

Commencing at a post planted northeast corner of claim marked C. Whitney's N. E. corner, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, to N. J. Prad's and west of D. R. Donald's claim.

E. C. WHITNEY, Per F. de C. Davies, Agent.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I, Chilton Long, Hervey, of Montreal, intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situated in Peace River Land District, District of Cariboo, about fourteen miles southwest of Cariboo, Hope, Peace River, commencing at a post planted at northeast corner of claim marked C. L. Hervey's N. E. corner, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, to contain about 640 acres.

C. L. HERVEY, Per F. de C. Davies, Agent.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I, Richard Larmour, Merchant, of the Town of Cornwall, Ontario, intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situated in Peace River Land District, District of Cariboo, about thirteen (13) miles southwest of Hudson's Hope, Peace River, commencing at a post planted at northeast corner of claim marked "R. Larmour's N. E. corner," thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, to contain about 640 acres.

R. LARMOUR, Per F. de C. Davies, Agent.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I, Farquhar D. Lennan, of Cornwall, Ontario, intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situated in Peace River Land District, District of Cariboo, about thirteen (13) miles southwest of Hudson's Hope, Peace River, commencing at a post planted at northeast corner of claim marked "F. D. Lennan's N. E. corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, to contain about 640 acres.

F. D. LENNAN, Per F. de C. Davies, Agent.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I, Morton Rattenbury, of the City of Winnipeg, Manitoba, intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situated in Peace River Land District, District of Cariboo, about thirteen (13) miles southwest of Hudson's Hope, Peace River, commencing at a post planted at northeast corner of claim marked "M. Rattenbury's N. E. corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, to contain about 640 acres.

MORTON RATTENBURY, Per F. de C. Davies, Agent.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I, Frederick de Courcy Davies, Civil Engineer, of the Town of Cornwall, Ontario, intend to apply to the Assistant Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situated in Peace River Land District, District of Cariboo, about twelve (12) miles southwest of Hudson's Hope, Peace River, commencing at a post planted at northeast corner of claim marked "F. de C. Davies' N. E. corner," thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, to contain about 640 acres.

F. de C. DAVIES, Per F. de C. Davies, Agent.

WATER CLAUSES CONSOLIDATION ACT 1907 AND AMENDING ACTS

NOTICE is hereby given that two weeks after the date hereof application will be made to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council by the Vancouver Island Power Company Limited for a Certificate of Approval of its undertaking in the matter of the construction, operation and maintenance of its power plant, transmission lines, substations and distribution systems.

The works intended to be undertaken in connection therewith are as follows: The construction, operation and maintenance of storage reservoirs and dams diverting the waters of the Jordan River, and in or on said river or the streams or waters tributary thereto; the construction, operation and maintenance of electrical power, all in Malahat and Renfrew districts on Vancouver Island, said power house to be located at or near the mouth of the Jordan River; the construction, operation and maintenance of transmission lines, substations and distribution systems for electrical current from said power house to the city of Victoria and vicinity.

It is proposed that the waters at present recorded by the company from the Jordan River and its tributaries be utilized in the operation of the above described undertaking and to generate power required to operate the traction electric light and power systems of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, Limited, in the city of Victoria, the surrounding districts and upon Vancouver Island generally.

PROVINCIAL NEWS TOLD IN FEW WORDS

New Westminster workers have opened a new Labor Temple.

The Collins Wireless Telephone Co. is to establish a station at Vancouver.

Non-arrival of the span has stopped construction on the new Lulu Island bridge.

The marriage took place at New Westminster Tuesday of Mr. F. Haines and Miss Mary L. Ritchie.

The Forestry Commission resumes its sessions on the Coast at New Westminster next Monday and Tuesday.

Arrangements are about completed for the leasing of Kitlano Park by the city of Vancouver from the C. P. R.

The big government dredge Frithing is temporarily out of commission through the renewal of fishing interdicting present work at the sandheads.

The ordination of Rev. Robert Dunlop as missionary to Macao, South China, took place at a meeting of the New Westminster Presbytery Monday.

Severe condemnation of race gambling was contained in a resolution adopted at the session just closed of the Presbytery of New Westminster.

H. A. Walton, George Meldrum, Bert Nelson and David T. Raleigh have just completed a through run on the coast of the Okanagan to New Westminster.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has promised that he will have an important announcement to make on the grain export question before leaving the Coast.

A thirty-acre site in Burnaby has been secured by the Summer Iron Works of Everett for the establishment of locomotive and general machinery plants.

James Edward Lofly, at one time a missionary to the Northern Indians in this province, has been committed for trial at New Westminster on a charge of theft.

Steelheads are now being taken in the Fraser river, together with a few cohoes, red and white spring salmon, dog salmon and humpbacks, but the sockeyes continue in the vast majority.

The syndicate representing the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern in their Cedar district coal area, has already paid out \$19,000 in proving the property and will make further large investments this week.

It is stated that when the companies are mining their own coal on this property, the output will be largely increased in the near future.

Cranbrook's first annual fair was held last week under exceptionally favorable conditions. The attendance was large and the exhibits, especially in vegetables and fruits, exceedingly representative of the district. The stock also was good and the programme of racing, etc., thoroughly well pleasing.

Ella Stanfield, the girl witness so badly wanted in connection with a serious criminal case at Vernon, and who fled or was spirited to the American side while the preliminary inquiry was pending, has been apprehended at Vancouver and will be promptly returned to Vernon to give her evidence at the trial.

The eighteenth annual fair at Vernon, this year, proved distinctly disappointing, being marked by very lukewarm public interest. Blame for the regrettable indifference is charged to the curtailment of the sporting feature. The stock, field products and fruit exhibits were infinitely better than ever before.

Among recent weddings of well known people throughout the province were those of Mr. Louis A. MacDonald, of Moyie, and Miss Annie Merry, late of Charlottesville, P. E. I.; Mr. William Henry Baldwin and Miss Lillian Estelle, of Chilliwack, and Mr. Sydney Jarvis and Miss Onorah Arthropia Maguire, of Nanaimo.

What might easily have been a serious accident occurred near Bull River, where a motor car was overturned by a motor car from Cranbrook. In climbing a short but steep hill near the town, the engine became, regrettably, reversed. All the occupants were injured, but less seriously hurt, but none fatally.

NANAIMO'S THREE BYLAWS

Money to be Asked From Citizens for Carrying Forward Public Works

A public meeting is being held to discuss the bylaws the ratemakers will vote on October 1. The first is to raise from \$200,000 to \$300,000 the amount of the South Forks extension water system, the second to raise \$60,000 to commence the putting in of city sewerage system. In regard to the second and third, the ratemakers are divided. There is some dissatisfaction with the way in which the work has been carried on. As to the third, there are two opinions as to the need of a sewer system, but there is some feeling that more money should be borrowed and that complete plans should be prepared.

OKANAGAN TRAMWAY PROJECT

Plans Maturing For Improved Facilities With Vernon As Base

The plans of the Couteau Power Company for the construction of a tram line eastward from Vernon through the rich fruit-growing section are maturing rapidly. The project has been going through several stages and the plans are being worked out in detail. The proposed line will be about 100 miles from the main line of the C. P. R. but only a few miles from the main line of the Canadian Northern main line. The land is level and only lightly wooded, much of it with poplar. The surveyor describes it as good summer range country, but believes that it will develop into a good fall wheat district, and a fruit raising section. The work of dividing the land is completed and it will be open for pre-emption soon as the plans are prepared at the department of public lands. Already some twenty settlers have gone into the country this year, following the surveyors.

HEAVY MINING SHIPMENTS.

By the Big Producers of the Stickeen, Kootenay, Rossland and Boundary Camps.

A zinc refinery is shortly to be added to the equipment of the Northport smelter.

Fred Stein, an employee of the Arrow Lakes Lumber Co. was found dead in his bed at the Queen's hotel, Kamloops, last Sunday. Heart disease is held responsible.

Word has been received from L. W. Shatford, M. P. P., that he has got safely through another operation and everything looks favorable for a permanent cure.

Canners on the Fraser now declare their inability to take full advantage of the good run of the cohoes in consequence of Chinese indoor labor at the canneries not being available.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leetta, youngest daughter of the late John McAfee, of Bradford, to Mr. Roland S. Garrett, of Cranbrook, the wedding being arranged for the 29th instant.

George A. Waddis, of Vancouver is the new president of the Northwest Association of Photographers, which has just closed its annual convention at Seattle. Next year's assembly will be at Vancouver.

Mayor Hodgson of Nanaimo, has convened a public meeting for tomorrow evening for the discussion of matters incident to the money bylaws which Nanaimo's ratemakers will shortly pass upon.

One of the largest of recent deals in Vancouver realty was the transfer of the Walsh block, at Pender and Richards street, the consideration being upward of \$210,000. The buyers are Charles Bibbins and Charles Hoffman, both of Oakland, Cal.

Active work is proceeding with the opening of the collieries of the Vermilion Forks Mining and Development Company. As soon as railway facilities are available 400 tons a day will be shipped, which output will be largely increased in the near future.

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THE RACE OF THE RAILROADS

Four Are Rushing to Secure Control of the Pass and the South Fraser Country.

Four railroads are rushing westward to secure control of the gateway necessary to the Fraser river and north of the international boundary, and as many are seeking the gateway necessary to secure a feasible pass through the Hope mountains. This is the intention of the principal land surveyor who has just returned from the survey of the Boundary Pass, and the North Thompson rivers.

The surveyor returned with his party by trail through the Thompsons, and the Boundary Pass, and the North Thompson rivers. He found the C. N. R. camps twelve miles west of Hope and it was generally believed in that district that the much sought pass has been discovered by that party, but that they

are keeping quiet. The mountains there are a network of survey lines. Engineer Dwyer, in charge of the C. N. R. party was very reticent as to the work of the party but stated that through the new Westminster, and how that the mountains have been passed it was understood that the remaining work would be comparatively light. The distance is only eighty miles and the country fairly level.

A G. T. P. party was working in the neighborhood. Then its whereabouts was not definitely known. A C. P. R. party is located at Coquahalla river, thirty-four miles from Hope, both reported to be seeking for a pass. The Great Northern also have engineers and men in the field, mapping out the land. It is believed in the section where the men are working that the railroad which secures a pass will make every endeavor to prevent the others from entering the Fraser Valley through that route. However that may be, the utmost secrecy is being maintained with regard to the work being done and the lines are so netted that no individual line can be said to be the one chosen.

BEAR HUNTING A LA MODE

Rossland Prospector Gets Four in a Day, With Plenty of Excitement

J. H. McDonald, the well-known Rossland prospector, had a thrilling adventure with bears on a recent trip from which he returned a few days ago. While crossing the summit in the Kootenay River district his attention was attracted by the whining of some animal across a small ravine. On looking closely he observed a large brown bear on the foot of a tree in the act of making her two cubs climb the tree where they would be out of danger. It was evident that the mother bear was scenting the presence of the hunter. When the cubs had ascended the mother came towards Mr. McDonald, who, in describing the adventure, told how he let her come within 100 feet of the sights of my rifle and killed her instantly. The bear's output will be largely increased in the near future.

NEW WESTMINSTER THE HUB

Comprehensive Plan of B. C. Electric Railway Co. of Development of Lower Fraser Valley

Grading the 62 mile new line from Chilliwack to Westminster is to be completed by the end of January, the rails being already laid for the miles to Cloverdale. The plan of the company is to make Westminster the hub of a network of lines, radiating throughout the lower Fraser valley. Already branches to Vancouver, Burnaby and Chilliwack are under construction, while lines through Lulu Island, to Port Moody and up the river to the Fraser River mills, are contemplated.

C. N. R. TERMINALS.

Assigned by Busy Runner to Annacis Island—Or is it Eleva.

Rumor continues to circulate with unusual persistency that the 300-acre tract on Annacis Island, recently purchased for \$200,000 by the C. N. R., is in reality intended as terminal grounds for the Canadian Northern. This has been denied by the railway people but the belief will not be dispelled until the company has made its plans public. Mr. Pader declines to disclose the nature of the improvements, for the C. N. R. has nothing to do with the deal, the property, which lies within four miles of the location of the new terminal, has been acquired for elevator purposes.

BONAPARTE RIVER LANDS.

Returned Surveyor Speaks Highly of Country in the North Thompson and the Lillooet.

Provincial Land Surveyor H. Neville Smith, who has just returned from a season's work in the Boundary Camps, reports having found very good land in the district, and he believes that the country is being developed rapidly. It is about 100 miles from the main line of the C. P. R. but only a few miles from the main line of the Canadian Northern main line. The land is level and only lightly wooded, much of it with poplar. The surveyor describes it as good summer range country, but believes that it will develop into a good fall wheat district, and a fruit raising section. The work of dividing the land is completed and it will be open for pre-emption soon as the plans are prepared at the department of public lands. Already some twenty settlers have gone into the country this year, following the surveyors.

NOTICE

R. C. P. No. 9 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

Lot No. 281. TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 16th day of September, A.D. 1909. R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE

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R. C. P. No. 13 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatsino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatsino Sound.

THE FINEST LEAVES

From Ceylon Tea Plantations are Contained in



It is packed in sealed lead packets to preserve its fine flavor and aroma. 40c, 50c and 60c per pound. At all grocers.

For Money Savers

Try Copas & Young

WE QUOTE YOU THE BEST GOODS OBTAINABLE AT A PRICE TO SUIT EVERYBODY TRY THEM!

