for the Steads' house, he had, more by the way of a joke than otherwise, enclosed the hasty scrawl of his royal master in a blank envelope, with the remark that he "would give the medium something to puzzle over!"

On arriving at the house of Mr. Stead, Monsieur M— found that the medium—an exceedingly ordinary type of the Yorkshire woman—had for some reason or other failed to reach the stage known as "sub-conscious," a state necessary for mediumistic manifestations.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before she had attained the condition necessary for the exercise of her peculiar psychic powers, and at that hour Monsieur M— was due at one of the foreign embassies where an important function was in progress and where his attendance was necessary.

Monsieur M— confided the sealed envelope to an English friend, with the remark: "If you get a chance, put this into her hand, and tell me the result at the club tomorrow."

The "result" was so startling that the friend in question did not wait to see Monsieur M— at the club the following afternoon, but before Monsieur M— had left the breakfast table next morning, his friend was ushered into the room, simply beside himself with excitement. "What in the name of Heaven did you put into this envelope?" was his greeting. "It brought about a scene which put an end to the seance!" "What was the scene?" demanded the wily diplomat, putting the proffered envelope into his pocket after examining the seal to ascertain that it had not been tampered with.

Then the subsequent tale was told. To-

wards the end of the evening, the envelope had been put into the hands of the apparently sleeping woman, whose head was supported on two cushions laid on the edge of the table by which she sat. "I cannot read it, I cannot read it," but the man who writes it wears a crown," she began to murmur, and suddenly a look of acute distress shadowed her face, and she began to moan and whisper, as if in fear, muttering with increasing excitement, "The soldiers will catch them, the soldiers will catch them"; and then called loudly, "Oh, they are killing them, they are killing them"; "Ah!" with a wild shriek, "They have thrown them into the garden!" The excitement and evident distress was so great that those in charge of her deemed it wise to restore her to her normal condition. She awoke perfectly tranquil in mind, but with a livid face, bathed in perspiration and every sign of physical exhaustion.

Monsieur M—, long schooled in the value of silence, gave his friend no satisfaction regarding the contents of the envelope. He was not a believer in Spiritism, but it was an open secret that the populace in Belgrade were hostile to both King Alexander and Queen Draga, whose interference in state affairs had caused great offence, but so far the loyalty of the army had never been questioned. Why, then, had the medium imagined that the "soldiers" were intent on doing bodily harm to the King?

In diplomacy the most trivial incident often becomes a clue to an important train of events, and Monsieur M—, disbeliever though he was in mediums and spiritism, felt compelled to write an account of the whole incident to King Alexander, delicately suggesting that his Majesty might do well to ascertain if any treasonable influence was at work among his Guards.

King Alexander's reply was to laugh the whole thing to scorn, and upbraid Monsieur M— for listening to "old woman's twaddle."

Six weeks later, in the Royal Palace at Belgrade, the whole tragedy outlined in a London drawing room, by a Yorkshire medium, was enacted to its smallest detail, and while yet breathing, King Alexander and his

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)

"Easy" Somers—A Story

(Continued from Page Seven.)

blue eyes she lifted to his were beautiful with unshed tears. "And you stayed tonight to defend me, even after I had turned you away." Some of the tears ran over on her cheeks. "Oh, for me," she said, with a very sweet abandonment, "the old family feud is quite, quite dead."

"Thank God," Eric Somers said, deeply moved.

Presently the girl set the table at his elbow and when everything was in readiness stood beside her chair looking at her guest with a sweet gravity.

"This is indeed our Thanksgiving dinner," she said. "Will you ask God's blessing upon it?"

He rose at once and obeyed her unhesitatingly and reverently.

After the meal the two sat beside the glowing heater, while the little clock that hung on the wall ticked three hours away. They talked quietly of various things, commonplace things enough; but their eyes spoke a different language from their lips, expressing thoughts that were far too sweetly subtle for words to frame. And by-and-by O'Brien returned.

The first moment the Irishman entered the room his hair literally stood on end with anger and a nameless dread of what might have happened during his absence, of what still might be the outcome of Somers' visit. But his sister ran to him, and with her arms about him, told him in soft, swift words the story of the night's happenings. Somers stood during the recital, his face a little pale, his eyes hard upon O'Brien's, his blood-stained shirt and bandaged arm bearing eloquent testimony to the part he had played, and whatever O'Brien's opinion of him he had always known him to be a man of honor.

Sheila ceased speaking and let her gaze wander from Somers to her brother, mutely, subtly pleading.

O'Brien bit his lip, tried to speak but could not. Then Sheila to help him whispered soft-

"For him and for me the old feud is dead, Larry."

"And for me," blurted out the Irishman. "From now on its share and share alike between Somers and O'Brien." He strode across the room and grasped the other man's left hand, and during a brief silence the two faced one another, neither of them ashamed of the emotion that made their eyes dim.

About sun-up the next day, the stage carried the three into The Forks, where at Somers' request, he was put down. Sheila handed him a parcel as he got out of the sleigh. "For your friends," she said with a smile, "especially the friend from New England."

"You'll meet us at the hotel about four o'clock," O'Brien said heartily. "And we'll put the seal on our friendship for good and all."

"And before very long," the girl asked with pretty wistfulness, "You, too, will come Home and we shall see you there?"

"As soon as the river breaks up in the spring, I'll take the first boat for the 'Outside,'" Somers replied looking deep into her eyes.

As the stage took up its journey, he walked into the cardroom of the roadhouse, where his friend had assembled to meet him. They were all there and greeted him warmly, shouting a dozen excited questions as they saw his dangle coat-sleeve and his arm in a sling across his chest.

"Everything's all right, boys," he said, smiling his old gentle smile, but with a new brightness in his eyes. "Everything's all right, and here's proof of it." He laid Sheila's parcel upon the table. "It's your privilege to open it, Mathews," he said. "My contribution to the Thanksgiving dinner is a little late perhaps, but—"

The rest of his words were drowned in the laughter of the men. Mathews had untied the parcel and disclosed to view a pumpkin pie.

Delivered By Capt. Clive Philipps-Wolley on Events of Campaign

Capt. Phillips-Wolley was visibly affected by the extreme heartiness of his reception.

Russians Driven Back

"Well, gentlemen, with such intrepid men as these to lead, we had driven the Russians pell-mell from the heights of Alma to ground at Sebastopol. We had, moreover, taught them our cavalryman's arithmetic at Balaklava, where Cardigan turned a blunder into a miracle of bravery, and Scarlett at 55 beat him by doing an even more difficult

I have not time to tell you here tonight how Burnaby fought a rear-guard action with 18 men and then charged several battalions of Russians in order to save the Guards' colors. (Cheers). After he charged a company and a half of the men, when he charged the column with 18 men, when he came out alive on the other side. (Cheers). Or how Lieut. Miller and his artillerymen went with sponge rods and with bare hands at the battalion which threatened their three unlimbered guns. (Cheers). Or how the doctor, who had no knowledge of any word of command, found himself in the front command, who, vere with him, surrounded

The following observations of the speaker of the House had a particularly favorable effect on the audience. I have served my country, too. It was in the intelligence department, and my reward six months in a prison in Brackenbury. Cheers and laughter. And the point which I particularly wish to make this evening is shortly this: That it is a duty of every British citizen to make himself fit in some way or another to take his share of the burden.

Major Hall, in moving the vote of appreciation to the speaker of the House, explained that he was taking the opportunity to make a personal appeal to Mr. McBride's request, and added that it was utterly impossible for him adequately to eulogize the splendid address of the speaker of the House. He was the speaker of the evening. We all know now, His Worship added, of the his-

Lt. Col. John A. Hall, Robt. J. Hart,
 Lieut. A. J. Grace, P. C. Ferrin,
 J. S. Brown, J. S. Brown, Henry
 F. Thomson, Geo. Millett, Wm.
 Ernest Fairley, G. F. Jeanneret,
 Jones W. Davis, Capt. Wm.
 C. Thompson, J. S. Brown, J. S.
 Campbell Pearson, John McLennan Mc-
 Kosh, Albert Richard Nex, H. Thack-
 eray, G. Blakney, A. S. Kent, O.
 Vaughan, H. A. Trend, S. J. Pomeroy.

Islands Court of Revision.
 The B. C. Gazette contains the an-
 nouncement that the Lieutenant-gov-
 ernor has appointed the following
 as the day for the holding of the
 court of revision of the voters' list for
 the Islands Electoral district.

You can make richer, more fragrant,
 more delicious tea if you use "Salada."
 It is made from two cups of water,
 absolutely boiling water. Steep 5

before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

ROY C. PRICE,
Agent.

Dated this 15th day of August, A.D.

before the issuance of such certificate of improvements,

ROY C. PRICE,
Agent.

two and a
comparati





THE SIMPLE LIFE



THE HOME GARDEN

ALL THE PERENNIAL LARKSPURS WORTH GROWING



THE perennial larkspurs are undoubtedly the most popular blue-flowered hardy plants. And no wonder. The spirit of the flower is aspiration itself, witness the towering spikes and the colors of the sky. For two weeks in July the larkspur is the queen of the hardy border. And in the fall larkspurs give another good show of color though the spikes are not then so large and perfect. Interest in the larkspurs now centres in the hybrids, most of which bear the names of prominent people.

The points of a good hybrid larkspur are: densely flowered spikes; many blossoms open at the same time; large individual flowers; rounded sepals, ability to stand without stakes; and above all good constitution, which implies resistance to blight.

Six species are commonly said to have entered into these hybrids, but the conclusions reached by the latest monographers are so astonishing that I have had the types traced from authentic pictures so that anyone may judge for himself this season which ones have been the most important in the evolution of the best garden varieties.

But first we must understand the structure of a larkspur flower, which is very interesting. The five showy parts are not petals, but sepals; although they perform the function of petals, i.e., attracting insects. One of these sepals has a long spur.

The true petals are generally four, and the two upper ones have colorless spurs which run back into the spurred sepal. These upper petals are really nectaries, and the function of the blue spur is doubtless to keep bees from getting at the nectar by a short cut without cross-fertilizing the flowers.

The two lower petals are generally notched and bearded so as to suggest the hind legs of a bee at work in the flower, whence the name "bee larkspur."

I. The Hybrid Larkspur of Botanists

It is quite likely that *D. hybridum* of the botanists is not in cultivation, and that the nurserymen use this name collectively for the hybrids that have originated in cultivation. The true hybridum is distinguished from all other species mentioned in this article by having leaf-stalks that sheathe about the stem. Its leaves are many times parted into linear segments. The flowers as first pictured were only three-eighths of an inch across. There was once introduced a crimson flowered form of it known as *var. puniceum*. It is greatly to be hoped that this can be recovered, on the chance that it may prove to be easier to grow than the other red-flowered species. *D. hybridum* grows wild in Asia.

II. The Large-Flowered Larkspur—Grandiflorum

The other perennial larkspur with leaves divided into many linear segments is *D. grandiflorum*, which is often said to be the species that is chiefly responsible for the large individual flowers that the hybrids possess. The flower of grandiflorum was depicted as one and three-fourth inches across as long ago as 1760. On the other hand, it has only six to nine flowers in a loose cluster, which cannot be called a spike. It came originally from Siberia.

The most famous variety of it is the Chinese larkspur. In other words, *D. Chinense* of the nursery catalogues should be called *D. grandiflorum*, *var. Chinense*. This variety has never been distinguished by any characters of botanical importance. The gardeners are pretty well agreed that it is dwarfier and has larger and more numerous flowers. It commonly grows one to one and one-half feet high, while grandiflorum may be two and one-half feet.

The unique merit of the Chinese larkspur is that it will bloom earlier and give more flowers the first year from seed than any other perennial larkspur. To get a fair show of flowers by August it is best to sow the other species indoors in March, but the Chinese larkspur will be covered with flowers on Independence Day from seed sown outdoors in April. It probably has more of the ever-blooming habit than the other species, for the variety known as Blue Butterfly begins to bloom when the plant is only nine inches high and under-favorable conditions will continue until frost.

III. The Mysterious Formosum

I could scarcely believe my eyes when I read a statement by the latest monographer of the whole genus (Huth) to the effect that the true *D. formosum* is practically unknown to gardeners. The man who first described it (Boissier, 1856) says that it is unique in having golden hairs on the upper petals, as well as the lower ones. All the famous old colored plates that call themselves *D. formosum* are referred by Huth to *D. cheilanthum*.

Moreover Huth describes a *D. formosum*, *var. centiflorum* which he says is "the most beautiful of all delphiniums, but gardeners are little acquainted with it because it was introduced into cultivation comparatively late." It will be difficult for any gardener to believe that the best species of the genus—one with a hundred flowers in a spike and each flower two and one-half inches across—could remain comparatively unknown to cultivation after

once being introduced. It is native to Armenia.

IV. The Big-Lipped Larkspur—Cheilanthum
The name *D. cheilanthum* rarely, if ever, appears in catalogues today, yet if Huth is right it is to this species that we must attribute practically all the plants sold as *D. formosum*. The original description of *D. cheilanthum*, made in 1820, is founded on two pictures, showing the prominent beard on the lower petals. This flower was a small one—about three quarters of an inch across. Later pictures that call themselves cheilanthum show flowers an inch and a half in diameter and in 1838 we get in Sweet's "British Flower Garden" a variety with a dozen flowers on a spike nine inches long. The leaf from the picture of 1769 shows one of the upper leaves and we must always be on our guard against these in Delphinium, since they are not characteristic. The most characteristic leaf to be found in the genus is the one which is shown in Sweet's picture, which he calls *D. cheilanthum*, *var. multiplex* and my readers will instantly recall this as the most familiar type of foliage among perennial larkspurs. The leaf is usually five-parted.

