

Sale

offerings we will economist.

clothing

knives, \$5.90
day
TS, the purest wool ob-
Slightly soiled through
per pair. Clear-out Price
\$5.90

each 90c
made of extra quality
ze, 66 x 66 in, hemmed
value \$1.25 each. Tues-
90c

Sale From the Woods Dept.

25c
brown and black, suits,
fits, per yard. 25c
25c
S, in stripe and small
yard. 25c
50c
light summer shades in
light checks. Regular 75c.
50c
S in light grounds with
regular \$1. per yard. 50c
75c
light weight, fine, soft
reseda, myrtle, moss, he-
lite. Regular \$1.50. 75c
\$1.00
OTH, in fawn, dark grey,
ada, helio, wisteria, light
n, navy and black. Regu-
\$1.00
35c
G, in navy, brown, moss,
ack. Regular 50c, for. 35c

Rockers

ther large consignment of
contains the very newest
rockers. They are un-
ing all the properties of the
with the Early English
ed of solid quarter cut oak
finished with a fine quality
ors. Some of the rockers
eat, which has been newly
different styles to select
\$15.00

u at \$25.90

SSING BUREAUX, in en-
is 44 in. x 23 in. Size of
in. Shaped front contains
er being divided into sec-
or solid quarter cut oak
ishing. Finest workman-
\$35.00. Spencer's Price
\$25.90

ouses of All and Prices

use or Waist you wish, you
n the second floor, an assort-
larger stores of Eastern cen-
suit everybody, while the
my.

CHES CURED
es It. We sell it—10c, 25c,
\$1.00 per Bottle

The Semi-Weekly Colonist

VOL. L. NO. 270.

VICTORIA, B. C., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1909.

FIFTIETH YEAR

REVOLUTIONARY WHEEL GRIPPING SPAIN TO FEAR SPANISH KHIWA

Revolutionists Gaining Every-
where and Dynasty De-
clared to Be in Great
Danger

THREE THOUSAND
DEATH LOSS

Disastrous Battle — Govern-
ment Takes Drastic Steps in
Effort to Check General In-
surrection

Madrid, July 29.—The official
despatches received here today
admit that the battle between
Moorish tribesmen and the
Spanish forces outside Melilla on
July 27 was a disastrous defeat
for the Moors cut off the com-
munications with the Spanish
outposts and the main force of
the Spaniards were back under
the walls of the city where
fighting continued desperately
and the Spanish killed and wounded
numbered almost 3,000, which
takes no account of the fact that
the advance posts who evidently
were cut off and abandoned to
their fate. Melilla is full of
wounded men.

Paris, July 29.—The internal
situation in Spain now completely
obscures the war in Africa in the
eyes of Europe. Although official
despatches are still being received
from the provinces of Catalonia, grave
concerns are entertained that
expectations will be disappointed.

The declaration of Premier Maura's
cabinet yesterday to place the country
under martial law and employ the
army to repress the revolt in Cata-
lonia, as an alternative of convoking
parliament, may provoke an extension
of the insurrection which will en-
danger the dynasty.

Preparations now being made in
Madrid to quell the disturbances in-
clude the despatch to Catalonia of
the entire Third and Fourth army
corps and the Madrid cavalry brigade
under command of Prince Charles of
Bourbon, who was about to leave for
Melilla. Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria,
is one of the squadron commanders of
the brigade.

The scale upon which the military
intervention is planned proves that
the government entertains no illusion
about half way measures and is ready
to take the responsibility of putting
down the revolution as a war
for the future. Both official and
frontier reports leave little doubt that
the workers' organizations and re-
volutionaries and anarchists have
made common cause in old Catalonia,
and that this far they had the
best of the situation. The withdrawal
of troops for the campaign in Africa
left less than 5,000 men in the garri-
son at Barcelona, and the insurrec-
tion after committing all sorts of ex-
cesses, including the burning and
sacking of church property everywhere
erected barricades in order to hold
their position.

Entire Army Mobilized
Madrid, July 29.—In view of the
grave situation in Barcelona which is
steadily growing more serious, the
naval infantry has been ordered to
that city. Senor Laclera, the Min-
ister of the Interior, now termed the
Spanish Trench, today announced that
any newspaper printing reports dis-
agreeing with official information
would be prosecuted and the editors
suppressed. Since the declaration of
martial law throughout Spain yester-
day, the censorship over news has
been more severe.

The complete mobilization of the
Spanish army has been ordered. All
officers on leave have been recalled.
The reserves of all classes have been
summoned to the colors. The railroad
lines in the North of Spain are strict-
ly guarded, and no one is allowed to
enter Spain without the permission
of the military authorities. The garri-
sons at Burgos, Logroño, Victoria, and
Cantabria (Continued on Page 3)

Beautiful Residential District Menaced by Industrial Plans

The proposal of the Saanich Lumber
Company to erect new saw and door
mills, giving employment to a con-
siderable number of workmen, on Dou-
glas street, just above Market, is still
under consideration by the civic au-
thorities, the necessary permit for the
erection of the building which is to be
a delightful residential quarter which
is feared may be contaminated and dis-

GEORGEN RELEASED ON PROMISE TO DEPART

Domination Authorities Decide
They Cannot Proceed—Un-
happy Prisoner Was Fast
Losing His Reason

Stephen Georgen, the alleged Syrian
priest, no longer languishes in durance
vile.

Georgen has, in many respects, been
a very lucky man in Victoria. He was
originally arrested at the instance of
Rev. A. J. Brace, on the charge of being
an immoral and dangerous person, and
obtained several small sums of
money from various citizens. The
Mayor gave him \$2. Postmaster Noah
Shakespeare contributed a similar
sum, as did a number of other
charitably-disposed citizens. He had
received a permit from the Mayor of
Victoria, whence he came to solicit
subscriptions, and on the strength of
that Mayor Hall gave him a similar
document.

It is not so very long since the no-
torious Dr. Day, now a Turkish sub-
consul in Persia, victimized the chari-
table in his wholesale fashion, and the
suspicions of Mr. Brace were aroused.
Georgen was questioned and gave very
unsatisfactory and conflicting answers
as to what he was doing and when he
came. His credentials were examined,
and the only man in town capable of
translating them was quite certain
that they were impudent forgeries.
The Oriental was charged with obtain-
ing money under false pretences, but
the matter was referred to the
city prosecutor he found serious diffi-
culties in the way of securing the re-
quired legal proof, difficulties which
were increased by the fact that the
only man who could interpret the docu-
ments was unwilling to testify.

The matter was then laid before the
immigration authorities, and Dr. Milne
agreed to deport the undesirable.
The criminal charge was accordingly with-
drawn and Georgen held in the police
station at the disposal of the immigra-
tion authorities. He came here via
the United States, but Uncle Sam did
not want him back. There was much
correspondence via Ottawa and Wash-
ington, which ended yesterday in Dr.
Milne receiving a message from Otta-
wa, stating that the authorities could
not insist upon his deportation to the
United States unless he had been con-
victed of some offense. Accordingly
there was nothing left for the police to
do but to release him, as they were
prevented from holding him for the immigra-
tion people.

Although he is now a free man,
Georgen has had punishment. Being
held in the police station for some
months' confinement has told
very severely on him. In fact the
police think that in a little while lon-
ger he would have lost his reason.
He sat and moped, and refused to
take care of himself. He had no un-
derwear and nothing but the suit of
clothes he was wearing when he came
in, and although provided with funds,
he steadfastly refused to permit any-
thing to be spent in getting him what
civilized people consider the most
necessary articles of apparel. Alto-
gether he was an unpleasant guest,
and the police are glad to see the last
of him.

As a motorist he has driven from
London to Constantinople, taking the
first motor car into Turkey after ob-
taining the Sultan's special permission
(which that potentate may now re-
frain from doing).
(Continued on Page 3)

ORDER ASKED LONG RANGE TO OPEN BRIDGE ARMY IS WANTED

City of Victoria Applies to Rail-
way Commissioners to Com-
pel Immediate Resumption
of Traffic

COMPANY WANTED
RIGHTS CONCEDED

Use of Bridge Would Have
Been Permitted If City Had
Abandoned All Claims—In-
terim Order Sought

Whether Victoria West residents in
particular and Victoria's citizens gen-
erally may use the Esquimalt railway
bridge in traveling to and from the

War Minister Haldane In
Speech at British Club
States Need of Land Force
of Navy Proportions

DECLARES EMPIRE
IS INDIVISIBLE

Borden Says Canada Will
Spend Last Dollar to Main-
tain Integrity of Empire—
"Times" Remarks

London, July 29.—In proposing the
best of the "Imperial Defence Con-
ference," at the British Club banquet,
held in Guild Hall last night, the
Right Hon. Mr. Haldane declared,
"There is only one maxim which we
can lay down—that the British Em-
pire is one and indivisible on this
question of defence (cheers). I believe
it to be on that maxim that this con-
ference truly concentrates. We recog-
nize that the command of the sea must
come in first place, that the army which
is to protect the empire must be an
army chained to these shores, but an
army of long range, suited to deal with
problems of long range."
Sir Frederick Borden in replying said
that while Canada stood upon her
rights, she insisted upon her freedom.
It was untrue and unfair to Canada
any man to say as had been said that
Canada's patriotism and loyalty de-
pended on the highest degree upon
what the fiscal policy of Great Britain
might be (cheers). He thought
true imperialists were those who had
the truest faith in nations along the
lines of development of their own re-
sources, but they realized their imper-
ial responsibility. The people of Can-
ada were prepared to pay their part
of the cost. In thoroughly preparing
preparing best to take their part in
defence of the empire. With guidance,
Mr. Haldane's plan for local defence
in Canada and he believed that local
measures of defence would be so car-
ried out that should any one of the
Dominions wish to send any line, a
division or force to assist the country
it would be easy to carry out that end.
Why could not the same thing be done
in regard to a navy? Canada would
be prepared to spend its last dollar to
assist in maintaining the integrity of
the empire (cheers).

The "Times," referring to Imperial
defence, lays down three principles:
1. That each Dominion should de-
velop naval resources of its own.
2. Training material for this naval
force must be as far as possible, the
same.
3. All individual efforts must be co-
ordinated to a common end.

The "Times" adds that the principles
mentioned are broadly accepted, and
is ignoring the Main Issue
London, Eng., July 29.—Referring to
the Berlin Deutsch Tagis Zeitung
article of Tuesday, the "Standard" in a
semi-humorous editorial ventures to
think Pan-Germans must look else-
where for a "joyful sign" than Van-
couver. The article in question re-
ferred to a feature of Canadian develop-
ment which is the making of good pa-
triotic Canadians of almost all foreign
colonists, concludes the "Standard."

THE REMNANT COUNTER
Today's cablegrams furnish an excel-
lent recipe for a Spanish stew.
That a man can be held prisoner by
the police without a charge against him
until his reason shows signs of break-
ing down proves, they would not know
as much as we imagined we did about
the beauties of our own civilization.

Taking into consideration the fact
that virtually the entire population
works in the coal mines, can one won-
der that they have Black Hinds in New
Mexico?
To be a real novelty these days a
round-the-world traveler must buy his
ticket and pay for his meals at hotels
in a normal way.
John O'Loughlin, of San Francisco,
aged 26, committed suicide because his
parents forbade him to smoke cigar-
ettes. Four children.
It's curious, but true, that three never
were hit so many encounters re-
ported in British Columbia as during
the past few weeks, since bears have
been put on the free list of the sports-
men's tariff.
Skeena River Indians beat the Scotch-
Jew for business instinct. They ask
for celtic politeness from the town.
President Reyes of Colombia is a
quick man to take a hint. After being
twice shot at by revolutionists and re-
fused the support of his Congress, he
believes he will retire.
Daughter of the Chief of the Puyallup
has eloped to Victoria. She had
\$9,000 in bank, \$5,000 in real estate,
and a six-horse automobile. Her own
Besides, she is good looking. Don't all
speak at once.
That Hawaiian lady politician who
adopted the costume of Mother Eve
probably wanted to advertise the elec-
tion.
(Continued on Page 3)

Whether Victoria West residents in particular and Victoria's citizens generally may use the Esquimalt railway bridge in traveling to and from the

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PROVINCIAL NEWS TOLD IN FEW WORDS

Fernie is considering the necessity for a 24-hour electric light and power service.

Commodious office premises for the Bank of Commerce have been erected at Princeton.

Sixty-six Stevenson Chinese were each fined \$25 by Magistrate Faulkner yesterday, for gambling.

Fernie's City Council has decided to build a new fire hall and to build it with home-made bricks.

Mrs. Joseph Ramsay, a resident of Nanaimo for the past thirty years, is dead at the age of sixty-four.

The marriage has been celebrated of Mr. John O'Connell of Ladysmith and Miss Margaret Culligan of Nanaimo.

Track-laying on the Great Northern is progressing rapidly towards Hedy. The big Ashnola-bridge has been completed.

Nelson has a fund of \$6,000 available for judicious advertising of the city and district during the ensuing twelve-month.

The Vancouver police are investigating the mysterious disappearance of a storekeeper named Blakey. No business difficulties are blamed for his absence.

The framework of the new bridge over the Columbia at Revelstoke will be completed by Saturday, and the bridge is to be ready for use by the 1st December.

Ladyship sent a large deputation to Nanaimo to attend the non-political banquet to Mr. Pugsley, and also to present the necessary certain desired local improvements.

Rev. C. O. Main performed the ceremony on the 19th instant which made Mr. William G. Mordan and Miss Maria L. Nisbett, both of Cranbrook, husband and wife.

The wedding of Mr. August A. Mitzgard and Miss Nora Gallagher was solemnized by Rev. S. Lundie at Phoenix on Saturday last. The groom is resident manager for the Great Northern in the Boundary city.

William J. Dodds, a C. P. R. brakeman, will lose the sight of his right eye as the result of a 22-calibre revolver being discharged as he was cleaning it, the bullet entering Dodds' head near the eye and lodging close to the brain.

While walking from Extension to Laird's Dairy, John Campbell encountered a bear and two cubs. Reporting the fact at Mr. Laird's house, junior members of the rancher's family started out with their guns and bagged the trio.

At the Saint Eugene Hospital, a few evenings ago, Rev. Father Choinell united in marriage Mr. Francis Beaudry and Miss Elizabeth Dora Nickson. The bride had come out from the East upon hearing of the illness of her fiancé.

Charles M. Getzham, a Barnardo boy, formerly resident in Fernie, took a quarter of an ounce of strychnine and died at the penitentiary farm at the Salvation Army in Saskatoon a week ago today, after a lover's quarrel with a young woman for whom he had temporarily deserted the Army.

Mr. George Baker, a rancher of Wilson's Crossing, South Oyster, district, narrowly escaped being gored to death by a bull on Wednesday last. While he was working about the bull, he was mauled and bruising him badly. All the clothing was torn from his body, and had not help been close at hand, he must have been killed. The bull was shot.

The largest land deal ever put through in Nicola was recently consummated. Some 5,000 acres are in the sale, including some valuable timber. The vendors are A. E. Howe, J. Clapperton, R. H. Whitney, R. L. Clark and C. D. Broadbent. The purchasers are said to be the Dominion Trust Co. The proposition is to subdivide the land into orchard and vllik holdings.

Mrs. Gill and her two sons, aged respectively nine and seven, had an exciting adventure with a large black bear and her two cubs near their home in Big Sheep Valley last week. The bear displayed unmistakable signs of hostility, and had it not been for one of the cubs opportunely demanding attention, the meeting would probably have been very serious for the human trio.

There is much complaint in Yale-Cariboo over the non-settlement up to date of the accounts of the Federal election of eight months ago, many working men being thus deprived of the use of their earned money, to their considerable inconvenience. District correspondence assert that since the election, patronage in the district has been taken from Mr. Duncan Ross and placed in the hands of Senator Bostock.

Dr. Connolly, a well known Alpine enthusiast, with a number of other members of the Canadian Alpine Club, are making the necessary arrangements for an ascent of Mount Fisher, the highest peak of the Rockies in the Crow's Nest Pass district. Mount Fisher is situated between Boulder and Fisher creeks, about ten miles from Fort Steele, and has an elevation of 2,500 feet. The party will leave Cranbrook early in August, taking provisions for five days.