- TAIT'S GRANULATED SUGAR, 17 pounds for... \$1.00
100-lb. sack for... \$5.60
ANTI-COMBINE TEA, in lead packets, per lb... 35c
Or 3 pounds for... \$1.00
C & Y, INDEPENDENT CREAMERY BUTTER, per pound... 35c
Or 3 pounds for... \$1.00
ANTI-COMBINE JELLY POWDER, 4 pkts. for... 25c
B. & K. ROLLED OATS, 7-lb sack for... 40c
MANITOBA ROLLED OATS, 7-lb. paper bag... 35c
22 pounds for... \$1.00
FRESH DAIRY BUTTER, per lb... 25c
PURE GOLD ICINGS, per packet... 10c
CLARK'S OR ARMOUR'S PORK AND BEANS, 3 tins for... 25c
PEAS, CORN OR BEANS, this season's pack, Tartan brand, per tin... 10c
Case, two dozen... \$2.30
TOMATOES—Tartan Brand, 2 large tins for... 25c
CALGARY RISING SUN FLOUR, per sack... \$1.85

OUR STORE REMAINS OPEN ALL DAY TODAY

COPAS & YOUNG

ANTI-COMBINE GROCERS
Corner of Fort and Broad Streets
Phones 94 and 133

output and is shipping regularly, while the Mollie Hughes at Silverton is now shipping to Granby.

KILLED BY MADDENED HOGS

Recent Arrival From England Meets Death at Chilliwack Under Horrible Circumstances

A most unusual tragedy occurred at Chilliwack yesterday in which James R. Hosken, aged 25, lost his life. Hosken, in company with Charles Carter, a well known farmer, was driving pigs to market along the public highway, when the animals became uncontrollable. One of them attacked him, and Hosken lost his footing, fell on his back, and the pig struck him with its feet and gorging him with its tusks. Carter rushed to his aid and threw a club, which finally drove off the blood-thirsty hog. Hosken died from shock and loss of blood. He was the son of Mansfield, England, and had been in this country but a short time.

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Timely Showings of the Newest in Neck-wear and Belts

Lace Plastron
In pure lace, cream and white. Suitable for yokes. They look exceedingly well on Princess dresses. Price \$3.75, \$3.25, \$2.50, \$1.75, \$1.25, 90c, 75c, and... 50c
We have exercised great care in the purchase of our new stock of the nevest in neck-wear.

Dutch Collars

In Dutch collars we have a most pleasing assortment. Trimmed with Valenciennes lace, with jabot attached (often worn on long coats), very fine lining in heavy embroidery, also trimmed with finer lace such as torchon at 90c to... 75c
Superior quality—hand embroidered, extra fine lining edged with baby Irish lace and eyelet, at \$2.25, \$1.75, \$1.50 and... \$1.25

Belts

Tinselled belts in gold and silver blues, blacks, browns and navys at... 35c
Colored elastics, studded with steel, 75c
Special Line—at 90c—in Elastics. Gold, silver, greys, navy, brown, in fact in all colors to match the dresses. With new buckles, at... 90c
Velvet (elastic) prettily figured, in all shades. These have nice oval buckles, including jewel buckles at \$1.50 and \$1.25
Extra Quality, trimmed with jet and steels, \$2.75, and \$1.75

Jabots and Bows

White, embroidered lawn, very nicely trimmed with fine lace, 40c and \$35
English Laces, hand-made, Duchess and Honiton laces at 65c, and... 35c
Extra good line, made up in nicely tucked net, with good quality lace trimmings and Baby Irish lace, at 90c, 75c, 65c, and... 50c

BOWS

Varied assortment at 35c and... 25c
Silk and Satin, with new small jet buckles 50c, 35c, and 25c
Superior quality, in black and white stripe, in new shades of pink, greens and blues... 75c

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The Colonist.

The Colonist Printing & Publishing Company, Limited Liability 27 Broad Street, Victoria, B.C.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

One year \$1.00 Six months .60 Three months .35 Sent postpaid to Canada and the United Kingdom.

CANADA AND BRITAIN.

So much has been said in regard to what Canada owes to the Mother Country, and so many adverse criticisms have been made in respect to her alleged failure to recognize the obligations, that perhaps some observations in regard thereto may not be untimely.

The beginning of the British settlement of what is now Canada was made in 1783, when the United Empire Loyalists settled in Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. As these people had sacrificed everything they possessed, in order to remain under the British flag, and by so doing made a British North America possible, the most capricious critic will hardly say that they did not discharge their duty to the Empire.

The year following the conclusion of peace between Great Britain and the United States, Waterloo was fought, and Europe lay exhausted on land, with great British indisposed mistress of the seas. After that date and for the next sixty years garrisons of British troops were maintained at certain points in British North America.

The Crimean war lasted two years. The United Kingdom, France, Turkey and, later, Sardinia were allies against Russia. The British force in the field was small; there was little for the navy to do. The occasion of the war had absolutely no relation to anything Canadian. And yet not a few Canadians took part in it.

During the years up to 1854 the Canadian provinces were hardly in a position to meet their own necessities. The people were pioneers in a new and difficult land; and yet they never failed to maintain their local military organizations. In some eastern Canadian homes there are yet the old flint rifles and the quaint accoutrements of the riflemen of those days. Money was freely spent to keep up an effi-

cient force, and, if occasion had arisen, for every man that the British government could have put in the field. In those provinces on short notice the provinces would have furnished at least one armed, uniformed and trained militiamen. It may suit the convenience of later day critics to ignore these things; but they are the facts of history. We tell the youth of Canada that they have no cause to blush for what their grandfathers did in the days when to be a resident of these provinces was to be committed to a life of toil and relative poverty.

Perhaps some readers may recall the fact that after the Crimean war, doubt arose as to the designs of Napoleon III. Tenneyson wrote: "It's true that we have a friendly ally. But only the devil knows what he means." Then it was that the great volunteer movement in England began. But it was not confined to England. It spread to the British North American provinces, and young men by thousands were enrolled, armed, uniformed, and drilled. It was a fine fighting force. They did good work when later the Fenians invaded Ontario, and down in New Brunswick, when these adventurers were massed on the borders, the volunteers came forward with courage, prepared to lay down their lives in defence of their flag and country. And yet nothing that the British North American provinces had done or omitted to do gave rise to the Fenian attack.

But we are a little ahead of the story. Reference has recently been made to the majority of our readers have only a vague idea what this was. It happened during the war of Secession. Messrs. Mason and Silldell, Commissioners from the Confederate States, were on their way to England in the Royal Mail Steamship Trent. The ship was stopped on the high seas and they were taken off by a United States frigate. For a time there was a demand for their return, and they were finally surrendered. This was not British North America's quarrel except in so far as everything affecting the honor of the Union Jack is the business of Britons everywhere. Troops were despatched from where. Troops were despatched from where. The affair occurred in the winter and it was impossible to send men by the railroads to the Imperial authorities to meet the expense of about, and hundreds of men volunteered their services to the local militia authorities. In all this there was nothing that calls for apology on the part of the residents of British North America. The whole story, from 1857 to 1865, as sketched above, is one of duty recognized and faithfully performed.

This brings us to Confederation and the beginning of the withdrawal of the Imperial garrisons. A new Dominion was created, and it was thought by the statesmen of that day that the Imperial British authority was no longer needed here. The Dominion agreed to undertake to establish its own militia and the undertaking has been carried out, on the whole, with a due appreciation of its importance. Forty-two years have passed since the year 1867, filled with the part of Canada, years devoted to laying the foundations of a new nation, and years, so far as the Empire is concerned, of peace, frontier wars alone excepted, until the breaking out of hostilities in South Africa. Surely it will not be said that Canada did not do its duty then. There is no occasion to make any argument that the building of the Canadian Pacific railway and the development of the West were great imperial undertakings and were to be offset properly against such part of the naval and military expenditures of the United Kingdom as might have been occasioned by the fact that Canada is a part of the Empire. Canada has never been a weakling to the Empire, and her affairs have never imposed any burden upon the British taxpayers. Canadians have done their duty in those ways which seemed best to the statesmen who have controlled her destinies and to those of the United Kingdom to whom they might properly look for counsel.

But some will say we take no account of the millions of British capital that have been invested in Canada. We do not in this connection. If we did it might be to say that whatever the United Kingdom has done for the defence of Canada during the last forty years ought to be construed as a defence of British investments in Canada. But these investments have nothing to do with the case. There is as much British capital invested in Argentina as in Canada. There are millions of British capital invested in the United States, Spain, Brazil, Russia, and even Germany. It is quite true that we could not have developed Canada without doubt. If patriotic considerations influenced any notable part of these investments. This aspect of the case has no legitimate bearing upon the question at all.

And so we come down to the year 1909, when New Zealand offered a Dreadnought to the Admiralty. With the history of a century and a quarter was forgotten, and certain people cried shame upon us as a people because we did not make a similar offer. But fortunately for the Empire wiser counsels prevailed. We might have given a Dreadnought. Many of us would have liked to have seen one in the Dominion. The conditions which led up to New Zealand's offer marked a new era in the history of the British Empire. For the first time since Trafalgar there seemed to be a probability of the British Empire in the future being challenged. Therefore the time had arrived for a new departure. New conditions demanded a new policy. The burden of maritime supremacy could no longer be left upon the shoulders of the Mother Country alone. If the daughter nations were worthy of their lineage, the time had come when they should assume their share. And it is because we believe that share is not to be assumed that we welcome the decision of the Imperial Defence Conference. The Empire is to be made to do her part in the work. Thus the case stands, and we may close this review of the record of our country by saying that what share shall be made for Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Mr. Borden to say, not for Quebec or any other province to determine, but for the people of Canada to decide; and the more we reflect upon what the people of Canada, whether of English or French descent, have done in the past, the more we are confident that their new responsibility, the responsibility attaching to their new nationhood, the responsibility attaching to them as citizens of Greater Britain, will be discharged in a manner that will be the glory of British North America but all men could be asked to do for the honor of a flag which has been and is their pride and for an Empire of which their country forms so important a part.

How absurd it is to say, as a few people do, that if Canada establishes a fleet of the people of the United States will think it is directed against them. The people of the United States are not wholly bereft of their senses.

Sir Edward Clouston says that the new Bank of Montreal in Winnipeg will be the world's largest structure of its kind in the world. Lord Strathcona told a Montreal interviewer that the Manitoba capital will become a great financial centre.

There is no sadder story of the sea than the burning of the Waratah off the South African coast. To all appearances we will never know anything more except that she was lost with her three hundred passengers and all her crew.

Mr. Lemieux left the other day for Switzerland to attend the international postal convention. The genial Postmaster General travels around as much as if he were himself an international letter carrier. It is stated that he is to discuss cheaper cables with the British government.

Monday was the fifty-first anniversary of the battle of Alma, which every one knows, or ought to know, was the opening fight of the Crimean war. It was a gallant struggle and a glorious victory, in gaining which the British troops showed that they had lost none of that combination of dash and steadiness which in years gone by had won for British infantry imperishable fame.

Must we say for the hundredth time that we do not print letters except over the writer's signature, and that initials are not a substitute for a signature? We mention this today so that a writer whose views on a certain subject are rather opposed to those of the Colonist, may know why his letter has not been printed. If he will allow his name to appear the letter will be published.

The Hon. Mr. Templeman can see no reason why anyone should be appointed to dispense federal patronage in this part of the country. Of course this is an eminently unselfish and disinterested opinion.



WARM BEDDING NOW

Cooler Weather Demands It and You'll be Interested in Knowing Where to Buy to the Best Advantage

THE first rains of Fall and the Winter time suggested in the coolness of the air during the past few days, reminds us that it's time to think seriously of heavier bedding—time to prepare for the cold season.

And of course you are interested in knowing where to buy such bedding needs to the best advantage. Isn't it reasonable to suppose the store that buys the largest quantities has first choice of the products of the best makers, gets the very best prices and is therefore able to offer the most interesting values?

We are grandly prepared to supply your wants—ready with the very best qualities and the very best values in the city. Blankets and comforters in great variety and choice of style and price. Sole Victoria agents for those famous McLintock down comforts. When you think of blanket buying investigate our offerings, it'll pay you.

Marseilles Quilts—New Arrivals—\$2.50 to \$15

Big Choice of Designs in a Line of Superior Quality—Fine Satin Finish. Fresh from one of the largest mills of the Empire comes a shipment of the Marseilles Quilts—a shipment that discloses some decidedly attractive designs in quilts of a superior quality. These are made from the finest quality cotton and come in that much desired satin finish. Made expressly for us, so we can guarantee the quality. Big choice in matter of price for we have them from \$15.00 to \$2.50. In white Honeycomb Bedspreads we have some interesting values. Come up to the second floor and let us show you what we can offer at from \$2.50 to \$1.25. New sheets and sheetings are to be found here—sheets that bear our imprint, a sure sign of the quality being correct. Best materials and best making and values that are unbeatable. Let us show you our offerings—they'll interest you.

The Latest Word in Rugs—These Ragstyle Rugs

Come in and See Some of the Most Attractive Rugs We Have Shown. LARGE cities and small towns throughout the United States have caught the craze of Ragstyle rugs. All over the country the craze has spread. And why not? Handsome and tasteful color effects in Old Colonial "hit and miss" designs that carry you back to grandmother days, when economy caused the weaving of the rugs into carpets. But these are not made from old rags, but from new cloth, of color and texture suitable for the effect desired. First time these rugs have been shown in this city. Come in and see them.