Huth says the tradesmen used to offer a *D. cheilanthum*, *var. formosum*. It is quite possible that this got shortened in the trade to *D. formosum* and I can testify that the specimens which the New York Botanical Garden got from American seedsmen under this name are really cheilanthum, for the golden beard on the big lower lip of this flower is unmistakable. This species is native to Siberia and the plants grow about three feet high.

V. The Tall European Larkspur—Elatum

The long spikes that we often find among the hybrids are generally supposed to be derived from the tall European larkspur (*D. elatum*), a plant that ordinarily grows about five feet high. The earliest good picture of it (1756) shows a spike sixteen inches long, containing more than forty flowers, each five-eighths of an inch across. The nurserymen sometimes brag of spikes three feet long. The reader must brace himself for another shock, for in the "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture" Davis says of elatum: "It is probable that all, or nearly all, the plants sold here under this name should be called *D. exaltatum*."

VI. The Tall American Larkspur—Exaltatum

I do not see how anyone can confuse the tall larkspur that grows east of Nebraska with the European species. True, they both have small flowers in long dense spikes, but look at the leaves! The European species (*elatum*), generally has a 5-parted leaf, while the American (*exaltatum*) is generally three-parted. But it is still more significant to compare the width of the divisions. The wedge-shaped divisions of *exaltatum* seem highly characteristic. The leaf and flower from Philip Miller's "Dictionary," 1760, shows about twenty-five flowers, each five-eighths of an inch across.

E'en Homer nods, and Nicholson and flower of *exaltatum* that I refer in his "Dictionary of Gardening" is clearly mistaken in making *elatum* a mere synonym of *exaltatum*. For, even if the European and American plants should be considered the same species, the name *elatum* must be given the preference since it dates from 1753, while *exaltatum* was not described until 1789.

We ought to know more about the tall American larkspur. I shall be grateful to any who will send me plants from the wild for my garden. I should like to know the merit of this species as compared with *elatum* and particularly whether it is more resistant to blight.

The Red and Orange Larkspurs

There was great excitement in 1855 when the scarlet larkspur was introduced and again in 1870 when the orange larkspur was brought into gardens. Hitherto perennial larkspurs were confined to blue, purple, and their derivatives, including lavender and white. The two new species seemed to promise every other desirable color, for yellow is easily derived from orange.

Unfortunately these species, though perennial in California, will not survive northern winters. They can be made to bloom the first year by starting seeds indoors in March, but if one could get fresh seeds in August it would probably be best to sow them then and winter the plants in a coldframe.

Both species have a sort of tuberous root and after flowering the plants die down to the ground. The dried roots have been offered by bulb dealers, but have not given uniform success. I have as yet found no indication that anyone has succeeded in crossing these species with the tall perennials.

The cardinal larkspur (*D. cardinale*) is usually considered the better species as the flowers open wide (one and one-half inches) while

those of the orange larkspur (*D. nudicaule*) remain partly closed. They are also smaller and in looser clusters.

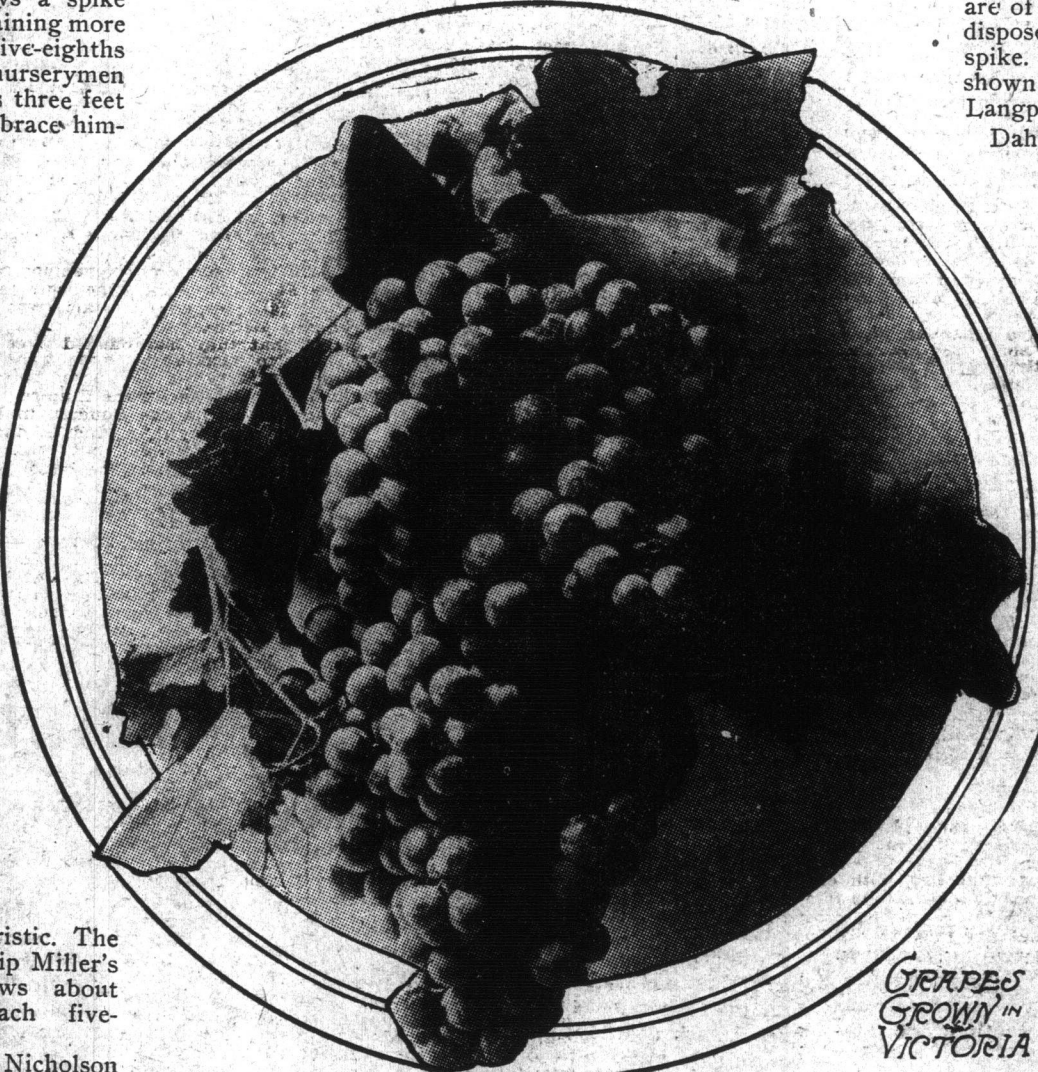
These species should be grown in sandy soil and it might be well to lift the roots after flowering and lay them on or near the surface of the ground under a coldframe in order to imitate the rainless Californian summer. Mr. E. D. Sturtevant says that the roots endure great drought and become as brittle as pipe stems, yet start readily on the arrival of the rainy season. A big mass of scarlet larkspurs three to seven feet high in California is a memorable sight, but in the East we commonly get miserable little plants a foot or so high bearing only a few flowers.

The May-Blooming Larkspur—Tricorne

A May-blooming larkspur ought to be of considerable interest, yet I know only one nurseryman who catalogues our native *D. tricorne*. It usually grows only a foot high and bears six to ten purple, rarely white, flowers each a little more than an inch in diameter. The rocky is a better place for rare plants with tuberous roots than the border, because in the latter situation when the tops lie down, the roots are easily ruined by a careless stroke of the hoe.

The Pale Yellow Larkspur

There is no golden larkspur, and unfortunately the pale yellow larkspur (*D. Zailii*) belongs to the same cultural group as the Californian species, although it is a native of Afghanistan. It is a freer bloomer than the other tuberous kinds but is inclined to bloom itself to death. There is an exquisite colored plate of it in the Garden (English) for 1896, showing flowers one and one half inches across and two dozen in a spike. It has been known to attain a height of five feet, but few people make it average more than two. It would be a great achievement to cross this species with a white-flowered perennial larkspur. *D. Zailii*



GROWN IN VICTORIA

AAA. Seeds irregularly wrinkled, hardly winged—*exaltatum*.

Unfortunately, the doubles produce a few seeds or none and therefore I add the following key, based almost wholly upon the original descriptions:

- A. Lvs. many-times parted.
- B. Petioles sheathing at base—*hybridum*.
- BB. Petioles not sheathing—*grandiflorum*.
- AA. Lvs. usually 5-parted.
- B. The petals all bearded—*formosum*.
- BB. The lower petals bearded.
- C. Spikes many-fl'd.: fls. small—*elatum*.
- CC. Spikes fewer-fl'd.: fls. large—*cheilanthum*.

AAA. Lvs. usually 3-parted—*exaltatum*.—Wilhelm Miller in Garden Magazine.

NEW PLANTS

Through the courtesy of The Garden, a well known English horticultural weekly, we are enabled to present to our readers, from time to time, a list of the latest productions in plants and flowers. In order that our friends may know where to send, should they desire any of the specimens, we will print the articles in their entirety.

Ilex Perryi.—A new and distinct species of Holly from China. The plant exhibited was little more than two feet in height, bushy, compact and forming a perfect pyramid. The leaves are small, glossy green, and quite unlike any species known to cultivators. We think very highly of the new-come, which should prove of great value in the garden. Shown by Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, Limited, Chelsea. First-class certificate.

Gladiolus Golden Measure.—A valuable addition to the yellow-flowered section, and a good and vigorous variety withal. Award of merit.

Gladiolus White Cloud.—The large and handsome flowers of this variety are of an ivory white tone and well disposed in a compactly-formed spike. Award of merit. Both were shown by Messrs. Kelway & Son, Langport.

Dahlia Marathon.—A Cactus variety with a flower of unusual size, well formed and colored a rosy fawn. The base of the florets is yellow and the tips of a golden hue. Shown by Messrs. J. Stredwick & Son, St. Leonards. Award of merit.

Dahlia Tom Jones.—A show variety. This type of Dahlia still appeals very strongly to the florist. The variety is a very attractive one, the florets being edged and suffused rose-pink on a creamy yellow ground. Shown by Mr. S. Mortimer, Farnham, Surrey. Award of merit.

Tritonia (Montbretia) Norvic.—A showy and good novelty, dwarf growing and free flowering, with much-branched and dark-colored stems. The color is yellow, much stained with reddish orange. Award of merit.

Tritonia (Montbretia) Hereward.—Another novelty of sterling merit, with palest orange-colored, widely-opened flowers 3 inches across; free and late in flowering. Award of merit. Both were shown by Major Petre, Westwick, Norwich (gardener, Mr. Davidson).

Kniphofia R. Wilson Kerr.—A tall-growing and handsome variety with attenuated inflorescences of reddish scarlet flowers. From Messrs. R. W. Wallace and Co., Colchester. Award of merit.

Phlox General Von Lassberg.—If we regard this from the standpoint of purity and size of flower individually, we say at once that it is the finest pure white herbaceous Phlox we have seen. The variety attains to 3 feet high, and when well grown should prove a grand addition. Award of merit.

Phlox Violet.—The name here given is suggestive of the color of this showy and distinct sort, which is the deepest we have yet seen. Award of merit. Both were exhibited by Messrs. Gunn and Sons, Olton.

Gladiolus primulinus hybrids.—A charming new and beautiful race, with somewhat small spikes of hooded flowers, which are singularly novel and artistic-looking in their present form. There are varying shades of yellow, primrose and rose and pink, and these are occasionally combined in one flower. Shown by Messrs. R. W. Wallace and Co., Colchester. Award of merit.

Pteris aquilina Nicholsonii.—An elegant-looking variety of the well-known Bracken hailing from New Zealand, and probably only hardy in the open in the more favored parts of Britain. The variety is very distinct from the typical form we know so well. Exhibited by Messrs. H. B. May and Sons, Edmonton. Award of merit.

Sophr. Lactio-Cattleya Danae superba.—This is a very pretty Orchid of a mixed parentage, no less than three genera being em-

ployed in its production. In form the flower is midway between a *Laelia* and a *Cattleya*, the sepals and the petals being a lovely mixture of dull purple and apricot. The labellum is of medium size, with a bright purple edge and a very rich lemon-colored throat, the whole making a very handsome flower. Shown by Lieutenant-Colonel Holford, C.I.E., C.V.O., Westonbirt, Tetbury, Gloucester (gardener, Mr. H. G. Alexander). Award of merit.

Catsetum russellianum.—A curious addition to this interesting family of orchids. The flowers are borne rather closely on a pendulous raceme and are of medium size. In color they are a greenish white, with thin green venation over the whole flower. The plant exhibited was in a 3-inch pot, and carried one raceme composed of twelve fully-developed flowers. Shown by Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., Burford, Dorking (gardener, Mr. White). Award of merit.

Cattleya Rhoda.—This is one of the prettiest *Cattleyas* we have seen for a long time, and a mere description cannot do it justice. The sepals are lanceolate, long, and of a rich crimson apricot color. The petals are ovate-lanceolate, partly twisted, and of a somewhat lighter color than the sepals. In addition they have a distinct edging of delicate primrose coloring. The labellum is very curiously shaped; it is nearly flat and extends abruptly about two-thirds up from the base, thus forming a reniform sort of fan. At the base, in what would ordinarily be the throat, the color is a mixture of very rich yellow and crimson, but on the broader portion it is rich carmine, daintily edged with pale primrose. Shown by Messrs. Charlesworth & Co., Heaton, Bradford. Award of merit.