The trouble at Hillcrest has been bridged over, pending the answer of the International and the final finding of the board. Work was resumed Thursday and there is no further labor trouble in the district except at Nicola, where President Powell and the Organizer James are at present en-

deavoring to bring about an adjustment of differences. Before the Nicola, Mr. Powell wired General Manager Armstrong of the Nicola Valley Coal and Coke Company, suggesting a conference with a view to amicable settlement. Manager Armstrong replied: "Unaware of anything requiring negotiation."

The Sullivan Group Mining and Smelting Co.'s entire property, equipment and mine, was bought in last Monday at the sheriff's sale by the Fort Steele Mining and Smelting Company, the chief bondholders and incumbent owners. The price for wages paid by the workmen will be paid off at about 75 cents on the dollar, and the ordinary creditors, both judgment and otherwise, will accept stock in the new company in lieu of their debts. The settlement is looked upon as most satisfactory and it is stated that

News of the World Condensed For the Busy Reader

EDMONTON, July 29.—Surveying on the new branch of the G. T. P. from Tofield to Calgary, will be completed within a week, and grading from the Tofield end will begin at once.

ELLENBURG, Wash., July 29.—Unlighted head lamps yesterday caused a collision in the Northern Pacific yards here in which four persons were more or less seriously injured.

GENEVA, Switzerland, July 29.—Mrs. Theresa Appleton, of Seattle, is under arrest in connection with her refusal to pay a \$1,000 hotel bill. Her children have been placed in charge of the American minister.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29.—William Martin, formerly United States Consul at Hankow, predicts that the balance of Chinese trade with America will very shortly shift from New York to the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29.—John O'Loughlin attempted to commit suicide Tuesday night because his parents would not allow him to smoke cigarettes, and he was therefore tired of life. O'Loughlin is twenty-six years of age and of athletic proportions.

DAWSON, Y.T., July 29.—Elaborate preparations are being made for the reception of the visit of the Governor-General and his party, who are due here on August 10. This will be the first visit to Dawson since the viceroy has honored the Klondyke with his presence since 1900.

BERKELEY, Cal., July 29.—President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, is in the city in celebration of the Tenth anniversary of his incumbency paid a high compliment to the West, asserting that the truest Americanism is to be found this side of the Missouri river.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 29.—Developments are looked for almost hourly in connection with the threatened war with Greece, which is daily nearer by the Greeks raising the Greek flag over their fortresses and declaring their intention to renounce Turkish domination and control.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—President Reyes, of Colombia, whose resignation has just been accepted by the Senate of that country, is now in Hamburg, where he will remain until he returns, though his term does not naturally expire for four years. He is said to gladly resign the reins of office as he has twice narrowly escaped assassination.

BOSTON, July 29.—To offset the report of invasion of Virginia, exported today last year in superannuation allowances to retired men of the civil service, inside and outside, the sum of \$372,841. The receipts on superannuation abatements, together with interest, from the State of Virginia, which is the largest receipts from any one department were those from the post office, namely, \$3,787 from the inside and \$17,404 from the outside.

SEATTLE, July 29.—Governor Glasgow, who is in the city, is alleged to have organized to receive the Governor and will unite in making the day by Justice Dunlop. The decision is in accord with that rendered by Archbishop Bruchsal last January, when the archbishop, according to Catholic canon law, refused to officiate at the marriage of a man who was a prisoner charged with burglary, when the police are alleged to have beaten until a confession was extorted. Said O'Dea: "Such things are not done in this country, but they are in Russian dungeons."

REGINA, July 29.—About 1,000 persons attended the fair yesterday.

TORONTO, July 29.—Rev. Dr. McLaren, former principal of Knox College, is critically ill and not expected to live many days.

MONTREAL, July 29.—As a result of eating diseased pork, nineteen persons are under medical care.

NEW YORK, July 29.—George Dolgan, an English immigrant arriving tonight, is seven feet, one-quarter inch in height and wears a number 17 shoe.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 29.—A gallant rescue from drowning was made here yesterday by Daniel J. Britt, the aged crewing Robert Knowles, a 12-year-old boy.

WINNIPEG, July 29.—One hundred and fifty steel metal workers of the city went on strike today for an advance in pay from 39 to 42 1/2 cents per hour.

OTTAWA, July 29.—Toronto ladies have formed the Ladies' Protective League of Canada, with a view of encouraging rifle shooting among the fair sex. They will apply to the Militia Department for the loan of Lee-Metsons for practice at the ranges.

LONDON, July 29.—The Canadian and Newfoundland cabinet ministers have called the attention of the Imperial Government to the damage being done to the fishery by the American fishermen. It is expected that an international conference will be called to consider the matter.

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work will be soon resumed. It looks as if the effect of the proceeding is freeze-out of the ordinary stockholders.

President Elias Rogers, of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, and Mr. James Ashworth, an eminent English authority on coal mining, have been going over the various properties of the company with the resident officials and it is reported that extensive improvements will result. Until late years no systematic effort has been made to ascertain the amount of coal in the various seams, and no regular system for obtaining all the coal in the mines has been enforced. The company is now determined upon avoiding mistakes as possible this winter, and will operate the mines in future so as to obtain all coal worth mining in the fastest and safest manner.

OAKLAND, July 29.—A separate telephone exchange for Chinese patrons has been established here.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 29.—The existence has been discovered here of a suicide club, composed of disheartened and unemployed employees.

SEATTLE, July 29.—The directors of the local Aeroplane Club are trying to arrange for an aeroplane race between H. P. Latham and the Wright brood. It is far from probable that anything will result.

MONTREY, Mexico, July 29.—Gen. Reyes greatly regrets the rioting and bloodshed at Guadalupe, and declares that he is seeking the vice-presidency or had any cognizance of the disturbances created in his name.

YUBA CITY, Cal., July 29.—Coroner Rowe has asked for the arrest of R. T. Johnston, now in the East, until investigation can be made into the death of a baby found buried in an old shoe box in Johnston's yard. Johnston has just gone East with the body of his wife, who died Tuesday night.

JICUILPAN, Mexico, July 29.—Luis Terec, aged 80, has been strangled to death by Jesus Diaz, another octogenarian. The murder was committed five years ago over the affections of a lady whom Perez married. Signora Perez was the victim of a disappointed blackmailer, and years ago again took up the quarrel.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 29.—John W. Bryan, the late Democratic candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States, declares that he lost the nomination to Woodrow Wilson through bribery and the operation of the secret ballot, which enabled a brood of his pledged supporters to go back upon their promises.

TACOMA, July 29.—Grace Stunup, daughter of Chief Stunup of Puyallup Indian tribe, has eloped with John Anderson, a Hawaiian Kanaka. A war-dance was given in honor of the elopement, and the girl's guardian, Jerry Meeker, the girl is six years of age and owns \$3,000 worth of property, an automobile, and \$9,000 in the bank.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Lester Franklin Barry, a candidate for mayor, was arrested on charges of attempted blackmail brought by Samuel Meyers, a former deputy sheriff of Schenectady, N. Y. Four letters alleged to have been written by the couple, in which money was demanded from Meyers from the basis of the complaint.

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LOCKPORT, N. Y., July 29.—Three accidents occurring within half an hour will result in four deaths. Roy Massell tipped over in a boat and was drowned. Robert Hutchinson fell between freight cars, sustaining fatal injuries. Mrs.

Young & Company's Rummage Sale. SILK TORCHON LACES AND INSERTIONS. DIMITY DRESS MUSLINS. EMBROIDERIES AND INSERTIONS. IRISH DIMITY MUSLINS. COTTON FOULARDS. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNTRIMMED HATS. OSTRICH TIPS. DENT'S LISLE THREAD. GLOVES.

Henry Young & Co. 1123 Government Street

THE LOCAL MARKETS. Flour, Royal Household, 2 lbs., 2.00; Old Canadian, 2 lbs., 1.75; Wheat, 2 lbs., 1.50; Corn, 2 lbs., 1.25; Beans, 2 lbs., 1.00; Apples, 2 lbs., 1.50; Potatoes, 2 lbs., 1.00; Onions, 2 lbs., 1.00; Carrots, 2 lbs., 1.00; Parsnips, 2 lbs., 1.00; Turnips, 2 lbs., 1.00; Cabbages, 2 lbs., 1.00; Lettuce, 2 lbs., 1.00; Cucumbers, 2 lbs., 1.00; Radishes, 2 lbs., 1.00; Peas, 2 lbs., 1.00; Lentils, 2 lbs., 1.00; Chickpeas, 2 lbs., 1.00; Broad beans, 2 lbs., 1.00; Kidney beans, 2 lbs., 1.00; Navy beans, 2 lbs., 1.00; Lima beans, 2 lbs., 1.00; Pigeon peas, 2 lbs., 1.00; Mung beans, 2 lbs., 1.00; Soybeans, 2 lbs., 1.00; Sesame seeds, 2 lbs., 1.00; Sunflower seeds, 2 lbs., 1.00; Flax seeds, 2 lbs., 1.00; Hemp seeds, 2 lbs., 1.00; Cotton seeds, 2 lbs., 1.00; Linseed, 2 lbs., 1.00; Castor oil, 2 lbs., 1.00; Olive oil, 2 lbs., 1.00; Butter, 2 lbs., 1.00; Lard, 2 lbs., 1.00; Tallow, 2 lbs., 1.00; Soap, 2 lbs., 1.00; Candles, 2 lbs., 1.00; Matches, 2 lbs., 1.00; Paper, 2 lbs., 1.00; Ink, 2 lbs., 1.00; Pens, 2 lbs., 1.00; 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35c

FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS

Cheese and Butter

ROSS & CO.

QUAKER'S BREAKFAST FOODS.

JOHNSON-At "Eastbourne" Oak Bay.

MARRIED.

URQUHART-LAING-At Auckland.

DIED.

FINLAYSON-At St. Mary's hospital.

ROBERTSON-At Chelmsford hospital.

ROBERTSON-In this city on the 24th.

WISDOM OF OWL

Seattle Lawyers Discover That It Is Policy to "Throw a Scare" Into Victoria's Matrimonial Boom

Seattle, July 29.—It is contended here by some of our foremost and highest candle-powered legal lights that marriages made in Canada with a view of evading our grand new law can be voided in this state.

The question is arousing much interest here especially among some of the leaders of flocks who are losing money at the rate of about \$5.00 a day during the marriage season.

This theory was first broached by one of our most illuminative lights in the legal world. He argued and allowed that any marriage contract made in Victoria for the purpose of escaping the condition provided in the new Washington State Law was absolutely void in Washington State.

That, said he, "is easy. The idea is this. When I find out that one of our Washington State lawyers is keeping company with one of our Washington State girls and things get to look kind of serious I just put my feet on the track to look tabs on them. Disguised as Cupid this detective hangs from the chandelier in the drawingroom and perches on the edge of the tounge, and is, in fact, always on the job. He overhears all the arrangements and reports to me, and in this way I can tell whether or not the couple is going to Canada for the sake of the scenery or to escape the marriage restrictions here."

"Well, I'll be jigged," said the Human Question Mark, "if that don't beat it. Why, I was going to marry old Miss Samantha Lane what he was living up on the hill for the last four years but he had been engaged to me if I'm going to answer all them questions that legislature wants to ask a fellow. Drag-meister if you want to go to New York to get married, and if you fellows send that there Cupid detective he'll be here to come back, express, and badly busted up."

McCurd and Baldwin Completing Preparations for the Official Trials of the "Silver Dart"

WILD MAN STORY CITY WILL FORCE RECESSION WITH SUSPICION

Pemberton Meadows Chief Ordered to Vancouver for Examination - "Massachusetts" May Be Tracked

The fantastic story which comes from a mainland Indian tribe, alleging that a wild man and woman roamed the forest primval in the vicinity of their lodging houses at Pemberton Meadows, and that they have fed designs on the native children, is not credited by the Provincial police. Nevertheless, so well corroborated in the narrative that the authorities have decided that an investigation is imperative.

Instructions have been issued by Superintendent Huxley to have the chief of the Indians brought down to Vancouver that he may be questioned as to the authenticity of the reports. If he tells the same story that has reached the ears of the police in the form of reports from Roman Catholic priests, constables and others, a man will be ordered into the district where the wild creatures are supposed to have their caves, to track them down and, if possible, effect their capture.

It is believed that, when the circumstances have been probed, it will be found that the klootchmen and young children are responsible for the weird tales which are causing all the trouble. They claim that a man and woman, wild eyed, wearing long and unkempt hair, dressed in leather jackets and carrying short rusty swords, saunter the country, threaten the natives, and make night uncanny with their discordant shrieks. Before any definite action is taken by the police, they are going to question the tribe's chief closely. Only in the event of his lending his support to the tales, will a constable be despatched in chase of the creatures bearing human shape.

TRUMP CARDS HELD BY LABOR Unskilled Workmen in Exceptional Demand in Consequence of Harvesting

"Labor is scarce; men, unemployed and willing to work, are almost as hard to find as icicles on a mid-summer day." So remarked a prominent member of the Agricultural Union, speaking at the graduation of the Alberti extension to the E. & N. Railway. He stated, in referring to the men engaged in the Evening Post representative, that it would be a difficult matter, and offering that the men are being held in the habit of getting previously and as if they were allowed to go home, but they are not allowed to do so. They are held in the habit of getting previously and as if they were allowed to go home, but they are not allowed to do so.

MORE DYNAMITING Lives Imperilled Through Dastardly Destruction of Coalcutters' Home

THE COMPANYS HANDS

What has happened to the mooted agreement between the Victoria and Island Railway Company and the city?

The Victoria and Island Railway Company and the city? This question was asked by City Solicitor Mann today. He replied that the delay in coming to a settlement of all the conditions with the city authorities, terms had been arranged by which the company's depot would be moved to Blanchard street, an improved service inaugurated with more rolling stock, and the Market building again placed in the hands of the municipality, which is the object of this agreement. The railway people had left the city, promising to consider the several provisions, and let the council know whether they were satisfactory. No reply has been received, and the City Solicitor concluding that the company was but stalling, he has brought up on September 2—immediately after the long vacation.

The city also was taking an active part in the little legal controversy being waged between the railway and the city. The City Solicitor declared was a false rumor. The city's position was simple. It was the railway building and ensuring the inauguration of a service that would bring Spanish and Guianese residents to the city. Victoria besides furnishing a railway depot more creditable to the community, was quite satisfied with the railway company was not sincere in intention, but only to delay the proceedings for delay in the court proceedings and that to bring about an understanding it was necessary to take an unequivocal stand. That had been done. Unless the understanding was signed, sealed and put in a heap of weeks the differences would be aired in court and some decision reached.

RODE WHEEL TO FAR KHIVA (Continued from Page One)

Revolution GRIPPING SPAIN (Continued from Page One)

ORDER ASKED TO OPEN BRIDGE (Continued from Page One)

THAW TRIAL DRAGS

HARRY PULLMAN OF NATIONAL LEAGUE, SUICIDES

Baseball Magnate, Broken Down by Work and Worry, Shoots Himself at New York Athletic Club

Special to The Evening Post. New York, July 29.—Harry C. Pullman, president of the National League of professional baseball clubs, died at 11 a.m. today after shooting himself in the head in his room in the New York Athletic Club last night. Although a bullet from his revolver entered his forehead, he was recovering both optic nerves and causing instant blindness. Mr. Pullman lived from 2:30 until 11:30 this morning. He became unconscious soon after the shooting was discovered and was unable to utter a word as to his reasons for committing suicide, but it is generally attributed to ill-health.

Mr. Pullman was in his office yesterday, attending to the business of the league, and shot to his room at the athletic club last evening. The first indication that anything was wrong with him came when a messenger from the telephone exchange in his room was thrown upon the switchboard in the club room. The operator receiving no call, sent a messenger to Mr. Pullman's room to ascertain if the call was being received. Mr. Pullman was found lying on the floor dressed only in his underclothing, and with a bullet wound through his forehead. He was found by a porter who had been knocked off his hook when he fell after firing the fatal shot. A revolver lay in a pool near his hand. The club's physician was summoned, but there was little he could do to relieve his patient, and it was evident that death would ensue within a short time. A coroner was summoned and a post-mortem was held. A statement from the dying man, but without avail. To all questions as to the cause of his death, Mr. Pullman replied that he did not understand the question. He said that he had become unconscious but later revived a little and complained that his head ached and asked the attending physician for an explanation of the suicide was found in the room.

