

Twice-a-Week Times

Published every Tuesday and Friday by THE TIMES PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S FRUIT MARKET.

The primary factor in the fruit-growing industry is a profitable market for the product.

The Premier also congratulates himself upon what has been done to prove to the people of Great Britain that British Columbia is the finest fruit-growing country in the world.

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TALK AND WORK.

The Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth has been just prorogued after a session lasting nearly a year.

TWENTIETH CENTURY ORGANIZATION.

In these days of social and industrial complexity apparently one can neither come into the world nor go out of it except under union auspices.

devised by a previous government, but it has proven very useful to the men composing the present government.

Canadians are not favored by the press associations with long accounts of the proceedings of the Australian Parliament.

The inference from the above is that our neighbors are also in the habit of wasting time until the session becomes old and the members tired and worn.

SPORTS AND THE NATIONS.

The Toronto Star prints a timely article on the ethics of sport, inspired doubtless by some rather disagreeable features of the Marathon contests.

The people of Great Britain, notwithstanding the fact that they are far away from British Columbia, are beginning to see things in their true perspective.

The formal opening of the Victoria Yacht Club on Saturday was an event of importance.

It is learned from the financial columns of the Seattle papers that loans on improved real estate security are now being made in that city at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE WILLIAM PATTERSON

The funeral of the late William Patterson took place yesterday afternoon from the Dallas hotel at 3 o'clock.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MISS FLORENCE SCOTT

The funeral of the late Miss Florence Scott, who was drowned at Everett recently, took place yesterday afternoon at 3:45 o'clock from the residence of Mr. Ayers, corner of Fort and Vancouver street.

men and women who intend to get married. The appeal in substance reads: "Please see that you arrange for a union hall, union beer, union label bread, union cigars, and for a union brass band."

"There will be more than a thousand weddings on the East Side during the next three months," said the walking delegate.

"We expect the men and women who are members of organized labor to meet our request, which will make everything unionized, including the bride and bridesroom."

Organization is good, but it cannot be permanently beneficial in the hands of people who do not appreciate the difference between the legitimate and the burlesque.

FUN REIGNED AT SHAWNIGAN

The past is rising in judgment against Mr. Taft. The Republican candidate's political enemies have been looking into his record, and they find that he once acted the part of a fairy at a church fair.

Linz Showed Heroism—Big Crowd From City Enjoyed Annual Event.

It was one big picnic. The special landed its load of "townies" at the Shawnigan lake regatta at 3 p.m. on Saturday in time to see the eight stewart men from Cobble Hill cheered on to victory in the tug of war against the team representing Shawnigan.

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TRAIN FOR BUSINESS

Most men train their brains and almost entirely neglect their bodies. They do not seem to realize that keenness of judgment and clearness of thought depend as much on the body as on the brain itself.

"Fruit-a-lives" are fruit juices in tablet form. They act directly on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin—and enable these vital organs to rid the system of all impurities.

"Fruit-a-lives" are now put up in two sizes—the new 36c. box as well as the regular 50c. size.

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Extraordinary Offering of Axminster Carpets ALL OUR \$2.00 AXMINSTER CARPETS GO ON SALE AT \$1.25

Carpet Squares Are Much Underpriced

Rugs at Splendid Savings

DAVID SPENCER, LIMITED

Tug-of-war, district teams, represented as follows: Shawnigan Lake—S. Koenig, R. Elford, O. Geary, M. Sutton, R. Harrell, P. Martina, D. Dundas, C. Christianson, Cobble Hill—T. P. Barry, A. Graham, P. Case, G. Frayne, E. Dougan, C. Copley, G. Taggart and W. Means. Winners: Cobble Hill.

Victorians Married Outside of City

Double Wedding at Vancouver—Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Dunn Touring in East.

A very pretty double wedding took place in Wesley church, Vancouver, on Thursday afternoon when Rev. C. M. Tate, of Duncan, B.C., united in marriage Mr. Geo. Lorraine Greener, of Victoria, late of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, and Miss Beatrice Heads Smith, of Hexham, England, and Matthew Garfield Hopper, of Vancouver, to Miss Elizabeth J. Rutherford, of Dunston-on-Tyne, England.

Canadian Regatta

Swimming race, 100 yards—1st, S. H. Kuhn; 2nd, S. Humber.

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SCIENCE AT B. C. COLUMBIAN IS EQUIPPED

Pupils Can Gain work in Med Electron

The group of 14 founded Columbia years ago were full of abilities before it boards of management best to keep it abreast of development, says Vancouver Province.

This was the origin of the course of Columbia in open air and recognized Canadian last for one year.

People who were interested in mining were for a course which quire a limited period at college.