Brasso-Cattleya Mme. Charles Maron, Sander's variety.—This is a large flower with a long and unwieldy name, which it does not deserve, as the bloom itself is very refined. The long, narrow sepals are bluntly pointed and somewhat reflexed at the edges, the sepals being very much broader and slightly creased. The labellum is quite characteristic of the family, it being very large, broad and highly fimbriated. The color of the whole flower, with the exception of the throat of the labellum and at the extreme base of the segments, which are primrose, is bright lilac purple. Shown by Messrs. Sander and Son, St. Albans. First-class certificate.

Laelio-Cattleya Elva St. Vincent.—A very pretty flower of rich yet refined coloring. The sepals and petals are of the usual bright rosy mauve coloring, but the labellum is most distinct. As the ground color is very deep rich purple, this being relieved by two large dots of pale and deep yellow hues situated at each side of the entrance to the throat, these give the flower a most striking appearance. Shown by H. S. Goodson, Esq., Fairlawn, Putney. Award of merit.

All the above were shown before the Royal Horticultural Society on September 1st, 1908, when the awards were made.

MEDIUM LOW HEADED TREES

I prefer trees medium low-headed so as to have room to pick up dropped fruit. Then one can gather faster from the ground than on ladders, and I find that trees do not split and break off when heavily loaded with fruit, as they will rest on the ground or can be more easily propped than those with high tops. If they are too low the fruit does not appear to color as well as when off the ground a little distance.

The common practice in our locality is medium low-headed. I hardly think borers would do any more damage to low-headed trees than high. The flat-headed borers generally attack a tree that has some injury on it, sun-scald, rotten wood or something of that nature on the tree that is injured.

The fruit on medium low-headed trees is not damaged so much in wind storm unless it falls from the very top. As I have had but little experience with high-headed trees, I cannot say which is easier to destroy caterpillars on, but since I can spray medium low trees with less difficulty, I should imagine they would be more readily destroyed on the medium low tree.—Iowa Farmer.

LOCAL-GROWN GRAPES

On this page is shown a photographic reproduction of a bunch of grapes grown in a Victoria garden. They were exhibited in Challoner & Mitchell's window for a few days and attracted much attention from the fact that not only were they of excellent size and quality, but of historical interest. The vine from which they were plucked originated from one which was brought to this country from Europe by Sir James Douglas many years ago. Since that date large quantities of excellent fruit have been grown, and the yield this season was in every way excellent.

SPLENDID B. C. APPLES

During the week the editor of the Simple Life department in the Colonist had an opportunity, through the courtesy of Mr. James Argyle, of inspecting a number of very fine apples grown at Kamloops. They were of the Wolfveriver and King varieties and were perfect in every respect. Judged by any standard they would be hard to beat anywhere. The Wolfveriver is a beautifully rosy-red apple, firm and juicy. The King is of a fine golden tint, streaked with red. They measured no less than 13 1-2 inches in circumference.

IMPROVEMENTS

mineral claim, also mining division. Where located. Quatsino Sound. That I, James A. certificate No. B. 5 days from date the Mining Recorder improvements, for mining a Crown grant.

notice that action, must be commenced of such certificate of

ROY C. PRICE, Agent, day of August, A.D.

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No. 2 mineral claim, also mining division. Where located. Quatsino Sound. That I, James A. certificate No. B. 5 days from date the Mining Recorder improvements, for mining a Crown grant.

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Diamond No. 1 mineral claim, also mining division. Where located. Quatsino Sound. That I, James A. certificate No. B. 5 days from date the Mining Recorder improvements, for mining a Crown grant.

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THE LITERATURE OF SPIRITUALISM

"With my phenomena I laid the atheist sprawling on his back; Propped up St. Paul, or at least Swedenborg!"—Browning in "Sludge the Medium."



HAT may be termed, more or less loosely no doubt, the literature of spiritualism and similar phenomena increases at a steady pace. Nowadays it forms a considerable library, but the bulk of it is not, strictly speaking, of any great significance, says the Belfast Whig. The subject, however, especially that aspect which is particularly concerned with the question of the survival of personality after death, appears to have a curious fascination for a certain type of mind or temperament. They represent serious-minded people as a rule with a strong pre-disposition to accept upon the flimsiest evidence pseudo-proofs of what no man living knows a particle, however earnestly he may desire real knowledge. That is precisely where the clever, designing medium reaps a comfortable harvest, or has done so until exposure followed hot-foot. From many points of view, most of all dispassionate views, the fact is all the more astonishing. The results such as they are do not carry the level-headed inquirer very far—they are trifling, often they are childish, invariably they are singularly indefinite. The vigilance of the Society for Psychical Research is all very well in its way. It does good work in keeping down the weedy growth of charlatanism, and in time, but a very long time, it may conceivably throw valid light on the single side of the questionings of mankind through the ages to which no answer has ever been vouchsafed. These three volumes, "The Naturalisation of the Supernatural," by Frank Podmore; "Occultism and Common Sense," by Beekles Wilson, and "Spiritualism," by James Robertson, each in its own way, are germane to these general considerations. They are profoundly interesting, needless to say, but the point which is vitally important is whether they really widen the borders of knowledge by a hairsbreadth, dissipate gross stupidities, or merely pile still further mystery on what is already mysterious enough—the survival of personality after death in fine. Almost from the historical dawn of religious ideas till the middle of the nineteenth century the majority of mankind—from the savages in the lower scale to the storm-tossed type of mind like that of Cardinal Newman—have accepted that view, proof or no proof; Shakespeare indeed, with that large utterance always characteristic of his personal-impersonal phraseology, has his peculiar note—the bourne from which no traveler returns. And still another type representative of the acutest in the way of intelligence to which modern scientific training has given voice, that of Huxley, neither affirms nor denies—"I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing

in it, but, on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it," to cite his own words. Or, again, it is impossible to forget the attitude of a man like Sir Oliver Lodge, an intimate friend of the late Frederick Myers, who devoted his life to the search for scientific proof after a period of rank scepticism when annihilation appeared to be the probable doom both of the individual and the race. Myers believed that he had found the proof of the immortality of the soul, and there is no doubt that Sir Oliver Lodge, who is among the highly cultured men of intellect of today, is heart and soul with him. Hence after all one reaches an undeniable "impasse." Now as regards these inquiries, or expositions, under review, which take up the matter independently each of the other, Mr. Podmore's may be confidently accepted as being the most authoritative, but not the most interesting, as will presently be seen. It is not in fact too extravagant a claim to insist that the book is a skilful presentment of an able materialist whose main conclusions are those of an intelligent scientist, and a member of the Society for Psychical Research, if one is not in error. His attitude is frankly critical, and in the last analysis hostile. His chapters deal with topics such as experimental thought transference, hallucinations in general, communication with the dead, and clairvoyance and prevision. The puzzling case of Mrs. Piper, whose extraordinary powers as a medium have been under expert investigation, is given a detailed consideration.

"Occasional revelations of fraud on the part of mediums had done little to damp the ardor of the believers. So long as it was possible to appeal to unexplained marvels in the past, so long was it easy for most minds to regard each successive exposure of trickery as an isolated incident. It was manifest indeed that the mediums had not suffered irretrievably either in purse or reputation from repeated exposures. Their business had no doubt met with a slight check in the four or five years immediately preceding the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research. But this was partly due, to the rival attractions of Theosophy and the thaumaturgic feats of Madame Blavatsky. Further, some of the most noted mediums of the earlier generation had withdrawn from the active pursuit of their profession. D. D. Home had retired into private life some years before. Mr. Moses' psychical phenomena had ceased in 1889 or thereabouts. Slade was indeed willing, it was understood, to give sittings, but was prevented coming to England by reason of the legal proceedings which Professor Lankester had instituted against him in 1876, and which were still pending. But the phenomena still continued, though the performers came somewhat less prominently before the public eye. Eglinton continued to give slate writing performances for some years, and both he and other psychical mediums exhibited materialisations—

sometimes in surprising variety—at dark seances. . . . Indeed, dark seances for materialisation, though now more difficult of access to those who have given no pledges of fidelity, have continued down to the present time."

Mr. Podmore, in short, both in this excerpt and the volume generally, makes out an indictment in terms plain and unequivocal so far as recorded or reported manifestations and the like have gone. But he is not wholly sceptical, for he also makes certain admissions on the score of the impossibility of explanation. In contradistinction to him, it is curious that Mr. Beekles Willson, the writer of "Occultism and Common Sense," is an enthusiastic recruit. He is indeed so enthusiastic it is difficult to decide how far he has actually gone or how far he may go. And to stiffen his presentation of his views he has very adroitly managed to enlist Professor W. F. Barrett, a past president of the Society for Psychical Research, in the way of an introduction, which Professor Barrett did not write, at least for the purposes of Mr. Willson's book, judging from the warm repudiation he wrote in the columns of the Times just after its publication. At all events the volume is written with the laudable hope of presenting spiritualism and occult phenomena, as they strike "a man of the world" with an absolutely open mind as he enters upon his investigations. The ground is covered, it must be granted, with much fulness—dreams, hallucinations, phantasms of the dead, hauntings, the diving rod, mediumistic and other phenomena, the materialisation of ghosts, spirit photography, even the trance utterances of the redoubtable Mrs. Piper are not overlooked.

"When I first ventured into the wide and misty domain of occultism," he writes, "with a light heart I set forth with an open mind. My sole aim was to ascertain, as far as the means at the disposal of an ordinary man with little of the mystic in his composition would allow, what degree of probability attached to published phenomena, which the ordinary laws of Nature, as most of us understand them, could not satisfactorily explain. At the threshold of my inquiry one prominent and, as it seemed to me, disconcerting fact confronted me—namely, that, although for a couple of generations 'supernatural' manifestations had been promiscuously exhibited before the public challenging full investigation and inviting belief. . . . academic science continued to dispute the very basis of such phenomena. . . . And so our little tour into the occult is ended, and we return into the place of common things—things which we know and can touch and find a practical use for. . . . True, miracles do not happen, but there are events of frequent occurrence in this age, as in all ages, of which we have a record, which are miraculous in the sense of their being supernatural, for which science offers no consistent explanation. Is not hyp-

notism a miracle? Would Sir William Ramsey and Sir James Crichton-Browne throw these manifestations into the limbo of humbug and charlatanism? And supposing they, and such as they, continue incredulous, is not incredulity a fixed quantity in any society? . . . One word more. I should like to see a census of all the minds which embrace a belief in the truth of supernormal phenomena. It would astonish the sceptic. It would reveal to him the attitude of society at large towards spiritualism and the other world is not the attitude of any but a fraction of the component parts of society, not even the evenly-balanced attitude of Huxley towards Almighty God."

It will be observed by the alert reader that Mr. Willson, wittingly or unwittingly—it would be a matter of difficulty to decide—begs the real issue, which has nothing to do with the fact how many persons believe in inexplicable phenomena in general or how many do not. That issue turns on the question of proofs, but decides nothing. It is in fact a relief to get out of his comparatively artificial atmosphere to the red-hot convictions of Mr. James Robertson on "Spiritualism," the subtitle of which is "The Open Door to the Unseen Universe." He writes, moreover, as one having authority, for the book is based on thirty years' personal observation and experience concerning intercourse between the material and the spiritual worlds. Its material originally appeared in the columns of "The Two Worlds," under the editorial supervision of Mr. J. J. Morse, of Manchester, a "trance-medium" but a name by no means generally familiar outside spiritualistic circles. Mr. Morse states in a brief page of preface that no one in the ranks of British spiritualists can better tell the history of spiritualism than Mr. Robertson, who dates the volume from Glasgow, and may be judged to be a canny Scot even in these tenebrous regions! He is in point of fact a Glasgow business man, and has been president of the local spiritualistic body for upwards of twenty years. It is scarcely too much to say that, although ostensibly a vigorous plea for the soundness of spiritualism, it is in reality an interesting and vivid piece of autobiography of a temperament thoughtful, fearless, frank, possessed of a considerable gift of literary expression. Of the three volumes it will be found to be the most valuable within its obvious limits. Mr. Robertson has thought and read and knows the intricacies of the subject thoroughly. He has, too, made the acquaintance of remarkable people—cranks sometimes—the late Gerald Massey, among them, concerning whom he has written a brief biography with the help of first-hand information that ought to prove useful some day. In the same chapter both Alfred and Frederick Tennyson, as well as Mrs. Browning, are claimed as thoroughgoing believers in spiritualism in Mr. Robertson's sense,

whether the statement squares with the actual facts or not. Here is an instance of his personal note:—

"I am no visionary, and have no predisposition to superstition, no wonder-mongering in any department, so that when this land of splendors opened to my sight I did not lose my senses, but looked it fully and squarely in the face, and recognised that here was an unfolding of nature's processes which hitherto had been hid from me. I never could live in unreality. . . . I did not start with any thought or desire to enter on a road which would reveal to me a world beyond the gates of death, nor did I believe that there was in this universe of ours, or ever had been, such evidence as would establish such a fact so that it might be grasped by human senses. I had long ceased to regard the books called sacred as being in any way historical or authentic, and felt that the present day was as much entitled to witness the occurrences narrated in them as any past age. . . . I had reached the position of many others on these questions—I was neither a believer nor altogether an unbeliever. . . . The secular school, with its presentation of one side of man's nature, did not satisfy me. . . . I had heard of spiritualism at a distance, but all the talk about spirits coming to tables was to my mind only lunacy abroad, and it never crossed me that here could be found any possible solution of the great question of human immortality. I had even tried to read D. D. Home's 'Incidents of My Life,' and cast it aside as wretched drivel, unworthy of the serious attention of rational minds. Swedenborg seemed a strange character. . . . the modern seer had no message for me just then. . . . I had but one desire—to know the truth; but one fear—to believe in a lie."

