

BRYAN GLAMOR BREAKS RECORD

Delegates Shout for Nebraska for an Hour and Twenty-Six Minutes.

CHICAGO LEFT IN SHADE

Convention Today Will Take Up Platform and Nomination.

Denver, July 8.—The Democratic National convention is marking time so far as the nomination of candidates...

The credentials committee unseated eight of Col. Guffrey's anti-Bryan Pennsylvania delegates...

The platform is still in an incomplete condition, and will not be presented until tomorrow...

The early meeting of the convention today was a scene of little practical progress...

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Quebec, July 8.—Capt. Talbot, of St. Ignace, who was in charge of the yacht Bernadotte going from Sorel to Quebec...

Struck by Lightning Woodstock, N. B., July 8.—Lightning struck the house of Chas. Howard today...

Drowned at Moncton

Moncton, N. B., July 8.—A young man named Carson was drowned while bathing in the Petitcodiac river last night...

Prohibition in New Brunswick

Moncton, N.B., July 8.—The Grand Lodge, I.O.G.T., today passed a resolution recommending that the question of provincial prohibition be deferred...

JUSTICE OVERTAKES YUKON MURDERER

Ned Elford Sentenced to Be Hanged for Killing of David Bergman.

Dawson, July 8.—Ned Elford, murderer of David Bergman, was yesterday sentenced to be hanged on October 6...

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ARMED FANATICS ARE DANGEROUS

An Attempt to Arrest Them is Likely to Result in Much Bloodshed.

RIFLES AND REVOLVERS

Leader Holds Inspector Tucker as Hostage for One of His Followers.

Sinclair, Man, July 8.—The pillaging of the wandering tribe from across the border, led by no less a personage than one who claims to be Jesus Christ...

What these instructions will be it is hard to say...

Constable McParlane, while trying to persuade the travelers to return over the border...

Two persons were reported missing, and it is thought that both parties are Daniel Sullivan, a workman from the district...

Yesterday Inspector Tucker happened along and started to question the travelers...

James Smith drove home Monday night with a lumber wagon and was followed by a party of men with rifles...

Speaking of the police this morning the leader said he felt sorry for them because they were blind...

The burned area includes piers 1 and 2 of the Grand Junction docks...

Seven vessels and lighters narrowly escaped destruction when the Leyland line pier was destroyed...

The fire started by the pier, which was moved to a place of safety...

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Rev. J. B. Sifton Toronto, July 8.—Rev. J. B. Sifton, formerly of Winnipeg, has accepted a call to the Northern Congregational church here.

British Trade Commissioner Ottawa, July 8.—Richard Grigg, has been appointed by the British government as trade commissioner for Canada...

Alleged Heir to Wealth

Chatham, Ont., July 8.—The story comes from the Kent County House of Refuge that Richard Dewey, who was committed to the refuge from Bothwell in 1894...

Winnipeg Teacher Drowned

Winnipeg, July 8.—Before the eyes of her two sisters and several summer residents, Miss Ivy Cull, 21 years of age, of the Winnipeg school teaching staff, was drowned yesterday in Lake Melville...

EAST BOSTON DOCKS SWEEP BY FLAMES

Heavy Property Loss on Waterfront—Two Persons Are Missing.

Boston, Mass., July 8.—Fanned by a north wind, a fire, believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion...

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HEAT'S VICTIMS IN NEW YORK

Thirty-One Deaths From Prostration Within Thirty-Six Hours.

STORM AFFORDS RELIEF

Scorching Day in Montreal Followed by High Wind and Rain.

New York, July 7.—A smart southerly breeze that followed a mild summer storm today filtered through New York's sun-baked streets tonight...

Twenty-one persons succumbed to the heat today, a total of 31 deaths from that cause in the last 36 hours...

The temperature dropped to 92 degrees after the storm this afternoon, and though the fall was only a few degrees...

Most of the business houses closed early in the afternoon, sending their clerks home...

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Jumped Into Niagara Niagara Falls, July 8.—An unknown man about 45 years old, apparently Canadian, committed suicide last night by jumping into the whirlpool rapids from the lower steel arch bridge...

Hull's Bargain with C. P. R. Hull, July 8.—After months of negotiation it was known in Canada and the United States that the city of Hull signed the agreement...

Knights by King Edward

St. Catharines, Ont., July 8.—A cablegram has been received by the B. McLaren, president of the Board of Trade, announcing that his son-in-law, Wilfrid L. Hepton, Lord Mayor of Leeds, has been knighted...

Dr. Grenfell's New Boat

Halifax, July 8.—Dr. Wilfrid T. Grenfell's little Arctic steamer Homluk, which sailed from Boston on July 2, is reported to be on the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland...

PARAGUAY REVOLT COST MUCH BLOOD

Over a Hundred Killed and Four Hundred Wounded—President Deposed.

Washington, July 8.—Information received at the state department today is that the estimated loss of life in the recent revolution in Paraguay was from 100 to 150 persons, while 400 were wounded...

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MINORITY REPORT IS VOTED DOWN

Majority View of the Hodgkins Charges Adopted on Party Division.

EXTENSION OF PROVINCES

Developments Indicate That Session is Nearing Its Termination.

Ottawa, July 8.—The House of Commons spent eight hours today discussing the charges made by Major Hodgkins against the Transcontinental railway commission...

Major Hodgkins, chairman of the commission, recalled the history of the whole matter, and referred particularly to the course which Major Hodgkins had followed...

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DEATH OF H. C. BEETON OCCURS IN ENGLAND

Pioneer Resident of Victoria Passes Away—Was Agent General for Province.

Word has just reached the city of the death at his home in England of H. C. Beeton, one of the pioneer business men of Victoria, who will be remembered as the founder of the important wholesale house of Turner, Beeton & Co. To the old-timers, the figure of the estimable gentleman who has just passed away was a familiar one, though to a majority of the people now living in the city he was unknown. Establishing in business at the age of twenty-two years, he was one of the prominent citizens, and frequently, in later years he visited the early scenes of his labors. He spent a portion of the years 1861-62 here, residing at Armadale, now the residence of Senator Macdonald. The Western-Superior June 20, thus recorded the death of Mr. Henry Coppinger Beeton, of Armadale, Clarence Park, in this town, which occurred on Sunday evening after a brief illness, at the age of 81 years. The deceased gentleman had been a resident in the town for about fifteen years, just before his resignation of the position of Agent General for London for British Columbia. Mr. Beeton was the son of a Londoner, who was one of the founders of the Commercial Gas Company, his connection with which he maintained from the time when that province was in its infancy. He had business relations in the colony for over twenty years—1846, he filled the office of Agent General in London, an honorary post which he held until the death of his father, but which he did not relinquish until 1860. He was a man of shrewd business instincts and a personal character, he was enabled to do much for the colony that could not be attempted by the weaker men, and it is no exaggeration to say that on his retirement in 1865 from the representation of the province in London, the colony suffered a great loss. Mr. Beeton did much for the province in other capacities than in the office he held. In 1865, he acted as special commissioner for the national fisheries exhibition, and the following year held a similar position in the "Healthiest of the Colonies" and Indian exhibition which was held at South Kensington, London, and was mainly through his instrumentality that British Columbia made such a prominent show at the memorable exhibition. Mr. Beeton's character was of a most amiable of character and his popularity, accounted for the universal popularity in which he was held among his colonial friends and his large circle of acquaintances in Weston.

The deceased gentleman married, in May 1852, Miss Louise Ramie of St. Heliers, Jersey, and by her had six sons and two daughters, one son and two daughters surviving him. Mrs. Beeton predeceased him in London, Mr. Beeton was brought up as a member of the Church of England, but early in life he came under the influence of Channing and became a Unitarian, of which body he was a devoted member. In his politics he was a statesman, and during his residence in Weston he took a keen interest in the work of the Wells Liberal association, of which body he was a vice-president. Mr. Beeton for some time past had not been in the best of health, but it was not until May 11 that he had a bed-paralytic stroke, and he died on the following day, at the age of 81 years. The funeral took place yesterday (Friday) afternoon, the first part of which was held at the residence of the Rev. Edgemoor, who also officiated at the cemetery. The family mourners were Mr. Beeton's sons, Stephen, Ernest, Herbert, and Stanley; his daughters, Miss Mary Beeton, Miss Clara Baker, and Miss Clara Baker. The funeral arrangements were satisfactorily carried out by W. C. Thomas.

OUTRAGES IN CARDINAL

Cattle Shot and Fire Started in Butcher's Shop Which Comes Near Destroying Village.

Cardinal, Ont., July 7.—Incendiaries and vandals in this village into a state of intense excitement today. The village narrowly escaped destruction by fire. B. McNight, butcher, the chief sufferer. When he went to his abattoir he found his cattle shot dead, and on driving back to the market discovered that it was in flames. The fire spread rapidly and destroyed the market building, stock hotel and several barns and outbuildings. The loss is estimated at \$30,000. The motives of the incendiaries are not yet known. No arrests have been made.

PREPARES DOCKET FOR MONTHLY MEETING

Council of the Board of Trade Held Important Session Yesterday.

(From Thursday's Daily) The Council of the Board of Trade met yesterday morning, the president, Mr. F. A. Pauline in the chair, and the following members present: Messrs. Simon, Leiser, L. A. Genge, S. J. Pitts, Richard Hall, J. A. Mara, Andrew Wright, D. R. Ker, H. B. Thompson, T. W. Paterson and H. L. Luginbuhl.

Mr. Elworthy, the secretary read a communication from the secretary of state at Ottawa, formally acknowledging receipt of the board's memorial, urging the granting of a suitable appropriation towards the proposed exhibition of Canadian products at the Seattle fair next year, while the board was further informed that the board's memorial had been placed in the hands of the governor general for transmission to the hon. the secretary of state for the colonies.

The acknowledgment by the Hon. Wm. Templeman of the board's communication, urging that steps be taken at the very earliest possible moment to ensure the proper protection and preservation of the Canadian fishery rights in these waters, from encroachment at the hands of American poachers was also read. The board is anxious that some temporary arrangement be made pending the despatch of the fisheries cruiser to these fishing grounds and Mr. Templeman states that he has placed the views of the board upon this important subject before his colleague the minister of marine and fisheries.

A letter from Mr. George A. Huff, president of the board of trade at Albert, complaining of the excessive charges imposed upon hay and other goods, between this city and Albert, was read and referred to the special committee, Mr. J. J. Shallock chairman.

HEARD ORGANIZER OF DOMINION CONGRESS

Trades and Labor Council Considers Labor Day Celebration.

(From Thursday's Daily) A very largely attended meeting of the Trades and Labor Council was held last evening, President McKay in the chair.

The executive committee reported that the matter of non-union poachers doing government work had been satisfactorily settled and the work was now being done by non-union men, as intended by the government "fair wage" clause, which is attached to all contracts. The executive also reported that the hay trade which had been reported as being unfair had rectified matters to the entire satisfaction of the labor council and the Barbers' union.

The secretary notified the council that the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, had written, asking for a visit to Victoria, with a view to paying a visit to the labor unions of Victoria to send delegates to the next convention of the congress, to be held in Halifax, N. S., next September.

The secretary invited Mr. Pettipiece to come over and present, was warmly greeted, and business suspended for a half hour to listen to his address, which was of much interest to all present. He announced that himself and other organizers would cover all the territory between Vancouver and Port Willoughby and he felt sure that there would be a large number of delegates from the West at the Nova Scotia convention, and he assured the union members that the convention would be the most important yet held in the province, and figures to prove his statements, and concluded by announcing that he would remain in the city for a few days to have the opportunity of addressing the labor unions, and to give facts regarding the "Provincial Mine Workers' association of Nova Scotia" was warmly applauded. The association, he stated, numbered 10,000 members, and they had now joined the United Mine Workers of America, a body which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and the Federation and the Labor Congress have agreed to affiliate with each other, showing the vast proportions that organized labor has attained, notwithstanding all opposition.

HAD ITS ORIGIN AT ESQUIMALT STATION

Diablo Played on H. M. S. Sutlej Forty Years Ago.

(From Thursday's Daily) Diabolo originated on the Esquimalt naval station when "Victoria" was actually a village scattered about the battens of the old Hudson Bay fort. This statement was made in the evidence given in a case brought in London regarding the trademark rights of the name "diabolo." While the Chinese, centuries ago, had a game similar to the one which has now become a craze, the early navigators did not import it into the west. It remained for the late H. M. S. Sutlej, when the old time frigate was serving on the Esquimalt naval station to start playing the game in the west.

Captain J. F. Parry, of H. M. S. Egret, who recently compiled some most interesting historical records of the Esquimalt station has received copies of the Daily Graphic of London, telling the history of the game in the British metropolis, in which the playing of the game of diabolo on H. M. S. Sutlej, at Esquimalt, was first introduced.

The Daily Graphic of May 28, says: "Amusing evidence was given in the court of changery yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the case brought by Mr. Gustave Phillipart, a French engineer, to restrain William Wainwright from using his trademark Diabolo, and of the defendant's application to remove the trademark from the register." Mr. Brown, Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, said that on the frigate Sutlej they played a game with two spools and a double-headed mallet, called "Diabolo" after dining in the mess. The mallet was a messmate betted the witness that he could not play this French game, and he lost it. The witness won. He caught the spool on a sword, but once the spool was in, off it had to go for most of the game.

Fleet-Surgeon Atkinson said that a certain number of marines on the Sutlej who had been playing the game of "Diabolo" had been given the name of "Diabolo" by the fleet-surgeon.

Campbell's SALE Everything Ready-to-Wear for Ladies and Children

Every Item Tremendously Reduced But—Note These Tub Underskirts Kimona Wrappers Honeycomb Bath Robes Fine Lustre Skirts Half Price

Angus Campbell & Co. 1010 Gov't St. WATCH FOR THE WHITEWEAR SALE IT WILL BE THE WHITEWEAR SALE "PAR EXCELLENCE"

MADE HORSE SHOES FOR CITY OFFICIALS

Fitzsimmons Entertains Many Who Watch Him at the Forge.

THREE STEAMERS LEAVE FOR NORTHERN PORTS

Princess May, Camou and Venture Started Last Night With Fair Cargoes.

POISONERS BEHEADED

Saloon, Cochinchina, July 8.—The three Annamite officers condemned to death for complicity in a plot to poison the emperor, have been beheaded at Hanoi.

SWALLOWED FATES JOHN

London, Ont., July 8.—John Stephenson, a young farmer is dead of blood poisoning as a result of swallowing his false teeth while eating supper. He was operated upon and the teeth removed from his stomach, but blood poisoning developed, resulting in death.

MR. ROOSEVELT TO SPEAK

Terre Haute, Ind., July 8.—Thatcher Parker, Republican county chairman, announced tonight that President Roosevelt would come to Terre Haute for an address during the coming presidential campaign. Mr. Parker said that the President would probably be in Indiana, early in September. Mr. Parker said that he had arranged to have Mr. Roosevelt in Indiana for three days to make speeches in the county and the State.

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TAFT CAMPAIGN

Mr. Hitchcock Chosen Chairman of National Committee of Appointments Made.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC SHOWS BIG INCREASE

Number of Victorians on Holiday Jaunts Largely in Excess of Last Year.

GOULD DIVORCED

New York, July 8.—Reports that Frank J. Gould and his wife have been reconciled were circulated today. It was said that a suit for divorce was brought in by Mrs. Gould last week. When the case was reached on the calendar today, there was no response from counsel of either party to the action, and by the order of the court it was stricken off. Counsel for both Mr. and Mrs. Gould and Senator Ward declined to make any statement regarding the case.

QUEBEC POLICE CHIEFS

Quebec, July 8.—The convention of the association of police chiefs of Canada was opened here this morning at the city hall by an address of welcome from Mayor Garneau. The convention is presided over by Chief Combes of Montreal, the president. Delegates are in attendance from Winnipeg, Vancouver and other distant points. This afternoon the delegates were taken to St. Anne de Beauport.

WINDMILL MAN KILLED

Winnipeg, July 8.—William Sinclair, well known on C.P.R. construction work and a pioneer of Winnipeg, died at Find, B.C. being struck by the result of an accident three days ago, when he slipped and fell from a temporary structure. Percy Sandford, a carpenter employed in Brown and Butterfield's saw mill, died this morning as the result of injuries received while at work yesterday.

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ADVERTISE IN THE COLONIST

Robbed Nine Women in an Hour

New York, N.Y.—A thirteen-year-old girl succeeded in breaking all records for picking pockets in this city. Using a baby sister of five, carrying a teddy bear, as a shield, she opened the purses of nine shoppers and stole over \$1,500.00 in cash and ten diamond rings, in a little less than sixty minutes. However, she was soon caught and is now in jail.

Victoria Athletes Mourn Loss of Most Popular Trainer—Checked Career

Robert Foster, sometimes termed the "Professor," and perhaps, even better known as "Old Tulp," is dead. Local sportsmen, whether active or long since retired from the arena, or long spectators with an inborn love of clean amateur sport, sincerely mourn. For his memory will be cherished, not only in Victoria but in the majority of cities of the Northwest, as one whose whole life was devoted to the promotion of athletics along ideal lines.

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PROPERTY HOLDERS MUST MOVE FENCES

Oak Bay Council Will Insist on Municipality's Rights—Meeting Yesterday

The advisability of notifying a number of property owners along the Oak Bay beach that their fences are to be moved back was the subject of a meeting of the council on Thursday night. The meeting was held at the council chamber and was attended by the mayor and several council members.

TAKES HER OWN LIFE IN FIT OF DESPONDENCY

Donna Holdcroft, Domestic, Found Dead in Waters Off Beacon Hill

Apparently induced by some secret grief of which her friends can give no explanation, Donna Holdcroft, twenty-five years of age, a domestic in the household of Sidney Child, a resident of Beacon Hill, took her own life sometime between 10 o'clock Saturday night and 10 o'clock Sunday morning.

ROBERT FOSTER DIED YESTERDAY MORNING

Over twenty years ago he came to British Columbia, a rolling stone without friends nor overburdened with wealth, but possessed that which was worth more—an unselfish, genial and care-free disposition combined with an inordinate love of open air exercise in all its forms and the peculiar ability of winning the confidence and obedience of the young men who aspired to become athletes of renown.

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TAKES HER OWN LIFE IN FIT OF DESPONDENCY

Donna Holdcroft, Domestic, Found Dead in Waters Off Beacon Hill

TRAINER IN OLD LAND

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STOCK MARKET

Table with columns: Date, Time, High, Low, Close, etc. for various stocks.

ROBBERY IN AN HOUR

New York, N.Y.—A thirteen-year-old girl succeeded in breaking all records for picking pockets in this city. Using a baby sister of five, carrying a teddy bear, as a shield, she opened the purses of nine shoppers and stole over \$1,500.00 in cash and ten diamond rings, in a little less than sixty minutes.

ROBERT FOSTER DIED YESTERDAY MORNING

Over twenty years ago he came to British Columbia, a rolling stone without friends nor overburdened with wealth, but possessed that which was worth more—an unselfish, genial and care-free disposition combined with an inordinate love of open air exercise in all its forms and the peculiar ability of winning the confidence and obedience of the young men who aspired to become athletes of renown.

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The Great Pan Anglican Congress in London.

THE honor of conceiving the idea of the great Pan-Anglican Congress, now being held, is due to the veteran Bishop Montgomery, himself a missionary in Tasmania at one time, now secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, writes C. S. Kent in the July number of the London Magazine.

In speaking of the Congress to me a few months ago, when it was already an assured success, he recalled its genesis. Without guarantee of any kind, he and a few kindred spirits took the matter up, regardless of the

and near to take part in the Congress. To endeavor to describe a small proportion would take up far too much space and I must therefore be content to make mention of one or two from each continent.