- Priscilla Rugs: These are made of unbleached muslin, dyed in fast colors—washable. These rugs are woven "hit and miss" designs, with plain or white colors. Excellent for bedrooms. Size 30x60 in. \$2.75. Size 47 ft. \$6.00. Size 8x10 ft. \$17.00. Size 9x12 ft. \$22.50. Fireside Rugs: The fireside rug is one of the latest styles, in the Old Colonial "hit or miss" effects. A dozen or more color effects on white or green warps. Excellent for fireside use. Size 30x60 in. \$2.00. Size 47 ft. \$4.50. Size 8x10 ft. \$12.00. Size 9x12 ft. \$16.00. Colonial Poster Rugs: One of our most attractive styles. Poster effect. Size 3x6 ft. \$4.50. Size 6x9 ft. \$14.00. Size 9x12 ft. \$27.50. Martha Washington Rugs: Ideal for bedroom use. Size 27x54 in. \$3.00. Size 3x6 ft. \$5.00.

Exhibition Visitors—Welcome Here

Visit This Establishment, Make It Your Headquarters. EXHIBITION visitors are heartily welcome here. Make this store your headquarters while in the city. The display of merchandise from all corners of the world makes this establishment the "main" building of the fair. Homekeepers, present and prospective, from other parts of the Province will find here one of the finest collections of home furnishings to be found anywhere in Western Canada. It's an exhibition of economy in home furnishing that you shouldn't miss. Welcome. Come in anytime—as often as you wish.

New Office Chairs Early English Bookcase \$15

HERE is a book-case style chosen from a great collection of attractive and serviceable bookcases shown on the third floor. This style is in Early oak finish and has five adjustable shelves. Attractively designed glass door. Priced at \$15.00. We have much to offer you in bookcases, have them at all prices and in a multitude of styles. The sectional bookcase is a favorite with many and we show the Macey—absolutely the best in the sectional bookcase line. Pleased to show you these. Shown on third and fourth floors.

Put One of These in Your Bedroom

Two Smart Styles in Chairs Suitable for Bedroom Use. HERE are two smart styles in bedroom chairs—useful, comfortable chair styles that'll greatly improve the appearance of your bedroom. These chairs are in mahogany with cane seats. The design is very attractive and the workmanship and finish is the very best. Rocker is a comfortable style—one you'll greatly enjoy. ROCKER, as cut, is priced at \$4.00. CHAIR, as illustrated, priced at \$3.50. We have other styles in bedroom chairs and bedroom rockers at many prices. Bedroom furniture for all needs found on third and fourth floors.

WEILER BROS. HOME FURNISHERS SINCE 1862, AT VICTORIA, B.C. COR. GOVERNMENT AND BROUGHTON STREETS. SEND FOR THIS—FREE. Our fine, large Catalogue for 1909 is printed on the finest paper. The book has almost 2000 illustrations of good size. Every article is fully described and priced, making it an easy matter to do your shopping at home if you have this book. Send your name for a copy TODAY.

WOMAN AFFIRMS HOLMES' GU

Mrs. Carlsen's Evidence Strongly Against Prisoner

NANAIMO, Sept. 22.—Wm. H. charged with the murder of Gus today, and was committed to the next assize. The case against Carlsen was withdrawn. The courtroom was crowded with spectators, and the trial was much more than a mere formality. It was made by Mrs. Carlsen, William Holmes, the prisoner brought into court at 10 o'clock tall, straight young fellow with curly hair and slow complexion, was manifestly very nervous, keenly alive to the seriousness of his position. Mr. J. H. Simpson appeared for Crown and Mr. C. H. Beaver for the accused. Dr. Lingham was the first witness, and testified as to the finding of the body and that death was due to poison.

Mrs. Carlsen was next called, evidence was the same as at the first trial. She testified that she heard today she stated that the man she had seen was a former inmate of the jail. She said she went to the foot of the bed, exclaiming "Oh, God!" There was a form on the bed and the next thing she was by a blow on the brow. She regained consciousness and was standing over the man. "Oh, Will, why have you done this?" He replied, "Have you not seen me before?" She never saw Carlsen's brother. Holmes had then said he would help her up and take her home. The former he did and the latter he did. He said nothing about the man she had seen. Carlsen moved or spoke after he was taken to the most dramatic moment of the trial was when Mrs. Carlsen was asked to identify the prisoner and both an and man were visibly moved. Mrs. Carlsen, besides identifying the man who had been moved or spoke after he was taken to the most dramatic moment of the trial was when Mrs. Carlsen was asked to identify the prisoner and both an and man were visibly moved. Mrs. Carlsen, besides identifying the man who had been moved or spoke after he was taken to the most dramatic moment of the trial was when Mrs. Carlsen was asked to identify the prisoner and both an and man were visibly moved.

Here was the motive for the other witnesses also spoke Mrs. Carlsen's sister (Miss Hould) said she had seen her brother had threatened to kill (Holmes), and the latter in turn threatened to kill Carlsen. She spoke of hearing Carlsen in the morning on Saturday morning. She Holmes says that it was a "hit and miss" style. Her sister had rep "leave him alone. She did not who the "hit" was, but she was Carlsen, whose name was Watson.

De Coeur, a new witness testified to overhearing a conversation between Holmes and Carlsen at the time that Holmes had been with the Carlsen party. She told Holmes to get out of the house and had threatened that if he came back he would be killed. She had replied he had "better be or he (Holmes) might get on him first." The morning after the murder, Holmes saw Mrs. Carlsen at the Barton house. She said it "bad bit"; he made no remark. She accompanied Miss Carlsen to the street when he left. He remarked those who had murdered Carlsen saved him from doing anything.

A SCENIC WONDER

Earl Gray Will Go Out Over Provincial Trail to Banf. When Earl Gray, whose camp is near his close for the East His Excellency will divide at Windermere, and then to the westward. General will proceed to Callaghan Brook in the York and pass, while His Excellency is to the westward, the new completed trail Windermere to Banff, joining party at Calgary. This trail the Provincial Government has the member for Columbia, Mr. Parson, has established to the Banff party, and is plotting it to that famous sixty miles in length. It is an arms of a triangle, with Banff apex, Windermere at the second and Golden at the third, in a mile route. In the opinion of who have been over it, this is a biased out of the virgin forest mountain and valley, is deemed to be one of the most picturesque far-famed scenic districts in the whole of British Columbia ceremonies which marked the opening of a new public road, which the loyal citizens of the to the fertile Columbia valley given the name of the Lake school.

NEW SOURCE OF POW

Burrard Power Company Specially All Water of Lillooet Lakes. The Burrard Power Co. has from the Dominion government grant of 25,000 miners' inches on Lillooet river, and is practically the entire output of looet lakes at low water, the terms of the grant the Lillooet commenced at no distant date from Vancouver it is as the power plant will be situated one of the most picturesque sections of industrial Vancouver drawing power from this source. VANCOUVER, Sept. 22.—S. Shaughnessy, secretary of the board today that he would have an announcement to make to the Vancouver on the grain qu-

ING NOW

You'll be Interested in the Best Advantage

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most attractive styles.

..... \$4.50

..... \$14.00

..... \$27.50

Washington Rugs

for bedroom use

..... \$3.00

..... \$5.00

lass Vases 25c

each. Small but attrac- t. This price starts a shipment of imported cut glass which includes a great of little priced vases.

in and see these excellent

..... \$1.75 and \$2.50

ember that we are sole agents for the celebrated "cut glass—the standard of the world. We show this ul glass in one of the fine glass rooms in Canada.

are welcome to inspect these at any time. Bring your friends in and show them play. Not the slightest ob- n to purchase incurred.

ur Bedroom

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chairs

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WOMAN AFFIRMS HOLMES' GUILT

Mrs. Carlsen's Evidence Goes Strongly Against Prisoner

NANAIMO, Sept. 22.—Wm. Holmes, charged with the murder of Gus Carl- sen, was given a preliminary hearing today, and was committed for trial at the next assize. The case against Mrs. Carlsen was withdrawn.

The courtroom was crowded, and there was much curiosity as to the statement to be made by Mrs. Carlsen. William Holmes, the prisoner, was brought into court at 10 o'clock. A tall, straight young fellow with a dark curly hair and a sallow complexion, he was manifestly very nervous and keenly alive to the seriousness of his position.

Mr. J. H. Simpson appeared for the Crown and Mr. C. H. Beevor-Potts for the accused. Dr. Lingham was the first witness and testified as to the finding of the body and that death was due to strangulation.

Mrs. Carlsen was next called. Her evidence was the same as to the in- quest until she came to the noise she heard. Today she stated that the thud she heard was in the bedroom and that this thud aroused her. She jumped to the foot of the bed, exclaiming, "Oh, my God!" There was a form in the door and the next thing she was struck by a blow on the brow. When she regained consciousness Holmes was standing over her and she said, "Oh, Will, why have you done that?" He replied, "Have you not suffered long enough?"

She never saw Carlsen's body re- moved. Holmes had then said he would take her up and take her husband's money. The former he did and the latter she thought he did. He said nothing more than she had quoted. Carlsen never moved or spoke after he was struck. The most dramatic moment in the trial was when Mrs. Carlsen was asked to identify the prisoner and both woman and man were visibly moved.

Mrs. Carlsen, besides the radical change in her story directly stating that Holmes was the man who struck Carlsen, also testified to the bad feeling existing between the men. Holmes, she said, had threatened to kill her Monday morning, the day of the crime. He asked her how she was feeling and she had replied, "Not very good." He had then asked her if Carlsen had been ill-using her again. She replied, "No." He declared he would do for him, but she had asked him to let Carlsen alone.

Here was the motive for the crime, and other witnesses also spoke of it. Mrs. Carlsen's sister (Miss Annie Hout) said Holmes had told her Carlsen had threatened to kill him (Holmes), and the latter in turn had threatened to kill Carlsen. She also spoke of hearing Carlsen in the house on Saturday morning. She heard Holmes say that it was "time he was finished" and he "would do for the 'b—d'." Her sister had replied to who the "he" was, but supposed it was Carlsen, whose name was mentioned.

Mrs. De Coeur, a new witness, also testified to overhearing a quarrel at the time that Holmes threatened to go with the Carlens. Carlsen had then told Holmes to get out of the house, and had threatened to shoot him. Holmes had replied he would "better be careful or he (Holmes) might get a drop on him first." The morning after the murder, Holmes saw Mrs. Carlsen at the Barton house. She said it was "a bad bit," he made no remark. Holmes accompanied Miss Hout down the street when he left. He remarked that those who had seen Holmes Carlsen had saved him from doing this.

This was practically all the new evi- dence.

Mrs. Carlsen swears it was Holmes who came into her bedroom and bound her, and there is this evidence of the ill-feeling between the two men. Miss Hout testified also that in spite of Carlsen's threat, Holmes used to visit her sister once or twice a week, and always when Carlsen was out.

SUFFRAGETTES AT HARD LABOR

Sentences for Birmingham Rowdism—Crazy Women in Court

LONDON, Sept. 22.—Ordinary im- prisonments having failed to check rioting on the part of the suffragettes, a magistrate at Birmingham this af- ternoon sentenced six Mary Leigh and Charlotte Marsh, two of the ringleaders in the outbreak at the meeting in Birmingham on the night of Septem- ber 17, when Premier Asquith deliv- ered an address upon the budget, two and three months respectively at hard labor.

Another woman was given one month at hard labor and others various terms of simple imprisonment.

When the sentences were announced, a number of suffragettes in court picked up whatever they could lay their hands on in the form of missiles, and broke the windows of the court room.

SAILORS SUFFER

Men From Canadian Cutter Earl Grey in Bad Plight Off Coast of Newfoundland

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 22.—A tale of suffering and danger was related today by the crew of a boat which left the new Canadian cutter Earl Grey to attempt to obtain coal and provi- sions on the bleak Newfoundland coast when the vessel's supply was nearly exhausted. A number of the crew man- aged to land and rowed fifty miles to Bay de Verde, where they obtained two and a half tons of coal in sacks and some provisions, and after tele- graphing to St. John's a report of their vessel's plight they started to re- turn.

Meanwhile a severe storm had arisen and the sea became so high that the boat was nearly swamped. Finally it became necessary for the men to leave the boat to escape foundering. The masts and sails of the boat next went all right and at daylight were picked up by a passing schooner. In board- ing the schooner one another had his arm broken. The men were landed at Carbonear, whence they were con- veyed here.

Fugs were sent out from this city and brought the disabled steamer here on Saturday night.

Honeycomb Ends With Death

ALBANY, N.Y., Sept. 22.—Ea. route from Farmington, Conn., to Belleston, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Petchard were found dead today in a room of a boarding house having been asphyxi- cated after a four days' honeymoon.

The police expressed the belief that the husband had blown out the gas. The couple arrived last night and in- tended to go to Belleston where Petchard had secured employment as a painter.

Sheriff Routed By Woman

EDMONTON, ALB., Sept. 22.—When Sheriff Robertson attempted to serve a writ of replevin on Mrs. John Moran this night he was met at the door by the lady in person, who brandished an axe with the result that he was driven away only long enough to assure that Mrs. Moran meant business. The woman and her husband have been estranged for some time, and the sheriff was appointed to study immigration and present a report before the congress rises.

To Enlarge Big Hotel

WINNIPEG, Sept. 22.—The Royal Alexandra Hotel will be made a ten story building in 1910, according to plans which are now said to be under consideration by the Canadian Pacific. The present building, completed two years ago, has grown already into a small town, and the new structure being crowded for about nine months in the year. Two additional stories will give an extra one hundred and thirty rooms.