Directions for Making Iced Tea Warm the teapot. Put in a heaping teaspoonful of "Salada" Tea for every cup of water. Boil the water and allow it to infuse from 4 to 8 minutes. Pour the liquor off the leaves and let cool. "Salada" Tea is a most delicious and refreshing beverage. A small piece of lemon will add to its flavor.

Revolution GRIPPING SPAIN (Continued from Page One)

ORDER ASKED TO OPEN BRIDGE (Continued from Page One)

THAW TRIAL DRAGS

Everything Ready-to-Wear for Ladies, Misses and Children. Home of the Dress Beautiful Exclusive and Economical. Today's Tremendous Tumble In Net and All-Over Lace Blouses.

BEAUTIFUL NET BLOUSES, silk lined and sweetly trimmed with fine broad and silk, in the new green, taupe, peacock and navy, long sleeves. Regular prices range from \$4.75 to \$6.75. Today's Sale Price Is Only \$2.75.

VERY CHIC NET WAISTS, elaborately trimmed in silk in the most charming styles, colors are peacock, taupe, navy and new green. Regular price \$8.50. Today's Sale Price \$4.75.

EXQUISITE ALL-OVER LACE BLOUSES, in white and ecru, most daintily trimmed, finished with long, tucked sleeves. Regular price \$5.75. Today's Sale Price \$3.75.

CREAM LUSTRE SKIRTS, for misses, 32 and 34 inch lengths, button and silk trimmed slightly soiled in transit. Regular \$3.25 and \$4.25. Today's Sale Price \$1.50.

CREAM PANAMA AND VOILE SKIRTS for ladies, very smartly silk trimmed, up-to-date styles, slightly soiled in transit. Regular values to \$15. Today's Sale Price \$2.50.

The Ladies' AGUS CAMPBELL & CO., 1010 Gov't St. LONDON

Revolution GRIPPING SPAIN (Continued from Page One)

Revolution GRIPPING SPAIN (Continued from Page One)

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

THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST One year \$1.00 Six Months .75 Three months .50 Sent postpaid to Canada and the United Kingdom.

MR. ASQUITH'S POSITION.

Mr. Asquith has defined his position in regard to the Budget in no uncertain terms, and he has said enough to set a good many people thinking a little more earnestly than they have been in the habit of doing.

FLYING MACHINES

Although Mons. Bleriot has crossed the English Channel in a monoplane it would be a mistake to jump at the conclusion that flying machines have become anything more as yet than an inventor's toy.

DR. ELIOT'S NEW RELIGION

The ex-President of Harvard says we are to have a new religion. The first thought that arises in connection with this statement is that Dr. Eliot has a distinct advantage over the Apostle Paul, for he can send out his theories to all corners of the earth without having to leave his comfortable library in Charlestown.

ous day made some observation as to a new religion.

Dr. Eliot's new religion may be defined as Christianity with Jewish traditions, Oriental imagery and mediæval logic left out. It will square pretty well with the Sermon on the Mount, but he expresses his ideas in Twentieth Century language, looks at things from the standpoint of modern philosophy and discards the logic of the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages.

The ex-President says there will be no dogma in his new religion, and forthwith proceeds to dogmatize a little on his own account by telling us that there will be no such idea entertained that character can be changed quickly.

ENTRANCE TO WINNIPEG

Application of Transcontinental Road for Crossing of Other Railways Withdrawn

Fine Record at Targets

Wakoleff, Mass., July 26.—A new world's record of 12 consecutive bullseyes followed by a narrow miss, and sixteen more consecutive bullseyes at six feet on the 500-yard range in the Shuman match at the feature of the opening day of the fifth annual New England Military Rifle association at the range here today.

Orders Thirty Locomotives

Dunkirk, N. Y., July 26.—The Missouri Pacific today placed an order with the American Locomotive company for thirty locomotives of the consolidated type.

Took Plenty of Liquor

Ottawa, July 26.—The sordid story of the drowning of two girls in Lake Deschambault in the morning hours of July 15 was revealed at the inquest upon their bodies tonight.

Violence Renewed

Pittsburg, Pa., July 26.—For the first time in ten days rioting broke out at the plant of the Pressed Steel Car company at McKee's Rocks today when the striking employees of that concern were fired upon.

Great Strike in Sweden

Stockholm, July 26.—Forty thousand workers in the paper, woolen, cotton and allied industries went on strike today. A circular has been issued to the trades unions throughout the country calling for a general strike on August 4.

Do You Need a New Hair Brush?

We carry one of the largest stocks of Hair Brushes in the city. Brushes made by the world's best manufacturers and famous the world over for their good quality.

CYRUS H. BOWES, CHEMIST 1228 GOVERNMENT STREET, NEAR YATES

MEXICAN POLITICS DISTINCTLY TROPICAL

Diaz Meeting a Scene of Disorder—President's Friends Stoned by Beyer's Supporters

Mexico City, July 27.—More than two hundred arrests were made, and a score or more were injured, including two Americans and two women, in political riots in Guadalajara yesterday and last night.

The riots started yesterday afternoon when a mob broke up a meeting in Deloaga that was called in the interests of President Diaz and Ramon Corral, vice-president, for re-election.

In one section a barricade was erected, and the interests were exchanged. Four poles were injured. All the plate glass windows in the downtown section were broken.

During the night the mob attacked the Hotel Victoria where the Diaz orators stayed. Every window in the structure was smashed, and the bar, the office and the barber shops looted.

The political speakers who are campaigning in the interests of Diaz and Corral, using a special train, were received sullenly when they arrived at the side streets and shots were exchanged between them and the soldiers.

When the party emerged from the train they were stoned, and Leon Rogas, a prominent lawyer, was struck on the head, and severely injured.

The board refused two applications, one for the Transcontinental railway, and another for the construction of overhead bridges at a space less than 25 feet above the tracks.

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LET US SHOW YOU OUR LACE CURTAIN OFFERINGS FROM 75c

We Have a Host of Styles—Every Good Sort Represented Here

GIVE us an opportunity to show you our offerings in lace curtains before you purchase any. We show one of the most complete assortments to be found anywhere.

FURNITURE FOR YOUR DINING ROOM

AN INTERESTING COLLECTION AWAITS YOU HERE

WE DON'T REMEMBER ever having been so well prepared to furnish your dining room, as now. Present stocks are most complete and sparkling with new and stylish furniture pieces you'll enjoy looking at.

Matters little what your "scheme" may be, we are equipped to execute your wishes with the most complete showing of dining room furniture and furnishings shown in the West.

DINING ROOM TABLES—Extension tables in many styles and finishes. Priced from \$7.50

SIDEBOARDS—Big choice of styles, woods and finishes. Prices range up from, each \$16

SILVER FERN POTS

New Arrivals, \$2.50

SATURDAY the silver store received a shipment of the prettiest silver fern pots we have ever shown.

WE have an excellent assortment now—showing 12 different patterns. These come from the largest makers of silver plate in the world, and represent the best efforts of this establishment's best designers.

WE WANT YOU TO SEE THESE NEW FURNITURE ARRIVALS

WE WANT you to visit this store and look over the many excellent furniture pieces added to the stock during the past two weeks.

The new arrivals include pieces for most any room in the home. Many new and out-of-the-ordinary designs are shown and in the little-priced lines this is particularly noticeable.

Extension Tables Buffets China Cabinets Dining Chairs

Hall Mirrors Hall Seats Hall Racks Umbrella Stands

Parlor Tables Tea Tables Pedestals Sideboards

Kitchen Cabinets Medicine Cabinets Card Tables Dressers and Stands

Sole Agents "Libbey" Cut Glass Finest Made

CYRUS H. BOWES, CHEMIST 1228 GOVERNMENT STREET, NEAR YATES

Kitchen Cabinets THREE NEW ARRIVALS

THERE are three new arrivals on the fourth floor which should interest every woman who spends some of her time in the kitchen—at work.

These kitchen cabinets are great labor savers. When bread, pastry or other eatables must be prepared all the necessary ingredients are in the one corner of the kitchen—there is a great saving in time and an absence of tiresome travel.

KITCHEN CABINET—An excellent low-priced style. Finely made and finished in birch finish. Has 2 large bins, 2 drawers, large top finished natural.

KITCHEN CABINET—This cabinet is also finished in the birch finish. Has large drop bin, large cupboard with racks, tins, etc., 2 pastry boards and large top, finished natural.

KITCHEN CABINET—This is a very handsome finished light maple finish. Has drop bin, cupboard with tins, racks, etc., 2 pastry boards and large top.

INTERESTING ADDITIONS IN CUT GLASS SEE THE BEAUTIFUL WATER JUGS AT \$6.00

WE HAVE lately been adding many new pieces to our stock of cut glass until now we have one of the finest collections in Canada.

Choice of Several Patterns at each, \$6.00—First Floor

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NEW ARRIVALS IN CHINA TODAY

Tableware Pieces That'll Please You—Certain

YESTERDAY saw the arrival and today sees the first showing of some decidedly interesting new china tableware. This shipment includes some rich and attractive pieces of dainty china, hand painted and pleasingly decorated with gold.

Last week we added some charming tea sets from the famous Aynsley pottery. They have attracted a great deal of attention and they'll interest you too.

Here Are A Few Prices On These Last Additions:

CUPS AND SAUCERS, at 75c and 50c BOWLS, at each .75c CELERY TRAYS, at \$1.25 and .75c TEA POT, SUGAR AND CREAM CUPS AND SAUCERS—price for all \$4.50

SALTS AND PEPPERS, at .15c MUSTARDS, at .35c

BON BONS, at .50c BOWLS, at each .75c CELERY TRAYS, at \$1.25 and .75c TEA POT, SUGAR AND CREAM CUPS AND SAUCERS—price for all \$4.50

BREAD AND BUTTER PLATES, dozen \$4.50 HAIR RECEIVERS, at .60c PIN BOXES, at .60c

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PROVINCIAL NEWS TOLD IN FEW WORDS

A new social club, to be known as The Pilgrims, has been organized by Mr. Lader.

The Moyie Roadside Co-Op Association, John E. Hooper, president, has been organized.

The body taken out of the water yesterday has been identified as that of a brother of Hackett, of Robertson & Hackett.

George F. Bennett, Grand Secretary of the Free Masons of Canada, banquetted in Revelstoke on Tuesday, by the local members of the craft.

In a fight between Chinese at N. 9 Fender street, Vancouver, Yuen nearly severed one of the fingers of another Chinaman with an butcher knife.

Herbert Walheim, who committed suicide in Vancouver Monday, as told in The Post of yesterday an old-time resident of Carleton Place, had induced despondent health had induced despondent health had induced despondent health.

During a recent visit to the San Francisco, California, a thirty-foot seam of coal, thoroughly suitable for domestic use, was discovered in the region and easily mined. Mr. Hooper forming a company to develop property.

Nanaimo is entertaining Hooper today, his inspection of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, of the City Council Citizens' League and the executive of the local Liberal Association. A political banquet will be tendered evening.

Mayor Keary, of New Westminster is in attendance at the convention of the Union of Canadian Municipalities now being held at Medicine Hat as joint delegate of Victoria, Nanaimo and New Westminster, the Coast cities with representation in the union.

T. Dale, who lost his arm some time ago while working on the Dredge at Nakwago, entered in the Exchequer court to \$3,000 damages. He was offered the position of assistant dredger in compensation for his loss, but refused to take it.

The Roseland School Board has appointed James O. Clothier, M.P., Kingston, Ont., principal of the School, and Alan E. Matthews, Halifax, principal of the school; R. J. Clegg, of Toronto, Miss Saker and Miss Laurier are new appointees to the staff.

Little Miss Bernice Post, of the Cook avenue school at Roseland, has established a record for ability and regularity that is hard to surpass. During the past successive years she has won a single day or half day and has been late. Her scholastic record also an exceptionally good one.

Robert Reid, foreman for the Park Stables, who was held in Vancouver pending developments in the condition of Joe Reynolds whom he is accused of maliciously assaulting Thursday, was released on \$5,000 bonds.

In \$3,000 and two securities in last night on account of his condition showing a marked improvement.

A discovery of very great importance in connection with the upping of the city of Prince Rupert was made in the location by Johnson, an Ontario man, of a massive body of clay cement only a nominal cost. There is enough cement in the deposit to provide that class of building for a city of 1,000,000 population. The clay cement deposit is unlimited quantities of fresh sand, having a depth of about 100 feet and covering thirty or forty acres.

Loud complaint is made at Rupert of the expense of the service by the government for telephone service, the cost of a ten-wire line being \$100.00. The arrangements have been made by Mr. Bowling stationed in the district superintendent of the B. Rochester as night operator. There is little advantage in a good man in the district superintendent in the development of business in the business men who will have some very practical to say to him upon the subject of reasonable reductions.

The residents of the Delta are annoyed as a result of Hooper having determined it unwise to make a call at Ladner, understanding the fact that the passage of the river and the town a few days ago. His Department has again been appointed by the residents of Ladner and Westham in regard to the protection of dykes from drainage by the changing channel of the river opportunity of presenting the matter to him personally and the residents feel that it should have been through the minister's neglect. Lader one of his calling points.

A strike is reported on the George mine, Six Mile Mountain, Nelson, upon which some very good showings have previously been made. The claim was located years ago on the strength of stringer, assays from which show as high as 22.5 ounces of gold; \$17.60 silver and \$45.63 and \$6.80 silver and \$31.88 gold property which includes the claim, the Prince Arthur, is owned by J. G. Johnston and George Lee. A few months ago the mine was little developed, but as the work done recently Mr. J. D. in making an increase from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per ton. The mine is about one mile from wagon road. During the early part of the strike the bridge on the road was washed out, and Mr. J. greatly appreciates the rapid

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Last Additions:

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CUT GLASS

AT \$6.00
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\$6.00 -First Floor

FROM 75c

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and saving the profits

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Sole Agents
Ostermoor
Mattress
Price \$15.00

PRODIGAL NEWS

TOLD IN WOODS

A new social club, to be known as The Pilgrims, has been organized in Ladner.

The Moyie Rochdale Co-Operative Association has been obliged to suspend an unprofitable venture.

In a fight between Chinese gamblers at N. 9 Pender street, Vancouver, Fong Yuen never severed one of the hands of another Chinaman with an 18-inch butcher knife.

Herbert Wehlim, who committed suicide in the Post of yesterday, was an old-time resident of Cariboo. Ill-health had induced despondency.

During a recent visit to the Okanagan country, John H. Hooper discovered a thoroughly suitable for domestic purposes. It is close to transportation and easily mined. Mr. Hooper is forming a company to develop the property.

Nanaimo is entertaining Hon. Mr. Pugsley today, his inspection of the Coal City being arranged by a joint committee of the Citizens' League and the executive of the local Liberal Association. A non-political banquet will be tendered this evening.

Mayor Keary, of New Westminster, is in attendance at the convention of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, now being held at Medicine Hat, Alberta.

The Iyee salmon season is on and the fish are being killed at Campbell River.

The death occurred at the Grand Forks Hospital on Sunday last of Finley Matheson, who had his spine dislocated by an accident at the smelter on June 11 last.

A close season for bear has been established in this province extending from July 15 to September 1. It is also provided that bear may not be trapped south of the C. P. R. main line.

An unusual and painful accident has occurred at the Grand Forks smelter. The Rossland School Board has appointed James O. Clothier, M.A., of Kingston, Ont., principal of the High School, and Allan F. Matthews, B.A., Halifax, principal of the public schools. E. J. Chantler, of Victoria, and Allan Baker and Miss Laura F. Jewell are new appointees to the teacher's staff.

Little Miss Bernice Fogel, a pupil of the Cook avenue school at Rossland, has established a fine record of regularity and regularity that it will be hard to surpass. During the past four successive years she has won the single day or half day and has never been late. Her scholastic record is also an exceptionally good one.

Robert Reid, foreman for the Stanley Park Stables, who was held in jail at Vancouver pending developments in the condition of Joe Reynolds whom he is accused of murdering, was released Thursday morning.

The directors of the Vernon Agricultural Exhibition are working hard to make their autumn show one of exceptional merit. The entries will be received on Monday and Tuesday in both number and quality.