Our American cousins have sent over men possessing exceedingly interesting personalities. Perhaps the best known to the English people is Henry Codman Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York, one of the most eloquent divines of America. He is descended from an old Quaker stock, his ancestors having emigrated from Coventry in 1632. His father, Alonzo Potter, a ninth child, was Bishop of Pennsylvania, and his uncle, who was the tenth child,

ed by the Pilgrims and his speech in replying to the toast of his health convulsed his audience. He reminded the Archbishop of Canterbury how, when he (the Archbishop) visited the States, crowds of pretty American young ladies used to wait to see him, and related a story of a little boy, evidently injured in democratic principles, who greeted the Primate with "Hallo, Arch!"

When in England, Dr. Potter afterwards said he found himself "my-lorded" so much that he feared his democratic principles would suffer. But his balance was restored when, as he was stepping off the Channel packet at Boulogne, one of his fellow-countrymen ac-

eye-opening accounts of the work of the Church in the district.

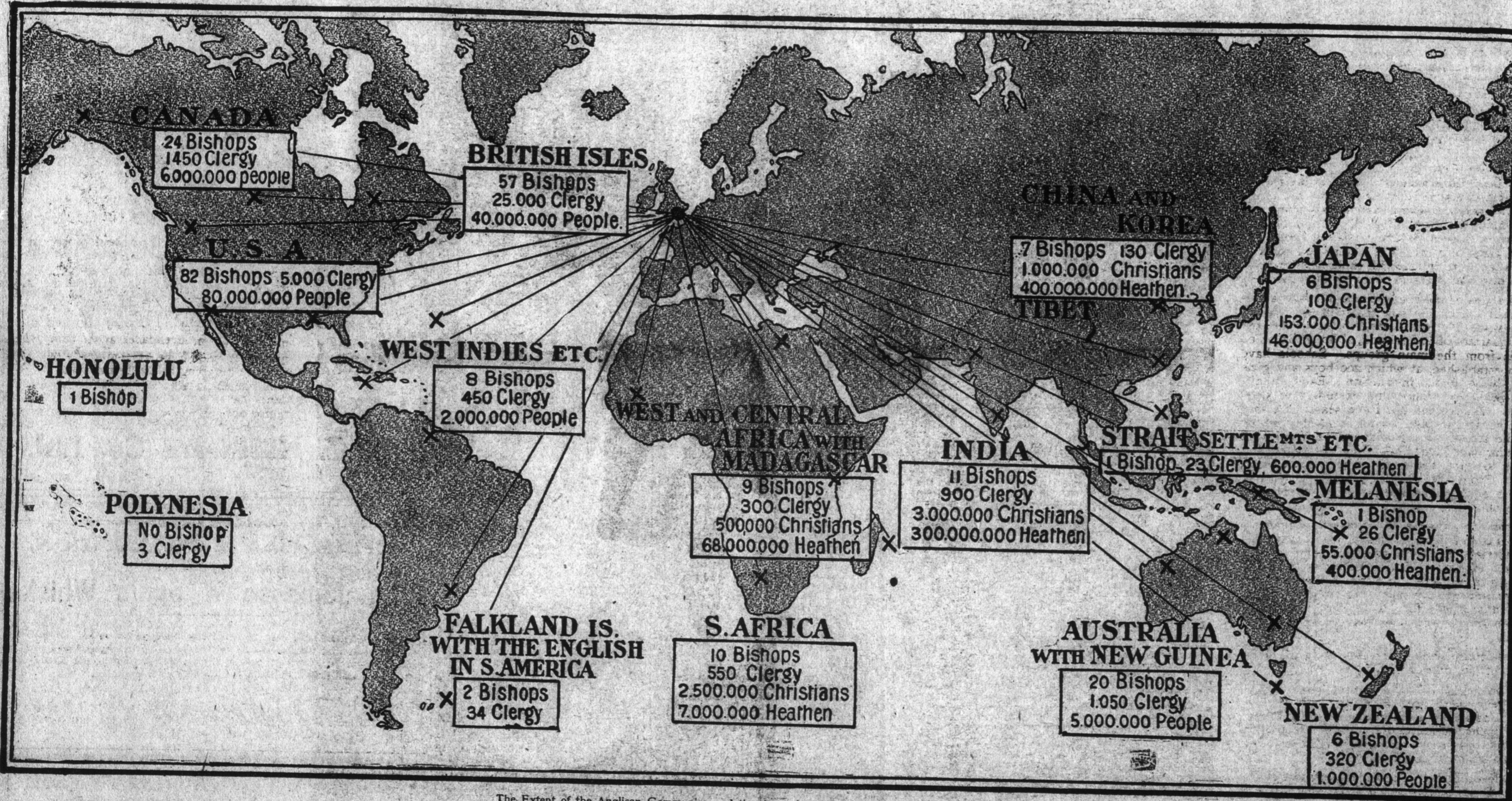
In his diocese there were, he said on one occasion, ten mission-stations, separated from each other by 200 or 300 miles. Seven hundred miles by train for a confirmation was nothing in his estimation, but when one had to yoke up a team of four dogs and start for a 700-mile journey one began to realize what traveling was. Never, since the work began in 1851, had there been trouble in getting people to listen to the truths of the Gospel upon the shores of Hudson's Bay. These nomadic people so value the means of grace that at eight o'clock on Sunday mornings there are

has, it is said, a weakness for poetry, especially that of his own composition.

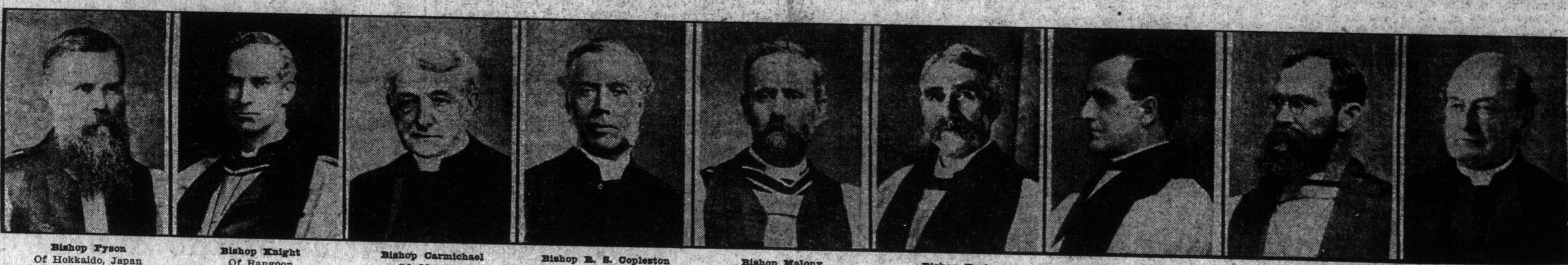
For a short period he became the object of attraction for the comic papers and cartoonists of Sydney. This doubtful compliment was gained through his deeming it necessary in the public interest to check the depredations of that most rapacious of the human kind—the cabman. Having been overcharged by a Sydney member of this confraternity, he made an example of the man in the courts, and won the case. But the victory was not unattended with disadvantages. Cabmen do not, generally speaking, suffer from a want of a vocabulary of vituperative epithets; and for long af-



Bishop Whithead of Madras, Bishop Mann of North Dakota, U.S.A., Bishop Loftthouse of Keewatin, Bishop Ferrin of British Columbia, Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts, Bishop Neilgan of Auckland, Bishop Irvington of Kyushu, Japan, Bishop Awary of South Tokyo, Bishop Kaniya of West Equatorial Africa.



The Extent of the Anglican Communion and the Areas from which the 949 Delegations Assembled



Bishop Tyson of Hokkaido, Japan, Bishop Knight of Rangoon, Bishop Garmichael of Montreal, Bishop R. S. Oopleston of Calcutta, Bishop Malony of Mid-China, Bishop Tucker of Uganda, Bishop Frodsham of North Queensland, Bishop Gilbert White of Carpentaria, Bishop Potter of New York.

fact that they were incurring a serious financial responsibility. Its growth has been beyond all their fondest hopes or dreams. "It seems to me," said the aged prelate, "like the result of a man lighting a match in the Australian bush, and before he has realised the result of his action a hundred square miles of the bush is ablaze."

Subsequently a fund, sufficient to meet all liabilities, was guaranteed; and the United Boards of Missions have to be thanked for having made themselves responsible for the organization, which has been so efficiently superintended by the Rev. A. B. Mynors, the general secretary of the Congress.

As our politicians welcomed the Colonial Premiers last year, so have Church people greeted the prelates who have come from far

was Bishop of New York. Honored by both Oxford and Cambridge with the degree of D.D., he shares with Cardinal Gibbons the reputation of being the most influential clergyman in the States.

He has a weakness for being original; and about four years ago he became the object of a storm of abuse owing to his opening in New York a public-house, known as Bishop's Tavern. Here it was the custom to mingle with the selling of refreshments hymn-singing and tract-distribution. Principally, it was said, owing to the "desire of the working classes to take their pety and potatoes in different compartments," the experiment was not a success, and the saloon soon changed hands.

Bishop Potter excels as a raconteur. While on his last visit to England, he was entertain-

costed him with "Hello, Bish; doing Yurrup?"

Canada is represented by equally interesting men. Of the Archbishop of Rupertland it may be said that he has grown with Canada. He is descended from early Scotch settlers, and was born in Winnipeg, which he remembers when it was a scattered village surrounding Fort Garry, the post of the Hudson Bay Company. The nearest railway station to Winnipeg was then at St. Paul, 550 miles away. Today Winnipeg is a perfect network of railways. Dr. Matheson also remembers when the diocese of Rupertland covered the district from Ontario to British Columbia—now divided into nine dioceses.

One of these divisions is now the diocese of Keewatin, the bishop of which (Dr. Loft-house) has, since his arrival in England, given

many there who have tramped twenty-five miles, with the temperature at 40 degrees below zero. Women carry their babies 150 to 200 miles to be present at services at the mission stations. Their religion enters into their home life, and it is not a mere matter of Sunday duty but of everyday life to them.

Of our Australasian visitors, one of the most interesting personalities is that of the Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. William Saumarez Smith, who is Primate of Australia.

Dr. Smith is the "beau ideal" of a courtly and refined ecclesiastic. A Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, he was Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, for twenty years, relinquishing this post to become Primate of Australia in succession to Bishop Barry. He is a ditterateur of note, and

ter, as he drove through Sydney, Dr. Smith learnt the truth of Shakespeare's advice: "Better bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of."

The Archbishop of Melbourne (Dr. Henry Lowther Clarke), who resigned the vicarage of Huddersfield in 1902 to take his present episcopal charge, is of a democratic temperament, and has gained the sympathies of the people of Victoria, despite his opposition to the present Socialistic tendencies of the colony, and denunciation of the prevalent mania for gambling. He had the happily uncommon but trying experience, while preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, about two years ago, of being heckled by some 250 Victorian unemployed. So great was the uproar that he was unable to make himself heard for some

minutes. He is determined attack is a capable adm the number of cl ly in the sparse toria, besides es schools at vario

Dr. Barlow, other Australian things to say ab Wales. His dioc of England; and is the need of cle centres. Ther from 3,000 to 6, are mostly spr groups of 250 to ber of miles fro

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An Alpine Playground



correspondent contributes the following article to a recent issue of the London Times:

The Rockies, properly so called, are the most unearthly of the earth's mountains. Seen from the western tilted rim of the Great Plains, they have the appearance of a line of wild beast's fangs broken and discolored. They are shreds and fragments of the Devonian and carboniferous strata thrust skyward at every possible angle. Some of these fragments, miles long and many thousands of feet in thickness, have been lifted perpendicularly; so that the stratification marked on the face of

lends a charm to the alpine meadows like that which adds so much to the pleasure of mountaineering in Switzerland. But in the Canadian alpine region the color-scheme is a tone or two lower; for example, purple takes the place of blue, and so on. Furthermore, the forms of the Canadian alpine flowers are less graceful, more fantastic.

It is only within recent years that the possibilities of this alpine playground have been explored. No Indian, no pioneer of the fur-trading days, none of the Scottish explorers, whose names are so frequent on the map of Western Canada (that map, like a cemetery, is full of cold hillocks) seems to have ascended any of the well known summits of the

years before the organization of a Canadian branch of the American Alpine club had been discussed, and the executive of that society offered to change the title to "The Alpine Club of North America" in order to spare Canadian susceptibilities, and might even have been persuaded to alter their crest—an eagle with outspread wings above a snow-clad peak—for the same friendly reason. In the end, however, delegates met in Winnipeg at the time named, a purely Canadian society was established, and it was found that at least thirty Canadians were eligible for membership. The chief objects of the club are—(1) The exploration and scientific study of alpine regions in the Dominion; (2) the education of

constitution of the Alpine club of Canada is that which makes provision for an annual camp. In 1906 more than 100 persons, exclusive of guides, servants, and other camp-followers, went into camp on the wooded summit of the Yoho Pass. Last year 150 enthusiasts camped in Paradise Valley. This year Roger's Pass is the rendezvous, and a further increase in the numerical strength of the camp may be confidently expected. These gatherings are nothing less than colleges of mountaineering, whence the "graduating members" may obtain honorable degrees in all the branches of mountain-craft. They are admirably organized and managed, and those who attend are not called upon to indulge in "roughing it" in the pioneering sense of the term. The expenses are insignificant compared with the cost of individual mountaineering; the Canadian Pacific Railway company gives a return ticket for the station nearest the camp for a single fare, and the club management provides ponies for "packing" the visitor's belonging to the gathering place. Apart from the lessons given in snowcraft and crag-craft, a holiday in one of these summer camps, colleges en plein air, is well worth while. The climbers come from all parts of the Dominion, the characteristic geniality of Canadian open-air life pervades the community, and the veterans will do anything in their power to help and encourage the beginner. Hitherto the annual meeting of the club has been held by the grumbling flames (nothing else grumbles) of the log fires of these summer camps. But the club has made up its corporate mind to establish permanent headquarters at Banff, the capital of the "Switzerland of North America." Banff, with its herd of Buffalo, its uncanny cave—a closed mouth with white jagged teeth and sulphurous breath—and its haunted Lake Minnewanka, is too well known to require description. But, howsoever convenient the club house there may be, the meetings held there will lack something of the charm of those which took place in camp. It should be added that serious accidents are not allowed to happen to the climbers resorting to the summer camps in the mountains. The necessity of carefulness in the smallest details—a curious carefulness is the lesson the Canadian wildernesses, the mountains in summer and the plains in winter, have gravely in the mind of every Canadian in search of adventures—is inculcated by practical object lessons, and nobody is allowed to overtax his or her strength. The membership of the club now much exceeds 300, and not a few are ladies who have conquered more than a "lady's mountain." But no lady is allowed to climb if her health and physique are below the mark—a matter which is decided officially by the medical men in attendance at the camp. And, finally, it should be remembered that in 20 years of climbing in the Rockies and Selkirks, only one life has been lost, while serious accidents have been almost unknown. As for minor accidents and other hardships, without them mountaineering in Canada or elsewhere would be devoid of fascination and merely a kind of uphill walking unworthy to be called a sport. In Canada's half of the North American Cordillera region, which has its peculiar dangers (for instance, rotten rocks), the mountaineer must learn by experiment, if he will not learn by the experience of others. But the Swiss guides in Canada are all trustworthy men. The only life sacrificed in the Rockies and Selkirks was lost before they were brought from Switzerland.

There are practically no "grazed pole" climbs in the Rockies, and the height of the loftiest peaks there falls far short of the highest Alps. In the past the heights of the more conspicuous peaks in Canada's Alpine region were much exaggerated. There is the story—probably untrue—of the railway official who went through to the coast and insisted that 1,000 ft. here and 1,500 ft. there should be added to the actual heights of the mountains seen from the observation car. "We cannot afford," he said, "to have any mountain under 10,000 ft. along our route." But difficulty rather than sheer height is the chief consideration for the mountaineer; and, if none of the known peaks are as lofty or as difficult as the most problematical Alps, yet there are few so easy as the very familiar and well trodden climbs in Switzerland. Moreover, the mountaineer who has passed out of his apprenticeship has ample scope for exploratory work in the Canadian Rockies, a mountainous belt hundreds of miles broad, and extending from the international boundary line, the 49th parallel of latitude, into the Yukon territory far beyond the Arctic circle.

"Although we know (says a competent authority) that thirteen lakes of marvellous color lie about the base of Mount Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the Rockies; and that 100 miles north of the railway stretches a snowfield covering an area of 200 square miles at a mean elevation of 10,000 ft. above the sea, and sending down glaciers to every point of the compass; although we know that hanging Alpine meadows studded with Lyaal's larch alternating with wintry passes of ice and snow are to be seen and loved for the climbing; yet we have only been playing at discovery."

For those who wish to work at discovery in this mountainous region, there is an illimitable scope, and expeditions to suit almost any purse might be arranged. The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which passes to the sea by the Yellowhead Pass in a series of low gradients—as originally surveyed, the Canadian Pacific was to have crossed the Rockies by that easy gateway—and was thought to avoid the fine scenery, which generally means costliest engineering, will render accessible the loftiest peak in the Canadian Rockies and many other notable mountains. The new National park thus opened up may prove as interesting a climber's resort as that penetrated by the older transcontinental line.

minutes. He is not afraid of plain speaking, and during his tenure of office has made some determined attacks on various social evils. He is a capable administrator, and has increased the number of clergy in his province, especially in the sparsely populated districts of Victoria, besides establishing Anglican grammar schools at various centres.

Dr. Barlow, the Bishop of Goulburn, another Australian prelate, has many interesting things to say about the work in New South Wales. His diocese is almost exactly the size of England; and one of his great difficulties is the need of clergy. They have no large town or centres. There are six or seven places with from 3,000 to 6,000 people, and the remainder are mostly spread all over the country in groups of 250 to 300 at about the same number of miles from one another.

Cricketing curates are as common as blackberries in autumn, but a cricketing bishop is surely a novelty. Such, however, is an apt description of the Right Rev. Cecil Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Melanesia. He was born in 1800, and educated at Tonbridge School, where he became captain of the cricket eleven. After studying medicine for a year at Jesus College, Cambridge, he decided to take orders, and subsequently served as curate of Portsea, and vicar of Moordown, near Bournemouth. 1804 was a red-letter year in his life, for it was in that year he was consecrated to the see of Melanesia; and, being a regular member of the Kent county eleven, under Lord Harris's captaincy, he that year played in the only county eleven which beat the Australians.

One interesting result of his connection was that during the Canterbury week the club sent round a circular amongst the people attending the cricket-matches, soliciting subscriptions towards the provision for him of a new missionary steamship—a very necessary equipment for a diocese of the extent and nature of Melanesia, which includes the Northern New-Hebrides, the Banks Island, Torres Island, Santa Cruz, and the Solomon Islands. The see stretches 1,200 miles along the Pacific; and although the scenery and vegetation are magnificent, the region is dangerously malarial.

Nowhere have the results of missionary work been more wonderful than in Melanesia. About a thousand converts are baptised every year. There are several native clergymen, one of whom, the Rev. Clement Marau, built a church at Ulawa, Solomon Islands, constructed of slabs of coral. The lectern and steps of the altar were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It took him five years to complete his task.

An idea of the conditions in Melanesia will be gained from the fact that climatic reasons necessitate Norfolk Island being made the headquarters of the mission, although it is 800 miles from the main groups. Schools have been established, at which 200 boys and girls are always under instruction. Each circuit-voage of the mission-ship extends over 5,000 miles. During the hurricane season the ship harbors at Norfolk Island. About 20,000 people attend the schools, and go to prayers morning and evening. They are eager and quick to learn, and many of them know English. From the printing-presses in Norfolk Island publications are issued in twenty-five dialects.