In this mood he started on his voyage of investigations chiefly, so far as the initial stages were concerned, through the writings of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, Professor Barrett, and other intellectual men of light and leading. As a candid, modest, even at times stolid, presentation of his personal views and the history of the movement down to the closest details the volume is unlikely to be superseded. He is inclined sharply to condemn the Society for Psychical Research, which peculiarity may be left to the reader to exorcise. For the rest one remembers it has been stated that Professor Churton Collins, whose death occurred under most unhappy circumstances quite recently, made a deliberate compact with a friend that he would, if he could, communicate in a form agreed upon from the other side, although an uncompromising disbeliever in immortality. When he does, and concurrently his communication is also properly authenticated, then the world at large may take seriously a great deal of so-called phenomena. In the meantime unquestionably the wiser course will be to keep an open mind.

Literature of Amusement



HE President of the Board of Education, opening a public library on Wednesday at Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, said that English literature could be divided into six compartments—first, the literature of record; secondly, the literature of logic; thirdly, emotional and rhythmical literature; fourthly, reactive literature, by which we suppose he meant the literature of revolt and criticism; fifthly, creative literature; and, sixthly, all the rest. We are not concerned now to discuss the question whether these are the best divisions that could be made, though we may point out that the greatest creative literature is also emotional and rhythmical—that is to say, is poetry. Our object is to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Runciman did not give a compartment to the literature of amusement, that he did not even mention it, in making his divisions, although he went on to speak of fiction and to suggest that a five years' time limit for novels ought to be imposed upon the purchasing committee of the library. But perhaps he would say that the literature of amusement is no literature at all. It all depends, of course, upon what you mean by literature. Mr. Runciman himself was not very exacting or fastidious in his standard of literature, for he included books of reference in the literature of record; and, if they are literature, the term must surely be extended to any kind of printed matter which makes sense. We shall, therefore, speak without misgiving of the literature of amusement; and we think it deserves a compartment to itself, because it is the only reading of the great mass of men who can read at all. This is a fact which the President of the Board of Education would, no doubt, officially deplore. He said that, so far as literary influence went, the effect of the newspaper was positively pernicious, that English is garbled monstrously in the evening papers, and that from the weekly and monthly magazines come no calm development or consecutive thought. Remarks of this kind are frequently made by people of culture who train their minds by reading the classics, and who hold that every one should read with the object of training his mind. Perhaps every one will do so in the universal leisure of Utopia; but people of culture should remember that they have acquired

culture only because they have more leisure than most of the world; that they can make a serious business of reading because they have time to amuse themselves in other ways. The great mass of working men and women cannot make a serious business of reading, because they have other serious work, which, whether manual or intellectual, absorbs all their energies, so that when it is over they are content with mere amusement.

The commonest form of amusement, now that all can read, after talking is reading; and it is just as unreasonable to complain that the tired worker reads trivialities for his amusement as to complain that he talks trivialities for the same reason. You can no more expect him to read "Paradise Lost" than to talk like Macaulay, for good reading demands a mental effort like good talking, and the tired worker cannot make that effort. Even the man of culture is not always training his mind upon the great classics. Often he would be himself surprised to know how little time he spends upon them; and how much upon reading that demands no mental effort from him whatever, the kind of reading that is usually called belles lettres. But even assuming that he does assiduously train his mind upon the classics, he has no right to assume that others, for want of that training, get no training whatever. Every busy man gets training and discipline from his work; so much, indeed, that he wants to be free of it all in his leisure, to give his mind a rest. But as the mind, like nature, abhors a vacuum, he is apt to take his rest in reading what calls for no mental effort; and, just because this kind of reading calls for no effort and is not taken seriously, it is not likely to have the evil effects which people of culture expect from it. The common absence of a sense of style or of the power of consecutive thought are results, not of the literature of amusement, but of the struggle of life. Most men have something more urgent to do than to attain them; and, since they have not attained them, they are content with a literature of amusement which may not seem very amusing to those who have attained them. But that is no reason why the lucky few should be angry at the want of taste in the less lucky many, or rail at the vulgarity of the mob, or deplore the decadence of literature.

It is quite true that the average of printed matter is now lower in quality than it was before every one learnt to read; but it is strange that any one should ever have supposed that it could be otherwise. You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. You can teach a boy to read, but you do not thereby give him the inclination to read Shakespeare or Milton. If he is an ordinary kind of boy, and grows into an ordinary kind of man, he will not have this inclination without a training that will take up a good deal of his time. To the great mass of those who learn to read, that training is impossible. While the number of those who can read has been much increased, the number of those who have leisure to read good literature has not been much increased; and therefore there are not many more readers of good literature, nor will there be, until there is more leisure. The main effect of popular education has been to make reading a popular amusement; and it is well that people at large should get what harmless amusement they can. We are not now defending the literature of amusement which is not harmless; but we would point out that those who get a harmful amusement from reading would probably, if they could not read, get it by other means. The half-educated man who now learns nonsense from a newspaper would probably, if he were not educated at all, learn worse nonsense from talking with his fellows. Men are sure to have their opinions about what they do not understand; and ignorant opinion, as we can learn from many old satirists, has not been created by popular education or the newspaper. So long as there is a literature of amusement, it is sure to have vices, like all kinds of amusement, but the worst of these can be dealt with by the law more easily than the vices of most kinds of amusement. And, as a matter of fact, the literature of amusement provided for the poor is at least as harmless as the same literature provided for the rich. Its morals may be vague and sentimental, but they are usually very lofty. If this literature contains more breaches of the Sixth Commandment, it contains fewer of the Seventh; and what there are of those are severely punished. It is not much like life; but that is the very reason why it amuses; and it is just as much like life as the realistic literature which does not amuse, even unintentionally. Needless to say, we wish that there were more readers for the great classics of literature, and we are aware of their importance to the soul of man.

Irish Wit and Humor



REVIEWING the book just issued by E. A. E. Somerville and Martin Ross, "Further Experiences of An Irish R.M.," the Belfast Whig says: "If the Irish do not 'joke wi' difficulty' an Irish humorist in these days must learn to joke with carefulness. Mr. Synge's levity in 'The Playboy of the Western World' provoked a storm of which the echoes have not yet died away, innumerable partisans spend laborious nights in the galleries of music halls for the purpose of hissing 'Mulligan's Motor Bike' or calling down vengeance on the head of the stage Irishman, and a host of critics, blue pencil in hand, wade through the pages of each new publication more intent on scarifying authors who offend their susceptibilities than on discovering literary ability. Patriotic sensitiveness is not to be despised, but it can be carried too far, and even the disappearance of the stage Irishman is too dearly purchased at the cost of setting up a censorship based on mob law."

The hopeful feature of the affair is that the new band of writers do not seem inclined to take these critical thunderbolts very seriously, and serenely pursue their own line while the heathen rage without. Mr. Synge is frankly unrepentant, Mr. Birmingham has survived the onslaught on "Hyacinth," and Miss Somerville and Miss Ross have added another volume to the delectable "Experiences of an Irish R.M."

When Major Yeates, R. M., made his first bow to the public with Flurry Knox and the egregious Slipper there were not wanting reviewers to point out that it was too late in the day to resuscitate Lever, that the new Ireland of co-operative creameries and mystical poetry could have no dealings with the old Ireland of horse-copers and whisky-drinkers. Theoretically they made out a good case, but readers were not long in discovering that the most fascinating of agricultural organisers had no chance with the delightful detriments of Skebawn. Humor is too rare a thing to be ignored, and those who had once read the tale of the theft of Trinet's colt or James Canty's manipulation of the rum barrels that drifted ashore from the wreck knew that this was the real thing, and that "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." was one of the books that stand as a landmark in humorous literature.

Nor does the second series—as is too often the irritating habit of sequels—fall behind the first. If some of the tales have not the fine careless rapture of the earlier volume they are marked by a more artistic elaboration of detail, and nine out of ten of our modern short-story writers might well take a lesson from the authors in the art of leading up to a crisis and in the subtle humor that makes the turn of every sentence a joy. Irish humorists have for the most part been content with broad effects, and, providing they drove home the main point, have not worried much about slovenly writing; but every page of "Experiences of an R.M." reveals genuine craftsmanship, and dialogue and commentary are alike delightfully done.

One could quote a hundred extracts in support of that, but this, taken almost at random from "The Boat's Share," an irresistible parody on a typical petty sessions case, illustrates the vivid humor that give the tales their unique appeal:

"As for language," replied Mrs. Brickley, with clear eyes uplifted a little in the direction of the ceiling, "there was no flame from heaven to hell but she had it on me, and wishin' the devil might burn the two heels off me, and the like o' me wasn't in sivil parishes. And that was the clane part of the discourse, yer Worshippis!"

"Mrs. Brickley here drew her cloak more closely about her, as though to enshroud herself in her own refinement, and presented to the Bench a silence as elaborate as a 'drop scene.' It implied amongst other things a generous confidence in the imaginative powers of her audience."

If one has a fault to find with the book it is that Flurry Knox and Slipper have been allowed to fade into the background, though fortunately for us Mrs. Knox, of Aussolas, with her weird purple velvet bonnet and blistering wit, is still to the fore, and dominates every scene in which she appears. And if some of the old favorites have gone there are no lack of new creations to replace them. Mr. Jeremiah Flynn, farmer, cattle dealer and district councillor, is a worthy rival to the great Canty, and his epic attempt to annex the hound Playboy as good a tale as one has heard for many a long day.

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THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS



R. W. T. STEAD made the following statement to a Central News representative on the Balkan situation:

"My own view," he said, "has always been the same—that the key to the peaceful solution of every Eastern question has always lain in the cordial co-operation of England and Russia. If England and Russia will work together hand in glove they will be able to pull the thing through. If they don't, they won't. Hence, so far from regarding the arrangement between Sir Edward Grey and M. Isvolsky with distrust, I think it is the sheet anchor of the situation. I think it is certain that there will be an insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which of course will excite sympathy both in Serbia and Montenegro, and through them in Russia. But I do not believe it will bring about a general blaze, and for this reason the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is regarded by the Pan-Slav party in Russia as definitely sealing the doom of Austria-Hungary as it exists at present. M. Novikoff, who is Ambassador at Vienna, always defended the Berlin treaty on the ground that by handing over Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria it rendered inevitable the transformation of that artificial German-Magyar empire-kingdom into a Slavonic federation. Austria-Hungary will probably quarrel as to whom the provinces should belong. The probability is, however, that Austria-Hungary will hold together until the Emperor dies. After that the deluge. With regard to the Bulgarian question, the Bulgarians have already got their independence. They would not get Macedonia even if they went to war. They have got their railway, and the only question about the railway is as to how much they will have to pay for it. The Bulgarians and the men in command at Constantinople are much too shrewd to risk the immeasurable possibilities of war merely on a quarrel about the railway. Patience is the great thing. Let the other Powers use their moral authority to induce the disputants to resort to the

peace-making machinery of The Hague before appealing to the sword."

The Treaty of Berlin

The position of Bulgaria proper, of Eastern Rumelia, and of the Occupied Provinces is defined in the following articles of the Treaty of Berlin:

BULGARIA

Article I. constitutes Bulgaria an "autonomous and tributary principality under the suzerainty of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan."

Article II. delimits the geographical frontiers of the principality.

Article III. enacts that "the Prince of Bulgaria shall be freely elected by the population and confirmed by the Sublime Porte with the consent of the Powers." No member of a reigning dynasty amongst the Great European Powers is to be elected Prince of Bulgaria.

Article IX. provides that the amount of the annual tribute payable to Turkey by Bulgaria shall be decided by an agreement between the Powers signatory of the Treaty, to be settled at the end of the first year of government under the new regime. The Powers are at the same time to determine what portion of the Turkish Public Debt should equitably be borne by Bulgaria.

Article X. transfers to Bulgaria the charges and liabilities undertaken by the Turkish Government in regard to the Rustchuk-Varna railway, as also its engagements with Austria-Hungary and the railway company for the development of the Turkish railways, in so far as these may be affected by the development of railways on Bulgarian territory.

EASTERN RUMELIA

Article XIII. constitutes a province south of the Balkans "which shall take the name of Eastern Rumelia, and which shall remain subject to the direct political and military authority of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, while retaining administrative autonomy."

Article XIV. delimits the geographical frontiers of the new province.

Article XV. secures to the Sultan the right of providing for the defence of the province. Domestic order is to be maintained by a native police force assisted by a native militia, of which the Sultan is to appoint the officers.

Article XVI. enables the Governor-General of the province to call in Ottoman troops if its internal order or its security is threatened.

Article XVII. provides that the Governor-General shall be appointed by the Porte, with the consent of the Powers, for a term of five years.

THE OCCUPIED PROVINCES

Article XXV. provides that "the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall be occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary." Turkish administration is to continue in the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, but Austria-Hungary reserves the right to garrison it and maintain military and commercial roads.

THE AUSTRIAN SECRET AGREEMENT

The terms of this article were so unsatisfactory to the Turkish plenipotentiaries at the original negotiations upon the Treaty at Berlin in 1878 that they were only induced to give their consent by receiving an undertaking from the Austrian delegates, which was not to be divulged by the Turkish Government.

THE CONFERENCE OF 1886

The position of Eastern Rumelia was altered by an agreement signed by the representatives of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Turkey, at Constantinople, on April 5, 1886.

Article I. of that agreement provided that the office of Governor-General of the province, created by Article XVII. of the Treaty of Berlin, should be vested in the Prince of Bulgaria.

Article II. reserved certain Mussulman villages to the Turkish Government.