Fornie citizens will meet at a Board of Trade banquet on Monday next to commemorate the destruction of the town by fire last year. The mayors and representative citizens of the vicinities of neighboring towns will attend.

Dominion Day at Barkerville passed without celebration, but the 4th of July day to American hearts was observed as though in a town of the United States.

Charles Wagner is in Vernon hospital suffering from numerous wounds inflicted by an infuriated she-bear whose cub he had killed. The old bear turned on him before he could use his gun, and he was badly mauled.

The home of Lester Dignan, near Moyie, was burned last week with all its contents. Mr. Dignan, Mrs. Webb and the Misses McKinnon escaped in their night garments, narrowly missing being burned to death.

Pentlith has organized a volunteer fire department, which will have permanent fire engines and two call men. The insurance companies will contribute toward the cost of maintenance and a chemical engine will be purchased.

The Cranbrook Electric Light Co. has decided to put in a large steam plant at a cost of from \$30,000 to \$50,000, and to obtain the power to meet an increased demand for light, as well as to give electric power for the entire twenty-four hours.

The Okanagan Conservative Association has passed a resolution requesting the Government Road Superintendent to investigate the Lake Shore route between Trout Creek and Pentlith before beginning the improvement of the Pentlith-Summerland road.

Mayor Frigg of Grand Forks has shown his strong interest in the cause of education by presenting a gold medal to Miss Ida Hartinger, who passed the McGill Matriculation Examination with the highest marks obtained by any Grand Forks candidate.

The marriage took place at Los Angeles, recently of Andrew Hall, a well known ex-resident of Kelowna. After waiting eight years for her sweetheart, Miss Ida Hartinger, after traveling six thousand miles to join him, Miss Kate Cremen of County Kerry, Ireland, claimed him as her husband.

Indians are reported to be slaughtering dogs and fawns, wholesale in the neighborhood of Merritt. As a result eight good men have been recommended as deputy game wardens and approved by Mr. Williams, so that their appointments will be gazetted very shortly.

Residents of the upper country are agitating that the increased bounty on beaver skins should be extended to all beaver skins, as the worst of all enemies of the grouse, prairie chicken,

which the new bridge was constructed by the government, thus keeping open communication with the property.

R. E. Gonnell has been elected secretary of the Greenwood Board of Trade.

Mr. Harry Jones, M.P.P., is making an ante-election tour of the Cariboo district.

A new post office has been opened at Marron Lake, with William Smythe Parkes as postmaster.

The Kamloops Motor Boat Club held its 18th regatta at Chase, Little Shuswap Lake, yesterday week.

Ground is being cleared at Princeton for the necessary buildings for Great Northern divisional point purposes.

The Methodists of Armstrong have decided to double the accommodation of their church, at an expenditure of \$1,200.

The rumor is current that Charles Chapman, a former well known resident of Cranbrook, has been drowned in the Stikine.

Fine whitefish, some of them weighing in the neighborhood of 100 lbs., are being taken in Okanagan Lake, which was stocked with fry about twelve years ago.

Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea gave a banquet at his summer home at Peachland last week, the chief feature of entertainment provided being a display of fireworks.

The wedding of Miss Marion Hodges and Mr. James M. Hodges took place on Thursday last at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. W. Hodges, of Grand Forks.

The two long missing trappers, Bob Creswell and Ben Lewner, have been turned up at Fort George and there met the search party which had set out to find news of them.

The wash-out on the C. P. R. between Rosebery and Sandon, was not repaired last week, and the train between Silver City remained isolated, trains being unable to proceed beyond Three Forks.

Mr. Richard W. Heard and Miss Louise Fletcher were married on Saturday at Saint James Church, Armstrong, the home of the bride. They will take up their residence in Revelstoke.

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etc. A bounty will doubtless be placed on all owls, and also on the blue hawk, at the next session of the legislature.

A colony of land-seekers from Battle Creek, Michigan, have taken up land and will make their homes in the vicinity of Saramata. Included among the new arrivals are: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. John Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Link, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Powell, George Cook and Mrs. P. A. Thurston and Miss Thurston.

The Delta hay crop will be only about 65 or 75 per cent. of last season's.

Rafaelo Pisciardi, employed, by the Yale Colliery Lumber Co., has met death by drowning.

Repeated efforts to raise the sunken G. G. locomotive from the river have resulted in failure.

The body of William Jones, a Welsh miner who jumped into the Elk river a few weeks ago, has been found at Fernie.

The body of Alexander Muir, drowned at the Patrick Lumber Company saw mill on the Columbia river, having been washed down some 200 miles since the accident.

To cling for eight hours to their upturned heads in the Gulf five miles out from Point Grey, and to be rescued by a tug just as their strength was fast failing, was the experience of the present party of two fishermen employed by the Albion Cannery.

William Powell, president of District 18, United Mine Workers of America, accompanied by International Organizer James, is visiting Nicola, where they will endeavor to settle the dispute that has existed there for some weeks between the mine owners and the employees. Mr. Powell has been most successful in their efforts to establish industrial peace since assuming the duties of the present position. He will now find a way out of the difficulty at Nicola and restore harmony at that point.

Building to the Coast

The Spokane & B. C. Railway Company began building last week from Bonanza Creek, near the mouth of the river, to the coast. Forty men are engaged, and work began where the Midway & Vernon branch party quit grading twelve miles out of Midway three or four years ago. The Spokane & B. C. Company have secured the Midway & Vernon branch, which runs from Midway to Vancouver. They are already working on the coast from Spokane to Grand Forks, and this charter gives them power to build to Vancouver. It is said that an adjustment of the different charters will be made at the next sitting of Parliament, and work pushed through to the coast at once.

The work of deepening the outlet of Okanagan Lake into Dog Lake will be resumed, and Mr. Pugsley, Dominion Minister of Public Works, has indicated that the B. C. Government will be at once for the completion of the work, which was discontinued some time ago. The dredging and the present work with the department claiming that the work would have the effect of lowering the surface of Okanagan Lake and the outlet into Dog Lake. It did not take long from personal observation to see that the work would be very slight in comparison with the benefit which would be conferred on the beds at the moment of the explosion, which was at 1:30 this morning. It seems peculiar that Mr. Simpson should have been singled out as the object of this outrage, as he is a very quiet man and has been on good terms with the B. C. Government.

The strike leaders have arranged for a monster parade of strikers on Saturday afternoon, from 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock, in front of the B. C. Government building, where a picnic will be held. Prominent strikers will speak, and it is expected that five thousand strikers will be present. In their demonstration by a great number of sympathizers.

Grain Traffic on G.T.P.

Elaborate Preparations for the Making and Carrying of Wheat Crop

Winnipeg, July 28.—Plans upon an elaborate scale are being consummated by the Grand Trunk Pacific for the handling of the grain trade over its line between Edmonton and Winnipeg. This year's crop, in this regard, have kept pace with the construction of the track, with the result that even at the present time the facilities are very nearly adequate for the transportation of the splendid yield produced. By the time the binders begin their

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WANAMAKER WEDS

Elaborate Preparations for Secrecy at Second Marriage of Philadelphia Millionaire

London, July 28.—Rodman Wanamaker, son of Joseph Wanamaker of Philadelphia, and Violet, daughter of Eugene Guido Gruger, of New York, were married this afternoon at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, by special license. Extraordinary efforts were made to keep the affair secret.

Those who had been admitted to the confidence of the bride couple were pledged to secrecy and Mr. Wanamaker tried to throw off inquiries in his hotel yesterday saying word that he had gone to Scotland. The church was closed to everyone save a few invited guests and the ceremony was performed by eight acers, that the building was closed for cleaning purposes until tomorrow. Accompanied by Dorothy Warburton, his brother-in-law, Mr. Wanamaker drove up to the vestry entrance in a motor car shortly before twelve o'clock, even then the identity of Mr. Wanamaker was denied. Five minutes later the bride, accompanied by her father, arrived at the same entrance in an electric brougham, but the machine was directed to the main entrance. Mrs. Wanamaker entered the door, which was locked behind them. Shortly afterwards Violet, daughter of Mr. Wanamaker, arrived, and gave the password which admitted the church. The bride and groom were met by a chifton and a white picture hat with a large ostrich plume. Her mother wore a gown of cream colored silk, well known to the public, and she had on two continents, being a prominent member of the American colony in Paris. He is an officer of the French Legion of Honor which honor was bestowed upon him for his liberality to the British cause during the war. Her first wife, who was the daughter of Charles Ferdinand Henry, of Philadelphia, died nine years ago. Mr. Wanamaker is a widower, and has been married for some years, although he gave several large entertainments—three in London, and one in Paris. The presentation to society of his daughter, Mr. Wanamaker, subsequently explained that the wedding was a private marriage was conducted with due to his strong personal dislike for publicity, and he wished the wedding to be a quiet affair, with a little outside display as possible.

Besides the bride couple only three persons were present at the ceremony. Ambassador Lord, Barclay Warburton and the bride's mother, all of whom signed the register.

After the ceremony the couple started on an automobile trip through England. They will reside in Paris.

DYNAMITERS NOT IDENTIFIED

Perpetrators of Latest Glace Bay Outrage Still at Liberty

Parade Saturday

Glacé Bay, C. B., July 28.—No arrests have been made in connection with the dynamiting of Underground Manager Simpson's residence at Reserve during Monday night. The police are still endeavoring to identify the party who carried out the deed. The party who carried out the deed are still at large. The police are still endeavoring to identify the party who carried out the deed.

The quantity of dynamite used must have been large, as this was an underground mine. The dynamite would have been had the dynamite been placed in the wall or under the house. The police are still endeavoring to identify the party who carried out the deed.

Mr. Simpson and his family were asleep in their beds at the moment of the explosion, which was at 1:30 this morning. It seems peculiar that Mr. Simpson should have been singled out as the object of this outrage, as he is a very quiet man and has been on good terms with the B. C. Government.

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HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

FISHING RESORTS HANDY TO VICTORIA

V.—Sooke Lake

By Richard L. Pocock.
Whether Sooke Lake will ever afford Victorians an adequate water supply or not I know not, but that for many years to come it will afford those of them who care to go to it a supply of nice little trout of excellent quality and gamey little fighters withal, seems after a recent visit to the lake indis-

putable. Sooke Lake trout do not run very large on an average, going about three and four to the pound, with occasional rather bigger ones; but they are very plentiful, they fight well when fished for by sportsmanlike methods, and they rise well to the artificial fly, reports and rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. It seems to me a great pity that on this beautiful little lake, where the fish, though strong little fellows, which give excellent sport on the finest tackle and the smallest sizes of flies, do not as a rule run very large, fishermen should resort to the method which appears to be most fashionable there just now in order to try and catch as many as possible without that element of sport entering into the affair which consists in exercising a little skill and also giving the fish a fighting chance. To skull-drag a ten-inch trout from the depths of the lake with a worm-baited hook at the end of a wire trace to which is attached a four or five inch "reflector" spoon to attract the fishlet's attention seems to me to call for no skill at all, and to afford no sport at all, merely a joy in killing and possibly beating the other fellow in the number of fish brought home, and I must say I think (in common, I know, with some other anglers who habitually fish this lake) that such methods are hardly legitimate on a trout water where there is no need of such tactics for the sportsman to make a fair catch.

However, the chief point I wish to make at present is that the fly-fisherman contemplating a visit to this water need not be put off by hearing that the spoon and the worm are the only things with which trout may be caught there at this time of year. Indeed, if it came to a competition between an experienced and skillful fly-fisherman and the devotee of the reflector and the worm, I would be inclined to back the fly-fisherman, as my experience went to show that the fish would rise to a fly even towards the middle of a July day. Not that I made a very big basket, my attentions were too much divided between exploration, fishing and photography for that, but I hooked two fish at a cast twice during the morning and succeeded in landing the two on one occasion, losing one on the other. I found that near the edges of the reeds and where the deep water ended and the shallows began were the best places for trying the fly, and that almost any pattern of small fly presented without disturbance on the finest cast I could get in Victoria brought a response. July is scarcely the best month for trying fly-fishing, so I doubt not that earlier and later in the season the sport with the artificial fly in Sooke Lake must often be fast and furious.

Unfortunately the falls on the stream which flows from the lake into the salt waters of Sooke harbor are such as to prevent the passage of any fish through from the sea to the lake, or undoubtedly the fishing would be improved immensely, the trout which run up the lower waters of the river being noted for their big average size. I have never had an opportunity of seeing these falls, so do not know if it would be feasible to aid the passage of fish from the sea by the construction of fish ladders. If this could be done it seems reasonable to suppose that the average size of the Sooke Lake trout would be substantially increased.

Sooke Lake is a long way the most picturesque of the lakes in the comparatively near neighborhood of Victoria, and affords an ideal camping place for a summer holiday, a fact which is taken advantage of by not a few people already, and probably would be by much greater numbers did they but know what a charming spot it is and how easily reached.

Every Saturday afternoon in the season a stage leaves Cameron & Caldwell's stable on Johnson street direct for the lake, returning every Sunday afternoon about four o'clock. Those who do not wish to be bothered with tents can arrange with the owner of the stage for cabin accommodation at his place at the lakeside, called "The Maples," where he has a number of variously sized cabins, picturesquely situated and fitted up with bunks and cooking utensils. The distance from Victoria by road is twenty odd miles and takes about four hours by stage. It goes without saying, of course, that the drive is a very picturesque one, the scenery being varied and impressive, the one drawback possibly being the stiff climb to the summit each way, when our genial driver facetiously remarked that there was a little hill which he hoped the gentlemen would not mind walking to ease the horses. Still the walk afforded a change on a long drive and a chance to stretch one's legs.

The railroad can be taken as an alternative route to the lake, but this entails a walk or ride of some five or six miles from the track to the lake. However, it is a trip taken by many a cyclist fisherman who has only a single day at his disposal.

A DAY OF DISASTERS.

It is a generally accepted fact that patience is a most necessary quality for the angler to possess—in fact, it should be as much a part of his stock in trade as his rod and reel. I am a very ardent fisherman, and yet I have never

credited myself with being the possessor of the smallest particle of that very desirable virtue. On looking back, however, at a certain day I spent in pursuit of the wily trout on a remote loch I have come to the conclusion that I must have been a veritable Job to have ever taken a rod in my hands again. The day in question was an ideal one, but it is always the ideal days that prove disastrous. A considerable amount of rain had fallen during

the humble velocipede is a cheaper method of transit than the jaunting car, with its mercenary jockey, and all went as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell till my bicycle punctured at the end of the first mile. Half an hour was spent in repairing the tyre, and no sooner had I started again than another puncture occurred, this time in the front wheel. I rode the rest of the way on the rim, which is calculated to have a jarring effect on one's

bad job, and, having put up our rods, we pushed off from the shore. Whether N. gave a lustier heave than was absolutely necessary, or whether I slipped on the damp boards, I have never been able to discover; but the fact remains that I sat down with considerable violence on my rod, and neatly severed my top joint in two places. I smiled. I am in the habit of using every word in my vocabulary when I break a cast or lose a fly, which

N. announced that he had had enough of pulling a lumbering barge against a gale of wind, so I took a turn at the oars while he fished. The wind, however, was so strong that it was impossible to cast with any degree of accuracy, but in a very few seconds he was rewarded with a smart tug that made his reel shriek, and after a scene of wild excitement it was discovered that the tail fly was fast in the blade of my oar. Unfortunately I was pulling a lusty stroke, and the discovery was made too late to save N.'s cast. I still maintain, however, that the fault was not mine; but N. has different views, though I think his opinion was prejudiced by the fact that he had forgotten his cast box, and was unable to replace the broken one.

A sudden lurch then disclosed the fact that the tub had taken full advantage of the momentary lull in rowing and making a steady ten knots an hour had deposited us on a lee shore, having covered in three minutes the half mile we had gained after twenty minutes' hard rowing. I again took a spell at the oars; but, despite my efforts, we failed to reach the other side, and gradually drifted down the loch. N.'s casting, which, owing to the gale resembled Mayfly fishing with a blow line, was not rewarded with any degree of success; in fact, he seemed to spend the greater part of his time in replacing the flies, which cracked off with alarming frequency. At last we grated on the western end of the loch, having made a leeway of a mile and a half, as compared with twenty yards' headway, which rather spoilt my reputation as an oarsman. I then took a turn at casting, and almost immediately a misguided fish, evidently suffering from some affection of the eyes, took my tail fly, and, after circling the boat three times, was at last brought to the net. Unfortunately he was never lifted out, as N. missed his footing at the critical moment, and both trout and net disappeared.