From the diocese of Western Equatorial Africa comes Bishop Tugwell, who has worked in Africa since 1889, when he went out as Church Missionary Society secretary to Lagos. He is a man of great intellectual character and power, and warmly supported the Royal Niger Company in its efforts to deliver an oppressed people and to put down slavery and develop trade.

Missionary work is developing in all directions in the interior of Africa.

The native Church is self-supporting, and last year raised over £12,000. Industrial institutions, where useful trades are taught, have been opened at Abeokuta, towards the support of which the Alake of Abeokuta has made an annual grant of £100.

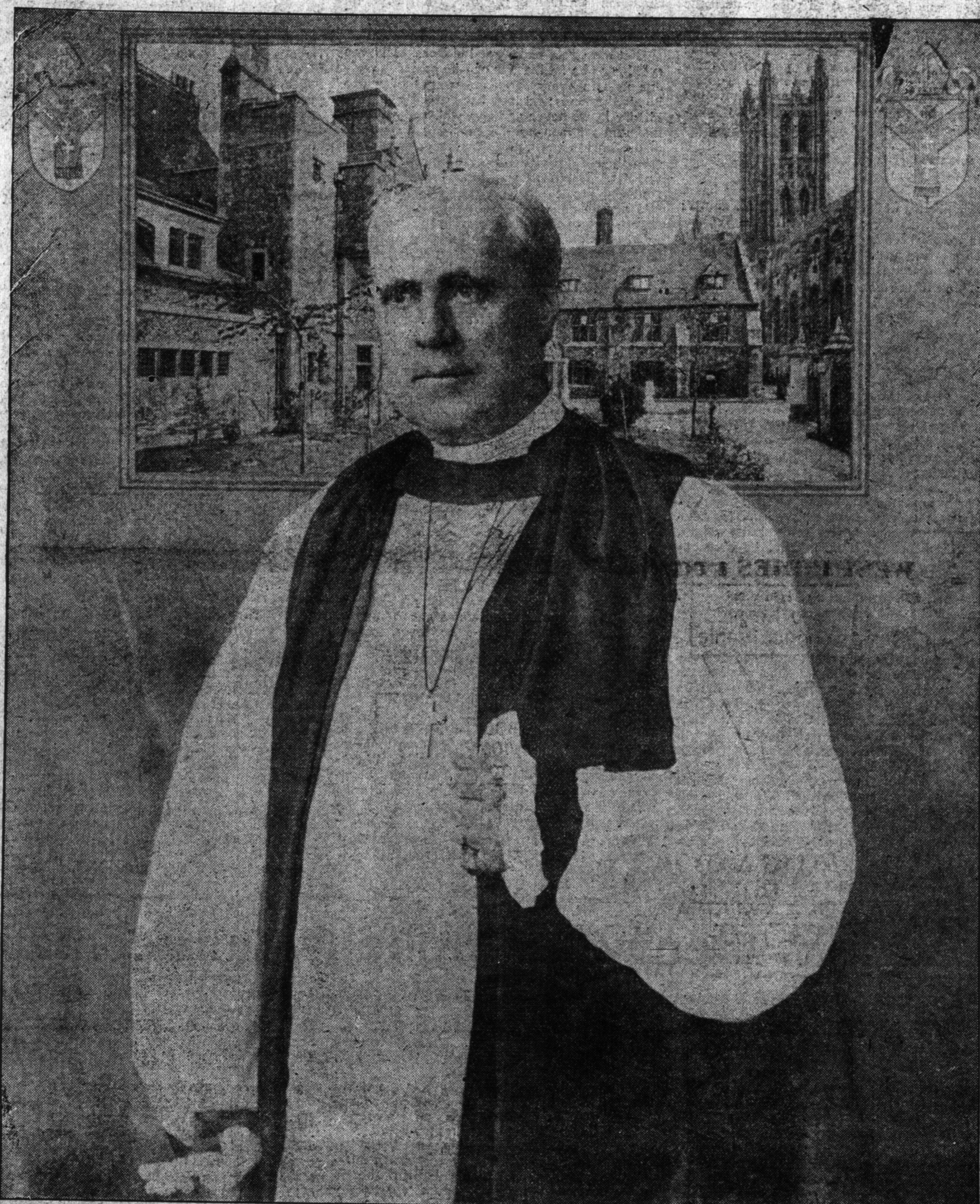
One of Bishop Tugwell's assistants is the Right Rev. Isaac Oluwole, D.D., who is also a delegate to the Congress. He was born at Abeokuta. His parents were converted a few years before his birth. He studied at Fourah Bay College, and obtained his Durham B. A. He was consecrated as assistant-bishop in the diocese of Western Equatorial Africa in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1893.

Uganda is one of the last places into which the Gospel has been introduced, for it was but thirty years ago that the first missionaries began working there. For nearly twenty years now has Dr. Tucker held the bishopric of Eastern Equatorial Africa. The diocese is about 1,500 miles long, and the same distance across; and this vast district contains, it is estimated, some 15,000,000 inhabitants.

The natives possess, a marvellous ability to teach one another, and many know how to read who have never seen a white man, the number of those who read attached to the mission stations being calculated at 60,000.

Some of Bishop Tucker's personal visits involve journeys lasting a year. He estimates that he has travelled 20,000 miles—mainly on foot—across, steep, mountainous districts, by awe-inspiring lakes, and through dark, dreary forests. He has met the mannikins of whom Stanley spoke, the pigmy race in that dense and trackless forest through which no white man was ever known to pass before, and found them tractable, and was in great hopes of bringing them well under the ameliorating Christian influence.

Dr. Reginald Stephen Copleston, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, is a singularly gifted man. In 1875 he was ordained priest, admitted to the degree of D.D., and consecrated to the see of Colombo, celebrating his thirtieth birthday only two days prior to the last-named event.



THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—AND HIS RESIDENCE AT CANTERBURY

these precipices, in the long, narrow snowdrifts or lines of claw-rooted pines, is as level as it was when the uplifting process had not yet begun. Others are tilted on edge, generally towards the east, in a steeply slanting position; others, again, have been bent and crumpled under prodigious side-stresses. The whole chaos is really a spectacle of the warfare of brute forces petrified in the very crisis of action and reaction. Compared with the Rockies, the Selkirks, which form the second wave in the British Columbian "sea of mountains," are classic in outline and civilized in their coloring. They rise from forest-clad bases in slow, graceful curves and lift diamond-crowned heads into a soft blue sky, warm and wet with the influences of the Pacific. The difference between the outer aspect of the Rockies and that of the Selkirks is more intimately repeated in the flora of their alpine meadows. The plants of the Rockies are hairy, wiry creatures, survivors of the fittest in the struggle against a severe winter and a stony aridity. They have not had the leisure to learn grace and acquire a lyric coloration. On the other hand, the flora of the Selkirks

Rockies and the Selkirks. A member of the original Alpine club was the first to climb and explore the Selkirks when the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway had rendered them accessible. The Rev. W. Spotswood Green, F. R. G. S., was the topographical pioneer of this fascinating range. He climbed Mount Bonney, Mount Abbott, and a spur of Mount Macdonald, failed to conquer the summit of Sir Donald, and explored several glaciers and snow passes, including the Illecillewaet glacier, the Lily glacier and pass, the Asulkan glacier, and the pass to Geikie glacier. This he did in 1888, eleven years before Swiss guides were brought in. Afterwards British and American climbers successfully attacked the many peaks to which the mountain-section of the only Canadian transcontinental railway gave access in the short summer seasons. But it was only the other day, so to speak, that a Canadian society was established for carrying on the work systematically.

The Alpine club of Canada was founded in March, 1906, largely as the result of the efforts of Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., of the Dominion Topographical Survey. For some

the Canadian people in the knowledge of their mountains; (3) the encouragement of all forms of mountain-craft; (4) the preservation of the natural beauties of Canadian Alpine regions and of the flora and fauna found there; and (5) the interchange of literature with other organizations of a similar kind. The qualification for efficient membership requires either an ascent of at least 10,000 ft. above sea-level in any alpine region in any part of the world, or some contribution of scientific value to the literature of the Rockies and Selkirks. There are a number of honorary members, including the Right Hon. James Bryce, and several associate members, of whom Sir Sandford Fleming and "Ralph Connor" are the best known. Then there are subscribing members, whose function it is to contribute two dollars a year to the funds of the club and to receive its publications. Lastly, there are "graduating members," persons who wish to become efficient members, but are not yet qualified, the period of probation being limited to two years—a limitation which accentuates the keenness of these probationers.

Perhaps the most interesting clause in the

The Fat Man



WHEN you meet a bow-legged man in the street, do you stop him and ask how it feels to walk that way? On being introduced to a man with a face like an inverted comic supplement, do you condole with him on being so homely? Do you recommend to the sallow man sitting next you in a car a tonic for his liver? At luncheon do you hint to the puffy-eyed, red-nosed stranger opposite you that he ought to get on the water wagon? Of course you don't! You would not be so impolite. You might hurt their feelings.

But when you meet a fat man, it's different. Everyone recognizes him as legitimate prey. He is a butt for jokes, a subject for condolence, an object for advice. Even the man so thin that he does not know whether it is his back or his stomach that hurts him, takes it for granted that he is the fat man's ideal, and insists on giving him advice on how to reduce. Everyone imagines that the fat man must be unhappy because he weighs more than the average person.

It is to be admitted that there are some disadvantages in being fat. They don't make neckties long enough for eighteen and a half necks. A fat man that sees a lot of pretty waists in a shop window never can find one big enough to fit him. When you get over two hundred it is a little trouble to stoop down to lace your shoes in the morning. It is embarrassing when your wife thoughtlessly addresses you as "darling" in public to have some small imp of a newsboy make a trumpet of his hands and shriek joyfully:

"Hey, fellers, come an' see 'Darling'!" If fat men had not gentle dispositions, the impudence of people each day might lead to murder. Take any fat man any hot day. His wife begins it:

"Now, dearest, don't work too hard today. It is going to be very hot, and you know you cannot stand it as you used to before you got stout."

He has heard the same remark a thousand times; but he chortles cheerfully, "Don't you worry about me working too hard," and descends to breakfast. Before he can give his order—and ordering breakfast is always a pleasure to a man of girth—the waiter is upon him.

"Ah don't suppose you want no oatmeal dis mawin'. It's powerful heating to fat people dis hot weather."

He does want oatmeal! No hot water and a boiled egg for him! He eats his oatmeal with lots of sugar on it, along with some fruit, a couple of eggs, some chops, two or three well-buttered muffins, and two cups of coffee. He washes it down with copious drafts of ice water in calm contempt of those thin people who assert that it is unhealthy to drink water until two or three hours after eating. Gifted ever with a splendid appetite, he lingers so long over breakfast that he has to hurry to make his train. As he clambers aboard, the grinning brakeman observes:

"Brings the sweat out on you fat fellows to have to run for it on a morning like this."

With scornful silence bred of long familiarity with such impertinent flings he enters the car and plants himself comfortably in the unoccupied half of a seat designed for "two average persons." His seat mate edges over with a frown, which quickly changes to a smile as he beholds a corpulent victim for his hot weather wit. "Kind of a day that catches fellows of your weight," he grins complacently. "Are you doing anything for it?"

With stoisicism the fat man assures his inquisitive neighbor that he is fat because he likes to be that way, and, unmindful of the plying glance in which doubt and derision mingle, settles down at peace with all the world to read his paper.

Coming up from the ferry, he falls in with Jones. Right in the midst of an interesting discussion on the presidential outlook, Jones stops short.

"Maybe I'm walking too fast for you, old chap. I forgot all about your being so fat. You ought to try golf. It's great! I took off ten pounds that way last month."

Privately he is of the opinion that Jones would look much better if twenty or thirty pounds heavier; but he is too polite to say so. Patiently he asserts for the eighth hundred and seventy-second time this summer that golf does not interest him.

With Jones' parting words, "Be careful of yourself today," still sounding in his ears, he enters the building where his office is.

"I don't see how you stand it," is the elevator starter's greeting, with an unpleasant accent on the "you." "Mr. Smith, up on eight, was overcome by the heat yesterday, and he ain't near as fat."

He knows Smith by sight, and has long been of the opinion that he does not look nearly so fat as Smith; but still he is not discomfited. As he seats himself at his desk the office boy approaches, explaining:

"I turned that fan around so it would blow on you more than on the others. I guess you need it most."

As he mutters his unwilling thanks, the Young Boss in passing stops long enough to say, "I rather imagine you must suffer from the heat a great deal, don't you?" Politely assuring him that such is not the case, he goes to the Old Boss' office to hear and, after the manner of wise employees, to smile at the Old Boss' pet remark:

"A little fat is only natural at my age; but if I was as young as you I should be worried about getting so fat."

The fellows in the office, the old apple woman, chance callers, everyone, all day long take a shot at him, and when he starts out to lunch on the stenographer observes:

"Your collar is a sight; but I suppose you can't help that, being so fat."

Half a dozen friends he meets make a point of inquiring how he stands this weather, and a dozen strangers are equally solicitous. Going out on the four forty-five, Wilkinson pityingly remarks:

"I should think a day like this would just about play you out. My! but I should hate to be as fat as you are, especially in summer!"

He would hate to have the reputation Wilkinson has for not paying his bills; but he does not say so. He merely observes that he is feeling like a fighting cock.

Generally he stands it all placidly, until the last straw comes at the dinner table, where his wife, cool in her white waist and skirt, and rested by her siesta, eyes him inquiringly with:

"I don't see what makes you so irritable every evening when you come home. I guess it must be the heat. Since I began getting stout (she weighs one hundred and thirty) I know how I have felt it, and you are so fat you must suffer awfully. You had better stay home while this hot weather lasts, and let me telephone the office that you are ill."

But he does nothing of the kind. He has a double portion of everything there is for dinner; lots more ice water; goes over to the Wilkinsons to play bridge; eats a lot of sandwiches and ice cream at midnight; and comes home to sleep in dreamless bliss the night through.

Think of the effect of a day like that on a thin dyspeptic! He would succumb before the week was gone; but fat men only thrive under such treatment. With corpulence always comes a sense of humor. What would annoy other people only makes them smile. From their obese pinnales they look with joyful contempt on the rest of the scrawny universe. Every fat man is fat because he wants to be. He knows how to put off weight if he wants to. Didn't Taft lose fifty pounds? All you've got to do is to exercise a lot, and be careful what you eat. You mustn't eat bread, or potatoes, or beans, or butter or anything you are fond of. These thin fellows couldn't get fat if they tried. No matter what they eat they stay at the same weight. Yes, sir, a fat man is fat because he wants to be!

Just think of the advantages he has! Did you ever in all your life know an unhappy fat man? Did you ever hear of a fat man having dyspepsia or getting tuberculosis? Did you ever know of a fat man going crazy? The fiction that corpulence is undesirable is only an envious libel of those morbid skeletons not yet thin enough to get circus jobs. It is the fat man that get all the good things in life. In a restaurant you will notice that it is a fat man that has the best table. In a theatre you will observe that all the fat men in some way have managed to get aisle seats. Where a thin man gets into a fight with a car conductor, the fat man passes it off as a joke. Somehow, too, fat men seem to get enough of the world's circulating coinage so they can live comfortably. You never see a fat beggar or panhandler; and whoever heard of a fat man starving.

When a fat man goes into anyone's parlor,

doesn't he always get the most comfortable chair? When his hat blows off on a windy day, doesn't some one always run after it for him? No one expects him to get up and give his car seat to a woman, because he would block the aisle if he did. Even his wife doesn't expect him to stoop to pick up things when she drops them. Everybody tells him their best stories, because they like to hear him laugh. Despite the plaintive wail of the comedian that "Nobody loves a fat man," did you ever see a fat man that did not have a good looking wife. Possibly it is because she has a fat, good natured husband that she keeps her looks. Persistent insurance agents never pester fat men. All the fat man has to do is to point to his aldermanic patch and say, "Too fat. Your company wouldn't take me," and that settles it.

And don't you believe for a minute that their corpulence deprives fat men of their share in the world's fun and sport! Did you not read about Taft dancing at the Kuroki ball? Isn't Grover Cleveland noted as a hunter and fisherman? And there's President Roosevelt, over the two hundred mark, and still playing tennis, and boxing, and riding, and everything else. There are lots of fat men who are excellent bowlers and billiard players. Every pinocle champion is a man of weight. Thin people do not get half the fun out of eating, either, or of living, for that matter; that fat men do.

Fat men, too, make good citizens. Did you ever hear of a fat burglar or wife beater? Only one man in every forty-one weighs over two hundred pounds; yet look back over the world's history in whatever age you will, and you will find that fat men have been doing their share of the world's work, and winning perhaps more than their share of the world's laurels. Caesar was fat. Napoleon was fat. Johnson, Swift, Addison, Steele—all were fat. Of the twenty-odd presidents we have had in the United States, two of them have been in the "over two hundred" class, and you can find lots of people who say that Cleveland and Roosevelt are two of the best presidents we ever had.

But, the thin man protests, think how much more work these men could accomplish if they were not hampered by their corpulence!

Just stop a minute! Could the magnificent engineering work that has added acres to Governor's Island in New York harbor have been carried out more expeditiously than it has been? Yet Colonel William L. Marshall, U. S. A., chief of the river and harbor work in New York, is a three hundred pounder. Could William Allen White have told any better than he did what was the matter with Kansas, if he had weighed a hundred pounds less than two hundred and fifty? Where is the thin man that could have made the marvelous round-the-world trips that William H. Taft has made, and have accomplished so much in so short a time? Could President Roosevelt be any more strenuous if he weighed less?

You know it is all true, every word of it. All the jests you make about fat men are inspired by jealousy. When you want to borrow money, when you want to ask a favor, you go to your fattest friend; of course you do!

"But if you keep on getting fat, you'll die of apoplexy."

You can't worry us with that. Nothing ever worries a fat man. He has learned that the trouble of today are the jokes of tomorrow, and does his laughing now. Apoplexy! What of it? Waking up dead beats the long, lingering illness that kills off the thin folk. Anyhow, when the apoplexy hits him, the fat man will have had twice as much fun, with half the worry that the average man has.

Blessed is the fat man!—Two Hundred and Sixty-Five," in New York Tribune Magazine.

A Sea Tale



TALES of castaways at sea as thrilling as ever told by Poe or Stevenson, and stories of hardships comparable to the mishaps of Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson, are still to be met with in this age of the world, when iron bottoms and steam have seemingly robbed the ocean of its terrors, and when uninhabited islands are considered more mythical than actual. As truth is stranger than fiction, these stories gather interest from the fact that their happenings are veracious, and the sufferings they describe are real. One of the most striking of these tales of the sea relates to the adventures of a Scotch sailor, Morrison by name, picked up on a lone island of the Pacific, and brought back to his native city of Dundee.

It was in July, 1906, that Morrison left Dundee as second officer on a vessel built at that port for an Argentine firm. The vessel having been handed over to the owners at Buenos Ayres, he shipped on the Norwegian barque Alexandra, bound for Newcastle, New South Wales, for orders. At the Australian port the Alexandra loaded coal for Panama, and sailed for her destination at the end of November of last year.

Over 500 miles from her port of call the barque was becalmed and for nearly six months lay helpless. Provisions and water ran out, and the crew suffered so severely from thirst and hunger that in May they abandoned their vessel, and set out in two boats in an endeavor to make land. Morrison was in the captain's boat, together with a mixed company of Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Germans, and an American named Jeffs.

By and by the boats parted company, and never again had sight of each other. One of the craft struck an inhabited island, but that in which Morrison was drifted on and on, and latterly, as no word of the occupants reached civilization, it was presumed they had perished.