Article III. provided for the appointment of a Commission by the Sublime Porte and the Prince of Bulgaria to suggest any necessary modifications in the Organic Statute of the province and to safeguard the interests of the Turkish Treasury.

THE BULGARIAN AND RUMELIAN TRIBUTE

It should be added that Bulgaria has never paid the tribute due to Turkey under Article IX. of the Treaty of Berlin, nor borne any share of the Ottoman Debt. Eastern Rumelia has paid some tribute and some share of interest on the Debt under Clause III. of the Agreement of 1886, but with extreme irregularity.



Shade of Prinse Bismarck (to little Franz-Josef Horner). "HULLO, MY BOY! BREAKING THE PIE-CRUST I HELPED TO BAKE? WELL, WELL; AFTER ALL, THEY'RE MADE TO BE BROKEN, AND I'VE DONE A BIT IN THAT WAY MYSELF."

—Punch.

The Awakening of China—The New Peking



A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times writes: For the student of political and racial questions, few places on earth can compare in interest with the capital of China today. To re-visit it after an absence of ten years is to realize something of the forces at work in and around the Middle Kingdom, something of the results of the deadly struggle for world-power which has made Manchuria and North China the cockpit of Asia, and of which the end is not yet. To those who knew the Peking of the nineties, the contrast offered by the city of today gives food for much reflection. There are other phenomena in this part of the world equally striking, such as the creation and growth of the Russian railway city of Harbin, and the grim, silent passing of China's sovereignty in all that region sacred as the cradle of the dynasty, but none of these strike the imagination so forcibly as the outward and visible signs of fusion and change that confront one in Peking.

Before the Chino-Japanese war of 1894, and even after the great Boxer upheaval, the Peking known to travelers and European diplomacy was much the same slumberous, dust-laden medieval city as that from which Nurhachu and his Manchu bowmen drove the effete Ming three centuries ago. Remote, deliberately inaccessible to all influence and intercourse, holding haughtily aloof from the ever-approaching clash of conflicting systems, Peking stood, above all, for the home and headquarters of the Bannermen (that conquering race from whom the instinct and power of conquest has long since departed), an anachronistic excrecence clinging to the walls of the Forbidden City. Long regarded by Europe (and particularly by Russia) with feelings of superstitious awe, by reason of a survival of respect dating away back to the days of Kangshi, the capital of China has come to be recognized since the exposure of 1895, as the home of an alien race of rulers, effeminate and slack after generations of tribute eating ease, the seat of a Government Manchu only in name, and unchallenged only by force of tradition. Despite the rude shocks of 1860 and the nearer perils of 1895, Peking at the close of the century had apparently learnt nothing and forgotten everything except its inextinguishable desire for seclusion, that desire which found its final expression in the Decrees of 1900 ordering the extermination of all foreign

ers. Isolated for want of all means of rapid communication, innocent of sanitation, police, and all other forms of civic administration, the capital of China slumbered on, only ten years ago, amidst the gathering forces of disintegration. Through her filth-strewn streets, axle-deep in dust or mud, still lumbered the rude vehicles of a primitive civilization; through her ancestral, battlemented gates, close-barred at sunset, long lines of slow-pacing camels bore the city's food supply with a congenial flavor of anarchy. Such was Peking in the nineties, a city well content in squalid isolation, brooding on her empty dignities, capital of the chiefest of earth's peoples. What need was there for the sacred city of the Dragon Throne to change any of her ancient ways because of the clamor of upstart nations on her borders; was she not still the centre of the universe, and suzerain of many great States, receiving tribute, as of old, from Tibet, Korea, Nepal, and many other vassals?

And today, as if by enchantment, the old order has changed, and the capital of China no longer typifies the mouldering traditions of the Manchu hierarchy, but rather the new national instincts and aspirations of the Chinese people. On the immediate causes of the transformation we need not dwell, for they are known to the world—the aftermath of the Boxer madness, which brought the railway and the outer world to the very gates of the Palace; the continued occupation of the city, and its road to the sea, by the military forces of the allied Powers; then, five years later, the amazed awakening of all Asia to the earth-shaking fact that Oriental armies had successfully challenged the boasted supremacy of the white races; last, and most vital, the creation and pressure of Chinese public opinion, articulate through the new Press, bringing to bear upon the hoary traditions of Celestial statecraft its unmistakable demand for new methods and new ideals. The keynote of this public opinion, born of "Western learning" and recognition of China's humiliating weakness, is "China for the Chinese," and its avowed object is that the Government should speedily put an end, by effective reforms, to a situation which thinking men have come to regard as intolerable, a situation which involves curtailment of sovereign rights, the presence of foreign garrisons, "spheres of influence," and extra-territoriality, with all its privileges for the alien. And thus the day of reform has been made to dawn in high places

and the Mandarin made to realize that the ancient house must be put in order, and that quickly.

So it has come to pass that today three railways bring their traffic and broadening influences to the very gate of the city. The tinkling camel bells are gone, their old-world music replaced by the indefatigable bugling from school parade-grounds and camps. No longer does the medieval watch patrol the midnight streets with noise of rattle and drum; the new police, with their foreign uniforms, rifles, and sentry-boxes in every quarter, have consigned it to oblivion. Well-paved streets, flanked by brick drains, now connect all the principal gates; the paper lanterns that accentuated the darkness of former days have been replaced by electric light; scavenging is no longer left to the unaided efforts of pariah dogs and pigs; broughams and jinrikshas ply in the place of sedan chairs and springless carts, and public buildings of suitable size and design are being provided for the various Government offices. Most remarkable of all—as indicating the change in social and educational standards—is the new zoological and botanical garden, whither large crowds of both sexes resort daily; a purely Chinese enterprise, of which the citizens are justly proud. All these manifestations of a new and energetic administrative faculty are the work of the past ten years, and to those who remember the Peking of the old regime the change is a matter of wonder and hopeful augury. If any one had predicted in 1900 that in less than ten years a foreign adviser to the Chinese Government would be driven in an automobile, in company with a member of the Grand Council, from the city to the summer palace, or that Chinese newspapers, printed in the capital, would freely discuss the necessity for constitutional government, his friends might reasonably have called in medical advice; yet these things, and others equally remarkable, have come to pass. To pressure of public opinion in the provinces the change is primarily due; the actual inception of reformed administration in Peking (frankly modelled on the example of the foreign settlements at Shanghai and Tien-tsin) must be credited in great measure to the wisdom and courageous initiative of Yuan Shih-kai, Prince Su, and other prominent progressives.

Nevertheless, and while these evidences of reform are entirely hopeful and reassuring, there remains inevitably in the mind of the close observer a sense of peril in the very sud-

denness and feverish haste of the changes that confront him on all sides, a feeling justified by all the history of the East. The flower of reform is certainly in full bloom, but what of the roots? Some millions of souls have been, and are being, spent on proving to the civilized world that modern municipal administration is not beyond the powers of Chinese officialdom at its fountainhead, but there are already signs that the strain of this unusual expenditure is beginning to tell heavily on the boards concerned. When looking beyond the immediate present, it is therefore natural that one should seek to find in the financial policy of the Central Government some proof that these reforms are the result of a definite and deliberate plan of reorganization, and are not merely due to the spasmodic activities or transient influence of a few progressives. Considering only what meets the eye in Peking itself, it is evident that for the permanent and satisfactory maintenance of police, public lighting, and other things hitherto undreamt of in Chinese philosophy, there must first be devised a system of municipal taxation, sanctioned by law, with definite allocations of revenue, and there must also be a public service composed of officials specially trained and permanently employed for this class of work. In other words, the old hand-to-mouth, happy-go-lucky methods (methods which find the solution of every financial problem in a new loan from a foreign bank, and by virtue of which every Mandarin leaves "maintenance and repairs" to his successor) must be replaced by an efficient and business-like system, if the beginnings of reform are not to lead to worse chaos than before. The metropolitan boards themselves require to be reorganized in fact as well as in name (of which there is as yet no sign), and the Central Government could, therefore, give no better earnest of its intentions than by disbanding forthwith its army of inefficient and insecure officials, that locust horde whose immediate interests have hitherto been stronger than all the counsels of progress. It is too much to hope that the Mandarin of China will follow the example of the Daimios of Japan in a general and patriotic surrender of his class privileges, but in the absence of any such altruism it may safely be said that, unless the Government is prepared to face the thorough reorganization of the country's civil service and finances, other reforms, however outwardly impressive, can be at best but face-saving make-shifts.

And when, wandering in the streets of this new-decked Peking, so often rough-handled in the past because of the ignorance or weakness of its rulers, one sees the military garrisons of seven foreign powers philosophically accepted by this patient, peace-loving people as part of the established order of things; when one remembers what this incorrigible, apes-moi-le-deluge ignorance has already cost China, and what forces are already now gathering on her defenceless borders; when one realizes that it is this very weakness of the Chinese Government which perpetually threatens the peace of the East, one cannot but fervently hope that all these sudden evidences of patriotism and public spirit may prove to be the first fruits of a genuine and permanent awakening; that all the many current schemes for constitutional government, a reorganized army and navy, opium abolition, State education, and the development of the country's wealth, which exercise the minds of the Grand Council, may become accomplished facts while yet there is time, and may commence with a radical reform in the methods and personnel of the administration. For the writing stands clear upon the wall today, deep-graven by the events of the past ten years, so that he who runs, mandarin or mule-driver, may read and understand the law which decrees the survival of the fittest. Time alone can show whether the lesson has been learned in China as it was learned by the patriotic people of Japan 40 years ago. For the present, therefore, while welcoming every sign of progressive change at the capital, we must inevitably suspend judgment as to the permanent value and effect of the initiative shown by the central and provincial Governments.

A strong China, wise in council and resolute of purpose, would ensure the peace of the East and the postponement of many perilous questions; a weak and inefficient China means perpetual unrest and the constant harassing and shrinkage of her frontiers. Every well-wisher of this inoffensive, law-abiding, and industrious people, every one interested in the peaceful development of their commerce and well-being must hope for permanent and practical results from the present awakening of the national consciousness. And, since it is within the yellow-tiled walls of the Forbidden City that these results must first take form and life, the march of events at Peking, political, financial, and administrative, deserves the closest attention of the civilized world.

Canada and Its Destiny

I FOUND the feeling of the leading Canadian people who have thought upon the question of Imperial co-operation more in favor of the establishment of ships than of cash contributions to the Admiralty at Home. The universal feeling was that any ships provided by Canada should, in time of war, be under the entire control of the Admiralty and form part of the Imperial fleet. This, in effect, is the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Howard d'Egville, hon. secretary of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee, who has just returned from Canada, says the London Standard, where he has been on a short tour of investigation, on behalf of the committee as to Canadian opinion upon co-operation for defence and representation of the Overseas nations in Imperial affairs. Mr. d'Egville has visited Quebec, Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and Hamilton. Owing to the Law Term beginning yesterday Mr. d'Egville was compelled to curtail his journey and to decline many cordial invitations extended him to address further meetings.

Seen by a representative of the Standard yesterday at his chambers in the Temple, Mr. d'Egville first of all expressed himself as greatly impressed with the potentialities and productiveness of Canada. "Of course," he continued, "the result of my investigations will be embodied in a report to my committee, but I think I am entitled to say at this moment that I have been greatly encouraged by all I have seen and heard regarding the great question of Imperial co-operation with which I was specially dealing in the Dominion. People told me before I went out that I should find very few Canadians in favor of closer co-operation for defence, but having met and talked with those whom I think I am entitled to describe as leading citizens of the Eastern towns of the Dominion, I have found a strong feeling in favor of increased efforts on the part of Canada towards the maintenance of the naval supremacy of the empire. While I was not so concerned with the views of the politicians, with the main tenor of which I was already fairly well acquainted, I think I may say that I met most of the leading men in commercial and educational spheres, and was greatly struck with their enthusiasm for the empire, and their strong determination to regard the destiny of Canada as bound up with that of Great Britain and the sister self-governing States. Regarding my actual talks with leading politicians, I would rather not speak at present, as, owing to the elections now taking place, I think it would be improper for me to touch upon matters controversial."

Asked as to the success of the meetings which he addressed, Mr. d'Egville spoke enthusiastically. "Though I have addressed

many meetings in England on Imperial questions," he said, "I have seldom, if ever, met with such hearty responses to every point made in dealing with the desirability of closer union. At the Canadian Club in Halifax, and at the Empire Club in Toronto, one could not have desired more hearty support to all suggestions thrown out in the direction of co-operation; while at a well-attended meeting of the Board of Trade in the commercial capital of Montreal I can only say there was one greeting, that of 'whole-hearted support for closer union and a more direct assumption by Canada of the responsibilities of empire.'"

Mr. d'Egville here remarked that he did not visit Canada to advocate any particular policy, but to find out Canadian opinion as to the form of representation in Imperial affairs likely to be satisfactory to Canada, and the lines of co-operation upon which the people of the Dominion were prepared to proceed. "So that my addresses were not dogmatic assertions as to what should or should not be done. I naturally threw out some suggestions, upon which I had the advantage of receiving many valuable opinions."

Questioned as to any practical results likely to accrue from his visit, Mr. d'Egville said he felt he ought not to speak until he had consulted with his committee. "But," he added, "there will be some practical results I have little doubt, and, if allowed to go so far, I may say that I think they will be more satisfactory than I ever anticipated before I left England."

COUNT TOLSTOI

The following letter appears in a recent issue of the London Times:

Sir,—Dr. C. Hagberg Wright has now returned from the mission which he undertook to Yasnaya Polyana, on behalf of the British Tolstoy Celebration Committee. The extremely interesting letter which he addressed to The Times on Tolstoy's 80th birthday, and which you published on the 17th of last month, described the welcome which he received, and also gave some idea of the storms which Tolstoy's jubilee provoked throughout the whole of Russia.