ANNUAL PICNIC OF BURNSIDE MISSION

An Enjoyable Day Spent at Fisher's Cove, Esquimalt.

(From Monday's Daily).

The annual picnic of the members and friends of Burnside Baptist Mission was held on Saturday at Fisher's Cove, Esquimalt.

Men's and Panama and Great R.

There is not to be line of hats for the high priced hats.

FINCH & THE EXCLUSIVE HATT 1107 GOVERNMENT

A lady writing from west to see my sister's ill indeed. She had with him without understanding all the time as with the doctor.

SOOTHING POWDER

These powders do not are they a narcotic gently on the bowels, relieve heat and prevent vomitings, etc.

STEDMAN'S

Canada at the Franco-British Exposition

By H. F. Pullen, of The Times Staff

THERE is no part of the White City, the Franco-British exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, London, which appeals to the average visitor like the Canadian pavilion. This is evidenced by the crowds which are to be seen there all the time and who press around some of

they want to know. Combined with all this is a rare artistic adaptation which sets this pavilion apart from the others and draws the attention. As Colonel Hutchison, who has charge of it, explains to his critics when they appear: "It is an exhibit of farming set up by farmers, and meant to appeal to farmers who are the people most needed in the country; the others don't matter."

made it possible to use the better in pictorial art to portray two events of great moment to our country. The first of these is the landing of Jacques Cartier at Quebec, when he was met by Chief Donnacona, the first important event in the history of the nation, her birth as it were, to the white people. The other is the latest important event, the meeting of King Edward and Pres-

development of the resources of the great Dominion, forming a composite picture which will merit the best traits of either of their forefathers. Standing right in the centre of the pavilion is an immense hopper built of French and indicating the greatest of Canada's industries. Each province is pouring its sack into this great hopper. The decorations throughout the building are in keeping with this same idea. Wheat is kind, and it is used everywhere in the mural and other decorations of the building.

them apart. The difficulty in viewing this exhibit is to work one's way through a crowd in order to get a peep over someone's shoulder.

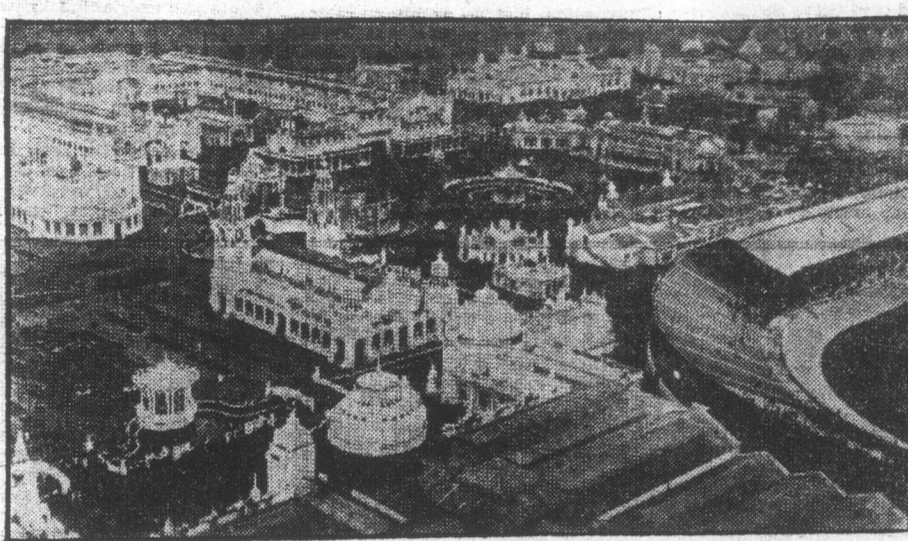
The beaver dam is the centre of the timber and lumber exhibit. Every wood that is used for commercial purposes may be seen both in its rough state and polished. One thing, however, does not appeal to the British public,

hibit being apples, many of which came from British Columbia. Unfortunately for us, however, that fact was not anywhere stated, the exhibit being a national one. The illustration at the back showed the apples being packed in barrels according to the Ontario plan, but as it was very effective. This fruit exhibit was much admired, the last year's apples shown there being almost the only

efficient staff is kept busy all the time distributing literature and giving first hand information to those requiring it. Canadians may well be proud of their white pavilion in the midst of the White City. Colonel Hutchison told me some of the difficulties he encountered in making the necessary arrangements, and there is no doubt but that he has done wonders under the circumstances.



Franco-British Exhibition—The Canadian Pavilion.



Franco-British Exhibition—General Birdseye View from a balloon.

the more attractive features to such an extent that it is with extreme difficulty often the visitor can push his way to a point where he can see things.