"On and on we rowed," said Morrison. "Our provisions consisted only of biscuits and tinned meat, and a small supply of fresh water. Of clothing we had practically none, and shoes we knew nothing of. During the night the plug of the fresh-water tank gave way, and to make our case even worse our provisions ran out until we were reduced to living on the biscuit dust in the canvas bag, and only a lick of dust at that. In our cramped positions we could get no sleep, and we suffered intensely from thirst. Our legs began to swell, and our whole bodies were getting so cramped that we prayed for land, if only as much as we could set foot on."

After eleven days we struck an island, which we afterwards learned was Indefatigable island, but we could scarcely drag ourselves from the boats, and we just lay down on the beach. But water we had to procure, and we dragged our weary bodies as best we could, searching for the precious liquid. Not a living soul was seen to guide us in our search. So parched were our throats that we made use of the only vegetation on the island, a short stunted shrub something like a cactus, to slake our thirst, and though the substance that exuded was of a gummy nature, it was welcome indeed. Great joy was left when on the fourth day we discovered a supply of fresh water in a cave, and here we resolved to encamp.

"Now began a search for food. The only

fruit was a kind of growth something like an apple, but it burned our throats, and we left it alone, fearing it was poisonous. Then as a gift from the gods, along the beach came a turtle. Mr. Turtle was promptly turned over, and with a small supply of matches we had saved a fire was lighted, the flesh of the turtle roasted, and no feast was ever more heartily enjoyed by man than that—our first meal of flesh for months.

"We gradually became accustomed to our dreary surroundings, and afterwards we started in parties to explore the island, but one man was always left at the camp to keep the fire burning, for our stock of matches was small.

"Between searching the island and catching turtle we managed to keep ourselves alive, and we became quite expert at the turtle capturing process. But it was a sore and painful process moving about the rocks on our bare feet, and after a time we had scarcely any clothing at all.

"We looked like savages, and when the captain appeared one day with headgear consisting of the rim of a hat with a piece of shirt fastened on for a cover we forgot our hardships and managed to raise a laugh. But our position was becoming desperate. Some gave up hope altogether of ever being rescued, and to raise their spirits four of us set out on a lengthy tour of exploration, and discovered, 20 miles distant, evidences of an old camp.

"It was decided to remove to this newly discovered encampment, and all set out on the journey except the American, Jeffs, who declared he had suffered enough already, and would stick by the old camp lest even greater hardships had to be faced. Poor fellow, I am afraid he does not experience hardships now!

"It was a slow and wearisome journey from the one camp to the other. Our legs could scarcely carry us, and the captain was so weak that he had to crawl on his hands and knees. Our stock of water became exhausted, and we drank the blood of the turtles. We paid visits to our old camp now and then, and one day a German left never to return. We found a skull and bones on the shore when we next visited the spot, and we surmised the German had been drowned and his flesh devoured by birds of the vulture type, which followed us about everywhere, and were the only living creatures we saw.

Every hour, every minute, we were scanning the horizon in the hope of catching sight of a passing vessel, but we were out of the track of shipping, and were securely immured on the island, as our boat had been smashed on the rocks. Hunting turtles and boiling and roasting them was our lot week after week and month after month, until we had been nearly half a year on the island, when the cry went up, 'A sail! A sail!'

"I could scarcely believe my ears, and I was afraid to look across the waste of waters lest I should find that it was but the mad cry of a poor comrade whose reason had given out under the strain of watching. But a sail it was. Away across the waters could be made out a small sloop, and now, sure of my senses, I shouted to my comrades. Away we scampered down to the beach, our trials and troubles forgotten for the moment in the thrill of expectant joy. The fire was stoked as fast and as furiously as we could, and a blanket run up on an improvised flagpole.

"Would they see us? Eagerly we watched the vessel, and as we saw her making a course for our island we knew our signals had been seen. Never have I seen such pathetic incidents as those that happened as the vessel dropped anchor of the island and a boat came towards us. Some cried, some prayed, some roared and shouted, mad with delight, delirious with joy. We were taken on board and landed at Guayaquil."

It seems that on the rescue of the second party of the shipwrecked crew, and their arrival at Guayaquil a warship belonging to Ecuador went in search of the missing barque, and finding her a complete wreck on a rocky island and no signs of the crew, reported the men as lost. A German, Capt. Bonhoff, in Guayaquil had the hope that the men might have struck an island, and chartering a sloop went in search of them, with such a happy sequel. When Capt. Bonhoff took off the men they informed him that Jeffs, the American, was on another part of the island, but as the food on the vessel was running out it was thought the best course was to make for Guayaquil and return for the American.

What is claimed to be the biggest bear killed on the Greenhorn range of the Rockies since Old Mose fell nearly two years ago was brought back to Denver by J. D. Veach and S. S. Prentiss, of Rushville, Ill., who have just returned from a ten-day hunt.

An effort had been made to find a big bear in order that Mr. Prentiss might shoot it, and the trail was taken up on Jack Hall mountain. The dogs were ahead and the other members of the party followed on horseback, finally being obliged to go forward on foot.

When the dogs finally caught up with the bear there was a running fight that lasted for 300 yards, the hunters being within fifty feet of the animal all the time. It was finally treed on a steep hillside. The dogs were good fighters, and the bear was forced to take refuge in a tree less than one foot in diameter, notwithstanding the great size of the animal. This was not accomplished until the bear had bitten a tusk out of one of the four dogs engaged in the fight. Once safely treed, Mr. Prentiss took a long shot and brought the bear down.

Late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman



VERY interesting account of the career of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is given by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in a little book, with the above title, just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The

main facts of that career are, of course, well known, but Mr. O'Connor is able to lighten up his narrative with several anecdotes which may be new to many. When Sir Henry was appointed chief secretary for Ireland one of the most prominent of the Irish members was the late Edmund Dwyer Gray.

Mr. Gray's attendance in the House of Commons was rather irregular, with the result that he did not know well-known colleagues even by sight. One afternoon he formed one of a group of three men who were discussing the new chief secretary. "At all events," said Gray, "everybody seems agreed that he is a sufficiently dull man." One of the group of three was Campbell-Bannerman himself.

There was nobody, however, adds Mr. O'Connor, who would more heartily laugh at such a joke at his own expense than Campbell-Bannerman: he was certainly a good deal happier over it than poor Gray, who never told the story afterwards without visibly coloring in his vivid recollection of his confusion when he heard of his mistake.

Of pawkly humor "C.-B." Mr. O'Connor says, had an almost inexhaustible fund, and a fair specimen is given of the kind of thing he used to say:

"When he formed his ministry he issued an order that all ministers should surrender their directorships of public companies. There were some exceptions, and two of those were Mr. Hudson Kearley and Mr. Lough, both chairmen of prosperous provision and grocery companies in which tea was the chief article of consumption. When Campbell-Bannerman was pressed as to exceptions he replied that of course a minister could not be expected to

give up a family directorship or a directorship of a philanthropic institution. 'Is the sale of tea a philanthropic business?' asked the persistent Unionist questioner. 'That,' replied Campbell-Bannerman promptly, 'depends on the tea.'

No assembly of human beings in the world is so grateful for a little anointment as the House of Commons, and such an answer as that, says Mr. O'Connor, makes a whole House of Commons kin.

Sir Henry and his wife will be much missed at Marienbad, at which delightful health resort they were regular visitors for twenty years.

It was under the blue sky, and in the easy and unconstrained atmosphere of Marienbad, that Campbell-Bannerman was seen at his best. His good humor, his equableness, his freedom from all prejudice, his quaint and cynical wit—all these things made him a favorite companion of everybody. He rarely took the cure, but he walked every morning with the other guests, and with the characteristic and universal glass of the Marienbad invalid. But the glass in his case contained, however, whey, or some other non-medical draught, and none of the severe waters which the other cure guests were taking.

The arrival of Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman was one of the chief events of the place at Marienbad, and was always regarded as marking an epoch of the season.

"C.-B." as is well known, felt the death of his wife very keenly, and he never recovered from the blow. When spoken to once by Mr. O'Connor, he put his feelings in this pathetic phrase: "It used to be always 'we'; now it is 'I'—which is very different." Another pathetic example of how "C.-B." was haunted by his loss is told on the authority of Mr. Thomas Shaw:

"Mr. Shaw, with Mr. Morley and a few other friends, had come to Belmont, the resi-

dence of "C.-B." to be present at the funeral of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, and to sustain him in his dread hour of bereavement. Mr. Shaw was preparing to return to his own home in Edinburgh when "C.-B." said to him: "Thomas, is this a night to leave me alone?" And Mr. Shaw stayed."

But coming a few weeks later, when the spring had been allowed to relax a bit, Mr. Shaw found how the wound still bled. "C.-B." said that when he had anything special to tell or interest his wife, in reference to the news in the morning papers, he used to rush off to her room, and even still when he awoke in the morning he fond himself starting out in the same way to speak to her.

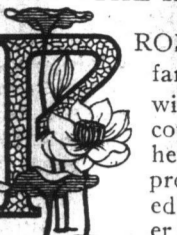
Mr. O'Connor tells that after it was known that "C.-B." was stricken to death he made a long and brave struggle, and for most of the time retained his wonderful brightness of spirit:

"He spent a part of the time in reading, choosing light books, and especially novels. And Mr. Vaughan ash, his private secretary, applied to me at his request for a list of the books I would recommend. The only hints I got as to the books the dying man would like to have were that they should be distinctively non-educative and that they should not be too sad."

When Mr. Asquith was called to the bedside of the prime minister it was mentioned that the Archbishop had said that it must be a great satisfaction to "C.-B." that his name was associated with such a measure as the Licensing Bill. "But," said "C.-B.," "it is your bill, Asquith, after all; not mine." And then came a flash of the old wit. "All the same," said the incorrigible "C.-B.," "one must take what credit one can for these things." And then he gave one of his well known smiles. But it was, says Mr. O'Connor, one of the smiles that provoke tears.—Westminster Gazette.

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POULTY

Farm poultry proved breeds, at the table or not adopted.

The Scottish come to be regarded as the best poultry-keeping kept with profit in fact, generally able to keep them means that from laying flock kept posed of every an of each year enou take the places of no longer fit for raised without co method known to ing whether an e female chick, and tion. "How shall cockerels?" Whe away from the pu and a half to thr cordance with the visible to fatten thus increase the a pound. They d the runs, becau exercise, and a and bone, but a confinement puts tion for killing."

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THE SIMPLE LIFE



WITH THE POULTRYMAN

THE HEN AND THE COW

ROFITS from hens look small to farmers until they compare them with the profits from their cows. Then they find that the hens yield better returns in proportion to the capital invested than do the cows. The farmer who gives his hens the same attention his cows receive, however, will never raise a question as to the comparative values of the cow and the hen. It will be with him not a question of the cow or the hen, but the cow and the hen. The two are a profitable combination. The food which is good for the cow is good for the hen. The ration which produces milk will produce eggs. If when grain is ground for the cows a portion is set aside for the hens, the farmer's wife can balance her own ration for the hens, and prepare a food good for eggs, meat or feathers. If the grains are ground together, corn, wheat and oats, sift out the fine flour which would be wasted when thrown on the ground or fed in the hoppers and save for fattening the young stock. This meal if mixed with buttermilk will put a fine finish on chicks in two weeks. The cracked grains can form two meals a day, and should be fed in litter. If the corn is ground separately give a feed of the coarse cracked corn at night, and a change of grains in the morning. In either case a feed of clover hay or vegetable refuse should be given at noon. If it is desired to give cracked wheat, scald the amount used at a feeding, and let stand until cool. We are feeding an early hatch of brooder chicks, cracked wheat scalded with skim milk, each evening, and how they grow! Besides the wheat the chicks get all the milk they can drink, cracked corn, and one vegetable meal a day, usually raw potatoes. For grit they have coarse sand. They are getting nothing but what is grown on the farm, but all they want of that, and it is surprising the amount they eat. Too often growing chicks are underfed. The maintenance ration is all right for stock held over from which nothing is expected, but that they hold their own, but for growing stock it won't do. Arrange a feeding place for baby chicks away from the older birds and keep feed there all the time. There are always timid birds which will be saved from becoming runts by opportunity to eat in peace after the voracious ones have finished their meal. Don't be stingy with your chickens; a pound of chicken will bring more money than a pound of pork at less cost for feed.

On a farm where cattle are being finished for market hens will get too fat for profit unless yarded, but such a farm is an ideal place for young chickens, which fatten on food that would otherwise probably be wasted. Be fair with the hen; give her as good housing, feed and care as you give your cow, and she will hold her own.

POULTRY ON THE FARM

Farm poultry should be of some of the improved breeds, and bred pure for eggs, or for the table or both, according to the breed adopted.

The Scottish Farmer says: "It has now come to be regarded as a fundamental rule in poultry-keeping that laying hens cannot be kept with profit after the third year, and it is, in fact, generally agreed that it is unprofitable to keep them after the second year. This means that from one-third to one-half of the laying flock kept on the farm must be disposed of every autumn, and that in the course of each year enough pullets must be raised to take the places of the hens which are sold, as no longer fit for service. But pullets cannot be raised without cockerels, since there is no method known to poultry keepers of ascertaining whether an egg will produce a male or a female chick, and this brings us to the question, 'How shall we dispose of our Surplus cockerels?' When the cockerels are taken away from the pullets at the age of from two and a half to three and a half months, in accordance with their breed, I have found it advisable to fatten them for two weeks, and thus increase their weight by half a pound to a pound. They do not sell as well taken from the runs, because they have had too much exercise, and are composed chiefly of skin and bone, but a brief period of fattening in confinement puts them into excellent condition for killing."

UNDERSIZED POULTRY

If a farmer were to look up the standard weight of the breed of fowls he is handling, weigh all his birds and take the average weight, he would be an exception to the rule if his fowls averaged within two or three pounds of the weight required by the standard. Most farmers complain of the lack of size in their poultry and are trying to remedy it by various means. They usually try to increase the size by purchasing large male birds. This, of course, helps the matter somewhat, but it cannot produce the desired result as the hen has more influence over the size of the chick than the sire, while the sire's greatest influence is in color. Standard weight fowls can be produced only by standard weight birds on both sides, male and female.

When a person breeds fowls as most farmers do, without knowing which hens lay the eggs

that are set, using eggs from pullets hatched all the way from April to August, he must expect undersized poultry. The only way that the size can be kept up to standard is to select a vigorous, well-built male of standard size and mate him with from eight to twelve strong, well-developed females of standard size. Late-hatched, undersized males or females should not be used. This method of breeding would be much more satisfactory and in the end less expensive.

Suppose one man has one hundred hens and buys purebred cockerels enough to breed them all, and sets eggs from any female that happens to lay a nice-looking good-sized egg, though she may be the smallest bird in the flock, and his neighbor buys one good pure-bred male bird, lumber enough to make a small colony house six by eight feet, and chicken wire enough to make a pen twenty-five feet square, and puts his one good male in the pen with his twelve best hens and keeps them there till they get used to roosting in the colony house, and then lets them out after laying time each day at from two to four o'clock in the evening, the man who buys the one good male, lumber and chicken wire spends little, if any, more than the man who buys several pure-bred males in the first year, and after that he has decidedly the best of it as he has only one male to buy each year, while his neighbor must buy several. The man with the pen will be much ahead in the weight of poultry to sell in the fall. Hens confined part of the day and allowed to run a few hours each day, and properly fed, will lay more fertile eggs than those put out on the range to hustle for themselves.—EX.

PRESERVING EGGS

A poultry keeper says eggs may be preserved so as to keep from August until warm weather of the next spring, and be so fresh that they cannot be told from newly laid ones by following this recipe.

Buy of your grocer or druggist a few pounds of paraffine which melt in a kettle over the stove slowly until it is perfectly melted, but do not have it hotter than necessary to keep it thin like water. Put the eggs into a wire spoon, a few, at a time, so that they do not touch each other. Dip them quickly but thoroughly into the melted paraffine, letting them get thoroughly wet in it, but not hot enough to cook them any. Raise the wire spoon or basket over the kettle and let all drain off that will run from them. Set them on a table or board for the paraffine to harden, which it will do in 15 minutes, sealing all the pores of the eggs perfectly air tight, so that they will keep for months in a cool, dry place. They keep best packed in salt or put in egg cases on a dry cellar shelf. If they do not keep it is because the paraffine did not cover them well, practice to leave no spot on the egg uncovered by it.

If they are to be kept very long, turn the box or barrel in which they are kept once a week to prevent yolks from settling to one side.

GEESE ON THE FARM

There are many places on a farm worthless for cultivation that could be utilized for goose pasture with splendid results. No buildings are required and in most cases but few, if any, division fences. The additional fact that the same breeders may be used continuously for ten or twelve years, also means quite a saving in expense. They may be plucked two or three times during the summer, and each year will yield about a pound of feathers worth from 50 to 75 cents.

In mating, there should be one gander for every two or three geese; the writer has found as a general rule, the less geese to a gander the better the results. An ordinary store box 3 or 4 feet square makes an excellent home for such a colony. With a little attention at first the fowls soon learn which is their own home, and will always return to it at night. My preference from both practical experience and observation is for the Toulouse. Almost all varieties are good sitters, and only ordinary precautions are needed to insure good results. A goose will lay 12 to 20 eggs before she wants to sit. The period of incubation is about 29 days. If given a little care and attention, the goslings will appear at the end of that time.

For the first few days the goslings require much the same sort of food that little chickens do, except that they should be given some tender grass, cut fine, several times a day after the first day. When a few days old they become strong enough to roam a good bit, and should then be transferred to a coop with one side slatted to confine the old geese. If given attention the goslings should all be raised.

Fattening geese for market is almost a business in itself. While fattening them I keep the geese, about ten, confined pretty closely, in a small yard, keeping water constantly before them and giving them all the food they will eat, but not allowing them to secure much, if any green food. This is very apt to change the appearance of the flesh. They are fed a mixture of scraps and meal, with some sharp sand added, stirred up with boiling water.—N. E. Homestead.

A small flock of hens pays better per hen than a large flock because the birds have more range around the farm buildings and more floor space in the houses and coops. Give the birds plenty of room and air and a thousand can be made to return as large a profit per bird as a hundred.

AROUND THE FARM

THE COW MOTHER AND HER BABY

SINCE much of future usefulness depends upon a heifer's first year in milk, she ought to be well fed and nourished, both before and after the birth of her calf. As to the best time of year for this event, probably the month of October has more advantages than any other, and for reasons here-with noted. For a month or so after calving she will be on grass, and usually the pastures of autumn are good. Then going into winter quiet to preserve the flow, if the feeding is generous and of a character intended to help along in this direction. At the end of winter, when shrinkage naturally sets in, comes spring with flush of fresh grass which starts the milk again. This increase will last with gradual diminution until well along into summer, when the young cow will be due again to freshen.

Too much importance cannot be placed upon keeping up the flow of milk during a heifer's first year as a producer. Up to six weeks of second calving, if possible, some semblance of milk giving should be continued. After that the milking habit will be so well established that little trouble will ensue in this direction.

On the other hand, if the heifer drops her first calf in the spring, she is nearly dry by the time winter sets in. During the cold months the lack of green feed will finish her and she will have ceased to give milk long before spring.

The age of the heifer may best be as near to two years as possible. In case of an animal dropped in the spring or summer, I should prefer to have her calve the fall following her second birthday; although some excellent and well-developed cows have been known to calve at eighteen months. The danger lies in getting over-fat when calving is delayed much beyond the age of two years. It ought not to be necessary to dwell upon the point of feeding a heifer generously. She is as yet immature and must build up her own body as well as nourish the foetus.