When Dr. Wright wrote, he had just arrived at Yasnaya Polyana. He stayed there several days as the guest of the Count and Countess Tolstoy, and he has brought back to us several very interesting details. He was the only stranger present. Communications are not always easy in Russia, and they were certainly not facilitated on this occasion for the fervent votaries of Tolstoy. It was fortunate for us that we were able to prevail upon the zeal of Dr. Hagberg Wright to take the British address in person, since that of the

French Committee (of which M. Anatole France was the chairman) and that of the German committee did not arrive at all, so long as Dr. Wright was at Yasnaya Polyana.

In his letter to the Times, our honorary secretary mentioned that Tolstoy was then still confined to his bed. But on the day following his birthday he rose for the first time for many weeks, walked by the help of a stick into the living room, and sat there while his family dined. He even engaged, with vigor, in a discussion upon ethical subjects, with one of his disciples, Mr. G. He was none the worse for his exertion, which he repeated on successive days, listening to music, playing chess, and enjoying conversation. His convalescence may now be looked upon as begun, although his weakness is extreme.

On the day that Dr. Wright left, Tolstoy called him into his bedroom, and said, with much earnestness:—"Mind you tell all my English friends that I am exceedingly grateful to them for the address which they sent me by you. I am deeply touched by the proof of so much sympathy," and the tears sprang to his eyes. At the same time, he gave Dr. Wright the following letter, which he had dictated to his private secretary, M. Tchertkoff. This letter is sent to me, but I regard it as equally addressed to every one of the hundreds of English men and women who signed the memorial:

To Edmund Gosse, Esq., Chairman of the British Tolstoy Celebration Committee.
Yasnaya Polyana; 12 Sept., 1908.

Dear Sir,—Leo Tolstoy requests me to write to you on his behalf, as he is still too weak to write himself, though he is getting better and stronger every day.

He wishes me to thank you most heartily for the address on the occasion of his 80th birthday, which his friend Dr. C. Hagberg Wright, the hon. secretary of your committee, so kindly brought over to him, and for the sympathy which you have shown as chairman of the British Committee.

Tolstoy has been exceedingly touched by this expression of English sympathy.

Dr. Wright will give you details of the conversations he has had with Tolstoy on the subject.

Tolstoy requests me to forward to you his portrait, on which he has written his autograph; it accompanies this letter, and he begs you to accept it from him, together with his best wishes for yourself and for all his British friends.

Yours sincerely,
V. Tchertkoff.

The signed portrait is a magnificent heliogravure from the latest and best of photographs. If I were a disciple, and worthy of the master, I should share this admirable work with the other members of the committee. But I am still unregenerate, and I shall keep this portrait jealously to myself in precious memory of a unique and fortunate occasion.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
EDMUND GOSSE.

October 6.

Duties of the Imperialist



MR. WALTER LONG was the guest of the evening at a dinner given recently by the Junior Imperial and Constitutional League at the Holborn Restaurant. The president of the league, Viscount Castlereagh, M.P., occupied the chair, and among those present were Sir Henry Samuel, Sir J. Runtz, and Messrs. H. M. Imbert-Terry, Percival Hughes, Thomas Cox, and G. O. Borwick.

Mr. Long, in replying to the toast of the "Unionist Cause," proposed by the chairman, spoke on the subject of Imperialism and the House of Commons. He said it was the first gathering he had ever attended in the course of his political life where the average age of those present was as small as he believed it would be proved to be that evening. Their chairman had reminded them of their obligations to the great Empire of which they were citizens, and it was to the young men of this country that we must look for the carrying on of those traditions which they held to be true. The young men of the country, however, had no right to take any credit to themselves for the Empire of which they were citizens; they had no right to boast of its greatness, or its strength, or its might in the councils of the world. That those things are as they are the result of the work of their fathers and grandfathers (hear, hear). They had no right to boast until that time when they took off their armor and could show that they had been worthy sons of their sires. The duty and responsibility of the Empire were with the young men of this country.

He had just left the House of Commons, and with respect to the work which was then being done, he observed that in the present political situation many Unionist members could, he thought, better serve their country by going out and addressing meetings of their fellow countrymen, when asked to do so, than they could by being present in that House, because the present procedure in the House had really been reduced to a farce (hear, hear).

Dealing with the Children Bill, Mr. Long said that, while not denying its usefulness in the majority of its clauses, it was an instance of the Government fiddling while the State was burning. They knew that there were at the present moment terrible difficulties facing the wage-earning classes of the country (hear, hear). Yet, instead of the Government directing their attention to the social questions which moved all hearts and filled all with anxiety, they were directing their attention to adding further penalties to those who found it hard enough to live, and placing in their path greater difficulties even than those with which they were at present confronted (cheers). It was a case of the Government paying attention to comparative trifles when

there were great questions which must be solved if the State was going to maintain its high position (loud cheers).

Social questions must be dealt with, because if we had a people discontented, suffering, and knowing that they were exposed to evils capable of remedy, they would be a poor foundation upon which our Empire was to be raised (hear, hear). While it was necessary for a government, and for every thoughtful man in the country, to turn attention to those social questions, they were compelled, whether they liked it or not, also to turn their attention to the great Imperial questions with which we were, as the greatest nation in the world, day by day confronted (hear, hear). He rejoiced that the League should be asked to bear in mind such great Imperial questions. They were told to rely upon the fact that our Colonies were devoted to the Mother-country, and that they needed no special ties to bind them to us. He thanked God for the unselfish devotion of the Colonies to the Mother-country, without which the severance of the ties would have come long before this (hear, hear). It was the splendid devotion of the sister nations to the old stock that had kept the Empire going as long as it had been kept going (cheers). But were they certain that would always continue? It had hitherto been to a large extent a case of the Mother-country and the sister nations living, as it were, a separate life of their own, united by affectionate ties, but not bound by any commercial bond. The proposition that the Unionist Party had made, and with which they were identified, was that there should be such a reconstruction of our fiscal system (loud cheers) as would give greater freedom to the industries of our own country, and at the same time bring into partnership, not foreign countries who were jealous of us, but our own sister nations who were proud of us (cheers). Was that an unworthy ideal? Yet the present Government slammed the door, and would have nothing to do with it. That was their record in Imperial statesmanship.

When they came to the defence of the Empire they were told by the Government that they had been compelled to make reductions, not because they wanted to, but because they were bound to cut their coat according to their cloth, and that they must economise. Before any British government made that statement they ought to be perfectly certain that they had made every possible investigation into the opportunities for increasing income, and until they had exhausted all those methods no government should say that the cloth was so little that this nation could not cut the coat it wanted to cover decently the whole of its body (loud cheers).

Other toasts followed, the speakers including Mr. Percival Hughes and Mr. H. Imbert-Terry.

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

THE PRIZE GOOSE YARN



Ten men who have followed field sports consistently for thirty years but one has managed to kill a wild goose. These statistics are not government, but are just as good. A gray goose or a Canadian Honker would have made a square meal for a Cave Man even though he ate at irregular intervals and had the capacity of a Cheyenne Indian, an Esquimaux, or a Dutchman who has spent four days in the prohibition South. Undoubtedly, however, a hundred-year-old goose was a wise old bird even in the days when the Cave Man was young, and the latter reviled him and shook his stone hatchet at him and called him a goose, or whatever was Dutch for goose, for I have never thought that the Cave Man talked anything but Dutch. You see our ancient man with the woolly hair and the Wild West ways never talked at all except when he had his mouth tremendously full and then Dutch was the only language at all adequate to his needs; hence he must have said while hunting for his hatchet, after an unavailing throw at a big flock of Canadas, "das-a-ver-damte-heile-un-tunderwater-creiblen-ganse." And so the term goose is synonymous with fool to this day, though in his heart the sportsman knows its injustice and would rather bag a single wild goose than be chased by a grizzly bear.

This goose tale takes us to Northwestern Minnesota where the wild geese breed. One day young Art Wise, who never could be induced to do anything but shoot during the last ten of his twenty years of life, came to me with the story that there were a million geese using in the old Lefarge wheat field.

"You like to count in round numbers, don't you, Art? A hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, a hundred thousand, a million."

"Well, there are a hundred acres of solid geese, anyhow, and counting one to every square foot and the air full of 'em, how many does that make? I put dad to figuring at it last night and he hasn't told me yet, but he finally said that he would count a hundred geese for every one that we killed and that I could have three days in which to do the killing. How many will we have to bag, and when shall we go?"

We knew that we should have to go about killing those geese methodically, with no slipshod plan of campaign. That afternoon we drove out the ten miles to the Lefarge farm, put out an immense number of geese without frightening them unnecessarily, saw which way they went and where they came from, dug our pits with care, caution and goose-sense, and returned to town. The next day Art went back to see if the birds had developed any shyness of the place, but he reported an old gander standing guard over each pit. On the third day we were in the blinds before daylight, happy, and blessedly ignorant of what the day was to bring forth. We disliked getting out so early, but who knew when those geese would begin to appear—we didn't.

Pipes were snfoked contentedly while we listened for the distant sound of the geese. Coming day widened the wheat field until we could see its farthest extremity. It was a low, wet piece of ground, surrounded by a thousand acres of uncut, short prairie grass. It had been too wet that season for Farmer Lefarge to cut much of his wheat and it still stood on the ground but it was straw fallen, and the scattered grain had sprouted, and was growing green amongst the yellow straw of the wasted crop. In odd strips up and down the field some grain had been cut and sheeked, but fostered by much rain the top bundles had ambitiously attempted to produce a second crop and had succeeded in crowning the mass with a tangled cap of green. The goose food was limitless, grain in the kernel and grain growing sweet and rank. The wide view from any part of the field rendered unpleasant surprises impossible and so an army of geese had been camping there while they grew fat and strong, ready for the coming trip south.

The sun came up whitening the ridges; a flock of chickens worked their way out of the grass and climbed on the wheat shocks. One shock within fifty yards of us seemed to be a favorite, and so many of them fought for a place on top of it that it fell over, whereupon they scratched at it more vigorously. We were hunting geese. We watched a coyote trying to creep upon the grouse, but he made a rank failure of it and the birds flew to the next shock while he trotted about until he got our wind and then went off in prancing, stiff-legged jumps. A badger passed between our pits, pausing every few feet to look about with great caution, but he never saw a thing even when we stood straight up to show him. And we were hunting geese with not a goose in sight. I got out of my pit and called Art over to tell the story of his trip to the World's Fair, for I knew that would keep him awake and watchful while I took a nap which he would never notice unless I snored.

"How many will we kill, Art?" "Well," he replied, "say about a hundred. I should like to save money enough to take me to the next World's Fair."

This started him and he had just gotten well along down to the girls of the Samoan Islands when I awoke, hungry, at nine o'clock. At eleven o'clock we went to breakfast—not a goose had been sighted. At two o'clock we were still in the pits waiting grimly, though Art would have taken less than a dollar apiece for his hundred geese now.

We had started that morning in fur coats;

there was ice on the still water among the cattails; the haystack where we hitched our horse was nearly as white as snow with the frost; but it was hot now. The heat glimmered and flared in white waves over the yellow prairie; the blue Dakota hills beyond Red river appeared, and again they danced up and down in the uncertain light. Art called my attention to a little black speck in the west—the geese coming.

The speck widened, deepened, broadened and lengthened into a goose army with scouts, flankers, outriders, and commanders, but with no more discipline than a South American Revolutionary force. Wise old ganders gave commands in deep voices, but feminine geese replied saucily and flew after their own fashion. But they were all coming in an army—the devil take them—who ever heard of geese doing anything like that?

The mass became individual birds, platoons, and companies in some approach to order; we could distinguish the trumpet-like commands of the old ganders from the gabble of the ranks. We lay low, like the buckskin-shirted men at New Orleans, waiting to see their eyes. The scouts passed over us, suspicious, and the flankers went by. Our eyes searched the great flock for thick clumps which we could rake over and aft. And then, hang the whole undisciplined lot of 'em, they were already low but they started to drop plump down on us. Goose wings went by so close that I ducked and an old gander stuck out his feet until I could see the very nails protruding as he braced his wings and balanced on the edge of the pit. We arose into a confusion that carried us with it. Squawking cries, jostled wing beats that hammered the air, a world of geese struggled tumultuously, none flew straight, nothing was methodical, no expected thing happened; but we shot. A goose's head flew off—I can always remember that. I can also seem to recall great wings collapsing and long necks doubling up, but cannot quite separate anticipation and imagination from the real. Frenzied guns were reloaded with crazy shells and fired again. And then it was easy to see that we had routed the whole goose army, which was in rapid, disorderly retreat.

We gazed after them with a long, lingering stare to mark those that might still fall out of the ranks, and then turned our attention to the wounded and the dead. All we could find was one old goose with her head shot clean off. Art searched the stubble and swore to himself and to me; I laughed because it was only necessary for swearing to be done by somebody, and he did it well.

"Do you know," he said, "those durned, measly geese played possum. I shot a hole right through forty of them and they all folded their wings and started to come down; they knowed if they didn't pretend to be killed I'd 'a' shot 'em again. Then when I shot somewhere else they just riz up again and went away. But I saw seven fall that I killed afterwards; now where are they?"

I offered him the one old goose with her head shot off but he scorned it. We drove a mile out of our way that night to give that goose to a Swede, and Art stayed all night with me, not wishing to see his dad. But the geese came back again and so did we.—Recreation.