Wheat at Montreal

MONTREAL, Sept. 22.—The first cargoes of Canadian Western wheat have reached Montreal during the past twenty-four hours, and over 100,000 bushels are now on the way to the sea, having been handled in record time. The first steamer to arrive with the cargo of this year's crop was the Acadia, from Fort William, which brought 60,000 bushels, and several other large cargoes followed. The amount of wheat to the sea is now on an earn- ing of about \$100,000. The amount of wheat there are now sixteen ocean steamers in port, more than at any time this season, and several large tramps are on the way.

Alberta Grows Corn

CALGARY, Sept. 22.—This year's field corn fully matured in open fields near Bassano, in Bow river valley, has created intense interest in grain and live stock circles. Cobs 10 inches in length have been shipped from Bassano to Calgary, the kernels being fully ripe and of large size. Grain men are optimistic regarding the pos- sibilities of this crop, and believe that the eastern section of the Bow valley district is about to add corn to its already varied list of possible and profitable crops. Bassano is the district that this year provided Al- berta with the heaviest winter wheat, and those competent to judge state that maize and water melons grown there have the same exceptionally fine flavor found in the best southern melons. An abundance of sunshine and soil accelerating rapid growth will ultimately make that the banner district of the province.

Electric Smelting Plants

ONTARIO, Sept. 22.—Arrangements are being made for establishing the first electric smelting plant in Canada at Sault Ste. Marie in connection with the Lake Superior Consolidated com- pany's iron and steel plant. That com- pany is to install a number of furnaces similar to those in operation in Sweden. Another plant is to be established at Chats Falls for the treatment of iron ores on the Ottawa river.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh

MONTREAL, Sept. 22.—Lord Bal- four, a British member of the West India commission to investigate trade conditions between Canada and West Indies, and Lady Balfour passed through the city today en route to Ottawa. They had been to Peasants- tawa. They had been to Peasants- tawa, where they visited Ambassador Bryce.

FALL SKIN DISEASES.

An Article for Mothers. When the children "break out" with eruptions and skin diseases, so common in the fall, don't run to useless and nauseating medicines. Zam-Buk is what is needed. It is a skin food as well as a healing balm.

Mrs. Chas. Leare, of Prescott, North Channel, Ont., tells how Zam-Buk cured her baby. She says: "My baby's head and face was one complete mass of sores. The itching and irritation were fearful, and the little one's plight was so fearful that at one time we feared her ears would be eaten off."

"We had to keep her hands tied for days to prevent her rubbing and scratching the sores. Doctors, after doctor treated her in vain, until we had five more doctors. They all agreed it was a frightful case of eczema, but none of them did any permanent good."

"As a last resource we were advised to try Zam-Buk. The first box did so much good that we felt sure we were at last working in the right direction. We persevered with the treatment until we had used three boxes, and at the end of that time I am glad to say Zam-Buk effected a cure."

Mrs. Holmes, 30 Gulse Street, Hamilton, is quite as eloquent in her praise. She says: "Zam-Buk cured my boy of boils and eruptions which were so bad that he had been unable to mix with other children. Prior to the boils breaking out he had had a bad eruption, but Zam-Buk cleared this away. It made his skin clear and smooth. It is a wonderful preparation, and mothers throughout the land should always keep it handy."

For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm, and similar skin dis- eases, Zam-Buk without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, ab- scesses, chronic sore, blood-poisoning, etc. All druggists carry it, or send for a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

FAULT IS FOUND WITH ALIEN LAW

Solicitor O'Donohue Reports to Trades and Labor Congress

Quebec, Sept. 22.—At the Dominion Trades and Labor congress morning's session there was a heated discussion over the report of Organizer Trotter, in which he declared that during the recent tour in Ontario he had found in some places that partizan politics were injuring organized labor in that province.

A motion was made that the report be referred to a committee of officers, but it was not carried to have it discussed on the minutes.

Vice-President Simpson reported on moral and social conditions in Ontario, especially in reference to sweatshops, child labor and white slave traffic. The report was referred to a special committee.

John G. O'Donohue, parliamentary solicitor, in presenting his report, pointed out the alien labor law as a "legislative farce." He said that when it suited the government to strike breakers, the machinery of the bill was made operative, but when it was not in the interest of the government no action whatever was taken. He says that no notice has been taken of the govern- ment regarding the plottings passed at the Halifax convention last year, and he is waiting only long enough to ask amendments to the law. He has been proposed, but they have been left on the order paper.

A special committee was appointed to study immigration and present a report before the congress rises.

BOMB FOR PRESIDENTS

Explosive Found Near Platform Where Taft and Diaz Are to Meet in Juarez

E LPASO, Tex., Sept. 22.—A bomb was found tonight in the rear of the customs house at Juarez, Mex., a few feet from the platform which has been erected for the meeting between President Taft and President Diaz on October 15th. More than thirty arrests were made.

Flag Incident

SYDNEY, N.S., Sept. 22.—A regret- able incident occurred yesterday after- noon in connection with the arrival of the Peary steamer Roosevelt. The U. S. fishing cutter Grampus, which was among the craft that escorted the Roosevelt up the harbor, was observed to have no British flag among her decora- tions, and when her captain came ashore, he was ordered away by some of the members of the club. Captain Peary journeyed to the Far North light on his journey to New York. Hundreds of steam craft whistled their farewells as the Roosevelt slowly made her way down the harbor. Shortly before the Roosevelt pulled out, Matthew Henson, Commander Peary's colored body guard, leaped over the side of the Roosevelt to shake hands in farewell with the Chief Engineer Swicker, of the Tyrion, who was standing on the deck of a launch. Swicker has a grip like a vice and he held fast to Henson's hand as the Roosevelt swung away. Henson could not release his hold and he was drawn over the side of the Roosevelt and fell into the sea. He was promptly fished out however by Swicker, and half an hour later the Roosevelt was out of sight on her way south.

BOTH EXPLORERS WELCOMED HOME

(Continued from Page One)

port which he promises to have ready in about two months; and (3) the testimony of Harry Whitney, the New Haven sportsman, who Cook says is one of the first white men to learn of his discovery.

Peary Hastening Home

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 22.—Maine made its welcome to Commander Peary today, and all along the route of his journey ashore, he was greeted with the friendly recognition of the people he has achieved in his North Pole. Commander Peary and his family are expected late today at Portland where they will prob- ably remain over night and go to their home at Eagle Bay the next morning. The Peary party passed through St. John, N. B., early today and in the few minutes between trains several hundred people gathered about the explorer and congratulated him upon his success. The commander said he did not know what the plans are for his reception at Bangor. It is under- stood that while he is glad to meet the people, he desires to refrain from making any speeches.

Commander Peary is keeping his information regarding the information he has obtained on the main ques- tion of the Cook controversy, but his intentions are not wanting today that the time is near at hand when the world will know the exact ex- plorer probably remain at Eagle Bay several days and during that time will assemble the records he has made on the trip to the Pole and at the same time keep himself advised of the developments in the Cook controversy.

Vancouver En Fete

Vancouver, Me., Sept. 22.—Com- mander Robert E. Peary received an enthusiastic greeting when for the first time since he started on his latest ex- pedition, which resulted in reaching the North Pole, he touched upon United States soil. As the train crossed the Canadian boundary line, which is only 100 feet distant from the Vancou- ver station, a Maine Central railroad lady, by the name of Mrs. Peary, was pointed, his advent was heralded by a



The fit of the new gown will depend a great deal upon the Corset. That is why particular care should be taken to secure a corset which will conform to every dictate of fashion. One that will accentuate the snug fitting waist and hip lines so essential to a correct delineation of the Old French effects which mark the Fall styles.

The Correct Solution of this Corset Problem Lies in AN AMERICAN LADY OR THOMPSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSET

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We also are ready with a complete stock of bust formers and brassiers, together with children's and misses' corset waists in hygienic models. In fact everything that a modern corset shop should have is found in this department.

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SLATINE ROOFING

Rolls contain 108 and 216 square feet, and are sold for 100 and 200 square feet. Cement, nails and instructions in centre of each roll.

SLATINE is fire, water, acid and frost proof, unaffected by extremes of heat or cold, weatherproof, indestructible.

SLATINE also possesses several distinctly superior qualities of its own. In that it has an absolutely pure wool felt foundation, and has a specially protected weather coating, consisting of a heavy layer of mineral rubber, in which is imbedded a coat of weatherproof mineral.

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HERE ARE SOME OF THE BEST ONES.

No. 724—"If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live"

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Best saddle horse—1 and 2, W. Woods. Best buggy horse—1, A. G. Crofton...

CATTLE

Bull, 1 year or over—1, H. Caldwell. Bull calf under 1 year—1, A. G. Crofton...

SHEEP

Ram, 1 shear and over—1 and 2, Max Enke. Ram lamb—1, Max Enke...

SWINE

Boar, any breed—1, Max Enke. Sow, any breed—1, Max Enke...

Poultry

Andalusian cock—1, H. W. Bullock. Andalusian hen—1 and 2, H. W. Bullock...

White Orpington, hen—1, T. D. Mansell. Yellow turnips—1, Simpson and Cundy...

Canney Machines Company. This day has been registered as an Extra-Provincial Company under the Companies Act, 1897...

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NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands...

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NOTICE. SIXTY DAYS after date I intend to apply for a license of the foreshore rights appertaining to Lot 37 of the Garbally Estate, Victoria District...

NOTICE. Italian pruned—1, C. Curtis; 2, A. J. Smith. French pruned—1, H. Caldwell...

NOTICE. TAKE NOTICE that I intend to apply to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum...

NOTICE. TAKE NOTICE that I intend to apply to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum...

Alberta Grain Held. CALGARY, Sept. 22.—Southern Alberta farmers evince no desire to rush this year's crop upon the market...

Invitation to Country People. We extend a general invitation to come to this store—leave parcels and umbrellas here—make it your headquarters for daytime.

QUALITY FRUIT SPECIALS. PRUNES, Italian, per crate \$1.00. PLUMS, Damson, per crate \$1.00. PLUMS, Table, per basket \$1.40...

The Family Cash Grocery. Cor. Yates and Douglas Sts. Phone 312. Delicious Creamery Butter, 3 lbs. \$1.00.

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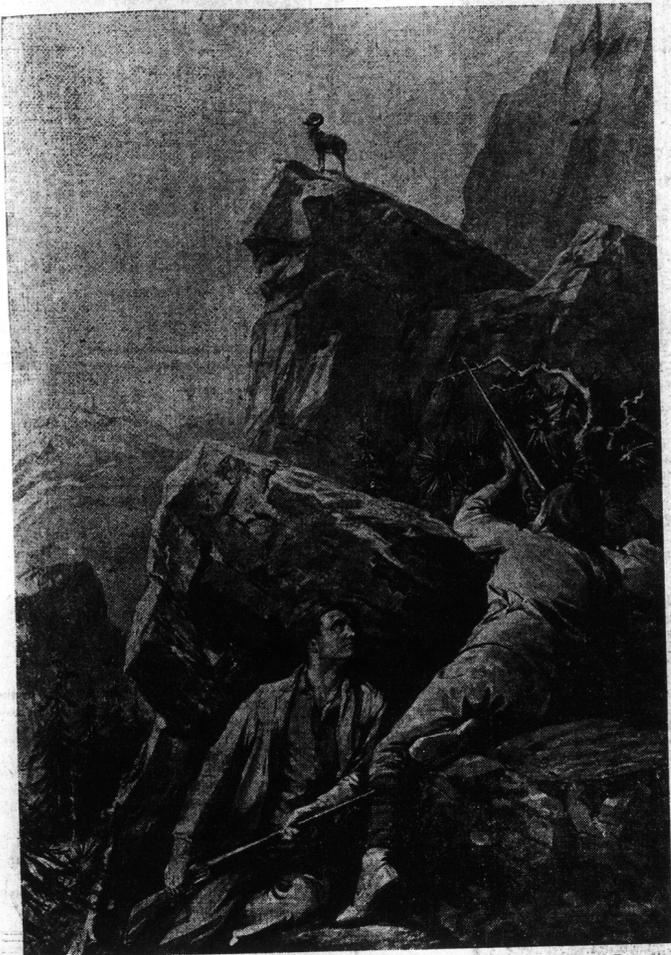
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Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne. Acts like a charm in cases of DIARRHEA and is the only Specific in CHOLERA and DYSENTERY.

Of course all rich stories trouble is that there are the world who are lacking they find it hard, most strict regard for truth in narrator of such tales, as why nine out of ten are invariably begin with the true bear-story, while the going up with some such a seagoo narrative is strictly tail, truth is stronger than I have a nice little pown which actually happened tenderfoot days in the K story really is perfectly refused to publish it because I thought a liar when I truth; therefore I contenting it in confidence to m ally, the narration costs fellow of imagination—but out, which brings me to little narrative which I action a well-known call it Bulltikin Lake, B. There was a certain gout from the Old Count ing in the British Col naturally proceeded to V this far-famed lake know visiting and resident, s short stay he returned to bear story, which was the daily press, which, r are concerned, looks me a story qua story than in istory of an encounter bear savagely defending and there was a good evidence in the way bruises and bandages, w to bear out the truth of account of his prowess him out a hero in the admired his bravery and honorable scars obtained It made in short a migh collection of strictly tr have from time to time lying world. Last spring I was up of this thrilling tale of a fishing trip, and, as a ting in front of the hor and vieing with one ar of veracious narrative a

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE



British Columbia Sport as Seen by Foreign Artists
Big Horn in the Rockies

A TRUE BEAR STORY WITH A VARIATION

(By Richard Pocock.)