As one passes in at the main entrance the first feature that catches the attention is the large exhibit of dairy products, cheese, butter and bacon. The most striking of these is most certainly the butter. The whole of the dairy exhibit is placed in a huge glass refrigerator kept cool by the efforts of a Canadian engine. These conditions have

ident Fallierier to celebrate the Anglo-French entente, the end of the hundreds of years of struggle between the French and British nations in which Canada has borne no mean part. The depicting of these scenes in the product of the farm might seem to indicate that in future the struggles between each country would vie with the other in the

entrance in the stadium, and now another roar of excitement went up, for another man had arrived. It was Hayes the American and he too was staggering in a drunken way. But slowly he was coming forward with his head dangling, and the Americans were cheering him madly. It seemed as if he would pass the body of his fallen rival. But the Italian attendants were

and that is the shingles. There are several bundles of these, but no one has the faintest idea what they are for. When I explained their use to a Londoner he was much surprised, and could not realize that roofing tiles were not used anywhere in our country. The Canadian fruit appealed very strongly to the Britisher, the chief ex-

ences in all London. It is almost a pity that the new crop fruit from Victoria district cannot be shown there, as it comes in season. If it were, there is no doubt but that it would make a sensation.

There is nothing cheap or gaudy about Canada's pavilion. It is simple, direct, and appealing, just what a live government would be expected to place before an expectant public to convince them that Canada really has the goods to deliver. The exhibit should result in great benefit to the Dominion.

STORY OF DORANDO'S GALLANT STRUGGLE

Uncrowned Winner of the Marathon

Most Pathetic Spectacle in the London Stadium

THE following, descriptive of the great Marathon race at the Olympic games, is taken from the London Chronicle—At 2 o'clock an immense crowd was surging into the Stadium. At 3 o'clock the Stadium was full. That was an astonishing sight, especially to those who in the first week of the Olympic games had seen a desert of empty benches. Now every one of the 100,000 seats was taken, and many thousands of people were sitting on the stone slabs between the seats and on the gangways.

every heart was thumping with a pathos of stoking that, thus, everyone was moistening the lips which became dry and cracked, every pair of eyes was strained toward the northeast entrance where the megaphone man stood in his scarlet coat, and where a cluster of judges, attendants and policemen stood waiting and watching.

and Aitken, of Australasia, were following the leaders. We waited now with eyes that became almost dazed by watching the entrance, and with a high tension that was almost unendurable. At 5.7 every one gave a start and shouted hoarsely at the sound of the dull boom of a gun. At 5.4 another gun was fired, and the sound was quite close. The first

We could tell by his white shirt and red breeches. He was not running. It seemed that he had fallen at the entrance, and had picked himself up, or was picked up. He staggered in, helplessly, in a drunken way. His head was tied up with a handkerchief, and he was leaning forward in a blind way. His legs seemed to give way

entrance in the stadium, and now another roar of excitement went up, for another man had arrived. It was Hayes the American and he too was staggering in a drunken way. But slowly he was coming forward with his head dangling, and the Americans were cheering him madly. It seemed as if he would pass the body of his fallen rival. But the Italian attendants were

not win the Marathon race, or any race. But Dorando's fight had been so gallant, so desperate, so defiant even of death that when the Italian flag went up to the masthead there was no note of doubt in the tornado of cheering that paid homage to a man who, lying on the turf with doctors feeling for a beating heart, did not hear the thunder of that applause.

news had come that the second favorite, as he was, had fainted on the course. Beale, of this country, and Goldsboro, of Canada, were the next, and there was actually a race between these two dead-tired men for position, the Canadian winning the place. So until past 6 o'clock the stragglers came in, and each man received the biggest ovation of his life.

But what was most astonishing here was the fact that these 100,000 people, or more, were waiting patiently for hours with a strained expectancy that was almost painful, which was, indeed, quite painful and exhausting as the great moment drew near, with nothing, or very little, to distract their attention. With that complete lack of organization which has been the unhappy characteristic of these games from the outset, there was hardly any event of interest and excite the spectators until the coming of the first runner in the great race which could not happen until after 6 o'clock.

It was then that one realized the extraordinary and unique significance of the scene. Here were over 100,000 people watching nothing but a small wooden board with black figures paraded round a vast arena! One rubbed one's eyes at the wonder of it. Sometimes one felt inclined to laugh, but then something gripped one by the throat, and one had a kind of tight, choking sensation. For, after all, those figures meant much to the imagination of the great crowd.

runner had reached the exhibition. Every spectator in the vast amphitheatre was now on his feet, straining forward with wild excitement. The megaphone man shouted out that Longboat had arrived—in a car! Once again we laughed, but only for a moment. A few moments later there was a sensation round the entrance way. Had the first man arrived? Even one

under him. But he staggered forward, the judges and attendants running on either side of him. He was exhausted, with an enthusiasm that was exhausting, everyone in the great amphitheatre shouted and cheered and waved and stamped in a kind of midsummer madness. Dorando had won! He was the hero of the Marathon race! He had run twenty-six and a half miles through the hot sun to a glorious victory!