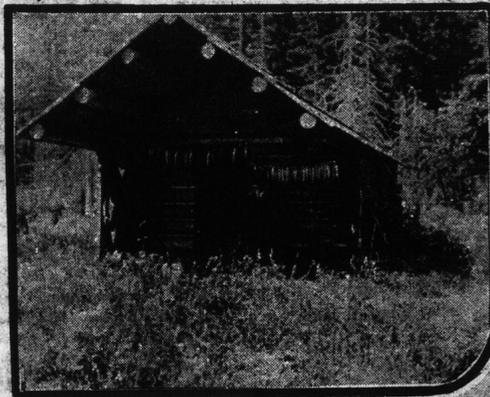
We then mutually decided that fishing was poor sport, and wondered why we had wasted so many hours on such a futile and exasperating pastime. Taking down our rods, we manned the oars, and with lusty strokes shot out into the lake on our return journey, but at the end of ten minutes we found that we had not shot far. Judging by the work we had put in, we expected to see the shore fading away into the blue distance, and we were therefore somewhat pained to find it only twenty yards off. At last, by hugging the side, we managed, after the most strenuous labor, to creep up the lake till we were within 100 feet of the landing stage.

"A few more lusty strokes will do it," said N.; and they did, for as the first lusty stroke snapped my oar in half, the second and I shot backwards off the seat into 6 inches of water that covered the bottom boards, while the barge, revelling in its new-found freedom, careered off in the teeth of the gale. Ten minutes would have seen us back where we had started, and then I did a gallant thing. Without pausing to remove his clothing he snatched the painter and jumped over the side. I was just trying to work up a pretty little speech for breaking the news to his widow when N.'s voice recalled me to more mundane matters, and I then found that he was standing in the lake with the water up to his knees and dragging the boat shorewards. I learnt afterwards that the loch is of a uniform depth of 2-1/2 feet, except in one spot, which N. knew well, so his deed was not so gallant as I at first thought.

Once ashore, and having left the terrors of the deep behind us, we were confronted with the horrors of a wet and greasy road, a punctured bicycle, and a head wind, for the gale had veered round in a most unaccommodating manner. We decided not to risk it, and, having discovered that a small wayside station lay a mile to our left, we hurried along the track to intercept the train that, according to N.'s time-table, was now due. The going was very rough, and not by any means improved by the heavy downpour of rain that then set in, but we arrived at the station just as the train came round the curve. "I hope it stops here," said N., panting for breath. "Don't you know?" I gasped, in horror-struck voice. "No," he replied; "my time-table doesn't show this station at all. If it doesn't pull up here, we are a mile out of our way, the gale's blowing harder than ever, and the rain doesn't look like stopping." The rain did not stop, neither did the train, and over the miseries of the return journey I will draw a veil.—Scudamore Jarvis, in The Field.

THE BIRTH OF NATIONS

(Continued from Page Four)
for they believed that they might thus succeed in surreptitiously fixing a grasp upon the Irish soil, and might be able to oppress the Irish people again. . . . The three captives, therefore, coming from the ports of Norway, landed in Ireland with their followers, as if for the purpose of establishing trade; and there, with the consent of the Irish, who were given to peace, they took possession of some seaboard places, and built three cities thereon, to wit: Dublin, Waterford and Limerick. Dublin remained in the hands of the Norsemen for more than three hundred years, and thirty-five Scandinavian kings governed it in succession. It became a very important city and a centre of active commerce. Even as late as 1650 we are told that most of the merchants of Dublin claimed descent from the first Norwegian Irish king, Olaf Kwaran. About the eleventh century the power of the Norsemen began to wane and they were finally completely overthrown at Clontarf.



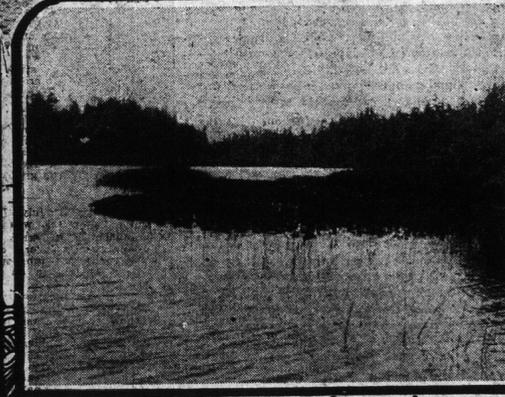
TWO FISHERMEN AND THEIR DAYS' CATCH, SOOKE LAKE



THE MAPLES, SOOKE LAKE



A SUMMER RESIDENCE, ON SOOKE LAKE



THE LOWER NARROWS, SOOKE LAKE

the last twenty-four hours, and N. and myself had every reason to expect that a large number of sea trout had found their way into the loch with the increased flow of water. Whether such was the case we were unable to discover, but they certainly gave no signs of their presence.

We started off at midday on bicycles, it being a recognized and indisputable fact that

nerves, especially when a fifty-knot gale is blowing in one's face. In due course we arrived at the loch with our tempers severely frayed at the edges, and found that our boat was in use, and that the only craft at our disposal was a huge, unwieldy tub, with the lines of a packing case and a disposition to make as much leeway as a hop in a jug of beer. We, however, determined to make the best of a

is a foolish and extravagant procedure, as it leaves one in such a helpless predicament when anything real serious occurs. There was only one thing needed to make my cup of bitterness full to overflowing, and that was the discovery that I omitted to put my second top in the landing net handle, but this I was spared.

By the time I had fitted my rod up again

The City of Brass

(By Rudyard Kipling.)

(Reprinted from the Morning Post, London)
Here was a people whom, after their works, thou shalt see wept over for their lost dominion; and in this palace is the last information respecting lords collected in the dust.—The Arabian Nights.

In a land that the sand overlays—the ways to her gates are untrod—
A multitude ended their days whose fates were made splendid by God,
Till they grew drunk and were smitten with madness and went to their fall,
And of these is a story written; and Allah alone knoweth all!

When the wine stirred in their heart their bosoms dilated,
They arose to suppose themselves kings over all things created—
To decree a new earth at a birth without labor or sorrow,
To declare: "We prepare it today and inherit tomorrow."

They chose themselves prophets and priests of minute understanding,
Men swift to see done—and outrun—their extreme commanding—
Of the tribe which describe with a jibe the perversion of Justice—
Pandars avowed to the crowd whatsoever its lust is.

Swiftly these pulled down the walls that their fathers had made them—
The impregnable ramparts around they razed and relaid them
As playgrounds of pleasure and leisure with limitless entries,
And havens of rest for the idle where once walked the sentries;
And because there was need of more pay for the shouters and marchers,
They disbanded in face of their foeman their slingers and archers.

They replied to their well-wishers' fears—to their enemies' laughter,
Saying: "Peace! We have fashioned a God which shall save us hereafter,
We ascribe all dominion to man in his factions conferring,
And have given to numbers the Name of the Wisdom unerring."
They said: "Who has eaten by sloth? Whose unthrif has destroyed him?
He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him."

They said: "Who has toiled? Who hath striven, and gathered possession?
Let him be spoiled. He hath given full proof of transgression."
They said: "Who is irked by the Law? Though we may not remove it,
If he lend us his all in this raid, we will set him above it."
So the robber did judgment again on such as displeased him,
The slayer, too, boasted his slain, and the judges released him.

As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the nation,
They harried all earth to make sure none escaped reprobation,
They awakened unrest for a jest, in their newly-born borders,
And jeered at the blood of their brethren betrayed by their orders.
They instructed the ruled to rebel, the ruler to aid them;
And since such as obeyed them not fell, their Viceroy obeyed them.
When the riotous set them at naught they said: "Praise the upheaval!
For the show and the word and the thought of Dominion is evil—
They unwound and flung from them with rage, as the rag that defiled them,
The imperial gains of the age which their fore-runners piled them.

They ran panting in haste to lay waste and embitter forever
The wellsprings of Wisdom and Strength which are Faith and Endeavor.
They nosed-out and digged up and dragged forth and exposed to derision
All doctrine of purpose and worth and restraint and prevision;
And it ceased, and God granted them all things for which they had striven,
And the heart of a beast in the place of a man's heart was given. . . .

When they were fullest of wine and most flagrant in error,
Out of the Sea rose a sign—out of Heaven a terror,
Then they saw, then they heard, then they knew—for none troubled to hide it,
That an host had prepared their destruction: but still they denied it.
They denied what they dared not abide if it came to the trial,
But the Sword that was forged while they lied did not heed their denial.
It drove home, and no time was allowed to the crowd that was driven,
The preposterous-minded were cowed—they thought time would be given.
There was no need of a steed nor a lance to pursue them;
It was decreed their own deed, and not chance, should undo them.
The tares they had laughingly sown were ripe to the reaping,
The trust they had leagued to disown was removed from their keeping.
The eaters of other men's bread, the exempted from hardship,
The excusers of impotence fled, abdicating their wardship.
For the hate they had taught through the State brought the State no defender,
And it passed from the roll of the nations in headlong surrender.

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On the Roof of the World



ALCUTTA was hot—steaming! The air was a white haze and dust clouds blinded the passers by.

On the broad verandah of the Great Eastern hotel, when the sultry afternoon lay heavy as a pall on body and soul, the weary guests reclined on long chairs, the men taking frequent "pegs," the women languidly sipping tea.

Below, in the hot street, which so far as public buildings, shops and cafes, gardens and statues are concerned, might have been in Montreal or Toronto, so ultra-modern as they appear, passed in incessant throng the bare-headed, bare-footed Bengalis—a nervous, volatile and effeminate people—clad in white muslin and excitedly gesticulating. We watched vaguely and languidly the incongruous scenes: electric trams whirring past bullock carts of mediaeval form and fashion; English officers most correctly groomed, riding on big walters past sensuous and much-bejeweled nautch girls; civilian officers leaning back in their elegant carriages; hobbling beggars each with staff and bowl; half-naked coolies mending a road; crowds of toy-sellers, sweetmeat vendors, snake-charmers, touts; guides and tourists in white ducks and helmets staring at the eccentric commonplaces of Europe and Asia here placed cheek by jowl, as it were for their special amusement.

The Bengali is the pet aversion of the average Englishman, more especially the Anglo-Indian. He talks too much. He riots in a multiplicity of tedious details. He hates athletics, bodily exertion. He expounds political opinions—the Anglo-Indian most fervently detests politics—and holds and expresses views on the future of India. He is the most un-English person on the face of the earth, and therefore by every true sahib who believes in roast beef and violent exercise, cordially despised.

Calcutta is the headquarters of Indian discontent; the Bengali is the most bitter and the most verbose critic of the Government. Just then he was indulging in a Silent Strike and setting an example in tactics by which the discontented French telegraphists profited a few months later. That is, he went through the routine skilfully, and wilfully made many mistakes. Telegrams went to the wrong addresses or didn't go at all. Letters were sent far astray. Business was seriously impeded. It was a trying period.

"They're not men," growled a Post Office official from his deep chair; "the babu makes an admirable clerk, but as a rebel he is an utter failure. He would run from his own shadow. But he is nevertheless dangerous. His seditious schemes may incite the Punjabis to revolt. Recently two Sikh regiments had to be disbanded. We expect another Mutiny; it might break the monotony of things, and that would be something. What do they want? Nobody knows—the Bengalis least of all. England is too generous and too lenient. Great Scott! If an Englishman now looks the wrong way at a babu, much less strikes him, he is brought to court, and it is a fine of a hundred good rupees."

The Anglo-Indian waxed wroth at this great injustice. With the finger of scorn he pointed over the way to a big white building. "That's the Viceroy's kitchen," said he. "From there food is carried to the Residency. You see that beggar without a rag to his back and ashes and cowdung on his hair, sitting silent at the gates? Well, he would rather starve—rather die a dozen deaths—than touch a bite the Viceroy had so much as looked at. What can you do with people who will not eat with us or drink with us or have anything at all to do with us, except take our money, lose our letters, and talk at and worry us into an early grave?"

To the stranger nothing seemed more natural than a strike from all kinds of toil in this muggy, oppressive climate.

"This is the cold weather," continued the official, lifting a handkerchief to his moist brow. "Wait till the hot season commences! Then you will know the beauty of our India."

The glory of Calcutta had vanished. The season was almost over. Tired of festivities—the endless parties and balls, the polo and the tennis tournaments, the brilliantly spectacular races—important officials both civil and military, worn out with work and amusements, and the fashionable English visitors who flit like butterflies from London's fog and gloom

to Calcutta during what is termed the cold weather, began talking of the fresh delights of Simla and Darjeeling.

Bengal was a hotbed of sedition. Everybody looked discontented, as if going on strike. Calcutta seemed to have formed a conspiracy of heat and native ill-feeling that made life a heavy burden for the true sahib for whom the universe was created.

It was quite time to go up to Darjeeling!

Train traveling in India is not always delightful. The journey to Darjeeling, the "Queen of the Hill Stations," takes twenty hours. It has none of the vaunted "luxuries of Oriental travel," but luckily it is broken and diversified and, in its utilitarian way, is almost a romance.

In the afternoon, from the Sealdah station, the train leaves Calcutta. There is much bustle on the platform. Native guards and porters get excited and lose their heads. They rush frantically to and fro; bow, politely to the wrong persons; wave their arms; shriek directions to subordinates; and hold peculiar and most original views as to what time the train starts.

Passengers grow hot and cross. "Jow!" (be off) they reiterate at frequent intervals and with increasing irritability to newsboys and fruit and sweatmeat sellers crowding round the windows. The train at last moves out, and soon is gliding past the Calcutta suburbs. There are graceful clumps of palms; ponds choked with yellow and scarlet leaves; dusty villages with their mud huts, within mud walls, peeping out from under the broad-leaved trees—soon giving place in turn to the open country, the rich rice fields of fertile and exuberant Bengal.

A fat Babu dressed in High Holborn coat and hat, but with bare brown legs showing under his immaculate white muslin skirt, puts on his gold spectacles and solemnly reads the mining and stock exchange reports. Three young Eurasian bloods, Indians in appearance, English in manners, with the weaknesses of both races amalgamated, their hats cocked at the back of narrow, receding foreheads—light cigarettes and chatter loudly as to their drinking exploits. They are blasé men of the world, clerks in the dry goods shop, who boast that they are seeing life, and endeavor to foster the impression that they are very gay dogs indeed. Their weak, mirthless laughter shocks the old babu. A gallant but very stolid Major, entrenched behind a barricade of luggage, sits scowling in a corner, enraged at having been placed in the same carriage with "natives."

At eight o'clock we come to the Damukden ghat, 116 miles from Calcutta, where a steamer is ready to convey all passengers across the ancient Ganges. Dinner is served on deck. Keen-witted Parsees attend to the catering, as to most of the money-making concerns of India. Once followers of Zoroaster, their worship of fire has long since changed to the worship of gold. A ferry steamer, crowded with Philistine tourists and carrying prosaic mails, seems a desecration of the sacred river, but the kindly night cloaks daring incongruities, until even to the unimpressible Anglo-Saxon only the mystery and the majesty remain.

A train is waiting at the further shore of the Sava Ghat. "Boys" stagger under heavy boxes, and in reserved compartments spread out the bedding that is an essential of railway travel in India. For night journeying everyone supplies his or her own bedding. The more baggage the greater the sahib, so the Indian concludes.

Carriages are speedily stuffed with rugs and sheets and pillows. Bearers rush to and fro in order that the Major may not be soapless in the morning. The carriage becomes unbearably stuffy. The adipose babu lifts his thin legs, hidden in pajamas, into a top berth, and immediately snores happily. Tommy Atkins is to the fore. The night sounds with his husky voice. His cheerful accordion breaks forth in the latest hits of the Tivoli. You can tell to a nicety when he left England by the vintage of his song.

Some people manage to sleep; some snore; many growl at them and at the heat, and curse India from Tuticorin even to the Pass; others suffer in silence the long night through.