Of course all bear stories are true, but the trouble is that there are so many people in the world who are lacking in imagination that they find it hard sometimes to realize the strict regard for truth invariably shown by the narrator of such tales, and I suppose that is why nine out of ten bear stories published invariably begin with the words, "this is a true bear-story," while the tenth usually ends up with some such sentence as "the foregoing narrative is strictly true in every detail, truth is stronger than fiction."

I have a nice little pet bear story of my own which actually happened to myself in my tenderfoot days in the Kootenays, but as that story really is perfectly true, have always refused to publish it because I hate to be thought a liar when I really am telling the truth; therefore I content myself with narrating it in confidence to my friends. Occasionally the narration costs me a friend—some fellow of a doubting turn of mind and a total lack of imagination—but no matter, truth will out, which brings me to the subject of the little narrative which has for its scene of action a well-known sportsman's resort—call it Bulltiddin' Lake, B. C.

There was a certain gallant gentleman, came out from the Old Country, thirsting for the gorge of all and any the wild animals abounding in the British Columbia forests, and naturally proceeded to Vancouver Island and naturally also came to Victoria and thence to this far-famed lake known to and beloved of visiting and resident sportsmen. After a short stay he returned to Victoria with a fine bear story, which was published eagerly by the daily press, which, naturally, where bears are concerned, looks more into the merits of a story qua story than into its value as veracious history. This story read well; it was the story of an encounter with a ferocious she-bear savagely defending the safety of her cubs, and there was a good deal of circumstantial evidence in the way of sundry wounds, bruises and bandages, which not merely served to bear out the truth of the mighty hunter's account of his prowess, but helped to make him out a hero in the eyes of the fair, who admired his bravery and sympathized over his honorable scars obtained in the deadly combat. It made in short a mighty fine addition to the collection of strictly true bear stories which have from time to time been given to an unbelieving world.

Last spring I was up at the scene of action of this thrilling tale of dangerous adventure on a fishing trip, and, as a bunch of us were sitting in front of the hotel talking fish and game and vying with one another in the exchange of veracious narrative and forest lore, some one

happened to recall this same story of the bloody battle with the infuriated she bear, and then it was that the murder was out, and the variation of the story came to our ken. With a snort of indignation the narrator of the variation began. "My Yes," he said, "that was a fine story that fellow filled you newspaper men up with alright, alright that time; why the son of a gun never saw a bear in his life, let alone a scrap with one." "Yes, he had the marks to show alright, and was used up some, you bet, but not by any bear, you bet, your life. It was simple enough how it happened and the hurt he got was coming to him for his own want of common horse sense, but it was another man altogether who did the hero act, and dont you forget it. Tell you all about it? Why sure, if you want to hear the real true story it was this way. You see the bear-hunter was really after trout, and there was a good place down here in B's pool where a tree had fallen over the water and had formed a sort of jam with snags held up against it by the force of the current, and his nibs wanted it out of the way and thought he was man enough to cut it out, so out he goes on the log with B's crosscut and starts sawing away, standing on the further end of the log with the cut he was putting in between him and the bank. He wasn't any great shakes with a saw, but he stayed with it and was getting pretty well through it, when B. happened along and warned him that the log was liable to give with the depth of cut he had in it, and the pressure against the end which was in the water. He wasn't taking advice, though, and he stayed on the wrong side of that cut just a little too long with the result that over he went when she broke into the drink, hitting his head a good crack on the way and otherwise bustling himself up. Now that crack on the head would have finished him alright if it hadn't been for our friend B. being along at the time. Swimming in the Cowichan is no mug's game when the water's high and that's no dream, but in he went after him and brought him ashore covered with blood and pretty well used up. After that he poled him up to the lake in his boat and rowed him up to the doctor's up above here who fixed him up temporarily until he was well enough to be sent back home to Victoria. That was the way he got the marks of the she-bear, and he certainly did make a beautiful story of it, to be sure; but I tell you, sir, there is need of a deal more pluck and there is a darned sight more danger in rescuing a stunned man from that water there at that time of year than in hunting all the she-bears that were ever in the country and don't you forget it.

THE GREAT DRY FLY MYTH

It is popularly supposed that dry fly fishing is excessively difficult—difficult, I mean, beyond every other form of the art. I do not

know who is responsible for this imposture. I imagine it must be the genius or genii who first applied the words "chuck and chance it" and "fine and far off" to the wet and dry methods respectively. I cannot think that any two epithets have ever more successfully exalted one set of men at the expense of another. You would suppose that any fool can go and throw a blue upright into the Barle at Dulverton and pull it out again with a trout on it. You would imagine that no chalk-stream fish may be lured at a less distance than seventy yards. There is no especial merit in fishing with a long line. No good fisherman, wet or dry, gives a trout an inch more than is absolutely necessary. Perhaps, of the two, the wet fly man uses the longer line, and he certainly, if he means to catch fish, throws as "fine," by which I understand "light," as the wet condition of his lure will let him. But "fine and far off" remains the special property of the dry fly school, and the wet fly men continue to go about under the imputation of "chucking it and chancing it." This shows how important it is, to be first in any field, even of mutual recrimination. The arrogant dry fly school has fastened "chuck and chance it" on the other fellows for ever, and nobody pays any attention to their answering "creeping and crawling" beyond stamping it vulgar and jealous abuse.

This cheap sneer at the wet fly man has proved so successful that he himself has come to believe that it is true. He forgets that his knowledge of the trout's habits is infinitely larger than that of his self-constituted superior. He forgets that if the two of them, (grant me two fishermen of a sort of hypothetical mathematically abstract character, each knowing nothing of his rival's method) are placed on the bank of an unknown fast stream, that knowledge will enable him to give the dry fly man first fishing over every pool and run, and that, after the dry fly man has laboriously and vainly flogged every inch of water, he (the wet fly man) can come along and take a brace or more in a dozen casts, placed deftly in the twelve spots where, from the condition of the water, the state of the weather, the season of the year, and a hundred other things about which the dry fly man knows nothing at all, he suspects the good fish are lying. He forgets similarly that, placed on the bank of an unknown chalk stream, he and the dry fly man are in this respect reduced to an equality, that a rise breaking the surface of the water speaks to both of them with the same sound, and that a fish lying in mid-stream is equally visible to both of them. He does not realize that a knowledge of the fishes' habits is (I speak comparatively) practically no part of a dry fly angler's equipment. The mere fact that on a chalk stream he can jettison the best part of the lore which it has taken him many years to acquire, without doing his chances of sport any harm whatever, should cause him to think better of himself. But he does not know this. Again, he does not realize that the dry fly man owes half his vaunted accuracy of casting to the rod maker and the line spinner, and that in this particular also they are pretty much on a level (it is understood again that I speak of the skillful of both schools). He does not realize that to be the dry fly man's equal, if not superior, he has only to buy a certain kind of apparatus, to learn not to work his fly, to avoid drag, to pull in his slack, and to distinguish between a number of unfamiliar artificial patterns—all matters, surely, within his competence.

No, he accepts the estimate which the world, taught by the dry fly man, has formed of his attainments, and, until he has tried a chalk stream for himself, imagines that he might as well fish in his mother's pail as in the Test. He is all wrong, and here is an incident to encourage him.

In the early part of this century a man, whom I will call MacArthur, came upon me out of the East, demanding a chalk stream and instruction in the dry fly business. As he made it clearly understood that he was to pay for the chalk stream, I undertook to introduce him to a water which I had fished during the three previous seasons, and because I was poor, had given up. My anxiety to return to that water, plus the deep affection I had for MacArthur, blinded me to the second part of his demand. In the course of a few posts MacArthur was the better by a rod for the season, and I by twelve guests' tickets. During those early days, while we waited for May to come around, MacArthur's confidence in and reverence for my knowledge and skill were highly gratifying. He had never used a dry fly, and though he has not his equal as a wet fly fisherman, he was filled with that fear of the chalk stream and that humbleness of spirit of which I have spoken. He looked upon those who do their business in clear waters as belonging to an order of beings higher altogether than his own. He abased himself before me as an initiate-designate of some esoteric cult might abase himself before its Grand Lama. He received my lightest word on dry fly angling as if it were a revelation, and permitted me to spend many pounds of his money on the purchase of a valuable rod, reel, line, and other things without a word of complaint. He said that if he were permitted by Heaven's help and mine to slay one trout out of that river before he returned into the Orient, he would die blessing my name.

Nothing that I could say would persuade him that chalk-stream fishing is pure skittles compared with that he was accustomed to find in a tiny bush-shrouded brook near Midhurst (a place in which he could catch trout all day long while I should have spent my time cutting

down trees). Nor could I get him to understand that, easy though it might be, I am extremely unhandy at it. He said that I only talked like that to encourage myself, whereas I was really trying to encourage myself. For I had discovered that I possessed a reputation to which nobody could possibly live up, and as the day approached when I should have to "show him how to do it" at the expense of those fish under whose contempt I had writhed three summers long, I wondered sometimes if I had not better perhaps break my right arm in two places, and so preserve to MacArthur the last ideal that he was ever likely to cherish.

At length the first day of May dawned, and my right arm was still, as much as it ever had been, at my service. I made, as the newspapers relate of the condemned, a hearty breakfast of sausages and bacon, and smoked a cigarette while MacArthur greased his line for the third time since he had risen. Presently we were by the water's edge, and for half an hour I showed MacArthur how to cast his fly over imaginary fish, and how to keep his rod's point up and pull in the slack, all of which he managed to do—easily. You are to remember always that MacArthur was a most accomplished fisherman. Suddenly he found a fish—which I had failed to observe. It lay near the bank on which we stood, evidently just posted for breakfast, about fifteen yards above us. The water was clear of rushes and weeds, nor was there any eddy or glide. The bank was free of high grass and trees and all other nuisances. The wind blew gently up stream. I had a perfectly clear right-hand horizontal cast. It was what is called "a sifter." As we looked the fish sucked down a fly. "Have at him," said MacArthur, as he crouched to the earth (what he had not read about dry fly fishing was not worth writing). "I want to see just how you do it."

It was inconceivable that I should ever find a more easily placed trout. I knelt down, as the books recommend, let out line, cast and the wind—the kindly wind of the west—dropped a pale olive jin. above the nose of the fish, which took it instantly. I hooked him, rattled him down stream, and had him in the net before the howl which MacArthur uttered as I struck had ceased to reverberate among the surrounding chalk hills. I do not hesitate to say that the thing could not have been better done. I said "There!"

MacArthur was breathing heavily through his nose, and his eyes were shining with delight and excitement and triumph. He had seen the luring and slaughter of a chalk stream trout—a trout of 1 3/4 pounds, a trout twice as big as the biggest he had ever looked on. He said that it was magnificent, and launched into praises of my skill. I preserved a modest demeanour, and told him that now he must get one. He despaired of ever attaining to my accuracy and deadliness. Seeing a fish about 300 yards up stream (he had an eye like a telescope) he besought me to come and catch that one too, as he had hardly had time to observe my methods. He said it was a privilege to watch me. I did not say what I would do until we reached the rising fish, when I told MacArthur that he must have a go at it. I pointed out that he had not taken a rod on this river to watch me catching fish, but to learn to do it himself. I insisted on his trying for this trout.

The place in which it lay was situated twenty yards across the stream under the overhanging branch of a willow, and on the far side of a thin line of rushes and weeds. The rushes and the branch were so disposed that the only possible chance of getting a fly to the fish was to shoot it out of gun through a gap some to inches wide. I said, "This is not a particularly easy cast. But, remember, if you hook him you must bustle him. Though you break you mustn't give him his head. This is your only chance. You recollect what I told you about raising your rod high in the air and walking backwards into the meadow? This is an occasion when you must do that."

MacArthur asked me if it was possible to cook a fly properly at that distance. This seemed to be the only doubt that troubled him. I told him (because he had on a dry, well-oiled, and well-made fly, which would cock itself quite independently of the person who throw it) that it was quite possible. "For you, perhaps," said MacArthur, and as he began to get out line I could feel the blushes chasing each other up and down my body. The next moment MacArthur's fly passed through the gap which I have described, and lit, cocked to a miracle, on the only square inch of water where it could have served any useful purpose whatever. The trout hurled itself on to the hook. MacArthur struck, raised his rod high in the air and began to walk backwards steadily into the meadow, just as I had told him to do. The trout, paralysed by astonishment, followed obediently, wriggled itself bodily over the weeds and through the rushes, swung in the deep, safe water for a second, and made off up stream like lightning. But he was well hooked, and there was never any cause for alarm. MacArthur reeled him in, let him run, reeled him in again, and, after the usual fuss and bungling with the net, I got him to land—2 1/4 pounds. MacArthur was dumb with delight. When I had recovered the power of speech I said: "You now see how easy dry fly fishing really is. Any man who can cast as you do may fish a chalk stream with every prospect of success." I advised him to go up the river and practice on his own account. "All you have to do," I said, "is to avoid drag and pull in your slack, and forget that you ever thought there was anything difficult about this game."