During the months immediately previous to calving, when the demands of nature are particularly exacting, some supplemental food should certainly be provided. Nothing is better for the purpose than oats or wheat bran. Before the advent of the little stranger, the prospective mother should be made acquainted with the stall she is to occupy. She should be familiar with the one who is to be her caretaker, and it will be a good idea to win her confidence by choice bits of food occasionally; also by kindness in handling. A heifer sometimes appreciates fondling, and shows her liking for it. Anything which tends to win her goodwill should be encouraged.

The well-littered maternity stall should be occupied by her for several days before the calf is expected. When it arrives it should be allowed to suck once or twice in the natural way to ensure correction of the bowels. It may then be removed and taught to drink from a pail, it's mother's milk twice or thrice a day.

Opinions differ as to the best time for removing a calf from its mother's stall. Having tried both methods, I incline to the idea that best results follow when it is not allowed to remain with her more than a single day. The longer the two are together, the stronger the attachment and consequent grief at parting. Yet I believe it best for the little thing to get some mother's milk in the natural way.

Feeding a young calf is very delicate business. Two quarts is plenty at one time, and great care is necessary that it is fed at the proper temperature. Nothing is worse than to give cold milk one time and hot the next. Equally bad is the overdose of milk. The delicate stomach can not take care of it and disarrangements speedily follow. Measure carefully, or better still, weigh the milk, increasing the amount very gradually as growth advances. Bright clover hay should be offered at the end of two weeks. To promote rapid growth, yet not fat, give a little ground or whole oats after the milk. Blood meal in the milk is excellent as a bowel regulator, given in teaspoon doses.

As to the young cow, she will need kindest treatment and after a few days generous rations. All is strange in connection with her new-found function of milk-giving, and she should be carefully dealt with, not forgetting that she is a mother and entirely worthy of human consideration. The making or the marring of a future career depends largely on this first year. Gentleness first of all should be the rule if she is to be trained so as to make a kindly disposed cow for the years to come.—Mrs. F. G., in Hoard's Dairyman.

UDDER TROUBLES

"Probably all dairymen know that each year they lose considerable from this source, and for that reason I have made it quite a study so as to bring out some method by which we could save a large per cent. of these udders that are caked soon after calving. We find very often a very good cow that has a diseased quarter, the quarter becoming diseased after the first or second calf. The usual methods that are adopted are something like this: They will put on say a hot fomentation, or a liniment, or some kind of vaseline, and then when the system becomes clogged they will use what is known as a probe, sometimes a darn-

ing needle, and with that kind of material they usually ruin the udder. They will have a large quantity of bloody milk and then in a little while there is no flow from that quarter at all, and the result is the cow is spoiled.

"Now, the udder is to be considered something like a sponge; it is very porous, full of holes, and for that reason it is a very delicate member, and it wants to be treated in that way. I am not a dairymen but I am told that some milkers have a less gentle touch than others, and there is an irritation caused, and this irritation will produce serious results by clogging up these little tubes, and the result is that the quarter will be gone, if not the entire udder. Now, then, the question is what to do. You have probably tried a great many things, but I have found this the best remedy, and it is something that farmers can do. The secretary told me recently that the greatest trouble with us veterinarians is that we try to give the farmers something to do that is hard for them to do. I have here an ordinary milk tube with a little bibb at the end of it. I use a rubber tube something like an ordinary hand bicycle pump. Now, I insert this tube carefully into the quarter that is affected and I fill it up with air. I do not probe in there with darning needles and other kinds of instruments, but I fill up this spongy organ with air, and it is like filling a sponge with water. If the udder is caked, you put in as much air as you can. Then you massage or work with your hand, and work that air all through the quarter and you will hear the bursting of these little vesicles—these little tubes. You can burst all of them in two or three applications of that kind and you will generally restore the udder. I have treated several hundred very bad cases and I know it works all right, and anyone of you can easily do it.

"Now, where the entire udder soon after calving has become caked, we use what is known as the compress. We take a piece of heavy cloth and put it on so that it lifts up the entire udder and tie it on top. We usually use straw with it, so that we do not chafe the back of the animal. That is to relieve the pressure. You will notice that the udder is very heavy and that the pressure must be relieved before anything else is done. If you want to assist, take several small, five or ten-pound bags, and fill them with bran, keep them hot, and apply them to the udder. This is the treatment that we use, where there is a very great amount of congestion. Now, these are about the simplest methods of treating diseases of the udder that I can explain—the massage for the diseased quarter and the compress for the whole udder.—Dr. Peters.

SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR HORSE AILMENTS

Many farmers, although keeping a number of horses, do not know the simplest remedies for the slight ailments the horse is heir to. Flatulence or colic with swelling is quickly relieved by a drench of salt and water (which will only take in a certain amount of salt), followed by gentle exercise. This will force the gas out, and the patient will soon be relieved. A second dose in about twenty minutes is advisable if not sufficiently relieved. Colic without swelling, but with cramp of the bowels, needs a stronger remedy—two teaspoonfuls of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, two teaspoonfuls of laudanum, in a little warm milk. For a purgative dose, a ball composed of three ounces of Barbadoes aloes, a little ginger moistened with water, wrap mixture in two long-shaped parcels, and thrust with hand well to the back of throat. This does not sicken a horse like oil does. Feed on bran mash only before dosing. In the case of a horse purging badly, give three teaspoonfuls of laudanum in milk. In a slight case of purging, a handful of flour mixed with his oats will help.

To cool horses' blood, to take down swellings in legs, two pounds of salt, two pounds of Epsom salts, half a pound of sulphur, a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, a tablespoonful in feed three times a week. For sore shoulders use sulphur and lard, with a few drops of carbolic oil. White liniment made of equal parts, white of eggs, turps, and vinegar, shaken up and left to stand a day or so, is quite as good as any you can buy, and very good for sores, too. For proud flesh, sprinkle with powdered bluestone. For running sore, syringe with carbolic, one in forty drops. A good condition powder is made from powdered gentian, sulphate of iron, and ginger.

The easiest way to physic a horse when alone or otherwise, is to put on bridle with rein over a pole in the stable roof. Draw head up high and pour into corner of mouth slowly; if he refuses to swallow, confine the nostrils for a moment with hand, and the medicine will go down.

RAISING OF MULES

Formerly the mule was restricted to use in the mines and in conducting Southern agricultural operations, but more recently the mule has won a place in the teaming industry of Northern cities and work on Northern farms. Every leading wholesale horse market is now featured with a mule department, as the demand constantly broadens in all parts of the country for commercial use.

The mule is a hybrid animal produced by cross of a jack and a mare, and the industry is gradually extending into the Middle Western states. The mule in conformation possesses more the external characteristics of the ass

than the horse, and in mental qualities the mule is more fearless and courageous than the horse.

The qualities of the mule in patience and endurance transcend those of the horse, while he is less subject to diseases. The mule is not a dainty feeder and appears to be endowed with an instinct to eschew gluttony. If a mule should gain access to the grain storage he would not eat until he was foundered, as will the horse. If a horse runs away it is liable to injury, while the mule never becomes so unbalanced but what he avoids dangerous objects. As an economic work animal the mule excels the horse, as he can perform more work on less feed than the horse.

The mule is becoming more popular with the city teaming industry and is now frequently seen hauling heavy loads of coal and general merchandise. Owing to their decreased liability to accidents their use is more economical than horses. On the macadam and paved streets of cities the feet of heavy draft horses soon become tender, often disabling them from service, while the finer and tougher texture of the mule's foot renders him immune to the strain of paved streets. It is the wearing attribute of the mule's foot that is introducing the animal into favor with the great teaming industry of cities and laying the foundation for broader future demand.

The vicious attributes of mules have been exaggerated. They are preferred for field-work on Southern plantations because they are more docile and tractable than horses. They are easily broken to harness and work cheerfully and patiently at tasks that would provoke rebellion in horses. They are maintained in good condition on less feed than a horse and excel their rival in longevity and years of possible service. There is no danger of overproduction, as the mule supply is below the demand, while the prices they command surpass those of commercial horses.—Drovers' Journal.

WHAT WEEDS DO

Weeds injure the farmer chiefly in two ways. First, by offending his idea of the beautiful. This injury is an important factor in the value of the land, and, furthermore, it is one that is felt by the whole community. A farm with weeds is not only less valuable itself, but it makes every other farm in the community less valuable. Second, by the crop loss. This is the loss that receives the more common estimate. The farm's profits are lessened in a number of ways, the most important of which are the following:

1. Weeds rob the soil of moisture. The amount of water that must be taken up by the roots of any plant and exhaled out into the air through the leaves is enormous. Experiments have shown that for most of the cultivated grasses from three to five hundred pounds of water must actually pass through the plants to produce a single pound of dry matter. In seasons of drought, when there is scarcely enough moisture to supply the cultivated crops, it is easy to understand the injury done by the presence of a large number of additional weedy plants. This is, doubtless, the most important of the weed injuries, for it must not be forgotten that the moisture in the soil is the all-important thing. Ask the average farmer why he cultivates his corn, and he will say, "To kill the weeds," when, as a matter of fact, it is, or should be, for the purpose of conserving the moisture in the soil. The weeds are killed purely as an incidental matter. A perfectly clean cornfield needs cultivation as badly as a weedy one.

2. Weeds crowd the cultivated plants, depriving them of light and space in both soil and air. If corn or wheat are planted too thickly they cannot develop properly, because the plants do not get enough sunlight and the roots do not have sufficient feeding space. Similar results will be apparent if the extra plants are weeds.

3. Weeds rob the soil of food elements required by other plants. While there is usually more than enough plant food for all plants in almost every soil, the amount in a readily available form is limited, and the greater number of plants among which it is divided the slower and less vigorous will be the growth of all.

4. Weeds harbor injurious insects and diseases. The overgrown fence rows and ditches furnish most ideal places for many of these troublesome enemies to live through the winter.

5. Weeds sometimes injure by killing farm stock or by rendering their products unsaleable. Mountain laurel, wild parsnip and a few other plants found as weeds in certain localities sometimes kill stock outright. Wild onion, a very serious weeds in some places, often renders milk and its products unsaleable.

6. Weeds render certain products of the farm unsaleable. Weeds in hay reduce its value, and the presence of weed seeds in commercial farm and garden seed not only reduces its value, but opens the way for introduction of a weed pest into a new locality, from which it can perhaps never be eradicated.

Other injuries will suggest themselves, but these are perhaps the most important.

BRISTLES

Air-slacked lime is a cheap, good disinfectant, and can often be used to a good advantage by sprinkling over the sleeping quarters.

It is a good plan to have some warm, thin slop ready to give a sow as soon as she is through farrowing and shows an inclination to get up.

Sport in Alberni

BY RICHARD L. POCOCK

(Continued From Last Week)

HAVING arrived at Alberni, the sportsman has abundance of ground to hunt over for the various kinds of game, and a great variety of waters in which to fish. If he desires to add an elk head to his collection of trophies the best plan is to enlist the help of one of the residents to engage Indian guides; when he has secured the right Indians for the job nothing but the worst of luck should prevent him bringing home the coveted specimen. To bag a bear or two he would do as well as any way to drive right up to the Duke of York mining camp, reached by a good road all the way from the old or new town, and he will be there in some of the best territory possible for hunting bear in the spring-time; in the fall they will be found lower down feeding on the salmon that run up every creek in the district.

It is quite needless to specify any particular places for the hunting of other sorts of game, as he can hardly go wrong once he arrives at Alberni. It might be, perhaps, worth while though to mention that panther are common in the hills, as any of the farmers will tell you, and that there is a good chance of shooting one or two if he has the right sort of dogs with him, but that it is waste of time to go in search of them without. Sometimes they become very bold in the winter and come quite close to the settlement; one was shot in the middle of New Alberni from the door or window of one of the houses a few years ago while the writer was living in the place, but possibly this would not be very likely to happen now that the town has grown to more substantial proportions, and even boasts a newspaper of its own.

By the kind assistance of some of the old residents who have a wide experience of the fishing in the district of Alberni, I am able to give all the details necessary of the different waters in the neighborhood to enable a fisherman to plan a campaign extended or otherwise.

In the first place, let it be understood that splendid fly-fishing can be had in any one of the numerous streams in the valley near Alberni, so that the angler whose time is limited and who cannot stray far from headquarters need have no fear of blank days or overcrowded water; if there is any crowd it will be a crowd of fish, not of anglers. For those who have the time and inclination to stray further afield the following places can be highly recommended:

Great Central Lake

The distance from Alberni to Great Central lake is ten miles; the sportsman can drive right through all the way to the lake from the town. At the lake end of the road there is a cabin in which visitors can camp. There is a gasoline launch there and a canoe owned by the discoverer and locator of the famous Big Interior mine, a vast deposit of copper ore. The lake is about twenty-one miles long and averages a mile in width. At the head of the lake is another cabin belonging to the same owner. Two small streams run into the lake at the head, but they are not navigable.

In the lake are trout, and plenty of them, from one to three pounds in weight. The best time for fishing this water is in June and July, and the flies that have been proved to be the best killers are: March Brown, Black Zulu, Brown Hackle, Coachman, and Silver Doctor. There is splendid trolling in the lake and also good fly-fishing in the two streams at the head as well as at the outlet.

Sproat Lake

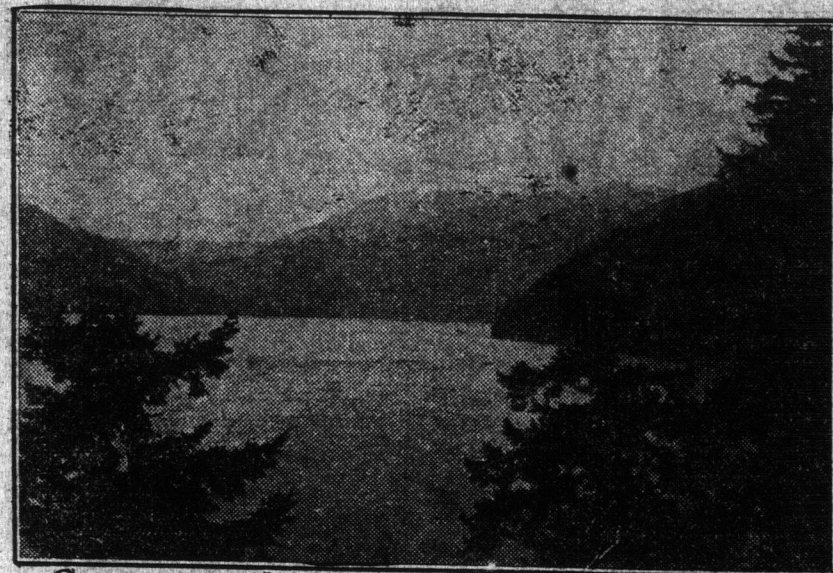
The distance of this lake from Alberni is six miles over a good road, and there are several old houses on the shores where tourists can make camp. This lake, the Lake Lucerne as it has been called of Vancouver Island, is thirteen miles long, with numerous arms. There is splendid trolling in this water as well as good fly-fishing; the trout running in weight from one to nine pounds and being of two varieties, large white-fleshed lake trout and also the sea trout which run up all the island rivers wherever possible. There is a canoe on this lake for hire. The fly-fishing at the outlet is particularly good, and the same flies will kill as on Great Central.

McCoy Lake

This is a small, muddy and marshy lake about four miles from Alberni, but capable of yielding good sport within easy distance from home, as the trout in it average one-and-a-half pounds in weight, though, as the water grows warm in the summer months, the fish get rather soft; there is a raft here to fish from, and the flies recommended for the other water will be found equally satisfactory here.

Bainbridge and Cox's Lakes,

two small lakes four and three miles respectively from the town, appeal more especially to the bait fishermen; as though they contain plenty of good trout, from half-a-pound to a



CAMERON LAKE, V.I.

pound-and-a-half in weight, they are mostly taken with bait, the best time to fish them being in March, as the fish get too soft to be at their best in the warm weather; rafts to fish from will be found on both.

An outing on either of the two first mentioned lakes can hardly be beaten for good, all-round sport and for picturesqueness and beauty of natural surroundings.

As a change from inland and lake travel the sportsman should not omit a trip down the salt-water canal, which can be made either in row-boats or by gasoline launch.

About three miles from the New Alberni wharf, on the right hand side going down the canal is Cous creek, which affords fairly good fishing with either fly or bait, the best time for the sea trout here is in the fall, but smaller fish can be caught in plenty all through the summer; there is an old cabin about a mile up the creek.

Six miles or so from here, on the other side of the canal is China creek, where trout will be found fairly numerous and easiest taken in June, July and August. The banks are thickly wooded, so the angler who wants fish must be prepared to wade. A good place to camp is at the Duke of York mineral claim (deserted placer diggings).

Granite creek is about ten miles down the canal; it is a small mountain stream containing brook trout, and the best month to fish it is July. The fishing in these three creeks is particularly good, owing to the low temperature of the water coming down from the high mountains.

Nahmint River

is on the right hand side of the canal going down to the ocean and about twelve miles down; the river, which is about nine miles long, is the outlet of a lake of the same name. The fishing in both the river and the lake is hard to beat, and this water has never been fished much owing to the comparatively long distance from a settlement. The big Tyee salmon run up this river and can be freely caught by trolling near the mouth in September.

Coho salmon run up most of the rivers mentioned; fly-fishing for salmon has not been practised very much here but they are known to have been caught on the fly, so that probably experienced anglers who properly understand this branch of the sport would be able to successfully fly-fish for salmon; those who are content with trolling can expect all the sport they could ever dream of and must be prepared to try conclusions with the monsters of the tribe, as the Alberni canal is one of the places where the biggest sort of British Columbia salmon run, fish frequently being caught sixty pounds and over in weight. On the road into Alberni the only lake of any size is Cameron lake, which is about four miles long and affords excellent trout-fishing in the summer. Sport is also good in Cameron river, flowing into the head of the lake, as well as in the little Qualicum which runs out of it.

In a word, almost any stream around Alberni will afford good trout fishing, while the sea-trout are very numerous in the fall in the Soamas and near the mouth in the tributaries.

Local enthusiasts can look forward to the railway now being built bringing within easy reach a district affording unlimited opportunities for the exercise of their favorite pastime.

THE UNATTAINABLE TROUT

I know a pool where the river,
Sunlit and still,
Slips by a bank of wild roses
Down from the mill;
There do I linger when summer makes glorious
Valley and hill.

Somewhere the song of a skylark
Melts into air,
Butterflies float through the sunshine,
June's everywhere;
Nature, in fact, shows an amiable jollity
I do not share.

For in the shade of the alders,
So mild of flies,
There is a trout that no cunning
Coaxes to rise.
"Slim" as Ulysses and doubtful as Didymus,
Mammoth in size.