With worn-out and feverish passengers Siliguri is reached shortly after six in the morning.



MOOBLIES (FEMLES DEDICATED TO GOD SHANDOBRA)



GROUP OF BHOOTAS DARJEELING

At this little station of the Himalayas China has already made manifest its influence, conquering even the barrier of the great mountains. The Indian is slender, effeminate, over-refined, given to meditation and abstruse speculation, subtle-minded but servile; the Mongol of the Hills—the Lepcha or the Gurkha—is thick-set and robust, unintellectual but independent, a free mountaineer, healthy in body and in mind. The Indian retains but a slight hold on the things of the world; the stronger Mongol exults in the joy of life, breathes the happy content of the good earth, and at all times and in all seasons his big frame shakes with laughter.

Red-checked children in rags sell orchids they have just gathered on the hillsides. Old men and women, wrinkled by the winds and tanned by the sun, offer little knick-knacks and break into peals of laughter at the surprises of the tourist. One notes caste symbols marked on the brows of flat, yellow faces, the Hindu turban worn with the Chinese queue, influences of custom and of costume derived from both India and China curiously blended.

At Ghoom, where tea plantations spread their low bushes in the clearing of a hillside



A HILL WOMAN AND CHILD

At this little station the Darjeeling-Himalayan railway commences. This line, with a gauge of only two feet, is regarded as one of the greatest engineering feats in the world.

After the close, wearisome night, the morning air fills one with exhilaration. At last we are leaving the Plains! Weary people regain their spirits, and, taking their seats in the little open cars, talk of the mountains and the snows.

This journey is entrancing. The great plains of Bengal, the most fertile in India, quiver in the sunlight and stretch, vague as a dream, to the horizon. Within a few miles we pass through part of the Terai, at the foot of the Himalayas, the most famous jungle in India, dense with all the luxuriance of tropic vegetation; violent with the generative life of tropic rains and sun; an impenetrable wilderness of bamboos that grow enormous trunks; great creepers which cling and twine from tree to tree like living things; cane that rises sixty feet, and grass that sends up blades fifteen feet in height; immense tree ferns, jungle grasses and strange flowering plants born of the terrific heat and great humidity; a wild, primeval world through which still roam the tiger and the elephant, the buffalo, the sambar and the rhinoceros, but so swampy, so malaria-infested, that in summer it is deserted even by the wild beasts.

As the train ascends the first slopes, the forest replaces the jungle; at two or three thousand feet, oaks, acacias, groves of graceful bamboo, indiarubber, fig and mulberry trees make their appearance; at five thousand feet grow the Himalaya tree ferns, twenty feet high. Only on the hillsides may be seen the strange union of tropic and temperate flora; the pine embraces the palm, Heine's lovers united; the orchid clings to the oak; the tall bamboo wows the dark-veined ivy.

From five thousand to eight thousand feet, oaks and rhododendrons compose the mass of the forest—the latter not shrubs but trees bearing purple flowers. Still higher are seen pines, maples and the splendid deodars. To a height of eight thousand feet—the first range of the Himalayas—the forest follows the mountains to their summits, but in the higher ranges only a few brave trees and sturdy shrubs struggle to over 15,000 feet. Soon after all this vegetable life ceases, and nothing is left to the mighty mountains save the clouds and the sun and the eternal snows.

At Kurseong, where the train stops to take breath before running into Darjeeling, we seem to stand on the borders of two worlds—the Aryan and the Mongol. Ruddy hillfolk appear, yellow-skinned, flat-faced, slant-eyed, a stocky and a happy folk, Mongols who belong to an entirely different order of the human family from the Aryan.



BRAHMIN PRIEST

jungle, the famous Ghoom dwarf, a serious little man, passes slowly along the platform from carriage to carriage, holding out his cap for backsheesh. He scorns to beg—simply holds out his cap, glances without a smile at the coins tossed into it, and passes on. He has taken the place of the late Ghoom witch, an old lady who plied the same trade of begging, and left a fortune for the assistance of less fortunate members of the craft.

An hour's run takes one past tea plantations, by valley and stream, villa and garden, down the slope to Darjeeling, the "Queen of Hill Stations"—the end of every Calcutta resident's heart's desire.

Darjeeling, from a Tibetan word meaning "ice-abounding place," glitters with brilliant sunshine; the air from the snowy mountains is pure champagne. After the heat and discontent of Calcutta, stolid people caper like little children and shout for very joy.

Darjeeling is beautiful. Across the tree-clothed valley rises the great snowy range, inaccessible, majestic, peak overtopping sun-riomed peak. Twelve peaks can be counted that rise over 20,000 feet and none sink below 15,000 feet. The nearest point with perpetual snow is Nursing, 35 miles distant, and the farthest Duki, 73 miles away. Below in the valley of the Ramjit, are rich wooded hills, villas and gardens, tea plantations, villages of the hill folk; while straight in front, apparently within hand's reach, although 45 miles away, towering high above the other, picturesque peaks of the range, rises in solitary majesty Kangchenjunga, its vast rugged masses clear-cut against the cloudless blue sky, 28,000 feet high—that is 21,000 feet above Darjeeling. Upon it rest continually 11,000 feet of eternal snow.

One delights in everything—every walk, every view, the sunshine and the snow, the picturesque Thibetans, the keen, sparkling mountain air, even the huge logs burning bright in the dingy room fireplace.

Into the bazaar crowd a variety of interesting hill folk, speaking many languages—Lepcha, Bhoota, Nepalese, as well as Hindi and Bengali—buying and selling, carrying enormous loads on their backs, begging from astonished tourists, and laughing at everything.

From Nepal, an independent state between Thibet and British territory which contains Mount Everest, come various peoples of Tartar or Chinese origin, the most famous of which are the Gurkhas. The Gurkhas are small men, thick-set as bulls, agile as monkeys, far from being handsome or intelligent, but brave and reckless soldiers and hunters. They are still semi-barbaric and live only for fighting and the chase. In peace or war the Gurkha carries his big, heavy knife, rudely carved on hilt and blade, with which he will attack a tiger, kill his enemy, or slice vegetables with equal neatness and despatch. Through the bazaars of Calcutta these little men will swagger, with the borrowed airs of the Scottish Highlander, ready at a glance to attack a score of unwelcome Bengalis. The Gurkhas are petted by the English, for they despise the Hindus, are incapable of any mental exertion, which in the mind of the sahib suggests nothing but sedition, and love fighting for fighting's sake—a careless, happy mountain folk.

From Sikkim come the Lepchas, also short and stocky, with flat Mongolian faces and yellow skins, their hair plaited in the queue, clad in their cotton cloaks striped blue and worked with white and red, loosely thrown round the body so as to leave the arms free, and broad-brimmed straw or bamboo hats. As well as skirt and petticoat, the women wear a sleeveless woolen cloak covered with crosses and fastened with a silver girdle. Unlike the Gurkhas they are mild and peaceful.

Some hundreds of Thibetans have come to Darjeeling, filling the bazaars with their laughter and their curios.

The erst Forbidden Land, which lies to the north of India, with the Kuen-lun chain on the north and the Himalayas on the south, forms an immense tableland, the very "roof of the world," its mean height above sea-level being approximately three miles. The people are mainly pastoral, ruddy and picturesque mountaineers, with magnificent physique and great, broad foreheads, suggesting much natural intelligence. They have long, sharp noses, Mongol eyes, a tanned yellow skin, and straight black hair twisted into a pigtail. They wear trousers and kilts, loose, heavily-padded jackets with flowing sleeves, open boots and stockings made of one piece of cloth, dark woolen leggings, round cloth hats turned up at the brow, and make a big display of ornaments, big brass beads, curious charms and idols, earrings of turquoise-like copper plates, and necklaces of silver or coral or solid gold. They have the manner and carriage of the freedom-loving mountaineer; and, unlike the Indians, they are a people who have learned how to laugh. Laughter seems, indeed, their chief business in life. Men, women and children all have the same exuberant sense of fun. They laugh all day long, with lusty, side-shaking peals; there is no laugh to compare with the Thibetan's. They are an uneducated, childish people, but they possess all the elements of a powerful race: robust physique, mother wit, strength of character. They are a big people and should stand for big ideas. Pettiness and gloom seem to have no place in these great mountains.

In an eating house, at rude wooden tables, sit a party of the mountaineers devouring a kind of soup and vastly amused at everything. Thibetan girls, ungraceful owing to their thick garments, but glowing with health and strength, smoking big cigars, stand around the doors and laugh at the men.

Outside her little shop an old Nepalese woman, red and wrinkled as a winter apple, humming to herself, spins white wool on an old-fashioned wooden spindle. Coolie women, their strength suggesting that of Hercules, carry heavily loaded baskets on their backs, with straps tied about their foreheads. In this manner, says an old resident, one Thibetan woman can carry a piano up a steep hill. The roads are so steep that driving is impossible and coolies, mainly women, take the place of ponies and carry almost as much. Three of these big women, unbent or dispirited by labor, sleep beneath their great baskets. A strapping child carries a smaller child strapped to her back, and at a corner of the bazaar square watches four small boys playing marbles. These children form a strange group; one a Chinese boy, with his comical loose blue trousers; the sec-

ond a long-nosed Thibetan; a third a yellow-faced Nepali; the last a little quaint round hat.

A German antiquarian, a Thibetan language, which master, makes a fine display of the earth in his little or rather museum. Every curiously made, is stamped with a Thibetan character. There is no mistake in anything.

The old German has just the Hamburg Museum. He points out the sacred trumpets, incense burners, censers and incense vessels both large and small, ear and nose rings of silver, a Snow Devil dagger, a Thibetan winter is but to frighten away the bad spirits of the earth; devils, male and female, and Light; skulls and human figures, and treasured as relics of Buddhist rewards and punishment of Buddhas of all size yellow ivory idols, dragons, lamps, old arms, helmets, many red books!

As he fixes up the case of the Museum he tells a few visits into the Forbidden Land through the Jelap Pass, the range that divides Sikkim from Yalung Valley, the Armo Chumbi Valley, now garison force, but where formerly a turned back all European visitors to pass into Thibet. He saw tier, castles and palaces, pagodas; at one place the who is regarded as an incarnate in his silken tent; an immense turned day and night by a st-

Ideas of

People never tire of dream day in the far future when will be established between the tians. Sometimes rude shocks ed to their fond hopes when s who has been puzzling the scientific point of view, publishes his investigations: Professor one of those who thus seek to popular delusions. He scours idea that the inhabitants of planet are anything like ourse declares) would probably live fish out of water, on account of the Martian air. If a breath could be supplied him' his would doubtless be that he w sun-baked desert. Not a sign anywhere, nor a wisp of cloud would even look in vain for a tree to break the bald monotonous baked rock and sand.

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Curiosities of Temp

Looking upward, the m small blue and very bright s sky by day. If by chance h stormy weather, the storm w carrying huge clouds of dus lightning and thunder that strange feeble sound in the l midsummer quite likely the the early afternoons, would anybody could stand on our Mars the absolute dryness temperature quite bearable. there would be a sudden fall and the visitor would be luck catch a cold.

The dryness of the air w man's skin, which would so cracked unless attended to v something of the kind. In w bitter cold pervades, blanket is with such a thin atmosp away from the great central sun. But here again the would moderate the effects.

The Martian hosts would take their guest inside their c he would spend the winter u houses and in crystal-covered spring the man would of cot behold the most important Martian year—the melting of where each season the scanty locked up and the vast en dumping it all over the plan

and a long-nosed Thibetan; the third a red-faced Nepali; the last a little Lepcha in a quaint round hat.

A German antiquarian, a student of the Thibetan language, which takes years to master, makes a fine display of curios of the Forbidden Land in his little Darjeeling shop or rather museum. Every article, however crudely made, is stamped with race and character. There is no mistaking any Thibetan thing.

The old German has just prepared a case for the Hamburg Museum. With pride he points out the sacred trumpets and bells; the ringing censors and incense-bowls; praying wheels both large and small; beads, necklaces, ear and nose rings of red and blue; a Snow Devil dagger, which in the Thibetan winter is buried in the snow to frighten away the bad spirit that freezes the earth; devils, male and female, of Heat and Light; skulls and human bones made into curios and treasured as relics; great sacred vessels and vases heavily wrought with decorative carving, among which one bowl has held the ashes of a Lama; symbolic pictures of Buddhist rewards and punishments; a multitude of Buddhas of all sizes and materials; yellow ivory idols, dragons, huge hanging lamps, old arms, helmets, manuscripts of sacred books!

As he fixes up the case for the Hamburg Museum he tells a few visitors of his expedition into the Forbidden Land. He travelled through the Jelap Pass, the lowest pass in the range that divides Sikkim from Thibet, the Yalung Valley, the Ammo river, and the Chumbi Valley, now garrisoned by a British force, but where formerly a Chinese guard turned back all European visitors who hoped to pass into Thibet. He saw, across the frontier, castles and palaces, fantastic temples and pagodas; at one place the Tashi Lama who is regarded as an incarnation of Buddha, in his silken tent; an immense praying wheel turned day and night by a stream of running

water, the sacred words "Om mani padme Hum" (Om, the Jewel of the Lotus, Hum) inscribed many times on rolls and placed in a cylinder, thus continually "making merit"; silken flags on which the same sacred words were embroidered and that "made merit" whenever the wind lifted them; in ancient villages priests beating sacred bells and twisting the dorie, a thunderbolt image to ward off evil spirits; everywhere in the shadowy tableland signs of the strange and elaborate symbolism of Northern Buddhism which differs in so many essential details from the Southern canon, the religion of Burma and Ceylon; the great lakes and sources of mighty rivers; the inaccessible mountain peaks; the strange animals—the bhural (wild sheep that look much like deer), the kiang (wild ass), the snow leopard, the great dogs, and the yak caravans carrying timber over the Phari plains—many of the countless marvels of this secret, mysterious plateau that forms the roof of the world.

"It's just too fascinating," declares a young American girl, eager and enthusiastic, accompanied by her proud mother. "I'm just mad on praying wheels," she further confides to the world in general, "can't we arrange an expedition into the Forbidden Land?"

The old man smiles. "There is no longer a Forbidden Land," he says. "In another year or two Cooks will be running conducted tours to Lhasa."

A sunset, vaguely suggesting something in Shelly or a Turner, illumines the mountains. Darjeeling is hushed. Everybody, tourist or Thibetan, gazes awestruck as the light of evening falls on the snows of Kangchenjunga!

At four o'clock in the morning giant Thibetan "boys," who seem absurdly out of place as hotel attendants, bring in tea and arouse the sleeping guests. The morning is bitter cold; sleepy people rub their eyes, gulp hot tea, scramble into their clothes, and stumble down stairs in the darkness.

Torches flare and disclose forms passing to and fro in the courtyard—Thibetan bearers,

little mountain ponies, palanquins, and tourists wrapped in great coats, rugs and blankets, stamping their feet and clapping their hands.

It is still some hours before daylight. At a signal ponies are mounted and the climb of the hills begins. Some ladies and two old gentlemen take their places in palanquins, which are lifted on the shoulders of bearers and carried off.

The stars are shining. Sheer up precipitous hills, swinging round the edge of cliffs, through dark aisles of the ancient forest, past white man's bungalow and native village, winding ever round and round, higher and higher, the little procession makes for the heights of Sanchal. Down in the warm valley the villages still are sleeping. The stars fade. The procession hurries on, spreading out in single file, through the darkness, in this land of mountains, to reach the heights before daybreak. The roads, lined on both sides by trees, are in good order; the sure-footed ponies, each followed by a "boy," and the stalwart palanquin-bearers, who proceed, laughing and shouting in their peculiar but rapid jog-trot, wind merrily round the steep hill.

There is a clatter of hoofs. Three of the travellers break into a gallop up the last hill. The "boys" race behind. One by one the others arrive, on pony or in palanquin—the fat German professor of botany and his wife; the American lady and her enthusiastic daughter who is fascinated with everything she sees; a young Cockney sportsman—a dozen distinct and separate types drawn from many lands and cities. Big Thibetan bearers lower their heavy palanquins or tether the little ponies.

This is Sanchal, the hill from which a grand view of the eternal snows is promised!