The really remarkable feature of this story is that at the end of the day MacArthur admitted that the capture of his first trout was a fluke, whereas it was not; it was the masterly cast that did it. MacArthur, though he had never fished a chalk stream, knew more about casting than nine dry fly anglers out of ten that you will meet in conversation. But though he brought back two other fish, he had acquired a respect—a quite proper respect—for the many which he had failed to take, and in the light of this experience he was inclined to belittle his first supreme performance. He was enchanted with his sport, but by no means puffed up, and he was as ready as ever to sit at my feet and hear me talk, in spite of my having caught nothing more. Subsequently, during that season, he beat my take every time, and I think he must have modified his view of my dexterity. But he never let me see this. Which shows, first, what a magnificent nature is MacArthur's, and, secondly, that a first-rate wet fly angler who approaches a chalk stream with the proper rod and line, and takes an instructor in whom he has implicit confidence, can do as well as anybody, if he will only follow that instructor's hints to the letter. But I have yet to hear of the dry fly man who mastered wet fly fishing in a season, or five seasons. Two things are necessary to both arts, an apparatus and manual skill. But to the wet fly game must be added knowledge. And the greatest of these is knowledge.—W. Quilliam, in The Field.

DISTANCE SENSE OF THE BLIND

It has long been known that some-blind persons can move about in places that are entirely strange to them with a remarkable degree of certainty and without coming into collision with any large object. Half a century ago Spallanzani discovered that bats can steer clear of obstacles in total darkness. In order to make sure that the sense of sight was not employed he blinded some bats and found that they flew about as confidently and safely as before.

This experiment proved that warning of the presence of objects is received through some part of the surface of the body other than the eyes. In the case of blind persons it was thought that at one time this warning was given by sound waves reflected by the objects, but this theory is disproved by a simple experiment. When a blind man's ears are stopped completely the sense of distance remains, although it is greatly diminished. This shows that the sense of distance is not identical with the sense of hearing, and that a distinction must be made between the sense of distance and the directional power of the blind. This power depends chiefly on the sense of distance, but involves also hearing, smell, the temperature sense, and perhaps still other factors.

It is a noteworthy fact that the sense of distance is not possessed by all blind persons, but is found only in a few and to very different degrees in these. The blind possessors of this sense locate it in and near the forehead and say that the sensation is vague and somewhat resembles a light touch. From the experiments of Kunz, Woolfillin and others, it appears very probable that the distance sense is a function of the sensory fibres of the first branch of the nervous trigeminal, which ramifies through the face. It is still unknown whether the distance sense is served by special nerves or by fibres which also serve the pressure and other senses. An investigation of the conditions which favor this sense would be very valuable, practically as well as theoretically, for thorough development of the distance sense would make the lives of the blind far safer and more independent than they are at present.

The Barefoot Dancer

Some of the good Sunday-school teachers of the Puritan towns of the United States are working themselves up to a fever heat at the idea of the advent of Miss Duncan in her revival of the classic dances of Greece. The dances themselves are modest in the extreme, but the whole trouble lies in the fact that Miss Duncan is to dance in her bare "tootsies," which inexplicably shocks the Sunday-school teachers, many of whom have probably viewed the Salome dances without any misgivings at all. In an editorial, Musical America thus comments on the event and its significance:

Isadora Duncan will be with us during the coming season. She should be met on every hand with an understanding of what she is striving to do. She is not competing with the dancers of the Broadway shows. She will be incomprehensible and dull alike to the unspeakable chappie who frequents the theatres and to the reputable theatre-going business man who is oblivious to the glory that was of Greece. She makes no appeal to prurience.

Miss Duncan has studied to reproduce the expressive dance of ancient Greece, as others have striven to rise to its ideals of sculpture or drama. She must undoubtedly have studied out the spirit and meaning of the ancient religious dances, for in a Bacchic dance she imitates the motions which would occur in playing the instruments sacred to Dionysus, and a Pyrrhic dance she takes the severe attitudes of the warrior.

Intrinsically beautiful as are the motions and attitudes of Miss Duncan to any eye sensitive to beauty, she will be seen understandingly only by those who have some slight conception, at least, of the ancient Hellenic world of beauty from which she draws her inspiration and her models. It is a pity that Miss Duncan should have to fight her way in America against the ignorance and stupidity of Puritocracy.

Sunday, September 26, 1909.

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Robbery Under Ground



AN ORIENTAL EPISODE

by R. L. POCOCK

Da-Siao-Tung is the native name for a cinnabar mine in central China which has been worked for centuries by the primitive methods known to the native miners. With fire they cracked and loosened the solid rock and with hammer and mallet they chiselled it out bit by bit, until the mountain, in which the deposit of cinnabar lay in horizontal formation and which forms a wedge with perpendicular sides between the fork of a great canyon which cuts deep into the hill-studded plateau of Wen-Shan-Chiang, the place of "ten thousand hills," was drilled with passages like a rabbit warren and hollowed in places into great chambers, inside which could be put a good-sized church and inside those to which the daylight could penetrate whole families built their huts and passed their lives.

Many a fight and many a murder has taken place in the dark recesses of the underground city, where the human ants worked and quarrelled and fought as only a horde of Chinese with their quick child-like passions can work and quarrel and fight.

As the workings of the mine grew larger and larger, so the horde of workers grew more and more numerous, until, at the time that the "foreign devil" mining engineer came and saw and coveted the mines for his "foreign devil" company many a hundred men, women and children were directly dependent for their means of subsistence on the ore which they mined and sorted and treated in the Da-Siao-Tung.

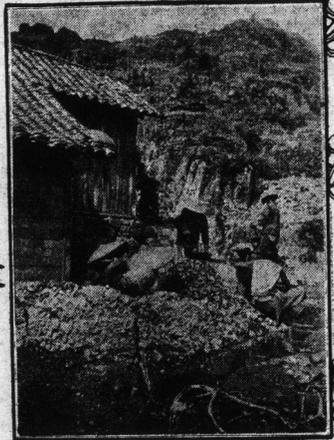
Small wonder then that it was not at first an easy matter to reconcile them to the change of ownership and the change of working methods when the "foreign devils" had made their bargain with the Chinese government and the Chinese owners, and came to take possession of the mine which had been worked by the latter and their ancestors many and many a generation before the coming of the "foreign devil out of the sea."

By degrees, however, those of them who were employed to carry on the work of extracting and treating the cinnabar ore by modern methods under the management of the foreign owners, who bought the mine and sent their engineers and overseers to work it, recognizing that they were better paid and better treated under the new management than under the old way before the coming of the whites, gained confidence in their new masters and worked willingly and well, and, although the change meant that there were fewer of them actually engaged in the workings than before, the community generally in the mining town adjacent to the workings was more prosperous and richer in this world's goods, good wages regularly paid without "squeezes" and without deductions, shorter hours, and better working conditions soon brought the Chinese to see that they were really better off than under the old system, and the company came to have a force of orderly, good-natured workers who never gave any very serious trouble.

Cinnabar dust, however, in that part of the world is much as gold dust here, good as cash, and the clean, red cinnabar used to be panned out by the natives in just the way that a gold miner pans out the yellow metal, and, exchanged in the market for copper cash or goods, a small quantity of it was comparatively valuable and easily secreted in the folds of a girle or a turban; consequently, pilfering was common and the custom was to search all the miners and coolies as they left work to prevent the loss by stealing becoming serious. Chinese here may have learnt that honesty is the best policy, even as some of them there came to learn it, but speaking generally, the Chinese there were only honest through fear of the consequences of being found out to be the reverse.

Pilfering was a matter of everyday occurrence and provoked little notice, punishment followed detection and the incident was speedily forgotten, but robbery under arms was a much more serious affair.

The penalty for armed robbery in China is death, and the Chinese, naturally an exceedingly ingenious people, have exercised their usual



COOLIES SORTING ORE

ingenuity in devising different ways of carrying out the death sentence. The popular idea is that criminals are executed in China by decapitation; so they are sometimes, but there are other ways of doing away with the undesirable, such as the cage (in which the victim has just room to stand with a cord round his neck and a certain number of bricks under his feet, of which one is removed each day until the end), and other still more revolting atrocities, the details of which are hardly pleasant reading, so that it will be apparent that an armed robber is usually a pretty desperate character who will do his utmost to elude capture.

On the other hand the Chinese soldiers, the equivalent of our policemen, are usually pusillanimous to a degree and best described by the one expressive Chinook word "culis." Their efforts to capture desperadoes are not usually very sincere, and the robbers are more often than not given plenty of time to get out of the way and comparatively seldom brought to book for their crimes. Consequently China is overrun with them, in the wilder districts especially.

Life in the foreign compound of the mining company operating the Da-Siao-Tung was more or less monotonous; as said, the capture of a petty thief trying to smuggle a small quantity of stolen cinnabar out of the mine concealed in his clothes was of too frequent occurrence to provoke comment, but there was certainly "something doing" when one evening at dinner, I, who was at that time in charge of the working of the Da-Siao-Tung, was disturbed by a messenger in hot haste from the mine about half a mile away, to say that there were six armed robbers in the workings and that, if we made haste, he thought we could catch them as he had seen them without their seeing him. It should be explained here that we were not working a night-shift at the time and that at night the mine was left in charge of a few soldiers who had their quarters inside the entrance. Walls had been built at the two main entrances of a height sufficient to prevent scaling, the ramifications of the old workings were extensive, and the mountain side was honeycombed with holes and openings, few of which showed on the plans of the mining company in their London office. It was through one of these old entrances that the robbers had made their way, and, in making his rounds, one of our watchmen had seen their light up in one of the richest stopes before they had been able to discover his, and, putting out his own, had been able to get a clear view of them without arousing their suspicions; they, on the other hand, trusted so implicitly to the usual capacity for sleep of the average Chinese night-watchman and his reluctance to clash with men of their kind if it could possibly be avoided that they had left no one to act as sentry, and were working away at the task of collecting as much as possible in the time at their disposal of the rich broken ore on the floor of the stope.

Knowing the ways of the wily Oriental, we were hardly sanguine of making a capture, it seemed so much more likely that the soldiers in charge of the mine at night had been squared, and that this visit to the compound was just a bluff to "save their face" when it should be discovered next morning that the rich stope had been looted, but still there was a possibility that the tale was right, and so the rest of the dinner was allowed to look after itself while I hurried aloft down to the mine accompanied only by my "boy," a former soldier who had also been an executioner at an earlier stage of his career,



TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES



A NATIVE MINE IN THE VICINITY



CONCENTRATING WORKS AT MINE

and was one of the few Chinese soldiers I came across in my sojourn among them who seemed to be afraid of nothing.

It should have been explained that the compound in which the white men of the mine staff lived was supposed to be protected by a company of soldiers, in the pay of the company but under the command of a Chinese commander, of the rank (bought as usual with hard cash) of general in the Chinese army. It was the duty of this gentleman of rank to try and to punish all ordinary malefactors caught committing misdemeanors in the employ of the company, and of course by rights it was his job to undertake such an expedition as the present and do his best to catch the offenders and bring them to book. Although the men under his command occupied quarters inside the compound wall, the commander had a house in the native town about half-way between the mine and the compound, and the man who brought the message had given him the tale on his way to the compound, so that as I with my ex-executioner attendant hurried down to the entrance of the mine I overtook the commander with the eight or ten men he had collected to accompany him just outside; now this commander was a big man and had to do things decently and in order; the escape of a robber was a much less serious affair than any slight risk to his personal safety or interference with his comfort. Those who know the Chinese of the interior will be well acquainted with the old-womanishness, to coin a phrase to fit the meaning it is desired to convey, of the average Chinese gentleman. In the present case the commander and his squad had proceeded down to the mine with large lanterns going ahead and with no attempt whatever at secrecy or quietness, his excellency was unaccustomed to walking and was carried to the scene in his chair by coolies, his progress was necessarily slow, so that, if the robbers had not been so absolutely confident of being unmolested as not to leave a man to keep "cave" at the entrance and warn them of the approach of the enemy, they would have had ample time to receive warning and make good their escape.

In this case though, they had been just a little too cocksure and had left none on guard, which piece of bravado proved their undoing. Before leaving the compound, the mine interpreter, a Shanghai man with a great contempt for the local native and absolutely no fear of him, had been told to get two or three men together and hurry down to the other main entrance at the opposite end of the mine,

which penetrated the mountain from one side to the other, and to wait there in order to intercept the robbers if they tried to force their way out at that end. This entrance was protected with a padlocked door and stone wall too high to be scaled without a ladder, so that to carry out these instructions was an easy matter and entailed no danger.

Meanwhile at our end the Chinese commander proceeded to take up a perfectly safe position where there was no fear whatever of the miscreants seeing him if they sallied forth. He took from his "boy" a fearful-looking sword of enormous dimensions and hid himself securely in a little blind drive where he was perfectly safe, explaining that if the robbers came he would be able to jump out upon them.

This was quite to our liking, as we meant, if possible, to effect a capture, and did not want to be hampered with any such useless encumbrances inside the workings, as this commander would undoubtedly have proved to be. Some of his retinue were armed with percussion muzzle loaders and we had no desire to have them following us along narrow passages in the semi-darkness of a mine, lit only by the candles we were carrying, with these weapons pointing at the small of our backs; they were therefore instructed to line up at the entrance and stop all or any who should appear and try to pass, while the writer and the old-time executioner started into the mine, the former with a big Colt's 45 revolver, and the latter with the weapon of his former office.

Crawling quietly and carefully through hundreds of feet of narrow and low passages, peering carefully into every corner, we proceeded, until, in the heart of the mine, we entered the big chamber off which led the working in which we hoped to catch the robbers at work, though greatly fearing that we were on a wild goose chase and that they had long since taken the alarm and made good their escape. As luck would have it, they had not been alarmed, and, as we came round the last corner, we caught the glimmer of a light in the rich stope which was at about eighteen feet higher level than the main chamber and was reached from it by a ladder.