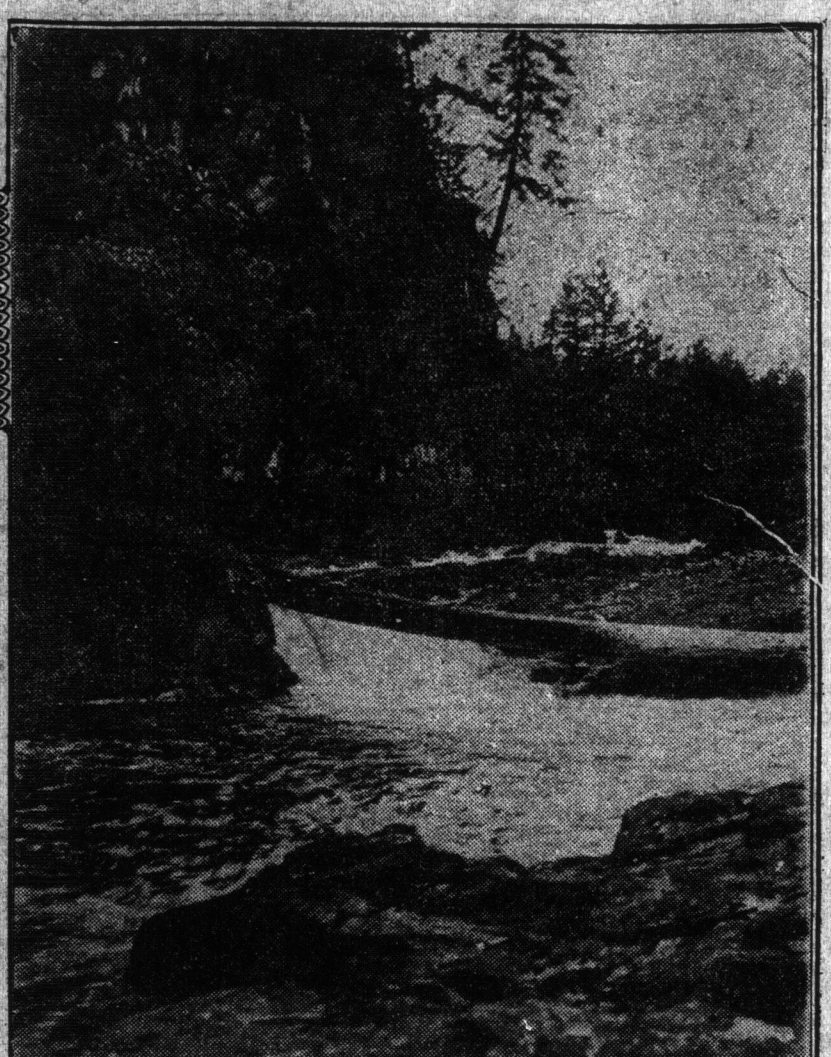
And when the May fly battalions
Flutter and skim,
When all the others are filling
skets a-brim,
I spend the cream of the fly-fishing carnival
Casting at him.

Seeing in fancy my hackle
Salized with a flourish,
Hearing the reel pacing maddly
Under his pounce,
Knowing at last all the pounds of his magnitude
(Eight is an ounce?)

But of my drakes and my sedges
None make the kill,
None tempt him up from his fastness
Under the mill,
And, for I saw him as lately as Saturday,
There he is still.

Thus do Life's triumphs elude us;
Yet it may be
Some afternoon, when the keeper
Goes to his tea,
That a loachworm were dropped unnoticably—
Well, we shall see.

—Funch.



SPROAT RIVER, ALBERNI



SOMASS RIVER, ALBERNI

PHEASANT SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY

In the Toon-Yen district of Kwei-Chow province, Central China, the country is rough and mountainous and the common pheasant of the country, though fairly well scattered over the hills, is by no means as plentiful as in the lower altitudes and more level districts. It is, however, sufficiently numerous to make it interesting for a sportsman to climb the hillsides with a good dog and gun.

In parts of China where small game is plentiful the native gunners attain to a by no means contemptible skill with their fire-arms of various antique patterns, and can bring down a snipe on the wing with more or less certainty. But in the district named, probably owing to the comparative scarcity of small game, wing-shooting is an unknown accomplishment among them, and it is only at a certain season of the year that they consider it worth their while to sally forth to slaughter Phasianus's torquatus.

When they do, great are the preparations and extraordinary the method used to accomplish their end.

It is to be hoped none of those who read these lines will be tempted to imitate the method, but I think there is little fear of that, so that no harm can be done by describing their rather amusing, though to the strict sportsman, horrifying proceedings.

First and foremost it must be stated that the certain season alluded to is the breeding season, but let it at once be urged that only the cock-birds are killed: I have never seen a Chinaman with a hen-pheasant which he has shot; indeed some of them have confided to me that the hens were unfit for food and even poisonous at this time of year, a belief that I was at no pains to try and destroy.

A nest of pheasant's eggs is a legitimate prize, and with the aid of a broody hen, the patient Chinese will usually succeed in rearing one or two, and the birds thus raised are taken great care of and become very tame. By the way, the Chinese are great people for caged birds and other pets, and cruel and callous though they can be, and usually are, it is never too much trouble for them to attend to these pets. It is an everyday sight to see a coolie carrying his bird with him in its cage when he goes to his work in the fields. It is placed near him while he is working and carried home again at night. The tame pheasant he has reared is essential to his success in bagging others for the pot, as he seldom thinks it worth while to go a-gunning without a decoy.

His next job is to make a carrying cage

for his tame hen-pheasant, for it is a hen that he uses as a rule to attract his game.

This is an extremely neat arrangement, made of bamboo basket-work. It is made just large enough for the bird to squat in and shaped to its body; the front is formed by a door of little bamboo bars hinged at the bottom, while the back being left open, the bird's latter end and tail protrude. The cage is usually built on a little stand of carved wood and is fitted on the top with a handle to carry it by.

Now for our pig-tailed sportsman's weapon. This is indeed a formidable-looking affair, being often as much as six feet in length, and sometimes even longer. It has no butt that can be put to the shoulder, but merely a pistol-shaped stock of wood. Muzzle-loading, of course, and of small calibre, it has a touch-hole at the side and a big pan for priming, over which fits a leather cap to keep the powder dry. In place of a hammer it is fitted with a kind of claw, into which is wedged an end of touch-ropes, the other end being usually wound round the stock. When brought into action this claw is pulled back against a spring and held by a clumsy trigger which hooks into its other end.

Armed thus with two yards or more of gun, his decoy hen in his little traveling basket-cage and a handful of joss-sticks, friend John sallies forth at earliest dawn to some likely spot where probably a cock-pheasant has already betrayed its presence with its voice. Here the decoy hen is allowed to step out from its basket, though still secured by a line attached to its leg, the other end being fastened to a peg; a few grains of rice are sprinkled on the ground for it to peck at, and the hunter retires with his gun behind a convenient bush to await the approach of the love-smitten wild bird. If there is a cock-bird in the vicinity the hunter will not have long to wait before it approaches the hen. Intent on courtship, it has no suspicion of the near presence of the hunter in his ambush, who blows his match and prepares to take aim. Taking good care not to shoot except when the wild bird is a safe distance from his valuable decoy, but also, be sure, well within range of his powder and scrap-iron, he pulls the trigger, the priming puffs, at an appreciable interval the charge explodes, and if his aim be true and the range close enough, he has obtained a prize worth to him in the open market at least the equivalent of a day's hard labor; so that even though he bag no more that day, he will go home completely satisfied with the result of his expedition.

Thus in his native habitat is done to death the fine sporting bird whose cousins afford us such good sport on this our island home,

where they have guns more numerous and more accurate (in some hands) to escape, although they are not attacked in so treacherous a manner.

RICHARD L. POCOCK.

TOURISTS KILL BEAR

Harry S. Jordan and Joseph B. Jordan, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who arrived here last week, and went up Taylor River on a bear hunting trip, returned on Tuesday with their trophy, as large and fine a piece of black fur as has ever been stripped from the carcass of the king beast of these forests.

The hunters were accompanied by William Lindsay and Julius Donner as guides, and beat their way through the trackless wilds almost to the head of the stream, a region of the interior that has been visited by but few human beings. All along their route they saw traces of big game, and had many opportunities which were not taken advantage of because of the difficulties of packing.

The bear that was chosen as victim was a female with two cubs. When the mother received the fatal bullet wound the youngsters quickly scrambled to the top of a 75-foot tree and there sought refuge. As there was, apparently, no chance of taking them alive without a long wait, the cubs were also killed, but the hides were found to be too tender for stripping.

Mr. Harry Jordan says the country he went through on the hunt is the most wonderful he has ever seen, the trip was the toughest and, withal, the most interesting of his life.—Alberni Pioneer News.

MOUNTAIN QUAIL

Sportsmen who are familiar with the sport-giving value of the mountain quail will be interested in the following remarks by a fellow-sportsman on the other side of the line, writing in "The Breeder and Sportsman." In view of the growing scarcity of blue grouse it might afford a means of letting off superfluous enthusiasm on the part of some of our more youthful gunners if they waged a war against the destructive blue-jay on this side of the line also. I. H. McKim says:

"That noble game-bird, former furnisher of sport most royal—the mountain quail—is surely and swiftly passing from our midst, and unless strenuous measures are quickly and forcibly advanced, the time is very near when it will become an extinct bird.

The rapid decrease in the past four years is startling to anyone cognizant of it.

Where a few years ago one might go almost any day in autumn and secure the game limit in a few hours, last fall he could wander over the same ground all day without seeing so much as a trace of a bird.

The cause of their rapid extinction is attributable to several causes—first and foremost of which is the incessant war so mercilessly waged upon the young quail by that great mischief-maker, the bluejay.

Many nests are destroyed yearly by being trampled by sheep, but this seems rather unavoidable. It is seemingly impracticable to attempt legislation upon that issue.

Many young and old birds perish in the vast forest fires which sweep through the wooded regions at intervals; but this is being in a great measure alleviated by the enforcement of the state fire laws.

The bluejay, however, over which we could exercise some control, is allowed to go on in his abominable work of rapine unchecked.

A few years ago the Kimball-Upton company, being aware of the havoc wrought to the quail by jays, offered prizes for their scalps.

Many of the pests were slain, and there was a noticeable increase in the number of flocks in the hills that fall.

Now, this is a serious proposition to all lovers of field sports, and we should wake up and do something before the quail is entirely exterminated.

What will take their place to the busy man whose only recreation for the entire year is the few days he annually spends afield with dog and gun?

When any difference in the number of birds could be observed as results of the feeble efforts of a single corporation, how much greater results would be obtained were we to go at it with some system and with united energy.

We could right away eradicate the bluejay; the state forester and his corps of co-workers will minimize the yearly reduction of fire, and later we may do something about the sheep.

There are several minor causes of destruction, but they are of much less magnitude and can be easily lessened.

Let the gun clubs and all others interested in the wild sports of the state arouse themselves and see what can be done to protect our king of game birds."

TROUT FISHING

Once in a while a fisherman needs midges—flies the size of one's little finger nail. It requires most delicate manipulation to land a trout on a tiny hook, but it is done.

There is a little trick on rift fishing which I do not remember seeing described. The habit of fishermen is to fish down stream as one wades with the current. Side casts are made, of course, but usually casts are made slovenly down the current. A market fisherman who was catching fish when I was not, though using the same flies, told me the difference. He said, "Don't fish down stream—it wastes time. Fish across stream, and let your flies drift down, dancing on the water. Flies never go up stream when they are on the water surface—the current carries them down stream. They don't go diagonally up stream either. They float down the current, or diagonally down the current."—Forest and Stream.

A Critic on "The Emperor's New Clothes"

THE following letter appeared in a recent issue of the London Times:

Sir—Every one knows the story of "The Emperor and His New Clothes"; how the Emperor, charmed by the eloquence and convinced by imaginary garments of which the beauty and splendor, he was assured, were apparent only to very clever people. The Emperor being, of course, a very clever man, could not fail to recognize the perfection of that which the common eye was not privileged to behold. The courtiers, who, of course, were all very clever people, too, naturally saw what the Emperor saw; and finally his Majesty displayed himself to an admiring people clad in his beautiful new clothes. "How splendid are the Emperor's new clothes!" cried all the courtiers; "how novel their cut, how magnificent their material!" And all went merry as a marriage bell until at last a person in the crowd, who was obscure and not a courtier at all, cried out, "But the Emperor has no clothes!" Whereupon the whole assembly, not being courtiers either, and being quite simple folk who thought that two and two make four, cried out with one voice, "But the Emperor has no clothes!" And that indeed, was the plain truth; the Emperor was as naked as he was born.

We need not go far to apply the moral of the old fable. In 1906 the Secretary of State for War propounded a great scheme of army reform which was to reduce expenditure, to double the fighting efficiency of the army, to create a great national force, and to solve all our military problems on the most exalted scientific principles. For two years and a half a daily hymn of praise has gone up extolling the virtues of the great scheme and calling upon us to admire its beneficial and wonder-working character. It is true that the principal member of the choir has been the author of the scheme. The national audience have stood by in patient and puzzled amazement, trying to find out where the great object which they were all invited to contemplate and admire was to be seen. They have waited long enough. They have seen nothing, and it is time they should understand that, however long they wait, they will still see nothing. "The Emperor has no clothes," never had, and never will have.

The time has come for dissipating the myth which has so long occupied and excited public attention. Perhaps the following facts may help to make the situation clear; they are true, incontrovertible, and vouched for by official documents and figures, all of which are available to the public.

In July, 1906, the new army scheme was expounded to the House of Commons in a speech which lasted over three hours. The scheme as then propounded received much praise; possibly it deserved it. If so, the fact is of historical interest only, for not a fragment of that scheme remains. Every item of it has been abandoned or utterly transformed. Since 1906 we have had several other schemes, and innumerable modifications of each of them. The history of these modifications and abandonments is curious, and well worth telling; but there is not space to recite it here. What we are at present concerned with is the net result of the whole business, the outcome of all the schemes, and of the innumerable speeches in which they have been commended to a trustful but simple public.

There were to have been great economies. Mr. Haldane has told us over and over again that he has saved two millions on the army estimates. Let us see. On May 11, in reply to Mr. Harold Cox, the Secretary of State for War said: "The estimates for 1908-9 show a reduction of £1,020,000 on the actual expenditure of 1905-6, and I have no reason for revising this estimate"; £1,020,000 is a very different figure from £2,000,000. But this is only half the story. On May 25, in reply to a further question, the Secretary of State informed the House of Commons that in 1905 the sum of £1,478,000 was spent upon the re-arming of the horse and field artillery; an abnormal and temporary charge. It will be seen that, allowing for this item, which was not part of the normal expenditure of the year, the expenditure of 1905-6 was less than the estimate for 1908-9 by £458,000.

"But," says the Secretary of State in his answer of May 25, "the right hon. gentleman who asks the question has forgotten the expenditure on loan in 1905. Taking into account the loan figure, the estimates of 1908-9 are £420,000 less than the total expenditure of 1905-6." As a matter of fact the right hon. gentleman had not forgotten the loan expenditure, but had not mentioned it for two reasons. In the first place; no reference was made to it in the Secretary of State's own answer given only ten days earlier; and, in the second place, it has nothing whatever to do with the case. When the loan system was abandoned we were told that sums formerly charged on loan would for the future be charged on estimates. They have not been so charged, and in consequence absolutely necessary services have been left unperformed. The extension of Sandhurst, which was to have been put in hand in 1906, has only just been begun, and the nominal sum of £53,000 is taken for it this year. The work of barrack repair and barrack construction has been practically abandoned, and tumble-down and insanitary buildings which are absolutely unfit for the reception of troops, and some of which were built as far back as the time of George II, are still retained. The fact

that no money is spent on these buildings does not mean that no money will be spent. The work which was necessary in 1905 is still more necessary now, and it will all have to be done under some future administration.

Anxious still further to extenuate the unfortunate admission which facts compelled him to make, Mr. Haldane informed the House that the expenditure on re-arming has been "replaced to the extent of over half a million in the estimates of 1908-9 by expenditure on other armament services." The fact is in any case absolutely irrelevant to the main argument. It may have been impossible to make any saving, but then why pretend that a saving has been made? But the explanation itself will not bear a moment's examination. At the head of Vote 9 in the present estimates appears the following statement: "Vote 9. Armaments and Engineers' Stores, decrease £181,000 due to the completion of the re-arming of the horse and field artillery, for which £476,000 was taken in 1907-8. There is an increased provision for small-arm ammunition, of which there are no longer surpluses, and for small arms on account of the adoption of new patterns of bayonet and cavalry sword." In other words, there is no abnormal expenditure this year, save that which is due to replacing ammunition which has been drawn from stocks which have become superfluous on account of the reduction of men.

But, apart from what are details, though very important details, there stands out this incontrovertible fact. After making every allowance, and accepting every excuse, we find that the estimates of the current year are only £420,000 less than the expenditure of 1905-6. The saving of £2,000,000 on the army is part of the great myth which is now being dissolved.

Let us now see what the nation has gained or lost as the result of this so-called reduction. The facts are startling. In 1905-6 the establishment of the regular army, home and colonial, was 221,309. The corresponding figure for 1908-9 is 185,000, a reduction of 36,300 men. (See estimates for respective years, page 12.) On May 7, 1908, the army was 6,894 officers and men below its reduced establishment (see answer of Secretary of State, May 20). But establishments are comparatively unimportant as compared with strength. We are now officially informed that between October 1, 1905, and May 1, 1908, the regular army has lost 431 officers and 23,154 other ranks, including over 9,000 N.C.O.'s. During the same period the militia has lost 237 officers and 4,202 N.C.O.'s and men, a grand total of 668 officers and 27,358 men. Meanwhile the volunteers have been turned into territorials, and on May 27 the Under-Secretary of State told parliament that, of the 239,786 men who composed the volunteer force on January 1, only 72,179 have transferred to the territorial force, leaving for the time being a deficit of 167,607 men. The greater number of these will probably join the

new force in time; but it is curious and significant that most of those who have joined the territorial army are men who have transferred from the volunteers for one year's service only. The number of actual enlistments under the new terms and for four years is exceedingly small; in some corps it does not exceed 2 or 3 per cent of the strength. However, the territorial army is a matter of small importance as compared with the regular army, and to this we must for a moment return.

We have seen that the regular army has already lost 431 officers and 23,154 men. Mr. Haldane said in one of his earlier speeches that he was going to adhere rigidly to the principle of discarding only that which was unfit for war. The ideas of the army council as to what is unfit are curious. Five thousand men of the Royal Garrison Artillery, 1,000 men of the Royal Engineers, 800 men of the Brigade of Guards, eight battalions of the infantry of the line, all good, and one of them pronounced by Lord Grenfell to be the best battalion in Ireland, have been got rid of. If any one wishes to see what is the fighting material Mr. Haldane is putting in the place of what he has discarded, let him go to the main gates of the infantry depots in about two months' time, when the little boys of 17-22, who will have just finished their training at the depots, are being turned adrift into the streets.

But it must not be supposed that when we have described the mischief which has already been done we have come to the end of the story. Nearly 24,000 regular soldiers have gone; many more are to follow. The Secretary of State has given us his positive assurance that another battalion of the Guards—one of the very best in the army—is to be destroyed. Two thousand four hundred men of the Royal Horse and Field Artillery are scheduled in this year's estimates for destruction. It is still possible to hope that neither of the last-mentioned acts of folly will actually be perpetrated. But, even if these admirable soldiers are spared, the future will bring us terrible losses. The reserves which would have been created by the 23,000 men who have been dismissed will never come into existence. The reserve-making power of the army as a whole has been enormously curtailed. The extension of the term of color service from three years to six and seven years reduces the reserve-making power by from 65 to 70 per cent. It was necessary to increase the length of color service for a portion of the army, but that very fact made it incumbent upon the army council to provide for an increase in the reserves in some other manner. Mr. Haldane has frequently spoken of the present great reserve of the army as if he had something to do with its creation. Every soldier knows perfectly well that it exists despite the present policy of Lord Middleton. In a few years this large reserve will begin to disappear, and there will be no means of replacing it.

The Secretary of State told the House of Commons that the militia had diminished by 237 officers and 4,202 men. It would perhaps have been well if he had added that in a year's time it will have disappeared altogether, officers, N.C.O.'s, and men. It may perhaps be suggested that the militia may some day be replaced by the Special Reserve. But this is impossible. The entire establishment of the Special Reserve is 15,599 men less than the actual strength of the militia in 1905-6. Mr. Haldane appears to be under the impression that some 10,000 boys have already enlisted for the Special Reserve. Any subaltern at any depot could tell him that he is mistaken, and that from 80 per cent to 90 per cent of the entries are nominal only, the boys joining the Special Reserve merely for the purpose of getting a £2 bounty when they pass to the line three months later. Probably the Special Reserve will eventually be formed out of the rejections at the depots. It has not been formed yet, and, as I should like to show on some other occasion, it will be absolutely useless when it is formed.