A PANTHER STORY

It was a real thief of a panther that haunted Khadgiri, and there was no end to the mischief he had done and the amount of goats and calves that he had stolen, so said the natives. Sahibs had tried for him when doing district work near the place; had tied up for him, had sat up for him at night, had heard him frequently roaring round their tents at night, though a panther's roar is more like a very grating clearing of the throat at the times that he is out hunting; but he was too wary, and had never given a chance. So as I was at the place for a few days, and had heard he had taken away a calf from the very middle of the village a few days before, I determined to have a try.

I think we tied up a goat each night for four nights, choosing the paths that would seem the likeliest for the panther to come along on his way to the village. But nothing happened. Then the next night we tied up a sturdy little brown goat. One always comes away from the tying up with a stab in one's heart, leaving a helpless and innocent animal to his fate, although many other lives must be saved eventually. It is, however, consoling to think that nearly all goats, after crying to their companions for half an hour, nibble a little and then lie down and go to sleep, and then if the panther does come the goat has hardly time to wake and jump to his feet before all is over; at least such is my experience.

But to return. We had tied our goat to a small tree some sixty yards from the end of the village, and when we went to look in the early morning found he had just been killed, was quite warm in fact, and only a very small piece had been eaten off the shoulder. There was rejoicing among the men. "He hasn't had time to eat, so must come back early in the evening!" However, with a panther that is as may be. To judge by his pugs he was only a small one.

We placed a ladder in a tree close by, hiding it with branches as much as possible, and about five o'clock I took up my position and sent away the men, not to come back till they heard my whistle. There seemed a good chance of his being late, as he was such a wary one, and the spot was so close to the village. There was a good moon, and I meant to make an all-night watch of it, so tied a piece of tape

along down the barrel of the rifle to catch all the moonlight possible. Then the village cattle came straggling by at sunset, raising the dust, with the small native boys driving them, a few men back from their work, and twilight settled down. Belated rooks flew home, and a flock of paddy birds flapped by; the noises of the late night birds and frogs began, and also the silences of the jungle night. Then came an hour of mysterious, interesting, and noiseless watching. The moon was well up, when the stillness was broken by a few sharp cries and a sad wail. This was curious, and I puzzled over what animal could have made it; it hardly sounded like a child. One or two monkeys chattered and swore, then fell another silence for perhaps an hour.

The shadows had moved along, and were over the dead body of the goat, which made it nearly impossible to distinguish from the ground, where absolutely silently another grey shadow appeared from behind a bush, crept up to the carcass, and, without a moment's looking round or waiting, set to work on his supper. There was the noise of a tearing of flesh, and the panther must have meant to eat it where it lay; but there is always the chance of the kill being pulled under a bush as far as the rope will allow. So with the help of the white line down the barrel aim was taken. There was a bang and a flash, and after the flash was absolute darkness for some seconds, until one's eye could grasp, as it were, the outlines again. The panther had made no sound, and lay there, to all appearance dead, but to make sure a second shot was fired. Then there were shouts from the men. "Sahib, sahib! he is dead?" as they hurried up, and they had to be stopped from coming close till I could scramble down the ladder with the loaded rifle, in case of the panther having any life left in him, the men being unarmed. The whole village turned out, men, women, and all the babies and children, with torches and much shouting. One bullet went straight down into the back near the shoulder, and the second near it in the side. It was a small female, only six feet eight inches, but the villagers did not mind that. It was carried up back to camp a long procession following, being called all the bad names that the people could think of—thief, murderer, rascal, badmash—all along the road. This is a very ordinary story, and now comes what struck me as curious.

The next morning we skinned him, or it should be her, and wondering why she had been so long coming if she was really hungry the evening before, not having had time for a meal when the goat was killed, we thought we would try and find out. So the stomach was cut open, and there we saw large pieces of undigested monkey, perfectly clean and only just swallowed. Out came a hand and forearm whole, the hairs on the back of the hand and arm as clean and fresh as if they were on a live monkey, and the little black palms of the hands and nails intact. There were pieces of more arms and legs, and there were large fresh pieces of meat and bone off the back and ribs, quite clean, and such big mouthfuls! The stomach was crammed, and the wonder is the panther ever came back to the original kill. There were pieces of nice clean skin with the long hair on, and the men were as much surprised as I was. This must have been the cry that was heard soon after sunset, followed by the swearing of one or two other monkeys, who probably had watched the tragedy. Then, of course, the skin had to be stretched out and the lucky bones given to the cook to clean. The villagers clamored for bits of the fat which the skinner dealt out to them, keeping the biggest share for himself. I have often asked what the fat is good for, and some of them say it is a very good medicine for rheumatism, and others that it "makes you very bold."

S. L. B.

SHARK-HUNTING IN CENTRAL AMERICA

For over two months the small steamer of which I was chief officer plied along the Pacific coast of Central America from Panama to the Costa Rican border, navigating a region frequented only by the native pearl fishers and an occasional small local trader. Our mission was of a character which often required anchoring for several days in lonely coves or lying off and on the shore for like periods.

It was monotonous in the extreme at times, under the burning tropical sky, the intense heat lulled only temporarily by fleeting thunder storms, with terrific downpours of rain for a few minutes, followed by a depressing, steaming humidity when the sun shone again. Amusements were few, as no one was allowed to go ashore except on duty, and the scarcity of fresh provisions was only partly relieved by the catching of a few fish from over the ship's side.

One amusement, however, was extremely exciting and popular—shark killing. They were not mild looking nor mild mannered sharks, either, that were our prey. They were the huge, hideous, cavernous-jawed tiger sharks, which could nip off a man's head, arm, leg, or large part of his body and gulp it down in a jiffy. The waters in which we sailed and anchored were infested with these monsters, and they would often follow the ship for miles. I do not recall seeing one less than six feet long. The largest we caught measured twelve feet from nose to end of tail. We saw larger ones, notably a famous shark which survived many a combat with man and his weapons.

This huge fellow was known to at least two generations of sea-faring men as "Taboga Bill." He derived his name from his habitat,

which was in the waters off Taboga Island, a beautiful health resort and watering place a few miles out in the bay from Panama City. He was a wily old fellow, and although several times wounded, once losing a fin in an encounter with some men in a boat, he was never killed or caught, as far as known, but although seen for years by hundreds of sailors and travelers, he disappeared from his old haunts during the influx of Americans after the acquisition of the canal zone, and it is generally conceded that he has died, probably from old age. From the two or three glimpses I had of him I should say he was fully fifteen feet long. Others give him greater length.

To amuse ourselves we frequently took rifle and revolver shots at the sharks about the ship, but this was neither exciting nor sportsmanlike. The favorite method of capturing them was a decidedly seamanlike one. We literally fished for them, as we did for the ugly twelve-footer we caught while lying off the San Pedro river, near the mouth of which is the town of Pedregal, Chiriqui Province, Panama.

This fellow had been our companion for two or three days. He had a voracious appetite and quickly devoured any of the refuse thrown from the ship that came anywhere near him. He was quick and powerful in his movements, although wary and cunning. He was likewise greedy and a bully, brushing aside the smaller sharks that got in his way. We determined to get him.

A big meat hook, well sharpened, was baited with a piece of salt pork and suspended from a cork life preserver floating in the water. A stout Manila line was made fast to the life preserver and led over the taffrail aft. We anglers (there were three of us taking turns) then began our fishing.

It was several minutes before the old shark would approach the baited hook. He was evidently suspicious of it. He would approach it, look at it, smell it, dart away, circle around and return to it. We gently agitated the line. He grew bolder and finally began to make quick, cautious nibbles at it, until pretty soon most of the bait was gone. We started to haul in and put more bait on, and then, with a dash, Mr. Shark bit. He swallowed the whole thing. That was our time. We quickly jerked the line in, but as a strain came on it we saw at once that the shark was stronger than the three of us, so we had to take a turn with the line around a cleat, easing off as the strain increased and hauling in as it lessened.

The shark, now firmly hooked, went into a desperate "flurry." He dived and turned and thrashed the water in his frenzy. So violent were his struggles that we feared the line would part, but it held and we began to pour lead into our victim, as to have hauled him on board while he was full of life and vigor would have imperiled limb if not life of any one approaching near enough to despatch him.

And he was hard to despatch. I was using a high-powered .38-calibre military pattern Colt automatic pistol. One of my companions used a small calibre Lee rifle, the other an old style .45-calibre Winchester. It was the last that did the most damage, for while the small calibre stell-jacketed bullets of the Colt and the Lee passed through and through the shark, several of the soft Winchester bullets were found imbedded in his body.

For fully twenty minutes we "played" the shark, and great sport it was. His strength and rage waned slowly. Finally, probably due more to his own terrific exertions than to our shots, he began to weaken, yet not to such an extent that three of us could haul him aboard. So we rove the line through a small leading block made fast to a boat davit, called come of the crew, and soon had him hanging, still struggling, to the davit head. There we fired several more shots into him and he appeared to relax.

But he was by no means dead. Nooses were slung around him and he was hauled, shot full of holes, on deck. Weak though he was, he had plenty of fight left in him. His eyes still glared, his tail flapped, his vast jaws, with double rows of hinged, saw-edged teeth, moved convulsively as if yearning to macerate one of his foes. His huge body, a dirty mud color, with black transverse stripes (hence the name "tiger-shark"), pulsed with pain and rage. In a moment of comparative rest, a man, thinking the shark at last dead, approached with an iron bar to pry open the jaws and extract the hook. Instantly the jaws snapped and the man leaped back none too soon.

The shark's head was chopped open with axes, but even then the body, tail, and fragments of jaws worked convulsively for several minutes. It was the most wonderful exhibition of vitality and pluck I ever saw.

The spine, once severed at the neck, life soon became extinct and then we took our measurements and proceeded to collect trophies. The ship's surgeon took the spine and gave it a treatment which converted it into a unique walking stick. The eyeballs were preserved and became hard, milk-white spheres. The fins were given to some of the men as curios and the teeth were distributed. The cuff buttons I now wear were made from them, and with a simple gold setting, are handsome, being very hard, highly polished, with strange serrated edges and as white as the purest ivory.

We caught other sharks, but none gave us the battle this big tiger did.—Arthur H. Dutton, in Western Field.

The Nipigon River, distant 950 miles west from Montreal, on the line of the Canadian Pacific, is pre-eminently the superior of all the rivers emptying into Lake Superior, from a trout-fishing point of view. The trout here sometimes attain a phenomenal size, having

been taken up to nearly ten pounds weight, and scarcely ever going lower than two. If taken anywhere from twenty miles up the river as far as Lake Nipigon they will be the brook trout, pure and simple, but occasionally, trout are caught at or near the mouth of the river, which display the markings of both brook and lake trout, undoubtedly hybrids. However, these latter are as game, and put up just as good a battle, as either of their parents. Nothing will be lost if one of them should be hooked. They very seldom take the fly, and are generally taken by trolling, or bait casting.—Field and Stream.

A few more particulars with regard to the catch of Mr. Greswolde at Campbell River. It is a remarkable bag. "Mr. Greswolde's actual catch of big fish numbered forty-seven, weighing 2021 lbs., an average of 43 lb. a fish, his total bag of salmon in fourteen days' fishing being ninety-two fish. A ton of salmon in a fortnight cannot be considered bad work."—Field.

SERVIA'S FATE FORSEEN

(Continued from Page Nine.)

unfortunate wife were flung from the palace windows into the gardens below, by the officers of the Royal Guard who had supped but a few hours before with their royal master.

Since the evening that the writer heard this curious story from the lips of Monsieur M— many are the charming hours she has spent in the little sitting rooms of their apartments in London, listening to stories of life in the Balkan Provinces, poring over the most interesting books, pictures and souvenirs of crowned heads and notable figures in the "whirlpool" of Europe, as Mr. Archibald Colquhoun has called his admirable volume which deals with the history of the Balkans.

Madame M— had never had any personal intercourse with Queen Draga, as she was not a personage of whom Madame "approved," but it so happened that after the tragic death of the unhappy King and Queen, that the Queen's sisters, innocent of any offence, were exiled to Dresden, and they were permitted to take all the jewels and clothing of their unfortunate sister. The bulk of these articles had been sent by friends from Dresden to Christie's famous auction rooms in London, to be sold for the benefit of the girls who were on the verge of starvation. A reserve price had been put on the Queen's wedding dress and a Byzantine costume of rose-colored velvet, embroidered in gold, with which was worn a crown of more or less tawdry workmanship and material, evidently donated by the late Queen at some fancy ball. No sale has been found for these articles, which in the kindness of her heart Madame M— had consented to harbor until some one returning to Dresden could be found to take them to the owners.

Knowing the interest felt by the writer in all that concerned these unhappy people, Madame M— had invited her to come and see the few articles committed temporarily to her care. Laid out on the sofa in the modest little sitting room, was the dress in which Queen Draga had appeared at her all too tardy marriage! It was the usual combination of white satin, chiffon and lace, from the atelier of a Parisienne Modeste. Trivial and commonplace in material and make, it had yet acquired that curious impress of human individuality which a garment once worn by the victim of a tragedy, assumes in the eyes of the public. A little crushed, it lay prone on the sofa, suggesting somewhat the inertness of a prostrate human form and the sight brought a thrill of pity for the woman who had worn it, and a chill of apprehension lest evil influence might cling amid its folds.

"Ah, Madame, do you not fear to have these garments of ill-omen in your rooms?" The impulsive words were scarcely uttered before repentance of, they were cruel in view of the kindly feeling which had prompted the gentle old lady's simple act of charity. But— they were all too true! The day following, Madame M— was entertaining some of her friends at a fashionable club of which she was a member in Dover, St. Piccadilly. While moving from one apartment to another, she made a mis-step, fell, breaking her right wrist so badly that it is doubtful if she will ever regain the full use of the hand again!