Everything is in darkness. A fire is started and coffee made. The Thibetans sprawl around the fire, strange-looking persons with peaked caps, their queues, their loose cloaks, and their long, pointed boots, smoking big pipes and still laughing. Some of the practical

tourists hold field glasses or cameras in readiness.

The dawn comes up in triumph. Red streaks break and burn upon the dark background of sky. Mists rise from the valley. Vapors roll from the shadowy mountains, forming vast clouds that, at the rising of "Surya" (the sun), scatter and float across the void, and sweeping its mauve and violet, crimson and purple, into illimitable depths of space. Bright rays enkindle the morning world. The golden bars burn brighter. The dome of transparent azure breaks into rose-dappled clouds. Over the edge of the dark distant hills a golden semi-circle rises—a molten mass, a globe of fire—glowing and glittering—triumphant—exultant! This is Surya, the Indian Sun God, with flaming locks, drawn in his chariot by seven ruddy steeds, one of the earliest of Vedic deities, the "Maker of the Day," "the Creator of Light," "the Radiant One," "The Lord of All the Stars," "the Witness of Man's Works!"

Let us meditate on the excellent glory of the divine Vivifier.

Thus, every morning at his rising, throughout India is the Sun addressed by the devout Brahmin. In the Vedic hymns He is the God among gods; He illumines the earth, He lifts his arms to bless the world; He infuses his divine energy into all his creatures; He is King of the Heavens and grants immortality. There is none greater than Surya!

Now his banners of pomp and splendor are carried across the yielding sky. The mighty mountains exult in the light. Nature undergoes a divine transfiguration. Mists roll from the mountain's heads. Harmony is born of the chaos. Above the clouds, challenging the sky, rise the mightiest mountains of the world, the dawn-light revealing peak after crimsoned peak, the Virgins of the Snows, their white breasts flushed with the rosy kisses of the sun.

The mind goes back to a primeval world—the world of the Vedas. These mountains, regarded without rapture by the blasé and cynical globe-trotters, offered the first grand inspir-

ation to the Aryan mind, and formed the cradle of the Aryan faith.

Upon the Himalayas rests Kailasa, Siva's Paradise; above the summits is the abode of the Devas—the Bright Ones.

Man, face to face with the primitive forces, offered simple invocations to the sky and the sun, fire and water, the winds and the dawn. The first Vedic hymns were chanted to such forces; to Aditi, the Boundless; to Him who is beyond the earth, the sky and the sun, the God of the Heavens; to Varuna, who lifted on high the bright and glorious Heaven and stretched apart the starry sky and the green earth; to mighty Indra, who brings the rains, overcoming Vritra, the demon drought, "saturating the earth with fatness and with drink abundant . . . pouring out food and wealth in kine and gold, and steeds and strength"; to Agni, God of Fire, the Benefactor who with later poets becomes the "maker of all that flies or walks or stands or moves on Earth"; to Rudra, the Roarer, and his sons, the Maruts, Storm Winds, companions of Indra, who with thunder and lightning lash the oceans to foam, shake the mountains, and make the earth to reel; to Ushas, the Dawn, the fair maiden in her glittering robes who ever eludes her ardent lover the Sun, at the very moment he is about to embrace her with his golden rays.

The morning grows clear and brilliant. No mist or vapor clouds the vision. Great rugged ranges lie all about like Titans in a vast primordial world. In a glory of light and color towers Kangchenjunga, with 11,000 feet of eternal snow—virgin, mysterious—his sweeping outlines and glimmering summits as serenely beautiful as on the First Day. And away in the blue distance, 90 miles as the raven flies, the morning light illumines the white, inaccessible crown of Everest, rising above his brothers and sisters, nearly 30,000 feet high, the highest mountain in all the world.

This is the "Roof of the World" for ever in communion with the primal forces—the Clouds and the Sun, the Dawn and the Storm Winds, the Silence and the Snows!

Ideas on a Visit to Mars

People never tire of dreaming about that day in the far future when communications will be established between us and the Martians. Sometimes rude shocks are administered to their fond hopes when some astronomer who has been puzzling the problem from a scientific point of view, publishes the results of his investigations. Professor Hugo Lieber is one of those who thus seek to abolish some popular delusions. He scouts the common idea that the inhabitants of the neighboring planet are anything like ourselves.

A man suddenly transplanted to Mars (he declares) would probably live about as long as fish out of water, on account of the thinness of the Martian air. If a breathing apparatus could be supplied him his first impression would doubtless be that he was in a horrible sun-baked desert. Not a sign of a mountain anywhere, nor a wisp of cloud in the sky. He would even look in vain for a little hill or a tree to break the bald monotony of dry sun-baked rock and sand.

If he landed in a Martian city or beside one of the canals or locks or other great engineering works, he would be so filled with wonder as not to notice the flat landscape.

The man's first attempt to walk would produce amazing results. Habit would cause him to expend three or four times as much energy as a few leisurely steps he would find himself making a succession of prodigious bounds. Should he wish to throw a stone at an approaching Martian, he would find it as light in his hand as a sponge. A ten or fifteen pound lump of iron or lead would prove a better missile. Throwing it with full force, the piece of metal would sail about a quarter of a mile before it struck the ground. Incidentally the man would be certain to miss the Martian because inevitably his earthly habits would make him throw it over the object's head.

Curiosities of Temperature. Looking upward, the man would see a small blue and very bright sun in a cloudless sky by day. If by chance he should land in stormy weather, the storm would be a wind carrying huge clouds of dust, with perhaps lightning and thunder that would have a strange feeble sound in the light air. But in midsummer quite likely the days, especially the early afternoons, would be hotter than anybody could stand on our earth. But on Mars the absolute dryness would make the temperature quite bearable. After sundown there would be a sudden fall of temperature and the visitor would be lucky if he did not catch a cold.

The dryness of the air would parch the man's skin, which would soon be dry and cracked unless attended to with vaseline or something of the kind. In winter doubtless a bitter cold pervades, blanketed as that planet is with such a thin atmosphere, and so far away from the great central heating station of the sun. But here again the lack of humidity would moderate the effects.

The Martian hosts would without doubt take their guest inside their cities and perhaps he would spend the winter under glass-roofed houses and in crystal-covered streets. With spring the man would of course be invited to behold the most important happening of the Martian year—the melting of the polar snows, where each season the scanty water supply is locked up and the vast engineering feat of pumping it all over the planet to give life to

the vegetation which supports the Martians.

A Very Superior Race. As to the Martian cities, they must be a sort of Heaven with a roof over it, for if there be living creatures on the little red globe they must be as far ahead of us in civilization and all the arts and sciences as we are above the jungle dwellers. Quiet, beautiful, dustless, dirtless places they, without a germ or an unpleasant noise or sight, and on all sides devices and inventions which we could neither use nor understand.

Such the cities of Mars must be, for the race that dug the canals cannot be supposed to live in the crude conditions of earthly life. Still, the irrigation of Mars is not such an inconceivable great undertaking as it would be to water the earth from the melting polar snows. In the first place, Mars has no mountains, and therefore no valleys to bar the straight flow of the water toward the equator.

Most important of all things aiding the Martian in his titanic task is the weakness of gravity.

Scientists conclude that the Martian, because of the rarefied atmosphere—which demands great lung capacity—and the lesser attraction of gravitation must be at least three times as big as an earth-dweller, and that the Martian's muscular strength equals that of about twenty-seven ordinary men. In a recent article Waldemar Kaempffert, taking the Martian to be such creature as described, says:—"His canal excavating possibilities on a planet where bodies weigh only one-third as much as on earth become truly awesome. A Martian laborer could perform as much work in a given time as fifty or sixty terrestrial ditch diggers and keep pace with a powerful Panama dredger. Two and one-half tons would be the average load that he could throw over his shoulder."

Engines on Mars would do tremendous work for their horsepower and weight, without making allowance for their increased efficiency, due to better construction. Are the Martian power producers chemical engines, or do they draw their power from the sun's rays, or have they discovered a way of tapping the planet's electrical energy?

These things are disputed by engineers just as the build and appearance of the inhabitants are. The only safe assumption about the looks of the inhabitants of the red world is that they in no way resemble us. The law of chances makes it hopelessly improbable that Nature in a distant world under greatly different circumstances would have happened upon the same scheme of being as ourselves for her highest type.

The Martian man may be a monstrous insect with his skeleton on the outside, or a sort of octopus such as H. G. Wells concludes, or almost anything but a human sort of a being.

Martian Delusions About the Earth. While our astronomers (says another critic) are peering at Mars and trying to determine what sort of life, if any, the planet holds, it is interesting to consider what the Martians think of us. In the first place, if their telescopes are no better than ours it is quite reasonable to suppose that they have proved to their own satisfaction that the earth is uninhabited.

For thousands of years, perhaps millions, they have been interlacing all parts of their planet with canals, with great difficulty drawing water from the "wells of the world" to

their parched equator. Looking at us they see similar areas of desert such as Sahara and Arizona, and permanent deep blue areas of oceans and seas.

Intelligent beings would of course promptly dig canals, from the oceans so big and accessible and irrigate this waste area. "But there are no canals," say the Martian astronomers, therefore, no intelligent beings.

Some sort of animal form might exist on the earth, the Martians may admit, but it would live at a great disadvantage, according to their ideas. They would know that our planet is so much heavier than theirs that no Martian creature could stand up here. So they must think of us as small, clumsy, heavy-legged beings, crawling about on short, stumpy legs. Perhaps four legs would not be enough to carry such a weight, and therefore man might be a sort of caterpillar. If four feet would carry us, then man is quite like a sort of turtle, the Martian philosopher may reason.

The telescope must show that our world is full of clouds, storms and rain. Raindrops on the earth are bigger, heavier, and fall with more force than on the ruddy planet. How much bigger and heavier they are must be a matter of speculation by the physicists of Mars.

Quite reasonably they may conclude that our raindrops and hail must fall with such destructive force that only a thick armor like that of the turtle would preserve us from destruction. So Martians charitably conclude that man, being a heavy-footed and slow-brained animal, battling for life in a dreadful sort of world, could not develop the brains or spare the time to improve his home as Mars has been improved.

Observing that our northern ice-cap extends far down the northern continents during the winter, the Martian may think that nobody can live on earth except in the tropics and sub-tropics, because surely such slow-going, stupid, turtle-creatures would freeze or starve in the snow, and could not migrate like birds and cattle.

The one feature of our globe certain to excite his envy would be our great lakes and oceans. According to Professor Lowell, all life on Mars must soon cease, because of the failure of her scanty water supply.

Plain English.

Mrs. Banks was just getting ready to go out while her patient husband waited in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded that her mouth was full of pins. A writer in the Toledo Blade tells the story.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff—sh—fispog?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," he agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wan—so—gs—ph—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that, he nodded; "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, James!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English?"

Our brains were given us to think with. Therefore form your own conclusions. But be sure your premises are sound.

Read something useful for half an hour each day and you will be surprised at the vast amount of information you will acquire in a short time.

The Ways of a Wasp

You will observe that I say "a" wasp. My object is not to hold forth on the habits of the genus wasp. The individual I have in view is a particular wasp who has been early on the job this year, and whom I encountered yesterday in a city cafe. I think I recognize him by his style and gait as a gentleman I met last season. He has the same smart coat, the same buzz, the same confident and self-possessed air.

That the genus wasp is a person with a very nice taste is borne out by what White says in his Natural History of Selborne—"The great pests of a garden are wasps, which destroy all the finer fruits just as they are coming into perfection." This wasp to which I refer kept up the tradition of his race. He seemed to be an epicure, because he passed, on entering, some very appetizing but plainer foodstuffs, and continued his course jauntily and without concern to a species of cake which dyspeptics have dubbed "deadlies"—all the while, however, artfully avoiding any human being who might be near him, and carefully avoiding also any cause of offence.

When he had partaken delicately of a pink-iced cake, he stretched himself, buzzed his wings, and then deliberately made his way yawning to a nicely-flowered partition curtain, and alighted on the pattern of a lily, just behind a bowl full of tulips of variegated colors. He did not seem to realize that I was watching him so closely, for he buzzed each wing separately one by one, and stroked the front of his coat, carefully removing one or two crumbs of pink sugar which adhered to it. He looked about him with a self-satisfied expression, and certainly he was not a bad-looking fellow in his shiny silken coat with gold facings.

Joyous Anticipation

Something at length seemed to make him lively. His olfactory nerves seemed to have been tickled, for his nostrils were distended, and he was sniffing softly. Soon I saw the cause of his interest. A pretty young woman, in white apron and cap, passed near us with an ice-cream which gave forth a slight vanilla flavor. Taking care to avoid the attention of the maid, my friend Mr. Wasp flew softly behind her, and I actually saw him choose a suitable nook in her cap, where he hid himself until she placed the ice before a charming female, who was seated with a young man who drank black coffee.

No sooner was the vanilla ice placed on the little table than Mr. Wasp left his nook in the maid's cap, and took up a concealed position behind the lady who had received the ice.

The ice took some eating, and was not long in melting. Perhaps the warmth of the conversation had something to do with that. Mr. Wasp gave one or two impatient buzzes as he saw spoonful after spoonful disappearing. But the young lady was too intent on the talk to notice anything of the kind. At last the gentleman and lady got up, the latter leaving nearly half of the ice.

Mr. Wasp carefully reconnoitered, and seeing his course clear descended upon the toothsome ice. It was funny to watch him licking his fingers and giving expression to his satisfaction—the gourmand—by an occasional little buzz of his wings.

At length a waitress advanced in his direction to remove dishes. She was at first unobserved by Mr. Wasp, who went on with his stolen feast. Evidently too, he was unobserved by her until she was almost touching

him. Then her attention was attracted to him as he gave a buzz of gratification. She uttered a piercing scream and drew back. A group of faces turned towards her with startled and inquiring looks. Then she collected herself, blushed and smiled and had to stand some chaff—which, however, did not seem unacceptable—from a young student-looking fellow in her vicinity.

But my eyes were on Mr. Wasp. That astute person had turned with the others when he heard the scream, and impressed by the closeness to him of a human being, made his retreat as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. I saw the 'cute' rascal taking a downward stroke, as it were, and coming up near a transparent jar of raspberry jam, where he had the good fortune to find a hiding-place behind it. I noticed the jar had been opened, and was nearly full.

From What a Height Fallen

At length he appeared again full in my view, and after doing a bit of walking round—appearing to be quite indifferent to the raspberry jam, but keeping an eager eye on it all the time—he flew into the air, and alighted on the rim of the jar. Gently he strode down into the luscious jam, and, evidently glad to find it was not treacle or gum, he had another good tuck in.

When he had finished with the jam he appeared to be in rather a gallant mood, and adopted a rakish mien. He flew over to a bunch of white cool-looking lilies and swung his hammock there, nestling in that sweet retreat and revelling in the glorious and nearly overpowering perfume.

All this was life! What a day he was having.

Just then a bright little lady fly seeking a resting place in the same bunch was surprised to find her waist encircled by a wasp's powerful arm. It was quite easy to see what was going on. The lady fly resented it at first with loud buzzing, but the wily wasp overcame her scruples with soothing words. They chatted away for a while, when all of a sudden another wasp appeared on the scene.

The unconscious lovers were caught in the midst of their flirtation, and in a moment the two wasps were wrestling and struggling with each other in deadly conflict. The lady fly stood by weeping and wringing her hands. It all happened so suddenly that I could not see whether the new wasp was a rival or the wife of No. 1, or his father or a creditor.

Suffice it to say that the two wasps rolled, buzzing and gasping and spluttering on to a side table. The conflict was awful. The combatants rolled about in an ecstasy of rage. When the conflict was at its height an elderly clergyman raised his newspaper, and with one overwhelming blow ended the fight, and simultaneously the lives of the two wasps.

The lady fly, who had been flirting with one of the dead heroes, was not to be seen.

What a change for that adventurous wasp No. 1. The sunlight, the music, the lilies, the tulips, the lilies, the flirtation, all the chatter and prettiness of the tea-room blotted out in an instant! But still he had had a great time—a royal time. He had got something out of life that day, and he had died an instantaneous and painless death. I found myself murmuring as I walked out into the street— "One crowded hour of glorious life Is worth an age without a name."

—John O' Groat.



LEAS DARJEELING

lights in everything—every walk, the sunshine and the snow, the Thibetans, the keens, sparkling even the huge logs burning in a dining-room fireplace.