We have seen, therefore, that up to the present we have lost 668 regular and militia officers, 27,358 men of the regulars and militia; that we stand to lose some 15,000 to 20,000 more regulars and the whole of the militia. That we have lost, for the time being, at any rate, some 160,000 of the volunteers, of whom, however, I imagine, the majority will probably come back. If they do come back, it will simply be because they realize that General MacKinnon and the Duke of Argyll were right when they said that nothing more is to be demanded of the force when spent with a "T" than was asked from it when it was spent with a "V." And yet we have staring us in the face the statement of the Norfolk commission to the effect that, "taking the force as a whole, neither the musketry nor the tactical training of the rank and file would enable it to face, with a prospect of success, the troops of a Continental army."

If we have lost in men, have we gained anything in money? The answer is, "Certainly not." The very best case the Secretary of State can make out is that we have saved £420,000. We have saved it solely because necessary expenditure has been postponed. The barrack work has still to be done, the shortage of 6,000 men has to be made up, and the Secretary of State has told us that he proposes to restore the establishment of the infantry battalions to a proper figure. If the new establishment be 800, this arrangement alone will involve the addition of 7,680 men to the battalions after the present deficiency has been made up. The average cost per man is about £70, or £537,600 for the total number. We have not yet come to the beginning of the expenditure for the territorial army. Nothing has been taken for artillery ammunition, for ranges, or for housing, and each of the 182 batteries is to cost £2,400 a year. The stores which have

been depleted will have to be made good. The army estimates must go up, and must go up rapidly.

Such, then, is the outcome of the new scheme up to date—195,000 men gone, many thousands more going, the certainty of greatly increased expenditure, the loss of some of the best fighting elements in the army, the certainty of a great contraction of the reserve in the future, and the entire destruction of the militia. We are promised some vague additions to our force in the shape of ex-militiamen and civilians, who are some day to be made available for army purposes. When opportunity serves I should like to explain what is the true nature and value of these additions. For the present I speak of what has been accomplished.

I have shown what we have lost. What have we gained? What have we set against this terrible destruction of fighting material? In the first place, we have the brigading of the volunteer force, which represents almost the only instance of continuity of policy. The organization of the volunteers into brigades and divisions, as settled by the army council in 1905, has been adopted and improved. It is just to name this one item on the credit side. But what is there beyond? The answer is that in return for all we have lost we have gained nothing, nothing but interminable columns of speeches and endless fine phrases about things which do not exist. It is time—it is high time—that the people of this country should realize that after all "the Emperor has no clothes."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER,
2 The Abbey Gardens, Westminster.

ON KASHMIR'S PEAKS

Terrible changes in temperature are part of the phenomena encountered by those who scale the peaks of Kashmir. William Hunter Workman writes of experiences in the Nun Kun mountain group: "Our fourth snow camp was pitched at an altitude of 21,300 feet. The porters could only bring half the necessary kit at one time, so they and the guide descended to the third camp for the rest, intending to return that afternoon. But a dense mist after midday, and the softening of the snow by the great heat prevented their return, so that we were left to pass the night alone in the almost terrifying silence and loneliness of this untrodden solitude of snow. We did not sleep. As I have found before under similar circumstances, the absolute silence that reigned during the watches of the night, in the absence of sleep, proved almost as nerve-wearing as an excess of noise. In such a situation one has the feeling of having completely lost touch with the material world, and the imagination, uncontrolled by the suggestions of ordinary sounds, runs riot among fancies and possibilities neither wholly pleasing nor reassuring."

"The afternoon was windless and oppressively hot. The sun shone through the drifting mist with a sickly light, but with a heat that sent the mercury in the solar thermometer up to 193 degrees Fahrenheit at 2 o'clock, and to 142 degrees Fahrenheit at 3.30 o'clock. The heat was equally unbearable within and without the tents, and all the harder to endure because of the mist, which, while shutting out all view of the world around, shut in the heat, so that it became a palpable entity penetrating to every part of the system with depressing effect. At sunset the temperature fell to freezing, and an hour later to 10 degrees Fahrenheit, reaching a minimum of -4 degrees before morning, a difference of 197 degrees. At daylight Savoy and two porters arrived, their faces blue with cold and their mustaches covered with ice. Having drawn on our frozen boots, we set out to ascend the steep ice-covered flank of the mountain above, its lower half broken into ice-falls where almost every step had to be cut. The temperature fell that night to -6 degrees Fahrenheit."

"Of the mountain sickness that overtook a porter the same writer remarks: "Before reaching an altitude of 21,000 feet, though naturally a strong and healthy man, he collapsed entirely and became helpless. He complained of loss of sensation in his hands. His woolen mittens being drawn off, his fingers were found white and stiff, and, if not already frost-bitten, on the point of becoming so. Vigorous rubbing and pounding of his hands finally restored circulation, when he was sent down to the third camp. The fact that his hands, even when protected by thick woolen mittens, were brought by the cold to the verge of frostbite, while my own, without any covering, were comfortably warm, shows how profoundly the circulation and vitality are prostrated by mountain sickness."

"Of the difficult breathing at such high altitudes, "This constant gasping for breath interfered with sleep, no matter how tired one might be, and if at last, after a long period of prostrating wakefulness, one did doze for a moment, one would immediately start up with frantic efforts to obtain sufficient oxygen to relieve the stifling sensation which threatened to terminate one's existence. During the five nights at our three highest camps no one obtained more than a few snatches of sleep, and four of whom I was one, practically none at all. Those nights are not easily forgotten, when one lay sleepless on the snow, in the cold and silence and darkness, struggling for breath, and counting the slowly dragging hours with a feeling that the strain could not be endured till daylight."

Canada at the Franco-British Exposition

CANADA'S exhibit at the Franco-British exhibition is receiving unstinted praise, as is Mr. William Hutchison, of Ottawa, the popular Official in charge. Over in England Mr. Hutchison is given his full title, "Colonel," although in Ottawa he is familiarly known as "Bill." The Standard of Empire pays him tribute in the following interesting description of the Canadian exhibit:

The Canadian Palace stands out amidst all this magnificence with a conspicuousness and character of its own. One of the largest separate buildings in this city of great erections, it is also the purest in architecture. Some of the palaces in the City of the Entente are of a rather rococo style—which is not out of place in a great popular exhibition—but the Dominion building is a fine specimen of pure Renaissance design. It is as lofty and massive as a cathedral, and is approached on three sides by fine porticos. The roof supports a number of hexagonal domes, the central and largest one bearing on each of its sides the design of a great maple leaf, which is outlined at night with electric glow lamps.

There have been special difficulties attendant on the preparation of this splendid hall, foremost among them being delays in obtaining delivery of material, but the work is being rapidly pushed forward with the aid of a large staff, and Canada will have the satisfaction at its conclusion of possessing the finest separate exhibit in the whole exhibition.

Colonel Hutchison, who is organizing the exhibit, has been overworking himself with the zest of an enthusiast to get the palace in perfect order for the June rush of visitors. In the course of a special interview and tour of inspection, he directed special attention to the great trophy which reaches up into the dome from the centre of the hall, and is conceived in the spirit of the famous Canadian arch at the King's Coronation.

"The trophy represents Canada's wheat hopper, which in the last resource is the mainstay of the All-Red Route and the empire's granary," he said.

"The hopper itself, as you see, towers right up to the roof. It is topped with bags of flour, and is surrounded by great conceptions woven out of Canadian wheat straw. At the base of the trophy we are making a display of Canadian grain, and the four arches will be filled

with portraits of the King, the Queen, the Prince and the Princess of Wales.

"One of our special attractions will be a group of nature's earliest tree-fellers and engineers—beavers. Here they are."

The Beaver-Dam

The Canadian beavers will certainly be visited by all the children at the exhibition. There are five of them, all alive, and they have made their home in front of a cleverly contrived model of a beaver-dam, from which a cascade of water falls into a miniature pool below. They were all eating with great appetite during our representative's inspection, and, with a painted stage setting of a Canadian stream and forest scene behind them, they formed a remarkably natural and attractive picture. There is a supply of birch logs for the beavers to sharpen their teeth on.

"These trophies on either side of the dam are being covered with specimens of Canadian woods," continued Colonel Hutchison. "There are other specimens in panels on the walls."

"The series of oil pictures running all round the palace are of typical Canadian scenes and homesteads. They are all transparencies, and will be lighted up at night by electricity. The big sea-piece yonder is a built up horticultural scene. It is a composite picture, taken from several landscapes.

Passing a good display of agricultural machinery, Colonel Hutchison stopped at a large glass case, and tore away a corner of the sheeting with which it was carefully covered.

"Look at this statuary group, and tell me what it is sculptured in," he said.

The group was a very fine one, representing Jacques Cartier, the explorer, and a boatman in a boat, while on the shore close at hand stood an erect and dignified Indian. The chiselling of this group throughout is very clean, and the commanding form of the nude Indian is superb in its realism. To all appearance, the sculptor's material was a very fine quality of creamy marble.

Wonderful Statuary

"Carved in butter—frozen butter—every one of them," was the Colonel's startling remark. "There came in another of our difficulties, by the way. We could not get sufficient electric power for refrigerating purposes, and have had to lay down our own cold stor-

age plant. The next case will contain frozen butter portrait statues of the King and Queen."

A tour of the palace, which contains 120,000 square feet of floor space, showed that the arrangement and display of the exhibits from the different provinces of the Dominion were nearly complete. Ontario is making a capital show of machinery, woods, and woollens. There are fish and garden produce from Nova Scotia; while New Brunswick shows mineral specimens, and Manitoba and the Northwest have a great display of magnificent grains. Quebec shows wood and wood pulp for paper-making; and British Columbia has a rich display of fruits and colonial produce of many kinds.

The final effect produced by the Canadian exhibit is one of boundless opulence and unrivalled energy. Every one who visits this spacious building, erected at a cost of over £65,000, will come away realizing what Canada means to the Empire as a grain-store now—and still more what Canada means to the Empire as a store of manhood in the years to come.

This great hall is an epitome of the Dominion's resources. It forces one to realize that Canada's future as a manufacturing country must keep pace with its agricultural development. With all the climatic advantages of California, with vast deposits of mineral wealth which have yet been hardly tapped, Canada is clearly the great coming nation of the world—a second United States under the Empire's flag. The manufactures shown combine the ingenuity of the English productions with the ingenuity of the American. The rows on rows of exhibits, whether tools, machinery, furniture or clothing materials, all bear evidence of highly intelligent design and soundness of manufacture. It goes without saying that the display of polished and natural woods is second to none, that the fruits and cereals are rich in quality as they are wonderful in their variety, and that the dairy produce is excellent.

In another sense the Canadian Palace is the psychological centre of the exhibition. Within its walls the people of the two great world-empires can meet on common ground, for it enshrines the combined national genius of the Anglo-Saxon and French races.

FRIDAY
BIG



Victor

IVB champ season is any inst. be proud. Infielder. 1907-8. High Sch. 34, in

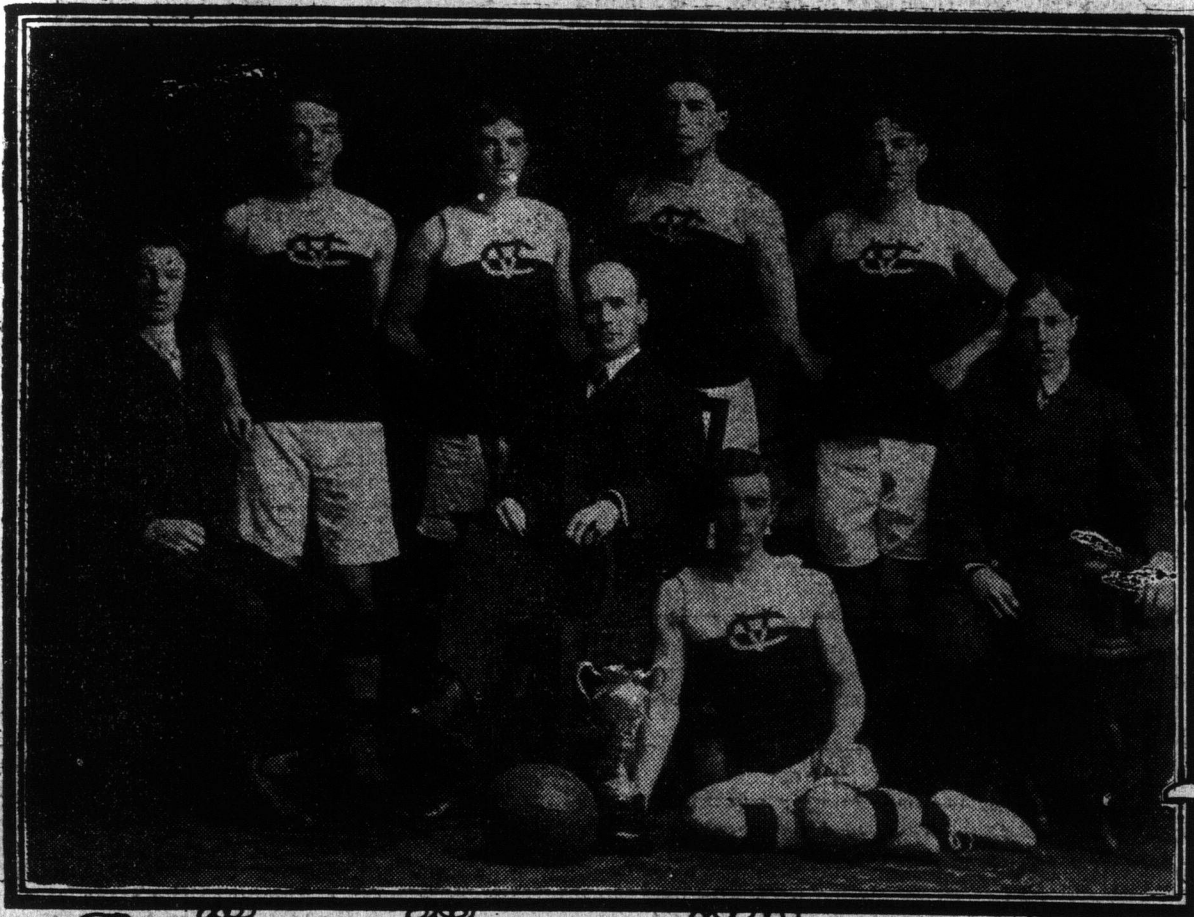
the season of 1907- captured the proverb hockey, the Junior rugby and the Inter-scholastic basketball. It will be seen that, through which they instilled games, were able to ex. proportionately of other organizations. ble. It is necessary also entitled to credit games to sit and equally as evident showing the youth vol. to take it. sport most freely in apartment of the no

One of the most in of the great season 12 the sport of the W. High Sch. as a returned. In the fact, he has evoked of the outdoors. ed of the fall the meet was formed and from the club the group. tained. Each indi with it. Had every- considered the make representative and their efforts to dema achievement in every out human in the pr

Two games were p- the struggle for 3 championship. The total grounds with young leader. It was close match—a carry in the speed and en by the side men th- that were on stragg- instead City eleven f- Midland and were a- own with Victoria. the much to the d- Miss Ade Schreves captain of the loc- team, and to every took the field with h- of the spectators in the outcome was a- the ability of the r- Victoria's victory. department or any i- their visitors from th- the outcome of the w- wagers and then he- the necessity of and judiciously of am- This they did. The countless and natur- toria girls found t- the lady's dress. The lady's grounds erably faster and m- cope with the situa- ped that they were v- lations of their sch- friends, and, later, with the handsome- pants the provincial

Not less enthusias- men of the college- bred fashion. They to enter only one in the capture of that was their ambition t-

FIVE CHAMPIONSHIPS WON BY HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL CLUB—INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS OF VICTORIA

FIVE championships in one season is a record of which any institution might well be proud. The athletically inclined young ladies and gentlemen of the Victoria High School were successful in different sports to that extent during the season of 1907-08. Their teams captured the provincial junior girls' hockey, the junior and intermediate rugby and the intermediate and interscholastic basketball by this summary it will be seen that these student boys and girls entered into practically all the popular winter pastimes and that through the enthusiasm which they instilled into the various games, were able to carry off a greater proportion of victories than any other organization in British Columbia. It is necessary to say that they are entitled to credit for their success to all and it must surely be equally an evident that from this year the youth of Victoria is developing in a direction that, if continued, will in years to come, enable Victoria to take the highest place among rival cities in the branches of sport most freely indulged in by the youngsters of the north Pacific coast.

Girls and Hockey.
One of the most interesting features of the past season in connection with the sport of the Victoria College, or High School, as it is more familiarly termed, is the fact that the young ladies have evinced so keen a spirit in their pursuit of field hockey. Early in the fall the nucleus of the eleven was formed and from that time, until the close of the season, the club flourished. Each individual identified with it did everything in her power to make it the best of the chosen representatives and the outcome of their efforts is demonstrated by their success in carrying off the highest honors in the province.

Two games were played by the girls in the struggle for British Columbia's championship. The first took place on local grounds with the Vancouver young ladies. It was a fast and clean match—a surprise to onlookers in the speed and endurance displayed by the fair sex throughout. Although they were an strange ground the Central City eleven put up a fine exhibition and were able to hold their own with Victoria. The result was a tie, much to the disappointment of Miss Ada Schwenger, the gallant captain of the local High School team, and to every one of those who took the field with her, to say nothing of the spectators in attendance. But the outcome indicated to Miss Schwenger and those associated with her the necessity of practicing steadily and judiciously improving the team. This they did, and before the season was over, and naturally, when the Victoria girls found themselves pitted against Vancouver a second time on the latter's grounds they were considerably faster and much better able to cope with the situation. As was expected they were victorious, returning to Victoria to receive the congratulations of their school comrades and friends, and, later, to be presented with the handsome cup which accompanies the provincial "blue ribbon."

Ambitious Young Men.
Not less enthusiastic were the young men of the college in a more diversified fashion. They were not content to enter only one sport and to assure the capture of that championship, it was their ambition to make as clean a

sweep of everything as was possible. Though the determination was a laudable one there were many who thought it foolhardy. But the ring-leaders of the athletic element justified the position they assumed before the close of the season. Unanimous desire had the effect of accomplishing that which was sought.

Rugby Football.
Perhaps the sport in which there is the keenest rivalry among the various schools is rugby football. The first match played by the Victoria college was with the James Bay team. In this they were successful. But when it came to the second conflict of the series they lost some of their prestige, the University School boys winning out handsily by a score of 10 points to nil. However, the High School aggregation wasn't discouraged. One "turn down" had not put them altogether. On the other hand they were fresher and more determined when called on for another contest. In the meantime the James Bay fifteen had decided to discontinue what was intended to be a useless fight for the championship. So the only teams left were the High School and University fifteen. But these two were full of enthusiasm. Both were confident of their ability to defeat their rivals, and it was with this spirit that they tried to win a second time. The result was an exhibition of rugby football that has seldom been excelled, even among the seniors, for the prettiness of the tackling or the sprights and combination work of those who composed the three-quarter division. The opposing fifteen were after each other from the outset, not in a bitter rough fashion, but in a clean sportsmanlike, yet determined way, that held the attention of spectators for the several hours during which the fight continued. At the finish the High School boys left the grounds victorious, the score being 3 points to nil. The margin was so narrow that it is asserted the University representatives did not realize that the day had gone against them until seconds after the whistle had announced the termination of the time limit.