Hastily screening our own lights, the executioner performed a master stroke by crawling forward noiselessly in sandaled feet and calmly removing the ladder. Hardly had he done so before we heard voices and saw a light coming towards the chamber from the opposite end. This was a puzzler, we, of course, supposing it to be some of the robbers; the executioner, however, recognized the voice of the interpreter and told me so. I was thus enabled to concentrate my attention at once on the spot where the ladder had been, just in time. The robbers, hearing the voices, rushed to the jump-off to find the ladder removed, and to look straight into the barrel of the big Colt held well in the light of a candle.

It was a bloodless victory. The native has a vast respect for foreign firearms, and the writer knew enough of the local dialect to be able to make himself clearly understood when he shouted to them that the first man who made any movement to try and climb down would be shot. The interpreter came up with the reinforcements, being by no means contented to obey orders and stay at the entrance to prevent an attempt at egress, and the robbers, six in number, were caught like rats in a trap.

The first command was for them to throw down their arms to the floor of the chamber. After a show of reluctance cut short by a very voluble flow of Chinese from the interpreter, so voluble that I was unable to follow it, but which was apparently very persuasive in its eloquence, down came three ten-foot long spears and three murderous-looking knives of horrible proportions. These were grabbed by our men and promptly thrown down a winze to make sure. Unarmed, the villains were made to come down the ladder one by one and their hands securely tied behind their backs, when they were marched in triumph to the compound and thrust in durance vile to await judgment; word being sent to the brave commander, still lurking in his ambush at the entrance, of the successful capture.

This doughty individual was charged with the duty next day of conveying the prisoners to the prefect of Tung-Zen-Foo, the prefectural town about a day's journey away, who, very much to my own relief, decided partly at the request of the European manager not to visit them with the extreme penalty of the law, allowing them to escape with their



DA-SIAO-TUNG, MINE ENTRANCE

lives, but making these lives extremely unpleasant for them for a space in his jail before letting them loose once more to prey upon Chinese society.

THE FRENCH HEROINE

The heroine of French novels has always differed from those of any other nation. She has been extreme always. Either she belongs to the upper ranks of life, where the trammels of conventionality may be carelessly ignored, or she was altogether beyond the pale of law and order. A few of the latest women novelists are endeavoring to alter these conditions. Their aim has been to invest the Frenchwoman of the bourgeoisie or middle classes with sufficient romance to render her attractive to the modern novelist. To some extent the example of a certain group of English writers has been followed, and recent French heroines are placed in circumstances similar to those feminine types who have been presented to the British public as embodying the aspirations and ideals of the middle-class heroine of today.

The Bride and Her Dot

In France the women of the bourgeoisie have always enjoyed a certain liberty and something of an independent position, because of the dot provided by their parents. Even modern novelists do not leave this dot out of their calculations. In the average household the dot comes from sources that English people would scarcely have worked to the same advantage. To use types from real life is permissible as a side issue to the novelist's creation. A peasant woman in the South of France had made a success of growing mushrooms, and she bequeathed her mushroom tunnels to her granddaughters. The girls were infants when the grandmother died, and the parents rigorously set aside the revenue from the mushrooms. They educated their girls and set them in the way of earning a good income as teachers, and the girls plainly look forward to the time when, if still earning their own living at 40, they will be in a position to retire as rentieres.

In a quaint little town in the sunny South, too, a huge snail stretches over a shop door out of a gilded shell. Underneath is written "Escargots" (vine snails). Within the shop there is nothing to be seen but at certain seasons a stout and smiling elderly peasant. Her daughters were so well dowered that they married into the bourgeoisie, and now have good, comfortable homes, with large banking accounts. In her early years this woman was left a widow with two children and a very modest income. She went into the vineyards and gathered the vine snails, considered a delicacy in France, and sold them to such good account that she very soon established herself in the little shop with the gilded spail as a sign. Her business grew and grew. Women and children came from miles round bringing baskets of vine snails, which she bought for a trifle and sold at a profit in her shop. Gradually she supplied the neighboring towns. Still the business waxed prosperous, until today the baskets of vine snails have increased manifold.

It is with women of such practical spirit, such capacity for turning small things to account, that the novelists must perforce deal when they go to the realities of middle-class life for their heroines. The French girl of today has similar tastes to those of the English. Life in Paris, in a little flat, is a trifle more picturesque in its suggestions than in London, if, for a young girl, it is hedged about with more difficulties. The French girl who goes in for artistic work appears to find a congenial atmosphere more easily, and it is, to all appearances, less difficult for the writer, even of limited income, to form a salon and to find herself the centre of an admiring crowd, sought after by society, flattered, and over-estimated.

In France the state schools offer good opportunities to women, but, as judged from the pictures of writers of today, the life is more grey and dull than the life of the English school mistress. This, as suggested, might arise from the lack of imagination in the women themselves. Women novelists show how frequently as a school mistress the French woman of very humble origin may raise herself by dint of sheer hard work and ambition to a considerable position. In France, as in England, there are scholarships that give sufficient opportunities to students to improve their chances. From simple and obscure villages they enter for the state examinations. They find their way to Paris to study at the Sorbonne.

THE

(By Sir Ray Lankester.

A very beautiful kind of mon at Felixstowe) is the troglodytea, which has a tached to a rock or stone i floor of the pool, on the la pands its thin, long, raylik dark brown and white, and yellow. As soon as you to into the sand, and its very The most beautifully color ones are the little Coryna across), which you may fin jewels, each composed of e and creamy pink and lilac surface of slabs of rock at Channel Islands. One of facts in natural history is little things live in the d of fish or crab, has ever when you turn over that s demonstration of the truth statement that many a ge rene is concealed in the depths of ocean! A splen Weymouth Dianthus, so dredged up in Weymouth six inches long, and has small tentacles arranged around the mouth. It is bright salmon-yellow color When kept in an aquariu its disc on the glass wall slowly moves, allows piec come torn off and remain s. These detached pieces dev mouth, and grow to be anemones.

If the disc were spread to little anemones witho they remained in continuu we should get a compo animal, made up of many nected at the base. This a whole group of polyps anemones. They grow i like, or "encrusting" ma hundreds and even thous each with its mouth and their inner cavities and be are the "coral polyps," o old writers, of so many further feature of grea "coral" is the production of calcite or limestone, whic the surface of the adhesi formed in deep, radiating to the soft animal from a deposit of calcite is contin "stock," or "tree," and anemone-like animals die, ter is left, and is called "c ly this white coral shows surface, which correspond discs of the soft sea and which deposited the hard common group (represent coast by the so-called " found growing on the ov low-tide rocks) the hard not form cups for the m which secrete it, but take poring central or axial branched tree (sea-bush fleshy mass of polyps are the case with the preciou of the Mediterranean (w "undersold" actually in markets by a similar re usually offered as the gen is not!).

On the British coast y find coral-forming polyps sisting of two or three y anemone-polyps united a group of hard calcite cup Balanophyllia) is not un at a few fathoms depth, where you have good fat order to get really luxur beautiful Lophophelia whic the North Fjord near Sta shrub-like masses of a fo white marble cup standi an inch long and two-thi and the stems giving sup of clinging growths (a pleura) and sheltering worms and starfish.

But these, beautifu nothing, so far as mass of growth are concerned the reef-building corals the tropics. There the glomerated sea anemone hundreds of tons of sol mile of sea bottom from build up reefs, islands, a rock. They get the cald seaweeds and shell-ma whelks, and microscopic the sea—the water of th it ready in solution for gets it from the rivers a away and dissolve the o now raised into mountai itself dissolving again i ing creatures have so ca it. Sea water or fresh v bionic acid gas dissolved stone and chalk—it be "hard." Neutralize th (as is done in the well for softening water), a

THE CORAL-MAKERS AND JELLY FISH

(By Sir Ray Lankester, K.C.B., F.R.S.)

A very beautiful kind of sea-anemone (common at Felixstowe) is the Daisy, or *Sagartia troglodytea*, which has a very long body attached to a rock or stone far below the sandy floor of the pool, on the level of which it expands its thin, long, ray-like tentacles, colored dark brown and white, and sometimes orange-yellow. As soon as you touch it it disappears into the sand, and is very difficult to dig out. The most beautifully colored of all sea-anemones are the little *Corynactis* (half an inch across), which you may find dotted about like jewels, each composed of emerald, ruby, topaz, and creamy pink and lilac agate, on the under surface of slabs of rock at very low tide in the Channel Islands. One of the most puzzling facts in natural history is that these lovely little things live in the dark. No eye, even of fish or crab, has ever seen what you see when you turn over that stone. It is a simple demonstration of the truth of the poet Gray's statement that many a gem of purest ray serene is concealed in the dark unfathomed depths of ocean! A splendid anemone is the *Weymouth Dianthus*, so named because it is dredged up in Weymouth Bay. It is often six inches long, and has its very numerous, small tentacles arranged in lobes, or tufts, around the mouth. It is either of a uniform bright salmon-yellow color or pure white. When kept in an aquarium it fixes itself by its disc on the glass wall, and often, as it slowly moves, allows pieces of the disc to become torn off and remain sticking to the glass. These detached pieces develop tentacles and a mouth, and grow to be small Weymouth anemones.

If the disc were spread out and gave rise to little anemones without tearing—so that they remained in continuity with the parent—we should get a composite or compound animal, made up of many anemones, all connected at the base. This actually happens in a whole group of polyps resembling the sea-anemones. They grow into "stocks," "tree-like," or "encrusting" masses, consisting of hundreds and even thousands of individuals, each with its mouth and tentacles, but with their inner cavities and bases united. These are the "coral polyps," or "coral-insects" of old writers, of so many varied kinds. One further feature of great importance in a "coral" is the production of a hard deposit of calcite or limestone, which is thrown down by the surface of the adhesive disc, and is also formed in deep, radiating "pockets," pushed in to the soft animal from the disc. The hard deposit of calcite is continuous throughout the "stock," or "tree," and when the soft sea-anemone-like animals die, the hard, white matter is left, and is called "coral." Very commonly this white coral shows star-like cups on its surface, which correspond to the lower ends of discs of the soft sea-anemone-like creatures which deposited the hard coral. In a less common group (represented commonly on our coast by the so-called "dead men's fingers" found growing on the over-hanging edges of low-tide rocks) the hard coral material does not form cups for the minute sea-anemones which secrete it, but takes the form of a supporting central or axial rod (sea-pens), or branched tree (sea-bushes), upon which the fleshy mass of polyps are tightly set. This is the case with the precious red and pink coral of the Mediterranean (which is now being "undersold" actually in the Mediterranean markets by a similar red coral from Japan, usually offered as the genuine article, which it is not!).

On the British coast you do not, as a rule, find coral-forming polyps. A small kind, consisting of two or three yellow and orange-red anemone-polyps united and producing a small group of hard calcite cups (*Caryophyllia* and *Balanophyllia*) is not uncommon at Plymouth at a few fathoms depth. But you have to go to the Norwegian fiords or else far out to sea where you have 300 fathoms of sea water in order to get really luxuriant white corals—the beautiful *Lophohelia* which I used to dredge in the North Fiord near Staranger, as branching, shrub-like masses of a foot cube in area, each white marble cup standing out from the stem, an inch long and two-thirds of an inch across, and the stems giving support to a whole host of clinging growths (among them *Rhabdopleura*) and sheltering wonderful deep-water worms and starfish.

But these, beautiful as they are, are nothing, so far as mass and dominating vigor of growth are concerned, in comparison with the reef-building corals of the warm seas of the tropics. There these lime-secreting conglomerated sea-anemones separate annually hundreds of tons of solid calcite per square mile of sea bottom from the sea water, and build up reefs, islands, and huge cliffs of coral rock. They get the calcite—as do calcareous seaweeds and shell-making clams, oysters, whelks, and microscopic chalk-makers—from the sea—the water of the sea which always has it ready in solution for their use. And the sea gets it from the rivers and streams which wear away and dissolve the old limestone deposits now raised into mountain chains, as well as by itself dissolving again in due course what living creatures have so carefully separated from it. Sea water or fresh water with a little carbonic acid gas dissolved in it dissolves limestone and chalk—it becomes what we call "hard." Neutralize the dissolved carbonic acid (as is done in the well known Clark's process for softening water), and down falls the dis-

solved calcite as a fine sediment. These alternating processes of solution and "precipitation" are always going on in the waters of the earth and sea.

The name "jelly-fish" has reference to the colorless, transparent, soft, and jelly-like substance of the bodies of the animals to which it is applied. There are a number of marine animals, besides the common jelly-fish, belonging

to its transparency—it would encounter unsuspecting, jerkily-moving water-fleas, unwarned by any shadow cast by the impending glass-like monster of half an inch in breadth slowly approaching from above; and as soon as they touched it they were paralyzed (by microscopic poison-threads like those of the sea-anemones), and were grasped and swallowed by the mobile transparent proboscis (like that of an elephant, though certainly smaller,

the little jelly-fish, if removed from the tank and placed in a tall glass jar filled from the tank water, spent its whole time in swimming upwards to the surface by the alternate contraction and expansion of its disc-like body—and then dropping gently through the whole length of the jar to the bottom, when it would again mount. On the downward journey—owing and having the mouth opening at its end, instead of a nostril), which hangs from the centre of the disc-like jelly-fish.