Aazaar crowd a variety of interesting speaking many languages—tea, Nepalese, as well as Hindi—buying and selling, carrying loads on their backs, begging from tourists, and laughing at every-

thing, an independent state between British territory which contains many different peoples of various origin, the most famous of the Gurkhas. The Gurkhas are set as bulls, agile as monkeys, strong handsome or intelligent, but fearless soldiers and hunters. They live only for fight.

In peace or war the Gurkhas are big, heavy knife, rudely carved blade, with which he will attack his enemy, or slice vegetables with ease and despatch. Through the cuttings these little men will swagger borrowed airs of the Scottish gentry at a glance to attack a score of Bengalis. The Gurkhas are English, for they despise the incapable of any mental exertion, and the mind of the sahib suggests nothing, and love fighting for fight-careless, happy mountain folk.

From come the Lepchas, also short with flat Mongolian faces and yellow hair plaited in the queue, clad in cloaks striped-blue and worked in red, loosely thrown round the neck, leave the arms free, and broad-brimmed or bamboo hats. As well as the women wear a sleeve-cloak covered with crosses and a silver girdle. Unlike the Thibetans they are mild and peaceful. Hundreds of Thibetans have come to the bazaars with their curios.

The Forbidden Land, which lies to the north, with the Kuen-lun chain on the Himalayas on the south, immense tableland, the very "roof" of the world, its mean height above sea-level about three miles. The people are pastoral, ruddy and picturesque with magnificent physique and forehead, suggesting much nature. They have long, sharp noses, a tanned yellow skin, and their hair twisted into a pigtail. They wear kilts, loose, heavily-padded flowing sleeves, open boots and a piece of one piece of cloth, dark round cloth hats turned up and make a big display of ornate brass beads, curious charms and turquoise-like copper plates, of silver or coral or solid gold.

In manner and carriage of the mountaineer; and, unlike the Thibetans, are a people who have learned to laugh. Men, women and children in life. Men, women and children the same exuberant sense of fun. All day long, with lusty, side-shaking there is no laugh to compare with theirs. They are an uneducated, childlike race; they possess all the elements of a robust physique, mother wit, character. They are a big people and for big ideas. Pettiness and to have no place in these great

ing house, at rude wooden tables, the mountaineers devouring a vast and amusing at everything. Ungraceful owing to their st, but glowing with health and big cigars, stand around the high at the men.

A little shop an old Nepalese woman wrinkled as a winter apple, humbly, spins white wool on an old spindle. Coolie women, their resting that of Hercules, carry baskets on their backs, with their foreheads. In this man-d resident, one Thibetan woman fiano up a steep hill. The roads that driving is impossible and women, take the place of ponies as much. Three of these big at or dispirited by labor, sleep in great baskets. A strapping childer child straddled to her back, playing marbles. These children range group; one a Chinese boy, loose blue trousers; the sec-

Final Clear Out Prices From Men's Furnishing Dept

Values That Will Reach Your Highest Expectations



Men's Golf Hose, 25c

Regular 75c. Friday
MEN'S COLORED GOLF STOCKINGS, pretty shades of heather brown, green and blue, with fancy turnover tops. Value 75c per pair.

Friday Special, 25c

Boys' White Duck Shirts, 35c

Regular value 65c, for
BOYS' PURE WHITE DUCK TENNIS SHIRTS with soft turn-down collar. All sizes. Value 65c—
Friday Special 35c

Men's and Boys' Ties, 5c

Regular value 12½c. Friday
MEN'S AND BOYS' WHITE WASHING TIES, linen and fancy cotton, four-in-hand style. Value 12½c.
Friday Special 5c

Men's and Ladies' Collars, 1c

Friday Special
MEN'S BOYS AND LADIES' ODD SIZES IN WHITE STARCHED COLLARS, various styles—
Friday Special, each 1c

Men's Wool Sweaters, \$1.00

Friday Special
MEN'S NAVY AND WHITE PURE WOOL RIBBED SWEATERS, good, serviceable weight, roll collar—
Friday Special \$1.00

Men's Silk Drawers

Reg. value \$3.50, for 50¢
MEN'S PURE SILK DRAWERS, a few pairs of delicate pink shade, in sizes 36 and 38. Regular value \$3.50
Friday Special 50¢



Men's Lisle Drawers

Reg. \$1.75. Friday 50¢
MEN'S IMPORTED SILK LISLE DRAWERS, in pretty shades of grey and blue, extra fine quality, a few sizes 32, 34, 36. Reg. value \$1.75 per pair.
Special 50¢

Men's Wool Shirts, 50c

Regular \$1.25. Friday
MEN'S NATURAL LIGHT WEIGHT WOOL. Just a few shirts and drawers. Regular value \$1.25 per garment.
Friday Special 50c

Men's Undershirts, 25c

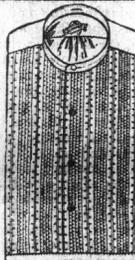
Regular 50c. Friday
MEN'S NATURAL SHADE BALBRIGGAN UNDERSHIRTS. Sizes 40, 42 and 44, a few for clear out. Value 50c—
Friday Special 25c

Men's Pure White Dimity Shirts and Drawers, 25c

Shirts cut coat style with short sleeves, and drawers cut knee length. Values 75c per garment—
Friday Special 25c

Men's Print Shirts, 35c

Regular 75c. Friday
MEN'S PRINT SHIRTS, clean looking prints, mostly black and blue stripes. Sizes 13½, 16 and 16½. Regular values 50c and 75c—
Friday Special 35c



Men's Tennis Shirts, 50c

Regular value 75c, for
IMPORTED WHITE HUCKABACK TENNIS SHIRTS, made with soft collar, buttoned down at points and back, full size bodies and strongly stitched. Value 75c—
Friday Special 50c

Men's Tennis Shirts, 50c

Regular 75c. Friday
MEN'S STRIPED TENNIS SHIRTS, cream ground with black, blue and green patterns, soft turn-down collars attached. Sizes 15½, 16 and 16½. Value 75c—
Friday Special 50c

Boys' Shirt Waists, 35c

Regular 75c. Friday for
BOYS' COLORED SHIRT WAISTS, with starched stand-up, turn-down collar, made in pretty woven checks and stripes. Sizes 10, 11, 12 and 13. Regular values 65c and 75c—
Friday Special 35c

Boys' Tennis Shirts, 35c

Regular value 65c, for
BOYS' WHITE MESH TENNIS SHIRTS, with a fine brown stripe, soft collar attached. Sizes 12, 12½, 13 and 13½. Value 65c—
Friday Special 35c

Bargains in Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs, Friday

CHILDREN'S COLORED BORDERED HANDKERCHIEFS — Special Friday, per dozen 25¢
LADIES' COLORED BORDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, different designs, each 10¢
LADIES' WHITE LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS, per dozen 50¢
LADIES' SILK FINISHED HANDKERCHIEFS, per dozen \$1.00
LADIES' FINE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, per dozen \$1.50

Our Furniture and House Furnishing Sale Starts Monday, Aug. 2.



Last Call From the Men's Clothing Department

Friday means a thorough clearance of all these bargains, the prices we have marked these goods at is sure to make them move quickly.

Clean-Up Prices on Men's Suits

MEN'S SUITS, made of mixed tweeds, fancy worsteds, flannels and homespuns. The season's very latest, up-to-the-minute styles, in two and three-piece effects. Regular \$12.50. Friday go-quick price \$6.75
MEN'S FLANNEL AND OUTING PANTS, specially well tailored, highest quality material. Regular price \$3.75. Friday's Clearance \$2.50
MEN'S FANCY VESTS, made of fine quality piques, etc. Regular values \$1.75 to \$2.50. Friday's Clean-up price \$1.00

Men's Straw Hats—Every Line Reduced to Half Their Regular Value.



Ladies' Night Gowns, Special, Friday, at \$1.25

LADIES' NIGHTGOWNS of fine quality Cambric, some are made with yoke of all-over embroidery, set with clusters of fine tucks; neck and sleeves finished with frill of hemstitched lawn; another style is made with round yoke of eyelet embroidery, trimmed with insertion and baby ribbon, sleeve finished with wide frill of embroidery—
Friday Special \$1.25

Children's Underwear at Clean-Up Prices for Friday

COTTON VESTS, short and no sleeves 5¢
COTTON VESTS, long and short sleeves, small sizes. Price 10¢
CHILD'S LONG SLEEVE VESTS, in sizes from 3 to 9 years 15¢
FINE GRADE COTTON VESTS in long and short sleeves 25¢
FINE RIBBED DRAWERS, white, knee-length, finished with woven edge, also tight at the knee, in small sizes 15¢
CHILDREN'S BLACK DRAWERS, knee length and tight-fitting, small sizes 25¢
Large sizes 35¢



Values of Astounding Merit

Women's Linen Coats, Regular value \$10.00. Friday \$2.50
WOMEN'S WHITE LINEN COATS, ¾ and ¾ length, loose and semi-fitting, smartly finished with stitched straps and buttons. Regular \$10.00. Friday \$2.50
Women's Linen Coats, Regular value \$15.00. Friday \$2.50
WOMEN'S WHITE LINEN COATS, ¾ length, loose fitting, inlaid collar and cuffs of lace, with insertion trimming over shoulders. Regular \$15.00. Friday \$5.00
Women's White Suits, Regular value \$30.00. Friday \$12.50
WOMEN'S WHITE SUITS in very fine quality of Irish linen. Coats ¾ length, fitted back, very handsomely trimmed with Irish lace. Skirt circular cut with girde effect, and lace trimmed to match coat. Regular \$30.00. Friday's price \$12.50
Women's Wash Suits, Regular value \$13.50. Friday \$6.50
ALL THE BALANCE of our Wash Suits, in all styles and colors, on sale Friday. Regular values up to \$13.50. This lot includes the jumper effect, also the plain coat and skirt. Friday \$6.50

Shirt Waist Retainers, 25c

GAIR'S "PERFECTION" Shirtwaist Retainer and Skirt Supporter, simple, indispensable and invisible, adjusted in a second. Price, each 25¢
For Sale at the Smallware Department

Prices From the Shoe Dept. Which Mean a Final Clean-Up

If you need Footwear for either yourself or family, you will find by coming to this store on Friday that your hopes will be fully realized, not only for quality and style, but the prices are so low as to make your purchasing here imperative.

Men's High Grade Shoes, Regular Values to \$6.00, Friday, \$2.90
THESE CONSIST OF Oxford and Blucher cut boots, in tans, ox-bloods or patent leathers. Are regularly sold at \$6.00, but in our July Sale we reduced them down to \$3.50, and now to make doubly sure that the remainder will move out, we have brought the price down to \$2.90
Women's Oxfords, Friday, for \$1.75
FRIDAY will see the last of these, made of the finest selected leather that is possible to procure, and built along lines that ensures a perfect fit, no matter what kind or shaped foot you may have. Just drop in here Friday and let us fit you at \$1.75
Boys' Boots, Reg. \$2.50, for \$1.75. Boys' Boots, Reg. \$4.00, for \$2.50
TWO EXTRA SPECIALS IN WOMEN'S FOOTWEAR FOR FRIDAY
Women's Strong Canvas Shoes, Reg. Val. \$1.50, Friday, for 90¢
IT IS SURPRISING what 90¢ will do at this store Friday. In fact, it will have nearly double its purchasing power, as we are placing on sale a specially fine line of Women's Canvas Shoes, in white, brown and black, the regular value being \$1.50. Special Clear-out Price for Friday 90¢
Women's High Grade Shoes, Regular Values \$4.50 to \$5.50, for \$3.45
THIS LOT consists of the famous Queen Quality Shoe, which is renowned for its long wearing qualities, style and finish, facts which it is needless to emphasize. They are in Oxfords, Slipper and Blucher cut boots. Regular values were \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$5.50. To clear out Friday at \$3.45
Women's Colored Canvas Shoes, Reg. Val. up to \$2.75, for \$1.50
FRIDAY will see big crowds taking advantage of this offering. These shoes are made of good quality colored canvas, fine turn soles, covered heels: in brown, blue, pink, helio, etc., also white canvas with embroidered vamp. Regular value \$2.75. Special Clear-out Price for Friday \$1.50

Clearance Prices on Silks

Colored Taffeta, Regular 75c and 90c, for 50c
COLORED TAFFETA SILKS, pink, light blue, navy, brown, gold, grey, nile, cardinal, reseda, old rose, peacock, garnet. Regular 75c and 90c. Friday 50c
Fancy Stripe Taffeta, Regular 75c to \$1.00, for 50c
FANCY STRIPED AND CHECKED TAFFETA SILKS, also Fancy Striped Louisine Silks and Tassau ground with colored spots. Regular 75c to \$1.00. Friday 50c
FANCY CHECKED LOUISINE SILKS. Regular 75c. Friday 25c
FANCY STRIPES AND CHECKS IN JAPANESE WASH SILKS. Regular 50c. Friday 25c
PLAIN CHECKS AND STRIPES, TAMALINE SILKS. Regular 50c. Friday 25c
PONGEE SILKS, 27 inches wide, light and dark stripes, new goods arrived too late for the season's trade. Regular 75c. Friday 50c

Our House Furnishing Sale Starts Monday, Aug. 2nd.

DAVID SPENCER, LTD.

Our House Furnishing Sale Starts Monday, Aug. 2nd.

VOL. L. NO. 271.

INDIANS ARE NASTY AT NOOTKA

Mike King, in Interview With Post, Says There is No Doubt That They Killed the Missionaries

MISSIONARIES SIDE WITH NATIVE

Travellers From Hazelton Say That Police Are Needed There at Once to Prevent Serious Consequences

That the unrest among the Nootka Indians is not confined to the Nootka district on the Mainland is affirmed by M. King, the veteran timber contractor, who with Thomas Terville, recently completed a tour of the Coast of Vancouver Island in Nootka district.

"There isn't the least doubt," Mr. King to the Post today, "that the Indians killed the missionaries. I think the police should be sent up there to bring the tribes out in a bunch. The Indians say much about the thing of it, but an old native with whom I came friendly some years ago told me on this last trip that the missionaries were shot about 11 o'clock one day while they were in camp."

"I found the Indians very crafty this time and my companion relied on their attitude more than I. I never let my rifle out of my hand all the time I was away, for I believe that the Indians will shoot a white man in a minute if they can get away with it."

"Following the shooting of the missionaries, the Indians were received in the Nootka district. Indians sent out word that more men would go to the mission if it came into the country. On one occasion when Terville and I were 15 miles from the steamship, the packers we had hired refused to take the duffle on by employing that are very efficacious in how to go about it. Afterward I learned that word had been sent to the Indians by a missionary at Nootka advising them to leave us if we refused to come to their tent."

"That policy on the part of the missionaries has done nothing to do with the present tide of the Indians, I believe. Missionaries give them to understand that they own the whole country; this turns them against the men."

"There certainly is no reason to make light of the situation. I know the Indians and the country for a good many years, by the Lovely Dove, I tell you it is safe for a white man to go into the country now unless he is prepared."

(Continued on Page Two)

THE NEWS OF TODAY

Le Roi mines to resume.
El Paso, Texas, becomes a town.
"Daily Mail's" special trade editor says British manufacture in Canada as the field of the future.
Vancouver citizens raise billow board.
Eighteen miles of warships in lent a sign of Britain's power.
Canadian inventor's armorplate flies severest tests of British Admiralty.
Four square miles devastated, buildings burned and 5,000 homeless by the Osaka fire.
Contract let for Ottawa's "Laurier".
Sea parrots of Fler Island extinction of scientists.
Kamloops gives reception tomorrow. Hon. F. J. Fulton and his bride will present the latter with a car of silver.
Dr. Robinson, late of the C. service, dies of an overdose of cyanide.
Troop of Baden-Powell Boy Scouts formed at Vancouver.
John Kaleski committed for murder.
Bank robber operates in Vancouver and gets away.
Australian-London liner missing with 300 passengers.
Bobbie Kerr defeated by Car Governor General's party through Winnipeg.
Czar and Czarina given special come at Cowes.
Victoria letter-sorter faces charge.
Conditions improved at Barcelona.
Disaster of Adowa re-enacted Spanish troops as victims.