The final did not take place until some weeks later. During the interval the High School players had been closely attached to the practice field and so went into the concluding match with added skill and equal vim. The University had not the "finger" that had been one of their characteristics in the two initial matches. Still they were out to win and the game had no slow moments. Forwards, half backs, three-quarters and fullbacks, all were in the fight with the intention of pulling their fifteen out victorious if possible. However, the High School plainly were the superior. They scored 12 points to their opponents 3 and thus won the Templeman cup.

Junior League.
The junior rugby league, which was captured by the younger athletes of Victoria college, was contested by teams from North Ward, Collegiate, University, Central and High School. Only players under sixteen years of age were permitted to play according to the ruling. But these boys, youthful as they were, contributed some splendid sport during the season. As the series progressed it became evident that the two best were the High School and Central. Before it was finally decided which of these two fifteen was entitled to the premier honors three matches had to be played. In the last the High School managed to pull out with 6 points to their credit, the Central having failed to secure a touch down. The closeness of this fight afforded much

excitement to lovers of the game and also it divided the fans into two factions each one rabidly in favor of the team to which they had informally declared allegiance. A rival spirit of the keenest kind developed. This, it was remarked by one of the instructors, was the more remarkable because of the fact that practically all the boys who represented the High School had, previously, been among the center-frairs. How soon are old associations forgotten in loyalty to the new!

Another Victory.
Of the High School intermediate basketball team it is impossible to say a great deal. Their record is much the same as those of the rugby aggregations of the same institution. From the first match until the last they stuck close together, taking victory and defeat philosophically, always remembering the championship—the goal for which every player was aiming. They played eight games in all and captured five. This was a city league series, open to any athletic club that cared to participate. As a result of their success the players were given medals by the city.

The interscholastic basketball series was for the Thompson cup. The latter is a trophy presented by the Thompson Stationary company of Vancouver, for the British Columbia school team capturing the majority of a series of matches in the course of the winter season. Last year there were only two teams entered, namely, those from the Victoria and Vancouver colleges. The Island and Mainland five played two matches. In the first, which took place here, the Victorians were successful by a score of 30 to 6. The second was played in the Terminal City. It was better balanced, the Vancouver boys appearing to play better in their own hall backed up by the encouragement handed them by a friendly crowd. The margin was narrow—one point only separating the rival teams at the conclusion. But it was enough and the locals returned a defeated bunch. They felt bad at having come so close to having captured the contest and then failed. It was intended that the Terminal City students should play another match in this city to decide the issue. The latter, however, found it impossible to make the trip to the Island and it was necessary to decide the ownership of the handsome Thompson cup on the basis of the total number of points scored by the rival teams. This gave Victoria the championship with 57 to 34.

Soccer Also.
Although the photograph of the association football High School eleven that won the junior district league does not accompany this article the "soccer" boys are, none the less, deserving of mention. They went through the series in a typical plucky manner. Were they defeated they came back in the next fight with renewed determination and, as a result, won out with flying colors.

Before the dispersion of the Victoria High School students for the summer vacation those who had taken part in the sports above enumerated during the season held a pleasant reunion. Girls and boys, animated by a desire to excel in various healthy forms of exercise, sports that have been pronounced as having an important influence in the development of strong womanly and manly character, gathered together and talked over the various games which they had indulged in during the past year. In changing reminiscences, which they found almost as enjoyable as their experiences, they agreed that next year they would go into the arena



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS OF VICTORIA



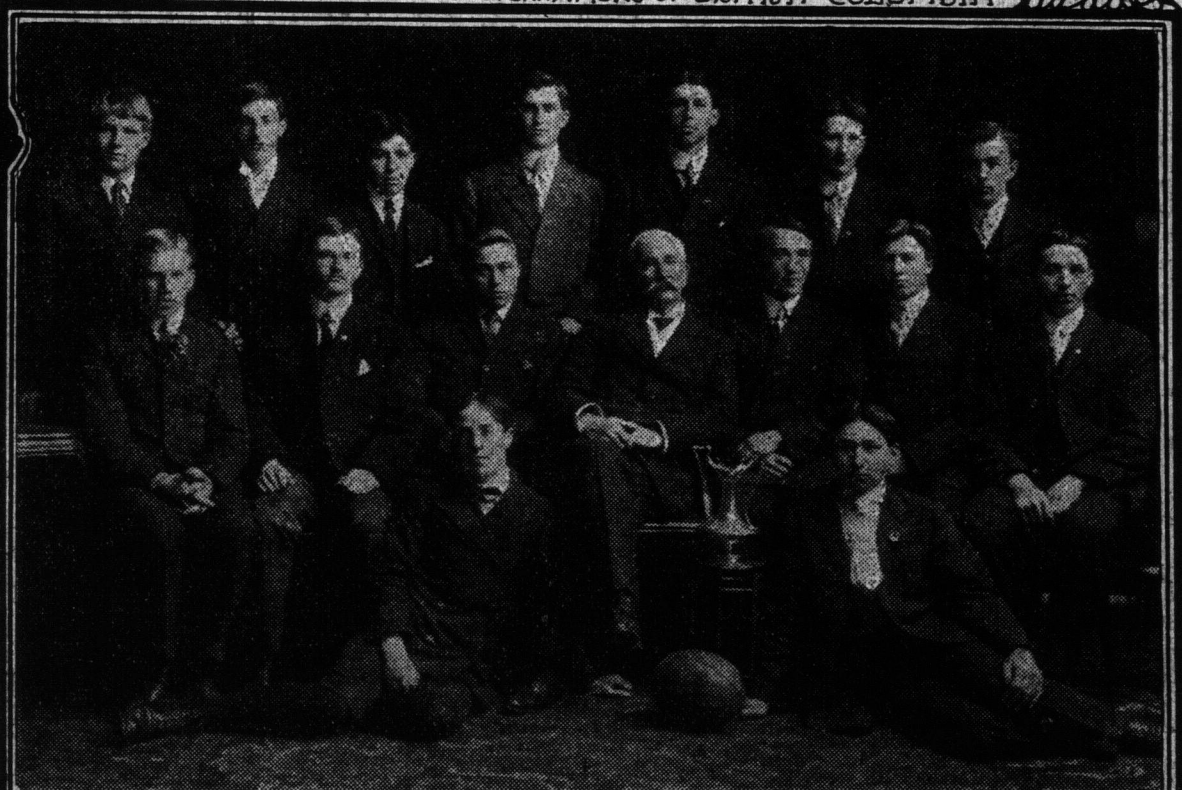
CHAMPION HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB JUNIOR CHAMPIONS OF VICTORIA, B.C.



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL CLUB INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS OF VICTORIA



CHAMPION HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS OF VICTORIA



VICTORIA HIGH SCHOOL RUGBY CLUB JUNIOR CHAMPIONS OF VICTORIA, B.C.

represented in the accompanying pictures is as follows:
Victoria High School Basketball Club, Intermediate Champions of Victoria—(From left to right): E. Brynjolfsson, A. Boggs, E. Sprague, J. McCarter, A. Spencer, F. Dinadale and R. Green. (Sitting): P. Johnson, H. Holmes, W. Sweeney, E. B. Paul, president; E. Erb, captain; A. Carss and N. Gowen, A. Erb, G. Chungranes.
Victoria High School Rugby Club, Inter-scholastic Champions of British Columbia—(From left to right): B. Erb (captain), B. J. Johnson, A. Spencer, P. Campbell. (Sitting): A. Carss, treasurer; S. T. Willis, president; R. Green and A. Erb, secretary.
Victoria High School Rugby Club, Intermediate Champions of Victoria—(From left to right): H. Bogg, G. Willis, M. Scott, T. Morris, H. Beckwith (secretary), H. Robinson, R. Walker, R. Brown.
Victoria High School Girls' Hockey Team, Junior Champions of British Columbia—(From left to right): Miss Rathall, Miss Mowat, Miss Patton, Miss Hall, Miss Grant, Miss Green, Miss Schwenger (captain), Miss Nelson, Miss Heyland, Miss Welton, Miss Briggs, Miss Erskine, Miss Duncan.

Friday's July Sale Values are Good

Friday offers extra good bargain attractions, in line with our previously announced policy we are offering special lines in addition to the regular July Sale Bargains, which in themselves are probably the best that this city has ever seen. When you come to study the list for Friday and remember all the other bargains that we are offering, you do not have to look any further for the cause of the Big Store being crowded with people all day long.

Great Bargains in Men's Clothing are Offered for Friday and Saturday

\$20.00 Fit Rite Suits for \$11.75

Our July Sales hold all the records for value-giving in every kind of goods, but the Men's Clothing Section in particular always seem to have just the right goods, and at the prices mentioned here the values will be apparent to all.

For any man wanting a strictly hand-tailored Suit this line should appeal to him. They are of the celebrated Fit Rite brand, made up in the finest worsteds and tweeds, in all the newest colors. They will be found to be perfectly fitting, perfectly finished suits, garments that have the style and appearance that only the deft touch of an artistic tailor can give. These suits are sure to please you.

\$11.75 Regular Value \$20.00 Special Price

Men's \$10 and \$12.50 Suits \$6.75

If you want a good wearing, good looking Suit for ordinary wear this line is sure to fill the bill. Made up in good quality tweeds and worsteds in light, medium and dark shades. These garments make ideal suits for knockabout wear. They are really well made garments and will give the wearer every satisfaction that can be expected. These suits are certainly a great bargain at this price.

Reg. Values \$10 to \$12.50 Special Price

\$6.75

Men's \$15.00 Suits for \$9.75

A particularly good lot of suits are these. They are made of good quality worsteds and tweeds in a large range of nice patterns in all shades from light effects to dark. These suits are exceptionally well made and splendidly finished. You would pay more for the making alone than this price and probably not get as good a garment or be as well suited. These suits are sure to please you.

Regular Value \$15.00 Special Price

\$9.75



Sale of Women's Washing Skirts Friday

\$1.90 for White Linen Skirts Worth \$3.00
\$2.90 for White Linen Skirts Worth \$5.00

On Friday we will offer for sale at these great reductions, two lines of White Linen Skirts. This offering should be very popular, as the warm weather we are having makes this style of skirt a necessity. Some of these skirts are soiled and mused, but a washing will make them as good as new. The styles are as follows:-

WOMEN'S WHITE LINEN SKIRTS, the new circular cut, made with nine gores, and finished with deep hem. Regular price \$3.00. Special Friday..... **\$1.90**

WOMEN'S WHITE LINEN SKIRTS, made in the eleven-gore style, with interlined pleats at each seam, and finished with three-inch bias fold. Regular price \$5.00. Special Friday..... **\$2.90**

Great Footwear Bargains for Friday and Saturday

\$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 Footwear for

\$2.50

This is the best offering of Footwear that we have made so far during this sale. In the lot will be found all kinds of footwear for men and women. Most of the lines are marked at half the regular price, many at less than half. There are patent leathers, kid, calf and suede lines for women and all kinds for men. It will pay you to attend this sale of footwear on Friday and Saturday.

\$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 Men's Footwear \$2.50

\$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00 Women's Footwear \$2.50

Bargains From the Stationery Section

NOVELS, printed on good paper, illustrated covers, by such authors as, Oppenheim, Boothby, Smart, Heaton Hill, Crawford, Le Quex, Carling, Tracy, Gunter, Mrs. Wood, Melville and others, a splendid lot of titles. Special price..... **15c**

WEBSTER DICTIONARY, the latest complete authentic edition, with exhaustive appendix, and new plates. Regular \$6.00. Special price..... **\$3.75**

SPENCER'S OATMEAL SOAP, special, 6 cakes for..... **25c**

WHITE BUSINESS ENVELOPES, 500 in a box. Special per box..... **50c**

CREPE TISSUE PAPER, all shades, 10 feet in a roll. Special price..... **10c**

SPENCER'S CAMBRIC LINEN PAPER, in lb. packages. Special at..... **25c**

SPENCER'S CAMBRIC LINEN ENVELOPES, 75 in a package. Special at..... **25c**

PAPETRIES, 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes to match in a box. Special at..... **12 1/2c**

EATON-HURLBURT'S PAPER, 24 sheets of paper, 24 envelopes to match, in a pretty box. Special at..... **25c**

PAPER NOVELS, Seaside Library, hundreds of titles by well known authors. Regular 25c. Special at..... **10c**

BOUND BOOKS, good paper, well bound, such authors as Braeme, Garvice, Holmes, Southworth, Wilson, Marvell, Hawthorne, Cummins, Lyall and others. Special at..... **20c**

SPLENDIDLY BOUND BOOKS, such as Port of Missing Men by Nicholson, Karl Grier by Tracy, Great Mogul by Tracy, The Lightning Conductor by Williamson, Barabbas by Corelli, and hundreds of others. Publisher's price \$1.25. Special at..... **60c**

Hardware Dept. Specials

Specials at 5c

WOODEN POTATO MASHERS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

FLUE STOPPERS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

TIN SOUP LADLES, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

SPRING CLOTHES PINS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

ENAMEL LINE STOVE POLISH, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

GLASS BERRY DISHES, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

COMMON CLOTHES PINS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

HEAVY MEAT FORKS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

TEA STRAINERS, never drip. Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

GRAVY STRAINERS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

STONE LID LIFTERS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

MATCH SAFES, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

TIN FLOUR DREDGES, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

POTATO MASHER, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

MACHINE OIL CANS, Regular 10c. July Sale Price..... **5c**

Specials at 10c

GLASS JELLY DISHES, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

COTTON CLOTHES LINES, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

GALVANIZED CLOTHES LINE, 50 feet size. Regular 20c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

ROLLING PINS, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

KNIFE POLISH, Regular 20c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

FLUTED CREAM JUGS, Regular 20c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

GLASS JELLY DISHES, on stand. Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

GLASS PICKLE DISHES, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

PUDDING BOWLS, 7 inch size. Regular 20c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

BROWN PUDDING BOWLS, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

STOVE LID LIFTER, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

ASBESTOS IRON HOLDERS, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

METAL LEMON SQUEEZERS, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

WOOD HANDLE POKERS, Regular 15c. July Sale Price..... **10c**

Men's Furnishings at Bargain Prices

Extra Specials for the Week-end in Lines that are of interest to every Man

\$1.25 Shirts for 75c

MEN'S SHIRTS, striped cotton crepe, soft finish, collar bands and double cuffs, in blue, green and grey stripes, all sizes. Regular \$1.25. Friday..... **75c**

75c Underwear 50c

MEN'S UNDERWEAR, white dimity, short sleeve shirts, knee length drawers. Regular 75c. Friday, price..... **25c**

Black and Tan Sox 12 1/2c

MEN'S SOX, in black and tan, fine strong cotton sox, fast dye, seamless. Friday, Special Price..... **12 1/2c**

75c Flannellette Night Shirts 45c

MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS, in striped flannellette, trimmed and plain. Regular value 75c and 75c. Friday..... **45c**

Some Special Lines Now on Sale

MEN'S FANCY PRINT SHIRTS, soft finish, some with cuffs attached and some separate cuffs, all colors and designs. July Sale Prices 75c, 50c and..... **35c**

MEN'S OUTING SHIRTS, quite soft finish, with separate outing collar, all sizes and designs. July Sale Price..... **\$1.50**

MEN'S TENNIS AND OUTING SHIRTS, white, striped and colored, collars attached, a great variety. July Sale Prices \$1.50, \$1.00 and..... **65c**

MEN'S FINE BLACK LISLE AND COTTON SOX, fast dye, spliced. July Sale Price..... **17c**

MEN'S ONE-PIECE DARK BLUE COTTON BATHING SUITS, July Sale Price **50c**

MEN'S TWO-PIECE BATHING SUITS, dark blue. July Sale Price..... **75c**

BOYS' TWO-PIECE DARK BLUE COTTON BATHING SUITS, July Sale Price **50c**

MEN'S SILK TIES, in great variety of shades and patterns. July Sale Price..... **15c**

Decided Reductions on Women's Underwear

25c for Undervests Worth 40c

WOMEN'S UNDERVESTS, in fine cotton or lisle, low and high neck, long and short sleeves, also sleeveless. Regular prices 35c and 40c. July Sale Price..... **25c**

50c for Undervests Worth 75c

WOMEN'S UNDERVESTS, Swiss make, in cream color only, Silk and lisle mixture, in a beautifully fine, soft quality, prettily trimmed with crochet trimming. Regular 75c. July Sale Price..... **50c**

25c for Drawers Worth 40c

WOMEN'S DRAWERS, fine ribbed cotton, tight at knee, either open or closed. Regular price 40c. July Sale Price..... **25c**

25c for Corset Covers Worth 40c

CORSET COVERS, fine ribbed cotton, long sleeves and sleeveless. Regular price 40c. July Sale Price..... **25c**

50c for Combinations Worth \$1.25

WOMEN'S COMBINATIONS, in fine lisle thread, low and high neck, long and short sleeves and sleeveless, finished with light and heavy linen lace. Regular price \$1.25. July Sale Price..... **50c**

Corsets at Reductions

ODD LINES, \$1.75, \$2.50, and \$3.00 CORSETS, July Sale Price..... **\$1.00**

DAVID SPENCER, LTD.

Corsets at Reductions

ODD LINES, \$1.75, \$2.50, and \$3.00 CORSETS, July Sale Price..... **\$1.00**

VOL. L. NO. 163.

FIGHT IN FI AND IN

Republics America Likel General

VENTION

in the New Justice

Mexico City, July 11.—The situation in Central America is changing. Both governments are intervening in Honduras.

A startling rumor, Cortes, on the other hand, has organized a force in America which will shortly intervene in Honduras.

Interventions in both of Mexico and Honduras are provided for in a recent Washington agreement, it is predicted.

Fights in P. Tegucigalpa, July 11.—Troops will attack the city after three and a half days. General Gutierrez, 1000 volunteers, will intervene, which 500 re-

Taken to the Government of Honduras. The government of Honduras has instituted a suit before the American court of justice, formally opened at El Comodoro, on May 25 of this year. The government of Guatemala, charging that the government of Honduras had violated the treaties signed by the United States and Honduras in 1858, under which the government of Honduras had promised to maintain the status quo in the region of the border.

Nicaragua, Nicaragua government has complained to the court of justice. The government of Costa Rica, based on the fact that the government of Nicaragua and Salvador have refused to recognize the revolutionists in Nicaragua, has filed with the court a suit against the Nicaraguan government. The president of the United States has promised to protect the Nicaraguan revolutionists. The government of Honduras is fearful of the movement in Honduras. He is reason to believe that the allies of the revolutionists in Honduras are driven out of the country upon and over the government in the region.

An interesting Washington, July 11.—The government of Honduras was manifested in the diplomatic colony in Honduras had instituted the Central American court against Salvador charging them with Honduras revolution. The suit of that character that court, and the watched closely, have the question whether the government of Honduras is to be held responsible for damages for such any of its subjects with which the sued be at peace.

DROWNED NE

Ralph Doane Meets Gapsing of Rowing Race

Nanaimo, July 11.—A 22-year-old man, bringing some freight in a small rowing boat, yesterday was capsizing. A J. Doane was in the boat, swam to the shore, and thought to have fallen. The body was recovered and will be taken to the morgue.

RAILWAY E

Montreal, July 11.—The C. P. R. for the totalled \$1,250,000 as a year ago. Grand for the same week against \$861,288.

COMOX PION

Samuel J. Cliffe, who sided in the Valley line in

Comox, July 11.—Late Samuel J. Cliffe, Church of England, died. The obsequies by the Methodist out in a large body respects to the dead a large one. He had never been seen in the town. Mr. Cliffe was to be married in Comox, this country 46 years of age. He was born in 1842 in the Cariboo. He was one of the first to settle in the Union and shortly his interest to other start business in Comox, at which place up to the time of his death. He was the last of the exception of two in the town. He was suffering for a long time to which he died. He was 68 years of age. He leaves a wife and three children.