Very young fishes are often colorless and glass-like. Young eels of different kinds exist as flat, colorless, glass-like creatures (called *Leptocephalus*) of three or more inches in length, according to species. Absolutely only the two black-colored eyes are visible as the creature swims in a glass of water. It is a puzzling fact that, so far as is known, these very transparent, colorless young eels only come by rare accident to the surface—and exist in enormous numbers at a depth of 500 fathoms, where they were hatched; their parents, in the case of the common eel, having travelled hundreds of miles from fresh-water rivers and ponds in order to breed here—they breed nowhere else. We know that the sun's light does not penetrate below 200 fathoms—so that one is led to ask, "What is the good of being transparent if you live at the bottom of the sea, at a greater depth than this?" There is also a very beautiful prawn, which is dredged in Norway in 200 fathoms, which looks like a solid piece of clearest, colorless glass. And then there are some very beautiful stalked creatures (called *Clavellina*), fixed to the under side of rocks in the tidal zone, which are absolutely like drops of solid glass an inch long. One cannot easily imagine how colorless transparency can be of "life-saving value" to these varied inhabitants of the dark places of the sea-bottom—any more than we can assign any life-saving value to the brilliant, gem-like coloring of some of the sea-anemones which live in the dark on the under-surface of rocks.

The most probable view of the matter is that neither the colorless transparency of the one set nor the brilliant coloring of the other has any value; it just happens to be so, and is not harmful. So, for instance, some crystals are colorless, some blue or green or yellow or red, without any advantage to them! On the other hand, we know that a large number of the animals which live in the dark unfathomed depths themselves produce light, that is to say, are phosphorescent, and it seems probable that at great depths, though there is no sunlight, the sea bottom is illuminated—we can only vaguely guess to what degree—by the strange living lanterns, fish, crustaceans, worms, and even microscopic creatures, which move about in quest of their food, carrying their own searchlight with them. Another suggestion is that the eyes of these inhabitants of the dark may be more sensitive than our own, and even be affected by rays invisible to us. This, however, is not probable, since whilst there are among them some with enormous eyes, we find that at the greatest depths (two to four miles) even the fishes have no eyes at all, and at a depth of a mile there are many shrimp-like creatures in which the eyes have been completely transformed into peculiar "feelers," or otherwise aborted. So that we cannot suppose there is a possibility of developing the eye of the dwellers in deep-sea darkness to a degree of sensitiveness greatly beyond that of terrestrial animals. A limit of obscurity is reached when it is of no use having an eye at all and eyes cease to have life-saving value, and accordingly are not maintained by natural selection.

The transparency and colorlessness of marine animals which float near the surface is, on the other hand, obviously useful, and to this group our jelly-fishes belong. Not only do they escape observation by their transparency and general absence of color, but some actually have a blue transparent coloring which blends with the blue color of the sea. Such are the gas-holding, bladder-like sac as large as your fist called the "Portuguese Man-of-War," and the little sailing "Velella," both of which float, and even protrude above the surface, so as to catch the wind. Others are only semi-transparent, and others are marked with strong red, brown, or yellow streaks. Many of the smaller kinds of jelly-fish have eyes which are bright red in color.

The animals to which the name "jelly-fishes" is now more or less strictly applied are (as that fine zoologist Aristotle knew) in their structure closely similar to the sea-anemones, but even simpler. They are called "the Medusa" by naturalists. Their disc-like bodies are largely formed by a jelly-like material, on the surface of which are stretched delicate transparent skin, nerves, and delicate muscles, whilst in the middle of the disc, on the surface which faces downwards as the creature floats, is the mouth, leading into a relatively small pouch cavity excavated in the jelly, from which a delicate system of canals is given off, and radiates in the jelly of the disc. There is, as in the sea-anemones, only one continuous cavity. The edge of the disc is beset with fine, sensitive tentacles, sometimes many feet in length, and the lips of the mouth are often drawn out into a sort of depending trunk, or into four large tapering lobes, or lips of jelly, which, with the longer tentacles, are used for seizing prey. The commonest jelly-fish on our coast—so common as to be "the" jelly-fish par excellence—is often to be seen left on the sands by the receding tide or slowly swimming in quiet, clear water at the mouth of a river in enormous numbers. It is known as *Aurelia*. It is as big as a cheese-plate, and the four pouches connected with the stomach are colored pink or purple, and appear in the middle of the circular plate of jelly, like a small Maltese cross. The reproductive particles (germ-cells and sperm-cells) are produced in that colored region, and escape by the mouth. There is a fringe of fine, very short tentacles round the edge of the disc, and they, as well as the great lobes of the mouth, are provided with innumerable coiled-up stinging hairs or "thread-cells," similar to those of the sea-anemones, which led Aristotle to call both groups "sea-nettles." Eight stalked eyes are set at equal intervals around the disc.

Usually accompanying the floating crowd of the common and abundant *Aurelia* are a few specimens of a very unpleasant kind of *Medusa* of a turbid appearance, often called "slime balls" by fishermen, from six inches to a foot in diameter. The tentacles on the edge of the disc of this kind of jelly-fish are very long and elastic, stretching to several feet, even yards, in length, and are provided with very powerful stinging hairs. The tentacles not infrequently become coiled around the body of a bather; the stinging hairs are shot out and the little sacs in which they are rolled up, and the result may be very painful to the person stung in this way and even dangerous. There are two other common large jelly-fish on the English coast, one with a wheel-like pattern of brown pigment on the disc, and the other with the mouth lobes very large and bound together like a column.

The common *Aurelia* is remarkable for the fact that the young which hatch from its eggs attach themselves to stones and rocks on the sea bottom, and grow into little white tube-like polyps, about half an inch long, quite unlike their parent, with a crown of small tentacles surrounding the mouth, whilst they are fixed by the opposite end of the body. Then a very curious thing happens. The little polyp becomes nipped at intervals across its length, so that it looks like a pile of saucers—a dozen or more. And then the top saucer swims away as a minute jelly-fish, the next follows, and so on, so that the whole pile separates into a number of freely-swimming young, each of which gradually grows into a full-sized *Aurelia*. I have only once had the chance of witnessing this beautiful sight, and that was many years ago in a tank at the Zoological Gardens (they have no such tanks now), where the poppy-like young (called *Hydratuba*) spontaneously put in an appearance, and proceeded to break up into piles of little discs, which separated and swam off as one watched them. The French poet, Catulla Mendes, imagined a world where the flowers flew about freely and the butterflies were fixed to stalks. His fancy is to some degree realized by the swimming away of the young jelly-fish from their stalks. There are a host of very minute jelly-fish, measuring when full grown only half an inch or less in diameter, and originate as buds from small branching polyps, one kind of which is common on oyster-shells, and is called "the herring-bone coralline." The dried skins of these coralline polyps (which are horny) are often to be picked up with masses of seaweed on the seashore after a storm. The little jelly-fish are the ripe individuals of the polyps and produce eggs and sperm which grow to be polyp-trees. These, again, after growing and branching as polyps, give rise to little jelly-fish here and there on the tree, which, in most kinds (though not in all), break off and swim away freely.



A Fine View of Hill and Road Close to Loch Lomond, Just Now the Mecca of So Many Eager Holiday-Seekers

to different classes, which are glass-like in transparency and colorless—so as to be nearly or quite invisible in clear water, and some, too, occur in fresh waters (larvae of gnats, notably *Coretthra*). The transparency of these animals serves them in two different ways—some are enabled by it to escape from predatory en-

emies; others, on the contrary, are enabled to approach their own prey without being observed. The latter was obviously the case with the little fresh-water jelly-fish which appeared in great abundance some years ago in the lily-tank in Regent's Park. The water was full of small water-fleas (minute crustacea) and

EDUCATED COWS

Do Music and More Milk Go Together?

These are the days of scientific farming. Nevertheless it will come as a surprise to many to hear to what a degree of perfection the higher education of the cow has been carried by an American lady. Mrs. Howie by name, who has a farm in Wisconsin.

This lady, it is said, stimulates the milk-giving capacity of her large and amiable pets by playing suitable music to them. She finds that the happy and sympathetic feelings engendered by the harmony produce a particularly abundant flow of rich and pure milk.

Not only does Mrs. Howie's plan contribute to the happiness of herself and her bovine friends, but it leads to very excellent practical results, for there is probably no woman in the neighborhood who can show so large an income from dairy farming as she.

Evidently there is commonsense as well as sentiment in her plan. It has long been recognized that anything which frightens the cow, as thunder and lightning or harsh noises and actions, injured the quality and flow of the milk. Why then, should not soothing the animal by agreeable sounds improve the quality and flow of the fluid? This is the reasoning upon which Mrs. Howie has proceeded, and it has been amply justified by results.

For long she maintained that the farmer did not turn the cow's love of music to practical advantage. He should know, she said, that the cow is a slow, quiet, peace-loving creature. Harsh and violent sounds disturb her serenity and her digestion, while soft, low harmonies promote her well-being. Is not "chewing the cud" a phrase synonymous with placid happiness and contemplation?

Following out these ideas, Mrs. Howie plays soft, low harmonies to her cows, gener-

ally upon the mandoline. Every cow hears at least one tune at milking time. A favorite with nearly all the stable is the old, sentimental song, "In the Gloaming," with its soft, low melodies. The result of playing this soothing tune to one of the cows has been to increase her yield of milk by one third.

Mrs. Howie gained a profound knowledge of music and the arts and the refinements of life before devoting herself exclusively to cow culture. She was formerly a Milwaukee society woman, and followed the usual round of society life until circumstances led her to take up farming. Some inquirers who had heard of her experiments in music and cow culture obtained an introduction to her, and visited her the other day at her farm, where they found her in the midst of her pets.

"I never approach them without a kindly word," she declared as she sat chatting with a black-nosed cow, "and, if that is codding, I certainly am a coddler; but any fancier who studies cow nature along with scientific cow feeding will coddle them, too. Yes, I love my little—they come next to my family; in fact, I may say they are my babies, for you see my children are all grown up. I believe that the stronger the maternal instinct in a woman, the greater are her chances for success in cattle raising. You see a cow is a mother nearly all her life, beginning at two years.

"I tell every man or woman who has ambition to become a stock fancier that it is not enough to invest in blooded animals and to study methods in scientific feeding. One must have a large reserve fund of love upon which to constantly draw, quite apart from the sentimental side of it; for you may take my word for it, every kindly stroke, every tender word, every bit of attention and appreciation bestowed upon the gentle creatures will come back to you in dollars and cents."

SERVANT'S SENSE OF ORDER

Mrs. Smith was engaging a new servant, and sat facing the latest applicant.

"I hope," said she, "that you had no angry words with your last mistress before leaving?" "Oh, dear no, mum; none whatever," was the reply with a toss of her head. "While she was having her bath, I just locked the bathroom door, took all my things, and came away as quiet as possible."

LOVE'S DELAY

For nine long years he had been wooing the fair daughter of the farm. "Jennie," he mused, as they sat on the old rail fence, "I read the other day that in a thousand years the Lakes of Killarney will dry up." Jennie clutched his arm excitedly. "Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter, lass?" "Why, as you promised to take me there on the honeymoon, don't you think we'd better be getting ready that they don't dry up before we get there?" N.B.—The next week the wedding bells rang in the village church.

CHANGE OF CONVICTION

For three weeks he had borne all the horrors of house-cleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way.

"And you," sobbed his wife, "you used to tell me I was your queen."

"Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes; "but when a man finds his queen has used his best tobacco-jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschaum pipe for a tack hammer, he begins to grasp the advantages of a republic."



LONG, MAIN ENTRANCE

ing these lives extremely un- for a space in his jail before use once more to prey upon

FRENCH HEROINE

of French novels has always ose of any other nation. She e always. Either she belongs ks of life, where the trammels ty may be carelessly ignored, gether beyond the pale of law, ew of the latest women novel- ing to alter these conditions. en to invest the Frenchwoman sie or middle classes with suf- to render her attractive to the ader. To some extent the ex- in group of English writers has and recent French heroines are instances similar to those fem- have been presented to the as embodying the aspirations e middle-class heroine of today.

Bride and Her Dot

the women of the bourgeoisie enjoyed a certain liberty and independent position, because vided by their parents. Even ts do not leave this dot out of ns. In the average household from sources that English peo- cely have worked to the same use types from real life is per- ide issue to the novelist's creat- nt woman in the South of de a success of growing mush- bequeathed her mushroom tun- nd-daughters. The girls were the grandmother died, and the sly set aside the revenue from They educated their girls the way of earning a good in- rs, and the girls placidly look time when, if still earning their o, they will be in a position to es.

little town in the sunny South, ll stretches over a shop door out ll. Underneath is written "Es- snails). Within the shop there e seen but at certain seasons a ng elderly peasant. Her daugh- ell dowdered that they married oise, and now have good com- with large banking accounts. ears this woman was left a went into the vineyards and ne snails, considered a delicacy sold them to such good account soon established herself in the e gilded snail as a sign. Her and grew. Women and chil- n miles round bringing baskets which she bought for a trifle profit in her shop. Gradually e neighboring towns. Still the ed prosperous, until today the snails have increased manifold. women of such practical spirit, for turning small things to ac- e novelists must perforce deal to the realities of middle-class heroines. The French girl of to- tastes to those of the English. in a little flat, is a trifle more ts suggestions than in London, g girl, it is hedged about with es. The French girl who goes work appears to find a com- here more easily, and it is, o, less difficult for the writer, income, to form a salon and to e centre of an admiring crowd, y society, flattered, and over-

the state schools offer good op- women, but, as judged from the iters of today, the life is more than the life of the English s. This, as suggested, might lack of imagination in the wo- s. Women novelists show how a school mistress the French humble origin may raise herself er hard work and ambition to a position. In France, as in Eng- scholarships that give sufficient to students to improve their m simple and obscure villages the state examinations. They to Paris to study at the Sor-