Monsieur and Madame M— are the authors of several most interesting volumes dealing with the history and traditions of the Balkan States. Several really admirable translations of poems and legends are embodied in a little book for which Madame is responsible. Their quiet drawing-room in London is the meeting place of many notabilities, from various countries, and the variety of types which are represented in their interesting circle are well worth studying. It is safe to say that at this moment there are few more interesting centres.

Editing a paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we go we are hypocrites. If we remain in the office, we ought to go out and hustle. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes they say that we have a pull. Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.

Tuesday Starts an Eventful Week

On Tuesday next we will place on special sale a shipment of fifty-eight cases of Whitewear, Children's Dresses, Sateen and Moreen Underskirts, Silk Waists, Boys' Overcoats, Umbrellas, Women's Shirt Waists, Men's Underwear, Dress Goods, Men's Flannelette Nightshirts, Men's Soft Shirts—collars attached, also the

SEASON'S GREATEST COSTUME SALE

New lines of goods are being unpacked daily, and we are expecting to have an interesting week at THE BIG STORE commencing Tuesday morning.

Three Lines of Dress Goods for Tuesday

35c for 50c Values
50c for 75c Values
75c for \$1.25 Values

These dress materials comprise the season's most wanted cloths, the newest weaves and the most stylish colorings, and the prices are not the least attractive feature.

AT 35c—Striped Tweed Mixtures, colors principally navys, browns and greens. Reg. 50c.

AT 50c—Cheviot Serges, colors, navy, brown, cardinal, and black, 46 inches wide, Panamas 42 inches wide, all wool, colors, myrtle, browns, navys, cardinal, wine, white and cream, tweeds, 54 inches wide, in short lengths, regular price 75c.

AT 75c—Splendid assortment at this price. Some of the season's novelties, Cheviots 50 inches wide, colors, navys, browns, cardinal, wine, and black, diagonal serge, fancy weaves, extra heavy in navys, brown and cardinal, regular price \$1.25.

Coat Sweaters for Women

For these cool, damp days, every woman should have a coat sweater. Nothing so comfortable, better and more useful than a coat not so bulky and just as warm. We have just received another lot of the large full styles, some with belts, in the loose fancy stitch that is so desirable. The colors are grey, brown, red, white and green. They are excellent values at \$4.00 and \$3.75

Boys' Overcoats Underpriced

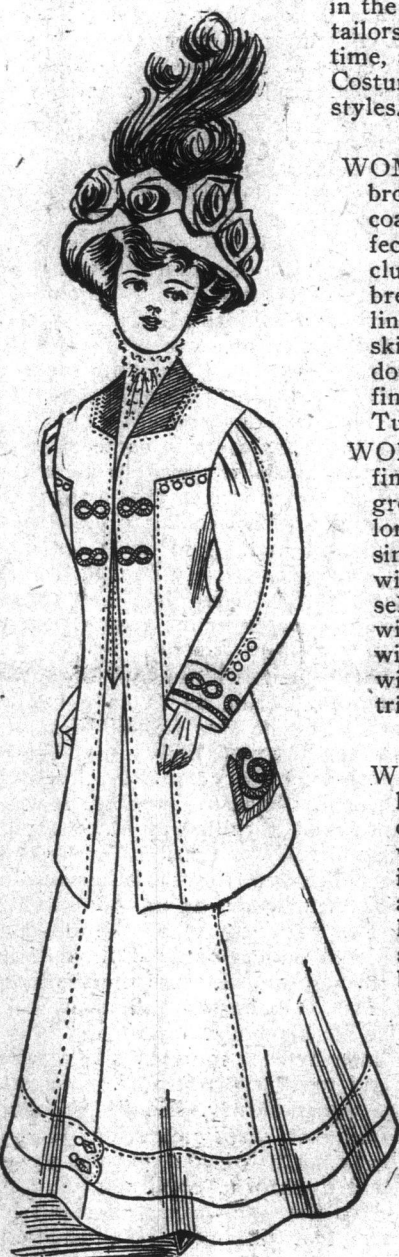
\$7.50 Values on Sale at \$4.50

Our Boys' Clothing is popular for many reasons, the principal ones being the combination of excellent quality, perfect making and moderate prices. For this sale we offer a good line at a substantial saving from the regular price. The coats are made of good Canadian Tweeds in attractive designs and serviceable colors. They are splendidly made and finished with a velvet collar. The sizes range from 24 to 33. Regular value \$7.50. Tuesday's price \$4.50

The Greatest Costume Offer of the Season

Sample Costumes at \$25.00 and \$35.00, the Regular Values of Which are \$35.00 to \$50.00

Samples of anything are good to buy. You always get the makers' best endeavors in a sample article. This is particularly true regarding ready-to-wear garments, everything in connection with the making of the suit is done in the very best possible manner. These suits were made by one of the best tailors in Canada. We were really fortunate in getting these just at this time, and the general public is fortunate also, as it enables us to offer New Costumes at end-of-the-season prices. We give descriptions of some of the styles.



The Costumes at \$35.00

WOMEN'S COSTUMES, in blue, brown and black diagonal serge, coat 34 length with pointed effect, semi-fitting back with clusters of buttons, single-breasted with outside pockets, lined throughout with silk, skirt new circular cut with double pleat back and front and finished with wide bias fold. Tuesday's sale \$35.00

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in very fine French serge, colors, navy, green and black, jackets 36 ins. long with semi-fitting back, single-breasted and trimmed with jointed stitched straps of self, roll collar and cuffs inlaid with satin, lined throughout with satin, skirt full circular cut with wide bias fold and button trimmed. Tuesday's sale \$35.00

The Costumes at \$25.00

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in English serge, colors blue and black, coat 34 length, semi-fitting back, with long waisted effect and finished with buttons, roll collar and cuffs of self, with stitching, lined throughout with corded silk, skirt circular cut with wide bias fold. Tuesday's sale \$25.00

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in black Venetian, with chiffon finish, coat 34 inches long, semi-fitting back and double-breasted with side pockets, collar, cuffs and pockets with silk braid trimmings, lined throughout with fancy silk, skirt new circular cut, finished with stitching. Tuesday's sale \$25.00

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in brown stripe, Empire back, single-breasted, with fancy buttons and cuffs inlaid with velvet, lined throughout with corded silk, skirt circular cut, with wide bias fold. Tuesday's sale \$25.00

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in black and grey and blue and white stripe effects, semi and tight-fitting coats, 34 inches long, single-breasted, with side pockets, roll collar and cuffs finished with stitching, giving very smart tailored effect, lined throughout with satin, skirts pleated or circular cut with wide bias fold. Tuesday's sale \$35.00

WOMEN'S COSTUME, in French Venetian, colors, blue and black, coat 34 inches long with pointed effect, semi-fitting back, single-breasted with side pockets and button trimmed, lined throughout with silk, skirt with double pleat front and back and circular cut sides, with wide bias fold. Tuesday's sale \$35.00



The Thrifty Man's Opportunity

Tuesday will offer the man that cares to save money on his fall outfitting, the opportunity of filling his wants at most favorable prices. In the immense shipment of goods that we have received none were bought under more favorable conditions than the men's goods, and we assure every man that attends this sale that bargains in plenty await them this week.

MEN'S HEAVY STRIPED FLANNEL-ETTE NIGHT SHIRTS, with turn down collars, full size bodies, sizes of collars 15 to 17. Value \$1.00. Tuesday 75c

MEN'S FINE HEAVY STRIPED FLANNEL-ETTE NIGHTSHIRTS, trimmed on collar and down front with fancy braids, full size bodies, sizes of collars 15 to 17. Value \$1.25. Tuesday \$1.00

MEN'S EXTRA FINE TWEED FLANNEL-ETTE PAJAMAS, fancy stripes in various shades, made with military collar bands and pocket. Value \$2.75. Tuesday \$1.75

BOYS' STRIPED FLANNEL-ETTE NIGHTSHIRTS, with collar, assorted shades, all sizes. Value 75c. Tuesday 50c

MEN'S FINE QUALITY DARK GREY UNION FLANNEL SHIRTS, made with soft reversible collars, splendid shirts for working. Value \$1.00. Tuesday 75c

MEN'S STRONG UNION FLANNEL SHIRTS, dark greys, fawns and mixed stripes, collars attached and reversible, fine shirts for working and everyday wear. Value \$1.25. Tuesday \$1.00

MEN'S EXTRA STRONG WOVEN ENGLISH OXFORD SHIRTS, large bodies, double stitched, 75c and 65c

MEN'S IMPORTED HEAVY FLANNEL-ETTE WORKING SHIRTS, medium dark stripes, full size bodies, 75c and 50c

FINE IMPORTED ENGLISH UNION FLANNEL SHIRTS, collars attached, various stripes, large size bodies, strongly made. \$1.25 and \$1.00

SPLENDID QUALITY EXTRA HEAVY ENGLISH TWEED FLANNEL SHIRTS, collar attached, dark and light greys, all stripes \$1.50

100 dozen MEN'S HEAVY FLEECE LINED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, soft and warm for the cold weather. Will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Tuesday, per garment 50c

MEN'S HEAVY NATURAL SHADE SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, shirts double breasted. All sizes 32 to 40. Reg. value 75c. Per garment 50c

MEN'S MEDIUM WEIGHT MERINO SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, striped and natural shades. Tuesday, per garment 50c

Dresses for Small Children

No need to go to the trouble of making dresses for the little folks when you can buy them ready to put on at less than the price of the materials. You will wonder how it is possible to sell these dresses at the prices marked when you see them, but we bought them cheap and give you the advantage of the bargain.

FLANNEL-ETTE DRESSES for small children, in navy and white spots, different sizes, at the remarkable price of 35c

FLANNEL-ETTE DRESSES, navy and white, red and white figures, trimmed with white braid, very pretty at 50c

CASHMERE DRESSES, in navy blue and cream, trimmed with lace, wonderful value at 65c

\$1.50 Silk Waists \$1.50

You will hardly credit this, and you might be excused for being sceptical, but on Tuesday we will offer New Silk Blouses at this price. They come in brown, black and cream, made of a soft Jap silk. The styles are very pretty, being made with tucks, some wide, some narrow, and some styles are trimmed with fine lace. When you come to consider the price of the silk, you will realize what an exceptional bargain we offer when we say that we will sell those blouses while they last on Tuesday at \$1.50

\$1.50 Silk Waists \$1.50

A Sale of New Whitewear

Whitewear, not soiled or mused, but fresh from the makers, and at prices that are sure to appeal to you. Bought out of season, that's the reason we offer it now. If we had bought it to sell at the regular time the prices would not be the same as now. Whitewear will keep, you'll need it next spring, if not before, and the values we offer in this sale make it well worth your while to buy now.

White Underskirts

AT 75c—Made with a flounce of fine tucks and a deep lace frill.

AT 75c—Made with a flounce finished with fine tucks, lace insertion and frill of heavy lace.

AT \$1.00—Made with deep flounce with fine tucks and frill of lace.

AT \$1.00—Made with deep flounce of fine tucks and frill of embroidery.

AT \$1.00—Made with deep flounce, with two rows of lace insertion and lace frill.

AT \$1.00—Made with deep flounce of fine tucks and deep frill of fine lace.

AT \$1.00—Made with deep flounce finished with tucks, wide lace insertion and deep frill of heavy lace.

AT \$1.00—Made with deep flounce, and finished with fine tucks, embroidery and insertion.

AT \$1.25—Made with deep flounce of fine tucks, file lace insertion and lace frill.

AT \$1.25—Made with flounce of wide lace insertion and tucks, with frill of deep lace.

AT \$1.25—Made with flounce of deep tucks and finished with embroidery and insertion.

AT \$1.25—Made with a deep flounce of fine tucks and trimmed with embroidery.

AT \$1.50—Made with extra deep flounce of fine tucks and insertion, deep lace frill.

Muslin Drawers

AT 15c—Made of soft cambric and finished with tucks and hemstitching.

AT 50c—Finished with fine embroidery and washing lace.

AT 50c—Made of muslin finished with tucks and deep lace.

AT 50c—Made of cambric and finished with fine embroidery.

AT 50c—Made of muslin and trimmed with file lace insertion and embroidery.

Corset Covers

AT 50c—Made of fine muslin, trimmed with three rows of insertion and pretty lace, one of the very best values offered.

Nightdresses

AT 75c—Made of cambric with yoke of fine tucks and trimmed with embroidery.

AT \$1.50—Made of fine cambric trimmed with embroidery and fine lace and insertion.

Tuesday's Sale of Women's Underskirts

A special bry enables us to offer these Underskirts at the prices mentioned. They are good fall coats and made of excellent materials, in every way desirable skirts and exceptional values.

WOMEN'S BLACK SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS, good quality fast black sateen. Price on Tuesday 50c

WOMEN'S MOREEN UNDERSKIRTS, in black, navy, grey and green, splendid quality and an excellent bargain at \$1.75

90c Umbrellas 90c

A line of very strong frame, self opening Umbrellas for Men. The handiest umbrella to carry, no matter how you are loaded down with parcels, this style of umbrella can be opened, as only one hand is necessary. The tops are a heavy quality of black mercerized covering and will wear well and not fade. A great umbrella and a great bargain at this price. Regular value \$1.25. Tuesday 90c

90c Umbrellas 90c

Hot Lunches, Soup a Specialty,
at Our New Tea Rooms

DAVID SPENCER, LTD.

Afternoon Tea, Parties Catered
for at Our New Tea Rooms