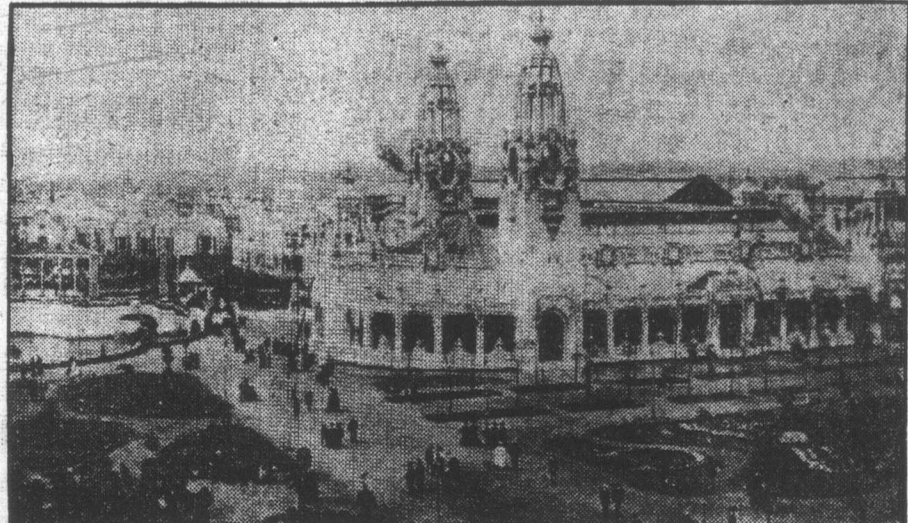
shouting over that prostrate body. They were trying to pierce those dead dull ears with the news that he would be beaten if he did not make one more struggle. This time it was quite clear that he was picked up, that he was being helped and almost carried along. He was leaning backwards with his head on one of the attendant's shoulders, a

Red Indian Arrives. For over half an hour the great crowd waited, standing on the benches with their eyes still strained towards the narrow entrance, and it was half an hour more thrilling than many men have in a whole lifetime. One by one, with only a few minutes between each man, they kept coming home, fagged out, some of them looking half dead, some of them, however, with a spirit that seemed revived by the great ovations, so that they freshened up and ran with high heads.

MOVING SKULL. James Green, sexton and parish clerk at Horsted Keynes (Sussex), has had a strange experience. While digging in the churchyard, he noticed a skull protruding from the soil, and he took care to avoid disturbing it. As he went on digging, however, he thought he saw the skull repeatedly move. The incident so go on to his



Franco-British Exhibition—Part of the Elite Gardens.



Franco-British Exhibition—The Palace of Women's Work.

black man, showed their top speed for a few hundred yards. Between these events there were long intervals, and afterwards there was nothing whatever to do or see.

the twelfth and eighteen mile. They meant that at nineteen miles he was still holding his ground, and that an Italian named Dorando was close at his heels. At the twentieth mile the leaders were Hefferon, of South Africa, Dorando, of Italy, and Hayes, of the United States, and those black figures on a white board showed that the English were being left behind. For the first time the Americans, who had been sitting very quiet, rose to their feet and cheered wildly. Then, at 6 o'clock, we learnt that Appleby, of Great Britain,

had come, but he was carried in and laid out on the turf. The cry went up that a man had dropped dead. Afterwards we learnt that it was one of the stragglers who had been picked up exhausted half-way through the race and brought home on a car.

But then at 5.20 we could hear a dull year of cheering outside. Then a dead silence. A second later the judges rushed on to the track. A great yell came from thousands of throats. The first runner had come!

People were now shouting rather hysterically women were weeping and half-fainting. The strain on the nerves and heart was becoming terrible. The man was again picked up. He was again, running forward with his hands outstretched.

ghostly figure, but heroic even in spite of the horror of it all. He collapsed for the fifth time. He would never reach the tape. It seemed better that he should be allowed to lie, though it were to die.

nerves that at last he put down his spade and watched. In a few moments the skull came completely through the earth and moved toward the sexton. Just as Mr. Green's astonishment reached its highest point the mystery was solved by a mole creeping out of the soil, in which it was subsequently discovered it had made its nest.

